THE DIAMOND BUTTON

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

By BARCLAY NORTH.

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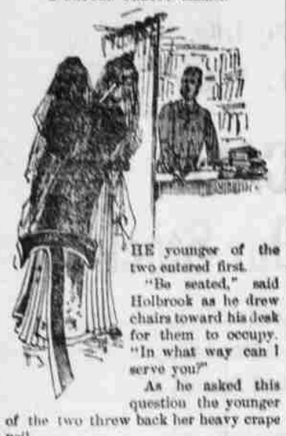
CHAPTER VII.

A DEUCED PRETTY CLIENT.



THE younger of the two entered first.

"Be seated," said Holbrook as he drew chairs toward his desk for them to occupy. "In what way can I serve you?"

As he asked this question the younger of the two threw back her heavy crape veil.

Holbrook was struck with the marvelous beauty of the face thus uncovered before him—a face almost colorless, of marble whiteness, exquisite in form and feature, delicate, refined and sensitive; two large, soft brown eyes looked upon him appealingly, soft brown hair crowned the beautiful face; she was slight and petite in figure.

In a low, sweet voice she said:

"My name is Templeton—Annie Templeton. This is my mother."

The lady referred to threw back her veil to acknowledge the bow of Mr. Holbrook.

She was at least 50 years of age, probably older, with silver hair; truly the mother of her daughter, having the same refinement and sensitiveness of feature and expression, the same brown eyes, though somewhat dimmed—a sad face and worn—not a face to battle with the world. Quite evidently she was one of those who are led, who do not lead.

The young lady continued:

"We are the mother and sister of the Mr. Templeton who was foully murdered in Union square."

"I presumed so when I heard your names," said Holbrook, for the sake of saying something.

"I hardly know what we want to say to you, Mr. Holbrook—hardly know what we want to do. We have been so disappointed. The coroner seems to have washed his hands of the whole matter, and the police give us no satisfaction or hope. We have no friends in the city—we are quite alone. But we thought that as you had been a witness of the terrible deed we would call upon you and ask if there was anything you saw that has not been made public."

The helplessness and the innocence of the two women, impelled by love for a son and brother to an enterprise for which they were wholly unfitted, touched Holbrook; he felt a boundless pity for them, and he was surprised at it, for his sympathies were not particularly quick.

There were mute appeals for help in the brown eyes of both, clouded with tears as they looked upon him.

He felt a choking sensation in his throat and could hardly realize it.

"I believe, madam, all that is known of the sad affair has been made public. I am aware the police authorities are completely mystified, and now have the theory that Mr. Templeton was attacked under the impression he was some one else."

"That is what the detectives told us," said the mother; "but is it not awful that in a crowded city a man can be so killed without reason?"

"The case has been surrounded with mystery from the beginning," replied Holbrook, gravely. "Mr. Templeton's life in the city has been carefully inquired into, and nothing elicited to suggest an enmity that could end in murder. His life was thoroughly reputable, honorable, upright and virtuous."

The eyes of the two women blessed him for his words. He continued:

"Perhaps you would permit me to ask you some questions?"

"Oh, please do," cried the sister. 'We don't know what to say or tell and no one has helped us."

Holbrook thought if she would but continue to look upon him in that appealing manner he would never want to stop trying to help her.

"In the first place, Mr. Templeton's father is dead, I apprehend?"

"Yes, he died fifteen years ago."

"You do not live in this city?"

"No, we have always lived near Plainfield, New Jersey."

"Have you any relatives?"

"None that we know of. My husband was an English gentleman, who came to this country when quite a young man with his uncle. The uncle died a year after, and Mr. Templeton, who had come to Plainfield, married me. He bought the place where we now live."

"What business did he follow?"

"None. He was a student and experimented in chemistry. He died from injuries received while conducting an experiment."

"On your side have you no relatives?"

"No," replied Mrs. Templeton. "My mother died in giving me birth; shortly after my father, whose name was Carroll Preston, went to Philadelphia, leaving me to the care of my mother's sister—my aunt. After living there a year or two he went abroad on business and died there. Some years after my uncle, with whom I lived, heard that he had married again in Philadelphia, but that was never verified. Both my aunt and uncle are dead; they had no children."

"What disposition was made of his property?"

"He had none to dispose of except his personal effects, and while uncle was satisfied as to his death, so much difficulty surrounded the obtaining of information that he made no effort to secure it—it amounted to so little."

"Had he no relatives?"

"Yes, a brother who left home young and died before he was of age; and a sister—a maiden lady who died in Plainfield ten years ago. She left a small property to Annie here."

"Her grand niece?"

"Yes, she was very fond of her."

"Was her property inherited?"

"Yes, from her father."

"Why then did not your father have property?"

"He did; but he lost it in speculation."

"Oh! Did your son leave property?"

"He must have left some, for during the very last conversation I had with him he told me he had been fortunate in business during the past three years, and had made some profitable investments."

"We have not thought of that," broke in the sister, "only of the terrible murder and how to clear up its mystery."

"It ought to be thought of, though," replied Holbrook gravely, "the way to a solving of the mystery may be through an examination of his business affairs. Pardon me, were you and Mrs. Templeton dependent on your brother?"

"No; when we became of age he refused to take his share of the property, but settled all on mother."

"It was not much when divided, he said," broke in the mother, "but when left as a whole it was more than enough for Annie and myself."

"He studied law and was admitted to the bar," said the sister, "but, failing to get practice, he went into the real-estate business."

"Had your son no very intimate friend?"

"Yes, one; but he is in China now and has been for a year."

"Was your son engaged to any young lady or attentive to any one?"

"None that I know of or ever heard of."

The sister confirmed this statement eagerly. It was evident that both were jealous of the suppositious young lady.

The young lawyer mused a moment.

Finally he asked: "Are you acquainted with a Mr. Witherspoon?"

"Witherspoon? I never heard the name before," replied the mother. "Did you, Annie?"

"No, I never did."

"Nor a person by the name of Ashgrove?" continued the lawyer.

"No," said both together.

"Never knew or heard of a young lady named Flora Ashgrove?"

"Never," said the mother.

"The name has a familiar sound," said the girl wonderingly. "Is she not a fashionable young lady of this city whose name is in the papers frequently?"

The lawyer smiled and answered 'Yes."

"Stop!" cried the girl suddenly. "I recollect once when my brother was at home I lifted a coat he had thrown upon a chair, and a letter fell from the pocket signed 'Flora Ashgrove.' I handed it to him and he said: 'An invitation to a dinner I went to last week—from one of my customers.' 'Do you have ladies for customers?' I asked, and he said: 'Quite frequently, but this lady writes for her uncle, who has been one of my best customers.'"

"Has been?" queried the lawyer.

"That is the way he spoke. I remember, for it conveyed the idea to me he was so no longer. But why do you ask these questions?"

"There is nothing significant in them," said the lawyer, seeing the interest he had aroused. "I called at the house of Mr. Witherspoon, who is doubtless the uncle referred to by your brother, on the day following the murder. Miss Ashgrove seemed to be much shocked at the murder, and said she was acquainted with Mr. Templeton. In looking at this matter and in trying to help you, I am grasping at straws in every direction. There is no more significance in the question concerning her than in the others."

"But," he continued, "I have one piece of advice to give you and which I must urgently and respectfully press, and that is that you take immediate steps with regard to your son's business and property. In that way you may come upon revelations you little dream of now."

"What should we do?" asked the sister.

"You should consult a reputable lawyer, place the matter in his hands, and be guided by him."

"Are you not a lawyer?"

"Yes, I am a lawyer," he replied, "and should be most happy to undertake your case."

"Please do," pleaded the sister. "We should have such confidence in you. You are the only one who has been kind to us in this sad business."

Then she blushed a rosy red, thinking perhaps she had said too much, and Holbrook actually blushed because she blushed.

He began to think the whole interview was very unprofessional. So after taking some memoranda and promising to call upon them at the hotel where they were stopping, the next evening, to report progress, he accompanied them to the elevator.

As they passed in, Tom Bryan passed out.

"Hello, Holbrook, I was coming to see you," he cried, but seeing Holbrook with the ladies he begged his pardon and stepped aside.

"A deuced pretty client, Holbrook,' said Tom mischievously, as the lawyer turned to him.

"Hush," warned Holbrook. "that is Templeton's sister."

"What, the man who was murdered in Union square?" Then he sprang to the elevator and pressed the button hurriedly several times, calling out: "Here, stop, stop that elevator!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REPORTER DISCOVERS A PLAN TO THE LAWYER.

HOLBROOK collared him.

"Here, you lunatic, what are you up to?"

"I want to stop her. I want to interview her. Stop that elevator."

"That you sha'n't."

"Who'll prevent me?"

"I will. I am her counsel, and she will not be interviewed against my advice. Come in. If you want to interview anybody, interview me."

Tom looked at him roguishly and said:

"Do you recollect what the reply of the king was to Richelieu, when the cardinal told him if he must love anybody to love him?"

"No."

"He said, 'A very poor substitute, your eminence, for a fresh young demoiselle. So say I."

Holbrook led the way into his private office, closing the door behind them.

"Squat," said he to Tom, "and take a cigar."

Tom threw himself on the lounge at full length and as he lit his cigar, said:

"By Jove—puff—puff—it's a deuced—puff—strange thing—puff—puff—puff—that I should—puff—have run up—puff—puff—against Templeton's sister here."

"Why?"

"Because it was precisely that murder which led me here. What have you got new about it?"

"Nothing."

"And you her counsel?"

"Yes, since ten minutes ago."

"Hasn't she got a suspicion of any kind—of a woman, or a quarrel, etc.?"

"Not a suspicion. But let me put you on the right track. I am retained to look after the dead brother's property and see to closing up his business."

"Oh, well, I haven't dropped that murder yet."

"What do you know more about it?"

"Not much, if anything. The old man has become very much interested in the case, and has discharged me."

The "old man" was the editor-in-chief of the paper Tom was employed on.

"Discharged you?"

"Yes, at my suggestion."

"I don't understand you."

"No? Well, then, I am detailed to work the matter to the end. As a first move I have gotten myself discharged, so as to throw the other boys off the scent? Do you see?"

"Oh!"

"I have been working for three days, and I want help. Those confounded detectives are jealous of me ever since I rooted out that nest of burglars up the country—you remember—and watch me like a hawk."

"How can I help you?"

"Very easily, and all the more since you are now counsel for the sister. I want an exact description of that suit of clothes the man wore who knifed Templeton. Of course if I asked to see it I could easy enough, but I'd have the whole lot of them on my heels."

"And you want me to get the suit for you?"

"No, but I want you to become thoroughly acquainted with it."

"To what end?"

"I want to buy a suit just like it."

"Pshaw."

"You think I am fooling?"

"I don't think it, I know it."

"Holbrook, you pass in this city for being one of the ablest of the young lawyers, but you can be an awful stupid fool at times."

"Thank you."

"I mean it. Can't you see what I'm driving at?"

"No; I'm blest if I can."

"Well, I'll let you in a little way. The man who knifed Templeton wore a cheap suit of clothes which he had just purchased—wore it for the purpose of a disguise."

"Yes, doubtless."

"After the cutting he ran away, throwing off his coat."

"Good."

"Then he threw off his pantaloons and hat."

"Yes."

"These were found, but no vest."

"All of these chestnuts are proper in form and solid in substance."

Tom paid no attention to the sarcasm, but pulled steadily on his cigar, the fire of which had nearly died out. Restoring it, he continued:

"Suppose I should find a clothes dealer who sold a similar suit too large for the man who bought it, and didn't care for the vest, on the day, or the day previous to the murder, or thereabouts?"

"Tom, I beg your pardon."

"Correct. The easiest way to find such a man and such a suit is to go and buy one."

"I see."

"If I had a piece of the cloth I would be happy."

"I'll get it for you."

"You can't, they won't let you cut it."

"Oh, yes, they will."

"That isn't all."

"What next?"

"I want a jeweler's description of that diamond button you found."

"I'll get that for you."

"You're a jewel yourself. When will you do it?"

"Come and see me the day after to-morrow, in the morning."

"All right. I'm off."

"Stop a minute. I want to talk now."

"What is it? I'm in a hury."

"I want to talk of the Templeton murder."

"Drive ahead."

"Sit down. What I have to say to you is more important than anything you are after."

Tom sat down.

"Have you ever heard of a young lady named Flora Ashgrove?"

"Yes, and have seen her, too."

"Do you know the set she goes with?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the men?"

"All of them."

"Who are they?"

"First, there's Henry Holbrook."

"No, he's last, go on."

"Oh, Charlie Gray, Henry Iskine, Fred Rhinehart, Jack Hardy, Elmore Brandt, Steve Ellengwood and that set."

"Can you fall in with them?"

"Easily enough, in one place or another."

"Well, so much on that head. Now, let's talk about the murder."

"My dear boy, if you want to play with me, play an open hand, no half confidences. You can't switch me off in that way."

Holbrook was annoyed.

"Tom, you are too shrewd for me. I can't say any more today on that score but I want to say this: I am very anxious to get at the bottom of this matter. Half an hour before you came in I had determined to hunt you up. You are already engaged on the affair. I propose to retain you in the matter additionally and give you some assistance. It won't be long either before I can give it to you, but not today. When you come to me day after to-morrow I will play an open hand."

"Good. I'm off."

"No, hold on. What are you going to do to-night?"

"Nothing."

"Dine with me at 6, and afterward let us go to the casino."

"All right, I'll do that."

"Meet me at 6 sharp at 'Del's' cafe."

"Good. Now I am off. By-by."

After Tom left the room, Holbrook went to the window and looked out.

The scene before him, however, was not what interested him. His thoughts had gone back again to that singular interview with Flora Ashgrove.

"Why shouldn't I tell Tom of that conversation?" he asked himself aloud. "He is trustworthy and shrewd. It is not like talking to a public official, and he will respect confidence. Suppose the girl is implicated! What then? No obligation rests on me to protect her from her evil deeds, if evil deeds they are? If they are not, and she is not compromised, then no harm is done. Yes, I'll tell him, and to-night."

He laughed.

"I promised myself to keep out of this affair, and here I am going in full length. So much for the influence of a pair of soft brown eyes. By George, she is a beautiful girl, Annie Templeton! A fellow could be very happy in the love of such a creature."

Then he drummed on the window, lost in pleasant castle building.

Suddenly he started with the exclamation:

"Dreaming is not work."

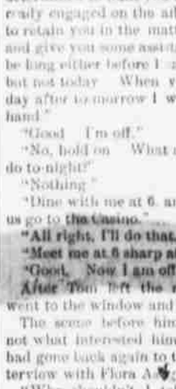
He looked at his watch.

"Half-past three. I have two hours and a half before me."

He caught his hat and hurried out.

CHAPTER IX.

A DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.



ONCE in the street, he hurried to Maiden lane and entered the store of a manufacturing jeweler.

A moment later he issued with a companion, and at the corner of Broadway waited for a cab.

One was soon hailed, and the two entered and were driven to police headquarters.

He had not boasted. After a private interview with a high official the garments were brought to him and the diamond button as well.

The high official was present.

The button was shown to his companion, who was the foreman of the manufacturing jeweler.

"I want such a description written of that button as you would give another jeweler," said Holbrook.

The man looked at it curiously.

"That was never made in this country."

"How do you know that?"

"How do you know that a copy of the first edition of Littleton was not printed in this country?"

"Because it was printed before this country was instituted."

"Precisely; this button was made before this country was discovered. The diamond has been inserted recently. To know this is a part of my trade. It is not in the work, in what you might call the ornamentation—no, it is in the way the button has been put together that I tell. The work on it has been imitated for many years. Do you want a technical description? It would be valuable only to another jeweler."

Holbrook meditated.

The high official looked on with interest.

Finally Holbrook spoke.

"Can you make me an imitation of that button?"

"Oh yes, pretty near; so near that only a jeweler would discover the difference."

"Stone and all?"

"The stone is the easiest part."

"Make me two then—a pair."

The high official spoke:

"But the button cannot leave here."

"I don't want it, except to get the color of the imitation metal, and the color I can put on here," replied the jeweler.

"That can be arranged," said the official.

"Then I want to see it once to match the stones."

"That also can be arranged."

While the jeweler was making notes of the button, Holbrook began a close examination of the make and style of the clothes. Having satisfied himself as to that, he turned the trousers wrong side out, and found a place where the cloth had been widely turned over at a seam. It gave a complete idea of the pattern of the cloth.

"I want to cut so much off."

The official hesitated and looked grave.

The two retired to a corner and conversed earnestly. Holbrook was persistent and energetic. The official yielded.

A pair of shears from the high official's desk did the work.

When the jeweler intimated that he had finished his work of examination, Holbrook looked at his watch; it was 5 o'clock.

"What will be the cost of these buttons?"

The jeweler named what he thought would be the sum.

"I will give you four times that amount if you will deliver them at my office at 10 o'clock, day after to-morrow."

"I shall have to work night and day then."

"That's why I offer you four times the sum you name. The affair is urgent."

"They will be done."

Holbrook then went to Delmonico's, where he found Bryan awaiting him.

"Let us get somewhere where we can talk without being heard," said Holbrook.

They took the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Broadway.

Tom took the seat with his back to the corner.

Thus he was enabled to survey the whole room and could note who entered.

After they had given their orders, Holbrook handed Tom the slip of cloth.

"What is that?"

"A piece of the suit worn by the murderer."

"You are prompt. Are you sure it is the same?"

"Sure. I cut it off myself."

"Good. Have you a description of the button?"

"No. I have done better."

"What?"

"I shall have, day after to-morrow, a pair of them—a complete imitation of the buttons, so close you could not tell 'tother from which.'"

"You are an angel. Good, this is getting on with a vengeance. Be quiet—here comes the waiter with our soup."

While they were dining Holbrook told Tom of his singular interview with Flora Ashgrove.

Tom was deeply interested.

He listened without interjecting a remark, only to caution Holbrook to suspend his narrative when the waiter or some one else approached too closely.

When it was finished he was thoughtful.

Finally he said:

"You should have told this to the coroner. But I am glad you did not. You ought to tell this to your high official, but I hope you won't."

"What do you think of it all?" asked Holbrook.

"It is a queer mess, and I think it deeper than ever. There's a great story behind that murder. Um! The girl thinks she knows who did it, and she is afraid for the man. Questioning her would do no good now; nor would it have done when you saw her, although she was then more on her guard than she will be again. After all, she said nothing; as you say, it was all in her manner. I don't think as much of the button as I did."

"Why?"

"Because she recognized it, and saw it didn't belong to the man she thinks did the deed. She thought until she saw it that you had something that could be traced to the man she wants to screen. She thinks now that you are on a false trail. You must throw yourself in her way again as soon as you can. She will be anxious to know how your suspicions are tending. Don't show her that you have an idea that she knows or suspects any one." He thought a moment and said, "I suppose she is in love with the man."

Holbrook had not reasoned so closely, but he was struck with the cogency of Bryan's argument.

"The buttons, then, are of no value," he said, and he laughed as he added, "I promised four times the value to have them done quickly."

"They are of value," quickly responded Bryan, "great value; all the same, they may track the murderer. It is by no means certain that Miss Ashgrove's suspicions are correct. She may be on a false scent. But, after all, she would not suspect any one of committing the deed unless there was a reason existing for doing it. Now what is that reason? That is what we must try to find out."

"But how? The way is dark."

"Oh, I have seen more tangled skeins than this unraveled. The great point is to make the first step. After that things go easy."

Holbrook's tale of the interview with Flora had occupied the time of the dinner, and Tom's comments upon it had been made over their cigars.

Having exhausted speculation as well as argument upon it, Holbrook looked at his watch and pronounced it time to set out for the Casino.

To be continued.

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the County Court of Clackamas County has appointed me as the administrator of the estate of Julia A. McNary, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them properly verified to me at the law office of C. D. and D. C. Latourette, in Oregon City, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 4th day of April, 1890.

H. H. JOHNSON,
Administrator of the Estate of Julia A. McNary, deceased. 4-3-90—42-5-48.

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. Oglesby, Homestead Entry, No. 5259, for the N ½ of SE and NE ¼ of SW ¼ of section 14, T 3 S, R 4 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: W. F. Palmateer, E. A. Wilson, John C. Tracy, and J. W. Palmateer, all of Curriousville, Clackamas county, Oregon.

2-27-90—38-5. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
OREGON CITY, OR., March 15, 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 W. Tait, of Tacoma, County of Pierce, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1010, for the purchase of the S ½ of NW ¼ and S ½ NE ¼ of Section No. 22, in Township No. 4 South, Range No. 5 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 Thursday the 7th day of August, 1890. He names as witnesses: Thos. Macguire, of Tacoma, Wash.; E. Clements, of Oregon City, Or.; W. A. Coburn and N. J. Welch, of Portland, Or.;

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of August, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

4-3-90—42-10-52.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
Oregon City, Oregon, March 13, 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," Perry Stiver of Ross, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1060, for the purchase of the N ½ NE ¼ and N ½ NW ¼ of Section No. 22, in Township No. 4 South, Range No. 5 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 5th day of August, 1890. He names as witnesses: N. J. Welch, of Portland, Multnomah Co., Or.; Fred Seaver, of Sandy, Clackamas County, Oregon; J. Stensberg, of Ross, King County, Washington; and S. Myers, of Bothell, King County, Washington.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of August, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

4-3-90—42-10-52.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF OREGON,
COUNTY OF CLACKAMAS, ss.

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 25th day of February, 1890, to me directed and delivered as Sheriff of said county, pursuant to a decree entitled in said Court in a suit of equity, wherein Anna H. Worth is plaintiff and Mary L. Foster, Bernice S. Foster, William R. 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 and the said decree and premises hereinafter described, in order to make the sum of $200.00 and interest at the rate of ten per cent. per annum since November 4, 1889, and for $50 as attorney's fees, and the further sum of $15.80 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 real estate, situated in Clackamas county, Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at the north west corner of Isaac Gordon's land or tract formerly owned by him, thence along the line of said Gordon's tract in a southeasterly 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 70 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 said tract formerly owned by said Lucy A. Burnett 110 rods, thence easterly along the line of said Lucy A. Burnett's tract to the place of beginning, containing 100 acres; the same being a part of Philip Foster's D. L. C. in Clackamas county, Oregon.

W. H. H. SAMSON,
Sheriff of Clackamas county, Oregon.
Oregon City, Oregon, March 3, 1890.
3-6-90—39-5-48

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 26th 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 3 S, R 1 E, Willamette meridian, in Clackamas county, Oregon, which mortgage is recorded on page 402, 403 and 404, in 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 J. Taylor, judge of said Court on December 11, 1889.

BURNEY & BARIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Summons.

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

SUIT IN EQUITY TO DISSOLVE A MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

John Gillett, Plaintiff
vs.
Angie Ellmire Gillett, Defendant.

TO ANGIE ELMIRE GILLETT, SAID DEFENDANT:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 21st day of April, 1890, the same being the first day of the next regular term of said court following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, for the dissolution of the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant herein and for the extinguishment of any claim or interest that defendant may have in or to certain land in the complaint described.

Published by order of Honorable Frank J. Taylor, judge of said court duly made on the 18th day of February, 1890.

S. HUELAT,
2-27-90—38-7-44 Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE ENTERPRISE Job Office is the Best. Try it.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership existing between S. B. Calliff, C. H. Dauchy and Charles Calliff under the firm name of the Oregon City Sash and Door Co. is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. C. H. Dauchy, retiring. The business will be carried on by S. B. Calliff and Charles Calliff under the same firm name. They will pay all debts against the company and collect all bills due them.

S. B. CALLIFF,
C. H. DAUCHY,
CHAS. CALLIFF.

4-3-90—42-47.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
OREGON CITY, OR., March 15, 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 W. Tait, of Tacoma, County of Pierce, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1010, for the purchase of the S ½ of NW ¼ and S ½ NE ¼ of Section No. 22, in Township No. 4 South, Range No. 5 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 Thursday the 7th day of August, 1890. He names as witnesses: Thos. Macguire, of Tacoma, Wash.; E. Clements, of Oregon City, Or.; W. A. Coburn and N. J. Welch, of Portland, Or.;

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of August, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

4-3-90—42-10-52.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
Oregon City, Oregon, March 13, 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," Julius Stensberg of Ross, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1054, for the purchase of the lots 1 and 2 and S ½ NE ¼ of Section No. 4, in Township No. 2 South, Range No. 6 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 5th day of August, 1890. He names as witnesses: N. J. Welch, of Portland, Or.; P. Stiver, of Ross, King County, Washington; N. Myers, of Bothell, King County, Washington; and Fred Seaver, of Sandy, Clackamas County, Or.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 5th day of August, 1890.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

4-3-90—42-10-52.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
OREGON CITY, OR., March 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, May 13, 1890, viz: Martin R. Boyles, Homestead Entry No. 5704, for the W ½ of NW ¼, NE ¼ of NW ¼ and NW ¼ of NE ¼ of section 2, Township 6 South, Range 2 East. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: S. Carter, L. Davis, J. L. Tubbs and H. Davedson, all of Wilhoit, Clackamas county, Oregon.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

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 Bennett of Ross, County of King, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 1060, 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 5th day of August, 1890. He names as witnesses: N. J. Welch, of Portland, Multnomah Co., Or.; Fred Seaver, of Sandy, Clackamas County, Oregon; J. Stensberg, of Ross, King County, Washington; and S. Myers, of Bothell, King County, Washington.

Any and all persons cla