

TWO WARSHIPS OF UNEQUALLED POWER ARE CONSIDERED

PLANS ARE BEING MADE FOR 36 TON VESSELS—TORPEDO DE-FENSE IS PROVIDED.

INCREASED ARMOR AND GREATER SPEED ARE PROBABLE FEATURES

Lack of Structural Steel in United States Will Delay Beginning on Ships to Be Asked of Congress Next Summer.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—Tentative plans are being considered, Secretary Daniels said today, for two 36,000-ton battleships to be included in the first year's part of the five-year building program congress will be asked to approve.

Part of the increased displacement in the newest ships will be due to changed hull construction to provide additional torpedo defense bulkheads. While the general characteristics of the ships have not been disclosed, it is probable that they will have increased armament and speed.

The navy has developed a 16-inch rifle which no use has yet been made and the new ships may carry 10 or more of these if developments of the European war indicate the wisdom of mounting them.

Maximum speed of American battleships now built or authorized is less than 21 knots, although European first-line ships go considerably above that.

Secretary Daniels has received no report as yet on the examination of private bids received yesterday for battleships 33 and 44, all of which appeared to be more than the limit fixed by congress.

Neither ship can be laid down before next summer, it is said, for lack of structural steel, the war having swept the American steel market clean.

EXPLORER M'MILLAN IS LOST IN ARTIC

DANISH EXPLORER CABLES RASMUSSEN RELIEF SHIP CAN-NOT GO TO HIS AID.

DAYTON, Ohio, Nov. 18.—That Donald McMillan, explorer, may be lost in the north sea, beyond the hope of rescue this winter at least, was indicated in a cablegram which Common Pleas Judge Carroll Spriggs received today from the Danish explorer Rasmussen.

The cable dated Monday at Kjoehen-have, Denmark, said: "Cluett (a relief ship) arrived North Star bay September 12 after 35 days ice hindrance, motor damage. Dared not go to Etah account autumn ice. Missionary motorboat sent to Etah to bring explorers to Cluett."

Inasmuch as it would have been necessary for the relief ship to leave the North Star bay by mid-October it is feared that she is ice-bound, and moreover it is believed that she has insufficient food aboard to last through the winter.

McMillan and his party left three years ago to explore Crockerland. They were financed by the Smithsonian institute, Yale university, the University of Illinois and the American Museum of Natural History. The son of J. H. Patterson, head of the National Cash Register company, is a member of the party.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers filed with County Recorder Dedman Friday are as follows:

- Roy Crites et ux to Nettie Hicks, a part of section 12, in township 6 south, range 1 east of the Willamette meridian; \$300.
L. G. Duke et ux to Joseph Stefanowicz, a right of way to be used as a road, consisting of a strip one rod wide and extending along the southern boundary of the donation land claim of David Cutting, No. 56, township 3 south, range 3 east of the Willamette meridian, for a distance of 78 rods; \$25.
Carl O. Bohm et ux to Fred E. Bol-lum, a tract of land in Gibson's subdivision of the J. A. Logan tract, in the George Willis donation land claim, in section 19 and 20, township 1 south, range 3 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1100.
Margaret G. Adams to Millard Adams, part of the Klingler donation land claim in township 4 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1500.
Margaret G. Adams to Millard Adams et ux, a part of the Klingler donation land claim, in township 4 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.
Walter R. Adams to Charles E. Stevens et ux, a part of the Klingler donation land claim, in township 4 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian, consisting of 30 acres; \$2250.
S. A. Long et vir to Ledger D. Garmire et ux, lots 3 and 4, in block 125, Oregon City; \$500.
Kate Daly to Joseph Haley, 10 acres in section 2, township 2 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.
Kate Daly to Joseph Haley, 10 acres in section 2, township 2 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.
Kate Daly to Joseph Haley, 10 acres in section 2, township 2 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," "RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW," "BLUE BUCKLE," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee Capt. John Hardin of the steamer Princeton rescued five Peruvian children from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind his father and his companion, Inez, who is assisted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Inez has managed to secure before the eruption of the volcano. Inez's father, a man named Hernandez, is a man of noble birth and noble character. He is the only man who has survived the eruption of the volcano. He is the only man who has survived the eruption of the volcano. He is the only man who has survived the eruption of the volcano.

TENTH INSTALLMENT THE ROLLING TERROR

CHAPTER XLIV.

Across Country. Early next morning, out of that pathless mire, strode back the Brute, picking his perilous way with the instinct of some cunning, cautious animal, and guiding—in fact, bearing on his shoulders half the time—the luckless Ponto. That individual, his ugliness enhanced by the clotted blood that dressed his disheveled hair, and decorated his countenance, was still dazed. He had vague recollections as to what had happened. He knew that at the command of Hernandez, his side partner in crime, he had plunged once more into the deadly morass for the purpose of finishing by violence the deed that had commenced in cunning. He had followed the Brute—he remembered that.

He dozed off into satisfaction. He woke with a jolt. It was a heavy jolt. When his eyes opened he was on the ground, supine. He started to leap to his feet, then sank back again, heavy with the pain of his wound. A laugh behind him startled him and brought him to his senses. He turned swiftly, feeling for his knife—the knife that wasn't there. There was another laugh—the laugh of his side partner, Hernandez. "Fool," said Hernandez, addressing Ponto. Ponto changed his demeanor. He drew himself up to his squat height and folded his arms. "Did I not as you said?" replied Ponto. "I went into that hell and killed them both—I did it single-handed—I, Ponto."

His answer was a sneer. Hernandez stretched forth a hand and clutched Ponto by the shoulder. He dragged his lieutenant to the edge of the clump of trees and underbrush, where they were standing. He parted the branches of a tree. He handed Ponto a pair of binoculars. "Take one swift look, my Ponto," he sneered, "only one."

Ponto took more than one—he held his eyes glued to the glasses. Then he fell back in amazement. "They live!" he cried. "Both of them!" He stared at Hernandez almost in affright. "What does it mean?" he repeated. "It means," said Hernandez, grimly, "that I sent a boy to do a man's job. You were quite right. I should have gone myself."

Down on the wharf Annette Ilington and her party were about to embark in one of the launches of the cruiser Albany that lay still anchored in the harbor. In Annette's party were Mademoiselle Irene Courtier, Mrs. Hardin, Neal's mother; Neal Hardin himself, a warrant officer upon the Albany, and the surgeon of the cruiser. There were one or two other men in uniform, an assistant surgeon possibly, and an ensign. There were bluejackets.

But above all, there were natives galore. Natives by the dozens, by the hundreds, and all in rags. The whole village had turned out to do homage. "The little white angel," murmured grateful mothers, sinking down in Annette's path and kissing her dress as she went by. Inseen by any of the party—save by Joe Welcher, Inez averted aside and slipped a note into the hands of a native, and handed him a coin. Then she leaped lightly into the launch and the launch steamed away, followed by the cheers and the tears of the Tortugans on the wharf.

Back in the jungle, three men waited for advice. They had not long to wait. A treacherous looking native slipped through the undergrowth and advanced swiftly toward Hernandez. "The epistle, Senior Captain," he said. It was the note from Inez Castro. Hernandez seized it eagerly and read: "We are bound for La Plaza. Meet me there. Meantime I shall do my best to secure Annette's precious locket and the map. Your route lies across the country. Adios. I. C."

CHAPTER XLV. Inez Shows Her Hand. "First and foremost, Miss Ilington," said the captain of the Albany after Annette's party had boarded the cruiser, "now that you are once more safe, permit me to return to you the map of the Lost Isle, which I have examined with interest. Following your directions, I subjected it to heat, and I brought out the hidden latitude and longitude—18 degrees 30 minutes north and 123 degrees and 40 minutes west. He paused a moment. "Do you know," he said, "there's something about that location that sticks in my mind—some vague rumor."

"The Isle contains quicksilver mines," said Annette. "It's not that," returned the commander. "It was merely the locality. I traced it on our map. It was about there that the government—" He broke off, checking himself quickly. "Ah, yes, I remember now," he said, "well, never mind. But, here also is your locket. Now you've got them, have you—all safe." "Thanks for keeping them safe," said Annette, secreting them in the bosom of her dress. "So far, so good," went on the captain. "I have to say further that the officers' quarters have been placed at your disposal until we reach La Plaza. There you can get a train. "It's a short ride on that road to Chantillo," went on the captain, "and at Chantillo you can catch the boat for most of the Lower California and California ports."

Over at La Plaza—La Plaza by the sea—Hernandez sought the shore and found what he wanted—it was a fishing boat with a kicker in it—the only motorboat in the place. It was well manned, with a crew of six of the most respectable-looking characters that ever drew the breath of life. Hernandez talked to them—with money. "No lights," he cautioned, "and muffle that kicker. And be quick about it now."

"It is all right, senior," said the man at the tiller; "we are about all hours of the night. No one thinks of us, one way or the other." He pointed out to sea. "You perceive," he said, "there are other fisher boats." "Good," said Hernandez, "the more the merrier."

Without lights they kicked to within almost hailing distance of the Albany. Then Hernandez, showed a light. It was immediately answered from the deck. "It is good," he said, "we understand each other."

Inez hastened from the deck and entered her cabin. Her plans well laid—and she had felt they were the only plans to make—she retired for the night, but not to sleep. At three o'clock she rose, and untwisted the bundle that Joe had fished for her. She sighed with satisfaction as she shook it out of its folds. She donned it swiftly—hurriedly—silently. There was no light in the cabin, save the moon, sifting in through port holes. Annette's face was bathed in light. But Annette was fast asleep.

She was totally oblivious to the presence of the prowling figure in male uniform who stole near and ever nearer—who now groped about her neck. Suddenly, with one quick and final tug Inez wrenched at the chamois bag. Annette woke with a scream upon her lips. But the hand of Inez was quicker than Annette's voice. Inez's hand closed over Annette—her knee crushed down her breast.

The wildcat in Annette rose. She was a fine fighter. She squirmed with one twist out of the grasp of this unseen foe, and grappled with her assailant. Inez was no match for her, and soon found it out. Annette dragged her to the ray of moonlight and looked at her. "You—Irene Courtier," she cried. "You—Inez Castro if you please—was no longer there. In that instant—and that was the instant for the last few seconds she had waited for—in that instant she had leaped to her feet and made her getaway."

And Inez knew the Albany—every part of that huge battleship she had studied with the care of an engineer. She knew just what to do and where to go, and how to elude pursuit. She rushed to one spot where safety lay, reached the rail, leaped over it, and with the agility of a professional diver struck the water with scarcely a splash. "Now," said Hernandez to his helmsman, "like mad for that spot of white."

Inez, fresh and supple notwithstanding her struggle—in fact the struggle had nerved her up—swam toward the fishing boat and the boat steamed toward her. Within a short time—almost less time than it takes to tell it—Ponto was once more kicking the Brute. And the Brute in turn leaned over the side of the kicker, and with the sweep of one powerful hand and arm, drew a dripping object from the water. It was Inez, gasping for breath.

"Now, like the devil for the shore," whispered Hernandez. They obeyed. But Inez now gasped for breath. Annette had ceased to gasp for breath. Her first coherent thought was to feel for her chamois bag. It was safe. Her next effort was speech. She screamed at the top of her lungs. Her third was action. She darted to the deck and gave the alarm. Within a moment a launch was manned and had put off from the cruiser—Neal in command.

Suddenly one of Neal's men pointed toward the shore. The searchlight of the cruiser was playing upon a kicker making full speed south. "That's our boat," said Neal. "Like the devil now." In five minutes they caught her. Neal saw at a glance she showed no lights. It convinced him. Without a word he swung his launch alongside and his men leaped across the gunwale. Every Jack tar either had his man by the throat, or was tickling his ribs with a knife. "We've got 'em all," said somebody.

"Where's the woman?" queried Neal. But there was no woman—no Inez Castro. What's more there was no Hernandez, no Ponto, no Brute. "No use," said Neal, "the birds have flown. No use chasing them," he conceded, "when those birds fly, they fly. We've got to give 'em credit."

"Annette," he told that young lady later, "I think now we're safe. The job all along has been an inside job—Irene Courtier has been handing you—yes and me—over to the enemy. That was the game—and the game is ended. That's the way it looks to me."

CHAPTER XLVI. A Hold-Up. The captain of the cruiser Albany had his men scour the country round about, but—as had ever been the case with Hernandez and his nimble-footed crew—without result. "At any rate," he said, "the rascals have run away—they've probably shown us their heels for all time. You go to Chantillo, Miss Ilington. You take that one-horse train here—we'll escort you to the train. Over at Chantillo lies the Missouri, a first-class battleship. I'll give you a note to her commander. He'll see you safe on board the South California boat."

Neal and a small guard of marines constituted Annette's escort. Annette laughed when she saw the station—laughed more when she saw the train. It consisted of the sorriest engine she had ever seen—also the most diminutive and battered coach. "Look here," said Neal to Annette, "come inside the station. I want to show you something."

Annette knew—inside she broke down and cried like a child. "It's good-by now, Neal," she said. "I don't know what I'm going to do without you. I feel like I'm almost going back—" "By George," said Neal, "I wish but no. You'll stick it out. I know you will. I'm sure. But, if it's take that one-horse train here—we'll escort you to the train. Over at Chantillo lies the Missouri, a first-class battleship. I'll give you a note to her commander. He'll see you safe on board the South California boat."

Hernandez chuckled to himself. "A telegraph instrument," he said to himself. "I thought so—that's the shack we passed this morning. Now," he commanded, "come out here and clear the track of these obstructions—no, you do it," he commanded the Brute. The Brute ran from his position in the car, leaped to the ground, and with a twist or two of one hand tossed the felled trees from the track. "Now," said Hernandez, "run us down to that shed. I don't know what I'm going to do just yet, but I'll find out there."

He whistled softly. A third figure emerged from the forest, tripped across the rails and entered the baggage car. This was Inez Castro. She passed on into the passenger end of the coach. She smiled gently at Annette. "So, my charming friend," she said, "at last you have seen fit to intrust your treasures to Honorita Inez Castro. Good, my little one."

They reached the ancient shed. Over its closed doorway was an old sign. "Montrada." Hernandez broke open the door by means of his usual agency—the brute. Hernandez darted to the key—he was a soldier of fortune and this learning was one of his equipments. Bound as she was in the car, Annette could hear what the instrument said, for, singularly enough, Hernandez, when he first called, used the Spanish tongue; later he clicked in English words. It was clear that Ponto was at the other end of the wire, and somewhere near La Plaza. "What news, good Ponto?" he inquired over the keys. "Any danger of pursuit?"

And Ponto answered: "That," he said, "I cannot tell. But much activity. There is talk of war. There is talk of a detachment coming overland." "By train?" "By train," said Ponto, telegraphically speaking. "And the next train?" "Days off," said Ponto. "Good!" "Wait," said Ponto, "there is more news. I shall call you up again."

"What news?" "I do not know. There is something going on. I shall find out in an hour."

CHAPTER XLVII. The Troop Train. Ponto's information was quite correct. It had to be, or he could never have qualified as the partner of Hernandez. On Neal's return from the railroad station at La Plaza he found an undercurrent of excitement present upon the cruiser Albany. Half an hour after his return the captain of the cruiser had received a wireless from Washington. It was significant in its tenor. The wireless operator handed it to him as it was received.

The captain glanced at it. "It looks important," he said; "decode it at once." It was decoded. This is what it said: GENERAL ORDERS FROM NAVY DEPARTMENT. Deciphered From Code "G." War imminent with Alemania. Keep all ships prepared for action. Transfer all possible men to Pacific squadron. Recommend meritorious warrant officers for promotion to commission. HUTCHINSON, Chief of Staff.

An order from Washington is an order. An order when war is imminent is a double quick order. The captain of the cruiser Albany had been waiting for double quick orders—he had smelled them in the air. He had felt them in his bones. In one hour he had picked his men. The first man he summoned was Neal. "Neal," he said, calling him by name, "I've recommended you for a commission."

Neal jumped out of his shoes almost. "I—a commission," he gasped; "why—I thought—I can't understand—" "Don't think," said the captain sharply; "we've got to act."

He handed Neal typewritten instructions. "You'll get your commission in due form. My recommendations go—particularly at a time like this. Take fifty men at once—and proceed to join the battleship Missouri at Chantillo. That's all."

Neal saluted and swung about. "Wait," said the captain. Neal waited. "I just want to shake hands, old man," said the captain. "You deserve your luck if ever man did. Good-by."

An hour afterwards Neal and his squad were at La Plaza once more, consulting the railroad master. "We want a train, and right away," said Neal. "The road will make its fortune. It will declare a dividend. When does she go?" "Not for two days or so. The engine—the good one—she is to be repaired."

"What can we do?" said Neal. The station master brightened. He desired at all costs to get this squad of Americans out of town. They were rioters—at least so Ponto had informed him. Yes, they must go. "Ah, senior," he said, "I have idea. There are dirt train cars—no engine—but what you call, almost gravity road from here to Chantillo—most downhill almost all the way."

"Show me," said Neal. He was shown. "Well," he said to his men, "what do you say, boys. They'll rock us some, but they're the best we can do. Is the road clear?" "Clear all the way, senior. The last train—the little train—she have arrived at Chantillo now."

"We're game," said his men; "come on!" They came on—that is they got on—the whole squad. A crowd of natives saw them off. One of these natives, hidden from view by the others, crawled under the foremost car and did something. He crawled to the second and did something—to the third and did something. What he did no one knew. Down the line at the deserted shack labeled "Montrada," Hernandez came out from within, with complete satisfaction written on his face. Hernandez sauntered out and glanced up the track. The track was straight and downhill all the way. It was like a canyon cut through a mass of undergrowth and heavy trees. There was nothing to distract the attention—it was a clean cut avenue as far as the eye could reach. He watched.

Up the track somewhere the troop train was shooting curves with sprightly jurehes. "Getting a bit too lively," said Neal; "better apply the brakes." The order was obeyed—so far as the will was concerned. But the man at the brakes shook his head. "Brakes won't work," he said. "No matter," said Neal, "we reach the bottom of this hill three miles out of Chantillo. Then we go up. We're bound to slacken up sometime."

One of his men picked him by the sleeve. "What's that?" he cried, pointing down through the canyon, flanked by trees. "Look ahead." "By George!" said Neal, "a train. The brakes—every man jack of you—the brakes!" "The brakes wouldn't work. Funny," said Neal; "we tried before we started. Funny they won't work." It may or may not have been funny—but it was the fact. The brakes would not work. "We're in for it," said Neal. "Boys, every man jack of you—you've got to face this. That jungle is soft stuff—it's a velvet lining. We may get scratched, but we can't get hurt. Every man of you get ready and when I say the word slide off—as easy as you can—but slide. Guns and equipment first—then yourselves—when I say the word."

Squatted on the edge of the jungle was the Brute. He looked up the track, idly following Hernandez's gaze. Suddenly he rose—quivering with excitement. "Look—see," he said. His glance turned dumbly from the onrushing troop train to the stationary one. Another man might have rushed to the latter and warned its occupants or carried them out. But not the Brute. He had a glimmering. He started off. "Come back," said Hernandez, "you beast." The Brute never heard him. He only heard the onrushing train. He seized a loose rail lying by the track. He thrust it under the stationary rail—the nearest him—he thrust it into the roadbed. He jerked and strove at it like a demon. Within, Joe Welcher heard it coming. He looked now. He gave one gasp, made one dive, and plunged into the safety of the jungle. Hernandez dared not move. Safety lay in his remaining up track—out of the danger zone below. He felt that the Brute was doing fruitless work—that no man, no human agency within a minute's time could raise that rail. He didn't know—there was something superhuman within the Brute. He was more than a man—he was a man-driven beast—perhaps God-driven. He piled his giant lever like a giant.



"Look—See!" Exclaimed the Brute, tough on you—think of me. I feel like chucking up my job . . . A tin horn blew outside. "W-what's that?" cried Annette. Mrs. Hardin and Joe Welcher rushed into the station. "The train—the train," they cried. They were quite right. The engineer was already pulling his rusty lever. The train actually was starting up, stationary though it had seemed. "Go ahead little one," said Neal, "good luck."

Half a mile farther down the track, out of the jungle crept two figures—each with gun in hand, each with a black mask upon his face. Across the track they piled a tree or two—these trees had been plucked up by the roots by one of these masked men. After completing this self-appointed task, they crept back into the jungle and waited patiently. Finally one of the men prodded the other. "Now," he commanded, "here she comes."

A faint tin horn whistle was heard around the curve. The fast mail of the Chantillo line approached. She approached, but seeing the obstruction on the track, she hesitated, halted, came to a full stop. The two masked men leaped upon the engine and held up the crew with their ever-ready guns. Hernandez stepped into the car behind. He fired three shots. He aimed at no one. The shots had their effect—on two persons at least. Joe Welcher ducked at once. Mrs. Hardin followed suit. No one was hit. Annette alone retained her nerve. "So," she said fearlessly, "it's you again. And where is your charming friend, Miss Irene Courtier?" "Brute," cried Hernandez, throwing off his mask, "bring those two men here."

The Brute brought them. "Take the bell cord," said Hernandez to the train crew, "and tie this young girl up!" Hernandez, still with his gun on guard, bent over the girl. He plucked her hand into her breast, and with a jerk tore the chamois bag from her neck. "I'll tie this man myself," said Hernandez, approaching Joe Welcher. He leaned over Joe, and wound some cord loosely about his hands. "I'll need you," he whispered, "but make no mistake. Mistakes are fatal when I'm around."

He left the Brute on guard and marched the crew back to the engine. "How near are you to the nearest station?" he queried, "tell me the truth." "Not for miles, senior," they gasped, "only a little farther on in a deserted station, Montrada. No trains stop there. It is discontinued." "Any occupants?" queried Hernandez. "None—it is deserted. It is even haunted, senior." "How—haunted?" "Something there goes click—click—click—always when we pass."



The Hand of Inez Was Quicker Than Annette's Voice.

to meet them. Seeing the Brute, he drew back in terror. "It is nothing, friend," said Hernandez, "here is a coin. Where lies La Plaza?" "But five miles farther on—close by shore," returned the native. "A bagatelle," said Hernandez, "come on."

Meantime Inez Castro, on board the Albany, had become unusually active. She had ascertained the time of arrival of the Albany at La Plaza—the schedule time. Joe Welcher bunked in with Neal—in the quarters of the warrant officers. It was nearly evening when Inez Castro, using Joe as usual to do her bidding, whispered in his ear. Joe, like a whipped dog, did, through fear of her, what he otherwise would have been afraid to do. He slipped into Neal's quarters, and laid his hands upon an object or two, twisted them into a little bundle and took them back to Inez. Inez took them to her cabin.



Leaped Upon the Engine and Held Up the Crew.

nette's train. His men were off—all of them. He alone remained, rooted to the spot. He was powerless to do anything. Suddenly—obeying the instinct of safety—for he could do nothing else—training had taught him that a foolish risk of life was suicide—obeying the instinct of self-preservation, he leaped, leaped safely. At that instant with one final grunt—an final heave—the Brute bent his mighty shoulders in one last desperate thrust—and sent the rail spinning, loose, detached, uprooted, to one side. The next instant the troop train—empty as it was—reached the broken track and left it. With the roar of thunder it plunged, plowed through the soft earth and plunged pell mell through the deserted shed, missing the train by a mere hairbreadth. An instant later Hernandez plunged into the jungle. The Brute followed him, as a gully dog follows its master—whimpering with fear. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

- in section 2, township 2 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.
George N. Willis et ux to Frank Janovsky and James Janovsky, south of southeast quarter of section 17, township 6 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; also northeast quarter and east half of northwest quarter, section 20, township 6 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$12,000.
Andrew Flaherty et ux to Aldana Bailey Hand, Robert Bailey, Giles Hall and Veta Bailey, tract of land 20 feet wide in section 23, township 2 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1.
George N. Willis et ux to Frank Janovsky and James Janovsky, south of southeast quarter of section 17, township 6 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; also northeast quarter and east half of northwest quarter, section 20, township 6 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$12,000.
Andrew Flaherty et ux to Aldana Bailey Hand, Robert Bailey, Giles Hall and Veta Bailey, tract of land 20 feet wide in section 23, township 2 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1.
Real estate transfers, filed Thursday with County Recorder Dedman, are as follows:
T. S. McDaniell et ux to William Hanson, lots 32, 33, 34 and 35, in Orchard Homes; \$10.
Hannah J. Peterson et vir to William Stuart, lot 3, in block 105, Oregon City; \$10.
The East Side Mill & Lumber company to Mrs. M. H. Mowrey, all of the northwest 1/4 of the northeast 1/4 of section 19, township 2 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian, except right-of-way 60 feet wide running through the said tract; \$1.
Real estate transfers were filed with recorder Dedman today as follows:
William B. Borthwick et ux to A. E. Borthwick, 28.7 acres in section 14, township 2 south, range 6 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.
A. E. Borthwick et ux to Clinton A. Ambrose, 28.7 acres in section 14, township 2 south, range 6 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.
William Borthwick et ux to Clinton A. Ambrose, 20 acres in section 24, township 2 south, range 6 east of the Willamette meridian; also lot 9, block 5, Bright wood; \$10.
Grocery C. Gleay to Dr. Martin Gleay, 100 acres in section 20 and 20, township 4 south, range 1 east of the Willamette meridian; \$3000.
Olive Dan Ossold to Payson R. Dohs, et al, 50 acres in lot C, Rosewood acre tracts; \$1.
Vida M. Gage et vir to E. H. Moody, 10 acres in section 36, township 4 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.
Rosa Cochran et al to R. W. Clarke, block 24, Hyde Park; \$1.
Cathryn Clarke Young to R. W. Clark, quit claim deed to her undivided share in the estate of Davidella Clark; deceased; \$1.
Wallace McMain et ux to Edith Keck McMain, lot 16, block 51, Gladstone; \$10.
Cornelia McCown to Nell Stewart, part of lot 11, block 51, Milwaukie Heights; \$250.