

# Ted's Turkey

A Thanksgiving Story by  
Epes Winthrop  
Sargent.

[Copyright, 1903, by M. M. Cunningham.]

"Do you think it's a square deal?" demanded Teddy.

"There's Tom Bahaa. He works in his blacksmith shop all day and gets for face as black as an old man. Then he goes home and washes up, and he's all right. What difference does it make if I daub on zinc instead of dirt?"

"It isn't all that, Ted," said Sally. "Somehow you seem different."

"Just because you saw me," he laughed bitterly. "Bill Brattle told me I was the limit, but I didn't suppose I was bad enough to queer my luck with you."

"I can't explain," said Sally impatiently. "But somehow when I saw you last summer with all the people laughing at you—I couldn't be proud of you any more. I just felt ashamed to sit there and remember that I was engaged to you."

"And you waited all this time to tell me," he said scornfully. "Let me live on in that old paradise all this time? Why? I could have gone with the Fordhams this winter if I had wanted to, but I told Blakeley that I'd come on to quarters just so I could be near you."

"I'm sorry, Ted," she said dully. "I like you still when I see you, but then every little while your face gets all white with the red marks on it, and I want to cry."

"Brattle was right," he said bitterly. "Let circus folk marry circus folk. They look deeper down than makeup."

"I suppose I ought to," said Sally. "But I just can't, Ted."

"All right," he said brusquely, trying to keep back the tears that would



SLOWLY THE PROCESSION LUMBERED INTO THE

rise to his eyes. "I don't want the old ring back. I ain't got any one else to give it to. So long."

He climbed into the tiny road cart, cracked the whip, and the four ponies trotted off.

It was only four miles to Carstonville, where the Blakeley hippodrome, menagerie and circus lay in winter quarters, but every revolution of the little wheels seemed to put Sally—and happiness—miles behind.

Ted Stevens was a circus clown—not a very good one, but good enough for the one ring wagon show he traveled with. Last spring he had come down a few weeks before the opening to rehearse some bits of comedy, and he had met Sally Myerly.

She had never seen much of show folk, and she was attracted by his fun as well as by the wholesomeness of his manner. In the three weeks they saw each other Ted had won her heart. Then the show had gone south to open. It was midsummer before the slow moving outfit had come back to Carstonville to show, and that afternoon Ted had done his best because Sally was watching from the reserved seats. He had been rather disappointed at her lukewarm appreciation, but he did not realize what the matter was until he had come back with the show to go into winter quarters.

He had taken the meager salary offered to help care for the stock instead of playing at the vaudeville theaters through the winter, and it was with a happy heart that he took the pony four-in-hand out for exercise and had driven over to the Myerly farm.

He had received an enthusiastic welcome from ten-year-old Dick, but Sally had been cold, and at last she confessed that the sight of him in the ring had killed her love. Her Meas of romance were gleaned from cheap fiction, wherein English lords in disguise were more apt to be heroes than circus clowns. The sight of Ted in his motley had killed her ideals, and she wanted her freedom.

For the next couple of weeks he held to his work, trying in desperation to find forgetfulness. He had been rather clever with dogs once, and he got permission to try his hand at two of the ponies, just to occupy his mind, but in the long nights, when the silence was broken only by an occasional cry from the stock barn, he had plenty of time to think, for sleep came late to his tired eyes.

The day before Thanksgiving Thomas Myerly drew up at the sheds and climbed down from his seat. Ted saw him and went out to meet him.

"Sally wants to know if you won't bring them ponies over," he said.

"Dick liked 'em so, and the doctor says that perhaps they'll rouse him."

"I'll see the old man," said Ted. "I guess he'll be all right, though. They need a run."

Permission was easily obtained when explanation was made, for the "old man" had youngsters of his own and a soft spot for children, and presently the gay little team was trotting down the frozen road.

Dick was brought to the window, well wrapped up, but he only waved his hand away. Ted unbitched

# Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie

YOU may talk about your foreign cooks and all the things they make.

The thousand dainty dishes that they stew and boil and bake; You may prate about their wondrous skill in culinary arts, How deftly they can manufacture puddings, pies and tarts; Gouraise the French and German chefs and the Italians, too, For making salads, sauces, soups and fancy dishes new, But for a toothsome morsel upon which I can rely Just give to me a solid wedge of Yankee pumpkin pie!

Let those of fashionable tastes turn up the nose in pride And think it quite plebeian to be simply satisfied; Let them eat their pate de foie gras, their truffes and such stuff With foreign names, suspicious looks and odors rank enough:



**JUST GIVE TO ME A SOLID WEDGE OF YANKEE PUMPKIN PIE.**

Let them eat those airy pastry puffs they think so very nice Because they've got outlandish names and cost a mighty price, But, say, to curb your appetite and your stomach satisfy There's nothing like a great big chunk of Yankee pumpkin pie!

Roast beef may have more nutriment, more body building worth; Veal, mutton, lamb, be nourishing and stretching of your girth; Your chicken, duck or turkey may suit palates very fine, But these can take a back seat when I'm passing down the line. Fish, flesh and fowl may serve to stay the appetites of some, But you must treat me better when I to your table come. Leave out the high toned viands, let each dainty dish go by, If I can get my face fast in a piece of pumpkin pie!

—John S. Grey in New York Tribune.

and put them through their tricks, but with no greater success, and after he had put the team in the barn he went into the house.

"That's the first kid I ever saw that wasn't stunk on them ponies," he said.

"What's the matter with him?"

"That's what we want to know," said a gruff faced man who had been talking with Sally. "The little fellow seems to be sunk into a sort of coma, and we cannot rouse him. He will not eat, and unless we can give him a desire for food and interest him in things we shall just have to watch him slip away."

"You want to come out and look at them ponies, doc," said Ted suddenly. "Come on out to the barn."

The physician paused a moment. Then something passed in the glances of the two men, and they went out together. For half an hour they sat on an old wagon box and talked, and then the physician went back to the house and Ted hitched up the ponies. He drove out of the yard with a flourish of the whip toward Dick, who had been brought to the window to see him off. The little fellow answered with a weary wave of the hand, and Dick gritted his teeth as he drove off.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. It was almost Indian summer, and the windows were open in the Myerly home. Dick sat at the window, listlessly watching the people go driving by to church. Mrs. Myerly divided her time between the kitchen and the front parlor, to which Dick had been moved. A trumpet call sounded down the road, and she came hurrying in.

Around the bend there dashed a rider all crimson and gold, mounted on a black horse gaily in crimson housings. With a swing he was in the yard, and just before the window he blew another blast on his trumpet.

"A turkey for Master Myerly fit for a king!" he announced in approved ringmaster tones. Then the black horse backed away, bowing to the astonished child, and wheeled and dashed up the road again.

Presently the herald returned at a more stately pace, preceding the most curious procession that had ever traversed the Huntville road. Just behind the rider came a fantastic clown, either foot on the back of a milk white horse. Behind him lumbered a huge elephant drawing a glittering chariot ablaze with gold and mirrors.

Slowly the procession lumbered into the yard. At the gate the clown dismounted and threw handspikes up to the very door. There he paused expectantly while the elephant ponderously turned into the yard. Then the doors at the back of the chariot swung open, and out fluttered a turkey six feet high. The clown sprang forward and with his whip made the bird face the window.

"Dick," he called, "here's your Thanksgiving turkey. If you don't eat every mouthful of it I'll make the elephant bite you."

"Elephants don't bite," laughed Dick, his face aglow with excitement.

"This one does—bad," said Ted darkly. "You wait and see. Turkey, bow to the gentleman what's going to eat you."

Suddenly the bird pranced forward and bent its neck. Then it followed Ted around to the back of the house, and the cavalcade followed, turning into the road. Down beyond the bend Ted was waiting with the bird, but

the cambic skin covered with turkey feathers, the making of which had kept Ted up half the night, had been removed, and it was merely an ostrich that was banded into the best chariot of the Blakeley outfit.

Late that night Ted turned up at the quarters. There had been a Thanksgiving dinner in the training ring, and all from the "old man" to the hostlers, were sitting about on the benches swapping stories.

"Well," said the "old man" kindly, "did it work, Ted?"

"Did it work?" echoed Ted. "Say, I'm afraid the kid's more like to die of indigestion than starvation. He's all to the good. Everything's all to the good."

And the little group crowded about to shake his hand, for they knew that a romance seeking girl had at last reached the heart of the clown beneath the motley.

**Nine Days' Thanksgiving.**

In the time of Grecian prosperity and power that nation celebrated a feast very much resembling that of the Jews and supposedly borrowed from the latter. It was called the feast of Demeter or the Eleusinian mysteries, Demeter being the goddess of the cornfields, by whose special favor only good harvests might be expected. The celebration continued during nine days, and offerings to the goddess were made, consisting of oblations of wine, honey and milk.

**November.**

The melancholy days have come. The flowers fade away. The crickets upward turn their toes. And early dies the day.

The mourning turkeys now are led to death, and, worse perhaps, the partridges, with muffled drums. Are sadly sounding toise. —Judaea

**Thanksgiving on the Reservation.**

The spirit of thankfulness pervades the Indian Thanksgiving celebration. A Thanksgiving feast is enjoyed, and at night some of the reservation tribes take part in a "green corn dance," in which thanks are offered to the Great Spirit for the good crops of the year. The Ojagzes usually hold a big feast at Pawhuska, their capital city. The festivities are participated in by the entire tribe, and the missionary who lives in their midst and ministers to them offers a prayer of thanksgiving for the good things provided.

**The Example.**

Mr. Pitts—The United States sets an example to Europe every Thanksgiving day.

Mr. Penn—That's true. They don't have Thanksgiving days in Europe, but then they haven't so much to be thankful for.

"I wasn't thinking of that feature of it."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Of the dismemberment of Turkey."

**The Roman Cerealis.**

With the idea of returning thanks for a bounteous harvest the warlike Romans set apart some days in the autumn of each year for what they named the Cerealis in honor of the goddess Ceres. This observance is said to be as ancient as the reign of Romulus and was altogether an outdoor frolic. There were gay processions to the fields and rustic merry-makings, alluded to by the poet Virgil.

# Teachers of Polk.

- Dist. No. 1, Zeta—Miss Rita White, Salem, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 2, Dallas—Mrs. F. H. Morrison, Dallas.
- Dist. No. 3, Hill, prin., Dallas. W. I. Ford, Dallas.
- Miss Isabelle Elliott, Dallas.
- Miss Sadie Lybol, Dallas.
- Miss Edna Hayes, Dallas.
- Miss Josephine Jacobson, Dallas.
- Miss Maude Hart, Dallas.
- Mrs. F. H. Morrison, Dallas.
- Miss Evangelina Hart, Dallas.
- Miss Georgia Martyn, Dallas.
- Dist. No. 3, Smithfield—E. Buell, Dallas, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 4, Leelan—Miss Eva Norcross, Salem, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 5, Pedee—Mrs. Eva Ritter, Airlie, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 6, Red Prairie—Miss Cora Gay, Sheridan, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 7, Bridgeport—Miss Clara Olsen, Dallas, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 8, Beech—Mrs. D. M. Calvin, Monmouth, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 9, Ballston—J. E. Danton, prin., Ballston.
- Miss Leola Foster, Ballston.
- Dist. No. 10, Salt Creek—Miss Lou Albee, prin., Dallas, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 11, Pearly—Miss Emma Aebi, Dallas, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 12, Valley View—Miss Ethel Allen, Independence, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 13, Monmouth—Miss Ruth D. Weaver, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 14, Concord—L. R. Traver, prin., Monmouth.
- Miss Roma G. Stafford, Monmouth.
- Miss Ruby Palmer, Monmouth.
- Miss Florence Bowden, Monmouth.
- Miss Grace Whitehouse, Monmouth.
- Dist. No. 15, Scroggins—Miss Edna Turner, Sheridan, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 16, American Bottom—Lapsed district.
- Dist. No. 17, Airlie—Miss Laura Mallory, Airlie.
- Dist. No. 18, Beech—A. O. Presl, prin., McCoy.
- Miss Marcia Romig, McCoy.
- Dist. No. 19, Polk Station—Miss Leola Foster, Dallas.
- Dist. No. 20, Oak Grove—Miss Osa Grice, Rickreall, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 21, Ward—Chas. M. Smith, Airlie, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 22, Perrydale—F. E. Dorneman, prin., Perrydale.
- Miss Nellie Coid, Perrydale.
- Dist. No. 23, Gooenack—Miss Nellie Williamson, Suver, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 24, Cochrane—Miss Catherine Campbell, Monmouth.
- Dist. No. 25, Butler—H. Zophar Turner, Butler.
- Dist. No. 26, Rickreall—O. D. Byers, prin., Rickreall.
- Miss Ada Byers, Rickreall.
- Dist. No. 27, Oak Point—Miss Leola Danham, Independence, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 28, Elkine—Miss Alta Odell, Monmouth, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 29, Independence—R. W. Kirk, prin., Independence.
- Miss Myrtle McReynolds, Independence.
- Miss Marie Church, Independence.
- Miss Lynda Epley, Independence.
- Miss Mary Scollard, Independence.
- Miss Ivy Burton, Independence.
- Miss Edith Fugate, Independence.
- Mrs. Jessie Cromwell, Independence.
- Mrs. Emily Armstrong, Independence.
- Miss June Seeley, Independence.
- Dist. No. 30, Antioch—A. J. Shipley, Monmouth, R. No. 1.
- Miss Minnie Norwood, Salem, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 31, West Salem—Miss Edna Waters, Salem, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 32, Buena Vista—S. H. Holt, prin., Buena Vista.
- Miss Ada Egler, Buena Vista.
- Dist. No. 33, Buell—Wallace Kellogg, prin., Buell.
- Mrs. Wallace Kellogg, Buell.
- Dist. No. 34, Spring Valley—Mrs. Vesta Goodfellow, Salem, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 35, Popcorn—Miss Jessie Harritt, Salem, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 36, Harmony—Miss Carmen Sears, Sheridan, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 37, Upper Salt Creek—Miss Clara E. Moore, Dallas, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 38, Montgomery—Miss Nellie Link, Airlie, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 39, Lincoln—Mrs. Stella C. Henry, Salem, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 40, North Dallas—Miss Letha M. Tracer, prin., Dallas.
- Miss Lela Tracer, Dallas.
- Dist. No. 41, Enterprise—Miss Hattie K. Jennings, Amity, R. No. 3.
- Dist. No. 42, Suver—Miss Rose Horton, Suver.
- Miss Anna Williams—Dist. No. 43, Etna—Miss Edna Morrison, Rickreall, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 44, McTimmonds Valley—Miss No. 45, Greenview—B. P. Arant, Independence, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 46, Fir Grove—Miss E. Pearl Smith, Airlie, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 47, Burdette—Miss Mae Duigan, Monmouth, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 48, Concord—Miss Anna Kermit, Dallas, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 49, Oakdale—James Bruce, Dallas.
- Dist. No. 50, Lone Star—Miss Margaret Kinderman, Amity, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 51, McCoy—Miss Elsie White, McCoy.
- Dist. No. 52, Guthrie—Miss Mae Spangle, Dallas, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 53, Teals—Dist. No. 54, Liberty—Miss Effie Beverly, Dallas, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 55, Falls City—P. S. Crowley, prin., Falls City.
- A. H. Owens, Falls City.
- Miss Gertrude Cobb, Falls City.
- Miss Hattie E. Morrison, Falls City.
- Mrs. Jessie Moyer, Falls City.
- Black Rock School—S. C. Davenport, prin., Black Rock.
- Mrs. Bertha Miles, Black Rock.
- Dist. No. 58, Pioneer—Miss Lydia Campbell, Dallas.
- Dist. No. 59, Cherry Grove—Miss Margaret Kemp, Airlie, R. 1.
- Dist. No. 60, Oakhurst—Miss Edith Montgomery, Falls City.
- Dist. No. 61, Mountain View—H. E. J. Nash, Salem.
- Dist. No. 62, Rock Creek—Miss Nella Hamar, Nortons.
- Dist. No. 63—Dist. No. 64, Highland—C. E. Nash, Independence, R. No. 2.
- Dist. No. 65, Pleasant View—Miss Ethelbert Shepard, Sheridan, R. No. 1.
- Dist. No. 66, Rouge River Valley—R. W. Long, Butler.
- Dist. No. 67—Miss Anna Kurtz, Dallas.
- Oregon State Normal School, Monmouth—E. D. Bessler, prin., Monmouth.
- J. E. V. Butler, Monmouth.
- H. B. Burkham, Monmouth.
- Miss Sarah Tutthill, Monmouth.
- A. L. Briggs, Monmouth.
- W. S. Fargo, Monmouth.
- Mrs. May Babbitt, Monmouth.
- Dallas College—C. A. Mock, prin., Dallas.
- M. M. Metzger, Dallas.
- H. H. Dunkleburger, Dallas.
- F. E. Fisher, Dallas.
- H. B. Stout, Dallas.
- Wm. Caldwell, Dallas.
- Mrs. May Wright, Dallas.
- H. H. Farnham, Dallas.
- Mrs. Sue King, Dallas.



**Catarah Cannot be Cured.**

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, tarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Halls' Catarah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Halls' Catarah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarah. Send for testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Proprietors, Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75 cents. Take Halls' Family Pills for constipation.

**We Cater to the Local Trade**

and have everything to satisfy your wants

**SALT CREEK LUMBER CO.**

**MISS M. OLIVE SMITH**

INSTRUCTOR ON  
**PIANO AND ORGAN.**

Studio: Room 2, Wilson building, Dallas, Oregon.

**Caldwell Bros.**  
**POOL AND BILLIARD HALL**  
Now located in the Kershake Building  
(Everything up-to-date.)

**Bicycle Repairing**

With our 10 years experience in repairing bicycles with the most up-to-date tools and methods we are better prepared to do your wheel work than any one else, and guarantee satisfaction and right prices.

**Full Line of Bike Supplies**

This is the place to get your  
**BABY CARRIAGE TIRES**  
**LEE SMITH'S CYCLERY**

**HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
WHITE FOR CATALOG

**THE OREGON FIRE RELIEF**  
McMinnville, Oregon.  
CHAS. GREGORY, Agent  
DALLAS, OREGON

**B. F. JONES**  
Attorney-at-Law  
INDEPENDENCE, OR.  
Probate work a specialty.

**COMFORT AND ECONOMY**

**BULL DOG SUSPENDERS**  
OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

50 CENTS

**BEST SUSPENDER VALUE EVER OFFERED**

**HEWES & POTTER**

**JUST ARRIVED**

Morris, the leading jeweler, has just received a beautiful line of gold headed umbrellas and canes from \$2.50 to \$10 each, all guaranteed, also a new one of late cuts in Libby cut glass.

**OPTICIAN C. H. MORRIS, JEWELER**

DALLAS OREGON

When it comes to  
**GROCERIES**

NONE OF THEM ARE IN IT WITH  
**SIMONTON & SCOTT** The Court St. Grocers

**PATENTS**

Prepared in all countries, or NO FEE. Strictly Confidential. Patent Practice.

**D. SWIFT & CO.**  
501 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

**The BEST MEATS**

OF ALL KINDS  
AT  
**DALLAS MEAT CO**  
Next to Postoffice

**MONUMENT**  
"Let Us Forget"

Marble—Granite

**G. L. HAWKINS**  
Railroad street, Dallas.

**Have Homer Dale**  
the billposter  
**Post Your Bills**

and distribute your advertising cards.

**Catarah Cannot be Cured.**

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, tarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Halls' Catarah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Halls' Catarah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarah. Send for testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Proprietors, Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75 cents. Take Halls' Family Pills for constipation.

**First Question**

This is generally the first question that a sluggish liver asks. He knows that headaches, impure blood, and general relief by a good liver pill, with your own doctor about the same time if he approves says—**J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.**

**SHIDES**

Trappers' Guide

**Bar a Specialty**

**SHOE STORE**

**C. CAYNOR**  
DALLAS, OREGON

**DALLAS CITY BANK**

R. C. CRAVEN, President  
W. G. VASSALL, Cashier

**Citation.**

In the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk. In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth Stoddard, deceased. To all and any unknown heirs of Elizabeth Stoddard, deceased:

THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby cited and required to appear in the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, at said court room thereof at Dallas, in the county of Polk, on the 28th day of November, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day then and there to show cause if any there be why the petition of the administrator of said estate directing him to sell the real estate of said deceased described below, and to order the tract of property of said estate described as follows: Beginning at a point on the section line between sections 30 and 36, in said county and range, which is 35 chains east of the center of section 30, 15 and 17, thence south 20 chains to section 36, thence south 20 chains to the line between sections 36 and 37, thence west on said line 25 chains to place of beginning, containing 20 acres more or less, should not be granted, and that said land may be made at private sale.

Witness the Hon. E. C. Ford, county judge of the county of Polk, state of Oregon, with the seal of said court, at Dallas, this 20th day of October, 1908.

County of Polk, State of Oregon.

**Notice of Sheriff's Sale in Foreclosure.**

NOTICE is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued out of the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, on the 16th day of November, 1908, and to a mortgage on said land, and decree duly rendered by said court, on the 21st day of March, 1907, which judgment was enforced and docketed in the office of the clerk of said court, on the 15th day of March, 1907, in a certain suit then pending in said court, wherein D. L. Keys, as executor of the estate of E. C. Keys, deceased, plaintiff, recovered judgment and decree against W. Shriver and Hattie E. Shriver, defendants, and by which execution and order of sale I am commanded to sell the real property in said decree as hereinafter described, to satisfy plaintiff's judgment hereto in writ. The sum of \$200 with interest thereon, from date hereof at the rate of 6 per cent per annum until paid, and the further sum of \$400 or "stay" fees together with costs and disbursements of said suit, and all allowed at \$25, and accruing costs and expenses upon said execution, I will on

**Saturday, December 19, 1908,**

at the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m. of said day at the second door of the court house in Dallas, Polk county, Oregon, sell at public auction the highest bidder for cash, in hand on day of sale, all the right, title, interest and estate which said defendants, W. Shriver and Hattie E. Shriver, or either of them or all persons claiming under said defendants or either of them subsequent to the execution of the mortgage herein to which the said decree and order of sale is attached, and the real property and every part and parcel thereof. The real property heretofore mentioned is described in the said execution as follows, to-wit:

Lot two (2) three (3) four (4) five (5) six (6) seven (7) and eight (8) in block one (1) in the M. E. Keys' addition to the town of Perryville, in Polk county, state of Oregon; also beginning at the center of the section of land in the center of said county road 4.32 chains, thence south 7 degrees 20 minutes east along the center of said county road 4.32 chains, thence south 7 degrees 20 minutes east along the center of said county road 4.32 chains, thence south 7 degrees 20 minutes east along the center of said county road 4.32 chains, containing 3.25 acres more or less.

Said sale being made subject to redemption in the manner provided by law. Dated at Dallas, Oregon, this 15th day of November, 1908.

J. M. GRANT,  
Sheriff of Polk County, Oregon.