



JENNINGS' LODGE.

During the week past the G. W. Card family have entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Judd of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Pura of Battle Ground, Wash.

The annual campmeeting and Young Peoples Alliance and Sunday School Conventions of the Evangelical Association will be held at the River View campgrove at this place, from June 30th to Aug. 8th.

The German Baptists of Portland had a picnic at the River View camp grounds at this place on July 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bruechert and family of Omaha, Neb., spent Thursday with Mrs. Bees Bruechert and family.

During the Elk's Convention, Mr. Geo. Morse and Miss Mable will have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Dan Salk, of Seattle and the Misses Gertrude and Harriet Merritt of Dubuque, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. MacFarlane will entertain their brother, Mr. Chubb and son Raymond, Mr. Chubb being a prominent Elk from Oakland, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Redmond will have the pleasure of entertaining Dr. Goble and wife of Medford and Mr. and Mrs. Lock Brown of Eugene, who are prominent Elks in their respective home towns.

Thirty-two pupils of the Grace Chapel attended the Clackamas County Sunday School picnic at Gladstone Park on Friday, last. The picnic table was presided over by Mesdames A. C. MacFarlane, J. P. Strain, H. C. Panton and the Misses Carrie Scripture and Mabel Morse.

On Sunday, July 7th, the first quarterly meeting of the year will be held at Grace Chapel. The presiding elder, H. E. Hornschuh, will preach. Rev. Ford, of Oregon City, will also be present.

Mrs. A. P. Donahue has returned to Portland after a weeks stay at her cottage here.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry, of the east side, have had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Rainer and daughter of Colorado. Mrs. Rainer being a daughter of Mrs. Berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Kinney and daughter of Portland will spend the summer with Mrs. Kinney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Robertson.

Mr. Downing has commenced work on his little home on the east side.

At the school meeting on Monday night Prof. Thompson was re-elected to teach the higher grades and Miss Campbell, a student of Eugene, the primary grade, to fill the vacancy of Miss Bronie Jennings.

Miss Helen Seeley entertained a number of her little friends from Oregon City, Gladstone, Melrum and this place, at her home on Thursday, last, the occasion being her tenth birthday anniversary. Games were indulged in and dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. Seeley.

Hugh McGovern and Miss Lenora Miller were married in Portland during the week. Mr. McGovern is interested in real estate at this place, and his bride at one time conducted the store here, and both have hosts of friends who wish them much happiness in the years to come.

E. T. Webb has sold all his property interests at this place and bought at Newberg, where he expects to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robinson and mother, Mrs. W. Robinson, of Winnepeg, Canada, joined a party of Portland friends, who took a trip up the Columbia, to The Dalles, on Friday, last.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wear returned on Thursday from a weeks camp on the banks of the Willamette, near New Era.

Mrs. S. P. Downs was a Portland visitor on Tuesday, and little Miss Margaret Downs will spend the rest of the week, the guest of Norma Conway, in Portland.

Nine boys of the Sunnyside Congregational Church are camping on Hull Ave. Their Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Pilkington, chaperoning them.

On Saturday evening The Circle, with a number of their friends, tendered a farewell party to Mrs. Edith Truscott, at the H. C. Panton home. The living room was very prettily decorated with vine maple and Oregon lilies, while the tables, where cake and ice cream were served, were centered with clusters of pink roses. Seventy-five were present.

During the evening Mrs. Robinson and the Misses Mabel Sladen and Helen Panton furnished a number of musical selections. Several tables of cards were played. It is with regret that we are called upon to part with Mrs. Truscott and family, who will move to their home in Gresham about July 15th.

Mrs. G. H. Card was called to the bedside of her sister, Miss Hannah Pura, in Portland on Sunday. Miss Pura will be removed to the Card home on Wednesday, and the change is hoped will be beneficial to her.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

PEG LEGGED OPTIMISM.

A friend sends us the story of John Goodwin, cripple. In 1910 Goodwin moved on to a farm near West Point, Ga. It was a small brush farm and required much clearing to prepare it for crops. One day his brother, who was helping him, accidentally shot Goodwin in the leg.

Amputation became necessary, the limb being cut off just below the knee. Goodwin was without money and had a family to support—but he did not give up hope.

In a few weeks he was hobbling about on crutches directing things. The neighbors kindly helped him out, and, crippled as he was, he succeeded in raising fourteen bales of cotton and some corn.

Then he got a peg leg. He moved the next winter to a larger place, which was also a brush farm. He went vigorously to work clearing the land. In speaking of his work this indomitable cripple says:

"I did as much plowing as ever I did in one season—on my peg leg." There's a picture for you—plowing on a peg leg!

Moreover, he says: "I made sixteen bales of cotton and some corn, besides raising some fine shots for my meat and lard. I may come out in debt some, but I am not lonesome."

Now—One might suppose Goodwin would be satisfied with having cleared two farms in as many years, but in a recent letter he says:

"I have got new ground this year and am preparing it while it is too wet for anything else. I am going to raise more corn this year. I forgot to tell you about my hay. I cut and housed twenty big loads."

How is that for a cripple? One cannot but wonder what Goodwin might be able to do with two good legs. And the optimism of the man is good to think about.

Some there are who besides being maimed in limb are lamed in mind, but not John Goodwin.

When he was shot in the leg he was not wounded in spirit. You can cripple a man's body, but you can't make his mind go on crutches.

John Goodwin's leg lies moldering in the tomb, but his soul goes marching on.

Could Heav. "What would you do if you had a million?" "Nothing."

SHANTUNG COAT SUIT

A distinctive little coat suit of natural color shantung is sketched above. The cutaway coat closes with a single button and the edges of the deep point thus acquired are finished with narrow pleated ruffles of tobacco brown satin. This satin is also applied in the form of odd shaped revers which are trimmed with crystal buttons. The skirt closes slightly to the left of the front, the over-lapping edge finished by an applied piece of the satin similar to that which simulates revers. The satin is also used for the wide turn-back cuffs. With this is worn a hat whose crown is of silk in the shade of the shantung and rolling brim is covered with tobacco brown satin. A feather ornament of brown and tan trims the sides.

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Hubbard, Molalla and Canby.

The Frozen Ship

By RALPH HUNTER

When I was commanding the Mary Blake, a brigantine, on one of my voyages I started from Tokyo, Japan, for Boston. The crew I had shipped in America at setting out were very good men, but had been thinned out by the hardships of the voyage. Several had been swept overboard by seas coming over her during storms on the Pacific ocean, others had died of fever contracted on the coast of Africa, and several men who went ashore on the Marshall Islands never came back. I suppose they were murdered by the natives.

Unfortunately the men I lost were my best sailors, and the few of the original crew remaining were the worst. To get home I was obliged to pick up a crew in Japan, get more at Hongkong and finish the complement at Naples, Italy. The consequence was that I sailed through the Mediterranean and out on to the Atlantic with the worst lot of seamen ever got together except on a pirate ship.

It was all I could do to handle them. Especially as my first and second mate were afraid of them. The crew soon found this out and were proportionately ugly. The weather turned bad soon after we left Gibraltar, and it was necessary to send men aloft to take in sail.

A mist had frozen on the rigging, and the men wouldn't go. When I told them that if they didn't we were liable to go to the bottom they said they might as well perish that way as to slip overboard from rigging. I and my two mates were obliged to go aloft and get in the sail.

This, of course, was nutting, and the men—at least all except the copperknits among them—knew it. When the whites told the latter we were only some ten days' sail from the American coast and when I got there I could have them hanged if they were all in favor of taking the ship, murdering me and the two mates and turning her into a pirate. In fact, some of them I had shipped in the east had been pirates in the Malay archipelago.

I kept a stiff upper lip, being heavily armed all the while, and by my manner endeavored if I could not cow them to at least convince them that some of them would get killed before they killed me. Besides, there is always government, which, though it cannot protect officers far out on the ocean by force, has even there a great moral effect. In this way I, the only one on the ship who did not show fear of the rascals, endeavored to stave off disaster till we neared the American coast and fell in with other vessels.

There is a point in the Atlantic about where the Titanic was sunk by an iceberg where the arctic stream, having brought the ice down from the north, swings it off to the southeastward. We ran into this neighborhood at a season when a number of these sea mountains were coming along amid fields of ice. On the day we struck the ice the men, incited by one of the worst of them, who took the lead, determined that they would go no nearer the coast, where they were liable to meet with the punishment they deserved.

I was standing on the poop deck looking at several bergs that were in sight and inwardly cursing the fields of ice that were impeding our progress toward the land when I saw the crew or most of them coming aft. Neither of the other officers was on deck, and it occurred to me that they had either been secured or made away with and the men were coming to finish me. Glancing about over the waters in the hope of seeing a vessel, I did see one poke her nose from behind one of the bergs.

Some of the mutineers, seeing me looking over the starboard bow, paused to see what I was looking at. The vessel was moving very slowly with only her jib sails set, while the remnants of other sails that had been blown away were fluttering in the wind. My enemies had calculated on removing me without any one seeing them. As soon as they discovered this vessel most of them hesitated. Their leader endeavored to induce them to go on, but we and the other ship were bound to meet a few miles farther on, and this was too much for the white sailors, especially those who realized that their punishment would be in case they were caught murdering their captain. Encouraged, I drew a revolver with each hand and ordered the men back to the forecastle. Every man obeyed me.

I took up a glass and leveled it on the ship. What I saw convinced me that there was not a living person on her. A man was lashed to the wheel, but he was dead. Another was leaning up against the side of the poop deck, but I was sure he was frozen stiff. Several other bodies were lying on the deck motionless, and all were covered with a coating of ice.

My protectors were dead men. But they were as good as five men as long as my crew believed them to be living. I resolved to act before we got near

COLONEL'S HAT IN RING TO THE LAST

ROOSEVELT AND FRIENDS HAVE LONG CONFERENCE AT OYSTER BAY

EX-PRESIDENT CERTAIN OF SUCCESS

T. R. Denies That Nomination Of Wilson Has Given Third-Party Movement Serious Setback

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 3.—With the Democratic National ticket in the field, Colonel Roosevelt and a group of his lieutenants took up today the work of laying the foundation upon which they hope to build a new party.

Since the birth of the party in Chicago little has been done, as Colonel Roosevelt said he felt it necessary to await the outcome at Baltimore. The situation in the light of the nomination of Woodrow Wilson was discussed at a conference at Sagamore Hill which was attended by Senator Dixon, of Montana; William Flinn, of Pittsburgh; George W. Perkins and Frank A. Munsey, of New York, and E. A. Van Valkenburg, of Philadelphia.

The presence of these men at Sagamore Hill gave rise to reports that the third-party movement had suffered a serious setback as a result of the selection of candidates by the Democratic convention and that some of Colonel Roosevelt's leaders were in favor of abandoning the fight. Colonel Roosevelt denied this emphatically.

"There was no thought of abandoning the fight," said he. "These men simply came to talk over the situation with me and to discuss details of the call for the National convention."

The statement of Governor Osborn, of Michigan, one of the seven Governors who asked Colonel Roosevelt to become a candidate for the Republican nomination that in his opinion was cited by the Colonel as one reason for the reports that all was going well with the movement.

Guns Heard Ninety-seven Miles. My house is on a high hill near Goddard, and as I sat reading one afternoon I heard, or rather felt, a long vibrating boom several times repeated. I thought it must be a motor van maneuvering behind the house, but found nothing there. Then I guessed what it might be and forthwith wrote to the chief gunnery officer of H. M. S. Orion to make sure. Through a very kind courtesy of this gentleman I am able to state for certain that the discharge of the Orion's guns was distinctly audible ninety-seven statute miles from the ship, the sound taking somewhere about eleven minutes to travel the distance.—Letter in London Spectator.

Whistler's Idea of Hands. Whistler, the artist, said: "I always use Irish models for hands, with their long, slender fingers and delightful articulations, the most beautiful appearance in the world. I think Irish eyes are also the most beautiful. American girls' hands come next. English girls have red, coarse hands; the German girl has broad, flat hands, and the Spanish hand is full of big veins."

What He Thought of Reporters. When Fred Kelly first broke into Cleveland journalism he was put on police. One night he was sent to a big fire down on the flats. A reporter named Brown was sent with him. The fire was a whine, and presently Brown disappeared. A wall had fallen, and Kelly was sure Brown was under it. He rushed to the telephone and called up his city editor.

"Say," he shouted into the telephone, "Brown is gone! He's burned up!" "What's that?" asked the city editor. "Brown is burned up, I tell you! He fell into the fire!" "All right," said the city editor, hanging up the telephone. "I'll send another man."—Saturday Evening Post.

An Accident at Sea. "So you say you're an old time sailor. Did you ever have any accidents while at sea?" "Once, mum, I dropped a bowl of hot soup in an old lady's lap."—Detroit Free Press.

The Bashful Man

By M. QUAD

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If Moses Taylor, son of a farmer and twenty-three years old when the incidents about to be related occurred, had been the son of a recluse living in the woods one would not have been surprised to find him a bit bashful. As it was, his bashfulness was known and talked about by half the country.

Up to the age of fourteen Moses was a cheery instead of bashful. He was in love with three different girls. He was in for spelling schools, husking bees, apple parings, circuses and camp meetings, and he was always sent to the village to do the trading. He was in his element when he could chin with a tin peddler or lightning rod man. Then all of a sudden the change came. He went to bed his old self and woke up somebody else. He was so bashful that he could hardly get to the breakfast table to eat with the family. He was hurried and embarrassed and blushing, and when he had escaped from the table after eating half a meal his mother said to the father:

"Jacob, you hitch up and drive to the village after Dr. Williams."

"But why, ma?" he asked. "Because he's needed here. I'm afraid Moses is in for it."

The doctor arrived. His pulse was counted, his tongue examined and his eyes rolled up.

"Um!" said the medical man. "Going to be fever, doctor?" "Don't think so."

"Is it cancer?" "No."

"Going crazy?" "The boy is all right, only he has turned bashful all at once."

Within three months the family was coaxing their best for Moses to become impudent again, but all their efforts were failures. The horseplay would have checked his impudence somewhat, but what are you going to do with a boy that rushes upstairs and crawls under a bed every time a neighbor calls to borrow a drawing of tea? It got to be more than a nuisance, and after it had lasted a year without prospect of a change Dr. Williams was sent for again. Moses started for the woods, but was headed off and tied to a chair.

The conclusion that Dr. Williams arrived at after an hour of poking around was that some sudden shock might scatter the boy's bashfulness and restore his youthful cheek. Several sorts of shocks were suggested, but the rain barrel shock was the one tried. The month was November, and the barrel without the kitchen eaves was full of cold water. Without knowing what was coming young Moses was taken out and dumped in it. It was hoped that he would kick and yell and fight, but he did nothing but sink bashfully to the bottom of the barrel and let them haul him out by the hair before he was quite drowned. The disgusted doctor said there was nothing more to be done but wait and see if the boy would outgrow his ailment.

Moses got no worse and no better. He just continued to be the champion bashful young man of the United States. A room was made for him in the barn, and things were so managed that he seldom came in contact with any one outside the family. Moses had reached the age of twenty-two and was still as bad as a fool and as burdensome as a lunatic, when an old woman who had heard of his case journeyed 100 miles to see him. She didn't get to see him personally, but the mother told her all about it.

If Moses had been bashful about women or about any other one thing it would have been easy to diagnose his case, but he would dodge a cow as quick as a woman. After the old woman had been at the house three days, gathering all the particulars she could, she was ready with a suggestion, and every night before going to bed Moses went down to a creek he had dammed up and took a swim and was an hour about it. This incident was the basis of the suggestion. On a particular night as the watchers saw him leave the barn others slipped in and spread a layer of bluishness over the sheets and a layer of nettles over that. Then a generous supply of both products were scattered over the floor of the barn, and the people cleared out and left a free road.

"The doctor was right about giving him a shock," said the old woman, "but it wasn't the right sort and didn't last long enough. Nettles and bull thistles will do the trick."

Moses uttered a yell and gave a jump almost as soon as he entered the barn, then more yells and more jumps as he made his way to his bed, then yells and whoops and shouts and curses words as he bounced down on the nettles and thistles as he rolled around.

"It has worked!" whispered the old woman, with a sigh of relief. So it had. When Moses cried out for help his bashfulness was gone, never to return. They estimated that had 1,000,000 stings and that 2,000,000 thistles had entered his anatomy and

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that during the week the doctor was there picking out the thistles and snuffing the stings the young man used 100,000 curs, words and worked up a ton of impudence. When he could more around again he wore his hat on his ear, spat over his shoulder and was engaged to a widow within six weeks. Doctors sometimes make mistakes, but old women never do. There is something about nettles and bull thistles that touches the spot.

DATE FROM CONDITIONS. "When I was in the railroad business," said Chauncey M. Depew once, "the president of a small line waited on me to request an exchange of courtesies. I interrogated him, and he said promptly:

"On our line, sir, not only has a collision never occurred, but on our line a collision would be impossible."

"Impossible?" said I. "Oh, come; I know that the latest automatic safety devices are excellent things. But impossible is a large word."

"It's literally true with us, sir," he replied. "How can it be?" said I. "Why," said he, "we own only one train."

A Winning Price Mark. A New York merchant, in speaking about his early experiences in the retail business, said: "I made four ventures in a small way, three of which were, if not failures, unsuccessful. It was the custom in those days to mark all goods with a cost and a selling mark, and the former was essential because the latter was not always lived up to. It was elastic, the one price system being impossible because of competition. My first cost mark was 'God my help,' each letter representing a numeral. Then I had 'Mark honest.' The third mark employed was 'Fulmeasure,' but I had no luck until I changed my cost mark to 'Makeprofit.'"—New York Tribune.

When O'Connell Refused to Fight. There were all sorts of ways of getting out of a duel formerly, as well as of getting into one. N. P. Willis records a conversation with Moore at Lady Blessington's in which Moore defended dueling as "the great preserver of the decencies of society." He was condemning O'Connell for not meeting Peet. O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness and delayed until the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot about the same time refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and a Dublin wit made a good epigram on the two:

Some men with a horror of slaughter Improve on the Scripture command And honor their wife and their daughter, That their days may be long in the land.

WILLAMETTE

Mr. and Mrs. John Rauch have returned from their wedding trip through Southern Oregon, and are spending the 4th with Mrs. Rauch's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Roddy.

Willamette Railway Company's new car came handy for the 4th, as they were obliged to run trailers in connection with the three regular passenger cars.

Leonard Runyan spent the Fourth blackberrying and was lucky enough to get about six gallons.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemay ate picnic dinner with Mrs. Lemay's mother, Mrs. Ella Stevenson, on July 4th.

Miss Edith, Arthur and Esther Rogers left on the upriver boat for Wheatland, where they spent Fourth with their uncle, John Rogers of Amity.

The surveyors are crowding work on the new railroad line. They worked all day July fourth. Willamette is enthusiastic over the prospects of an early line.

SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING AT NEW ERA

The New Era Spiritualist Camp meeting will hold its fortieth annual session from July 6th to August 4th inclusive. Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott Hedden of Kansas City, Mo., will be the principal speakers and message bearers, other good mediums will be present. Come and bring your tents and enjoy a season of recreation, social enjoyment and spiritual upliftment. To those who cannot camp, come and spend a day with us, we have tents to rent or room and board at the hotel. For further information address L. L. Irvin, secretary, Barlow, Oregon.

WOOL MARKET STRONG BUT TRADE IS LIGHT

The wool market continues strong in tone, but trade in this state now is on a small scale as compared with that of a few weeks ago. In both Eastern and Western Oregon the bulk of the 1912 clip has passed out of first hands, and by buyers offering good prices and sellers disposed to let go, the chances are that the unsold holdings will be cleaned up within a short time. For the time Eastern Oregon wool is quoted at an extreme range of 14 to 15 cents, and Valley products at 20 to 22.

Little if any more than 2,000,000 pounds of the state's clip now remains unsold, according to local dealers, and the most of this wool is east of the mountains. The buyers are still in the field, picking up offerings wherever they are to be found, but the season of active buying is virtually ended. On the whole the prices paid to date are said to have been satisfactory to the sheepmen.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows:

DRIED FRUITS—(Buying)—Prunes on basis of 6 to 8 cents. Fruits, Vegetables.

HIDES—(Buying)—Green hides, 7c to 8c; salted 7c; dry hides 12 cents to 14c; sheep pelts, 25c to 75c each. Hay, Grain, Feed.

EGGS—Oregon ranch eggs, 17c case count; 19c candeled. HAY—(Buying)—Timothy, \$12 to \$13; clover, \$8 to \$9; oat hay, best, \$10 to \$11; mixed, \$9 to \$10; alfalfa, \$15 to \$16.50.

OATS—(Buying)—\$35.00 to \$36.50 head 90c bu.; oil meal, selling \$36.50 Shady Brook dairy feed, \$1.30 per 100 pounds. FEED—(Selling)—Shorts, \$30; bran \$25; process barley, \$11.50 per ton. POTATOES—Best buying 85c to 95c according to quality per hundred. POULTRY—(Buying)—Hens 11c to 13c; spring, 17c to 20c, and roosters 8c. Stags 11c.

Butter, Poultry, Eggs. Butter—(Buying)—Ordinary country butter, 20c to 25c; fancy dairy, 30c roll. Livestock, Meats.

BEEF—(Live Weight)—Steers, 5 1/2 and 6 1/2; cows, 4 1/2; bulls 3 1/2. MUTTON—Sheep 3c to 3 1/2c. VEAL—Calves 10c to 12c dressed, according to grade. MOHAIR—53c to 55c.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of J. Philip Shannon, deceased, has filed her final account and report in said estate, and the County Court of Clackamas County, Oregon, has fixed Monday, the 5th day of August, 1912, at ten o'clock A. M. at the County Courtroom in the County Courthouse in Oregon City, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to the said account and the settlement thereof.

BERTHA S. GIESBY, Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of J. Philip Shannon, deceased. JOS. E. HEDGES, Attorney.

Sheriff's Sale. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas. P. M. Holst, Plaintiff, vs. J. M. Anderson, C. M. Anderson, James N. Davis, Trustee in Bankruptcy of the estate of J. M. Anderson, Bankrupt, Defendants. State of Oregon, County of Clackamas—vs.

By virtue of a judgment order, decree and an execution, duly issued out of and under the seal of the above entitled court, in the above entitled cause, to me duly directed and dated the 28th day of June, 1912, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court on the 25th day of June, 1912, in favor of P. M. Holst, Plaintiff, and against J. M. Anderson, Defendant, for the sum of \$1,960.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from the 23rd day of November, 1908, to the present date; and the further sum of \$300.00, as attorney's fee, and interest on said judgment at 6 per cent per annum until paid, commanding me to make sale of the following described personal property situated in the county of Clackamas, state of Oregon, to-wit:

A sawmill formerly owned by Holst and Anderson, located on the North fork of Deep Creek on the W 1/2 of the N.E. 1/4 of Section 18, Twp. 2 S. R. 4 E. of the Willamette Meridian, containing two boilers, one engine, edger, and planer, together with all of the tools and fixtures now at or near said mill. Also all fire timber under and standing on the W 1/2 of the N.E. 1/4 of said section 18 and what is lying North of the field on the N.W. 1/4 of the S.E. 1/4 of Section 18. Excepting and reserving all cedar logs and small, all maple trees, and all fir trees that measure six feet in diameter one foot above the ground, or as much thereof as may be necessary and sufficient to raise the amount due on the judgment as above set forth and expense of the sale.

Now, Therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment order and decree, and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will on Saturday, the 3rd day of August, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the County Court House in said County of Oregon City, in said County and State, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder, for U. S. gold coin cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants or either of them, had on the date of the mortgage herein or since had in or to the above described real property or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment order, decree, interest, costs and all accruing costs.

E. T. MARR, Sheriff of Clackamas County, Oregon. By B. J. STUART, Deputy.

Dated, Oregon City, Ore., June 29th, 1912.