A VERY HOT FIRE.

Experience of One of the Editors of Firemen's Edition of Tillamook Headlight.

It was at Bethesda church, Virginia, on the second day of June, 1864. The Union and Confederate armies had again come together in the tug-of-war. A savage little fight was in progress by the skirmishers, when a Rebel battery galloped to the front, formed battery by piece on its left piece in beautiful style, unlimbed and opened on the infantry quicker than it could be told. In our front, west of the church, there was a clearing, extending some distance into the woods forming a sort of pocket, or recess. This clearing may have been ten or fifteen acres in extent of triangular shape, and commanded by the woods on both flanks, it was about at the base of this triangle that the enemy came into battery; between us and the enemy was a stretch of low ground somewhat grown up with small brush, the road was graded up to some extent through this low stretch. For this reason there was no eligible place for us to go into battery anywhere in this sink. But it afforded the infantry some protection when the Rebel battery came into position. Battery B fourth U. S. Light Artillery was standing "at ease" just back of the church, being halted, in column of piece left in front, the captain (James Stewart) was lounging on his saddle near the right gun with some ten or fifteen of the battery men around him, and should judge he was in one of his funny moods by the laughter of the boys. Suddenly General Griffin beckoned to Captain Stewart, who left the crowd and rode over towards the general. But divining what the general wanted, he said as he wheeled his horse round, this means us, boys. "Drivers, mount! Cannoneers, mount! Attention!" A few words passed between the general and the captain which I did not hear, being at that moment in the act of mounting the limber chest. But afterwards learned that the general asked Stewart, "Can you go in battery under a fire?" "Yes, sir; where shall I unlimber?" "Suit yourself about that, but keep an eye to supports; I would like to see that battery silenced." "I will shut it up, sir."

Now the question as to unlimbering on this side or the other side of the low ground spoken of was an important one; if we unlimbered on this side (that is the side nearest the church) we would have over half mile range, and would have to fire over the heads of the infantry in line. But if we crossed it we would have to go in battery a few hundred feet—feet mind you not yards—from the enemies muzzles—right out on our skirmish lines, if not a little in front. Having his choice as before stated the old man chose the close quarters. Turning from General Griffin, Stewart whipped out his saber and spurred to the head of battery column, executing a "right moulinet" as he did so. "Attention! forward march, trot, gallop." And then as the huge wheels began to thunder behind him and the tramp of the powerful horses, the yells of the drivers, and the cracking of whips mingled with the swish, swish of the enemies' canister he bent forward over his horse's neck, and spurring him to a run, roared out "Come on, boys! follow me!! charge!!!

Old infantry veterans who were out along the road that day have described the appearance of Stewart's battery as it charged down the road. The old man was five or six yards in front, leaning over his horse's neck, swinging his saber and shouting, "Come on, come on!" Every driver lying forward on his horse whipping and yelling, every gunner and cannoneer hanging on for life to the guard rods of the limber chest and bouncing six inches high from the springless seats as the wheels flew over ruts, a long train of dust streaming behind and the very earth made to smoke and tremble under the fierce tramp of the flying steeds. Speed was everything here, because it was necessary to get there quick and get to work before the enemy could get many rounds into us; and, besides, as it was a very desperate enterprise, it was best to go in with all possible "Whoop and hurrah." When we reached the ground favorable for going into battery, Stewart gave rapid orders to "Trot and walk, and then forward into battery" etc., then depending on the perfect discipline of his boys to execute orders without details, it was "action front, right section load, solid shot and case alternately. Number one, left section load cannon shell, cut fuse one second. (So they would burst at 1200 feet, just before reaching the enemies batteries.) Old Bess (the left hand gun) give them double canister and fire by piece and sock it into 'em," all in a perfect torrent of roars. From that time on it was "Keep that muzzle down, steady there, that's right, keep her there," and similar directions. Meantime every one of the boys who survived was working for the day. Did you ever hear the thump of a rammer on a shot or canister head when number one was "sending home" while you were getting ready to pick cartridges and hook on the lanyards? And did you ever hear that sound mingle with the close thunder of the enemies guns as the "skitter and kerchug" of his canister splintered your gun carriages or plowed the ground about your feet, to say nothing of its whiz and whirr in the air about your ears, or the occasional savage "plunk" of one that happens to find a poor comrade's bosom in its fierce track? If you have, it is not necessary to describe the scene while we were getting in that first charge. If you have not, why the description would be wasted. If ever there was a forlorn hope of artillery men in battle, it was the old battery while that first load was being "sent home." But beyond hard breathing through set teeth, lips compressed, nostrils dilated and eyes hard-tempered in the heat of battle, you could see no change in the expression of the boys. Almost without exception the men who took the battery into action were veterans of from eighteen to twenty battles, and they could handle twelve pounder Napoleons like horse pistols! Of course the personnel of the battery had been winnowed in battle, or tried in the test of hungry marches and muddy bivouacs, until every man that survived and stood by was as tough as the brass guns that they served, or with the frightful fatigues, sufferings and privations of that wilderness and Spottsylvania campaign which Stewart had shared with us. Shoulder to shoulder we had been drawn so near to the old man that he had become our commander and our comrade. Every one of us would have followed him into an open grave if he had called us to "come on." The rebel battery opened furiously on us as we came along the road, firing both case and canister, but their practice was not good, and they did not hit either man or horse until we halted and began to unlimber. As we began to unlimber we could see our infantry poking their heads up out of the grass and weeds to look at us with loud yells and cheers, and their skirmishers lying down in the field on our flanks, kept up a cracking fire at the enemy's battery, as the enemy's infantry in the edge of the woods also did on us. Under such circumstances we unlimbered, loaded, then the concert began—and you bet from that moment the music was from the full band. We had thirteen or fourteen hit altogether in this affair of whom ten or eleven went down in the single minute that it took us to unlimber and get into the first load. After that our Confederate friends had something to engage their attention besides their own practice. The two batteries were not more than 1,200 feet apart—both in the open without the slightest cover.

In these times of peace it would be useless to attempt a description of what it means to jump a battery into position within point-blank cannister range of another battery already firing, and that, too, on a broad road running through an open field, without a particle of cover for at least half a mile. The Rebel battery was gallantly served, and they got one regular blizzard into us. The day being hot and sultry, with no air stirring, the smoke hung right in front of us. So that after the second or third round we could not see the enemy at all, but could hear his cannister rattling around our guns and wheels, like big hail stones, or whizzing past our heads, or whirling through the grass and small bushes. But we had the exact direction by the well-defined tracks of the wheels in the first recoil, so there was no difficulty in pointing, and all we had to do was to "keep her muzzle down." In three minutes we could feel the enemy's fire slacked, in seven or eight minutes more he ceased entirely, and then, as the smoke lifted we saw his deserted guns standing silent in the field. Ordinarily Stewart was more precise and calm in the most desparate fighting than at any other time, but on this occasion as we gave a cheer he joined in with us. At this moment one of the men in the right section shook his fist at the enemy and shouted, "All down, set 'em up again '—— —— you." This raised a laugh and another cheer. But nevertheless it was a very hot fire.

THE SOUTHERN IRON INDUSTRY.

A great many of our Southern friends voted for free-trade as a means of developing their iron industry, among others. They were told by Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has been a life-long enemy of American iron producers, that free-trade was what they wanted for the development of their industry, and it was hinted that free-trade would also injure the Northern iron maker—i. e., free-trade was a kind of gun that would hit the Northern deer and miss the Southern calf! It undoubtedly hit the Northern deer. But how does the Southern calf come out? In 1892 the Southern states made 1,890,167 gross tons of iron and in 1894 the same states made 1,268,425 tons. In 1892 those states turned out 29.6 per cent of the total make of the country and last year they made 19 per cent. When the free-trade president goes out of office they will be fortunate if they are making 17 per cent. It is probable that their solid support of the British candidate and the British theory of trade development will cost them the labor and profits that would have pertained to the making of at least four million tons of pig iron.

Perhaps the excellent populist who refused to take a lady clerk on his committee—had reasons of his own for not employing a clerk. His economy is in sharp contrast with the populist senator and two representatives who went home by way of California to attend the mid-winter fair, and drew mileage for the distance around that way two years ago. You better not brag too much about economy of populists—as a rule they have taken all they can get.—Nohalem Journal.

HOW TO GET INTO THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

A writer in an economical journal points out how we can get into the markets of the world, and still keep foreigners out of the home bazaar. He says:

"Tariff for revenue is a tax to support a government. No sound political economist denies it. McKinley says it is. England has a tariff for revenue but not for protection. England has a tariff for revenue on about everything she imports except bread and meat. She has a tariff of 4 cents on coffee; 12 cents on tea; 75 cents on tobacco, and $2.50 a gallon on whiskey. It raises the price of these things. The poor pay this tax. England raises about $400,000,000 a year by a tariff for revenue tax. We should put a protective tariff on everything which we can produce, so as to compel or enable our people to make these things and keep money at home and our labor employed. Coffee, tea and ordinary tobacco are free in America. Why should we refund this tariff on raw material? you ask. This is so that our manufacturers can have our own $11,000,000,000 market to ourselves and still make goods for foreign markets. Refunding the tariff on raw foreign material like wool and steel, gives our manufacturers the markets of the whole world without giving up our markets to them. The Wilson bill stopped this. It gave our home wool market to Asia. It made free wool and now we are sending millions of dollars in gold after Australian and Asiatic wool, while our own farmers are killing their home sheep. Tariff for protection brought Coats' thread with its 5,000 employees from Glasgow to New Jersey; brought twenty-eight chickory, forty-seven tin factories, innumerable pearl button, pottery, cutlery and silk factories employing millions of American laborers.

COREA.

While "the world" are talking of the peninsula of Corea, and the war between Japan and China is progressing, the boys and girls of America will be pleased to know something about the children and animals of that hermit nation. Why are they called "hermit"? Because they wall themselves in their own little country, not desiring the acquaintance or trade of any other race.

Can the American Fannys and Dorothys imagine a nameless little girl? Can they believe that the female children of Corea never are called anything but "the daughter," "the sister," and when married only "the wife" or "the mother," and that they are never allowed to sit in the same room with their own fathers and brothers?

Their lives are spent indoors wholly with the women of the household, and none but the dancing girls are ever permitted to go into the street until after dark, 8 o'clock, when the men and boys must stay in the house. Of course, these girls live much with their pets. They embroider vests and jackets for their monkeys, and feed the pupples from their own dish of rice, with chop-sticks or fingers.

Children are respectful to their fathers, but not to their mothers. A very little boy, who has a sick father, often cuts his finger that he may give his blood for the cure of the invalid.

When a boy meets his father, in the house or in the street, he must fall upon his knees and bow his head while his parent passes him. And, besides this, he is his servant or valet. He must make his bed, wait upon him at the table, care for his clothing, and always remain at his side, day and night, when he is ill.

The girls cook, sew and attend to the housekeeping in the women's apartments, and furnish all the daily food and festive banquets for the men. Their food seems almost horrible to us, for they love raw fish, and eat them, bones and all, just as they are brought from the water. A fowl for a feast is cooked without dressing, is served with feet, head and feathers all on.

The Corean girls, boys and men wear the same style of hat, a very large bamboo; and when they wish to go out in the rain, they put an oiled paper cone over the straw hat, for you must know that one hat must last many years; there is no change in the fashions there. The size, shape and ornament of the high officials is a matter of pride in the government, and when a man dies his hat goes with him to the grave.

The umbrella is used only as a sunshade for those who ride or walk in state, and is carried by servants always.

Horses are either exalted as superior to men, or, as pack horses, are the abused beasts of burden. Only the wealthy are allowed to ride horseback. Poor women, who work in the fields, may ride the ox.

I regret to tell you that the boys deceive the birds with whistles imitating their notes so well that they capture many; and that, when the mother bear takes her cubs to the seashore for a dinner of clams, the men and boys watch until she has dug a hole under a rock, and then let the rock fall on her, and so they capture her babies.

When you look at Corean pictures, which to us are never pretty, they may interest you more if you notice the tiger, the dragon and the tortoise. They use them upon the war flags, and had I time I would tell you what they mean.

No one is allowed to kill a falcon. They are protected by the laws of the country.

Now we will look at the map and see this little country over which Japan and China are quarreling. Japan has progressed so grandly in her government in the past few years that we cannot but hope that she will open the gates and let in the great truths, which will elevate the women and children, and that one God may be known in that heathen land.—By E. R. R., in Our Dumb Animals.

AN ASTONISHED CLERGYMAN.

He was a minister, and the morrow was Thanksgiving. An eloquent, flowery sermon lay finished on his desk, and in the early twilight, well satisfied, he turned an easy chair to the fire and settled himself to rest. But the mind never rests, and soon he was busily engaged in counting up the successes and blessings of the past year.

"It's been an uncommonly satisfactory year," he mused, "but an uncommonly busy one. Let me see. I have preached at least seventy-five sermons, and touched on every vital question."

"No, you haven't," said a decided voice beside him. Turning in surprise, he saw a sweet creature, angelic in appearance, who certainly did not look capable of contradicting a man so flatly.

"Why, what's this? Who are you?"

"I am the angel of mercy."

"Eh! Anybody dying, or in need? Did you want me?"

"Plenty of people are dying and in need; but for none of them am I here. Yes, I want you; get ready, for we have a long journey."

"But 'tis chilly out; I am tired, and to-morrow we dine at Judge L's," remonstrated the man of God.

"Are you a christian?" asked the angel.

"Most certainly; why, I am a minister of the gospel."

"Did you not say that, as such, you had touched on all vital questions during the past year?"

"I did."

"Some of us angels of mercy have hovered over your pulpit, as well as all other christian pulpits, every Sabbath during the past year, and you have never mentioned in either sermon or prayer one of the most vital questions of the day."

Astounded, the good man could only stare and mutter: "What can you mean?" "Come with me, and I will show you."

Impelled against his will, the minister made ready and accompanied his guide, who, strangely enough, led him to a large livery stable. With supernatural sight he beheld, as he passed from stall to stall, the diseases that made life a torture for many of the horses there. Some were troubled by toothache, exaggerated by having a bit in the mouth all day, some could not eat well, on account of torn and bleeding mouths, irregular teeth and other ills. Others held up their feet and moaned with pain. Shoes put on hap hazard—in most cases their feet cut down to fit the shoe.

"Nobody to speak a word for us, and we can't speak for ourselves," wailed one, whose neck was swollen in knots from the use of the over-drawn check-rein.

"And yet there is a class of people calling themselves christians, who pretend to give their lives to helping the helpless and doing good," said another, who shivered so he could hardly make himself heard. "Here I endured from insects untold torture all summer because my master cut off my tail and mane, and now they have clipped close all the hair on my body, and I'm so cold."

"What did he clip you for?" asked another.

"I don't know. My mistress is a very devout woman, and they've been decorating the church for Thanksgiving services to-morrow, and I had to stand in the wind—my head drawn clear back—and every bone in me aching, for three long hours."

"Is she a christian?"

"Yes; they say so."

What the minister saw was both astonishing and painful. But the angel hurried him on, showing him horses, cattle, dogs, cats and birds, enduring every species of pain and privation. A great many were being starved, or in some way tortured, through mere thoughtlessness.

It was broad daylight, and midsummer weather, when the pesuady at the stock yards. Long lines of cars, packed with their living freight, stood everywhere. Hundreds of miles some of them had come without one drop of water—a wild-eyed, bellowing, piteous throng, the weaker ones trampled beneath the feet of the stronger, the whole suffering indescribable torture. To the right were the yards, acres of shadeless dust. Presently they began unloading the cars, and then the minister turned away. It seemed to him that every bloodshot eyeball was fixed on him in mute reproach, and though he had ofttimes watched the "unloading of stock cars"—never before had it come to him that those swollen, lolling tongues could form no word to plead for themselves.

"What a terrible thing!" he cried.

"Even so," said the angel. "Come."

If the minister's overcoat had been burdensome at the stock yards, it was not on the icy, wind-swept western plains, where next he found himself; and if the misery of the shipped stock was indescribable, the suffering of the starving herds here was more so.

"Do they never feed them?" he asked.

"No; thousands upon thousands roam through the snow for months, with no food save the dry grass that they paw from under the snow. See, their hoofs are worn until blood marks every step! These represent the wealth of the cattle-kings who are rolling in splendor in their eastern homes to-day. When the sleet storms come, the herd will be one writhing mass of ice, driven desperately before the gale. Thousands will die before spring."

The minister remembered two rich men in his church whose wealth was said to consist in "cattle out west"; he had been very courteous to them, for they paid well into the church fund.

Along the Pacific slope they went, pausing to view long lines of mules engaged in the heaviest drafting, with shoulders one mass of sores and sides laid open with the pitiless whip—through the South it was even worse—hundreds of sights so shocking that the good man begged to go home.

"Ah, no," said the angel; "we must visit some of our institutions of learning."

Thither they went, and despite his entreaties the angel conducted him from one laboratory to another, from one vivisecting table to another, where every species of torture that science or curiosity could invent, he saw applied to the helpless dumb creatures, whose cries seemed to pierce his very soul. Others were mute, but conscious of their suffering

"Is this Inferno?" he cried.

"No; these are the schools where our rising generations are taught."

"But why tear living creatures asunder; why flay and burn; why—?" but he could get no further and the angel simply answered:

"They call this 'scientific research'."

"Let me go home," wailed the divine.

"No; we must cross the ocean and visit Pasteur's Institute, and—"

"Is it worse than this?" he groaned.

"O yes, a great deal. Thousands upon thousands of living creatures have been sacrificed there."

"Don't," cried the poor minister; "don't tell me any more. What will you have me do? Is there no help for all this?"

"Noble men and women are at work," said the angel; but only a few. The press, too, is coming to the front; but what we need most of all is the pulpit. If only ministers would wake to their responsibility along this line; if only they could see that humanity is essential to Godliness, what a change there would be. The people must be aroused."

"I will do my part!" cried the reverend gentleman, so loudly and emphatically that he awoke.

The congregation of the First—church listened in mute wonder to the stream of impassioned eloquence that poured from their pastor's lips the next morning. His text was, "As ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," but he treated it in an unusual way, and every one declared afterward that it was an "unusual sermon"; not the "correct thing" perhaps for thanksgiving, but—well, it was not the last of the kind they listened to, and in time pastor and people came to see how utterly lacking is the religion that takes no account of the rights of the helpless and dumb.—V. C. Melville, in Dumb Animals.

An Oregon girl went out to Boston to visit her Yankee cousins. From her report, one would think that the young miss from the wild and woolly west is not favorably impressed with the Hub's civilization. One day she saw two old maids leading muzzled pug dogs. This incident led her to exclaim: "Just look at those two old maids leading dogs; isn't that a disgusting sight?" "Have you never seen a lady leading a dog before?" asked her companion. This intimation that she had not seen much rather nettled the Oregon girl, who replied: "No, I haven't, and I never saw an old maid till I came here."

Don't neglect that cough, it leads to consumption. One Minute Cough Cure possesses a double virtue. It cures and cures quickly. W. E Brock.

William Sebring, at Riddle, Douglas county, will try growing sorghum next year.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE state of Oregon, for Washington county.

Flora E. Cutts, Plaintiff,
v.
Charles J. Handley, Cyrus Hinton, Joseph Hinton, Zory Hinton, Samuel Hinton, Smith Hinton, Daniel Young, Irene E. Roundtree, Mary E. Story, John Q. A. Young, Joseph Orson Young and Elam D. Young, Defendants.

To Charles Handley, Daniel Young, Irene E. Roundtree, Mary E. Story, John Q. A. Young, Joseph Orson Young, Elam D. Young and Joseph Hinton:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear in the above named court, and answer the complaint therein filed against you, in the above entitled suit, by the 18th day of March, 1895, that being the first day of the next regular term after the expiration of the time for publication of this summons. And if you fail to so answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein prayed for and demanded, to-wit:

That the plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple, of all those pieces, parcels and tracts of land, lying, being and situate within Washington county, Oregon, and known and designated as follows, to-wit:

First tract—Being all the north half of the donation land claim of Joseph Hinton, and in sections 11 and 14, town 2 south range 2 west Willamette meridian, containing 155 acres, more or less.

Second tract—Being all that part of the donation land claim of Thomas D. Humphreys and wife, in section 11, town 2 south range 2 west, that lies south of the Tualatin river, containing six acres, more or less.

That a decree be rendered adjudging that the claim of you and each of you, of any right, title and interest in or to said lands be adjudged and decreed to be void, and that you and each of you be adjudged and decreed to have no interest, right or title, to or in said lands or any part thereof, and that such other and further decree be made as may be equitable.

This summons is published against you by virtue of an order made by T. A. McBride, judge of the above named court, and dated on the 30th day of January, 1895.

36-42 THOS. H. TONGUE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing.

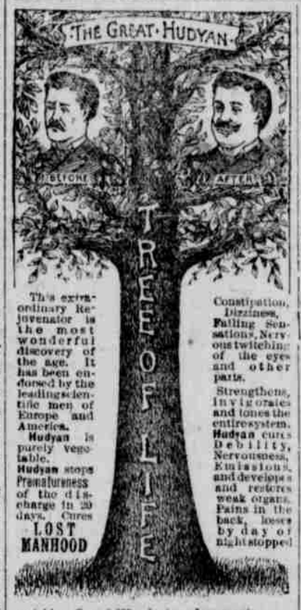
It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



This extraordinary Revivenator is the most wonderful discovery of the age. It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America.

Hudyan is purely vegetable.

Hudyan stops Premature Loss of the discharge in 30 days. Cures LOST MANHOOD quickly. Over 2,000 private endorsements.

Premature loss means impotency in the first stage. It is a symptom of seminal weakness and barrenness. It can be stopped in 30 days by the use of Hudyan.

Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations, Nervous twitching of the eyes and other parts.

Strengthens, Invigorates and tones the entire system. Hudyan cures Debility, Nervousness, Emissions, and develops and restores weak organs. Pains in the back, loss by day or night stopped.

The new discovery was made by the Specialists of the old famous Hudson Medical Institute. It is the strongest vitalizer made. It is very powerful, but harmless. Sold for $1.00 a package or 6 packages for $5.00 (plain sealed boxes). Written guarantee given for a cure. If you buy six boxes and are not entirely cured, six more will be sent to you free of all charges.

Send for circulars and testimonials. Address HUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

Administratrix' Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed, by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Washington county, administratrix of the estate of P. M. Dennis, deceased, and has duly qualified as such administratrix.

All persons, therefore, having claims against said estate, are hereby requested and required to present them, with the proper vouchers, to me, at the law office of Thomas H. Tongue, in Hillsboro, Washington county, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Hillsboro, Or., January 30, 1895.

36 40 JULIA L. DENNIS.

Administratrix' Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT P. M. Dennis, one of the firm of Wiley & Dennis, having died, the undersigned has been duly appointed by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Washington county, administratrix of the partnership estate of Wiley & Dennis, a partnership heretofore composed of P. M. Dennis and W. V. Wiley, and that she has duly qualified as such administratrix.

All persons, therefore, having claims against said partnership or said estate, are hereby requested and required to present them, with the proper vouchers to me at the law office of Thomas H. Tongue, in Hillsboro, Washington county, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Hillsboro, Or., January 30, 1895.

36-40 JULIA L. DENNIS.

It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything, but it will cure piles. That's what De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will do, because it has done it in hundreds of cases. W. E. Brock.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HILLSBORO.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE state of Oregon, for Washington county.

Katie Erwin, Plaintiff,
v.
Joseph Erwin, Defendant.

To Joseph Erwin, the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit by Monday, the 18th day of March, 1895, that being the first day of the next regular term of said court, following the expiration of the time prescribed for the publication of this summons. And if you fail to so answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief therein prayed for and demanded, to-wit

That the marriage and marriage contract now existing between you and the plaintiff be annulled and adjudged and decreed to be null and void from the date of such decree.

That plaintiff have the care, custody and control of Mabel S. Irwin, the minor child of you and the plaintiff. That plaintiff recover off and from you the costs and disbursements of this suit, and that such other and further decree be made as may be equitable.

This summons is published against you by order of Hon. T. A. McBride, judge of the above named court. Made and dated this 31st day of January, 1895.

36-42 THOS. H. TONGUE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an execution and order of sale, issued out of the county court of the state of Oregon, for Washington county, in favor of F. A. Bailey, and against James Wolf and Alice Wolf, for the sum of $14.00, costs, and the further sum of $66.00 U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, from the 5th day of November, 1894, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ.

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgment and order of sale I will, on Monday, the 4 h day of March, 1895, at the south door of the court house, in Hillsboro, Washington county, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real property. Said real property was attached by me on the 12th day of October, 1894; to-wit:

Being known as a part of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 33, T 1 S R 3 W, commencing at the southeast corner of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 33 T 1 S R 3 W, running west 80 rods, thence north 80 rods, thence east to county road, thence southeast on line of said road, until crossing Cedar Creek two rods, thence east to east line, thence south to place of beginning, containing 34 acres, all in Washington county, Oregon, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums, and for the costs and expenses of said sale. Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Witness my hand this 30th day of January, 1895. H. P. FORD, Sheriff of Washington county, Ore.

36 40 By W. D. BRADFORD, Deputy.

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12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:00 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4:40 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 A M
6:00 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:13 A M
7:05 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	6:20 A M

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