

THE SPENT BALL.

By H. S. KNEEDLER.

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CHAPTER I.



"Have I forgotten something?"

"Did I ever tell you that story about Jason Brigham, the man without a past? Ah, I thought not! Well, if you care to spend the fog end of the night listening to an uncommon incident I'll spin the yarn. Our train don't start until seven, and it isn't worth while to go to bed at four."

The speaker was the major. For the purposes of this story that is all that need be said of him, perhaps. However, a better all around newspaper man one would not find anywhere; a more companionable fellow one would not care to meet. We were the last ones left in the major's den in The Tribune office, for the paper had gone to press and the night gang had deserted the rooms. That we remained was due to the fact that our annual outing was at hand, and at seven a. m. we were to cut away for two weeks—the major making a flying trip south, I going for a little fishing up near the Saint Ste. Marie.

"Light a fresh cigar," said the major, handing one of his favorite black weeds over. "It will help keep you awake if the story don't. Tough work this, telling stories, but it's better than missing a train for the sake of catching a nap that at best would make a fellow feel stupid, so here goes."

"I guess you know that in seventy I was on the Memphis Avalanche. There was no end of good fellows in town then, and the papers were holding up a long string of bright men who were doing 'space work'—it was a kind of haven for the fellows who were drifting north or south—a half way house where they staid awhile to recruit. As a matter of fact I was doing a little recruiting myself, and had a sort of brevet place on the city staff, which enabled me to pay the rent of a room and cherish a faith that I might eventually liquidate my board bill if no unforeseen bad luck befell me. I came into the office one night, and the city editor said to me:

"Gilman, we have a new man on the police work tonight—just arrived from St. Louis—and looks a little the worse for wear. Jones is on a spree and I put him on. Hadn't you better take him home and look after him?"

"Well," I replied, "I'm used to almost all kinds of bedfellows, and I guess I can stand it if he isn't too bad."

"There is something about him I fancy," replied the city editor, "rather something that appeals to me. I'm not usually susceptible to that sort of thing, but this new man looks to me as though he would stand some care, and I knew I could ask you without your feeling offended."

"In other words, you knew I wouldn't be particular who I roomed with," I retorted laughingly.

And so the matter was settled. Really the man dropped out of thought until the nub of the night was passed and the work well out of the way. I was vaguely conscious when he came in and sat down at his desk, though the boys kept dropping in and going out all evening, but along about two o'clock I finished my assignment, turned in the last page of copy and lit my pipe. Then I thought of the new arrival, and looked over to where he was sitting. His head rested on his arms as they lay folded on the desk in front of him. I thought him asleep. He was of middle height, slender in build, with a full head of dark hair, and hands that had been tanned by the wind and sun. After watching him awhile I went over and laid a hand on his shoulder to waken him, but he looked up instantly, and said in a wonderfully sweet voice, "Have I forgotten something?"

"No, I guess not," I replied; "what makes you ask?"

"I don't know," and he stammered a little in confusion, "but sometimes I have a feeling that I have forgotten what I set out to do. Are you the gentleman the city editor spoke to me about?"

"He said you would share my lodgings," I replied. "Shall we go now?"

Now it was plain to me what the city editor meant when he said this man appealed to him. I could not define the cause, but I experienced the sensation.

The stranger's features were regular, clean cut. His forehead was of medium height, broad and intellectual, his nose was straight and fine, his eyes a trifle too large, perhaps, but with a wonderful light in it which gave it a mysterious hold upon one's thoughts. A brown mustache drooped over his mouth. It was a good face, but there was absent from it that firmness which is the expression of virile manhood. It was wanting in resolution, in purpose, and yet it was such a face as inspired confidence and gave assurance of fast friendship. It called forth sympathy even when one sought to elude it. In other words, it was a face that a Christ might wear, or such a mask as a devil might assume to trap the unwary. In my time I have thought it was both—but I am getting ahead of my story.

In those days, when we were "meet-

ing up," as we used to say, with so many good fellows, we sometimes overlooked the little formalities of conventional association with our fellow men, so I did not even ask the new man his name until the next evening. We chatted in a desultory way about a score of commonplace things connected with our work. He said he had just arrived from "up country," and I took it for granted that he had drifted down from Chicago or St. Louis, on the regular fall campaign, which always wound up in New Orleans. It was plain enough that he was not an "old rouser," but he did not appear a novice, for he did his work very well, as things went in those days. No very heavy assignments fell to him at first. In fact, I think he was kept among the cotton factors, looking up the new crop, which was just beginning to move.

I was home before him the second night, for having shown him the way and given him a nightkey, which the landlady relinquished with more or less reluctance, I took it for granted he could find his way in himself. Feeling in a reminiscent mood, I was sitting by the open window taking a good night smoke and looking out in the moonlight scene in the garden opposite, where the moonlight shone so brightly that one could see the red and waxlike berries that succeeded the perishable blossoms. I was wrapped pretty deeply in thought and nodding a bit, maybe, when my new chum came in, and, throwing off his hat, stretched himself wearily in a big arm chair near by.

"We have been in the thick of the work," I said, "and that must be my excuse for not formally introducing myself to you. Then we haven't seen much of each other and are not likely to, except as we meet at turning in time. My name is Gilman, and yours is—"

"Brigham, Jason Brigham," he replied.

"Well, now that we know each other we will get along better," I said. "I suppose that, like the rest of us, you are merely drifting through."

"Yes, merely drifting," was his answer. I looked at him. His face was in the moonlight, and it wore a curious expression of unutterable sadness, such as I have never seen since on any man's face. Yet there was not the shadow of an emotion about it. It was a negative sadness—a mere deepening of its normal expression. We sat silent for some time, he looking out in the peaceful moonlight scene, I furtively studying his countenance. Then he said:

"I wish the city editor had assigned some one else to do the Sufferer's ball tomorrow night."

"Oh, you are looked for that, are you? Lucky fellow. There will be fair maids galore, gallant men, plenty of dancing and no mean spread in the supper room. Brigham, you are to be congratulated. I'll stay up to hear you go into ecstasies over it when you get back here."

"It is not exactly in my line," responded Brigham, "and I am not prepared to present myself in evening dress."

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that score. Wiley has a dress suit, and it will just about fit you. He will be delighted to loan it to you—if for nothing else, to let you know he has it."

"Well, I'd rather stick to the cotton. It has been a long time since I moved in feminine society, and I fear I have lost the fine art of making myself agreeable."

"I'll trust you for that. Where was your home originally? I take it you are an eastern man—a New Yorker, perhaps?"

As I asked the question he looked at me quickly, as though seeking to divine my purpose—as a man might who had some reason for not caring to have his past probed into too rudely. Then he passed his hand across his forehead in a vacant way, and said slowly and with evident effort:

"You must excuse me, but—but somehow my memory is strangely treacherous, and—I—do not remember—I cannot tell you."

"I beg your pardon," I replied. "Let me assure you I had no intention of pressing upon our short acquaintance to seek to know anything of your affairs which you would rather should not be known. The question was asked thoughtlessly enough."

"And it was a natural one," he said. "I wish I could answer it, but I cannot."

"Say no more about it," I replied, knocking the ashes out of my pipe. "The morning stars—that is, the vegetable and fish vendors—will soon be singing together under our window. Let us go to bed and get well to sleep before the chorus begins."

Deuced strange, I thought, that this man should be so manifestly reluctant to tell me of his past. What secret did it hold that he was so chary about? He did not look like a criminal—like a man who had done something which made him a fugitive or an Ishmael. But there was the hard fact of his evident embarrassment when the question was asked. It aroused my curiosity, but it did not make me shun him. I had nothing to lose—perhaps that was the reason I only felt piqued at my guest's disinclination to talk about what men most glibly talk of under such circumstances. But that was his affair, such as it may be.

CHAPTER II.



He was too thoroughly master of the situation.

Memphis was not a large place in seventy, but it was lively and bursting with the new energy of an awakened commercial life. It combined in a remarkable degree the two social extremes of the south—the delightful, luxuriant culture of the old "before the war" days and the energetic, aggressive spirit of the new cult which was to plant a victor's banner on the soil. The town was the gateway of the Yazoo delta, that garden spot of Mississippi whose twin portals are Memphis and Vicksburg, and on which the benison of plenty seems to have been poured. We men of the press were too cosmopolitan to feel or be susceptible to any restraint which others might have experienced. Hall fellows well met, we expected and received the courteous treatment we accorded all men.

As for the ruffian and the braggart, we were familiar enough with him in the cities of the north to meet him on his own ground—by a ready resort to the pistol when necessary. Into the gay social life of the place we entered with a pleasurable abandon all the more sincere because the relaxation from work came so seldom. Thus it was with a good deal of satisfaction that I learned early in the evening that I might attend the Sufferer's ball, Jones for a wonder being sober and the rest of the gang all on hand. But it was close to midnight when, having donned a clawhammer coat, I presented myself at the door, and looked around for Brigham. I did not see him at once, and wandered about looking for an acquaintance upon whom I might bestow myself.

I had been in the city long enough to make some friends, but I couldn't help thinking that it would be tiresome work for my associate on the paper who was doing that most unenviable of all assignments—reporting an affair where he knew no one, and would likely be treated with indifferent grace as a reporter by the people he did meet. Imagine then my surprise when I caught sight of the object of my solicitude the center of a bery of fair girls, who were listening to something he was saying with the most evident interest. An occasional peal of laughter showed that his powers as a raconteur had a humorous subject. There was no disguising the fact that Brigham was feeling perfectly at home, and that he was covering himself and The Avalanche with glory.

What was Wiley as a society reporter compared with this brilliant cavalier who could hold the attention of half a dozen belles and who looked every inch the gentleman in a borrowed evening suit? He was too thoroughly master of the situation for me to encroach upon the ground, and I waited until the little group was broken up by an irruption of evidently envious cavaliers, when Brigham strolled off with the sweetest little bit of femininity imaginable upon his arm. It was the daughter of the wealthy cotton factor, Jerome Percival, and Emily Percival was one of the belles of the town. Not that kind of a beauty who overawes one, not the girl who would be the season's belle at Saratoga or Old Point Comfort.

Here was not the luxuriant southern beauty you read about, but of the sweeter, less obtrusive sort, which is associated with home belongings, a tete-a-tete in the conservatory—a presence such as would make almost any sort of place the dearest spot on earth—brown hair, blue eyes, red lips, and cheeks that kept their color all the time. You see I'm not much of a hand to analyze or describe feminine beauty, but Emily Percival had the kind that lasts, that don't wither after a ball-room season; the kind that comes from good health, good spirits, innocence and affection.

"Ah, you here, Gilman?" Brigham said gaily. "You have met Miss Percival? Then help me to thank her for the aid she has rendered me tonight. I should have been mooping about as a pitiable example of the most dejected wall flower if she had not come to my assistance, told me where to get the names of the guests, found me a messenger, and raised me from a most forlorn condition of loneliness into a state bordering on ecstasy."

"I have reason to know what a good Samaritan Miss Percival is," I rejoined, "and I also know that it sometimes requires as high an order of courage to succor the wayfarer in these latter days as it did of old in Judea."

"Don't you think it depends a good deal on the wayfarer?" asked Miss Percival.

"I am becoming inordinately vain," said Brigham sentimentally.

"You needn't be a bit," responded the charming woman on his arm. "I meant that there are some depths of distress so heartrending that even the Pharisees would relent and take pity on them."

"Consider me the embodiment of woe then," said Brigham, as the orchestra began to play a waltz quadrille, "and as a further evidence of your gifts as a ministering angel give this dance to me."

"He will do very well," I thought, as I stepped back out of the way of the dancers and watched the couple float by me in the graceful movement of the quadrille. "He will do very well, but it's deucedly strange that a fellow like that should be so manifestly anxious to conceal his identity."

GOOD ROADS IN THE SOUTH.

An Effort Which Might Well Be Initiated in the North and West.

That the agitation for good roads in the south is in the hands of men who mean business is shown by the recent roads congress at Atlanta. Such earnest efforts to bring about the reform which will do more to better the condition of the American farmer than any other one thing, might well be initiated in every state in the Union. Colonel W. W. Whidby, in explaining the objects of the road congress to an Atlanta Constitution reporter, said:

"The object of the road congress is not so much to discuss the present road laws in force in Georgia as the necessity for two things—First, a permanent system; second, permanent improving of the public roads.

"There is a wide difference between working a public road and building one. As at present enforced in Georgia, the road laws may do passably well in working the roads, but there is no permanency in the work, nor no system in it. The road commissioners have never studied the question thoroughly, and even if they had the law does not give them the funds necessary to put permanent work on the roads.

"What is desired is permanently improved roads according to a well defined and everlasting system, so that the work done one year will last for years to come. It must be in line with that done in other parts of the country.

"A small force worked under the direction of a man acquainted with the requirements of a good road and with improved labor saving implements and material at hand, systematically and continuously, can secure to the people first class roads cheaper than they could be had under the road laws of Georgia. This is true when the permanency of the work is considered.

"The subject is one of vital importance to all classes. It is patent that our system of agriculture must be changed before it can prosper. Large farms and the tenant system must go. Small farms cultivated on the intensive system by the owners must be the order of the day. But to reach this result these small farmers must have good roads to the markets. The hauling of large quantities of produce in less time than can now be done is an element of importance in building up the small farmer.

"In this day of rapid transit, transportation by the common road must not be held back to the pace of the past ages. The country needs the inspiring effect of faster and better transit."

In regard to the matter, The Constitution said editorially:

The work which these delegates have undertaken to do is not matter for a holiday. They can hope now only to call attention to the necessity which exists for better roads, and by means of thoughtful and intelligent discussion, create a public sentiment powerful enough to insist on these vital improvements in our road system. This ought to be a very easy matter, but it is not. Our people have made progress in every other direction except this. So far as our roads are concerned, we are no farther advanced than the barbarians were; and this statement will apply not to Georgia and the south alone, but to the whole country. The roads in New York and Pennsylvania are no better than they are here—a fact which shows that we are all barbarians together. The miserable condition of our public highways is a national habit, and the outcome of it is a shameful piece of extravagance.

Nevertheless, the reform of our present system must proceed slowly at first. No experiment is more painful and depressing than that which undertakes to break up a bad habit, and the condition of our roads today represents more than a hundred years of sloth, negligence, ignorance and willful extravagance. One excuse for this is the fact that our communities have invested the most of their surplus funds and energies in the promotion of railroad enterprises. The result of this is that the development of our steam transportation lines has gone on very rapidly—almost too rapidly, in fact, for perfect comfort.

Fortunately this development of steam transportation is now and will be a powerful factor in convincing the farmers and others that good roads are a necessity. They are more of a necessity now than ever. There is a greater demand now than there ever has been for rapid transit of produce from the farm to the railroad, and thence to profitable markets. The problem is one of the most important that the people can consider. It is as important to the towns as it is to the farms, since it affects the whole public.

We have no intention of going into a detailed discussion, but we desire to impress on the minds of our readers the importance of the work which lies before the two conventions. It is a work, too, which will have to be done mainly by indirection. Among other things they will have to convince the farmers—

That the railroads do not and cannot supply all the demands for transportation.

That the cost of farm production is largely increased by the difficulty of transporting it over bad roads, and that this increase of cost is not added to the market price, but falls wholly on the farmers.

That the work expended on the roads under our present system is time, labor and money wasted.

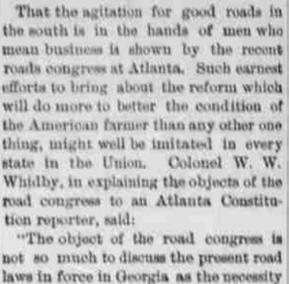
That good roads will enable farmers to haul twice as much produce to market with the same teams, the same labor and in the same time.

That the solution of the road problem will go far toward solving and settling the convict problem.

That an improved system of roads, scientifically and economically constructed, will build up the country, bring the farms nearer to market, increase the value of farming lands and bring about intensive culture of diversified crops.

WILLAMETTE LAND CO.

PORTLAND AND OREGON CITY, OR.



Each acre of prime trees, if set on prime land, will net several hundred dollars per year, when large enough to bear.

>THE< Willamette Land Co.

OFFERS INDUCEMENTS TO HOME SEEKERS

AND INVESTORS.

We have lots 50x200 feet, 100x200 feet, all favorably located. These lots twice the ordinary size are but half the usual price of other lots similarly located. We have one-acre, two-acre, five and ten-acre tracts, suitable for suburban homes, convenient to town, schools, churches, etc., and of very productive soil. A large, growing "Prune Orchard," of which we will sell part in small tracts to suit purchasers, and on easy terms.

Call & See Us & Get Prices

AT OREGON CITY OFFICE, OR ON

ROBERT L. TAFT, at Portland Office,

No. 50 Stark St., PORTLAND.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, on the 1st day of February 1902, was duly appointed by the county court of the State of Oregon for the county of Clackamas, administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Mary Burns, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present to me in writing before the expiration of the term prescribed in the order of publication of this notice, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: a dissolution of the marriage contract existing between you and the plaintiff, and for the care and custody of a minor child named in said complaint, and for such other and further relief as plaintiff is in equity entitled to. Published by order of Honorable Frank J. Taft, Judge of said court, duly made on the 26th day of January, 1902. 2-12-2-4. C. H. DYE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern in the matter of the estate of William Shurick, deceased, that I have this day filed my account with the court. Any one objecting to the account will please put said objections on file before the 25th day of March, 1902. CLORINDA A. REIDER, Executrix. Dated this 26th day of January, 1902. 2-6-3.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF CLACKAMAS: Simon Normie, plaintiff, vs. In equity for dissolution of marriage, (dissolution of marriage) Mary Carey Normie, (def't), (sic) contract. To Mary Carey Normie, said defendant: 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 18th day of April, 1902, the same being the first day of the next regular term of said court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order of publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to wit: a dissolution of the marriage contract existing between you and the plaintiff, and for the care and custody of a minor child named in said complaint, and for such other and further relief as plaintiff is in equity entitled to. Published by order of Honorable Frank J. Taft, Judge of said court, duly made on the 26th day of January, 1902. 2-5-3-11. C. H. DYE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

Notice is hereby given, that I have been appointed administrator of the estate of Mrs. Jimma Capps, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them to me in writing before the expiration of the term prescribed in the order of publication of this notice. H. E. Cross, Administrator of the estate of Mrs. Jimma Capps, deceased. Oregon City, February 4, 1902. 2-5-3-3.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

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," Peter Blankholm, of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2885, for the purchase of the neg. of neg. 1/2 of sec. 26, in township No. 1 north, range No. 6 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 Thursday, the 10th day of March, 1902.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas, has heretofore duly made and entered in the matter of the estate of Peter Steele, deceased, the undersigned, the executor of the said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said County Court, on Saturday, the 27th day of February, 1902 at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Court House door, in Oregon City in said County and State, all the right title, interest and estate of the said Peter Steele, and all the right, title and interest that said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Peter Steele at the time of his death in and to the certain parcel of real estate situated in the County of Clackamas State of Oregon, and particularly described as follows: The west half of the northwest quarter of section twenty-two (22), in township two (2), south, range (4) east of the Willamette meridian, containing eighty (80) acres.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States, ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid upon the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said County Court. Dues expense of purchaser. J. C. MCGREW, Executor of the estate of Peter Steele, deceased. Dated Portland, Oregon, January 22nd, 1902. 1-22-2-19.

CASH FOR COUNTY WARRANTS.

C. H. Dye over Oregon City bank.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Alexander McFarley, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present to me in writing before the expiration of the term prescribed in the order of publication of this notice. THOMAS CHARMAN, Administrator of the estate of Alexander McFarley, deceased. H. E. Cross, attorney for estate. 1-22-2-22.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Dec. 31, 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 February 25, 1892, viz: Joseph W. Kennis. Pre. D. S. No. 581, for the n. w. 1/4, sec. 12, t. 2 s. r. 6 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land: John W. Draper, Frank Aikins, George Hopkins, of Bridal Veil, Multnomah Co., Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register. 1-15-2-22.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Jan. 14, 1892. 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 March 9, 1892, viz: O. J. Hoel, husband entry No. 0913 for the sec. 28, t. 4 s. r. 6 e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land: Peter Blankholm, J. P. Olsen, Wm. C. Bushner, Tom Martin, Tom Grace, all of Clarks P. O., Clackamas Co., Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register. 1-15-2-25.

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

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Oregon, October 1, 1891. 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," Peter Blankholm, of Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2885, for the purchase of the neg. of neg. 1/2 of sec. 26, in township No. 1 north, range No. 6 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 Thursday, the 10th day of March, 1902.

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

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 28, 1891. 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," Edward M. Rands, of Oregon City, county of Clackamas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 288, for the purchase of the neg. of neg. 1/2 of sec. 26, in township No. 34, in township No. 1 north, range No. 6 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, Or., on Tuesday the 28th day of March, 1892.

He names as witnesses: John W. Draper, of Oregon City, Clackamas Co. Or., J. C. Hammett, Frank Aikins, George Hopkins, of Bridal Veil, Multnomah Co., Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register. 12-11-2-12.

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

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 28, 1891. 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," Edward M. Rands, of Oregon City, county of Clackamas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 288, for the purchase of the neg. of neg. 1/2 of sec. 26, in township No. 34, in township No. 1 north, range No. 6 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, Or., on Tuesday the 28th day of March, 1892.

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