Notice of Delinquent Tax List.

(Continued from page Two.)

Vernonia, lot 10, blk 2, and lot 2, blk 7	9.49
Stewart, John, care Holland, Briggs & Avery—Und 1-3 int in E ½ of S E ¼ Sec 6, T 4, R 2	1.84
Stilson, Mathilda — Und ½ int int in N W ¼ Sec 32, T 5, R 2	7.28
Stokes, John M., care J. G. Wickstrom—Lot 1, 12.45 acres, Sec 26, T 4, R 2	3.60
Storer, D. W.—W ½ of S W ¼ of S E ¼ Sec 20, T 4, R 2	2.40
Swanson, George — Columbia Park, lots 14 and 15, blk 2	2.79
Sweet, Brodie & Murphy—Columbia City, lots 10, 11 and 12, blk 72	.37
Thayer, E. S.—75x300 ft in lots 1 and 2, Sec 23, T 7, R 2; 75x1250 ft in lots 2 and 3, Sec 23, T 7, R 2	22.69
Thayer, C. G.—Part of lots 1 and 2, W ½ of S E ¼, S E ¼ of S E ¼, see Book 13, page 393, and Book X, page 361, Sec 22, T 7, R 2; lots 1, 2, 3, 4, and N W ¼ of S W ¼, exc amt deeded away, Sec 23, T 7, R 2	89.29
Thayer, D. G.—A tract of land in F. M. Warren D. L. C, Sec 23, T 7, R 2	1.75
Thomas, L. S. & Florence E.—8 acres in N W ¼ Sec 21, T 7, R 2; 220x300 ft in Sec 16, T 7, R 2, Rainier, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, blk 14	140.44
Thomas, L. S. and Geo. W. Vogel—4900 ft river front, Secs 23 and 26, T 7, R 2	11.75
Thompson, Mrs. M. J.—100x100 ft in Houlton, Sec 4, T 4, R 1	18.91
Thorp, Frank, care J. S. Allen—W ½ of lot 7, blk 25, St Helens	1.16
Thurston, John W.—2x80 rods and E ½ of S W ¼ Sec 1, T 6, R 3	16.53
Tipton, Robert H.—1 acre in Gilbreath's D. L. C, Sec 13, T 6, R 2	10.81
Tollefsbung, Magne, care Jesse F. Olsen—Moeck's Add Rainier, lot 5, blk 38	9.15
Tolva, Jacob—51x200 ft, Sec 8, T 7, R 4; N E ¼ of S W ¼ Sec 24, T 8, R 4	9.27
Turlan, H. P.—N ½ of S W ¼ of N E ¼ Sec 17, T 4, R 2; Spitzenberg, lots 9 and 10, blk 4	4.37
Turner, James W.—20 acres Sec 1, T 7, R 4	3.60
Turner, W. J.—Esto, lots 3, 4, 5, 6, blk 3	29.10
Teaves, W. F., care H. H. Hurst—1st Add Vernonia, lots 7, 8, 9, blk 9	.94
Tuerck, Henry—W ½ of N W ¼ and N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec 9, T 2, R 2	8.06
Usher, John J.—About 6 acres in Sec 8, T 7, R 4	15.01
Unknown, care Wm. Clark—Dobbins' Add Rainier, all of blk "D"	3.66
Unknown, care Mrs. L. R. Meserve—Dobbins Add Rainier, all of blk "B"	5.34
Unknown—A tract of land in Sec 12, T 6, R 2	.47
Unknown—N W ¼ of S W ¼ Sec 26 T 5 R 4	13.65
Unknown—E ½ of S E ¼, Sec 27 T 5 R 4	30.68
Unknown—S ½ of N E ¼ Sec 11, T 6 R 2	21.50
Unknown—Columbia City, L 11 B 2	.49
Unknown—Columbia City, Lands and Tide lands in front of L 4, B 1	.54
Unknown—Columbia City, Lands and Tide lands in front of L 6, B 1	.73
Unknown—Columbia City, Lands and Tide lands in front of N 50 ft of "J" St	.74
Unknown — Georgetown, lot 11, blk 3	.61
Unknown—Roses Add Vernonia, lot 14, blk 2	.63
Vanvolkinberg, Arminta — 4½ acres in Sec 8, T 7 R 4	9.36
Vincent, Joe and S.—S W ¼ of Sec 26, T 7 R 3; S W ¼ of N W ¼ Sec 26, T 7 R 3	30.80
Vosberg, E. F.—W ½ of W ½, except timber, Sec 13, T 5, R 2; E ½ of S E ¼, except timber, Sec 14, T 5, R 3; N W ¼ of N E ¼ except timber, Sec 14, T 5, R 3; S E ¼ Sec 9, T 6, R 3; and ½ interest in S E ¼ of S W ¼; S ½ of S E ¼ and N E ¼ of S E ¼ except timber, Sec 13, T 5, R 2	14.44
Wagner, Dehlia, care American Safety Deposit Co.—N E ¼ and lots 7 8 9, Sec 21, T 4, R 1; lots 1, 2, 3, Sec 22, T 4, R 1	112.95
Walker, Clayton H.—N E ¼ of N W ¼, Sec 26, T 6, R 5	6.06
Watts, Mrs. E. M., care Setvin—A tract of land in N W ¼ of N W ¼, Sec 13 T 3 R 2	2.28
Watts, Mrs. E. M., care Boesel—A tract of land in N W ¼ of N W ¼, Sec 13, T 3, R 2	2.04
Watts, Mrs. E. M., case Boesel—7 acres tract 23 in Sec 7, T 3, R 1	3.57
Watts, Mrs. E. M., care V. Johnson—A tract of land in N ½ of N E ¼ Sec 14, T 3, R 2	8.36
Watts, Mrs. E. M.—5 acres tract No. 16, Sec 7, T 3, R 1, Sec 12, T 3, R 2; S ½ of S E ¼ Sec 11, T 3, R 2	53.20
Watts, Mildred, care John Richardson—Watts Add to Scappoose, lots 1 2 3 4, blk 10	1.70
Wattson, John A, care Sisters of Charity—S W ¼ of S E ¼ Sec 23, T 3, R 2	18.43
Welch, Robert L.—¼ acre and 50x208 ft in Sec 5, T 4, R 1	11.49
West Shore Lbr. Co—S ½ of S ½ of S E ¼ of S W ¼ and S ½ of S ½ of S W ¼ of S E ¼, Sec 22, T 7, R 2; N E ¼ except 10 acres Sec 27, T 7, R 2; S ½ of N E ¼ of S E ¼ Sec 22, T 7, R 2	50.41
West Shore Lbr. Co., care E. P. Mossman—N W ¼ of N E ¼ of S E ¼ Sec 22, T 7, R 2	3.53
Wilson, John—5 acres in Secs 21 and 22, T 7, R 2	21.62
Wineland, Eva—Columbia Park, lot 11, blk 2	1.39
Ward, J. E.—Vernonia, and ½ int in lot 5, blk 10	.47
Weber Co.—N ½ of N W ¼, S E ¼ of N W ¼ and N E ¼ of S W ¼ Sec 14, T 7, R 4	168.15
Wedrick, Martin A, care Fir Tree Lbr. Co.—2 acres in S W ¼ of N W ¼ Sec 23, T 5, R 4	1.31
Wentworth, J. and G. K.—Lots 1 2 and S ½ of N E ¼ Sec 4, T 7, R 2; lots 3 4 and S ½ of N W ¼ and S ½ Sec 4, T 7, R 2; lots 3, 4 and S ½ of N W ¼ and S ½ Sec 5, T 7, R 2; lots 2 4 5 and S E ¼ of N W ¼ Sec 6, T 7, R 2; lots 6 7 and E ½ of S W ¼ and S E ¼ Sec 6, T 7, R 3; lot 1 and N E ¼ of N W ¼ Sec 7, T 7, R 3; N ½ of N E ¼ Sec 8, T 7, R 3; N W ¼ and S ½ Sec 9, T 7, R 3; lots 1 2 and E ½ of N W ¼ and S E ¼ Sec 31, T 8, R 3; S W ¼ Sec 32, T 8, R 3; timber on N E ¼ Sec 6, T 7, R 2	4045.86
Western Cooperage Co.—N W ¼ of S W ¼ of N E ¼ and N E ¼ of S E ¼ of N W ¼, Sec 29, T 5, R 2; N E ¼ of S W ¼ of N E ¼ and W ½ of S E ¼ of N W ¼, Sec 29, T 5, R 2	9.14
Western Cooperage Co.—N E ¼ of N W ¼ of S E ¼ and S E ¼ of N W ¼ of S E ¼ Sec 29, T 5, R 2	2.71
Withington, G. E., trustee—Goble, lot 3, blk 8	.58
Ziesman, Max J.—W ½ of S E ¼ of N E ¼ Sec 14, T 3, R 2	17.18
Zinvy, Mary—About 3 acres in Sec 13, T 3, R 2	3.04
Zurfluch, Emil, care M. D. Root—S ½ of N E ¼ and E ½ of S E ¼, Sec 12, T 6, R 5	26.00
Zigler, A. C. (heirs)—Neer City lots 1 2 3, blk 9	2.15
Ziegler, Augusta, care Oscar Olsen—St. Helens lots 3, 4, blk 77	1.52
Ziegler, Augusta, care E. Isbister—St. Helens lot 9, blk 77	.93
Ziegler, Augusta, care H. Anderson—St. Helens lot 2, blk 78	.70
Bradshaw, C. P.—E ½ of N E ¼, Sec 21, T 4, R 5	4.30

The several amounts in the foregoing list are of taxes only and do not include penalty (10 per cent), interest (12 per cent per annum), or cost of advertising, which is 20 cents for each line or fractional line thereof.

A. E. THOMPSON,
Sheriff and Tax Collector,
Columbia County, Oregon.

SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent

A Romance of the Future

By
Guido von Horvath
and Dean Hoard

SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hannibal Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with President Prudent critically ill. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the Island of Cirynith, but dies before he can tell the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency by the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls on Astra, informs her that he was a pupil of her father's, and promises to help her. He gives her a ring made of a newly discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier di Leon appears in Europe. He notes that preparations have been completed for an invasion of America. He calls on von Werdenstein and offers him the secret of making gold. He demands in return absolute disarmament and peace.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Seemingly it was a pleasant, enjoyable social affair, with everything so smooth and polished that one might easily make a dangerous slip and break his own neck.

When Chevalier di Leon arrived in his apartment he was well aware that he had been followed, but he did not care. He was thinking of the bewitching Countess Rosiny. Where had he met her?

At last he found the place in his well classified memories. "The American Cafe Restaurant," he ejaculated. Then without further delay he went to bed.

The chancellor sat in his library awaiting the report of his followers. As soon as he received the information that the chevalier had gone to bed and was safely sleeping he did likewise, but he did not sleep as soundly as di Leon. He had troubled dreams.

The reports that the chancellor received from the men who were following the chevalier the next day were not exciting. He had visited the museums, studied new industries and, in fact, was interested in everything. Shortly before nightfall he went to his hangar, brought out his 'plane and cruised about above the city, finally ascending to such a height that he almost vanished from the eyes of the detectives. By ten o'clock he was again at the hotel.

Saturday evening the chevalier attended the house ball at the palace of the Countess Rosiny. He even played at the card tables, losing a few gold pieces. The detectives obtained a number of twenty mark coins and sent them to the chancellor with their report; every one was of nineteenth century make.

The Countess Rosiny was summoned to a long confidential talk. No one knew what they discussed, but when the countess was home and alone in her dainty, perfumed boudoir, she locked the door and flung herself on her sofa, weeping bitterly.

"I—I shall betray him, the first real man I have ever seen; besides, how can I be certain that he will love me?" She clenched her little fist and shook it at the portrait of a man who happened to be her husband. "You fiend, see what you have made of me!"

Everything went smoothly; nobody interfered with the chevalier's actions, although he knew every move he made was watched.

One evening, after returning from one of his daily aerial trips, as he jumped out of his machine, a dark robe was cast over his head and a number of men grasped him. He struggled, but strong hands held him fast, and a few minutes later he was bound and nearly suffocated by a heavy cloth that shut out the air. Then the cloth was removed and a tight fitting bandage placed over his eyes.

"Will the chevalier promise to keep quiet?" asked a strange voice. "For, in that case, I will not be forced to gag him."

"I promise," was the helpless chevalier's answer.

He was placed on a stretcher-like affair and carried away.

He could not see, but his sense of hearing told him that they carried him to a near by hangar; there he was placed in some kind of a tonneau and he heard the chug, chug of a very powerful motor. The buzz of the propellers followed.

The next moment he felt the lifting of the aeroplane; the air craft made one turn, then shot out under full power. Several hours passed without change, but when the machine began to descend he recognized the fresh, salty air of the ocean, and he heard the water break on the rocks in a peculiar, mournful manner.

The machine landed and he heard muffled talk, but could not understand it. At last he was lifted out from the tonneau of the machine and carried into a building where the bandage was removed from his eyes and the ropes cut.

He found himself in a simply furnished, clean room with a uniformed officer standing beside him.

"Chevalier di Leon, this is your room; tomorrow we will have a talk." He saluted courteously and, turning on his heels, left, locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER VI.

The Message From Helgoland.

The election was over. Astra Prudent, daughter of Hannibal Prudent, had been elected President of the United Republics of America. The dignified Ambrosio Hale won the vice-presidency. The elections of the southern republics took place at different dates, but throughout the continent the continentals were in power.

The girl, upon whom future responsibilities rested heavily, was strengthening herself for coming events. She was occupied consulting politicians, generals, admirals, making flying trips to the fortifications that were rapidly going up, or being remodeled according to the new requirements of the times.

Constantly she expected news from the man she had seen only once, the man whom she looked upon as the deliverer of the American continent, and also the man she loved.

Days, weeks, months went by. The day of inauguration came. She had expected confidently that she would hear from him, or see him on the day she took the oath at the capitol, but she was disappointed.

The whole American continent celebrated the day, but it was empty of joy for her, the President.

She appeared in white, simple, beautiful, unadorned except for the ring which he had given and she always wore. She looked like a bride on her way to the altar with the man she had chosen.

The ceremonies occupied almost the entire day, and the evening was spent at the ball given by the continentalists. Throughout the congratulations that were received a shadow was hovering over all.

It was late when Astra arrived at her home. She looked over the correspondence that awaited her. There was no line from the man whose handwriting she had never seen, no news whatever from Napoleon Edison.

Yet he had said: "You will hear from me as soon as I can tell you something definite. When you need me I will be at your side ready to help you."

With these thoughts to console her she bent her head to sleep.

The President was at her office early the next morning. Her first official action was to consult with the military commanders, then to send out a proclamation to all the republics of the greatest union of the world, giving them detailed instructions regarding the defense of the continent.

In accordance with the decision of the most competent military men, General Eugene Grant Gunner was appointed commander in chief of the continental armies of America. Extensive arrangements were made to enlist those who were willing to take up arms for the defense of their country, and the old form of national guard tactics were revived.

Astra labored day and night though she prayed that God would prevent the bloodshed for which she was preparing her people. Such were her thoughts and still no news came from the man who had promised so much.

Her cheeks began to lose their color, and her large eyes often looked longingly into the distance. "Why does he not come? Why does he not send a message?"

The Vice-president, Mr. Hale, was announced to her one evening. He

"I Will Be There at 10, Your Excellency."

bowed deeply before her as the President, then with the familiar air of a close friend, he took Astra's hand in his.

"My dear girl," he began, "I am much troubled; your efforts will undermine your health. The roses on your cheeks are already turning pale. You should think of yourself in the interest of the union, or you will be ill. My dear Astra, you know how much I—I adore you." He had retained Astra's hand, but at these words she slowly withdrew it.

"I first saw you when under the care of your father, watched you develop, strong and beautiful. I wish you would let me carry at least part of your burden. I am a man and I can stand more than a frail woman."

The girl president blushed; taking this for encouragement, Mr. Hale continued: "Astra, I love you, will you be my wife?"

The statesman stood helpless before the girl who smiled kindly at him.

"Sit down, Mr. Vice-president, and be good enough to listen to me."

He obeyed and Astra sat down opposite him.

"Your proposal honors me, Mr. Vice-president; I am sorry that I am unable to accept it. The times that we are living in are such that matters such as this would be out of place, and while you have all my sympathy, I cannot tell you that you have my love."

A sigh escaped her lips; she thought of the man whom she loved, for whom she felt that she was created. She yearned to say some soothing words to the friend of her father, but just then a sharp ringing sounded through the whole suite. It was a signal for extremely important communications and she left hurriedly with a glance pleading for Hale's pardon.

A moment later Astra was in the library putting the electro-stylograph in working order with shaking fingers. She could hardly believe her eyes; the pointer of the machine was on the Island of Helgoland, the great German fortification.

The machine was at last adjusted; the sparkling stopped and the strong, manly voice of Napoleon Edison was heard. His picture appeared on the helioplate, bowing smilingly toward the girl whose heart was beating painfully. Her blood rushed to her head as she responded to the greeting.

"Your excellency. I have to report that the confederated fleet of the European monarchies started for Madeira today. I have been a prisoner, but an hour ago I escaped. Tomorrow at 10:00 p. m. I will be at the Crystal Palace to tell you everything."

"I am so very, very happy that I have at last heard from you!"

Edison bowed; in the hazy background of the picture she could see another man holding a steering wheel in his hand, and beside him was the faint form of a woman watching Edison.

"I will be there at ten, your excellency."

"I will expect you!"

The picture vanished. She leaned over the plate that had, a second ago, reflected the image of the man in whom she placed all her hopes.

As she took the paper out of the machine to see the message she pondered: "The message came from Helgoland, and he says he will be here tomorrow. How can that be?"

Recalling that the Vice-president was waiting for her, she went back to the green room.

"A very important message came," she said to Hale, in extenuation of her long absence. Then, after a short pause, she added: "I may as well tell you now, the confederated European fleet is on its way to Madeira."

The Vice-President gasped. "And you have connections with Europe, your excellency?"

She smiled at his surprise. "Not connections; only one, but that one I believe in implicitly."

"Then there will be a session of the union ministers tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, but very likely the day after."

Shortly after this the Vice-president left and Astra retired to her private apartment, giving out orders no one should disturb her until the next morning.

When the tired, but now happy girl was alone, undisturbed, she kissed the ring with the word "Cirynith" on it, and looked up to heaven with joyful eyes. The man who gave her the ring was coming.

CHAPTER VII.

The Prison.

The morning after the imprisonment of the Chevalier di Leon a military official came into the room that served as his temporary cell.

"I have the liberty to offer you the freedom of the fort in case you give your word of honor not to try to escape. It will not cause you any uneasiness to do that, as there is not the slightest chance for you to gain your liberty."

"Captain, I thank you very much; not only will I not give my word, but I will tell you plainly that I intend to do my best to escape from this prison, where your superiors have placed me without having the slightest cause for the action." He smiled pleasantly at the captain and continued: "I can see that you realize how I feel about it, and for that reason I advise you to be on the alert or I will escape."

"Just as you please, chevalier. It is my duty to make your temporary detention as pleasant as possible, and if agreeable to you we can get acquainted at the breakfast table."

"That sounds good. I am hungry."

The dining-room was comfortable and pleasant; the breakfast was simple and wholesome.

Prisoner and guard sat silent for a while, and at last the chevalier said: "I suppose it is vain for me to ask you the name of the place where I am imprisoned?"

"You are right, chevalier!"

"You have an advantage over me, captain. You know my name and I don't know yours; is it against your orders to tell me?"

"No, indeed, chevalier; my name is Hans Euler."

"Thank you, Captain Euler. I assure you that I am glad I have made your acquaintance."

They talked pleasantly during breakfast. Afterward the captain escorted his prisoner into the adjoining reading and billiard room. They played a game of carambol; the chevalier won.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hearty Dutch Salutation.

The Dutch are exceedingly sparing of words, but their God bless you! after someone has sneezed is both quick and hearty. That sneezing is an evil, the bad effects of which can be averted by prayer, is an almost world-wide superstition, but as colonizers the Dutch had particular opportunity to test its universality. Sneezing is taken more seriously in Holland than anywhere else.

Italy's olive-oil yield for the 1912-1913 season is estimated at 40,000,000 gallons, compared with 65,000,000 gallons last season.

Real Heroism.

To live well in the quiet routine of life; to fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching—who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.—Dean Farrar.

Disillusionment.

A woman had three caskets to give to a man. One day she read in his eyes that he could take but the nearest and lowest, and that instant arose from her heart the wailing cry, "The king is dead."—Will Levington Comfort.

What Counts.

What counts is what we feel within, not what we do without.—Life.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

Colonel McIntyre Has a Red-hot Sunday at Ashbury Park.

Ashbury Park, N. J.—This fashionable summer resort was visited last week-end by Colonel McIntyre and the Central Provincial Quartet. A special feature of the campaign conducted by the Colonel were the open-air gatherings at the "Gospel Chariot" in the grove, where the crowds listened with rapt attention and appreciation. Despite the fact that the heat was intense, with the thermometer registering 98 degrees in the shade, the meetings were successful, and one soul claimed Christ. Captain Cameron and Lieut. [illegible] ect avalanche of votes and subscriptions. Several candidates are holding back in order that their opponents will not get a line on how many votes they have, and it is going to be "nip and tuck" for first place in each district. Any candidate who im-

Athletic Vegetable.

What is known as the "Jumping Bean" is a curious Mexican seed which was sent over to England in the early fifties. Each bean contains the larva of a worm simial rto our apple worm. It spins a soft case within the seed, and moves about without harm. This movement causes the bean to bump about upon any surface upon which it may be placed.

His Downfall From Quadruplets.

When Samuel Rawlings, a baker, forty-one years old, was sentenced to six months' hard labor as an incorrigible rogue, it was stated that his downward career seemed to have begun a few years ago when his wife gave birth to four children. He had since been prosecuted repeatedly for ill-treating her.—London Mail.

Trouble Amidships.

Nanny Goat.—"I thought father had a perfect digestion." Billy—"He has, ordinarily; but a while ago he ate a lot of adjectives off a circus poster."—Puck.