GERMANY IS TOLD WHY 2 ATTACHES MUST LEAVE U.S.

ACTIVITIES OF BERLIN'S REPRE-SENTATIVES NOT APPROVED BY WASHINGTON.

SECRETARY LANSING DOES NOT DISCUSS OR SPECIFY FACTS

Washington Still in Dark as to Attitude of Berlin, but Its Position is Said to Have Satisfied

Von Bernstorff.

known. Officials are awaiting with interest to see whether the Berlin foreign office will be satisfied with the stating of the broad, general reasons. The opinion seemed to prevail that Germany might, with the reasons before it, instruct the ambassador to send the attaches away without further delay.

It was understood tonight that Count von Hernstorff was of the personal and his two companions, Senorita Inea opinion that the reply made by Secre- Castro and the Brute, crept to the outtary Lama'ug was satisfactory.

and military activities of the attaches, shackle old hotel. For two days they it was _ d authoritatively tonight that had kept carefully out of sight. the American communication pointed out that the attaches had been from fate. He had now become a cipher. in the public mind by inference, if noth- left him to the jackals. ing more, with certain persons who since had been discredited.

CONGRESS MAY RAISE \$112,000,000 MORE

TOTAL DEFICIT NEXT JUNE IS ESTIMATED IN PROPOSAL OF PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5 .- The plan under which President Wilson has asked congress to raise money for national defense contemplates increased internal taxes. If the military and naval programs are carried out the total estimated deficit on June 36, 1917, will be \$235,000,000. By the retention of the present duty on sugar and the emergency war tax, the deficit can be reduced to \$112,000,000.

To raise this \$112,000,000 the president proposes:

Reduction of exemption under income tax law of \$3000 for single and \$4000 for married persons to \$2000 and \$3000, respectively.

Reducing the figure at which surtax being from \$20,000 to \$10,000 or \$15,000. increase of tax on large incomes. Tax of 1 per cent per gallon on gasoline and naptha, \$20,000,000.

Tax on 50 cents per borsepower on automobile and internal explosion enbines, \$15,000,000.

Stamp tax on bank checks, \$18,000,

Tax of 25 cents per ton on pig iron, \$16,000,000.

Tax of 50 cents per ton on fabricated Iron and steel, \$10,000,000

LINER'S TROUBLE

MINNESOTA SKIPPER SAYS THAT NO MUTINY OCCURRED-SHIP IS NOW IN TOW.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—That the troubles of the liner Minnesota were entirely mechanical, that there had been no mutiny and no trouble with the crew, was the substance of a wireless message received here today from Cap-

This was the first direct statement from the Minnesota's skipper to anyone but officials of the Great Northern Steamship company and confirmed the statements made repeatedly by C. W. Wiley, marine superintendent of the company, that all suggestions of bomb plots and mutiny were matters of sur-

According to a wireless received to night from the wrecking steamer Inqua. the Minnesota was being towed toward San Francisco.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers were filed Thursday with Recorder Dedman as John W. Loder et ux to James Neek, dition to Portland; \$500.

acres in section 32, township 2 south,

tate of Charles H. Kelley, to John W. range 1 cast of the Willamette merid- erson et al, 17.5 acres in the C. Pendle- lows: Loder, lots 4, 5 and 6, block I, and lot lan; \$1.

Melissa A. Bestow to William Peters da: \$500.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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

COPYRIONT INS BY WILLIAM HAMILTON CARDONNE

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

He returned the documentary evi

The district attorney placed before

You will be compensated for this

Lost Island," he said, "and the gov-

ernment stands ready now to make

you a substantial advance of money

Annette signed-and sighed with re-

The admiral bowed. All rose, "You

are rendering our country a great

service. Miss Hington," he said, "and

your country will do its level best to

Neal saluted. "I understand, sir."

"he said that I am to command the

Yes," interposed the commander,

we've arranged all that with the

captain of a steamer. He agrees that

what you say shall go-and you'll

"I'll say anything and do anything."

He said a good deal to her on the

"But," he added at parting, "care-

ful now. Don't take risks. This man

Hernandez is a wonder. I take my

hat off to him. He never knows when

-Joe Welcher, his own foster broth-

er and Annette's. Welcher was there

drinking heavily. And he was still

'about the battleship Missouri?"

pending Allemanian war.

"Where does she steam?"

do you get inside information?"

dez, "does this Neal-does he talk-

"There's none to get," said Joe. "if

Hernandez waved his hand. "When

We want her evidence-but we want

her, too-until-until we have no fur-

ther need of her. What we shall run

into at Lost Isle no man knows. I

want her with us there. Listen. Wel-

cher. You must arrange it. Our paths

Welcher fumed. "I do all the dirty

Hernandez poured him another

The drink had just the wrong ef-

drink, and handed it to him with a

fect. Joe became angry-noisy-un-

"I'll be damned if I do your bidding

Hernandez darted a glance toward

Hernandez did as he was bid. He

"Leave him with me," she said.

love to Joe as she never had before

"Tonight," she whispered to him.

Half an hour later Annette swung

She spied Joe and drew in her steed.

"Joe," she exclaimed, "tell mother

Under certain influences Joe's mind

and the dark eyes of Inez Castro had

set him well on edge. Without a mo-

ment's thought he stooped by the road-

burr concealed within his hand. He

"Good cow pony!" he exclaimed. He

"Safe as they make 'em." he con-

And then he did the trick. His

right hand stole gently up across the

horse's back, behind Annette-stole to

flanks. And then he did another thing.

She noted that Joe was unduly ex-

a word to him-he will kill us both."

"To San Francisco."

there was any, I'd get it."

must cross this afternoon."

work," he said; "I'm through."

glance that ate into Joe's soul.

manageable

Inez. She returned it.

Joe.

tomorrow,

-depressed, fearful, nervous-but

"He's beaten now," returned An-

my-and Miss Annette Hington."

and kept on saying it.

protect you. Can we do more!"

expedition.

he's beaten."

that has transpired."

asy it, I feel sure."

attorney, "I take with me,"

Annette a bulky document

upon the signing of this paper.

That's done," she exclaimed.

curious situation.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the graption of Mount Peles Capt. John Hardin of the steames Princess rescues five-year-old Annoth-lington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Bington is assaulted by Hermandes and -Pouce in a wan attempt to get papers which Hington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to and telling the whoreabouts of the lost taland of Cinnaber, Hington's injury causes his mind to become a blank. Thirteen years claps. Hermandes, now an optim amagister, with Punio. Inc. a testale accumpite, and the mindless bruis that once was Hington. Captain Hardin's living with her son Neal and America first to steal the papers left to Annotice WASHINGTON. Dec. (.—Secretary Lansing has communicated to Germany through Count von Bernstorff, the Germany through County of Captain Kari Boyed and Captain to request the immediate withdrawal of Captain Kari Boyed and Captain Franz Papen, respectively, naval and military attaches of the embassy here. In the communication, which is believed to have reached the Berlin foreign office today, Mr. Lansing is understood to have said that naval and military activities of the attaches constituted their principal offenses. It is said that there was no discussion of facts relating to the reasons for the state department's request, nor any disclosure of the department's sources of information.

Whether Germany expected a discussion of the facts has not been made known. Officials are awaiting with in-

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT "RACKED BY THE U. S. N."

CHAPTER LIL

A Thorn in the Flesh.

It was late at night when Hernandez skirts of the village of Santa Maria. by addition to mentioning the naval and stealthily approached the ram-

They had left the dead Ponto to his time to time more or less associated He was food for the jackals and they

> "Then," said Inez, "it shall be Pento's share for mine." Hernandez leered at her: "What does it matter," he returned; "what is paw.

mine is yours, fair Inez-Inez, mine She crept to him, resting her shoulder against his breast.

"You mean that, Hernandez?" she queried, a jealous note tinging her tune. "There is no one-there never stall be one-save Iner!"

Hernandez leered again. "Time and time have I not told you so?" he answered. "We are one-as in the past-so in the preent-so in the future.

Hernandez brushed her gently to one side and rose to his feet. "War one side and rose to his teet.

Hernander waves his hand, "Busidoes the Missouri sall?" he queried. ness now-and later, happiness. A whiri of happiness-of world-wide "When she sails," went on Hernanhappiness. When I am king of a prin-dez, "we'll get this girl. cipality-and you are queen.

let us on." Softly he crept to a secluded doorway of the hotel and knocked cautiously upon it. It was opened in due course. The frowzled head of a servant thrust itself forth.

"Ah," whispered Hernandez, "my good friend."

He slipped a goodly coin into the hand of his good friend-and the good friend became at once a better friend. "The Americanos?" queried Hernan-

dez. "Have they gone?" "Gone," returned the servant; "to-

day they went. Enter, senor." Hernandez, alert but satisfied of temporary safety, beckoned to his two any more," snarled Joe. companions and the three crowded into the dingy little closet of the por-

He turned back to the porter. "Tell us," he commanded, "the best route left her alone with Joe. And in the to San Pedro and Los Angeles. Our next fifteen minutes Inez Castro made way lies north."

Many hours later at Los Angeles, a She overwhelmed him with enchant coterie of Americans sat around a ment. broad table in an unused courtroom in the post office building in Los An- "tonight, Americano. But breathe not

Spread upon the table were a number of documents-a trinket or two. out of the hotel grounds, mounted on Among them was a locket, Among them a wiry little pony. were a patched-together parchment map and a Spanish grant.

The admiral leaned toward the cited. United States district attorney-the latter had come down from San Fran- I'll be safe." cisco to place the seal of his department's approval upon the matter now acted with unusual rapidity. Drink

in hand. "Are you satisfied?" queried the ad-

"Absolutely," said the district at side and plucked a thorny burr. He torney, "the paper title is at present straightened up again, with the thorny unassailable, and as much to be recognized as though"-he bowed to An- did not answer Annette at first, but nette- as though our fair daughter approached her and her steed. here were a sister republic. It remains for you, sir"-his giance bent stroked the horse's nose, its neck, its upon the commander of the battleship Missouri-'to find out who may be in passession-and to oust them in favor of this paper title."

"I wonder whom we'll find?" mused matte, her eyes glowing.

Probably no one," returned the ad-

the thorny burr under the saddle, next | friend. We owe him much-much. to the pony's skin. Then he slouched

CHAPTER LIII.

A Dangerous Connection.

There are few drivers of a highpower car who permit themselves restraint upon an open road. But the machine that crept along the avenue in this sparsely settled portion of subcrippled. Everything passed it-even horse-drawn vehteles.

And one horse in particular kept always on ahead. This horse was Annette Hington's.

dence and the trinkets to his port-There were four people in this carand three of them were waiting for, folio. "These," he said to the district the inevitable to happen. They crept "Exactly," said the other, "we have on and on-always two hundred yards photographs of all of them. The in- | behind. vestigation has been of interest-a

"Ah!" exclaimed Hernandes finally, "it cats in."

He was quite right. Soddenly the horse ahead swerved sharply to one -leaped frantically into the air, and then, with a violent burst of speed, tore down the road like fire.

Hernandez increased his speed to twenty miles-to twenty-five-but the horse tore on before him. Annette was riding like the wind-but she had

lost control. Joe, in the car behind, leaped to his feet and tried to force his way from the car. "Let me out," he cried, struggling; "I got her into this, and I'll get her out.

Hernandez turned to the Brute. "Hold him," he commanded. And the Brute obeyed.

Inez Castro now was on her feet. "Look-look-look," she cried, "the horse is mad-be'll kill her-look-

It was all over. In one final burst of frenzy the horse had leaped high he said. returned Neal, "for my country and in the air, and come down on all fours, not on the solid road, but in the ditch. way back to her Los Angeles hotel Annette was flung violently from her steed-and struck the ground with a thud. The horse, freed of his burden, sped on-up the road-sped on. Hernandez stopped his car. Joe

leaped out and ran to Annette. She's killed," he said. Hernandez followed him. "If so, we

nette, "particularly if he knows all cannot help it," he returned calmly. "If she's killed, I did it, you black-He left her-still gravely worried. guard," cried Joe, remorsefully. He would have been more than wor-Inez bent over the girl. "She's not ried had he known that within a quardead," she said, "she's very much

ter of a mile of Annette's hostelry, alive. She's only stunned." in a secluded cafe, sat Hernandez, Hernandez motioned to the Brute. with his two companions, the Brute "Carry her to the car," he commanded. and Inez Castro. He would have And the Brute again obeyed.

sen more than worried had he known "Now, slowly," commanded Inez of that with them was another individual Hernandez, "until I revive the girl." They were in open country nowthe community was but sparsely settled. Hernandez glanced warily from side to side.

the model, shrinking tool, the cats-"We must make haste," he mused, taking a grass-grown road to the "And what," queried 'Hernandez, right.

He stopped the car before a house. produced an extra-its head-It was an ordinary dwelling. There lines devoted to the navy and the imwas no sign of life about it. grass in the dooryard was a foot high "The Missouri," he announced, re-Everything appeared unkempt. But ferring to the paper, "steams away in the parlor window was a sign: To let, furnished. Hernandez stepped into the dooryard and peered into the windows. "Friend Welcher," went on Hernan-

"We'll let it furnished-free-for a short time," he said.

He forced the door and entered. "All the comforts of home," he said, smiling, "fetch in the girl."

Back in the city, Neal, off duty once again, sought Annette at her hotel. "She's gone again-alone," said Mrs. Hardin, "she would go. She's so restless she couldn't sit still."

o.T in the direction taken by Annette. more at it with the chair, clearing a

He turned a sneering smile on Wel-

away in the general direction of the cher. Annetts uttered an exciamation. Joe Joe," she cried, "is it-true?" Jon turned away-his chest heaving, his eyes upon the floor. "Aw, I'm no

good," he muttered. "Never mind, Joe, fair one," said Hernandes, taking from his pocket a legal document already carefully prepared, "we have business at hand. This document-you should really know what it contains. It is in proper urban Los Angeles seemed almost shape, I assure you. A bit soiled perhaps, from long disuse in my breast pocket-but well worded. Look-it is complete. It is even acknowledged before a United States consul in Contral America-acknowledged by you, fair one."

"It is not," snapped Annette.

"Fair Inez here," went on Hernandes, "signed it Annette llington-the consul was quite satisfied that she was you. But-I have grased her signature - she lacks the cleverness called forgery. And your signature may be on record somewhere-who side, violently shook its head and neck knows. Comparisons are odious. Let us therefore be complete. Take in hand a pen, my pretty. Sign your name, over this erasure opposite this seal."

"I'll never sign," returned Annette. "You will sign," said Hernandes evenly, "and you will hand over to us all the evidence you have upon your

person. Sign."

"No," said Annette. "Well and good," went on Hernandes in honeyed accents. "Beasthold her firm. Disobey and the lash for yours." Hernandes took from his coat pocket a piece of cord. He tied the ends together.

Despite her struggles he fitted this noose-like cord over Annette's head and thrust into it a piece of wood. Then he began to twist.

"Tell me when you've had enough."

Like a stone from a catapult Joe Welcher hurled himself across the room and was upon Hernandez in a fiash. Under the assault Hernandes retreated violently to the wall, strik ing his head against the mantel. "Are you crazy, you-worm?" cried

Hernandez with a snark. "I've-turned," snarled Joe in re

Without waiting for breath he flung himself once more at Hernandes. "Help!" cried Hernander. "Inca-

tackle this mosquite." ines was a valuable ally. She attacked Joe from the rear, and her assault was effectual. Her onslaught was so severe that it caused Joe to retreat. He did retreat until he faced them both.

"Now," said Hernandez. And both descended upon him. Joe was ready for them. He seized a chair and whirled it about his head-frenzy lending him violence and strength.

"Come on!" he cried, "all three of you at once!"

With one wild final swing he brought the chair crashing down on Hernandes' head. No, not on Hernandez' head. It fell short of that, but crashed on something else-the chandelier above Hernandez' head.

There was a ripping, tearing, cracking sound-and then a crash. Down came the chandeller in a tangled heap upon the floor.

For one instant there was a cessation of hostilities. The shades were down-the lights extinguished-the room plunged into semi-darkness. Annette watched in affright. Sud-

denly a strange, familiar odor assailed her nostrils. "Stop-stop!" she cried. But none heeded her. The Brute

Neal smiled. He was not worried. still held her fast. And Joe, in his new He got a saddle horse and started and ungovernable frenzy, was once



He Seized a Chair and Whirled It About His Head.

Back in the deserted furnished space about him on the floor, driving house. Hernandez still looked about Inez and Hernandez before him into

"We can hide here till doomsday," he laughed, "running water, too. Look wire-from which the insulation had meant for us." He bowed low. "Ah, my charming friend Senorita Iling- sparks. A pause- a second's pause. ton," he said to Annette who had recovered consciousness and was star- mighty roar, burst itself out into the ing about her in astonishment, "you open air. have had a long sleep-and pleasant dreams I hope."

switched on the light. "See," he added, "you have slept

till evening-pretty sluggard. And bleeding, was the first to revive. His how is your good health. No bones remorseful frenzy still lent him broken. That is well."

she leaped to her feet. "Joe," she cried, "Joe Welcher-here?" one corner after another. His chair whirling, touched a live

here. Everything but food-every been torn. The wire, recoiling from thing. Look-yonder on the mantel- the blow, struck a piece of disjointed even pen and ink. This place was gas pipe still clinging to the celling. Then-fizz-a spark-a multitude of And then the whole room, with a

A horseman, speeding down the straight road, heard the boom. He saw He drew down the shades and the explosion. He spurred his horse. He reached the wayside lane.

Joe Welcher, his head cut and strength and energy. He sprang to Annette did not answer. Suddenly his feet-looked for Annette. He noticed nothing else-save that the room was wrecked.

He found Annette, picked her up "Yes," returned Hernandez, again and carried her without. She was bowing, "Joe is here-he has always stunned, but practically unhurt. But Swiftly-and unnoticed-he pushed been here-with us. Joe is our good Joe didn't know all this. He had many powerful men, came into view



killed her-he must bring her to life

With her in his arms he started up the lane-whither he knew not. Suddenly, in the distance, he saw Nesl-on horseback. Welcher broke

into a run toward his foster brother. "She-she lives," said Joe thickly, at any rate-you can tell her-tell over his compass. mother-tell yourself-that I brought her back—to life. That pays up—pays aloft, the lockout shaded his eyes with

He fell prone upon the ground. Neal knelt by his side. "Gene," he said, taking off his hat, "gone, An-

nette. "We'll forget everything," she answered sobbing, "except that he saved me—that he died a hero—a headed straight for her—straight as real hero-at the last!"

CHAPTER LIV.

A Piece of Steel. carried Joe tenderly to the side of the road and left him there, covered with green boughs. Then he lifted it meant a wreck-it would be a mat-

help. It took time to find a surgeon -time to get a car. Meantime things happened at the furnished house—the house so swiftly door and threw it open. In person be and violently unfurnished by its in lifted Annette and her mother into terloping tenants.

Inside the room nothing but a mass It was lowered safely. Neal turned to of wreckage was to be seen. But his crew. "Get the lazarette prisoner," unseen force, this mass of wreckage boat here. Be about it now," writhed and wriggled.

Brute's head. ing was to be seen. He peered into into the second boat—the Brute leapthe depths from which he had just ing in behind. Half way down the side

Seeing-he worked away like mad, held to the tackle-and plunged its

Inside of ten minutes, Inez, in a stuthe other.

him. He crawled to Inez. you beast-come on." Salving them both teart

frantically, like mad, he sped with them toward a cluster of trees on the of beach, staring all about other side of the road.

In the midst of this dense growth he had hidden his machine. Panting with frenzy, his glance ever Crusoe here-possibly-my father." over his shoulder, he forced them

threw in the clutch, and was off. seas, that Hernandez-his other two corner and have a better look." companions well hidden in the holdstole out of the companion way of a fruit steamer bound for the southern

He glanced cautiously around a cor-

The first figure that met his sight was Neal Hardin-an ensign in the skulls. "What's he doing here?" demanded

Hernandez of himself.

He watched warily. What he saw disturbed him, Neal was giving orders to the captain of the ship.

Hernandez looked about him. Suddenly he darted forward, stooped, and of triumph . . . here, then, were picked up something from the floor. "What is it?" queried Inez. "A piece of steel," he said.

That night, well muffled, he stole piece of steel where it would do the Brute were pioneers. most good-or most harm, as you prefer. No one saw him-no one knew.

cloak from Hernandez' grasp. "You," cried Neal, leaping for Her-

nandez, "I've got you now." They struggled like tigers, but Neal

A dozen men pounced upon Hernan left. rose to his feet. "We've got him," said Neal briefly.

he said. The ship was searched, and withand the Brute, each in the clutch of your faces. He is a god-our god,"

He gave an order. "Search the ship,"

"Lock the woman in a cabin," commanded Neal, "and keep guard upon her day and night." All night he lay, chained heavily,

solitary, in the lazarette, working out his own salvation-not eternal, but material. And he always came to one conclusion-"I'll beat them yet." All night the pilot puzzled his head

As dawn broke, in the crow's nest his hand-then with the same hand shaded his mouth. "Land ho!" he cried, "land hot"

Neal heard him and hurried to the pilot's side. "Can't be Lost Isle," he exclaimed. "Must be," said the pilot, "we're

the crow flies, sir. But I can't understand it, either-blest if I-" The sentence was unfinished. With a terrific shock the vessel crashed into Neal's first duty was toward An- an unseen reef-an unknown reef, for nette-his second toward Joe. He they had ventured into uncharted seas Neal understood the danger. The shock was too terrific to be ignored.

Annette upon his steed and set off for ter of minutes only before she filled. "Man the boats," he cried, "order all on deck. Make haste." He rushed in person to Annette's

the first boat. Inex also was included,

slowly, painfully, impelled by some he commanded, "drag him into this allowly rose. Beneath it some giant Hernandez, in a frenzy of fear, had been beating with his chains upon the Finally a head appeared-the barred door of the lazarette. They dragged him forth, his face working He looked about the room. Noth- with fear and rage, and bundled him emerged. Then suddenly he saw some- something happened—the gear broke.

human burden into the sea beneath. Hernandez, heavy with his irons, por, was staring at the Brute from clung to the Brute. The Brute was one side of the room-Hernandez from still a paragon of strength. With both Hernandez' hands upon his brawny Hernandez shook the lethargy from shoulders-with the dragging weight of Hernandez' irons upon him. he "Up-up," he cried, tugging at her, swam, with even, steady strokes, 'we have no time to lose. Come on, toward the shore-swam for an hour, tirelessly, like some huge dog.

The boat dropped-its one end still

Suddenly his feet touched sand. Neal and Annette stood upon a strip "This," said Annette, "must be Lost Isle-and the admiral was right-it is deserted. Unless we find a Robinson

Neal shook his head. "I'm not sure into the car, sprang to the wheel, it's Lost Isle," he commented, "and I'm not sure it's deserted. See that It was three days later, on the high turn in the short line-let's round the Around the corner, some three-quarters of a mile away, a group of naked

natives clustered greedily about a fire. Above the fire something-horribly gruesome-turned and turned upon a slowly-revolving spit. Scattered about upon the ground, were human One of the natives held up his arms, uttering guttural sounds and pointed

off the shore. The whole crowd broke

into a run-reached the shore and waited. Two men staggered from the water toward the beach.

The group of natives set up a yell

two more human skulls-two more gruesome forms to be turned upon a spit over a hot fire. Yes. Mariners were quite right. These were indeed, toward the compass, and concealed his uncharted seas-Hernandez and the The Brute looked straight ahead. He placed his arm about his master's

But on his return, turning a corner, quivering shoulders and stepped up he ran full tift into Ensign Neal Harout of the sea, straight into that diaquivering shoulders and stepped up din himself. Neal sprang upon the bolical group of twentieth-century muffled figure and tore the enveloping anthropophagi. The Brute knew no fear. The black brutes reached forth clutching hands and touched himseized Hernandez. The stretched forth a hand, seized a savtook no chances. This was no test age by the neck, and whirled him bout. He wanted to make sure of his, round and round about his head, strikman. He called for help. Help came ing the black men right and

Then he tossed his captive into When he was safely chained Neal the sea, leaving him to struggle out as best he might.

There was a wild cry among the na tives-then suddenly, they prostrated themselves before the Brute. "He has a white face-white beard," in the next quarter of an hour Iner they told each other, "down, down on

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

tract described on page 506 and 507,

Real estate transfers were filed Fri- to Molalla; \$150.

9, block 22, Zobrist addition to Estaca- erson et al, 10 acres in the Wesley \$5900.

the saddle.

Ellis Hughes to Phebe Hughes, 1.75 Kranck, block 68, Prune and; \$10.

Joslin donation land claim; \$10. +23, 34 and 35, block 71, Minthorn's ad- al, deed to correct error in deed on

page 326, volume 123; \$1. ty, lot 1, block 3, Laureiwood addition ceased, 303,54 acres in sections 32 and

Real estate transfers were filed Sat-

Mortenson, lot 10, block 7, Gregory block 10, Waverly Heights; \$1. United States to Wesley Joslin, de- first addition to Molalia; \$200. Gladstone Real Estate association to County Recorder Dedman follow:

57, Gladstone; \$10. C. H. Denney to I. M. Park et ux, lot ridian; \$1. 6, block 2, C. T. Tooze addition to Ore M. S. Abraham to E. E. Otey, lot 8. John R. Newton et ux to J. Lee Eck. L. Hall, 2.351 acres in Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and lots 1 and 2, block 2, Zobrist addition to Ore Waverly Heights and I and

tion to Estacada; \$125. E. C. Hunt to I. M. Park et ux., lot 6, block 2, Estacada; \$1.

Real estate transfers filed with

33, township 3 south, range 1 east of Louis Gervas et ux, lots 7 and 8, block | J. P. Duncan et ux to Frank Irish et lows: ux, 151/2 acres in the William Bland | Agnes N. Mumford to Jane Carroll, George H. Cecil et ux to James P. donation land claim in township 2 lot 4, block 7, Gladstone; \$1. Conrad P. Olson, trustee for the estate transfers were filed Saturday with Recorder Dedman as fol- Shaw, block 51, Milwaukie Heights; \$1. south, range 1 east of Willamette meters to J. A. Addleman, 100 and 100 and

Windsor: \$300.

meridian; \$1. Real estate transfers were filed with

Recorder Dedman Wednesday as fol-

160 acres in section 12, township 3 William Feitelson et ux to Isaac south, range 2 east of the Willamette

Ralph Sawtell, trustee, to O. L. Kay- 160 acres in section 16, township 7 ler, seven acres in section 20, township south, range 4 cast of the Wilamette

tain Garlick, master of the disabled

mise originating ashore.

United States to Frank Sirols, 169 book 36; 3650. range 6 east of the Willamette merid-day with Recorder Dedman as follows: Mert E. Fisk et un to William the Willamette meridian; patent.

et ux, lot 7, block 51, Oregon City; E. W. Gillam to Arnold Kester, lots Julia Clausen et al to Ora Slyter et Duffy, lot 1, Rosewood; \$10.

W. A. Wood et ux to Louise S. Chris-

ton donation land claim; \$10.

Blanche L. Smith et ux to Martin J. George H. Gregory et ux to F. C. Drake C. O'Reilly to Gordon Voorbies, 5 south of range 2 east of Willamette meridian; \$10.

W. O. Walters et ux to C. U. Seavy,