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Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

FINAL INSTALLMENT

All the faces seemed oddly familiar at moments and then seemed strange again. . . . So did things the men said. . . . At time she was like one slowly coming out of ether, recalling first the happenings that had occurred before she went under; doctors . . . a nurse . . . packing . . . flight . . . some terrible situation . . . children . . . those children . . . She had a panic over that and cried out, and the man who said he was a doctor gave her another dose. There was more that was horrible . . . some nightmare . . . At last she slept.

When she awoke things were a little better. The familiar face of her nurse was near her—the nurse who had attended her in Chicago—and she was in a quiet room bright with sunshine. . . . She had liked that nurse, but she could not remember having brought her to New York. . . . Or was she still in Chicago?

"Oh, Miss Driscoll," she said, brokenly, "is . . . it really . . . you?"

"It really is," Miss Driscoll buoyantly confirmed. "But please don't talk, Miss Carrington. Go right to sleep again."

The doctor who had brought her home came to the bedside at this, and his expression was so radiant that Eve was impressed by it. Miss Driscoll was radiant also, and the two appeared to have some radiant understanding. . . . Eve carried into unconsciousness the memory of this radiant . . . and its contrast with the tragic face of the young man who had been in the group . . . and the eyes of those children . . . and the even more recent nightmare . . . a black wall . . .

"But, my God, Doctor!" Hamilton exploded, late the next night, "make allowance for me. Of course I'm happy over her recovery. Isn't it what I've been working for all along? But can't you see my position? She doesn't know me from Adam. I've got to win her all over again."

"You hadn't won her very much, so far," Carrick frankly said.

"You can see her for a few minutes to-morrow afternoon," he promised. "In the meantime I'll pave the way for you by telling her to-morrow noon as much as she's able to hear, about her case and her Good Samaritan. That ought to start you off with a bang, and I'll keep her convalescing here another week or two, so you can finish up the job. She's got to be mighty quiet for a while."

"Just now the girl is having some black hours—still thinking of those drowning boys and afraid of another lapse. But the tragedy is a month behind her, and a month does a lot for patients of her age. It's up to me to keep her mind at ease on the other points, and you can help when the time comes."

"How?"

"By furnishing cheerful companionship," Carrick grinned.

Hamilton presented himself at the door of Eve's sitting-room at five the next afternoon, temporarily obscured by a great armful of chrysanthemums. Miss Driscoll admitted him, with an eloquent smile.

"She's all ready for you," she said. She, too, had listened to the account of the Samaritan's good deeds.

He found Eve lying on a divan which had been sent to the sitting-room for use during her convalescence. She gave him both hands, but for a moment did not speak.

To be talking to her from that distance, as a man she was meeting for the first time, was the most racking experience he had ever endured. His lips stiffened as he tried to smile, but the desperate depression he had felt since the experience strengthened with every moment. She was looking at him, she was interested, but it was clear that her interest was based upon gratitude. Nevertheless, here he was, starting out with a fair field and some favor.

"There's only one thing I ask," Eric told Eve at this point in his reflections. "I want to be allowed to read to you and talk to you and otherwise help to amuse you during your convalescence."

"I'm really beginning to feel like myself," Eve was telling him when Henderson's call was announced. "I think Doctor Carrick is entirely too cautious. I'll be able to go home in a few days more and do my resting there."

Hamilton shook his head and broadly pointed out that that they must make haste slowly.

Her meeting with Henderson, he now observed, was not without sentiment.

"You understand, don't you?" was her opening question; and Henderson, in a voice roughened by emotion, assured her that he did. Moreover, he

held Eve's hand longer than even such a reunion justified, and he continued to hold it, drawing his chair close to her couch and patting her hand at intervals with his disengaged one. His manner was sympathetic and paternal, and hers held no trace of fear of him. Very reluctantly Eric left them together; and Henderson who had been carefully coached for the interview by Carrick, made a few brief comments on the meeting and went straight to the point of his visit.

"It may relieve your mind, my dear, to know that I have jilted you," he comfortably mentioned, blinking at her with his near-sighted eyes. "When a girl runs away to get out of marrying me, she doesn't have to add any explanations afterward. I've grasped the idea that she doesn't want me. Bloch says I'm not subtle, and perhaps I'm not. But I can get that much."

"There's no one in the world I'd rather have as a friend," Eve said. "And as a manager," she added more self-consciously. "But perhaps you are through with me."

"I'll never be through with you. But you are free to marry any one you like."

"I don't want to marry any one," Eve murmured.

"Not to-day, perhaps, or to-morrow, but . . ."

Henderson now knew all about the formal marriage, and also something about the whirlwind courtship.

"I'm horribly sorry for the way I've treated you," Eve unsteadily confessed. "I can't believe I did such things. But of course you realize that I didn't know . . . I wasn't responsible . . . and I was terribly afraid of you when I ran away. That sounds idiotic now, but it's the way I felt."

"I understand everything," Henderson again patted her hand, and Eve, thus reminded that he still held it, gently took it from him. Henderson sighed.

"Well, that's settled," he said philosophically.

At the end of a week Eve was permitted to have her dinner in the hotel dining-room with Hamilton.

"Nothing there exciting enough to hurt her," Carrick decided, "and it will be a little change."

But it was rather exciting, after all. It was quite unusually exciting to meet Hamilton's eyes and to follow the intonations of his voice when he spoke to her. The things he said were so casual and his voice and expression were so eloquent. Over the dessert his guard dropped for a moment.

"Of course you know I'm mad about you," he mentioned "Carrick and your journal may have told you that. I have been from the first day I met you. But I'm not going to say anything about it just yet," he hastily added.

When he was leaving her at her sitting-room door an hour later he showed a similar restraint. They had made enormous strides in the past few days and his spirits were effervescent. Besides, Carrick had assured him that the light vein was the right vein.

"Do you see this door-mat?" Hamilton asked, pointing down to that useful object lying in the outer hall just beyond Eve's threshold.

"Yes."

"Well, any other man as much in love with you as I am would be spending the night on it. But I'm not. I'm going sensibly to bed."

He went away exultant over her little laugh as she closed the door.

"I said I wouldn't make love to you till you were well," he remarked the next afternoon, "so of course I won't. But you're almost well, so I want to call your attention to the fact that you have the most adorable mouth in the world. There's something about it—"

"If you joke like that you'll spoil everything."

"Joke! Great Scott! Is that your idea of joking? It isn't mine. You see," he explained, "you don't understand me yet, but you're going to. My point—the point I'll make when I really start to talk to you—is that I simply can't wait for you much longer. I can't live without you. I can't really breathe any more when I'm not with you."

"Even at that you have about twelve hours a day for breathing," she pointed out, and softened the words with the smile he loved.

"What of it? What about the twelve when I can't breathe? Do you like to feel that I'm struggling for breath when I'm away from you?"

"You're impossible," she said, still with the adorable smile.

"Only when I'm not with you, darling. When I'm with you, as I shall point out to you sometime, I'm a superman, ready to play golf with the planets. There's nothing I can't

do—"

"Except to stop talking like that." "I'm not talking like that. I'm just telling you how I'm going to talk some day, when I really begin . . ."

"I think," he casually remarked the next evening, "Wednesday might be a good day for us to be married all over again."

Her eyebrows rose.

"How utterly absurd you can be when you give your mind to it."

"We might even go to the same little parsonage and the same old minister. They weren't very attractive, but there's a certain sentiment in choosing the same setting—"

"I wish you wouldn't say such foolish things!"

"Surely you're not going to deny our expediency marriage," he sighed. "Of course it was only a bluff, but it's a beautiful memory and it was fine practice for the next time we do it. By the way, what have you done with the wedding-ring I gave you?"

"Is that a new joke?"

Under her tone he sobered.

"No, dear. (We really did go through a marriage ceremony, with the understanding that it was purely a matter of form—"

"A marriage ceremony . . . a matter of form . . ." She gasped. "I can't believe it. What are you talking about?"

"You needn't believe it if you don't want to," he said comfortably. "It's of no importance whatever. It was simply a precaution we had to take to protect you when you were so afraid of Henderson. It didn't mean anything but that, and it can be annulled any time. You have your marriage certificate somewhere around—in your hand-bag, I think."

He told the story simply and with sudden seriousness.

"You were in the state of shivering terror of Henderson," he ended, "though you didn't know why, and Carrick and I, who didn't know anything about him, of course, were afraid he had some hold over you. We know now that it was your abysmal dread of the marriage."

She nodded.

"It's like hearing about some one else."

He decided that they had been serious long enough.

"Keep on thinking how wonderful I am," he invited. "And some day soon I'll tell you how wonderful you are. There never was a girl like you since the world began, and there'll never be another. It isn't my love for you that makes me think so; I'll make that point clear when I start. It's you. I'm going to tell you all about the heart of you, and the courage of you, and the dignity of you, and the mind of you, and the magnetism of you—"

"Don't!" she begged, laughing, yet confused.

"I will," he promised. "But not yet, of course."

After all this restraint it was disconcerting to have her make the remark she made during their honeymoon a fortnight later.

"I'll forgive you for rushing the wedding this week," she said dreamily. "What I can't forgive is that you didn't rush it last week. The first day I was really myself again I felt that I had loved you a thousand years. I didn't know you, but I loved you. I was head over heels in love with you at the end of a week; and by that time I knew you, too. If you had tried to leave me, I'd have pursued you with shrieks."

Her arm was around his neck now and she gently pinched his ear.

"Yet think of the time we've wasted since then!" she sighed.

GIRL WANTED. Address Box 218, route 2, Eugene. 023

SUMMONS
In the Justice's Court, Eugene Justice District, Lane County, Oregon.
GEO. B. BLAUMER, Plaintiff,
vs.
GEORGE HARTOP, Defendant.

To George Hartop, Defendant:
IN THIS NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear before me at my office in the Bank of Commerce Building, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action on or before four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to answer for want thereof the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$29.36, together with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from September 12, 1929, until paid, and for his costs and disbursements in this action, and also for the further order of the Court that the Eugene Fruit Growers Association pay into Court toward the satisfaction of such judgment the sum of \$36.56 belonging to you which has been attached and garnished in the hands of said Eugene Fruit Growers Association.

Given under my hand this 24th day of September, 1930.
Date of first publication, September 25th, 1930.
HAROLD J. WELLS,
Justice of the Peace.
Residence and Post Office address: Eugene, Oregon. S-25-O-29-16-23.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate of David McBee, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present said claims, duly verified as by law required, at Law Office of Whitten Swafford, 202 Tiffany Building, Eugene, Oregon, in Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published September 25, 1930.
LULU E. ROBERTS,
Administratrix of the estate of David McBee, deceased.
Whitten Swafford, 202 Tiffany Building, Eugene, Oregon, Attorney for Administratrix. S2702-9-16-23

CITATION
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.
In Probate Case No. 5096.
In the Estate of the Estate of FRANK M. VERNUM, Deceased.

To ALICE HUGHES, MELISSA MORROW, GEORGE VERNUM, JOHN VERNUM, AGNES VERNUM-WELLS, MARY FREEMAN-BOLING and GWENDOLIN FREEMAN-M ALONE:
G-R-E-E-T-I-N-G:
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 Lane at the Court Room thereof at Eugene, in the County of Lane, on or before November 6, 1930, then and there to show cause, in any exists, why the order of sale of the real estate hereinafter described should not be made by Asher M. Veach, as the administrator of the above entitled estate as in his petition on file herein prayed for, to-wit:

Lot 15 in Block 12 in the Town of Lowell, Lane County, Oregon, as platted and of record in said County and State, and also
Lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 6 in the Town of Lowell, Lane County, Oregon.

WITNESS, the Honorable C. P. Barnard, Judge of this County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane, and the Seal of said Court hereto affixed this October 2, 1930.
Attest: W. B. DILLARD, Clerk.
By Eva L. DUCKWORTH, Deputy. O-9-16-23-30-N6.

ESTATE OF GEORGE H. CURRIER, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that Amelia R. Watts has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Lane County, appointed administratrix of the estate of George H. Currier, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same, duly stated and verified, at the residence of said administratrix, 710 Lawrence street in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from this 9th day of October, 1930.

AMELIA R. WATTS,
Administratrix of the Estate of George H. Currier, deceased.
A. E. Wheeler, Attorney. O9-16-23-30-N6

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That by virtue of an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, duly made and entered of record on the 1st day of October, 1930, in the matter of the estate of Ardell F. Rice, deceased, the undersigned Administrator of said estate will on and after the 1st day of November, 1930 offer for sale and sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, or one-half cash and one-half credit, subject to confirmation of the Court, the real property of said estate described in said order, to-wit:

All of Lot Numbered Five (5) in Block Numbered Five (5) in Gross Addition to Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.
Said sale will take place at the law office of L. L. Ray in the Miner Building, Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.
L. L. RAY,
Administrator of the estate of Ardell F. Rice, deceased. O2-9-16-23-30

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT
The undersigned, as executrix of the estate of Robert P. Hartwig, deceased, has filed his Final Account in the matter of said estate with the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, and an order has been made and entered of record by the County Court of said County, directing this notice, and appointing Saturday, the 18th day of October, 1930, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. for the hearing of objections to said account and the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 18th day of September, 1930.
HERMAN F. HARTWIG,
Administrator of the Estate of Robert P. Hartwig, Deceased. S18-25 02-9-16.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the Estate of Emma A. Sire, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified, to the undersigned at the office of Wells & Wells, Bank of Commerce Bldg., Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication, Sept. 18, 1930.
FRANK J. SLY,
Executor.
Wells & Wells, Attorneys. S 18-25; O. 2-9-16

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the Estate of Gunhild M. Kirkeberg, deceased, by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified, to the undersigned at the office of Wells & Wells, Bank of Commerce Bldg., Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication, Sept. 18, 1930.
LILLIAN JOHNSON,
Executrix.
Wells & Wells, Attorneys. S 18-25; O. 2-9-16

WANTED—Ranch on share basis. Prefer partly equipped. Best references. See Hefflin, opposite Mountain View garage, mile east of Springfield on the McKenzie highway.

FOUND—Initialed charm. Identify at News office.

FARMERS—Have five hundred 25-foot Split Cedar Telegraph Poles. Price on sale \$1.00 each. Make A-1 telephone poles.

GOOD STOCKER EWES to let on shares. For particulars write H. Overton, Harriaburg, Ore.

Elmira Man Visits—Steve Bowles of Elmira was a business visitor in Springfield on Monday.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County.
In Probate.
IN RE: THE ESTATE OF HENRY H. CULLEN, Deceased.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that on September 29, 1930, the undersigned filed his final account as administrator in the above entitled probate proceeding; that on said date the court entered an order fixing the time for the hearing of the said final account at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. October 31, 1930. Any one having any objections to the said final account shall file the same in writing on or before the time set for the hearing.
H. E. SLATTERY,
Administrator.

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, as executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Clay Hubbel, deceased, has filed her account for the final settlement of said decedent's estate in the County Court for Lane County, State of Oregon, and that Saturday the 1st day of November, 1930, at the Court Room of said County in the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon at ten o'clock in the forenoon, has been fixed by said Court as the time and place for hearing objections thereto, and for the settlement thereof.
DORIS H. COLTER,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Henry Clay Hubbel, deceased.
L. L. RAY, Attorney for Estate. O2-9-16-23-30

SUMMONS
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.
F. H. COOK, Plaintiff,
vs.
JAMES S. LYON, or his unknown heirs, if deceased; MARY JANET LYON; HOMER CLINTON LYON and DAVID LOGAN LYON, or the unknown heirs of Mary Janet Lyon, Homer Clinton Lyon and David Logan Lyon, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title or interest in and to the real property described in the Complaint herein.
Defendants.

To James S. Lyon, or his unknown heirs, if deceased; Mary Janet Lyon, Homer Clinton Lyon and David Logan Lyon, or the unknown heirs of Mary Janet Lyon, Homer Clinton Lyon and David Logan Lyon, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title or interest in and to the real property described in the Complaint herein. Defendants.
To James S. Lyon, or his unknown heirs, if deceased; Mary Janet Lyon, Homer Clinton Lyon and David Logan Lyon, or the unknown heirs of Mary Janet Lyon, Homer Clinton Lyon and David Logan Lyon, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title or interest in and to the real property described in the Complaint herein. Defendants.
IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause on or before four weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint on file herein, to-wit: for a decree of this Court in fee simple of the premises described in the complaint herein, and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the Northwest corner of the Donation land Claim No. 81 in Section 22, Township 18 South Range Two West of the Willamette Meridian, in Lane County, Oregon; run thence South on West line of said Claim 19.00 chains; thence East 17.96 chains to East line of said Claim; thence North 12.34 chains to corner of said Claim; thence North 49 degrees West 8.79 chains to corner of said Claim and thence West 12.36 chains to the place of beginning; all in Lane County, Oregon; and that the defendants have not nor have either of them any right, title, interest or claim to the same, and that the title of the plaintiff be forever quieted as to the said defendants and each of them, and all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title or interest therein.

This Summons is published once each week for four successive weeks in the Springfield News, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Lane County, Oregon, by order of the Honorable G. F. Skipworth, Judge of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, which order bears date the 7th day of October, 1930, and the date of the first publication of this Summons is October 9th, 1930.
E. O. POTTER,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Residence and Postoffice Address Eugene, Lane County, Oregon. O9-16-23-30 N6.

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