# 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 XIV—(Continued.)

...course I went, but I cast him an ...ething look as I did so. It evident... had its effect, for his expression ...ained as his hand fell on the door... Would he snap the lock tight. ...d so shut me out from what con... me as much as it did any one ...e whole world? Or would he recog... my anxiety—the necessity I was ...er of knowing just the ground I ...s standing on—and let me hear what ...s man had to report?

I watched the door. It closed slow... too slowly to latch. Would he ...sh it anew to the knob? No; he ...t it thus, and, while the crack was ...ly perceptible, I felt confident that ...least shake of the floor would wid... it and give me the opportunity I ...ght. But I did not have to wait ...this. The two men in the office I ...st left began to speak and, to ...unbounded relief, were sufficiently ...udible even now to warrant me in ...ing them my fullest attention.

After some expressions of astonish... on the part of the inspector as to ...e plight in which the other presented ...self, the latter broke out:

"I've just escaped death! I'll tell ...u about that later. What I want to ...w you now is that the man we want ...s in town. I saw him last night or ...s shadow, which is the same thing, ...as in the house in Eighty-sixth ...et, the house they all think closed. ...e came in with a key and"—

"Wait! You have him?"

"No. It's a long story, sir"—

"Tell it!"

The tone was dry. The inspector was ...idently disappointed.

"Don't blame me till you hear," said ...e other. "He is no common crook. ...is how it was: You wanted the ...per's photograph and a specimen ...is writing. I knew no better place ...ook for them than in his own room ...the Fairbrother's house. I accord... got the necessary warrant and ...t that evening undertook the job. I ...t those—I was always an egotis... chap, more's the pity—and with ...other precaution than a passing ...mation to the officer I met at the ...er I hastened up the block to the ...e entrance on Eighty-seventh street. ...re are three doors to the Fairbroth... house, as you probably know, two ...Eighty-sixth street (the large front ...e and a small one connecting direct... with the turret stairs) and one on ...ighty-seventh street. It was to the ...er I had a key. I do not think any ...e saw me go in. It was raining, and ...h people as went by were more ...ccupied in keeping their umbrellas ...perly over their heads than in ...oking men skulking about in door...s.

"I got in, then, all right, and, being ...ful to close the door behind me, ...t up the first short flight of steps ...what I knew must be the main hall. ...d been given a plan of the interior, ...d I had studied it more or less before ...rting out, but I knew that I should ...lost if I did not keep to the rear ...house, at the top of which I ex...ted to find the steward's room. ...re was a faint light in the house, in ...e of its closed shutters and tightly ...wn shades, and having a certain ...d of using my torch, knowing my ...kness for pretty things and how ...t it would be for me to pass so ...y fine rooms without looking in, ...ade my way up stairs, with no oth... guide than the handrail. When I ...reached what I took to be the third ..., I stopped. Finding it very dark, ...rt listened—a natural instinct with ...then I lit up and looked about me. ...was in a large hall, empty as a ...t and almost as desolate. Blank ...s met my eyes in all directions, ...n here and there an open passage... I felt myself in a maze. I had ...den which was the door I sought, ...it is not pleasant to turn unaccus...ed knobs in a shut up house at mid... with the rain pouring in torrents ...the wind making pandemoniums in ...e down great chimneys.

"But it had to be done, and I went at ...t in regular order till I came to a lit... narrow one opening on the turret ... This gave me my bearings. ...e room adjoined the staircase. ...re was no difficulty in spotting the ...t door now and, merely stopping ...ose the opening I had made to this ...staircase, I crossed to this door ...d flung it open. I had been right in ...calculations. It was the steward's ..., and I made at once for the ...

"...you found?"—

"...olidly locked drawers. But a key ...my bench opened some of these and ...knife the rest. Here are the speci... of his handwriting which I col... I doubt if you will get much ...of them. I saw nothing compro... in the whole room, but then I ...d time to go through his trunks, ...e of them looked very interest... as the billhead"—

"...n't that? Why hadn't you ...? What happened to cut it ..."

"...ell, sir, I'll tell you." The tone ...ck this was said angered me if it ...for the moment. "I had just ...from the desk which had disap... me, and was casting a look ...the room, which was as bare as ...hand of everything like ornament ...might almost ... comfort—when I ...heard a noise which was not that of swishing rain or even gusty wind—these had not been absent from my ears for a moment. I didn't like that noise; it had a sneakish sound, and I shut my light off in a hurry. After that I crept hastily out of the room, for I don't like a setup in a trap.

"It was darker than ever now in the hall, or so it seemed, and as I backed away I came upon a jog in the wall behind which I crept. For the sound I had heard was no fancy. Some one else besides myself was in the house, and that some one was coming up the little turret stair, striking matches as he approached. Who could it be? A detective from the district attorney's office? I hardly thought so. He would have been provided with something better than matches to light his way. A burglar? No, not on the third floor of a house as rich as this. Some fellow on the force, then, who had seen me come in and, by some trick of his own, had managed to follow me? I would see. Meantime I kept my place behind the jog and watched, not knowing which way the intruder would go.

"Whoever he was, he was evidently astonished to see the turret door ajar, for he lit another match as he threw it open and, though I failed to get a glimpse of his figure, I succeeded in getting a very good one of his shadow. It was one to arouse a detective's instinct at once. I did not say to myself, this is the man I want, but I did say, this is nobody from headquarters, and I steadied myself for whatever might turn up.

"The first thing that happened was the sudden going out of the match which had made this shadow visible. The intruder did not light another. I heard him move across the floor with the rapid step of one who knows his way well, and the next minute a gas jet flared up in the steward's room, and I knew that the man the whole force was looking for had trapped himself.

"You will agree that it was not my duty to take him then and there without seeing what he was after. He was thought to be in the eastern states or south or west, and he was here. But why here? That is what I knew you would want to know, and it was just what I wanted to know myself. So I kept my place, which was good enough, and just listened, for I could not see.

"What was his errand? What did he want in this empty house at midnight? Papers first and then clothes. I heard him at his desk, I heard him in the closet and afterward pottering in the old trunk I had been so anxious to look into myself. He must have brought the key with him, for it was no time before I heard him throwing out the contents in a wild search for something he wanted in a great hurry.

He found it sooner than you would believe and began throwing the things back, when something happened. Expectedly or unexpectedly, his eye fell on some object which roused all his passions, and he broke into loud exclamations ending in groans. Finally he fell to kissing this object with a fervor suggesting rage and a rage suggesting tenderness carried to the point of agony. I have never heard the like. My curiosity was so aroused that I was on the point of risking everything for a look, when he gave a sudden snarl and cried out loud enough for me to hear: 'Kiss what I've hated? That is as bad as to kill what I've loved.' Those were the words. I am sure he said kiss, and I am sure he said kill."

"This is very interesting. Go on with your story. Why didn't you collar him while he was in this mood? You would have won by the surprise."

"I had no pistol, sir, and he had. I heard him cock it. I thought he was going to take his own life and held my breath for the report, but nothing like that was in his mind. Instead he laid the pistol down and deliberately tore to two the object of his anger. Then with a smothered curse he made for the door and turret staircase.

"I was for following, but not till I had seen what he had destroyed in such an excess of feeling. I thought I knew, but I wanted to feel sure. So I before risking myself in the turret I crept to the room he had left and felt about on the floor till I came upon these."

"A torn photograph? Mrs. Fairbrother's?"

"Yes. Have you not heard how he loved her? A foolish passion, but evidently sincere and"—

"Never mind comments, Sweetwater stick to facts."

"I will, sir. They are interesting enough. After I had picked up these scraps I stole back to the turret staircase. And here I made my first break. I stumbled in the darkness, and the man below heard me, for the pistol clicked again. I did not like this, and had some thoughts of backing out of my job. But I didn't. I merely waited till I heard his step again. Then I followed.

"But very warily this time. It was not an agreeable reminder to me that descending into a well impossible of ascending was death at the bottom. I crept down and presently would hear nothing but the almost imperceptible sliding of my own fingers down the curve of the wall, which was all I had to guide me. And he stopped midway and would my first intimation of his presence be the touch of cold steel on the clinging around me of two murderous arms? I had met with no break in the smooth surface of the wall, so could not have reached the second story. When I should get there the question would be whether to leave the staircase and seek him in the mazes of its great rooms or to keep on down to the parlor floor and so to the street, whither he was possibly bound. I own that I was almost tempted to turn on my light and have done with it, but I remembered of how little use I should be to you lying in this well of a stairway with a bullet in me, and so I managed to compose myself and go on as I had begun. Next instant my fingers slipped round the edge of an opening, and I knew that the moment of decision had come. Realizing that no one can move so softly that he will not give away his presence in some way, I paused for the sound which I knew must come, and when a click rose from the depths of the hall before me I plunged into that hall and thus into the house proper.

"Here it was not so dark, yet I could make out none of the objects I now and then ran against. I passed a mirror (I hardly know how I knew it to be such), and in that mirror I seemed to see the ghost of a ghost flit by and vanish. It was too much. I muttered a suppressed oath and plunged forward, when I struck against a closing door. It flew open again, and I rushed in, turning on my light in my extreme desperation, when, instead of hearing the sharp report of a pistol, as I expected, I saw a second door fall to before me, this time with a sound like the snap of a spring lock. Finding that this was so, and that all advance was barred that way, I wheeled hurriedly back toward the door by which I had entered the place, to find that that had fallen to simultaneously with the other, a single spring acting for both. I was trapped—a prisoner in the strangest sort of passageway or closet, and as a speedy look about presently assured me, a prisoner with very little hope of immediate escape, for the doors were not only immovable, without even locks to pick or panels to break in, but the place was bare of windows, and the only communication which it could be said to have with the outside world at all was a shaft rising from the ceiling almost to the top of the house. Whether this served as a ventilator, or a means of lighting up the hole when both doors were shut, it was much too inaccessible to offer any apparent way of escape.

"Never was a man more thoroughly boxed in. As I realized how little chance there was of any outside interference, how my captor, even if he was seen leaving the house by the officer on duty, would be taken for myself and so allowed to escape, I own that I felt my position a hopeless one. But anger is a powerful stimulant, and I was mortally angry, not only with Sears, but with myself. So when I was done swearing I took another look around, and, finding that there was no getting through the walls, turned my attention wholly to the shaft, which would certainly lead me out of the place if I could only find means to mount it.

"And how do you think I managed to do this at last? A look at my bedraggled, lime covered clothes may give you some idea. I cut a passage for myself up those perpendicular walls as the boy did up the face of the natural bridge in Virginia. Do you remember that old story in the reader? It came to me like an inspiration as I stood looking up from below, and, though I knew that I should have to work most of the way in perfect darkness, I decided that a man's life was worth some risk and that I had rather fall and break my neck while doing something than to spend hours in maddening inactivity, only to face death at last from slow starvation.

"I had a knife, an exceedingly good knife, in my pocket, and for the first few steps I should have the light of my electric torch. The difficulty—that is, the first difficulty—was to reach the shaft from the floor where I stood. There was but one article of furniture in the room, and that was something between a table and a desk. No chairs, and the desk was not high enough to enable me to reach the mouth of the shaft. If I could turn it on end, there might be some hope. But this did not look feasible. However, I threw off my coat and went at the thing with a vengeance, and, whether I was given superhuman power or whether the clumsy thing was not as heavy as it looked, I did finally succeed in turning it on its end close under the opening from which the shaft rose. The next thing was to get on its top. That seemed about as impossible as climbing the bare wall itself, but presently I bethought me of the drawers, and, though they were locked, I did succeed by the aid of my keys to get enough of them open to make for myself a very good pair of stairs.

"I could now see my way to the mouth of the shaft, but after that! Taking out my knife, I felt the edge. It was a good one. So was the point, but was it good enough to work holes in plaster? It depended somewhat upon the plaster. Had the masons in finishing that shaft any thought of the poor wretch who one day would have to cut his life against the hardness of their final covering? My first dig at it would tell. I own I trembled slightly at the prospect of what my first test would mean to me, and hesitated if the perspiration which I felt starting at every pore in the [illegible] of my body [illegible] I had [illegible] in my first plunge for—

"Suspense. I do not intend to have you live with me through the five mortal hours which followed. I was enabled to pierce that plaster with my knife and even to penetrate deep enough to afford a place for the tips of my fingers and afterward for the point of my toes, digging, prying, sweating, panting, listening, first for a sudden opening of the doors beneath, then for some shout or wicked interference from above as I worked my way up inch by inch, foot by foot, to what might not be safety after it was attained.

"Five hours—six. Then I struck something which proved to be a window, and when I realized this and knew that with but one more effort I should breathe freely again, I came as near falling as I had at any time before I began this terrible climb.

"Happily I had some premonition of my danger and threw myself into a position which held me till the dizzy minute passed. Then I went calmly on with my work, and in another half hour had reached the window, which, fortunately for me, not only opened inward, but was off the latch. It was with a sense of inexpressible relief that I clambered through this window and for a brief moment breathed in the pungent odor of cedar. But it could have been only for a moment. It was 8 o'clock in the afternoon before I found myself again in the outer air.

*"I worked my way up inch by inch."*

The only way I can account for the lapse of time is that the strain to which both body and nerve had been subjected was too much for even my hardy body and that I fell to the floor of the cedar closet and from a faint went into a sleep that lasted until 2. I can easily account for the last hour because it took me that long to cut the thick paneling from the door of the closet. However, I am here now, sir, and in very much the same condition in which I left that house. I thought my first duty was to tell you that I had seen Hiram Sears in that house last night and put you on his track."

I drew a long breath—I think the inspector did. I had been almost rigid from excitement, and I don't believe he was quite free from it either. But his voice was calmer than I expected when he finally said:

"I'll remember this. It was a good night's work." Then the inspector put to him some questions, which seemed to fix the fact that Sears had left the house before Sweetwater did, after which he bade him send certain men to him and then go and fix himself up.

I believe he had forgotten me. I had almost forgotten myself.

## CHAPTER XV.

NOT until the inspector had given several orders was I again summoned into his presence. He smiled as our eyes met, but did not allude, any more than I did, to what had just passed. Nevertheless we understood each other.

When I was again seated he took up the conversation where we had left it.

"The description I was just about to read to you," he went on; "will you listen to it now?"

"Gladly," said I. "It is Wellgood's, I believe."

He did not answer save by a curious glance from under his brows, but, taking the paper again from his desk, went on reading:

"A man of fifty-five looking like one of sixty. Medium height, insignificant features, head bald save for a ring of scanty dark hair. No beard, a heavy nose, long mouth and sleepy, half shut eyes capable of shooting strange glances. Nothing distinctive in face or figure save the depth of his wrinkles, and a scarcely observable stoop in his right shoulder. Do you see Wellgood in that?" he suddenly asked.

"I have only the faintest recollection of his appearance," was my doubtful reply. "But the impression I get from this description is not exactly the one I received of that waiter in the momentary glimpse I got of him."

"So others have told me before," he remarked, looking very disappointed. "The description is of Sears given me by a man who knew him well, and if we could fit the description of the one to that of the other, we should have it easy. But the few persons who have seen Wellgood differ greatly in their remembrance of his features and even of his coloring. It is astonishing how superficially most people see a man, even when they are thrown into daily contact with him. Mr. Jones says the man's eyes are gray, his hair a wig and dark, his nose pudgy, and his face without much expression; his landlady, that his eyes are blue, his hair, whether wig or not, a dusty auburn, and his look quick and piercing—a look which always made her afraid. His nose she don't remember. Both agree, or rather, all agree, that he wore no beard. Sears did, but a beard can be easily taken off—and all of them declare that they would know him instantly if they saw him. And so the matter stands. Even you can give me no definite description—one, I mean, as satisfactory or unsatisfactory as this of Sears."

I shook my head. Like the others, I felt that I should know him if I saw him, but I could go no further than that. There seemed to be so little that was distinctive about the man.

The inspector, hoping, perhaps, that all this would serve to rouse my memory, shrugged his shoulders and put the best face he could on the matter.

"Well, well," said he, "we shall have to be patient. A day may make all the difference possible in our outlook. If we can lay hands on either of these men."

He seemed to realize he had said a word too much, for he instantly changed the subject by asking if I had succeeded in getting a sample of Miss Grey's writing. I was forced to say no; that everything had been carefully put away. "But I do not know what moment I may come upon it," I added. "I do not forget its importance in this investigation."

"Very good. Those lines handed up to Mrs. Fairbrother from the walk outside are the second most valuable clew we possess."

I did not ask him what the first was. I knew. It was the stiletto.

"Strange that no one has testified to that handwriting," I remarked.

He looked at me in surprise.

"Fifty persons have sent in samples of writing which they think like it," he observed; "often of persons who never heard of the Fairbrothers. We have been bothered greatly with the business. You know little of the difficulties the police labor under."

"I know too much," I sighed.

He smiled and patted me on the hand.

"Go back to your patient," he said. "Forget every other duty but that of your calling until you get some definite word from me. I shall not keep you in suspense one minute longer than is absolutely necessary."

He had risen. I rose too. But I was not satisfied. I could not leave the room with my ideas (I might say with my convictions) in such a turmoil.

"Inspector," said I, "you will think me very obstinate, but all you have told me about Sears, all I have heard about him, in fact"—this I emphasized—"does not convince me of the entire folly of my own suspicions. Indeed, I am afraid that, if anything, they are strengthened. This steward, who is a doubtful character, I acknowledge, may have had his reasons for wishing Mrs. Fairbrother's death, may even have had a hand in the matter, but what evidence have you to show that he, himself, entered the alcove, struck the blow or stole the diamond? I have listened eagerly for some such evidence, but I have listened in vain."

(Continued Next Friday.)


# S.S.S. CURES BLOOD POISON

## A SAFE HOME TREATMENT

In S. S. S. nature has provided a certain, safe, home cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It is a medicine made entirely of roots and herbs of recognized blood-purifying value, and is the one medicine which is able to go down to the root of the trouble and remove every particle of the virus, and at the same time benefit and build up the system and general health. No harmful effects ever follow its use, as is so often the case when strong mineral medicines are used. As soon as the system gets under the influence of S. S. S. the disease begins to improve, and when the remedy has thoroughly purified the blood and driven out every trace of the poison, no signs of the trouble are ever seen again. The general manifestations of Contagious Blood Poison such as falling hair, copper-colored spots, ulcerated mouth and throat, sores and ulcers, etc., are merely symptoms of the poisoned condition of the blood, and in most cases respond quickly to local treatment, while S. S. S. is doing the necessary work of cleansing the blood. Our "Home Treatment" book is of great assistance along this line. It is a complete guide for treating the trouble, containing instructions for the different stages of the disease, and also valuable suggestions about the local treatment, that will be most helpful in effecting a cure. We will be glad to send a copy of this book, free of charge, to any who desire it, and if special medical advice is wanted our physicians will take pleasure in supplying it without cost to the patient. If you are suffering with Contagious Blood Poison you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home by the use of S. S. S., an absolutely safe remedy.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.


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. Briggs 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 $3251.39 all 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 as 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 in 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, [illegible]

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 Eugene, 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.

**Summons**

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

Bertha E. Williams, plaintiff, vs. Howard S. Williams, defendant.

To Howard S. Williams, the above-named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint of the above-named plaintiff in the above entitled court, now on file with the clerk of said court, on or before the 22d day of May, 1908, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint as hereby required the plaintiff will ask said court for the relief prayed for in her complaint so filed with the clerk of said court, to-wit:

For the dissolution of the marriage contract now existing between said plaintiff and defendant, and for an order giving and granting to plaintiff the care ad custody of the minor daughter of plaintiff and defendant, Belva Lee Williams, and for full relief in said suit.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof by the order of Hon. L. T. Harris, judge of the above entitled court, duly made at chambers in said county on the 9th day of April, 1908, requiring the first publication hereof to be made April 10, 1908, and the last publication on the 22d day of May, 1908, and that you apper on or before the 22d day of May, 1908.

L. BILYEU,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

## Candidates' Announcements

CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff, subject to the decision of the voters at the Democratic primaries on April 17. If nominated and elected I promise to perform the duties of the office to the best of my ability.

HARRY L. BOWN.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election for the Republican nomination for County Judge at the Lane county primaries, April 17, 1908.

a16 G. R. CHRISMAN.

FOR CONSTABLE

John J. Hess.—I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for constable on the Democratic ticket. Don't forget the primary April 17th.

FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR

I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for re-election to the office of county assessor, subject to the vote of the Republican party at the primary election April 17.

B. F. KEENEY.

FOR STATE REPRESENTATIVE

I am a candidate for the nomination for State Representative for Lane county on the Republican ticket.

Should I receive such nomination, and subsequently be elected, I believe I can render valuable service to the people of Lane county and of the state as their representative in the legislature, and promise my best efforts in that behalf.

W. W. CALKINS.

P. D. Newell is out for nomination for assessor April 17, on the Republican ticket.

COMMISSIONER PRICE.

County Commissioner H. M. Price is a candidate for re-election, and is meeting with much encouragement and little opposition as the campaign progresses. His record during the past four years has been such that no opposing candidate has up to this time entered the field, and his unanimous endorsement at the primaries and election now seems more than likely.


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