"If There Were Dreams to Sell."

If there were dreams to sell,
Do I not know full well
What I would buy?—
Hope's dear, delusive spell,
Its happy tale to tell;
Joy's fleeting sigh.

I would be young again—
Youth's madding bliss and bane
I would recapture—
Though it were keen with pain,
All else seemed void and vain
To that fine rapture.

I would be free once more—
Slip through an open door
Into Life's glory—
Keep what I spent of yore—
Find what I lost before—
Hear the old story.

As it of old befell,
Breaking Death's frozen spell,
Love should draw nigh—
Do I not know too well,
If there were dreams to sell,
What I would buy?
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

The Great War Syndicate.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Author of "Rudder Grange," "Amos Kilbright," "The Bee Man of Orn," "The Christmas Wreck," "The Lady or the Tiger," "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Hundredth Man," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," "The Dusantes," etc.

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Of course the vice admiral did not understand these signals, nor did he know that they were signals, but he knew that they accompanied the discharge of a motor gun. Once he noticed that there was a short cessation in the hitherto constant succession of water avalanches, and during this lull he had seen two puffs from the repeller, and the destruction, at the same moment, of the deserted torpedo boat. It was, therefore, plain enough to him that if a motor bomb could be placed so accurately upon one torpedo boat, and with such terrible result, other bombs could quite as easily be discharged upon the other torpedo boats which formed the advanced line of the fleet. When the barrier of storm and cataract again began to stretch itself in front of the repeller, he knew that not only was it impossible for the torpedo boats to send their missives through this raging turmoil, but that each of these vessels was itself in danger of instantaneous destruction.

Unwilling, therefore, to expose his vessels to profitless danger, the vice admiral ordered the torpedo boats to retire from the front, and the whole line of them proceeded to a point north of the fleet, where they lay to.

When this had been done the repeller ceased the discharge of bombs, but the sea was still heaving and tossing after the storm, when a dispatch boat brought orders from the British admiralty to the flag ship. Communication between the British fleet and the shore, and consequently London, had been constant, and all that had occurred had been quickly made known to the admiralty and the government. The orders now received by the vice admiral were to the effect that it was considered judicious to discontinue the conflict for the day, and that he and his whole fleet should return to Portsmouth to receive further orders.

In issuing these commands the British government was actuated simply by motives of humanity and common sense. The British fleet was thoroughly prepared for ordinary naval warfare, but an enemy had inaugurated another kind of naval warfare for which it was not prepared. It was therefore decided to withdraw the ships until they should be prepared for the new kind of warfare. To allow ironclad after ironclad to be disabled and set adrift, to subject every ship in the fleet to the danger of instantaneous destruction, and all this without the possibility of inflicting injury upon the enemy, would not be bravery; it would be stupidity. It was surely possible to devise a means for destroying the seven hostile ships now in British waters. Until action for this end could be taken, it was the part of wisdom for the British navy to confine itself to the protection of British ports.

When the fleet began to move toward the Isle of Wight the six crabs, which had been lying quietly among and under the protection of their enemies, withdrew southward, and making a slight circuit, joined the repeller.

BRITISH OFFICERS WATCHING THE EFFECT OF THE MOTOR BOMBS.

Each of the disabled ironclads was now in tow of a sister vessel or of tugs, except the Llangaron. This great ship had been disabled so early in the contest, and her broadside had presented such a vast surface to the northwest wind, that she had drifted much farther to the south than any other vessel. Consequently before the arrival of the tugs which had been sent for to tow her into the harbor, the Llangaron was well on her way across the channel. A foggy night came on, and the next morning she was ashore on the coast of France, with a mile of water between her and dry land. Fast rooted in a great sand bank she lay week after week, with the storms that came in from the Atlantic and the storms that came in from the German ocean beating upon her tall side of solid iron, with no more effect than if it had been a precipice of rock. Against waves and winds she formed a massive breakwater, with a wide stretch of smooth sea between her and the land. There she lay, proof against all the artillery of Europe and all the artillery of the sea and the storm, until a fleet of small vessels had taken from her her ponderous armament, her coal and stores, and she had been lightened enough to float upon a high tide and to follow three tugs to Portsmouth.

When night came on Repeller No. 11 and the crabs dropped down with the tide and lay to some miles west of the scene of battle. The fog shut them in fairly well, but, fearful that torpedoes might be sent out against them, they showed no lights. There was little danger of collision with passing merchantmen, for the English channel at present was deserted by this class of vessels.

The next morning the repeller, preceded by two crabs, bearing between them a submerged net similar to that used at the Canadian port, appeared off the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. The anchors of the net were dropped, and behind it the repeller took her place, and shortly afterward she sent a flag of truce boat to Portsmouth harbor. This boat carried a note from the American war syndicate to the British government.

In this note it was stated that it was now the intention of the syndicate to utterly destroy, by means of the instantaneous motor, a fortified post upon the British coast. As this would be done solely for the purpose of demonstrating the irresistible destructive power of the motor bombs, it was immaterial to the syndicate what fortified post should be destroyed, provided it should answer the requirements of the proposed demonstration. Consequently the British government was offered the opportunity of naming the fortified place which should be destroyed. If said government should decline to do this or delay the selection for twenty-four hours, the syndicate would itself decide upon the place to be operated upon.

Every one in every branch of the British government, and, in fact, nearly every thinking person in the British islands, had been racking his brains, or her brains, that night, over the astounding situation; and the note of the syndicate only added to the perturbation of the government. There was a strong feeling in official circles that the insolent little enemy must be crushed, if the whole British navy should have to rush upon it, and all sink together in a common grave.

But there were cooler and more prudent brains at the head of affairs; and these had already decided that the contest between the old engines of war and the new was entirely one sided. The instincts of good government dictated to them that they should be extremely wary and circumspect during the further continuance of this unexampled war. Therefore, when the note of the syndicate was considered, it was agreed that the time had come when good statesmanship and wise diplomacy would be more valuable to the nation than torpedoes, armored ships or heavy guns.

There was not the slightest doubt that the country would disagree with the government, but on the latter lay the responsibility of the country's safety. There was nothing, in the opinion of the ablest naval officers, to prevent the syndicate's fleet from coming up the Thames. Instantaneous motor bombs could sweep away all forts and citadels and explode and destroy all torpedo defenses, and London might lie under the guns of the repeller.

In consequence of this view of the state of affairs an answer was sent to the syndicate's note asking that further time be given for the consideration of the situation, and suggesting that an exhibition of the power of the motor bomb was not necessary, as sufficient proof of this had been given in the destruction of the Canadian forts, the annihilation of the Craglevin, and the extraordinary results of the discharge of said bombs on the preceding day.

To this a reply was sent from the office of the syndicate in New York by means of a cable boat from the French coast, that on no account could their purpose be altered or their propositions modified. Although the British government might be convinced of the power of the syndicate's motor bombs, it was not the case with the British people, for it was yet popularly disbelieved that motor bombs existed. This disbelief the syndicate was determined to overcome, not only for the furtherance of its own purposes, but to prevent the downfall of the present British ministry, and a probable radical change in the government. That such a political revolution, as undesirable to the syndicate as to cool headed and sensible Englishmen, was imminent, there could be no doubt. The growing feeling of disaffection, almost amounting to disloyalty, not only in the opposition party, but among those who had hitherto been firm adherents of the government, was mainly based upon the idea that the present British rulers had allowed themselves to be frightened by mines and torpedoes, artfully placed and exploded. Therefore the syndicate intended to set right the public mind upon this subject. The note concluded by earnestly urging the designation, without loss of time, of a place of operations.

This answer was received in London in the evening, and all night it was the subject of earnest and anxious deliberation in the government office. It was at last decided, amid great opposition, that the syndicate's alternative must be accepted, for it would be the height of folly to allow the repeller to bombard any port she should choose. When this conclusion had been reached, the work of selecting a place for the proposed demonstration of the American syndicate occupied but little time. The task was not difficult. Nowhere in Great Britain was there a fortified spot of so little importance as Caerdaff, on the west coast of Wales.

Caerdaff consisted of a large fort on a promontory and an immense castellated structure on the other side of a small bay, with a little fishing village at the head of said bay. The castellated structure was rather old, the fortress somewhat less so; and both had long been considered useless, as there was no probability that an enemy would land at this point on the coast.

Caerdaff was therefore selected as the spot to be operated upon. No one could for a moment imagine that the syndicate had mined this place, and if it should be destroyed by motor bombs it would prove to the country that the government had not been frightened by the tricks of a crafty enemy.

An hour after the receipt of the note in which it was stated that Caerdaff had been selected, the syndicate's fleet started for that place. The crabs were elevated to cruising height, the repeller taken in tow, and by the afternoon of the next day the fleet was lying off Caerdaff. A note was sent on shore to the officer in command, stating that the bombardment would begin at 10 o'clock in the morning of the next day but one, and requesting that information of the hour appointed be instantly transmitted to London. When this had been done, the fleet steamed six or seven miles off shore, where it lay to or cruised about for two nights and a day.

As soon as the government had selected Caerdaff for bombardment immediate measures were taken to remove the small garrisons and the inhabitants of the fishing village from possible danger. When the syndicate's note was received by the commandant of the fort he was already in receipt of orders from the war office to evacuate the fortifications and to superintend the removal of the fishermen and their families to a point of safety farther up the coast.

Caerdaff was a place difficult of access by land, the nearest railroad stations being fifteen or twenty miles away, but on the day after the arrival of the syndicate's fleet in the offing thousands of people made their way to this part of the country, anxious to see—if perchance they might find an opportunity to safely see—what might happen at 10 o'clock the next morning. Officers of the army and navy, government officials, press correspondents in great numbers, and curious and anxious observers of all classes, hastened to the Welsh coast.

The little towns where the visitors left the trains were crowded to overflowing, and every possible conveyance by which the mountains lying back of Cardiff could be reached was eagerly secured, many persons, however, being obliged to depend upon their own legs. Soon after sunrise of the appointed day the forts, the village and the surrounding lower country were entirely deserted; and every point of vantage on the mountains lying some miles back from the coast was occupied by excited spectators, nearly every one armed with a field glass.

A few of the guns from the fortifications were transported to an overlooking height, in order that they might be brought into action in case the repeller, instead of bombarding, should send men in boats to take possession of the evacuated fortifications, or should attempt any mining operations. The gunners for this battery were stationed at a safe place to the rear, whence they could readily reach their guns if necessary.

The next day was one of supreme importance to the syndicate. On this day it must make plain to the world, not only what the motor bomb could do, but that the motor bomb did what was done. Before leaving the English channel the director of Repeller No. 11 had received telegraphic advices from both Europe and America indicating the general drift of public opinion in regard to the recent sea fight; and, besides these, many English and continental papers had been brought to him from the French coast.

From all these the director perceived that the cause of the syndicate had in a certain way suffered from the manner in which the battle in the channel had been conducted. Every newspaper urged that if the repeller carried guns capable of throwing the bombs which the syndicate proposed to use there was no reason why every ship in the British fleet should not have been destroyed. But as the repeller had not fired a single shot at the fleet, and as the battle had been fought entirely by the crabs, there was every reason to believe that if there were such things as motor guns their range was very short, not as great as that of the ordinary dynamite cannon. The great risk run by one of the crabs in order to disable a dynamite gunboat seemed an additional proof of this.

It was urged that the explosions in the water might have been produced by torpedoes; that the torpedo boat which had been destroyed was so near the repeller that an ordinary shell was sufficient to accomplish the damage that had been done.

To gainsay these assumptions was imperative on the syndicate's forces. To firmly establish the prestige of the instantaneous motor was the object of the war. Crabs were of but temporary service. Any nation could build vessels like them, and there were many means of destroying them. The spring armor was a complete defense against ordinary artillery, but it was not a defense against submarine torpedoes. The claims of the syndicate could be firmly based on nothing but the powers of absolute annihilation possessed by the instantaneous motor bomb.

About 9 o'clock on the appointed morning Repeller No. 11, much to the surprise of the spectators on the high grounds with field glasses and telescopes, steamed away from Caerdaff. What this meant nobody knew, but the naval military observers immediately suspected that the syndicate's vessel had concentrated attention upon Caerdaff in order to go over to Ireland to do some sort of mischief there. It was presumed that the crabs accompanied her, but as they were now at their fighting depth it was impossible to see them at so great a distance.

But it was soon perceived that Repeller No. 11 had no intention of running away, nor of going over to Ireland. From slowly cruising about four or five miles off shore she had steamed westward until she had reached a point which, according to the calculations of her scientific corps, was nine marine miles from Caerdaff. There she lay to against a strong breeze from the east.

It was not yet 10 o'clock when the officer in charge of the starboard gun remarked to the director that he supposed that it would not be necessary to give the smoke signals, as had been done in the channel, as now all the crabs were lying near them. The director reflected a moment, and then ordered that the signal should be given at every discharge of the gun, and that the columns of black smoke should be shot up to their greatest height.

At precisely 10 o'clock, up rose from Repeller No. 11 two tall jets of black smoke. Up rose from the promontory of Caerdaff, a heavy gray cloud, like an immense balloon, and then the people on the hill tops and highlands felt a sharp shock of the ground and rocks beneath them, and heard the sound of a terrible but momentary grinding crush.

As the cloud began to settle, it was borne out to sea by the wind, and then it was revealed that the fortifications of Caerdaff had disappeared.

In ten minutes there was another smoke signal, and a great cloud over the castellated structure on the other side of the bay. The cloud passed away, leaving a vacant space on the other side of the bay.

The second shock sent a panic through the crowd of spectators. The next earthquake bomb might strike among them. Down the eastern slopes ran hundreds of them, leaving only a few of the bravest civilians, the reporters of the press, and the naval and military men.

The next motor bomb descended into the fishing village, the comminuted particles of which, being mostly of light material, floated far out to sea.

The detachment of artillerists who had been deputed to man the guns on the heights which commanded the bay, had been ordered to fall back to the mountains as soon as it had been seen that it was not the intention of the repeller to send boats on shore. The most courageous of the spectators trembled a little when the fourth bomb was discharged, for it came farther inland, and struck the height on which the battery had been placed, removing all vestiges of the guns, caissons, and the ledge of rock on which they had stood.

THE STAMPEDE CAUSED BY THE MOTOR BOMBS.

The motor bombs which the repeller was now discharging were of the largest size and greatest power, and a dozen more of them were discharged at intervals of a few minutes. The promontory on which the fortifications had stood was annihilated, and the waters of the bay swept over its foundations. Soon afterward the head of the bay seemed madly rushing out to sea, but quickly surged back to fill the chasm which yawned at the spot where the village had been.

The dense clouds were now upheaved at such short intervals that the scene of devastation was completely shut out from the observers on the hills, but every few minutes they felt a sickening shock, and heard a momentary and horrible crash and hiss which seemed to fill all the air. The instantaneous motor bombs were tearing up the seaboard, and grinding it to atoms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORMON BEAUTIES.

SALT LAKE CITY A PARADISE OF CHARMING YOUNG GIRLS.

Effect of the Climate on Complexions. Blonds Predominate—Peculiar Combination of Light Hair and Dark Eyes in the Young Family.

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A letter on the pretty girls of Salt Lake means one descriptive of girls from sixteen to twenty, for, with a few exceptions, they marry very young in

JOTE BEATTIE.

Utah, and if I told you of pretty women who are out of their "teens," it would mean in the majority of cases young matrons.

Our climate, which is rather a trying one, because of its dryness, for women as they grow older, seems to give a wonderfully ripe charm to girls in their first bloom. As in the sharp and severe New England, the women of our high mountain altitudes are apt to grow thin and angular as they lose the first plumpness of girlhood. The nervous energy our bracing air evolves is an absorbent of flesh. We have been brought to see that this is a thing to be regretted by the marvelous improvement which California, that land of physical perfection, works in our women, when they go there, worn out and worked out, for a few weeks of rest and regalement. They come back with freshened complexions and twenty or thirty pounds of newly acquired and most becoming flesh.

Our girls, however, lose by any change of climate. This is their paradise, and they take on hourly before your eyes a

ALLIE DAVIS.

fragile and delicate perfection, flawless as a lily and round and full and perfect as a peach. "Peachy looking" is the word which best describes them, with that curve of outline and a bloom and coloring which makes them simply delicious. Ours is a country of blond women. It is remarkably, almost astonishingly, so. The famous Young family have hair as yellow as a baby's first soft curls, and they keep it until they are forty and over. It goes with dark lashes and brows, an unusual natural combination which art never tires of simulating. This family take on a comfortable and becoming embonpoint as they grow older, and one charm which lasts until the end is their pretty hands of white and dimpled grace.

Two of the granddaughters of President Young, here given, are exceptions to the general rule in the matter of complexion and in another regard; they have less of that remarkable family resemblance which clings to blond and

ETHELYN WEBBER.

brunette alike in the whole of the thirty or forty children, and seems almost stronger in the second generation than in the first.

Pretty little Jote Beattie is one of the president's grandchildren whose mother was, in her turn, a belle in Salt Lake circles twenty years ago. Her's is a very attractive type of beauty, as it is a most unusual one. Her complexion is a soft, dark olive and her eyes a steely blue gray, with sweeping brown lashes which have a trick of veiling the orbs when you try for a closer look in their shy depths to find if you were mistaken in their strange and unexpected coloring, and so her face has an unlooked for way of taking on a rosy flush just when you are marveling at is creamy, even brownness. She is barely eighteen, but has a housewifely little air about her which makes her seem older. She is entirely free from any girlish coquetry of manner and talks with a matter of fact philosophy which falls in amusing bits of wisdom from her young lips. She is a shy, demure mite in her brown cloth street suit and a red, red rose in her crimson crape evening gown.

Miss Allie Davis is a handsome girl of the dashing brunette type. Her splendid eyes and perfect teeth are among her greatest charms, but there is something most interesting in her glance of sweeping intelligence, which carries a tinge of quiet amusement in its uplifted scrutiny. Her figure is small and dainty, but full of supple strength. Miss Davis is one of President Young's most intelligent and accomplished grandchildren. She is still in school and the pride of her instructors. Unlike many to whom knowledge comes easy, her energy and perseverance are indomitable and presage a brilliant future for her. She is just eighteen and wears girlish looking gowns of Jenness-Miller æstheticism.

Miss Ethelyn Webber is the youngest daughter of T. G. Webber, one of Salt Lake's representative men. She is a

ESTHER ELDREDGE.

blossomlike girl of modest and sweet demeanor. She has been very carefully reared and educated, and her mother counts the thorough knowledge she has given her daughters of the housewife's craft as among the first of their accomplishments. Miss Ethelyn is given to the wearing of delicate gauzes and tulles, dainty lawns and muslins, which set off to the greatest advantage her fresh, young face. She is tall and slender, with a graceful, quiet bearing. Her eyes are very beautiful and her mouth one of kissable sweetness.

Who lost his head enough to ply the question, "What's in a name?" Perhaps it was Shakespeare. If so it will be deemed very impertinent to say "Everything." It surrounds its possessor with an atmosphere of the romantic or commonplace, out of which he may rise or fall by his own merits or demerits, but which will lend its tinge forever to his personality. Who but such a handsome, high bred, dignified girl as she who possesses it could you imagine being called "Esther Eldridge?" Every line of her face and figure assent to it. The classic perfection of her features; the marble whiteness of her skin; the uplifted gaze of the clear, blue eyes; the smooth,

ELLA OLSEN.

heavy bands of hair, and most of all—the thing that haunts you—the unspeakable sweetness of expression, which appeals to your heart too much to be called divine and yet is the thing which most lifts her above common clay.

Miss Eldredge is the daughter of the late Horace Eldredge, a millionaire many times over, and is an heiress in her own right. She dresses exquisitely, although you feel that dress occupies but little of her thoughts. There is an almost childlike unconsciousness about her which makes her interested in everything and everybody but herself. Her manner is rather reserved, and you would not have it otherwise. It is a part of the charm which makes her one of the most admired girls in our city.

Miss Ella Olson is observed on the streets, in a theater or ballroom as one of the most picturesque figures in the city. Her occupations are partly professional, having organized and taken the leadership of the Young Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar club. It is a unique and pleasing spectacle to see this band of forty girls in their Spanish costumes leaning forward in the graceful pose which those instruments entice. Their handsome leader waves her baton in front of them with an easy nonchalance, her costume of yellow and white with its black velvet zouave accentuating all the charms of her blond beauty.

ELEANOR YOUNG.

PARIS FASHIONS.

Rare Toilets Displayed at the Races. New Outdoor Costumes.

The races and coaching parties now are the occasions of the display of the rarest toilets, and by what is worn by the ladies who go is a style set.

Two new summer outdoor costumes are marvels in their way and were much admired. One is of pearl gray Japanese crape, made up over a foundation slight-

ly wadded and sewn at intervals all over with imitation pearls. The bottom had a reversed puff, over which fell a narrow but real lace flounce, headed by a pink ribbon. The corsage was like the skirt and made without darts, and the upper part of the sleeves were of maize crepe de chine, with a finish of pink ribbon. The hat was quite directoire in gray and pink.

The other toilet was of lilac faille, embroidered in pink and green around the edges, and with two narrow moss green satin ribbons sewn on flat. The inner corsage had a vest front of faille, and an open coat lined with corn colored satin. It was cut with a plain campanella skirt. A tiny bonnet, with large imitation jewels around the brim and shaded feathers, completed the whole, with a white faille and lace parasol.

For walking dresses for early morning gray is used more than any other color, and there are many shades. Light woolens and very quietly figured China silks and satines are the materials most often employed. For carriage, grenadine is much seen, all covered with lace and ribbons.

Almost all underskirts and other underwear are made of glace or China silk, the Frenchwoman at last relinquishing the delicate white laces, ruffles and embroideries that have been a part of herself so long. The skirts are of light or dark silk, as happens to please for the moment.

Narrow striped summer cheviots are seen in a new effect, somewhat like chevron weave. They are light and unusually cheap.

"Thick and Glossy."

THE PRODUCTION of an abundant growth of hair, of a silk-like texture and of the original color, often results from the use, by those who have become bald or gray, of **Ayer's Hair Vigor:**

"I was rapidly becoming gray and bald; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—M. Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all that I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles st., Haverhill, Mass.

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LEAVE.		ARRIVE	
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Roseburg	6:20 a m	Portland	4:00 p m

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LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
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McMinn'	10:10 a m	Corvallis	12:10 p m
Corvallis	12:55 p m	McMinn'	2:56 p m
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Referees Sale of Land.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as sole referee in the suit of W. C. Hembree as Plaintiff, against 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, Ralph L. Carse, John W. Carse, Ernest E. Carse, J. Loring Espey, Jesse L. Espey, Cora Bell Espey, Edgar Ray Espey, George E. Espey, Eva Blanche 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, pursuant to an order of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Yamhill county, made in said cause in said court, March 31st, A. D 1892, will duly sell at public auction at the Court House door at McMinnville, Yamhill County Oregon, on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Two o'clock p. m. of said day, all the right, title and interest of either and all of the parties to said suit, or which either or all of them have had or now have in of or to the following real premises to-wit:

TRACT No. 1. Situate 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 west side of said B street, thence north thirty-two (32) feet and eight inches to southeast corner of tract known as Joel J. Hembree tract, thence west one hundred and forty (140) feet to southwest corner of said tract, thence north eighty-five feet and eight inches to northwest corner of said tract, thence west one hundred feet, thence south seventy-one feet and nine inches to the line between the donation land claim of Samuel Cozine and wife and W. T. Newby and wife, thence south 78 deg. east along said line between said claims 245 feet to place of beginning.

Also the following tract, to-wit:

TRACT No. 2. Beginning at a point 32 feet and 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 B street, thence north 85 feet and 8 inches to Andrew Shuck's southeast corner, thence west on said Andrew Shuck's south line 140 feet, thence south 85 feet and 8 inches, thence east 140 feet to place of beginning, all in the City of McMinnville, in the county of Yamhill and state of Oregon. Terms of sale, cash in hand on day of sale.

Dated this 7th day of June, A. D. 1892.

A. J. NELSON,
Sole Referee in said suit.

RAMSEY & FENTON,
Attorneys. June 9, 25

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