

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office
Serial 02046

Portland, Ore., January 17, 1911
Notice is hereby given that James Deering, by J. H. Bagley, attorney in fact, whose post office address is 630 Lumbermans Building, Portland, Ore., did on the 1st day of July, 1909, file in this office his application, Serial 02046, to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved July 1, 1898, as extended by Act of May 17, 1906, those certain tracts of land which when surveyed will be described as Lots 1, 2, 7, and 8, Section 4, Township 11 South of Range East, Willamette Meridian, and the same being four subdivisions each containing forty acres, more or less, and being immediately north of the ordinary NE 1/4 of said section, total 160 acres more or less.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 9th day of March, 1911.

H. F. HIGBY,
Register.

First publication Jan. 27, 1911.
Last publication March 3, 1911.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

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Serial 02047

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Notice is hereby given that James Deering, by J. H. Bagley, attorney in fact, whose post office address is 630 Lumbermans Building, Portland, Ore., did on the 1st day of July 1909, file in this office his application, Serial 02048, to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved July 1, 1898, as extended by Act of May 17, 1906, those certain tracts of land which when surveyed will be described as lots 1, 2, 7 and 8, Section 5, Township 11 South of Range 4 East, Willamette Meridian, and the same being four subdivisions each containing forty acres, more or less, and being immediately north of the ordinary NE 1/4 of said section, total 160 acres, more or less.

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T. J. MUNKERS, President
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Notice is hereby given that James Deering, by J. H. Bagley, attorney in fact, whose postoffice address is 630 Lumbermans Building, Portland, Ore., did on the 1st day of July, 1909, file in this office his application, Serial 02051, to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved July 1, 1898, as extended by Act of May 17, 1906, those certain tracts of land which when surveyed will be described as lots 1, 2, 7, and 8, Section 6, Township 11 South of Range 4 East, Willamette Meridian, and the same being four subdivisions each containing forty acres, more or less, and being immediately north of the ordinary NE 1/4 of said section, total 160 acres more or less.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office
Serial 02051

Portland, Ore., January 17, 1911
Notice is hereby given that James Deering, by J. H. Bagley, Attorney in fact, whose post office address is 630 Lumbermans Building, Portland, Oregon, did on the 1st day of July, 1909, file in this office his application, Serial 02051, to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved July 1, 1898, as extended by May 17, 1906, those certain tracts of land which when surveyed will be described as Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 6, Township 11 South of Range 4 East, Willamette Meridian, and the same being four subdivisions each containing forty acres, more or less, and being immediately north of the ordinary NW 1/4 of said section, total 160 acres more or less.

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Pap's Coffee House

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The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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PROLOGUE.

This story of a young man's honest attempt to "break" the "boss" and the power of the "machine" is an absorbingly intimate portrayal of the working of the "wheels within wheels" in a desperate political struggle of today. The senator, strongly entrenched behind his party "machine," presents an almost invulnerable front, and the conflict between father and son as this young lawyer, single handed, fights for what he honestly believes to be the truth and right holds one with a tremendous sympathetic interest.

CHAPTER I.

BECAUSE PATRICIA SAID "NO."

SOME one was giving a crush dance at the Country club, and Blount, though he was only a week end guest of the Beverleys, was ill natured enough to be resentful. What right had a gay and frivolous world to come and thrust its light hearted happiness upon him when Patricia had said "No"? It was like bullying a cripple, he told himself morosely, and when he had read the single telegram which had come while he was at dinner he went out and found a chair in a corner of the veranda, where the frivolities had not as yet intruded.

Blount was a level eyed, square shouldered young man of an up to date world, and the stock from which he had descended was prosaic and practical rather than poetic or sentimental. But just now he was unconsciously giving a very lifelike imitation of the disappointed lover the world over.

It was thus, and by the merest chance, that Gantry found him. The railroad man at least was unfeignedly glad.

"Pull up a chair," said Blount, not too ungraciously, considering his just cause to be more ungracious. "I was thinking of you just a little while ago, Dick. I saw your name in the list of transcontinental representatives to the traffic meeting, and—well, at the present moment I think you are the one man in the world I wanted most to meet."

"That sounds good to me," laughed Dick Gantry, settling himself comfortably in a lazy chair and feeling in his pockets for a cigar. "The 'effete east' has corralled you, hasn't it, Evan? I thought maybe it would when I heard you were taking the postgraduate frills in the Harvard law school. By the way, how much longer are you in for?"

"I am out of the law school, if that is what you mean," said Blount—"out and admitted to the bar. If you get into trouble with the Boston police let me know and I'll ask for a change of venue to the greasewood hills and Judge Lynch's court."

"Are you ever coming back to them, Blount? I believe you told me once in the old college days that you were western born."

"I told you the truth, and until tonight I never thought much about going back," was Blount's rather cryptogrammatic answer.

"But now you are thinking of it?" inquired the railroad man, waking up. "That's good. We're needing a few bright young lawyers mighty bad. Is that why I'm the particular fellow you wanted to meet?"

Blount passed the newly come telegram across the interval between the two chairs. "Read that," he said.

Gantry smoothed the square of yellow paper carefully and held it up to the softened glow of the electric ceiling globe. Its date line carried the name of the chief city in the "greasewood country," the capital of the state, and the time markings sufficiently indicated its late arrival:

wood country," the capital of the state, and the time markings sufficiently indicated its late arrival:

To Evan Shelby Blount, Standish Apartments, Boston:

You have had everything that money could buy you, and you owe me nothing but an occasional sight of your face. If you are not tied to some woman's apron string, why can't you come west and grow up with your native state?

DAVID BLOUNT.

It was characteristic of Gantry that he folded the telegram in the original creasings before he handed it back.

"Well?" said Blount when the pause had grown overlong.

"I was just thinking," was the reflective rejoinder. "We used to be fairly chummy in the old Ann Arbor days, Evan, and yet I never knew till this blessed minute that Senator Blount was your father."

"He was and is," was the quiet reply. "I supposed everybody knew it."

"I didn't," Gantry denied, adding, "What you don't tell people about yourself would make a pretty big book if it were printed. Long ago you admitted to me that you were western born, but you never told me any more."

"Perhaps it was because there was so little to tell. I had a boyhood, like other boys—or, no, possibly it wasn't quite the usual. I was born on the Circle Bar when the ranch was a hard day's drive from the nearest shipping corral on the railroad. At twelve I could 'ride line,' 'cut out' and 'rope down' like any other ranch bred youngster, and I had never seen a town bigger than Painted Hat."

"And what happened when you were twelve?" queried Gantry.

"The greatest misfortune that can ever come to a half grown boy, Dick. My mother died."

"That was hard," Gantry assented; then, "Your father married again."

"Not for some years," Blount qualified. "But for me the heavens were fallen. I was sent away to school, and from school I went to college, to Europe and back here to the law school. In all that time I've never seen the Circle Bar or my native state; have never been west of Omaha."

"Then the senator—your father's—political life has never touched you?"

"It touched me on the sympathetic side, Dick. I saw a large hearted,



PATRICIA ANNERS.

open handed old cattle king wading into the muddy stream of politics to gratify an ambition that wasn't his own—a woman's ambition. In order that the woman might mix and mingle in Washington society for a brief minute or two he got himself elected to fill out an unexpired term of two months in the United States senate—bought it, some said. That was three years ago, wasn't it? But Washington hasn't forgotten. When I was down there last winter the 5 o'clock tea people were still recalling Mrs. Blount's gowns and the wild western naïvete of the Hon. Senator Sagebrush."

Gantry was chuckling softly.

"Land of love, Evan," he said, "you're an educated man, all right, but you've got a lot to learn yet—about the senator and his politics. I mean. Great snipes, man, he isn't in it for the social frills and furbelows! He never was. Let me intimate a few things. Politically speaking, David Blount is the biggest man in his state today. He can have anything he wants, from the head of the ticket down. You spoke rather smugly just now of his two months in the senate. He might have gone back if he had wanted to, and he actually did a much more difficult thing—named his successor. I can tell you the situation out in the greasewood country if you want to know it."

"Make it simple," was Blount's condition.

"The outlook for us is precisely what it is in a dozen other states this year—everything promising a renewal of the bullheaded legislative fight on the railroads," said Gantry. "There is only one issue before the people, and that is the Transcontinental railway. The reformers, as they call themselves, would like to legislate us out of existence. We shall beat the tomtom and do our best to stay on earth."

"Naturally," said Blount. "And my father—how does he stand?"

"The idea of your having to ask me!" exclaimed Gantry. "But really I wish I could tell you. There are a good many people in our neck of woods who would like to know. It will make all the difference in the world when it comes to a showdown."

"Why will it?"

"Because, apart from the railroad and the anti-railroad factions, there is a very complete and smooth running machine organization."

"And my father is identified with the machine?"

Again Gantry choked over the singular lack of information discovering itself in Blount's question.

"Land of glory!" he ejaculated. "Where have you been burying yourself, Evan? Didn't I just tell you that he is the biggest man in the state? Oh, no—with heavy irony—"he isn't identified with the machine; he merely owns it and runs it."

"Ah," said Blount, and a little later, "Thank you, Dick; I am pretty badly out of touch, as you've discovered." Then he changed the subject abruptly. "How long will your traffic meeting last?"

"We practically finished today. An hour or two on Monday will settle it."

"After which you'll go west?"

"By the Monday noon train, if I can make it."

Silence for a time until Blount broke in upon Gantry's tapping of the dance music rhythm with: "If I can get ready I may go with you, Dick. Would you mind?"

"Yes; I would mind so much that I'd willingly miss a train and worry out a few more of the chilly Boston hours rather than lose the chance of having you along. Ever meet your father's—er—the present Mrs. Blount, Evan?" he asked suddenly.

"No."

"She is a fine woman," Gantry ventured.

"So I have understood." This time Blount's reply was key. But now Gantry's eyes were twinkling, and he pressed his advantage.

"You'll have to reckon with her if you go to the greasewood country, Evan. Next to your father, she is the court of last resort. Indeed, there are a good many who say that she is the court."

Blount said nothing. Nevertheless Gantry tried once more:

"Not interested, Evan?"

"Not in the slightest degree, Dick. Will you take that for your answer now and remember it hereafter?"

"Sure!" laughed the railroad man. "I didn't know it was a sore spot with you."

He found a match and relighted his cigar. When he began again he was still thinking of the "apron string" clause in the senator's telegram.

"I can't understand how any man with western blood in his veins could ever be content to marry and settle down in this overcivilized neck of woods," he said.

"Can't you?" Blount smiled, with large lenience.

"No, I can't," asserted the westerner, adding: "Of course I don't know the eastern young woman. She may be all that is lovely and enticing."

"She is," declared Blount, with the air of one who had lived long enough to know.

"You say that as if you'd been taking a few lessons," Gantry laughed. Then, with the friendly impudence which only a college comradeship could excuse, "Is she here tonight?"

"No."

"Tell me about her," Gantry begged. "I don't often read a love story, but I like to hear 'em."

"There isn't much to tell, Dick," said Blount. "I've known her for a year, and I've loved her from the first day. That is chapter 1, and chapter 2 ends the story with one small word. She says 'No.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]