# The Diamond Button

## A Thrilling Detective Story

From the Diary of a Lawyer and the Note-Book of a Reporter.

By BARCLAY NORTH.

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## WOOED AND---WON?

She looked so young, so happy, so innocent, that he was conscious of a chord somewhere about his heart that had not vibrated for many a long day. He, Graham Standish, was making an afternoon call, and she, Stella Grey, had just tripped into the room. "My aunt begs you to excuse her for a moment," Stella said. "We have just come in, and she is taking her bonnet off."

Standish made a polite and appropriate rejoinder. In his heart he wished devoutly that the moment might be indefinitely prolonged. "I need not ask if you enjoyed the dance last night," he said, looking with increasing pleasure at the fair and candid face.

"Oh, so much, so much!" she replied, with a pretty enthusiasm that was absolutely unaffected. Her eyes danced in the sunlight that streamed in at the window—evidently darkened rooms and cunning blinds and rosy lights were not in vogue in this house. Stella's skin was like a blush rose, and although she was not regularly beautiful, there was something graceful and bright about her which made her more attractive than many girls with greater claims to positive beauty. "I love dancing, do not you?" she asked, smiling radiantly at him. 'If heaven were to be one long dance, I would be good all the rest of my life."

"I am sure you are good enough for heaven, whatever it may be," replied Standish; and he spoke with such gravity and even intensity that Stella felt a little confused and had to talk rather fast to conceal her embarrassment.

"I am not at all good; quite the reverse. Ask Aunt Marian," she said.

He looked at her with smiling incredulity. She was like a white lily to him; like the down on a swan's breast; like snow fresh fallen on some mountain summit. And yet Standish was a thorough man of the world—skeptical about friendship, love and women in general. But, though he had lived and had known almost every phase of society, he never said absolutely to himself or to any one else, as many younger and less experienced of his fellows do, "There is not such a thing as a good woman." On the contrary, he had maintained that this rara avis does exist, but that the specimens are few, and, when found, to be valued as pearls of great price. He was hard and stern, with an iron will; but he had a conviction that a good, pure, loving woman could change all the worst part of him, and inspire him with deep love and tenderness. He had met Stella for the first time on the previous night, and today, already, he felt she approached closely to his ideal.

"I am sure you like dancing, too, because you dance so well," said Stella, and then she blushed a little at having paid him a compliment.

"It was you who inspired me," he replied; and then, deeply to his chagrin, Aunt Marian came in. He had to control his eyes now, and to talk all sort of platitudes; but he went away happy, having won from Mrs. Grey a promise that she, her husband, her son and Stella would dine with him at Hurlingham the following Saturday, and allow him to drive them down in his coach. When the door closed upon him, Stella waltzed madly round the room, and finished by embracing her aunt with an ardor which made that amiable lady smile and ask if she was going out of her senses.

"How utterly delightful! What a nice, dear man!" Stella cried, and resumed her gyrations.

"I believe he is rich and very well connected," observed Mrs. Grey, who was, what they say every good woman is, a match maker. She was quite aware that her son Leo and Stella fancied themselves in love with each other; but that was, of course, ridiculous, as neither had any money. She tolerated the idea with perfect good humor, but always had her eyes open for a good match for either.

At dinner, the admiral, Stella's uncle, and Leo were informed of the invitation, and received it with satisfaction.

"His father and I served together," remarked the admiral. "He was a good deal my senior. A bit of a martinet, but, by Jove! he was tamed at home. He was frightened out of his soul by his wife, who was a handsome tartar, with a will like iron. Her son looks as if he had inherited some of it."

"Now, Uncle George, you are not to say a word against him!" cried Stella. "We are going to eat his bread and salt on Saturday," and she laughed delightedly.

"I suppose it is you, my dear, we may thank for his hospitality," said the admiral, jocularly. Leo frowned.

Later in the evening, when the elders were playing bezique, Leo whispered to Stella, "I am not going to have you flirt with that chap. Remember, miss."

She smiled at him with her innocent blue eyes. "Is it likely?" she said, and they squeezed each other's hands in token of confidence.

When Saturday arrived, and Stella found herself on the box seat beside Standish—Mrs. Grey having declined the post of honor—her delight knew no bounds. Standish's stern face was illumined by pride and pleasure—every look into those smiling eyes seemed like a draught from some pure spring of happiness. He was beginning already to love her intensely, and he had made up his mind absolutely that she should be his. Standish seldom thought it worth while to exert his will on trifling matters, but when he felt a strong desire to attain a purpose would move heaven or hell to compass it.

He had taken it for granted that Stella was free and heart whole, so when at dinner he saw Leo look jealously at her and intercepted the loving, reassuring smile she sent back, he experienced a sudden and violent pang. But he had sufficient self control to conceal it, and before dinner was over more parties had been planned for the following week. On Wednesday they were to go to the dance at the New club, and the admiral felt the least they could do was to ask their host to dine with them on Monday.

"How heavenly it would have been," said Leo when they got home, "if the mater had gone in front and you and I had sat behind together!" And Stella concurred.

Standish did not sleep well that night. He had conceived a violent passion for Stella, and he meant and willed that she should be his. But the thought of the cousin, who was a good looking lad, chafed and irritated him. It was ridiculous to think there could be anything between them more than a boy and girl fancy. The Greys were not well off. Leo was only a clerk in the foreign office; he could not marry her. But Standish could not endure to think that any one had so much as breathed upon his lily. His? Yes, his! Whenever his will had been roused he had never yet failed to obtain his object. Instinct told him that he must not betray his passion to Stella. He knew that it would frighten and repel her. It was a hard task when his arm was round her in the waltz and his heart beat so near hers, but he exercised immense self command, and when his eyes would have betrayed him he averted them resolutely from her face.

He soon became the friend of the house. Leo, no longer jealous, conceived the strong liking for him that an enthusiastic and frank natured lad often feels for a man considerably his senior. Standish gave him constant dinners, lent him horses to ride or drive, supplied him with choice cigars and took him about. The end of the season was drawing on, Standish began to find his position unbearable. It was the first time in his life that he had played a double part, and he hated it. He had always been a man of honor; now he was going to descend to base means. And yet he swore to himself that his love, as he called it, was the purest and best part of him, and he vowed to love and cherish this fair creature as the apple of his eye, and to develop every good and generous quality for her sake—once he possessed her! So Standish set himself to serve two masters, hell first and heaven after. He found out Leo's weakest spot, which, poor lad, was a tendency to gamble. Standish led him slowly and surely on—racing, card playing, even a little flutter on the Stock Exchange. For the first time in his life Leo's pockets were full of money. He was intoxicated with the unwonted sensation. He bought a diamond heart for Stella, which she dared not wear but treasured fondly, for he had sworn her to secrecy about his money making. What delicious whisperings they had together! When he had made £10,000 they would be married. Stella was more charming than ever to Standish. Was he not their guardian angel?

The day of reckoning came quickly and surely. Leo lost all his winnings in Goodwood week, and £2,000 besides. He was horribly vexed, but by no means in despair, with a friend like Standish at his back. But suddenly Standish made a bold face, looked and spoke sternly, and absolutely declined to advance the money. Stunned and stupefied, for one mad hour Leo dreamed of suicide; but he was young, the love of life was strong in him, and he thought of his parents and Stella with a deeper affection than he had ever felt before. But what could he do? It would be impossible for his father to raise the money in so short a time, even if he consented, but Leo did not believe he would consent, and he felt it would be easier to die than to ask him. But to be a defaulter? What high spirited young fellow could bear such a thought? That night he took Stella into the gardens in front of the house, and there he told her everything, with burning, miserable shame and anguish. She wept and wrung her hands. Was there justice in heaven if this awful calamity could fall on one so loved, so guileless (in her eyes) as Leo; on those dear people who have been as father and mother to her. She railed against Standish and vowed she had always mistrusted that stern face of his. She lay awake at night, her golden hair tossing on the pillow, her white face rosy with feverish anxiety. She would see Standish, would plead with him; yes, on her knees. He had always seemed so glad to do her smallest behest; surely in a matter of life and death he would not refuse her. She contrived to see him, and alone.

With blushes that scorched her fair white face she pleaded to him as in the watches of the night she had schooled herself to plead. Then Standish unmasked. He kept the passion of his heart and eyes in leash, but he told her without disguise the only terms on which he was prepared to accede to her prayers. She was the price of Leo's deliverance. He waxed eloquent; his voice and manner were tender as a woman's as he poured out his love to her—the love with which he had loved, nay, worshiped her from almost the first moment when his eyes beheld her. Stella recoiled from him in horror; then recovering herself she appealed passionately to his generosity; to his pity even. He had no more pity than the tiger whose prey is within his grasp; desire knows neither mercy nor pity. Her tears, her distress, kindled still more the violent and cruel side of his nature. Yet his voice was tender and persuasive. He would make her the happiest woman alive. She should not have a single wish ungratified; nay, Leo himself should be the first to benefit by her sacrifice. He ventured, even under the burning scorn of her eyes, to compare the boy's love with his. Once more she implored him, with a very agony of entreaty, but he was inexorable; there was only one condition. And so he left her, bidding her think it over.

When she told Leo his rage for the moment overcame his despair. He called Standish by every name with which a man can brand a villain. Would he have his darling sacrificed to save himself ten thousand times deeper disgrace? But after the first passionate excitement, despair came crawling back. Disgraced, dishonored, was he nearer to his love? Again he thought of making a clean breast to his father. But that very night at dinner the admiral had seemed out of sorts, and had darkly hinted at an unlucky speculation into which he had been betrayed. Leo thought of his young brothers and sisters. Were they to be sacrificed to his criminal folly? Ah! he could call it by its right name now. He and Stella sat with clasped hands and sorrowful eyes. They had never loved each other as they did now. Then, in the night, as she lay half distraught with her trouble and Leo's, the instinct of self sacrifice which was in every good woman's nature, which had made heroines and martyrs of them so often, inspired her, and, with shudderings and tremblings, she resolved to save Leo at the cost of her own misery and despair. Without a word or hint to Leo she wrote to Standish that if he would not have pity on her, knowing how she felt toward him, she must needs accept his cruel terms, since she loved her cousin more than aught else in the world. Would he, she wondered, want to marry her after that?

He took her at her word with joy and triumph. He would know how to guard her against Leo—against every man in Christendom; and he had all the futility common to lovers who believe they can make a woman love them. Even then Stella had hope that she would be able to creep out of her promise through some loophole, but Standish was far too clever for that. Leo had obtained a week's delay for the payment of his Goodwood losses. Before Standish handed over the purchase money she must be his. She must go through the form of marriage with him at the registry office. He would then leave her free for two months, during which he was to appear to her family to woo and win her. He knew she was not of age, but he would hardly stick to such a trifle as a lie now. And Stella without a word to Leo or any living soul, with death in her heart, went out one morning and married Standish, and received from him her price, £2,000 in Bank of England notes. Her trembling hands placed them that night in Leo's, and he went half mad with delight, and vowed that, after all, Standish was a prince of good fellows, and perhaps had only meant to give him a fright for his own good. Stella held her peace. She could not, dared not tell him—not, at all events, until he had paid away the money. She knew well enough how he would fling it back in Standish's face, perhaps with blows and violence, did he but half guess the truth. When Leo sought his deliverer, and grasping his hand, poured forth all his gratitude with heartfelt emotion, Standish experienced a sensation that was not pleasurable.

A few days later Stella's husband made a formal demand for her hand of her uncle and aunt. The good people were delighted. Mercifully for Stella, Leo had gone yachting with a friend for three weeks. Mrs. Grey could not make out why the girl was not overjoyed at her wonderful fortune. Standish was a lover, in ten thousand; his settlements, his gifts were princely. He did not trouble her with much love making—he could afford to bide his time; but no woman could have had more tender thought and consideration shown her. He was so kind that a wild hope flashed across her that perhaps, after all, he would set her free for of late the fond affection she had formerly felt for her Leo had grown into a madness of love that was eating her heart out. Suddenly one evening she turned to Standish, and in an agony of tears implored him to release her. He bit his lip; a dark red flush came into his face.

"What you ask is impossible, even if I were willing," he said, and then, in a tone which was quite low, and yet which terrified her, he added, "Do you know that you are mine now, and that I could take you away with me this moment if I chose?"

As yet Leo was ignorant of Stella's engagement; she had made it a point that he was only to be told by her own lips. Oh! what a terrible telling it was on the evening when he came back joyous and radiant from the cruise. The quivering aspen leaves which had listened to their former confidences, had a sad tale to tell after that night—of wild oats, and imprecations and agony. Stella, his Stella, the wife of Standish! free only at this moment by his forbearance.

The cruel days kept on, Leo and Stella trying hard to hide their wretchedness within their own breasts. Leo never met Standish; he was not to be at the marriage. His parents understood that he felt a little sore, but thought with light hearts that he would soon get over it. The night before the wedding came, it was supposed Leo had left London, but again the rustling leaves sighed over the sorrows of those two poor breaking young hearts. Their lips were pressed together in an agony of farewell; it was an agony in which no joy mingled, because there was no hope.

"Swear!" whispered Leo with wild intensity. "Swear!"

And she answered in a voice strangely like his, "I swear!"

Never was bridegroom more triumphantly glad than Standish, as he put his wife into the carriage that was to take them away for their honeymoon. A friend had lent him a lovely place in Surrey for a fortnight. Stella had borne up during the ceremony, had smiled, had accepted and returned the embraces of family and friends. But no sooner was she in the carriage than the reaction came, and she sank back white and exhausted. Standish was forbearance itself. He made every allowance for her. As he was strong he was merciful. She scarcely said a dozen words during the long drive, and when they reached their destination she complained of fatigue and went to her room.

Dinner had been waiting half an hour. Standish felt a delicacy in disturbing his wife. At last he sent for her maid. The woman said she had knocked several times without receiving an answer. Standish ran upstairs, knocked loudly, and after a moment broke open the door.

Stella lay asleep on the sofa—asleep, yes, forever. She had kept her vow to Leo in a way that he, poor lad, had never dreamed of.—London World.

### Well Applied.

McFingle—There is a firm in Minneapolis that goes under the style of Pierce & Quest.

McFangle—Well, what about it?

McFingle—Nothing; only I was thinking that their employes must have to mind their P's and Q's.—Lawrence American.

### The Intelligent Horse.

The horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, no matter how hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniffs or from a bucket which some other odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostrils will widen, quiver, and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has certified the fact by means of her nose. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opening to their accustomed feeding grounds, and, when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish the one outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their guide to it.—Exchange.

"Ben Hur" has recently been translated into Dutch, as has also "John Ward, Preacher."

### Punishing the Babbler.

Russia keeps up the informal habits of Peter the Great, and the conversation is very gay and general at the court table, with much of the brilliancy of an officer's mess on a grand scale. In old times in Russia wherever a guest made a distasteful remark a trumpet sounded. The offense repeated, the too talkative person was led away and had his tongue cut out. Nero used to have a pet tiger extended beside him on his couch, which, at a sign, sprang at the throat of any indiscreet babbler. In contrast to this life it is almost painful to mention the clock work formalities of other courts, and the mapped out rules for conversation at Victoria's table seem absurd.—New York Star.

### Some Cold Facts.

When one sits down and calmly figures up the number of bushels of potatoes which could have been bought for the poor with the millions of dollars carried over to Paris and left there by American visitors, he must roll his eyes with astonishment. And when he reads the estimate that not more than one out of ten of those visitors had ever seen Niagara Falls, the Rocky mountains, the Yosemite, or any of the other natural attractions of the United States, he feels like exclaiming,

"By gosh!"—Detroit Free Press.

The statistician has attacked the churchgoers, and he finds that a much larger proportion of British than of Americans attend church regularly.

Professor E. J. Houston, of Philadelphia, has prepared a dictionary of electrical terms, which has been needed for some time. Electricity has not only changed our industries, it has added greatly to the words we shall have to learn the meaning of.

Of all the gold regions ever discovered those who have been there declare that the Transvaal, in South Africa, is the richest. Edward Bates Dorsey says it will produce, when fully mined, more gold than California and Australia combined. The metal is in quartz veins, and requires the heaviest milling machinery to extract it.

A shameful state of affairs exists in several of the largest cities of the Union. Hundreds and thousands of children are turned away from the school house doors to roam the streets, because there is not room for them. There is not money to provide school house accommodation, but there is always money to pay a host of petty political officials.

A writer says that a rattlesnake may be handled with safety, provided you will keep it in good humor and never touch its tail. Also if a rattler bites you, summon all your will power, keep your head on, don't get frightened, and you will not die. Don't go out now and catch a rattler and begin fooling with him just to try it, however. The same writer mentions that a preparation of concentrated benzoin, applied immediately, will render a snake bite harmless. But don't go and get bitten only to try it.

### "Looking Backward" Two Ways.

In the winter of 1888-1 a striking story was published in The Cincinnati Commercial. It came to the paper in manuscript form, and was written by a lady of that city. It was called "The Narrative of Vera Zarovitch," and was a prophecy of the civilization of the future. Many of our readers are familiar with the novel called "Looking Backward," by Edward Bellamy. "Looking Backward" was a very successful book, making both money and reputation for its author. But now comes the strange part of the story. Mme. Zarovitch puts forward the claim that in all its essential features, plot and all, "Looking Backward" was simply stolen from her narrative. Furthermore, she claims that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published the book for Mr. Bellamy knowing this to be the case. The lady will bring suit at once to maintain her claim. If the courts support her, this will be one of the most celebrated cases of literary piracy on record.

### Another Whitechapel Theory.

Dr. Lawson Tait, a London surgeon, has put forward a theory in regard to the fiendish Whitechapel murders which is ingenious enough to figure in one of Poe's weird stories.

He says first, the murderer is an epileptic maniac, and does the murders while the fit is on, being unconscious of the crime afterwards. Second, she is, not a man, but a woman, who gathers her splashed and bloody skirt around her waist under her shawl immediately after the deed is done, and so escapes detection. Then, since women are "always at the wash tub," she easily washes out the stains and is not detected. Third, the murderer is some one employed in a slaughter house, and familiar with the way in which animals are slaughtered in London. The Whitechapel victims have had their throats cut from behind, and have then been eviscerated in the exact manner in which a London butcher begins to dress a sheep. The cuts are long and slashing, unlike those made either by a surgeon or a novice. There are known to be women employed occasionally about the London butcher shops. It is here, according to Dr. Tait, that detectives should search for the true clew.

### The First Chinese Railway.

A great event has happened in China. The son of heaven, that is to say, the emperor, has issued a decree that a railway shall be built from Pekin to Hankow. The road will be 700 miles long, and will pass through a portion of China into which the daylight of western civilization has never before penetrated. For many years the Liberal party of the country have striven to get government permission to build a railroad there, but in vain. All the old arguments used against the first introduction of the iron way into England were rehashed in China, with more effect, and in addition the peculiarly Chinese objection that the road would disturb the graves of their ancestors. Besides, an iron track, with black, thundering monsters rushing over it, would invade the sanctity of the earth, make it angry and cause earthquakes.

At length, however, the Chinese authorities have concluded to take the risks at once of the wrath of the earth and of their ancestors, and construct the road. Its first result will be to give an immense impetus to the internal trade of China and after that to foreign commerce. But that it will work any great revolution in Chinese customs and civilization immediately, is not likely, though it will do so ultimately. As to that, The London Spectator says: "A railway will no more make a mandarin honest than a telegraph will make him a Christian."


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KEEPS ON HAND THE BEST SELECTION of Wines, Liquors, Ale, Beer, &c., to be found in the State. In Logus-Eastham Block. Give me a call.

M. H. FLANAGAN.

## Merchants Exchange.

Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE best brand of Liquors, Wines and Cigars in the City. Step in and try the new Billiard Table. Also imported Milwaukee, Chicago and Boca Beer.

J. TREMBATH, Proprietor.

## NOBLETT.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

OREGON CITY.

LOCATED BETWEEN THE BRIDGE AND DEPOT.

Double and Single Rigs, and saddle horses always on hand at the lowest prices. A corrall connected with the barn or loose stock.

Information regarding any kind of stock promptly attended to by person or letter.

Horses Bought and Sold.



## Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the sympathetic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

**Distress After Eating**

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

**Sick Headache**

**Heartburn**

**Sour Stomach**

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar


### Bids Wanted

For hewing about 5000 lineal feet of lumber. For specifications and particulars, call on H. E. CROSS,
Manager Gladstone Real Estate Ass'n.
Oregon City, Dec. 12th, 1889.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the county judge, or in his absence before the county clerk of Multnomah county, at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, April 21, 1890, viz: William M. Hardin, Homestead Entry, No. 5581, for the SW ¼ of section 24, township 1 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: B. T. Wilhelm, W. A. Johnson, F. S. White, and C. Hardin, all of Aimes, Clackamas Co., Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

### Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the United States Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, April 22, 1890, viz: Clark Hardin, Homestead Entry, No. 5582, for the NW ¼ of section 34, T 1 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: P. Wilhelm, W. A. Johnson, F. S. White, and W. F. Graham, all of Aimes, Clackamas county, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

### Notice For Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the county judge, or in his absence before the county clerk of Multnomah Co. at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, April 21, 1890, viz: William A. Johnson, Homestead Entry, No. 5309, for the SW ¼ of sec 22, T 1 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land: Wm. Butler, C. Dickson, W. Harding, and C. Harding, all of Aimes, Clackamas Co., Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, March 28, 1890, viz: J. Oglesby, Preemption D. S., No. 5525, for the lot 3, section 30, T 4 S, R 1 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: G. W. Kingrel, E. Hilton, and W. Noble, all of Needy, Clackamas county, Oregon, and A. E. H. Howard, of Aurora, Clackamas county, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, April 29, 1890, viz: Clement Tavelli, Homestead Entry, No. 5464, for the lots 1 and 2, and SE ¼ of NE ¼, and NE ¼ of SE ¼ of section 4, T 2 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: T. D. Phelps, S. E. Jones, P. Harris, and P. McAdams, all of Sandy, Clackamas county, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Monday, April 28, 1890, viz: Gabriel Norris, Homestead Entry, No. 5169, for the NW ¼ of sec 14, T 2 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: W. Boring, D. Vincent, J. Welch, and G. Hasey, all of Damascus, Clackamas county, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Oregon City, Or., Feb. 15, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, April 25, 1890, viz: James H. Gibson, heir at law of Harry Gibson, deceased; Homestead Entry No. 5635, for the N ½ of NW ¼ of section 2, T 3 S, R 4 E. He names the following witnesses to prove deceased entryman's continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: A. Carter, H. Holfuciter, and C. Cassidy, all of Eagle Creek, Clackamas county, Oregon; A. P. Palmeteer of Currinsville, Clackamas county, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.
2-20-90—37-6

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT Oregon City, Oregon, January 27, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, March 21, 1890, viz: Malan, Homestead notice, No. 5064, for the SE ¼ of SW ¼ of Section 1, T 4 South, R 1 West. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: D. C. Her, W. C. Hester, E. [illegible] and W. Scott, all of Smoky [illegible] Clackamas County, Oregon.

A. C. APPERSON, Register.
25-41—[illegible]

### Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT Oregon City, Oregon, January 30, 1890.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, April 22, 1890, viz: Clark Hardin, Homestead Entry, No. 5582, for the NW ¼ of section 34, T 1 S, R 5 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: [illegible] and W. A. Johnson, all of Aimes, Clackamas county, Oregon.

A. C. APPERSON, Register.
29-41—[illegible]

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

### Notice for