THE DIAMOND BUTTON

FROM THE DIARY OF A LAWYER AND THE NOTE BOOK OF A REPORTER.

By BARCLAY NORTH.

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CHAPTER II.

THE CORONER TAKES CHARGE.

THE coroner came up at this moment and the sergeant gave him all the facts in his possession.

The official, who was a physician, examined the body.

"Death was instantaneous," he said; "the knife passed between the ribs and pierced the heart: a powerful blow."

The two policemen who had gone into the park returned. They brought with them a pair of trousers, a coat and a hat; they had been found at different places, but on a line with the supposed flight of the murderer: first the coat, then the trousers and lastly the hat—tossed on one side or the other, on the grass.

The coroner closely examined them, and then handed them to the sergeant. There was nothing whatever in the pockets.

They were of cheap quality, such as you see in front of Chatham street clothing stores on wire frames, marked six, eight and ten dollars the suit.

Apparently they had never been worn before, for the creases, which come from being folded in piles on the counters, were still in them.

"Worn for the purpose of being thrown off," commented the sergeant. "Where is the vest?"

"We didn't find any."

"Look again."

The two officers moved off to obey the order.

"Has the body been searched?" asked the coroner.

"No."

"Then search it."

Little was revealed. A handkerchief, a pair of kid gloves, a card case filled with cards, bearing the name of "James Holroyd Templeton," a receipted tailor's bill, a wallet containing memoranda, descriptions of real estate in various parts of the city, a gold toothpick, ninety-one dollars in bills, less than a dollar in silver change, a gold watch and chain, a few cigars.

These articles were placed in the handkerchief, tied up and given to the coroner.

"The body may be removed, sergeant," said the coroner. "Have the clothes taken to the station house. Have you the names and addresses of the witnesses?"

"Yes; also the names of those who were last with the deceased."

"That is well."

"Except the address of this man," turning to Wessing, who had never left the side of the sergeant.

"I am a stranger in the city," he replied. "I live in Philadelphia; I came from there this evening."

"Your name last night."

"Yes; since this is the morning, a new day."

"Where are you stopping?"

Wessing hesitated.

This made the sergeant suspicious.

"The truth, by sergeant," said Wessing. "I have not taken lodgings yet. My valise is over there at that hotel," pointing to Fourteenth street. "I was about to take a turn in the park, smoke my cigar and then go back to take a room."

"Um. Well, I will accommodate you with lodgings for the rest of the night."

"Why," said Holbrook, "he saw no more than I did."

"That may be," replied the sergeant, grimly, "but he may know more than you do. At all events, he must give a better account of himself than he has yet done."

This made Wessing smile.

"That I will do, but I prefer doing it at the station house rather than in this crowd."

"Well, let us go."

"I will go, too," said Holbrook, who was strongly attracted by Wessing.

"As you please," rejoined the sergeant; then turning to an officer he said: "Watch the body; I will send a litter to you as soon as I can."

Arriving at the station house, after all had been excluded except the coroner and Holbrook, Wessing gave a straightforward account of his coming into the city from Philadelphia the night previous, and his determination not to register himself at any hotel until after he had taken something to eat; that having eaten at an eating house on Fourteenth street and lit a cigar, he thought he would smoke it in the park and cool off before he returned to the hotel.

He gave names and addresses in Philadelphia whereby his statements could be verified by telegraph.

The sergeant, however, determined to hold him until verification could be made.

To this Wessing acquiesced so readily that Holbrook was convinced he had nothing to fear from investigation.

So expressing himself, he remarked to the sergeant: "Be careful you do not have a suit for false imprisonment on your hands."

This made the sergeant uneasy.

The coroner laughed, but would say nothing to relieve the officer.

"Have no fear," said Wessing, "you are only doing your duty."

This complaisance secured for Wessing the captain's room for the night rather than a cell.

Holbrook, having nothing to detain him, went away.

When he reached the square he went over to the spot where the murder had been done. He had no purpose in going there; an irresistible impulse—a strong fascination—drew him thither.

The square was deserted again and quiet reigned. The revelers had gone back to their haunts, the tramps to their benches in the park, the "night hawks" slept again on their boxes, while they awaited the belated ones who might require their services. The moon shone brightly. The silence was oppressive; unbroken only at intervals by the snatches of drunken song in the distance and the occasional rumble of the trains on Third avenue.

Holbrook meditated on the uncertainty of life. The man Templeton was young, strong, in health, and in a moment he had been struck down and was dead. He walked the streets late at night himself at times, and the same fate might as easily have been his. But this manifestly was not a murder for the purpose of robbery. Was it a wanton blow struck in sheer wickedness through lust for blood? Hardly such things do not occur in our civilization. There was a motive for the act, a strong one doubtless. The discovery of the motive would lead to the discovery of the murderer. The first effort of the police would doubtless be to discover that motive.

As he stood something sparkled, under the sudden flaring of a distant electric light, at his feet.

He picked up the shining object.

It was a cuff button—a round, gold button with a diamond imbedded in its top.

Holbrook looked about him. The murdered man must have lain upon it.

"When was that lost?" he muttered to himself. "Does it have any connection with this murder?"

"Pshaw," he added, "it may have lain there all night. But stop! The street sweeping machine passed over this spot twenty minutes or less before the two met and would have swept it away."

He examined it closely.

"The button belongs to a man who commands money and is particular in his dress. Good! Bar keepers and policemen do not wear diamond buttons of this kind, nor cabbies, nor tramps sleeping in the park, nor indeed many lawyers. It belonged either to the murdered man or his murderer."

He felt pleased with himself and thought he would make a shrewd detective.

"Perhaps it belongs to the coroner," he said aloud. "Not probable," he added on another thought. "A coroner awakened in the middle of the night to view a body recently killed would hardly array himself with diamond buttons. At all events I suppose I must turn it over to the authorities. In the meantime I shall go to bed."

He put the button in his purse and entered his hotel.

It was a curious coincidence that at the moment Holbrook picked up the button a young man of fashion, who had just returned from his club to his apartments, half a mile distant, took off his coat and discovered that the buttonholes of his right cuff were torn out and his cuff button gone.

He looked at it a moment, muttered an oath and asked himself, "How was that done?"

Then he proceeded with his disrobing.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW CHARACTER ENTERS.

WHEN Holbrook left the station house the coroner and the sergeant entered into a consultation as to the best method of procedure.

The sergeant thought he saw an opportunity to gain credit to himself by the speedy discovery of the murderer, and he was anxious that as much progress as was possible should be made at once.

He was compelled by the rules of the department to inform the central office of the crime at once. He had done so, but he hoped the headquarters detectives would not stir in the matter until later in the day, when he hoped to have made much progress.

He had already concocted a theory, but he was anxious to hear what the coroner, who was a man of great common sense and no little experience, had to say.

The trouble was, the coroner had a theory too, and no idea of giving the sergeant the benefit of his brains, though he was anxious to know what the sergeant thought.

It can be imagined, therefore, that neither said very significant things, and that each approached the other diplomatically.

"A mysterious case, sergeant."

"Very; something different from the usual drunken brawl."

"Yes; likely to give us much trouble."

"A long examination; little to go upon in the beginning, anyhow."

"Unless the examination of the friends the man was with last develops something."

"Perhaps it will."

This sort of sparring not having brought forth anything, they were silent for a short time, when the sergeant put in a feeler.

"What could have been the motive?"

The coroner returned the ball.

"It could not have been robbery, evidently."

"At all events there was no attempt made."

"Unless after the blow the man was frightened by the cry of Wessing."

"That's one view of it, certainly."

This having brought forth nothing, the coroner made a lead.

"Still it could not have had robbery for its purpose. You see both Holbrook and Wessing say the man was about to pass when he stopped short and said, 'It is you, is it,' that shows he knew the man Templeton. No, it was not robbery."

"That was what I was thinking; if it had been robbery, even if he had known him he would have said nothing. As a matter of fact it seems to me that it was an accidental meeting—that is, the man was not waylaying him."

"Oh, do you think so? That would make it all the more difficult."

"Unless Wessing was in the job and gave the signal from the other corner."

"I shouldn't wonder if you had hit it straight now." This was what the coroner said aloud; what he thought was, "My friend the sergeant has gone off on the wrong tack; so this is his theory, eh?"

The sergeant thought, "If he won't talk he can't pump me, and so I'll give him that little misleader."

This game of verbal chess might have long continued, if it had not been interrupted by the arrival of the reporters, who had been aroused by the receipt of the news at the Central office.

Among them was one reputed to be very shrewd, and who was credited with having tracked more than one crime home, where the police authorities had failed.

He was known as Tom Bryan.

When the others hurried off with their information he remained, asking permission to write his report at the desk.

He wrote hurriedly; the coroner, who had been detained by the reporters, proposed to go home for the night.

As he was about to leave, Bryan asked:

"Do you think Wessing to be connected with this crime?"

"No," replied the coroner unguardedly.

The sergeant said to himself, "Hang it, I didn't give him a 'stiff' after all."

The coroner could have bitten off his tongue for his carelessness.

"Why do you hold him then?" said Bryan.

"Because he refused to tell his business in New York city," replied the sergeant.

"That's hard," commented the reporter. "It isn't everybody who wants to make his business public. It would be very tough on me if I had to tell my business every time I entered a strange town."

This increased the uneasiness of the sergeant, who doubted the wisdom of detaining the man, and it was he who had taken the responsibility, not the coroner.

"Oh," said the coroner, "we have the right to detain him as a witness."

The sergeant felt better; the responsibility now rested on the coroner as well; nevertheless he proposed another visit to their prisoner.

"I do not know why I should not tell you," said Wessing. "I do not want to get into the papers. Why, you will appreciate it when I tell you. Here is the reason of my visit. A short time ago a gentleman, one Charles Pierson, a wealthy man, died in this city leaving a large property, but neither children nor will."

"I know the case," said the sergeant.

"My mother, for certain reasons, believes she is the nearest heir, if not the sole one—that is, she thinks she is a relative. I have come to New York at her request, first, to identify the deceased man with our relative if I can, and, having established the identification, to determine whether my mother is an heir. I have so little faith in the enterprise myself, I don't want any publicity; and again, publicity would not help my search, if there was anything in it. These facts you can verify by telegraphing to my mother or the lawyer we consulted. He is a man of high standing at the Philadelphia bar. I'll give you the addresses whenever you want them."

The sergeant and the coroner consulted and the coroner said:

"Mr. Wessing, your statements will be verified, and if found to be true, we shall not detain you; but we shall exact the promise that you will not leave the city until after you have given your testimony at the inquest."

The promise was readily given.

The coroner left, and the sergeant found Bryan waiting for him.

"This will turn out to be a mysterious case, sergeant," said Bryan.

"I hope to have track of it by to-morrow night."

"I don't think you will. I know something of this man Templeton. He was an upright man, not given to dissipation, or to having alliances which would bring him into trouble. He was a real estate broker, doing a fair business, living quietly, going into society somewhat and into the best, fond of the theatre, but not of the actresses. A reputable man. No, you will have to look deep for the motive of this crime."

The sergeant stood somewhat in awe of the reporter, for he believed in his shrewdness and experience.

"You think then the murderer was laid him?" he asked.

"No, I do not; the meeting was accidental, but I think he had it in for Templeton. It was bound to come when they met."

"Why do you think so?"

"The circumstances surrounding the deed, the remark of the murderer shows surprise at the meeting. The deed shows it was intended—the remark does too."

"I agree with you there."

"You have no clews?"

"The wallet containing the memoranda of engagements may furnish one."

"No good; they relate to his daily business."

The sergeant looked annoyed.

"There is the knife."

"Properly worked that may amount to something."

"Then there are the clothes found in the park."

"Let me see them."

The sergeant brought them out.

"Never worn but once and but for a short time. Cheap."

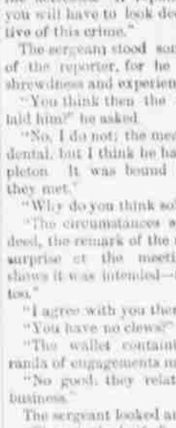
He handed them back.

"There is one clew you have not spoken of," said the reporter.

At this moment an officer brought in a "drunk," and when the sergeant turned again the reporter, much to his chagrin, was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

CUPID EXAMINES HIS ARROWS.



THE diamond button first occupied the thoughts of Holbrook on awakening in the morning.

He determined that immediately after breakfast he would seek the coroner and deliver up to him what possibly might prove to be the leading clew in the mystery.

On his way to the station house the thought occurred to him that he was going a little fast in concluding that it belonged to the murderer, for it might quite as well belong to the murdered man, torn from him in the conflict.

When, therefore, he was told at the station house that the coroner would not be at his office until noon that day, he said nothing of the button, but asked to be permitted to view the body.

It had been removed to a neighboring undertaker's and thither he bent his steps. On looking at the cuffs of the dead man (for his clothes had not yet been removed) he found them supplied with oxidized silver buttons.

"My diamond button did not belong to Templeton," he said. "My first conclusion is correct. I will go to my office and see the coroner at twelve."

As he left the undertaker's he met Wessing.

"Ah, you are free," cried he.

"Yes, just free. They have verified my story, and finding it confirmed in every particular have let me go. So I'm off for breakfast."

They parted. Holbrook going straight way to his office.

There for a time he became so engrossed in business that the murder and the diamond button were driven from his mind.

Upon what small threads do matters of human interests hang!

The young lawyer had for some time anticipated that a contingency would arise calling him from the city to a distant point for at least three weeks, in the interest of a client.

His mail that morning informed him that the contingency had arisen. His first impulse was immediately to prepare for his departure. His second thought was if he sent the coroner would not have him for a witness, and was a matter of public duty he ought to remain.

Then he thought that while the client was a valuable one, nevertheless the duties to be performed were of the simplest character—the superintending of the signing of papers and contracts already drawn—so he called in a neighboring young lawyer to whom he often tendered business, and who consented to go.

Had Holbrook gone this story would never have been written.

During the morning Holbrook received a note from a lady in whose good graces he wished to stand high, asking him to call upon her.

The lady was young and handsome, and rumor said rich. She lived with her uncle, her parents being dead.

Holbrook was greatly delighted with the summons. He had been attentive, but as yet had received little encouragement from the young lady.

Her manner toward him, while courteous, was not different from that displayed toward a dozen or more of the young gentlemen with whom he was in rivalry.

Her name was Flora Ashgrove, and she was spoken of in the clubs as "The handsome Flora."

Rumor did not credit any man with having the favor of the fair lady. Her acquaintances of her own sex said she angled for suitors and failed despite her beauty. Twenty men knew she had refused the offer of one man at least.

She did not want for a gallant in the park nor an escort to the opera; she was sure of an invitation to the hunt and a seat upon the most distinguished coach in the parade, at every regatta her name was seen among the guests of the most sought after yachts; she at the charity fairs her booth turned in twice the money any other did.

These were hard nuts for her dear female friends to crack, but they hammered at them persistently, consequently she was a great social success.

Holbrook was a self contained young man, whose good opinion of himself was fully equaled by his good looks, and upon that score he was well content. While not of a very ardent nature, still he admitted to himself that if the divine Flora would but give him some sign that she found more pleasure in his attentions than in those of others he could quite readily fall in love with her, but until she did he proposed to keep himself well in hand and not make a fool of himself, as some others he could name had done.

The note lying before him was the first he had received from her, and, indeed, the first intimation he had had indicating that she cared whether he came or went.

He was therefore filled with pleasurable emotion and no little wonder.

The note had driven from his mind all recollection of the button and his visit to the coroner, and disposing of his business as speedily as possible, he took himself to her uncle's residence—a handsome dwelling in Fifty-sixth street, not far from Fifth avenue.

When ushered into the richly furnished parlors he was made aware that it was the summer season. The furniture was covered, and so were the ornaments, statuary and most of the pictures.

Then he remembered he had wondered how it was that Miss Ashgrove was in the city at that time of the year.

But one picture was exposed, and from that the cover had been thrown back over the easel upon which it rested. This was the portrait of the lady herself.

He fell to a study of it, waiting the coming of the lady who had summoned him to her presence.

He thought it would be a fine thing to have so handsome a head at his table. Other lovers would probably have given rein to other thoughts, but Holbrook was one of those young men who get on in the world, less given to sentimental considerations than to those of a practical nature.

While thus engaged the original of the picture entered the room through a door which brought her to the back of her visitor.

She was entitled to the name of "the handsome Flora." Tall, of superb proportions, her exquisite form was full though not plump; her hair was flaxen and shining in waves over her perfectly proportioned head, standing erect upon a white column of a neck, her skin was white as alabaster, and her cheeks had the delicate tinge of a peach; her lips were twin cherries, full to the point of sensuality, her features faultless in their classic regularity.

She stopped for a moment, placing a shapely white hand upon the back of a chair, steadying herself. Her footfall had been so light upon the soft carpet that she had not attracted the attention of her visitor. She observed him intently for a moment.

As she stood there a gracious picture in the half light, it could be seen that her eyes were gray, luminous and large, but cold, even hard, and greatly at variance with the full and sensuous lips and the voluptuous curves of her face and the folds of her neck.

Finally she moved up and said:

"I hope you admire the art of my old professor, Mr. Holbrook?"

The young lawyer sprang up startled, but quickly recovering himself possession replied:

"I was less engaged with the art of the picture than with the beauty of the subject."

The lady made a deprecatory gesture as she said:

"As a work of art it has been greatly admired."

"The artist had inspiration in his subject worthy of his greatest skill."

"A truce to compliments," laughed the lady, "but sit here, where we may have light and air," leading the way into a rear apartment. "Indeed, this is the only habitable spot on this floor."

"I supposed until I received your note you were still in the country," he remarked as he seated himself in an easy chair.

"We returned yesterday on some tiresome business my uncle insisted upon. You see," waving her hand over the room, "we are not living, merely existing for a few days."

"I was delighted to hear from you," said Holbrook, not very brightly, but for the sake of saying something that would lead to the reason of his summons.

His effort was successful, but some high expectations were tumbled and he was filled with astonishment when he heard her unfold it.

To be continued.

Poor Humanity!

The common lot is one of sorrow say—at least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence, is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersentiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney troubles.

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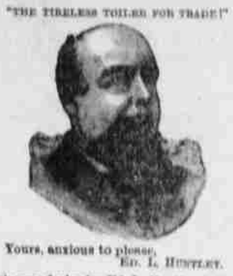

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WHAT IS

SCROFULA

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TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Feb. 22, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Henry Bancett of Ross, County of King, State of Washington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1980, for the purchase of the SE ¼ of Section No. 4, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday the 15th day of July, 1890. He names as witnesses: John C. Roberts and B. F. Morehouse of Ross, King county, Washington; S. T. Smith of Tacoma, Pierce county, Washington; N. J. Welch of Portland, Multnomah Co., Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of July, 1890. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

8-15-90—40-10-90.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Feb. 17, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled an act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory, Wm. T. Burney of Oregon City, County of Clackamas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1984, for the purchase of the E ½ of SE ¼ and lots 3 and 4, of section No. 26, in Township No. 4 South, Range No. 3½ East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday the 26th day of June, 1890. He names as witnesses: Chas. Cutting and E. B. Clemens of Oregon City, Or.; E. D. Sievers and F. Sievers of Cherryville, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 26th day of June, 1890. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

2-27-90—36-10

Summons.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR CLACKAMAS COUNTY.

V. O. Harding, Plaintiff,
vs.
Henry Omeg, and Laura Omeg, defendants.

TO HENRY OMEG AND LAURA OMEG, THE SAID DEFENDANTS:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are summoned and required to appear in the above entitled Court on or before the third Monday in April, which will be the 21st day of April, A. D., 1890, and answer the complaint filed in the above entitled suit, or for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint. Such relief consists in a demand for a decree against said Henry Omeg and Laura Omeg for Twelve Hundred Dollars, in gold coin, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum since the 20th day of August, 1886, and one hundred and fifty dollars Attorney's fee in this suit, also for costs and disbursements, and also for a decree against the said defendants foreclosing a mortgage given by Henry Omeg, and Laura Omeg, to the plaintiff, on the SW ¼ of sec 28, T 5 S., R 1 E., Willamette meridian, in Clackamas county, Oregon, which mortgage is recorded in Vol. 46, and on Book "P" of the record of mortgages in Clackamas County, Oregon, and directing said land to be sold for the purpose of making the money due the plaintiff on said mortgage.

This summons is published pursuant to an order made by Hon. Frank A. Taylor, judge of said Court, on December 11, 1890.

BURNEY & HARIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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ON THE FIRST FLOOR. No stairs to climb. The most conveniently arranged office in the city for the treatment of all

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The Doctors guarantee to cure any case of Nervous Debility, Weak Backs and Rheumatism. All diseases of Women successfully treated. We guarantee instant relief in Cough, Lung Trouble or Throat Disease curable. Discharges from Ears cured in a short time.

The Doctors guarantee to cure every case of Syphilis, Gonorrhea or Gleet. Stricture cured no difference how long standing. Spermatorrhea, Lost Manhood or Nightly Emissions cured permanently. The bane of Self-Abuse or Malformation effectually cured in a short time. All Sores, Ulcers, Cancers, and Skin Diseases cured.

TUMORS, WENS,

And all kinds of growths removed with any part of the body, no matter where or how large they may be.

There is connected with the St. Louis Medical Dispensary the best Surgical Skill on the Pacific Coast.

YOUNG LADIES

Don't go around any longer with those Pimples, Pimples and Freckles on your face, and that occasional Dark Ring under your Eyes. Write us. We will remove that permanently and give you a beautiful Complexion.

The Doctors furnish the medicine and everything is strictly private. Consultation Free. OFFICE HOURS, 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M.—All letters answered promptly. Call and see us, we can truly talk good to you.

HUNDREDS TREATED SO FAR. PAYMENTS ARE SMALL.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Feb. 22, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," B. F. Morehouse, of Ross, County of King State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1980, for the purchase of the NE ¼ of Section No. 10, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday the 11th day of July, 1890. He names as witnesses: John C. Roberts and Henry Bancett of Ross, King Co., Washington; S. T. Smith of Tacoma, Pierce county, Washington; and N. J. Welch of Portland, Multnomah Co., Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of July, 1890. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

8-15-90—40-10-90

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF OREGON, } ss.
COUNTY OF CLACKAMAS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Clackamas, dated the 20th day of February, 1890, to me directed and delivered, as sheriff of said county, pertinent to a judgment entered in said Court in a suit of equity, wherein Anna B. Whitlock is plaintiff and Mary L. Foster, Berniece N. Foster, William E. Foster, Arthur L. Foster, Anthony O. Foster, Frank M. Foster, Walter W. Foster, Mary Y. Foster, Grover C. Foster, Vincent Foster and Ethel A. Foster are defendants, commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, to make sale according to law of the lands and premises hereinafter described, in order to make the sum of $1,000.00 and interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum since November 6, 1885, and for $50.00 attorney's fees, and the further sum of $12.50 accrued costs and costs and disbursements—

Now, in order to satisfy said sums of money, I will, on Saturday, the 5th day of April, 1890, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the court house door in Oregon City, Clackamas county, Oregon, proceed to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in hand, the following described tract of land, situated in Clackamas county, Oregon, to wit:

Beginning at the north west corner of Jesse Gordon's land, or lots formerly owned by him; thence along the line of said Gordon's tract in a southerly direction 70 rods; thence at right angles running westerly to the line of a tract of land formerly owned by L. D. Harding; thence northerly along said line of said Harding's tract of land 72 rods more or less to L. D. Harding's north west corner; thence in an easterly direction to the north west corner of a tract of land formerly owned by Lucy A. Burnett; thence southerly to the south west corner of a 10 rod tract formerly owned by said Lucy A. Burnett 110 rods; thence northerly along the line of said Lucy A. Burnett's tract to the place of beginning, containing 100 acres; the same being a part of Fractional Section 2 in Clackamas county, Oregon.

W. H. SAMPSON, Sheriff of Clackamas county, Oregon.

Oregon City, Oregon, March 5, 1890.

2-6-90—35-5-42

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been by the Honorable County Court of Clackamas county, State of Oregon, duly appointed administrator of the estate of George Albright, deceased. Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same properly verified, to me, at the office of Hedman & Roberts, at Clackamas within six months from the date of this notice, and all parties indebted to said estate are hereby notified to settle at once.

J. H. HICKMAN, Administrator of the Estate of George Albright, deceased.

February 20th, 1890. 2-27-90—38-5-42.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Feb. 22, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," John C. Roberts, of Ross, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1981, for the purchase of lots 1 and 2, and S ½ NE ¼ of Section No. 4, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the register and receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 15th day of July, 1890. He names as witnesses: B. F. Morehouse and Henry Bancett of Ross, King county, Washington; S. T. Smith of Tacoma, Pierce county, Washington; N. J. Welch, Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of July, 1890. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

2-20-90—39-10-42

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 of U. S. land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, March 21, 1890, viz: John Mahan, Homestead notice, No. 3504 for the NE ¼ of SW ¼ of Section 4, Township 3 South, Range 1 West. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: C. T. Stokes, R. S. Bowen, C. Harden and W. A. Johnson, all of Aims, Clackamas Co. Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

15-41—2-6-90.

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 clerk of Multnomah Co. at Portland, Oregon, on Monday, April 21, 1890, viz: William A. Johnson, Homestead Entry, No. 5426, for the lot 8, 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. Nobles, all of Needy, Clackamas county, Oregon; and A. E. B. Howard, of Aurora, Clackamas county, Oregon. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

2-20-90—37-6

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Feb. 22, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," John Roberts, of Ross, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1980, for the purchase of the SE ¼ of Section No. 10, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 7 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday the 11th day of July, 1890. He names as witnesses: John C. Roberts and Henry Bancett of Ross, King Co., Washington; S. T. Smith of Tacoma, Pierce county, Washington; and N. J. Welch of Portland, Multnomah county, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of July, 1890. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

8-15-90—40-10-9

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Feb. 22, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," John L. Smith of Tacoma, County of Pierce, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1983, for the purchase of the NW ¼ of Section No. 3, in township No. 2 South Range No. 8 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Friday, the 18th day of July 1890. He names as witnesses: Chas. H. Lewis, John A. Fry, all of Portland, Oregon; Chas. Ross of Tacoma, Pierce county, Washington; N. J. Welch of Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 18th day of July, 1890. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

8-15-90—40-10-42

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, OR., Feb. 17, 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, May 2, 1890, viz: George E. Ogleby, Homestead Entry, No.