

Partners of the Tide

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN,
Author of "Cap'n Ezra"

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had just given her, his air of assumed superiority—above all, that new and vulgar something in his manner, as if the real soul of the man was showing for the first time—filled her with disgust.

She did not speak again until they reached the gate. Then she said, without looking at him, "Good night."

He put his hand over hers on the latch. "Oh, say," he exclaimed, with a laugh, "this isn't a square deal, Gus. Aren't you going to ask me in?"

She tried to snatch her hand away, but he held it fast and, leaning across the gate, threw his arm about her waist and drew her toward him. "This is more like it," he cried exultantly. "This is more like it. Give us a kiss. You're too high and mighty to be the prettiest girl on the Cape."

She struggled from his grasp and stood panting. "Oh," she whispered, with a shudder, as she realized the truth—"oh, you've been drinking!"

He laughed foolishly and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, what's one glass between friends?" he said. "I stopped into Web's a minute, and he set 'em up. First drink I've had since I left New York. Thought you was too sensible to have blue ribbon notions. Come! be more sociable, that's a good girl."

She was afraid of him now—not afraid of physical violence, but as she would have feared the contact with something loathsome and unclean. A sense of utter loneliness came over her. She longed for protection and help. She thought of Bradley. He would have helped her. She could have trusted him. But she had driven him out of her life, and this follow—

"Go!" she cried. "Go!"

Sam ceased to smile. Other girls had told him to go, but never in that way or with such quivering scorn. He began to realize that this was the end of his game. He had lost the prize. But he made one more effort.

"Oh, say," he cried, "don't get mad, Gus. I was only fooling. Don't be such an old maid. Come here."

She turned on her heel and, without replying, walked toward the house. Hammond swore between his teeth, opened the gate, took one step in her direction and then stopped. He laughed a short, ugly laugh and nodded.

"You mean it, do you?" he asked. "Want me to clear out, hey? Well, don't you fool yourself that I don't know what I'm doing. You can't come the high mare game on me, my lady. You're whining after that sneaking Sunday school kid, Brad Nickerson, the fellow that didn't care enough about you to lift his hand, but stop! still and let me walk off with his girl as if she was as common as dish-water. The whole town thinks you're going to marry me. What'll they say when I show 'em I'm done with you?" He laughed again and put his hands in his pockets.

"I'm going," he said, "I'm going all right. You go to bed and dream about Brad. Dreams come true sometimes, they say. Maybe I'll dream about him too."

He pulled his hat over his eyes and walked rapidly away. Gus watched him go. Then she went into the house, threw herself into a chair beside the table and laid her head upon her arms. She was dead set on taking the lantern and going below after the oil stinks and stuff.

"Sooner turn a blind cripple with a lantern. Check his damage ashore to merrymen's merriment. Now, then," turning to Hammond, "will you walk to the dory or shall we carry you? Shut up! You're coddled enough."

He led the way to the side, holding Sam by the coat collar. Bradley followed.

"Oh!" exclaimed the skipper, stopping short. "Didn't shut that cabin door, did you, Brad? I've left that blasted key somewhere, and if that spring lock's snapped shut we'll be in a mess. No! Well, all right then."

They got into the dory and Bradley took up the oars. Borne sat on the bow thwart, while the captain sprawled and muttering, between his knees. They had nearly reached the beach when Sam gave a sudden spring and, with an oath, threw himself upon his enemy. Bradley fell backward. The dory heeled until the water lipped the rail.

"You would, would you?" grunted Captain Titcomb. "There!"

Seizing the struggling diver neck and crop, he whirled him bodily over the side.

"Now, then," panted the captain, "if you can't ride like a man, walk!"

Sam went into the cold water with a tremendous splash. It was not deep and he floundered to his feet, but the shock sobered him a little. He waded to the shore. Turning, he stretched out an arm with a shaking forefinger at the end of it. His rage almost choked him. He tried twice before he managed to speak clearly.

"I pay my debts," he gasped. "I pay my debts!"

"I've heard different," remarked the captain dryly. "But never mind, Sam; it's a good habit."

Hammond did not heed him. "I pay my debts," he repeated. "Do you hear that, Brad Nickerson? You dough-fake! I've got your girl away from you already, and that isn't the end. I pay my debts, and Brad Nickerson, I'll pay you!"

He stood for an instant pointing at the dory. Then he stepped back into the darkness. They heard his foot-steps crunching the broken clam shells of the road.

"Seems to love you like a brother, don't he, Brad?" observed the captain as they were on their way up town. "I judge from the drift of his entertainments remarks that he's decided to chuck up his job with Titcomb & Nickerson."

Well, I shall resign by mutual consent, as the Irishman did when him and his howl-bud each other to go to

the schooner alongside the wharf. A half dozen men, the only members of the wedding party who returned to Orham at the end of the day's work, stood near the schooner and departed for their homes in the village. Borne remained on board when the vessel ran out to her moorings to help his employers make song for the night.

A few minutes later Bradley stood by the cabin door with a lantern in his hand. Alvin and the captain were forward. Suddenly the junior partner was aware that some one was standing beside him.

"Well, Cap'n Ezra," he observed, "all ready to go ashore?"

There was no answer. He looked up into the face of Sam Hammond. The diver wore no overcoat. His stiff hat, battered and muddy, was pushed back on his head. His face under the tumbled, damp hair on the forehead was flushed and scowling, and his half shut eyes had an ugly glimmer. Even in the dim light of the lantern his condition was unmistakable.

Hammond's behavior in his native village had heretofore been of the best so far as this particular vice was concerned. Bradley was dumfounded.

"Hello, Sam!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you come from?"

"Off the wharf," was the gruff answer. "Where'd you think you fool?"

It was evident that the fellow was spotting for a fight. Bradley, however, had no wish to quarrel with a drunken man, especially this one.

"All right, all right," he said mechanically. "I didn't see you come aboard; that's all. Want to see Cap'n Ezra?"

"No, I don't want to see Cap'n Ezra any other longshore thief but you. I want to go below and get my things."

"Your things?"

"My things—my olekins and the rest of my stuff. I wouldn't leave 'em aboard this rotten tub another minute for a million dollars."

"Oh, very well," Bradley swung open the cabin door and started to lead the way with the lantern. Hammond shoved him aside.

"I'll go alone," he muttered. "You can't see without the lantern. You'll have to go with me or wait till tomorrow morning."

"Give me that lantern," snarled Sam, making a grab for it.

Bradley held it out of reach.

"You're not fit to carry it," he said shortly.

"You mean mouthed snark!" shouted Hammond. "I'm fit to fit you."

Bradley saw the blowing coming. He dropped the lantern and ducked. Next instant Sam was upon him, screaming and cursing. They tripped over the swinging door and fell to the deck. Alvin and Captain Titcomb came running from the forecastle.

"What in the nation?" cried the captain. "Here, quit that, you! Let him alone, Brad!"

Hammond yelled and fought as they dragged him to his feet. Finally, overpowered, he sobbed in manly fury.

"There, that'll do for you," observed the captain, clapping a big hand over his prisoner's mouth. "Crazy tight, ain't he? Hold still, or, by the ev'lin' las' book, I'll heave you overboard! Where'd he come from?"

"Must have come aboard when we stopped at the wharf," replied Bradley. "He was dead set on taking the lantern and going below after the oil stinks and stuff."

"Sooner turn a blind cripple with a lantern. Check his damage ashore to merrymen's merriment. Now, then," turning to Hammond, "will you walk to the dory or shall we carry you? Shut up! You're coddled enough."

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Well, I shall resign by mutual consent, as the Irishman did when him and his howl-bud each other to go to

blazes at the same time. I met one of the Metropolitan men when I was up to Boston, and he told me his folks fired Sam because he went on a howlin' spree, so I guess this little shindy was bound to come sooner or later. Kept pretty straight afore since he's been to home, though, ain't he?"

Bradley did not answer. Suddenly the captain slapped his thigh.

"Good land!" he exclaimed. "Brad, I've meant to tell you all day and forgot it. The Diving Belle's insured. I went down to Obed's after I left your house last night and we fixed it up. Five thousand dollars, and it went on at noon today—last night. I s'pose it did. He was to telephone the insurance folks this mornin'."

"Good! I'm glad that's settled. It has worried me to think we weren't protected at all."

"Well, I told you I'd do it, didn't I? The only hitch was about that dynamite. But I fixed that. Give Obed to understand we'd took it ashore. We have, all but. I spoke to Peleg, and he'll have it off in a day or so."

Bradley stopped short. "You don't mean to tell me it hasn't gone yet?" he exclaimed. "Why, if anything should happen to the schooner with that stuff aboard the policy wouldn't hold for a minute. I've a good mind to go back now and take it off myself."

"Oh, don't be an old woman!" cried the captain testily. "What do you think's going to happen? I'll see to it tomorrow. Come on home."

The junior partner did not press the subject, but he made up his mind that if he lived until the next morning that dynamite should go ashore the minute the Diving Belle reached the Point.

At the gate of the Traveler's Rest they separated. "Coming round to the house by and by, Cap'n?" asked Bradley.

The captain's manner changed. "I don't know," he answered gloomily. "I presume likely I may."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a mystery about the captain's visits to the big house. Up to the beginning of that week he had called on Tuesday and Friday evenings only and had remained until after 10 o'clock, joking, laughing and apparently enjoying himself. But now he came every night and seemed less

lively and more glum each time; he called more shorter, and he came as early as half past 8. The sisters did not know what to make of it. It was pleasant and engaging to have him come so often, but why didn't he stay longer? Miss Prissy thought he must be worrying over the big contract.

She asked Clara for her opinion, but Miss Hopkins seemed very indifferent. She used to come into the sitting room as soon as the work was done to listen to Captain Titcomb's stories, but of late she had gone straight to her own room. The old maids did not urge her to remain. They liked to have the captain to themselves.

On the afternoon of the previous Sunday Miss Prissy had taken a sudden notion to go over to the Methodist chapel and attend the Sabbath school concert. The chapel was on the road to Orham Port, a mile or more from the Allen home. Miss Prissy was not strong enough to go and, in fact, thought the walk too long for her delicate sister, but Miss Prissy, having made up her mind, went. She would have been glad of Clara's company, but the young lady had already gone out.

Miss Prissy had just reached the corner when she was surprised to see Captain Titcomb driving toward her in a buggy. She recognized the horse and carriage as being the best owned by Lem Mullett, the livery stable keeper; also she noticed that the captain looked particularly well dressed—spruced up, she told Miss Prissy afterward.

"Cap'n!" she called. "Cap'n Ezra!"

The captain was then almost directly opposite, but he did not seem to hear or see her. Instead he whipped up the horse and drove by faster than ever.

"Dear me!" thought Miss Prissy. "He must be giddy! Absentminded. Works too hard, I guess. Cap'n Ezra!"

It is doubtful if the captain would have heard even then, but Jonathan Wixon was coming down the road, and he also began to shout. Hailed thus, fore and aft, the absentminded one was obliged to heave to, and when Captain Jonathan pointed out Miss Prissy he turned his horse and drove back to where she was standing.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed the lady, smilingly conscious of a becoming new bonnet—one of the reasons for her desire to attend the concert. "I'm all out of breath calling after you. I don't know what folks will think!"

The captain didn't appear to care very much what folks might think. He was polite as usual, but seemed to be a trifle nervous and kept glancing up and down the road. Miss Prissy, unconscious of the nervousness, went gushingly on.

"What a lovely horse!" she cried. "I declare, it must be a pleasure to ride behind him. I do so like to ride with a nice, gentle horse like that. Father used to take Prissy and me drivin' with our Dexter when he was alive—father was alive, I mean—yes, and the horse, too, of course. I hope I haven't kept you. Was you going to see Bradley?"

"No, no," was the hasty answer. "I was just—just drivin' down the road a ways." Then, perhaps noticing that his friend was headed toward the village, he added: "I had a little errand down toward the Port. You're going uptown, I see, also I'd ask you to jump in."

"Why, how lovely!" exclaimed Miss Prissy. "I was going to the Port, too—down to the Methodist folks' concert. I only came this way 'cause I thought I'd stop at Mrs. Winger's and see if she wouldn't go with me. Prissy was afraid the walk there and back would be too long for me, and, truth to tell, I was a little afraid of it myself. I didn't expect to ride, and with you, Cap'n Ezra! It'll be such a treat, because I shall feel perfectly safe with you drivin'."

The captain did not answer immediately. He was busy with the buckle that fastened the reins together. But the silence was only momentary.

"Good enough," he cried. "I'll have you there in a jiffy."

He sprang out, assisted the lady into the buggy and then turned the horse's head into the road leading up the hill.

"Why, you're going the wrong way," Miss Prissy exclaimed. "You're going the wrong way, Cap'n Ezra!"

"Oh," replied the captain cheerfully, "that's all right! I thought we'd go round by the Neck road. It's prettier that way."

But Miss Prissy would not consent. She told Miss Prissy afterward, "I felt as though I'd the same as begged him for a ride as it was, and I was if I was going to let him go miles out of his way just for me."

"No," she protested. "No, Cap'n, I won't hear of it. We'll go the shortest road or I shall get right out."

She stood up as she said it. The captain looked at her determined face.

"Why, Tempy?" he began.

"No, I shan't like it a bit, Cap'n Titcomb, if you don't turn right round and go the way you was going."

The captain jerked at the reins with almost unnecessary vigor. The turn was made in a hurry. They wheeled back into the direct road to the Port and moved swiftly along it. Captain Titcomb did not say much, but as Miss Tempy talked continuously he had little opportunity.

"Now nice the horse does go!" commented the lady. "You don't have to cluck to him or nothin'. Father used to find so much fault with our Dexter; said he had to shove on the reins so hard to make him navigate at all that he didn't know's 'touldn't be easier to haul the carryall himself. But, then, father was so high spirited that nothin' less'n a race horse would do him. What's that wartin' on the corner in front of Gains Eldredge's?"

Why, I do believe it's Clara! Captain Titcomb evidently did not see Miss Hopkins. At all events he looked the other way and chirruped to the horse. But Miss Tempy not only saw, but intended to be seen.

"It is Clara," she declared. "I must speak to her. Clara! Clara!"

The young lady, who had been intently watching the approaching buggy, stepped to the edge of the sidewalk and waited until the equipage drew up. She was dressed in her new gown and jacket and certainly looked very pretty. She nodded to the captain, whose face was redder than usual.

"How d'y do, Clara?" said Miss Tempy, trying hard not to be patronizing. "I s'pose you're takin' a walk. You look real nice. Where are you going?"

Miss Hopkins replied that she didn't know just where she should go.

"Well, I hope you'll have a pleasant afternoon wherever you go," rushed Miss Tempy. "The cap'n is takin' me for a little drive. Isn't this a beautiful horse?"

Here the captain made his first remark since the carriage stopped. It was to the effect that he was taking Miss Tempy down to the Methodist chapel. She had been going that way, and it was a long walk.

"Oh," said Miss Hopkins sweetly, "is that all? I thought perhaps you were going to take her over to Harniss. It seems as if I remembered you saying you expected to go there today. Good-by. I hope you'll have a nice time."

On that occasion Captain Titcomb made the first of the short calls which were to continue during the week. Miss Tempy welcomed him enthusiastically, and her sister did her best not to appear jealous. Clara did not come into the sitting room at all, nor did she do so during the following four evenings.

Bradley did not mention the trouble aboard the Diving Belle when he reached home Friday night. He was even more silent than usual at the supper table. When the meal was over he suddenly exclaimed: "By George, Clara, I must beg your pardon! There was a letter for you in our box this morning, and I left it aboard the schooner. I'll bring it home tomorrow."

Captain Titcomb came about 8. He seemed really cheerful when he first arrived, but soon relapsed into the moody silence that had characterized his visits that week.

"Clara out in the kitchen?" he asked after awhile. "I noticed the light was burnin'."

"No," replied Miss Tempy; "she's up in her room. She's left some bread to rise, and I guess she's comin' down to see it by and by. That's why she left the lamp, I s'pose likely."

As the big clock in the dining room struck 9 the captain rose, announced that he must be going and went.

Bradley waited a few minutes, and the sisters followed his example. The old house grew still. Miss Prissy was dropping into a comfortable doze when she felt herself clutched violently by the back hair.

"Ow!" she exclaimed, half awake. "Let go! What on earth?"

"A-sh-h-h!" Miss Tempy breathed it frantically into her ear. "Don't speak!"

"I won't if you let go of my hair. What's the matter—nightmare? I told you there was a limit, even to pepper tea!"

Oh, do be still! There's robbers downstairs! I heard 'em."

Miss Prissy growlingly sat up and listened. "It's Clara!" she said to her brother. "It's Clara!"

"It ain't Clara in her room readin'!" I saw her through the crack in the door. And Bradley's in his room. I heard him breathin'. Please git up!"

Miss Prissy said no more. She donned a wrapper and put on her slippers. Her sister was already similarly garbed. Then, Miss Prissy bearing the lamp, they tiptoed into the hall and on to the door of Bradley's room.

"Bradley," cautiously whispered Miss Prissy, "Bradley, will you git up, please? Tempy thinks there's somebody downstairs."

They heard Bradley chuckle sleepily. In a few moments he came out, dressed in jacket and trousers and blinking at the lamp. Clara, who had not gone to bed, had already joined them.

The procession moved—Bradley first, then Miss Prissy with the lamp, then Miss Tempy, who, as she said after, was "too scared to go ahead and dare to last." Clara brought up the rear. They peered cautiously into the dining room. It was empty.

"There," exclaimed Miss Prissy, "I guess I was nothin' but a scared imagination as usual. But—"

Two words died on her lips—she came a sound from the kitchen—

all heartily a "Killing sound and the faint squeak of a door."

Bradley sprang to the coal hod and picked up the poker. It was the only apology for a weapon in sight. He started for the kitchen, but Miss Prissy seized him by the jacket and Miss Tempy threw both arms around his neck.

"Don't you stir, Bradley Nickerson," whispered the older sister. "Don't you stir a step! S'pose he had a revolver."

Bradley tried to free himself, but it was hard work. He unclasped Miss Tempy's arms from his neck, but she immediately seized him around the waist. It was a ridiculous situation, and suddenly he became aware of a cold wind blowing from the direction of the front hall.

"Is that front door open?" he whispered.

The horrified sisters turned to stare at the black tunnel of the hall, and then footfalls were heard on the wall.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

FORM NO. 179.

COMBINED NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE DISTRICT OF OREGON.

In the matter of Butte Falls Sugar Pine Lumber Company, a corporation, Debtor. In Bankruptcy No. 1184.

To the creditors of the Butte Falls Sugar Pine Lumber Company, a corporation, of Butte Falls, Oregon, in the County of Jackson, and District of Oregon, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1927, at 10 o'clock A. M., there will be a meeting of the creditors of the said bankrupt at the Commercial Club Rooms in the City of Medford, in said district, for the following purposes:

1. To consider a proposed sale of the following described property viz: 2000 feet of lumber appraised at \$2.00 per M. 1000 feet of lumber appraised at \$2.00 per M. 12 boxes of giant powder appraised at \$12.25. One saw mill at the Caster place appraised at \$200.00.

2. To consider a proposed sale of the following described property viz: 2000 feet of logs appraised at \$2.00 and, if objected to, it is ordered forthwith to attend sale of such property at private sale, on such terms as may be determined by the court.

3. To attend an examination of the bankrupt. To transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting. Dated December 2nd, 1927. JOHN S. ORTH, Referee in Bankruptcy.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, November 6, 1927. 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 land in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

MATTIE J. GRIDLEY, of Vancouver, County of Clatsop, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 3854, for the purchase of the South West Quarter of Section No. 12, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 2 East, W. 4, 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 the Register and Receiver at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of January, 1928. She names as witnesses: Mrs. L. C. Miller, of Vancouver, Washington; Wm. Loughlin, B. M. McDaniel, Wm. Entwistle, all of Medford, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22nd day of January.

JOHN A. TROEN, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 12, 1927. 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 land in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892,

JOHN A. TROEN, of Vancouver, County of Clatsop, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 3854, for the purchase of the S. W. 1/4 of Section No. 2, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 2 East, W. 4, 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 the Register and Receiver at this office, at Roseburg, Oregon, on Saturday, the 15th day of February, 1928.

He names as witnesses: D. N. McDonald, John Love, E. F. Newman, Martin Parks, all of Vancouver, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of February, 1928.

JOHN A. TROEN, Register.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

W. H. Bradshaw, Plaintiff, vs. Ann O. Owens, Defendant.

To Ann O. Owens, Defendant. IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served within any other county of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; and if you fail to answer or to appear, the plaintiff will take a default against you, and will apply to the court for relief prayed for in his Complaint.

This is to certify that the plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of lots 1 and 2 in block No. 2 of the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon; and that the defendant has no interest therein; and that she be forever enjoined from asserting any interest therein.

This summons is published in THE MEDFORD MAIL in pursuance of an order made by the Hon. J. K. Hanna, Judge of the above entitled court, said order having been made by the 15th day of June 1927, and which order requires the publication thereof once a week for six consecutive weeks. The first publication of this summons under said order is made on Friday, November 10, 1927, and the last on Friday, December 15, 1927. You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint on or before the last named date.

Dated November 10, 1927. COLVIG & DURHAM, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson.

J. D. Van Dyke, Plaintiff, vs. Nettie Van Dyke, Defendant.

To Nettie Van Dyke, Defendant. IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby notified to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within ten days from the date of the service of this summons upon you, or if served within any other county of this State, then within twenty days from the date of the service of this summons upon you; and if you fail to answer or to appear, the plaintiff will take a default against you, and will apply to the court for relief prayed for in his Complaint.

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Dated November 10, 1927. COLVIG & DURHAM, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Coal! Coal!

Consumers or Draymen desiring high-grade hand picked Coal at \$7.50 a ton can get any amount they wish at Pacific Coal Co's tippie, 5 miles east of