# The Trey O'Hearts

## By Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XXII.

The House Divided. Alone in that strange place of stlence and shadows—that den of the retort from this one. devil's livery, crimson and blackchained to the invalid chair wherein, day in, day out, for years on end, he had suffered the Premethean terments of the life that would not die out of his wretched, wrecked carcass, though

without ceasing sharp-beaked envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness pecked insatiably at his vitals: Seneca Trine sat walting, with the impassivity of a graven figure waiting on the imminent hour of ultimate avengement for the wrong that had made him what he was.

"Another hour! . . . In sixty minutes more they will be here, Judith and Marrophat and Rose-poor fool! -and him! . . . In sixty minutes more they will put him down before me, bound and helpless, if not dead

A slight pause prefaced words that were a whimpered prayer: "God send that he be not dead! Have I lingered



Rose Turned on Her Passionately.

here in anguish all these weary years for the fulfillment of my revenge only to be cheated at the end by Death? God grant that Alan Law may be laid, down still living here at my feet! . Then .

A bitter smile twisted his tortured features: "Then shall my will be done. to him! And then, when I have seen him die as his father died-then-Ah. God!-then at last I too may die!

groan of exasperated protest: delay, when she knows how I suffer? Why have I been put off from day to day with her telegrams that begged for more time and promised everything-but told nothing!-until yester-. . . Where are those messages she sent ma yesterday?"

His one sound hand groped out like a claw and sought a mass of papers on the deak beside him, sorting out from among them two yellow forms. Painfully he blinked over these and slowly his pain-bent lips conned their wording;

"'Alan and Rose safe with me-will bring both home tomorrow night without fail," he read the first aloud; and then the second: "'Have motorcar waiting for me tomorrow morning from three o'clock till called for New Bedford waterfront-Judith.

"No!" he affirmed with the fervor of one persuaded by his own desires: "I must not doubt the girl! She has promised, she has performed:

So still was he, indeed that he seemed to sleep, but so deceptive was that semblance that he was alert for the least sound. The girl entered softly, as if fearful of disturbing his slumbers; but she found him with head erect and eyes a-blaze, "Judith!" he cried, his great voice

vibrating like a brazen bell. "At last! Where is he? You have brought him? Where is he?"

With no more answer than a sigh, the girl drooped her head and let her hands hang limply with palms exposed.

After an instant of incredulous disappointment the man shot a single, frigid question at her:

"You have failed?"

"I have failed," she confessed.

"Why?"

She shrugged slightly. "Who knows why one fails? I did my best: he was too much for me, outwitted me at every turn. Time and again I thought I had him, but always he escaped, either by his own wit and courage or with another's aid. Only yesterday low of my hands-but now I bring you

She faltered, awed by the glare of his infuriated eyes. "Let me explain," she begged.

only Rose.

He snapped her short: "You cannot explain. The thing is impossible, that you should have falled. There is something beneath this, something you will not tell me."

She endeavored to speak, but he enforced silence with a sonorous "No!" His hand sought the row of buttons on the desk and pressed one long.

Almost instantly a servant glided noiselessly into the room.

"My daughter Rose-have brought here to me at once!"

In another moment the replica of his daughter Judith was ushered into his presence.

Upon this one he loosed the lightnings of his wrath without rath

Rose suffered him in silence. His most gailing recrimination educed no

In a full in Trine's tirade, Judith chose to interject: "Don't be so hard on the silly fool: she's not responsible; she's sick with love for that good looking simpleton!"

"And you!" Rose turned on her passionately-"what about you? If I love Alan Law, at least I love him openly. I am not ashamed to own itand I don't pursue him, as you do, pretending I mean to sacrifice him to a wicked family feud, and then spare him every time I meet him, to lead him to believe I haven't the heart to injure him-as you do, hoping so to work upon his sympathies and earn a kindly word and a pat on the head from his hand!"

Flercely she leveled a denunciatory arm at her sister. "There!" she cried to her father-"if you need to knowthere stands the daughter who has betrayed your faith-as I have not, who have never even pretended to approve your villainy!" "I think," Trine announced in a

voice of ice-"I have learned now what I needed to know."

His fingers sought the row of buttons; and when a servant responded, he inquired:

"Mr. Marrophat has returned? "He is in the waiting room, sir."

"Conduct Miss Judith to him and tell him I hold him personally responsible for her safe-keeping. He will

And for a long time thereafter the father, alone with the daughter who had been estranged from him since birth by every instinct of her nature, essayed in vain to break down her mutinous silence.

At last Trine summoned two of his creatures and had her led weeping from the rooms to be held prisoner in her bedchamber on the topmost floor of the house.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

A Sporting Offer. Some two hours later, that same evening, Mr. Alan Law, very much alive and, in spite of a complete new outfit of ready-made clothing, looking much more like himself than he had in a fortnight, issued forth from the Grand Central station, hailed a taxicab, and had himself conveyed to the

Hotel Monolith. But if he looked his proper self once more, it speedily was demonstrated that his wish was otherwise: for after learning from the room-clerk of the Monolith that a suite was being held in the name of Arthur Lawrence, that was the name Mr. Law inscribed on the register.

On the other hand, it was his true name that he gave to the person whom There was a long silence, then a he called upon the telephone immedi-"Why ately after being shown to his rooms. do they not come? Why does Judith But then he was speaking to his old friend and man of business, Mr. Digby. Within another ten minutes this last

was in conference with his employer: "I think you must be out of your head," he insisted nervously, once their first greetings were over, "You might just as sensibly throw yourself from the top of the Metropolitan tower as come to New York while Trine lives and knows you're this side the water."

"Nonsense!" Alan laughed. "Remember this is New York-not the backwoods of Maine!"

Alan paused and smote his palm with a remorseful fist. "By the Eternal, I'm forgetting Barcus!"

"Barcus?" "Chap whose boat I chartered in Portland-sheer luck on my part: he's one of the salt of the arth. First, something must be done for the boy. You've got influence of some sort in

New Bedford, surely?" Digby reflected: "Some There's George Blaine, justice of the peace-" "The very man. Telegraph him in Barcus' interests immediately. And none the less deferred action until telegraph Barcus as well-send him after midnight. a hundred for expenses, and tell him to join me here in New York as quick

as he can!" "Your friend's address?" Digby inquired, mildly ironic as he sat down at the desk and fumbled with the sup-

ply of stationery. of police surveillance) in the neigh-"New Bedford fail, of course!" Alan borhood of the Riverside drive home of chuckled-but cut his laugh in two as his mortal enemy, a grim white house something fluttered from the pack of that towered, stark and tall, upon a envelopes which Digby had disturbed corner. and fell to the floor between the two

Face up, it grinned sardonic mockery of Alan's confidence: it was a trey of hearts.

With an ashen face and a trembling hand, Digby stooped to pick the showed only a feeble glimmer, so slight damned thing up; but Alan was beforehand with him, and got his fingers first upon the card.

"Now will you believe?" Digby demanded huskily.

"In what? A simple coincidence?" Alan flouted, "Not I! Who knows I'm night they were all three in the hol- in New York-or that the Arthur Lawrence for whom your agent engaged these rooms was Alan Law. No. my friend: it's a bit too thick for me. Take my word for it, this is nothing more nor less than a souvenir of a pokerparty held by yesterday's tenant of this suite."

stood half-finished, stonework to its "Perhaps-perhaps!" Digby assentsecond story, gaunt fron skeleton reared, stroking tremulous lips. "But I'm ing above. afraid for you, my boy. Who knows that Trine's spies were not watching the guardian very wide awake, very my man when he made this reservamuch on the job: no chance here to tion? Who knows but that 'Arthur steal unseen into the building. Lawrence' was too thin a disguise for Alan Law? I tell you, I'm frightened deemed a suspicious circumstance: to the marrow of my old bones! Do not for nothing does an honest night me this favor at least, my boy: now watchman so deny the laws of nature that you've been warned, whether by and the tenets of his craft. But Alan accident or design-we won't argue merely praised the man while cursing that-do leave town-go incognito to the very fact of his existence; and, acsome quiet place near by and wait costing, overcame with bank-notes but this proved a very considerable

atlantic steamer. Oh, surely you can't reluctance, and got his way. deny me this one wish of my fond old heart, my boy!"

With a gesture of unfelgned affection Alan dropped a hand on Digby's shoulder.

"There's nothing on earth I would not do for you," he said: "you've been a father and a mother to me ever elnce I can remember, even if we were separated, most of the time, by three thousand miles of salt water. But this thing-I can't do it, even for you. I can't do it even for myself. Rose Trine is here in New York, in the bands and at the mercy of her father their mercy will be when you learn all that she has done for me. I won't go and I can't go until I find her and take her with me. And that is final."

wildly at a straw of hope, "I have your half-drawn curtains. word you'll go, providing I find and restore Rose to you?"

"You have my word to that, unquestionably. Bring Rose to me, and I'll gladly shake the dust of New York from my shoes, and never return till. Trine is put away comfortably in his grave."

"It shall be done," Digby promised. "It must!"

"You believe that?" "In twelve hours Rose shall be restored to you.'

"Will you make a book on it? I'll bet you something happens-and hope I lose into the bargain. If you believe you can carry out your promise, wire the White Star line to reserve the best available suite on the Oceanic, sailing tomorrow morning at tenand make arrangements for a marriage before the boat sails."

"Til go you," Digby agreed: "and if I fail, I forfelt the cost of the reservation. But about this marriage-" He hesitated.

"You'll have to have a license in

to-be. There won't be time-

self-

very man!"

"Then we'll marry in Jersey!" Alan

insisted, "Dig up some clergyman over

there, if you don't know one your-

"Oh, I'm well acquainted with the

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Time o' Night.

devices (whose proposed character

Digby would never have approved had

he so much as suspected them) Alan

And esplonage was all he feared-

It was about one in the morning

when he arrived inconspicuously (but

not so much so as to seem deserving

His preliminary reconnoisance pro-

vided little more than comfortless ex-

ercise. Huge, still, its wall bathed in

the milk and ink of moonlight and

shadow, all its windows dark but

one-and that one, in the topmost tier,

But once discovered, it focused upon

itself his thoughts with a power little

He believed with small doubt that

Rose was a prisoner within those

walls; that Judith must have con-

And, this being the presumptive case,

Directly across the street from the

Trine residence, on the opposite cor-

ner, a colossal apartment structure

To his infinite disgust. Alan found

This in itself might have been

that small, high window of the light

veyed her there with all speed.

that Alan almost overlooked it.

less than hypnotic.

might well be hers.

save and except always, of course, fail-

ure to find his Rose.

Not ill-pleased to be left to his own

Alan's Appearance at the Hotel Mono lith.

by applying in person with your bride- | back of the case, and closed it upon

chasm.

the folded message.

discovered his peril.

foot in length.

right hand to strike.

the fellow's face.

held the knife.

Then drawing back his arm, he

breathed a silent prayer to the god of

all true lovers, and cast it from him

with all his might-with such force

that it almost unseated him at the end

of the swing. But nothing less would

have served to bridge that yawning

And the watch flew straight and

At that very instant of his exultation

The assassin had come that close

The same moonbeam which had

aided Alan in the composition of his

message struck across the other's face.

and showed it like a hideous Chinese

mask of deadly hatred, with its eye-

balls glaring and its lips drawn back

from the naked blade gripped between

its teeth-a stiletto nothing short of a

With a sharp, startled movement,

Alan swung himself bodily about, so

that, seated again astride the girder,

he faced the assassin who sat up,

straddling the girder, his feet hooked

beneath it a stiletto poised in his

But even now Alan was in little or

no better case than before. If he faced

the thug, he faced him with no arms

other than his bare hands. He had not

With a low cry of desperation Alan

snatched off his hat, a soft and shape-

less felt affair, and flung it squarely in

Before he could recover-before,

that is, it dropped away and cleared

his vision, Alan had bent forward and

grasped the wrist of the hand that

He snatched simultaneously at the

Alan had this advantage, as long as

the knife might not strike—that his

right arm was free, while the assassin

had only his left. With this he strove

persistently to reach his knife-hand

and possess himself of the weapon.

As persistently Alan folled his purpose

by dragging the knife-hand toward him

and swinging it far out to one side. At

the same time he struck repeatedly

with his clenched right fist at the oth-

er's face. His blows did little dam-

age beyond disconcerting the other;

other hand, but it eluded him.

even a pen-knife in his pockets.

sound behind him of heavy breathing.

upon his prey when Alan turned and

dow and to the further wall. . .

there for the sailing of the next trans- what seemed an uncommonly stubborn

He could not know that another skulked behind a barrier of lime barrels and overheard all that passed and, when Alan had ducked smartly into the unfinished building, rose and stole after him with footsteps as noiseless as a cat's and a face that had the savagery of a tiger's when it was transiently revealed in a shaft of moonlight.

At length Alan gained the gridiron of girders on a plane with the lighted window across the way, and crept along one of these, gingerly on his hands and knees, until he came to its and sister: and you may judge what | end and might, if he cared to, look down a hundred feet to the sidewalks.

That view, however, did not tempt; he kept his eyes level; and was rewarded with a bare glimpse of a pret-"Then," Digby struck in, grasping tily-papered wall, framed in the lace of

And of sudden-whether through fortuity, or instinct, or the psychological attraction of his steadfast concentration-the tenant of the room came to the window and stood there for a little, looking pensively out, altogether unconscious of the watcher in his aerial coign.

Again a horrible uncertainty harassed him. Was the woman Rose or Judith? That she was one of these he could plainly see. But which? Dared he assume his hopes fulfilled?

With difficulty he detached his hungry vision from her, and drawing from his pocket a small notebook, tore out a blank page, placed this flat on the girder, found a pencil, and with the assistance of a ray or two of moonlight scrawled a message of almost stenographic brevity. When he looked up from this task,

she had vanished.

Sitting up, astride the girder, he took his watch-a cheap affair he had the garments of civilized society, at this state-and can't get one except Providence, that morning-opened the factor to the duel. In the end, they "The one who gets the trey of hearts served tegether with that steady, resistless downward and outward drag, gain?" to break the grip of the man's locked

Abruptly he pitched forward on his face along the girder, kicking wildly, grasping at the air. The stiletto fell from an instinctively relaxed grasp, and disappeared. And before Alan could release his hold, or ease the strain upon the right arm of the assassin, this last had slipped bodily from the girder and hung helpless in arm-with no more than the grip of her hand.

five fingers between him and death, The shock of that unpresaged turn brought Alan forward and flat on his stomach. And the strain on his left arm was terrific. He doubted if he could maintain it for another minute. Nor was there any reason why he should retain it. The end he had designed for his victim was merely his just desert.

And yet Alan could not let him go. Thus the battle began anew-but now it was a battle with a man half- tol. crazed and struggling so madly that he well-nigh frustrated the efforts of his rescuer.

In the upshot the assassin lay like a limp rag across the girder, head and arms dangling on one side, legs and feet on the other, spent with his terrific exertions and physically sick with terror.

And in this state Alan left him: he had done enough; let the man shift for himself from this time on.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Changeling.

In the vague, chill gray of that dull and desolate dawn, Judith stirred abruptly on the couch of a sleepless night, and with the rapidity of one who has arrived at a settled purpose picked up when reciething himself in after a long period of doubt and per- it?" plexity, rose and bathed and dressed herself in negligee.

In the adjoining room she could hear small, stealthy noises-the sounds made by her sister moving about and preparing against the unguessable moment when her rescue would be attempted, according to the information conveyed in that midnight message.

For chance had conspired with her insomnia to station Judith in the recess of her darkened window, idly viewing the gaunt framework of the unfinished building from an angle which, when Alan edged out along the girder, showed him plainly in silhouette against the sky. In Judith's eyes his identity was un-

mietakable. She had hardly needed the night-glasses which presently she brought to bear upon him at the moment when he was laboriously inditing his message-while grim death stalked him from behind. She had seen him throw the watch

and had heard the double thump of its impact with the wall and floor of Rose's bedchamber. And she had witnessed with wildly

beating heart that duel in the airable to surmise its outcome only from the fact that the victor spared the life of the vanquished.

The clock was striking six as she left her room: across the street work ingmen were streaming into the building to begin the labors of the day.

Brushing unceremoniously past the drowsy and indifferent guard in the corridor outside the door to Rose's room, Judith turned the key that remained in the lock on the outside, removed it, entered, and locked the door behind her.

Without any surprise she found her sister already dressed to the point of donning her outer garments.

Rendered half-frantic by this unexpected interruption, threatening as it true, squarely through the lighted windid the perilous scheme that Alan had proposed, Rose greeted her sister with a countenance at once aghast and over an obstacle overcome, he heard a wrathful.

> "What do you want?" she demanded tensely. "To come to an understanding with

> you," Judith told her coolly. "There is no understanding possible between us: you know that as well as

> "I insist that you leave this room at once!" "Insist by all means-and be damned! I may leave this room-and

I may not, dear little sister. But one

"Yet one there must be."

of us will never leave it alive." With a start of terror, Rose shrank back from this strange, wild thing that wore the very shape and semblance of herself.

"What do you mean? You cannot mean to murder me in cold blood, Judith?"

"Not I!" Judith laughed harshly. But, since it has pleased Destiny to decree that we must both love one man-let Destiny decide between us and bear the blame of murder!" "Judith!" "One moment!" Crossing to a side

table, Judith took up a glass from a tray that held a silver water-pitcher, and returned with it to the table that occupied the middle of the floor. At the same time she opened a hand till then fast clenched and disclosed a small biue bottle with a red label shrieking the warning "POISON!" "Strychnine," she explained com-

posedly, "in solution." And emptied the bottle into the glass. A measure of courage returned to

Rose. "Do you expect to be able to make me drink that?" she demanded walk. contemptuously. "Not I-but Destiny, if it will! See

here." From a pocket of her dressinggown Judith produced a sealed deck of will of Destiny toward us. I will break the seal, shuffle the cards, and deal," she explained, suiting action to word, within four hours safe at sea!"

will drain that glass. Is it a bar-

"Never! Oh, now I know that you are altogether mad!" "Perhaps. Are you ready!"

Judith made as if to deal. "No-never! I tell you I refuse!" Rose chattered, terrified,

"You dare not refuse."

"Why?" "Because of this."

Whipping a small revolver from another pocket of her dressing-gown, Juspace, dangling at the end of Alan's dith placed it on the table, ready to "You will shoot me if I do not con-

sent!"

"Not you-but him. If you refuse, \$10 little sister, I will shoot Alan Law dead when he comes to keep his appointment with you."

"Ah!" Rose cried in mingled fright and amazement. "How did you find out?"

about the trey of hearts? Remember, I shall keep my word about this pis-

With a shudder Rose bowed her head.

"Deal," she muttered fearfully, "and may God judge between ua!" One by one she stripped the cards from the top of the deck, dealing first

to Rose, then to herself. One by one they fluttered to the \$187. table on either side the glass of poison, and fell face uppermost.

The trey of hearts fell to Judith. There was an instant of silent dread, ended by Rose, as Judith's hand moved steadily toward the glass.

"Judith!" she implored. "Don't-I beg of you-I didn't mean it-I take back my consent-"Too late!" said Judith, lifting the \$10.

glass and eyeing its contents with a strange smile. "Judith! you cannot mean to drink

"Can't I, though?" the other laughed mirthlessly. "Just watch me!"

With a strangled cry Rose covered her face with her hands to shut out the sight, stood momentarily swaying, and dropped to the floor in a complete faint.

Delaying only to recognize this phenomena with a pitying smile for the nomena with a pitying smile for the Trombley, 25-100 acres, section 25, weakness of spirit that caused it, Judith's glance darted through the window and saw that which caused her to stay her hand an instant longer.

On the topmost tier of girders of the building opposite, Alan Law stood amid a little knot of amused and animated laborers, one foot in the great steel hook of the hoisting tackle, both hands clasping the chain that linked it to the gigantic block.

And as Judith stared, he smiled at something said by one of those about him, looked back, and waved a hand to some person invisible.

Immediately the arm began to ifft, the tackle to move slowly through the and outward. With a cry Judith flung the poison lamette meridian; \$2090.

heedlessly from her, leaned across the room, and snatched up the etreet garments Rose had dropped at her sisters lows;

In another mement she was struggling madly into them. Before the shadow of Alan, clinging



"Not I-but Destiny, If It Will!"

"Sweetheart! My bravest little "!woman The hook hung steadily within six inches of the window-ledge. Alan ex-

window, she was dressed and clam-

bered out upon the sill.

tended his arm. "Nothing to fear, except lest I hold you too tight, dear one!" Without a word Judith set her foot

beside his in the hook, surrendered to his embrace, and closed her eyes. Immediately they were swung away from the window, over toward the opposite sidewalk, and gently lowered to the street.

"Maybe this isn't a good scheme!"

Alan exulted in the innocence of his heart. "But I think it is. And those workingmen think it a great lark-I told them the simple truth, you see: that we were eloping!" By way of answer Judith breathed

only a word of tenderness. And that instant the hook paused and Alan stepped off upon the side-

"Safe and sound-and not a soul

over there the wiser as yet!" he declared with a derisive nod toward the home of Trine. "Come along. Here's playing cards. "Let these declare the a limousine waiting. In twenty minutes we'll be at the ferry, in forty over in Jersey, within an hour married,

(To be continued.)

### REAL ESTATE

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Thursday are as fol-

John W. Loder et ux. to William Put-ter et ux., tract of land in section 10, township 3 south, range 2 east of Witismette meridian: \$1.

John W. Gheen et ux. to Frank f.

ship 6 south, range 2 cast of Williams ette meridian; \$1. Lowe Dul'uy et ux. to A. J. Fair-hurst et ux., lot 8, Wilson's Acres;

C. B. Hussell et ux. to Lowe DuPuy,

W. A. Alcorn et ux. et al. to J. A. Marriman, lot 4, block 20, Brightwood

J. A. Marriman et ux. to Frank & Larza, 's lot 4, block 20, Brightwood Edward O. Spulak to Kate Spulak,

160 acres in the southeast 14, section is, township 5 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$10. Harry Moehnke ct ux. to Fred Heft,

by acres in section 6, township 4 outh, range 3 cast of Willamette mo-Sandy Land Co. to Percy T. Shelley,

lot 3, block 5, Sandy, \$1. Heary Epperson et ux to Louise Trombley, east %, southwest %, south-west %, section 24, township I south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian;

Edward Closner et ux. to B. E. Woos-ter, 1% acres in the D. W. Lucker donation land claim in township 4 south. range 4 east of Willamette meridian;

ing: \$175. James Mann to John Benson, 120acres in the northwest 14. southeast 14. northwest %, northeast %, northeast %, section 35, township 2 south, range east of Willamette meridian; \$1.

Real estate transfers filed with the ounty recorder Monday are as fol Frank Burkholder et ux. to George B. Ward, lots 1 and 2, block 3, Oregon.

City Annex; \$10. Addie S. Kinbler et vir. to A. J. Wat-

Fanney Dakes Nee to Oregon Apple Orchard, block \$5, Jennings Lodge

lamette meridian: \$7000 E. P. Riley et ux. to Clackamas Title Co., 4.644 acres in the William Mat-lock donation land claim in township

meridian; \$10. Eva M. Mcelland et vir. to B. L. Wil cox, 10 acres in section 14, towns 4 south, range 4 east of Williamette

meridian; \$1. Irving L. Clark et ux. to B. L. Wilcox, west %, northeast %, section 24, township 4 south, range 2 east of Wil-

John W. Loder et ux, to William J. blocks. Very gently he was swung up Mahoney et ux. 51/2 acres in section township 3 south, range 2 east of Wil-

Real estate fransfers filed with the county recorder Tuesday are as fol-

George F. Horton et ux. to John Yunker et ux., 10 acres in township 2 south,

William E. Welch et ux. to Mary to the hook and chain, fell athwart the Agnes Kelley, tract of land in section township 3 south, range 7 east of Williamette meridian: \$10.

> ship 2 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

r., lot 7, block 2, Stanley; \$1400. T. C. Akerson to Mabel E. Watson,

ridian: \$800. 12 acres in section 8, township 5 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian;

10 acres in section 8, township 4 south range 1 east of Willamette meridian;

T. C. Akerson to Mae E. St. Helens, 12 acres in section 8, township 4 south, range 1 east of Willamette me-

county recorder Wednesday are as fol-L. D. Lenon et ux. to J. J. Reckey, Jennie B. F. Martin et ux. to Mary

acres in section 4, township 4 south range I east of Willamette meridian't M. C. Young et ux. and W. F. Young et ux. to A. G. Normanson, 60 acres in section 18, township 3 south, range 1 west of Willamette meridian; \$4875. Joseph Hawkins to Luella M. Hawk-

south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$10. W. A. Proctor et ux. to Gilbert Hauglum, tract of land in Clackamas coun-

Hauglum, tract of land in Clackamas county; \$1. CLACKAMAS ABSTRACT & TRUST COMPANY.

Dizzy, Billious? Constipated?

Dr. King's New Life Pills will cure you, cause a healthy flow of Bile and ids your Stomach and Howels of waste and fermenting body poisons. are a Tonic to your Stomach and Liver and tone the general system. First dose will cure you of that depressed, dizzy, billous and constipated condi-

mette meridian; II. William Putter et ux. to John William der, same tract as above descrit

Berry, 159.24 acres in section 6, town-

A. J. Watson et ux. to T. M. Keller, tract in section 26, township 4 south, range 4 cast of Willamette meridian;

et ux. lot 8, Wilson's Acres, \$1250.

W. A. Proctor et ux. to C. E. Milico,
tract of tand in Clackamas cronty; \$1.
Claus Peters et al. to Jake Peters,
lot 22, block 7, Marion; \$1.
Real estate transfers filed with the

"Never mind. Is it a bargain, now, ridian; \$1000.

William H. Boring et ux. to C. C. Wolfe, southwest 1/4 of Tract 8, Bur

W. A. Alcorn et ux. et al., to A. J. Kranklin, lot 2, block 20, Brightwood;

son, southeast & southeast & soction 36, township 4 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

south, range 2 east of Willamette

lamette meridlan; \$1.
George H. Gregory et ux. to H. C.
Robbins, lots 7, 8 and 9, block 1, Gregory's 1st addition to Molalia; \$800.

range I east of Willamette meridian;

W. A. Goreman to Lelander H. Meyers et ux., 50 acres in section 36, town-

Wallace F. Miller and George T. Parry to Mary V. Parker, lot 10, block , Stanley; \$300. Wallace F. Miller et ux. and George T. Parry et ux. to James E. Parker et

10 acres in section 8, township 4 south, range 1 cast of Willamette me-T. C. Akerson to David T. Ackerson.

T. C. Akerson to Ralph H. Akerson.

ridian; \$540. Real estate transfers filed with the

lows: 616 acres in township 6 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; \$16. E. Walker, tract 3, Oak Grove; \$50. Roy G. Chubb to Annie M. Chubb, 35

ins, 14.91 acres in the Joseph Hawk-ins' Tracts in section 30, township 1

ty; \$1. W. A. Proctor et ux. to Sunneva

Land Titles Examined. Abstracts of Title Made. Office over Bank of Oregon City.

tion. 25c, all Druggists.