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A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS

By JOHN J. McGINNISS.

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"Well, the sooner I unveil the mystery, the sooner you are mine."

Her brother talking to her as a lover! Her heart and soul revolted. He had expected her to press closer to him, not to start back, as she did. Quickly she saw her mistake. His strange look apprised her of it. She must suffer and bear. Her resolution seemed to call up power superhuman, and the pain that worked upon her features disappeared, much as does the sun chased shadow.

"I had not thought you were going away so suddenly."

"Then you do not wish to part just now, even for a little while?"

"You know I don't."

"You mustn't worry, darling. When I come back, we will never part again."

"Are you going to Worcester first?"

"Worcester? Worcester? Did I ever tell you anything about Worcester? I did not remember it. But there is no one in Worcester I care to see."

"Then it is true?"

"What is true?"

She must be more guarded, she warned herself, else he would get a clue to the knowledge she had gained from Raymond.

"That—that you are going away?" but her mind was more on Worcester than on Denver.

"Of course, dear. Now be reasonable. If I stay here, I can't find out what you want to know, and what I want to know too. Isn't it better to settle things at once? If I don't bring the story back, it is the first time I have failed in an assignment."

He spoke in a strain to cheer her, and he tenderly added:

"How many days after I come back will it be before you are mine—my own forever?"

"Oh, Laurence, it can't be!" and horror darkened her face and made her frame tremble for a moment as if a strong current of electricity had been sent through every nerve.

"What can't be?"

"I can't—can't—be—your—wife," slowly, as if every word punctured her heart like a stiletto point.

"Isabel, are you wandering?"

"Oh, maybe I am, Laurence; maybe I am," she said pathetically, despairingly, as she threw her arms around his neck. "Don't mind me, Laurence, don't mind me, but don't be angry with me. I love you so."

Her eyes suffused with tears. He was mystified. She loved him, was more demonstrative in her devotion than she had ever been before, and yet gave less encouragement to the prospects he had builded on the foundation of his own adoration for her. Had the certainty of temporary separation unnerved her?

"Isabel," he said, "what is wrong? Tell me, love," and he smoothed back the curls from her moist forehead, trying to soothe her.

"I can't, Laurence, I can't."

She was bordering on the hysterical.

"Then something is wrong!" he exclaimed, holding her from him and peering madly into her eyes, as if to read therein the working of her mind and draw out, with mesmeric force, the meaning of the incomprehensible sorrow that preyed upon her.

"You will always be dear to me," she said. "Always dear to me, Laurence. Another day you will know all. Be patient, Laurence, be patient, but I love you, indeed I do, and in a few days you will be sorry that you doubted me."

She showered kisses upon him, the kisses she felt as a sister she could give, the first warm effusion of her love—kisses whose ecstasy he had never felt before, and which awakened more strongly within him the one grand passion of his life.

Love him she did! Again he held her from him, seeking to explore her thoughts in searching glances. A light footstep broke the spell that Isabel might not have been able to resist. Mother St. Gertrude entered. Her sharp eye detected the situation. Her keen mind suspected the cause. Isabel had told her the story; never once had this fair young girl reserved even a thought from the mother superior.

"Laurence," said Mother St. Gertrude, "this should not have occurred."

"Is it a nightmare?" he asked wildly, advancing toward the nun. "Am I crazy—or what?"

"You're simply foolish," was her hasty response. "You've excited Isabel and yourself. Let me tell you something. Come here."

He followed her into the hall, where she turned and faced him, saying:

"It is better that you should go now. All will be right. Mother St. Gertrude says so. She is your friend. Have no fear. Leave Isabel with me."

"May I say goodby?"

"No."

He spoke and acted like one in a stupor. He knew Mother St. Gertrude too well to argue the point. He waved adieu to Isabel. She came forward to speak to him, but the great door had closed. To the iron barred window she ran and looked after him as he walked down the big courtyard. At the gate he paused and glanced back. There was mutual recognition. He waved his hand and passed on. Two faces looked as if two hearts were breaking.

Isabel was awakened from a reverie by Mother St. Gertrude.

"Oh, mother," cried Isabel, "what shall I do? He is going west after all."

"It is the best thing, my child. It will keep his hand out of trouble and his mind occupied. You had better take a rest. Come with me to your room."

Isabel went with the sister, but not before she peered again out of the window, through the bars, seemingly expectant that Laurence would return. She wished he would, and just at that time she felt that her secret would be his.

"He has gone forever now!" she cried.

"I know he has," and the mother superior deemed it best not to contradict her or to dwell upon the incidents of the afternoon.

CHAPTER VII.

MORTIMER SENT AWAY BY RAYMOND.

Raymond saw his way clear to marriage with Isabel. He had no doubt of that; so he wanted to get rid of Inez.

Philip Mortimer's health had suffered more than usual during the winter. The decline had fairly set in, consumption had nearly done its work, and Mortimer was becoming less regular in his attendance at the office. Mortimer, as people afflicted with his disease will, indulged in the delusion that he would continue for years as he was, sometimes bright, sometimes dull, but with animation enough to deceive himself that the days still his were far from being few.

"Why not send him to Denver," mused Raymond, "and Inez with him? Before he dies he will linger there long enough to keep Inez from interfering with my plans."

To the iron barred window she ran and looked after him.

With Raymond to think was to act. Mortimer had failed that day to put in an appearance at the office This was nothing unusual, but Raymond made it the pretext of paying a morning visit to Inez and urging upon her the advisability of taking her brother to the west. "I will miss him, and I will miss you, Inez," said Raymond.

The words were not uttered in a spirit calculated to deepen Inez's impressions of his sentiments toward herself, but her anxiety for her brother made her regardless of inflection. She saw in Raymond a benefactor. She knew him to be practical, and an idle sentiment from him assumed the force of earnest determination in her eyes. He had been kind. He had even been tender. He had intimated much, had declared little, and his praise of Inez to her brother, repeated with fervor imparted by Mortimer's own love for his sister, gave Raymond's honeyed phrases to herself an importance unmerited.

Raymond was making a sacrifice, to her mind. Miss her he would. He had said so, while she knew that her brother must have been in some way especially serviceable to him, or the two would not have sought the library so often to discuss political and business affairs alone. But Raymond was really making no sacrifice. Mortimer's deputy was as acceptable as Mortimer, and in recent years more to be depended on by virtue of the physical strength that guaranteed his presence when demanded. But Inez knew little of politics, and Raymond's profession of interest in her brother's health more ennobled him. Gradually he was assuming the form of her ideal.

"Your sisterly care will be worth more to him than that of less interested nurses," continued Raymond. "The reports are that Colorado air is highly restorative to the lungs."

"Oh, I should so much like him to have a change," acquiesced Inez. "Come in now with me and let us prevail upon him at once."

"Better leave him to me," he interposed.

She had started up, and in her enthusiasm grasped his hand to lead him to her brother. Raymond lifted the hand gallantly to his lips, then playfully held her arms while reseating her, with mock force that was not displeasing.

"I know the way, and you stay right here. I can manage him better alone."

He went to Mortimer's room, in cheery voice saluted him, and after a conversation of half an hour's duration convinced him that he ought to go to Denver.

"You'll be up again tomorrow," was Raymond's advice, "and do not exert yourself. Husband your energies for the journey and remain inside until all the preparations are made."

Mortimer was so used to obeying the will and wishes of this man that he made no further objections.

"What does Inez think?" he inquired.

"She's worried lest you may not go. Your physician, I understand, for I met him yesterday and talked to him on the subject, counseled you some time ago, but you did not follow his advice and instructions. I'll call upon him on my way back and send him to you to build you up for the trip."

"Build me up! There's no need of that. I'll be all right."

"He ought to see you anyhow."

"Oh, yes. I didn't mean he shouldn't come, but simply that I'm not so bad as you think I am. How long ought I to stay?"

"Stay!" repeated Raymond. "Look here, you must agree to two things—take the advice of your physician here until you get to Denver, then take the advice of the physician there. You know something about politics, nothing about physics. Therefore, if you want to recuperate, you mustn't try to instruct a doctor, as you would an election district captain."

Mortimer smiled. That smile was an assurance he would not neglect to follow the course mapped out for him. Raymond accepted it as such and turned to go.

"I'll see you again," he remarked. "I want to talk to Inez."

He met Inez in the hallway. She had heard the door of the room close and advanced to meet him, so eager was she to know the result. He surmised this, and gently turning her face in the direction he was moving, by the pressure of his left arm around her, he took her right hand in his and they walked toward the outer door.

"It is settled," he said. "You must make arrangements to be absent some time. Discharge the servants, close up the house and be as speedy as possible. I will ask the doctor to see Philip this afternoon, and then he will tell you whatever he may consider wise under the circumstances."

He kissed her hand, and with a simple au revoir passed outward.

"Strange," thought Inez. "He is so cool. But maybe he was afraid that it would pain me to talk of parting, and that it was best to postpone it."

Her anxiety for her brother dispelled all other thoughts at the time. She began her preparations, and in three days everything was arranged. Francis Raymond had not visited the Mortimers. He wrote to Inez expressing his regrets and telling her that a very important matter had made his presence at Albany imperative, but urged her not to delay on that account.

"Philip will understand the situation," he wrote, "but when the legislative session closes I will straighten out my affairs and seek recreation in a trip to Denver. By that time Philip will be stronger and I will accompany you home, when I will have many things to tell you."

She lifted her head thoughtfully.

"It's the only way I can get out of it decently," he reasoned with himself, as he inclosed the tickets he had promised. "If I went with them there might be a scene. Mortimer will never come back, although a change may prolong his life. I can easily write an excuse for not visiting them, ask them to remain awhile longer, if he does improve in strength—but, pshaw, he cannot. The doctor says his time is short. They are both out of my way, and it is better for her that she is not in the city when Isabel becomes Mrs. Raymond."

"He is killing himself with business," was the reflection of Inez as she perused Raymond's letter, "and yet he finds time to think of us and plan for our comfort. He will come back with us and—and"—while she reread the message to be sure of it—"will have many things to tell me. I wonder what they are"— and she lifted her head thoughtfully and allowed her imagination to linger among fancies that were never to pass into the world of actuality.

CHAPTER VIII.

SORROW TO INEZ MORTIMER.

The Mortimers were but a short time in Denver ere Philip took a turn for the worse, instead of improving. They were at the St. James' hotel, where they had decided to stay until they had selected a place where the bustle of city life was absent and the air uncontaminated with the breath of trade, the factory smoke and the exhalations from the thousand and one pestholes indigenous to municipal life and progress.

Philip's decline was a sad blow to Inez. She was alone in a big city, practically without friends, and her devotion to her brother precluded thoughts of aught but him. Hence she had not the opportunity to search for a country cottage and locate in more congenial quarters.

Her brother, too, had conceived an intense dislike for physicians. Their inability to infuse new vigor into his wasting frame was to him sufficient proof of their worthlessness. At the solicitation of Inez, he continued the medicines prescribed by the family medicine man, as he termed him through force of habit from his use of the nomenclature in the Society of Red Men, to which he belonged. But he had refused to listen to any more advice from physicians.

"They are a lot of quacks, Inez, all of them," he said in a peevish tone. "I can get well without them. If I'm not going to get well, I can certainly die without them."

She was propping him up in bed. A tear fell upon the pillow. He realized its import—a message from a heart suffering through his affliction, poignant with grief at his helpless state—and he hastened to satisfy the wish that he knew was hers.

"I'll tell you, Inez. You can bring in a physician. It will please you, but they're no good."

Inez had made many friends in the brief time she had been in Denver. People in hotels do not add many to their list of acquaintances, except at summer resorts where class distinction sinks temporarily before the generous operation of unrestricted recreation. But, somehow or other, from the bell boy to the chief clerk, on to the proprietor and through him to guests of permanence and character, sympathy arose to lighten the sacrifice she was making. Not through any act of hers was it known that she had trouble to bear, but Philip had become cross, was churlish to the servants, imperative in his ways, and they instinctively pitied his patient nurse.

But if Inez suffered it was not apparent. Indeed she became brighter than ever that morning when Philip consented to allow another doctor to test his skull, "experiment upon me," Philip would say, "and keep me from improving."

What physician should she summon? She knew nothing of the reputation of any one in Denver. She went down to the ladies' parlor to see the housekeeper, a woman well along in years, whose motherly spirit beamed in her kindly smile. The housekeeper advanced to meet Inez and asked:

"Anything I can do for you, Miss Mortimer?"

"I think there is."

"Im sure I'll be happy to do it. You don't care to bother me," she added, reproachingly, "and it isn't because I'm snappish, is it? Why, bless you, child, I'm the most worried woman you ever saw when people come and go and never asked me about anything. Perhaps they imagined I bite their heads off."

"That's not the reason. You are so careful that nothing is required."

"Do you think that is the cause?" and this old fashioned woman, who looked upon every guest in the hotel as her own, appeared to have a great load lifted off her heart.

"Undoubtedly that is it."

"Well, now, you want something. I see it. Be plain. I told the girl in charge of your rooms to be very careful, but she is always blundering, and I know she has made a muss of something."

"It isn't anything about the house, I assure you. I wanted your advice about a physician."

"A physician, child?"

"Yes, for my brother."

"Consumption?"

"Yes."

The old lady shook her head and mused awhile before she said:

"There is one, but I don't know what to say about him."

"Don't recommend one of whose ability you are in doubt."

"It isn't that, child. He is a very peculiar man. He will accept no pay for services. He is not a practitioner in the regular sense of the word. He has made a specialty of consumption. It is a hobby with him. He is the only doctor I have any faith in. But he labors among the poor. Just think of it! You wouldn't speak about bills, would you?"

"Oh, yes, I would have to pay him."

"Then he would be angry with me, indeed he would. But I'll tell you. Don't talk about payment for a time, and I'll fix it somehow. Trust to me."

"But who is this queer man?"

"Queer, child? He isn't queer. He is one of the best men on earth, and"——

"Oh, he must be. I'm sure of that," said Inez, lest the housekeeper might feel that a reflection had been cast upon her medical friend.

"Yes, and you'll like him. I know you will. Everybody is in love with him."

Inez had to smile at her earnestness. Then she asked:

"But are you sure he is the best man for a case like this?"

"Positive! Positive! Why he has studied abroad and, oh, let me give you his story and then you will know how good he is. Come over to the window and rest yourself while I tell you."

Inez was amused and interested—amused at the earnestness of the housekeeper and interested inasmuch as that the narration might afford her the opportunity to form an opinion on the doctor's merits.

"This doctor is a young man. His father was killed when he was but a child. The father had a mania for buying land, and when he died owned considerable property that is now in the heart of the city. This has made Dr. George Leland immensely wealthy. He was a curious lad. The stories of people visiting Colorado for health, for a cure for consumption, led him into a determination to make a special study of that disease. He is still studying, and older physicians turn to him for counsel. He is the right man."

"He is not too young, is he?"

"Never mind his age. When he comes in, I will bring him up stairs and introduce him. You want to go away, I see you do. Goodby for a little while."

"Where does Dr. Leland live?"

"Right here in the hotel."

"I'll go back, then, and await his arrival."

When she entered the suite of rooms occupied by her brother and herself, Mortimer was lying on a couch reading the papers from his home. The news from the city where he was born and bred acted like a tonic, and Inez was delighted at the change in his appearance.

"I'm trying to catch up with the times, Inez," he remarked.

"I had intended to read up myself," she said. "We forgot to subscribe for the local papers, and some good friend has remembered us—Raymond, I suppose, as his apology for not writing."

"Raymond writes little. If I keep on as I now feel I'll go back soon, and in that case, should he care to see us here, it's about time he began the journey."

Inez was so used to her brother's convalescent periods, so to speak, and had seen them so often followed by days of weakness, that she was not inclined to agree with him. But it was better to acquiesce, as she did by saying:

"You look much improved. Dr. Leland may be able to keep up the improvement."

"Dr. Leland?"

"Yes, you know you told me I could call in a physician."

"It was the name, not the profession, that prompted me to inquire."

"Why the name?"

"It was that of a client of the old lawyer with whom Raymond and I studied."

"Nothing strange in that."

"No, Inez, nothing. It occurred to me and at the same time I remembered that he was killed in Denver."

"Why, so was the doctor's father too. That is strange."

"Then Raymond is — oh, never mind."

"Raymond is what?"

"Now, Inez, don't bother me."

The peevishness returned. She turned aside while her brother tore the covering off another paper and threw the crumpled wrapper on the carpet. She stooped to pick it up, watching him all the while. His eyes suddenly took a wild expression, he arose from his recumbent position with a strength born of excitement, rescanned the paragraph that had caught his attention and stirred him, and holding the paper out before him exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what Raymond is, Inez. I'll tell you what he is!"

"What?"

"A fraud!"

"A fraud!"

"Yes, look here"—and he pointed to the paper—"he has deceived me, he has wronged you! He has swindled everybody!"

"Don't excite yourself, Phil. Let me see what's the matter."

"What's the matter? He sent me here to kill me! That's what he did! I'll go back tomorrow, and I'll live to kill him!"

He went walking around the room as quickly as his weakened state would allow, crushing the paper in his frenzy and denouncing Raymond.

"What has he done?" asked Inez, going close to him and putting her arms around him to soothe him.

"Everything, Inez, everything!"

"Tell me one thing."

"That one thing is everything. He has"——

"What?"

There was a rap at the door.

"Come in," said Inez, who, recognizing the tap as that of the housekeeper, lightly ran across and opened the door. The old lady entered, the doctor following.

"Oh!" exclaimed Inez.

"You're not frightened, my child?"

"No-o-o," said Inez.

She had been struck by the singular resemblance Dr. Leland bore to Isabel Le Clair. He was a man about 25 years old, the slight stoop of a student making him appear less tall than he actually was, but detracting nothing from his dignity. He wore a Vandyke beard which made him look older than his years, but notwithstanding that this classed him in a set of men of facial uniformity his bright eye and strong individuality of feature lifted him above the level and distinguished him from his fellows. He was too well bred to notice Inez's ejaculation of surprise. He knew the old housekeeper well enough to know that unless he stopped the fountain of her curiosity right at its source she would let her linguistic outpourings run and carry embarrassment to the girl.

"We were unexpected, I see," said the physician, presuming on the license his profession enjoys. "I am Dr. Leland. Your good friend and mine was under the impression that you awaited us."

"We are glad, indeed, that you called," said Inez.

The more formal introduction came, and in a few minutes Mortimer and Dr. Leland were engaged in conversation. There was something about the physician that attracted him. Not so keen as his sister, Mortimer could not associate the face with that of Isabel Le Clair, but he did connect the name with that of the client of his old preceptor in law.

He went walking around the room.

"I knew a man of your name, a George Leland, who was killed in Denver, but he was old enough to be your father."

"And he was my father."

"He was?"

"Yes. What did you know of him?"

"Nothing."

"You must have heard something."

"I was a student in the office of the lawyer that transacted his business."

"You were? Then maybe you can explain what my father meant when he said, 'Telegraph my death east.' He left no papers. His attorney in Denver had only the deeds of recent purchases here. An eastern lawyer had other papers and a will. I have frequently advertised for claims against my father, thinking that creditors would be most likely to turn up and give a clew. But no responses were received. Now fate has sent you here to unravel the mystery. The public administrator appointed an executor, and I, as the only living relative, own the property that was once beyond civilization, it seemed, but on which this hotel and the blocks around have been erected."

Mortimer listened and said nothing. He picked up a paper, the one he had been reading and had dropped when the doctor entered. He read over the paragraph again and said:

"I may be wrong. But there is one man who can straighten things out. I shall write to him tonight, or better, why not you come home with me?"

"You are not able yet to stand the journey, however much I might like to go."

He said this emphatically. It attracted the attention of Inez, who had just taken leave of the housekeeper. Inez's anxious, inquisitive look, noticed by the doctor, awakened his interest.

"Your brother wants to go back," he said. "I'm sure, Miss Mortimer, you will join with me in urging him to remain here a little longer."

"He ought to be guided by medical counsel," was her reply. "He promised me he would."

"Dr. Leland understands me," said Mortimer. "I'll obey his wishes. He should be more impatient than I."

"Why?" queried Inez.

"Never mind," said her brother.

Dr. Leland had been so completely unnerved by the unexpected revelation that he felt it would be wiser to turn to other subjects until he could regain his equanimity. Inez was not blind to his agitation. She ascribed it to some reflection of her brother upon his profession. Philip was liable, in some fit of peevishness, to forget the courtesies required by social law. Inez regretted that she had been the means of bringing any one into a disagreeable situation. Her sympathy went out to Dr. Leland.

Cultivation may reserve the more forceful of the feelings that seek expression in look and gesture, but where the outburst is restrained more gentle indications unconsciously assert themselves. Dr. Leland felt a strange thrill under the intense solicitude her eyes betrayed. A physician, skilled in the ways of human nature, the loveliness of this girl's character had at once impressed him. He was not a man to be touched with personal beauty alone, but somehow he felt himself envying Mortimer the care and affection of which he was the recipient.

"With your permission," said the doctor, "your brother and I will retire to his chamber. Perhaps I may soon strengthen him. You mustn't be discouraged, Miss Mortimer. Our air here is good, but, like medicine itself to strange lungs, it must be taken under instructions. We will leave you for awhile."

"As you will, doctor."

The two men went back to Mortimer's room. There the unselfishness of the physician first turned to the physical discomfort of the patient. In words that had a subtle influence upon Mortimer, impelling him to cheerful acquiescence, he made him move as he pleased until the basis for diagnosis had been obtained.

"I will bring you some medicine later," said Dr. Leland, when the examination had been finished.

"But about that other thing, doctor—your father's case?"

"Oh, yes. You spoke about a man whom you could write to. Who is he? The lawyer?"

"No; he is dead. That's the trouble."

"Who is the man?"

"Laurence Mangan, a newspaper man. He is on the track of a discovery. I will write him a letter now. You mail it, and it will bring him on surely."

Mortimer walked over to a secretary, unlocked it, arranged the desk board and wrote:

ST. JAMES HOTEL, DENVER, April 20, 1891.

DEAR MR. MANGAN—The secret of the commission bill and more startling revelations will be given you, if you pay me a visit here. I am too weak to go home. I will defray your expenses. You are needed to hunt down fraud. Do not fail. Yours truly, PHILIP MORTIMER.

"What does this mean?" asked Dr. Leland.

"It means that you and your sister are"——

"My sister?"

"Yes."

"I never had one."

"There must be some mistake. I understood your father left a boy and a girl. I heard the old lawyer once refer to a will of George Leland, your father. My partner took the papers and later said to me that you were both dead."

"Why not go to him?"

"No use. He has reasons for deception. You cannot prove that the two George Lelands are the same."

"But my sister, what of her? Let him restore her to me, and I care not about the will."

"I know nothing about her. I tell you, we must wait for Mangan."

"What can he do?"

"What can't he do? We must consult him."

The doctor took leave of Mortimer and said a few encouraging words to Inez as he passed out, promising to return later.

"Inez! Inez!" her brother called.

She obeyed the summons. There was evidently something annoying her as she entered:

"What is it, Phil?"

"Bring me in The Bugles."

"I've been reading them."

"Then you know what Raymond has done?" he asked, peering into her face from the lounge whereon he sat. "I see you do."

He laid back resignedly, turning his eyes upward, as if imploring strength from God, and Inez considered it best not to disturb him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The bicycle has brought about the reopening of many of the old time country hotels in France, which had closed long ago because of the introduction of railroads.

"Oh, for the age of chivalry," sighed Charles, "when knights used to wear tin trousers, which never bagged at the knees!"

SUMMONS.

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

A. C. WOODCOCK, Plaintiff,
vs.
WM. A. WILLISON, & E. M. WILLISON, HIS WIFE, and C. C. FERGUSON, and — FERGUSON, HIS WIFE, Defendants.

To Wm. A. Willison, and E. M. Willison, his wife, and to each of the other defendants above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of plaintiff in the above entitled suit by Monday, the 26th day of March, 1894, being the first day of the next regular term of the above entitled court, and you are further notified that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint for want thereof plaintiff will apply to the court for the judgment, decree and relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: For judgment against defendant Wm. A. Willison for the sum of $400.00, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from September 1, 1892, for $50.00 attorney's fees and for the costs and disbursements of this suit, and for the foreclosure of a mortgage mentioned in said complaint and for the sale of the following described premises, to-wit:

Lots one and six in block 42 in the town of Lafayette, Yamhill county, Oregon, also all improvements thereunto belonging by the sheriff of Yamhill county, Oregon, in the manner prescribed by law according to the practice of the above court. That the proceeds of said sale be applied first to the demands of the plaintiff, costs and disbursements of such suit and expenses of sale, and the overplus if any there be be paid to such of the defendants as may be entitled to the same, and that defendants and each of them be forever barred and foreclosed from any right to or equity of redemption in said premises or any part thereof, and all persons claiming by, through or under said defendants since the execution of said mortgage, to-wit: the 10th day of April, 1891, and for such other relief as to equitable.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. George Burnett, judge of the above court, made on the 7th day of February, 1894.

6-7 A. C. WOODCOCK, Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Yamhill county.

Thos. T. Notson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Easel Mays and Charles Mays, minors, Isaac Daugherty, G. W. Grayson, F. E. Beach and George Armstrong, Defendants.

To Easel Mays and Charles Mays, minors, two of the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 26th day of March, 1894, that being the first day of the next regular term of the above entitled court; following six weeks publication of this summons, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, which is substantially as follows, to-wit: For a decree of court appointing a guardian ad litem for said defendants, Easel Mays and Charles Mays, and for the recovery of the sum of $400 and interest thereon from Nov. 16, 1892, at the rate of ten per cent per annum and for the sum of $40 attorney's fees herein, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit; for a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage described in the complaint and given to secure the payment of said $400 and interest and attorney's fees, and ordering the sale of the lands secured by said mortgage, described as being a part of the A. B. Faulconer D. L. C., in Yamhill county, Oregon, and commencing on the county road leading from McMinnville to Willamina, in the town of Sheridan, at the northwest corner of land owned by Leo Cossack on Nov. 16, 1891; thence west 80 feet, thence south to low water mark, thence east 80 feet, thence north to place of beginning; and that the proceeds of said sale be applied to the payment of said sum of money and interest and attorney's fees and costs and accruing costs, and barring the defendants of all interest in said premises and liens thereon and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem meet in equity and good conscience.

This summons is served by publication thereof once a week for six weeks in the YAMHILL COUNTY REPORTER by order of HON. GEO. H. Burnett, judge of said court, made at chambers at Salem, Oregon, on Feb. 7th 1894.

McCAIN & MAGERS,
6-7 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Yamhill County, State of Oregon, executor of the last will of Andrew Shuck, late of said county, deceased, and has qualified as such executor.

Therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly verified, to me, at my office in McMinnville, in said county, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated March 2d, 1894. 9-4

C. A. WALLACE, Executor.
RAMSEY & FENTON, Atty's for said Estate.

SUMMONS.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Yamhill county.

W. P. Fraser, Plaintiff,
vs.
Maggie Fraser, Defendant.

To Maggie Fraser, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit in the above named court, by the first day of the term following the expiration of the time prescribed in the order for publication of this summons, to-wit: Monday, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1894, and if you fail so to appear or answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint herein, to-wit: A decree dissolving the marriage contract now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant, and for such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

This summons is served by publication thereof for six weeks, by order of Hon. Geo. H. Burnett, judge of said court, made January 31, 1894.

JNO. J. SPENCER,
6-7 Attorney for Plaintiff.

That Pie

I had for dinner was the best I ever ate. Thanks to COTTOLENE, the new and successful shortening.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Genuine made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
ST. LOUIS and
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.