hundred willing hands to release him.

Quest drew up the rope quickly,

warned by a roar of anxious voices

Then he commenced to descend, let-

ting himself down hand over hand, al-

ways with one eye upon that length

of rope that swung below. Suddenly,

as he reached the second foor a lit-

tle cry from the crowd warned him

of what had happened. Tongues of

flame curling out from the blasing

building had caught the rope, which

was being burded through not a dozen

feet away from him. He descended

a little farther and paused in mid-

A shout from the crowd reached

He glanced round. Heven or eight

feet away, and almost level with him.

was a double row of telegraph wires.

Almost as he saw them the rope below

him burned through and fell to the

ground. He sweng a little towards

the side of the house, pushed himself

vigorously away from it with his feet.

and at the farthest point of the out-

sob of relief from the people below.

before me?" he saked a bystander.

enough to hear the former's words.

ly surged around bim.

thut!

were talking.

ment.

vishly

dred dollars for his arrest!"

CHAPTER XV.

chair and greeted Quest with some

Quest smoked in silence for a mo-

"Any mail for me, professor?"

Quest opened it and read it through.

"The men you inquired for are both

here. They have sold an automobile

Quest studied the message for a

"Say, this is rather interesting, pro-

fessor," he remarked. "These are

the two thugs who set upon me

at the section house. They killed the

signal man, who could have been

my alibi, and swiped my car, in

which, as it cannot be found, French

supposes that I returned to New York.

With their arrest the case against

me collapses. I tell you frankly, pro-

fessor," Quest continued frowning. "I

found that girl; but I am not sure

that the quickest way to set things

right would not be to go down, arrest

these men and bring them back here,

and seem to be spending the proceeds.

"No news of Craig?" he asked.

cape as best I could."

asked abruptly.

"Only this!"

Shall I arrest?

handed him a telegram.

town in Connecticut:

"The cables! Try the cables!"

RUMOR STARTS SQUATTER RUSH TO ALASKA TRACT

WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN ARE AMONG ARMED HOLDERS OF LAND.

REPORT THAT 60 ACRES IS TO

road caused a stampede of squatters who have occupted almost all of the

Many prominent business men and several women are among the squat ters, who have armed themselves with rifles to prevent claim jumping, There have been several minor quarrels, but as yet no one has been hurt.

United States District Judge Fred M. Brown had planned to obtain use of this tract as a temporary camp for the hundreds of men who are hurrying to Seward from all parts of Alaska and from the United States as a result of the announcement that Seward would be the tidewater terminus of the goverament railroad to Fairbanks.

Deputy United States Attorney Whithery said today that the land belongs to the Alaskan Northern until the sale of the road to the government is spleted by the payment July 1 of unless the railroad company files a complaint of trespass.

The rush to seize claims on the terminal tract began Sunday morning. The first lot was staked by B. R. Laberee, son of the former receiver of the Alaska Northern.

ed Seward today, the stampede continged and squatters were busy setting up tents and clearing their lots.

EXPERT SHOWS HIGH

GROWING OF OATS BRINGS LOSS INSTEAD OF PROFIT, HE TESTIFIES.

farm earnings was a new angle which long. Send me a mesage every now entered the western freight rate hear. and then." ing today with the testimony of E. J Thompson, of the United States de. front of the window. Once more his partment of agriculture. Mr. Thomp- eyes swept the narrow street with its of farm economics, told of data gath- suddenly he found himself gripping ered by federal officials in Indiana, Il the window sill in a momentary thrill linois and Iowa. He testified that in of rare excitement. His vigil was that district one farmer out of 22 rewarded at last. The man for whom made more than \$2000 a year after de he was waiting was there! Quest ducting all expenses and 5 per cent watched him cross the street, glance on the actual investment.

273 farms considered in the three to the little wireless and his fingers states," said Mr. Thompson, "paid for the privilege of working his farm." The cost of growing an acre of corn

was placed by the witness at \$20.30 for an average yield of 45 bushels to "Based on the actual selling price

offered to the farmer after harvest," said Mr. Thompson, 'the farmers received only two mills profit on a bushel of corn. The cost of raising a bushel of oats, figured on actual data from 577 acres, was 49.9 cents, and the average price received for outs was 38 cents a bushbel, a loss of 11.3 cents a bushel."

For ten months ending April 1, Eugene shows \$439,088 building record, as against \$284,924 for preceding year.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

county recorder Thursday are as fol-

William S. Flynn et ux to Ruby An- inal. derson, lot 7, block "F" Wilsonville:

R. H. Snodgrass et ux. to E. F. Wallace, all the fir timber on a tract of range 3 east of Willamette meridian: land in section 7, township 5 south. William H. Curtiss et ux. to John S.

Rohrer et ux., lots 10 and 12, block 5, Robertson: \$10. Real estate transfers filed with the

lows:

M. H. Hostetler et ux. to C. G. Yo- fugitive. der et ux. 614 acres in section 31, township 4 south, range I east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

E. F. Riley et ux. to Charles W. Lennebacker, tract of land in section 22 township 2 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian: \$10.

J. K. Muir et ux. to Albert S. Wells, tract of land in section 31, township 2 south, range 3 east of Willamette me

acres in section 31, township 4 south. Doyle et ux. lots 5, 6, block 4, Robert- lamette meridian; \$5000. range 1 east of Willsmette meridian; Margaret L. Hoberts et al. to Wil-

Ham P. Jacks et ux., lots 5, 6, 43, 44, ship 5 south, range 1 east of Willam- ette meridian; \$10. block 41, Minthorn addition to Port- ette meridian; \$10.

Hazelton, one acre in Clackamas coun- south, range 4 east of Willamette me-

ridian; \$400.

The BLACK BOX By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of "Mr. Grew of Monte Carlo," "The Vanished Mess-enger," "The Lighted Way," etc.

Noveltant from the motion picture drama of the same name produced Einbersal Film Mentifacturing Company. Tilmetrated with photographs from the motion picture production duced by the

SYNOPSIS.

BE OPENED CAUSES STAMPEDE

BE OPENED CAUSES STAMPEDE

BE OPENED CAUSES STAMPEDE

Despite Snowstorm at Seward, Tents

Continue to Rise on Valuable

Ground—New Road Not

to interfere,

BEWARD, Alasaka, April 19.—Rumors that the Alaska Engineer commination had decided to throw open to set tlement the Soacre terminal tract here acquired by the government with the purchase of the Alaska Northern Rail-road caused a stampede of squatters

BEWARD at the Alaska Engineer commination had decided to throw open to set tlement the Soacre terminal tract here acquired by the government with the purchase of the Alaska Northern Rail-road caused a stampede of squatters

CAUTE HASTALLEENT manter criminologist

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

THE UNSEEN TERROR.

CHAPTER XIV.

With a little gesture of despair Quest turned away from the instrument which seemed suddenly to have become so terribly unresponsive, and looked across the vista of square roofs and tangled masses of telephone wires to where the lights of larger New York flared up against the sky. From his attic chamber the roar of the city a few blocks away was always in his ears. He had forgotten in those hours of frenzied solitude to fear for his own safety. He thought only of Lenora. He paused once more before the little instrument.

"Lenora, where are you?" he sigthe first \$500,000 on the \$1,500,000 pur. naled. "I have taken a lodging in the chase price. Mr. Whitlesy said he Servants' club. I am still in hiding. would not interfere with the squatters hoping that Craig may come here. I am very anxious about you."

Still no reply! Quest drew a chair up to the window and sat there with folded arms looking down into the street. Suddenly he sprang to his feet. The instrument quivered-there was a message at last! He took it Despite a snowstorm, which blanket. down with a little choke of relief.

"I don't know where I am. I am terrifled. I was outside the garage when I was selzed from behind. The 'Hands' held me. I was unconscious until I found myself here. I am now in an attic room with no window except the skylight, which I cannot reach. I can see nothing-hear nothing. No one COST OF FARMING has hurt me, no one comes near me. Food is pushed through a door, which is locked again immediately. The terrified!

"I have your message," he signaled. "Be brave! I am watching for Craig. CHICAGO, April 20,-Discussion of Through him I shall reach you before

Quest again took up his vigil in son, who is in charge of the section constant stream of passers by. Then furtively to the right and to the left. "One farmer out of every three on then enter the club. He turned back worked as though inspired

"I am on Craig's track," he signaled. "Be brave."

He walted for no reply, but opened the door and, stealing softly out of the room, suddenly confronted Craig in the deserted hallway. Before he could utter a cry Quest's left hand was over his mouth and the did muzzle of an automatic pistol was pressed to his

"Turn round and mount those stairs, Craig," Quest ordered. Craig turned flowly round and

obeyed. He mounted the steps with reluctant footsteps, followed by Quest. "Through the door to your right," the latter directed. "That's right! Now sit down in that chair facing

Quest closed the door carefully. Craig sat where he had been ordered, Real estate transfers filed with the his fingers gripping the arms of the chair. In his eyes shone the furtive, terrified light of the trapped crim-

"What do you want with me?" Craig volume. Quest threw open the door asked doggedly.

"First of all," Quest replied, "I carried off from the professor's gar- out of this."

Craig shook his head. "I know nothing about her."

Quest continued, "and sent for me, are cut off! We cannot get down!" county recorder Friday are as fol- When I arrived I found the garage door open, Lenora gone and you a fumbling under his trucklebed. He

Bewilderment struggled for a moment with blank terror in Craig's ex- rope attached. pression.

me in the garage?" Quest smiled, stretched out his right

ly with the pocket wireless.

"In just the same way," he enplained, "that I am sending her this! message at the present moment-s message which she will receive and understand wherever she is hidden. Would you like to know what I am telling her?"

The man shivered. His eyes, as though fascinated, watched the little Instrument.

"I am saying this, Craig," Quest continued. "Craig is here and in my power. He is sitting within a few feet of me and will not leave this room until he has told me your whereabouts. Keep up your courage, Lenora. You shall be free in an hour."

The trapped man looked away from the instrument into Quest's face. There was a momentary flicker of something that might have passed for courage in his tone.

"Mr. Quest," he said, "you are a wonderful man, but there are limits to your power. You can tear my tongue out from my mouth, but you cannot force me to speak."

Quest leaned a little farther forward in his chair, his gaze became more concentrated.

"That is where you are wrong, Craig. That is where you make a mistake. In a very few minutes you will be telling me all the secrets of your heart." Craig shivered, drew back a little

in his chair, tried to rise and fell back again helpless. "My God!" he cried. "Leave me alone!

"When you have told me the truth," Quest answered swiftly, "and you will tell me all I want to know in a few . Your eyelids are getting a little heavy, Craig. Don't resist. Something which is like sleep is coming over you. You see my will has yours by the throat."

Craig shook his head. A very weak smile of triumph fifekered for a moment at the corners of his lips. "Your torture chamber trick won't work on me!" he exclaimed. -"You

can never-" The whole gamut of emotions seemed already to have spent themselves in the man's face, but at that moment there was a new element, an element of terrified curiosity in the

expression of his eyes as he stared towards the door. "Is this another trick of yours?" he

Quest, too, turned his head and sprang instantly to his feet. From nnderneath the door came a little puff house seems empty, yet I fancy that I of smoke. There was a queer sense am being watched all the time. I am of heat of which both men were simultaneously conscious. Down in Quest drew the instrument towards | the street arose a chorus of warning shouts, increasing momentarily in



"Mount Those Stairs, Craig."

and closed it again at once. want to know what you have done briefly. "Pull yourself together, man, "The place is on fire," he announced with my assistant, the girl whom you We shall have all we can do to get Craig turned to the door, but stag-

gered back almost immediately. "The stairs are going!" he shricked. "She locked you in the garage," "It is the kitchen that is on fire. We Quest was on his hands and knees, pulled out a crude form of fire eacape, a rough sort of cradle with a

'Know how to use this?" he asked "How do you know that she locked Craig quickly. "Here, catch hold. Put your arms inside this strap."

Yard by yard, swinging a little in arm and his long fingers played soft- the air, Craig made his descent. When he arrived in the street there were a

clear myself, and then go tooth and nail for Craig." "I agree with you most heartily," the professor declared. "I recommend any course which will insure the return of my man Craig!"

"I cannot promise you that you will ever have Craig here again," Quest observed grimly. "I rather fancy Sing Sing will be his next home."

Quest stepped off the cars at Bethel out a final, despairing message. a little before noon that morning. The sheriff met him at the depot and greeted him cordially but with obvious sur-"Say, Mr. Quest," he exclaimed, as

are wanted on your charge, but I thought-you'll excuse me for saying so-that you were in some trouble Quest nodded. fied and Red Gallagher and his mate

arrested every scrap of evidence against me goes. Well, here's the garage and the man who bought the car," the sheriff "Put it Away; You Know You Daren't Use It."

ward swing jumped. His hands grappled the telegraph wires safely. Even in the road. It's for you to say whethin that tense moment he heard a little er it can be identified."

Quest drew a sigh of reitef. Hand over hand he made his way "That's mine, right enough," he doto the nearest pole and slipped easily clared. "Now for the men." to the ground. The crowd immediate-Bay, I want to tell you some-"These two are real thugs. They ain't wrote a few words: Where is the man who came down

going to take it lying down." "Talking to the police in the car "Where are they?" Quest deover yonder," was the hearse reply, manded "Say, guv'nor, you only just made

"In the worst saloon here," the sheriff replied. "They've been there pret- mad!" Craig pushed his way through the ty well all night, drinking, and they're crowd to where Craig was speaking there again this morning, hard at it. eagerly to Prench. He stopped short They've got firearms, and though I and stooped down. He was near ain't exactly a nervous man, Mr. Quest-'

"You leave it to me," Queet Inter-"Mr. French, you saw the man come down the ropes and swing on the carupted. "This is my job and I want bles! That was Quest, Sanford Quest, to take the men myself." the man who escaped from the Tombs "You'll never do it," the sheriff de-

prison. He can't have got away yet." clared. Quest drew off his coat, turned it in-"Look here," Quest explained, "if I let you and your men go in, there side out and replaced it swiftly. He coolly picked up a hat someone had will be a free fight, and as likely as

lost in the crowd and pulled it over not you will kill one, if not both of the men. I want them alive." his eyes. He passed within a few "Well, it's your show," the sheriff feet of where Craig and the inspector admitted, stopping before a disreputable looking building. "This is the "Say, boys, Sanford Quest is in the

crowd somewhere. He's the man who "Woll," Quest decided, "I'm going jumped on the cable lines. A hun-Quest turned reluctantly away. Men for help or if you hear any shootwere rushing about in all directions ing.

"You're asking for trouble," the sheriff warned him.

"I've got to do this my own way." Quest Insisted. "Stand by now." The professor awang round in his He pushed open the door of the saoon. There were a dozen men drinksurprise, but also a little disappointing around the bar and in the center of them Red Gallagher and his threshold. mate. Quest walked right up to the

"I got Craig, all right," he replied, two men. 'He came to the Servants' club, where "Gallagher," he said, "you're my God!" I was waiting for him. My luck's out. prisoner. Are you coming quietly?" though. The place was burned to Gallagher's mate, who was half the ground last night. I saved his drunk, swung round and fired a wild life and then the brute gave me away shot in Quest's direction. The result to the police. I had to make my eswas a general stampeds. Red Gallagher alone remained motionless. Grim The professor tapped the table peeand dangerously silent, he held a pistol within a few inches of Quest's "This is insufferable," he declared, "I have had no shaving water; my

forehead. "If my number's up," he exclaimed coffee was undrinkable; I can find feroclously, "It won't be you to take nothing. I have a most important lec-

ture to prepare and I cannot find any "I think it will," Quest answered. of the notes I made upon the sub-"Put that away."

ence over him was indomitable. "Put it away." Quest repeated firm- men are searching the house. You Your account's pretty full up, as it tear yourself away."

The professor opened a drawer and Gallagher's hand wavered. From outhis men, struggling to fight their way easy chair and smoking one of his It was from the sheriff of a small in through the little crowd who were rushing for safety. Suddenly Quest backed, jerked the pistol up with his right elbow, and with almost the same movement struck Red Gallagher under the jaw. The man went over with a crash. His mate, who had which was opened, however, before he been staggering about, cursing victorsly, fired another wild shot at Quest,

who swayed and fell forward. "Twe done him!" the man shouted. "Get up, Red! I've done him, all right! Finish your drink. We'll get out of this!"

He bent unsteadily over Quest. Suddenly the latter sprang up, seized him by the leg and sent him sprawling. The gun fell from his hand. Quest myself. You'd better stand by the hate to leave the city without having picked it up and held it firmly out, cov- other fellows there and keep your ering both men. Gallagher was on his knees, groping for his own weapon. "Get the handcuffs on them," Questdirected the sheriff, who with his men had at last succeeded in forcing his way into the saloon.

Crouching in her chair, her pale, terror-stricken face supported between her hands, Lenora, her eyes filled with hopeless misery, gazed at the dumb instrument upon the table. Her last gleam of hope seemed to be passing. For little friend was silent, Once more her weary fingers spelled

"What has happened to you? I am told you where I am? I am afraid!"

There was still no reply. Her head sank a little lower on her folded they turned away, "I know these men arms. Even the luxury of tears seemed | you! day. The moment my car is identi- gazed upwards at the broken pane. Then very faintly from the street below she heard the shout of a boy's angry voice: "You've done it now, Jimmy! You're

remarked, "and there's the car itself that's what you've gone and done!"

The thoughts formed themselves sought the ball which had come crashing into the room. There was life. once more in her pulses. She found thing," the sheriff began dublously, pocket. With trembling fingers she at the place in my automobile.

"Police headquarters. I am Sanford prisoned here in the room where the you. No hard feelings, I hope?" ball has fallen. Help! I am going

She twisted the paper, looked around the room vainly for string, and finally tore a thin piece of ribbon from her bosom. She tied the message round the ball, set her teeth and threw it at the empty skylight. The first time she was not successful and in." the ball came back. The second time it passed through the center of the opening. She heard it strike the sound portion of the glass outside, heard it rumble down the roof. A few seconds of breathless silence! Her heart almost stopped beating. Had it rested in some ledge or fallen into the street below? Then she heard the boy's voice

"Gee! Here's the ball come back again!"

A new light shone into the room. in, and I'm going in unarmed. You She seemed to be breathing a different | twenty years' service from one whom can bring your men in later, if I call atmosphere—the atmosphere of hope. I have always treated as a friend this She listened no longer with horror for a creaking upon the stairs. She walked backwards and forwards until she was exhausted. . . . Curiously enough, when the end came she was asleep, crouched upon the bed and dreaming wildly. She sprang up to find Inspector French, with a policeman behind him, standing upon the

"Inspector!" she cried, rushing towards him. "Mr. French! Oh, thank

Her feelings carried her away. She threw herself at his feet. She was laughing and crying and talking incoherently, all at the same time. The inspector assisted her to a chair. "Say, what's all this mean?" he de-

manded She told him her story, incoherently, in broken phrases. French listened with puzzled frown.

Then he realized that she was on the point of a nervous breakdown and in no condition for interrogations. "That'll do," he said. "Til take care Gallagher hesitated. Quest's influ- of you for a time, young lady, and I'll ask you a few questions later on My

"You know you daren't use it. and I will be getting on, if you can The plain-clothes man, who was side came the shouts of the sheriff and lounging in Quest's most comfortable best cigars, suddenly laid down his paper. He moved to the window. A large, empty automobile stood in the street outside, from which the occupants had presumably just descended. He hastened towards the door,

was halfway across the room. The cigar slipped from his fingers. It was Sanford Quest, who stood there, followed by the sheriff of Bethel, two country policemen and Red Gallagher and his mate, heavily handcuffed. "Say, aren't you wanted down you-

der, Mr. Quest?" the man inquired. "That's all right now," Quest told him. "I'm ringing up Inspector French eye on Red Gallagher and his mate." "I guess Mr. Quest is all right," the

sheriff intervened. "We're ringing up headquarters ourselves, anyway." The plain-clothes man did as he was told. Quest took up the receiver from his telephone instrument and arranged the phototelesme.

"Police station No. 1, central," he said-"through to Mr. French's office, if you please. Mr. Quest wants to speak to him. Yes, Sanford Quest. No need to get excited! All right I'm through, am I?

Hello, inspector?" A rare expression of joy suddenly transfigured Quest's face. He was waiting to hear all the time. Has Craig | gazing downward into the little mir-

"You've found Lenora, then, inspector?" he exclaimed. "Bully for What do I mean? What denied her. Fear, the fear which dwelt I say! You forget that I am a sciwith her day and night, had her in entific man, French. No end of anits grip. Suddenly she leaped, scream- pliances here you haven't had time ing, from her place. Splinters of to look at. I can see you sitting there, glass fell all around her. Her first and Lenora and Laura looking as "I'm out of that came out yester wild thought was of release; she though you had them on the rack. You can drop that, French. I've got Red Gallagher and his mate, got them here with the sheriff of Bethel. They went off with my auto and sold it. We've got that. Also, in less than a fine pitcher, ain't you? Lost it, five minutes my chauffeur will be here. He's been lying in a farmhouse

and 30, township 1 south, range 3 east

of Willamette meridian; \$10

ette meridian; patent.

ridian; \$25.

enconscious, since that scrap. He can tell you what time he saw me tast. Bring the girls along, Frenchand hurry!"

Quest hung up the receiver. Inspector French was as good, even better than his word. In a surprisingly short time he entered the room. followed by Laura and Lenora. Quest gave them a hand each, but it was

into Lenora's eyes that he looked. "I mustn't stop to hear your story, Lenora," Quest said. "You're safethat's the great thing."

"Found her in an empty house," French reported, "out Grayson avenue way. Now, Mr. Quest, I don't want to ome the official over you too much. but if you'll kindly remember ye i're an escaped prisoner-'

There was a knock at the door. A young man entered to chauffeur's livery, with his head still bandaged. Quest motioned him to come in.

"I'll just repeat my story of that morning, Mr. French," Quest said. "We went out to find Macdougal, and succoeded, as you know. Just as I was starting for home those two thugs set upon me. You know how I made mechanically in her mind. Her eyes my escape. They went off in my automobile and sold it in liethel. I arrested them there myself this morning. Here's the sheriff who will bear a scrap of paper and a pencil in her out what I say, also that they arrived

Inspector French held out his hand. "Mr. Quest," he said, "I recken we'll Quest's assistant, abducted and im- have to withdraw the case against "None at all," Quest replied prompt-

ly, taking his hand. Quest stood upon the threshold watching the sheriff and his prisoners leave the house. The former turned round to wave his adieux.

"There's an elderly guy out here," he shouted, "seems to want to come Quest leaned forward and saw the

professor. "My dear Quest," he exclaimed, as he wrong his hand, "my heartiest congratulations! As you know, I always believed your innocence. I am delighted that it has been proved."

The professor sank wearily into an easy chair, "I will take a little whisky and one of your excellent cigars. Quest," he "I must ask you to bear with me if I seem upset. After more than



"Inspector!" She Cried, Rushing Towards Him.

age, is somewhat trying. I do not allude, as you perceive, Mr. Quest, to the horrible suspicion you seem to have formed of Craig." "All the same," the inspector re-

marked thoughtfully, "someone who is still at large committed those murders and stole those fewels. What is your theory about the jewels, Mr. Quent?" "I haven't had time to frame one yet," the criminologist replied. "You've been keeping me too busy looking

"it's time something was done." He took a magnifying glass from his pocket and examined very closely the whole of the front of the safe. "No sign of finger prints," he mut-"The person who opened it probably wore gloves."

after myself. However," he added,

He fitted the combination and swung open the door. He stood there for a moment speechless. Something in his attitude attracted the inspector's attention.

"What is it, Mr. Quest?" he asked eagerly.

Quest drew a little breath. Exactly facing him, in the spot where the jewels had been, was a small black box. He brought it to the table and removed the lid. Inside was a sheet of paper, which he quickly unfolded. They all three read the few lines together:

"Pitted against the inherited cunning of the ages, you have no chance. will take compassion upon you. Look in the right-hand drawer of your desk."

Underneath appeared the signature of the "Hands." Quest moved like one in a dream to his cabinet and pulled open the right-hand drawer. He turned around and faced the other two men. In his hand was Mrs. Rheinholdt's

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

D. C. Latourette et ux, to Ray Stutz-

man, tract of land township 2 south, Ray Stutzman et ux. to Joseph Kas-

ter et ux., tract of land in township 2 H. E. Straight et ux, to M. L. Ryck | south, range 1 east of Willamette meman et ux., 5.92 acres township 2 ridian; \$1241.60. W. J. Wilson, sheriff, to Charles F.

ship 3 south, range 2 east of Willam-

United States to Peter G. Wascher, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; southwest 14 southwest 14 in section | 1600.

south, range 2 east of Willamette me-Tooze, tract of land in section 29, town-

United States to heirs of James L. ette meridian; patent.

son; \$700. M. H. Hostetler et ux. to C. G. Yoder et ux., 10 acres in section 6, town- ship 2 south, range 3 east of Willam-

Real estate transfers filed with the 17816 square feet in the Philander Lee bert, 6.36 acres in township 3 south, county recorder Saturday are as fol-

August Dippel et ux. to William township 4 south, range 1 east of Wil-Christina Cox et vir. to V. M. C. Silva et uxx., 5 acres in section 21. town-

> Harry Carrett et ux. to A. Stefani, Mary F. Houghman to A. Stefani, \$1.

ler et ux., lots 13 and 14, block 5, Streib's 1st addition to Milwaukie; \$10. Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Monday are as fol-August Hubert et ux, to William Hu-Keisermolt 44, Sellwood; \$1000.

Philip Streib et ux. to John E. Wetz- \$10.

range 3 east of Willamette meridian; August Hubert et ux. to R. L. Hubert,

V. E. Howard to Ida T. Desmond, lots 5 and 6, block 17, South Oswego; \$1. Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Tuesday are as fol- 34, 5 south, range 4 east of Willam-Caroline River et vir. to Minnie J.

Charles E. Surfus et ux, to M. Rumely Co., tract of land in section 30. township 4 south, range 4 east of Willamette meridian; \$1476.35.

Katherina Nelson to Alfred John-

F. E. Taylor et uxx. to E. M. Byl- lows:

Rebecca Deetz et vir. to Levi S. Mil- south, range 4 east of Willamette me- 40 acres in section 36, township 4 south ester, lot 1, block 3, Erlecrest; \$625. ton, one acre in Clackamas county; \$1. ler, et ux., 50 acres in section 30, ridian; \$10. son et ux., tract of land in sections 29 addition to Canby; \$750. range 4 east of Willamette meridian;

O. I. Miller to W. A. Yoder et ux., 20

William Dann et ux. to Addie Nelson, lots 1, 2, 3, 14, 15, block 27, Glad- lows:

William Rugh et vir. to Edna Hazel-

Martin V. Thomas to A. M. Jaunsem, tract of land in the Philander Lee do-Charles Albright et ux. to Edna 10 acres in section 14, township 3 notion land claim; \$375.

donation land claim \$200.

J. F. Voce et ux. to Charles M. Ross, tract of land in section 1, township 3

51/2 acres in township 3 south, range 3 east of willamette meridian; \$1.

county recorder Wednesday are as fol- ette meridian; \$3771.95. M. Hart, lot 4, block 1, Gerley's 1st ship 6 south, range 3 east of Willam-

Real estate transfers filed with the John O. Southmayd et ux. to Pansy Warner, 160 acres in section 18, town-