

Summons for Publication in Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County.
C. E. Battin, Plaintiff,
vs.
N. P. Nelson, Defendant.

To N. P. Nelson, the above named Defendant:
In the Name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby notified that C. E. Battin, the above named plaintiff, is the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 1554 issued on the 20th day of February, 1915, by Tax Collector of the County of Clackamas, State of Oregon, for the amount of Two and five one-hundredths Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1913, together with penalty, real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Lots 17 and 18 of Pleasant Little Homes No. 1, situated in said Clackamas County State of Oregon.

You are further notified that said C. E. Battin, plaintiff herein, has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Tax for 1914, paid Sept. 20, 1915, receipt No. 1130, \$1.13, 15 per cent interest.

Taxes for 1915, paid April 5, 1916, receipt No. 11031, \$0.68, 15 per cent interest.

Tax for 1916, paid Sept. 28, 1916, receipt No. 13074, \$0.68, 15 per cent interest.

Tax for 1916, paid Nov. 27, 1917, receipt No. 17131, \$1.09, 15 per cent interest.

Tax for 1917, paid Jan. 9, 1919, receipt No. 17475, \$2.05, 15 per cent interest.

Tax for 1918, paid April 26, 1919, receipt No. 10914, \$1.05, 15 per cent interest.

Tax for 1918, paid Oct. 1, 1919, receipt No. 11272, \$1.03, 15 per cent interest.

Said N. P. Nelson, as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that the said C. E. Battin, plaintiff herein, will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien, against the property above described and mentioned in said certificate, and you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of the summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above mentioned.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas, and said order was made and dated this 25th day of November, 1919, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 28th day of November, 1919.

All process and papers in this proceedings may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

V. R. HYDE,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Address: Oregon City, Oregon.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT**Nicolaus Scheel Estate**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administratrix with the will annexed, of the estate of Nicolaus Scheel, deceased, has filed her final account in the county court of the state of Oregon for Clackamas county, and that Monday, the 19th day of January, 1920, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day and the court room of said court has been appointed by said court as the time and place for hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published December 19, 1919.

ELIZABETH RATH, formerly ELIZABETH SCHEEL,
Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Nicolaus Scheel, deceased.
BRUCE C. CURRY, Attorney.
808 Union Ave. N., Portland, Ore.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas.

Martha L. Miles, Plaintiff,
vs.
Herbert L. Miles, Defendant.

To Herbert L. Miles, Hotel Ansonia, 73rd and Broadway, New York City, New York.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer or otherwise plead, plaintiff for want thereof will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit, to dissolve the marriage contract now and heretofore existing between yourself and plaintiff, granting to plaintiff an absolute divorce from you.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Honorable H. S. Anderson, Judge, made and entered on the 25th day of November, 1919.

COLLIER & COLLIER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
1220 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Dated and first publication November 28, 1919.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Kate L. Charman, deceased.

It is all wrong to class profiteers with the James Brothers. There is such a thing as rubbing it up on the Missouri outlaws.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me, duly verified as by law required, at Harding's Drug store, Oregon City, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

T. L. CHARMAN,
Administrator of the estate of Kate L. Charman, deceased.
First publication December 18, 1919.
Last publication January 15, 1920.

SHERIFF'S SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas.

Joseph Frohlich and Anna Frohlich, Plaintiffs,
vs.
John O. Wilhelm, Defendant.

State of Oregon, County of Clackamas, ss:

By virtue of a judgment order, decree and an execution, duly issued out of and under the seal of the above entitled court, in the above entitled cause, to me duly directed and dated the 18th day of December, 1919, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court on the 17th day of December, 1919, in favor of Joseph Frohlich and Anna Frohlich, Plaintiffs, and against John O. Wilhelm, Defendant, for the sum of \$800.00, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 21st day of May, 1917, and the further sum of \$100.00, as attorney's fee, and the further sum of \$31.45 costs and disbursements, and the costs of and upon this writ, commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, situate in the county of Clackamas, state of Oregon, to-wit:

All of the south-half of the south-west quarter of section twelve (12), township seven (7) south range two (2) east of the Willamette Meridian.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment order and decree, and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will, on Saturday, the 31st day of January, 1920, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the County Court House in the City of Oregon City, in said County and State, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder, for U. S. gold coin in hand, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants or either of them, had on the date of the mortgage herein or since had in or to the above described real property or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment order, decree, interest, costs and all accruing costs.

W. J. WILSON,
Sheriff of Clackamas County, Oregon.

By E. C. HACKETT, Deputy.
Dated, Oregon City, Oregon, January 2, 1920.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County.

Wm. H. Baker, Plaintiff,
vs.
Hannah Baker, Defendant.

To Hannah Baker, defendant above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons and if you fail to answer, appear or otherwise plead, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for a decree of the Court dissolving the marriage contract now and heretofore existing between yourself and the plaintiff and granting to plaintiff an absolute divorce from you.

This summons is published by order of Hon. J. U. Campbell, Judge of the Circuit Court for Clackamas County, State of Oregon, dated the 26th day of December, 1919, and duly filed in said cause, directing publication of said summons once a week for six consecutive weeks, and the date of the first publication is January 2nd, 1920, and date of last publication February 13th 1920.

J. W. OBERENDER,
211 McKay Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

J. NAT HUDSON,
209 McKay Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of Clackamas County, State of Oregon, her Final Account as Administratrix of the estate of A. Gunderson deceased, and that the said Final Account has been set down for hearing, and for the settlement of any objections thereto at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 30th day of January, 1920, before said court.

GLARA ANDERSEN,
Administratrix.

DEAD HORSES TAKEN—Cash paid for dead cows and down and on horses. Will call anywhere. Phone Milwaukee 69-J.

FARM WANTED—30 to 50 acres in vicinity of Oregon City, improved with family orchard and fruit; good buildings and on good road; suitable for dairying. Party will pay all cash for a place that suits. Please give complete description and full particulars. Ralph Harris Company, 827 Chamber Commerce, Portland.

Exceptional bargain in a used piano. This is a real buy. Easy terms. Theroux Music House, 210 Seventh St. - Adv.

MONEY TO LOAN

Farm Loans Unrefused
PAUL C. FISCHER
Beaver Bldg., Oregon City

Photographer in Los Angeles has been given a medal. He snapped the President without Mrs. Wilson showing in the foreground.

It is all wrong to class profiteers with the James Brothers. There is such a thing as rubbing it up on the Missouri outlaws.

PIECES OF EIGHT.

(Continued from page 6)
exclaimed involuntarily: "get some idea of the place it's in?"

The old man gazed with a renewed intensity.

"No," he said presently, and his disappointed tone seemed to me the best evidence yet of his truth, "I only see a little golden mist deep, deep down under de ground; now it is fading away. It's gone; I can only see de woods and de ruins again."

This brought his visions to an end. The spirits obstinately refused to make any more pictures, though the old man continued to gaze on in the decanter stopper for fully five minutes.

CHAPTER III.

In Which We Take Ship Once More.

The discovery which—through my friend the dealer in "marine curiosities"—I had made, or believed myself to have made, of the situation of Henry P. Tobias's second "pod" of treasure, fitted exactly with Charlie Webster's wishes for our trip, small stock as he affected to take in it at the moment.

"Short Shift Island" lay a few miles to the northwest of Andros Island. Now Andros is a great haunt of wild bird, not to speak of that more august bird, the flamingo. Attraction number one for the good Charlie. Then, though it is some hundred and fifty miles long and some fifty miles broad at its broadest, it has never yet, it is said, been entirely explored.

Its center is still a mystery. The natives declare it is haunted, or at all events inhabited by some strange people no one has yet approached close enough to see. You can see their houses, they say, from a distance, but as you approach them, they disappear. Here, therefore, seemed an excellent place for Tobias to take cover in. Charlie's duck-shooting preserves, endless mari lakes lashed with mangrove copses, lay on the fringe of this mysterious region. So Andros was plainly marked out for our destination.

Sailor had watched his master getting his guns ready for some days, and, doubtless, memories stirred in him of Scotch moors they had shot over together. He raised his head to the night wind and sniffed impatiently, as though he already scented the wild duck on Andros Island. He was impatient, like the rest of us, because, though it was an hour past sailing time, we had still to collect two of the crew. The two loiterers turned up at last, and all preliminaries being at length disposed of, we threw off the mooring ropes and presently there was heard that most exhilarating of sounds to anyone who loves seafaring, the rippling of the ropes through the blocks as our mainsail began to rise up high against the moon which was beginning to look out over the huge block of the Colonial hotel, the sea wall of which ran along as far as our mooring. A few lights in its windows here and there broke the blank darkness of its facade, glimmering through the avenues of royal palms. I am thus explicit because of something that presently happened and which stayed the mainsail in its rippling ascent.

A tall figure was running along the sea wall from the direction of the hotel, calling out, a little breathlessly, in a rich young voice as it ran:

"Wait a minute there, you fellows! Wait a minute!"

We were already moving, parallel with the wall, and at least twelve feet away from it, by the time the figure—that of a tall boy, cowboy-hatted and picturesquely outlined in the half light—stopped just ahead of us. He raised something that looked like a bag in his right hand, calling out "Catch" as he did so; and, a moment after, before a word could be spoken,

he took a flying leap and landed amongst us, plump in the cockpit and was clutching first one of us and then the other, to keep his balance.

"Did it, by Jove!" he exclaimed in a beautiful English accent, and then started laughing as only absurd dare-devil youngsters can.

"Forgive me!" he said, as soon as he could get his breath, "but I had to do it. Heaven knows what the old man will say!"

"You're something of a long jump!" said Charlie.

"Oh! I have done my twenty-two and an eighth on a broad running jump, but I had no chance for a run there," answered the lad, carelessly.

"But suppose you'd hit the water instead of the deck?"

"What of it? Can't one swim?"

"I guess you're all right, young man," said Charlie, softened; "but . . . well, we're not taking passengers."

The words had a familiar sound. They were the very ones I had used to Tobias, as he stood with his hand on the gunwale of the Maggie Darling. I rapidly conveyed the coincidence—

Before a Word Could Be Spoken, He Took a Flying Leap.

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Mother and Daughter Who Will Graduate From Same University Next June

Mrs. Frank N. James Mrs. Evelyn G. James

Mother and daughter will graduate together next June from the University of Indiana. They are Mrs. Frank N. James, wife of an Indianapolis real estate broker, and Miss Evelyn Gertrude James, twenty years old. Miss James is the youngest member of the Indiana Academy of Science.

and the difference—to Charlie. It struck me as odd, I'll admit, that our second start, in this respect, should be so like the first. Meanwhile, the young man was answering, or rather pleading, in a boyish way:

"Don't call me a passenger; I'll help work the boat. I'll tell the truth. I heard—never mind how—about your trip, and I'm just nutty about buried treasure. Come, be a sport. We can let the old guy know, somehow . . . and it won't kill him to tear his hair for a day or two. He knows I can take care of myself."

"Well," said Charlie, after thinking awhile in his slow way, "we'll think it over. You can come along till the morning. Then I can get a good look at you. If I don't like your looks we'll still be able to put you off at West End; and if I do—well—right-ho! Now, boys," he shouted, "go ahead with the sails."

Once more there was that rippling of the ropes through the blocks, as our mainsail rose up high against the moon and filled proudly with the steady northeast breeze we had been waiting for.

So two or three hours went by, as we plunged on, to the seething sound of the water, and the singing of our sails, and all the various rumor of wind and sea. After all, it was a good music to sleep to and, for all my scorn of sleeping landmen, an irresistible drowsiness stretched me out on the roof of the little cabin, wonderfully rocked into forgetfulness.

My nap came to an end suddenly, as though some one had flung me out through a door of blue and gold into a new-born world. There was the sun rising, the moon still on duty, and the morning star divinely naked in the heaven.

And there was Charlie, his broad face beaming with boyish happiness, and something like a fatherly gentleness in his eyes, as he watched his companion at the tiller, whom, for a half-asleep moment of waking, I couldn't account for, till our start all came back to me, when I realized that it was our young scapegrace of overnight, Charlie, and he evidently was on the best of terms already.

Old Tom had been busy with breakfast and soon the smells of coffee and freshly made "johnny-cake" and frying bacon competed not unsuccessfully with the various fragrances of the morning.

Breakfast over, Charlie filled his pipe, assuming, as he did so, a judicial aspect. I filled mine and our young friend followed suit by taking a silver cigarette case from his pocket and striking a match on the leg of his khaki knickerbockers with a professional air.

"All set?" asked Charlie, and, after a slight pause, he went on:

"You young fool!" exclaimed Charlie. "The water round here is thick with sharks; you wouldn't have gone fifty yards without one of them getting you."

"Sharks!" gasped the boy, contemptuously. "I know more about sharks than you do."

"You seem to know a good many things I don't," said Charlie, whose grimness had evidently relaxed a little

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"Now, young man, you can see we are nearing the end of the island. Another half-mile will bring us to West End. Whether we put you ashore there, or take you along, depends on your answers to my questions."

"Fire away," answered the youth, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke in a delicate spiral up into the morning sky; "but I've really told you all I have to tell."

"No; you haven't told us how you came to know of our trip, what we were supposed to be after, and when we were starting."

"That's true!" flushed the lad, momentarily losing his composure. Then, partly regaining it: "Is it necessary to answer that question?"

"Absolutely," answered Charlie, beginning to look really serious.

"Because, if you don't mind . . . well, I'd just as soon not."

"For that very reason I want to know. We are out on a more serious business than perhaps you realize, and your answer may mean more to us than you think."

"I'm sure it cannot be of such importance to you. Really, it's hardly fair for me to tell. I should have to give away a friend."

"I'm sorry, but I shall have to insist," replied Charlie, looking very grim.

"All right, then," answered the youth, looking him straight in the eyes, "put me ashore."

"No; I won't do that now, either," declared Charlie, sternly setting his jaw. "I'll put you in irons, rather, and keep you on board and water—till you answer my questions."

"You will, eh?" retorted the youth, flashing fire from his fine eyes. And as he spoke, quick as thought, he leaped up on to the gunwale and, without hesitation, dived into the great glassy rollers.

But Charlie was quick, too. Like a flash he grabbed one of the boy's ankles, so that the beautiful blue was spoiled; and there was the boy, hanging by an imprisoned leg over the ship's side, a helpless captive—his arms in the water and his leg struggling to get free. But he might as well have struggled against the grip of Hercules. In another moment Charlie had him hauled aboard again, his eyes full of tears of boyish rage and humiliation.

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