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SUMMONS

In The Circuit Court of The State of Oregon, For the County of Linn. Department No. 2.

A. P. Crawford, Plaintiff, vs C. A. Crawford, Defendant.

To C. A. Crawford, the above named defendant:

In The Name of The State of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the 8th day of April, 1915, same being the date of the last publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer, the plaintiff will take a judgment against you in accordance with the prayer of the complaint in this cause, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit to be taxed.

This summons is published in pursuance of an order of the Honorable Wm. Galloway, Judge of the above entitled Court, duly made on the 18th day of February, 1915, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 25th day of February, 1915.

Dated this 18th day of February, 1915.

L. M. Curi, Attorney for Plaintiff. 4-8

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Publisher)

Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, March 6, 1915.

NOTICE is hereby given that William R. Kemp, of Mill City, Oregon, who, on February 6, 1914, made Homestead entry, No. 04088, for S E 1/4, Section 5, Township 9 South, Range 3 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office, at Portland, Oregon, on the 21st day of April, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Streff, Miles E. Chamberlin, Mahlon W. Chamberlin, Andrew J. Taylor all of Mill City, Oregon. N. Campbell, Register. 4-8

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Publisher)

Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon, March 26, 1915.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albert R. Myers, of Gates, Oregon, who, on October 8, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 06652, for Southwest Quarter, Section 3, Township 9 South, Range 3 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Portland, Oregon, on the 12th day of May, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Silas Rhoda, Charles Erickson, Stephen Myers, A. G. Myers, all of Gates, Oregon. 4-29 N. Campbell, Register.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Marion, Department No. 2.

Sarah J. Smith, Plaintiff, vs. William C. Smith, Defendant.

To William C. Smith, defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, within 6 weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons; and if you fail to so appear and answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for an absolute divorce upon the grounds of desertion and non-support, as will more fully appear from plaintiff's complaint. This summons is served by publication by virtue of an order duly made and filed by the above entitled court, on the 24th day of March, 1915, and the date of the first publication is the 1st day of April, 1915, and the date of the last publication is the 13th day of May, 1915.

William H. Trindle, Attorney for plaintiff.

Notice of Hearing Final Account

In The County Court of The State of Oregon for Marion County.

In the matter of the estate of Alois Robl, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the final account of Gregory Robl, executor of the estate of Alois Robl, deceased, has been filed in the County Court of Marion County, State of Oregon, and that the 10th day of May, 1915 at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. has been duly appointed by the court for the hearing of all objections to such final account, and the settlement thereof, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and file objections thereto in writing and contest the same.

Gregory Robl, Executor of said estate, Carson & Brown, Attorneys for said Executor. 4-29

A HAPPY MEETING

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

The case of the people against Jacob Severance, or Edward Todd, or a number of other names which might be applied to the prisoner, was called. The prosecuting attorney expected to prove that he was the notorious Jake Severance who had committed any number of confidence games and was the slickest operator in that line in America. The trial was to come off in the county seat, where he had been captured working as a farmhand to escape those who were after him. It was at the height of the haying season, and the farmers were all endeavoring to get in their crops before the next rain. Consequently there was difficulty in making up a jury, for whenever a man had a valid excuse for not serving he availed himself of it. Finally the panel stuck at the twelfth jurymen.

A farmer entered the courtroom and looked about him with that wild glance common among countrymen who find themselves in an unfamiliar position. "Is this yere a reel estate offis?" he asked.

"No, it's a courtroom," replied the sheriff.

"Oh! I thort it was a reel estate offis. I want to buy a farm."

"Do you belong about here?"

"No, I come from Canada. I got tired livin' under the British flag, and I want to git property yere."

"I say, my friend, how would you like to help us out as a jurymen? You will get a dollar a day for sitting still and doing nothing."

"I don't know nothin' about juries; I never sot on one."

The farmer was persuaded, and the jury was complete. When the prisoner was brought forth for trial he cast a sweeping glance over the twelve anxiously.

The man from Canada seemed uneasy in finding himself in a jury box and kept looking about him here and there as if he feared something awful was about to be sprung upon him.

"Jacob Severance, you are accused of—"

"I ain't Jacob Severance; I'm Tom Barker."

The farmer jurymen at this was seen to start.

"Where do you hail from?"

"Ontario, Canada."

The farmer arose from his seat, looked fixedly at the prisoner and said:

"Is you the Tom Barker that run away with my darter?"

"I run away with a gal named Barker, but I never seen her dad."

"Mathildy Barker?"

"Yes, my wife's name's Mathildy."

"Whar's my darter?" asked the old man pathetically.

"She's to hum with the kids, while I am tryin' to make enough as farm help to keep 'em alive."

"Tell me whar I kin find her. I done her a big wrong when I told her she shouldn't marry a man I had never seen. Her mother has been most heart-broken since she went away and plin' for her all the time."

The court business stood still while this dialogue was in progress. When it had come to this point the prosecuting attorney said:

"Your honor, I have no objection to this man taking the witness stand to clear up what has evidently been a mistake. But since he is a jurymen he must be excused as such."

A new jurymen was found, and the stranger took the witness stand. He told a pathetic story of how his only daughter, who was a schoolteacher across the international line, had written that she was going to marry one Tom Barker, a young farmer who was trying to pay for a farm he had bought mostly on credit. Her father objected to the match on the ground of poverty and tried to stop her by telling her that if she persisted in the matter she would never again be welcomed home. From that day he had never seen or heard from her. Then he broke down and wept.

Handkerchiefs appeared all over the courtroom.

"Your honor," said the lawyer who had the prisoner's case in charge, "this is evidently a case of mistaken identity. The man the police is looking for is a very different person from the prisoner. I move that the case be dismissed."

The judge, who noticed that the sympathies of all were with the poor farmer and his son-in-law, consented, and the case was taken off the docket. Then the farmer went up to his son-in-law, put out his hand and told him how sorry he was that he had taken such harsh measures with his daughter. "But," he added, "I've sold the farm for a good price, and I've come down yere to buy another. We'll settle among them—but he said the first thing he would do was to go to his daughter. Then he would come back and look at the properties for sale. He left with his son-in-law, and neither of them returned. The son-in-law was the crook the police were after, and the father-in-law was the other, the two having long worked their games together."



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Take a very small chew—less than one-quarter the old size. It will be more satisfying than a mouthful of ordinary tobacco. Just nibble on it until you find the strength chew that suits you. Tuck it away. Then let it rest. See how easily and evenly the real tobacco taste comes, how it satisfies without grinding, how much less you have to spit, how few chews you take to be tobacco satisfied. That's why it is *The Real Tobacco Chew*. That's why it costs less in the end.

It is a ready chew, cut fine and short ahead so that you won't have to grind on it with your teeth. Grinding on ordinary candied tobacco makes you spit too much.

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