

Smoke
LA CREMA,
Ten cent;
U. of O. & Queen of Hearts.
Five cent.
Cigars.

Mexican
Mustang
Liniment
for
Burns,
Sore and Inflamed Udders,
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Soreness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments.

Penetrates the
Membrane and
Reaches the
Quickly to the Very
Seat of Pain and
Ousts it in a Jiffy.
Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers
Pain,
Makes Man or Beast well
again.

THIS PAPER is kept on file at E. C. DANK'S
Advertising Agency, 64 and
65 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, Cal.
For contracts for advertising call or write

LOST ANKHOOD

This extraordinary
remedy is the most
valuable discovery
of the age. It has
been known for
centuries for the
suffering men of
Europe and America.
Hudson is
a very
valuable
remedy for
the
discharge in 20
days. Cures
LOST ANKHOOD

Constipation,
Bleeding,
Falling
Sensations,
Nervousness,
Swelling of the
eyes and other
parts.
Strengthens
the
involuntary
muscles and
restores
the
entire
system.
Hudson cures
Debility,
Nervousness,
Emissions,
and restores
weak organs.
Pains in the
back, loins by
day or
night.

Notice for Publication.
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
July 18, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that the following
named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of
his claim, and that said proof will be made
before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner,
at Eugene, Oregon, on September 2, 1896,
viz: Thomas H. Cain on homestead entry
No 6447, for the s. 1/4 of sec 14, tp 16 s. r 1
west.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of said land, viz:
Alex Kitching, Asa W. Gilbert, Eugene
Bonl and Alfred Montgomery, all of Isabel,
Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

RIETTE.
A little excitement, a little affection,
A little content and a final rejection;
Consent and denial, a sister and brother,
Each just sufficient to satisfy the other—
A week to remember, a day to forget—
And there you have love as conceived by Riette.
How much more delightful a passion like this
Than the love which turns earth into heaven
with its kiss,
But which wounds whilst it heals, and before
you're aware
Turns a prayer to a kiss and a kiss to a prayer,
Is all very charming, but this is the trick
of it—
It refuses to go when your prudence is sick
of it,
And even if you kill it you'll find to your cost
It is hard to get rid of the corpse of the lost.
How much better is love as conceived by Riette,
With its week to remember, its day to forget,
Which comes into life, and which goes without
pain
And leaves nothing behind in the heart but a
stain!

BARKER'S TRIUMPH.

His real name was Barker. To a large
section of the public he was known for a
few brief weeks by the somewhat florid
nom de guerre of Paul Coligny. But that
was during the period of his triumph.
For many years Barker had contributed
much toward the gaiety of the nation by
the composition—words and music—of
many of those fascinating specimens of art
which are known as music hall songs.
But the success of these works was no-
wise to be compared with that obtained by
the one which made (and unmade) him in a
very short space of time.
He was the possessor of a little house at
Surbiton which suited him admirably,
also of a little wife who loved him and
thought him a genius, which is even bet-
ter.
True he was ill paid for his work—one
song for one sovereign was the Alpha and
Omega of his business prospects—but he
contrived to turn out the commodities so
rapidly that his income was by no means
despicable.
One morning Barker awoke with a start
and, while he was dressing himself, there
came into his eyes for a moment the near-
est approach to a look of inspiration that
had ever lingered there. At breakfast his
wife noticed an unusual abstraction in his
expression.
"What is the matter, dear?" said she.
"Charlotte," replied Barker gravely,
"our fortune is made."
"You don't say so!" ejaculated his bet-
ter half.
"Yes, our fortune is made. Last night I
had a wonderful dream. In my imagination
I saw a theater filled with people." (Barker
always preferred to describe a
music hall as a theater.)
"The stage footman came forward and
changed the numbers at the sides of the
proscenium, and I noticed that it was the
number 12. I referred to my programme
and, to my astonishment, saw that Alfred
Richards, the great comedian, was an-
nounced to sing for the first time a new
song—words and music by Paul Coligny."

"What did you have for supper last
night?" murmured Charlotte reflectively.
Barker was hush.
"My dear girl," he said, "please don't
interrupt until I have finished my story.
Richards came on and sang my song. The
audience simply rose at him. There never
was such a success. The gallery boys con-
tinued to sing the chorus long after he had
finished. The manager longed for chance
that I was in front and a messenger came
to me and asked me to go on the stage."
"Dear me!" said Charlotte.
"Much against my will I obeyed the im-
perious command of the audience. The
footlights in front of me seemed like an
aggressive line of fire, and I could only see
the people in the stalls through a haze.
Still I managed to make my bow."
"But it was only a dream," commented
Charlotte with a sigh. "Isn't it a pity,
Harry," she continued, "that dreams
never come true?"
Barker drew himself up in his chair
with the air of one who is conscious of
having happened upon a certainty.
"Curiously enough, my dear"—this
with a slightly sardonic tinge—"this
dream will come true. I distinctly note
for note, harmony for harmony, remember
the melody and orchestration of the song.
The words have escaped my memory, but
the title remains fixed indelibly."
"What was it?"
"The first line of the refrain was, 'Um-
ti-oodle-um.'"
"What on earth does that mean?" asked
Charlotte.
"What does 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay' mean,
or 'Hi-diddle-iddle-iddle'?" retorted Barker,
quoting the titles of two well known clas-
sics. "The main point, which you seem to
have missed, is that it does mean nothing.
If there were any definite meaning in the
catch phrase, where would the fun come
in?"
"I see," said Charlotte. But she was
not speaking the truth.
Barker spent all that day in the throes
of composition. Before nightfall his man-
uscript was completed and he sang it over
to Charlotte, who waxed rapturous over
the melody.
"It is by far the best thing you have
ever done, Harry," she cried. "Oh, I am
so excited!"
The next day Barker called upon Rich-
ards, the comic singer whom he had seen
in his dream. He tried to restrain his ex-
citement as he was ushered into the pres-
ence of the great man, who, it may be
said by the way, was lying upon a sofa.
"Excuse me getting up," said Richards.
"Didn't leave the 'That's' till 4 this
morning, and I've got rather a head."
He did not drop his final 'g's' because it
was smart and fashionable. The habit dat-
ed with him from an earlier period, when
it had quite a different significance.
"What have you brought? I haven't had
a song that hit 'em for weeks. Sit down"
—pointing to a piano—"and let's hear it."
Barker was trembling with nervousness,
and he sang and played the first verse so
ludicrously that his hearer was not visibly
impressed. But when the refrain commenced
Richards raised himself on one elbow and
listened intently.
"Play it again," he said. "It's ripping!"
And again and again Barker played it,
until the comedian sprang up and, bend-
ing over the manuscript on the piano,
added his lusty tribute to the feast of sound.
Barker, flushed and expectant, waited
for the verdict upon which so much de-
pended. Richards gave him an exultant
thump on the back and said:
"Barker, my boy, it is simply immense!
It will be all over London in a week. I'll
buy it right out." He drew forth a sov-
ereign case from his waistcoat pocket.
"Let's see. A guinea's your price, isn't
it?"
"Usually," replied Barker, "but not
this time. I believe in the song, and I'm

going to publish it myself. You can stand
in if you like."
"All right, old man, make your own
terms. I'll bring out the song at the El-
dorado on Monday."
The eventual night arrived. The El-
dorado was crowded and there was just
enough tobacco smoke in the air to make
it pleasantly fragrant—for those who like
the smell of tobacco.
Richards appeared on the stage and was
warmly greeted, for the wag was very pop-
ular. He always repeated the refrain of a
song twice after each verse so as to empha-
size its merits, but the success of "Um-
ti-oodle-um" was so immediate, so absolutely
assured, that the audience called him on
again and again so that he might repeat
his enchanting lay.
Barker and his wife sat together in the
stalls, and when the tumult had finally
subsided she, after a cautious glance
around her, timidly pressed his hand.
The next day Barker went to a music
publisher and arranged that the song
should be brought out as quickly as pos-
sible, he paying all expenses.
That evening he bought The Piccadilly
Gazette. He turned to the column where
music hall notes were usually to be found.
He started with surprise and pleasure.
The article was headed with the name of
his song in large capitals. He read the
notice feverishly:
"At last Mr. Alfred Richards has hit
upon a song that has absolutely no vul-
garity in it. It is safe to say that never in
the halls of variety has been heard such a
charming, fascinating melody. The orches-
tration is, perhaps, not so good and the
words are even below the average. But be-
fore the singer had finished the tune, with
its irresistible lilt and swing, had con-
quered every one. I learn that the com-
poser is Mr. Paul Coligny, who, although
he has done good work in his own particu-
lar line, has never before revealed the pos-
sibilities of his talent."
And so on. Barker was in a seventh
heaven of delight. He never decried or
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—in fact, fame had at last crowned his
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But they faded all too soon. One morn-
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he was disturbed by a furious knocking
at his front door. In a few moments Al-
fred Richards, displaying symptoms of
apoplexy, burst into his room.
"Confound you!" he shouted. "You've
done it this time!"
"Done what?" asked Barker in a tone
of bewilderment.
"Read this!"
Richards forced into his hands a weekly
society paper. "The musical article, I
mean," he added.
Barker skimmed through it. "Opera at
Covent Garden, the Richter concert, Herr
Pleyfuss' second 'Pinafore' recital, Paul
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what he read:
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—if one allow that the variety theater be-
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song that bears the sufficiently banal title
of 'Um-ti-oodle-um.' The music seemed
almost brilliant (of my kind), but it struck
some chord in my memory. When I ar-
rived home that night, I went through the
scores of several of the lesser known opera
bouffes."
"In Offenbach's Genevieve de Brabant
I found 'Um-ti-oodle-um.' The next day
I bought Mr. Paul Coligny's version and
found that the entire melody and refrain
had been stolen from Offenbach."
"Mr. Coligny's assumption is some-
what different, inasmuch as he is guilty of
several grammatical mistakes which the
French master could never have commit-
ted. These facts need no further comment
from me. The question now is, What have
the holders of the English copyright to
say?"
The paper fell from Barker's hand and
he turned a ghastly white. He looked at
Richards piteously and said nothing.
But his companion felt no compassion
and, as he turned to go, said brusquely:
"You've played a low down trick on me,
Barker. There's sure to be an awful row
about this business—shouldn't be sur-
prised if it led to the police court. Of
course I can't sing the beastly thing
again. But I can promise you one thing—
you'll never do another song for me."
He went out, slamming the door behind
him. The door opened.
"Harry, Harry! What's the matter?"
cried his wife as she flew to his side and
put her arms around him. "Tell me—you
can tell me, can't you?"
"That paper on the floor, read it," he
answered in a muffled voice without look-
ing up at her.
There was silence in the room save for
the rustle of the paper as his wife looked
through the paper.
"What does it mean?" she asked.
"It's true what the critics say," he re-
plied.
Then his grief changed to impotent
anger—anger with himself.
"Fool, fool, fool!" he cried. "I now re-
member where I heard the melody. It was
at a promenade concert years ago. I had
completely forgotten it until it came back
to me in that cursed dream. Am I to
blame! Am I?"
"Of course not, dear. You must write
to the papers and explain."
"I can't," he said. "Nobody would be-
lieve me—I shouldn't have believed it if
it had happened to any one else. We are
ruined."
His wife crept up behind him. She
placed one arm around his neck and kissed
him.
"But I believe you, Harry. Isn't that
enough?"
The affair made a considerable sensation
at the time. The song was withdrawn
from sale at the demand of the publishers
who owned the copyright. However, they
did not think it worth while to bring an
action for damages, and Paul Coligny was
soon forgotten.
From morning to night there stands be-
hind the counter of the boys' bosody de-
partment at Evans & Robinson's a worn,
weary looking man. He performs his du-
ties with apathetic regularity and is con-
sidered by his employers to be quite a type
of faithful, unambitious trustworthiness.
His fellow clerks have grown weary by
this time of torturing him by humming
and whistling the refrain of "Um-ti-oodle-
um."—Sketch.

Convincing Proof.
"Was that howl you just broke out
glass, Hannah?"
"Was it, nann? Look at me finger!"—
Detroit Free Press.

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um."—Sketch.

SCRATCH AND SCREAM

My baby broke out with a rash. He would
scratch and scream. It would take two to hold
him, and one to put medicine on him. We had
to hold him sometimes an hour before we could
get him quieted down. All said that they never
saw such a face on any baby as on him.
I had to tie his hands tight in a cloth, night and
day, for five months. My sister had used CUTI-
CURE, and I began to use it. After only one
application, the rash disappeared and he had not
for a month, poor little fellow. He has not a scar
on him now, and is as fat and his flesh is soft
as any baby. While he had this disease I had to
cut the sleeves out of his clothes, and put gauze
underwear on him to keep him cool. I had to
keep pieces of soft cloth around his neck, it was
so wet with moisture from the rash, and I had to
change the cloths sometimes ten or twelve times
a day. Mrs. A. HAYNES, Lisbon, N. D.
SPECIAL CURE TREATMENT FOR RASH DISEASE—
WASH WITH CUTI-CURE SOAP and gentle applica-
tion of CUTI-CURE ointment, the great skin cure,
sold throughout the world. PUTS DRUG AND
CHEMISTS, NEW YORK, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for
Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt
Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped
Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin
Eruptions, and positively cures Piles,
or no pay required. It is guaranteed
to give perfect satisfaction or money
refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
For sale by Henderson & Linn.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castor.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castor.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castor.
When she had Children, she gave them Castor.

My little boy, when two years of
age, was taken very ill with bloody
flux. I was advised to use Chamber-
lain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea
Remedy, and luckily procured part
of a bottle. I carefully read the direc-
tions and gave it accordingly. He was
very low, but slowly and surely he
began to improve, gradually recovered
and is now as stout and strong as ever.
I feel sure it saved his life. I never
can praise the remedy half its worth.
I am sorry everyone in the world
does not know how good it is, as I do.
—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville,
Marion Co., Florida. For sale by Os-
burn & DeLano.

One leading cause of malaria and
fever is the foul condition of kitchen
sinks and waste pipes, as soap will not
deodorize them. The only thing that
will cleanse such places is pure casti-
le, which can be obtained at the
grocers and labeled Red Seal Lye. Is
fine granulated, in large sifting top
cans, handy to use and absolutely
pure. Hall & Son.

We are anxious to do a little good in
this world and can think of no pleas-
anter or better way to do it than by
recommending One Minute Cough
Cure as a preventive of pneumonia,
consumption and other serious lung
troubles that follow neglected colds.
Osburn & DeLano.

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND;
a recent discovery. AT YREKING
TON'S drugstore.

Are Your Nerves?
Protiy Shaky, Aren't They?
Is Your Digestion?
Pretty Poor, Isn't It?
Thin Is Your Blood?
Almost Like Water, Eh?

ONE THING will Make a Whole Man of You

That is DR. HENLEY'S Celery, Beef and Iron
Try a Case. It will Make a "New" Woman of Your Wife
And She Won't Want to Vote, Either

For sale by OSBURN & DELANO.

KARL GLOVER ROOT
PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD
CURES CUTI-CURE
Eruptions, Itchy Skin,
BEAUTIFUL, MOIST SKIN.
\$2.00 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE

UNION PACIFIC
WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE
THROUGH TICKETS
To the EAST via the
UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
Through Pullman Palace sleepers, Tourist
sleepers and new Reclining Chair cars.
DAILY PORTLAND TO CHICAGO
Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by
Pinch Light.
Time to Chicago, 2 1/2 days; time to New
York, 6 1/2 days, which is many hours quicker
than all competitors.
For rates, time tables and full information
apply to
E. J. McCLANAHAN, Agent, Eugene, Or.
H. W. BAXTON, C. E. BROWN,
Gen'l Agent, Dist. Pass. Agt.,
115 Third St., Portland, Or.

REGON CENTRAL & EASTERN.
R. R. Co.
YAUQUINA BAY ROUTE.
Connects at Yaquina Bay with the
San Francisco & Yaquina Bay steam-
ship Company.
STEAMSHIP "FARALLON,"
Sails from Yaquina every 8 days for
San Francisco, Coos Bay, Port Orford,
Trinidad and Humboldt Bay.
—Passenger Accommodations Unsurpassed—
Shortest Route Between the Wil-
lamette Valley and California.
Fare from Albany and Points West to
San Francisco.
Cabin.....\$ 6 00
Steerage.....\$ 4 00
To Coos Bay and Port Orford,
Cabin.....\$ 6 00
To Humboldt Bay,
Cabin.....\$ 8 00
Round Trip Good for 60 days—Speci-
al.

RIVER DIVISION.
Steamers "Albany" and "Wm. M.
Hong," newly furnished, leave Albany
daily except Saturday at 7:45 a. m., ar-
riving in Portland the same day at
4:30 p. m. Returning boats leave Port-
land the same days as above at 6:00 a.
m. arriving in Albany at 7:45 p. m.
EDWIN STONE, J. C. MAYO,
Manager, Sup't River Div.
GEORGE F. CRAW, Agent Eugene.

PULLMAN
Elegant
Tourist
Sleeping Cars
Dining Cars
Sleeping Cars
St. Paul,
Minneapolis,
Duluth,
Fargo
Grand Forks
Crookston,
Winniper,
Helena and
Butte.

TO
-Through Tickets to-
Chicago,
Washington,
Philadelphia,
New York,
Boston and all
Points East and South.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castor.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castor.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castor.
When she had Children, she gave them Castor.

SCRATCH AND SCREAM

My little boy, when two years of
age, was taken very ill with bloody
flux. I was advised to use Chamber-
lain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea
Remedy, and luckily procured part
of a bottle. I carefully read the direc-
tions and gave it accordingly. He was
very low, but slowly and surely he
began to improve, gradually recovered
and is now as stout and strong as ever.
I feel sure it saved his life. I never
can praise the remedy half its worth.
I am sorry everyone in the world
does not know how good it is, as I do.
—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville,
Marion Co., Florida. For sale by Os-
burn & DeLano.

One leading cause of malaria and
fever is the foul condition of kitchen
sinks and waste pipes, as soap will not
deodorize them. The only thing that
will cleanse such places is pure casti-
le, which can be obtained at the
grocers and labeled Red Seal Lye. Is
fine granulated, in large sifting top
cans, handy to use and absolutely
pure. Hall & Son.

We are anxious to do a little good in
this world and can think of no pleas-
anter or better way to do it than by
recommending One Minute Cough
Cure as a preventive of pneumonia,
consumption and other serious lung
troubles that follow neglected colds.
Osburn & DeLano.

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND;
a recent discovery. AT YREKING
TON'S drugstore.

Are Your Nerves?
Protiy Shaky, Aren't They?
Is Your Digestion?
Pretty Poor, Isn't It?
Thin Is Your Blood?
Almost Like Water, Eh?

ONE THING will Make a Whole Man of You
That is DR. HENLEY'S Celery, Beef and Iron
Try a Case. It will Make a "New" Woman of Your Wife
And She Won't Want to Vote, Either

For sale by OSBURN & DELANO.

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For sale by OSBURN & DELANO.

KARL GLOVER ROOT
PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD
CURES CUTI-CURE
Eruptions, Itchy Skin,
BEAUTIFUL, MOIST SKIN.
\$2.00 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE

UNION PACIFIC
WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE
THROUGH TICKETS
To the EAST via the
UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM
Through Pullman Palace sleepers, Tourist
sleepers and new Reclining Chair cars.
DAILY PORTLAND TO CHICAGO
Trains heated by steam and cars lighted by
Pinch Light.
Time to Chicago, 2 1/2 days; time to New
York, 6 1/2 days, which is many hours quicker
than all competitors.
For rates, time tables and full information
apply to
E. J. McCLANAHAN, Agent, Eugene, Or.
H. W. BAXTON, C. E. BROWN,
Gen'l Agent, Dist. Pass. Agt.,
115 Third St., Portland, Or.

REGON CENTRAL & EASTERN.
R. R. Co.
YAUQUINA BAY ROUTE.
Connects at Yaquina Bay with the
San Francisco & Yaquina Bay steam-
ship Company.
STEAMSHIP "FARALLON,"
Sails from Yaquina every 8 days for
San Francisco, Coos Bay, Port Orford,
Trinidad and Humboldt Bay.
—Passenger Accommodations Unsurpassed—
Shortest Route Between the Wil-
lamette Valley and California.
Fare from Albany and Points West to
San Francisco.
Cabin.....\$ 6 00
Steerage.....\$ 4 00
To Coos Bay and Port Orford,
Cabin.....\$ 6 00
To Humboldt Bay,
Cabin.....\$ 8 00
Round Trip Good for 60 days—Speci-
al.

RIVER DIVISION.
Steamers "Albany" and "Wm. M.
Hong," newly furnished, leave Albany
daily except Saturday at 7:45 a. m., ar-
riving in Portland the same day at
4:30 p. m. Returning boats leave Port-
land the same days as above at 6:00 a.
m. arriving in Albany at 7:45 p. m.
EDWIN STONE, J. C. MAYO,
Manager, Sup't River Div.
GEORGE F. CRAW, Agent Eugene.

PULLMAN
Elegant
Tourist
Sleeping Cars
Dining Cars
Sleeping Cars
St. Paul,
Minneapolis,
Duluth,
Fargo
Grand Forks
Crookston,
Winniper,
Helena and
Butte.

TO
-Through Tickets to-
Chicago,
Washington,
Philadelphia,
New York,
Boston and all
Points East and South.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
July 18, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of
his claim, and that said proof will be made
before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner,
at Eugene, Oregon, on September 2, 1896,
viz: Thomas H. Cain on homestead entry
No 6447, for the s. 1/4 of sec 14, tp 16 s. r 1
west.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of said land, viz:
Alex Kitching, Asa W. Gilbert, Eugene
Bonl and Alfred Montgomery, all of Isabel,
Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
July 20, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of
his claim, and that said proof will be made
before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner,
at Eugene, Oregon, on September 17, 1896,
viz: David Gibbs on homestead entry
No 8696 for the s. 1/4 of sec 14, tp 16 s. r 1
west.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of said land, viz:
Lawrence B. Gibson, John W. Varney,
James Weyoff and Charles L. Reams, all of
Leaburg, Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
July 20, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of
his claim, and that said proof will be made
before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner,
at Eugene, Oregon, on September 17, 1896,
viz: John W. Varney, on H. E. No 7308 for
Lot 2, section 20; Lots 6 and 7 section 23,
N 1/4 N W 1/4 sec 32, Tp 16 S., R 4 E.

He names the following witnesses to
prove his continuous residence upon and
cultivation of said land, viz:
David Gibbs, Lawrence B. Gibson, James
Weyoff, Myron A. Thomas, all of Leaburg,
Oregon.

R. M. VEATCH,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
August 6, 1896.
Notice is hereby given that the follow-
ing named settler has filed notice of his in-
tention to make final proof in support of
his claim, and that said proof will be made
before Joel Ware, U. S. C. Commissioner,
at Eugene, Oregon, on