THE SHELVING OF MISS BECKY.

BY M. GRACE POPE.

Copyright, 1898.

SCISSORS, needles, thimbles and tongues were unusually busy that afternoon. The Pimlico Sewing society had a reputation for promptness, and the Thanksgiving box of clothing for the "deserving poor" was not ready.

Mrs. Parkinson was the president of the Pimlico Sewing society. Mrs. Parkinson had always been its president. She was a woman of the Napoleonic order, to whom a kindly fate had as yet brought no Waterloo. In all social affairs the village had tacitly accepted her dictatorship since the day her first husband, Rev. Joshua Higgins, installed her as mistress of the old red brick manse among the elms. Rev. Joshua had succumbed to heart disease a few months after his advent in the village, and, although Mr. Parkinson was only a grocer in a small way, the good lady had ever exacted a full meed of honors due her former exalted position.

At first the conversation was desultory in character. But like the preliminary skirmishing that ushers in the real battle, it but preluded the discussion of matters pertaining to the general welfare of Pimlico and its inhabitants.

Mrs. Parkinson had something of importance to communicate. Sundry little hints and the bobbing of her head, and the pursing of her thin lips evidenced the fact. Even the decided snip of Mrs. Parkinson's scissors carried its note of warning.

The president of the Pimlico Sewing society did not seize an opportunity to address her sister workers; like her illustrious prototype, she created opportunities.

"Mrs. Blythe isn't coming to-day, not bein' very well. I've had no word from Miss Becky, so I suppose she'll be here. Before Miss Becky comes—" here she lowered her voice impressively—"I've a word I just want to say to the ladies here. I haven't a thing to say against Miss Becky, except just this: Miss Becky is a-gettin' along in years, and it makes me down sick to see a woman of her age a-goin' on so. Why, she's 30 if she's a day, and she's a-goin' out to parties an' havin' young men company like she wasn't more than 18. I feel like a woman o' her age ought to have more sense than to be wearin' hats with all kinds o' flowers an' feathers on 'em. But, if she hasn't, why some one just ought to tell her. That's what I think."

Mrs. Parkinson had grown excited. Her low, mysterious utterances had risen to full oratorical crescendo. She wiped her glasses deliberately, put them on and looked around.

Mrs. Morrow's scissors had ceased cutting. She possessed only one pair and they always squeaked.

"Mis' Parkinson, ye hev jest give ut'rence to what I've been a-thinkin' this four years back. Becky'll be 31 nex' spring, 'cause I know she wuz born the very day old Deak'n Toutelotte's calves died, fer I remember ez though 'twuz yest'day how the deak'n—"

Mrs. Morrow had a reputation. Some one considerately rescued the meeting from the intricate mazes of one of her reminiscent tales.

"My mother wasn't married till she wuz 32, but la! she hadn't wore posies in her bunnet for so long 'fore thet time she felt ez though ev'ryone in the meetin' house wuz eyein' her when she wore her weddin' bunnet with a bunch o' white flowers on it."

"I've been keerful about sayin' anything thet might cause trouble by comin' to the years o' Mis' Blythe an' Becky," Mrs. Rigge remarked, "but I hev been thinkin' fer some time thet fer a woman clost to 30, all that dressin' up could scarcely be favorable in the eyes o' the Lord. But I said nothin' about it."

"Near 30!" old Mrs. Tracy exclaimed, with some scorn; "Becky'll never see 30 again. She's one age to my Joe, an' he's been married goin' on nine years now. Why, Becky an' Jane Thompson air the same age, an' Jane's been wearin' nothin' but gray an' brown, fer years; an' she's gettin to look real old, too."

"But, mother," young Mrs. Tracy said, "surely you do not think Miss Becky looks old?"

"No; I must say Becky does not show her age; but she's a-gettin' along all the same. An' las' summer, after I saw them red flowers, I jest made up my mind to speak to Becky, an' says I: 'Don't ye think red is jest a little gay fer ye?' says I, an' she laffed. 'Why, I'm not a grandmother, ye know,' says she. A grandmother! An' she not even keepin' steady company ez fur ez I know. But it's the way she has young men a-comin' to see her thet I don't like. There wuz Seth Adams a-settin' up reg'lar with her all las' winter, an' ev'ryone thought they'd be married, an' nothin' ever come of it. An' Mia' Clark's nephew, he took to goin' there fer another spell, an' nothin' come o' thet, either."

Then Miss Flint—no one seemed to remember the time when this good old woman was young—spitefully bit off the end of her thread, and peered through her glasses at the irregular stitches she was putting in the apron of some poor child who presumably would prefer the useful to the beautiful.

"'Twouldn't be no surprise to me," she said, "if Miss Becky didn't keep a light burnin' in the parlor ev'ry Sunday night o' purpose to make folks think she was havin' company."

"'Twouldn't surprise me none," the Widow Jenkins assured the ladies. "I guess putty gin'ally a gal as has an offer accep's it. Nobody ain't breakin' his neck fer Miss Becky ez I know of—" and here several of the ladies were seen to exchange glances, for it was quite well known in the village that the eldest son of the Widow Jenkins had been refused by Miss Rebecca the week before he married Marindy Flint.

By this time, although no vote had been taken, it was plainly demonstrated that Miss Rebecca Blythe was to be summarily relegated to the ranks of the elderly unmarried ladies of Pimlico.

The president's heroic face fairly beamed. Despite the readiness with which the sisters of the sewing society always responded to her calls, she had counted on some opposition. Miss Blythe was a popular young woman.

"Well," she said with a self-satisfied smile, "Mrs. Tracy an' me talked it all over some days ago, an' we decided then that Miss Becky has been behavin' like a girl in her teens long enough, an' we are going' to give her a hint she can't help takin'. Squire Larkin's sister, Jane Best, has a stepson a-comin' here to visit the squire; an' the squire's wife bein' but poorly, she wants we an' the girls to get up a party for him. I don't know whether you've ever heard Mis' Larkin speak o' Dr. Summerton. He comes from out west, an' this is his first visit. They say he is doin' real well out west. Bettie an' Evvie are goin' to give a big dance fer him in their pa's new barn Thanksgivin' night. All the young people's to get invites to-morrow; but I just told the girls to leave out Miss Becky, an' they done so."

"I guess Miss Becky's pretty apt to tek a hint. Becky ain't been much of a fool ez I kin see." This time it was the owner of the musical scissors who spoke. "Well, good land alive! if there ain't Miss Becky herself a-comin' right in; an' she's got a strange man a-waitin' fer her at the gate. Wonder who it can be!"

And then Miss Rebecca Blythe came in, looking happy and rosy, and not a day over 25. She wore a trim winter coat, and two bright yellow wings were sticking straight up in the little jaunty felt hat that perched defiantly above the wind-blown waves of Miss Rebecca's shining black hair.

"I can't stay to-day," she announced. "I am sorry, for I know how much there is to be done; and mother was not well enough to come. But, you know, Squire Larkin has a nephew just come to town to spend the holidays. We did not know him; but it seems he met brother Tom out west, and so he came to see us as soon as he had seen his uncle and aunt. Nothing would do but that I must take him around this afternoon to see his old friends."

Mrs. Parkinson's face was a study. She said nothing; but Miss Flint had a malicious light in her eye as she asked: "What air ye goin' to do, Becky, on Thanksgivin'?"

"It is our turn to go to Sister Martha's this year. We'll take the train in the morning, you know, and come back the next day."

Then Miss Rebecca laughed merrily, as she added: "Oh, just let me tell you. Brother Tom actually made that man promise to spend Thanksgiving with Sister Martha to taste her cake. You know what a famous cake-maker Martha always has been. But I must hurry away. You all look so cozy in here, and so industrious; it makes me feel quite good for nothing."

Miss Blythe left; and a hush fell upon the assembly.

Then there was a rush for the window. Various complimentary remarks were made about the personal appearance of the doctor from the west, and a few uncomplimentary things said about the deep-laid scheme of his designing companion. These last did Miss Rebecca great injustice; for she had never even heard of the existence of the doctor from the west, until his unceremonious entrance into her father's house an hour before.

Mrs. Parkinson and the meek-looking lady scorned to "put themselves out" by going to the window for a peep at Miss Blythe's gallant escort. The announcement regarding the disposition of the village guest on Thanksgiving had so broken into the plans of the good president that amazement and indignation stilled her voice; but there was a heightened color in her cheeks, and the accelerated speed of her needle told its own story.

The meeting adjourned at an earlier hour than usual, much to the relief of the ladies. On the whole, the afternoon had been an uncomfortable one.

But Mrs. Parkinson did not acknowledge defeat. Early the following morning she "ran in" to consult with Mrs. Tracy, one of her stanch supporters. As a result of this conference the Thanksgiving dance was postponed for several days, and the doctor received an invitation, which, however, he did not accept. The young people on their way to the party saw him walking with rapid strides in the direction of Deacon Blythe's; and it was known that Miss Rebecca had a new silk waist and a large knot of pink ribbon for her hair.

That was only the beginning. All efforts to entice the young man from the dangerous Miss Rebecca proved unavailing. Indeed, he appeared to spend far more time at the Blythe home than he did with his good uncle and aunt. He had even been seen out snow-balling with Miss Rebecca's two young nephews. For once the bold plans of Mrs. Parkinson failed.

Her principal coadjutor had the hardihood to advocate a change in the line of operations. This lady's daughters sent out invitations for the big Christmast sleighride, and for the first time in weeks, Miss Rebecca received a card.

"They want you so much they are willing to take me, too," she said, with one of her merriest peals of laughter—laughter in which Dr. Summerton joined heartily, when he noticed the date on the invitation.

"The very day of our wedding, dear," he said. "Why, we shall be on the way to our new home by that time."

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Standard Oil Company

Acorn Stoves and Ranges cheap at J. Wolke's.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure is the cause of my being alive to-day. I had suffered greatly of kidney disease for years and reduced in weight to 120 pounds. I now weigh 165 pounds. W. H. McGUGIN, Olive Furnace, O."

Druggists, 50c., $1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Circular, Dr Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

THE BEACHES' VISION

BY ELLA W. PEATTIE.

(Copyrighted by the Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Hudson Irvington Beach was destined by his father for great things. To which end he educated him liberally. So Hud, emerging from academic halls, looked about on life with a patronizing air and waited for Opportunity to come along and make him a pretty bow. He waited a good many years, but she never stepped before him or seemed to notice him in the least. His people all died and left him nothing but the memory of honorable lives, and poor Hud, horribly lonely, married a girl he knew—after ascertaining that she had no objection to making her own gowns and was willing to temper the grocery bills to suit a bookkeeper's salary.

But in spite of all the dullness with which he was surrounded, and the fact that he toiled all day and walked home through filthy streets to a third flat and a plain wife, Hud could not come down to the actualities. Or, to put it more fairly, he refused to notice the uninteresting actualities and confined himself to the enjoyment of such things in life as suited him. As, for example, the east.

Hud kept books for a River street importing house, and it was his privilege to handle invoices of tea from China and coffee and spices from Java and Mandalay. It was, without doubt, the purest imagination, but it seemed to Hud that the very invoices of these things had an aromatic scent about them, and it was his chief indulgence to leave his work a minute before the noon hour and go to the shipping room, where the curious cases of redolent wares were opened

At first when he tried to tell his wife, she laughed. But she loved Hud—poor Hud who had never had anything that he wanted—and when she looked in his dreamy, ox-like eyes, she made up her mind to try to understand what he was talking about. Very plain women are sometimes unselfish like that.

It was she who bought him an old copy of the astonishing travels of Marco Polo, and she got the chronicles of Sir John Maundeville out of the public library and read aloud to Hud evenings. She got some joss sticks, too, and burned them in a tiny jade bowl. And after that both of the Beaches got in the way of buying oriental trinkets and Mrs. Beach begged the greenish plaited straw wrappings that came about the tea boxes, and made a dado of them around her dining-room, neatly paneling the whole. After that the pungent perfume of the dried tea leaves were forever in that room, and made it peculiar. Moreover, she struck a tiny gong when meals were ready, and the gong had a haunting oriental sound.

So into the lives of Hudson Irvington Beach and his plain little wife began to come the color of the "mysterious east," and they dreamed of "Far Cathay" and talked about "the Ind," and were sheerdly hashnecyed—though they didn't know it—and they envied the people who could cross the western seas, and sail into the toy country of Japan, or see the vast, thronging rivers of China, and hear the tinkling of the temple bells.

"I used to think it was very silly to talk about the incarnation of the soul," Mrs. Beech said to Hudson, "but now I feel quite sure that I used to walk through a bazar and talk with ivory-faced old men in turbans, and that I used to buy curious, delightful things. It cannot be that all I know about marketing is going down on Clark street to the butcher's. I hate the butcher's, anyway. Why can't we eat rice and sugared cherries and beautiful delicate things like that?"

Hud managed to get some delicious relishes such as Christians encounter when they go to Bombay, and he and Mrs. Beach used them with scrupulous frugality. On Christmas he made her a present of sugared cherries and ginger and small, precious packages of tea.

They knew but few persons on this teeming globe and wrote to fewer still, though they were people who would dearly have loved an interesting correspondence, and chief of all their epistolatory delights was the letter that came now and then from Hong Kong from a correspondent of the River street house. Hud, to tell the truth, had rather thrust his personality upon this man, and by careful coaxing, the business correspondence had grown into a friendly interchange of personal letters.

"It seems curious to me at times," said Hud one day, rubbing the bald spot on his head, "that in all my life I am never to get a smell of the bazar—the garlic and the incense and the perfumes and the dirt! How miserably dull our streets are, Mary! What would you think if you saw people in white linen and red and blue and yellow and gold and fawn colors? Mary, how would you like a Cashmere shawl? Or a camel hair robe? Eh?" Then they both laughed like children who have a secret and Mary, getting up, lit one of the little joss sticks in the jade bowl.

It was only last winter that the Beaches began to get tired of visions. Perhaps they realized that youth was really gone. Anyway they knew beyond all peradventure that they were poor; that work was constant and poorly remunerated, and that for all of the cry of their souls for the land beyond Suez, they were likely to live and die in that neighborhood of "flat" buildings, looking out on endless wire clothes lines and fire escapes. They grew depressed. They were almost ill-natured with each other. They ceased to take pleasure in the redolent dado.

But just as the dirty Chicago winter was settling down upon them in a most disheartening way, and the furniture of the flat was looking its meanest, and Mary was most conscious of the out-of-date character of her three-year-old jacket, Hud came home one night with a white face.

"Hud," cried Mary, when she saw him, "you're discharged."

"Mary," shouted Hud, throwing his arms about her, "you lie!" and he kissed her square on the mouth.

"It's the Ind!" half sobbed Hud, "I tell you, Mary, it's the Ind that has upset me! I'm to go as agent for our house to Hong Kong! It has come true."

"Hong Kong isn't the Ind," said Mary, almost crossly. She was surprised that she had to be cross.

"Isn't it, dear? Oh, yes it is. It's the east, anyhow! Mary, I can smell it—I can see it—I can hear it! What a fairyland. The sky, the flowers, the people, the color, the noise—they are all different! We shall cross the continent and cross the sea and see the islands, and then we shall come to the old cities and live in them!"

He rubbed his bald head fiercely with his handkerchief while she trembling with her amazement, brewed him a cup of the purest of Ceylon, and its steam filled all the room with an aroma which Hud sniffed and sniffed as if he could never have enough of it.

"Hudson Irvington Beach," said he, dreamily, quaffing the luscious beverage, "of Hong Kong!"

CATARRH OF THE BOWELS

Causes bloating after meals and large quantities of gas which cannot be expelled; causes diarrhoea alternating with Constipation. S. B. Catarrh Cure has a tonic and curative effect on the bowles and restores them to a natural and healthy action and condition and removes the cause of that dreadful disease, catarrh of the bowels and constipation. For sale by all druggists Book on Catarrh free. Address Smith Bros., Fresno, Cal.

A PARSONS' NOBLE ACT.

"I want all the world to know," writes Rev. C. J. Budlong, of Ashaway, R. I., "what a thoroughly good and reliable medicine I found in Electre Bitters. They cured me of jaundice and liver troubles that had caused me great suffering for many years. For a genuine, all round cure they excell anything I ever saw." Electric Bitters are the surprise of all for their wonderful work in Liver, Kidney and Stomach troubles. Don't fail to try them.

Only 50c. Satisfaction is guaranteed by W. F. Kremer.

A CAPTOR CAPTURED.

BY J. NOEL JOHNSON.

(Copyrighted by the Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When I was a boy, going to school at Lexington, Ky., one evening, at a social party, I met a young girl of singular beauty. Her name I did not understand when introduced, but her sweet face sank into my memory like a picture in a locket.

A few days after the party I tried to learn her name without revealing my real feelings, but when Burtie Stoker, a chum, put his finger in my face and yelled: "Yah, yah! You're mashed, are ye, eh?" I got very hot in the face, and drew into my shell.

After I was graduated, I went to my father's law office, and took from the library shelf a musty old calf-bound book which he said I must read and read again. I believe it is called Blackstone's Commentaries, but I'm not quite sure. My eyes traced every line of the old book, but my memory did not go along with the reading.

When I had, in a negative way, finished the book, my father pulled his chair toward mine, and in a strange, dry voice, said: "Leon, please give me a definition of law."

I pondered long, tried to scratch the definition from my scalp, failed, and said, desperately: "Well, er—w'y—er—w'y law is law, of course."

"That will do, young man; I'll examine you no further, I've been prepared for this. I saw some love stories in your handwriting yesterday. It confirmed my suspicions that when the Lord was cutting out lawyers, he ran out of cloth when he came to you. Let the law alone. You are my own flesh and blood, and I shan't torture you. Go on with your love stories. I've heard of people making money by writing them, but I'm not sure it's true.

I was full of romantic ideas. I knew I was too broad of mind to fit the narrow, legal groove. My imagination rioted in heroic deeds. Caesar was not a lawyer, but he was an orator, poet and hero. I would be a hero. At that time Buster Taggart, the celebrated mountain moonshiner, was exciting the whole Kentucky commonwealth. Scores of deputy marshals had been hurled at him, and summarily tossed back. None were killed—it was against his policy—but many were put on crutches. I resolved to capture Buster Taggart.

I got a commission as deputy marshal, and then revealed my scheme to my chief. He laughed heartily at the beginning of my talk, thinking I was joking, but when I convinced him I was serious, he fixed his steel-blue eyes on me a few minutes, screwed the corners of his thin lips, and then spoke in a dry voice: "I knew you were a man of abnormal imagination, but that you were insane, I never before suspected.

A few days later I found myself riding along a rocky road that wriggled between precipitous walls in the mountains of Elliot county. A little stream tittered along the route, and, far above, the pine harps sang soft tunes

All at once my horse reared, bent his fine neck, spread his nostrils, and snorted alarm.

The next second, a sharp report shattered the silence. My horse, quivering, stood in the center of the road. The next second, the click of a dry branch was heard above me. Then a splash among green leaves. Then, down across the pommel of my saddle, dropped a huge wild cat, his bosom spurting blood. What did all this mean? While sitting in helpless wonderment, the air began to bebble with musical laughter. I gazed about, seeking the source of this concord of sweet sounds. Soon came a velvety swish among the paw-paw bushes at the left of the road. Turning my eyes, fearfully but eagerly, I saw a face, framed by green foliage. From the face smiles sped like sunbeams, and, at their touch, I felt my own grow instantly bright. Was I dreaming? If so, I prayed to awaken never! But I was not dreaming. Out through the screen of leaves pushed the form of a young woman, clad in blue velvet. She had on her head a white man's hat, the left brim pinned to the side of the crown, revealing a broad band of squirming hair above the ear. A great lot of lazy, yellow curls lolled on her shoulders.

I sat speechless, watching the riot of beauteous expression in her face.

I had seen that face before. Nay, I had it in my heart—in the locket of memory.

Directly she advanced within touch of me, and, reaching up a shapely hand, she said: "Mr. Leon Gifford, are you not going to shake my hand, and congratulate me for saving your throat from that wild cat? He was trying to spring on you when I sprang a surprise on him."

I took her proffered hand, and as the current of magnetism flashed along the line of my nerves, I said, not knowing what else to say: "I'm certainly thankful to you for depriving me of this wanton enemy, but how did you know my name?"

"Oh, I've known your name for several years, and became especially familiar with it of late, since it was known that you would free the hills of the moonshiner king."

"I presume I'm not far from his haunts?" I said, feeling a heroic surge in my soul.

"Not very far, but you can't arrange to capture him this evening. You will go home with me. I live only a short distance from here."

"I thank you for the hospitable offer, but I must be going on now."

"Oh, no; you'll not go on this evening, sir," she said, tapping her gun, and smiling significantly. "I invite you kindly to go with me, and I hope I'll not have to say you shall go, sir."

"You won't have to use that gun to persuade me," I said, nervously, "I'll go."

"Of course you will."

A short distance ahead, the narrow throat of the gorge widened into a beautiful bosom of green valley, in the center of which a white house shone in the declining sun like a silver star.

When we got to the gate a great, broad, tall giant came ambling down the path towards us, his hands in his pockets, and a benevolent smile struggling through his shaggy beard.

"Mr. Leon," said the girl, gayly, "let me introduce you to my father, the celebrated outlaw, Buster Taggart!"

A few minutes later I was chatting with Miss Flora Taggart in the parlor, when she arose, and, going to the centerable, brought a photograph of a handsome boy whom I recognized as the youthful Leon Gifford.

"I got it from your boarding-house mistress the night after I met you in Lexington," she said, and she took it back, and looked as if she was mentally kissing it.

"I have your photograph, too," I said—"in the locket of my soul."

Two weeks later, as I introduced my beautiful wife to my chief, I said: "I did not bring back Buster, but here is the favorite member of his gang."

FORTUNE FAVORS A TEXAN.

"Having distressing pains in head, back and stomach and being without appetite I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills" writes W. P. Whitehead of Kennedale Tex. "and soon felt like a new man." Infallible in stomach and liver troubles. Only 25c at W. F. Kremer's drug store.

See those self-sealing stone fruit jars at J. Wolke's.

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S GREAT MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

1051 MARKET ST., S.F. CALIFORNIA.

The Largest Anatomical Museum in the World. Weaknesses or any disease positively cured by the oldest specialist on the Coast. 30 years.

DR. JORDAN—DISEASES OF MEN

SYPHILIS thoroughly eradicated from system without the use of mercury.

Treatises free by mail or at office. Medicines sent everywhere. A quick and radical cure for Piles, Fistula and Stricture, by Dr. Jordan's special painless methods.

Consultation free and strictly private. Treatment personally or by letter. A Positive Cure in every case undertaken. Write for Book PHILOSOPHY of MARRIAGE, MAILED FREE. (A valuable book for men.) Call or write

DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St., S. F.

Sideache, Backache, Headache,

And many other aches to which women are peculiarly subject are generally the result of a diseased condition of the womanly organism. When this diseased condition is cured, sideache, backache, headache, etc., are cured also.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. When these diseases are cured the aches they cause are also cured.

"I will drop you a few lines to-day to let you know that I am feeling well now," writes Miss Annie Stephens, of Belleville, Wood Co., West Va. "I feel like a new woman. I took several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have no headache now, no backache, and no pain in my side any more. No bearing-down pain any more. I think that there is no medicine like Dr. Pierce's medicine. I thank you very much for what you have done for me—your medicine has done me much good."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book containing 1008 pages, is given away. Send 21 one-cent stamps for expense of mailing *only*, for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the volume bound in cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878

United States Land Office,

Roseburg, Oregon, Sept. 5, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Amy A Zumhof of Moscow, County of Latah, State of Idaho, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 3416, for the purchase of the S ½ of S ½ of Section No. 22 in Township No. 37 S. Range No. 6 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, on Friday, the 6th day of February, 1903 She names as witnesses:

Mary C Mcfarland, H. C Mcfarland, and Marion M. Collins of Moscow, Idaho, and A. W. Silsby of Grants Pass, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of February, 1903.

J. T. Bridges, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

[United States Land Office,]

Roseburg, Oregon, September 5 h, 1902

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Mary C. Mcfarland of Moscow, County of Latah, State of Idaho, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No 3417, for the purchase of the N½ of S½ of Section No. 22 in Township No 37 South, Range No. 6 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish her claim to said land before Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, on Friday, the 6 h day of February, 1903. She names as witnesses:

Amy A. Zumhof, Marion M. Collins H. C. Mcfarland, of Moscow, Idaho, A. W. Silsby, of Grants Pass, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of February, 1903.

J. T. Bridges, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act June 3, 1878

[United States Land Office.]

Roseburg Oregon, September 5th, 1902

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892 Marion M Collins of Moscow, County of Latah, State of Idaho, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No 3418 for the purchase of the S½ of the N½ of Section No 22 in Township No, 37 South, Range No. 6 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Roseburg Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, on Friday, the 6 h day of February, 1903. He names as witnesses:

Henry C. Mcfarland, Amy, A Zumhof, Mary C. Mcfarland, all of Moscow, Idaho, A. W. Silsby of Grants Pass Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of February, 1903.

J. T. Bridges, Register.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form No Cure No, Pay. 50c.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act June 3, 1878.

United States Land Office,

Roseburg Oregon, August 13, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Lida H. Rumbaugh of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 3230, for the purchase of the W ½ of N E ¼ and S ½ of N W ¼ of Section No. 13 in Township No. 41 South, Range No 9 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before J. O. Booth, County Judge at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Monday, the 10th day of November, 1902. She names as witnesses:

Geo. R Funk, C. E. Fields, Sam P. Veatch, Elwood Wiles, all of Portland, Oregon

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of November, 1902.

J. T. Bridges, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

United States Land Office.

Roseburg, Oregon, August 13, 1902

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Mary Gunderson, of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 3233, for the purchase of the N E ¼ of Sec. No. 35 in Township No. 40, South, Range No. 9 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before J. O. Booth, County Judge, at his office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Monday, the 10th day of November, 1902. She names as witnesses:

E. Gunderson, C. E. Fields, Elwood Wiles, E. A Fearing, all of Portland, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of November, 1902.

J T. Bridges, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

United States Land Office,

Roseburg, Oregon, August 14, 1902

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Elwood Wiles, of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No 3232, for the purchase of the N½ N E¼ S E¼ N W¼ and S W¼ N E¼ of Section No 12, in township No. 41 S, Range No. 9 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Grants Pass, Oregon, on Monday, the 10th day of November, 1902. He names as witnesses:

E A Fearing, C. E. Fields, F. W. Farber Geo. R. Funk, all of Portland, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of November, 1902.

J. T. Bridges, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878

United States Land Office,

Roseburg, Oregon, August 13, 1902

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Edward Gunderson of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3229, for the purchase of the S W ¼ of Section No. 3 in Township No 41 South, range 9 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before J. O. Booth, County Judge, at his office at Grants Pass Oregon, on Monday, the 10th day of November, 1902. He names as witnesses:

Sam P. Veatch, Geo. R Funk, Joseph Alstock, C. E. Fields, all of Portland, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of November, 1902.

J. T. Bridges, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

Notice is hereby given that Saturday, the 4th day of October, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day at the Court room of the county court of Josephine county, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing the final account of A. C. Hough as administrator of the estate of Enoch L. Moon, deceased. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to file their objections to said accountant, if any they have, on or before said date and then and there to be present to show cause why said final account shall not be allowed. This notice is published by order of said county court, made on the 4th day of September, 1902.

A. C. HOUGH, Administrator.

The Weekly Oregonian and the Courier both for one year for $2 in advance.

A Bureau of Information.

The Burlington ticket office in Portland is a veritable Bureau of Information for travelers—a place where they can learn what it will cost to reach ANY point in America or Europe; how long the trip will take, and what there is to see on the way.

If you are figuring on an eastern trip, drop in and get full information, or, if you prefer, write me about it Omaha, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis—and EVERYWHERE beyond.

Burlington Route

A. C. Sheldon, General Agent, Cor. Third and Stark Sts., Portland, Ore.

Thro' Train Southeast.

Northern Pacific-Burlington Route.

The St. Louis Special, the through express of the Northern Pacific and Burlington railroads from the Northwest to the Southeast, changed time on May 4. The trans-continental service is materially benefited, as connections for the East and South are now made with morning trains out of St. Louis and Chicago.

The St. Louis Special now leaves Portland, at 8:25 a. m.; Tacoma, 3:40 p. m; Seattle, 3:50 p m.; Spokane, 6:55 a. m.; Helena, 10:15 p. m.; Billings, 7:00 a; m.

The new card is more convenient to most cities in the Northwest. The train now carries standard sleeper, tourist sleeper, dining car, chair car, coach, and baggage car, Portland to Kansas City without change, also free reclining chair car, Portland to St. Louis. It remains the great TIME SAVER, as well as the only through train between the Northwest and the Southeast.

"THE MILWAUKIE."

A familiar name for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, known all over the Union as the Great Railway running the "Pioneer Limited" trains every day and night between St. Paul and Chicago, and Omaha and Chicago, The only perfect trains in the world. Understand: Connections are made with All Transcontinental Lines, assuring to passengers the best service known. Luxurious coaches, electric lights, steam heat, of a verity equalled by no other line.

See that your ticket reads via "The Milwaukee" when going to any point in the United States or Canada. All ticket agents sell them.

For rates, pamphlets or other information, address,

J. W. Casey, Trav. Pass. Agt. Seattle, Wash.

C. J. Eddy, General Agent, Portland, Or.

25,000 NEW WORDS

are added in the last edition of Webster's International Dictionary. The International is kept always abreast of the times. It takes constant work, expensive work and worry, but it is the only way to keep the dictionary the

STANDARD AUTHORITY

of the English-speaking world. Other dictionaries follow. Webster leads.

It is the favorite with Judges, Scholars, Educators, Printers, etc., in this and foreign countries.

A postal card will bring you interesting specimen pages, etc.

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, Springfield, Mass. Publishers of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug. 30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $112,500.00 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

They commenced the serious investigation of the specific Nov. 15, 1900 They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians for judges. Up to Aug. 25, 87 per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably.

There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address John J Fulton Company, 420 Montgomery St, San Francisco, Cal.

A BOYS' WILD RIDE FOR LIFE.

With family around expecting him to die, and a son riding for life, 18 miles, to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds, W. H. Brown of Leesville, Ind., endured death's agonies from asthma, but this wonderful medicine gave instant relief and cured him. He writes: "I now sleep soundly every night." Like marvelous cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and Grip prove its matchless merit for all throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at W. F. Kremer's drug store.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

GO EAST —OVER THE— RIO GRANDE WESTERN

Denver & Rio Grande Railroad

Only transcontinental line passing directly through

SALT LAKE CITY, LEADVILLE, PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS AND DENVER.

Three splendidly equipped trains daily TO ALL POINTS EAST.

Through Sleeping and Dining Cars and Free Reclining Chair Cars

The most magnificent scenery in America by daylight.

Stop overs allowed on all classes of tickets.

For cheapest rates and descriptive literature, address

J. D Mansfield, General Agent, 124 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

TICKETS —TO AND FROM ALL— Points East VIA GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Short Line to ST. PAUL, DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS CHICAGO, AND POINTS EAST

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking Library Cars.

DAILY TRAINS; FAST TIME.