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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg Oregon,
June 14, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before A. C. Jennings County Clerk of Lane Co. Oregon at Eugene, Lane Co. Oregon, on August 2, 1895, viz: Louisa J. Lytham on homestead entry No. 6165, for the lots 1 and 2 and E½ N W ¼ of sec. 18, tp. 18 S., R. 1 East.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Chamberlain, of Fall Creek, Oregon; Amaziah Rogers, of Siuslaw, Or.; Walter Rogers, of Siuslaw, Or.; James Thompson, of Eugene, Or.

R. M. VEATCH, Register.

LENT LILIES.

Sweet Lenten lilies light the length'ning days,
Stately and sacred as the holy time.
Gold-dusted catkins drop upon the ways,
And pinky sheaths are falling from the line.
Then since the fields a solemn gladness wear,
Since drifted blossoms show the way he went,
We, too, would in the royal worship share,
And innocent in heart would keep our Lent.
—Emily H. Taylor in Good Words.

TWO REVELATIONS.

Once there was a Mormon bishop who had only one wife. This at first may not appear to be a very startling statement, but it must be remembered that this particular bishop lived in Utah at a time when plural matrimony was the rule and not the exception, especially with bishops, who were expected, in this respect at least, to set a bright example to the church members in their several wards. Most Bishops had several wives, and any one of the episcopal rank who limited himself to one was looked upon as a freak. Indeed, this good old bishop was even more severely criticised. It was openly alleged that his shameful neglect of his matrimonial opportunities was a serious stumbling block to some of the weaker brethren. When the doctrine of polygamy was first taught in Zion many of the best Mormons, while accepting the theory, were slow to indulge in its practice, making various excuses. In our bishop's ward the excuse generally ran thus: "Look at our bishop. He has only one wife."

And it came to pass that one day the bishop's two counselors came to see him and said them desired to "take counsel" with him.

"Come into the front room," said the bishop's wife, "and I will call him."

But the first counselor said that he could see the bishop at work near the barn, and they preferred to go out there and talk with him. After the usual salutations the bishop and his counselors sat down on a log behind the barn and whittled at the log while the following proceedings were had:

"Bishop," said the first counselor, "we have come to talk with you on a matter of grave concern to the church."

"Yes?"

"And one which has long lain heavily on our hearts. And we feel confident that if the matter is properly presented you will agree with us as to the best thing to do."

"Yes?" said the bishop, who suspected what was coming.

"Bishop, we think you ought to take another wife."

"What! Me? Me? No, no, no, man! Tut! tut! tut! I'm too old; I'm too old," sputtered the bishop.

"Now, look here, bishop," said the second counselor. "You're not any older than Brother Brigham Young."

"Yes, but then"—

"And then consider. You have a nice large house, plenty of room, and you are rich enough to provide for two more wives if you should see fit to take them."

The bishop smiled a superior smile.

"Ah, there never was a house built big enough for Betsy and another wife."

"Why, you don't mean to tell us that Sister Betsy would object to walking in the path which the Lord has so marvelously opened up for his chosen people?" exclaimed the first counselor.

"Oh, no, I suppose not," replied the bishop hastily, "only, you see, Betsy has been a mighty good wife to me all these years, and a good mother to the children, and I could hardly think of doing anything"—

"There need be no trouble," put in the second counselor. "Look at Brother Lyman. He has three wives all living in the sweetest accord and one house much smaller than yours. It is really not right for you to delay any longer, bishop. It is creating much comment among the brethren."

"Yes," added the first counselor, "when I was in Salt Lake City last week Brother Young spoke of it."

"Did he indeed? What did he say?"

"He said he was sorry you were not upholding the doctrines and covenants more devoutly."

There was a long pause, during which the bishop gazed abstractedly at the distant mountains. Finally he spoke in a constrained voice:

"Well, even if I should be willing"—

"In that case," said the first counselor, "there is Brother Edward's niece, just come over with the latest shipload from Wales. A very nice lady. Doesn't talk English very well, but very devoted to the true religion."

"Yes, but how do I know that she would be willing to become a plural wife?" And the bishop laughed.

"That's easy enough. I've already had some talk with Brother Edwards. You leave this to me. I'll arrange matters."

"Well, there's no hurry. I'll think about it. I'll let you know," said the bishop, rising, and so the conference came to an end.

As they walked around the corner of the barn the bishop's wife was just coming out of the barn door with her apron full of eggs she had been gathering from the hay mow, and her black eyes were snapping.

That night, after the children had retired for the night, the bishop and his wife sat by the fireside alone and talked.

"Simon," said the bishop's wife.

"Yes, Betsy."

"What did those fellows want today?"

"They wanted to see me on some church matters." And the bishop had a sudden and severe fit of coughing.

"Church matters," sniffed Betsy, "and I'll warrant their poor wives were at home chopping sagebrush to cook with! They'd better be tending to their own business."

There was a long silence.

"Simon."

"Yes, Betsy."

"I saw that niece of John Edwards', that just come over from Wales, in tabernacle last Sunday."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and I don't think I ever saw a homelier woman in all my life, nor one that looked more disagreeable and—hateful."

Another long silence.

"Say, Simon."

"Yes, Betsy."

"I've just been thinking of the old home in Tennessee. Do you remember how it looked the day we were married?"

"Why, yes," spoke up the bishop with sudden interest, "of course I do. It was in May and the trees"—

"May, you goose! It was in June, and the trees had been in leaf for weeks, and mother's hollyhocks were in blossom in the front yard. Do you remember the schoolteacher who used to want to walk home with me from church and the compliment he paid me that day?"

"Yes, said you was the fairest flower of all. Ha! ha! What was his name? Summers?"

"Oh, no. How forgetful you are! That was the name of the young lawyer from Nashville I threw over because I liked you better."

"You'd better have married him. He made a big fortune, they say."

"Ridiculous! He wasn't as tall as I am by half an inch and as conceited as sin. Most any girl would have preferred you, even if we did have to live in a log cabin at first."

"That was as neat a log cabin as there was in the county, if I did build it myself," said the bishop proudly.

"Yes, and, Simon, don't you know that I sometimes think it was a great mistake for us to come to Utah at all. We could have been good Mormons there just as well."

The conversation was reaching a point the bishop always dodged. He rose, stretched his arms, yawned and said:

"Well, we can go back there some time and see the folks—when we get rich. It's late. We must go to bed. I've a big day's work for tomorrow."

During the next two or three months the bishop and his counselors were often seen together, but they seemed to make no headway in their efforts to get the bishop to take another wife. One day he received a letter from Brigham Young requesting him to call and talk over matters of importance at the earliest moment when he could make it convenient to visit Salt Lake City. Betsy seemed strangely averse to his making the trip, but after many delays he went. He was closeted with Brother Brigham for several hours, and when he returned to his home in the broad valley by the lake he was strangely silent and meditative for several days. Betsy asked no questions, but seemed to be expecting something to happen, and it did.

One morning as the family was gathered about the breakfast table and the bishop had asked a blessing he leaned back in his chair and said solemnly:

"Wife, last night I had a revelation from the Lord."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; an angel appeared to me in a vision and foretold the future and gave me a message to the living."

"What is it?" asked Betsy meekly.

"It was—ahem—revealed to me by the angel that I had not been walking as I should before this people; that I have been guilty of a sinful neglect of duties in the past. It was revealed to me that I should take Jane Edwards to the endowment house next week and have her sealed to me through all eternity. The Lord hath spoken. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The children all looked at Betsy, expecting an outburst, but none came. She calmly poured the coffee, carved the loaf and presided at the table as though nothing had occurred. The bishop was surprised and apprehensive, but as the day passed and no signs of trouble appeared he recovered his serenity and felt thankful that affairs were moving along so nicely. So it was a shock to him when, at the breakfast table next morning, after he had invoked the divine blessing, Betsy, instead of pouring the coffee, said:

"Tommy, keep your hands down. Mary, keep the baby quiet for a minute. I have something to say. Simon, last night I had a revelation from the Lord."

"Yes?" said the bishop feebly.

"Yes; an angel appeared to me in a vision and foretold the future and gave me a message to the living."

"What was it?"

"It was revealed to me by the angel," went on Betsy slowly and firmly, "that I had been a good and faithful wife to you for 21 years; that I left a good home to share a log cabin with you in the mountains of Tennessee and then came to Utah to please you, and in all these years I have never murmured nor complained. And if you take Jane Edwards or any other woman to the endowment house or any other place and have her sealed to you—it was revealed to me that the next time you set foot inside this house I would take down the old shotgun we brought from Tennessee and blow your head off. The Lord hath spoken. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Tommy, pass the bread."

And that is the way it happened that the bishop never had but one wife.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Regulations For a Ship of the Hansa.

When a ship of the Hansa had accomplished her first half day passage after having left the port, the captain (schiffer) gathered all the crew and passengers on the deck and held the following language, as reported by a contemporary:

"As we are now at the mercy of God and the waves," he said, "each one must be equal to each other. And as we are surrounded by storms, high waves, pirates and other dangers, we must keep a strict order, that we may bring our voyage to a good end. That is why we shall pronounce the prayer for a good wind and good success, and, according to marine law, we shall name the occupyers of the judges' seats" (schoffenstellen). Thereupon the crew elected a vogt and four scabini, to act as their judges.

At the end of the voyage the vogt and the scabini abdicated their functions and addressed the crew as follows: 'What has happened on board ship we must pardon unto each other and consider as dead (todt und absein lassen). What we have judged right was for the sake of justice. This is why we beg you all, in the name of honest justice, to forget all the animosity one may nourish against another, and to swear on bread and salt that he will not think of it in a bad spirit. If any one, however, considers himself wronged, he must appeal to the land vogt and ask justice from him before sunset." On landing, the stock with the fredfines was handed over to the vogt of the seaport for distribution among the poor.—Prince Krapotkine in Nineteenth Century.

Twice Told Tales.

There is a story told of Paul Petrovits, czar of Russia, to the effect that one day when reviewing some troops, he was so indignant at the bad horsemanship of one of his officers that he commanded him to resign his commission on the spot and to retire to his estate. A staff officer who was riding by the side of the monarch informed him that the gentleman in question had no estate to which to retire, whereupon the eccentric czar is reported to have said, "Then give him one."

This remark of the czar sadly lacks originality, for many years before the son of Catherine II was born, the following story was told of Betterton, the actor: One evening Colley Cibber, by missing his cue and giving a message at the wrong moment, spoiled one of Betterton's best scenes. So soon as he passed the wings Betterton, in a rage, said to the prompter, "Forfeit, Master Colley." "Can't be done," replied the prompter, "Master Colley has no salary." "Well, then, put him down for 10 shillings a week," cried the enraged manager, "and forfeit him 5."—London Standard.

A Baseball Paradox.

No, Maude, dear, it doesn't take 20 runs to make a baseball score.—Philadelphia Record.

LOVE OR MONEY.

Poor old Charlie Sefton left the regiment when we were stationed at Delhi and went down to Bombay en route for home. He was our senior captain and the best soldier in the regiment. He was also our best bachelor, for I did not count for much, being only a doctor and small and plain and getting on for 40.

"Whatever you do don't get married," we all adjured as we bade him farewell. Then came the rumor, a week later, that he was still at Bombay, then the telegram to me to go down and serve him as best man.

I went down by the mail train and found awaiting me on the platform Charlie Sefton, who looked so very quiet and so astonishingly happy that I felt a sort of tugging sensation in the throat. Extreme happiness is always alarming.

Miss George, to whom I was duly presented, was not in the first flush of her youth. She was a girl of perhaps 27 and good looking. But there was no possible doubt of Sefton's chance of happiness. This woman had the right feeling for him.

I was old enough to feel no embarrassment in making an excuse to leave them alone together. I had no clothes fit for even the quietest wedding, and telling them so took my leave.

Miss George, it appeared, was traveling in India with friends who, it struck me, were not on a very intimate footing. They were all staying at a hotel from which the wedding was to be unobtrusively celebrated. The couple had only been engaged a week. It is the only case of love at first sight—sincere, permanent, convincing—which I have encountered.

My simple duties were duly performed. Charlie Sefton and Eleanor George were declared to be man and wife. I saw the ceremony. I heard the declaration. I appended to the entry in the register my name, which looks more at home on a death certificate. I was deadly sober, as folks are at weddings.

"She is giving up a lot of money to marry me," said Sefton after the ceremony, when he and I happened to be alone for a few minutes.

"And you are giving up a career," I reflected, mindful of many young men married.

But there are some marriages which strike one at once as inevitable. The only question is why the people concerned have not met sooner. This union was of such a description.

The bride and bridegroom went away from the church with that distressingly happy look which makes one feel uncomfortable. They were to sail for home the next day.

I journeyed slowly back to Delhi by a stopping night train, after seeing the last of their boat from the outer pier. As I stepped out of the carriage in the early morning and noted the mist rising from the Jumna two quartermasters of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer Rumana tipped up a plank and precipitated the dead body of Charlie Sefton into the silvery waters of the Arabian sea. He died one day out from Bombay—of cholera. The thing left a shadow over us which lasted all that hot weather.

In due time we forgot Charlie Sefton. The surest proof of the existence of a merciful God is surely the facility with which we are permitted to forget.

Years afterward the whole story was suddenly recalled to me at a garden party in a quiet country village near Beccles, in Suffolk. I was taken to this entertainment—chiefly remarkable for the number of clergy present—as the friend of one of the guests. The house was a long low building of, I was informed, the Queen Anne period. The host was a genial old chatterbox of an admiral who concerned himself with his own affairs in his retirement and refrained from writing to the newspapers, which pastime is a special weakness of superannuated admirals. He was immensely proud of his home and seized on me, the only stranger present, to observe its beauties. From the lawn I followed the direction indicated by his shaky finger, but instead of noting the carving of a gable committed the indiscretion of looking into an open window on the first floor.

Then the tragedy of Charlie Sefton came back to my mind, for I saw the woman who had married him pinning on her hat before a glass. She did not see me.

I was still with my host when we met Mrs. Sefton face to face.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, with genuine delight, "here is my niece!"

Going forward, I held out my hand.

"How do you do, Mrs. Sefton?"

She looked at me quickly, without a glimmer of the eyelids.

"You are mistaken," she said. "I am Miss George."

And with perfect good breeding she looked toward her uncle, inviting an introduction. This the old gentleman accomplished with all the ceremony of his day, mentioning the lady's name as Miss George. It was not a sister. I was not mistaken. This was the woman whom I knew to have been a wife for the space of 48 hours. There was the evidence of an internal trouble beneath the eyes, which I remembered and now saw developed as the intervening years would have developed it.

We spoke for a few minutes on indifferent topics.

"The doctor is a great traveler," the old gentleman said. "He knows India, my dear."

"Yes," I added, "I know India."

"Ah," answered the most intrepid woman I have met, "indeed!"

Then my host hurried me off to examine a carved mantelpiece of which I have no recollection at this time. I do not think I even saw it.

"How funny," said the admiral confidentially when we were alone, "that you should have mistaken Eleanor for some one else, especially a married woman. You know, there is a little romance about her!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, my brother left her £90,000 on condition that she married a certain man or remained single. Should she marry some one else she forfeits the money. She enjoys her life and her wealth immensely. She travels a great deal and has a house in town. I think she will remain single. The man has married some one else, you know. Interesting, eh?"

"Very," I answered.

I always try to mind my own business.—National Observer.

Opposed.

Jones-Brown—Why do you go into society?

Brown-Jones—To find a wife. And you?

Jones-Brown—To get away from one.—Life.

A Quick Transaction.

"What will you give me for this article?" asked the poet.

"Thirty days," replied the editor, who was also the mayor.—Atlanta Constitution.

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
June 6, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. C. Jennings, county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, at Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on July 20, 1895, viz: Jesse D. Smith on homestead entry No 5675, for the lots 2 and 3 and s e ¼ n w ¼ of sec 4, tp 18 s, r 1 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Ellis K. Chapman, John Brooker, Cushman S. Barton, A. L. Vaughan all of Thurston, Lane county, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
June 10, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. C. Jennings, county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, at Eugene, Oregon, on August 10, 1895, viz: James W. Dixon on homestead entry No. 8250, for the N½ S E ¼, S E ¼ S E ¼, sec. 10; and N W ¼ S W ¼, sec. 11; Tp. 19 S. R. 8 West. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Isaac M. Francis, of Glentena, Oregon; Albert Edris, of Alma, Oregon; Ernest Pugh, of Alma, Oregon; Frederick Larue, of Alma, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

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