

GORDON E. HAYES

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Phone Main 62.

Probate Practice a Specialty

DRAWING THE COILS

(Continued From Page 1.)

agent, in 1903, was made in response to the Putnam petition and not on the application of Hall, as will be alleged by the defense.

C. B. Zachary, foreman for the Butte Creek company, followed Hendricks and testified that he had never received any notice from Hall to remove the unlawful fences by which the company had illegally inclosed public land. He also told of making overtures to the Government official and agreeing not only to plead guilty to the indictment charging conspiracy, but also to take the stand and to tell the truth of the fraudulent operations of the Butte Creek Company. He said that in consideration of his confession and testimony for the prosecution he was to be fined \$250 and sentenced to one day in the county jail.

In discussing the case during the afternoon recess Henry declared that when the trial began the Government was prepared with about 75 witnesses to prove the conspiracy charge against every one of the defendants that had been indicted. This array of evidence served to take the "fight" out of Hendricks and Zachary, who had already been convicted, the former on a charge of subornation of perjury and the latter for perjury, and were awaiting sentence, and they did not wish to make a further defense of the conspiracy charge. For that reason they had sought the Government officials and requested an opportunity to plead guilty and escape with a light sentence if possible. Henry contends that the Government had abundant evidence to establish the conspiracy charge without any testimony from the three co-defendants who have pleaded guilty, but admits that the testimony of these three witnesses has simplified the Government's case and excused the necessity of examining many of the witnesses that were originally subpoenaed in the case. It is denied by Henry that either Hendricks or Zachary have been promised immunity or any other consideration in connection with the charges on which they were convicted in 1906. For these crimes Hendricks and Zachary are liable to terms in the penitentiary and will probably be sentenced when the pending trial is concluded, or as soon as Hendricks' appeal has been decided.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

C. A. Bergli and Eva Jackson. W. F. Smith and Kitty L. Scott. Fred W. Zebel and Minnie Wilson. J. A. Kummer and Augusta Gonn. John Sager and Annie Flager. Harvey B. Stout, Jr., and Ethel Kennard. George Gurnsey and Azora Darling.

MARRIAGES

BEUGLI-JACKSON—In Oregon City January 22, 1908. C. A. Beugli and Miss Eva Jackson, of Marquam, Judge Grant B. Dimmick officiating. KRAXBERGER - WENINGER—At Macksburg January 21, 1908, John Kraxberger of Macksburg, and Miss Julia Weninger of Chicago, Rev. Kraxberger officiating. BEARD-VEGELIUS—In Knapp's hall, Sunday, January 19, 1908, Benjamin L. Beard and Miss Elsie Vegelius, Rev. E. S. Bolinger officiating. SAGER-FLUGER—At home of J. Sager Jan. 19, 1908, John Sager and Miss Annie Flager, Rev. Chas. Waechte officiating. LAFERTY-CLARK—At Oregon City, Jan. 8, 1908, John N. Laferty and Jessie Pearl Clark, Judge G. B. Dimmick officiating. RICHTER-GREEN—At home of Martin Richter, Sr., Jan. 15, 1908, Martin M. Richter and Lulu May Green, Rev. Chas. W. Ross officiating.

BIRTHS.

GIRL—To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Day, of Estacada, Jan. 11, 1908, a daughter. BOY—To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Guldenzopf, of Cazadero, Jan. 9, 1908, a son. BOY—To Mr. and Mrs. John Eggerman, of Beaver Creek, a son. BOY—To Mr. and Mrs. William Marshall, of Clarkes, Jan. 16, a son. GIRL—To Mr. and Mrs. Don Meldrum, Jan. 19, 1908, a daughter. BALLARD—At Milwaukie Jan. 21, years. HUDDLE—At home near Damascus, Sunday, Jan. 19, 1908, of quick consumption, Mrs. Edna Huddle, aged 23 years. SHEARER—At his home in Clackamas, Jan. 16, 1908, B. S. Shearer, aged 50 years. BUNDAY—In Portland Jan. 19, 1908, of cancer, Captain Thomas Bunday, a former resident of this city.

LOCAL BRIEFS

A Coos county editor has just transplanted raspberry bushes that had ripe fruit on them at the transplanting.

Saturday, January 25, the members of the silver cornet band will give the first annual ball in the Estacada Park pavilion.

The First State Bank of Gresham sold, last week, 39 acres of timber land near Sandy to A. Burdick, who is from Minnesota.

The Clackamas County Hop Farming Company has purchased from William Mackintosh and others 97 acres of land near Stafford.

All but the drug stores close in Oregon City at 8:30 p. m. and by a new arrangement they are to close at 8 p. m. from this on instead of 9.

The Weyerhaeuser Land Co. has purchased nearly 20,000 acres of land of the Northern Pacific, the transfer being made within the past few days.

Wachens Tribe, No. 13, Improved Order of Red Men, will celebrate the 15th anniversary of its organization by giving a grand ball at the Armory Saturday evening.

C. Coles, of Canemah, has a raspberry bush in the yard which is bearing the second crop of berries. The bush has many blossoms and green and ripe fruit on.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Brown, of Maple Lane, were deeply bereaved on January 7 in the death of their daughter, Mrs. Herbert F. Carter, at her home in Quincy, Mass.

Rev. G. A. Learn, of Sellwood, has accepted an appointment as superintendent of the Baptist orphanage at Kodiak, Alaska, and will leave for his new field of labor in May or April.

The ladies of Meade Relief Corps, No. 18, have arranged to entertain the old soldiers of Clackamas County in Willamette Hall on the afternoon of Washington's birthday, February 22.

The Multnomah and Clackamas county Mutual Telephone company held a meeting last week in Gresham at which reports of officers were made showing the company to be in good shape.

Announcement is made that the main offices of the new Hawley paper plant will be located in Oregon City.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church is planning for a vested choir, to begin its services a few weeks later.

Prospects for a live baseball team in Oregon City the coming season look bright. The Tri-City League thinks it will have an open franchise, and it is favorable to Oregon City coming in and closing the vacancy.

The Oregon Water Power Townsite Co. has deeded lot 4, block 2, first addition to Estacada to William H. Livingston, the first child born in Estacada, according to agreement made at the time the town was established.

The Home Training Association, of Milwaukie, will have a lecture delivered by Mrs. Dr. Esther Pohl in the school building this afternoon at 2:30. Subject, "The General Health of the School Children."

James Anderson and Frederick Albrecht are in dispute over \$700 which they have deposited in the bank at Estacada. In order to avoid liability in the matter the bank has asked the court to say to whom it shall pay the deposit.

Captain Thomas Bundy died in Portland Sunday and was buried in the Rose City Tuesday. He was an old sea captain of wide experience in the world. He traveled widely, and for several years conducted a bathhouse in Oregon City. He was 87 years of age.

Because Mrs. B. F. Hayhurst, of Clackamas Heights, is sick at home with smallpox, and Mr. Hayhurst is watchman at the woolen mills, the rumor was started Monday that the dread disease had broken out among the employes of the mills. Nothing in the story so far as we could learn.

Some one unknown threw a stone through an \$35 window at the new store of Frank Busch, one evening last week. Mr. Busch knew nothing of the accident until the morning after the damage was done. It is believed that whoever broke the window did so accidentally.

Postmaster Cyrus K. Ballard, of Milwaukie, died at that village Tuesday, after a brief illness. He was an old soldier of the Civil War, was an early pioneer and had been a good and influential citizen of this State for 25 years. He was buried Wednesday, a host of friends joining in paying their last respects to the remains of one whom they had learned to love.

Milwaukie is rejoicing because the Railway Commission has decided that the contention for a 5-cent fare on the O. W. P. from that place was well taken. It remains to be seen what action the O. W. P. will take, but in case the recommendations of the commission is acquiesced in by the

company, it will prove a great boon to Milwaukie.

Mr. and Mrs. Doremus gave a very pleasant reception on Saturday evening, January 18, in honor of their daughter Myrtle, who was married recently to Mr. Oran Simpson, of Post. About forty guests gathered at the home to extend their best wishes and congratulations to the newly married couple. The evening was spent with games and music, after which a pretty lunch was served. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson received many handsome presents.

B. B. Shearer, of Clackamas, died at his home in that village Thursday, January 16, after a brief illness. The deceased came to Oregon from Dakota about six years ago, and made Clackamas his home. Mr. Shearer was about 50 years of age and leaves a widow and two brothers, both of Clackamas. He was a member of the Modern Woodmen, who had charge of the services at the cemetery. He was buried Saturday from the Congregational church at Clackamas.

The "Hard Times" so-called, given by the Knights and Ladies of Security at Woodmen Hall Monday night, was a success. The following program was rendered during the early part of the evening: Duet, Miss Alice Goettling and Oscar Woodfin; recitation Basil Saunders; solo, Miss Myrtle Cross; recitation, Miss Myrtle Toozie; solo, Ethel Younger; solo, Leiloe Cross; solo, Roy Woodward. This was followed by a grand march. The costumes worn by those who took part in the grand march presented hard times appearance and caused much amusement. Prizes were awarded to Ralph Green and Mrs. J. W. Jones. A luncheon was served and was followed by dancing.

A ROCKING STONE.

New York's Souvenir of the Remote Glacial Period.

Though tens of thousands of persons yearly see the great rocking stone of Bronx park in New York city, few realize that it is the city's most conspicuous souvenir of the glacial period, when all of this section was covered with an ocean of ice some 1,500 feet thick that was moving slowly toward the south.

That pinkish bit of granite, weighing thirty tons, standing seven and one-half feet above its rocky base, being ten feet broad and eight feet thick, came from the far north, carried in the resistless fury of the glacier that swept over the continent down to this latitude, marking its path by depositing great boulders as it moved and leaving scratches on the firm rocks beneath, from the sliding, grinding bits and masses of granite that settled to its base and were pushed along as it moved.

This same boulder left its mark on the bare face of the rocky hill to the north of it, in which lies the crocodile pool. There the scratches are visible today, pointing to where the boulder stands and telling the story of part of its travels.

When the melting ice departed from the great block of granite, it left it standing through the ages a rocking stone so delicately poised that a pressure of fifty pounds exerted on its most northern angle causes its apex to sway north and south about two inches.—New York Herald.

A Considerate Reporter.

When the Maine was blown up the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was at her home in Washington. She had heard nothing of the news when she was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a violent knocking at the door of her house. Finally Mrs. Wainwright rose and looked out of the window, asking what was the matter. A voice called out, "Are you the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright?" "Yes. What do you want?" "The Maine has been totally destroyed. We are reporters and wish for some information about Mr. Wainwright." Only this and nothing more. The shock caused the poor lady to fall in a dead faint, from which she did not rally for several hours, and, fortunately for her, it was then known her husband was not among the lost.

Hippophagy.

Hippophagy being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horseflesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a papal decree of Gregory III, though why horseflesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

Not Broadened.

"They say that travel broadens a man," said the dark woman. "Well, I don't know about that," replied the light woman. "My husband has been a conductor on a trolley car for seven years and see how thin he is!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Economy.

Small Gilbert—Papa, didn't I hear you tell mamma we would have to economize? Papa—Yes, my son. Small Gilbert—Well, you might begin by getting me a pony; then I shouldn't wear out so many shoes.—Chicago News.

Law of Progress.

The law of progress is the law of sacrifice—no sacrifice, no progress. The secret of sacrifice is love. Without the self-sacrificing love of the mother life itself would disappear from the earth.—Review of Reviews.

No man is wise at all times.—Pliny the Elder.

Miss Penelope.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

She greeted her first and only boarder with a shy dignity.

"I think you will find it quiet enough here, Mr. Holmes. You said in your letter that you wanted to get away from home and the children while you finished your book."

John Holmes put his suit case down on the veranda and took the huge rocker offered by Miss Penelope's colored servant, Aunt Dilsey.

"It looks nice and quiet," he said, taking in the gorgeous coloring of the trees and the old fashioned flower garden, now gay with dahlias and geraniums. "I think I will be able to work after a day or so of rest and wandering through the woods. When I got your mother's answer to my advertisement I instinctively knew that it was the right one to accept."

Miss Penelope blushed faintly. "Not my mother's—I am your—hostess. I keep house for my father." She never in the world would have thought of herself as his landlady. "Aunt Dilsey will render you any necessary service. Take Mr. Holmes' suit case, Aunt Dilsey, and show him his room. Supper will be ready in half an hour."

He went upstairs to the front bedroom, rather pleased that he would have for company at supper a pleasing woman of perhaps thirty instead of the middle aged farmer's wife whom his imagination had pictured.

Miss Penelope, giving a final touch to her supper table, with its centerpiece of brilliant fall blossoms, talked to her blind father. "If it's quiet he wants, he certainly ought to be satisfied. But he is a much younger man than I expected. I have read his last book, and it doesn't seem that such a jolly looking man could have written books so serious."

"He said there were five children at his house and that their mother believed that a constant exercise of lungs and muscles was good for their development. We'll feel really important, daddy, having a real book written in our house or on our veranda or in our back yard, wherever genius happens to inspire him." And she ran on merrily, giving the little details which for the ten years of his blindness had been the pleasure of her father's life.

The novel progressed finely in the next few weeks, and the boarder dined

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the back of the garden to the creek, and was it Mr. Holmes or her own Rudolph Rassendyll translated to quiet and homelike atmosphere that was given a red rose in the garden by the strangely familiar woman in the book?

"You have made her like me," she gasped incredulously, "and identified me, and where she tells him about her life, lived in the characters from books she had read, it's exactly what I said to you the afternoon we went riding on the creek."

"I couldn't help it," he confessed. "It fitted the Esther in my story so perfectly that I was simply obliged to let her borrow the whole conversation. You don't mind, do you?"

"I never was more flattered in my life," she said impulsively. "I never imagined there was one trait or thought of mine of enough importance to be written about, but you have made me seem all that I always wanted to be."

"Are you?" He laid the manuscript on the table. "I kept the rose you gave me that day in the garden," he said abruptly.

She sat still and white, the situation being one that she had never met with or dreamed of meeting.

"To me you are Esther. I could love you the same way," he said quietly.

Miss Penelope rose, frightened and childlike, a quiver of pain trembling on her lips.

"Mr. Holmes, I have admired you. I have tried to entertain you as best I could to keep you from finding the dullness of our life tedious. Perhaps I am to blame," she said dazedly. "I found you so sympathetic and congenial that I talked to you more than I ever talked to any one in my life, but I never thought that you would misunderstand me—would offer me this insult. You, a married man," she gasped.

"A—what?" he asked blankly. "A married man," she said brokenly, two tears trickling down her cheeks.

Holmes, a finished product of civilization, let his mouth drop open in astonishment.

"I've never been married in my life," he said in amazement.

"But those five children that you wanted to get away from?" she said faintly.

Holmes struggled with his merriment and was finally able to answer: "Those five kids belong to my sister," he chuckled. "I live with her and her husband in any part of the house that is not pre-empted by those urchins. I never dreamed that you thought I was married all this time."

Miss Penelope still stood, nervous and dazed before him.

He took her hand and, stooping, pressed his lips to it. "I kept the rose," he said insinuatingly.

She looked down upon his blond head, and her own beloved Queen Flavia and Rudolph Rassendyll became from that moment mere creatures of fiction. She had found her own romance.

"I'm so glad—you kept it," she said timidly.

A Spelling Reform. One of the witnesses in a lawsuit, who had just been sworn, was asked to give his name. He replied that it was Hinckley. Then the attorney for the prosecution requested him to give his name in full.

"Jeffrey Alas Hinckley." "I am not asking you for your alias," said the lawyer impatiently. "What is your real name?"

"Jeffrey Alas Hinckley." "No trifling in this court, sir!" sternly spoke the judge. "Which is your right name—Jeffrey or Hinckley?"

"Both of 'em, your honor." "Both of them? Which is your surname?"

"Hinckley." "And Jeffrey is your given name?" "Yes, your honor."

"Then what business have you with an alias?" "I wish I knew, your honor," said the witness ruefully. "It isn't my fault."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the judge, who was fast losing his temper.

"I mean, your honor, that Alas is my middle name, for some reason which my parents never explained to me. I suppose they saw it in print somewhere and rather liked the looks of it. I'd get rid of it if I could do so without the newspapers finding it out and joshing me about it."

"The court suggests that hereafter the witness begin his middle name with an E instead of an A. Counsel will proceed with the examination," said the judge, coughing behind his handkerchief.—Youth's Companion.

His Qualifications. I am reminded, says a writer, of the little boy who applied for a job at a squire's house, where he could earn 5 shillings a week by making himself generally useful.

Squire—Can you clean silver? Boy—Yes, sir.

"Can you cook and light fires and sing and dust old china and make beds?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Can you clean bicycles and repair punctured tires and tune pianos?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Can you mend electric bells and do plumbing and gas fitting, teach modern and ancient languages, geography and the use of the globes?"

"I can, and also do anything else that is required."

"Then I think you will do."

Boy—Thank you, sir. By the way, is your house built on a clay soil?

Squire—Well, it happens that it is. But what has that to do with it?

"Well, I thought you would like me to fill up my spare time by making bricks."

He was not engaged for his innocence.—London Answers.



Ferry's Seeds are the best known and the most reliable seeds grown. Every package has behind it the reputation of a house whose business standards are the highest in the trade. Ferry's 1908 Seed Annual will be mailed FREE to all applicants. It contains colored plates, many engravings, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting over 100 varieties of Vegetables and Flower Seeds. Irresistible to all. Send for it. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

SPECIAL SESSION OF CITY COUNCIL

COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO TAKE STEPS TO HAVE WIRES PUT UNDER GROUND.

Council met in special session Wednesday evening to transact certain pressing business. Councilmen Meyer, Jack and Betzel were appointed a committee to wait on the Southern Pacific and see if an agreement can be made relative to an overhead crossing at Sixth street. So far Council has made little headway in its negotiations with the S. P., but it is thought that when that corporation finds that the Council means business some arrangement can be arrived at.

About a year ago Council passed an ordinance requiring all wires of public service corporations to be put under ground within a time set in the ordinance—March 1, 1908. So far no steps have been taken to comply with the law, and when it was learned that the new Council, led by Mayor Carl, intended to enforce it a scramble was started to see what could be done. Mayor Carl, City Solicitor Campbell and Councilmen Anderson, Knapp and Pope are a special committee to consider what steps are to be taken to force the improvement, and it will also consider the question of granting an extension of time.

C. W. Fredericks having removed from the Third ward, he resigned as Councilman, and Jacob Michels was elected to take his place.

Asray. Fresh milk cow on my place. Owner write and claim property. H. N. SMITH, Milwaukie, Or. R. F. D. No. 1, Box 57-B. 3-4t

Didn't Agree With Him. A Carolina man was recently inspecting a farm owned by him and operated by an old friend who had pressed into service every member of his family, including his aged father. "The old man must be getting along in years," said the owner. "Yes, dad's nigh on to ninety," was the reply.

"Is his health good?" "Well, no. The old man ain't been himself for some time back."

"What seems to be the matter?" "I dunno, sir. I guess farming don't agree with him no more."—Success Magazine.

Cheap Fun. He—You talk about men playing poker. It is no worse a vice than the shopping habit of the women. She—Perhaps not, morally speaking; but, then, it takes money to play poker, whereas a woman can shop all day without it costing her a cent except what she pays for car fare.—Boston Transcript.

Might Have Known. An austere looking lady walked into a furrier's and said to the shopman, "I should like to purchase a muff."