

Bob's Redemption

By W. W. JACOBS

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GRATITUDE!—said the night watchman, with a hard laugh. "Hm! Don't talk to me about gratitude. I've seen too much of it. If people won't help in my time of need, why should I help them in theirs? I should be riding in my carriage."

"Ary Thomson was one of them—he said at last. For over six months I wrote all his love letters for him, he being an ignorant sort of man and only being able to do the kisses at the end, which he always insisted on doing himself, being jealous. Only three weeks after he was married he came up to where I was standing one day and set about me without saying a word. I was a single man at the time, and I didn't understand it. My idea was that he had gone mad, and, being pretty artful and always having a horror of mad people, I let him chase me into a police station. Leastways, I would let him, but he didn't come, and I all but got fourteen days for being drunk and disorderly."

Then there was Bill Clark. He had been keeping company with a girl and got tired of it, and to oblige him I went to her and told her he was a married man with five children. Bill was as pleased as Punch at first, but as soon as she took up with another chap he came round to see me and said as I'd ruined his life. He had words about it—naturally—and I did ruin it then to the extent of a couple of ribs. I went to see him in the hospital—a place I've always been fond of—and the language he used to me was so bad that they sent for the sister to hear it."

That's only two out of dozens I could name. And the unpleasantness in my life have come out of kindnesses to people, and all the gratitude I've had for it I could put in a pint pot with a pint of beer already in it."

The only case of real gratitude I ever heard of happened to a shipmate of mine, a young chap named Bob Evans. Coming home from Auckland in a bark called the Dragon Fly he fell overboard, and another chap, named George Crofts, one of the best swimmers I ever knew, went overboard after him and saved his life."

We were hardly moving at the time, and the sea was like a duck pond, but to 'ear Bob Evans talk you'd have thought that George Crofts was the bravest 'arted chap that ever lived. He said he liked him afore, same as the rest of us, George being a sly, mean sort of chap, but after George had saved his life he couldn't praise him enough. He said that so long as he had a crust George should share it, and wotever George asked him he should have."

The unfortunate part of it was that George took him at his word, and all the rest of the voyage he acted as though Bob belonged to him, and by the time we got into the London river Bob couldn't call his soul his own. He used to take a room when he was ashore and live very steadily, as he was saving up to get married, and as soon as he found that George invited himself to stay with him,

"It won't cost you a bit more," he said, "not if you work it properly." Bob didn't work it properly, but George having saved his life and never letting him forget it he didn't like to tell him so. He thought he'd let him be gradual that he'd got to be careful because of his gal, and the first evening they were ashore he took him along with him there to tea."

Gerty Mitchell—that was the gal's name—didn't hear of Bob's accident, and when she did she gave a little scream and, putting her arms around his neck, began to kiss him right in front of George and her mother."

"You ought to give him one too," said Mrs. Mitchell, pointing to George. George wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, but Gerty pretended not to 'ear."

"Fancy if you'd been drowned!" she said, laughing Bob again."

"He was pretty near," said George, shaking his head. "I'm a pore swimmer, but I made up my mind either to save him or else go down to a watery grave myself."

He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand again, but all the notice Gerty took of it was to send her young brother Ted out for some beer. Then they all sat supper together, and Mrs. Mitchell drank good luck to George in a glass of beer, and said she hoped that her own boy would grow up like him. "Let him grow up a good and brave man, that's all I ask," she said. "I don't care about his looks."

"He might have both," said George, sharply. "Why not?"

Mrs. Mitchell said she supposed he might, and then she cuffed young Ted's ears for making a noise while his mother was eating, and then cuffed him again for saying that he'd finished his supper five minutes ago."

George and Bob walked 'ome to 'gether, and all the way there George said wot a pretty gal Gerty was and 'ow lucky it was for Bob that he hadn't been drowned. He went round to tea with him the next day to Mrs. Mitchell, and at a tea, when Bob and Gerty said they were going out to spend the evening together, got himself asked to 'go."

They took a tram car and went to a small hall, and Bob paid for the three 'pence. George never seemed to think of paying his and in his pocket, and when they entered the music hall, when they all

went into a shop and 'ad stewed eels, he let Bob pay. "You're only young once, Bob," George said to him when he made a remark one afternoon as to the fast way his money was going, "and if it hadn't ha' been for me you'd never 'ave lived to grow old."

Wot with spending the money and always 'aving George with them when they went out it wasn't long afore Bob and Gerty 'ad a quarrel. "I don't like a pore spirited man," she said. "Two's company and three's none, and, besides, why can't he pay for himself? He's big enough. Why should you spend your money on him? He never pays a farthing!"

Bob explained that he couldn't say anything because he owed his life to George, but he might as well 'ave talked to a lamp post. The more he argued the more angry Gerty got, and at last she said, "Two's company and three's none, and if you and me can't go out without George Crofts then me and 'im 'll go out without you."

She was as good as her word, too, and the next night, while Bob 'ad gone out to get some 'bacca, she went off alone with George. It was 10 o'clock before they came back again, and Gerty's eyes were all shining and 'er cheeks as pink as roses. She shut 'er mother up like a concertina the moment she began to find fault with 'er, and at supper she sat next to George and laughed at everything he said."

George and Bob walked all the way 'ome arter supper without saying a word, but arter they got to their room George took a side look at Bob, and then he said, suddenly, "Look 'ere! I saved your life, didn't I?"

"You did," said Bob, "and I thank you for it."

"I saved your life," said George again, very solemn. "If it hadn't ha' been for me you couldn't ha' married anybody."

"That's true," said Bob.

"Me and Gerty 'ave been having a talk," said George, bending down to noddle his boots. "We've been getting on very well together. You can't 'elp your feelings, and the long and short of it is the pore girl has fallen in love with me."

Bob didn't say a word.

"If you look at it this way, it's fair enough," said George. "I gave you your life and you give me your gal. We're quits now. You don't owe me anything, and I don't owe you anything. That's the way Gerty puts it, and she told me to tell you so."

"If she don't want me, I'm agreeable," said Bob in a choking voice. "We'll call it quits, and next time I tumble overboard I 'ope you won't be handy."

He took Gerty's photograph out of 'is box and handed it to George. "You've got more right to it now than wot I 'ave," he said. "I shan't go round there any more. I shall look out for a ship tomorrow."

George Crofts said that perhaps it was the best thing he could do, and he asked 'im in an offhand sort of way 'ow long the room was paid up for."

Mrs. Mitchell 'ad a few words to say about it next day, but Gerty told 'er to save 'er breath for walking upstairs. The only thing that George didn't like when they went out was that young Ted was with them, but Gerty said she preferred it till she knew 'im better, and she 'ad so much to say about his noble behavior in saving life that George gave way. They went out looking at the shops, George thinking that that was the cheapest way of spending an evening, and they were as happy as possible till Gerty saw a brooch she liked so much in a window that he couldn't get 'er away."

"It is a beauty," she said. "I don't know when I've seen a brooch I like better. Look here! Let's all guess the price and then go in and see who's right."

They 'ad their guesses, and then they went in and asked, and as soon as Gerty found that it was only three and sixpence she began to feel in her pocket for 'er purse, just like your wife does when you go out with 'er, knowing all the time that it's on the mantelpiece with twopenny ha'penny and a cough lousenge in it."

"I must ha' left it at 'ome," she said, looking at George.

"Just wot I've done," said George arter patting 'is pockets.

Gerty bit 'er lips and, for a minute or two, he civil to George she could not. Then she gave a little smile and took 'is arm again, and they walked on, talking and laughing, till she turned round of a sudden and asked a big chap 'ere was passing wot he was shoving 'er for."

"Shoving you?" said he. "Wot do you think I want to shove you for?"

"Don't you talk to me," said Gerty, dring up. "George, make 'im beg my pardon."

"You ought to be more careful," said George, in a gentle sort of way.

"Make 'im beg my pardon," said Gerty, stamping 'er foot. "If he don't, knock 'im down."

"Yes, knock 'im down," said the big man, taking hold of George's cap and rumpling his hair."

Pore George, who was never much good with his fists, hit 'im in the chest, and the next moment he was on 'is back in the middle of the road wondering wot 'ad 'appened to 'im. By the time he got up the other man was arf a mile away, and young Ted stepped up and wiped 'im down with a pocket 'andkerchief while Gerty explained to 'im 'ow she saw 'im slip on a piece of banana peel."

"It's 'ard lines," she said. "But never mind, you frightened 'im away, and I don't wonder at it. You do look terrible when you're angry. George, I didn't know you."

She praised 'im all the way 'ome, and if it hadn't been for 'is month and now George would 'ave enjoyed it more 'an he did. She told 'er mother 'ow he 'ad fallen at a big man wot 'ad

insulted 'er, and Mrs. Mitchell shook 'er 'ead at 'im and said 'is bold spirit would lead 'im into trouble afore he 'ad done."

They didn't seem to be able to make enough of 'im, and next day when he went round Gerty was so upset at the sight of 'is bruises that he thought she was going to cry. When he 'ad 'ad his tea she gave 'im a cigar she 'ad bought for 'im herself, and when he 'ad finished smoking it she smiled at him and said that she was going to take 'im out for a pleasant evening to try and make up to 'im for wot he 'ad suffered for 'er."

"We're all going to stand treat to each other," she said. "Bob always would insist on paying for everything."



"Make 'im beg my pardon," said Gerty. "If he don't, knock 'im down."

Give and take—that's the way I like to do things."

"There's nothing like being independent," said George. "Bob ought to ha' known that."

"I'm sure it's the best plan," said Gerty. "Now, get your 'at on. We're going to a theatre, and Ted shall pay the bus fares."

George wanted to ask about the theatre, but he didn't like to, and arter Gerty was dressed they went out, and Ted paid the bus fares like a man."

"Here you are," said Gerty as the bus stopped outside the theatre. "Hurry up and get the tickets, George. Ask for three upper circles."

She bustled George up to the pay place, and as soon as she 'ad picked out the seats she grabbed 'old of the tickets and told George to make haste."

"Twelve shillings it is," said the man as George put down arf a crown."

"Twelve?" said George, beginning to stammer. "Twelve? Twelve? Twelve? Twelve shillings," said the man. "Three upper circles you've 'ad."

George was going to fetch Gerty back and 'ave cheaper seats, but she 'ad gone inside with young Ted, and at last arter making an awful fuss, he paid the rest of the money and rushed in arter her, arf crazy at the idea of spending so much money."

"Make 'aste," said Gerty afore he could say anything. "The band 'as just begun."

She started running upstairs, and she was so excited that when they got their seats and George started complaining about the price she didn't pay any attention to wot he was saying, but kept pointing out ladies' dresses to 'im in w'apers and wondering wot they 'ad paid for them. George gave it up at last, and then he sat wondering whether he 'ad done right arter all in taking Bob's gal away from him."

Gerty enjoyed it very much, but when the curtain came down arter the first act she leaned back in her chair and looked up at George and said she felt faint and thought she'd like to 'ave an ice cream. "And you 'ave one too, dear," she said, when young Ted 'ad got up and beckoned to the gal. "And Ted 'ad like one, too, 'im sure."

She put her 'ead on George's shoulder and looked up at him. Then she put her 'and on his and stroked it, and George, reckoning that arter all ice creams were on 'a ha'penny or at the most a penny each, altered 'is mind about not spending any more money and ordered three."

The way he carried on when the gal said they was 3 shillings was alarming. At first he thought she was 'aving a joke with 'im, and it took another gal and the fireman and an old gentleman wot was sitting behind 'im to persuade 'im different. He was so upset that he couldn't eat his arter paying for it, and Ted and Gerty had to finish it for 'im."

"They're expensive, but they're worth the money," said Gerty. "You are good to me, George. I could go on eating 'em all night, but you mustn't fling your money away like this always."

"I'll see to that," said George, very bitter.

"I thought we was going to stand treat to each other? That was the idea, I understood."

"So we are," said Gerty. "Ted stood the bus fares, didn't he?"

"He did," said George, "wot there was of 'em, but wot about you?"

"Me?" said Gerty, drawing her 'ead back and staring at 'im. "Why, 'ave you forgot that cigar already, George?"

George opened 'is mouth, but he couldn't speak a word. He sat looking at 'er and making a gasping noise in 'is throat, and fortunately just as he got 'is voice back the curtain went up again, and everybody said, "Hish!"

He couldn't enjoy the play at all, he was so upset, and he began to see more than ever 'ow wrong he 'ad been in taking Bob's gal away from 'im. He walked downstairs into the street like a man in a dream, with Gerty sticking

to 'is arm and young Ted treading on 'is heels behind."

"Now, you mustn't waste any more money, George," said Gerty when they got outside. "We'll walk 'ome."

George 'ad got arf a mind to say something about a bus, but he remembered in time that very likely young Ted hadn't got any more money. Then Gerty said she knew a short cut, and she took them, walking along little, dark, narrow streets and places, until at last, just as George thought they must be pretty near 'ome, she began to dab her eyes with 'er pocket 'andkerchief and say she'd lost 'er way."

"You two go 'ome and leave me," she said, arf crying. "I can't walk another step."

"Where are we?" said George, looking round.

"I don't know," said Gerty. "I couldn't tell you if you paid me. I must 'ave taken a wrong turning. Oh, hurray! Here's a cab!"

Afore George could stop 'er she held up 'er umbrella, and a 'ansom cab, with bells on its horse, crossed the road and pulled up in front of 'em. Ted nipped in first, and Gerty followed 'im."

"Tell 'im the address, dear, and make 'aste and get in," said Gerty.

George told the cabman, and then he got in and sat on Ted's knee, partly on Gerty's umbrella and mostly on nothing."

"You are good to me, George," said Gerty, touching the back of 'is neck with the brim of her hat. "It ain't often I get a ride in a cab. All the time I was keeping company with Bob we never 'ad one once. I only wish I'd got the money to pay for it."

George, who was going to ask a question, stopped 'imself, and then he kept striking matches and trying to read all about cab fares on a bill in front of 'im."

"'Ow are we to know 'ow many miles it is?" he said at last.

"I don't know," said Gerty. "Leave it to the cabman. It's his business, ain't it? And if he don't know he must suffer for it."

There was hardly a soul in Gerty's road when they got there, but afore George 'ad settled with the cabman there was a policeman moving the crowd on and arf the wipers in the road up. By the time George 'ad paid 'im and the cabman 'ad told 'im wot he looked like, Gerty and Ted 'ad disappeared indoors, all the lights was out, and, in a state of mind that wotn't bear thinking of, George walked 'ome to his lodging."

Bob was asleep when he got there, but he woke 'im up and told 'im about it, and then arter a time he said that he thought Bob ought to pay arf because he 'ad saved 'is life."

"Cert'nly not," said Bob. "We're quits now; that was the arrangement. I only wish it was me spending the money on her. I shouldn't grumble."

George didn't get a wink of sleep all night for thinking of the money he 'ad



Afore George 'ad settled with the cabman there was a policeman moving the crowd.

spent, and next day when he went round he 'ad almost made up 'is mind to tell Bob that if he liked to pay up the money he could 'ave Gerty back; but she looked so pretty, and praised 'im up so much for 'is generosity, that he began to think better of it. One thing he was determined on, and that was never to spend money like that again for fifty Gerts."

There was a very sensible man there that evening that George liked very much. His name was Uncle Joe, and when Gerty was praising George to 'is face for the money he 'ad been spending, Uncle Joe, instead of looking pleased, shook his 'ead over it."

"Young people will be young people, I know," he said, "but still I don't approve of extravagance. Bob Evans would never 'ave spent all that money over you."

"Bob Evans ain't everybody," said Mrs. Mitchell, standing up for Gerty."

"He was steady, anyway," said Uncle Joe. "Besides, Gerty ought not to ha' let Mr. Crofts spend his money like that. She could ha' prevented it if she'd ha' put 'er foot down and insisted on it."

He was so solemn about it that everybody began to feel a bit upset, and Gerty borrowed Ted's pocket 'andkerchief, and then wiped 'er eyes on the cuff of her dress instead."

"Well, well," said Uncle Joe. "I don't mean to be 'ard, but don't do it no more. You are young people, and can't afford it."

"We must 'ave a little pleasure sometimes," said Gerty.

"Yes, I know," said Uncle Joe, "but

there's moderation in everything. Look 'ere, it's time somebody paid for Mr. Crofts. Tomorrow's Saturday, and, if you like, I'll 'tote you all to the Crystal Palace."

Gerty jumped off 'er chair and kissed 'im, while Mrs. Mitchell said she knew 'is bark was worse than 'is bite, and asked 'im who was wasting his money now."

"You meet me at London Bridge station at 2 o'clock," said Uncle Joe, getting up to go. "It ain't extravagance for a man as can afford it."

He shook 'ands with George Crofts and went, and arter George 'ad stayed long enough to hear a lot of things about Uncle Joe which made 'im think they'd got on very well together, he went off too."

They all turned up very early the next afternoon, and Gerty was dressed so nice that George couldn't take his eyes off of her. Besides her there was Mrs. Mitchell and Ted and a friend of 'is named Charlie Smith."

They waited some time, but Uncle Joe didn't turn up, and they all got looking at the clock and talking about it and 'oping he wouldn't make 'em miss the train."

"Here he comes!" said Ted, at last. Uncle Joe came rushing in, puffing and blowing as though he'd bust. "Take 'em on by this train, will you?" he said, catching 'old of George by the arm. "I've just been stopped by a bit of business I must do, and I'll come on by the next, or as soon arter as I can."

He rushed off again, puffing and blowing 'is 'ardest, in such a hurry that he forgot to give George the money for the tickets. However, George borrowed a pencil of Mrs. Mitchell in the train and put down on paper 'ow much they cost, and Mrs. Mitchell said if George didn't like to remind 'im she would."

They left young Ted and Charlie to stay near the station when they got to the palace, Uncle Joe 'aving forgotten to say where he'd meet 'em, but train arter train came without 'im, and at last the two boys gave it up."

"We're sure to run across 'im sooner or later," said Gerty. "Let's 'ave something to eat. I'm so hungry."

George said something about buns and milk, but Gerty took 'im up sharp. "Buns and milk?" she said. "Why, uncle would never forgive us if we spoilt his treat like that."

She walked into a refreshment place, and they 'ad cold meat and bread and pickles and beer and tarts and cheese, till even young Ted said he'd 'ad enough, but still they couldn't see any signs of Uncle Joe. They went on to the roundabouts to look for 'im and then into all sorts of shows at sixpence a head, but still there was no sign of 'im, and George 'ad 'ad to start on a fresh bit of paper to put down wot he'd spent."

"I suppose he must ha' been detained on important business," said Gerty at last.

"Unless it's one of 'is jokes," said Mrs. Mitchell, shaking her 'ead. "You know wot your uncle is, Gerty."

"There now, I never thought of that," said Gerty, with a start. "Dr'papa it is."

"Joke?" said George, choking and staring from one to the other.

"I was wondering where he'd get the money from," said Mrs. Mitchell to Gerty. "I see it all now. I never see such a man for a bit of fun in all my born days. And the solemn way he went on last night too. Why, he must ha' been laughing in 'is sleeve all the time. It's as good as a play."

"Look here," said George, 'ardly able to speak. "Do you mean to tell me he never meant to come?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mrs. Mitchell, "knowing wot he is. But don't you worry; I'll give 'im a bit of my mind when I see 'im."

George Crofts felt as though he'd burst, and then he got his breath, and the things he said about Uncle Joe was so awful that Mrs. Mitchell told the boys to go away."

"How dare you talk of my uncle like that?" said Gerty, rising up.

"You forgot yourself, George," said Mrs. Mitchell. "You'll like 'im when you get to know 'im better."

"Don't you call me George," said George Crofts, turning on 'er. "I've been done, that's wot I've been. I 'ad E14 when I was paid off, and it's melting like butter."

"Well, we've enjoyed ourselves," said Gerty. "And that's what money was given us for. I'm sure those two boys 'ave 'ad a splendid time, thanks to you. Don't go and spoil all by a little bit of temper."

"Temper!" said George, turning on 'er. "I've done with you. I wouldn't marry you if you paid me."

"Oh, indeed?" said Gerty. "But if you think you can get out of it like that you're mistaken. I've lost my young man through you, and I'm not going to lose you too. I'll send my two big cousins round to see you tomorrow."

"They won't put up with no nonsense, I can tell you," said Mrs. Mitchell. She called the boys to her, and then she and Gerty, arter holding their 'eads very high and staring at George, went off and left 'im alone. He went straight off 'ome, counting 'is money all the way and trying to make it more, and arter telling Bob 'ow he'd been treated and trying hard to get 'im to go shares in 'is losses, packed up 'is things and cleared out all boiling over with temper."

Bob was so dazed he couldn't make 'ead or tail out of it, but he went round to see Gerty the first thing next morning, and she explained things to him."

"I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much," she said, wiping her eyes. "But I've 'ad enough gadding about for once, and if you come round this evening we'll have a nice quiet time together looking at the furniture shops."

"We must 'ave a little pleasure sometimes," said Gerty.

"Yes, I know," said Uncle Joe, "but

NEWS OF COTTAGE GROVE AND VICINITY

At the meeting of the Woodmen of the World held last Friday evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

Consul—J. W. Eddy.
A. L.—C. P. Walker.
Banker—C. H. Chamberlain.
Clerk—D. H. Van Den Berg.
Escort—Louis McKibben.
Watchman—P. N. Gill.
Sentry—D. H. Ribble.
Manager (18 months)—F. H. Rosenberg.

The circle at their meeting also elected officers as follows:

Past G. N.—Mrs. Kate Veatch.
G. N.—Mrs. Marguerite Johnson.
Advisers—Mrs. Jennie G. Rosenberg.
Magician—Mrs. Elmina Jenkins.
Attendant—Miss Nellie Richmond.
Captain of Guards—Mrs. Mary Van Denburg.
Inner Sentinel—Mrs. Laura Hastings.
Outer Sentinel—F. H. Rosenberg.
Musician—Eunice Van Denberg.
Manager—Corra Awbrey.

The local baseball team was beaten last Sunday in a match game with a team of country boys from Pleasant Hill. The farmers had too many curves for their city antagonists. At the end of the game the score was 6 to 1 against the home team. A return game at Pleasant Hill is scheduled for next Sunday.

Cottage Grove is being treated quite well this week in the matter of cars. For the six days ending Tuesday evening 69 cars had been received for loading at this station. While the mills have not resumed sawing the stock of lumber on the docks is shrinking. The S. P. Co. will be benefited as well as the mill men, for while there are but few cars, there were few dollars as well for the company's treasury.

C. W. Wallace and N. E. Compton, two of Cottage Grove's enterprising young business men, have bought the general merchandise store of H. Venase and will take possession about the 24th of this month. The new firm needs no introduction to our people.

The Willamette Valley Company yesterday, June 5, commenced the day service at the power house. Hereafter the dark days will be more tolerable.—Leader and Western Oregon.

SOME REAL ESTATE BARGAINS THIS WEEK

FOR SALE.
21 acres 5-12 miles from Eugene; good spring; good house and barn, for \$1700.

FOR SALE.
10-room house; good windmill; lot 100x160; plenty of fruit of all kinds. This house is finished throughout with oak and ash. Easy payments. Price, \$4000.

FOR SALE.
Five-room cottage ten minutes' walk from postoffice. Lot 60x160. Price, \$1300.

EUGENE REAL ESTATE & INVESTMENT CO.,
541 Willamette Street,
Phone Main 78.

THERE ARE FEW people who know how to take care of themselves—the majority do not. The liver is the most important organ in the body. Herbine will keep it in condition. V. C. Simpkins, Albu, Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for chills and fever and find it the best medicine I ever used. I would not be without it. It is as good for children as it is for grown-up people and I recommend it. It is fine for la grippe." Linn Drug Co.

MOTHER'S KITCHEN
Seventh and Oak streets, has opened under new management. Good board and room by the day, week or month. First-class home cooking. Chicken dinner every Sunday.
MRS. S. Y. ABBOTT.

ANCIENT ROME
Is now merely a memory of the past. Ballard's Snow Liniment is the family liniment of the twentieth century. A positive cure for rheumatism, burns, cuts, sprains, neuralgia, etc. Mr. C. H. Runyon, Stanberry, Mo., writes: "I have used Snow Liniment for rheumatism and all pain. I can't say enough in its praise." Linn Drug Co.

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Registration of Land Title.

In the circuit court of the State of Oregon for the county of Lane.

In the matter of the application of Joseph Nurte to register the title to the land in the said application described, as follows:

Beginning at a point on the south line of the Prior F. Blair donation land claim number 39, in section 35, township 1