CHAPTER VIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

"WHAR'S YOU UNS GWINE?"

I had every reason to believe that my nerves were proof against shock, but when I heard the Confederate officer calling my companion Bell by name I felt for the instant more alarmed than I had ever been before or have ever been since, and if I had had to respond I am very sure my voice and manner would have betrayed me.

Up to this time our greatest trouble was to avoid the search parties who were scouring the country for Confederate deserters and horse thieves, but here we were in the enemy's camp, disguised in his uniform and pretending to belong to his army. Detection now meant that we should be treated as spies, and we both knew how relentlessly men of that character had been executed by both sides. My back was to the window, which was to my advantage, but Bell faced the light, and there was a set to his lips and a glint in his gray eyes that assured me that he at least was not demoralized.

"Well," said the Confederate lieutenant, after my companion, with a flood of original and rather startling profanity, had declared that he was not 'Tom Bell, the Yankee scout,' but his cousin, "I'll have to allow that I'm mistaken, for a man ought to know himself, but I'd have been willing to bet against big odds that you are the Bell who has been raising hell with our people over round Buncombe."

"Look me over," said Bell, and he drew himself up for inspection. "Now, do you uns think I look like a d—d fool?"

The officers laughed and declared he appeared to be as sensible and brave a man as they had ever met.

"But if I was Tom Bell of Buncombe and come a trapesing ovah heah, I'd be the cussedest fool God Almighty ever made. Tom Bell of Buncombe's my cousin, and that ain't to his discredit; but up to the time he joined the Yanks, no man ever dared to look him in the eye and say he was a fool or a coward; cowardice don't run in the blood, whether we uns fight fo' the Confed'racy or agin hit."

This and much more of the same kind Bell rolled off with an earnestness and vehemence that carried conviction with it. My only fear was that he would overdo the matter by protesting too much. The officer apologized for his mistake; one of the four produced a canteen and proposed that we drink to better acquaintance, which we did, but I felt that this was only a truce and that the best thing we could do was to shake the dust of Carnesville from our feet as soon as possible.

After supper I proposed a walk to Bell, and we went down past the little court house, about which were drawn up scores of wagons that had come in with the tax in kind. I felt certain that we were being watched and that it would be courting death to go back to the tavern. I knew some men in Chenowith's regiment, two squadrons of which were then in the town and others were expected before morning. If I were recognized, the suspicion already directed to Bell would become a certainty and we should be arrested and treated as spies.

All this I explained to him, and he agreed with me that our only hope lay in getting away from Carnesville as speedily as possible. It was now night, with a half moon overhead, and we were in good condition for a twenty-four hours' march. We had just passed the wagon camp when we heard a quick step behind us and a voice calling out:

"Hello, boys! Whar's you uns off to?"

I turned, expecting to see a man with a musket, but to our great relief our challenger was Sim Sleigh, the teamster, with whom I had ridden into town. This man had been so outspoken in his denunciation of the Confederate authorities and so eager to have the war brought to an end and so very kind, that on the impulse of the moment I determined to take him into our confidence, so far as was consistent with the story we had already told him. I pointed out that the chances were that Bell and myself would be made prisoners if we returned to the tavern, and that while we had nothing to fear from an honest investigation, the result must be to us a great deal of unnecessary hardship and useless trouble; then I asked for his advice.

To our surprise Sim Sleigh told us that he had heard it hinted that we were spies, and that he was hunting us up to tell us of the danger when he met us. He assured us that he had unbounded faith in us, and that he had explained to others where and how he had picked us up, and that it was through his urging we had come on to Carnesville. All this Sim Sleigh told us with all the emphasis that profanity could add to his statement: then he gave us each a hand and said:

"By G—d, I'll see you uns through. Make fo' old Habersham. Once you uns is in the hills of old Habersham, hit'll be like home."

Acting on his advice, we sat down under a tree beside the road, but within full sight of the camp fires in the court house square. It was a half hour, and a very anxious one, before Sim Sleigh returned, and then his appearance startled us, for he came silently from the rear, accompanied by another man. Each carried a Burnside carbine and belts plentifully supplied with ammunition. The arms and equipments had been purloined from two drunken troopers, who were then "sleeping hit off" in one of the wagons.

"Hit's a blazin pity I couldn't hook a couple of critters foh you uns to ride off on," explained Sleigh, "but by keepin yer off eyes peeled you uns may be able to pick some up."

I objected to the arms and was called "a d—d fool" for my pains.

"What's a man in these hills in these yar times without a gun?" asked Sim Sleigh contemptuously; then answering his own question: "W'y, he's helpless as a baby in colic time. No, sir-ee, you uns haz got to be heeled right smart if yer bound foh home. And let me say, gents, them guns ain't meant foh ornament by no manner o' means. You uns knows enough not to crowd into a fight but if nothin else will sarve the purpose and keep you uns free, then give em the last in the shop, that's all."

Sleigh gave us minute directions about the roads as far as the Tallulah river in the northern part of Habersham county, where, he assured us, we should find his folks and a welcome. The two men accompanied us about half a mile out on the Walnut hill road, then advised us to "cut dirt," and we parted.

It was about 9 o'clock when we started, and we knew that if we were missed pursuit would be made at once. We fully realized what capture under the circumstances meant, and we confirmed, with a strong hand clasp, the resolution "to die a fightin, but not to be took."

We were hurrying on at a double quick, but had not gone a mile from the court house when we heard yelling away to the rear. We listened for a few minutes; then came the pounding of galloping hoofs. Sleigh had informed us that there were no pickets out, and the furious pace at which the horsemen were coming told that they were out on an important mission, and it was natural that we should associate it with ourselves.

To the right of the road there was a wood, and into this we plunged and concealed ourselves behind the trees till the four troopers had gone past. Sleigh's advice was to "stick as close to the roads as you uns can, fo' the country's poualful rough." As the horses swept by we could hear one of the men shouting out something about "a needle in a bundle of hay," and this confirmed our suspicions. As soon as they had passed we returned to the road and hurried on in the same direction, halting every half mile or so, while Bell placed his ear to the ground to listen.

In about an hour the soldiers came back at a walk, while we concealed ourselves as before. This time all doubts as to their mission were set at rest by the remarks which they shouted out as if all hands were deaf: "That Bell's one of the damnedest scoundrels in the country." "Ought to 've strung 'em both up at once." "Only think of letting 'em walk right out as if they owned the place." "I can respect a soldier, but d—n a spy!"

The fact that we could have emptied the four saddles without serious risk to ourselves gave us a great deal of confidence, and my respect for the good sense of the man who had furnished us the carbines rose accordingly. It was now very certain that an alarm would be sent out at once, and that every man with a gun and southern sympathies in Hart and the adjoining counties would join in the chase to hunt us down. We already knew the ground we could cover on a forced march, and now we determined to exceed all our former efforts. We did not walk, we trotted; and from about 11 o'clock at night till daylight the next morning we must have averaged five miles an hour, and this over roads rocky, hilly and cut into ruts.

As soon as it was light we left the main road and followed a path that ran in the same general direction. Bell, who could read a trail like an Indian, said there had been pack mules over this route within forty-eight hours. The country was densely wooded, and springs and clear streams were abundant in the valleys, but we traveled till noon without seeing a house or a human being. Soon after noon, as we were making our way along a brawling stream which the trail crossed at a dozen points, we were brought to a sudden halt by a hoarse shout from the front:

"Hello, thar! Whar's you uns gwine?"

We could not see the man, but there was that in his voice that indicated he was in no amiable mood and that he was quite prepared to dispute our advance.

"We uns is gwine home, if you uns ain't got no objections," replied Bell.

"Whar is yer home?"

"Crost the Blue Ridge."

"Then why in blazes don't you uns stick to the roads that leads to the Ridge?" asked the man, and through the jungle in front I caught the gleam of a rifle barrel.

"Is thar any law against we uns gwine any way we uns likes?" asked Bell, and he fired off a volley of oaths, which were returned with interest.

The man told us that he was not alone, and that if we took another step forward he would fire. "You uns," he continued, "is out nosin foh the tax in kind, but hit ain't no go. We uns hez give the last, and not one more d—d drop goes out of these yar hills unless hits paid foh. Go back and tell the quar'masters that Si Kyle and his crowd hez got thar backs up. We uns hez allowed not to still no more foh the Confed'racy, onless the Confed'racy she comes har with the cash, and lots of hit. Now go back, fo' you uns looks like mighty pore critters, ez hit wouldn't be no credet to shoot."

It was evident the man was running a still back in the hills, and that he took us to be Confederates out collecting the tax in kind. Bell repeated the old story and gave the reason for our being off the road, and he offered to lay down our arms and let the man and his friends come out and search us. In conclusion he said:

"Sim Sleigh—nebbe you uns hez heard of him—told us back thar at Carnesville to take to the woods, so's not to be picked up, and he said if we uns could strike his folks up on the Tallulah, in old Habersham, they'd do the squar thing and help we uns on."

Sim Sleigh, who had so befriended us the night before, was still our guardian angel. He was evidently a prominent character in these hills, for the man in front, with less anger in his voice, called out:

"Sho! Do you uns know Sim Sleigh?"

He was assured that we did, and that we esteemed the acquaintance to be a very high honor. Following this we could hear talking in low tones beyond the angle of bush covered rocks in front. After a few minutes of earnest discussion the man said:

"Wa'al, we uns hez allowed you uns may be all right. But if so be you uns ain't squar', then may the good Lor ha' massy on yer souls. Now, come on."

We advanced, and beyond the angle we came face to face with two lank mountaineers, clad in butternut trousers and coarse cotton shirts, and a boy of about twelve, who if he had taken off his shred of a shirt would have been entirely naked. Their brown faces and long, black hair made them look like Indians, and the old fashioned rifles, powder horns and the boxes for flint and steel fastened to their belts increased this impression. They were not yet assured that we were what we claimed to be, for the man who had done all the talking asked if we had any papers about us that would prove our statements.

I had the forged furloughs in my ragged and much stained note book, and these I handed to the man. He opened them in a way that showed he was not accustomed to such work; then he suddenly handed them back, and said:

"You uns ken read?"

I said we both had that accomplishment.

"Wa'al, read them papers, and if so be it should turn out that you uns can't read 'em right, then it'd be a doggone sight bettah if you uns wusn't never bawn."

I read the furloughs exactly as I had written them, the men and the boy watching me the while like hawks. Then I had to explain my object in carrying the note book, and at Mr. Si Kyle's request I read extracts from that, showing that we had been in South Carolina the week before. This had an excellent effect. Si Kyle and his brother Mart and his son Flint shook hands with us and promised to help us through.

We resumed our march with our strange allies, and about a mile beyond the place of meeting we came to a bowl shaped valley, in the center of which there was a cluster of log cabins. Here there was an extensive cornfield, and the cattle and mules grazing along the creek, with a number of tow headed and nearly naked children watching them, showed that Mr. Si Kyle was more prosperous than the average mountaineer.

We were conducted into one of the cabins and introduced to Mrs. Kyle, a particularly gaunt woman, with very long, yellow teeth, and to her daughter, Sally, a wild eyed and rather pretty girl of sixteen, whose feet appeared to be as little acquainted with shoes as her lithe and supple form was with corsets. There were two beds in the room, and benches of hewn logs with legs fitted in auger holes answered for chairs. We handed our guns and trappings to our host, and Mart Kyle, the brother, brought in a rusty tin can full of vile smelling raw whisky and a gourd to drink it from.

As it would be a gross breach of mountain hospitality to refuse the treat, I drank some to the health of Mrs. Kyle. The gourd was passed around, our hostess and her daughter drinking with the ready ease that comes of long practice. Bell praised the whisky and said that, good as it was, he thought that a few months more age would improve it.

Before our supper of bread, bacon and milk the gourd was again passed around, and to my surprise Si Kyle gave all the children a drink of whisky, explaining to me that "hit was the best thing in the world for worms;" then he asked a blessing. A majority of these mountaineers are of Scotch-Irish descent, as the names and physiognomies indicate, and the asking of a blessing before meals is simply the survival of an ancestral custom. It did not impress me as having any religious significance, for Mr. Kyle and his wife and all the children swore with remarkable ease and fluency, and they were as unconstrained in all their actions as so many savages.

After supper, and when it was quite dark, our host proposed that we should visit the still. "And ez thar's no knowin jest what we uns may expec' in these yar times, I reckon," he said, "ez how hit mout be well to have yer guns handy, for no d—d tax in kind hunter is a gwine to catch Si Kyle asleep." We slung our carbines; then, each being provided with a pine knot torch, we started out.

About half a mile from the cabin we entered a rocky glen admirably adapted for defense. A hundred yards from the entrance it widened out into a little amphitheater, and here, set against a towering rock, was the still. The stench told that there was a pigpen in the vicinity.

The glow from the log building and the boisterous laughter of men showed that there were others ahead of us, and that they had been doing their best to keep Mr. Kyle's whisky from getting old. There were eight men in the still house, all in the prime of life, all dressed in butternut trousers and cotton shirts, and all with powder horns and bullet pouches slung from their shoulders and long hunting rifles within reach. These men shook hands with Bell and myself as if we were old friends, and that they had heard of our arrival and all about us was shown by their addressing each of us by his proper name.

With the two Kyles there were ten mountain men in the still house that night. They were physically strong and brave, just the fellows for soldiers, yet not one of them had been in the army. Nearly all of them had been conscripted, and when I expressed surprise at their being able to avoid the service, they laughed, and declared with much pride that they had "desarted," and they "allowed that if any sojers had come into the hills to take we uns, they'd a had a d—d sight harder time of hit than if they run into the Yanks." And these, I have every reason to believe, fairly represented the men of the Blue Ridge from West Virginia down to Alabama.

Not a man of the party could read, and their ignorance of the outside world was astounding. They were loud in their denunciation of "niggahs and Yanks," and seemed to have only the vagnest notion of the causes that led up to the war; but they took no pains to conceal their contempt for the "Confederacy," principally, it would seem, because of the conscription and the tax in kind. Stories of Sherman's advance on Atlanta had reached them, but so long as he kept away from "Old Habersham" they did not care if he overran the state; indeed, they rather hoped that he would do so, and they were particularly anxious that he should catch and hang "Old Joe Brown," then the governor of Georgia.

That night Bell and I slept in one of the beds with two of the children. The oldest girl and another lot of children slept in the trundlebed, and Si Kyle, his wife and the rest of the family occupied the bed across the way. The whole arrangement was entirely primitive and unconventional.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Kyle, after refusing pay for his hospitality, placed some corn bread, bacon and a bottle of whisky in a bag, which he gave to Bell; then he accompanied us for several miles. He gave us directions which, if followed out, he assured us would take us, "without hurt or harm," to the Tallulah river and the home of Sim Sleigh's family.

While Mrs. Cleveland was in the White House a college society held a reunion in Washington and the president's wife consented to receive the members. Among them was a young man from Vermont and one from Georgia who passed down the line together. The grasp of Mrs. Cleveland's hand was so cordial that the pair were anxious to secure another handshake, and after watching the crowd a few minutes fell in again, and finally reached Mrs. Cleveland. The pair looked unconcerned, but as Mrs. Cleveland looked at the striking faces she seemed puzzled but said nothing. Then the couple got out in the corridor, but were not satisfied even then. Accordingly they changed coats and hats, ruffled their hair and worked into the line again. When the lady found them again in line ready to shake hands she looked for a second and then laughed heartily, but shook hands, suggesting that three times was quite sufficient. The grasping pair were forced to agree with her.

THE STORY OF A BUD

AN AMERICAN GIRL AND HER AMERICAN MARRIAGE.

A Brilliant Career of One Season Satisfactorily Closed by the Mellow Tones of Wedding Bells—Some Suitors Who Were Not Accepted.

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ROSE BUDD'S first winter in New York society progressed and the young girl danced and laughed and was told sweet things and yet remained a good, true girl. don't you suppose there came to her many a one who asked her for her heart and her hand? Rose sat down one day and thought out the reasons why these stories of love were told her, and having learned a little of the ways of the world she concluded it was because she was a rich man's only child. Now in thinking this she did herself a little injustice, for her gentle ways won the hearts of the men who first thought of her great wealth.

Her first proposal came from a young man who it seemed to her thought more of his clothes than of anything else. He wore the widest of trousers, the most immaculate fitting of coats, his gloves evidently did service but once and when he flourished his lawn handkerchief the perfume of violets seemed to fill the air. The flowers in his buttonhole changed with the seasons, for he first wore a huge chrysanthemum, then a bunch of white violets and then in winter a priceless orchid. From a narrow silk cord dangled a huge monocle. One afternoon after Rose had brewed him three cups of tea he put the monocle in his eye and looking at her he said rather gaspingly, "Miss Budd—I am about to do you the honor—no—I mean will you do me the honor of being my wife?" Rose was so frightened that she dropped the teacup she was holding and she answered, "Really, Mr. Glasseyes, I don't think you quite know what you are talking about."

"Oh, yes, I do," he said, and he smoothly arranged his trousers, got down on his knees and murmured in a pitiful tone. "Oh, Rose darling, do say yes and make a man of me!" And Rose, looking straight at him, answered, "That would be impossible." And then the poor fellow got up and cried a little bit and had another cup of tea and then went away. And Rose sat and looked out of the window and wondered if this was what they meant when they talked about true love.

The next applicant for the hand of my Lady Rose was her stiff English friend. This was a function of great importance. In the morning he sent her a large bouquet of white roses; in the afternoon he called and asked to see her mother; after a short talk with her Rose was sent for, and then in the most dignified tone her admirer said, "Miss Budd, your mother has done me the honor of saying yes to the proposition of marriage which I have just made her." Rose looked at him, laughed and asked, "How in the world could you marry my mother?"

He drew himself up rather stiffly and continued, "I beg your pardon, you did not allow me to finish my sentence; your mother has said yes in answer to my proposition to marry you. You will occupy one of the finest positions in England, you will be presented as a bride, and I will do all in my power to make you a great social success, although as an American you would undoubtedly achieve that yourself, but with my great name you will of course have special advantages. If you will permit me, I will put your engagement ring on, and give my first kiss to my future wife."

Poor Rose! There she stood growing whiter and whiter, feeling that her own mother was selling her for position exactly as if she were a slave. She summed up courage, and without a word to her mother she said to her admirer: "Thank

"MAKE A MAN OF ME."

you very much for the honor you have shown me, an honor which I must decline. You do not know that an American girl asks in her married life for something else besides position, and that something is love. Without it you cannot expect to have a faithful wife. And yet in all that you have offered me you have not mentioned it. The general impression among Englishmen, especially among Englishmen of title, is that an American girl will sell her soul for a coronet and for the sake of being presented to the queen. They are mistaken. That there are some women who value money and position before everything else, I am sorry to say is true; but in this great big new country there is many a one who would not marry the king of England himself unless she loved him and unless he loved her. Undoubtedly, you have meant to show me an honor. I thank you for that; but I ask you to remember one thing, and that is that though we American girls may laugh and be merry at all times we are not mere butterflies, and we do not give our hands without our hearts." It seemed as if Rose had gained two feet in height after she made this speech, and she left the room looking straight before her. Her mother cried, talked about the magnificent match she might have made and insisted that there was certainly a something queer about her, or she never would have let such a chance slip.

All through that winter, in a very quiet way, Rose had been seeing a young man, who was her father's lawyer, an honest, open hearted gentleman. And what is the use of lingering over it. He loved her, and one day he said, "Rose, do you love me?"

And looking him straight in the face she said, "Yes."

And then he asked, "Rose, will you be my wife?" And again she answered "Yes." And so the Rose Budd was plucked, and the girl who had been trained to marry an Englishman, whose education had been directed with a view of her making the match of the season, had shown her own independence by insisting on marrying the man she loved. He had no title save that of gentleman, and yet, strangely enough, he was the catch of the season, for a fortune was awaiting him the day he was twenty-eight years old, provided he was married at that time "to an American girl."

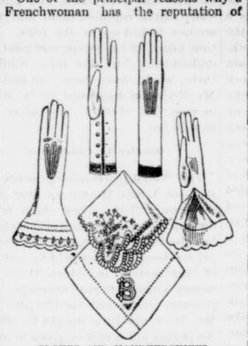
All the gay world went to see this wedding. The girls who were Rose's bridesmaids looked in her eyes and saw there a something that was new to them—a look that meant that the very fullness of joy had been reached. And one of them whispered to the other, "I hope some day I will be as happy as Rose is." It was an American wedding, for the lace veil that Rose wore and which her great-grandmother had worn before her, was pinned on her head not only by stars and crescents of diamonds but by an American flag made of rubies, sapphires and diamonds, and which came from way across the water, bearing with it this message: "To the one American girl who taught me to honor all American women. This comes from the man who as he could not win her will try for dear love's sake to win a woman like her."

And as they came down the aisle of the church these two happy people, Rose and her lover, it seemed as if the wedding march sang that old, old song, "'Tis love, 'tis love that makes the world go round."

ISABEL A. MALLON.

Fashions of Paris.

One of the principal reasons why a Frenchwoman has the reputation of



GLOVES AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

dressing well is because of the close attention that she pays to the details of her toilet. From the tips of her toes to the top of her hat everything must be neat and in keeping. Just as much attention is given to the choice of stockings, shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs as to the dresses, bonnets and wraps, and are scarcely less in importance.

The new gloves of this season are made to allow for the long sleeves now worn, and have never more than four buttons, while some have but two.

Gauntlet gloves are favorites, and the edges of them are beaded with very fine steel, jet or gilt beads, with sometimes a small flower in colored silk to match or contrast sharply. On the backs of all the gloves are heavy stitchings in black. Pearl color is the favorite, with black stitching and jet and steel beads on the gauntlet. The thumbs of gloves are now set in a manner that relieves the strain, and thus a pair of gloves lasts twice as long as heretofore.

Some of the gloves have a wide, Vandyked black kid band laid on the wrist of light gloves, not quite at the top and coming down to the back of the hand. Others have narrow black kid bands quite at the top of the glove.

The new handkerchiefs are in fine batiste, colored or white, with double hemstitched border and with initials heavily embroidered in one corner in contrasting color for ordinary use, and for nice are deeply embroidered batiste handkerchiefs just eighteen inches square, the embroidery often done in washable colors. Lace handkerchiefs of course will never go out of style, and any kind is chic, but those of Point, Honiton or Brussels are those shown in the magazines.

ANNIE PIXLEY AT HOME.

Interesting Sketch from the Pen of Olive Harper.

Among the many good and true women of the stage few have the home instinct more largely developed than Annie Pixley, and her home life is an exquisite repose after the work and glitter of the theater. There she lives a sweet, wholesome, womanly life and gives her time to the decoration and beautifying of her pretty home like any young woman, rejoicing in its orderly arrangement, and her hands have wrought out marvels of dainty grace as restful as it is artistic.

Her home is in a delightful, large New York flat, with a great bay window in the parlor which gives a view into

ANNIE PIXLEY.

one of the prettiest parks, and this room opens with folding door to a sunny library. Here is the desk where she writes all the pleasant little letters her friends love to get, and the safe where her MS. plays are kept. There are three there now, which she will produce as soon as her new theater in New York is ready. She is resting this season.

Her parlor is unusually large for a flat, and is handsomely furnished in soft, pleasing color. Over the chimney is a novel arrangement of mandolins, guitars and other musical instruments, and in a corner an etagere full of curios that are really rare. She has a wonderful parrot in a cage that chatters like a four-year-old girl child, and a canary sits in his cage by a window.

On the wall hangs a life size picture of Roland Fulford, her only child, whose sad death at the age of twelve has cast a shadow over his young mother's life that will never lift.

In her bedroom, which is just back of the parlor, is a fine marble bust of this beautiful boy, and everywhere are sweet reminders of him, so that his presence seems to pervade everything.

Annie Pixley is the happy wife of Robert Fulford, to whose good judgment and careful management much of their financial success is due, and their married life has been exceptionally happy.

On the stage Annie Pixley is sprightly, gay and apparently full and running over with animal spirits. At home and by nature she is serious almost to gravity, but always sweet and womanly. Her voice is low and musical, and she is quiet in her movements and of the most refined manners. No word of slang or scandal ever passes her lips, and much as one must admire her on the stage she proves ten times more lovable in her home.

She dresses for the street with quiet simplicity and her house gowns are models of taste and neatness. She can make and always designs her own dresses, and is very fond of sewing.

Annie Pixley is a Californian.

OLIVE HARPER.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Yamhill,

Rosana Grames, Aaron Mills Seth A. Mills and Rhoda Mills, Plaintiffs,
vs
James Grames, Defendant.

To James Grames said defendant: In the name of the state of Oregon: You are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the above entitled suit, in the above named court, by the 28th day of March, A. D 1892 that being the first day of the first term of said court following the expiration of six weeks publication of this summons—and answer the complaint of the plaintiffs filed against you in said cause, and you will take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof the plaintiffs will apply to said court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, which is, in brief, as follows, to wit: For a decree of said court partitioning among the plaintiffs and the defendant, the donation land claim of Anson G. Henry and wife, in tp 3 s, r 3 w in Yamhill county, state of Oregon, and allotting to said defendant in fee, an undivided (1-9) one ninth part thereof, to the plaintiff, Aaron Mills, the fifty acres, in fee, deeded to him by the plaintiff, Rosana Grames, to the plaintiffs, Seth A. Mills and Rhoda Mills, the fifty (50) acres deeded to them, in fee, by said Rosana Grames, and to the plaintiff, Rosana Grames, in fee, the remainder of said premises, and for such further relief, in the premises, as may seem to the court meet with equity and good conscience.

This summons is served by publication thereof, for six weeks, by virtue of an order made by Hon. R. P. Boise judge of said court, dated Dec. 4th, 1891.

RAMSEY & FENTON,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs.
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SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill County.

I. W. Baird and Alice M Baird, Plaintiffs.
vs
E. A. Webster, and his wife, M. A. Webster, Defendants.

To M A Webster, one of the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the above named court in the above entitled suit and answer the complaint filed against you therein by the plaintiffs by Monday, the 28th day of March A. D., 1892; that being the first day of the first term of said court following the expiration of six weeks publication of this summons, and you will take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, for the want thereof the plaintiffs will apply to said court for the relief demanded in said complaint, which is in brief, as follows, to-wit:

For a decree in favor of the plaintiffs and against said defendants for the sum of ten thousand dollars ($10,000.00) with interest thereon since May 15, 1890, at the rate of seven per cent per annum; for the further sum of $500.00 as attorney's fees and for costs and disbursements of this suit; for a decree foreclosing the mortgage executed by the said defendants to the plaintiffs on the 15th day of May, 1890, to secure the payment of said sums of money, upon the following described real premises, to-wit:

The donation land claim of I. R. Derby and Ann Derby, his wife, and being the east half of the northeast quarter of section twelve (12) and the southeast quarter of section one (1) in township 3 south, range 4 west, and the southwest quarter of section six (6) and the northwest fraction of the northwest quarter of section seven (7) township 3 south range 3 west also the homestead claim of John M. Gates, No. 854, and being the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter and lot No three (3) of section six (6) and lots No two (2), three (3), four (4) and five (5) of section seven (7) in township 3 south, range 3 west, save and except from said homestead that part thereof conveyed by John M. Gates to J. Harrison on September 22, 1875, by deed recorded at pages 275 and 276 of book "P" of records of deeds of said county of Yamhill said tract so sold being fifty acres. And also the following described tract of land, being lot No four (4) of section six (6) in township 3 south, range 3 west of the Willamette Meridian containing seven acres. All of said tracts conveyed by said mortgage containing 447 acres and all being situate in Yamhill county state of Oregon. And for the sale of said real premises according to law to obtain funds with which to pay said sums of money, costs and disbursements and accruing costs and barring defendant's rights in said premises and for such other and further relief in the premises as may seem to the Court equitable.

This summons is served by publication by virtue of an order of Hon R. P. Boise, judge of said court, bearing date of December 30, 1891.

J. C. MORELAND
And RAMSEY & FENTON,
jan7 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Executor's Notice.

In the County Court of the County of Yamhill State of Oregon,

In the matter of the estate of James S. Flett deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, George Flett, has been, by an order of the county court above named, duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of said James S. Flett, deceased.

Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to the undersigned at the law office of Ramsey & Fenton, in McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, duly verified.

Dated this 13th day of January, A D 1892.

GEORGE FLETT,
j14-3 Executor of said Estate.
Ramsey & Fenton,
Attorneys for said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the county court of the county of Yamhill, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of Geo. E. Getchell, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Martha A. Getchell as the administratrix of the estate of George E. Getchell, deceased, has filed her final account of her administration of said estate in the County Court of Yamhill County, Oregon, and said court has fixed Tuesday, March 8, A. D., 1892, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. of said day at the County Court room at McMinnville, Oregon, as the time and place of hearing the same.

Therefore all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at said time and place and show cause if any there be why said account be not allowed and said estate finally settled.

Dated this 6th day of January, A. D. 1892.

MARTHA A. GETCHELL,
Administratrix of said Estate.
Ramsey & Fenton, Attorneys for said Estate. (Jan 11-3)

THE YAQUINA ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad

T. E. Hogg, Receiver.

—AND—

OREGON DEVELOPMEN COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP LINE.

225 Miles Shorter—20 hours less time than by any other route.

☞ First class through passenger and freight line from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

Time Schedule (except Sundays).

Leave Albany	12:20 pm	Leave Yaquina	7 am
" Corvallis	1:03 pm	" Corvallis	10:35 am
Arr' Yaquina	4:35 pm	Arriv Albany	11:15am

O. & C. trains connect at Albany and Corvallis.

The above trains connect at YAQUINA with the Oregon Development Co's. Line of Steamships between Yaquina and San Francisco.

N. B.—Passengers from Portland and all Willamette Valley Points can make close connection with the trains of the YAQUINA ROUTE at Albany or Corvallis, and if destined to San Francisco, should arrange to arrive at Yaquina the evening before date of sailing.

Sailing Dates.

The Steamer Willamette Valley will sail

FROM YAQUINA.	FROM SAN FRANCISCO
November 8th	November 3th
" 18th	" 13th
" 28th	" 23th
December 6th	December 2th

Passenger and freight rates always the low est. For information, apply to

C. C. HOGUE,
Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Pacific R. Co., Corvallis, Oregon.

W. B. WEBSTER
Gen'l. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Oregon Development Co., Montgomery street San Francisco, Cal.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill county.

W. C. Hembree, Plaintiff,
vs
J. T. Hembree, Malvina A. Hembree his wife, John H. Espey, Albert Hembree and Mary A. Hembree his wife, Jason Kellogg and Amanda Kellogg his wife, Anna Belle Fisk and G. H. Fisk, her husband, Edith E. Baugher and Perry Baugher, her husband, Everard H. Carse, John W. Carse, Ralph L. Carse, Ernest E. Carse, J. Loring Espey, Jesse L. Espey, Cora Bell Espey, Edgar Ray Espey, George E. Espey, Eva Blanch Espey Irene L. Espey, Walter L. Espey, Effie A. Rowland, Clyde H. Rowland, Herbert E. Rowland, T. J. Rowland, John H. Carse, Huston Hembree, Lafayette Hembree and Eliza E. Hembree, his wife, and N. J. Rowland Defendants.

To the defendants above named: You and each of you are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the above-named Court in the above entitled suit, and answer the complaint filed therein against you by the plaintiff above named, by Monday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1892, that being the first day of the first term of said court following the expiration of six weeks publication of this summons and you and each of you will take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, for the want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the said complaint filed, herein which is in brief as follows, to wit:

For a decree adjudging the interest of the Plaintiff and said defendants in, of and to the real premises described in the complaint filed herein and described as follows, to-wit:

Tract No. 1. Situated in the city of McMinnville, in the county of Yamhill and state of Oregon to-wit: Beginning at the intersection of B street in said city of McMinnville, Oregon, with the north line of the donation land claim of Samuel Cozine and Wife and the south line of the donation land claim of W. T. Newby and wife, said beginning point being on the west side of B street, thence north thirty-two (32) feet and eight (8) inches to the southeast corner of tract known as Joel J. Hembree tract; thence west one hundred and forty (140) feet to the southwest corner of said tract; thence north eighty-five (85) feet and eight (8) inches to the northwest corner of said tract; thence west one hundred (100) feet, thence south seventy-one (71) feet and nine (9) inches to the line between the donation land claims of Samuel Cozine and wife and W. T. Newby and wife; thence south seventy-eight (78) degrees east along said line between said claims two hundred and forty-five (245) feet to the place of beginning.

Tract No. 2, Beginning at a point thirty-two (32) feet and eight (8) inches north of the intersection of said B street with said north line of the donation land claim of Samuel Cozine and wife and the south line of the donation land claim of W. T. Newby and wife, and on west side of said B street thence north eighty-five (85) feet and eight (8) inches to Andrew Shuck's southeast corner; thence west on said Andrew Shucks south line (140) one hundred and forty feet; thence south (85) eighty-five feet and (8) eight inches; thence east (140) one hundred and forty feet to the place of beginning; all in the city of McMinnville, in the county of Yamhill and state of Oregon.

For a decree appointing a referee to collect the rents of said property, pay the taxes thereon and to sell said premises and apply the proceeds thereof to the costs and expenses of this suit and for a decree that the residue thereof be divided equitably among and between said tenants in common, said plaintiff and said defendants according to their title and right and for such other and further relief as shall be meet in equity and good conscience.

This summons is served by publication by virtue of an order of Hon. R. P. Boise, Judge of said court bearing date of Jan 13, A. D. 1892.

RAMSEY & FENTON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill county.

H. H. Luse, plaintiff,
vs
Chas. F. Woods, John Woods, a minor, by —— his guardian ad litem, and A. G. Walling, as administrator of the estate of G. L. Woods deceased, defendants.

To Chas. F. Woods, John Woods, a minor, by —— his guardian ad litem, said defendants: In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby notified and required to be and appear in the above entitled cause in the above entitled court on or before the 28th day of March A. D. 1892 that being the first day of the next regular term of said court, to answer to the complaint of the plaintiff filed against you in the said cause, and if you fail so to appear and answer to the said complaint, for want thereof plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the said complaint to-wit: For a decree of foreclosure of the mortgage of plaintiff and sale of the real premises described in said mortgage and said complaint as the undivided half of the donation claim of Margaret Woods, mother of the said Geo. L. Woods, and in her lifetime the wife of Caleb Wood, being the south half of that certain section of land patented to Caleb Woods and Margaret Woods under the act of congress of A. D. 1850, donating lands to the settlers upon public lands in Oregon. Said land being situated in Yamhill county, state of Oregon on the North Yamhill river. And out of the proceeds of said sale thereof pay the plaintiff the sum of $2173.35 with interest from the 8th day of January, 1892, at 8 per cent per annum and the costs and disbursements of this suit and for such other relief as shall be meet in equity and good conscience.

This summons is served by publication thereof for six weeks in the TELEPHONE REGISTER by virtue of an order made by Hon. R. P. Boise, Judge of said court and dated January 13, 1892

BRONAUGH, MCARTHUR,
FENTON & BRONAUGH,
Attorneys for Plaintiff

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Yamhill County.

Catherine Baker, plaintiff,
vs
W. B. Keen, Della A. Keen, E. H. Watkins and Cora P. Watkins, defendants.

To W. B. Keen and Della A. Keen, said 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 suit by Monday, the 28th day of March, A. D. 1892, that being the first day of the first term of said Circuit court following the expiration of six weeks publication of this summons, and you will take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to said court for the relief demanded and prayed for in said complaint, which is in brief as follows, to wit: For a decree in favor of the plaintiff and against the said defendants for the sum of $1000 gold coin together with interest thereon from the 24th day of October, 1889, at the rate of ten per cent per annum the sum of $1000 gold coin together with interest thereon from the 24th day of October, 1890 at the rate of ten per cent per annum, for the sum of $150 as attorney's fee in said suit, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit. For a decree foreclosing the mortgage as executed by said defendants, W. B. Keen and Della A. Keen to said plaintiff on the 26th day of October, 1887, to secure the said sums of money due the plaintiff upon the following real premises to-wit: Being a port