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A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS

By JOHN J. McGINNISS

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CHAPTER IX.

RAYMOND KILLS MORTIMER OFFICIALLY.

And what had Francis Raymond been doing?

He returned home the day after he had received word that the Mortimers had gone to Denver. His plot was progressing favorably, his mind was eased of worriment, and his step had an elasticity that distinguished him among the pedestrians who rushed by the public buildings in the forenoon.

It was Raymond's rule, as it is with other political leaders less cautious even than he, to exact from every appointee a resignation with a blank date. When that official gets refractory, the date is filled out on his resignation and sent in by the leader to the proper officer. With it goes a recommendation of another man for the office. This is an appointment practically. It only requires the form of an announcement through the legitimate authority, who acknowledges, without protest or murmur, the power behind the throne.

Raymond held Mortimer's resignation. The time had arrived to use it.

He walked into the office of the registrar of arrears. The deputy, now acting registrar, was effusive in his greetings. Raymond smiled significantly at the deputy, who followed him into the private office, where Raymond acted as if it was his own. He sat down at the desk, pulled out his wallet and extracted Mortimer's resignation. He unfolded it on the desk, took a pen out of the rack backing the inkstand and filled in the date. On the back of one of his own cards he made a memorandum, "E. R. Black to succeed Philip Mortimer." He inclosed the resignation and the card in an envelope and addressed it to the mayor.

"Here, Black," handing the deputy the letter, "send that over by special messenger. You are the new registrar of arrears. Tomorrow, when you receive the appointment from the mayor, I will suggest the man whom I would like you to name as your deputy."

A suggestion, but it meant a command! The deputy simply bowed assent. There was no sentiment in the matter. Each knew what was required of the other. Words were superfluous. They shook hands. It was the only expression of congratulation from the one, of thanks from the other. Black knew that tomorrow Raymond would name the deputy, and ere the official's appointment was handed over ask his own resignation for use in an emergency—that is, Raymond would ask it, if Black was so obtuse as not to save Raymond the trouble and himself abasement by having it ready when Raymond called.

The evening papers announced the promotion of Black. Politicians read the news and were surprised. What new deal was on? The people—the dear people—saw nothing in it calling for particular comment. One official stepped down and out, another assumed the duties of the position, advanced according to the exalted rules of civil service. The mayor was an aristocrat. He had wealth and social distinction. There could be no deals traced to any action of his, no degrading suppliance to any class of politicians.

So reasoned the people, if they pondered on the paragraph long enough to bring their minds into the byways of politics. Possibly not one out of a thousand of them knew that the glamour of public life had dazzled the mayor and that he carefully avoided running counter to the party machine over which his respectability was thrown. He was not committing political suicide. During his term he had signed but one resolution of the common council, that for the renovation of a contagious disease hospital during a smallpox scare. The popular outcry was for promptitude, and he was for popularity. Every other resolution passed he had permitted to become a law in the operation of time without his signature. That was a practice that enabled him to justify himself and to declare, if wrong or fraud were ever charged, that he had not sanctioned it. It was the practice of his predecessors, it is the policy of his successors, and will continue to prevail as long as there is a premium on hypocrisy and the people are quiescent.

"Black," said Raymond, after reading of the appointment in the first edition of the papers, for which he had waited at the office of the registrar, "I want you to hunt up the files in relation to the property assessed to George Leland. My memory is that the time in which it can be redeemed is about to expire. A friend of mine is interested—you understand? Hunt up the date and have it for me tomorrow."

"It expires on July 24 next. It is now April 12. Something over three months yet."

"How do you know?"

"I went over the books today."

"Why did you take particular notice of those blocks assessed to Leland? They extend into several wards, and you must have overhauled as many books."

"I did," in an apologetic tone. "I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it, man; explain yourself!" demanded Raymond, beginning to be nettled.

"You don't think I was inquisitive, Mr. Raymond, do you?" was the cringing query as his promotion appeared gliding beyond his reach. "Indeed I wasn't. It was Mangan of The Bugle who made me do it."

"Mangan!"

"Yes, you know him. That fellow who is always making a fuss in the city and county offices. I knew he was after something. I used every endeavor to put him out, threatened him with arrest, but he only laughed at me."

"And then?"

"Why, he said he would go over to the supreme court and get a mandamus; that it would make a fine story! The books were public property, he said, and he was going to examine them. It would avert a scandal to let him see them, and I handed them to him."

"That's it, eh? Well, you were wise, Black."

Black had been bent fawningly. He straightened, quick as a Jack-in-the-box when released, jumps up to the limit of the spiral spring that propels him. It was but for a moment. The cheeriness left his face, he doubled up as if his muscles had been contracted and he was in agony. But the pain was more mental than physical.

"I forgot to tell you," he whiningly said, "that Mangan knows who holds the certificates."

"The devil he does!"

"He insisted on looking over the private minutes of the office," continued Black. "I didn't know you were interested in that section of the city, it has been so recently annexed. He soon discovered in the minutes of the date of sale, as shown in the books, that you were the certificate holder. It couldn't be helped, sir; indeed, it couldn't!"

"Well, never mind, Black. There's nothing wrong in that. I have equal rights with other citizens to bid for the property."

"I told him so, sir."

"What did Mangan say?"

"He said you had the same rights, but the favors were more partially distributed."

"He did, eh?"

"Yes. He said that there was a big political ring in town that bought these lands for the taxes at auction sales surreptitiously held."

"Mangan didn't stop at that surely. Go on. I'm amused."

"Well, he declared he would break up the ring by publishing the enormity of its crime, and he had the impudence, sir, the great impudence, to ask me to convey his compliments to you and assure you that the rightful owner would redeem the Leland estates ere the time came that would make you the owner of millions you had bought for hundreds."

"That's a way he has to scare people into admissions," and Raymond smiled sardonically. "He doesn't know me evidently."

"He knows the law, though," interjected Black, "and will be cautious

"I forgot to tell you," he whiningly said.

about libel, as he said it was a pity you could not be indicted and sent to Sing Sing for these transactions.'

"The scoundrel!"

"Why, scoundrel's no name, Mr. Raymond," said the deputy, with an indignation meant to impress his loyalty. "He's an infernal villain to offer such insults and interfere with matters that do not concern him!"

"Say, Black," queried Raymond, ignoring Black's criticism, "is Mangan going to print all this tomorrow? Did he say anything about that?"

"No. He intimated, however, that he had much more investigation to make."

"Why didn't you try to get rid of him by sending him over to the county register's office? I think this might have been better managed."

Raymond, for the first time in his life, was losing his self possession and growing nervous.

"I told him," Black replied, "that he would find the records of property owners in the county register's office, and he told me he had been there. He said he had seen the deed of conveyance to George Leland and that the books there would show no more until the city under the tax laws gave another deed of conveyance to—to"——

"To me?"

"He didn't put it that way."

"What way did he put it?"

"You will not be angry with me, sir, will you?"

"Of course not," was the impatient rejoinder. "You're not responsible for him. He's not responsible for himself."

"He said the next deed of conveyance would have a narrow escape from being filed by a thief."

"Thief!" echoed Raymond.

"Thief," repeated Black. "But, Mr. Raymond, the law is with you. Why, the property will be yours in three months' time. I wouldn't mind him."

"That's true," he replied.

He left his chair and walked up and down the office, apparently in bewilderment. Black did not know how to humor him and dared not interfere with the contemplations that vexed him. Suddenly Raymond stopped.

"Black," he ordered, "telephone for a cab. I want one here as soon as possible. Let there be no delay."

Black hurried off to do his master's bidding, for his master Raymond was.

"Now," said Raymond, in the self communing that gave relief from the strain of half suppressed emotion, "I will see Isabel this afternoon. She must consent to an early wedding. I will break Mangan's heart. Mother St. Gertrude herself must aid me, or before this session of the legislature closes I will repeal the laws exempting the buildings of her order from taxation. Religious people may be scrupulous, but they feel a blow at their financial standing no less keenly than others. This means thousands a year to her work. If the circumstances demand it, and if I put the screws on, she and Isabel must weaken. But there will be no necessity. Isabel has half consented and Mother St. Gertrude knows my influence too well to cast it aside for sentiment. She is too practical. Mangan cannot prove that Isabel is George Leland's daughter, if he has thought of it at all. I'll marry Isabel just to spite him and protect myself. By the gods, I will!"

The cab came rattling up in front of the municipal building, under the windows of the office of the registrar. Black announced its arrival. Raymond hastened out, and when the driver closed the door said:

"Make your best speed to the Convent of Mercy."

CHAPTER X.

MANGAN AND RAYMOND MEET.

Mangan had written up the descriptive part of the story. He had another day's work to do in hunting up the history of the property in the deeds filed in the office of the county register, going away back to the Hollanders, the earliest settlers, on through the transfers under the English and Dutch charters.

He took the plots where the smaller pleasure grounds were to be located. Then he turned his attention to the large tract where the great park was to spring up like a section of fairy land in the metropolis, embellished with every beauty the best landscape artist could design.

"Great heavens!" was his ejaculation, and he drew up the heavy volume closer to his sight, while near bysearchers looked at him as if he had gone crazy.

"George Leland," he read, calming down. "George Leland! Strange! A coincidence; that's all's in it!"

The lots were all owned by George Leland, purchased at about the same time from men whose names were known in the history of the county as those of people of quaint manners and methods. They were men who lived in the past. The encroachments of the city jarred upon their country senses, and though they had not much faith in the greater development of the municipality they feared it enough to sell out their homesteads and move farther back from the march of peace destroying progress.

The price placed upon the land in the days when Leland bought it was not high. Even in the city people had no idea that this tract would form several wards in the course of time. This is not surprising to those who recall that when the city hall in New York was erected old material was used in the rear, because the building was on the outskirts of the town, and no one believed that the roar of traffic would ever be heard behind it. The rear was not even rough cast. The projectors of the building were not adjudged thoroughly sane, and had they dared to intimate that any citizen would travel beyond and inspect it from a country view they would have been hooted out of town. The city today runs 10 miles above the city hall.

In Brooklyn, which will yet form part of the greater New York, the city hall was built to meet the demands of the growth of 100 years. It failed to supply the needs of 10. The municipal building was erected later. Still the city strided out on Long Island, and more room was required in places of public business. There are eight large buildings in that city today occupied by governmental departments, and yet the pleasant little gentleman who has been deputy county treasurer for a quarter of a century, James Gardiner, remembers the time when if a claim was presented against the municipality the treasurer put his hands into his pockets to see if there was enough change in the treasury to pay the bill. This year the running expenses of the government there will cost over $10,000,000, and the city alone is rich enough to carry the magnificent debt of $50,000,000.

Can the cause of the remarkable increase in the value of the land George Leland acquired 20 years before be better illustrated?

But was this George Leland the father of Isabel?

That was the question forcing itself before Laurence Mangan. It was a wild dream maybe, but he could not get rid of it. So he gathered all his facts together. He went into the board of assessment and found that Leland had not paid taxes. He learned in the arrears department that the lands had been sold, and the skirmish he had with the registrar had been outlined by that worthy official in a way that leaves no need for repetition.

"Maybe this is Isabel's father," mused Mangan, after leaving the registrar's, "and at all events it will do no harm to run him down. If he is alive it will be a good thing to tell him that his neglect of the taxes is about to cost him a loss of millions. I'll see Mother St. Gertrude again. There may be something she has not told me that will help me in this affair."

Mother St. Gertrude received him as cordially as usual.

"What are you after now?" was her greeting.

"It's hard to tell."

"Well, if you can't tell, I can't, I'm sure. I hope you don't want to see Isabel. I can't consent. It is better for you not to talk to her again until after you come back from Denver."

"I do not care to see her until she is willing to explain her strange conduct."

"Then you have given up Isabel?"

"By no means. I'm satisfied she will explain all when it suits her. Meanwhile I will spare her and myself the agony of such a meeting as the last. But if she is what I'm half inclined to think she is I will surrender my claim when the evidence is all in, as lawyers say, and the case is proved."

"You will! She is the best girl you ever knew, Laurence; I'm surprised that you have changed so soon. Why, you actually intimate there is something in the past so terrible as to make her unworthy in your eyes."

"You misunderstand me."

"I wish I did, Laurence. You have always been so generous and manly."

"Listen to me, Mother St. Gertrude."

"Say no more," she answered. "Speak not of the past, if evil lurk there. Let the dead lie buried, if the resurrection be not glorious. Bring not the spectral reminiscence of wrong to haunt the paths of virtue. Laurence, if you were not so dear to Isabel, discarding her as you do, I would ask you to leave. It is as I feared and told Isabel—the truth was not all told her."

"Truth not told her? Who says I did not always speak truly?"

"Not you. I meant another."

"Mother, do not be sarcastic with me. Another! What other but you has ever spoken to her of her parents? You mean me, but let me tell you now, before you launch into words that sound strangely to me from you, that when I said I would surrender my claim to her I meant to convey a sense of my unworthiness."

"No confession," she replied. "It may lead to another from me or Isabel that would not be to your good just now. A friend is watching over you."

"The Friend that watches over us all. Yes, but what is this confession? You are talking in riddles to me. But let me say a few words and then judge me. I would not press my suit with Isabel because it may come to pass that she is"——

"What?" interrupted Mother St. Gertrude, whose eagerness to hear the statement delayed its own gratification. "What is she, Laurence, speak the truth?"

"An heiress to millions."

"An heiress?"

"An heiress."

"Do you know what you are saying, Laurence?"

"Very well, but it is not sure. I may leave for a time, but if the news is not good it may be long before you hear from me."

"Tell me all."

She walked to a corner of the room and sat down. As Mangan drew his chair close, he said:

"Now, mother, you've been interrupting me ever since I came here and using queer phrases. You must promise to listen, now, for my story is a long one and to you will require many explanations."

"I must promise, I suppose."

"Well, not exactly, but make up your mind to listen."

He went over the story again. To make it intelligible to her, he had to give her a summary here and there of certain laws, mentioning not their origin or their originator. He concluded by asking her for the letter she held from George Leland. She went back into the convent and returned in a few minutes with it, and handed it to him. It was a letter of four lines, referring to an inclosure of check, and the signature caught his eye.

"Is is the same, mother, the same! Isabel's father is the owner of these lands. This signature is identical with that on the deed! Isabel, as I said, is heiress to millions! She has gained much wealth, and I—I surrender her love!"

"Do you know what relation you are to her?" asked the sister, feeling that now had come the time to unfold the secret.

"Nothing, now."

"Yes, I want to tell you she loves you, and you will have an equal share with her in those millions when"——

"Let me prove they are hers first. Her claim will be contested, and I must say we have not yet the evidence that would be accepted in a court of law."

This interruption, intended to shut off what he considered to be a prelude to protestations of Isabel's gratitude, ended what Mother St. Gertrude would call her confession.

"This letter will go a great way, but it cannot oust Francis Raymond," continued Mangan.

"Francis Raymond?"

"Yes, he holds the certificates, and we have but a few months' time to circumvent him. I will keep this letter."

"Francis Raymond, the great politician?"

"The same Francis Raymond."

"Isabel is saved! Thank God!"

"Saved! Not yet. Didn't I say he was not likely to hand over the property easily? Mother St. Gertrude, this man is a fiend incarnate, walking about with a fair face that draws his victims close to him and to ruin."

"I was thinking of something else."

"What else?"

"That"——

There was a loud whir of wheels. A cab stopped at the gate of the courtyard, its occupant descended, ran hastily up, and his last step and the ring of the bell sounded almost simultaneously.

The door was opened, and Laurence Mangan and Francis Raymond stood face to face.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE PLOTTER'S TOILS.

"Hello, Mangan! What are you doing here?"

Raymond addressed the newspaper man as if they had always been the best of friends.

"I might as well ask what are you doing here."

"I don't mind telling you. The board of supervisors is supposed to visit asylums receiving support from the county. I thought Mother St. Gertrude might like to have that disagreeable visit dispensed with by the supervisors in their annual inspection. If so, I was going to send them word to pass the institution by."

"I'm sure it was very kind of you," said Mother St. Gertrude.

"I will do so then. My business is done," he added, turning to Mangan. "Are you going down town, I have a cab outside?"

"I'm going," said Mangan, "but I prefer to do a little walking."

This was no place for a scene. Mangan deemed it best to leave the convent with Raymond. He was satisfied that the politician had lied. What was his mission? Mother St. Gertrude would fain detain Mangan, but she could get no chance to give any sign of her wishes. The politician's keen eyes took in everything; nothing could be done that they would not observe. She could not keep Mangan back, and in

Laurence Mangan and Francis Raymond stood face to face.

truth he did not want to stay. He wished to sound Raymond.

Both walked out together. The sun, sinking behind the chimney tops, cast a lurid glow on the vacant lots around the convent, burnishing the landscape with an iridescence in harmony with the fiery vindictiveness which Raymond felt and from which Mangan was not altogether free. It fed their anger, surcharging their temperaments with its vivid magnetism, strengthening the mood they were in and moving it onward to passion.

"If you're going to walk, Mangan," said Raymond, "I'll dismiss the cab and accompany you."

"As you please," was the answer.

"Now, look here, Mangan," remarked Raymond, after he had paid the cabman, "let us have an understanding. You are unjust to me, especially so since you know how far I would be willing to go for you."

"You would go no farther for me than it suited you."

"Granted, but why not you go as far for me as suits you?"

"I do."

"Yes, but if you cease to be my enemy and become my friend you can be rich."

"At the expense of the orphan?"

"What do you mean?"

"Perhaps you are not aware that you are robbing the orphan of the heritage that is hers."

"Whom do you mean?"

"I will not say, since you do not confess, but let me add that I am not ambitious or envious of wealth that is acquired by dishonorable means."

"You dare to taunt me."

"And to do more than that, if you press me to it."

The two men stood and glowered at each other. Both were men of courage. Each was conscious of his own strength. Mangan was not anxious to avoid an encounter; in fact, he was aching for an opportunity to punish the man he so thoroughly hated and despised. Raymond's better judgment came to guide him, and he laughed as he walked on, saying:

"Come on, Mangan, it doesn't pay me to quarrel with you. I wanted to talk to you about the story you are writing and concerning which you have indulged in some extravaganza."

"I have, eh?" was the contemptuous comment. "How beautifully you phrase ideas that lift the weight of crime from your conscience!"

"I will not argue the point. Are you going to write as rabidly as you have talked?"

"What if I am?"

"You'll get yourself and your paper into trouble."

"Will I? You hold the lands the commission will select, and you think the rightful owner cannot reclaim them."

"There is no one to claim them. If there is, I don't know it."

"I don't expect you to know much that is honest. You excel in knavery."

"You are unnecessarily bitter. Now do you know if any one can claim them?"

"I can't say that I do."

Raymond took this ambiguous reply as a confession of ignorance. He knew that Mother St. Gertrude had never spoken of Isabel's origin to outsiders, and he had never heard that Isabel had breathed her secret to any one. He felt safe. The name on the deeds would not suggest anything to Mangan, he argued. But the publication? That was his dread.

"I couldn't expect a proofsheet of your article?" queried Raymond, affecting a gayety that was not his.

"You can expect nothing but an expose of your peculiar practices."

"You are going into this matter thoroughly."

"Well, I look at it this way: The publication of the story may lead to the discovery of the owners or heirs. If I can do good in that way, I will. At the same time, I will make known the fact that Francis Raymond is about to have all this property transferred to himself."

"It wouldn't do me any harm, and it wouldn't do the owners or heirs any good. The time is very short. Wouldn't you like to own some of these lots, Mangan?"

"Your corrupt method may reach the business office of the paper, not me. Try it."

"I will, and then where will you be?"

"You will not try it."

"Why not?"

"You are too cunning to leave yourself open to perpetual blackmail by an unscrupulous publisher, even if you should find one in The Bugle office, which I do not believe. I made the suggestion sarcastically, because you have already adopted the practice of bribery and by it earned yourself the title of a good fellow."

"You think fast and deep," said Raymond, his wily mind suggesting compliments as a change. "I would prefer dealing with you. Don't get mad"—as Mangan scowled at him—"I'm talking as a friend."

"Better end the conversation here and now."

"Why are you so determined?"

"Because justice must follow."

"If there is any one you know who owns any of these lands, I will transfer my certificate in every case. Now, find a claimant."

It was a bold stroke. It was a shrewd attempt to sound the depths of Mangan's knowledge, but Mangan read his purpose and calmly said:

"I cannot accept your proposition. The claimants will turn up when the story is published. I will select one owner and run him or his heirs down. When I do, I will use that as an example that will draw more general attention to the system that makes men like you rich without the risk that attends common highway robbery. I'll print the story of the commission and of the parks. Later will come the sequel, and I hope that it will photograph you accurately. I have told you, or your satellites, that you cannot escape this castigation, your first and your last. It will drive you out of town."

"Do not let your imagination run away with you."

"Here's my car," said Mangan. "I've done enough walking."

"So have I."

They stood upon the corner awaiting the car. Mangan felt he could not hope to draw anything from Raymond, who was thoroughly familiar with reportorial inquisition. Raymond had also concluded that he could not swerve Mangan from his course. He had resolved, however, to outwit him in some way and prevent the publication of a second story. They boarded the car and sat down together.

"Mangan, I have something important to tell you. Where are you going now?"

"To the office."

"Will you meet me in the evening?"

"On what business?"

"The business we were discussing."

"I will see you. Where?"

"There's to be a little banquet tonight in the warden's parlors in the penitentiary. You know every one who will be present. The last banquet of this nature was one you newspaper men will not soon forget. It was in the jail. A murderer committed suicide while the festivities were at their height, and you boys ran away from the pleasure to the duty of getting out an 'extra.' There will be no newspaper man but you there tonight. You may get a splendid exclusive story."

"I will go."

The conversation by mutual endeavor, so to speak, drifted into the commonplace. Mangan jumped off the car as it passed The Bugle office and ran into the editorial rooms.

"Got your story?" queried the managing editor.

"I have and I haven't," was the reply. "I have a four column spread here on the park sites, the history of the land and so forth. I understand that Raymond holds the certificate to nearly all this property, principally as trustee. He can say he is trustee for the real owners and manage it as he pleases, escaping criticism, if not suspicion. Who can challenge his right?"

"Print the facts. Let the people judge."

"I'm going to make a proposition to you. Leave out his name. I'm going to Denver on a mission which, if successful, will show he is not a trustee, but a thief whom the law protects. I am glad I took the assignment. My private business is so close to public business that I never would have suspected the relation. Use this story next Sunday. Then wait until you hear from me."

"Your judgment goes, Mangan."

"I've got an appointment for this evening. You may not have word from me for a couple of weeks. But you'll hear from me on time."

"Since your private business has taken a public turn, what are you going after?"

"I prefer not to say."

"Well, you are still working for The Bugle," said the managing editor. "I'll give you an order on the cashier for your expenses and a month's salary in advance. I'll talk to the publisher. Come in again tonight. You are not overburdened with wealth, I suppose?"

"Hardly, but I must decline to take the money. I have enough of my own until I return."

"Very well, then."

Mangan went to his lodgings, packed his trunk and after making ready for his trip to the west went to the penitentiary. He was admitted by the warden. No sooner was he inside than two strong keepers seized him. Mangan looked at the warden and asked, indignantly:

"What is the meaning of this?"

"You are sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary."

"On what charge and by whom?"

"Police Justice Lion's name is signed to the commitment."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Cremation is now generally preferred to burial by the more intelligent portion of the community, and the day is not far distant when a crematory will be as necessary an adjunct to a cemetery as a gravedigger.—St. Paul Globe.

SUMMONS.

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

A. C. WOOPOCK, 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 decendants 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 $500.00, 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 is 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 $300 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 $300 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. Cossek 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 lien 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, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

6-7

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, Att'y's for said Estate.

SUMMONS.

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

W. F. 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, Attorney for Plaintiff.

6-7

"I do not Eat Pastry."

How often you hear this expression, and the explanation that usually follows: "I am troubled with dyspepsia." The explanation is not far to seek. In the past Lard has been used as the principal shortening in all pastry, the result—dyspepsia. The dyspeptic need no longer be troubled, providing

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is substituted for lard in the preparation of all food. It is composed strictly of highly refined vegetable oil and beef suet. When used as a shortening, it produces wholesome and healthful pastry. Physicians and expert cooks indorse it. Refuse substitutes.

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