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**In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Coos County**

**W. J. CONRAD** Plaintiff  
vs.  
**E. B. PERRIN** and all PERSONS UNKNOWN CLAIMING ANY RIGHT TITLE OR INTEREST IN THE HEREIN DESCRIBED LAND Defendant

To E. B. Perrin and all persons unknown claiming any right title or interest in the herein described land the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby notified that W. J. Conrad the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 14 issued on the 30th day of Dec. 1914 by the Tax Collector of the County of Coos, State of Oregon, for the amount of Twenty-six and 87-100 Dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1911 together with penalty, interests and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: South West Quarter of the North East Quarter (S. W. 1/4 N. E. 1/4) Section Two (2) Township Twenty-five (25) South, Range Eleven (11) West of the Willamette Meridian, Coos County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said W. J. Conrad has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amounts as follows:

Year's Date	Tax Paid	Rate Rec't No. Am't Int.
1908 March 26, 1909	4892	\$2 16 15
1909 "	15, 1910 4373	\$4 65 15
1912 Dec. 30, 1914	9746	\$27 72 12
1915 "	9252	\$31 01 12
1914 Mar. 10, 1915	1272	\$24 35 12

Said E. B. Perrin as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that W. J. Conrad will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described, and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of this summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable John S. Coke, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Coos, and said order was made and dated this 24 day of May 1915 and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 25th day of May 1915.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

JOHN C. KENDALL  
Atorney for the Plaintiff  
Address 1st Nat'l. Bank Bldg.  
5-25-77  
Marshfield, Oregon.

### Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington

(From the Washington Herald, April 17)

The beauties of Mount Vernon, and a short account of its interesting history are written about in an exceptionally delightful way in the above-named book of about fifty pages. The author shows himself to be thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and in an easy manner takes one from Washington to Mount Vernon, there to depict in detail the well-marked points of the greatest object of interest. Although the book is written from a literary standpoint, as evidenced by a concise and graceful style, it would well act as a guide for the pilgrim visiting Mount Vernon for the first time, and especially so for the visitor who has a deep regard for the traditions which clothe the nation's greatest shrine.

Each visitor will be the better and wiser for the reading of this volume and in laying it aside will surely be impressed with great feelings of reverence for the founder of this republic. The volume is not only valuable for its educational matter, but also as a thoroughly good guide. The execution is perfect; the printer's art was never better shown, and the illustrations are such as to command the admiration of all. It contains exceptionally well executed half-tones of the Mount Vernon Home, the Potomac, the grounds, as also of George and Martha Washington. In the descriptions of the parts of the house the out-buildings, and the various utensils, the manner of living at Mount Vernon 100 years ago is plainly painted, and the difficulties clearly set forth by comparison with the unbounded resources of our own time.

The story of Washington never can be told too often. His spirit should ever permeate the people of the land. The great work he did, stands as an example for all time, and his devotion to his country, his self-sacrificing, his long-enduring toil, and above all his exalted patriotism, will ever make him the exemplar of the nation. He is truthfully portrayed by the author of this little book. It is a book all should read.

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The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.50.

## BANKERS URGED TO CO-OPERATE WITH FARMERS

### SOUL MATERIAL HAS ENTERED THE BANK VAULTS OF THE NATION.

The Bank a Financial Power House  
to the Community.

By Peter Radford.

One of the greatest opportunities in the business life of the nation lies in practical co-operation of the country banks with the farmer in building agriculture and the advance is made with greater possibilities than any forward movement now before the American public.

A few bankers have loaned money to farmers at a low rate of interest, and oftentimes without compensation, to buy blooded livestock, build silos, fertilize the land, secure better seed, hold their products for a better market price, etc. The banker in contributing toward improving the grade of livestock; the quality of the seed and the fertility of the soil, plants in the agricultural life of the community a fountain of profit, that, like Tennyson's brook, runs on and on forever. Community Progress a Bank Asset.

The time was when money loaned on such a basis would severely test the sanity of the banker; such transactions would pain the directors like a blow in the face. A cashier who would dare to cast bread upon waters that did not return buttered side up in time for annual dividends would have to give way to a more capable man. This does not necessarily mean that the bankers are getting any better or that the milk of human kindness is being imbibed more freely by our financiers. It indicates that the bankers are getting wiser, becoming more able financiers and the banking industry more competent. The vision of the builder is crowding out the spirit of the pawnbroker. A light has been turned on a new world of investment and no usurer ever received as large returns on the investment as these progressive bankers, who made loans to uplift industry. The bankers have always been liberal city builders, but they are now building agriculture.

A Dollar With a Soul.

It is refreshing in this strenuous commercial life to find so many dollars with souls. When a dollar is approached to perform a task that does not directly yield the highest rate of interest, we usually hear the rustle of the eagle's wings as it soars upward; when a dollar is requested to return at the option of the borrower, it usually appeals to the Goddess of Liberty for its contractual rights; when a dollar is asked to expand its vision to see the requirements of industry, it usually takes solemnity of its redeemer, but soul material has entered into the vaults of our banks and rate, time and volume have a new basis of reckoning in so far as the ability of some of the bankers permit them to co-operate in promoting the business of farming.

God Almighty's Noblemen.

These bankers are God Almighty's noblemen. Heaven lent earth the spirit of these men and the angels will help them roll in place the cornerstones of empires. They are not philanthropists; they are wise bankers. The spirit of the builder has given them a new vision, and wisdom has visited upon them business foresight.

The cackle of the hen, the low of kine and the rustle of growing crops echo in every bank vault in the nation and the shrewd banker knows that he can more effectively increase the veins of livestock; quality in the yield of the soil and value into agricultural products, than by business handshakes, overdrafts and gaudy calendars.

Taking the community into partnership with the bank, opening up a ledger account with progress, making thrift and enterprise stockholders and the prosperity of the country an asset to the bank, put behind it stability far more desirable than a letterhead bearing the names of all the distinguished citizens of the community. The bank is the financial power house of the community and blessed is the locality that has an up-to-date banker.

## A Story of the Great Blizzard

By GEORGE V. EDSON

It was the night that the great blizzard of 1888 came whirling down from the clouds. I, a medical man, was out on the road driving home in my buggy (that was before the day of automobiles) about 1 o'clock in the morning. The snow grew deeper and deeper, and I began to get uneasy. My horse now and again would stop and look about him, apparently as uneasy as I. Dumb animals, though they are more easily frightened than men, sometimes manifest a strong sense of danger under what may appear ordinary circumstances.

There was a large, square brick house beside the road a few hundred feet ahead of me. I could distinguish its dark bulk, there being no lights within.

Meanwhile I was becoming benumbed and drowsy. I remember reaching a point directly before the house, getting out of the buggy and floundering to the door. I hoped to secure assistance to get my horse under cover. This is the last I have ever been able to recall of being out in that terrible blizzard.

The next thing before me was the door opening and a man, very pale and excited, saying: "Come in, doctor. We were fearful that you would not get here."

The house was lighted and servants were moving about hurriedly, just as I had often seen them doing in houses where some one was very ill. The man who admitted me led me upstairs and into a room where a girl apparently about eighteen years old lay on a bed. My conductor turned down the bedclothing, spotted with blood, and revealed towels that were used to stop hemorrhage. I cautiously removed them, but seeing the red fluid run out, I quickly replaced them.

While thinking what to do I glanced about the apartment. The furniture was such as was used during the early part of the nineteenth century, the bed on which the girl was lying having a canopy supported by four high posts. There were heavy curtains to the windows. Near a fireplace stood two persons, an old woman and a young man, who were looking at me appealingly and I knew they were begging me to save the girl's life. I noticed that their dress was old-fashioned. They resembled each other, and I guessed they were mother and son. The mother's arms were about her boy.

Casting a glance at the man standing beside me, I saw that he was about the age of the woman with her son, and judged that he was the husband and father. On a lounge lay a sword, and there was blood on the blade. I formed a conclusion, largely from the young man's agonized appearance, that he had stabbed the girl.

I had no instruments with me, but I needed none, for I saw that the girl was dying. To stanch that flow of blood was beyond my skill. I replaced the bedclothing and stood over the girl, avoiding the appealing gaze of the others until it was plain that she was over, then turned away. After leaving the room it seems to me now that I walked into oblivion, for I was not conscious of anything till I felt something hot passing down my throat. I opened my eyes and saw a man holding me, while another man was holding a flask.

I don't suppose that my vision, dream or whatever it was could have lasted over two or three minutes. The man saw me drive by the house they were in, a few hundred yards before, and realizing that I was in danger, started after me. I had left my buggy and, bewildered by one of the whirlwinds that came without intermission, had fallen in the snow.

They put me back into my buggy and managed to get the team and me to their house, where a cheerful fire was blazing, and after another hot dose I was put to bed where I slept soundly till morning. All that day the snow came down, whirling as it fell, and the next day also. It was seventy hours before the road became passable and I got away.

Before leaving I expressed a desire to go into the house before which I had been resting. The persons with whom I had been lodged told me that it was vacant and the key in possession of a man and his wife living a short distance up the road. I begged them to borrow it for me, which they did, and I went to the house and entered it.

Now comes the singular part of my story. I had certainly not been in that house before, and yet I saw it just as I had seen it when admitted by the man who had led me to the bed of the stricken girl. The passageway was the same, the room was the same, and there stood the great four poster bedstead. But the bed was made up, and there was no one except myself present.

I inquired if any murder had been committed there, but no one remembered any such occurrence. At the same time I was told that the house was very old—more than a hundred years—and much might have taken place there that would not be known to succeeding generations.

What is my theory? Well, I am a medical man and in my old age am beginning to realize that there are many things in the universe beyond our ken. I have no theory, but I do not believe my vision was a mere dream.

A. J. SHERWOOD, PR.ES.  
L. H. HAZARD, Cashier.  
R. E. SHINE, V-Pres.  
O. C. SANFORD, Asst. Cashier

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