

"Are you sure, now?" inquired a restaurant diner who chanced also to be an overseas veteran. "Are you positive that this is beefsteak?"

"Sure it's beefsteak," replied the belligerent waiter. "Wossn matter?"

"Well—when I find a fly buzzing around a steak I think nothing of it, but when I find a horsefly—darned if I don't get suspicious!"

## NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon September 16, 1926.

Notice is hereby given that Charles H. Sharon of Sagaraw, Oregon, who, on June 17, 1921, made Adjoining Farm Homestead Entry No. 012959 for SW 1/4, SW 1/4, section 9, township 20 N., range 3 west, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 27th day of October, 1926.

Claimant names as witnesses: William M. Myers, Oswald Knight, Frank T. Benson, all of Sagaraw, Ore., and C. C. Moody of Cottage Grove, Ore.

non-consent ROBERT E. CRAWFORD, s20-c18e(2) Acting Register

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## Youth Rides West

by Will Irwin

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(Continued from first page.)

her hold. "But I have tried to do my duty. And how I have blundered—" Her voice, her delicious voice, broke here. But she controlled herself and smiled reassurance into my eyes. So we stood until the central committee reached us, and Shorty, marching with two guards, said:

"Give me the key!" And as he said this, he cast at Constance a frown of surprise and disapproval. I had been forming my plan. I had not dared confide it to Constance. It would give the referee more time—all or nothing for me now! I saw that Taylor was not with the central committee. And, swallowing my sickened fears, I lied.

"The key?" I said, affecting surprise as well as I could. "Why, the door's unlocked. No one's in there. Mr. Taylor came and took him away—with a guard!"

"Sounds to me like a d—n lie!" said Shorty, his eyes traveling from me to Constance. "What—" but Marcus called him off.

"Taylor was in the courtroom last time I saw him. One of you guards—yes, Robertson—go look for him." The face of Marcus seemed ten years older. His bright eyes had gone dim; the dark bristles of his unshaven cheeks emphasized the waxy yellow of his complexion.

And through anxiety, my mounting terror, my battle for resolution, I spared energy for regret that I was deceiving him, my friend, my partner. Buck, too.

Between the file of guards Taylor came running. The crowd, sensing some hitch in the proceedings, was pushing toward the jail. The guards were forcing them back. Taylor had reached our group.

"What's this?" he panted. "What's this about taking away the prisoner? I haven't even seen him!"

The voice of Constance, rich, level, even:

"No, gentlemen. I let him go."

"That isn't so!" I cried. "I had the key. I unlocked the door and released him."

A confusion of voices. Men jostling and pushing all about me. Shorty's face shoved close to mine

Shorty was asking:

"Which way did he go?"

"I'll never tell!" I replied.

More confusion. Some one had struck me on the side of the head. They were forcing back my struggling arms, tying my hands. Some one yelling that my horse was gone. Shorty ordering the cavalry to saddle and start. A voice was crying: "String him up!" Constance speaking, her tones cutting sharply through the babble: "Don't—oh, don't! I did it, I tell you! I did it!" My own voice gasping: "Steady! It will be all right!"

Marcus and Buck by very authority clearing a space about me. Marcus crying: "No lynching without a trial in this camp!" Constance, her voice controlled now, saying: "It is not necessary to touch me, gentlemen. I will go with you."

A hollow square of guards forcing us on; I, remembering how the Killer walked to his death, trying



They Had Seated Constance in a Chair Beside the Judge's Table.

to hold my head as high, to move my legs as firmly.

Through an agitated, hysterical crowd we popped into the door of the courtroom.

In my picture of life, Major Brown had been another dim, suggested bit of background. I knew him as our most reliable assayer, as the first leader in the rush to Hayden hill, as a substantial personage about camp.

As they unbound me and led me up to the table at which he sat in judgment, I studied his face. I saw determination there, but no mercy. And my soul within cried out for mercy rather than for such justice as this court was administering.

They had seated Constance in a chair beside the judge's table—odd that I had not looked for her before! That hysterical moment of hers when they laid hands on me by the jail door had changed to a great stillness. I never saw a face and form of the living so quiet and so beautiful. Her hands lay clasped in her lap, loosely; but they did not clutch or move. I had that morning imagined her eyes looking at me across a courtroom with unutterable reproach. They looked on me, indeed; but with no more emotion than is in the blue petal of a flower. Above all, they were not afraid. My little horrors of the flesh vanished.

"Shall we try these prisoners one at a time—the man first?" asked Major Brown. This was a miners' court, and democratic in its forms. I perceived. The judge merely presided.

Constance stirred and spoke. At the major's words, a buzz of debate had started in the rear of the room.

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But her rich voice with the dropping syllables muted that:

"I presume you are trying this man for letting your prisoner escape? Then I should remain to testify. Because I am wholly responsible."

"That is not true," I said, as firmly as I could. "I did it alone. This lady is trying to save me. I let him go. Because—" There I stopped. How could I, without betraying her, shaming and humiliating her, say why I did it? What excuse could I possibly invent? I clutched at a weak one. "Because I didn't want to see him hanged. I brought him in," I added. "I caught him. And I had a right to let him go."

Major Brown struck the table with his gavel.

"Prisoner, you are getting ahead of the proceedings," he said. "Gentlemen, under the circumstances hadn't we better let this lady stay?" There was silence. He paused a moment. "Very well, if no one objects. Clerk, book the lady." He did not look at Constance, and neither did the clerk, as she answered to the formal inquiries:

"Constance Deane—Mrs. Martin Rositer Dean—of Providence, Rhode Island."

His name! I had never heard it before. Odd that I should hear it first in such circumstances! Everything was odd. Never have I been able to reconstruct in memory the events of the next few minutes. They were handing me a book. I was being sworn. Constance Deane sitting so quiet! I had kissed her once. Should I ask to kiss her again—before—?

I was talking. I must remember not to say that I gave him my hat and horse. They might identify him by my hat and my horse. Shorty—he seemed to be prosecutor—was asking me about that, I must dodge, dodge. I was saying that it was some horse which stood by

the jail. And saying it badly. They would never believe me. Marcus was talking. About my previous reputation. A strange court! They let advocates testify. Buck was talking. About my sourness. And:

"We will hear now from the lady!" said Major Brown. I came conscious, wide awake, every sense preternaturally acute. A drawing of many breaths agitated the room; then, as Constance rose, absolute silence even outside. Her lips parted once or twice; then she was speaking in that low, lovely voice with its dripping pause between syllables—and fluently.

(To be continued.)

An uplift worker, visiting in prison, was much impressed by the melancholy attitude of one man she found.

"My poor fellow," she sympathized, "how long are you in for?"

"Depends on politics lady," replied the melancholy one. "I'm the warden."

"And what will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a boiled owl," commanded the overly cheerful diner. "Yes, sir, a boiled owl. Tha' g'v a th' nex' table says I'm drunk—er'n a 'boiled owl, an' I'm gonna 'investigate'."

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of H. L. Maines, deceased, must present the same duly verified as by law required to the undersigned administratrix at her place of residence in Cottage Grove, Lane county, Oregon within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 4th day of October, 1926.

FANNIE MAINES, Administratrix.  
H. J. Shinn, Attorney for estate. o51c(M)

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"Bonds of the State of Oregon, not to exceed five per centum of the assessed valuation of the state, may be issued and sold from time to time to carry out the purpose of this Article and the full faith and credit of the State of Oregon is hereby pledged for the payment of the principal of said bonds as the same mature, and the interest accruing thereon as the same falls due."

**EVERY VOTER SHOULD KNOW THAT THE ASSESSED VALUATION OF OREGON IS \$1,058,880,736, AND THAT THE HOUSEWIVES' COUNCIL "WATER AND POWER" BOARD COULD ISSUE AND SELL BONDS FOR \$52,944,000. YOUR PROPERTY WOULD BE A GUARANTEE FOR THE PAYMENT OF THIS HUGE DEBT.**

**OREGON'S TOTAL BONDED DEBT, INCLUDING THAT OF ALL POLITICAL SUBDIVISIONS, IS NOW MORE THAN \$166,000,000. ITS STATE BONDED INDEBTEDNESS ALONE PER CAPITA, \$47.08, IS THE HIGHEST IN THE UNION.**

**AS FAST AS THIS POLITICAL BOARD MIGHT RETIRE BONDS, IT WOULD HAVE THE POWER TO ISSUE MORE; AND AS THE ASSESSED VALUATIONS INCREASED THE AMOUNT OF BONDS COULD ALSO INCREASE.**

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