

**THE HILLS OF LONG AGO.**

When I backward turn my eyes  
Down against the distant skies  
Where the hues of Memory glow,  
Rise the hills of Long Ago.

Comrade mine, while yet we may,  
Let us thither for a day;  
Tread the paths untrodden long,  
Hear the untroubled song.

See the faces fond that seem  
Gazing at us through a dream;  
Clasp the hands we clasped of yore  
Kiss the lips of Love once more!

Set against such joy as this  
Paltry is our present bliss!  
Ah, the wild, free, youthful will,  
And the swift, ecstatic thrill!

Comrade mine, while yet we may,  
Back into the wondrous glow  
To the hills of Long Ago!

—Clinton Scamard, in National Magazine.

**Two Dinners at Pennington's**

By Mrs. Moses P. Handy.

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ALBERT WHITNEY knew that he could not marry. He was a sensible fellow, on the whole, and realized that it would be sheer folly to ask a woman to share his half bedroom.

Yet Albert was in love. Every Sunday in church he sat opposite Miss Gladys Pennington, and thought of her far more than he did of the sermon.

Miss Pennington's father was a retired carpet manufacturer, with a tidy fortune, to which Gladys and her brother James were sole heirs.

Albert was a clerk in a wholesale hardware store and, by hard labor, earned ten dollars a week. Of this five dollars went to his landlady.

The moth sighed for the star, and Albert sighed for Miss Pennington. The moth and the star were hardly further apart than Albert Whitney and Gladys Pennington. Albert had never spoken to her; she barely knew that he existed.

What, then, were Albert's feelings when, one day, after church, Mr. Ames Pennington pompously approached him and invited him to dine at his home on the following Sunday? He blushed like a girl, and stammered out an acceptance. Fortunately, Mr. Pennington did not wait for more. The invitation which meant so much for Albert to him meant only the discharge of a rather disagreeable duty which he admired himself for performing.

He would have been thunderstruck at a refusal. Every year he obtained from the pastor of the congregation, of which he had long been senior deacon, a list of the young men who were punctual at church and summoned them to dinner. The good man liked to encourage piety and bestowed invitations on these exemplary young men in precisely the same spirit with which he awarded prize books for "regular attendance at Sabbath school."

The following Sunday, when Albert entered the Pennington drawing-room, punctually at two, he was surprised to find already there, besides the host, his wife, his son and daughter, 15 black-coated individuals with all of whom he was pretty well acquainted. The assembly reminded him of a special meeting of the "Young Men's union."

It fell to Albert to escort Miss Pennington in to dinner. He, poor lad, was overwhelmed with the honor. He did not know that father Pennington, who exercised a strict supervision of his daughter's acquaintance, had chosen him as the most harmless and unassuming of the 16 young men.

Albert could think of absolutely no remark with which to open conversation. Miss Pennington, entirely at ease, saw his blushes with more pity than wonder. She was accustomed to her father's duty dinner parties and rather expected the guests to be awed. Mr. Whitney's shyness spoke in his favor, as a tribute of respect to her father. Mr. Pennington had brought his children up to strict observance of the fifth commandment.

"It is rather warm for the time of year," quoth the young lady, breaking the ice.

Albert raised his eyes and assented. He would have done so had Miss Pennington said that it was cold.

"What nice eyes he has," thought she. It was unusual for Gladys to notice a man's eyes. "It was frightfully hot at the lake last August," she said, aloud. "I think it could hardly have been warmer in town."

"It wasn't bad in town, except in the middle of the day," replied Albert, bravely.

"So you were not fortunate enough to be away on your vacation?"

Albert laughed. "No, I have my vacations in November." It was then October.

"That must be nice for shooting," murmured Miss Pennington, vaguely. "You hunt, don't you?"

"I fish a little," answered Albert.

There was another silence. Miss Pennington turned to her other neighbor. Then Albert found courage to speak to quite a young man whom he knew quite well.

A November vacation was Hobson's choice with Albert. Sometimes, if trade was active, he got none at all. He came last on the list of clerks at Jobson's. But, when he could, he

thankfully packed his bag and went to spend two weeks in the Wisconsin woods with his only living relative, a great-uncle.

Great-uncle Morris was fond of the boy and good to him. His log cabin and little farm would hardly support one, and Uncle Morris held it the duty of every man to do his share of the world's work. Albert did what he could for Uncle Morris. He bought a small stock of groceries and shipped them ahead of his annual visits in order that the expense of his entertainment might not be a burden, and he faithfully sent the old man the best Christmas and birthday gifts that he could afford. Uncle Morris had told him once that the farm would be his some day and sometimes, when Albert felt despondent at his slow promotion, he pictured himself as living in the cabin, in old age, without even a nephew to visit him. The thought made him tender toward the old man.

Just as Albert was about to speak to Miss Pennington, once more, he heard her father's voice: "My dear young friends," and the rest of the dinner was devoted to remarks, partly instructive and partly catechetical, from that gentleman.

Nevertheless Albert went home rejoicing. He felt that he had made a great step. Thereafter, he was entitled to raise his hat respectfully to Miss Pennington on Sunday and upon the rare occasions when he met her on the street. Moreover, as in duty bound, he made his dinner call and acquitted himself with credit, his conversation being mostly with Mrs. Pennington.

Great-uncle Morris died suddenly that year, not long after Albert returned from his November vacation. It was a shock and a surprise to his nephew, for the old man was still vigorous and had seemed in even better health than usual. Albert obtained leave of absence without salary and, drawing his little balance from the savings bank, hurried to Wisconsin to be present at the funeral. The attendance was larger than he had expected; he was pleased to see how many friends and neighbors came to do honor to the dead. Chief among the assembly was Judge Steinberg, of Oshkosh, who greeted Albert cordially.

After the services were over, the judge accompanied Albert back to the cabin and seated himself in Uncle Morris' chair, with the air of a host rather than that of a guest.

"Of course, Mr. Whitney, you know that you are your great-uncle's sole heir, but I believe that you are not aware that Morris Whitney was one of the richest men in the county."

"No—was he?" gasped Albert.

Judge Steinberg smiled. Like most men, he enjoyed telling a good story. "I have known your uncle all his life; we were friends in youth, and I have always enjoyed his confidence. Years ago he had an experience which caused him to lose faith in all women, and most men, but which it is not for me to repeat. He bought this farm, which is larger than it appears, for much of it is leased, and retired to this out-of-the-way spot. It was his delight that you should love him for himself alone. The annuity which your mother received, after your father's death, was paid by him on the express condition that she should not enlighten you in regard to his affairs. I have to congratulate you on the inheritance of a very considerable fortune, which is excellently well invested. I shall be pleased to act as your agent, as I was your uncle's, but that is for you to decide."

Albert listened with dazed attention, that hardly left room for joy, to the long list of stocks and bonds of which he was now the possessor. All of them were at par, and some of them far above it.

"I am utterly inexperienced," he said, "and know nothing of business, except in the hardware trade. I could ask nothing better than to have such an agent as yourself. If it is to your advantage as well as mine that you should manage the property, I am only too glad."

The family were at breakfast when Mr. Pennington's eye fell on this paragraph in the Daily Conservative:

"Albert Whitney, clerk in the employment of Jobson & Co., importers and wholesale dealers in hardware, is the sole heir to the estate of his great-uncle, Morris Whitney, of Door county, Wis., recently deceased. The estate, in addition to lands, amounts to over \$500,000, mostly invested in standard stocks and bonds."

He read it aloud. "Albert Whitney," he said, "surely that is the excellent young man whom we know. I must telephone to Dr. Shepherd for confirmation."

"Hello—good morning, doctor. Albert Whitney, of Jobson & Co., is the same Mr. Whitney who belongs to our church, is he not?—I thought so. Have you read the paragraph about him in the Conservative, this morning?—I thought you would be.—So am I."

Mr. Pennington returned to the breakfast table. "I am sincerely rejoiced," he said, "it is providential that so large a fortune should come into the hands of a young man of such piety and rectitude."

Gladys looked up, pleased and interested. She thought again what nice dark eyes Mr. Whitney had.

"My dear," said her father to his

wife, "we must invite him to dinner again and introduce him to some of our prominent people. As we did not ignore him in his obscurity, we can better afford to congratulate him on his prosperity."

At the select dinner party which followed Albert was the guest of honor, and escorted Mrs. Pennington to the table. He bore himself with quiet dignity, and Mr. Pennington took pride in the pearl which he had discovered.

The guests departed, the good man announced to his family: "Mr. Whitney is a gentleman of intelligence, as well as of integrity. It is rarely that we find so many good qualities united in the same young man."

Gladys smiled. "I am glad papa likes him so much. I always thought he was nice," she said to herself.

And the gate to Albert's happiness stood wide open.

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Drink nothing but Jesse Moore whisky and you'll always be happy. On sale at Wharton & Fitzpatrick's. 35-44.

**Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.**

Kenma, Jackson Co., W. Va.  
About three years ago my wife had an attack of rheumatism which confined her to her bed for over a month and could not rise to walk a step without assistance, her limbs being swollen to double their normal size. Mrs. M. had been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I purchased a 25-cent bottle and used it according to the directions and the next morning she was up in an ordinary manner, and she has not had a similar attack since.—A. B. Parrish. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

**FINAL PROOF**

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, March 1, 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 R. Bond, Preemption D. S. No. 284, for the southwest quarter of section 21, township 43 north, range 25 east, W. M. Oregon. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. J. Bonner, James Snyder, Joseph Jones and A. McDowell, all of Fish, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register, March 1, 1901.

**TRUCK LAND NOTICE**

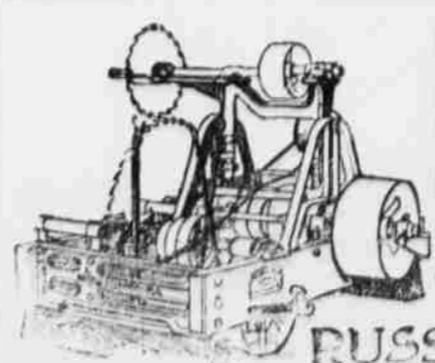
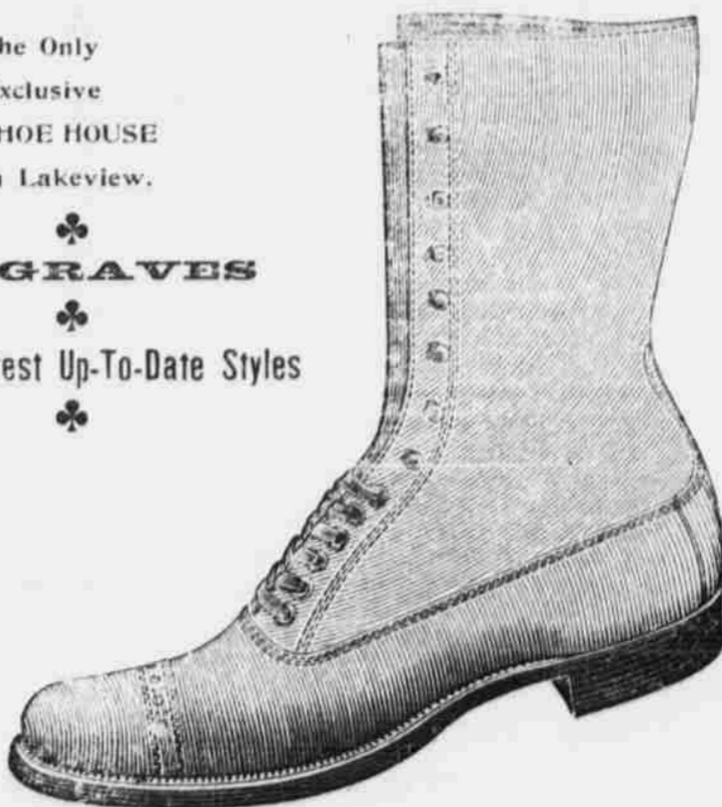
United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, March 1, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on April 27, 1901, viz: David A. Crosby, D. S. No. 150, for the SW 1/4, Sec. 32, T. 43 N., R. 24 E., 40 acres. The following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land are: J. J. Bonner, James Snyder, Joseph Jones and A. McDowell, all of Fish, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register, March 1, 1901.

**The Red Shoe Store.**

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**RUSSELL & CO.**  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.**

ESTATE OF JOHN DEARMO, Deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John Dearmo, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within the time specified herein, to the said Administrator, at the office of W. J. Moore, in Lakeview, Oregon, the same being the place for the presentation of the said claims of said estate.  
I, FOSKETT, Register.  
John Dearmo, Deceased.  
Filed at Lakeview, Ore., March 28, 1901. 12-5

**Notice of Final Settlement of Account**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I, L. FOSKETT, the guardian of the estate of John Dearmo, deceased, have, this day, filed and filed proof in support of my claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on April 27, 1901, viz: Michael Murphy, D. S. No. 247, for the lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, section 21, township 43 north, range 25 east, W. M. Oregon. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George Simpson, Alfred Lewis, John Harris and Charles Clark, all of McMenamin, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register, March 1, 1901.

**FINAL PROOF**

Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oregon, March 1, 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 R. Bond, Preemption D. S. No. 284, for the southwest quarter of section 21, township 43 north, range 25 east, W. M. Oregon. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. J. Bonner, James Snyder, Joseph Jones and A. McDowell, all of Fish, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register, March 1, 1901.

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**FINAL PROOF**

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, March 1, 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 A. Wilson, land application No. 284 on the 27th day of May, 1900, for Lots 2 and 3, section 19, T. 43 N., 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 27th day of April, 1901, and that I expect to prove that said land has been properly irrigated and reclaimed in the manner required by law, by two of the following witnesses: A. N. Bennett, T. H. Wakefield, George W. Morgan, all of Warner Lake, Oregon, and W. Z. Moore of Lakeview, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register, March 1, 1901.



**PROFESSIONAL.**

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Lakeview, Ore.  
OFFICE: Lakeview Drug Co. Store.

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Physician and Surgeon  
Lakeview, Ore.  
OFFICE: X. A. DAVIS' Residence.

**E. G. SPERRY**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
**HARRISON & SPERRY,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
Lakeview, Ore.  
OFFICE: In Cargwell's office building.

**E. F. CONN**  
Attorney at Law  
Lakeview, Oregon  
OFFICE: Daily Building.

**C. H. DALRYMPLE**  
Attorney at Law  
Lakeview, Ore.  
OFFICE: Daily Building.

**C. R. 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, Ore.  
OFFICE: Daily Building.

**DR. E. B. FARNEY**  
Horse Trainer  
Lakeview, Oregon

**DR. O. F. DEMAREST**  
Dentist  
Lakeview, Oregon  
OFFICE: Daily Building.

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**Zac Whitworth** Brands with copyright left in right for his own use. Half Underfoot on right for every sheep on his ranch. Tar Brand, W. Brand, Fish Creek. Postoffice address Lakeview, Oregon.



To take effect Sunday, Feb. 17, 1901.

No.	Class	Rate	No.	Class	Rate
9:00 a. m.	Ly.	5.00	5:00 p. m.	Ly.	5.00
11:00 a. m.	AT	3.00	7:00 p. m.	AT	3.00
1:00 p. m.	Ly.	5.00	9:00 p. m.	Ly.	5.00
3:00 p. m.	AT	3.00	11:00 p. m.	AT	3.00
5:00 p. m.	Ly.	5.00	1:00 a. m.	Ly.	5.00
7:00 p. m.	AT	3.00	3:00 a. m.	AT	3.00

Special rates from Chicago, New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis and all Missouri River Points to:

Flunco	\$1.00	\$2.50	\$2.00
Hot Springs	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$2.00
Armstrong	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00
Torno	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00

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