

Legal Notices.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of John W. Tice, deceased.

Notice for Publication

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, August 20, 1902.

Summons

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Clackamas County.

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BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

Regular September Term of the County Board.

John Lewellen, T. B. Killin and Wm. Brobst, County Commissioners.

(Continued from last week.)

In the matter of the petition of G. D. Palmer and others for county road.

In the matter of the petition of J. C. and D. Hostetter for a telephone.

In the matter of the petition of James Fogles as supervisor of road district No. 7.

In the matter of the application of George A. Ridings for rebate of poll tax.

In the matter of the application of Hevey and others for aid to open a road.

In the matter of the petition of Joseph Dollinger to set aside tax sale.

In the matter of the petition of S. B. Johnson for rebate of costs and penalty.

In the matter of cancelling a county warrant.

In the matter of the report of George Mooney, constable, for sale of a steer.

In the matter of the petition of Louis Toedemeier and others regarding county debt.

In the matter of the application of L. E. Reynolds and wife for aid.

In the matter of the report of the viewers of the P. E. Beck road.

In the matter of transferring \$100 from general fund to indigent soldier fund.

In the matter of the opening of the Robbins road in district No. 36.

In the matter of the report of viewers of the George H. Brown road.

In the matter of the report of viewers of J. E. Peck road.

In the matter of the petition of Elizabeth Heitkeper to vacate certain streets in Oak Grove.

In the matter of White Bros. and O. E. Nash piling wood in coun y road.

In the matter of the petition of T. P. Randall and others for new mortgage index.

In the matter of report of clerk and recorder of fees received during month.

In the matter of the petition of D. B. Newman for vacation of certain streets in Robertson.

In the matter of the Holst road. Now comes P. M. Holst and presents receipts showing that he has paid all expenses of survey and view of said road.

In the matter of repairs to Dickey bridge. It is ordered that C. I. Gibson repair said bridge and that he be allowed the sum of \$4 per day and that he be allowed a helper at the rate of \$2 per day.

In the matter of the bids for county printing. It is ordered that the bid of L. L. Porter be and is hereby accepted in all particulars except blank books used by the county for records.

A Dog In a Glove. There is no question that the beagle is a very old breed.

Pious Soup. Some years ago a thrifty old cottager named Betha Rummy attended service every Sunday morning at the little church of St. Elizabeth.

At Burmeister & Andresen's. Mr. Ruffner, representing Eastman Kodak Company, will make a practical demonstration of the Eastman Developing Machine at Burmeister & Andresen's Jewelry store on Friday, September 26.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Atchison.

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Clackamas County.

Summons. 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 3rd day of November, 1902.

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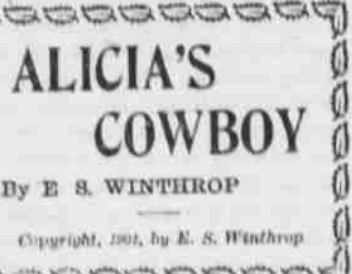
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ALICIA'S COWBOY By E. S. WINTHROP

Copyright, 1902, by E. S. Winthrop

It needed no lurid posters spread with bucking bronchos and rough riders of the world to announce that Buffalo Bill was coming to town.

The small boy betrayed an almost pathetic eagerness to render small services to the heads of the households.

The older folk were not above being interested in the matter. Paterfamilias told how in his younger days he had known a man who could shoot all around Colonel Cody.

Between the two extremes the show was at once a bait and a reward. It was the peace offering when Strophon fought with Phyllis.

Even Edward Thurston and Alicia Peyton were interested in the gaudy pictures as they strolled silently along in the mild spring air.

"I like you better, perhaps, than any man I know," she had said. "Still, liking isn't love, and the man I love must be some one I can respect."

"But, Alicia," he urged, "this is so foolish, you know. A chap can't ride a broncho and wear chaps and spurs when a street car or a cab is the proper thing and patent leathers and black cloth are preferred."

"Please," she said, "don't argue. It hurts me to say this. Don't make it worse by continuing a conversation that is painful."

"So he held his peace, but as they walked slowly back to the house from the park each fresh 'stand' of bills and Alicia's evident interest in them increased the twinkle which had come in Thurston's eye despite the blow to his hopes.

When they reached her door, he would not enter, but as he took her hand he asked: "May I send you seats for the Wild West? I have friends with the organization, and while I shall not be able to be with you it would give me pleasure to know you were admiring the 'real man.'"

"Don't," she urged. "You are not kind. I didn't mean that I wanted to marry a cowboy, merely that I was tired of the effeminate men of the cities, men who never do things, who are content simply to exist. It is not your own fault that you are not other than you are. It is the fault of our modern training."

He laughed. "I didn't mean to question your judgment," he said. "I will send a box over for the matinee. Then you can take the little ones. Good night."

He held her cool, slender hand for a moment longer than was strictly good form, then turned and went down the street with a springy stride that argued more strength than was made apparent by the modern tailor's cuts.

Thursday afternoon the "show lots," as the vacant field generally used for exhibition purposes was called, were crowded. Those who could afford to patronize the entertainment were for the most part already inside.

Falling that, there was always the noise of the shooting, and the year before three clay pigeons had fallen outside the fence, and portions had been cherished in pocket museums of small boys for weeks thereafter as an offset to the cartridge shells obtained by the fortunate ones who had seen the show.

In a box affording an unobstructed view of the field sat the Peyton family, from Grandpa Peyton to Harry, the four-year-old.

The younger ones were all impatient for the performance to commence. The band was something. But bands were more common than cowboys, even though this was a cowboy band.

of the box. The nurse, fresh from Irish soil, was too much interested to watch her charge. The others trusted to the nurse.

At last came the cowboys, better mounted even than their associates. Six abreast they swept into the arena and came tearing down the stretch. Suddenly a groan went up, a great volume of tone like the voice of one mighty man. There, directly in the path of the riders, stood a fair haired child. The sun glanced from its dainty white dress and lit up the long flaxen curls till they seemed to form a halo about its head.

Alicia sprang up with a fearful scream. "Harry!" she cried. "Oh, my darling, come to sister!" Then she covered her eyes, not daring to face the awful horror she knew must come.

The instant he did so some impulse compelled her to look again, and a ray of hope lit up her strained face.

The riders on the inside had turned aside. The one nearest the child stooped and caught him up, and as a mighty shout went up from the crowd he swung the little fellow to the pommel of the saddle. The six moved on. They drew into their places, and the child shouted with delight at the novelty of his position, never giving thought to the danger he had faced.

As the horseman stood there waiting for the end of the entire Alicia sought his face, her eyes dimmed with grateful tears. Like his fellows, he wore the regulation blue shirt with its scarlet kerchief. The brown leather chaps were much like those worn by the others, and a huge sombrero threw the face in shadow. He was in no wise different from his fellows, yet it seemed to Alicia as if there was something familiar in the figure—something that suggested some one she had known.

It was absurd to imagine that she numbered a plainsman among her acquaintances, yet try as she would she could not take her eyes from him. Even when Colonel Cody passed on his splendid horse the graceful, well built figure and the tiny white form of her brother were all she saw.

The colonel had made his little speech. He had introduced his congress of rough riders of the world with a sweep of his hat, all inclusive. The riders had advanced to the barrier, had retreated and were beginning the musical ride which finishes the entertainment.

At first the cowboys were within the circle. Gradually, however, the ranks thinned out, and on the last circuit they would have to pass the box. Harry's rescuer reined up as the box was reached, and drawing out of line, leaned forward to restore the boy.

Alicia started forward to receive him, fully occupied with her little brother. Not until the rider was in motion again did she look into his face. Then she sank down, crying and laughing all at once. Mild hysterics, woman's universal panacea, had come to her relief.

After the siege of Peking had been raised and the emblem of Christianity had replaced the banners of paganism, according to the programme, the Peyton family were interviewing a young man who now wore the khaki uniform of a private soldier. His face was flushed with embarrassment.

Peyton pere regarded him with benevolent good will and suggested that he had better come up to dinner. Peyton mere tried to say something suitable and wept quietly instead. The younger Peytons regarded him with awe, much as one looks upon a neighbor who suddenly achieves national greatness. All this was of interest, but there was a look in Alicia Peyton's eyes that made him wish the rest of the family would go away and leave him alone with her.

But when this wish was granted a few hours later Thurston was suddenly tonight tied and distressingly self-conscious.

Alicia raised her eyes, brimming with tenderness, to his. "Since you won't take advantage of your bravery, sir," she said, "I suppose I will have to propose to you myself."

"It's not gratitude I want; it's love," he said gently. "You feel now that I must be repaid for picking up Harry."

"It is love I offer," she said proudly. "I didn't know it then. You seemed as inert as the rest of our men. How was I to know that you had ridden the range for three years after your health broke down in college if you didn't tell me?"

He answered with a kiss. "At any rate," he said, "you have won a cowboy. That's why I wouldn't argue the point with you the other evening. I have ridden with Cody's show every time it has come to town since I came back from the west. It's like visiting old friends."

There are those who hold that a singular and prime friendship, such as marriage, for instance, dissolves all other obligations whatsoever and that secrets betrayed are the greatest sacrifices possible upon the altar of love. Montaigne says, "The secret I have sworn not to reveal to any other I may without perjury communicate to him who is not another, but myself." There are few friendships nowadays so close as his with Etienne de la Boetie, who himself "would not so much as lie in jest." There was one of the great friendships of history. But there is much casuality used by those who would manifest their importance in knowing mysterious things. They obey the letter of the law of honor and tell without really telling, letting the truth leak out in wise hints and suggestions, or they tell part of a tale and hoodwink themselves into thinking that they have violated no confidence. Yet nothing is so dangerous as half a truth. Sooner or later it is inevitable that the hearer will come across the other side, and the cat is out of the bag.—Philadelphia Ledger.

E. I. SIAS DEALER IN Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles. All kinds of repairing neatly done and warranted. Postoffice Bldg. Canby, Oregon