Timber Land Notice.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 8, 1908.

Notice is is hereby given that Anna M. Neilon, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on August 31, 1908, made Timber and stone application, No. 0459, for Lots 1, 2, SW quarter NW quarter, Section 16, Township 36 S., Range 16 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 30th day of December, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. H. Dusenbery, of Paisley, Oregon, Thos. J. Powell, Frank Howard, Manuel Saunders, and Walter Howard, of Lakeview, Oregon.

O15D16 J. N. Watson, Register.

Timber Land Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 8, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that GEORGIA KELSAY, of Plush, Oregon, who on Sept 9, 1908, made Timber and stone Application, No. 0518, for NE quarter Section 34, for Township 37 S., Range 22 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 18th day of December, 1908.

Claimant names as wtnesses: Kitten Fine, L. N Kelsay, Jim Turpin, and Will Benefiel, all of Plush, Oregon.

O15D16. J. N. Watson, Register.

State Land Notice.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 19, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that the State of Oregon, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the act of Congress, approved August 14, 1848, and the acts supplemental and amendatory thereto, the NW quarter NE quarter, Sec. 24, T. 37 S., R. 16 E., W M

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 14th day of December, 1908.

J. N. Watson, Register.

The foregoing notice will be published in the Lake County Examiner, printed at Lakeview, Oregon, for the period of at least thirty days prior to the date herein last mentioned.

N5D10 J. N. Watson, Register.

Ted's Turkey

A Thanksgiving Story by Epes Winthrop Sargent.

[Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.]

"DO you think it's a square deal?" demanded Teddy. "There's Tom Bolan. He works in his blacksmith shop all day and gets his face as black as an end man. Then he goes home and washes up, and he's all right. What difference does it make if I daub on zinc instead of dirt?"

"It isn't all that, Ted," said Sally. "Somehow you seem different."

"Just because you saw me," he laughed bitterly. "Biff Brattle told me I was the limit, but I didn't suppose I was bad enough to queer my luck with you."

"I can't explain," said Sally impatiently. "But somehow when I saw you last summer with all the people laughing at you I—I couldn't be proud of you any more. I just felt ashamed to sit there and remember that I was engaged to you."

"And you waited all this time to tell me," he said scornfully. "Let me live on in that fool's paradise all this time? Why, I could have gone with the Fordhams this winter if I had wanted to, but I told Blakeley that I'd come on to quarters just so I could be near you."

"I'm sorry, Ted," she said dully. "I like you still when I see you, but then every little while your face gets all white with the red marks on it, and I want to cry."

"Brattle was right," he said bitterly. "Let circus folk marry circus folk. They look deeper down than makeup."

"I suppose I ought to," said Sally. "But I just can't, Ted."

"All right," he said brusquely, trying to keep back the tears that would

SLOWLY THE PROCESSION LUMBERED INTO THE YARD.

rise to his eyes. "I don't want the old ring back. I ain't got any one else to give it to. So long."

He climbed into the tiny road cart, cracked the whip, and the four ponies trotted off.

It was only four miles to Carstonville, where the Blakeley hippodrome, menagerie and circus lay in winter quarters, but every revolution of the little wheels seemed to put Sally—and happiness—miles behind.

Ted Stevens was a circus clown—not a very good one, but good enough for the one ring wagon show he traveled with. Last spring he had come down a few weeks before the opening to rehearse some bits of comedy, and he had met Sally Myerly.

She had never seen much of show folk, and she was attracted by his fun as well as by the wholesomeness of his manner. In the three weeks they saw each other Ted had won her heart. Then the show had gone south to open. It was midsummer before the slow moving outfit had come back to Carstonville to show, and that afternoon Ted had done his best because Sally was watching from the reserved seats. He had been rather disappointed at her lukewarm appreciation, but he did not realize what the matter was until he had come back with the show to go into winter quarters.

He had taken the meager salary offered to keep care for the stock instead of playing at the vaudeville theaters through the winter, and it was with a happy heart that he took the pony four-in-hand out for exercise and had driven over to the Myerly farm.

He had received an enthusiastic welcome from ten-year-old Dick, but Sally had been cold, and at last she confessed that the sight of him in the ring had killed her love. Her ideas of romance were gleaned from cheap fiction, wherein English lords in disguise were more apt to be heroes than circus clowns. The sight of Ted in his motley had killed her ideals, and she wanted her freedom.

For the next couple of weeks he held to his work, trying in occupation to find forgetfulness. He had been rather clever with dogs once, and he got permission to try his hand at two of the ponies, just to occupy his mind, but in the long nights, when the silence was broken only by an occasional cry from the stock barn, he had plenty of time to think, for sleep came late to his tired eyes.

The day before Thanksgiving Thomas Myerly drew up at the sheds and climbed down from his seat. Ted saw him and went out to meet him.

"Sally wants to know if you would bring the ponies [illegible]

"Dick liked 'em so, and the doctor says that perhaps they'll rouse him."

"I'll see the old man," said Ted. "I guess it'll be all right, though. They need a run."

Permission was easily obtained when explanation was made, for the "old man" had youngsters of his own and a soft spot for children, and presently the gay little team was trotting down the frozen road.

Dick was brought to the window, well wrapped up, but he only waved a languid hand at the clown and turned his head away. Ted unhitched them and put them through their tricks, but with no greater success, and after he had put the team in the barn he went into the house.

"That's the first kid I ever saw that wasn't stuck on them ponies," he said. "What's the matter with him?"

"That's what we want to know," said a grave faced man who had been talking with Sally. "The little fellow seems to be sunk into a sort of coma, and we cannot rouse him. He will not eat, and unless we can give him a desire for food and interest him in things we shall just have to watch him slip away."

"You want to come out and look at them ponies, doc," said Ted suddenly. "Come on out to the barn."

The physician paused a moment. Then something passed in the glance of the two men, and they went out together. For half an hour they sat on an old wagon box and talked, and then the physician went back to the house and Ted hitched up the ponies. He drove out of the yard with a flourish of the whip toward Dick, who had been brought to the window to see him off. The little fellow answered with a weary wave of the hand, and Ted gritted his teeth as he drove off.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. It was almost Indian summer, and the windows were open in the Myerly home. Dick sat at the window, listlessly watching the people go driving by to church. Mrs. Myerly divided her time between the kitchen and the front parlor, to which Dick had been moved. A trumpet call sounded down the road, and she came hurrying in.

Around the bend there dashed a rider all crimson and gold, mounted on a black horse gaudy in crimson housings. With a swing he was in the yard, and just before the window he blew another blast on his trumpet.

"A turkey for Master Myerly fit for a king!" he announced in approved ringmaster tones. Then the black horse backed away, bowing to the astonished child, and wheeled and dashed up the road again.

Presently the herald returned at a more stately pace, preceding the most curious procession that had ever traversed the Huntville road. Just behind the rider came a fantastic clown, either foot on the back of a milk white horse. Behind him lumbered a huge elephant drawing a glittering chariot ablaze with gold and mirrors.

Slowly the procession lumbered into the yard. At the gate the clown dismounted and threw handsprings up to the very door. There he paused expectantly while the elephant ponderously turned into the yard. Then the doors at the back of the chariot swung open, and out fluttered a turkey six feet high. The clown sprang forward and with his whip made the bird face the window.

"Dick," he called, "here's your Thanksgiving turkey. If you don't eat every mouthful of it I'll make the elephant bite you."

"Elephants don't bite," laughed Dick, his face aglow with excitement.

"This one does—bad," said Ted darkly. "You wait and see. Turkey, bow to the gentleman what's going to eat you."

Solemnly the bird pranced forward and bent its neck. Then it followed Ted around to the back of the house, and the cavalcade followed, turning into the road. Down beyond the bend Ted was waiting with the bird, but the cambric skin covered with turkey feathers, the making of which had kept Ted up half the night, had been removed, and it was merely an ostrich that was bundled into the best chariot of the Blakeley outfit.

Late that night Ted turned up at the quarters. There had been a Thanksgiving dinner in the training ring, and all, from the "old man" to the hostlers, were sitting about on the benches swapping stories.

"Well," said the "old man" kindly, "did it work, Ted?"

"Did it work!" echoed Ted. "Say, I'm afraid the kid's more like to die of indigestion than starvation. He's all to the good. Everything's all to the good."

And the little group crowded about to shake his hand, for they knew that a romance seeking girl had at last really found the heart of the clown beneath the motley.

Nine Days' Thanksgiving.

In the time of Grecian prosperity and power that nation celebrated a feast very much resembling that of the Jews and supposedly borrowed from the latter. It was called the feast of Demeter or the Eleusinian mysteries, Demeter being the goddess of the cornfields, by whose especial favor only good harvests might be expected. The celebration continued during nine days, and offerings to the goddess were made, consisting of oblations of wine, honey and milk.

November.

The melancholy days have come.
The flowers fade away.
The crickets upward turn their toes,
And early dies the day.

The mourning turkeys now are led
To death, and, worse perhaps,
The partridges, with muffled drums,
Are sadly sounding taps

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Timber Land Notice.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 8, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that JOSEPH ELLIOT, of Plush, Oregon, who, on Sept. 28, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 0690, for SE quarter SW quarter, S half SE quarter, Section 26, Township 37 S., Range 22 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 23rd. day of December, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: John A. Morris, John H. Green, L. N. Kelsay, Wm. Benefield, all of Plush, Oregon.

O15D16. J. N. Watson, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 28, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that MAY A. BECRAFT, of Vistillas, Oregon, who on April 25, 1903, made Homestead Entry No. 2946, (Serial No. 0750) for SE quarter SE quarter, Sec. 20, N half NW quarter, Sec. 28, NE quarter NE quarter, Section 29, Township 40 S., Range 16., E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 14th day of December, 1908

Claimant names as witnesses: Cyrus L. Becraft, Gilbert Lapham, of Vistillas, Oregon, and Walter Tracy, Walter Howard, of Lakeview, Oregon.

N5 D10 J. N. Watson, Register.