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SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon within and for Crook County.

Redmond Bank of Commerce, a corporation, plaintiff,

vs. S. J. Anker and the Redmond Townsite Company, a corporation, defendants.

To S. J. Anker and to the Redmond Townsite Company, the above named defendants. In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 4th day of December, 1913, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, as follows, to-wit:

First: That the certain assignment of the certain bill of sale of the certain building located on Lot Eleven of Block Five, of the original plat of the town (now city) of Redmond, Oregon, made by the defendant S. J. Anker to the plaintiff on the 23rd day of December, 1910, be adjudged, declared and decreed to be a chattel mortgage upon and against said building, for the purpose of securing the payment of the certain note of the said S. J. Anker to the plaintiff for the sum of \$478.30, and interest, less the sum of \$10.00 paid thereon on the 13th day of December, 1912. Second: That plaintiff have and recover of the defendant S. J. Anker judgment for the sum of \$148.30, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 20th day of November, 1912, together with its costs and disbursements including an attorney fee for the sum of \$50.00. Third: That the said building above mentioned be ordered sold for the purpose of paying said judgment, with costs and disbursements. Fourth: That the said mortgage be foreclosed and that whatever right, title, interest, or lien, or equity of redemption the said defendants may have or claim in and to said building be forever cut off, barred and extinguished. Fifth: That the plaintiff have all and such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. G. Springer, judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon within and for Crook county, Oregon, made on the 18th day of October, 1913, and prescribing that this summons be published for six consecutive weeks in the Redmond Spokesman, a weekly newspaper published at Redmond, Oregon. The date of the first publication of this summons is October 23rd, 1913.

J. A. WILLCOX, Attorney for Plaintiff.

First publication Oct 23-Dec 4 If you want a situation use The Spokesman Classified Column.

HIS RISE TO POWER

By Henry Russell Miller, Author of "The Man Higher Up"

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CHAPTER VII. The Wilderness Road.

He stopped and stared at her in astonishment. "Katherine! What are you doing here?" "Listening to the speeches of course. I wanted dad to come along but he said no, his interest in politics was practical, not sentimental, and he preferred to take his vaudeville straight. He was in quite a bad humor because I wanted to come. But - I am here."

"I wish you hadn't come," he said, still in a daze. "That's kind, I'm sure." She tossed her head in burlesque hauteur. "Instead, you might offer to drive home with me. Williams can stay here and drive back when you return."

He shook his head. "I'd better not," he muttered. He still wanted to get away by himself to think.

"Please!" She leaned forward and urged him softly. "It's our last chance for a good chat. We go away tomorrow morning."

He tried honestly to resist, feeling instinctively she spelled danger and that every hour with her added to the danger. But he made the mistake of looking at her. Always she was revealing some new charm for him and, despite his inner warning, now bred in him a sort of recklessness. He called himself a weakling, a fool that played with fire. And, so styling himself, he assented. Soon they had left the town behind them and were bowling along the moonlit road.

John, letting the rally and the problem it presented drift into the background, gave himself up to a reckless enjoyment of the hour. The white splendor of the moon, undimmed by smoky torches, the silent majesty of the hills with their shadows and silvery sheen, alone were real. The crowd of faces peering intently at him through the half gloom, the struggle within him as he stood before them, his ironic rejection of the part assigned him, seemed unreal, creatures of a fantastic dream. And the girl beside him, like him smitten into silence, was real, very real.

"It seems," she said, "that I must always take the aggressive. But then you never hunt me out—so what can I do? I suppose most people would call me unwomanly. Do you think me 'nat'?"

"I do not," he answered unsteadily. "You can't expect the beneficiary to be critical."

"Do you mean that, I wonder? Or is it only your nice way of letting me down easily? But I am not conferring I am seeking. A—friendship—such as ours—means a great deal to me. Her voice dwindled away into silence.

He was hard put to it to keep a tight grip on himself, to fight down the long surge within him. Insistently he tried to think of her as she was, an unformed woman of essential selfishness, of generous caprices. He had not yet found the solution to the problem presented to him by his campaign, but he felt blindly that it was leading him into paths whither she would not follow, into which he, if he yielded to his longing, would not—could not—go alone. He had sometimes thought he felt in her that which would carry her to great heights; yet he knew she was now of the earth, earthy. She was a creature of luxury. He thought of his last year's income and laughed unpleasantly.

"Why this sudden hilarity?" she demanded.

"It's a joke I've just thought of—you wouldn't appreciate it."

"Was it," she pressed him—"was it about your speech tonight?"

"Indirectly, I suppose," he replied.

"Will you tell me about that? It was the reason—one reason—why I wanted you to come home with me. I'm of two minds about it. Of course, I didn't understand what it was all about, except that you were expected to say far more and something different. Any one could see that the men on the platform were angry. But one had the feeling that somehow you were finding and asserting yourself—doing something rather splendid. I know it made Aunt Roberta begin to snuffle—she said it was a cold in her head. I heard one man near us—a big, hulking farmer—say, 'By Joshua! I always thought there was consider'ble of a man under that white skin of Johnny Dunmeade's.' He didn't mean to be funny, I think. Another, a different sort of man, laughed and said, 'Now that's the cleverest move yet. It's a grandstand play, but it'll make him if he's big enough to follow it up. It'll get him a following.'"

She looked up at him inquiringly. He saw again the eager interest in her eyes.

"It was neither splendid nor crafty," he said grimly. "I was expected to rant and lie about the virtues of candidates I've no faith in, cover up a lot of things that, it seems, can't be an-

swered. I had that speech ready. But when it came to the point I couldn't say it. That's all. Sheehan and the organization will probably knife me under cover and beat me if only as a horrible example to the next young man who happens along with a working conscience."

"Why," she exclaimed incredulously, "that would elect your opponent, wouldn't it? Senator Murchell won't allow it, surely."

"Senator Murchell will be the first to recommend the knifing," he laughed shortly. "I begin to suspect that the senator is a false god."

"What have you against the candidates?"

"It's rather against the forces behind them. Bad methods and general suspicion, I guess. I probably couldn't make it clear."

"Just that? I do not think," she said slowly, "that I like it, after all. I'm disappointed in—for you."

"Would you have me lie? For that's what it would amount to."

"Oh," she cried, "that's not a fair way to put it. I'm so ambitious for you! That's unwomanly, too, I suppose, but I don't care. I am ambitious for you. And I do so admire the men who get along! And in politics you could go so far. You have Senator Murchell's friendship. You don't know how much he admires you. And you have brains and popularity. Do you know what I would do if I were a man like you? I would go into politics seriously. I would master methods and conditions and adapt them to my purpose. I would keep on until the organization was mine. And then when my power was secure I would remove, little by little, the evils I saw, and when I had finished and measured my compromises against the good I had done I know the balance would be in my favor."

But he merely smiled bitterly. "And I suspect that by the time I'd got the power in the fashion you describe, I'd have become the sort of man that doesn't use his power for good."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"About the election?" He shrugged his shoulders in indifference. "Let 'em beat me, I suppose. I haven't thought ahead as far as tomorrow."

"Now that it's all over I can admire your refusing to make that speech. It was splendid in a way. You see, I can appreciate unselfishness in the abstract or when it can't be remedied."

"I told you that wasn't unselfish. It was involuntary," he insisted. "But I can add to the evidence—your kindly, even if mistaken, interest in me and my future. And you mustn't sneer at yourself," he added gravely.

She turned to look fairly into his eyes. "Do you still think it necessary to let me down easily?" she asked quietly.

His body became rigid, nails biting into palms in the effort not to take her in his arms. For, without reasoning, he knew that to accept now what she unasked had offered would be to place himself in her power. And that he dared not! For a long moment their eyes clung, then at the same instant they both looked hastily away.

The silent minutes lengthened as the cob drew them slowly up the face of East ridge. Behind them lay the valley, always beautiful, never so wondrous as in the pallor of night; but they looked steadfastly ahead.

To his credit he written John did not think carpishly of her boldness—let us use the word he used, courage. His longing was not lessened because she had abandoned the woman's weapon of indirectness for the man's frankness. Yet his hold on himself did not relax—it became even the more secure. And he wondered at the strength now revealed within him, able to resist the temptation of her. He knew all that she was, and he knew, too, that he desired, would always desire, her above all good things that life holds, yet beneath them stood an ideal that was still essential to him. And he believed that he had strength to put her—the temptation—away from him.

He put aside his self measuring. From what? What was he to do that made impossible the taking of this girl by his side, his to take?

He had said in answer to her question, "I don't know. Let them beat me, I suppose." He suddenly knew that was not true. He must make his fight. A warm glow enveloped him, his blood quickened. He spoke aloud.

"I will fight them."

She turned to look at him again. "You have thought as far ahead as tomorrow," she said steadily.

"Further than that."

When he had helped her to alight at her home both her hands were in his. He did not release them, nor did she seek to disturb his clasp. She met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Listen!" he said gently. "I didn't know that you cared. I, too, care—far more than you will believe."

"I know you care," she answered simply. "And why you won't—take me."

"I have known it ever since our ride," he went on. "That is why I have not seen you since, and a poor man has not the right to do more than ask a woman used to luxury to share his life—he must not try to persuade. And he has not the right to ask any woman, unless she can sympathize with him, help him in his work. If she couldn't it would bring her unhappiness and destroy his work. You—I—we are not in sympathy. And a man's work, his place in life, must come first."

"If I could only be sure of myself!" she cried. "You are so many things that I care for and you refuse to take—so many things that I care for."

"The things that you care for can be had only at the expense of the things that are—that I hope are—indispensable to me. I don't mean to be priggish."

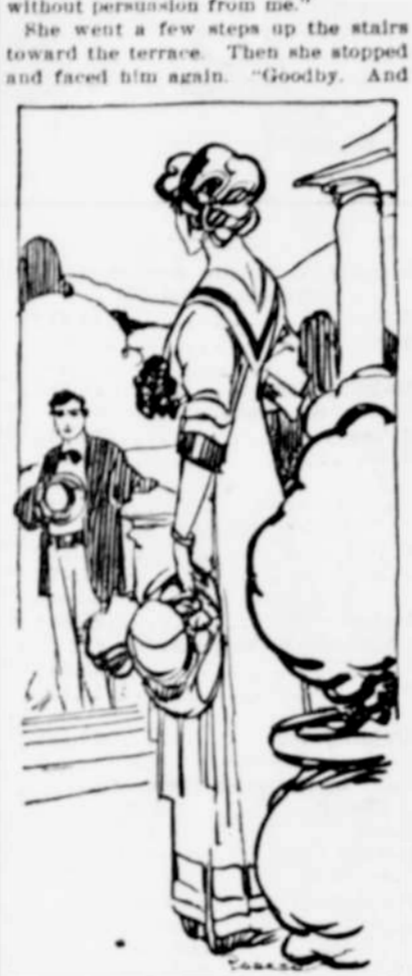
"You aren't priggish," she answered quickly. Then she went on: "I wonder, can one make oneself over? I wish now that I could. But then perhaps that is only because it is—now. Perhaps tomorrow, when I weigh you against the things I have and want, I shall find you lacking."

He made no reply. He, too, was wondering. Could she make herself over? Could he make her over? He stood awkwardly before her for a moment, then turned as though to leave.

"Are you going to relinquish me wholly?" Her voice was still steady, but in the moonlight her face was very white. "Don't! I—this summer—tonight—you have aroused in me longings for something different. Perhaps I may yet become big enough to be happy with what you can give me—with you."

He was trembling. He had to steel himself again before he could reply. "I can't let myself hope that you will come. But if you come, it must be without persuasion from me."

She went a few steps up the stairs toward the terrace. Then she stopped and faced him again. "Goodby. And



"Thank you for not humiliating me," thank you for not humiliating me, for saying that you cared." She said it without a quaver.

"Goodby." He got into the trap and drove away without once looking back.

"John, John!" she whispered. "Why didn't you take me—in spite of myself?" Then she went into the house.

In the hall she found her father, reading. He looked at her sharply.

"You look done up. It was a fool errand. What's Williams driving out again for?"

"It wasn't Williams," she answered. "John Dunmeade came home with me."

"Humph!" he growled. "You'll be making a fool of yourself over that fellow yet if you're not careful."

"No, I won't," she said wearily. "He won't let me. He doesn't want me. I virtually proposed to him and he virtually told me I am a selfish pig."

"Eh? It's a good thing we're going away tomorrow. You go upstairs to bed. And when you say your prayers thank the Lord that I've brought you up to be what you are and that you aren't going to be the wife of a one horse country lawyer."

(To be continued.)

WATER COMMISSIONER FOR TUMALO PROJECT

WILL HAVE CHARGE OF THE WATER DISTRIBUTION

No Lien on Lands in Project Which Had Existing Water Right

According to a decision reached at a recent meeting of the State Desert Land Board at Salem, the board, through a water commissioner, will have charge of distributing water on the Tumalo Irrigation Project next year instead of awarding this work to a contractor, as has been the custom in the past. Fred M. Wallace, manager of the Water-Users' Association, of that irrigation district, and who is now in charge of the work, will likely be named as the commissioner.

Project Engineer Lauregaard submitted to the board plans for a distributing system for one unit of the project, and the board approved it, and directed work to proceed on condition that the settlers on lands in the project sign up with the board within 30 days. This condition was attached as it is necessary to know the number of settlers to whom the water must be supplied before the work proceeds.

The board also decided to create no lien on lands in the project which had an existing water right when the law making an appropriation for its reclamation went into effect. The bill provided that no lien should be cre-

(Continued on last page)

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