A KISS IN THE DARK.

The first error was a distinctly human one, feminine, particularly—that of not being satisfied with a good thing and letting well enough alone, "well enough" being in this case a first lieutenant of more than ordinary attractions. There are very few women who are satisfied when only one man is the captive of their charms; they prefer a dozen soupirants to one, even if they are themselves enamored of the one. The name of the gallant soldier whose good fortune it was to have obtained for his promised own the winsome daughter of Captain Foster, was Appleton, his fortune was his own good sabre, and his pay of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month; his character the full ideal of an officer and a gentleman; as for his appearance, it was all that even Miss Foster, who might have had the pick of some seven or eight others, could desire. The only excuse to be found for the first error is that Miss Foster was very young, rather spoiled, and not in the habit of being denied anything upon which she set her rather uncertain little heart. Therefore, when a very stubborn second lieutenant by the name of Saxe let her distinctly see that he was not to be captivated by charms that had allured every one else, she determined that his pride should be humbled in the dust, even in the alkali dust of the plains. That was the said first error. What she should have done, as seen in the light of future events, was to have been the complete possession of such a man as Appleton, and have let all others drift with their own particular current of life. But then—she was just eighteen, and the regiment had made much of her.

Now Appleton was not a jealous man; even if he had been, it is doubtful if he would have suspected what was going on in the mind of his pretty sweetheart, for she was something of a flirt and quite able to have two strings to her bow. She certainly gave all the time that he had any right to claim to Appleton, even more, perhaps, and impressed him with the idea that he was the sun of her universe, which, indeed, was the case, only there were also a large number of more or less bright moons and small stars which competed with his glory. For kitty was not untruthful in the least. She was in love with Appleton, and if she had not been, would never have made him think so; the trouble was that she was just a little in love, as well, with a goodly number of others. And how could she have helped it? They were all so awfully nice to her, and seemed so fond of her. All except Saxe. He did not appear to care in the least, and was devoted to no one and nothing except his commanding officer and his troop. Miss Foster was piqued and meant to "get even." Which was quite right, according to her lights.

The second error was unconscious. The commanding officer committed it when he sent Appleton off on a month's special duty, and thereby left Kitty like a kite without a string, very likely to plunge out of its proper course and land on some unexpected obstruction. Kitty cried a little and was dreadfully sorry when Appleton left; she watched the ambulence, with tearful eyes, until it was almost out of sight; but as soon as it began to grow smaller, she turned about, as it would be bad luck to look until the last. Her eyes were very dewy and were exactly the kind that look well in that state. When she wheeled around, she came almost face to face with Saxe, and only raised her lashes long enough to give him a glance of such delightfully bewitching sorrow, that any other man would have tried to console her then and there, and ran as fast as she could into the house. Saxe went on his way with a new admiration for Kitty, whom he had always considered a very heartless child. He was glad to see that she was capable of loving some one to the extent of crying over his departure. He did not wish he were the lucky man, however; that stage was yet to come.

The third error was very serious, and it was the usually unerring Saxe who committed it. He deluded himself with the fallacy that fire will not burn if you put on the asbestos gloves of indifference when you handle it. He felt sorry for poor, bereaved little Kitty and conceived it to be his duty to go over and console her. If it had been a disagreeable duty he would not have shunned it, but it was not a disagreeable duty. In the moonlight before tattoo, he went to sympathize with Miss Foster. That was the error. When he left he was glad that he had listened to the promptings of conscience, it had seemed to do the girl so much good. She was really a far more earnest and womanly little person than he had supposed, not as shallow as one would imagine. She was bearing up against her troubles bravely, and he admired her for it. After he had left, Kitty went up to her room and sat in her window looking out upon the parade ground, and smiled and counted one point, very much as if she had been playing whist. She did not forget Appleton; she cried again when she went to bed, and took his picture to put under her pillow and lay awake for a half hour thinking about him, but when she dropped off to sleep, it was with a distinct under-consciousness of triumph instead of loss.

She went at her part in perfect cold blood and played it well. Seeing that Saxe was greatly impressed by the constancy and affection, she determined to act that role for a time at least. Her natural paleness was increased the next morning by a black frock, usually despised for its simplicity, and which made her blonde hair, drawn back in loose coils, full of a golden light. She looked at herself and was pleased. Several of her hopeless admirers came to her porch during guard-mounting, with the hope that they might see her, but she kept within doors until her watchful eyes descried the approaching form of Lieutenant Saxe. With a weary and listless air, she went out on the porch and sat on the steps, with her chin in her hand and a pensive look that was not unbecoming. The bait caught the fish. Saxe had not come past with the intention of being again a consoler of distressed beauty, but—well, he stopped, just for a moment, and spent the morning with Kitty in sweet and low converse. She grew a little more cheerful at about the third hour, but not to an unseemly degree. Of course she had not the bad taste to mourn the loss of one man to the very face of another; it was only in her manner that her sorrows were observable. She spoke of books, and chapel, and sewing, was very domestic in a mild way, and never became so interested in her game as to forget her lines. It was a master-stroke for her to decline Saxe's invitation to go to the hop with him that night, and she realized it. At 12 o'clock she excused herself to write a letter to catch the afternoon stage, and the man went away with the firm conviction that here was at least one faithful woman. He thought Appleton a lucky dog, but went no further.

As for Kitty's letter, it was quite a model of frankness, so far as the telling of facts was concerned. A woman can write a letter or tell a story, all the truth, in which no fact or phrase may be omitted, but with the position of a word, or the changing of a punctuation mark, or even with telling the whole thing too openly, she can convey an impression very different from the real matter; nor does she count this as dishonesty, either. Kitty was not given to analyzing her sentiments aloud, she considered it destructive of the feminine charm of inconsequence. Nothing had happened that Appleton was not made acquainted with, and yet he was entirely ignorant of all he should have known. Saxe persisted in his error, making it many-fold, and in time Miss Foster came to the conclusion that the mantle of sorrow was threadbare and would soon become transparent, so she threw it away altogether. Saxe asked her to go to the next fortnightly hop, but she told him, with only a due amount of regret in her tones, that he had been forestalled. It could not possibly have been jealousy which made Saxe gloomy for the rest of the day, but Kitty was pleased to put that construction upon it, and chuckled.

One day she told him that he was very like Appleton in appearance. "Do you know, if it were a dark night, I couldn't tell you apart," she said, and Saxe was undecided whether to be charmed with the comparison or otherwise.

But he seemed to go just so far and no further. Kitty could not understand this, and was resolve. She began to fear it was becoming a sort of Platonic friendship, and that was a thing she scorned, being convinced that only strong-minded and unattractive women could indulge in them. As the time of Appleton's return drew near, she strained every nerve—without apparent anxiety, however—to make Saxe commit himself. He would not, and she marveled. It was quite beyond her conception of human motives that one man should be so loyal to another as to hesitate to make love to a friend's promised wife. She feared that she was losing his allegiance, and in her fear took several false steps. In fact, she began making love to Saxe when Saxe would not make love to her. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have drawn off at this, but he was past seeing any fault in the girl whom he had censured so severely once. It was quite too soon for Kitty that Appleton came back, but she did not let him guess this from her manner.

Now the fourth error was one which seemed to have no direct connection with the matter. It was the digging of a post-hole in the wrong place. And the fifth error was again Miss Foster's. Of the three dances which she gave to Saxe, she sat out two in a corner, half hidden by a garrison flag. Either a woman thinks a man a very bad dancer or else she has an object in view when she sits out a dance with him. Kitty had an object in view. There were just two chances for her to accomplish that object, and she set herself to the task with a will. Her tactics were admirable. First she leaned back with a dejected and wistful air, answering only in monosyllables. Saxe asked her what her trouble might be, and she shook her head with a sigh; he insisted upon knowing, and at last she threw aside all restraint, and complained that being engaged was not all pleasant, "One can not see enough of the—people—one likes." The hesitation said what her words did not. Saxe suggested that if one were really in love, there should not be any other person worth seeing. Kitty's "Yes" was dubious.

"Aren't you in love, Kitty?" he asked. He had never called her by that name before.

Another uncertain "Yes."

"Besides, I can't see that you are under any restraint."

"You don't know."

"It seems to me that Appleton gives you a great deal of freedom."

"Oh, he tells me I may do as I like; he means to be generous, but—I don't know. Now, for instance, I told him I wanted to walk back from the hop with you. You hadn't asked me, but I meant to ask you. He looked hurt, and said something about his having only just come home. He gave me permission, however, of course."

"Then I may take you back?" Saxe was beside himself.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"I fancy I understand; you't want to hurt him."

"Yes."

"But if he didn't know?"

"How could it be helped?"

"I'm officer of the day, to-night." Then he stopped himself.

"Well?"

"That's all."

"What had that to do with the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Yes it had," and Kitty raised her dark-blue eyes to his with more in their passionate look than a hundred words could have said.

Saxe forgot his determination and plunged on. "May I meet you at one o'lock, then, after I've visited the guard?" Kitty nodded and hung her head. "But this is not fair to Appleton. If we are to do this, you must end everything with him and marry me. Will you?" A long pause; Kitty seemed to be thinking. The waltz was nearly ended; yes, the last notes were wailing now—it she could put off the answer for a moment! "Will you?" insisted Saxe. Another pause. Appleton was making his way toward them; he did not like the look of things. Kitty, will you?" repeated Saxe.

"I must think," she answered. "I'll tell you at one o'clock." The smile she gave him as she muttered this below her breath was assurance enough. Both were victoriously happy. Kitty told Appleton that she feared Saxe was badly in love with her, and chatted on so happily that he regained his wavering faith.

Kitty went home and waited until one o'clock. She planned her revenge with delight. Saxe should be thrown over so calmly that his stiff pride would never recover. He could not resent it, it was he who had been treacherous, not she. At one o'clock she threw a shawl over her light gown and crept downstairs. She was badly frightened, a little inclined to turn back. Things were assuming a serious aspect. If she should be caught, it would be bad. Outside, she waited in the corner of the house and heard approaching footsteps and the clanking of the sabre of the officer of the day. His figure loomed up out of the darkness quite close to her; he hesitated and looked up at her window; then, as his glance fell, he seemed to see the muffled figure in the corner. He strode toward it.

"Harry," she whispered.

A pause. "Yes," was answered, also in a whisper. He came to her and took her in his arms, without a word. He was too uncertain to speak.

Kitty whispered again. "I thought you mightn't come, after all."

"But I did."

"Yes." Kitty, with her head resting on his shoulder, waited for him to ask for his answer, but he said nothing. This was awkward, she could not begin herself. "You look enough like Fred, in the dark, to be his brother."

"Yes?"

"If your voice were not so unlike his, I should say it was he."

"Really?"

"Good gracious! cant you say anything except in monosyllables?"

"What is there to say?"

Kitty was desperate; what could he mean? Again she forgot herself and reversed the order of things.

"You might kiss me, at least, I think."

"Shall I?"

"Shall you? What a question," and she turned up her face to him.

"And now I must go, Kitty dear. Oh, Kitty, Kitty," he whispered, huskily.

She drew back. "Why, what is the matter?" But he was walking away. "Don't you want your answer?" she ran after him, saying.

"Not now; not to-night."

She turned and crept into the house. Then she knew what she had done. Chilled by the night air and trembling with fright, she stood in the middle of the floor and looked straight ahead, seeing all her mistake and the shamefulness of it as she had not done before. To accomplish a revenge, she had come to this; she had thrown herself into a man's arms almost unasked. And the man had acted curiously. Small wonder. She sank upon the floor and sat for hours with her head hanging down. Then she undressed and went to bed, but lay awake until morning. She thought of Appleton now, and how she had betrayed him, and she loved him more than ever she had before. It was a hard struggle between shame and inborn frankness; but she determined at last to tell him the truth in the morning and let him do as he liked, throw her over if he wished; but then he would not, she was sure of that. Only her old role of dispenser of favors and privileges would be ended; it would be he who would play the magnanimous henceforth. If only she could have back the crimson rose she had pinned on Saxe's coat. If he were to wear it the next day, Appleton would recognize it as one of the bunch he had given her, and remember that he had told her that red roses meant love. She worried and marveled that she should have rushed headlong into such disgrace. She was one of those women whose tears come easily, but she had been too frightened and ashamed to cry; at last, at reveille, she sobbed away her griefs and slept.

After guard-mounting she went into the garden with a scarlet face. She saw Appleton coming up the walk, and paled with fear of what she had to tell him. She dropped her eyes and fingered a flower nervously until he stood beside her. "Oh, good-morning, Fred," she said, cheerily.

"Good-morning, Kitty."

A silence; Kitty bit her lip and pulled at the flower. "Well, why don't you say something?" she inquired, petulantly.

"I've nothing much to say."

She glanced up and saw a red rose pinned to his coat—a crushed and wilted red rose. She caught hold of his arm to steady herself. He let her hand lie on his sleeve.

"I only came to ask if you had any message for Saxe. He fell into a post-hole, that was in the wrong place, just as he was starting to visit the guard. The fall broke his leg, and I took his sword to make the rounds for him. He seemed to be dreadfully worried about something as I left; but I didn't understand at the time. I do now. So do you, I fancy. Shall I give him the rose that was meant for him, or do you want it back?" He unpinned it and handed it to her.

She took it and crushed the petals until a red stain trickled between her fingers.

Appleton watched her and lingered for a while. "Have you any message? I think he expects one. You have none? .No—you must not say you hate him; and you must not try to explain. That is all, Kitty. Pretty, faithless little Kitty. Good-bye, and it is good-bye for always, too."—Gwendolen Overton, San Francisco.

PACKING A BOX ON THE SIDEWALK

Wednesday afternoon the scribe secured a large empty box, in which to pack a lot of job printing for shipment to a neighboring town, and as we stood at the foot of the steps thoughtfully contemplating the situation, the first fellow that came along grabbed one end of the box and said, "I'll help you up with it." "But we don't want it up." "Oh!" Then we commenced taking the top off, the next passer stopped. "Hello! Getting in some new goods?" "Yes; a little more wind." "Good-day." The third one: "Packing up to leave us, Lawon?" "Nope!" As the boys commenced carrying down the printed matter to be packed in the box, another fellow halted long enough to say, "Have to send away to have your fine work done, do you?" "Not by (H. O.) Adams sight." Number five: "You don't pretend to say you do that work here, do you?" "Didn't say anything about it; just did it." Jephthan like we made a rash vow as to what would do for the next questioner, when John Claypoole and Harry S. Parker came along from opposite directions, and being unable to decide which spoke first both still live. Frank Vicroy was an interested spectator, and when we had the stuff all in and commenced nailing down the lid Frank said nary a word, but stepped upon it with his 300 averdupois—and that did settle it. As we were driving the last nail another fellow elbowed himself through a crowd of the poorest guessers we ever saw, to say, "Have to send some of it back, do you?" And the other fellows gave him the horse laugh.

Next time we have such a box to pack we'll take it up-stairs and let it down with block and tackle.

A WILD GOOSE AND HER GOSLINGS

I had to make a trip from our claim on the Columbia to Spokane Falls. It was much nearer to go through the mountains on a cayuse than around by Deavenport on the stage. I started quite early one morning and was riding along up the Spokane River when, as I came over a small rocky point, I noticed a very large bird soar down from a tree and carry something in its mouth. At first I thought it was an eagle, but as soon as I climbed a little higher, I could see it was an old gray goose, and that it had deposited its burden in the water, where I could see several small ones swimming around.

I stopped, got off from my cayuse and watched the performance. I had waited but a few moments when one of the geese rose out of the water and flew straight to a cottonwood tree, alighted on a limb near a big nest, then took a few steps toward the nest, and reaching over into the nest took a young gosling out and sailed down to her companion. When she let the youngster touch the water it cut all kinds of capers. She again returned to the nest and got another, which was the last. After watching them for quite awhile, I mounted my cayuse and rode on. When I came into plain view of the family, the old ones fluttered away and the youngsters disappeared. There were seven little ones, as near as I could count. I have watched the wood duck carry her young from a tree, but this was the only time I ever saw a goose make the transfer.—Forest and Stream.

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.

A DOG THAT EATS ORANGES.

"Do you want a good story?" asked a well-known man-about-town in the Continental hotel lobby last evening. "Well, here's one about a dog, and it's a true one, too. The dog's name is Sam. He is a setter, and belongs to a man named McCormick, who keeps a restaurant down at Atlantic City. I was going down there last week and saw the dog going through a remarkable performance. A man in the crowd of six or eight people will take a nickle from his pocket, wrap it in a piece of paper and give it to the dog. Sam then trots off to the corner, where an Italian keeps a fruit stand. The Italian places an orange in a paper bag, and pretty soon Sam comes trotting back with his purchase, wagging his tail and tickled to death. He will then hunt out the man who gave him the nickle, never making a mistake, apparently wishing to show that he hasn't squandered the money foolishly. After that he takes the orange from the bag and plays with it until he gets tired. Then he eats it. This is another remarkable performance. He first bites a piece out of the skin, just as a man who has no knife might do, and then breaks it in two pieces. He is very fond of oranges, but although he manages to get all the meat of the fruit, he will never swallow even a morsel of the skin. I tell you, he's a great dog."—Philadelphia Call.

Persons who are subject to diarrhœa will find a speedy cure in De Witt's Colic and Cholera cure. Use no other. It is the best that money can procure. It leaves the system in natural condition after its use. I sell it. W. E. Brock.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with la grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Hillsboro Pharmacy.

There is great danger in neglecting colic, cholera and similar complaints. An absolutely prompt and safe cure is found in De Witt's Colic and Cholera cure. W. E. Brock.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington county, in favor of L. S. McConnell and J. C. Iler, partners, doing business under the firm name of McConnell and Iler, and against Claus Schlichting and Theodore Scharffenberg, for the sum of $15.00, costs, and for the further sum of $636.00, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, from the 10th day of April, 1895, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ.

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgment, and for want of sufficient personal property, I did, on the 13th day of June, 1896, levy on all the interest of the above-named defendant, Claus Schlichting, in the hereinafter described real property, I will, on Monday, the 22d day of July, 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, to-wit:

A part of the donation land claim of C. C. Mills and wife, situate in section nineteen in township two, south of range one west Willamette meridian, according to the government survey thereof, on file in United States land office, at Oregon City, Oregon, said donation claim being Notification No. 1449, Certificate No. 5020, the part of said donation claim hereby conveyed being all thereof lying on the right or south bank of the Tualatin river, reaching to the thread of the stream, containing 75.25 acres, and situate in the county of Washington, State of Oregon; except the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section nineteen, township two south of range two west of the Willamette meridian; excepting 5 acres in the northeast corner thereof, all situate 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 13th day of June, 1895.

1-8 H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Or.
By W. D. Bradford, Deputy.

CITATION.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for the County of Washington.

In the matter of the estate of William Jolly, deceased, Citation:

To Eliza Jane Jolly, William B. Jolly, John T. Jolly, Frank B. Jolly, Ann Eliza Williams, Samuel Williams, Armanda M. Howard, H. V. Howard, Adelma Jane Fletcher, F. M. Fletcher, W. J. Focker, George Lichtenthaler, Richard White, and the unknown children and heirs-at-law of Ada White, deceased, George R. Bagley, guardian ad litem of George Lichenthaler and the unknown children and heirs at law of Ada White, deceased, and to all other persons interested in said estate, greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, at the Court room thereof, at Hillsboro, in the County of Washington, on Monday, the 5th day of August, 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause if any exist, why an order of sale should not be made authorizing and directing William B. Jolly and Frank B. Jolly, executors of the last will and testament of William Jolly, deceased, to sell certain real property as prayed for in their petition filed herein, and which real property is situate in Washington County, Oregon, and described as follows, to-wit:

First tract: Commencing at the northwest corner of the south half of the donation land claim of William Jolly and wife, in section 14, T 1 N R 3 W of the Willamette meridian, and running thence south 5.00 chains more or less to the northwest corner of a tract of land heretofore conveyed to and owned by U. M. Howard, thence eastward on the north line of said Howard tract 21.80 chains to the northeast corner of said Howard tract, thence south 12.27 chains to the southeast corner of said Howard tract, thence south 2.00 chains more or less to the northwest corner of a tract of land now owned by McNally, thence east about 15.00 chains more or less to the northeast corner of the McNally tract of land, thence southward along the east line of the McNally land to the center of McKay creek, thence northward along the center of said McKay creek with the meanderings thereof to where the same crosses the line dividing the north half from the south half of the said William Jolly donation land claim; thence west on said division line 45.00 chains more or less to the place of beginning, and containing 40 acres, more or less.

Second tract: Commencing on the east line of the donation land claim of William Jolly and wife in section 19 in T 1 N R 2 W of the Willamette meridian, 71.82 chains south of the northeast corner of said claim and at a point where the south line of the land heretofore sold by William Jolly and wife to Frank B. Jolly, crossed the east line of said claim, and running thence south 87° 45' east 13.00 chains to the southeast corner of the said F. B. Jolly tract of land, thence south 12.88 chains, thence west 13.00 chains, thence south along the east line of said Jolly claim about 20.00 chains, more or less, to a point 5.26 chains north of the southeast corner of said Jolly donation land claim, thence west on the north line of the land of Reisner and wife 22.84 chains to the Bennett tract of land, thence along the east line of said Bennett land to the center of McKay creek, thence northward along the center of McKay creek with the meanderings thereof to the southwest corner of the F. B. Jolly tract of land, thence south 87° 45' east 15.00 chains to the place of beginning, and containing 74 acres, more or less.

It is ordered that this citation be served upon Adelma Fletcher, F. M. Fletcher, W. J. Focker, Richard White, and the unknown children and heirs-at-law of Ada White, deceased, by publishing the same once a week for four weeks in the Hillsboro Independent, a newspaper published regularly and weekly within Washington County, Oregon, and of general circulation therein.

Witness: The Hon. B. P. Cornelius, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 18th day of June, A. D., 1895.

Attest: R. B. GOODIN, Clerk.
4-8

SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION.

BY VIRTUE OF TWO EXECUTIONS, issued out of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, first, in favor of William Barker, and against W. T. Smith, for the sum of $14.60, costs, and the further sum of $2-0.00, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, from the 5th day of October, 1885; second, in favor of J. W. Hughes, and against W. T. Smith, for the sum of $14.60, costs, and the further sum of $166.50, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, from the 5th day of October, 1885, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgment, and for want of sufficient personal property, I did, on the 12th day of June, 1895, levy on all the interest of the above-named defendant, in the hereinafter described real property, and will, on Monday, the 22d day of July, 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, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the east line of the donation land claim of Elkanah Walker and wife, in T 1 N R 3 W north 8° 30' east 25.50 chains from the S E corner of the same, thence north 89° 27' west 3.83 chains; thence south 1.15½ chains, thence south 89° 27' E 3.66 chains to the said east line of the Walker claim, thence north 8° 30' east 1.16½ chains to the place of beginning, all said land situate 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 19th day of June, 1895.

H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Or.
By W. D. Bradford, Deputy.
4-8

SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, in favor of J. C. Hare and against J. M. O. Shuck, for the sum of $8.60, costs, and for the further sum of $19.19, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, from the 19th day of June, 1895, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ.

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgment, and for want of sufficient personal property, I did, on the 2d day of July, 1895, levy on the hereinafter described real property, I will, on Monday, the 12th day of August, 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, to-wit:

Beginning at a stake 28 chains east of the northwest corner of the Abner Landess donation land claim, in township 1 south of range 2 west of the Willamette meridian, in Washington County, Oregon, and running thence south 5 degrees west, 7.74 chains; thence east 4 chains and 50 links; thence south 5 degrees west 2 chains and 70 links; thence east 10 chains and 46 links; thence north 5 degrees east 10 chains and 28 links; thence west 20 chains and 44 links to the place of beginning, containing 20 acres, more or less, all situate 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 8th day of July, 1895.

H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.
7-13

SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION, issued upon a judgment out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, in favor of Eliza Newton, plaintiff, rendered February 20, 1893, and against John Bohart, Adna Bohart and Isaac Butler, defendants, for the sum of $24.45, costs, and for the further sum of $600.05, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent, per annum, from the 20th day of February, 1893, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ.

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said execution, and for want of sufficient personal property, I have, on this, the 26th day of June, 1895, levied upon the hereinafter described real property, and will, on Monday, the 29th day of July, 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 all of the interests of the said defendants in the following described real property, to-wit:

Known and designated as the donation land claim of George W. Ebberts—claim No. 46, situated in township one north of range two west, and claim No. 38, in township one south of range two west; all situate in Washington County, Oaegon, 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 26th day of June, 1895.

H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.
5-9

Notice of Sale of Real Estate by Administratrix at Private Sale.

UNDER AUTHORITY OF AN ORder of sale granted by the County Court of the County of Washington, State of Oregon, and dated June 5, 1895, the undersigned will, from and after Saturday, the 20th day of July, 1895, proceed to sell at private sale for cash in hand, the following described real property, situate in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit: Commencing at the southwest corner of the northwest ¼ of section 32, township 2 north of range 4 west of the Willamette meridian, and running thence east 80 rods, thence north 61 rods and 3¼ feet; thence west 80 rods, thence south 61 rods and 3¼ feet to the place of beginning, containing 30 acres. Bids will be received at the office of W. D. Hare, at Hillsboro, Or.

Dated this 20th day of June, 1895.

4-8 EMMA SHELDON,
Administratrix of the estate of Frank G. Sheldon, deceased.

NOTICE TO BRIDGE BUILDERS.

THERE WILL BE LET TO THE lowest bidder, on July 10, 1895, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the County Court Room, contracts for building the following bridges and fills:

Bridge and fill known as the Scoggins' Valley bridge and fill, near Gales Spur.

Bridge and fill near Bethany P. O., known as the Bull Hill bridge and fill.

Bridge and fill known as the Meyers bridge and fill, near John Hammel's place.

Bridge and fill across Cedar Creek, near Middleton, and known as the Mentlu bridge and fill.

Fill near Middleton, known as Buffington fill.

All bids to be sealed. Specifications may be seen at County Clerk's office on and after July 1, 1895. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

June 26, 1895. B. P. CORNELIUS,
County Judge of Washington County, Oregon.
5-6

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OF HILLSBORO.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

EAST AND SOUTH . .

— VIA —

THE SHASTA ROUTE

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SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

South				North
8.50 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8.10 A M
10.45 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv	6.00 A M

Above trains stop at East Portland, Oregon City, Woodburn, Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Albany Junction, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene, Drain, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

4.30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4.40 P M
8.25 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	8.00 A M

Salem Passenger Daily:

4.00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	10.15 A M
6.15 P M	Ar	Salem	Lv	8.00 A M

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BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS.

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7.30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	5.40 P M
9.50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	4.25 P M
12.15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1.00 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4.45 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8.25 A M
6.05 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7.13 A M
7.25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5.50 A M

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n4 1

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