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This is to certify that J. E. Miller is duly authorized to act as agent for the sale of our Superior Fruit and Ornamental Nursery Stock. To all purchasers he will go through him we guarantee to furnish genuine, reliable, high grade stock. J. E. MILLER. Phone 1633, Box 63. Dallas, Oregon.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Concordia Fire Ins. Co. of Milwaukee

of Milwaukee, in the State of Wisconsin, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Capital.

Amount of capital stock paid up.$ 600,000.00

Income.

Net premiums received during the year	$1,109,905.60
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	99,195.27
Income from other sources received during the year	85,617.59
Total income	$1,294,718.46

Disbursements.

Net losses paid during the year.$	665,114.37
Dividends paid during the year on capital stock	60,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	324,510.58
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	34,240.61
Amount of all other expenditures	246,140.14
Total expenditures	$1,330,005.67

Assets.

Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value).....$	957,623.08
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	971,307.52
Cash in banks and on hand	113,795.28
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1913	288,902.58
Due from other companies for losses paid	13,720.07
Interest and rents due and accrued	22,443.85
Total assets	$2,367,792.38
Less special deposits in any state $	4,376.34
Total assets admitted in Oregon	$2,363,416.04

Liabilities.

Gross claims for losses unpaid..$	97,840.74
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	1,120,145.81
Due for commission and brokerage $	57,272.61
All other liabilities	70,583.28
Total liabilities exclusive of capital stock of $1,345,842.42	$1,345,842.42
Total premiums in force December 31, 1913	$2,152,779.78

Business in Oregon for the Year.

Total risks written during the year	$1,890,196.00
Gross premiums received during the year	28,003.23
Premiums returned during the year	66,020.00
Losses paid during the year	30,293.45
Losses incurred during the year	28,414.52
Total amount of risks outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1913	1,412,926.00

THE CONCORDIA FIRE INS. CO. OF MILWAUKEE.

BY GUSTAV WOLLAEGER, JR., President
Statutory general agent and attorney for service, Frank E. Smith, Portland, Oregon.

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Synopsis of the Annual Statement of

THE FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE RELIEF ASSOCIATION

of Portland, Oregon, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Income.

Amount of ledger assets December 31, 1913.....$	1,020.74
From membership fees	218.00
From premiums	2,709.55
From assessments	7,516.32
From fire extinguishers	18.00
Total	$11,642.61

Disbursements.

Gross amount paid to policy holders for losses during 1913.....$	6,987.37
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	98.45
Commissions and fees paid to agents	1,522.04
Salary of secretary and assistance	1,318.00
Hall rent	30.00
Advertising	47.50
Printing and stationery	108.00
Postage, telephone and telegrams	174.30
Insurance department license	10.00
Directors' meetings	84.00
Office supplies and sundries	45.05
Traveling expenses	10.35
Fire extinguishers	150.00
Assessments returned	22.00
Agents' balances charged off	37.12
Total	$10,537.81
Total ledger assets on hand December 31, 1913.....$	784.80
Amount of property at risk December 31, 1913	3,681,970.00
Amount of risks written or renewed during the year	100,975.00
Amount of risks expired or cancelled during year	82,195.00
Gross amount of risks in force December 31, 1913	3,478,547.00
Largest single risk of insurance	3,000.00
Number of assessments levied during year	1.00
Number of fire losses paid during year	19.00

(Signed) H. W. SNASHALL, President.
(Signed) HERMAN LOESCHE, Secretary.

"THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA"

BY HALLIE ERMINE RIVES.

Copyright, 1912, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER III.

Dusk had fallen that evening when Valiant's Panhard turned into the gloomy street and circled into the yawning mouth of his garage. Here, before he descended he wrote a check on his knee with a slobbering fountain pen.

"Lars," he said to the chauffer, "I dare say you've heard, things have not gone exactly smootaly with me lately, and I'm uncertain about my plans. I've made arrangements to turn this car over to the manufacturers and take back the old one. I must drive myself hereafter. I'm very sorry but you must look for another place."

The dapper young Swede touched his cap gratefully as he looked at the check's figures. Embarrassment was burning his tongue. "I—I've heard, sir, you sure it's very kind, sir, and when you need another . . . ."

"Thank you, Lars," said Valiant, as he shook hands, "and good luck. I'll remember."

Lars, the chauffeur, looked after him. "Going to skip out, he is! I thought so when he brought that stuff out of the safe-deposit. Afraid they'll try to take the boodle away from him I guess. The papers seem to think he's rotten, but he's been a mighty good boss to me. He's a dead swell, all right, anyhow," he added pridefully, as he slid the car into its moorings "and they'll have to get up early to catch him asleep!"

A little later John Valiant, the bulldog at his heels, ascended the steps of his club, where he lodged—he had disposed of his bachelor apartments a fortnight ago. The cavernous seats of the lounge were all occupied, but he did not pause as he strode through the hall. He took the little pile of letters the boy hanued him at the desk and went slowly up the stairway.

He wandered into the deserted library and sat down, tossing the letters on the magazine-littered table. He had suddenly remembered that it was his twenty-fifth birthday.

In the reaction from the long strain he felt physically spent. He thought of what he had done that afternoon, with a sense of satisfaction. A reversal of public judgment, in his own case, had not entered his head. He knew his world—its comfortable faculty of forgetting, and the multitude of sins that wealth may cover. To preserve at whatever personal cost the one noble monument his father's genius had reared, and to right the wrong that would cast its gloomy shadow on his name—this had been his only thought. What he had done would have been done no matter what the outcome of the investigation. But now, he told himself, no one could say the act had been wrung from him. That, he fancied, would have been his father's way.

Fancied—for his recollections of his father were vague and fragmentary. They belonged wholly to his pinafore years. His early memories of his mother were, for that matter, even more unsubstantial. They were of a creature of wonderful, dazzling gowns and more wonderful shining jewels who lived for the most part in an over sea city as far away as the moon (he was later to identify this as Paris) and who, when she came home—which was not often—took him driving in the park and gave him chocolate macaroons. He had always held her in more or less awe and had breathed easier when she had departed. She had died in Rome a year later than his father. He had been left then without a near relative in the world and his growing years had been an epic of nurses and caretakers, a boys' school on the continent, and a university course at home. As far as his father was concerned, he had had only his own childish recollections.

He smiled—a slow smile of reminiscence—for there had come to him at that moment the dearest all of those memories—a play of his childhood.

He saw himself on a low stool, watching a funny old clock with a moon-face, whose smiling lips curved up like military mustachios, and wishing the lazy long hands would hurry. He saw himself stealing down a long corridor to the door of a big room strewn with books and papers, that through some baleful and mysterious spell could not be made open at all hours. When the hands pointed, right, however, there was the "Open Sesame"—his own secret knock, two fierce twin raps, with one little lonesome one afterward—and this was unfailing. Safe inside, he saw himself standing on a big, polar-bear-skin rug, the door tight-locked against all comers, and an expectant baby figure with his little hand clasped in his father's. The white rug was the magic enterance the Never-Never Country, known only to those two

He could hear his own little treble: "Wishing-House, Wishing-House, where are you?"

Then the deeper voice (quite unrecognizable as his father's) answering:

"Here I am, Master; here I am!"

And instantly the room vanished and they were in the Never-Never Land, and before them reared the biggest house in the world, with a row of white pillars across its front a mile high

Valiant drew a deep breath. Some magic of time and place was repainting that dead and dusty infancy in sudden delicate lights and filmy colors. What had been blurred under-exposures on the retina of his brain became all at once elfin pictures, weird and specter-like as the dissolving views of a camera obscura.

He and his father had lived alone in possessed the secret. Not his mother. Not even the more portentous person whom he had thought must own the vast hotel in which they lived (in such respect did she seem to be held by the servants), who wore crackling black silk and a big bunch of keys for a sole ornament, and who had called him her "lamb." No, in the Never-Never Land there had been only his father and he!

Yet they were anything but lonely, for the country was inhabited by good-natured, friendly savages, as black as a lump of coal, most of them with curly white hair. These talked a queer language, but of course his father and he could understand them perfectly. These savages had many curious and unthraliing customs and strange cudling songs that made one sleepy, and all these his father knew by heart. They lived in little square huts around Wishing-House, made of sticks, and had dozens and dozens of children who wore no clothes and liked to dance in the sun and eat cherries. They were very useful barbarians, too, for they chopped the wood and built the fires and made the horses' coats shine—for he and his father would have scorned to walk, and went galloping like the wind everywhere. The forests about were filled with small brown cats, tremendously furry, with long whiskers and sharp, beady black eyes, and sometimes they would hunt these on horseback; but they never caught them, because the cats could run just a little bit faster than the horses.

Christmas time at home was not so very exciting, but at Wishing-House what a time they had! Then all the savages and their wives and children received presents, and he and his father had a dreadfully scary, shivery time remembering them all, because they had so many children they ran out of names and had to use numbers instead. So there was always the harrowing fear that one might inadvertently be left out, and sometimes they couldn't remember the last one till the very final minute. After the Christmas turkey, the oldest and blackest savage of all would come in where his father and he sat at the table, with a pudding as big as the gold chariot in the circus, and the pudding, by some magic spell, would set itself on fire, while he carried it around the table, with all the other savages marching after him. This was the most, awe-inspiring spectacle of all. Christmas at other places were a long way apart, but they came as often as they are wanted at Wishing-House, which, he recalled, was very often indeed.

John Valiant felt an odd beating of the heart and a tightening of the throat, for he saw another scene too. It was the one hushed and horrible night, after the spell had failed and the door had refused to open for a long time, when dread things had been happening that he could not understand, when a big man with gold eyeglasses, who smelled of some curious sickish-sweet perfume, came and took him by the hand and led him into a room where his father lay in bed, very gray and quiet.

The white hand on the coverlet had beckoned to him and he had gone close up to the bed, standing very straight his heart beating very fast and hard.

"John!" the word had been almost a whisper, very tense and anxious, very distinct. "John, you're a little boy, and father is going away."

"To—to Wishing-House?"

The gray lips had smiled then, ever so little, and sadly. "No, John."

"Take me with you, father! Take me with you and let us find it!" His voice had trembled then, and he had had to gulp hard.

"Listen, John, for what I am saying is very important. You don't know what I mean now, but sometime you will." The whisper had grown strained and frayed, but it was still distinct. "I can't go to the Never-Never Land. But you may sometime. If you . . . if you do, and if you find Wishing-House, remember that the men who lived in it . . . . before you and me . . . were gentlemen. Whatever else they were, they were always that. Be . . . like them, John, . . . will you?"

"Yes, father."

The old gentleman with the eyeglasses had come forward then, hastily.

He had wanted to kiss him, but a strange, cool hush had settled on the room and his father seemed to have fallen asleep. And he had gone out, so carefully, on tiptoe, wondering and suddenly afraid.

CHAPTER IV.

John Valiant stirred and laughed, a little self-consciously, for there had been drops on his face.

Presently he took a check-book from his pocket and began to figure on the stubs, looking up with a wry smile. "To come down to brass tacks," he mutterred, "when I've settled everything (thank heaven, I don't owe my tailor) there will be a little matter of twenty-eight hundred odd dollars, a passe motor and my clothes between me and the breadline!"

Everything else he had disposed of—everything but the four-footed comrad there at his feet. At his look, the white bulldog sprang up whining and made joyful pretense of devouring his master's immaculate boot-laces. Valiant put his hand under the eager muzzle, lifted the intelligent head to his knee and looked into the beseeching amber eyes. "But I'd not sell you, old chap," he said softly; "not a single lick of your friendly pink tongue; not for a beastly hundred thousand!"

He withdrew his caressing hand and looked again at the check-stubs. Twenty-eight hundred! He laughed bleakly. Why, he had spent more than that a month ago on a ball at Sherry's! This morning he had been rich; tonight he was poor! He had imagined this in the abstract, but now of a sudden the fact seemed fraught with such a ghastly and nightmarish ridiculousness as a man might feel who, going to bed with a full thatch of hair, confronts the morning mirror to find himself as bald as a porcelain mandarin.

What could he do? He could not remember a time when he had not had all that he wanted. He had never borrowed from a friend or been dunned by an importunate tradesman. And he had never tried to earn a dollar in his life; as to current methods of making a living, he was as ignorant as a Pueblo Indian.

What did others do? The men he knew who joked of their poverty and their debts, and whose hilarious habit it was to picture life as a desperate handicap in which they were forever "three jumps ahead of the sheriff," somehow managed to cling to their yachts and their stables. Few of his friends had really gone "smash," and of these all but one had taken themselves speedily and decently off. He thought of Rod Creighton, the one failure who had clung to the old life, achieving for a transient period the brilliant success of living off his friends. When this ended he had gone on the road for some champagne or other Everybody had ordered from him at the start But this, too, had failed He had dropped out of the clubs and there had at last befallen an evil time when he had come to haunt the avenue, as keen for stray quarters as any panhandler. Where was Creighton now, he wondered?

Across the avenue was Larry Treadwell's brokerage office. Larry had a brain for business; as a youthful scamp in knickerbockers he had been as sharp as a steel-trap. But what did he John Valiant, know of business? Less than of law! Why, he was not fit to smirk behind a counter and measure lace insertion for the petticoats of the women he waltzed with! All he was really fit for was to work with his hands!

He thought of a gang of laborers he had seen that afternoon breaking the asphalt with crowbars. What must it be to toil through the clammy cold of winter and the smothering fur-heat of summer, in some revolting routine of filth and unredeemable ugliness? He looked down at his supple white fingers and shivered.

He rose grimly and dragged his chair facing the window. The night was balmy and he looked down across the darker sea of roofs, barred like a gigantic checker-board by the shining lines of streets, to where the flashing electric signs of the theatre district laid their wide swath of colored radiance. The manifold calls of the street and the buzz of trolleys made a dull tonal backround, subdued and far-away.

To be outside! All that light and color and comfort and pleasure would hum and sparkle on just the same, though he was no longer within the circle of its effulgence—slaving, perhaps, he thought with a twisted smile, at some tawdry occupation that called for no experience, to pay for a meal in some second-rate restaurant and a pallet in some shabby-genteel hall bedroom, till his clothes were replaced by ill-fitting "slop-shop-made-downs"—till by wretched gradations he arrived finally at the status of the dime seat in the gallery and five-cent cigars!

There was one way back. It lay through the hackneyed gateway of marriage. Youth, comeliness and fine linen, in the world he knew, were a fair exchange for wealth any day. "Cutlet for cutlet"—the satiric phrase ran through his mind. Why not? Others did so. And as for himself, it perhaps need be no question of plain and spinstered millions—there was Katharine Fargo!

He had known her since a time when she bestrode a small fuzzy pony in the park, cool as a grapefruit and with a critical eye, even in her ten years, for social forms and observances. In the intervals of fashionable boarding-schools he had seen her develop, beautiful, cold stately and correct. The Fargo fortune—thanks to modern journalism, which was fond of stating that if the steel rails of the Fargo railways were set end to end, the chain would reach from the earth to the planet Saturn or thereabouts—was as familiar to the public imagination as Caruso or the Hope diamond. And the daughter, Katherine, had not lacked admirers; shop-girls knew the scalps that dangled from her girdle. But in his heart John Valiant was aware, by those subtle signs which men and women alike distinguish, that while Katherine Fargo loved first and foremost only her own wonderful person, he had been an easy second in her regard.

He remembered the last Christmas house-party at the Fargo's place on the St. Lawrence. Its habitues irreverently dubbed this "The Shack," but it was the nursling of folk who took their camping luxuriously, in a palatial structure which, though built, as to its exterior, of logs, was equipped within with Tukish bath, billiard room and the most indefatigable chef west of St. Petersburg. The evening before his host's swift motor had hooted him off to the station, as its wide hall exhaled the bouquet of after-dinner cigars, he had looked at her standing in the wide doorway, a rare exquisite creature—her face foreshortened and touched to a borrowed tenderness by the flickering glow of the burning logs in the room behind—the perfect flower, he had thought, of the civilization in which he lived.

John Valiant looked down at the bulldog squatted on the floor, his eyes shining in the dimness. A little hot ripple had run over him. "No shameless barter! There must be other things besides money and social position in this doddering old world, after all!"

The dog whined with delight at the voice and jumped up to lick the strong tense hand held down to him. "Do you know, old chap," his master continued, "I've been handing myself a collection of cold marble truths in the last few weeks? I've been the prize dolt of the whole show, and you ought to have thrown me over long ago. You've probably realized it all along, but it has never dawned on me until lately. I've worn the blue ribbon so long I'd come to think it was a dacoration. All my life I've been just another of those well-meaning, brainless young idiots who have never done a blessed thing that's the slightest value to anybody else. Well, Chum, we're through. We're going to begin doing something for ourselves, if it's only raising cabbages! And we're going to stand it without any baby-acting—the nurse never held our noses when we took castor oil!"

It was folded down, that old, bright page. "Finis" had been written to the rose-colored chapter. And even as he told himself, he was conscious of a new rugged something that had been slowly dawning within him, a sense of courage, even of zest, and a furious hatred of the self-pity that had wrenched him even for a moment.

He turned from the window, picked up his letters, and followed by the dog, went slowly up another flight to his room.

(To be continued)

CHILDRENS' CONTEST.

Pauline Miller	40	40
Lila Mitchell	50	50

Pauline Miller.

Mrs. S. B. Clark and little grandson, Archie Palmer, went to Salem Thursday to spend several days with friends.

Mrs. Grover McDonald returned last week from a visit with her friend at Newberg.

Miss Lynn has resigned her position as teacher of the eighth grade B class of the Dallas schools and has gone to take a position in Portland. Miss Nunn will take her place here.

The two children of Mr. Turk, who were seriously ill with pneumonia, are rapidly improving.

Elmer Butz is confined to his bed with an attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Web Lewis and two daughters, of Oak Grove, were in Dallas Saturday.

Mr. Ingermanson, of Independence, was in Dallas Saturday.

George Conkey, of Independence, was a business visitor in Dallas last week.

Dial Williams is rebuilding Mrs. Fowler's house, which was damaged by fire recently.

W. D. Calkins is having electric lights put in his house on Miller ave.

Gordon Black is setting out a hedge and other shrubbery at his home, south west of town.

Esther Gates went to Salem last week.

The Dallas second basket ball team played at Corvallis Friday night. The score was 14 to 16 in favor of Dallas.

The 5th grade B pupils of the Dallas schools gave a farewell reception Friday afternoon to their teacher, Miss Lynn.

The Dallas basket ball team played at Independence Thursday. Score, 14 to 22 in favor of Dallas.

Mr. Thomas Campbell left Saturday to visit his brother at Springfield Oregon.

Lillian Lawrenson was married in Independence Sunday to a man from California.

Rev. Kellums, of Sheridan, preached at the Christian church Sunday.

Rev. Curtis preached at Sheridan Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Somers, of St. Johns have been visiting at Henry Clifford's.

Rev. Rogers, of California, visited at Frank Holman's over Sunday.

Harold Miller went to Corvallis Friday.

Mr. Botterff went to Walla Walla Sunday, where he will be joined later by his family.

Mith Catherwood went to Monmouth Sunday.

Homer Dashiell and wife have moved to their farm, east of Dallas.

Miss Edna Morrison was a week-end visitor in Portland.

A large crowd of school children went to see Miss Linn off for Portland Sunday afternoon.

Harry Butz and Grover McDonald were business visitors in Salem Monday.

Verda Cadwell is getting along fine and expects to leave the hospital this week.

The 4th and 5th grades of the Dallas school took first place in the county spelling contest.

Miss Parrott, of Monmouth, will give a talk to the Woman's Club today.

Miss Alice Grant attended the teachers rally at McCoy Saturday.

Lila Mitchell

Frank Hubbard, of Falls City, was in town last of last week.

Mrs. Lacy visited over Saturday with Mrs. T. M. Stow; also visited her daughter in Salem.

Mrs. John Geill, of Portland, visite chatives in Dallas Thursday.

Andrew Seifarth and family are going to move to Portland.

Aunt Marie Smith, of Luckiamute, had a stroke of paralysis last week.

Miss Mabel Grant was taken home form the hospital Sunday.

Uncle Dave Guthrie is slowly improving.

Miss Veva Burns went to Portland Saturday, returning Sunday.

John Brown is pruning his orchard

Mr. Davidson is filling in his yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brown.

Mrs. Watson has been suffering with neuralgia.

On account of poor health, Mrs Henry Muscott Jr., has broken up housekeeping and gone to live with her mother at Airlie.

Miss Ruth Pierce, of Portland, and Miss Maude Pierce, of Monmouth, are visiting their brotehr Ross, and family.

Holt McDaniel went to Bowerville Monday.

Miss Faye Hensen, of Oakdale, spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister Mrs. C. D. Forrett.

Jack Hensel went to Salem Sunday

Word was received Sunday from California, where Mr. Pierce is visiting, that he is very sick.

Mr. Claunch was thrown out of his buggy Saturday, while returning home from town and had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder and receive several other bruises.

Mrs. Pauline, of McMinnville, has Mr. Claunch's farm near Ellendale.

G. W. McBee attended the phone meeting of the Oak phone line at Liberty.

Mrs. Helen Olsen, of Silverton, a niece of Mrs. Anna Brock, spent a few days with her.

Vergil Brock has returned to school after being absent from school on account of poor eyesight.

Mrs. Taylor Dunn, of Polk Station, spent one day last week in town.

Mrs. Jester, of Seattle, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. A. Bollman, returned to her home Monday.

Mrs. Ed. Wilson was taken home from the hospital Saturday.

Mrs. Horatio Morrison, who has been quite ill, is some better at present.

Mrs. Ed. Graves is on the sick list.

Mr. Clow, of Independence, was in Dallas Saturday.

Amy Hibbard spent Sunday in Monmouth.

Miss Katie Fox, of Rickreall, was in town Saturday.

Frank Friesen, of Smithfield, was in town Monday.

Mr. Ross, who lives in Mrs. Marks' house, is quite sick.

The stork on Saturday visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wolf, formerly of Salem, now living in the Ulery house.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney has moved into the Ramsey house.

Mr. Davis has moved into the Welcome Home boarding house.

Miss Geer went to Portland last week and returned Sunday.

Clarence Getchel is giving R. E. Reed's wood saw an overhauling.

Mr. and Mrs. Orin Kearns are keeping house on Shelton street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sellers returned from Salem, where they have been visiting.

Blanche Barker is clerking in Mr. Williams' music store, formerly owned by Mr. Ash.

Mrs. Cecil Blessing Brown has a baby boy.

Mrs. Will Brown has been quite ill with neuralgia.

Will Martin came over from Salem Saturday.

Delinquent Tax List of Last Half Payments, 1912.

This advertised list of delinquent taxes for the year of 1912 is in pursuance of an act of the State Legislature which is embodied in Chapter 275 of the General Laws of the 1911 Session.

The taxes on the following advertised real property, situated in Polk County, Oregon, became delinquent on Monday, October 7th, 1913, and are subject to a penalty of ten per cent, and interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum from Monday, April the 7th, 1913, until they shall have been paid. Any day after the expiration of six months after the taxes charged against the following real property are delinquent, the Sheriff is authorized upon demand of any person making application, to issue to them a certificate of delinquency, upon payment of taxes, penalty, interest and cost of advertising. Certificates of delinquency shall bear interest from the date of issuance until redeemed at the rate of fifteen per cent per annum.

Adams, Mrs. J.—SE¼ and SE¼ of SW¼ and N½ of NE¼ and NE¼ of ofNW¼ of Secs 11, 14 Twp 7, S R 4 W containing 320 acres. Tax.....$	4.33
Bowers, Benton—beg. 37.83 chs W of NE cor. of sec 9, S 16.05 chs S 88 degrees W 41.72 chs S 3.37 chs W 23.31 chs N 19 degrees W 17.28 chs E 28.30 chs N 5.30 chs N 88 degrees 45 min E 41.88 chs to p. o. b. secs 8-9, Twp S. S R 4 W, containing 110 acres. Tax	59.15
Brooks, Mary E.—Beg 26.50 chs W and 5.54 chs N 20 degrees 30 min E of SE cor of E. C. Dice d l c W 19.25 chs S 26 degrees 15 min W 5.49 chs W 75.17 chs N 19 degrees W 17.71 chs E 24.56 chs N 2.55 chs E 36 chs S8.89 chs E 25.31 chs N 1.14 chs E 5 chs N 30 degrees E 10.00 chs E to center of slough southerly down slough to p. o. b., secs 8-9-10 Twp 8, S R 4 W, containing 181 acres. Tax.....	79.90
Churchmere Realty Co.—Lots 3-4 block 1, Churchmere add. to West Salem. Tax.....	1.00
Ellis, Wm, Trustee—Lots 6-7-8-9, block 16, Ellis add. to Dallas. Tax	8.25
Guyer, A. S.—Beg at SE cor of N½ of John Lewis d. l. c. N 1.40 chs W 1.75 chs N 75 lks W 43 lks S 2.15 chs W 2.82 chs S 2.00 chs E 5.00 chs N 2.00 chs to p. o. b., Sec 18, Twp 9, S R 5 W, containing 1.33 acres. Tax	6.50
Hazard, E. W.—Lot 4, block 19, Kingwood Park. Tax.....	11.02
Inman, J. W. & H. A.—Lots 47 and 48 of Strong Fruit Tract No. 1, Sec 30, Twp 8 S R 5 W, containing 20 acres. Tax.....	12.18
Kimes, L. R.—SW¼ of Sec 8, Twp S S R 6 W, containing 160 acres. Tax.....	18.81
Massey, Minnie M.—Lots 2-3-4, block 2N 4E, Buena Vista. Tax	1.20
Mott, Dr. W. S.—Beg. at SE cor of L Gilstrap d.l.c. W 29.42 chs N 22¼ degrees W 16.00 chs N 4.57 chs E 35.80 chs S 17.04 chs to p. o. b., Sec 34, Twp 6, S R 6 W, containing 55 acres Tax	9.35
Nisley, Jennie W.—N½ of NE¼ and SE¼ of NE¼ and N½ of S E ¼ and S E ¼ of S E ¼ of Sec 16, Twp 7, S R 7 W, containing 240 acres. Tax..	18.50
Paul, E. V. D.—Beg. 13.50 chs W of SE cor of E. Harper d. l. c. N 19.95 chs W 6.00 chs S 19.95 chs E 6.00 chs to p. o. b., Sec 4, Twp 7, S R 6 W; also lot 1 of Sec 29, Twp 6, S R 6 W; also beg 38.75 chs N and 5.58 chs W of SE cor of l. Hinshaw d. l. c. W 79.44 chs S 7 degrees E18.46 chs W5.31 chs S6.33 chs N 89 degrees 20 min E 54.70 chs N 10.50 chs E 22 chs N 18 degrees W 3.62 chs N 11 degrees 30 min E 2.14 chs N 29 degrees E 4.86 chs N 39 degrees E 5.77 chs to p. o. b; also beg at S E cor of I. Hinshaw d. l. c. N 25 chs W 33 chs S 25.00 chs E 33.00 chs to p. o. b., Secs 28-29-33, Twp 6 S R 6 W, containing 263 acres; also beg at S W cor A. McMeekin d. l c. N 21 min E 70.56 chs E 17.28 chs S 70.56 chs W 17.28 chs to p. o. b., Sec 4, Twp 7, S R 6 W and Sec 33, Twp 6, S R 6 W; also beg at NW cor of H. W. Eades d. l. c. S 32.00 chs E 29.40 chs N 32.00 chs W 29.40 chs to p. o. b., Sec 3, Twp 6, S R 6 W, containing 219 acres. Tax.....	83.72
Ramp, C. E. et al—16.20 acres of the following described tract, beg at SE cor of W. D. Cole d. l. c. N 27 degrees 28 min E 59.91 chs W36.46 chs N74 degrees W 2.50 chs S 3 degrees W 48.04 chs E 16.56 chs to p. o. b., Secs 20-21, Twp 7, S R 3, W, containing 16.20 acres Tax	.96
Shafer, W. G.—S ½ of SW ¼ of S E ¼ of Sec 12, Twp 9, S R 4W, con. 20 acres; also beg 6.07 chs S of NW cor of Sec 13, S 6.50 chs E 6.16 chs N 6.50 chs W 6.16 chs to p. o. b., Sec 13, Twp 9, S R 4 W, containing 4 acres. Tax.....	7.50
Sharp, W. N., J. E. Sharp, Agt.—Beg at NE cor of H. Linnville d. l. c., W 45.70 chs S 1¼ degrees E 33.26 chs S 1 degree W 46.58 chs E 45.73 chs N 79.82 chs to p. o. b., Secs 20-21-28-29, Twp 9, S R 4 W, containing 360 acres. Tax.....	99.36
Steele, W. J.—Beg at SE cor of lot 8, block 2N 4E, Buena Vista, E to Willamette River down said river 254 ft W to N E cor of lot 5, S 254 ft to p o. b., Sec 26, Twp 9, S R 4 W, containing 2 acres; also all of block 3N 4E, lots 1-8, block 2N 4E, Buena Vista. Tax...	6.40
Waters, F. W.—All of block 3, Waters add. to West Salem. Tax	9.44

J. M. GRANT,
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned was, by an order of the Honorable County Court of Polk County, Oregon, on the 17th day of January, A. D. 1914, appointed administrator of the estate of Emma Vassall, deceased, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate will present the same with the proper vouchers, as required by law, to the undersigned Administrator, at Dallas City Bank, Dallas Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated and first published this 22nd day of January, 1914.

WALTER G. VASSALL,
Administrator of the estate of Emma Vassall, deceased.
Brown & Sibley,
Attorneys for Estate.

PLAIN SEWING, CHEAP
712 Levens, Near Washington
Children's Clothes a Specialty.
MRS. CHARLES BRASSARD.

"My Mamma Says—
It's Safe
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"The Children's Children" are now using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it is today the same safe effective and curative medicine that their parents found it. For all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, hoarsenes and tickling in throat, use it. It gives satisfactory results.

FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR FOR Coughs and Colds

CONTAINS NO OPIATES

CONRAD STAFRIN.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

Security Insurance Company

of New Haven, in the State of Connecticut, on the 31st day of December, 1913, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Capital.

Amount of capital stock paid up.$1,000,000.00

Income.

Net premiums received during the year.....$	2,119,251.87
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	73,777.02
Income from other sources received during the year	94,570.17
Total income	$2,387,599.06

Disbursements.

Net losses paid during the year.$	1,117,761.47
Dividends paid during the year on capital stock	100,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	677,241.28
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	122,110.76
Amount of all other expenditures	207,006.94
Total expenditures	$2,224,120.45

Assets.

Value of real estate owned (market value) .....$	250,150.00
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	2,919,959.25
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.	436,250.00
Cash in banks and on hand	89,406.52
Premiums in course of collection written since September 30, 1913	538,772.84
Other assets	28,222.31
Interest and rents due and accrued	41,875.19
Total assets	$4,104,636.11
Less special deposits in any state	58,000.00
Total assets admitted in Oregon	$4,046,636.11

Liabilities.

Gross claims for losses unpaid..$	177,926.26
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	2,086,700.93
All other liabilities	1,839,918.92
Total liabilities exclusive of capital stock of $1,000,000	$3,104,636.11
Total premiums in force December 31, 1913	$3,897,606.50

Business in Oregon for the Year.

Total risks written during the year .....$	670,438.00
Gross premiums received during the year	22,984.54
Premiums returned during the year	9,129.46
Losses paid during the year	6,969.13
Losses incurred during the year	7,596.13
Total amount of risks outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1913	1,420,782.00

SECURITY INSURANCE CO. OF NEW HAVEN.

BY VICTOR ROTH, Secretary.
Statutory general agent and attorney for service, Frank E. Smith.

PACIFIC STUMP PULLER

"Built for Northwest Stumps"

A simple, powerful and inexpensive machine, which can be operated by one man and one horse.

Write for free BULLETIN No. 34. It tells how to clear stump land at a lower cost per acre than has ever been possible heretofore.

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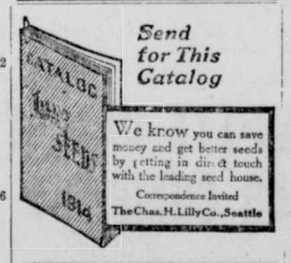

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We know you can save money and get better seeds by getting in direct touch with the leading seed house.

Correspondence Invited

The Chas. H. Lilly Co., Seattle

Dallas Druggist Make a Statement.

We always advise people who have stomach or bowel trouble to see a doctor. But to those who do not wish to do this we will say: try the mixture of simple buckthorn bark glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka. This simple new remedy is so powerful that just one dose relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation instantly. People who try Adler-i-ka are surprised at its quick action. C. Stafrin.

TWO HOME WOMEN TALKED ABOUT HAIR

Two women met in our store the other day, when one of them said:

"My, how pretty your hair looks! What have you been doing to it?"

"Why, I have been using Harmony Hair Beautifier for the past two weeks," was the reply.

"Why, indeed!" replied the first woman, "that is just what I am using. Isn't it great, and don't you think my hair shows a lot of improvement?"

Harmony Hair Beautifier is becoming all the rage among both men and women who are particular in the care of their hair. It is just what it is named—a hair beautifier. It seems to polish and burnish the hair, making it glossy, silky-soft, and more easy to put up in graceful, wavy folds that "stay put." Contains no oil, and will not change color of hair nor darken it. Simply sprinkle a little on your hair each time before brushing it.

To keep your hair and scalp dandruff-free and clean, use Harmony Shampoo. This liquid shampoo gives an instantaneous rich, foaming lather that immediately penetrates to every part of the hair and scalp, insuring a quick and thorough cleansing. It is washed off just as quickly, the entire operation taking only a few moments. Harmony Hair Beautifier, $1.00. Harmony Shampoo, 50c. Both guaranteed to satisfy you in every way, or your money back. Sold only at the more than 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us.

CONRAD STAFRIN, Druggist

**More