# A BREACH OF FAITH

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

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## CHAPTER I.

There was a prayer meeting at Lars Steensvold's farm. The sitting room was crowded with people, and all around the open windows eager listeners were standing, straining their ears to catch the words that fell from the preacher's lips. A current of foul, moist air, charged with the odor of human exhalations, poured out into the hallway where men and women stood packed together like herring in a barrel. Outside in the farm yard some small boys, now and then forgetting the solemnity of the occasion, fell to punching and teasing each other, and were sternly rebuked by their elders as soon as their altercations became audible. Half a dozen young girls in calico gowns and colored kerchiefs on their heads made a feint of listening to the fervid discourse of which a phrase now and then reached them, but watched furtively the unregenerate behavior of the boys, and snickered whenever one got the better of the other.

"Oh, ye generation of vipers," shouted the preacher in a terrific voice of warning and menace, "who shall teach you to flee from the wrath to come?"

The boys, grasping the admonition was addressed to them, grew quite alarmed, and seating themselves on a log in front of the wood shed, in various awkward attitudes, glanced at each other with a half cowed and shame faced bravado. But they presently forgot their scare, and then commenced anew the same punching and pinching and challenging brag which led to fresh quarrels.

"I know where there is a skunk," said Thorsten Sletten, a tow headed, freckled and chunky lad of 13.

"I saw a drunk man yesterday," observed Gunnar Matson, promptly accepting the challenge.

He was a tall, handsome youth of 14, whose coat sleeves and trousers were much too short for him.

"My father has a cousin who is in jail," retorted Thorsten, determined not to be beaten.

"But my father killed a man in Norway," cried Gunnar triumphantly.

"That's a lie in your throat."

"It is no such thing."

In a flash they had both tumbled down from the log, grappled, and, swaying to and fro, fought like tigers. The other boys, wholly oblivious of the prayer meeting, yelled with delight and shouted encouragement to the combatants, while the girls on the steps faced about quickly and strove no more to disguise their interest. Even the devout people about the windows began to gravitate slowly toward the scene of the conflict, and a vague sense of the disturbance communicated itself within the sitting room, where the penitents began to look back over their shoulders and ceased to follow the discourse.

This flattering attention spurred the boys to do their best. They pulled each other's hair and ears, planted blow upon blow in each other's foreheads, tried to "hook" each other's legs, and resorted to all the dodges recognized in the art of self defense. But they were pretty evenly matched, Thorsten making up in brawn what he lacked in size. They were yet in the midst of the fierce struggle, and both heroically determined not to give up when suddenly a tall, matronly woman was seen pushing her way through the crowd. Without malignified excitement, but with a stern, set face which was much more awful, she swooped down upon the unsuspecting Gunnar, grabbed him by the collar of his coat, shook him as if he had been a bag of straw and carried him off in disgrace. He strove in a half hearted way to exhibit a hilarity which he was far from feeling, and the forced grin of mocking jollity which he turned toward the disappointed spectators was rather pathetic than cheerful. It did not occur to him to make any resistance, however. He allowed himself to be dragged meekly as a lamb through the crowd in the hall into the stuffy sitting room, where the foul air soon subdued his combative zeal.

"Now," whispered his mother, giving him a little admonitory shake, "listen to the word of God and repent of your wickedness."

The boy tried hard to listen and still harder to repent, but strive as he might his thought would revert to the fight. He regretted bitterly that it had been interrupted before he had triumphed over his enemy. He saw plainly now where he had neglected an opportunity to trip Thorsten up, and he wished he could have had the chance over again.

The person in the meanwhile was thundering away, threatening his parishioners with eternal damnation if they departed from the pure Lutheran faith or sent their children to the "godless" American schools. He was a young man of somewhat squatty figure, inclined to stoutness, with a fat flushed face and short stubby hands, covered on the backs with coarse brown hair. His head too had a dense growth of the same adornment, parted on the left side, but a few tufts of rebellious hair stood straight up on the crown and at the partings. Though he had shaved in the morning the brown beard root was more than visible on his chin. His nose and mouth had had a touch of coarseness, and his whole appearance made the impression of a man in whom the old Adam was strong, though probably kept in proper discipline.

"No Sovereign has plunged more souls into hell, my brethren"—thus ran his impassioned discourse—"than that seductive dogma, invented by the devil himself, that every man is saved by his own faith—that is, that any faith, whether false or true, has the power to save. Why then have ye called ministers of the true faith—the pure and undilluted Lutheran faith—to instruct you here in your Babylonic exile, if Methodist or Baptist or Unitarian doctrines perhaps might do just as well? I declare unto you, brethren in the Lord, you are a little faithful band of the elect in the midst of this land of Egyptian darkness, and unless you hold together, stand by each other and the pure Lutheran faith, and hold aloof from all intercourse with the pestiferous sectories who infest the region round about us, ye will imperil your soul's salvation. Ye can no longer plead ignorance, for I have forewarned you in the name of the Lord. And beware lest, though you yourselves remain faithful, your children go astray. Siren voices of temptation besiege their hearts from all sides. Remember, you will be called to account for them on the last day. The prospect of wealth, political office and influence and a high seat in the synagogues may lure them away from the simple faith and simple virtues of their fathers. But I tell you ye have to choose between the kingdom of God and the kingdom of Mammon. What will it profit you on the last day to have been American legislators or sheriffs or county clerks, or to have learned the English language, of which some are so foolishly proud? What will it profit you, I ask, in the sight of him who demanded not foreign languages, but truth in the inmost parts?"

The pastor continued for another half hour in this strain, warning his hearers in the most impressive language that they could not learn the English language or hold intercourse with Americans without running a grave risk of eternal damnation. He elaborated his theme with great ingenuity and ended with an appeal for the endowment of a parochial school under the direct supervision and control of the Norwegian Lutheran synod. He finished this appeal with a long and fervid prayer, in which he besought God to save his people from the abominations of desolation—from the unhallowed and soul destroying dance around the Golden Calf, which was, forsooth, the god of the heretical, mammon worshiping nation wherewith it had pleased him to surround them.

The meeting was then at an end, and the pastor devoted himself for another hour to private solicitation, buttonholing one by one the well to do members of the church, and refusing to let them go until they had pledged themselves in writing for an amount which he thought fair. If any one, knowing that his turn would come next, tried to steal away unobserved the zealous clergyman dexterously intercepted him, and shamed him with appeals to his pride and his fear until he had contributed his quota.

When he approached the Widow Matson, who had made no attempt to escape, Gunnar thought with fear and trembling that now "he was in for it." He was therefore astonished when the pastor grasped his hard and cracked fist in his soft, moist hand, and asked with a kind of harsh friendliness how he was getting on. The boy was afraid to commit himself on so ticklish a subject and looked up into his mother's face, as if expecting her to answer.

"Oh, God help us, Mr. Pastor," the widow replied, "he isn't getting on at all. The spirit of the world, the flesh and the devil is strong in him. He does not think of God, Mr. Pastor, but only of quarreling and sinful fooling and deviltry."

"I am sorry to hear such bad reports of you, Gunnar," observed the pastor with a warning shake of the head.

"He actually fought during the meeting," the mother continued; "fought with fists till blood flowed."

She made an effort to get hold of the boy's left hand, which he now discovered was quite bloody. But the delinquent thrust it guiltily into his pocket and made an effort to retire behind his mother's back. She talked on for some minutes, lamenting his wickedness, not, however, in the usual whining voice of a complaining woman, but in a tone of stern accusation. She scarcely observed that the pastor's replies showed but a faint interest in the subject, and that he was more than once on the point of interrupting her.

"Well, well, my good woman," he broke in impatiently, "we'll talk more about that another time. What I came to ask you about concerns, however, your boy very closely. How much are you willing to contribute to the school which we are about to found, where youths of our church can be brought up in accordance with the true Lutheran faith?"

"I am a widow, pastor, and earn in the sweat of my brow the pittance which we require to keep body and soul together."

"The widow's mite, you remember, was particularly acceptable in the eyes of our Lord," said the pastor with unction.

There was no gainsaying such an argument, and after a moment's hesitation the widow pledged herself for $5. But she could not be persuaded to promise to send her boy to the school; first, because he was not to be trusted away from her, and secondly, because she needed his help on the farm.

## CHAPTER II.

*He took the model to pieces and packed it.*

It was true that Gunnar's father had killed a man in Norway, and that had been the prime cause of his emigrating to the United States. He had scarcely been to blame, however, for the homicide, for Osmund Galt had attacked him first, and he had to kill him in self defense. So the judge declared, though he was by no means favorably disposed toward the defendant, and Hans Matteon was acquitted. It was, as usual, a girl that was at the bottom of the trouble, for Hans and Osmund had been aspirants for the hand of Martha Vik, and she had preferred Hans. This was the harder to bear for Osmund, because his rival was a harum-scarum sort of fellow who was not even born in the valley, and had therefore no right to carry off one of the prettiest girls before the noses of a dozen eligible natives. Well, the end of it, as I have said, was sad, and it seemed the sadder because Osmund, who was a widower, left two small children to lament his death.

After his acquittal Hans bought a ticket for New York, and the story was told (though some pretended to doubt it) that Martha followed him to Christiania and met him on board the steamer when land was out of sight. She was desperately in love with him, people said. However that may be, sure it was that they were married by a Lutheran missionary in New York, and during the same spring took homestead land in Minnesota. But somehow Hans did not turn out as good a farmer as his wife had expected. He worked by fits and starts, but was more interested in learning English than in burning stumps. Nearly every cent he had brought with him went for live stock and agricultural implements, and when, after a miserable summer in a dugout, a simple log house was completed and sheds were built for the cattle they had to mortgage the farm in order to meet expenses. Then Gunnar was born, and things went straight for awhile. Hans took hold of the farm work in good earnest and met the first payment on the mortgage, but then he lapsed into meditation again, and his old restlessness got the upper hand.

He had an idea that if he could break away from his countrymen and all Norse associations he had a fair chance of winning fame and fortune among the Americans. He broached the idea cautiously to his wife, who was so terrified at it that he repented of having spoken. She tried to make him promise never to entertain such a preposterous plan. That he refused to do, however, but he grew moody and silent, tinkered at a model for an improved threshing machine which he had invented, and lost all interest in the farm. When this had gone on for a couple of years Martha concluded that his case was hopeless, and she changed her tactics and began to urge him to go. If that was the only way to secure his happiness she would no longer stand in his way. And so one day he took the model to pieces, and packed it, with some clean shirts and socks which Martha had made for him, into his knapsack, and started off for the nearest railway station, which was forty miles distant. That was the last Martha or her son had seen of him. Half a dozen letters arrived, to be sure, at long intervals during the first year of his absence, but they told only of mishaps, disappointments and privations. Martha wrote urging him to return, but there was always something new to try, always some tempting prospect which bade him take heart and not give up the battle. If this proved delusive he would acknowledge himself a failure, return to the Norse settlement, and hide his head in the chimney corner.

It was now twelve years since the last letter was received, and Martha took it for granted that her husband was dead. She had tried to institute inquiries, advertised for him in the Scandinavian paper, etc., but with no results. Several settlers had proposed for her hand during this time, but though she regarded herself as a widow she had refused all offers. A large settlement had grown up about her, and in a circuit of twenty or thirty miles the country was largely in possession of Norwegians. They did all in their power to keep out other nationalities from their immediate neighborhood, and vented particularly their hostility on the Irish if a representative of that race dug a hole in the ground, and staked out a homestead on land which they had reserved for the occupation of their brethren in the faith. German Protestants they tolerated, though they were far from liking them, but the community of religion restrained them from active hostilities. And, moreover, the Germans were no less clannish than the Norsemen themselves—congregating in communities of their own, and rarely from choice encroaching upon Scandinavian precincts.

In the meanwhile a church had been built—a simple frame structure, and about as ugly as could have been devised—and a clergyman had been called over from Norway. An ex-theological student named Salveson, formerly addicted to drink, but now ostensibly reformed, roamed about the country, giving instruction of an antiquated sort in reading, writing, arithmetic and Bible history. He was an odd stick—a typical wreck of the kind the old world is continually contributing to the new, but for all his failings he was well received wherever he went, and had free board and lodging ad libitum on any Norse farm he chose to visit. When he retired with a black bottle or two to some remote spot people let him alone, and received him on his return after two or three days with undiminished cordiality. He was not in the best condition for teaching Bible history on such occasions; but then, in a new country where scholars were scarce, no one could afford to be exacting.

Widow Matson, who was anxious to have her son profit by Salveson's accomplishments, induced him to stay for months at a time at her farm, and kindly overlooked his periodical disappearances and his demoralized aspect when he crawled forth again to resume his labors. It was enough for her that the pastor indorsed Salveson, who in spite of his unhappy proclivities was perfectly orthodox, and truly and purely Lutheran. Gunnar, on the other hand, was inclined to take a critical view of him, but found his instruction, on the whole, amusing. Salveson always smoked a long pipe when he taught, and his rubicund nose gleamed through the smoke while he spoke of Norway's past glory and the great deeds of the Vikings. Often he grew quite excited, scratched his tousled head and wiped away the tears that trickled down his cheeks.

"Thank God on your knees that you were born a Norseman, boy," he would say, "for he might just as well have made you a miserable Deutschman or Englishman or American. We are the proudest nation on earth, or we ought to be, if we would read our history aright. There wasn't anybody could lick those old Vikings. They conquered Normandy, a mere handful of them, and when the king of France wanted Duke Rollo to kiss his confounded toe—think of it, he, a Norseman, kiss a Frenchman's toe—Rollo simply took him by the foot and quietly turned him upside down. Served him right, the fool! And when they had gobbled up France these very same fellows—or I think it was their grandchildren—sailed over and put England in their pockets. Ho! ho! That was a neat job, wasn't it?"

And thus the poor drunken sot, with his bad teeth, frowsy head and dirty hands, would sit by the hour and with hysterical eloquence glory in the deeds of his ancestors. He was so proud of being a Norseman, though a drunk one, that he forgot all present misery in the sense of his historical grandeur. A Norseman drunk, he once declared, was


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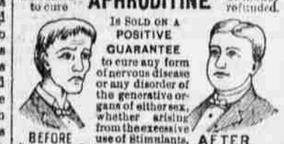


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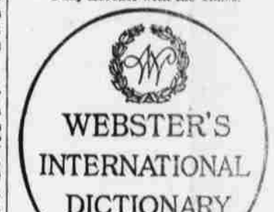

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John P. Sumner,

Homestead entry No. 5830, for the n½ of s e¼ and s e¼ of s e¼ of sec. 30, t 5 s, r 2 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Dickey, of Molalla, Clackamas county, Or., H. Baetch, of Molalla, Clackamas county, Or., George Hungate, of Molalla, Clackamas county, Or., Eli Cresswell, of Oregon City, Or.

1-9-2-13 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

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Nancy J. Engle,

formerly Nancy J. Kingo, homestead entry, No. 5014 for the w½ of se¼ and e½ of s½ of sec 29, t 5 s, r 2 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Baty, James Dickey, David Callahan, Robert Baty, all of Molalla, P. O. Clackamas Co., Or.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

12—11 1—15

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, Or., Oct. 23, 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,"

Joseph Brown,

of The Dalles, county of Wasco, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2333, for the purchase of the se¼ of section No. 12, in township No. 1 south, range No. 4 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 February 21, 1891, viz:

Edward W. Paine.

Homestead entry No. 5719, for the w½ of n w¼ and n½ of s w¼ of sec 14, t 4 s, r 2 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Henry Wallace, of Mink postoffice, Henry Sellers, of Mulino postoffice, James Mabry, of Molalla postoffice, Robert Shields, of Mulino, all of Clackamas county, Oregon.

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THE YAQUINA ROUTE.
Oregon Pacific Railroad.
T. E. HOGG, Receiver.
OREGON DEVELOPMENT CO'S STEAMERS.
SHORT LINE TO CALIFORNIA.
FREIGHT AND FARES THE LOWEST
Train No. 5 will run Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and on intermediate days when necessary:
Train No 4 will run Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday, and, on intermediate days when necessary:

Steamer Sailing Dates.

LEAVES YAQUINA—Willamette Valley, Jan. 1st, 5th, 19th and 27th.
LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO—Willamette Valley, Jan. 8th, 14th, 23d and 31st.

The company reserve the right to change sailing dates without notice.

Trains connect with the O. & C. R. and River Boats at Corvallis and Albany.

The Oregon Pacific steamboats on the Willamette river division will leave Portland, south-bound, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6 A. M. Arrive at Corvallis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3:30 P. M. Leave Corvallis, north-bound, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 A. M. Arrive at Portland Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3:30 P. M. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, both north and south-bound boats lie over night at Salem, leaving here at 6 A. M.

Freight and Ticket Office, Salmon street wharf Portland.

C. C. HOGUE, G. F. & P. A. O. P. R.


Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County.

Betsy S. Moore, nee, Beals, plaintiff;
vs.
Frank Jones, defendant.

To Frank Jones, said defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby summoned and required to be and appear in the above entitled Court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the first day of the next regular term of said Court, to-wit:

On Monday the 20th day of April, A. D., 1891. And you are hereby notified that if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, namely: For a decree against you for the sum of Five Hundred dollars, and interest thereon since the 31st day of October, A. D. 1888, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, due upon your certain promissory note given Edward S. Elliott, October 31, 1887, and afterwards duly sold and assigned to plaintiff, for the sum of Fifty dollars attorney's fee, provided, in the mortgage hereinafter referred to, for costs and disbursements of this suit to be taxed; for the foreclosure of that certain mortgage given by you to secure said promissory note, upon the following described tracts of land situated in the County of Clackamas and State of Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at a stake set on the boundary line, east side of Donation Claim No. 38, in T 4 S, R 2 E of the Willamette Meridian being Donation Claim of Harrison Wright; and said grant being the division line between husband's and wife's parts of said claim; running thence north 44 degrees east, tracing the east boundary line of said claim, 48.62 chains; thence north 45 degrees, 30 min. West, 52.75 chains to the County road leading to Oregon city; thence along said road southwesterly to where division line of said claim between husband and wife, crosses said road; thence south, tracing said division line to the place of beginning, containing 108 acres, more or less.

Also: Beginning at the South Corner of the Donation Claim of Harrison Wright and wife in T 4 S, R 2 E, of the Willamette Meridian, and running thence north 44 degrees, 30 min. east, 1.64 chains to the division line between husband's and wife's parts of said claim; thence North tracing said division line 53.62 chains, to a boulder stone, 24x15x12 inches square set in wagon road leading to Oregon City, thence south 18 degrees west, along said wagon road 23.57 chains to the west boundary line of said claim; thence south 40 degrees, 30 min. east, tracing said West boundary line 11.24 chains to the place of beginning, containing 17.30 acres more or less, and for a decree directing the sale of said land for the payment of the sum due upon said note and mortgage together with said attorneys fees, and the costs and disbursements of this suit and such sale. For any further relief demanded in the complaint herein.

12-18;1-30 JOHNSON & IDLEMAN, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.

**Notice for Publication.**

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, Or., Oct. 23, 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,"

Mary A. Redden,

of Olex, county of Gilliam, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 2327, for the purchase of the sw¼ of section No. 4, in township No. 1 south, range No. 8 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 her claim to said land before the register and receiver of this office at Oregon City, Or., on Tuesday, the 10 day of March, 1891.

She names as witnesses: C. H. Morrison, W. P. Boles, of Olex, Oregon; C. H. Hyde, C. C. Sands, of The Dalles, Or.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of March, 1891. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

12-4—2-5

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, Or., Dec. 3, 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 Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on January 19, 1891, viz:

Nancy J. Engle,

formerly Nancy J. Kingo, homestead entry, No. 5014 for the w½ of se¼ and e½ of s½ of sec 29, t 5 s, r 2 e.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Baty, James Dickey, David Callahan, Robert Baty, all of Molalla, P. O. Clackamas Co., Or.

J. T. APPERSON, Register.

Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OREGON CITY, Or., Oct. 23, 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,"

Christian H. Morrison,

of Olex, county of Gilliam, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 2329, for the purchase of the s½ of ne¼ and lots 1 and 2 of section No. 4, in township No. 1 south range No. 8 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 10th day of March, 1891.

He names as witnesses: Frank Hanlon William McKenzie, Thomas Wells, of Little Falls, P. O., Lewis Co., Wash., and John McIntyre, Sandy, Clackamas county, Or.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 4th day of March, 1891. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

11-20;1-29


UNCLE MYERS
--- Eleventh Annual ---
PLEDGE SALE
— OF —
Watches AND Diamonds
163 First Street, Near Morrison St. Ladies' Private Entrance Upstairs.



WHAT DID $1.25

About the biggest returns ever made on a small investment is that reported by John Alexander, of Mariposa, Cal. He writes:

"The best investment I ever made in my life was one of $1.25. It bought me health, wealth and happiness. The investment I made was the purchase of one bottle of Moore's Revealed Remedy." Thousands of other other people have had equally as good returns from the purchase of this sovereign remedy. It cured Richard Williams, of Newcastle, of asthma, in a week. It did the same thing for John Hewitt, of this city. R. C. Oats and Capt. Al. Taylor, of Seattle, over their own signatures say that it cured their rheumatism in a marvelously short time. J. M. Jones and W. P. Johnson, of Seattle, attest its efficacy in curing liver and heart trouble. Thousands of reputable citizens from one end of the Pacific Coast to the other write of praise. If you are ill, what better investment can you make than the purchase of a bottle of Moore's Revealed Remedy? If you feel bad every morning on arising, if you are tortured by rheumatism, if you have any ills of mankind, invest $1.25 in Moore's Revealed Remedy, and see if it will not give you relief.

For Sale by all Druggists.



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Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of Machinery.
CASTINGS furnished and REPAIRS promptly made
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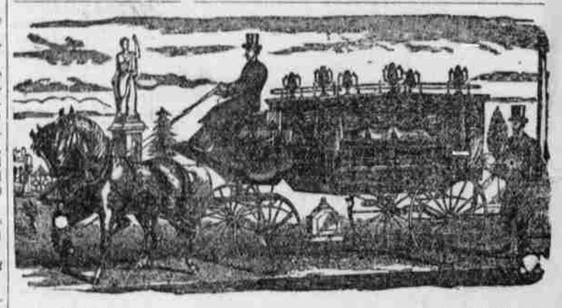

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WINESET & SCRIPTURE.
Undertakers and Blacksmiths, Oregon City, Oregon.
Good Hearses. Trimmed coffins and Caskets always in Stock


Assignees Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that I, Asa Sanders, assignee of the estate of J. J. Herman, bankrupt, have filed my final account with vouchers for the final settlement of the above entitled matter and all persons are therefore notified to file objections to such settlement if any they have, on or before the first day of the next term of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas.

ASA SANDERS, Assignee.

Dated this Dec. 10th 1890.

Published by order of Hon. Frank Taylor, Judge of said Court.

Assignee's Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that I, Asa Sanders, assignee of the estate of W. H. Herman, bankrupt, have filed my final account with vouchers for a final settlement of the above entitled matter and all persons are therefore notified to file objections to such settlement if any they have, on or before the first day of the next term of said Circu