A SAFE DEPOSIT.

By REV. E. EVERETT HALE, D. D.

[Copyright. All rights reserved.]

CHAPTER I.

Antony Blake left the office of Rumrill & Co. a good deal disappointed. He was himself a shrewd and intelligent fellow. He had secured the patents on his new invention, and was ready to proceed with the manufacture. He had carried the papers, the drawings, his model machine to Rumrill & Co., and they had them in consideration. They now offered him $800 for the whole thing if he would turn it all over to them. He had proposed one and another scheme by which he should go into business as a partner with them. These had been referred by the managing partner to the Mr. Jorkins behind the scene, who was an imaginary person created for the purpose of saying no when the managing partner was ashamed to. Practically all these schemes had been refused, and Antony was now to take the $800 or nothing.

This was not his first experience in such business. He knew by this time that the people who bring things before the public, be they inventions, be they books or be they ideas, generally expect to be well paid for doing so, and he knew that the system of co-operation, which people are hoping for and praying for, was by no means yet established. With some bitterness of feeling, it must be confessed, though he was a good natured fellow enough, he walked down the street of Tamworth considering whether he would take the $800 and be done with it, or whether he would go to Pittsburg and see if there were better chances there.

Antony Blake did not believe in debt, and he knew how to live on a very little money, but for all that he had very little money in store, and he certainly did not have the $10,000 which would be necessary for him if he were to equip a little machine shop of his own and make his own automatic car coupler. But, as it happened, he was a person well esteemed in the whole community of Tamworth, as he deserved to be.

I should like to know, however, how much of this esteem he owed to one queer circumstance. While he had to start in life with absolutely no property it happened that he did hold as trustee for his mother some bonds which he considered worthless in the second issue of the Cattarangus and Opelousas railroad. These bonds had long since been taken off all lists known to brokers, and it was long since any coupons had been paid. Still the Cattarangus and Opelousas existed, and there were sanguine people, among whom his mother was one, who supposed that at some time payment would be resumed. Antony, being her trustee, had to keep these bonds somewhere, and he had been notified by legal advisers that he must keep them in one of the security vaults which are now established in all the considerable cities. He had hired a modest safe at the Amicable of Tamworth, and at the Amicable you have the facilities of a charming reading room, where are all the new magazines, where you can wash your hands if you need, you can make an appointment with a friend, you can write a note on the Amicable's paper.

These facilities are thrown open to you because you have hired, perhaps for only $10 a year, a safe in that bank. Antony had found that here was by far the best club room in Tamworth. In that city they have what is known as the "Strangers' Rest" well developed; you can go in and pay ten cents an hour for all the comforts of a club room, and then go out again. But Antony found that, in the long run, $10 a year was cheaper for him than the Strangers' Rest at ten cents an hour, and what I should like to know is whether his standing in that community had not materially risen since the old dons and widows and railroad trustees and other such persons who had their safes there found that he was one of the habitues of the reading room of the Amicable.

He suspected himself that it gave him these advantages, and he was careful not to presume on them. He took care not to sit there writing letters in times when a business man would be at his counting room; he only looked in there at the hours when the most prominent of the dons were there; he took care not to appear to regard it as the only loafing place which he had. In proportion as he was cautious in these regards the dons began to respect him as one of themselves; that is to say, as a person who did not have to work very hard for his money, and who had in the chamber adjacent the secrets by which a quarterly revenue comes to the initiated without much cracking of their finger nails or grinning of their hands.

On this particular morning Antony was obliged to break his rule. It was just the hour when he should not ordinarily have gone to the Amicable. It was seldom indeed that he had any occasion to look at his mother's bonds in his safe, for they were as worthless one month as they were another. But to preserve the respectabilities of the place it had been his habit to have his safe opened for him once a quarter—about the 1st of May, August and the corresponding quarters—which he observed to be "coupon quarters" for some very distinguished dons.

He would retire into one of the little cells provided for the occasion, open his box and then carry it back that it might be deposited in his safe again. The last time that he had done this Antony had placed two fifty dollar bills in his little tin box to guard himself from spending them. He knew that he should have enough money for his current expenses besides, and he had not cared to make a permanent investment of this sum. But if he were to go to Pittsburg he must have these two fifties in his pocket, and he walked down to the Amicable, gave the number of his safe and his box was given to him.

CHAPTER II.

He lifted the bonds out one after another.

It is possible that there are one or two of the humbler readers of this little story who are not acquainted with the careful machinery of a security safe company, and as the story hinges on that machinery it may be well to explain it. You see you are to have the double combination, patent, absolute security that is given to the largest corporation in the world—say the Bank of England—and at the same time you who are as poor as Antony Blake was are to have your own little separate cell in which your own property is kept, and nobody else in the world may interfere with it. All this is arranged by a very ingenious system of policemen, attentive clerks, doorkeepers, gilt pickets of iron, iron floors below and above, so that fire cannot burn your securities nor water drown them, nor thieves break in nor rust corrupt them.

The most honorable and virtuous warders are selected by the most ingenious and highly approved competitive examinations. You present yourself at the gate and you are personally known to the warder, who speaks to you cordially and opens the gate to you, as he would not do if you were one of those unknown loafers who have no safe in the security vault.

You pass through this prison gate joyfully, for you know it is no prison to you. You tell him that the day is fine, or that it is rainy, as it may happen, and pass on till you come to another gate and another warder. You tell him that it is fine, or that it is rainy, as before. He also calls you by name, and says that you are looking well, and you enter a second passage. This passage is provided with little catacombs or columbaria, precisely like those under or near the city of Rome, except that these are much smaller, and that those catacombs have now no doors, but in the security vaults each catacomb has a little iron door, and these doors are numbered.

You remember by mnemonic processes known to yourself what is the number of yours; the number of Antony's was 4,927. You meet in this passage a smiling, gentlemanly friend, who also calls you by name, expresses his hope that you are well, and tells you what the weather is. You also tell him. These are not passwords, but they are the civilities of the occasion. You then mention to him, in a whisper if you please, the number of your box. He affects to remember—does remember, perhaps—and with his key adjusts the lock of your catacomb. But please to observe he cannot open the catacomb, because he has not your key. Your key has been given to you long since when you hired your catacomb. You then open the catacomb with your key, which you cannot do till he has first turned his key in the lock. In the catacomb you find a long, narrow tin box, unless you should be a very great don. In that case you have a large catacomb and you have a large tin box. But Antony was a very little don, as the reader knows, and he had therefore a box long enough for any coupon bond, but not large enough to contain many.

He drew out his box, thanked the courteous attendant, passed warder No. 2 again, who asked him if all was right, and then in the passage between Nos. 1 and 2 selected a little room, like that in which you eat oysters in restaurants of some cities, when it is supposed that you are ashamed to eat oysters and wish to have a separate cell assigned for the purpose. You go into this cell, which you find lighted. There is a little table for you, with a pen and ink and blotting paper and a pair of large scissors. These scissors are there that you may cut off the coupons from your bonds.

Observe with admiration that both the requirements which have been referred to are fulfilled. You are here as lonely as Robinson Crusoe was before Friday came. All your wealth is in your hands; you can do with it what you choose. A minute before this wealth was in a safe which nobody excepting you could open, and a minute hence it will be in that safe again.

On this occasion Antony Blake found some difficulty in opening his box. His key seemed to be out of order, but being an ingenious person it happened that he had a little skeleton key with him, and with this he threw open the lock of the box. He saw in a moment that it was not his box. The securities in it were those of the C., K. and W., C., B. and Q., B., C. and D.—securities, many of them, absolutely "gilt edged" in the market of the moment. There were one or two United States bonds, and, in short, if a good fairy had touched his mother's bonds and changed them into bonds of the very best she could not have done better for him than had been done here.

Antony Blake was amazed and dazed. He lifted the bonds out one after another to see by what process of evolution the Cattarangus and Opelousas had been thus changed, and with a vague feeling that he should find his two fifty dollar notes at the bottom. The fifty dollar notes were not there, but there was a little parcel of five or six manuscript notes tied up with a white ribbon.

CHAPTER III.

If young Blake had gone at once to the head center of the wonderful combination of warders, guardians, clerks and assistants who made up the hierarchy of the Amicable this story would never have been written, and the reader would at this moment be seeking other occupation than that he has in hand. "Before a story can be told," says Mr. Anthony Trollope, "there must be a story to tell." All that follows on these pages sprang from Mr. Blake's aversion to take the head center into his confidence, or, indeed, any other of the guardians in the hierarchy.

In the first place, he knew none of them personally, though, as has been seen, they all knew him professionally. That is to say, it was the professional business of each of them to know Antony Blake by sight and to see that he always had the box in No. 4,927 when he wanted it and that no one else ever had it, and also that he never had any other box than his own. But all of them had been imported from New York to carry on the Amicable, which was a new enterprise in Tamworth, so that he had not made their acquaintance other than officially. In the second place, as occurred to him now for the first time, he should have gone to the head center before if he meant to go at all. He should have gone when his little key did not open the bond box. He should not have picked the lock of a box which, as he now knew, was not his with his little skeleton key.

In the third place, he was not sure whether he should best advance the ends of justice by going to the head center. He could say that his $100 were not in his box. But here were securities of three or four hundred times as much worth; and, as he well knew, there was not any one outside an idiot asylum who would steal the Cattaraugus and Opelousas bonds. It might be that the head center and some of the others were engaged in a common fraud, of which he had in his hands a little clew. These considerations passed through his mind and determined him, wisely or not, to make no complaint to the head center till he had taken the advice of a lawyer friend.

Meanwhile his first business was to go to Pittsburg and to get the $100 which he needed for his journey. There was no money in the box, and of course Antony could not have taken it if there had been, seeing it was not his. "Greenbacks," says an eminent legal authority "are the currency of thieves." But even had Antony been a thief he had no opportunity to steal.

There were the six letters tied up with the white ribbon. Antony did look at their addresses, as has been said.

But at the moment his only wish was that his despised Cattarangus and Opelousas bonds were in his hands. He remembered, as he often had remembered before, the pathetic grief of Robinson Crusoe when the great current of the Orinoco was sweeping him to sea in his canoe. Then poor Robinson looked at his retreating island—the island which he had always called a prison—and wished that he might return to it, because it was home. So poor Antony, who had always despised the Cattarangus and Opelousas, now wished that he had them in his hands. In point of fact, he put back the box into the cell from which he had taken it, and he went at once to his lawyer cousin. But the lawyer cousin was not in. Antony did not like to tell his queer story to a stranger; he therefore borrowed a hundred dollars from the lawyer cousin's clerk and went that night on the train to Pittsburg.

CHAPTER IV.

This is not one of those stories which torments the reader by refusing to tell him all that the writer knows.

Once for all, let the reader understand that the bonds and the letters which Antony Blake found in his box belonged to a very nice girl whose name was Edith Lane. How it happened that they were all in this box shall now be briefly told.

It was some six months before Antony Blake found them that Edith Lane's father called her into his own room. He then explained to her that she was so old that she must learn to take care of her own affairs.

"I do not mean," said he, "to turn over to you now the whole of your mother's property, but I do mean to turn over to you so much that you shall not have to come running to me when you want to buy a shoestring and a paper of pins. I have placed in this envelope a number of bonds; I am going to show you how to cut off the coupons from these bonds. You will have to do this twice a year; you will then have to carry these coupons to the Waverly bank, where I have opened an account for you. When you want money you will write a check on the Waverly bank, and you will go for the money yourself or send for it. You can do as you please about keeping an account of these things. If I were you I would keep a little cash book, but I shall ask no questions. If you come to me at any time for money I shall then ask questions. But it is a great deal better that you shall learn to take care of your own affairs before I die."

Poor Edith was distressed and pained to hear her father talk of dying. She said as much. She said that she knew nothing about business, and she had a great deal rather go on as they were. But he was flint. He told her that his precise object was to teach her to draw a check and to keep a bank account, and to teach her something of her interest in the community, not to say her duties in the community. He had begun with thirty or forty thousand dollars of her fortune, which he had put into these bonds.

Edith was frightened, and said she did not know where she would keep the bonds, and she was afraid they might be stolen.

"That," said her father, "is the second thing that you are to be taught. You will not keep these bonds; I do not keep mine. I have brought these this morning from my own safe to give them to you. I have ordered the carriage, and I am now going to take you down to what is known as the Amicable Safe company. I am going to hire a little safe there in your name, and you will keep your bonds in that safe. When you want to cut off the coupons you will go down to the Amicable, you will have the safe opened, and you will cut off what you need."

This frightened Edith more than ever. She almost cried, but in her distress she referred to an old joke of the family borrowed from the "Georgia Sketches." It is the story of a young man whose father was urging him to marry, and said to him, "Where would you be if I had not married?" The young fellow replied between his sobs, "Yes, dad, but you married mother, and I shall have to be put out to a strange gal." Edith said she did not want to be put out to any Amicable Safe company or any Waverly bank. She wanted her father to take care of her money and to give her what she wanted to spend.

But he was perfectly firm. The carriage came to the door, and Edith had to go up to put on her hat and sacque and gloves to go down for her first lesson. What she was taught the reader already knows. She was taken through the gates, she was introduced to the attentive warder, and she had assigned to her one of the smallest safes, exactly such a safe as Antony Blake had, and as it happened the number was next to his, No. 4,928. The reader now has a partial notion of what mistake had occurred.

In point of fact, about a month before Antony Blake had met this disappointment it had been so ordered by those minor powers who, under orders, overrule this world, that he and Edith Lane went nearly at the same time to the Amicable. Antony had gone simply to show himself, that he might keep up the reputation which he had acquired as a don among dons. Edith had gone, on her second visit, to cut off some coupons, which she had done successfully, and which she had carried to deposit at her bank. But it had so happened that when she brought back her little box to place it in her safe, Antony Blake was already in that corridor of the columbarium, and was opening his safe to put his box away. The lock made some little obstacle, and he had laid his box on the floor that he might have both hands in handling the key. Edith had to wait a moment for his operations to be finished, and, as it happened, she laid her box on the floor as she stood by him, in fact, if the reader is curious, putting on her gloves at the same moment. Antony touched his hat to her, stooped, picked up the box and put it into his own safe, without any thought that he had made a transfer. He passed out of the doors, saluted the wardens and was gone. Edith put the other box into her safe, and, as the reader sees, the change was completed without a thought from either party.

It was not till Antony Blake was well in Pittsburg, dealing with the various sons of Tubal Cain who make that city one of the richest and loveliest in the world, that Edith one day ordered the carriage, drove down to the Amicable, took out what she supposed to be her box, and found in it Antony's Cattarangus and Opelousas bonds and his hundred dollars.

Of course Edith knew she had made a mistake, and she instantly supposed, as she usually did, that everything which was wrong was her own fault. This, then, was the first result of her father's training her to business—that she had lost all her own property, and had stolen some other property of vastly more value, for the girl knew nothing of the worthlessness of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas, and it was very easy for her to see that whereas she had left in her box only thirty or forty thousand dollars worth of bonds, she had under her hands two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the second issue of that unfortunate road.

She did not do what Antony did, however. She took the whole parcel, hundred dollars and all, and put it into her little satchel. She put back the box into her safe, and as quickly as she could escape the eye of the warders, all of whom she thought looked on her with suspicion, as if she were a detected thief already, she rushed to her little coupe and bade William drive her directly home.

Her only thought was to tell her father all that had happened and to confess that she was a fool.

Of course this would have been the true thing for her to do, but there was unfortunately a delay. Her father was in Chicago for two days, and Satan had all that time to inspire her with other counsels. Now, although Satan might have done his worst before he could make Edith Jane do anything wrong, it was easily in his power to make her do something very foolish. For, as Henry Kingsley well says, when the devil cannot achieve his purposes by sending a knave he does the same by a much easier process and sends a fool. For the more she brooded over the matter the more the poor girl persuaded herself that she had better not, at first, speak to her father. Besides the feeling that she was a fool and had made a horrible mistake there was a little side trouble which increased and increased as she thought of it till it at last became a giant Afrite, destroying all her peace. It was the recollection that she had put in her box the six letters which had been intrusted to her by her cousin Evelyn.

Now this Cousin Evelyn had had a horrible love passage with Fergus MacIntire. I have no right to call it disgraceful, though I am very glad that none of my readers was ever so compromised. It was a very bad business, and Evelyn had been pulled out of it only with great tact and difficulty. All the compromising letters had been brought together and should have been burned up. Instead of burning them Evelyn Haddam, when she heard Edith had a safe of her own, had begged her to take care of them, and at her second visit to the safe Edith had put these letters with her bonds. The reader knows what had become of them.

Now this was the only secret which our poor Edith had ever had from her father. She did not want to have those letters brought to light by any investigation which should be made. The poor child instantly fancied herself before a police court as a thief; she fancied the discovery of her box opened by a judge and these letters of Evelyn's and Fergus' read aloud and printed in all the sunday newspapers. She cried over it; she wrote a note to Evelyn which she destroyed; she wrote another note, which she destroyed also, and finally said to herself that she had rather lose all her own property which was in the safe than have any revelation made as to what was in the box. If she could only be sure that whoever had the bonds would burn those hateful letters it seemed to her that she should be perfectly happy.

In all this of course Edith Lane was quite wrong; but, as this reader will see, she was in a false position, which she had stumbled into really from no fault of her own.

Poor Antony Blake is the person who deserves the most consideration and sympathy from the reader. Antony Blake spent two or three days in Pittsburg. He was most hospitably received by old friends whom he had known at the Polytechnic institute. He saw all the marvels of gas distribution, of glass making, of ironfounding, and by Mr. Westinghouse's kindness he was taken through the wonderful machine works from which that exquisite apparatus is produced which preserves every year the lives of I dare not say how many thousand people in this world. He saw some of the Tubal Cains whom he had gone to see; he showed to them the plans of his machine, which were cordially commended. He had one and another suggestion made to him as to the ways for putting it upon the market. But it was clear to him, as it had been in Tamworth, that the destruction of the poor is their poverty, and that he was in no way to get any decent return for the very exquisite contrivance which everybody admitted he had in hand unless he himself could invest $10,000 or $15,000 in the complicated machinery which was necessary for produing it.

CHAPTER V.

She handed her bank book to the teller.

Edith Lane resolved once and again after her father's return that she would tell him that she had lost her bonds. But all day he was at his office, and each time when he returned she hated to tell him, and so put it off till morning. Each morning he was in haste for his breakfast, and the poor girl put it off again. After the second of these failures she had no chance. As she came home in the afternoon from an early archery party she found a note from her father saying that he was called to New York. This was followed by a telegram from New York saying he was called to London. And so poor Edith was left to her own newly acquired skill in managing her own business for the next six weeks.

What soon became very clear was that she must have money. Indeed this is something which generally becomes clear to most people in modern society. Edith first made the mistake which many other people make of thinking that it will do any good to say aloud, "I must have some money." She said this to the looking glass twice as she dressed herself. But no money came from that. As to housekeeping and wages there was no trouble. The housekeeper had been supplied. But for herself Edith knew there would be trouble very soon.

She at once put herself on short allowance. She did not go into a shop. She passed the most attractive book stores saying, "Lead us not into temptation." She went on foot if she could not ride in her own carriage, by which I mean she never took the people's carriage—the street car. She was even mean enough to put a nickle into the contribution box at church, sitting in the very pew where the deacon was always sure of a five dollar bill. But then Edith made an account of this, and solemnly pledged herself for every nickle she laid on the altar to place a ten dollar bill when—she had it. Dear child, she knew the difference between little turtle doves and good large lambs. These economies she kept up steadily. But economies do not create money.

And it seemed as if never were the unexpected expenses so terrible. Then came a bill for annual costs at the cemetery which her father had forgotten. Edith promptly paid that. Then came

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

EVERYBODY READS THE ENTERPRISE. SUBSCRIBE FOR IT.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your state, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that I, J. H. Buckins, administrator of the estate of Cass Adkins, deceased, have filed my final account and vouchers for a final settlement of the estate of said deceased, and all persons are notified to file objections to such settlement if they have, on or before the 7th day of March, 1891, in the Probate Court of the County of Jackson and State of Oregon.

J. H. BUCKINS, Administrator.

Dated this 6th day of February, 1891. Hereby order of J. W. Meldrum, Judge of the County Court. 5-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County, the undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the estate of Peter Grode, deceased, and that letters testamentary have been granted to him; all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same with the vouchers thereof to said executor at the office of W. L. Mitchell, at the court house in Oregon City, Oregon. J. C. MOORE, Executor of the estate of Peter Grode, deceased.

Dated March 30th, 1891. 5-7

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mt. Hood & Barlow Road Company will be held at the office of H. E. Cross in Oregon City, on Monday, April 6th, 1891, at the hour of 1 o'clock, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. H. E. CROSS, Sec'y.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Gladstone Real Estate Association will be held at the office of H. E. Cross in Oregon City, on Monday, April 6th, 1891, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting. H. E. CROSS, Sec'y.

B&S HOMŒOPATHIC COUGH & CROUP SYRUP
PRICE 50 CENTS
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OR., March 2, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on April 18, 1891, viz:

Seth E. Jones.

Homestead Entry No. 5459 for the sw¼ sec. 2, t 5 s, r 2 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Jones, of Sandy, and Robert D. Alexander, Frederick Alexander and John Kaylor, of Marmot, all of Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OR., March 2, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on May 12, 1891, viz:

Mary A. Pickens.

Homestead Entry No. 5549 for the s½ of ne¼ and s½ of nw¼ of sec. 10, t 2 s, r 4 e. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Robert Alexander, Frederick Alexander, of Marmot, as Henry Gogen and George Robertson, of Sandy, all of Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OR., Mar. 2, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on May 12, 1891, viz:

Pierce C. Miller.

Homestead entry No. 5336 for the nw¼ of sec. 22, t 5 s, r 2 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: D. Dougherty, O. W. Sawtell, John Stewart, Frank Sentell, all of Molalla, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register. 3-27—4-24

B. Hallett & Co., Box 980 Portland, Me.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

TIMBER LAND ACT, JUNE 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Dec. 16, 1890.

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 lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," Thomas E. Gibson, of Portland, county of Multnomah, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2990, for the purchase of the s½ of nw¼ and lots 3 and 4 of section 19, in township No. 2 south, range No. 7 east, 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 his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, the 17th day of April, 1891.

He names as witnesses: David O'Donald, John Mitchell, Chas. Schaefer, Chas. Lange, all of Portland, Or.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 17 day of April, 1891.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

1-30-4-3

F. L. Posson & Son.

SEEDS

General Agts. for D. M. Ferry & Co.

SEEDS

Garden Seed.

SEEDS

Grass, Clover and all kinds of

SEEDS

Trees, Bulbs, Fertilizers, etc.

SEEDS

Bee Keepers' Supplies.

We want you for a customer. Give us a trial order.

F. L. Posson & Son

209 2d St., Portland, Or.

Successors to Miller Bros. Catalogue Free.