HOW THE PARSON SHOWED HIS PLUCK.

The stage from Hunter's Camp to Verndale made two trips per week each way, stopping at Star City and Lariat. Verndale was a supply station on the Pacific Railroad and Hunter's Camp was a mining settlement some sixty miles inland. Star City and Lariat were neither supply stations nor mining camps, but rival towns struggling for the possession of the county seat when the new county of Custer should be set off. They had been ranches in the early days, but now that the country was beginning to be more thickly settled a village and post office had sprung up at each place. Of course there was the most intense rivalry between them.

"Who's that stranger that come into town on the stage to-day?"

"I don'no," Major Wilson, the postmaster of Star City responded. "He asked me where he could get board for a few days and I sent him to the Last Turn or the Brick Front. But he came back after a while and asked if there wasn't some private place he could stay. My wife happened to be in the store jest then, and he persuaded her to take him in. He's some sort of an advance agent for a gospel mill, I guess."

The young man who was the subject of this conversation, Fred H Curtin, was a Sunday School missionary, sent by the board from Yale Seminary. "I am neither grub nor butterfly," he said, pleasantly, when troduced by Mrs. Wilson as "rever end." "I am only sent here for the summer and then I must go back to complete my studies before I can be made a full-fledged minister. But while I am here I shall do my best to preach and teach in the Sunday school which I hope you will establish. That is, I'll preach if you'll come to hear me," he added, laughing.

By the next day at noon it wa pretty generally known that the "parson," as they called him, had come to make their village his head quarters for the summer campaign of Sunday school mission work. But the fact that his errand was known did not keep the missionary from calling upon all the families in the town and the adjacent country to invite them to the meeting he proposed to hold on the following Sunday.

He found them willing enough to join with him in the effort to secure a school, the more so because the town of Lariat had for more than a year boasted of a Sunday school Curtin came at length to mention the school at Lariat as a means of introducing his project.

Lariat did indeed have a Sabbath school of which it was justly proud. The missionary superintendent of the northwestern district had told young Curtin the circumstances of its organization, but it was not until Fred had reached the ground and spent a day and a night with the leader that he fully appreciated what a school would be which was "run on purely business principles." The superintendent of missions had told him that there was, so far as he knew, not one single professing Christian concerned in the management of the organization. But the people had wanted their children gathered into a school and he had chosen the most available teachers out of the material at hand. When the young missionary arrived at Lariat he had inquired curiously of the leader concerning the success of the school.

"You see the school is bound to go, bein' organized in the way it was. The missionary he stayed round here for two days workin' the thing up, but it was hay harvest and he couldn't get a crowd together nohow. We'd give him the slip on Sunday mornin' an' got off to the hay meadows—we had to. But he follered us up a horse-back an' preached to us—by installments—all day. When night come he organized the school on the hay wagon on the road home—so as we shouldn't get scattered again. We all promised him we'd stop workin' on Sundays and stick to the Sunday school —and we hev."

One young farmer to whom Fred applied for information had said: "Ben Loomis is a hustler, you bet. Whatever he takes hold of doesn't merely go, it's got to hum. He ain't very pious, Ben ain't—used to get on a tear like the rest or us sometimes; but he never gets full on Saturday nights now, an' he's reg'lar as a clock at that Sunday school of hisn. He had a tree last Christmas —rigged her all up himself for a surprise. Then he offers prizes to the scholars that don't miss a Sunday during the quarter, and he gives a dollar a Sunday to the kid that learns the most bible verses. So the school has a reg'lar boom all the time."

"Who teaches the spiritual truth of the lessons, and who leads in prayer?"

"I don't know much about the spiritual truths of the lessons, I guess maybe they don't have 'em in this school, but I can tell you how they manage the prayin' part. That was the thing that stuck Ben at first. He didn't want to be the leader because he knew somebody had ought to pray, an' he thought it wasn't quite the thing for him to do. But Benjamin he was in for it, and he worked it out like this: the first Sunday he says, 'I ain't got no prayin' books here to-day, but I have sent for some cards an' next Sunday we'll have all things in good shape.' So the next Sunday Ben tapped the bell an' the whole school stood up. 'Now,' says he, 'I don't know any better prayer than the Lord's Prayer; if anybody else does he can blaze away after we get done. All that knows the Lord's Prayer by heart close their eyes, an' them that don't ain't to take their eyes off'n the cards. When I tap the bell, all begin at once.' An' so they've kept it up that way ever since."

The greatest difficulty which the young missionary had found in Star City was to secure a suitable building in which to hold his meeting. The school directors were in a quarrel, but the very man who had refused the use of a school building had offered to head a subscription paper to pay for the use of a good-sized hall over one of the saloons of the town. As there was no other room to be had this was engaged for the summer. Then the question of seating arose. Extra chairs were not very plentiful in the houses. Stumm, the keeper of the saloon below, used the room for storing his beer kegs, both full and empty. It was he who suggested: "Fy don't you got some boards von Russell's lumper yardt oudt and sdretch 'em der peer parrels across to make seadts?"

When the Sabbath morning came Curtin ascended the outside staircase to the hall with a beating heart, half expecting that there might be nobody gathered to hear him after all. To his surprise he found the board seats already well filled by the women and children of the settlement. Postmaster Wilson stalked up to him as he sat facing the audience.

"Don't you begin this meetin' until I can call the boys in. The men'll be here, every one of 'em, if you only give 'em time."

First they sang, the preacher leading and others joining as the owners of the voices grew more bold. Then prayer and more singing, with reading from the scriptures and still another song. They were warmed up by this time and the missionary began his sermon feeling quite encouraged. He had some ability as an extempore speaker and was under full swing when there was a rattle under the floor at his feet; then a section of the floor swung upward and the frowzy red head and beard of Stumm, the saloon-keeper, appeared.

"I peen sorry to 'sturb you, poss. but de breachin' prought a pig grow and I haf more peer soldt ash I expected. So I must haf some of den peer kegs—if you blease," he added, seeing that the postmaster's eye was fixed coldly upon him.

There was a half-suppressed snicker in the back of the hall as Stumm delivered himself of this long speech The missionary stood staring at the intruder for a moment, but the laugh brought him back to the realization that he must keep his grip on the meeting if his work was to be a success.

"Well, hurry up and get one of the kegs down. One will be enough; this crowd up here doesn't want any peer to-day."

From the same quarter of the room whence the laugh had arisen, one hoarse voice now spoke in what was meant to be a whisper: "What's the matter with the parson? Stumm is called without a trump this time!"

And Fred secretly exulted that his grasp on the meeting had been strengthened. When he had finished his speech he invited any one who would declare for or against the projected Sunday school. For half a minute there was an oppressive silence, and then big Jim Howarth rose solemnly to say, "Major Wilson; he's the man to put this thing right."

Thus dragged into public view, the postmaster began as if at a political meeting: "Fellow citizens, I feel sure that there ain't a single voter in this large and representative assembly which I see before me who ain't got the welfare of our thriving young city near to his heart. Whatever helps to boom Star City meets with our cordial approval and support. We want all the special attractions that there is a-goin'. Most of you know this young man that has cast in his lot with us. From all I can judge of the plan he's proposed here to-day for the promotion of our religious interests, I think there ain't no reason why we shouldn't adopt it at once. Most of us know that such a school as this is carried on in a town much smaller and less enterprising than this—I mean the village of Lariat. If Lariat can have a sickly school, Star City can support a live one. So I'm for the school, first, last and all the time. We are bound to beat Lariat. I therefore motion that we have the school."

The meetings at Star City and Lariat went on regularly for some time, the young missionary preaching once a Sunday in each place He soon purchased a pony and began itinerating through the smaller settlements of the whole region, holding occasional services wherever he could secure a hearing.

Late one Sunday afternoon in July three men lay on the grass behind a group of willows that fringed the creek a short distance out of Lariat. Their faces were bronzed with the sun and reddened and swollen with liquor. Since long after daylight they had been lying under the willows, insensible to the stings of the mosquitoes that preyed upon their hands and faces and deaf to the stamping of their ponies picketed near by. The youngest of the men, the Missouli Kid, wakened by the sound of galloping hoofs on the opposite side of the creek, sat up and rubbed his eyes. Stretching out a spurred boot he kicked the other two men into sensibility.

"Say, Pete, Bill! Here's the parson from Star City. He's come up the short cut through the valley and he's got to cross the creek here. Let's have some fun with him."

The men sat up, grumbling profanely at being roused, but having still enough bad whisky in them to make them ready for any brutal amusement, especially at the expense of one for whom they bore no love.

The missionary had crossed the creek and ridden up to the men before he saw them. He greeted them courteously and was riding by when they called out, "Hold on! We have some business with you."

At the same moment a horse-hair rope dexterously wound itself around the fore leg of his pony.

"Want to trade horses?"

"No; mine suits me very well."

It was the Missoula Kid who conducted the parley. He now came and pulled the pony's mouth open, pretending with great gravity to examine her teeth. Suddenly he gave her head a vicious twist, almost bringing the little animal to her knees. The missionary dismounted precipitately. "Whoa, Sukey!" said the Missoula Kid, with a feint to kick the beast.

"Don't!" warned the missionary, springing to the horse's head, while a bright flush mounted to his cheek and his hands nervously knotted themselves into fists and then unclasped themselves. The cowboy grinned.

"You be the parson, ain't you? Come from Star City, eh? Well, we're the committee app'inted by the citizens of Lariat to run you out of town. You may suit them chumps down at Star City, with your psalm singin' and gospel preachin', but the thing don't go here. We're not that kind of a crowd."

"Gentlemen," protested the missionary, keeping his temper admirably, "I have an appointment to preach in Lariat to-night; and I am going to preach there. There must be some mistake."

"So you say we're lyin', eh? Get right down on your knees an' promise that you'll leave the country before mornin', or we'll run you out."

"I will not," was all the missionary would say.

"Then we'll have to carry out our orders."

"Gentlemen, you know what I'm here for," he began. "I have not come here to make money. I have come to preach Christ. I have gone among the people of this whole valley trying to lead them to better, purer lives. I have tried to follow my Master"—

"Hold on, Parson, this ain't no religious conference. Get onto that spouse of mine and keep quiet, onless you want to be muzzled."

Again the firm lips closed. "I will not," he said.

"Then we'll have to proceed accordin' to instructions." Taking a greasy theater program from his pocket he pretended to read. "The first charge against you, Parson, is that you are working this religious racket of yours so as to boom Star City for the county seat. The second is that you are disturbin' the peace of Lariat by your highfalutin', tenderfoot notions about its bein' wicked to gamble and get drunk, and so-forth. And the sentence is that you are to be tied to the back of a broncho and run out of the country. Now put your paws behind your back."

Just then there was a rustle behind the willows on the bank of the creek and the huge form of Ben Loomis, Winchester in hand, emerged. "The man who made up them charges and who pronounced that sentence is a liar!" he shouted. "Hold up your hands there, you drunken blackguards, or the first man that reaches for his pistol gets hurt—bad. Now, parson, just take the guns out of the belts o' them fellows, will you? Hold onto one of 'em and bring the rest to me. Then just take that rietta that the Kid was goin' to tie you with an' tie the hands of all them fellows, and we'll take the whole gang o' them back to Lariat. Draw the knots tight—it won't hurt 'em. Their blood seems to circ'late most too frisky."

The missionary went unwillingly about disarming his late tormentors. He carried the weapons to the creek bank, talked for a minute with Loomis and then went back to the three sheepish fellows where they stood by their ponies. "Men," he said, "I don't believe you meant to run me out of the country. I won't believe it, anyhow. And I won't take the advantage of you, now that it has turned out in my favor. Here, take your revolvers back again. I have only one request to make," he added, as they took their weapons. "I want you to come to the meeting to-night and sit up front. And if you never say anything about this affair Loomis says he won't, and I promise you I never will."

It was the Missoula Kid who spoke first. "Parson, we'll be there, Here, shake. By—ginger," searching through his vocabulary for the mildest word he knew, "you've got sand. Yes, we'll be there, and we'll set anywheres you put us."

That night the missionary preached as his hearers had never heard him preach before on the Parable of the Prodigal Son. A week later the little room would not seat the people who came. It was the beginning of a revival which swept the town of Lariat and the whole country round. The people came night after night, although it was the height of their busy season. Star City caught the same spirit. The struggle for supremacy was forgotten—lost sight of in the religious awakening which stirred every heart.

The people live years ago, but if you should go to-day into the enterprising new county of Custer you would find two prosperous churches, alert, spiritual, aggressive and run on the most approved business principles. Both are under the care of one pastor—a man, as Major Wilson, of Star City, will tell you, "who won't take dust from anybody in the state, no matter who he is." And to this sentiment Deacon Loomis of Lariat is always ready to respond, "Yes, and one that's grit, clear down to the roots of his teeth, Rev. Frederick H. Curtin."—Gilliam W. Ford in Congregationalist.

NAMING THE GRAND VIZIER.

The ceremony of "naming" the new grand vizier is one of the most impressive sights imaginable; and, as it has seldom, if ever, been described, an attempt to convey some idea of it may not be without interest. It was toward 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon that the servants commenced to carry out from Djevad Pasha's rooms at the Sublime Porte his books, papers, pens and other private paraphernalia. This was the first intimation given to the world that the grand vizier had fallen. Shortly afterward troops filed up the hill and lined both sides of the road from the landing stage at Sirkidjy to the doors of the Porte. The news spread like fire under a wind, and by 5 o'clock all preparations were completed for the reception of the new occupant of the principal office in the empire. In the great council chamber the scene was unique in its quiet dignity. The room was crowded with all the high officials present and past, and though an hour or two previously none there had even guessed what was about to happen, each one took his place silently and regularly, without confusion or mistake, awaiting the advent of the still unknown chief.

At the head of the hall a small vacant space was left, around which grouped the present ministers and those who had previously held portfolios. As each came in he paced slowly up the carpet with one short salute. As soon as he reached the end all present returned the temena'a with a sweep of the hand to the ground, breast and forehead. This rythmical greeting, accentuated by the movement of scarlet fezes in unison with open hands, given in silence and in the dim curtained light of the council chamber, defies adequate description by the pen. And then the newcomer returned the salutes separately, beginning at the left-hand side, round the square of his colleagues, subordinates and superiors, and one more candidate for the vizierate was effaced. For nobody knew upon whom the choice of the sultan had fallen. Many names were whispered round, but as their owners entered the circle of greeting their chances were seen to be extinguished. One after another they followed on, till by a process of reduction it became a question of only two or three, all the rest of Turkey's statesmen, and all her greatest pashas, having already trodden the carpet, and taken their seats of expectation. Then from the windows could be seen a small procession winding up the ascent. In front were two horsemen, he on the left a little man, well known to all the watchers in the chamber, and on the right the Sheikh ul Islam, shining in the sunlight with his robes of pure white and gold.

In the passing of a breath the name of "Ketchuk Said" fluttered round the room, and a few moments later the new grand vizier, who had already thrice gone through the same ceremony, was standing in the center of the ministerial group. There he drew from his breast a green silk bag, and extracting from it the imperial Hatt, he pressed the parchment to his lips and forehead. The dark-bearded sheikh repeated this homage to the words of his imperial master and the Hatt was handed to the Evrak Mudiri, or keeper of the archives, who read aloud that his imperial majesty, the sultan, knowing the devotion, well proved, of Said Pasha, intrusted to him the duties of grand vizier, and that, having full confidence in the piety of the Sheikh ul Islam, he prolonged his term of office; being anxious in all things for the best welfare of his people, and might Almighty God bless their efforts towards that end. Then again a wave of sweeping hands and bending heads went round, and the sheikh, in full, deep tones, offered up a prayer for the sultan and the empire. In a moment the council chamber was transformed into a holy place, and the politicians, pashas and scribes, with upturned palms, seemed to have forgotten for a space the world and its vanities. It would be hard to imagine anything more striking than this prayer, amid such surroundings and on such an occasion.

With it terminated the investiture. The new grand vizier adjourned to his room with his ministry for coffee and a perfunctory cabinet council, and later on the old and new viziers and ministers repaired to Yildiz to pay their first, or last, respects, to their lord. Meanwhile, another Hatt had arrived, changing the occupant of the western wing of the Porte, for Said Pasha, who has been minister for foreign affairs for nine years, was bidden to vacate his familiar chair in favor of Turkhan Pasha.

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.

A WOMAN'S POKER PARTY.

Lena, the cook in the Solomon House, and Nellie, the maid of all work, were on the verge of a strike before luncheon was served. That was because Mrs. Solomon had been in a state of fidget from the moment she emerged from her room. Nothing quite suited her and her voice rang through the rooms and halls of the house in freiful criticism, until Lena declared she would not stand it any longer, and Nillie was reduced to tears and helplessness. Mrs. Solomon barely touched her food at breakfast or luncheon, but after the latter had been disposed of, she became somewhat calmer, and when Nellie cleared the things off the smoking room table and placed before her a carved oak box, a happy smile illuminated her pale face.

"Mind, now," said Mrs. Solomon, "and have the lucheon served at half past 4."

"Yes, ma'am," said Nellie and disappeared.

Mrs. Solomon sat down at the table and opened the box, disclosing some packs of playing cards in unopened wrappers and row after row of ivory chips, all bearing in the center the engraved monogram "J. S.," meaning Judith Solomon. It was interesting to watch her as she picked the chips out of the box and placed them on the table. Being young and pretty, in spite of her extreame pallor, and possessing more than usual grace in all her movements, her action in sorting the chips into piles of blues and reds and whites was picturesque. There were six chairs around the table, including her own, and on the table before each chair she placed three piles of chips, consisting of twelve blues, ten reds and twenty whites.

It was 4 o'clock. A few moments later the bell rang and the company which Mrs. Solomon had been expecting began to arrive. Within ten minutes all had come. They were most of them women of middle age, although one was gray-haired and one was still in the flush of youth. The door had hardly closed behind the last comer, and greetings had been barely exchanged, when Mrs. Soloman said:

"Now, dears, come right up stairs and get ready. We haven't any time to waste."

They followed her to the next floor and disappeared within her room When they returned to the parlor floor a great transformation had taken place in there appearance. Their street costumes had been removed and replaced by comfortable dressing gowns. No further ceremony was indulged in. They took their places around the table, Mrs. Solomon at the head. She took one of the packs of cards out of the box and placed it on the table, then put the box on a little stand behind her.

"Now, ladies," she said, as she shoved the pack over to the eldest in the party. "I have given you each $5 worth of chips. You had better count them to make sure. Mrs. Green, will you please shuffle the cards?"

Mrs. Green, the gray-haired member of the party, removed the wrapper from the cards, drew out the joker, and threw it on the floor. Then she shuffled the cards with the skill of a professional, passed them over to the player at the right to cut them, and finally dealt them. All the players were immediately deeply engrossed in the game. There was no conversation to speak of, the only garrulous woman in the party —a very pale, auburn-haired woman —being shut off every time she started to talk by reminders from the other women that she had forgotten to ante or that it was her turn to say what she proposed to do. The most remarkable of all the women was a very slight, dark-complexioned woman with very thin lips and a sharp, straight nose, who was addressed as Mrs. Cardozo. From the time she sat down until the close of the game she never said anything that did not pertain directly to the game. Even when she bet she said nothing, but placed her chips with a soft, cat-like motion in the center of the table. Her eyes never wandered from her cards, except when she stole a quick glance at the faces of those who were playing against her. She was cool at all times, and the most hardened gambler never concealed his cards more completely than she did.

A gambler would have called it a very quick game; that is, the cards were dealt quickly and the bets were quickly made. No time was wasted in the consideration of what might have happened had the play been different. Mrs. Solmon played the most darling game and Mrs. Cardozo the most successful. At half past four the game was interrupted by the appearance of Nellie, who came to announce that luncheon was served.

"Come, dears," said Mrs. Solomon with a sigh, "we'll stop for a short time and have a little luncheon."

A chorus of indignant objections greeted this remark.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mrs. Green, "what is the use of stopping now? The game is just getting interesting. We can eat and play."

"That's what I say," chimed in another, and the winner, still true to her silence, merelp glanced crossly at at Mrs. Solomon.

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Solomon, "if you object, why we'll continue."

So the game went on, and there was no further interruption to the play, untill Mr. Solomon arrived at about six o'clock. He looked into the room with a quizzical smile on his face and said sarcastically:

"Well, ladies, I am somewhat of a gambler myself, but it's a new one on me to get so infatuated as to sit playing all day. It's frightfully hot in here. Don't you notice it?"

"Don't interrupt us," said Mrs. Green very solemnly: "we're in the middle of a play.

Mr. Solomon stood undecided for a moment, and then with a grin went up to his room. The play came to end when Mrs. Green, who had bet all her pile of chips, threw down four fives and raked in the big pot which had accumulated under the spirited betting of herself, Mrs. Soloman and Mrs. Cardozo. The last looked very spitefull as she threw down a full hand of aces on kings.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Solomon, as she showed up an ace-high flush, I wasn't in it at all." Then she leaned back in her chair and said, "Well, I suppose we've got to stop now. Some day we must arrange to start earlier, and play after dinner, too."

The other women reluctantly admitted that they, too, thought it was time to stop, as they had to get home to dinner and knew their husbands would be waiting for them even as it was. Each counted her chips and passed them over to Mrs. Solomon, who proved to be the biggest loser of the day, and had to turn over $15 to her guests to pay her indebtedness. That amount, and $10 more, contributed by some of the others losers, went to the chief winner, Mrs. Cardozo. After the accounts had been squared, the woman showed that their tongues were no different from those of the average of their sex, and for about five minutes there was a perfect babel of talk as each told her vexation at not having done something that she hadn't done, which would surely have changed the fortunes of the day. Then all of them retired to Mrs. Solomon's room again and once more changed their costumes. It was nearly 7 o'clock when they said good-by and passed out of the door with the satchels containing their dressing gowns.

Persons who are subject to diarrhoea 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.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Hillsboro Pharmacy. Regular size 50c. and $1.

When occasion demands its use, try De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is cooling to burns stops pain instantly, cleanses, a perfect healer for scalds or skin eruptions. W. E. Brock.

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 24 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 Abaner 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 16 chains and 46 links; thence north 2 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.
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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 Ellas Newton, plaintiff, rendered February 20, 1893, and against John Bohart, Adna Bohart and Isaac Butler, defendants, for the sum of $21.45, costs, and for the further sum of $5.05, 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. 39, in township one south of range two west, 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 26th day of June, 1895. H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF HILLSBORO.
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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.
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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.
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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:

6:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:40 P M
9:25 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
8:50 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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