

### THE STATUE.

The marble waits, immaculate and rude;  
Beside it stands the sculptor, lost in  
dreams.  
With vague, chaotic forms, his vision  
teems.  
Fair shapes pursue him, only to elude  
And mock his eager fancy. Lines of  
grace  
And heavenly beauty vanish, and, be-  
hold!  
Out through the Parian luster, pure and  
cold,  
Glazes the wild horror of a devil's face.  
The clay is ready for the modeling.  
The marble waits; how beautiful, how  
pure,  
That gleaming substance, and it shall  
endure  
When dynasty and empire, throne and  
king  
Have crumbled back to dust. Well may  
you pause,  
Oh, sculptor artist! and, before that  
mine,  
Unsundered surface, stand irresolute!  
Aweful, indeed, are art's unchanging laws.  
The thing you fashion out of senseless  
clay,  
Transformed to marble, shall outlive  
your fame;  
And, when no more is known your race,  
or name  
Men shall be moved by what you mold  
to-day.  
We all are sculptors. By each act and  
thought,  
We form the model. Time, the artisan,  
Stands with his chisel, fashioning the  
Man.  
And stroke by stroke the masterpiece is  
wrought.  
Angel or demon? Choose, and do not err!  
For time but follows as you shape the  
mold.  
And finishes in marble, stern and cold,  
That statue of the soul, the character.  
By word or blessing, or by silent curse,  
By act and motive—so do you define  
The image which time copies line by  
line.  
For the great gallery of the Universe.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

### THE PROFESSOR'S FOOTBALL STORY

By Howard C. Warren.

(From the New York Home Journal. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

THE day of the great football game was approaching, and all Kensington was wrought up to fever pitch. On the campus, at the eating clubs, and in the town the talk was of but one thing. "How are the men to-day?" "Is Travers' leg any better?" "Will he be able to play?" "Any signs of over-training?" "Do you know what tricks they are working up?" And so on—generally, he it observed, in the form of questions—for at this season of the year the "inside" is very secretive, and outside gossip varies in detail almost with the number of speakers. In the absence of definite knowledge the suspense was terrific. A spirit of nervous unrest pervaded the university, and serious work was well-nigh impossible. Moreover, this spirit affected not only the student body, but many faculty circles as well. Instructors and younger professors were under its sway, perhaps quite as much as any undergraduates.

At "The Cloister," where four of us, trainers of youth, live in contented bachelorhood, the electric tension of the atmosphere was obvious. Our conversation at meals and after was always about football; lectures were prepared without the usual care and thought; and I fear we all spent much time in reading the athletic columns of the daily papers which ought rightly to have been devoted to original research.

"I don't know why it is, fellows," said Mitford, one day at dinner; "I don't care a rap about the smaller games; I don't take interest enough in them, even, to go down to the field when they are played in Kensington. But when it comes to the big ones, I get so nervous it breaks me all up; I can't work and can't sleep for thinking about them. The strain is fearful."

Prof. Mitford has a highly strung temperament, but we all felt that his particular words applied to our own cases, too. But this particular year Mitford had an added source of anxiety in connection with the game, Guild, the great half-back, whom everyone looked to secure the needed touch-down, was conditioned in Mitford's subject, and that condition must be removed before he could play in the championship game. Mitford had sent him notice after notice, with no effect, and he knew the students might attempt to take advantage of the faculty's sympathy with their cause, and get around the condition in some way. Now Mitford was a most conscientious man, and he had sworn by all that was holy that Guild must pass his examination regularly if he were to play in the game; and yet his heart was with the team, and he knew besides the unpopularity he must expect to incur, if anything he did should contribute to the defeat of Kensington in the great event of the year.

"What about Guild, Mit?" we asked him one day at table. Mit looked up with an expression of disgust, and what he said in reply is best represented by dashes and asterisks. After that the subject was dropped, as far as we were concerned. But certain things became plainer as the days passed by and the date of the game drew near. It was evident that the Pembroke team were improving wonderfully, and would give our men a tremendous fight. And it was also evident that our men relied on Guild, practically, to win the game for them.

He was champion kicker, and runner, and tackler, all in one.  
"If Guild is knocked out during the game we are lost," said some one at the Cloister once. We all agreed with the speaker in our inmost hearts, but as Mit was present we expressed no opinion, and the subject was deftly changed.

It was the second day before the game, and the team were to leave for Pembroke the next morning. Our anxiety could not longer be suppressed.

"Has Guild passed off that condition yet?" I ventured to ask Mit in the course of the day.  
"Oh, go bury yourself," he answered, and my fears were confirmed. With carte blanche from the faculty as to time, Guild had put off his examination till the last minute, and a failure now would be irremediable. That evening we were to have a party of guests to dinner—Mit's friends, they were—and the talk could be of nothing but the game. About five o'clock the doorbell rang, and a party of students appeared. Mit was out after his guests, and it fell to me to receive the men.

"We have come to see about Mr. Guild's examination with Prof. Mitford," said the spokesman. They were all anxious and nervous, but I thought I detected a certain note of defiance in the speaker's voice. I consulted with my chums, and at last we found the examination paper which Mit had prepared for the occasion. The honor system is in vogue at Kensington, so they were allowed to take the paper to Guild's room.

While we were at dinner the bell rang at least a dozen times. The maid returned each time with the announcement: "Some students to see Mr. Mitford." She had told them, of course, that Mr. Mitford was at dinner, and they had left. It was a different party each time, come to inquire whether Guild had passed. And all this time Guild was in his room, presumably scribbling away for dear life. During the evening the bell-ringing kept up, and Mitford each time refused to see the callers. Our guests, who were out-of-town people, and, of course, deeply interested in the game, had been told of the circumstances, and plainly showed signs of curiosity.

"Why, you simply must pass him, Mr. Mitford," said the bewitching Mrs. Alton, the chaperon of the party, in her most enticing voice. "Just suppose we should lose the game on that account!"

"Madam," said Mitford, putting on a dignity which is unusual with him at home, whatever he be in the classroom—"Madam, if he gets 50 per cent, I shall pass him; and the fair visitor saw at once that she had tried to carry her tyranny beyond its proper domain.

At length our guests departed, and Mit went with them to escort them to the inn. Soon after they had gone, a student came around with Guild's paper. He wanted to remain and hear the result, but we told him that Prof. Mitford was out and might not be back till late. He left in a state of obvious perturbation. As for us, words cannot describe our anxiety. We talked and talked, and walked restlessly about the room and waited; but Mitford still failed to appear. At last we went upstairs. Though I seldom read in bed, that night I thought I might profit by a few hours, which would not in any case be claimed by Morpheus. But what I read made no impression on me whatever. My thoughts were on the game, and Guild, and Mitford.

Finally the outer door rattled, and Mitford's step was heard in the hall below.

"Mit," shouted Jim, "the paper's on the desk in your study!"  
"You mustn't come up till you've read it," chimed in George from his room.

"Right!" I added, involuntarily, and kicked myself immediately afterward for doing so.

A loud "hmm" was his only answer, as he stalked into his study.

There was silence above and below for about half an hour. And I know now that Mit spent most of that time with his eyes closed and his face in his hands, in agony. He had read the paper, and given liberal credit for all that was in it, and the figures summed up to a total of exactly 45. Should he waive his scruples and let the man through? If he did not, what would be his future in Kensington? He saw the sudden end of his popularity—the game lost and his fault! The conflict was long and terrible.

"No, I must do it, whatever the consequences," he muttered at last, and turned to write the fatal number on the paper. The room seemed suddenly dark and cold. As he turned the pages, suddenly his eye fell on a sheet of paper on the floor which he had overlooked. It was the answer to another question—and it was right!

He jumped up like a flash. Our ears had been straining to catch some sound below. He rushed into the hall and shouted triumphantly:

"He's passed; he's passed!"  
"Yea-a," was the yell of three voices from above, and the agony was over.

Two days later Guild made a 40-yard run through the entire Pembroke team for a touch-down, and kicked the goal himself. And that run gave Kensington the championship.

A Pretty Japanese Story.  
One of the prettiest of all the stories relating to mirrors is that which comes

from the far east. In this a man brings as a gift to his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. Then she, having seen nothing of the kind before, asks in the innocence of her heart whose was the pretty face smiling back at her. And when, laughing, he tells her it is none other than her own, she wonders still more, but is ashamed to ask further questions. But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter and gives her the treasure she has long kept hidden away as a sacred thing, telling her: "After I am dead you must look in this mirror morning and evening, and you will see me. Do not grieve." So when the mother is dead the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there talks face to face with the dead woman, and never guessing it is but her own shadow she sees. And it is added, by the old Japanese narrator, that when the girl's father learned the meaning of this strange conduct of hers, "he thinking it to be a very pitious thing, his eyes grew dark with tears."—Troy Times.

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**FINAL PROOF.**  
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, March 13, 1901. 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 the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on April 27, 1901, viz: William H. Bond, Pre-emption U. S. No. 2884, for the southwest quarter section 11, township 35 south, range 83 east, W. M. Oregon. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: H. C. Rambo, James Snyder, Joseph Jones and A. McInnes, all of Finch, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. Mar. 21-11

**TIMBER LAND NOTICE.**  
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, March 13, 1901. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1877, 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, (Ledyard L. Robinson, of Lakeview, Oregon, in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1877, 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, Ledyard L. Robinson, of Lakeview, Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 284, for the purchase of the southeast quarter of northwest quarter of section No. 32, in township No. 37 south, range No. 19 east, 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 May 1, 1901. He names as witnesses, P. M. Curry, William Brown, Edward B. Robinson, Charles Verillion, 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 1st day of May, 1901. 12-10-w E. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**  
ESTATE OF JOHN DEGIARMO, Deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Degiar-mo, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of W. J. Moore, in Lakeview, Oregon, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate. L. FOSKETT, Administrator of the Estate of John Degiar-mo, Deceased. Dated at Lakeview, Or., March 26, 1901. 12-5

**Notice of Final Settlement of Account.**  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I, L. A. FOSKETT, the guardian of the estate of John Degiar-mo, deceased, have this day rendered and presented for settlement and filed in said court, my final account of my guardianship of said estate, and that Tuesday, the 7th day of May, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the county clerk's office, in the county Court-house at Lakeview, Lake county, Oregon, has been appointed by the Judge of said court for the settlement of said account, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file exceptions to or writing to the said account and contest the same. L. FOSKETT, Guardian. Dated March 26th, 1901. 12-5

**FINAL PROOF.**  
Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, March 11, 1901. 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 Fred Palmer, United States Commissioner at Jordan Valley, Oregon, on April 20, 1901, viz: Michael Murphy, H. K. No. 242, for the lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, section 2, township 41 north, range 42 east, Willamette meridian, Oregon. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George Simpson, Alfred Lewis, John Marsh and Charles Gline, all of McDerbert, Nevada. Mar. 14 1901 E. M. BRATTAIN, Register.

**FINAL PROOF.**  
Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, March 30, 1901. 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 the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on April 27, 1901, viz: William H. Bond, Pre-emption U. S. No. 2884, for the southwest quarter section 11, township 35 south, range 83 east, W. M. Oregon. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: H. C. Rambo, James Snyder, Joseph Jones and A. McInnes, all of Finch, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. Mar. 21-11

**FINAL PROOF.**  
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, March 4, 1901. 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 the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on April 27, 1901, viz: George V. Wilson, of Warner Lake, Oregon, who made desert land application No. 384 on the 21 day of May, 1898, for lots 2 and 3 section 19, T. 40 S., R. 24 E., hereby give notice of my intention to make final proof to establish my claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on Wednesday the 24th day of April, 1901, and that I expect to prove that said land has been properly irrigated and reclaimed by the manner required by law, by two of the following witnesses: A. N. Bennette, T. R. Wakefield, George E. Maysie, all of Warner Lake, Oregon, and W. Z. Moss of Lakeview, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. Mar. 7-9



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To take effect Sunday, Feb. 17, 1901.

No. 1		No. 2
9:00 a. m.	LV. Reno	Ar. 9:30 p. m.
11:30 a. m.	LV. Prineas	Ar. 3:05 p. m.
12:31 p. m.	LV. Phoenix	Ar. 3:05 p. m.
1:30 p. m.	Ar. 190 E.	Ar. 1:50 p. m.
2:50 p. m.	Ar. Amesley	LV. 11:40 a. m.
2:50 p. m.	Ar. Amesley	Ar. 11:35 a. m.
2:50 p. m.	Ar. Hot Springs	Ar. 11:30 a. m.
7:30 p. m.	Ar. Termino	LV. 8:30 a. m.

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