back the bolts and opened.

Castro. She is one of us."

fornia."

said Hernandez.

graph?" he inquired.

this Annette Hington."

this sailor boy!"

a pace.

up the chase?"

mate.

for repairs.

night.

their camp.

the Panama canal."

(By Annie R. Tufta.) Painted by Autumn sura, washed in

the rain.

Old tree, thy lower are drilling down digmin:

And ankle deep they lie, fragrant and aweet.

Luxurious carpet for the passing feet. Woodd by the western winds, still fluttering down Come slient tokens from thy glorious

crown. That crown of Oregon cold, and emer

day-god flashed his gleaming

chariot wheels: And, as his glory to the valley rolled, Transformed St. Agnes' spire to glitter ing gold.

Old tree, thy trunk is bent. When thou wast young,

And from the forest mold thy leaves were flung.

mult Of bounding deer, crush down the tender shoot?

old art thou? Thou wast not here when Hood Thundered his vengeance in a burning flood.

grave "Bridge of the Gods" sank in Columbia's wave?"

Listen! Dost hear the Clackamak waters flow Around Rhinearson's island, just be-

low! Down to Willamette's broader statlier

stream. And thus do Clackamas crystals find,

The poet's land, "where rolls the Ore-Pacific-ward in might majesty.

To cross the bar and find immensity,

Maple, when those who love thee now, are gone Seeking more light, a little father on

We hope no hostile hand invade this With vandal's ax thy glory to deface.

If such here come, Oh, let him be afraid

To strike a blow, for in they gracious

Summer, and Summers, aged feet have

strayed And year, and years, the little children played.

NEW ROADS WANTED

Petitions have been prepared for a new road from Anderson on the Estacada line to Boring. The new road would follow the track closely and open up a considerable district and provide a new road to Portland from Boring. E. Gurney, who has charge of these petitions, ascertained that there is a strong sentiment for a more direct road from Boring to Estacada and petitions for this are soon to be prepared for circulation

STATUTE EXPLAINED BY TAX COMMISSION

SHERIFF WILSON RECEIVES LET-TER DESCRIBING LEGAL PROCEDURE.

Sheriff Wilson has received a letter from the state (ax commission which explains the publication of delinquent lists and the issuance of certificates of delinquency for unpaid taxes of the

year 1914: The letter follows: "Mr. Sheriif and Tax Collector:

In the matter of the publication of delinquent lists and the Issuance certificates of lelinquency for unpaid taxes of the year 1914; "Section 3692, Lord's Oreson Laws. as amended by section 27 of chapter

184, Laws of 1913, provides in part: 'Any day after the expiration of one month after the taxes charged against real property are delinquent the sheriff shall have the right, and it

shall be his duty, upon demand and payment of the taxes, penalty and interest, to make out and issue a certificate of delinquency against such property, * * * * * *

"Section 3698, Lord's Oregon Laws as amended by section 20 of chapter 184, Laws of 1913, provides in part:

"'After the expiration of four months from the date of delinquency when any property remains on the tax rolls for which no certificate of delinclerk.

to the county, is evident. 1913, provides in part:

GWILLIAM MAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE." RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW BLUE BUCKLE ETC. PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE. INC.

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SYNOPSIS.

That crown of Oregon cold, and emerald green.

(My crown is finded to a slivery sheen.)

Maple, when all these leaves were tender sweet.

They formed an ample acreen, a safe retreat.

Por brooding hird; whose ever anxious eye.

Peered through the foliage at the passerby.

Mornings in May, when dawn were pearls of dew.

Twee from that bough our favorite robin flew.

And to the garden came, dear heart, and chose.

The best from berries in the crimson rows.

Pre walked this way in Summer, many times.

And listened to a choir with heavenly rhymes.

Prom feathered throats. The river ran below.

Laughing to greet the early morning glow.

Beyond the meadows, and above the hills.

The day-god flashed his gleaming.

Con the day in the cruption of Mount Pleice Capt. Joint hisrafin of the steamer Promyes a beaut. The steamer flimation of the steamer Promyes a sea on a flow in the seamer Promyes a sea on a flow in the seamer Promyes a sea on a flow in the seamer Promyes a sea on a flow; passed the responsible to a sea of the previous the proving the time tender and the proving the little to arit tell seamer the linguing to greet the early morning glow.

Beyond the meadows, and above the hills.

The day-god flashed his gleaming chariot wheels:

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

THE GUN RUNNERS CHAPTER XXIX.

Identification. Senorita Inez Castro-known to her Did Indian hunter, in his swift pur- immediate audience by the pseudonym of Irene Courtier-drew back in alarm and affright.

"But, charming friend Annette," she crici. "you have been snatched liter- good. Let us complete the identificaally from the jaws of death." wrung her hands in despair. She When all this valley shook, and to its his arm. 'What are we to do" she "We are but a handful of cried. women-championed by our solitary sailor boy. We are no match for these adventurers. Why not give it up?"

Annette sprang to her feet. "Never," She was all the mailed it. she cried. The lost isle is mine. It is my fa- identification was complete. ther's, too. I am fighting for him, With voices sweet as music in a dream Irene, and he is fighting in me. His blood is in my blood."

There was a knock upon the door "Come in," said Mrs. Hardin.

The door opened and a man in the uniform of a common seaman entered. "Hardin." he said, "been looking for you everywhere. The commander wants you to report to him at once." that," he added, "he told me I might mustache and an imperial; even as he hand you this."

He passed to Neal a folded sheet of Neal opened it and read it. paper.

eyes sparkled. "Godfrey," he exclaimed, "I never thought-

He handed the paper to his mother. saluted. "Annette-Irene." he said. "I have "I am from Dolores." man on the Jackson to gunner on the cruiser Albany."

The bearer of the note saluted once more. "Rank-chief petty officer," he America." explained, "and the cruiser Albany is

due hereabouts this week." Ten minutes later when the excitehad subsided-at least to some extent.

Irene Courtier leaned forward toward Annette. "Charming friend," she began, "let thing, senor." us get down to cases-let us look

things in the face. What is the situation now?" "For one thing," Annette returned,

know-that I am alive."

"Of course," she responded. "How

could they know?" "They've got me at a disadvantage," turn. went on Annette. "They've got my parchment map of the lost Isle of Cinnabar-and my looket with my fa-

ther's picture in it. It's evidence." "Ah," said Irene, leaning farther forward, "map or no map we shall Hernandez. spike their guns. Let me plan out a campaign."

she said, "write as I dictate

At the end of five minutes Irene

To the Fathers of Santa Maria Mission, Santa Maria. Lower California. does this man of daring get?" Reverend Fathers: As sole heir of the family of Hington I am entitled to spy, "when you land the rifles." possession of the original grant to the lost Isle of Cinnabar-the same isle What after delivery?" granted to my ancestor by Joseph than a century ago. I have solved the olution has succeeded." the purpose of Identification.

Sincerely, "So far so good," said Irene Cour- will take a chance." tier. please:

P. S. My photograph is identified senor," he exclaimed. Then suddenly

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

upon the back by the signature and seal of the governor of Martinique.

"But it isn't." exclaimed Annette, Irene held up her hand. "You have a photograph," she said. "Get it at

Annette obeved "Now," went on Irene, adjusting her

hat, "let us go on to the governor of In half an hour they were in his presence. Annette proffered her re-

quest. The governor nodded. He placed his signature upon the back of the photograph and impressed his seal in sealing wax also upon the

"Now, charming friend," said frene Courtier, "let me have the photo-

graph." She placed it in the envelope and sealed the letter. On their way back to the hotel she darted into the local post office, darting out almost immediately.

"The deed is done," she said, "the identification is complete." Half an hour later, in the solitude of her own room at the hotel in Martinique, lines Castro took from the folds of her dress the letter-the letter which she had not mailed in the post office. She tore it open rapidly and dropped the photograph upon her dressing table. With a keen-edged knife she performed an operation. Then she pasted her own photograph upon Annette's cardboard. When she had completed this performance she

held up the finished product with satisfaction. "So," she said to her own counterfelt presentment, "It is you whom the governor of Martinique vouches for as the heir of the llingtons. So far so

She tion." She sat down and wrote-wrote the turned to Neal and laid her hand upon same letter that Annette had written at her dictation, and she signed it Annette Ilington. Then she placed it in an envelope, addressed the envelope and affixed a stamp. Later,

> She was quite right. Identification "Never will I give it up. was a matter of importance and the

CHAPTER XXX.

Behind Closed Doors. There are many cubby holes on the Isle of Martinique. In one of these cubby holes or hiding places in a remarkably secreted district of St. Pierre behind doors closely locked and barred, there sat a man. He was He grinned a bit sheepishly. "Beside a negro, tall and gaunt; he wore a

sat at ease his bearing was military. Suddenly he stiffened. There were three taps upon the barred door. He A flush crept into his face and his rose, strode swiftly to the door and poisily threw back its bars and bolts. The door opened and three men crept into the cellar. The negro

"Senor Hernandez," he exclaimed,

"So I understand," said Hernandez. "Dolores," continued the negro, "is a republic on the coast of Central

Hernandez nodded. The other man leaned forward. "Senor," he said, "I am the agent of ment in that hotel suite at Martinique the insurrecto party in Dolores. The insurrecto party in Dolores will one day own Dolores, body and soul. That day is sure to come. It needs but one

"And that one thing?" queried Hernandez. The insurrecto smiled. "We need a man who will take chances," he went much; a man who will put up money

"these pirates don't know-can't on, "a man who will stake little to win Irene Courtier smiled a reassuring and put up brains to get us what we need-to deliver us the goods." "And what goods do you need?" queried Hernandez, smiling in his

The insurrecto showed his white teeth. "Oil stoves," he returned, "oil stoves-of the Mauser type-of any type-made in America."

"How many do you need?" queried

"Twenty-five hundred rifles will suffice," said the other man, "including She rose, seized a sheet of paper and ammunition to correspond. And this an envelope and placed them before cargo, senor," he added, "is here in Annette Ilington. "Charming friend," Martinique. It has come by devious routes from the United States. It is being watched-closely, jealously took the sheet of paper from the table watched, by secret service officersand read it aloud. This is what she by the government of the United States.

Hernandez sighed. "What return "We will pay you tenfold," said the

Hernandez smiled. "What more "Ah," returned the other, "twenty-Sonaparte, the king of Spain, more thirty-a hundredfold, when the rev-

secret of the map and am on my way Hernandez tapped himself upon the to you. I inclose my photograph for chest. "It will succeed," he said. "I shall bring to it something more than rifles. I shall bring the brains of Her-ANNETTE ILINGTON. nandez. I am a gambler, senor, and I

"Now add this postscript, The negro thrust a hand across the table. "You are a man among men,

long panatela, sat a prosperous lookhe stiffened once again. He bent forward in a listening attitude. He lowing Central American gentleman. ered his voice. "There is someone just outside the door," he said. hoarded the Rio Grande and looked

Hernandez strode to the door, drew

surrecto agent, "this is Senorita Inca

Inez nodded to the agent a bit

the Santa Maria mission in lower Cali-

"You have been discreet, I trust,"

"I have been more than that," re-

turned Incs. "The governor of Mar-

tograph as the helress of Lost Isle."

"Who induced him to put his name-

to place his seal upon this photo-

"Annette Ilington and I-" she be-

Hernandez started back, "Annette

"Oh, I forgot," said Incz. "I have

been getting messages from you, but

could get none to you. She still lives,

"Incredible," exclaimed Hernandez.

"He lives, too," said Inez. "He will

be a gunner or a gunner's mate on

"Good," exclaimed Hernandez, "Then

Ines shook her head. "Returns-

not," she answered. "The cruiser Al-

The insurrecto agent stepped back

glanced at Hernandez significantly.

"Senor," he added, "we have no time

"We shall lose no time," said Her-

nander. "Leave that to me." He

turned to Ines. "What of this girl Annette?" he queried. "Has she given

Inez shook her head. "The day after

Two days later the Rio Grande left

port for the Panama canal. When she

was fairly out of sight another and

quite a different looking vessel hove

This latter vessel was the cruiser

Albany, seeking for something that

she had not found-as yet. That day

Chief Petty Officer Neal Hardin took

his station on her as chief gunner's

CHAPTER XXXI.

Forbidden Fruit.

The captain of the Rio Grande found

-just at the time when he was off the

coast of Dolores-that his engine had

uncompromisingly broken down, and

that he must put into the nearest port

Hernandez, his secret passenger, "you

can land your oil stoves for the in-

mate passongers-some of your crew."

he said, "you'd best get them out of

the way first-we don't want too many

witnesses—the rifle cases might break

"It's all right," said the captain,

"simple enough. I'll land 'em in the

He glanced toward shore. Sudden-

Yonder, senor," he exclaimed, "look

he caught Hernandez by the arm.

-the flag of the insurrectos-it is

Aunette Hington, startled by the ces

sation of the engines, glanced out of

the window of her stateroom. She

woke her foster mother, Mrs. Hardin.

a village-there was a big house-

There was not only land-there was

Already a launch had put off from a

in the launch, seated comfortably

neat plantation dock, and inside of

twenty minutes had drawn up along-

"Land," said Annette, "look."

and there were people.

side the Rio Grande.

daytime. We'll land your cargo in the

"While I'm about it." he said to

Hernandez nodded. "Your legiti-

into view and entered port.

tomorrow," she returned, "we sail for

"Come here," he said.

the cruiser Albany," she said.

he returns to the United States,"

bany comes to him-comes here."

'And what of her companion-what of

Ilington and you," he faltered.

dispatched a letter to the fathers of Grande.

A woman entered-Ines Castro "Senor," said Hernandez to the inAt the captain's invitation he

about him. His glapce was keen-he

he explained, "but-these are sus-

everywhere. You see yonder hill.

Somewhere in that forest lurks a revo-

lution. All that they need in gunn,

"My stars," exclaimed the captain,

An hour later the Central American

was standing on the veranda of his

food, to his accidental guests, Annette

Annette suddenly rose to her feet. "The Rio Grande," she exclaimed.

Her host shook his head. "She is

moving, on a pair of crutches-as one

would say-into a quieter cove. There

she will repair herself. Meantime,

command me as your servants, senora

The captain of the Rio Grands was

clever enough to perceive that he

would further disarm the suspicions

of the rich plantation owner by mov-

ing the Rio Grande down the coast

instead of up the coast-away from

rather than nearer to the insurrectos

stronghold. He knew his business,

did the captain of the Rio Grande.

And if he didn't, he had a good direc-

from the deck of the Rio Grande, "her

As if in answer to his exclamation

a dozen rowboats shot out of the shad-

ows and lined up alongside the Rio

Grande. The first of these made fast

climbed the ship's ladder like a

monkey. Hernandez received him.

oil stoves for Panama," he queried.

"First and foremost, senor general,

"Senor," he said, saluting.

said Hernandez, "money down."

"Senor," he said, opening the

else with the oil stoves for Panama."

What will you throw in?" he quer-

Hernandez placed one hand upon

two companions. "My own services-

and that of my good friend, Ponto-

and this beast. We are fighters, senor.

We would take pot luck with you."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Within Four Walls.

In his native tongue, "there is news-

"What news?" queried the leader.

"A cruiser has been sighted-she in

Hernandez nodded, "Then, gen-

from our outposts on the shore."

lighted, senor," he returned.

launch and sped away.

at anchor, general,"

queried the leader.

tell you that."

in an easy wicker chair, smoking a eral," he said, "your line of march

"Of what nation?"

The insurrecto's eyes gleamed. "De

grim smile, "is Panama."

way-entered the room.

Hernandez.

swarthy looking insurrecto

"Ah," said Hernandez that evening

tor, the Portuguese Hernandes.

majesty the moon."

"look-she is leaving us."

-senoritas, if you please.

large plantation house, superintending

"If I'd known they wanted guns, blow

me, but I'd have brought a few along.

"You bring news?" said Rernandez. senor. Guns and ammunition. Hence

"Good news," said Incs. "I have my apprehension as to the Rie

tinique himself has identified my pho- the serving of iced drinks and a bit of

Hernandez was plainly puzzled. Hington and her party.

picious times. We look for trouble-

"You will pardou, senor capitan,"

seemed to see everything at once.

publication.

of three months during which appli- a description of the several parcels of tion of delinquency thus retaining the

quency has been issued, the sheriff taxes charged against real property will issue therein, as provided by law, a definite period and, further, that the shall proceed to issue certificates of are delinquent, the tax collector shall "Said chapter 184 was filed with the notice itself shall contain a statement may be issued. Publication of notice delinquent tax list should begin and publication has been made as required delinquency on said property to the cause to be published once each week secretary of state February 26, 1913, to the effect that certificates of decounty, and shall file said certificates for four successive weeks in the news. It is a part of the general tax code linquency will not be issued until six of delinquency cannot properly be is- cessive weeks, in the manner provided of 1913. when completed with the county paper or newspapers, selected by the which, among other provisions, sets months after the taxes became delin-sued in the absence of or prior to such by law. (While it is true that certain taxes become delinquent on September 1914 taxes should not be issued to the "In view of the for going statement 1, 1915, much confusion will be avoid county before nine months from the



tation down below. The leader pondered. "I was bound

the other way," he said. "The marinea'll cut you off," returned Hernandez, "they're after our guns-they're after us. You'll have to go this way."

"You are quite right, senor," he con ceded. Hernandes beckened him to ope

"Listen, general," he whispered, The other man grinned. "You have "I understand mine host of the plantation is very rich. Am I right?" "For Panams, yes," smiled Hernan-The leader nodded. "He has much gold somewhere hidden," he returned. "This," said the other, with another "although we have tried in vain-by peaceful means-to get it."

"He has," went on Hernandez, "some woman guests-Americans, If you find The insurrecto counted out the cash. the gold, senor, you keep it. If I find Hernandes thrust it into his pocket. it, I'll divide with you. But the American women-they belong to me." Early next morning mine host of and giving vent to a low whistle, "I

the plantation approached his guests. shall be glad to throw in something "Come with me to the wharf," he sald. "I have marine glasses, We Two figures appeared in the doorshall see what we can see." Once there he handed the glasses The insurrecto gazed at one of them to Mrs. Hardin, "Senora," he exin amazement. Then he turned to

claimed, "tell us what you perceive in the dim distance." Mrs. Hardin took one look and then turned a radiant face upon Annette. "It's the Albany-Neal's cruiser," she

his breast and waved the other at his exclaimed Annette seized the glasses. "The Albany!" she exclaimed incredulously. "What is the Albany doing here -the last time we heard of her she was approaching Martinique."

The planter beckoned to a servant Hernandez didn't mention that he "Horses for the party," he exclaimed. had other motives than just to help "We'll drive along the shore and visit Half an hour later the last rifle them. I am partial to Americans-I case—the last chest of ammunition get along with them." had been safely stowed away in the bottom of the last small boat. Then

But the horses for the party did not arrive-and for good reason. Half an Hernandez, his companions and the hour before, a plantation hand, strollinsurrecto leader dropped into a ing to work from his hut in the hills. in the cool of the morning, was set upon by half a dozen armed and drunken insurrectos. Had they been sober it would have been all up with A tattered insurrecto crept up to him. As it was, he slipped nimbly out the leader. "General," he exclaimed of their grasp, leaving most of his clothes behind him, and cantered yelling down the trail.

He reached the wharf more than half naked and panting for breath. He fell down at his master's feet.

"Insurrectos-insurrectos!" he exclaimed.

"Americano," returned Hernandez, The master started. "Then it was she is of the United States-1 can shots I heard," he said. He turned to his guests. "Come," he commanded, "In which direction does she lie? "there is not a moment to lose. Follow me at once." "Up the coast," returned the native.

He reached the veranda and blew three shrill blasts upon a whistle. Immediately half a hundred blacks rushed upon the scene, eyes wide with terror, but ready to obey orders. "Everybody in." he commanded

'My guests will seek the bedrooms on the second floor." Annette touched the planter on the

arm. "Give me a gun." she said. "I'll do my part. When there's a fight I can't keep out, somehow."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Among the Missing. Annette sank back, gasping with the smoke. The situation, to her, seemed hopeless. Inside, the ammunition was slowly giving out. Without, the house was surrounded on all sides by insurrectos. She crept to the planter's side.

"I've fired my last shot," she said. "Can I have more?" She got it, but still lingered. "Do you think you can hold the place?" she queried.

The planter smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "The insurrectoswhat are they?" he exclaimed. "Nothing." He peered through his loophole "Eye-yah." cried the planter, "who is the stranger there?"

Annette followed the direction of his finger. She shrank back. "Scar-face!" she cried, in despair. "He knows how to load," said the planter, shaking his head soberly, "but

"If our messenger got through," faltered Annette. Their messenger did get through

Americanos come.

at any rate we can hold out-until the

A quarter of an hour before a black had penetrated to the camp of the marines and had given the alarm-and the whole camp had started off on the double quick.

"Roya!" shouted Neal, pressing to the fore, "American women-don't for-

get-come on!" In an upper room in the planter's house Mrs. Hardin shrank back in a corner with fear. Bullets were riddling the walls. Joe Welcher lay face down. Inex, with presence of mind, had placed a mattress against the wall and with Joe's aid had placed an unturned bed against the other. They were fairly safe. Hesides that, just once, Inez had found a chance to wave to Hernandez, and Hernandez had kept the insurrectos from firing on that corner of the house. Inez crept downstairs-looked about her-saw Annette and the planter in close conversation-then crept back again.

She plucked Joey Welcher by the sleeve. "Joe," she whispered, "go down-pass through the corridor by the kitchen-open the rear door."

"Not on your life," said Joe. "Do you think I want to die " "You'll die if you don't," she said. "Come, follow me!"

Once below, Inez cocked her revolver. "Do as I say," whe commanded. Joe obeyed. With terror in his eyes he tore and wrenched at the fastenings of the rearmost passageway. Finally he stepped back. "She's unlocked," he exclaimed liner unafraid stepped forward, opened wide the door and beckoned. It was a signal. Hernandez saw it and bounded forward.

"Follow me, insurrectos," he commanded.

A hundred men obeyed. With a shout they dashed into the huge living room on the ground floor-with an other shout they fired a volley into the backs of the defenders. The planter, drawing a bead on an insurrecto without, was seized suddenly from behind, gagged and bound. A strong pair of arms seized Annette and lifted her from the floor and bore her, screaming, from the room.

Three minutes later she was thrown into a far room in a secluded corner of the house. Into the same room were thrown Inex and Mrs. Hardin and Joe Welcher.

With a sudden wrench Annette tore loose a board that barricaded the win Then her eyes brightened. dow. "Look!" she cried. "The marinesthey come. Neal! Neal!"

Her shout was not heard, of course, but it was accompanied with the wave of a white handkerchief. Neal, at the head of the squad, saw it-and the squad pressed forward at double speed.

Below, among the insurrectos, Asnette could hear the panic. "The Americanos-the Americanos -flee!"

Neal reached the house-saw who waved the kerchief. With a sudden bound he leaped upon an arbor, scrambled and crawled somehow-with some naval trick-up the face of the house, rammed in the barricade and leaped into the room. "Annette," he cried.

But at that instant the door of the room was burst open and Hernandez, with Ponto and the Brute and a dozen insurrectos, darted in. "Take everybody here-including

him," commanded Hernandez. "Take them-you know where. But remember-the women are mine, not yours." Neal fought like a tiger, but without success. In five minutes or less the captives. Neal and Annette included, were led through dark passageways to some underground corridor. They were driven on and on-they knew not

where. An hour later the squad of marines reported to their officer. "We can't find a woman on the

place, except the blacks," they said. "Are we all here?" queried the officer, anxious for his men. "Just call the roll and see." "All here," returned a marine, "but

no, not all here. There's one missing -Gunner Hardin, sir." The officer nodded. "We'll find Gunner Hardin if it takes a leg," he said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

The Captives Were Led Through Dark Passageways.

county court to publish county court out the procedude for the issuance of quent. The intention to establish a period proceedings, * * * * * a notice stating certificates of delinquency and collec- 'Following the well settled rule of

"Four months after the date when quent a tax certificate of delinquency that such notice shall be published for Laws of 1913, insofar as relates to the | "2. Four months after said date, least six months from the date of de-

cants for certificates of delinquency real property upon which taxes are desprovide for publication of notice of be taken to correctly set forth the leg- to the tax collectors of the several including all the delinquent taxes of period of three months for issuance to may obtain same, before they be issued linquent, the amount of taxes and the delinquency. Said chapter 301, which islative intent, we are of the opinion countles: name of the owner, if shown upon the was filed with the secretary of state that sections 27 and 20 of chapter 184, "1. The final date of delinquency Section 1 of chapter 301, Laws of tax roll, and a statement that six February 27, 1913, supplements the Laws of 1913, have been impliedly re- of unpaid taxes charged on the tax taxes charged on the 1914 rolls should months after such taxes are delin-general tax code with the requirement pealed by section 1 of chapter 301, rolls of 1914 was October 1, 1915.

the year in one publication.) "3. Certificates of delinquency for law. not be issued to applicants until at

"4. Certificates of delinquency for

individual applicants, as intended by

"Very truly yours, "STATE TAX COMMISSION "