The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

My plan was to lay this dagger on Mr. Grey's desk at a moment when he would be sure to see it and I to see him. If he betrayed guilty knowledge of this fatal steel; if, unconscious of my presence, he showed surprise and apprehension, then we should know how to proceed; justice would be freed from constraint and the police let at liberty to approach him. It was a delicate task, this. I realized how delicate when I had thrust the stiletto out of sight under my nurse's apron and started to cross the hall. Should I find the library clear? Would the opportunity be given me to approach his desk, or should I have to carry this guilty witness of a work of fiendish crime on into Miss Grey's room and with its unholy outline press for a semblance of itself upon my breast sit at that innocent pillow, meet those innocent eyes and answer the gentle inquiries which now and then fell from the sweetest lips I have ever seen smile into the face of a lonely, preoccupied stranger?

The arrangement of the rooms was such as made it necessary for me to pass through this sitting room in order to reach my patient's bedroom.

With careful tread, so timid as not to appear stealthy, I accordingly advanced and pushed open the door. The room was empty. Mr. Grey was still with his daughter and I could cross the floor without fear. But never had I entered upon a task requiring more courage or one more obnoxious to my natural instincts. I hated each step I took, but I loved the man for whom I took those steps, and moved resolutely on. Only, as I reached the chair in which Mr. Grey was accustomed to sit, I found that it was easier to plan an action than to carry it out. Home life and the domestic virtues had always appealed to me more than a man's greatness. The position which this man held in his own country, his usefulness there, even his prestige as statesman and scholar, were facts, but very dreamy facts, to me, while his feelings as a father, the place he held in his daughter's heart—these were real to me, these I could understand, and it was of these and not of his place as a man that this his favorite seat spoke to me. How often had I beheld him sit by the hour with his eyes on the door behind which his one darling lay ill! Even now it was easy for me to read his face as I had sometimes caught a glimpse of it through the crack of the suddenly opened door, and I felt my breast heave and my hand falter as I drew forth the stiletto and moved to place it where his glance would fall upon it on his leaving his daughter's bedside.

But my hand returned quickly to my breast and fell back again empty. A pile of letters lay before me on the open lid of the desk. The top one was addressed to me with the word "Important" written in the corner. I did not know the writing, but I felt that I should open and read this letter before committing myself or those who stood back of me to this desperate undertaking.

Glancing behind me and seeing that the door into Miss Grey's room was ajar, I caught up this letter and rushed with it back into my own room. As I unfolded it, I was from the inspector, and as I read it I realized that I had received it not one moment too soon. Its language purposely noncommittal, yet of a meaning not to be mistaken, it advised me that some unforeseen facts had come to light which altered all former suspicions and made the little surprise I had planned no longer necessary.

There was no allusion to Mr. Durand, but the final sentence ran:

"Drop all care and give your undivided attention to your patient."

CHAPTER XIII.

My patient slept that night, but I did not. The shock given by this sudden cry of "Halt!" at the very moment I was about to make my great move, the uncertainty as to what it meant and my doubt of its effect upon Mr. Durand's position put me on the anxious seat and kept my thoughts fully occupied till morning.

I was very tired and must have shown it when, with the first rays of a very meager sun, Miss Grey softly unclosed her eyes and found me looking at her, for her smile had a sweet compassion in it, and she said as she pressed my hand:

"You must have watched me all night. I never saw any one look so tired—or so cross!" she softly finished.

I had rather she had not uttered that last phrase. It did not fit me at the moment—did not fit me perhaps at any time. Good—I, when my thoughts had been with her, but with Mr. Durand, when the contesting feelings in my breast were not that of relief, but of regret that I had not known, before the event, to my own satisfaction, if it was at the eyes of untold anguish in the poor young girl, upon whose good the very thought of crime would cast a deadly blight.

I must have flushed—certainly I showed some embarrassment—or our eyes brightened with sly laughter as she whispered:

"You do not like to be praised—another of your virtues. You have too many. I have only one—I love my friends."

She did. One could see that love was life to her.

For an instant I trembled. How need I had been to wrecking this gentle soul! Was she safe yet? I was not sure. My own doubts were not satisfied. I awaited the paper with forced impatience. There might contain news. News of what? Ah, that was the question!

"You will become one of us this morning, will you not?" she asked as I buried myself about her.

"That's for the doctor to say," I smiling. "You are certainly better this morning."

"It is so hard for me not to be able to read his letters, or to write a word to relieve his anxiety."

Thus she lost me for heart's secret, and unconsciously added another burden to my already too heavy load.

I was on my way to give some orders about my patient's breakfast, when Mr. Grey came into the sitting room and met me face to face. He had a newspaper in his hand and my heart stood still as I noted his altered looks and disturbed manner. Were these due to anything he had found in those columns? It was with difficulty that I kept my eyes from the paper which he held in such a manner as to disclose its glaring headlines. These I dared not read with his eyes fixed on mine.

"How is Miss Grey? How is my daughter?" he asked in great haste and uneasiness. "Is she better this morning, or—worse?"

"Better." I assured him, and was greatly astonished to see his brow instantly clear.

"Only?" he asked. "You really can't love her better? The doctor says so, but I have not very much faith in doctors in a case like this," he added.

"I have seen no reason to distrust them," I protested. "Miss Grey's illness, while severe, does not appear to be of an alarming nature. But then, I have had very little experience out of the hospital. I am young yet, Mr. Grey."

He looked as if he quite agreed with me in this estimate of myself, and, with a brow still clouded, passed into his daughter's room, the paper in his hand. Before I joined them I found and scanned another journal. Expecting great things, I was both surprised and disappointed to find only a small paragraph devoted to the Fairbrother case. In this it was stated that the authorities hoped for new light on this mystery as soon as they had located a certain witness, whose connection with the crime they had just discovered. No more, no less, than was contained in Inspector Dalzell's letter. How could I bear it—the suspense, the doubt—and do my duty to my patient! Happily, I had no choice. I had been adjudged equal to this business and I must prove myself to be so. Perhaps my courage would revive after I had had my breakfast; perhaps then I should be able to fix upon the identity of the new witness—something which I found myself incapable of at this moment.

These thoughts were on my mind as I crossed the rooms on my way back to Miss Grey's bedside. By the time I reached her door I was outwardly calm, as her first words showed:

"Oh, the cheerful smile! It makes me feel better in spite of myself."

If she could have seen into my heart!

Mr. Grey, who was leaning over the foot of the bed, cast me a quick glance which was not without its suspicion. Had he detected me playing a part, or were such doubts as he displayed the product simply of his own uneasiness? It was not able to decide, and with this unanswered question added to the number already troubling me I was forced to face the day which, for aught I knew, might bring the revelation of many others equally trying and unsatisfactory.

But help was near. Before noon I received a message from my uncle to the effect that if I could be spared he would be glad to see me at his home as near 3 o'clock as possible. What could be want of me? I could not guess, and it was with great inner perturbation that, having won Mr. Grey's permission, I responded to his summons.

I found my uncle awaiting me in a carriage before his own door, and I took my seat at his side without the least idea of his purpose. I supposed that he had planned this ride that he might talk to me more privately than without danger of interruption he could do in his house, but with Mr. Durand's fate still in the balance I felt that the one topic we should discuss was not that of relief, but of regret that I had not known, before the event, to my own satisfaction, if it was at the eyes of untold anguish in the poor young girl, upon whose good the very thought of crime would cast a deadly blight.

"It cannot be that you are taking me to see Mr. Durand?"

"No," said he and said no more.

"Ah, police headquarters?" I faltered as the carriage made another turn and drew up before a building I had reason to remember. "Uncle, what am I to do here?"

"See a friend," he answered as he helped me to alight. Then as I followed him in some bewilderment he whispered in my ear: "Inspector Dalzell. He wants a few minutes' conversation with you."

Oh, the weight which fell from my shoulders at these words! I was to hear, then, what had intervened between me and my purpose. The weary night I had passed gave me to be it lighted with some small spark of knowledge, and confidence enough in the kind-hearted inspector to be sure of it. I caught at my uncle's arm and squeezed it delightedly, quite oblivious of the curious glances I must have received from the curious officials we passed on our way to the inspector's office.

We found him waiting for us, and I experienced such pleasure at sight of his kind and earnest face that I hardly noticed uncle's sly retreat till the door closed behind him.

"Oh, Inspector, what has happened?" I impatiently demanded in answer to his greeting—something that will not disturb Mr. Durand without disturbing Miss Grey—have you as good news for me as I hope?"

"I think so," he answered, moving up a chair and motioning me to it with a father's air which, under the circumstances, was more discouraging than consolatory. "We have simply heard of a new witness, or, rather, a fact has come to light which has turned our inquiries into a new direction."

"And—and—you cannot tell me what this fact is?" I faltered as he showed no intention of adding anything to this very unsatisfactory explanation.

"I should not, but you were willing to do so much for us I must set aside my principles a little and do something for you. After all, it is only forestalling the reporters by a day. Miss Van Arsdale, this is the story: Yesterday morning a man was shown into this room and said that he had information to give which might possibly prove to have some bearing on the Fairbrother case. I had seen the man before and recognized him at the first glance as one of the witnesses who made the largest unnecessarily tedious. Do you remember Jones, the caterer, who had only two or three facts to give and yet who used up the whole afternoon in trying to state those facts?"

"I do, indeed," I answered.

"Well, he was the man, and I own that I was some delighted to see him. But he was more at his ease with me than I expected, and I soon learned what he had to tell. It was this: One of his men had suddenly left him, one of his very best men—one of those who had been with him in the capacity of waiter at the Ramsdell ball. It was not uncommon for his men to leave him, but they usually gave notice. This man gave no notice. He simply did not show up at the usual hour. This was a week or two ago. Jones, having a liking for the man, who was an excellent waiter, sent a messenger to his lodging house to see if he were ill. But he had left his lodgings with as little ceremony as he had left the caterer.

"This under ordinary circumstances would have ended the business; but, there being some great function in prospect, Jones did not feel like losing so good a man without making an effort to recover him, so he looked up his references in the hope of obtaining some clew to his present whereabouts. He kept all such matters in a special book and expected to have no trouble in finding the man's name, James Wellgood, or that of his former employer, but when he came to consult this book he was astonished to find his name was not there. Nothing was recorded against this man's name but the date of his first employment—March 15.

"Had he hired him without a recommendation? He would not be likely to, yet there it was clear of all reference; only the name and the date. But the date! You have already noted its significance, and Jones did too. The day of the Ramsdell ball! The day of the great murder! As he recalled the incidents of that day he understood why the record of Wellgood's name was unaccompanied by the usual reference. It had been a busy day all round. The function was an important one and the weather bad. There was, besides, an unusual shortage in his number of assistants. Two men had that very morning been laid up with sickness, and when this able looking, self confident Wellgood presented himself for immediate employment he took him out of hand with the merest glance at what looked like a very satisfactory reference.

"Later, he had intended to look up this reference, which he had been careful to preserve by sticking it, along with other papers, on his spike file. But in the distractions following the outward events of the evening he had neglected to do so, feeling perfectly satisfied with the man's work and general behavior. Now it was a different thing. The man had left his situation and he felt impelled to hunt up the person who had recommended him and see whether this was the best time that Wellgood had repaid good treatment with bad. Running through the papers with which his file was now full he found that the one he sought was not there. This caused him great annoyance, for he was very, very anxious to find this man, and he had set out on this quest with the sanguine feeling that he should be able to put his hand on him at once. Jones, who was a good man himself, for he had risen from the ranks, and who, therefore, had no sympathy with the shiftless, was not willing to let the matter drop at this point, and he and his wife, who was a very good woman, he was not there to oversee, is his steward and general factotum."

"Oh! And it was he who recommended Wellgood?"

"Yes."

"And did Mr. Jones see him?"

"No. The house, you remember, is closed. Mr. Fairbrother, on leaving town gave his servants a vacation. His steward he took with him—that is, they started together. But we heard no mention made of him in our telegrams from Santa Fe. He does not seem to have followed Mr. Fairbrother into the mountains."

"You say that in a peculiar way," I remarked.

"Because it has struck us peculiarly. Where is Sears now? And why did he not go on with Mr. Fairbrother when he left home with every apparent intention of accompanying him to the Placide mine? Miss Van Arsdale, we were impressed with this fact when we heard of Mr. Fairbrother's lonely trip from where he was taken ill to his mine outside of Santa Fe, but we have only given it its due importance since hearing what has come to us today.

The boy confessed.

"Miss Van Arsdale," continue the inspector as I looked up quickly, "I am going to tell you what our men have learned about this Sears. As I have said before, it is but forestalling the reporters by a day, and it may help you to understand why I sent you such peremptory orders to stop when your whole heart was fixed on an attempt by which you hoped to right Mr. Durand. We cannot afford to disturb so distinguished a person as the one you have under your eye, while the least hope remains of fixing this crime elsewhere. And we have such hope. This man, this Sears, is by no means the simple character one would expect from his position.

"Considering the short time we have had it was only yesterday that Jones found his way into this office, we have unearthed some very interesting facts in his regard. His devotion to Mr. Fairbrother was never any secret, and we know as much about that the day after the murder as we do now. But the feelings with which he regarded Mrs. Fairbrother—well, that is another thing—and it was not till last night we heard that the attachment which bound him to her was of the sort which takes no account of youth or age, fitness or unfitness. He was no Adonis, and old enough, we are told, to be her father; but for all that we have found several persons who can tell strange stories of the persistence with which his eager old eyes would follow her whenever chance threw them together during the time she remained under her husband's roof, and others who relate how, on more striking lines, after her removal to Continental Europe, he used to spend hours in the adjoining park that he might catch a glimpse of her form as she crossed the threshold on her way to and from her carriage. Indeed, his somewhat almost senile passion for this magnificent beauty became a byword in some months and it only escaped being mentioned at the inquest from respect to Mr. Fairbrother, who had never recognized the weakness in his steward and from its lack of visible connection with her horrible death and the stealing of her great jewel. Nevertheless, we have a witness now—it is astonishing how many witnesses we can secure up by a little effort, who never thought of coming forward themselves—who can swear to having seen him one night shaking his fist at her retreating figure as she stepped haughtily by him into her apartment house. This witness is sure that the man he saw thus gesticulating was Sears, and he is sure the woman was Mrs. Fairbrother. The only thing he is not sure of is how his own wife will feel when she hears that he was in that particular neighborhood on that particular evening, when he was evidently supposed to be somewhere else." And the inspector laughed.

"Is the steward's disposition a bad one?" I asked, "that this display of feeling should impress you so much?"

"I don't know what to say about that yet. Opinions differ on this point. His friends speak of him as the oddest kind of a man, who without native executive skill could not manage the great household he has in charge. His enemies—and we have unearthed a few—say, on the contrary, that they have never had any confidence in his capacity; that these were matters of speculation with the fact of his having been a California miner in the early fifties.

"You can see I am putting you very nearly where we are ourselves. Nor do I see why I should not add that this position of the seemingly satisfied but really hotheaded steward for a woman, who never showed him anything but what he might call an insulting indifference, struck us as a clew to be worked up, especially after we received this answer to a telegram we sent late last night to the nurse who is caring for Mr. Fairbrother in New Mexico."

He handed me a small yellow slip, and I read:

The steward left Mr. Fairbrother at El Moro. He has not heard from him since.

ANNITTA LA SERRA,
For Abner Fairbrother.

"At El Moro?" I cried. "Why, that was long enough ago!"

"For him to have reached New York before the murder. Exactly so, if he took advantage of every close connection."

CHAPTER XIV.

I CAUGHT my breath sharply. I did not say a thing. I felt that I did not understand this inspector sufficiently yet to speak. He seemed to be pleased with my reticence. At all events, his manner grew even kinder as he said:

"This Sears is a witness we must have. He is being looked for now, high and low, and we hope to get some clew to his whereabouts before night—that is, if he is in this city. Meanwhile we are all glad—I am sure you are also—to spare so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Grey the slightest annoyance."

"And Mr. Durand? What of him in this interim?"

"We will have to await developments. I see no other way, my dear."

It was kindly said, but my heart drooped. This waiting was what was killing him and killing me. The inspector saw and gently patted my hand.

"Come," said he, "you have head enough to see that it is never wise to force matters." Then, possibly with an intention of rousing me, he remarked: "There is another small fact which may interest you. It concerns the waiter, Wellgood, recommended, as you will remember, by this Sears. In my talk with Jones it leaked out as a matter of small moment, and so it was to him, that this Wellgood was the waiter who ran and picked up the diamond after it fell from Mrs. Grey's hand."

"Ah!"

"This may mean nothing—it meant nothing to Jones—but I inform you of it because there is a question I want to put to you in this connection. You saw—"

"Did I?" I meekly answered. "I do not know why."

This was not true. I had been waiting to see why the inspector had so honored me with all these disclosures, almost with his thoughts. Now I saw. He desired something in return.

"You were on the scene at this very moment," he proceeded, after a brief contemplation of my face, "and you must have seen this man when he lifted the jewel and handed it back to Mr. Grey. Did you remark his features?"

"No, sir; I was too far off. Besides, my eyes were on Mr. Grey."

"That is a pity. I was in hopes you could satisfy me on a very important point."

"What point is that, Inspector Dalzell?"

"Whether he answered the following description." And, taking up another paper, he was about to read it aloud to me, when an interruption occurred. A man showed himself at the door whom the inspector no sooner recognized than he seemed to forget me in his eagerness to interrogate him. Perhaps the appearance of the latter had something to do with it. He looked as if he had been running or had been the victim of some extraordinary adventure. At all events, the inspector arose as he entered and was about to question him when he remembered me, and, casting about for some means of ridding himself of my presence without injury to my feelings, he suddenly pushed open the door of an adjoining room and requested me to step inside while he talked a moment with this man.

(Continued Next Friday.)

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

On Execution and Order of Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an Execution and Order of Sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane on the 23rd day of March, 1908, in a suit wherein L. Simons was plaintiff and Burton S. Kelsay, Eliza C. Kelsay, The First National Bank, of Eugene, Oregon, a corporation, E. T. Bushnell and George O. B. DeBar were defendants, and said Execution and Order of Sale and decree being as follows, to-wit:

Whereas, on the 5th day of March, 1908, in the above-named Court a Decree was rendered in favor of the above-named plaintiff and against the above-named defendants.

And Whereas, it was further ordered and decreed by the Court that all and singular the mortgaged premises mentioned in the said complaint and hereinafter described, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to raise the amount due the plaintiff for the principal, interest, taxes, assessment, attorney fees, and the costs of this suit and the expenses of the sale, and which may be sold separately and without injury to the parties interested be sold at public auction by the Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon, in the manner prescribed by law, and according to the course and practice of this Court, and that the said Sheriff, after the time allowed by law for redemption has expired, execute a deed to the purchaser or purchasers of the said premises, on the said sale.

That the said Sheriff, out of the proceeds of the said sale, retain his fees, disbursements, and costs of said sale, and pay to the plaintiff, or to his attorney, L. M. Travis, Esq., out of the said proceeds, the sum, first of $270.00 reasonable attorney fees, and the sum of $15.80 costs of suit, and pay to the plaintiff the sum of $2,700.00 in Gold Coin of the United States of America, at 8 per cent per annum from November 23rd, 1908, in like Gold Coin, and for the sum of $41.16 taxes, with interest at 6 per cent per annum from March 14th, 1907, and for the sum of $190.94, taxes and assessment, with interest at 6 per cent per annum from February 18th, 1908, making a total of the sum of $3251.29 in Gold Coin of the United States of America, or so much thereof as the proceeds of the said sale will pay of the same.

That in the event the said sale shall bring more than the said sum of $3251.29, the said sum aforesaid, then the surplus over the said sum of $3251.29 shall be applied, so long as it will last, as follows:

I. First National Bank, Eugene, Oregon, a corporation, the sum of $300.00, less whatever sum they be enabled to obtain from other security they have for the said sum.

II. L. Simons, assignee of judgment of L. M. Travis, for the sum of $86.37 with interest at 6 per cent per annum from April 2nd, 1907.

III. Geo. O'B. DeBar, assignee of E. T. Bushnell, for the sum of $198.50, with interest at 6 per cent per annum from March 2nd, 1908, and $12.80 costs.

IV. Geo. O'B. DeBar, for the sum of $124.53, at 4 per cent interest from December 17th, 1907.

That the defendants, Burton S. Kelsay, Eliza C. Kelsay, the First National Bank, a corporation, E. T. Bushnell and Geo. O'B. DeBar, and all persons claiming under them, and all persons having liens subsequent to the execution of the said deed construed as a mortgage, by judgment or decree upon the land described in said deed construed as a mortgage, and all their representatives, and all persons having any lien or claim by or under such subsequent judgment or decree and their heirs and representatives, and all persons claiming to have acquired any estate or interest in said premises subsequent to the filing of the said notice of the pendancy of this action with the aforesaid Clerk, be forever barred and foreclosed of and from all equity of redemption and claim of, in or to said premises, from and after the delivery of the Sheriff's deed to the said premises.

And it is further adjudged and decreed that the purchaser of the said premises be let into the possession thereof, and that any of the parties to this suit who may be in possession thereof, or any part thereof, or any person who since the commencement of this suit has come into the possession thereof, shall deliver possession thereof, to the purchaser.

And it is further adjudged and decreed that if the monies arising from the said sale shall be insufficient to pay the amount so found to be due the plaintiffs set out aforesaid, with interest, taxes, attorney fees, assessments, costs and disbursements, and expense of sale and of the publication, then the Sheriff shall specify the balance due to the plaintiff by his return of such sale, and that on the coming in and filing of the said return, the Clerk of the Court shall docket the same in the Judgment Docket of said Court, as a judgment in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants Burton S. Kelsay and Eliza C. Kelsay, and that said defendants shall pay to plaintiff said amount, and that plaintiff may have an execution therefor.

The lands and premises directed to be sold by this decree are situate, lying and being in the City of Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, and are bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Lots Number Two (2) and Three (3), in Block Number Two (2) in Kelsay's First Addition to Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said Execution and Decree as above recited, I will in pursuance of said decree and order of sale offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder, subject to redemption all of the right, title and interest of the above named defendants, or either of them in the above described premises set forth in the decree of the Court, at the south west door of the County Court House in Lane County, Lane County, Oregon, on Monday, the 11th day of May, 1908, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., to-wit: at 1 o'clock p. m. on said day in order to satisfy the decree and judgment with interest, costs and accruing costs.

Dated this 2d day of April, 1908.

FRED FISK,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Estate of Isaac H. Tyler, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, George A. Drury, executor of the above named estate, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate with the county court of Lane county, Oregon, and that Monday, the 6th day of April, 1908, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, has been set and fixed by said court for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate; and all objections to said account must be filed with said court on or before the said time and date so fixed by said court for said final hearing and final settlement.

Dated this 14th day of February, 1908.

GEORGE A. DRURY,
Administrator of said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Joseph H. Stone, deceased, has filed his final account with the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, and an order has been made and entered of record directing the notice and setting Monday, the 6th day of April, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the hearing of objections, if any, to said account and for the final settlement of said estate.

RALPH W. STONE,
Administrator of the estate of Joseph H. Stone, deceased.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Estate of George Drury, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, George A. Drury, administrator of the above-named estate, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate with the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon, and that Monday, the 6th day of April, 1908, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, has been set and fixed by said court for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate; and all objections to said account must be filed with said court on or before the said time and date so fixed by said court for said final hearing and final settlement.

Dated this 14th day of February, 1908.

GEORGE A. DRURY.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, March 2, 1908.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Harrison K. Sharp, contestant, against homestead entry No. 10637, made April 23, 1901, for W. ½, N. E. ¼, S. E. ¼, N. E. ¼, and N. E. ¼ S. E. ¼, Section 8, Township 19 S., Range 6 W., by Mackwood Hopper, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Mackwood Hopper never established his residence thereon, has never built any house thereon or improved any part thereof, and has never lived thereon, but at all times since making said entry has lived and has had his residence elsewhere, and has wholly abandoned the said entry so made by him; and that said alleged absence was not due to employment in the military or naval service of the United States of America in time of war, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m., on April 4, 1908, before W. W. Calkins, United States Commissioner, in his office at Eugene, Oregon, (and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on April 18, 1908, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 2, 1908, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register

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