SOME DAY.

You're going to take a long vacation,
Some day.
You will travel over all creation,
Some day.
Through old Japan you'll idly roam,
Slide down old Fuji-Yama's dome,
And see the geishas in their home,
Some day.

You will go to Egypt see the Sphinx,
Some day.
You will climb the Pyramids, methinks,
Some day.
Sail up the vast, mysterious Nile,
Shoot at the lazy crocodile,
And kodak everything the while,
Some day.

To Italy's classic shores you'll hie,
Some day.
See Naples' Bay and refuse to die,
Some day.
Along the tourist's usual groove
Entranced, with dreamful eyes, you'll move,
See old Pompeii and climb Vesuv,
Some day.

You'll do old Rome, and the Holy Land,
Some day.
Pick shells on India's coral strand,
Some day.
Explore the islands of the ocean,
With naught to stay your locomotion
Wherever you may take the notion,
Some day.

Ah, trusting brother, you will find,
Some day.
You've done this only in your mind,
Some day.
But when life's journey's over, and
On Jordan's stormy banks you stand,
Maybe you'll see the Promised Land,
Some day.

—Chicago Tribune.

A PRAIRIE QUEEN

"NOW'S your chance, Deronda!" cried the agent's hearty voice. When he had carried the mail bags up from the depot he had waited until their contents were distributed. That was not a long time. It never was in Excelsior. And tonight the sacks had not been of sufficient weight to tax his strong shoulders. But out of their lankness had come a surprise for him, and an opportunity for Deronda.

"I can guess. It's a letter from Uncle Donald. A check!"

Once in awhile at Christmas always a letter inclosing a check arrived from Donald Bertram, of New York. And his brother, who found his petty salary as station master of the insignificant Nebraska town quite incommensurate with the needs of a large and increasing family, hailed the advent of each inclosure with gratitude and elation.

"N-o. It's a letter from Donald—but there's no check." He looked across at his best loved and eldest child with a smile brighter than even the welcome check had ever summoned. "Guess again."

She looked at him from her opposite end of the table where she presided, her mother in true western fashion still being busied at the kitchen stove until the remainder of her family had eaten. Between Deronda and her father a noisy and voracious young brood interposed—eight or ten of them. Deronda was kept busy attending to their needs. She and her mother "did" for the rest. They ate as their portion whatever was left. And neither dreamed of complaining. Labor and service were their ethics of domesticity. But now Deronda paused in her task of pouring out the numerous cups of milk.

"Father! It's good news! Keep still, Flora! What is it?"

The tidings came out in a rush. "If you will go to New York for a visit the check will follow your letter of acceptance. There!"

Deronda was the healthiest girl in town, but for the moment she felt positively weak. She set down the pitcher. The children clamored unheeded.

"O!" she gasped, "I must tell mother!"

Then she was gone, and the overworked man with the kindly face waited on the children himself.

Those that followed were exciting days. The little, straggling, low rooms over the depot were the scene of many confabulations, much scheming, many glorious hopes, innumerable pleasant prophecies. 'Ronda, as the children called her, was going away—away into some vast and mystic fairyland, which their vivid imaginations merged in the triple ecstasy of Yuletide, Heaven and the Fourth of July. But one day order was born of confusion—sobriety of hysterical anticipation. That was the day Deronda's trunk stood labeled and corded on the platform—the day Deronda's self, freshly and becomingly garbed, stood beside it. The day that Agent Bertram, and Mrs. Bertram, and all the numerous young Bertrams listened for the whistle of the train at the depot eight miles west; hung around her with growing excitement as the black column of smoke came down like the guide of those fleeing from Pharaoh, and clung around her in an adoring farewell, which was detrimental to her finery if flattering to her sensibility.

Then the iron beast was upon them. A few passengers alighted. Some express packages were handed off. These the agent mechanically received. Then Deronda's foot was on the first step of the Pullman. The engineer was looking back to see that the agent's pretty daughter got on safely before he pulled the throttle. The brakeman stood irresolute. The conductor loitered along, deferring the signal to start, because the departure of Deronda for the east was public property all along the line, and the men who had known her since she wore short dresses and waved them a welcome when their train went by were interested in this young bird-flight of hers from the overflowing family nest.

A tentative whistle quivered in the air.

"Good-by, Deronda! Have a good time!" Deronda's father gave her a hard squeeze of the hand. There was the peck of a kiss between these two who loved each other so dearly.

And the train was speeding eastward.

Ah, that was a marvelous world into which Deronda went—a world where one wore dainty clothes from dawn till dawn! A world where the chief function of the women was to charm—that of the men to serve with the most exquisite courtesy. And the meed of admiration she received, when her western dresses had been discarded for beautiful gowns, was new to her. Very sweet it was, too. To be sure, she had known what it was to have young men besiege her for dances and hang upon her words. But in one case those who had given her tribute were clumsy and rough handed country boys. The men to whom her later environment introduced her possessed that indefinable air of breeding, of culture, of distinction which can be neither bought nor acquired. And she found the melody of trained voices at the opera sweeter than the triple note of the meadow lark—the scent of hothouse roses more delicious than the perfume of wild clover.

And so, too, she discovered entrancement in the homage of Eldred Wier. Not that in his case there was the possibility of comparison. She had never been touched by the attentions of her former acquaintances. There had not been one who attracted her. When she came east she was quite heart whole and fancy free. But minutes—the gentlest of minutes—well directed, did their ready and delicious work. Perhaps these would not have been so promptly effective, even if hurled by Dan Cupid's unerring hand, had Deronda realized that she was the bright particular star of the season. Had anyone told her that her piquant, golden-brown beauty, her unconscious air of aloofness, her repose, begotten of prairie life and placed daily duty, had won for her a higher meed of appreciation than was usually accorded to a newcomer in an exclusive coterie, she would have opened her serene gray eyes wide in smiling incredulity. All the girls had admirers. Almost all the girls had lovers. But—not one of them had such a lover as Eldred Wier.

One month passed—two—three! And always there were the same tributes—always there was the same direct personal deference. Theaters, dinners, flowers, bonbons, gloves, afternoon visits, rides and drives! Always the same low, intimate tones, lingering hand-pressure, the magnetic allurement of impassioned eyes! Then suddenly it seemed—it was time to go home. Time to go back to the dull little town, to the rooms over the depot, to the horde of clamorous children.

Eldred Wier was the last to leave the Pullman. His worshiping eyes devoured the beauty of the shy, expectant face. His hand held hers in a close and tender clasp. He bent his head. He spoke in a tone that thrilled her.

"You know—you must know that I love you! You know, could I have my way, I would never let you go!"

Then the train began to move. He was gone.

Five years later there was a tremendous rush of travel westward. The Nebraska town of Wymore was one of those caught in the vortex of impetuous pleasure seekers. Although there were many health seekers, too, bound for the solacing serenity of Colorado or the golden glory of California. A splendid summer day was waning when a snorting train disgorged its myriads on the depot platform. A young man, nervous and haggard of aspect, helped an elderly woman to alight. With scant show of patience he hurried her into the waiting-room.

"I tell you I've got to leave you for awhile," he declared, testily. "I've a letter to present to one of the eastern officials of the road. His private car is due here now. I'll be back as soon as I can." Heedless of her whimpered objections he hurried off. A tall, beautiful young woman, most charmingly gowned, attracted the observation of the throng as she came down the waiting-room. She noticed the woman sitting alone, and evidently in distress.

"Can I be of service?" she inquired, pausing.

The traveler, in apparel too elaborate and youthful for her years, looked up into the gentle face of the speaker. Her wrinkled cheeks were chalky under their rouge, and her false curls and bonnet were awry.

"No," she shrilled, heedless of hearers. "No one can help me. I brought it on myself. Me, worth half a million, to go and marry that young whipper-snapper, that leaves me here like a bale of goods! Not even a drink of water—"

The young woman brought her a glass of water, set straight the disordered hair and bonnet, and fanned the agitated old face, talking pleasantly the while.

"I am here," she said, "to meet my husband. He is one of the directors of the road. There—his special has just come in! He is coming this way." She rose eagerly. "There is some one with him." She took a step forward. "Welcome, Will!" as the stately man who had hastened to her side bent and kissed her.

"If it wasn't for this young lady, Eldred—" The resentful wail was cut short by a sharp exclamation. White as death Eldred Wier stared at Deronda Leighton. She looked from him to the shriveled old creature on the seat. So this was why he had never written—had never come! This was why she had fancied her heart was broken, until "a better man drew nigh!"

"Mr. Wier!" The glimmering smile in her radiant eyes maddened him. "I have been making the acquaintance of your wife." "Mr. Wier," she explained to her handsome husband, "is an old acquaintance of mine. But it is meet and part. Good-by." She swept the travelers with a graceful bow. "We really must go now, Will, dear, the carriage is waiting."—Chicago Tribune.

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. Edwards, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

An Ignorant Thief.

A clock that was once owned by Napoleon, but now belongs to Dr. Reuling, of Baltimore, Md., was stolen recently. The thief did not know the value of the timepiece, for he sold it for 50 cents.

Curiosities of Human Hands.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. 38-1yr

Viewed through an inverted glass,
Sometimes makes one see double;
Thus four quarts of beer is apt
To make a full peck of trouble.

But if purchased at Post & King's (A. B. C.) it will make a barrel of pleasure. 50-tf.

"I think I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried remedies without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

The real estate in Lake county, belonging to the Frankl Co., is now on the market for sale. No reasonable offer will be refused for any part of it. For full particulars call at or address this office, or Charles Umbach, Lakeview, Oregon. 1-tf

Notice of Final Account.

In the Matter of the Estate of Lee P. Behart, deceased. Notice is hereby given that I have filed my final account as administrator of said Estate, with the County Clerk of Lake County, Oregon, and that the Judge of the County court of said county has set the hearing thereof for Tuesday, the 5th day of March, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the County Judge's office of said County, at which time and place, objections, if any there be, can be offered to the allowance of said final account.

Lakeview, Jan. 17, 1901. JOHN McKINNEY, Administrator.
No. 2

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF HARRIET WATTERS, DECEASED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned has been, by an order of the County court of Lake County, Oregon, made and entered on the 4th day of September, 1900, duly appointed as Administrator of the estate of Harriet Watters, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle such indebtedness with the administrator at once, and those having claims against said estate will present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned, at his residence in Paisley, Lake County, Oregon within six months from the first publication of this notice.

PAUL J. BEATTAIN,
Administrator of the Estate of Harriet Watters, deceased.
Dated January 16, 1901. 6-5

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, December 28, 1900. 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, Isaac F. Davies, of Lakeview, county of Lake, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 267, for the purchase of the SW¼ of Section No. 14 in Township No. 34 S. Range No. 20 E. 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 Register and Receiver of this office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Saturday, the 9th day of March, 1901. She names as witnesses: F. B. Chandler, F. Walch, Wm. Smock, Eli Barnes, all Lakeview, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of March, 1901.

Jan. 5-52 E. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

TIMBER LAND NOTICE

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Jan. 31, 1901. 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, Isaac F. Davies, of Lakeview, county of Lake, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 282, for the purchase of the N½ of NW¼ and W½ of NE¼, Sec. 27 and NW¼ of SW¼ of Sec. No. 34 in Township No. 39 S. Range No. 17 E., 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 Lakeview, Oregon, on Saturday, the 6th day of April, 1901. He names as witnesses: W. D. Tracy, H. A. McClaine, Albert Dent and John McElhiney, all of Lakeview, 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 April, 1901. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

Jan 31-4

PROFESSIONAL.

F. E. SMITH, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
Lakeview, Or.
OFFICE—Beall & Willey's Drug Store. Calls made promptly day or night.

E. H. SMITH M D
Physician and Surgeon
Lakeview, Or.
OFFICE—Lakeview Drug Co's Store.

E. D. SPERRY ALWIN S. HAMMOND
HAMMOND & SPERRY.
Attorney-at-Law.
Lakeview, Or.
OFFICE in Cogswell's office building

J. S. HERNDON M D
Physician and Surgeon
Lakeview, Oregon
OFFICE—N. Arnett's Residence.

I. F. CONN
Attorney at Law
Lakeview, Oregon
OFFICE—Daly Building

C. H. DAIRYMPLE
Attorney-at-Law
Lakeview, Or
OFFICE—Daly Building

C. B. WATSON
Attorney-At-Law,
Ashland, Oregon
Will attend to any civil business entrusted to him in any of the counties of the First Judicial District.

W. J. MOORE
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public
Lakeview, Or
OFFICE—Daly Building.

DR. F. B. RAMSEY
Horse Trainer
Lakeview, Oregon

DR. O. F. DEMOREST
Dentist
Lakeview, Oregon
OFFICE—Daly Building

SHEEP BRANDS

James Barry Brand: with swallow fork in right ear for ewes, reverse for wethers. Same over Square Crop and slit in right ear. Tar Brand III. Range, Chewaucan Lake. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.

Zac Whitworth Brand: with Crop off left ear, Half Underbit off right for ewes, reverse for wethers. Tar Brand W. Range, Fish Creek. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.

NEVADA CALIFORNIA OREGON RAILWAY
SIERRA NEVADA ROUTE

In effect Tuesday, December 4, 1900.

No. 4				No. 2
9:00 a. m.	Lv	Lakeview	Ar	5:00 p. m.
11:30 a. m.	Ar	Plumas	Ar	2:30 p. m.
11:50 a. m.	Lv	Plumas	Ar	2:20 p. m.
1:30 p. m.	Ar	Doyle	Ar	12:40 p. m.
2:30 p. m.	Ar	Amedee	Lv	11:30 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	Ar	Amedee	Ar	11:05 a. m.
2:45 p. m.	Ar	Hot Springs	Ar	10:50 a. m.
6:20 p. m.	Ar	Termo	Lv	8:00 a. m.

Connecting at Plumas Junction with Sierra Valley & Nevada Railway; with stage at Doyle for Milford, Janesville and Buntingville. At Hot Springs for Susanville and Standish. At Termo for Alturas, Cedarville, Lake City and Fort Bidwell, Cal., and Lakeview, Flush and Paisley, Oregon.

T. F. DUNAWAY, V. P. and G. M. J. H. BENNETT, G. F. and P. A.

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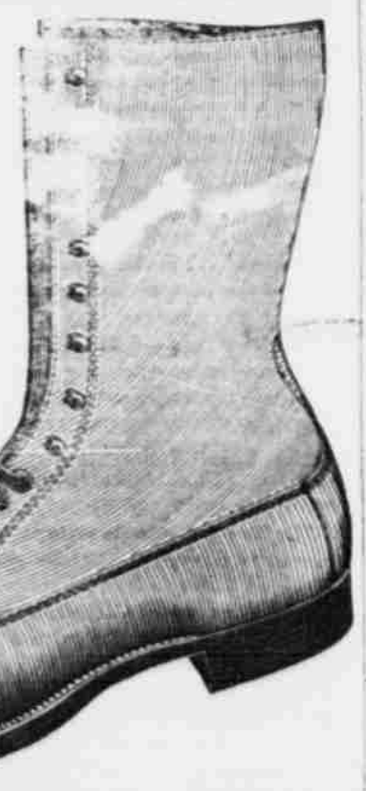

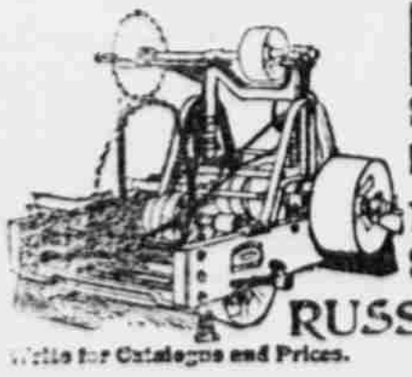

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E. W. Grove

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