White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER VI.

The two companions walked on for some distance without speaking, for they both had plenty to think of, and each seemed to have thoughts which he wished to keep from the other. Goupart was the first to break the silence.

"Louis," he asked, in a half careless tone, "does Simon Lobois love your sister?"

Louis fairly [illegible] question [illegible] his companion [illegible] to assure himself [illegible] heard aright, he replied:

"Love her? Simon live Louise? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I ask. Has Simon Lobois ever thought of marrying with Louise?"

"Why, what a question! Are your wits turned? But why do you ask?"

"Simply because I—I wished to know."

"Ha! Goupart, you suspect something. Now, out with it. If you love me, tell me all. Am I not right?"

"I cannot say that I really suspect, Louis, but I can see some small straws in the wind, and I should like to find which way they lie."

"Go ahead. Speak on."

"Then listen, Louis. You heard the answer that red villain made when you asked him who sent him to kill us? He said they did not mean to kill you. Do you believe he spoke the truth then?"

"Yes, Goup; they meant to kill one of us, and only one. The arrow that came near your head was meant for you, only you must have moved after the shaft started. Had they meant death for both of us, we should hardly have known what killed us, for then they would have been at home in their work. When we started up, they could not well shoot you without endangering my life, and thus they got bothered. They were mistaken in their estimate of my character, for they really believed, when they drew their tomahawks, and commenced their death-howl and dance, that we should be frightened out of our wits."

"They were mistaken, in truth," returned Goupart. And then, in a changed tone, he added, "But you see they meant to kill me, and only capture you. Now, what does it mean? Can you inform me of any possible pin whereon to hang a thought?"

For some distance Louis walked thoughtfully on, and when he spoke, his voice was very low and distinct.

"You asked me if Simon Lobois loved my sister? Had you any reason for suspecting such a thing?"

It was now Goupart's turn to hesitate, but it was not for a long time.

"I have reason to believe that he hates me. Now, why should he be so? While I knew him in France, we were on the most friendly terms. To be sure, I used to beat him at the pistol, but then he more than made up for it in the sword play. But we were the best friends imaginable. Now, however, he hates or fears me, and the more he tries to hide it, the more plainly can I see it. Now, whence comes it, if not from his fear of losing Louise?"

"Goupart, there's a show of substance there! Yet I never thought that Simon was a man to love deeply."

"To love what?"

"Why—any female."

"Ah," returned Goupart, "he may have a strong affection, however, for some thousand pieces of hard, yellow gold. The dying man said, if you remember, that there was a strange bird in the eagle's nest!"

"Yes—yes."

"I might have feared that suspicion would fall on me, had not I been one of the intended victims. But tell me, Louis, what you think of it."

"I know not what to think now! But you have touched a strange point. We will watch Simon Lobois when we reach home."

"We will," uttered Goupart, eagerly. "We will watch him."

"Ay," resumed Louis, upon whose mind the startling suspicion seemed to work now, "we will work it so that we will come upon him suddenly; and while we tell of our adventure, we will note his face. I have loved that man in days gone by, for he has been faithful to me, yet I have found him growing somewhat strange of late. Ha! what's that? Louise, as I'm a sinner! Goup, I'll ask her a question now, ere we reach the house!"

The two hunters had now reached the field next to the dwelling, and they saw Louise, accompanied by Tony and one female slave, coming to meet them. As soon as the first merry greetings were over, and Tony had taken the venison, Louis drew his sister aside.

"Louise," he said, assuming a smile, though he felt it not, "I know you will pardon me if I ask you a very foolish question, but yet I hope you will answer me truly. Has Simon Lobois ever said anything to you whereby you could suspect that he wished to possess you for his?"

"Why, Louis, what has put such a thing into your head?" uttered the beautiful girl, looking her brother in the face with a smiling expression.

"The thought has come to me, and it is really for my interest to know. Now tell me if he has ever let drop any word to that effect."

"Really, Louis, I ought not to——"

"Aha! you've exposed yourself. Now out with it."

"Well, then, he has."

"I thought so."

"I told him I should fear he was crazy if he ever spoke so again."

"Then he spoke plainly—he——"

"I'll tell you, Louis. He swore he should die if I did not wed him; and I laughed at him, and told him he was crazy. I never dreamed of such a thing before."

"And when was this?"

"On the very next night after Goupart's arrival."

Shortly after this the brother and sister allowed St. Denis to rejoin them, and Louis was not long in making him understand the truth. They took the way around back of the barn, so that no one could see them from the house until they arrived, and thus they entered by the postern; and when they reached the hall, Louis just caught a sight of Lobois standing upon the piazza, and looking earnestly off in the direction of the river path. The youth bade Goupart remain behind, and then he walked out upon the piazza. Lobois started when he saw him.

"Ah, safe back!" uttered Simon. "Where's St. Denis?"

"Alas, I fear he's a prisoner!" returned Louis, sadly.

"A prisoner! How?" articulated Simon. And as he spoke, the youth looked in vain for the first expression of sorrow.

"Why, I left him just now with Louise, and upon my soul, I think the poor fellow's captivated! But what's the matter, Simon?"

"Nothing—nothing; only you startled me somewhat when you said St. Denis was a prisoner, for I knew not but that some roving band of Indians might have fallen upon you. Jesting upon such matters is rather out of place." And with this Simon Lobois walked away.

"Aha, Simon Lobois!" muttered Louis, to himself, after the man had gone, "you were startled in the wrong place. 'Twas the truth that startled you, and not the jest!"

Lobois did not show much of his real feelings when he sat down to the table, for he came in smiling to the supper room, and hardly had he taken his seat ere he turned to Goupart and said:

"St. Denis, master Louis came nigh frightening me a short time since. He told me you were a prisoner, and, for the moment, I feared you had really fallen into the hands of the Indians."

"Well," returned Goupart, "we both of us came within an ace of it; so Louis had some foundation for his report."

"How? What?" uttered the marquis. "Did ye meet with any danger?"

"Only six stout Indians, who tried to kill Goupart, and take me prisoner," returned Louis.

Simon Lobois did not appear surprised, but he trembled, and the color forsook his cheeks. Sharp eyes were watching him. Louise looked up with a startled, incredulous expression, while the old man made three ineffectual attempts to ask a question. But Louis relieved him by commencing with the first sight of the deer, and ending with the death of the fellow who died by the tree.

"They were Natches," said the marquis, breathlessly.

"No. They were Chickasaws—all of them."

For the next few moments, various were the questions asked and answered, and the old man seemed about equally balanced between astonishment and pride in his brave boy.

"But what could it mean?" uttered Simon, who felt it necessary to say something.

"Ay, what could it?" repeated Louise, trembling with apprehension, but very strangely indeed, looking oftener and longer upon Goupart than upon Louis.

"Yes—that's it!" cried the old man. "What could they mean?"

"Why," returned Louis, "I can imagine but one cause. They know your wealth, father, and they must have hoped that if they could secure me, they would have received a great ransom for me. They probably saw that Goupart was a stranger, and so they meant to put him out of the way, in order that he might not expose them."

Simon breathed very freely now; and the marquis looked upon this as a very probable explanation of the mystery.

After supper, Louis and Goupart embraced the first opportunity to be alone together.

"What think you now?" asked Goupart.

"O, Goupart, I know not what to think! I cannot believe it possible that Simon would do such a thing, and yet things look dark against him. He has asked Louise for her hand—asked her earnestly and perseveringly."

"And she—what was her answer?"

"Why, as you may suppose, she laughed at his folly."

"Then I fear he is at the bottom of this. But let us watch him. We will keep our suspicions a secret for a while at least, and while we exercise the utmost care for ourselves, we will watch him also."

"You are right, Goupart. I will only make one confidant, and that shall be old Tony. He is a keen, quick-witted fellow, and I cannot only trust him, but I can depend much upon his sagacity. He has been with my father ever since I was born, as you know. He was one of the poor fellows who were taken from the wreck of the slaver at the Cape de Verdes, and he went to France with my father from choice. He alone shall help us now."

And thus the matter was left for the present.

CHAPTER VII.

Another week passed away, and nothing further occurred to mar the pleasures of the young people at the chateau. Of course, a dark suspicion sometimes threw a cloud over their souls, but then they saw nothing new to worry them, and they had begun to hope that, after all, their danger had its rise in the cupidity of the Chickasaws. And during this week, too, Simon Lobois had been more sociable and agreeable than before, and perhaps he was not an evil man at all. At any rate, they tried to hope so. Tony had seen nothing yet, though he always shook his head very dubiously when the dark cousin's name was mentioned.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and Goupart had wandered off to where some beautiful wild flowers were just peeping into blossom down by the river's bank in the front garden. But he was not alone. Louise was with him. He had not asked her to come with him, nor had she asked him where he was going. They walked on and came to a seat where a huge grapevine had been trailed up over and about it. They stopped here and sat down. The sun was already nearing the distant tree tops, and the air was soft and balmy.

"Louise," spoke the young man, at length, and his voice was very low and tremulous, "do you remember the great garden back of the old chateau in Clermont?"

"O, yes; I remember it well," returned the maiden, with a sparkling eye.

"And do you remember how we used to go out there and pick flowers, and how you used to weave long garlands with your tiny fingers, and throw them over my head?"

"Yes, Goupart; I remember very well."

"Ah, those were happy times, Louise!"

"Yes—yes. And yet, in all, they were no happier than we find them here now, for my father was not happy there."

"I know—I know. And, after all, what is happiness, but the offspring of content? Those were happy hours there in the old garden at Clermont, and I have seen some happy ones here."

"O—and we'll see a great many more."

"I hope so—I believe so. But tell me, Louise, do you remember how we used to laugh and talk there, in that old garden, and in the old chateau, and how you used to plague and pester me?"

"Yes. I remember very well. And how well you used to bear it!"

"And do you remember how you used to pinch my cheek, and box my ears?"

"Yes."

"And why was it? Why did you do those things?"

"Because—because you used to pester me."

"How did I pester you? Come—now tell me." And as Goupart thus spoke, he reached out and took the fair girl's hand.

But she made no reply. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and the warm, rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"If you will not tell me, may I tell you?" whispered the young man, tremulously.

"But I may have forgotten what you mean," said Louise, casting a furtive glance up into her companion's face, but dropping her eyes again when she found how eagerly his gaze was fastened upon her. "You used to pester me in many ways."

"Yet I can remember of but one. Shall I speak it?"

"Certainly you may speak."

"Then 'twas for calling you my little wife that you used to do these things. And more, too; you used to assure me that when you became my wife in earnest, you should be strong enough to pinch and box me as I deserved. Don't you remember?"

"But—but I was a child then," murmured Louise, trembling.

"Ay—and we were both children. You were then a laughing, buoyant girl of ten, and I a wild youth of seventeen. Those were times when the heart hid none of its emotions. Ah, Louise, many a time since then have I looked back upon those hours, and tried to analyze the emotions that moved me then. It seemed strange that I should have then taken an image upon my heart that the hand of time could never efface——and that, too, the image of a mere child. But do you remember when the painter, Viviani, came to the old chateau, and I hired him to paint your miniature on ivory?"

"Yes," murmured Louise, now looking up.

St. Denis opened his vest, and from beneath it he drew a golden locket that opened by means of a spring. He pressed it, and the case separated, revealing a sweet face—a childlike countenance, yet full of soul and life. The golden hair hung in wild profusion about the dimpled cheeks, and a beaming smile dwelt in the deep blue eyes, and upon the parting lips.

"Do you know whom that was taken for?" Goupart whispered.

"O, yes—'tis me; 'tis mine. I remember it well. O, how like Louis it looks!"

"Because it looks even now like you. But listen, Louise. Seven years—yes, eight years—I have owned this sweet transcript, and not for one moment, during all that time, has it left my possession. Never have my eyes closed to sleep but it has rested upon my bosom, and never a waking hour but I have worn it next my heart. Think you I have forgotten the sweet love of my boyhood?"

Gradually the fair girl's head sank upon her companion's bosom, and when she looked up again, her eyes were filled with tears.

(To be continued.)

TRADES FOR LONG LIVES.

Callings that Are Likely to Make You live Over Your Allotted Time.

No trade in the world is better and healthier than dye-making from coal tar. There is no manual work that comes near it, for tar, and the smell of it, is the finest of all tonics and tissue-builders; so much so that the average life of a tar-worker comes out at 86 years. The mortality is 80 per cent lower, too, than in any other factory trades.

Distilling saccharin from the tar is equally good, and the bony framework and circulation of a worker in tar is always first-class. Malignant diseases are almost unknown in aniline-dye factories, and even in epidemics the workers suffer little. And there is nothing like a tarworks for keeping off influenza. Yet the work of actually making the tar, which falls to gas and coke works, is virtually unhealthy, because of the sulphur fumes; but when the finished tar is passed on to dyeworks it brims with health and strength, and the weakliest men improve when working it.

Eighty-six years is a marvelous average, by the way, for the average of the population is forty-nine.

Still better, although not a factory trade, like tar-working, is cow-keeping. Not herding cows in the country, for that is neither more nor less healthy than any other farming work, but tending cow stables. Here the average length of life is 85, and scores of stalled cowkeepers live over the age of 100. This is because a cow is the only animal whose presence is thoroughly healthy for man—the very breath of a cow is beneficial. Consumption and kindred ills are utter strangers in cow stables, and the best thing a man can do to lengthen his life is to look after cows, and, if possible, sleep in a room above the stable.

There is a very strange difference in trades that go on side by side in the way of life-lengthening. The labor of wheeling a barrow, in particular, has such a strengthening effect on the muscles and joints that confirmed barrow-wheelers show the best average in all the building trades—nearly 77 years, and a great many touch the 100. This is largely because, if a man wheels a barrow properly, the wide-apart arms open the chest, and help to strengthen the lungs in a wonderful way. Whereas, though wielding a pickax seems as if it should be a fine exercise, it really knocks the life-average down to 45. The partly stooping position, and the bent-inwards position of the arms, contracts the chest dangerously, cramping the lungs, till they are easy victims to pneumonia.

Iron smelting puts ten years on to the average life of a man, if he has good lungs to start with; but if he is weak-lunged it is liable to cut him off altogether. Coal mining is not good, but copper mining brings the average up to 80 years with a run, for the composition of the ore, when powdered, has an extremely strengthening effect on the blood and nerves.

Bringing Him to Terms.

"I would like to have your photograph for an article to be published in our Sunday paper," said the representative of the sensational journal."

"Couldn't think of it," said the man whose sudden fame was due to the fact that his son had eloped with a variety actress. "I have no desire for notoriety."

"Of course," was the reply, "if you prefer to have me sketch you from memory after I get back to the office——"

"Take it!" cried the man, hastily tendering the photograph. "I've seen some of those memory sketches."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Beginning.

Resident—Think of opening an office in this neighborhood, eh? Seems to me you are rather young for a family physician.

Young Doctor—Y-e-s, but—er—I shall only doctor children at first.—New York Weekly.

There is a great difference between being buoyant and flamboyant.

Words of Washington.

The battlefield should be the last resource, the dernier ressort of nations. There is a natural and necessary progression from the extreme of anarchy to the extreme of tyranny, and arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.

The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all.

It is among the evils, and perhaps not the smallest, of democratical governments, that the people must feel before they can see. When this happens, they are aroused to action; hence it is that those kinds of government are so slow.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations, and cultivate peace and harmony with all.

Fully apprised of the influence which sound learning has on religion and manners, on government, liberty, and law, I shall only lament my want of abilities to make it still more extensive.

Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances, than rigor; it is, therefore, my first wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State; let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Retaliation is certainly just, and sometimes necessary, even where attended with the severest penalties; but when the evils which may be and must result from it exceed those intended to be redressed, prudence and policy require that it should be avoided.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert those pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON.

Esteem and Affection Shown the Father of His Country.

"Born upon our soil—of parents also born upon it—never for a moment having had sight of the old world—instructed according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people—growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society—living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious civilization—partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man—our agony of glory, the war of independence—our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the constitution—he is all, all our own. Washington is ours."

The foregoing was written by Daniel Webster in regard to the Father of His Country, the anniversary of whose birth is an occasion that is ever freshly remembered by American hearts. "He was the first man of the time in which he grew," wrote Rufus Choate. "His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever, hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might. There is one personal, one vast felicity which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774, and the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It is still her proud ejaculation. It will be the last gasp of her expiring life. About and around him we call up no dissentient, discordant and dissatisfied elements, no sectional prejudice or bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle grows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall rekindle that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated."

The story of George Washington's life is an old one, but the salient facts will bear repeating. He was born at Wakefield, Westmoreland County, Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732, lived from 1735 to 1739 at what is now Mount Vernon, and when he was 7 years old he was taken to an estate on the Rappahannock, almost opposite Fredericksburg. The father was one of the prosperous planters of Virginia, able to give his children what education the times could afford. The first teacher of George is reputed to have been a convict, whom his father bought for the purpose. All of Washington's schooling ended before he was 16. His long and brilliant career as a soldier and statesman has given to history some of its most interesting pages.

"It was strange," wrote Thackeray, "that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania a young Virginia officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war that was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us and create the great western republic; to rage over the old world when extinguished in the new; and, of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame with him who struck the first blow."

As to the esteem and affection in which the name and character of Washington were held one cannot do better than quote Lafayette, who wrote from France as follows:

"Were you but such a man as Julius Cæsar, or the King of Prussia, I should almost be sorry for you at the end of the great tragedy where you are acting such a part. But, with my dear general, I rejoice at the blessings of a peace when our noble ends have been secured. Remember our Valley Forge times; and, from a recollection of past dangers and labors, we shall be still more pleased at our present comfortable situation. I cannot but envy the happiness of my grandchildren, when they will be about celebrating and worshiping your name. To have one of their ancestors among your soldiers to know he had the good fortune to be the friend of your heart, will be the eternal honor in which they shall glory."

The poet Shelley, aboard an American ship, drinking to the health of Washington and the prosperity of the American commonwealth, remarked: "As a warrior and statesman he was righteous in all he did, unlike all who lived before or since; he never used his power but for the benefit of his fellow creatures."

MALADIES OF THE RULERS.

Nearly Every Monarch of the Old World Suffers from Dangerous Sickness.

Mental and physical diseases have in a peculiar measure ravaged royalty, the percentage of afflicted crowned heads being much greater than that of any other group of individuals. Excluding illnesses of the nature of King Edward's and restricting ourselves to chronic and incurable diseases, it is found that almost every crowned ruler is a sufferer from some dangerous malady.

The Czar of Russia has been afflicted with melancholia since his earliest days, and his malady has increased in intensity since his accession to the throne of the Romanoffs. Not all the skill of the renowned mental specialists of Germany, Britain and France has succeeded in removing the ever present blighting malady of the emperor of all the Russias. It will not be forgotten, moreover, that the present ruler of the Muscovite Empire owes his accession to the mental incapacity of his brother, the natural heir.

Germany's strenuous kaiser leads an embittered life because of his paralyzed arm and an incurable disease of the ear, which will untimately reach his brain. It will be remembered that the emperor's father, Frederick, succumbed to cancer.

Alfonso of Spain is admitted to be stricken with scrofula, and it is confidently asserted that the youthful monarch has frequently exhibited signs of insanity.

"Abdul the Damned" has only infrequent spells of freedom from melancholia, and harrowing pen pictures have been drawn of the abject condition to which the "kingly malady" reduces Turkey's despotic monarch.

The late King Milan of Servia was the subject of oft recurring fits of madness, and the King of Wurtemberg does not enjoy entire sanity. Bavaria's last ruler terminated a wretched existence a frenzier suicide, and that country's present monarch suffers from softening of the brain.

Hapsburgs, Romanoffs, Bourbons and Guelphs have been scourged by the dread diseases, which have, to a peculiar and striking degree, marked out royalty for their own, and the poisoned blood which has flowed from their veins has cursed a dozen dynasties.

Part of His Duty.

The Court—You, sir, are charged with hugging and kissing this young lady while she was under your influence. What have you to say?

Hypnotist—Well, as a student of a great science, your honor, I was simply getting familiar with the subject. —Baltimore News.

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 25th 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..$ 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..... 12 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. 23, 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 00
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. 19 deg. 5 min. E. 2.50 chains; thence S. 32 deg. W. 4.15 chains; thence N. 89 deg. 8 min. W. 2.74 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. R.—Commencing at the NW. corner of lot 3, block 9, Forest Grove; thence S. 138 feet; thence E. 50 feet; thence N. 138 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 28, page 244; book 37, 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.—5 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..... 12 93
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. 202 feet; thence E. 202 feet; thence S. 202 feet; thence W. 202 feet to beginning, less tracts described in book 57, page 485; book 59, pages 159 and 200; book 58, page 115; book 62, page 226, of Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 150 43
Dailey, N. A., and George Sumner—lots 13, 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. 2 W., 40 acres..... 4 09
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. 3 W.; No. 41, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., and in Sec. 1, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., as described on page 296 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 R.—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 32
Erickson, Maranda—Lots 22, 23, block 12, Hyde Park..... 90
Finney, A.—Commencing 99¾ feet W. of NE. corner of block 8, Hillsboro; thence S. 199 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 6, Yerex Subdivision of Sec. 21, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., 20 acres..... 15 64
Freir, Anna—NW. ¼ of SE. ¼ Sec. 9, T. 2 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. 2 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. B.—Lots 10, 11, 12, Millard & Van Schuyver Tract, 30 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. 1 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. 25, 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.—41 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, Lula 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. 30½ 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. 86 feet; thence W. 58 feet; thence S. 66¼ feet; thence W. 46¼ feet; thence S. 19¾ 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 469 of book No. 38, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 2 50
Kuehne, Richard—106 acres, W. W. Graham D. L. C., No. 39, T. 2 S., R. 1 W., as described in book 53, page 385, 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..... 2 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. H. Robinson D. L. C. No. 50, T. 1 N., R. 2 W., as described in book L., page 324, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 44 27
Parker, Rebecca—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, block D, Steel's Addition to Beaverton..... 7 54
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—13 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.—29 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 acres..... 4 14
Ranous, Fannie A.—Lots 1, 2, 6, 7, 14, Fruitdale, 34.61 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
Reghetto, D.—6¼ acres in L. Hall D. L. C. No. 43, T. 1 S., R. 1 W., as described on page 81 of book No. 52, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 17 98
Reidt, William—Lot 16, block 2; lots 4, 16, block 5; lots 9, 21, 22, 23, 24, 33, 34, block 8; lots 1, 2, block 10; lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 24, block 11; lots 10, 11, 17, 18, 28, 29, block 12; lot 26, block 16; lots 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, block 19; lots 4, 5, block 20, West Portland Heights..... 4 00
Reidt, William—Lots 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, block 14, West Portland Heights 90
Reidt, William—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and 18, block 30, West Portland Heights..... 4 54
Rottger, Christian—Lots 7, 8, Sec. 29, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 80 acres..... 5 40
Rottger, Christian—NE. ¼ of SE. ¼, and lot 8, Sec. 20, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., 78 acres..... 5 40
Seely, S. W., and wife—Lot 5, block 5, Sherwood..... 1 80
Semler, P. J. A., trustee—5 acres in Sec. 25, T. 1 N., R. 1 W., as described on page 184 of book No. 43, Record of Deeds for Washington County..... 7 77
Sharp, M. C.—Lots 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, block 20, West Portland Heights..... 1 16
Shindler, G.—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, block 7, West Portland Place..... 1 56
Shryock, C. W.—An undivided ½ interest in NE. ¼ Sec. 32, T. 1 S., R. 5 W., 80 acres..... 5 48
Soderland, Noach—6½ acres in B. H. Catching D. L. C. No. 39, T. 1 N., R. 3 W.; No. 41, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 27 of book No. 28, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 1 43
Soderland, Noach—10 acres in Sec. 26, T. 1 N., R. 4 W., as described on page 76 of book No. 26, Record of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon..... 3 00
Soderland, N.—NW. ¼ of NW. ¼, lot 1, Sec. 3, T. 1 S., R. 4 W., 34 acres.. 6 93
Tate, E. E.—Lot 11, block 9, Simmons Addition, Hillsboro..... 3 21
Taylor, W. M.—