IX, Continued.)

nick" sneered Horrigan, two people you say you your secretary, Thomp- Hello?" he broke off middle aged man burned for me, Williams? What's

er was visibly excited. ance Horrigan had seen was amiss.

repeated the boss. ne—deserted!" cried Wil-

ed Wainwright in dis- man of whom Williams of the aldermanic "solid hom Horrigan counted. no comment, but wait- for his henchman to

ne," repeated Williams. for me saying his wife the doctor's ordered him th. So he can't attend g."

the meeting?" gasped But everything depends

e on hand, the cur!" n. "The rest are stand- rse?"

hazarded Williams, "but e pretty scared. We've a fight before as Ben- up against us now.

en 'em up so as to weakening!" declared ently. "It's Ellis we've r now. Go after him, e first train south and Have him here by have to kidnap him. y damage or expense. here for that meeting. Now jump!"

hastened toward the alled after him:

out send word to Rob- to see him here. Well, he resumed, turning om, "it looks bad."

in a tight place. If ound out about Ellis' no knowing how many ft. If we could only

uestion. He can't be

n who can't be turn- d up my sleeve yet d him. But I'd rath- else first. I wish we n his price."

ought! He"— ody can be bought. that can't be bought wondering what there if money won't."

n of an elusive part- foyer and paused to

he asked. eyed the broker's re with less approval

e industrious enough "It's a pity some of energy couldn't have our work this morn-

the reproof in words rstand," he replied

u notify me of the ugt stock that was fore noon?"

about it," answered uite all his custom-

heard of it. You'll tabs on the market to be any use to us. bought it?"

Gibbs, with growing urse I don't. How What are you driv-

driving at: Several tock have been un- et during the past been quietly snap- 's evidently tailing You don't know

wice that I didn't Gibbs, masking his ow of virtuous in-

forth all the astute rve, for a certain is showed signs of his original ar- inwright he was to all the Borough the exchange floor cent of the profits t he invest not one on his private ac-

h in the deal's suc- equally strong in- with his partners, to swell his own ying up quantities imself until every was involved. His d not now deter- Wainwright sus- while possessing fishness and lack toward the mak- er, lacked the one the part—namely,

"Fall through!" cried Gibbs, dismayed.

a cold and unshaken nerve. It was this defect that now threatened to expose him.

"Well," resumed Wainwright, as though dismissing the topic, "you should have made it your business to know who is doing this private buying. That's what we brought you into the deal for. Anyhow, the mysterious purchaser is liable to find himself in hot water before long."

"Why?" queried Gibbs in a voice he tried to make indifferent.

"Only because the deal will probably fall through."

"Fall through!" cried Gibbs, dismayed. "What do you— Why, you told me Mr. Horrigan could win over a fourteenth alderman, and that with his solid thirteen"—

"Yes," drawled Horrigan, who had been unobtrusively eying Gibbs from the moment of his entrance, "we had some such notion, as you say. But my 'solid thirteen' didn't happen to be as solid as he looked. He's bolted."

"Bolted! Then we—we will lose! We"—

"Say, Mr. Gibbs," observed Horrigan, "you seem to take this thing pretty hard for a man with only 20 per cent at stake. Mr. Wainwright stands to lose some millions. I'm interested to the extent of almost a million. Yet you don't see us getting pale and shaky, do you? If a man can't pay for the chips he has no right in a poker game. Brace up and act like a man, can't you? We haven't lost yet. I've sent after the fellow that bolted, and I think I can land the fourteenth alderman too."

"Good!" exclaimed Gibbs in wild relief. "And you'll do your very best to pull the deal through, won't you?"

"No!" snarled Horrigan in elephantine sarcasm. "I'm going to spend the time playing pingpong and diabolo with the kids or taking a course of lessons in fancy knitting. Oh, buck up, can't you, and quit acting like a baby! Judge Newman's out there on the other side of the ballroom. Chase over and tell him to come here."

Too confused to resent the boss' words, Gibbs meekly set out on his errand.

"That chap's got a streak of yellow a yard wide," commented Horrigan, gazing after him.

"Not as bad as that," replied Wainwright. "He's young and not used to reverses. You'll find he is game, all right, when it comes to a pinch. What did you want of Newman?"

"You'll see. Here he comes."

"You wished to speak to me, Mr. Horrigan?" piped the little judge, hurrying into the foyer. "Good evening, Mr. Wainwright. What a success the ball is! My daughters have been dancing all evening. And Mrs. Newman is so"—

"Never mind Mrs. Newman just now," broke in Horrigan. "There's something important I want you to do for me."

He spoke, as he always did to Newman, in the manner of one addressing an incompetent servant. The judge, for all his pomposity, deemed it wise to ignore the politician's mode of address.

"I want you to hunt up Bennett," went on the boss, "and persuade him to stop fighting the Borough franchise bill. Tell him"—

"Oh," gasped the judge in genuine alarm, "I really don't think I could presume to"—

"Yes, you can," contradicted Horrigan. "You can do it, and, what's more, you will. You don't feel shy about asking favors of me, and when it's the other way around you've got to come down or"—

"I know! I know!" protested the frightened little judge soothingly. "But you don't understand how"—

"I got you the nomination last fall. Are you going to be a white man or a welcher?"

"But I'm sure that Mrs. Newman"—

"To blazes with Mrs. Newman! Now listen to me. Go to Bennett and do what you can to make him keep his hands off our Borough bill. If he's difficult offer him, in my name, the nomination for governor next year. If you can get him—well, there's a vacancy next year in the supreme court and"—

"I'll do what I can," assented the judge. "I'm sure you are right, Mr. Horrigan, even if your way of putting matters is just a little ragged. I'll see Mr. Bennett tonight and use all the persuasion in my power. I'm quite sure civic welfare will be best served if he will cease his unseemly opposition to the Borough bill. Thank you, Mr. Horrigan. I'm very sure that Mrs. Newman"—

"I'm sure, too," cut in Horrigan. "Now run on. We're busy. Remember, now—the very next supreme court vacancy"—

"Do you really think he has any influence with Bennett?" asked Wainwright as the judge vanished.

"Can't do any harm to try. The[illegible]

neighbors in the country and in the same crowd in society and all that. If it fails, I've another card that's even stronger. Roberts ought to be here by now. You found out about those notes of his?"

"Yes; both of them. One for $7,000, one for $15,000. Both secured by mortgaging his factory. Roberts can't meet them. They've been extended twice, though the security must have been fairly good or the Sturtevant Trust company wouldn't have lent"—

"Williams said you wanted to speak to me, Mr. Horrigan," said a nervous voice from the door, and a pale, middle aged man came forward. He wore worry's stamp between his perplexed eyes, and care had bent his narrow shoulders.

"Yes. Good evening, Roberts," replied Horrigan cordially. "See you later, Wainwright."

The financier took the hint and walked toward the ballroom, on his way out nearly colliding with Phelan, who was entering the foyer. At sight of Horrigan and Roberts together Phelan's eyebrows went upward, with a jerk, and he tiptoed out in the opposite direction as fast as his stout legs could carry him in search of Bennett. Meantime Horrigan had come directly to the point, as usual, in his appeal to Roberts.

"Look here, alderman," said he, "you've been trying for years to get through a park bill for your ward. Still want it?"

"Yes," returned Roberts. "My constituents are at me all the time about that park. They"—

"It would make your ward's property values go up 50 per cent, and it would make you solid there forever, hey?"

"Yes, but"—

"Introduce that bill again, and I'll guarantee it will go through."

"Are you in earnest?"

"There's my hand on it. Only, of course, it's understood that your park bill won't come up until after the Borough Street railway franchise is passed. Understand?"

"I'm afraid I do," said Roberts after a pause, "but I voted against that bill, and"—

"You voted against the bill in its original form," Horrigan interrupted reassuringly, "and you were right, too. It had a lot of clauses that you thought weren't square. But all those have been cut out."

"But I still"—

"But you'll be doing what's best for your own constituents by looking after their interests in the matter of the park. You'll be their hero for that. Of course if I wanted to put it another way I could remind you that your

Judge Newman.

business is in a bad way and that a friend of mine has bought up your notes at the Sturtevant Trust company and means to send them to you tomorrow. But that has nothing to do with the case. So I just"—

"I'm honest, Mr. Horrigan," faltered Roberts. "I"—

"Sure you're honest! That's why you'll have the courage to vote for the bill when you see it's been amended so as to be a good thing for the city. That's being honest, isn't it?"

"I—I suppose so. And the notes—the"—

"They'll be sent you by registered mail tomorrow if you want them. Do you?"

"Y-yes. That is, I"—

"That's settled, then. You've got a level head. Good night."

The boss strode out, a grim smile of victory on his big face, leaving Roberts standing confused, doubtful, his brain awhirl. How long the tempted alderman stood thus—oblivious to the music, his surroundings and all else—he could never remember, but a voice at his elbow brought him to his senses with a start that was followed by a thrill of fear as he wheeled and recognized the speaker.

Robert's eyes rested on the grinning, complacent features of Alderman Phelan. At the latter's side was Bennett.

"I was saying," remarked Phelan blandly, "that it's a fine night, isn't it, now, Roberts?"

"Yes" said Roberts hastily, preparing to move away. But Phelan buttonholed him.

"Stay an' swap talk awhile with his honor and me, Roberts," he begged.

"I'm in a hurry," began Roberts, "and"—

"Alderman Phelan has been trying to cheer me up a bit," said Bennett. "He knows I'm worried about the Borough bill's outcome. I wish Friday was past."

"Some here," chimed in Phelan. "An' you, Roberts?"

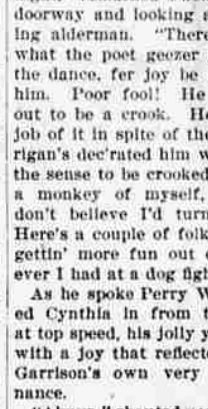
"I?" muttered the uncomfortable man. "Why?"

"It's Friday that the Borough bill comes up again," explained Bennett, as though imparting new information. "You will vote against it, of course, Mr. Roberts?"

"I'm not sure. You see, it's been altered so as to"—

"The alterations don't affect the main issue, and they can't change any honest man's views. So I can count on you to continue opposing it, can't I?"

"I object to this catechizing!" flared up poor Roberts. "I won't stand for it. I'm my own master and"—



"Somebody's going to prison before this matter's ended."

"Are you sure you're your own master?" demanded Bennett. "If so, why should you be afraid to say how you are going to vote?"

"Do you accuse me of"—

"I accuse you of having changed your mind about the bill for some reason that won't bear the light. And I warn you to go carefully. Somebody's going to prison before this matter's ended."

"I'm not answerable to any one but my constituents," said Roberts, with a pitiful attempt at cold dignity. "And they"—

"And they shall demand an answer from you," warned Bennett. "I'll see to it that they do. Now, you can go if you want to," turning his back on the confused Roberts, who eagerly took the opportunity to escape.

"I'm afraid friend Roberts ain't havin' the happiest time of his life tonight," remarked Phelan, going to the doorway and looking after the departing alderman. "There's not much of what the poet geezer calls 'whoop up the dance, fer joy be unrefined' about him. Poor fool! He never was cut out to be a crook. He makes a punk job of it in spite of the trimmin's Horrigan's dec'rated him with. If I hadn't the sense to be crooked without makin' a monkey of myself, I'm blest if I don't believe I'd turn honest. Hey! Here's a couple of folks, though, that's gettin' more fun out of the ball than ever I had at a dog fight!"

As he spoke Perry Wainwright piloted Cynthia in from the conservatory at top speed, his jolly young face alight with a joy that reflected itself in Miss Garrison's own very flushed countenance.

"Alwyn," shouted young Wainwright, not seeing Phelan in his excitement, "guess what's happened! I'll give you three guesses and"—

"And I can't possibly guess if you gave me a thousand," retorted Bennett, with vast gravity, "so I won't try. I'll just congratulate you with all my heart, old chap, and wish Miss Garrison every happiness that"—

"Gee! How'd you know? We haven't told a soul. It only happened about four minutes ago. I was telling Cynthia what a daisy little girl she was, and she said she thought I was pretty nice, too, and so I got brave and said, 'Then why don't you' "—

"Perry!" reproved Cynthia sternly, jerking his arm to show that Phelan as well as Alwyn was recipient of the highly intimate tidings.

"Oh, don't mind me, children!" put in Phelan. "I'm used to it. I was young myself once, so I've been told, though I don't clearly remember it myself. Can I butt in with a line of congratulations?"

He extended his big hand with an honest cordiality that quite won Cynthia.

"Thanks, alderman," grinned Perry effusively. "Now, Alwyn, we've got to go and break it to your mother if we can find her. Come along and back us up."

Dragging Bennett between them, the two youngsters started off on their quest. Phelan was about to return to his beloved bar when he was checked by seeing in the opposite doorway a man who stood as though petrified watching Cynthia Garrison's departing form. The intruder was about to withdraw when Phelan hailed him.

"Good evening," called the Alderman.

"Good evening, sir," said the newcomer respectfully, pausing on the point of leaving the foyer.

"I've met you before, I think," went on Phelan.

"Some days ago in the mayor's office," assented the other. "I am Thompson, Mr. Wainwright's private secretary."

"I'm Alderman Phelan of the Eighth, and I've seen you before we met at his honor's."

"So you said then, sir. But you were mistaken. Good evening."

He turned again toward the door, but Phelan resumed, without seeking to stop him:

"A mistake, was it? I'm not a man who makes many mistakes, Mr. Garrison."

The retreating secretary halted as though struck.

"That is another mistake, sir," he said in a muffled voice. "My name is Thompson."

"Is it, though?" inquired Phelan innocently. "It's queer how I could get mixed up so. When I was chief of police there was a bank president named Garrison who shot himself after bein' swindled an' whipsawed by a financier who was his dearest friend. He left a little daughter, Miss Cynthia, who you was lookin' at so keen just now, an' a son, who disappeared. That was nine years ago, an' I only saw the boy once, so maybe I've overplayed my hand in pipin' you off for him. But," added Phelan, laying a strong, detaining hand on Thompson's shoulder, "here comes some one who can clear it up easy enough."

The secretary twisted in the iron grasp and sought vainly to break away as Cynthia and Perry entered.

"Cynthia's lost her fan," explained Perry at sight of the alderman. "She's had me looking all over for the measly thing. Wait here a minute," he added to her, "and I'll chase into the conservatory and see if we left it there."

And, depositing the girl in a chair, he bolted away in search of the missing article.

"Now then, young man," said Phelan, "if your name's Thompson, as you say, there's no reason why you should object to my introducin' you to this young lady. Step up, son."

Still holding the reluctant, struggling secretary by the shoulder, Phelan turned to Cynthia.

"Miss Garrison," said he, "here's a gentleman I think you know. Would you mind lookin' him over?"

Wondering at the odd request, Cynthia raised her eyes to the stranger. But the latter persistently kept his face averted.

"I don't think I know him," she answered doubtfully. "There is something familiar about"—

The secretary shifted restlessly, unconsciously bringing his profile into

"Harry," the girl was pleading, "you do know me!"

her range of vision. With a gasp, Cynthia sprang to her feet, her face white, her eyes wide and incredulous.

"It's not—it's—oh, Harry!" she cried in an ecstasy of recognition, flinging her arms about the secretary's neck. "Harry! Brother! Back from the dead! Don't you know me? It's Cynthia! Don't"—

"I am afraid you've made a very strange blunder, Miss Garrison," returned the secretary, his voice hoarse and tremulous. "My name is"—

"Your name's Harry Garrison!" Phelan shouted. "What's the use of lyin' to your own sister? I give you credit for havin' good reasons for callin' yourself Thompson, an' I think I begin to see what them reasons are, but when it comes to denyin' your own sister you're playin' it down low, whatever your game may be, and I've a good mind to"—

"Harry," the girl was pleading, "you do know me! After all these nine lonely years have you no greeting for me? Every night I've prayed that God would bring you back to me, and now"—

The secretary's pallid, expressionless mask of a face broke in a flash into a look of infinite love and yearning. With a single gesture he gathered Cynthia's fragile body in his arms and crushed her against his breast.

He gathered Cynthia's fragile body in his arms.

"Oh, my little sister!" he murmured, a great sob choking his words. "My little, little sister!"

Phelan cleared his throat and coughed savagely to express his contempt for the mist that sprang into his own hard old eyes. The sound recalled the secretary to himself.

"You've trapped me into this," he exclaimed, with a laugh that was half a groan, "and you must both promise not to betray my secret. It won't be much longer now, thank God! But you'll both promise, won't you?"

(Continued Next Friday.)

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. Sold by all druggists.

ROSEBURG DRINKERS WILL HAVE BEER ANYHOW.

Roseburg Or., July 1.—At midnight last night, in accordance with the local option law, all saloons in Douglas county were closed. It was expected that a last good time would be indulged in at that time in Roseburg, but all saloons were quietly and promptly closed at 12 o'clock only four arrests being made during the entire evening.

Although all saloons are closed, Roseburg citizens who love the flowing bowl will by no means go without, as the Roseburg brewery has contracted with all so wishing to supply them with a certain amount of beer regularly for a period of several years. The contracts were made before June 30 and the brewery acts as the storage agent for the contractor, allowing the latter to draw out any amount at any time.

The brewery also manufactures "near-beer," which will be on sale at all soft drink establishments. Several Government licenses have also been issued in Douglas County, evidence that Roseburg will have a few blind pigs. The vacated saloon buildings have mostly all been rented for other purposes, mainly for soft drink establishments.

JUST EXACTLY RIGHT.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Felton of Harrisville, N. Y. New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, billiousness and malaria. 25c at N. A. Kuykendall's drug store.

Porch furniture at Chambers Hard ware Co. d

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, will receive sealed bids for the furnishing of all material and constructing a bridge across the Edwards Slough on County road No. 12, in Sec. 15, Tp. 16 s., R. 4 W., said bridge to be an 80 foot span of Howe Truss pattern, to be built according to the plans and specifications now on file in the office of the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon. All bids to be accompanied by a certified check of 5 per cent of the amount of the bid, said bid to be filed with the Clerk of Lane County on or before 2 o'clock in the afternoon of July 6, 1908.

The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

E. U. LEE, County Clerk.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, will receive sealed bids for the furnishing of all material and constructing a bridge across the Edwards Slough on County road No. 12 in Sec. 15, tp. 16, s. r. 4 w., said bridge to be a 50-foot span, of Howe Truss pattern, to be built according to the plans and specifications now on file in the office of the county clerk of Lane county, Oregon. All bids to be accompanied by certified check of 5 per cent of the amount of the bid, said bid to be filed with the clerk of Lane county on or before 2 o'clock in the afternoon of July 6, 1908.

The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the court.

E. U. LEE,
County Clerk.

NOTICE OF SALE OF WATER BONDS

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of and in conformity to ordinance number 734, passed by the common council on the 5th day of May, 1908, and approved by the mayor on the 5th day of May, 1908, the common council of the city of Eugene will receive sealed proposals at the office of the city recorder in Eugene, Oregon, for the purchase of three hundred thousand dollars in water bonds of said city, or any part thereof, up to the hour of 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, July 7, 1908, and that said proposals will be opened and considered by the council at said time.

That the city of Eugene proposes to sell the said three hundred thousand dollars of water bonds to the highest bidder therefor in denominations of from one hundred to one thousand dollars, as the purchaser may desire; that said bonds are to bear interest at the rate bid, not to exceed 5 per cent per annum; said interest payable semi-annually on the first day of July and January of each year from their date until paid; that said three hundred thousand dollars of water bonds will become due and payable by the city of Eugene as follows: On the first day of January, 1948, principal and interest payable at a place to be agreed upon by purchaser and city.

That said bonds shall not be sold for less than their par value; that in addition to the general obligation of the said city, the said bonds when sold shall be a first and exclusive lien on all lands, rights-of-way, easements, water rights, pipe lines, structures and appliances of every kind composing the water system to be secured with the money derived from the sale of said bonds; that the common council reserve the right of rejecting any and all bids.

That the said bonds will be issued and disposed of under and pursuant to the terms of the act, "To re-incorporate the city of Eugene, and to repeal all acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith," filed in the office of the secretary of state February 18, 1905, and the amendments thereto passed and enacted by the people of the city of Eugene on the 18th day of April, 1908.

A certified check of five per cent of the amount of each bid, payable to J. D. Matlock, Mayor, is required to accompany each bid.

This notice is published for 60 days in the Morning Register and Eugene Daily Guard, newspapers of general circulation, published at Eugene, Oregon.

Date of first publication, May 6th, 1908.

By order of the common council.

jy6 B. F. DORRIS, Recorder.

R. B. WRAY WILL PUT IN AUTO GARAGE.

R. B. Wray, who is local agent for the Buick automobile, will put in a garage in this city, just as soon as a suitable location can be secured. He is prepared to do auto livery business for the traveling public or for pleasure trips. Call up to Eugene Transfer Co., Phone Red 1101.

NOTICE

It appearing from the abstract of votes cast at the regular June, 1908, election as made by the canvassing board of Lane county, Oregon, consisting of E. U. Lee, county clerk, R. S. Bryson, Justice of the Peace in and for Eugene Justice District, Lane County, Oregon, and J. L. Clark, Justice of the Peace in and for Creswell Precinct, Lane County, Oregon, that at the said election the total number of votes cast in the precinct of Springfield, in Lane county, Oregon, on the question, "For and Against stock running at large," is and was 186 votes, and the said number of votes cast in the said Willamette precinct "Against stock running at large" is and was 96 votes. It appearing from said abstract that the result of said vote is and was 6 votes against stock running at large more than for stock running at large, and that the majority against stock running at large in said Willamette precinct is and was 6 votes.

Therefore, in compliance with Section 4245 of the General Laws of Oregon, passed by the legislature of the state of Oregon in the year 1907, notice is hereby given that after 60 days from the date of this notice it will be unlawful for stock to run at large in said Willamette precinct, Lane county, Oregon, under penalty of $10 for the first offence and $20 for each and every subsequent offence, to be recovered from the owner of the stock in civil action in the name of the State of Oregon before a justice of the peace of the precinct in which such owner or keeper, or either of them, may reside, and such penalty shall be for the benefit of, and when collected paid into, the common school fund of the county in which such action is brought within sixty days after such animal is proved to be at large.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1908.

(Seal) E. U. LEE,
County Clerk, Lane County.

NOTICE

It appearing from the abstract of votes cast at the regular June, 1908, election as made by the canvassing board of Lane county, Oregon, consisting of E. U. Lee, county clerk, R. S. Bryson, Justice of the Peace in and for Eugene Justice District, Lane County, Oregon, and J. L. Clark, Justice of the Peace in and for Creswell Precinct, Lane County, Oregon, that at the said election the total number of votes cast in the precinct of Springfield, in Lane county, Orekon, on the question, "For and Against stock running at large," is and was 339 votes, and the said number of votes cast in the said Springfield precinct "Against stock running at large" is and was 286 votes. It appearing from said abstract that the result of said vote is and was 233 votes against stock running at large more than for stock running at large, and that the majority against stock running at large in said Springfield precinct is and was 233 votes.

Therefore, in compliance with Section 4245 of the General Laws of Oregon, passed by the legislature of the state of Oregon in the year 1907, notice is hereby given that after 60 days from the date of this notice it will be unlawful for stock to run at large in said Springfield precinct, Lane County, Oregon, under penalty of $10 for the first offence and $20 for each and every subsequent offence, to be recovered from the owner of the stock in civil action in the name of the State of Oregon before a justice of the peace of the precinct in which such owner or keeper, or either of them, may reside, and such penalty shall be for the benefit of, and when collected paid into, the common school fund of the county in which such action is brought within sixty days after such animal is proved to be at large.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1908.

(Seal) E. U. LEE,
County Clerk, Lane County.

NOTICE

It appearing from the abstract of votes cast at the regular June, 1908, election as made by the canvassing board of Lane county, Oregon, consisting of E. U. Lee, county clerk, R. S. Bryson, Justice of the Peace in and for Eugene Justice District, Lane County, Oregon, and J. L. Clark, Justice of the Peace in and for Creswell Precinct, Lane County, Oregon, that at the said election the total number of votes cast in the precinct of Zumwalt, in Lane county, Oregon, on the question, "For and Against stock running at large," is and was 92 votes, and the said number of votes cast in the said Zumwalt precinct "Against stock running at large" is and was 84 votes. It appearing from said abstract that the result of said vote is and was 76 votes against stock running at large more than for stock running at large, and that the majority against stock running at large in said Zumwalt precinct is and was 76 votes.

Therefore, in compliance with Section 4245 of the General Laws of Oregon, passed by the legislature of the state of Oregon in the year 1907, notice is hereby given that after 60 days from the date of this notice it will be unlawful for stock to run at large in said Zumwalt precinct, Lane County, Oregon, under penalty of $10 for the first offence and $20 for each and every subsequent offence, to be recovered from the owner of the stock in civil action in the name of the State of Oregon before a justice of the peace of the precinct in which such owner or keeper, or either of them, may reside, and such penalty shall be for the benefit of, and when collected paid into, the common school fund of the county in which such action is brought within sixty days after such animal is proved to be at large.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1908.

(Seal) E. U. LEE,
County Clerk, Lane County.