White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER I.

We who turn our eyes westward and beholding the "Star of Empire" setting amid the golden waters of the Pacific, while the folds of our nation's banner almost enwrap the continent, are prone to look upon the valley of the Mississippi as a region old in civilization. Yet, long after the Atlantic shores were gemmed with cities and thriving villages, the great valley of the mid-continent was a vast solitude unknown to our forefathers. Long after colleges and schools, governments and courts, societies and churches, had arisen and flourished in the Atlantic colonies, the red man hunted his game in the forest, and drove his canoe over the bosom of the great Father of Waters, unmolested by the pale-faced invader.

In the middle of the sixteen century, a bold and hardy band of adventurous knights and warriors, led by Hernando de Soto, landed at the bay of Santo Spiritu, in Florida, and, in all the pride and pomp of glorious array, started off through the deep forests in quest of those fabled cities where untold gold awaited their coming. On they went, meeting and overcoming obstacles innumerable, and, at length, a worn and weary remnant of the once proud host sat down to rest upon the bank of the mighty river. A little further on, they went through the wilds of Arkansas, but the same stern, dark forest, with its avenging hordes of red men, met them at every step, and they came back to the Mississippi, where De Soto laid down and died. His great, hard heart was broken. The remnant of his party hastily constructed a few rude vessels, and sailed down the river, followed by the curses of the Indians.

After this, the great valley remained untrodden by the white men for a century and a half, when, in July, 1673, a small band of Europeans and Canadians, under Joliet and Marquette, reached the banks of the great river. They had come from the St. Lawrence, and had wandered through the vast solitudes of the Maumee and the Wabash. They floated down as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, where, having made themselves sure that the Mississippi emptied into the Gulf of Mexico, they returned to their people in Canada. Great rejoicings were held over the reports these adventurers brought with them; yet Joliet and Marquette both died ere the white man again sought the Father of Waters.

Seven years later, the celebrated La Salle, at the head of forty soldiers and a few monks, found the mighty river, and after recrossing the Atlantic, and returning with more aid, and after passing through adventures almost incredible, he fairly commenced a colony in Louisiana. In 1687, he was assassinated by his own companions, and the few white men left were little better than a mere handful of wanderers in the wilderness.

A few years later, came the men whose names are cherished as among those who suffered the most and worked the most faithfully for the noble homes of the South. Most prominent among them were the two brothers, Iberville and Bienville, the latter of whom was the founder of the city of New Orleans, and for many years governor of the colony. From this time really commenced the growth of Louisiana.

This territory was inhabited by numerous tribes of Indians, more numerous, perhaps, than in any other section of the country. Some of them were mere families, insignificant in their capacity as distinctive tribes, but yet speaking an idiom peculiar to themselves, cherishing their own exclusive traditions, and exercising all the rights of independent powers. But the principal tribes in the southern country were three in number—the Natchez, the Choctaws, and the Chickasaws, and with these and the Yazoos, did the French of that period have mostly to deal.

It was in the summer of 1727 that we introduce our readers to a pleasant home on the banks of the Mississippi. Some forty miles above where the city of Baton Rouge now stands, the Marquis Brion St. Julien had located himself, and erected a house. He was now past the prime of life, having been some five years on the road through the second half century of his life, and had left France out of pure disgust for the society he was obliged to mingle with there. Unlike most of those who came to the new home in the vast wilderness, he was wealthy. He had left his wife in the tomb of her ancestors, and her death was a severe blow upon his noble heart.

Money was potent, even in the wilderness, and the marquis had the most sumptuous residence in the country. Near his estate, the great river made a sweep to the westward, and his house was built upon a small tributary stream, which ran nearly south from its source, and at a distance of nearly two miles from the Mississippi.

Here he and his family lived, with such of his domestics as were needed about him. The house faced to the west, being about ten rods from the river. Next were two buildings, one upon the north and the other upon the south of the main house, and each about twenty feet distant. These were for the residence of the black slaves. Then back of all these, and distant forty feet, were two more buildings, one of them, twenty feet square, was for the stable, and the other, fifty feet square, was for the general storehouse of provisions for both man and beast. In front of the main dwelling(extended a beautiful garden almost to the river. Outside of all, was a stout, barricade, completely enclosing the grounds on which stood the buildings and most of the garden. It was formed of posts driven firmly into the ground, at the distance of a foot apart and twelve feet high, and then these intervals were tightly filled with other upright timbers, firmly fastened in their places by transverse girths and stout wooden pins. There were numerous loop or port-holes through this barricade, which could be opened or closed at pleasure.

The whole household of the marquis consisted of fifty-two persons. There were himself and two children, and one nephew; eight male white servants and five female whites! twenty-five black males, and ten females of the same dusky hue. And now, considering that St. Julien had arms and ammunition in plenty, we may suppose that he had little to fear from the red neighbors who prowled about his premises. And yet he had one protection that ought to have been more powerful than all else, and that was the perfect honor and genuine kindness with which he treated all the Indians with whom he came in contact.

Late one afternoon, the marquis went out into one of his fields that lay upon the rich bottom of the Walnut River. The Marquis St. Julien was a tall man, with a slight tendency to stoop in his gait, though this was more the result of a habit of deep thought which he had contracted than of any physical cause. His hair was gray—a dark, granite-like gray, and he wore it long over his shoulders, whither it depended in loosely flowing curls. His features were very regular and handsome, but pale and thoughtful. His dress was mostly of black velvet, and its few ornaments of jet. He was, in truth, a noble-looking man, and just such an one as the common class would love to obey and instinctively respect. Hence his servants were fondly attached to him, and his slaves loved him.

He had nearly gained the southern edge of the copse, when he was startled from his reverie by hearing a crashing sound among the dry sticks near him. He stopped quickly, and on the instant his pistol was in his hand. He had time to see a dark object glide from the path in front of him towards the river, and he immediately resolved that this was something which wished to escape him. Another thing, also, occurred to his mind, and that was that no man could escape by the way the mystic object had taken; for not over six feet from the path in that section was a deep, wide ditch, which he had caused to be dug for the purpose of draining a piece of wet land beyond the hickory wood.

The marquis stopped, and as he did so, a tall, powerful man stepped back in the path. It was an Indian, who stood nearly a head taller than St. Julien, and whose form was straight and muscular.

"How?" uttered the marquis, stepping back and lowering the muzzle of his pistol; "what does the Stung Serpent here?"

"He is only in the path which his white brother has made through the forest," returned the red man, standing proudly erect.

"But wherefore art thou in his path?"

"The Stung Serpent is on his way to his people.'

"And are there none of thy people with thee? Does the Stung Serpent—he who stands second among the Suns of Natchez—wander alone so far from home?"

"Yes, for he is not afraid. He knows the white chief is his friend, and wherefore should he fear?"

"But why did you come here?" asked the marquis, coming more directly to the point.

"I came to guide some traders on their way to the town of the great white chief, and my boat is left above where the great river turns toward the setting sun," answered the Indian.

"Then let my red brother return with me to my home, and there rest for the night."

But the Indian would not accept the invitation. He professed to be in haste, and in a few moments more, he turned on his way, and was soon out of sight.

As the marquis turned once more homeward, he pondered upon this thing. He knew the Stung Serpent well. He was the only brother of the Great Sun, or chief, of the Natchez, and was the most noted warrior of the whole tribe. Thus far, in all their intercourse, St. Julien had found him upright and honorable, but he well knew how treacherous the Natchez could be, and how the crime of one white man against them could be visited upon the heads of all with whom they might come in contact. That Stung Serpent should have come fifty miles from his village to guide a few traders did not seem probable, and yet the marquis was at a loss for any other cause of the visit. At all events, he resolved to be prepared for danger; so when he reached his dwelling, he called his people together, and having informed them of what he had seen, he bade them be on their guard.

After having done this, he was about to turn towards the house, when one of his blacks, a huge Guineaman of Ashante, named Tony, came up to him and spoke.

"Look heah, ma'r, I seed dat ar Injun when he went down, an' he did hab two white men with 'im. But he's been a lookin' all 'bout heah dis long while. Dis arternoon I seed him on de hill ober heah by de cattle, an' he was a lookin' sharp all round. S'pose he wants some of your fat oxen, eh, mas'r?"

"When did he go down, Tony?"

"Arly dis mornin'."

"And when did you see him first on his return?"

"Jus' 'bout an hour arter noon."

"Then see that the dogs are confined among the cattle. The red scamps may mean mischief."

And with this, the marquis turned and went into the house. He did not wish to lose any of his cattle, though he would readily have given bountifully of them to those in absolute need.

Ah, St. Julien, watch thy cattle, but the red man wants them not. His quest is nearer thy heart!

CHAPTER II.

We have remarked that the Marquis St. Julien had two children. They were twins, and were a boy and a girl. Louis St. Julien had seen seventeen years of life, and he had much of his father's look, save that his frame never promised such height. Those who knew Louis best, knew how noble he was at heart, and how fearless he was of danger. In the hour of the deepest peril, he carried a steady hand and a cool head, and if he was more than usually moved, it was for some loved friend who might share the danger with him. His hair, which was of a dark golden hue, hung loosely over his shoulders, curling, as did his father's, and his eyes were large and bright, and of a deep-blue color.

The sister was called Louise. Not only was she of the same age, but in every respect of feature did she resemble her brother. She may have been a little smaller, but the difference was not readily noticed. She had the same regularity of feature, the same deep golden hair, the same brilliant blue eye, the same fair, open brow, and the same nobleness of expression. She was a beautiful girl, and as she and her brother wandered about together, many and many were the untutored red men who had dwelt with a sort of religious awe upon the fair picture.

We have also said that the marquis had a nephew living with him. This was Simon Lobois, the son of St. Julien's sister. He was near five-and-thirty years of age, rather below the medium stature of man, and not very perfect in physical form. His shoulders were heavy, almost to humpiness, and his head was thrown forward instead of standing erect. His arms were very long, and his legs rather short and crooked. His hair was black and crisp, and his eyes also black and small; his face was very regular in feature, and might have been called handsome but for the tendency of the brow to premature wrinkles, the strange sharpness of the small black eyes, and the uncouth crispiness of the hair. He had been left an orphan at the age of twenty, and had soon squandered what little patrimony was left him. After this, he had sought his uncle, who kindly gave him a home. Simon was an excellent accountant, so when the marquis resolved to come to America, he took his nephew with him, to help superintend the business, and also to act as tutor for his two children, for Simon was a good scholar.

It was on the second evening after the marquis had met the Stung Serpent in the wood that the family were sitting in one of the rooms which looked out upon the garden. It was towards 8 o'clock, but there were no lamps lighted, for the moon was up, bright and full, in the west, and her soft beams were poured into the sitting room in a gentle flood, which sufficed for all purposes of conversation. Thus the family sat, when one of the servants entered and announced that a stranger had arrived and asked for shelter and food. St. Julien's answer was quickly spoken:

"Give him food, and then conduct him hither."

In the meantime, lights were brought, and when the newcomer entered, the windows had been closed and the room was now brilliantly lighted. He was a tall, nobly formed man, not over five-and-twenty, with a profusion of nut-brown ringlets clustering about his high, full brow, and a sweet smile of gratitude lighting up his handsome face.

"Ha! a white man?" uttered the marquis, starting up. "Welcome, sir—thrice welcome! My mind has so run upon these red dogs, for the past four-and-twenty hours, that I expected to have seen one of them now. And a countryman?"

"Yes, sir," spoke the stranger, in a voice peculiarly soft and pleasant. "France is my native land."

"Then welcome again," resumed the host, shaking the stranger once more by the hand, and then conducting him to a seat.

The conversation turned upon the natural topics of the times, but Simon Lobois did not join in it. He had made one or two remarks at the commencement; but, suddenly, he seemed moved by the stranger's appearance, and now was engaged in scanning his countenance. At length, he seemed to have arrived at a solution of the mystery, and a dark cloud gathered over his features.

Meanwhile the conversation went on, and both Louis and Louise seemed trying to recall some memory of the past.

"How far up are you going?" asked the marquis, at length.

"At present," returned the stranger, "I had only thought of seeking the dwelling of the Marquis Brion St. Julien."

"Ah!" uttered the host, elevating his eyebrows. "Did you ever know me in France?"

"Very well."

"But—really——"

The marquis was here interrupted by Louis, who at that moment sprang from his chair.

"Aha!" the youth cried, "I know you now!"

"Do you?" said the visitor, arising and grasping Louis by the hand.

"Yes—yes; Goupart St. Denis!"

"St. Denis?" uttered the old man, starting quickly from his chair and hastening forward.

"Goupart!" cried Louise, also springing forward. "Goupart—Goupart!" she repeated. "O, it is—it is! Dear, good Goupart!"

And as these words fell from her lips, she bounded forward and caught the young man by the hand. His eye burned with a strange light as he met her glad, joyous look, and his voice was marked by a perceptive tremulousness as he said:

"Yes, Louise—it is your old friend Goupart."

"Goupart St. Denis!" muttered the dark-browed nephew, to himself, as he cast a look of unmistakable hatred towards the newcomer.

(To be continued.)

KNEW PRECISELY WHAT TO DO.

Ticket: Told the Whole Story to Her in One Glance.

The sharp-nosed man looked dubiously after the retreating figure of the stenographer. "I am in a quandary what to do with that girl," he said. "I don't know whether to fire her or raise her salary. I don't know what to make of her. She is the quintessence of either innocence or deceit. I can't figure which. About two months ago some misguided member of a certain benevolent society sent me two tickets for a charity ball to be given at a well-known hall in Harlem. I was surprised to get these tickets, for I supposed that everybody who knew me knew my sentiments in regard to charity.

"I don't believe in it. I don't believe in giving things away. I have to work for every cent I have, and I expect other people to do the same thing. To my mind, these folks that dance for charity and sing for charity and cut all sorts of didoes for benevolent purposes are only degrading the masses they are supposed to benefit. I had expressed this opinion so often that I was amazed that anybody should ask me to countenance a benevolent scheme by buying a ticket for a ball. Naturally, I put them into an envelope and handed them to the stenographer.

"'Here, Miss Drew,' I said. 'You know what to do with these.'

"'Yes, sir,' she said. 'Thank you.'

"It struck me then that there was no occasion for her to thank me for requesting her to perform her regular routine of duties, but I didn't give the matter a second thought until three weeks later when a representative of the benevolent society called to collect $10 for the ball tickets.

"'But I didn't use the tickets,' I said. 'I don't believe in charity.'

"'Pardon me,' he said, 'they were used. Here are the numbers sent you and here are the tickets bearing the same number which were taken in at the door. If you didn't want them, you ought to have returned them to us at once, as requested in our communication to you.'

"'But I did return them,' I argued. Then I called in the stenographer. 'Miss Drew,' I said, 'didn't I give you two ball tickets some time ago to be returned to the benevolent society?'

"'Why, no,' she said. 'You gave me the tickets, but you didn't say anything about returning them. You said I knew what to do with them.'

"'And what did you do?' I asked.

"'I went to the ball,' said she. 'I thought that was what you meant.'

"I was furious, but I saw the benevolent society had the drop on me, and I paid them the $10. The worst of it is the girl seemed so sweet and innocent and sorry that I haven't had the courage either to discharge her or deduct the money from her salary. I can't make up my mind to this day whether she really thought I meant to make her a present, or whether she notified the society to send me the tickets and then deliberately worked me for a long time. But, whatever her motive, there is one charitable organization is town that is now growing fat off $10 of my hard-earned money."—New York Herald.

Told of Miss Willard.

Frances Willard once wrote to her friend Mrs. Bain, of Kentucky, who had just lost a daughter: "Dearest Sister Anna, how much richer are you than I! Here I sit alone without a child to die, while you are mother to an angel."

Candor looks with equal fairness at both sides of a subject.—Noah Webster.

TWO FOUGHT AN ARMY

REMARKABLE EXPLOIT OF YOUNG FITZGERALD.

Behind Cotton Breastworks on a Flat Car, He and a Companion Held at Bay 3,000 Honduranes and Killed Eighteen of Them.

The young man, William A. Fitzgerald, who was recently shot in Gautemala City by W. Godfrey Hunter, Jr., son of the United States minister, was a daredevil whose career was as picturesque as it was brief. He was a soldier of fortune whom Dumas could have made the hero of a fascinating romance. Six feet tall, dark and handsome, the young man from Michigan was a noticeable figure in any company. His recklessness endeared him to the strong men with whom he came in contact in the Central American countries—venturesome fellows who, from the daring in them, admired and respected the superlative daring in him. One of his exploits is thus described by a gentleman who knew him in Central America:

WM. FITZGERALD.

"In a country where revolutions are periodical events, Fitzgerald was not long in finding an opportunity of staking his life on a possibility of fame and fortune. The restless Gen. Vasquez was ambitious of deposing Gen. Regalado, the President of Honduras, and of seating himself in the Presidential chair in his stead. He enlisted the services of Fitzgerald, who was then but 21, and of a number of more or less well-known adventurers, among them Jeffries, the new admiral of the Colombian fleet; Col. Pennypacker, now general superintendent of the Central Railroad of Gautemala; Col. J. Bascom Jones, now major general of artillery in the Gautemalan army, and Col. Richards, recently banished from Gautemala for excessive revolutionary propensities. Fitzgerald, anxious to distinguish himself, and yielding to his dare-devil and impulsive instinct, decided to open hostilities independently of the rest.

CAPTURED A TOWN.

"On the 7th of October, 1897, with a company of 13 Americans, Fitzgerald paddled across the lagoon separating Puerto Cortez from the mainland, and at dead of night entered the town. A rush on the cuartel, where a garrison of 300 men was stationed, resulted in a complete victory for the attacking party. The 14 Americans had captured the town. As the nature of the Central Americans is one of general indifference and of quick changes in the matter of political convictions, Puerto Cortez from a faithful Regalada port, became in the short space of an hour a warm Vasquez town. The conquerors were hailed as 'libertadores' and toasted in 'aguardiente' and rum. It was a night of great revelry and of many 'vivas' for Vasquez. In the morning 12 of the 14 Americans were so intoxicated as to be unable to tell their own names. It was at this juncture that word was brought to Fitzgerald, who had taken up his headquarters in the alcade's house, that 3,000 men were on the way to recapture Puerto Cortez. Either because he himself was not entirely sober, or else because he knew the Honduran populace to be partisans of the upper dog, Fitzgerald decided to keep to himself the knowledge of the impending attack upon the town. He tried to enlist his 13 men in the defense of the place, but found them all, with one exception, stupefied with liquor and unable to stand. The exception was Lee Christmas, a locomotive engineer, now the chief of police of Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. Christmas and Fitzgerald rode to the freight yards of the railroad and there commandeered a locomotive and a flat car.

"Puerto Cortez, it must be explained, is on a peninsula. Fitzgerald and Christmas ran the locomotive and flat car up the line to where the strip of land connecting the peninsula to the mainland is narrowest and there awaited the arrival of the government troops. On the flat car breastworks of sugar bags had been built; within the quadrangle made of these bags Fitzgerald took up his position with four Winchesters and several hundred rounds of ammunition. At dawn the 3,000 men appeared, marching in close formation on the railroad track, there being no other trail. The fire that greeted them from the flat car cleared the track in five seconds, every man taking to cover in the jungle. Until 8 o'clock at night Fitzgerald alone held the flower of the Honduras army at bay, Christmas loading the rifles for him; they, fearing an attack en masse under cover of darkness, the order to retreat was given, and the locomotive and flat car steamed back into Porto Cortez. That same night Fitzgerald and Christmas left in a canoe and Puerto Cortez was retaken. Gen. Drummond, who had been the nominal head of the expedition against the town, was captured and taken to San Pedro, but escaped two weeks later.

"Fitzgerald, knowing how much his head was worth, walked 120 miles into Gautemala. In his fight on the railroad track he had killed 18 of the enemy and wounded half a hundred.

Improved on Nature.

A year or two after William McKinley had begun the practice of the law at Canton, Ohio, he distinguished himself in a humorous fashion in one of his first successful cases. As often happens in court, the humor was not merely for the sake of the joke, but for serious purpose. Edward T. Roe, in "The Life-Work of William McKinley," tells the story.

The case was a suit against a surgeon, whom the plaintiff charged with having set his leg so badly that it was bowed. McKinley defended the surgeon, and found himself pitted against John McSweeney, one of the most brilliant lawyers of the Ohio bar.

McSweeney brought his client into court, and had him expose the injured limb to the jury. It was very crooked, and the case looked bad for the surgeon. But McKinley had both his eyes open, as usual, and fixed them keenly on the man's other leg.

As soon as the plaintiff was turned over to him, he asked that the other leg should also be bared. The plaintiff and McSweeney objected vigorously, but the Judge ordered it done. Then it appeared that his second leg was still more crooked than that which the surgeons had set.

"My client seems to have done better by this man than nature itself did," said McKinley, "and I move that the suit be dismissed, with a recommendation to the plaintiff that he have the other leg broken, and then set by the surgeon who set the first one."

YOUNGSTER HAD PLUCK.

Chastisement by Grandfather Merely Called Forth a "Thank You."

People may admire the stolid indifference and the unflinching traits of the American aborigine, the bull-dog tenacity of the British lion, or the resoluteness of the play of endurance by the howling dervishes, but all these pale into insignificance beside the exhibition of spunk and defiance made by a 4-year-old youngster in this city the other day. The boy is barely past the period of transition from the kilts to knickerbockers, but he is wise and serious beyond his years. His father is one of the best-known and ablest newspaper men in the United States, and his grandfather is recognized everywhere as one of the most influential newspaper managers in the country.

The boy's grandmother had just returned from an out-of-town trip, and the boy, who has had things almost his own way while she was absent, objected to having his fun interfered with by anything so incidental as her return. He became so fractious, in fact, that the grandfather, who worships at the shrine of the youngster with an intensity almost as strong as the devotion of the theologian to his Oxford in his college days, found it necessary to administer a chastisement.

With his teeth gripped hard and fast, an expression serious enough to appal any venturesome candidate for increase of salary in his office, or to send chills down the spine of anyone "walking the carpet," the grandfather seized the boy and began giving him some wholesome corporeal training. Holding the boy's hand he proceeded to the work in hand. Five large and resounding whacks he delivered to the outstretched hand with a force and a sting calculated to make most infants wince. Not so with Henry, however. Finally, the grandfather himself got out of breath, and he was certain that the youthful victim of the whipping-post plan of inculcating principles was duly repentant and sorrowful.

"Have you anything to say now, Henry?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy meekly.

"What is it?" asked grandpa, expectantly.

"Thank you, grandpa."

And the diminutive insurgent chucked his little hands in his pocket, gave a contemptuous look about him, and strode away with the air of a general who has won the first fight of his campaign, while his grandfather leaned back against the wall aghast, and conceded that he didn't need a guidon to mark where his colors were trailed in defeat.—Washington Post.

WORSE THAN STAGE FRIGHT.

Public Speakers Dread the Man Who Asks Fool Questions.

One of the most effective public speakers in New York State was telling some of his experiences a few nights ago.

"I got over stage fright a long time ago," he said, "but there is one thing that nearly always breaks me up, and that is the fellow who asks a question about something foreign to the line of argument I am making.

"If a question is asked on the same subject it does not break the thread of the discourse. But for a chap to yell out an inquiry merely to attract attention to himself and distract the attention of the audience from the speaker is a thing I have never been able to meet successfully.

"It is a hackneyed saying that any fool can ask a question. There is nearly always one fool at a public meeting, and the bigger the fool he is the more consternation he can create.

"I am credited with being quick at repartee, and a public speaker must school himself to that, but the fool question usually floors the best of us before we can fire back. The best public speakers usually digest their thoughts before uttering them, or at least stick up a few mental sign boards—except on impromptu occasions, which are rare, between ourselves.

"When a speaker has put up his sign boards and is making his jumps from one to another, and a fool crosses his path it is disturbing to the best of us. The speaker who has his audience with him can generally rely upon the audience to squelch the fool, but that does not prevent the speaker from becoming deflected. The fool has one thought and springs it. The speaker has a lot of thoughts to keep track of.

"I have never stepped before an audience in my public career that I did not wonder right at the start where the fool was. He has not always appeared to the audience, but he is always present in mind. I have spoken to other public speakers on this subject and they all admit the same thing."—New York Sun.

Concerning Finger Bowls.

One of the penalties people have to pay for the privilege of meeting English royalty is to be denied the use of a finger bowl. It is a piece of antiquarian lore and dates back to the time of the pretender. Then the Jacobites used to raise their glasses over the finger bowl in order to drink to the king. The reference was obvious, for they meant to "the king over the water," although they did not dare say so.

His Business.

La Montt—"When you called that man 'Rubbers' he didn't seem to object."

La Moyne—"Of course not. He works in a Turkish bath."

SHERIFF'S SALE

Delinquent Tax 1901

By virtue of a warrant issued by the County Clerk and ex-officio Clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, commanding me to sell the several tracts or parcels of real property embraced in the delinquent tax list for the year 1901, in the manner and form as upon sale of real property on execution;

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said warrant, I will, on Saturday, the 28th day of February, 1903, A. D., commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, in the Sheriff's office in the Courthouse at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the person who will pay the taxes, costs and accruing penalties thereon and take a certificate at the lowest rate of interest therefor, the following described real property, as appearing on the said delinquent tax roll for the said year of 1901, to-wit:

Bailey, P. P.—SW. ¼ of SW. ¼ of Sec. 28, T 2 S., R. 1 W., 40 acres 1 9 75
Bailey, Ann—W. ½ of lot 3, block 12, City of Forest Grove 2 61
Barrett, Mary—SE. ¼ of NE. ¼, E. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼, Sec. 2, T. 3 S., R. 2 W., 60 acres 13 93
Bateman, Charles—W. ½ of SW. ¼, SE. ¼ of SW. ¼ of SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 26, T. 2 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres 18 31
Bauer, Geo. H.—W. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 30, T. 3 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres 6 37
Bernauer, Rudolph—30 acres in J. McGill D. L. C. 56, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., described as follows: Commencing 4.91 chains W. of NE. corner of Sec. 33, T. 1 S., R. 1 W.; thence W. 14.09 chains; thence S. 21.30 chains; thence E. 14.09 chains; thence N. 21.30 chains to beginning 10 65
Bernard, Frank—N. ¼ of lot 2, block 11, Forest Grove 1 10
Blumaur, S.—NW. ¼ SE. ¼ Sec. 16, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., and SW. ¼ Sec. 18, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 160 acres 10 70
Bowen, Chancey W.—4½ acres in Sec. 15, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 183 of book No. 55, Records of Deeds for Washington County 2 60
Brown, M. P., and Beach, E. L.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 1, T. 2 S., R. 3 W., 80 acres 15 52
Burris, S. A., Mrs.—Commencing 42.77 chains N. and 10.84 chains W. of SE. corner of Sec. 36, T. 1 N., R. 3 W.; thence N. 4 deg. 50 min. E. 4.16 chains; thence S. 59 deg. 5 min. E. 2.50 chains; thence S. 52 deg. W. 4.13 chains; thence N. 89 deg. 8 min. W. 2.24 chains to beginning, containing 1.87 acres, in I. Kelsey D. L. C. No. 41, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and No. 57, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., less 103 feet off the north end of the above described tract, conveyed to C. T. Crow 3 95
Campbell, C. H.—Commencing at the NW. corner of lot 3, block 9, Forest Grove; thence S. 128 feet; thence E. 50 feet; thence N. 128 feet; thence W. 50 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 9, Forest Grove 4 59
Campbell, R. S.—Lots 25, 26, block 12, West Portland Heights 53
Cheney, Ella R.—14 acres in Sec. 24, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 50, page 126; book 38, page 241; book 27, page 114; book 40, pages 34 and 316, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Or 13 83
Cochran, T. R., and Carr R.—Lot 5, block 2, North Side Addition to Hillsboro 1 74
Connelly, Mary A.—4 acres in Sec. 24, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 412 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 4 14
Cadwell, L. M., and Irene—Lot 4 and part of lots 1, 2, 3, block 2, Forest Grove, described as follows: Commencing at the SW. corner of block 2, Forest Grove; thence N. 302 feet; thence E. 302 feet; thence S. 302 feet; thence W. 302 feet to beginning, less tracts described in book 57, page 485; book 59, pages 159 and 200; book 58, page 115; book 62, page 228, of Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 150 42
Dailey, N. A., and George Sumner—lots 15, 16, block 1, Highland Park Addition to Hillsboro 2 24
Day, H. F., and Adams, W. H.—SE. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 21, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 40 acres 4 00
Dean, Thomas, Sr.—1 acre in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 121 of book P, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 06
Dean, Thos., and Smith, C. E.—3 acres in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 222 of book No. 55, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 89
Doney, S. R.—S. ½ of NE. ¼, N. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 34, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 160 acres 4 66
Doughty, Franklin—25 acres in A. Harper's D. L. C. No. 51, T. 1 S., R. 2 W., No. 41, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., and in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 256 of book No. 45, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 8 47
Dreger, G., and Strauber, F.—S. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 19, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres 10 16
Elmer, John, and Friday, John B.—286¾ acres in Secs. 10 and 15, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book M, page 532; book 50, page 24, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 4 22
Erickson, Maranda—Lots 22, 23, block 12, Hyde Park 90
Finney, A.—Commencing 99¼ feet W. of NE. corner of block 8, Hillsboro; thence S. 129 feet; thence W. 31 feet; thence N. 198 feet; thence E. 31 feet to beginning, part of lot 3, block 8, Hillsboro 19 12
Foster, Thomas J.—Lot 4, Verex Subdivision of Sec. 21, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., 20 acres 15 04
Freir, Anna—NW. ¼ of SE. ¼ Sec. 9, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 40 acres 2 78
Fuqua, J. W.—¼ acre in E. Walker D. L. C. No. 60, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., and No. 42, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 94 of book No. 42, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 33
Gretzschel, Ernest—N. ½ of SW. ¼ of NE. ¼ Sec. 33, T. 2 S., R. 2 W., 20 acres 4 55
Hanson, C. W.—Lot 27, block 12, West Portland Heights 35
Heath, Rachel, heirs of—W. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 6, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 80 acres. 14 95
Hill, Sarah A.—N. ½ of NE. ¼ Sec. 3, T. 2 N., R. 3 W., 84½ acres 5 72
Hendershott, William—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 32, T. 1 S., R. 3 W., 40 acres 4 85
Huston, S. R.—Lots 10, 11, 12, Millard & Van Schuyver Tract, 20 acres. 8 14
Jackson, Mary A.—N. ½ of NW. ¼, SE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 14, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 120 acres 8 68
Kenny, Joseph and Edw.—NE. ¼ of NW. ¼ Sec. 6, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 40 acres 2 66
Kenny, Joseph and Edw.—SE. ¼ of SW. ¼, SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 31, T. 3 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres 8 41
Kenny, Joseph—W. ½ of NE. ¼, SE. ¼ of NE. ¼, NE. ¼ of NW. ¼, Sec. 33, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres 11 96
Kenny, Edw. P.—S. ½ of SW. ¼, NE. ¼ of SW. ¼, SW. ¼ of SE. ¼, Sec. 10, T. 3 N., R. 5 W., 160 acres 11 57
Kilner, George H.—44 acres in I. Butler D. L. C. No. 48, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., as described on page 355 of book No. 44, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 14 71
Kinder, Maggie—NE. ¼ Sec. 8, T. 3 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres 10 62
Knox, Lulu F.—Commencing at a point 191 feet W. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 85 feet; thence E. 40 feet; thence N. 20¼ feet; thence W. 105 feet; thence S. 115½ feet; thence E. 65 feet to beginning, being parts of lots 1, 4, block 2, Walker's Addition to Forest Grove 11 91
Knox, A. T.—Commencing at a point 150 feet W. and 115 feet N. of SE. corner of lot 1, block 2, Walker's Addition, Forest Grove; thence N. 85 feet; thence W. 58 feet; thence S. 56¼ feet; thence W. 46¼ feet; thence S. 198¾ feet; thence E. 104¼ feet to beginning, being part of lots 1 and 4, block 2, Walker's Addition to Forest Grove 5 11
Krause, Gustave—6 acres in Sec. 8, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 409 of book No. 38, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 2 30
Kuehne, Richard—166 acres, W. W. Graham D. L. C., No. 39, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 53, page 386, and book 49, page 325, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 51 48
Lamkin, Mary A.—E. ½ of SE. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 80 acres 7 19
Leahy, John—25 acres, in Sec. 35, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 45 of book No. 44, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 5 96
Lemon, William—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼ of SW. ¼ Sec. 4, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 10 acres 2 99
Lucas, A. G.—N. ½ of NE. ¼, Sec. 25, T. 1 S., R. 2 W., 80 acres 11 60
Lyon, M. C.—E. ½ of NE. ¼, E. ½ of SE. ¼, Sec. 27, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 160 acres 18 78
Lyon, M. C.—NE. ¼ of NE. ¼, Sec. 34, T. 2 N., R. 2 W., 40 acres 3 84
Lyon, M. C.—NW. ¼ of NE. ¼, N. ½ of NW. ¼, Sec. 35, T. 2 N., R 2 W., 120 acres 12 13
Malotte, C. T.—Lot 19, block 13, Hyde Park 53
Martins, John B.—Lots 1 and 2, Sec. 10, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 16 acres 3 56
Mayer, Andrew—Lots 14 and 15, block 11, Hyde Park 90
McDorman, J. M.—Lot 7, block 4, Thorne's Addition to Hillsboro 6 54
Montgomery, J. D.—NW. ¼ Sec. 20, T. 2 N., R. 4 W., 160 acres 12 95
Moore, Mary H.—Lots 1, 2, 3, block 3, Simmons' Addition to Hillsboro 20 70
Morrison, D. A. and E. M.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, block 3, Tongue's Addition to Hillsboro 9 14
Nelson, Martin—Lots 6, 7, 8, block 22, West Portland Heights 84
Newell, R. J. and A.—130 acres in J. B. Robinson D. L. C. No. 50, T. 1 N., R. 3 W., as described in book L, page 324, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 44 37
Parker, Rebecca—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, block D, Steel's Addition to Beaverton 7 34
Patrone, Lorenzo—11 acres in Secs. 21 and 28, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 421 of book No. 36; page 157, book 31, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 6 80
Patterson, Sarah E., heirs of—18 acres in Secs. 25, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., and 30, T. 1 N., R. 2 W. 8 19
Pike, A. W.—½ acre in William F. Hall D. L. C. No. 44, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 320 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 9 42
Pape, Anderson & Co.—59 acres in Sec. 6, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 410 of book No. 54, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon 6 22
Raab, William, Lot 1 and 5 acres off of the E. side lot 4, Sec. 11, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., 20 acre 4 14
Ranous, Fannie A.—Lots 1, 2, 6, 7, 14, Fruitdale, 34.63 acres 8 35
Randall, A. M., Mrs.—Lots 19, 20, 21, 22, block 12, West Portland Heights 98
Rasmussen, F. J. and E. R.—N. ½ of block 7, Finney's Addition to Hillsboro 3 21
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