THE COLOR GUARD.

There were waving hands and hearts as the crowd cheered rolled by,
There were shouts from merry children ringing to the summer sky;
Then a stir of music rose and swelled and pealed along the street,
As their ranks [illegible] march to the music of the drums.

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?"

Ah! the silvery flag is glorious, and the children love it too,
And the light is safe and happy where the children's hearts are true.
How their youthful ardor thrilled me, as the revolution came
That the sword is ever changing, but the flag remains the same!

We were born too late for glory, but we still in memory keep
Stirring echoes from the battlefields where warrior fathers sleep.
We have used the flag as ours, but, lo! the years are passing by,
And a newer generation loves the stars and stripes on high.

Better that, for now the rancors of the strife no more appeal,
And the children know no faction, and the flag belongs to all.
Be it ours to yield the prestige, for the new guard comes apace,
With the strength of youthful millions, loyal purpose in its face.

Flag of peace or flag of battle! Children, it is yours to love!
Will you honor and defend it as the gift of God to you?
Ah! the children's hearts are loyal! From the myriad army
North and south there comes the answer, as it came that summer day:

"Then remember we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust.'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

—Youth's Companion.

SMUGGLER'S NOTCH.

It was the "Glorious Fourth," and surely never was a more glorious summer sky spread over the little New Hampshire village, nestling among the lofty mountains which separate northern New Hampshire from the Dominion of Canada. The sun shone with that sparkling brilliancy which seems peculiar to those northern latitudes and the wind blew softly from the south, laden with the delicious odor of mountain balsams.

"I say, Tom," exclaimed Alec Bundy to his companion, Tom Powers, "this is too fine a day to spend hanging around the village. We've used up about all our fireworks except the giant crackers, and we don't want to be in a hurry about setting them off. Let's take a tramp in the woods."

"All right," replied Tom eagerly. "But where shall we go?"

"Let's climb old Baldtop."

"Hurrah!—that's the idea! And say, Alec, let's take the giant firecrackers along and wake the echoes from the old peak."

"Good for you!" cried Alec. "That's just what we'll do."

It was early in the afternoon when the boys started for Baldtop mountain. They were soon in the woods at the mountain's base, where the giant firs seemed to extend their arms in welcome and the pines to whisper friendly greetings. Both boys sang and whistled merrily. It was so pleasant to have a holiday in the grand old woods.

Soon the ascent began in earnest. There was no well defined path up the mountain, and Tom and Alec had to pick out their own course, drawing themselves up in the steepest places by means of the drooping limbs and protruding roots of the trees. Now and then they came to an open space and rested for a moment, viewing the beautiful scene spread out before them—hills stretching away on every side, clothed to their very summits with evergreens, while here and there in the valley a little lake or pond nestled like a silver island in an emerald sea.

Finally they came to a dim footpath leading off to the left along a narrow ridge of land. Alec turned to Tom.

"Suppose you sit down here for a few minutes and wait for me," he said. "I want to see where this path goes to. Then, if I should get lost, your shouts will guide me back."

Tom was the less sturdy lad of the two and was glad enough of a chance to rest while his companion explored the mysterious path.

Alec had not gone far along the rocky ridge before the path turned sharply and plunged down through a dense clump of firs into a deep ravine. Alec scrambled down among the rocks. "This is getting rather interesting," he muttered to himself. "I wonder what can have made this path. I'm going to follow it a little farther anyway."

Narrower and darker grew the pass and higher and steeper its sides as the boy advanced, until, suddenly rounding a large projecting rock, he found himself in the presence of four rough looking men seated about a campfire. In an instant, but too late for retreat, it flashed over him that this was the famous Smuggler's notch, a rocky mountain pass between northern New Hampshire and Canada, and that these rough characters before him were smugglers engaged in one of their secret expeditions between Canada and the States. He would have drawn back quickly out of sight, but the men had already seen him, and with a shout they surrounded him and made him their prisoner.

Meanwhile Tom was getting restless and somewhat anxious at Alec's prolonged absence. He began to shout with all the power of his lungs, but his voice died away in the silence, bringing no answer. "I am afraid something has happened to Alec," he thought. "I must go and hunt him up."

Taking the bunch of giant firecrackers in his hand, he started along the faint path. Finally he came to the place where the trail turned sharply into the ravine, and here his fears increased fourfold. What if Alec had fallen from the cliff, or been attacked by some fierce animal in this deserted glen? Tom, however, pushed on bravely and rapidly, hoping every moment to overtake his friend or discover some sign that he had passed that way. Awed by the gloom and silence of the great ravine, he had almost involuntarily ceased to shout, but his eyes scanned every inch of the pathway and overhanging rocks.

Suddenly he stopped, his heart beating like a trip hammer. The sound of loud, gruff voices came to his ears, and then another, lighter voice. Could it be Alec's? Creeping forward to the great rock which jutted across the path Tom slowly and carefully climbed up its sloping side and peeped over. Sure enough, there stood Alec in the midst of a group of fierce looking men who were talking and gesticulating wildly. Tom took in the situation instantly. These men were smugglers whose hiding place Alec had unwittingly stumbled upon. And now they were debating what to do with him.

Tom grew weak and sick with dread as he reflected that perhaps the unscrupulous smugglers would kill his companion, on the ground that dead men—and boys—tell no tales. Some of them looked so fierce and gesticulated so wildly that he was sure they must be advocating the most extreme measures. What could he do to save his friend? Return to the village and summon help? Ah, no! Help would only arrive too late. Should he rush out and fling himself upon the desperadoes in his companion's defense? That would be utter foolishness—one weak boy against a half dozen brawny men. Ah! A thought like an inspiration flashed over him—the giant firecrackers!

Cautiously he ranged them side by side on top of the rock. There were eight of the big cylinders in all. Then he lighted the fuses, one after another, and, sliding down into the path, ran back for a few yards.

S-z-z-z went the fuses! How the boy's heart throbbed as the powder sparks began to fly out. Suddenly a tremendous report rang through the silent ravine, waking thunderous echoes among the rocks. Then followed another, and another, and then a perfect volley of reports, till it seemed as if the very cliffs would split with the echoes.

As the loud reports began to ring through the glen the smugglers, thinking that a whole detachment of Uncle Sam's revenue officers must be upon them, fled in the wildest confusion. Alec was left standing alone, with hands bound, near the scattered embers of the campfire. Judge of his astonishment and delight when Tom bounded into sight, exclaiming:

"Hurrah for the giant firecrackers! They did the business that time and no mistake!" With quick slashes of his knife Tom cut the cords which bound Alec's arms, and then the two boys fled back in the direction from which they had come, laughing convulsively every now and then in spite of their haste and terror at the spectacle presented by the six stalwart men fleeing from a bunch of firecrackers.

There was no more thought of climbing old Baldtop that day. The boys hastened back to the village, and soon the story of the smugglers was in everybody's mouth. Sheriff Smith got together a posse of men, armed with guns and revolvers, inside of an hour, and guided by the boys they made quick time for the Notch.

Meanwhile the smugglers, finding that they had fled on a false alarm, had returned to their camp and were hastily packing up their contraband goods, knowing that their escaped captive would surely give the alarm as soon as possible. But Sheriff Smith was a shrewd man and understood both the lay of the land and the probable tactics of the smugglers. So, instead of taking his entire force into the Notch, he sent five men over the course taken by the boys, and with the other four went himself across a spur of the mountain to the farther end of the pass, thus penning the smugglers in a trap.

The smugglers, as the sheriff had expected, attempted to escape from the Notch as they had entered it, little expecting to meet their pursuers in that direction. But as they were hurrying out of the narrow defile, incumbered by their packs, five men suddenly started up from behind as many bowlders and presented their cocked guns at the fugitives' heads.

"Surrender," cried the sheriff, "or you are all dead men!"

Every pack was dropped to the ground, and up went six pairs of hands. It was a complete surprise and a bloodless capture. The smugglers were marched off to the county seat and lodged in jail that very night. And the next day the city papers had column accounts of the heroism of the boys and the wonderful effects produced by the eight giant firecrackers.

"By the way," said Sheriff Smith to Tom and Alec a few days later, "there was a handsome reward offered for the capture of those rascals. Did you know it, boys?"

"No!" exclaimed the boys. "Who do you suppose will get it?"

"You will," replied the sheriff, with a twinkle in his eye, "provided you'll ride over to the county treasurer's with me tomorrow and sign a receipt for the money."—Philadelphia Press.

The Fourth In Japan.

The Fourth of July is always a great day in Yokohama. All the subjects of European nations residing there, all the Japanese officials high and low, and all strangers who happen to be within the gates, join with the American colony in celebrating the anniversary of our independence. The United States minister and consul general hold receptions in the morning, and in the afternoon there are usually a dancing party and luncheon upon a man-of-war in the harbor. The Grand hotel, which is the center of social life in Japan, is crowded with gayly dressed parties, and in the evening fireworks and set pieces are displayed from a float anchored in the bay.—Chicago Record.

Persons who have a coughing spell every night, on account of a tickling sensation in the throat, may overcome it at once by a dose of One Minute Cough Cure. W. E. Brock.

Thousands of cases of consumption, asthma, coughs, colds and croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Careful consumers say, "One bar of Hoe Cake is worth two of common soap."

Pills do not cure constipation They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Small in size, but great in results. DeWitt's Little Early Risers act gently but thoroughly, curing indigestion, dyspepsia, and constipation. Small pill, safe pill, best pill. W. E. Brock.

Our Flag on the Sea.

How can the republic ever forget those dauntless sailors, Paul Jones, Manly, Hazard, Lambert Wickes, John Barry, Dale, Conyngham, Barney, with a hundred others in the war of independence and later in the French war of reprisal and the contests with Tripoli and the Barbary powers; such names as Truxton, Preble, Decatur, the elder Porter, Bainbridge, Stewart, MacDonough, Somers, Charles Morris, brave Reuben James, and the galaxy of heroes who in Preble's squadron shed imperishable glory on their country and gave our flag the prestige it holds today in the eyes of Europe, never once dimmed, thank God, by any dastardly act of later commanders.—New York Independent.

Women of the Revolution.

As we approach Revolutionary days it is evident that the women of all the colonies were as deeply stirred as were the men at the constant injuries and growing tyranny of the British government, and they were not slow in openly averring their abhorrence and revolt against this injustice. Their individual action consisted in the wearing only of garments of home spun manufacture; their concerted exertions in gathering in patriotic bands to spin and the signing of compacts to drink no more of the taxed tea, that significant emblem of British injustice and American revolt.—Selected.

OLD TIME FOURTHS.

TWO TYPICAL CELEBRATIONS OF THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

Plenty of Feasting and Dancing, but Not Very Much Noise—Ladies Did Not Dine With the Men In 1818—Parade of Revolutionary Heroes and Veterans of 1812.

Contrasted with the violent celebration of this up to date age, the Fourth of July of 60, 70 or 100 years ago presents a peaceful picture of hearty patriotism more in keeping with the real sentiment of the event than the present blustering fashion.

For instance, here is the way the people of Germantown, Pa., celebrated the Fourth of July of 1818. There were three cannon in the little town which had done service both in the Revolution and in the war of 1812. Several days before the Fourth the ladies of the place boiled hams, roasted sucking pigs whole, baked pies by the dozen and biscuits by the hundred, made all manner of cake generously filled with jam, and on the morning of the great day deposited the good things with the proprietor of the best tavern in town. It was the province of that important man to feed all the men and boys of the place and surrounding country with the provender supplied by their wives and daughters.

Huge tables, rough but solid, were set on the village green, as there were no buildings in those days large enough to accommodate such a great congregation of people. Early in the morning the young men of the place had fired off the cannons two or three times as official notice that the Fourth of July had come again. Powder was none too cheap then, and it was needed for more practical purposes than making a noise, so the salutes were few in number.

At the noon hour the whole community of the town met at the green, where mine host of the tavern had already heaped up the tables with the good things provided. There were speeches and a prayer, and then the work of the day began.

None of the ladies dined with the men. It was not considered proper. They stood in groups near the tavern, gowned in their best and making polite comments on the diners. In the late afternoon, when all the men had eaten their fill, there was a ball in the public house, and it was here that the ladies really enjoyed the day.

In the thirties there was a change in the method of celebrating the Fourth. The country was more prosperous and its patriotism had taken a more vainglorious turn. The town of Newburgh-on-the-Hudson gave a great Fourth of July celebration in the year 1831. It was gotten up by an ambitious tradesman who had contracted the political fever and desired to represent his district in congress. He subscribed $50 to a celebration fund, and after enlisting all the ladies of the place in the scheme he promised to make good any amount that might be needed after the other townspeople had been canvassed for contributions.

The ladies began the work weeks before the Fourth. Committees were appointed, and each member was to call upon a certain number of her friends for contributions. One lady promised to contribute "a large loaf of block cake nicely frosted for the center of the main table, two large boiled hams and six dozen soda biscuits." Furthermore, she said she would help set the tables and give the use of her silver spoons and cake basket. This was a prize contribution. Another lady, whose husband had already subscribed $10, promised for the event six loaves of cake, six dozen biscuits and also enough cut flowers from her garden to decorate the tables. She also tendered the services of her coachman for the day and the use of her farm horses for conveying the provisions to the banquet grounds, a grove about two miles from the village.

Powder was purchased by the ambitious politician, and the village cannon was shot off at regular intervals during the morning of the Fourth. He also gave small change to the boys of the town, and this was used to buy peppermint candy and gingerbread. Firecrackers were very expensive things then, and few boys cared to indulge in the luxury of using them, even if they had the financial means.

In the morning all the people who had promised provisions had them carried to the vestibule of the church, which was used as a depot on that day. The streets leading to the church were teeming that morning with servants and housewives, all carrying baskets filled with the good things. From the church they were carted to the grove. There, from early sunrise, young ladies and young men were busy making and setting the rude tables, also a place for the orator of the day.

The latter had been invited from a neighboring town because of his wide repute for eloquence. He was a young man, who wore his hair long and affected an artistic indifference to the common affairs of life. He was also eccentric in his dress, and in ordinary conversation used nothing but the most ponderous language.

At midday all the preparations at the grove had been completed, and the people gathered at the church for the grand procession to the festival place. A band composed of young men of the village led the way, followed by the three finest equipages to be had, in which sat the aged Revolutionary heroes. The 1812 veterans marched next, and then came all kinds of vehicles, from the heavy farm wagon to the light buggy, containing the children and the very old folks. All the others walked, and to the mixed time of the band made a fine showing.

At the grove the minister offered a prayer, and then the ambitious politician read the Declaration of Independence in his finest voice. Next came the orator of the day, who of course took as his theme patriotism and the great and growing country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pure blood means good health. DeWitt's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, cures Eruptions, Eczema, Scrofula, and all diseases arising from impure blood. W. E. Brock.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer It never fails to cure For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

AMERICA'S CIVIL HERO.

Thomas Jefferson, the Swordless Patriot, Champion of Human Progress.

In Richmond Jefferson stands on a pedestal of the equestrian statue of Washington, along with Patrick Henry, Marshall and George Mason. But he ought to stand alone, for it was he who, by an unequaled Declaration of Independence, transformed a revolt inside of British jurisdiction to a revolution outside by saying to the world that the 13 colonies were no longer colonial dependencies, but free and independent states.

Jefferson was a hero, swordless, yet aggressive, patriotic and far-reaching and far-seeing. The bell that proclaimed liberty from Independence hall put him in peril. For had the American cause been a failure he would have been executed by the king whom he denounced as a tyrant before all mankind.

No man ever lived who so championed the personal and religious rights of the people and who was to the last hour of his life so devoted to the cause of human progress in civil government. He laid the foundations of government so deep and strong that for over a century they have resisted the assaults of its enemies.—New York Mercury.

Oratory of the Good Old Days.

Here is a sample of the style of the old time Fourth of July orator. It refers to the signers of the Declaration:

"Behold those iron hearted men armed with dauntless valor and incased in a panoply that no human force could shatter, and in readiness for battle, stalk boldly forward, and with one stroke of the pen cause a vibration that shall only cease to be felt when the universe returns to primeval chaos. Then listen, in imagination, to the vociferous and long continued huzzas that rent the welkin, to the boom of cannon and the universal ringing of church bells, which announced to an intensely interested world the never to be forgotten fact that independence of kingly and monarchical tyranny had been declared with trumpet tongue and would henceforth prevail and conquer, till every individual human being would, and of right ought to be, forever free."—Selected.

A Declaration of Rights.

The Declaration of Independence is essentially a declaration of rights. Every line of it is based upon the assumption not merely that this country should be free from foreign interference—for to the American colonists the English were not foreigners—but that all political power is inherent in the people and that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and may be altered or abolished whenever the people will. This is the great principle of liberty that Englishmen already had asserted again and again in their history against various kinds of tyrants.—Philadelphia Times.

Danger In a Fireworks Factory.

The one really dangerous place in a fireworks factory is the laboratory where is made the fulminate of silver used in the torpedoes and percussion shells and caps of all sorts. Muslin and cheesecloth are used here for tops of tables, covers for boxes and everything that has to come into contact with the explosive, for just as soon as the sensitive fulminate encounters resistance away it goes, and so do the four walls about it. The ideal laboratory would be made of mosquito netting, but this would let the rain in, and the shock of a drop would make things too lively.—Exchange.

Teach the Children Patriotism.

Let us teach our children the duty of patriotism. Posterity will hold us responsible for the neglect; the future will rise to bless us for the maintenance of union under the constitution. The heroic past has bespoken our gratitude; let the present and the future behold our unflagging exertions in the advocacy, in the dissemination, in the perpetuation, of those principles vitalized on this day, and which will be commended by people yet unborn, in accents yet unknown.—Selected.

Cost of Silk Flags.

The usual material for flags is bunting, because this, being soft, does not "whip" in the wind like a stiff material, and because nothing holds its color as well. But there are silk flags made to order for great occasions or for rich clubs that want the best. A silk flag 12 by 18 feet—as large as an ordinary sitting room carpet—sells for $150, and a size smaller sells for $100. It is the work that counts after the first cost of the material.—Exchange.

Mending the Old Flag.

In the silent gloom of a garret room,
With cobwebs round it creeping,
From day to day the old flag lay—
A veteran worn and sleeping.
Dingly old each wrinkled fold
By the dust of years was shaded.
Wounds of the storm were upon its form;
The crimson stripes were faded.

'Twas a mournful sight in the dim twilight
This thing of humble seeming,
That once so proud o'er the cheering crowd
Had carried its colors gleaming.
Stained with mold were the braids of gold,
That had flashed in the sun rays' kissing.
Of faded hue was its field of blue,
And some of the stars were missing.

Three northern maids and three from glades
Where dreams the southland weather,
With glances kind and their arms intwined,
Came up the stair together.
They gazed awhile, with a thoughtful smile,
At the crouching form before them,
With clinging hold they grasped its fold
And out of the darkness bore them.

They healed its scars, they found its stars
And brought them all together
(Three northern maids and three from glades
Where smiles the southland weather).
They mended away through the summer day
Made glad by an inspiration
To fling it high at the summer sky
On the birthday of our nation.

In the brilliant glare of the summer air,
With a brisk breeze round it creeping,
Newly bright through the glistering light
The flag went gladly sweeping.
Gleaming and bold were its braids of gold,
And flashed in the sun rays' kissing
Red, white and blue were of deepest hue,
And none of the stars was missing.

—Will Carleton.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Eli Hill, Lumber City, Pa., writes, "I have been suffering from Piles for twenty-five years and thought my case was incurable. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was recommended to me as a pile cure, so I bought a box and it performed a permanent cure." This is only one of thousands of similar cases. Eczema, sores and skin diseases yield quickly when it is used. W. E. Brock.

In order to obtain United States patents you must show an invention not already in use and entirely different from all others. Such is Hoe Cake Soap. The only patented laundry soap in the market.

The best Cough Cure is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

It would be hard to convince a man suffering from bilious colic that his agony is due to a microbe with an unpronounceable name. But one dose of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure will convince him of its power to afford instant relief. It kills pain. W. E. Brock.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for constipation. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

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.
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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.

LINCOLN AND JACKSON.

Two Patriots Whose Names Should Never Be Forgotten.

Lincoln owed nothing to his birth, everything to his growth; had no training save what he gave himself; no nurture, but only a wild and native strength. His life was his schooling, and every day of it gave to his character a new touch of development. His manhood not only, but his perception also, expanded with his life. His eyes, as they looked more and more abroad, beheld the national life and comprehended it, and the lad who had been so rough cut a provincial became, when grown to manhood, the one leader in all the nation who held the whole people singly in his heart—held even the southern people there and would have won them back. And so we have in him what we must call the perfect development of native strength, the rounding out and nationalization of the provincial. Andrew Jackson was a type, not of the nation, but of the west. For all the tenderness there was in the stormy heart of the masterful man, and stanch and simple loyalty to all who loved him, he learned nothing in the east; kept always the flavor of the rough school in which he had been bred; was never more than a frontier soldier and gentleman.

Lincoln differed from Jackson by all the length of his unmatched capacity to learn. Jackson could understand only men of his own kind. Lincoln could understand men of all sorts and from every region of the land; seemed himself, indeed, to be all men by turns and mood succeeded mood in his strange nature.—Forum.

Consumption, lagrippe, pneumonia and all throat and lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

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BOYS MAY BE HAD (AND SOMETIMES girls) for (1) ordinary service at wages; (2) upon indenture, to work, attend school, and be brought up somewhat as your own; and—(3) children may be had for legal adoption. Address

W. T. GARDNER,
Supt. Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, Portland, Oregon.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has taken out letters testamentary upon the estate of Albert Wilcox, late of Washington County, Oregon, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned within six months from the date hereof, at my residence, near Cornelius, in said County, for allowance, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to the undersigned.

NELSON WILCOX,
June 8, 1896. 3-7 Administrator.

SUMMONS.

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

J. J. Braim, Plaintiff,
v.
Ada Braim, Defendant.

To Ada Braim, the above named defendant:

In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above named Court by Monday, the 20th day of July, 1896, that being the first day of the July term of said Court, and if you fail to so answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a judgment and decree, as prayed for in said complaint, viz: That the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant shall be dissolved. This summons is published by authority of an order made therefor by Hon. Thos. A. McBride, presiding Judge of said Court, at Chambers, this the 5th day of June, 1896.

W. J. RICE,
2-8. Attorney for Plaintiff.

..PREPARATIONS FOR THE..

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6:15 P M	Ar	Salem	Lv	8:00 A M

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, administrator of the estate Walter S. Lyon, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, to me, at my residence near Centerville, Washington County, Oregon within six months from the date hereof.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 4th day of June, 1896.

G. W. MARSH,
Administrator of the estate of Walter S. Lyon, deceased. 2-6

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