NORTHWEST HELD IN GRIP SEVERE WIND, RAINSTORM

BAY CITY HAS 89 MILE GALE AND FALLS CITY DAM IS SWEPT OUT.

LANDSLIDE NEAR OREGON CITY

Tacoma-Gale of 40 miles damages railroads and telephone system.

Chehalis-Streets flooded and farmers worried about livestock. Cascade Locks-Record rainfall of four inches reported.

A landslide near the city limits at 6 gon City until after 11.

posed because of the extreme softness those about him. of the dirt. As fast as the rains were uncovered, more mud slid onto the track. However, soon after 11 o'clock the rails were uncovered enough so that the Molalla train could leave. About a dozen passengers waited in the coaches until the line was opened. and the power, which is unusually shut off abbut 7 o'clock, was kept on until

the train reached its destination. The earth slid near Kansas City where the road winds along the sidehill above Abernathy. Much work re- rise, mains to be done where the slide oc curred, as only the rails have been un-

covered. This is the second time the Willamette Valley Southern has been tied un by a storm this winter. About a month ago a tree fell across the power line from river mill and stalled several trains but only for a few hours.

PORTLAND TEACHER WINS

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 21 .- Declaring that marriage of itself does not furnish reasonable cause for dismissal of a teacher, the supreme court today affirmed the action of Circuit Judge Morrow, of Multnomah county, in issuing a writ of mandamus for the Portland school board to reinstate Mrs. Maude L. Richards, whom it dismissed from the teaching staff because of her marriage. The opinion was written by Justice Harris.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers were filed with Recorder Dedman Thursday as follows: V. M. C. Silva et ux to Charles H. Thompson, 80.55 acres in section 21. township 2 south, range 3 east of the Willamette merldian; \$10.

Joseph A. Strowbridge Estate company to Matilda Bengtson, 42.87 acres in sections 4 and 33, townships 2 and 3, south, range 3 cast of the Willamette meridian: \$1.

C. H. Dye et ux to Frances Welsh, lot 6, block 4, Mt. Hood addition to

Oregon City; \$5. Oregon Iron & Steel company to Clackamas county, roodways through blocks 91 and 92, Lake View Villas; \$1.

The following are the real estate transfers that were filed in the office of the county recorder Friday: H. L. Spahr, Flora Brier and J. M.

Brier to Mary L. Warnock, 30.72 acres in section 2, township 5 south, range 1 east; \$100. H. L. Spahr, Mary L. Warnock, Clare

Warnock to Flora Brier, 4,05 acres in section 2, township 5 south, range 1 east: \$100.

Northwestern Trust company to Thomas Adkins, lots 5, 6, 7 in Barwell

City of Portland to M. Morehead (grant of right of way), tract of land in section 34, township I south, range E east: \$'00

Mary L. and Clarke Warnock and Flora and J. M. Brier to H. L. Spahr. 27.13 acres in section 2, township 3

south, range 1 east; \$1. Real estate transfers were filed Saturday with Recorder Dedman as fol-

Mary N. Munley et vir to D. T. Irwin,

4 acres in lot 15, Atkinson; \$10. Clara Lantz to C. Stebbins et ux, 12% acres in section 1, township 5 south, range I sust of the Willamette

E. A. Lovell et ux to Abraham E. Jones et ux. 2015 acres in section 6,

township 5 south, range 1 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1600.

Neal of the Navy

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Cats-paw," "Blue Buckle," etc. Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

SYNOPSIS.

LANDSLIDE NEAR OREGON CITY

HOLDSUPW. V. S. TRAIN 4 HOURS

Gars Scheduled to Leave at 6:30, Depart at 11:12—Track Passable,
But Much Work Remains to Be
Done Where Slide Occurred.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 21.—High
winds, accompanied by a driving rain,
which has swept the Pacific northwest for the last three days, and yes
terday and today attained destructive heights, promises to subside tomorrow.

A brief review of the damage done
by the storm follows:
Ray City, Ore.—Eighty-mile gale with
thunder and lightning accompaniment
does considerable damage.

Cottage Grove, Ore.—Lighting system put out of commission by storm.
Freewater, Ore.—Two inches of
anow fells on level and four feet in
hills.
Falls City—Dam of power company
swept out, but water high enough to
generate current.

Hood River—Dam at Hood River to
protect spawning fish, worth \$1500,
washed out.

Seattle—Transcontinental trains de
layed and snowsheds in Cascades de
stroyed by sildes.

La Grande—Portland auto party
caught in hillszard crossing mountains,
Kelso—Covellts county streams overflow and bridges washed out.

Vancouver, Wash.—Rainfall for day
2.31 inches.

Tacoma—Gale of 40 miles damages
railroads and telephone system.

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER LIX.

"THE GREAT GOAL"

Who Am 1? In the sick bay of the battleship Miso'clock Tuesday night tied up the Wil- souri an anxious little group-uni lamette Valley Southern until 11:12 formed and otherwise-grouped themand the train due to leave for Molalia solves around the form of an unconat 6:30 was unable to get out of Ore- scious man. He lay upon a cot. His head was swathed in bandages. The The slide was not serious although surgeon, seated on a camp stool by his more difficult to remove than first sup-, side, raised his head and glanced at

The vitality of this man is little less than marvelous," he said, Annette Bington started forward.

Then he will live?" she said. The surgeon nodded.

The little group bent forward. And with good reason. The figure on the couch stirred slightly-the huge form quivered. At last the unconscious man became no longer so. He opened wide his eyes. He stared wildly about the cabin, struggling the while to

You'll never know from me where the Princess-'

formed attendant by another. But he ed on a sandbar. tossed them from him as though by a sitting posture.

"You will," he snarled, clutching at was Inex Castro, his companion. the two men. "It's just as well 1 found you out, Hernandez-you and ground, and she lay there for an inyour henchman, Ponto; just as well stant, well spent, half exhausted.

gether." been upon his feet. But his eyes fell upon Annette Ilington.

"Anne," he cried. He stretched then suddenly withdrew it. He Hernandez wins." shrugged his shoulders. "What's the use?" he muttered to himself, "I'm dreaming-dreaming."

"Dreaming," said the surgeon somberly, "for thirteen years."

Neal gripped his mother's arm. 'Look at his eyes," he whispered, "his eyes. Something has happened to him. He has become a man."

The brute man glanced inquiringly at the surgeon. "What is the matter with me, doctor?" he exclaimed, his voice strong, his tones resonant with faint clang of metal against metal. reason. "Did my friend the Portuguese-Hernandez-get me after all? I know I struggled with him; that's the last thing I remember. The Mexi- ailies. Let us seek them now." can must have black-jacked me from

behind." The surgeon smiled. "He blackjacked you from behind, all right," he said.

"Where's Manuella?" went on the

little girl?"

many years." "The little girl," went on the brute man. His glance shifted and again he not belch forth fire. It was a cinna-

sought Annette. "Anne," he cried bar mine-or a series of clanabar again. Once more his glance became mines-pits cut into the surface of doubtful "Excuse me, nurse," he went on,

nodding to Annette, 'T thought you of this huge man-made crater and were my wife come back to life. May watched the scene with interest. In I ask your name?" "I am not a nurse," said Annette.

"My name is Annette Hington." The man started.

He dropped his head upon his chest; then he clutched something with his hand. It was his beard-the growth of many years. He held it out before

What's this," he said, "another

Pull it and see," suggested the sur-

The man gave the beard a mighty "Ouch," again he cried. "It's glued.

The surgeon, somewhat uncertain of his ground-fearful of resultstouched the man upon the arm. "It is not glued," he said, smiling and watching fearfully for the slight-

est change of expression. "It grew -it has been growing for over thirteen years. You're a Rip Van Winkle -you have come back to life." He paused and waited while that fact sank home. Then in a businesslike manner he drew forth a memorandum book and without further

glancing at his patient held his fountain pen poined in air. "Your name, sir-and address," he enid.

The matter-of-fact tone roused the patient from a dangerous reverie. "Me," he exclaimed. "Who am 17 1 am Hington-Hington of Martinique.

A few days later Hington, clean shaven, sat upon the deck of the Miscouri. He was a handsome man-as handsome as he had been some thirteen years before-save that time had carved deep lines upon his face. His forehead still was bandaged.

Annette erouched at his side and she held between her hands the hand of flington-the hand that had been so often raised to strike her down. Neal strode to the little group and sa-

"Off duty for the present," he explained. "How is the head?"

Hington grunted. "Sore as the dickens outside," he returned, "but working right inside-at least so far as I can tell." He glanced quirzically at Neal, "Ensign," he said, "I can't get information out of anybody. They think I've got to grow up like a child; but today I am feeling fit-I am all here and I want to know. Tell me something.

"I'll tell you everything," said Neal. The surgeon quite agrees with you. He has discharged you cured."

And then they told him-and it took hours in the telling. They told him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"Let me get hold of that Portuguese, just once," he muttered, "and I'll tear him with my bare hands, limb from limb."

CHAPTER LX.

Quicksilver.

Out of the sea at sunset, bearing in Lost Isle is," he muttered. "Look at his arms a burden, staggering up upon Pelee-death-destruction. Pray God, the shore of the Lost Isle of Cinnabar-there strode a man. Behind him, He lifted his head. The surgeon silhouetted against the horizon, was seized him by one arm and a uni- a small sailboat, deserted and strand-

The man was the Portuguese adventhe turn of a wrist and struggled to turer, Hernandez. The burden in his arms was a woman, and the woman

He dropped her gently to the

before- Come on, both of you to- Then she, too, staggered to her feet "This," cried Hernandez, "is Lost In another instant he would have island. We are in possession-and possession is nine points of the law. The god of chance has favored us so far, little one, and so long as the forth a hand as though to touch her, god of chance joins with Hernandez.

They traveled inland. The sun had set, the moon was full. For many minutes they had traveled through a clearing, and suddenly before them, rough. ragged and forbidding in the moonlight, there loomed a ruined structure built of stone.

"It's the fort," whispered Hernandez, "the Morro castle of the Ilington map.

In the far distance there was a red glow against the sky and the dull, "We are not alone" whispered Hernandez. "Someone works the mines.

So much the better. We shall have

Inez sank down at his feet. "Leave me alone-here," she whispered. "You can find me easily. I can go no far-

ther and I am afraid-afraid." Already Hernandez had bounded across the clearing, turned a corner figure on the cot. "And where is the of the crumbling ruin and was on his way. Within the next few moments The surgeon nodded to Neal. "He's he was standing on the edge of what a man all right," he whispered. "Tho seemed to be a crater of a volcanosoul has come back into the body after a huge pit that seemed to beich forth

> But it was not a volcano and it did the earth and illumined by brush fires. Hernandez crouched upon the edge

each pit half a dozen men or more worked away like ants, their shadows out her hands beseechingly over the flung against the walls in fantastic

Hernandez drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"This is the life," he said to himself. "These men are my men or

my name is not Hernaudez." He drew forth a brace of platols and examined them carefully in the moonlight. Satisfied that they were in working order, he rose and shirted the edge of the crater, creeping stealthily around behind the furnace. Then, with remarkable agility, he hurled himself as from the skies into a circle of bright light, lifted up his voice and called aloud.

In an instant he was surrounded by a motiey crew of men-men strange, weird-men whose faces were overgrown with a rank, untrimmed crop of hair and beard. They halled his advent with delight. Out of this multitude a huge individ-

ual pushed his way through to Hernandez and placed a grimy hand upon the latter's shoulder.

"Whence come you?" he queried in Spanish.

flernandes answered him. "I was set adrift in a small boat." he returned, and I came ashere here not knowing where I was. Who, str. are you, my

countryman?" "Twelve years ago," said the pirate chief, "we were wrecked-ground to pieces on this shore. And we found what? Enough to eat? Yes. A place to sleep-a place to live. But this is a God forsaken island, senor. Only the mines have kept us from going We have worked for wealth madly-hoping against hope."

"What do you mine?" asked Hernandez. "Cinnabar," returned the chief. Hernandez raised his eyebrows. "Quicksilver," he said. "It should

The chief held up his arms. "Rich," he cried. "Senor, follow me. He called for a torch and nodding

to Hernandez led the way to the edge of a nearby pit and down a ladder. At the foot of the ladder he crawled into an opening and bade Hernandez follow. The opening was a cave-a cave whose floor was covered with huge earthen jars. "Quicksilver, senor," hissed the pi-

rate chief-"millions of pesetas worth -possibly a billion-who knows." "Did you come alone, senor," he asked. "Is there any woman with

Hernandez shook his head, but a terrific fear clutched his soul. "No woman," he returned. "I am

alone." The chief fell back, disappointed; then he raised his voice to its normal tones again. "All this, senor," he exclaimed, appealing to his companions. 'a king's treasure. We have carted it for twelve long years. We would give it all for women." He thrust his face into Hernandez'. "I, senor, would give it all for one."

CHAPTER LXI.

Cutthroats. As the keel of the Missouri's launch grated against the sand, Annette little hoat, left to itself, swung about and plunged full tilt toward the

As it struck Annette was there to meet it. She dashed into the surf and dragged Inez in safety to dry land.

Inez was frantic with tear. "Where, asked Annette, "is the Portuguese, Hernander?"

Inez waved her hand wildly in-"Somewhere-in-there-with -the beasts," she cried. "Den't ask I don't know. I-I ran away

"The beasts?" faltered Annette. "Worse than that," returned Ines. 'you're a woman. I'm a woman. I've been hiding from them-even from him-for three days. He-he doesn't know where I am-he hasn't found

She sank upon the sand-her form shook with agitation.

Annette, wondering, knelt by her side. "Why have you run from him?" she queried.

"I-I can't blame him," cried Inet. suddenly facing Annette. "He's mad -crary for wealth, Hernandez, So am And wealth is here-you don't know- He told me all about it-before I began to suspect-"

Suspect-what?" asked Annette. "Ah," went on Inez, checking her agitation, for the presence of Annette gave her courage, "you should see-he told me-there are millions of dollars worth of quickstiver-all ready for the market-stored away. Millions of dollars' worth. And the mines-they're not half worked. And these beasts are working them-"

"Beasts?" said Annette again. "Cutthroats-men-all of them, men," groaned Inez, "and they've been here years and years—and they've been alone. They're wild-eyed enough to kill each other. And they offered Hernandez all the quicksliver that they've got if he'll find some way to bring them women. Ah, for hour after hour he harped on that-to me. Hour after hour he repeated it-talked about it in his sleep. And finally I understood-"

"You're safe," said Annotte, "at least so far as Hernandez and thesebeasts are concerned. There's a battleship riding in the bay around the bend. Nothing can harm you now"

Inez gasped with relief. "Nothing can- she began. Then she uttered a wild yell. "Ugh-arg-g-gh-look." Annette looked-almost too late. Out of the brush behind them bounded two frightful figures-half-cladwith matted hair and beard. With hoarse cries they darted toward the women. Ines turned frantically and fled up the beach One of the cutthroats darted after her. Annette swiftly drew her pistol, aimed and fired. The pursuer of Inez dropped in his tracks. But in another instant Annette was seized in a pair of strong arms and tossed over the shoulders of a giant and carried swiftly inland.

Suddenly their path was blocked. A figure shot out before them and stood with folded arms. This figure was Hernandez-and Annette almost hailed him as a friend.



"He Has a Right to Know, "She Said.

sprang out and waded gleefully ashore. Neal was a close second. Two sailors carried Mrs. Hardin through the shallow water. A lieuten-

ant leaped out with Hington, and bounded to dry land. It was two hours later that Annette, pursuing a hairless little tropical animal along the beach, rounded a cor-

ner, and espied a sail. Her heart leaped into her throat. Upon her person she carried a sure fire automatic; she examined it and found it in excellent condition. Then she turned her glance once more up-

And then Annette's heart stood still again. For within the boat there was a human figure. Annette shrank behind a rock and watched. And sud-

denly she knew-The figure was Inez. She was alone, and seemed to be making frantic efforts to sail the boat. Annette watched her with interest. And while she watched a stiff breeze sprang up and nearly swamped the boat.

"Inez-Inez," she cried, "do as I say -Inez-" Inez heard her, and immediately forsook the tiller and the rope and held gunwale of the boat. It was the best course she could have pursued. The

you have arrived. It is better sobetter so." "It is barter, eh?" he queried, "you the woman. I the jars of quicksilver." The chief regarded him fiercely. You lie in your throat, stranger," he exclaimed in guttural tones. "I cap-

my promise. The woman is yours-

the treasure is mine. It is a bargain."

"It is not Inez," he cried, "it is you-

you little wildcat of an Ilington. Sc

tured the woman-you kept her from me. I took her by force-and I have waited long." He laughed loud-a derisive laugh. "I took her by force. I have her. Yes, and you have our treasure-after you, too, have waited long-after you have taken it by force. Hernandez understood.

He sprang at the pirate chief, striking at him frantically, and clutching at Annette, trying to tear her from him

In a moment a multitude of beasts swarmed through the underbrushentered the arena of events.

CHAPTER LXII.

Onslaught,

On the chief's part it was a horri-

Caught Her in His Arms.

ble mistake. In his momentary excite-Hernandez. But the cutthroats who bounded into view never even saw Hernandez. Hernandez was there, agile, alert, ready to defend himself. But they didn't know it. The only thing they saw was An-

grasp of their chief. Like a mob of ravenous wolves they pounced upon The chief beat them off. There are two," he exclaimed. two. The other runs free upon the beach. This one is mine. The other

notte Hington, clutched in the mighty

on the beach. Scatter and find her." Some half dozen of the crew, accustomed to obedience, scampered off. But not so the rest. Shoulder to shoulder, thigh to thigh, they struggled on after their chief holding out their hands toward the trembling girl upon his shoulder. Step by step he fought his way, clutching her firmly to him, until he reached the entrance to a cave-his cave. He stooped to enter.

Then broke the storm. Down on shore Neal and Hington, alarmed at the prolonged absence of Annette, had scattered-Neal scoured the beach in one direction-llington in another. At last Neal found her-Inez, crouch-

ing behind a rock. Inex, panting with fear, leaped into his arms. He cast her off-for he did not understand. "Annette," she cried. "they've got her-there-that way-that way." Annette, numb with fear, lay quivering just within the mouth of the cave. Behind her was the dark-the unknown. She was too terror-stricken to move. But she was quick-wit-

that this terrific fight was helping her. She collected herself-she began to nandez, "come on." plan. Inch by inch she crept farther into the darkness. When the fight was at its hottest the chief lunged far out in the midst of it and left the cave's mouth temporarily Neal's wrist. uncovered. Like a flash Annette wrig-

gled out of the cave and slunk swiftly toward the undergrowth. She reached has a knife." it, when a figure blocked her path. epulsed her for the instant, and with forethought. Almost brutally he flung her behind him, and unshipped his navy gun. For action was at hand. nette crawl from the cave's mouth and that man was the pirate chief. As soon as he could disentangle himself, he was away and after her. And here he came, tearing through the under

growth with savage bounds. Neal fired thrice-hit once-missed twice-and then the cutthroat was up-

Hington from the shore, heard the shots. He looked upward and saw, peering down at him from at eminence, the face of his arch enemy, Her

He shook a massive fist at the face and the face disappeared. Hington hastened back to the temporary camp and found that the lieutenant and his men were making ready

for a run. "Come on, loot," cried Bington, leaning into the undergrowth, "I'm ready for a fight. I saw a head just now, and I'm going to hit it hard."

"So," said Hernandez, "I have kept Neal fought with fury, but his fight was futile. So, be it said, was the Then he uttered a sudden exclamation. fight of the pirate chief. For Neal's shots had brought the other beasts swarming like human hornets about their heads. Annette's temporary escape had been discovered-they had been cheated-vengeance was their due. They pounced upon Neal and their chief like harpies-once more

pandemonium reigned. crouched unseen-horror-stricken. Suddenly she shricked aloud-for Neal had disappeared beneath a mass

She shrieked and ran like wild for the shore-for succor. There was no fight in her-she was beaten by fear. That shrick was fortunate for Neal. His assailants left him and darted after her-scurrying like wild dogs

through the brush. And then-crack-crack-crack-The bark of a dozen navy rifles. A dozen men plunged headlong.

It was a bad fight-a desperate fight. Neal's men were outnumbered. Meantime a solitary figure slunk through the brush and crept past all the fighters. This was Hernandez. Hington, during a lull, saw him pass. but knew not where he went. nandez knew. He was still hoping

against hope-he stfil lusted blindly ment he had thought to exterminate after treasure. He reached the edge of the artificial crater and crept down a ladder and plunged into the treasure cave. He plunged his hands-his arms, into the living quicksilver-be tossed it into the air. "They've never beaten me yet," he

cried, "this is mine-all mine." He started suddenly. Across the pit there was a lull. And then the deadly crack-crack-crack of rifles. "Re-enforcements," he muttered.

He was right. One boatload of marines had reached the shore in another launch, had plunged through the thicket and had reached the conflict just in the nick of time.

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Edge of the World. Hernandes crouched behind one of the huge earthen jars. The light that streamed in at the cave's mouth darkened suddenly, and a huge figure crept in. At first Hernandez thought this was the pirate chief-but that flerce fighter was lying far across the pit with a builet through his head. The figure crept on farther-then Her-

nandez saw. It was Hington. Hington was unarmed-his face was blood covered. He was a figure fearful to behold. Hernandez climbed the ladder in fearful haste. Ilington saw him and followed, caught him, tore from him Hernandez' ever ready knife, and faced him accarely.

"I swore to tear you apart with my

hands," cried Ilington beside himself with rage, "and I'm going to do it." ted and she saw-and understood-"Two can play at that," panted Her-Ilington came on-reckless of the

> of a precipice. Far to the rear Annette plucked "Look-look," she cried, "Hernander and my father-and the Portuguese

fact that he was fighting on the edge

She was not the only watcher. Be-It was Neal. With a wild cry she low on shore a fresh boatload of maflung herself into his arms. But Neal rines were landing. They had seen officer peered through his glasses.

"Our friend the Portuguese," he said, "we've got to get him and take One man and only one had seen An- him back. The world needs one Hernandez less."

Even as he spoke, Hernandez struck with his knife and ripped open Ilington's arm. With a wild cry the fresh marines

scrambled up the cliff. Hernandez, cool with coolness of desperation, sidestepped, and lifting one foot, neatly tripped his man. Hington fell heavily, with one arm

hanging over the precipice. And then Hernandez looked-for the first time he took note of his surround-Behind him ranged Neal and his

squad, with fixed bayonets and with

death shining in their eyes. Below,

scrambling up the cliff were twenty men, dangerous-desperate. Hernandez paused-his eves parrowed. He was beaten and he knew

"Sorry gentlemen," he said, "but you've never beat me yet and you cannot beat me now." He retreated a pace or two, gave a sudden run-and leaped far out over

the edge of the precipice.

Hernandez rose to his full height.

Neal formed his men in line-they were joined by the squad that climbed the cliff. "Forward, march," said Neal, Apnette and her father followed them. Inside of fifteen minutes the little squad were scurrying about the inside of the cave. They were plunging their hands into the liquid metal and

letting it run through their fingers. "Some little island, this," they commented. "It took you boys to get it for us," returned Hington, "without you, Lost

Island would have been lost forever, and so would we." He turned to Annette, "Annette," he said, "this is yours-all yours. You are a princess-this is your kingdom." He stretched wide his arms to include all Lost Island, "Your kingdom," he

repeated. Annette looked at Neal. Neal loked at Annette-then he rushed forward and caught her in his arms. Annette gianced at the boys in blue. 'And this—my king," she said. THE END.

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

Orchard Homes; \$200.

pany, parts of lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, block Willamette meridian; \$1. 4, and parts of lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, block Oregon Iron & Steel company to E. township 2 south, range I cast of the Acres; \$5.

4, Ardenwald; \$1. Stephen Carver et ux to Oregon Villas; \$10. Curety & Casualty company, lot 4. E. F. Riley et ux to Engene B. Hortransfers filed in the office of the township 2 south, range 4 east; \$1. Blockman, Ernest Boeckman and G. and Margaret Bell, lots 3, 4, 13, 14, 15, block 12, Ardenwald: ton, 10 acres in the Samuel Miller documenty recorder Monday:

William Bell to Alfred W. Bell, land P. Boeckman, undivided three-quarters in prefigure 21 and 22 township 2 south interest in land in section 11 township 6 south first addition to Sandy 110. Flotilla D. Colt et vir to A. J. Hous block 3, lot 16, block 12, Ardenwald; ton, 10 acres in the Samuel Miller do county recorder Monday; and 23.67 acres in section is town nation land claim \$850

M. S. Little to C. A. Bell, 5.61 acres in acres in section 13, township 2 south, | gene B. Horton, 15 acres in the Wfli- 1 east; \$1. Portland & Oregon City Railway 6.35 acres in sections 11 and 12, all in Babler, lot 9, Meldrum; 12500. company to Oregon & Casualty com- township 2 south, range 2 east of the R. S. Cantonwine to Elmer W. Can-

ship 2 south, range 3 east; also 5.69 W. A. Huntley, trustee, et ux to Eu- of section 13, township 5 south, range range 4 east; \$10.

G. Nelson, part of block 33, Lake View Willamette meridin; \$1. 1015 14 Owle to Ola M. Orle. 46 seres i

Philip Foster donation land claim; range 2 east; also 3.98 acres in section land claim; \$1500. F. H. Freund to S. D. Smalley, un- lots 3, 4, 13, 14, 15, 16, block 11, Sandy Keney, lot 13, Multnomah Acres; \$5. 13, township 2 south, range 2 east; also L. D. Mumpower et ux to Henry diveded one-helf interest in lot 18, Land company's First addition to San-Fairfield; \$10.

tonwine, tract "G." sections 33 and 34, P. S. Kenney, lot 13, Mulinomah man Jr., to E. W. and George F. Boeck- Mert to George R, and Mary E. Webb, Alfred and Margaret Bell to William south, range I east; \$30.

dy: \$10. J. L. Keney and Mary E. Kenney to E. W. Boeckman and Ernest Boeck-

man, land in section 11, township 3 lots 5 and 6 of block 4, Silver Springs The following are the real estate Bell, 35 acres in sections 21 and 22, Joseph and Mary Schechlar to E. W. Eva L. Moulton to Alfred W. Bell

Alfred W. Bell to Eva L. Moulton, J. J. and Mary E. Kenedy to P. S.

3 south, range 1 west: \$35.

F. H. Freund to S. D. Smalley, undivided one-half of lot 1, Fairfield; \$10. William F. DaMert and Sarah M. Daaddition; \$500.