

REAL ESTATE

Martha W. Sheppard to Margaret Kydd, lots 5 and 6, blk 3, Barlow, \$1. Eastern Investment Co. to F. A. Knapp, lots 38, 39, 40, 41 and 42, blk 6, Minthorn add. Portland, \$1. Oregon Iron and Steel Co. to Petrina Hornquist, tract A, Saffaran's Peninsula, secs. 33 and 34, town 2a, range 1e, \$475. W. W. Cotton to Wm. Fuqua, ne 1/4 sec. 31, town 7a, range 4e, 160 acres, \$7040. Thos. Knowles to Sarah C. Miller, part blk 115, Oregon City, \$750. Mabel E. Morse to Calvin P. Morse, und 1/2 lots 64 and 65, Jennings' Lodge, \$1. Ole S. Halsa to Ole O. Halsa, part Philander Lee dlc. No. 55, sec. 33, town 2a, range 1e, 5 acres, \$350. Sellwood Land & Improvement Co. to Arthur Bottemiller, lots 13 and 14, blk 97, 2nd sub. div. Oak Grove, \$60. Eugene Kleinsmith to F. Marshall et al., trustees, lot sec. 17, town 4a, range 3e, \$50. Oregon Mortgage Co. to Eli Fellows, 130 acres sec 3, town 4a, range 3e, \$2000. Estacada State Bank to H. W. Blood, lot 5, blk 31, 1st add. Estacada, \$2000. A. W. Cheney to Gust Engelbrecht, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, blk 7, Greenpoint add. Oregon City, \$1800. Leonard Siefert to Anna Siefert, se 1/4 or se 1/4 and part ne 1/4 sec. 2, town 2a, range 2e, 5 1/2 acres, \$1. Frank Beers to W. A. Proctor, the north part 1/2 of e. of ne 1/4 sec. 27, town 1a, range 4e, \$30; also 1/2 of s. of ne 1/4 sec. 29, town 1a, range 4e, \$250; also sw 1/4 of ne 1/4 sec. 27, town 1a, range 4e, \$325. Bernhard Friedrich to Robert J. Brown, part U. S. survey claim 43, secs. 23 and 25, town 2a, range 1e, 60 acres, \$4000. John G. Vlopp to Matthew Perlot, 67 1/2 acres Nathaniel Bell dlc., town 3a, range 1e, \$75. Frank T. Griffith, admr. to Mary J. Albright, n 1/2 of sec. 15, town 4a, range 4e, \$300. Geo. W. McCoy et al. to Berrerton & Willaburg Ry Co., part lot 1, Rosewood, \$1000. Wm. Dahlke to Anna B. Leach, se 1/4 of ne 1/4 sec. 25, town 2a, range 2e, 49 acres, \$2200. L. W. Hyde to Frank Cole, w 1/4 of ne 1/4 and se 1/4 of ne 1/4 and ne 1/4 of ne 1/4 sec. 14, town 2a, range 6e, \$1200. Robert L. Dunn to Leona Brown, lot 42, Jennings' Lodge, \$2000. James W. Partlow to Friday Rosecrants 2 acres off S. S. White dlc., town 3a, range 2e, \$350. George S. Gordon to Herman F. Dietrich, 55 acres sec 9, town 4a, range 2e, \$4050. Edward W. Paine also conveys his interest in the above for \$1. Edward Ridgeway to Albert D. Schmidt, part Horace Brown dlc., towns 3 and 4a, range 4e, 63 acres, \$1. Wm. N. Rinehart to Chas. F. Frey, blk 11, Sellwood's add. Milwaukie, \$1. F. J. Nelson to Allen Koch, blk 4, Oak Grove, \$11. G. W. Wyland to Raymond F. Wyland, nw 1/4 of sw 1/4 sec 8, town 6a, range 2e, 40 acres, \$250. Rudolph Olsen to E. M. Haines, part Philander Lee dlc., No. 56, sec. 34, town 3a, range 1e, 19 acres, \$1650. C. Anstrater to A. Henriksen, s 1/4 of sw 1/4 of ne 1/4 and s 1/4 of se 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec. 4, town 2a, range 3e, 54 acres, \$4050. Laura M. Wilder to Wm. J. Hickey, w 1/2 of se 1/4 sec 6, town 2a, range 4e, \$0 acres, \$1. J. T. Stamper et al. to F. F. Johnson, 13.61 acres off north end sec 2, town 2a, range 1e, \$1. F. A. Knapp to F. B. Hughes, 5 acres, sec. 31, town 1a, range 2e, \$1250. Robert Newton to Lydia M. Newton, s 1/4 of w 1/2 of ne 1/4 sec. 10, town 2a, range 2e, 40 acres, \$4000. Peter Roth to J. E. Graves, part of George Cross dlc., sec. 2, town 2a, range 1e, 2 acres, \$700.

MORE LOCAL LETTERS.

STAFFORD. We heard a great many calls for central through the night, which proved to be Mrs. Mays trying to get the

Book and Job Printing. All Kinds Low Prices Prompt Service. Star Press Job Room OREGON CITY, OREGON

doctor for her husband, who, as we said last week, lies at death's door, full of suffering and almost unbearable pain from muscular rheumatism and kindred ills. Henry Toedemeyer finally made a journey to Oregon City in the night for medicine and the doctor came next day. On Sunday afternoon the patient was sleeping at intervals under the influence of medicines. Mrs. Sam Batdorf, of Willamette, daughter of Mrs. Schrader on the mountain road, was buried on Thanksgiving day beside her child, who died at intervals under the influence of medicines. Last Saturday 15 sturdy choppers and three teams met in Delkar's woods and sawed, split into quarters and hauled wood for Mrs. Weisenborn, whose husband it will be remembered was paralyzed a number of months ago. They got her enough, all neatly piled, to last her a year and Mr. Peters split a lot ready for the stoves, and it came as a complete surprise to them. At noon some went home, while others took dinner with the near neighbors. Mrs. Powell, who was instrumental in getting up the bee, served dinner for ten, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, who moved from Stafford to Willamette, came and helped, and Mr. Powell took them home next day. J. O. Gage, of St. Helens, who spent Thanksgiving week at the old home, returned home Saturday. Mrs. Leesman, of Frog Pond, has been quite sick for the past two weeks.

THANKSGIVING IS OVER and the people around here have just about recovered their average appetite. Mrs. Nielsen, of Portland, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Ginter, a few days last week. Will Blum and family, of Oregon City, are visiting his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Moehneke, for a short time. Robert Ginter and family spent Thanksgiving with John Schram's, at Highland. Johnnie Moehneke and his sister Tena visited friends at Stafford Thanksgiving. Fred Heft and wife spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Heft's folks at Maple Lane. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Moehneke and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heft went to Ellwood Sunday. Rev. Wetlaufer took dinner with C. Hornschuh and family Sunday. Our debating society held its fourth meeting last Saturday night. The question was, "Resolved, That the hope of Heaven is a greater incentive to do good than the fear of Hell." Two of the judges thought that Hell was the strongest attraction toward doing good. Our next question is, "Resolved, That life insurance is beneficial." There seems to be two candidates for road supervisor in this district for next year. It is immaterial who gets the job as the work will go on just the same, and just as well. A large number around here, however, believe it is not quite the proper thing to give one man a life-lease on a county appointment when there are others just as capable and just as deserving.

KELSO. Two sawmills are still running in this burg. Everybody who has a piece of land with a little timber on it is cutting cord wood, and since the mills closed down, because there was no sale for ties, there are plenty of wood cutters. The boys who murdered the Hindu in a bunkhouse at Jar & Pagh Bros. mill on October 31, have been in jail over a month now awaiting their trial and Mrs. Dickenson, mother of two of the boys has been to Oregon City to visit them several times. Miss Anna Jarl, who is attending high school in Portland, was home for a week's vacation over Thanksgiving. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Nelson made a visit to their ranch this week. Victor Johnson has built a new wagon shed that does credit to any farm. Kelson men attended a rousing road meeting at Sandy Saturday night and voted a 5-mill tax. Joel Jarl and John Eri are going to buy some thoroughbred Jerseys to help their dairy along. Bert Johnson bought a big wagon at the Zeek sale at Pleasant home last Saturday.

Jarl & Pagh Bros. are running their mill for the present week to fill some lumber orders and after they are filled the company will move the mill from the present site and close down for the winter. Johnson Bros. bought all of the lumber in the yard from Jarl & Pagh and are hauling it away with a four-horse team. Our school is progressing nicely under the management of Miss Dorcas Hedin and has 60 pupils enrolled. Martin Miketon makes good use of his buggy of late. Arthur Mason is hauling wood off of Marvin Dickenson's land.

LETTER LIST.

Letters uncalled for at Oregon City postoffice: Women— Mrs. Ida Boynton, Miss Helen Carothers, 2. Men— J. E. Anderson, H. G. Baker, Frank Loffe, Walter Murphy, Frank McKnight, H. Robe.

BEN: A CLEVER HORSE.

When I first became acquainted with Ben he was assisting in the erection of some telegraph poles along a railroad, and he was working as intelligently as any of the men. There was a certain independence about the animal that rendered him trustworthy to a remarkable degree. Ben knew what was expected of him as soon as his breakfast was finished as well as any man in the gang—better than some of them. His first duty was to walk over a bridge across the river which separated him from his field of labor. This he did unattended, although the bridge was a rude affair consisting of sleepers some distance apart. His orders from his master were brief, and seldom required repetition. "All ready, Ben! Go on!" With a low whinny the horse would back out of his stall, rub his nose gently against his master's shoulder, and then take up his line of march. Upon reaching the bridge, which was but a short distance from the stable, Ben usually stopped a moment, as if considering. Then he would put one foot carefully upon the first sleeper as if to test its strength and finding it all right, he would begin his cautious walk across. People who were in the habit of watching him noticed that while he used his forefeet with the same confidence as when he was in level ground, he felt his way more cautiously with his hind feet, never putting them firmly down until he was sure of his footing. The sight of the horse walking across the bridge in the morning and again at night was always witnessed by an interested gathering of people. Once across the bridge, Ben's work for the day was fairly begun. He understood perfectly that his next duty was to report for service. He would walk leisurely up through a gang of men until he came to the one who had charge of him during working hours, then he would back around, and wait patiently five, ten, fifteen minutes, if necessary for a long pole with chain attachment to be fastened to him. This pole Ben knew was to be carried to a certain hole, and left there; and he also knew that the next pole was to be left at the hole just beyond. When he reached his destination, he would back around and leave the pole almost at the edge of the hole where it was to be set up, stand still until some one came to unhitch the chain and throw it over his back go for another pole, wait for it to be hitched on and start off again without a word being spoken. All day the horse plodded back and forth, never once making the mistake of leaving two poles at the same hole.

Ben knew just as well as any of the men when the noon bell rang. Then, instead of keeping at his work, he would walk off in the direction of the restaurant where he dined, which was a shed nearby, and here he would stand until his rations were dealt out to him. His water he always went for himself, taking a long draught from a large tub at a pump on a neighboring corner. Everybody in the vicinity knew and loved the horse and spoke to him as one addresses a companion. Many a juicy apple, accompanied by a loving pat varied the monotony of his daily round of duties. And when the time came for Ben to leave for other fields of labor there was a feeling of genuine sorrow in the community as at the loss of a faithful companion and friend.—Youth's Companion.

WORLD NEWS

A Long Island farmer who is interested in raising vegetables is trying out a novel electrical experiment. An electric light is used as a nocturnal substitute for the sun's rays. The vegetables are grown indoors and the ar light travels, by means of a small motor, from end to end of the building. It is said that these plants look as healthy and vigorous as those grown under the sun. The government of Switzerland gives \$100,000 annually to aid the different cantons of that country in encouraging the breeding of better cattle. The money is used mainly in paying premiums on bulls, cows and herds. Beautiful Holly Trees. That are covered with pretty red beads the children ask about; these have been grafted and are the best to be had; easily transplanted. Ask about them soon as it takes years to grow them and the number is limited. A. C. NEWELL, 5112 Nurseryman, Oregon City.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen door on washday, "I've lost my log—" "Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.—Everybody's Magazine. Tommy Figg—Sister's beau kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him, you bet. Johnny Briggs—How? Tommy Figg—I mixed quinine with her face powder.—Indianapolis Journal.

Old Home Week. By LULU JOHNSON. Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Billy Sugden read the pamphlet through from cover to cover, from the first glaring line, "Old Home Week," to the imprint of the "Blairville Mercury Job Print" on the last page of the cover. Somehow the little booklet seemed to have almost the value of a message from home. He could even tell which part of the text Carr, the editor of the Mercury, had written and which portions were the product of the Rev. John Dudley, the Presbyterian minister, who has literary aspirations. One paragraph in particular appealed to him. It ran, "We have set a date later than most of the old home weeks so that as we, the home stayers, bring to a happy and prosperous conclusion the harvest of the year so may the homecomers bring with them the first fruits of their prosperity and their talent." Whoever had sent him the pamphlet had underscored this paragraph, and Sugden felt with a glow of pride that his new found fame had reached even to the old home. It was only in the last few months that he had gained the position as an illustrator for which he had fought, and fame was still very sweet to him. He could see visions of the old home, the quiet, shady streets, the trees now gorgeous in their autumn tints, as he sat down and wrote a note of regret to the famous lion hunter who had sought to add him to her collection at Newport for that week. As the train drew near the old town some weeks later he peered from the windows as eagerly as a boy. On both sides of the car excited faces were pressed against the glass locating familiar spots, and when at last the long line of cars swung around the point and the gray old breakwater



"ELIZABETH! IS IT REALLY YOU," HE DEMANDED. came into sight the car rang with cheers, in which Sugden's voice was by no means the least vociferous. It was pleasant to meet the reception committee with their pompous formality of welcoming speeches, which were followed by the more genuine hand-claps. It was still more pleasant to make his way up the street and get a welcome on every hand, but through it all Sugden was conscious of one lack—the absence of one person who alone could make old home week a success to him. For the first time he realized that the week meant to him Elizabeth Grantley, and it was to see her that he had come. As he crossed the foaming little river that cut the town in two he remembered the last time that he stood on the span. He and Elizabeth had leaped against the rail, watching the swirling waters in the uncertain moonlight, while gently she had put from her the hopes that had risen in her breast and had sent him on his way unfettered by matrimonial promises. "If you really want me you will come back for me without a promise," she had whispered. "I could not bear to think that I was holding you back in your career, Billy," he had protested and argued, but the girl had steadfastly held to her point. She would not marry him—she would not even consider an engagement. If he was to fight his way in the world he must be left free. He had failed then to perceive her point of view. He had wanted her to marry him and go with him in search of a career. When she had refused he had flung himself away, and he had not written. Now he knew that she had been right, and he longed to tell her so. "There was a bureau of information through which visitors might locate their old friends, but the sweet faced girl in charge of the registry list shook her head regretfully. We tried to locate the Grantleys to reach them with an announcement," she explained, "but they appear to have dropped from sight completely. I will make a note of your address in case we do locate them." Sugden thanked her and went out feeling as though after all his coming had been a mistake. He slipped into the opera house to listen for a while to the formal exercises for the opening day, but he found the prosy oratory tiresome and soon

sought the open air. Bridge and Court streets were brought out brilliantly by arches of incandescent lights, and in the Indian summer warmth a pushing, perspiring crowd made their way up and down the streets and jostled each other into the gutter, while the coffee was scattered about and the feather ticklers were everywhere in evidence. With a gesture of disgust, Sugden turned from the crowd. His mood was not at all merry-making, and he sought the more quiet parts of the town. Almost unconsciously he took the familiar paths that led to the little cottage where the Grantleys had made their home, and presently he found himself leaning against the fence that enclosed the well kept garden. Here he lighted a cigar, and with the soft gloom of the tree shaded yard for his screen he projected from his fancy scenes wherein he and Elizabeth had figured. He could see the gay hammock swung between the apple tree and the horse chestnut. He could picture the dainty figure in filmy white and could almost hear her hall of "I'm out here, Billy, in the hammock," as the gate clicked behind him. Then his mind conjured the vision of the wistful faced girl leaning upon the railing of the bridge and pleading with him to keep his freedom that he might make his fight free handed. He remembered those last few moments when he had declared that he would have nothing more to do with a girl who feared to face poverty with him, and even now it seemed that he could hear her sobs as she had walked with her blinded eyes down the street, while he had leaned against the wall and had watched her go without a single word of comfort. Somehow the sobbing seemed strangely real. It was almost as though a woman there in the shadow of the trees was letting loose the flood gates of her grief. So real did the sound seem that he flung away his cigar and vaulted the low fence, making for the direction of the sound. But, though he expected to find a woman there under the trees, it was with a shock that he did come face to face with a bowed figure. With uplifted hat and a murmured offer of service, he advanced, but the woman moved away silently. Something in the pose brought Sugden's heart into his mouth, and, with a cry, he darted forward. "Elizabeth! Is it really you?" he demanded. "Have I found you at last?" The girl was at the gate now, and in the light of the distant street lamp he saw that he was right. "Listen, dear," he went on. "I don't blame you for wanting nothing to do with me, but hear me only for a minute. "I did not know what you intuitively guessed—how hard the struggle would be. I did not know the conditions. I thought that with you to help me make the fight I could do better. I know now that I was wrong." "I thought that knowledge would come in time," said the girl softly. "Genius in a garret is a thing of the past. Genius to be discovered must live and dress well, I could not make you understand that?" "But I know it now," he assured her. "I can see that alone I could live better and at least preserve the appearance of prosperity that was my greatest aid to advancement. And even as my error was great so is my penitence, Betty. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me, to admit me at least to your friendship?" "To forgive is part of woman's life," she said wearily. "I had not intended to make myself known. I just wanted to see the old town and the old home again, but you have found me out." "And this time, I shall not let you go," he said, "not if I can prove how great has been my repentance. Look, dear, the old house is for sale. May I buy it in the hope that some day we shall call it home? I know I do not deserve forgiveness, dear, but—you said I would find you waiting when I came home." "It has been a long wait," she said softly, "a very long wait, Billy, but I have kept my promise. I have waited alone."

Gently, almost reverently, he took her in his arms, and as his lips brushed the soft brown hair he realized what some men never come to know, the depth and beauty of a woman's loving forgiveness. Sugden had found the old home—and the new.

SMALL IMPROVED FARMS WANTED. I have customers for small, improved farms with stock and farm implements. Prices ranging from \$2000 to \$5000. H. E. CROSS, 4914. LIVY STIPP ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Justice of the Peace. Office in Jagger Building, Oregon City. O. D. EBY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Money loaned, abstracts furnished, land titles examined, estates settled, general law business transacted. Over Bank of Oregon City. STRAIGHT & SALISBURY PLUMBING TINNING and GENERAL JOBBING. Wind Mills, Pumps and Hydraulic Rams a Specialty. Phone 2682. Oregon City, Oregon. SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County. John W. Gorman, Plaintiff, vs. Emma Gorman, Defendant. To Emma Gorman, 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 6th day of December, 1907, which is six weeks after Oct. 27, 1907, the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: That the bond of matrimony now existing between yourself and plaintiff be dissolved. This summons is published pursuant to an order of Hon. Thomas A. McBride, Judge of the above entitled Court, made and entered on the 25th day of October, 1907. PAUL R. DEADY, Attorney for Plaintiff. SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas. Julia Boiden, Plaintiff, vs. William Boiden, Defendant. To William Boiden, defendant above named: 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 Monday, the 2nd day of December, 1907, that being the date fixed by the court for such appearance or answer in and by the order of court for the publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant herein and giving plaintiff an absolute divorce from defendant. This summons is published by order of the Hon. G. B. Dimick, judge of the County Court, duly made on the 11th day of October, 1907, and said order directs publication of this summons in the Enterprise not less than once a week for six successive weeks, and that you shall so appear and answer on or before the 2nd day of December, 1907. The date of the first publication of this summons is the 25th day of October, 1907, and of the last publication, the 29th day of October, 1907. W. T. BURNBY, Attorney for Plaintiff. SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County. A. D. Perkins, Plaintiff, vs. Eva H. Perkins, Defendant. In the name of the State of Oregon, you, Eva H. Perkins, are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you herein, on or before Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1907, that day being six weeks from the first publication of the summons herein, and if you fail to appear and answer herein, plaintiff will appeal to the Court for relief prayed for in the complaint and filed herein, to which reference is hereby made, and more particularly as follows: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony no existing between the plaintiff and defendant on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion and abandonment of the plaintiff for the period of more than one year continuously, immediately prior to the commencement of this action, and for such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises. This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for not less than six weeks in the "Oregon City Enterprise" published at Oregon City in the County of Clackamas, State of Oregon, the place where said suit was filed and is pending and is published by order of Honorable Grant B. Dimick, Judge of the County Court for the County of Clackamas, which order is dated the 28th day of October, 1907, and is made upon the application of the attorney for the plaintiff herein. The date of the first publication of this summons is Friday, the eighth day of November, 1907, and the date of the last publication of this summons is Friday, the 20th day of December, 1907. EMMONS & EMMONS and W. H. FOWLER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court for Clackamas County, Oregon. Isaac F. Beals, Plaintiff, vs. Yohanna Katharine Beals, Defendant. To Yohanna Katharine Beals, the defendant above named: 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 Court and cause on or before the day next following the expiration of six consecutive weeks from date of first publication of this summons, that being the date fixed by the Court for such appearance or answer in and by order of the Court for the publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree forever divorcing plaintiff from defendant. This summons is published by order of the Hon. Grant B. Dimick, judge of the County Court for said county. The date of the first publication of this summons is the first day of November, 1907. ED MENDENHALL and A. R. MENDENHALL, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 4717. LOG CABIN SALOON BENNETT & FOUMAL Proprietors. OREGON CITY, OREGON