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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting administrator of the estate of Benjamin Antrim, deceased, has filed his final account in the county court for Yamhill county, state of Oregon, and said court has set Saturday, the 8th day of December, A. D. 1894, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day as the time to hear said final account, and of objections thereto, and to the settlement thereof.
Dated Nov. 6th, 1894.
J. R. FORREST,
Administrator of the Estate of Benj. Antrim, deceased.

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ALL FOR LOVE

By WALTER BESANT.

"Oh!" he replied. "The reason is unreasonable; it is a mere trick of the brain; it matters really nothing. I cannot tell you, though she has told me the whole, God bless her! Yet I cannot tell you all of it—only this, there is upon her past a cloud. Yes, I admit it is a very dreadful cloud. Through no fault of her own—none, mind. No one can blame her in the least; no one would dare throw it in her teeth. By heaven, I would kill such a man where he stood! It is on account of this cloud that she refuses. She says that she will never consent to bring her burden of shame to weigh down the life of a man she loves. Oh, Isabel, my dear!" Here again he choked.

"Yet, Paul, if you would take her—even with this—this"——

"Even with this?" he said solemnly. "Why, it would be nothing in the world to me. Less than nothing; just a secret between husband and wife; just a painful reminiscence of the past, never to be mentioned between us."

"Is there," I asked, "any one who knows the secret?"

"Her brother knows, of course, poor fellow! Well for him if he did not know, because the knowledge of it will poison his life wherever he goes. I am sorry, truly sorry for the boy. But, as for Isabel, I can take her away from all of it."

"And does no one else know?"

"There is a dreadful man who lives here—a most horrible beast. I threatened to cowhide him last week because he threw out hints that he knew something about the previous history of this family not alotgether to their credit. He is a man named Brundish; he was formerly in very good practice at the bar, was a Q. C. and a bencher of Lincoln's Inn and was then found to have appropriated, embezzled or made away with certain trust moneys. This was a horrible scandal, and they disbenched and disbarred him. He is a man of infamous private character and drinks, I believe. Probably he will drink himself into the grave before long. I am afraid he knows something, but I do not know how much. What does that creature signify?"

I thought it unnecessary to tell Paul of my experience with Mr. Brundish, but I felt relieved to think that he had not told me more. We went on talking of the young lady's perfection. In fact, we talked half through the night.

The next morning he took me to the house. It was a beautiful villa, furnished with admirable taste, heaped with books, pictures and all kinds of pretty things. Isabel herself—I have always called her, by gracious permission, by her Christian name—received us, and presently her brother joined us. There was some constraint upon the whole party, which was natural under the circumstances, and I was glad when we all went out together and climbed to the top of the headland. Here presently I found myself—whether by accident or design I know not—standing alone with Isabel, the other two slowly going on before us down the hill. She looked grave and anxious, her cheek rather pale. I knew that her mind was full of her lover and her refusal. I had no right to speak, yet I did speak to her about it. First, I told her what Paul had told me, that he loved her and that she would not accept him, for a reason.

"Did he tell you the reason?" she asked, her cheeks flushing suddenly.

"No; only in general terms. There is a cloud upon some part of your past."

"A cloud indeed," she replied.

"Which would not in any way affect the life of the man you married."

"But it would," she said; "oh, it would! You do not know what it is, or you would say that I am right."

"Nay, I cannot think, Miss Reeve, that you are right, for you make the man who loves you—the best man in the world—you do not know what a clever, brave and good hearted man he is—you make him wretched when you might make him happy." And so I continued, she shaking her head, though the tears came into her eyes, and murmuring, "Oh, I refuse him because I would not make him unhappy."

Then I said it all over again. I begged her to put this consideration out of her mind altogether, and if she could to make Paul happy.

She shook her head with less firmness than before, and I saw that she was shaken.

When we walked back to the house, the boy came with me, and Paul walked beside Isabel.

"I wish it may come off," he said, blushing as usual. "I say—I know I can talk freely with you, because Paul says so. He has told you something about us, hasn't he? Not much, he says, but I dare say it is quite enough. Isabel wrote it all down, so that he should not think he had been deceived—all, she says—everything. Good God!" here he gasped. "If Paul likes to show it to you, he may. But I hope he will not. As for me, I am done for. I can do nothing. The history is round my neck like a millstone. I must sit in the background all my life and make myself as little conspicuous as I can. I cannot go into the army or the university. I have not been to a public school. I have no friends, and I can make none. I can never marry." Here he stopped for awhile and walked on at a great rate, swinging his arms.

"As for Isabel," he went on, "it really cannot matter to her when once she is married. Paul will take her away. No one will trouble their heads to ask who she was. If she can once be got to think that it will not do him mischief, I think she will give in. And, oh! I cannot bear to think that she should stay on here, wasted, her life spoiled, living in vain."

She had already given in, though we did not know it. The word was spoken, and she was promised. I saw it in her blushing face and softened eyes when we reached the house. I saw it in Paul's absurdly triumphant air when we walked away.

"It is settled," he said, pressing my arm. "She has accepted me. My dear boy, I am the happiest man in the world!"

He went on to explain at great length how very happy he was already, and how very much happier he meant to be in the immediate future. They were to be married at once—in a few weeks—there was no need to wait, and so on. Meantime there was a small dinner party at the house that evening, and I was invited by Isabel.

In the nature of things it was impossible that I could avoid being interested not only in the love affair of my friend and the most beautiful girl, Isabel, but also in her father. From Paul I learned that something had been done which must be concealed; from the boy, that something had been done which would make it impossible for him to go into any kind of public life; from the wicked old man, Mr. Brundish, that he had himself "defended" the father of this interesting pair at a critical juncture when he himself had been a Q. C. All this put together did not inform one of much, yet it made me curious, not so much to know more as to see in the flesh the man who had caused this terrible cloud to hang over his children's lives, the man who had "done something."

Well, I was introduced to him. I saw him. He was a singularly handsome man, portly, dignified, well dressed and possessed of a manner perfectly charming, not only at ease with himself, but able to set his guests at their ease. He was apparently about 60 years of age. His abundant hair was of a splendid creamy white, his features were sharp and clear, his eyes singularly bright—they were of a deep blue, like those of his daughter—he not only looked, but he was a perfectly polished and delightful man. At the very sight of him all the injurious suspicion and doubts one had entertained of him vanished. As he talked one was lifted out of one's self and carried into circles and among people one had never thought to know. Perhaps he talked too continuously, but nobody else present could have talked half so well, and I, for one, was content to listen.

There were six or seven guests besides Paul and myself. It was an excellent dinner, admirably served, and with admirable wine. At first I gave myself up entirely to the enjoyment of the delightful talk and thought of nothing else. But a strange thing happened. In the very middle of the dinner I caught a sharp and curiously suggestive glance from Isabel. It seemed to ask me what I thought now of her father, and if I really knew that——

I felt myself blushing like her brother, and my mind suddenly went back to what I had heard. Of what nature was the "cloud?" Had the ex-Q. C. really defended our host, and if so on what occasion? And all the other scandalous statements returned to my brain. Why had the venerable clergyman opposite to me no longer a cure of souls? Why had the gallant major next to him left the army? Was it true that the Hon. Arthur Mompesson had been expelled his club for cheating at cards? And this middle aged lady, whom I had taken into dinner, could she really have poisoned her lover? And while I pondered these things our host's pleasant, genial voice went flowing on, so that one felt the strangest incongruity between these absurd questions and the place, the talk and the people.

Three weeks later the pair were quietly married, without any party, bridesmaids or ceremony at all. What Paul said to Isabel's father I know not, but at the wedding the old man seemed strangely shaken and agitated, trembling at every footfall. He had become aged, one knew not why. The bride and bridegroom drove from the church to the nearest station. Mr. Reeve went home, and I went back to the inn. I found there the man Brundish, who had been drinking already, though it was not yet noon.

"I told the old man I would interrupt the ceremony," he said, with a grin, "and make him marry the girl under her true name, but he begged me not. I am to dine with him tonight instead. Ha! Now that the girl is gone, he says, he does not care who comes to his house. Wanted to keep his own children from their father's old friends, you see. There's gratitude! Why, who defended him? Who made such a speech that all England rang with it—eh?"

"Well," I said, "now that Mr. Reeve's daughter has married, you have done with her, at any rate, and with me too."

"I don't know, young man, I don't know," he replied. "I am, it is true, a forgiving person, which is lucky for the happy bridegroom. But then he once shook a cane over my shoulders. I don't know if I have done with them. And I wasn't good enough to be invited to the house. Respectable company you met there, wasn't it? The man drummed out his regiment. The man expelled from the clubs. The woman tried"——

"Go to the devil!" I said and left him.

A month or two later I heard from Paul that his father-in-law had been found dead in his bed. It appeared that he had no money of his own, but was living on his late wife's fortune, which had been settled upon herself and was held in trust. The share of it which now came to Isabel put the newly married pair at once into a position of great material comfort if not wealth. But Paul was already making way in his profession.

"I must be a judge by 45," he said to me, laughing. "Otherwise I shall think that I have failed."

"And then, Paul?" asked Isabel.

"Then I must be made lord chancellor, and I shall pass great measures for the law of the land and shall become immortal."

I never knew any couple so entirely happy as they were during the first 12 months of their marriage. They had very few friends, and these were all Paul's own friends. They lived on Campden hill.

Remember, it was long before Campden hill was covered with houses—and they were as selfishly and as completely happy as love could make them. Gradually the pensive and troubled look vanished from Isabel's eyes. The "cloud," the "thing," the secret, whatever it had been, was wholly put away and forgotten.

Isabel's brother came to town soon after his father's death and called upon me.

"I have made up my mind," he said to me soon after his sister's marriage, "what I shall do. So long as I remain in this country Isabel will always have somebody to remind her of the past. If I once go away, she will belong entirely to her husband. While I am here I shall always be in terror of the thing being found out. I shall go away, then, and travel. After a year or two I shall convey to Isabel the news that I am dead. Then she will have broken altogether with the past. I shall settle down somewhere perhaps some day. I am not sure where or when, and if I am quite sure that I can never be identified I shall marry perhaps. But never, never will I come back to England." So we shook hands, and we parted. Six months afterward there came a note to Isabel in pencil from her brother, saying that he was dying of fever on the African coast, and that the letter would be sent on after his death.

Isabel wept over the letter, but she dried her tears soon, and I think it was better that the last link which reminded her of the shame of her childhood should have been broken.

As for their happiness, however, it was rudely shaken.

To be Continued.

A Much Abused Word.

"Just at present," says Mrs. Stanley, in *Journal of Education*, "an epidemic of 'progr'm' is passing over the country. We say telegram and monogram and diagram—Webster and Worcester unite on programme—but some one—nobody knows who—started the report that programme was not entitled to an 'a' and immediately westward the star of progr'm took its flight."

FROM THE COUNTY PRESS.

Newberg Graphic.

B. F. Henry of Tualatin who was in town Thursday, said he had arrangements made to start to Honolulu next Wednesday with a party of eight or ten. He also has something like a hundred names of persons who he thinks will go later. The rate is $75 first-class and $25 second-class. Mr. Henry is very enthusiastic for the annexation of Hawaii.

C. K. Spaulding's men, after having finished up the cutting and delivering of the piling for the O. R. & N. Co.'s docks at Portland, packed their camp equipage and started for another camp up the river, when a message came from Charley who was in the city, saying he had secured another contract. Tents were again pitched and a large force of men are again at work. The new contract calls for 400 piles. Every man about town who wants to work and who can use an ax is getting an opportunity to swing one.

North Yamhill Record.

George Perkins, who returned recently from St. Louis, is preparing to ship his hops direct to England. We are informed that he will handle the hops of other parties here in the same shipment. We hope this move will result in opening a direct market for our hops in the east, and do away with the 1 cent per pound commission business. Yamhill hops are world beaters, and should have no trouble in finding a good market.

The news reaches us that Link Laughlin of Forest Grove, who is well known to most of readers, underwent the operation of having one of his legs amputated just above the ankle, at his home last Monday. He had been suffering from the effects of what was supposed to be a bruise on the leg for some time, which resulted in the bone becoming so diseased as to necessitate amputation. The doctors who performed the operation from some cause neglected to take up one of the arteries, and after they had left the patient, were hastily recalled on account of the excessive hemorrhage. Mr. Laughlin was for the second time placed under the influence of chloroform, and the artery taken up. While it is said by some of those present that the second operation exhausted the patient very much, he was resting easy at last accounts.

Sheridan Sun.

A Christian church has been organized at Grand Ronde by Rev. Chas. Simpson with a membership of about thirty. J. D. Faulconer is appointed pastor; elders, Chas. Chandler and J. D. Faulconer; deacons, N. A. Newbill and John Haworth; clerk, Nettie Haworth. Seven new accessions were recently baptised in the Yamhill river.

Three families from the East recently bought 640 acres near Ballston and will divide it up. There are many large tracts near Sheridan that can be bought and subdivided. We have the best cheap lands in the state.

Sterling Turner, who lives near Sheridan, is trying an experiment with some peach trees on some sandy, well sheltered bottom land on his farm. Fruit men are watching the experiment with some interest.

Last week Ed. Lamson and others of Willamina got on a trail of some wild cattle near the eastern base of Mt. Hebo and succeeded in killing a monster steer that had not been in the corral for many years. The animal was as wild as a deer and only gave up after being shot several times. It dressed 1190 pounds and its horns measured four feet and one inch across. The wrinkles on the steer's horns showed it to be 19 years old.

Yamhill Independent.

The city council has secured a loan from the Chehalem Valley Bank of a sufficient amount of cash to pay the running expenses of the city for the current year.

Lawyer Flower, attorney for Ed Rogers in the case of Rogers vs. Thomas, has appealed from the decision of Justice Hadley, and the matter will go before the district court. In the matter of Carter vs. Long, by Carter's attorney, Wm. Vinton, a new trial was asked for, which was granted, to occur next Monday.

Al. Cooper has traded his place here in town to Geo. Sinclair for a complete outfit of farming tools, teams, etc., and will become a horny fisted granger. He has rented the Ferguson place over in Moore's valley, about six miles from North Yamhill, one of the best farms in that section. Al. is a rustler and we know he will succeed if anybody can.

A young fellow, whose name we did not learn, black and dirty from his long ride in cars built for the accommodation of soft coal and live stock, crawled out of a box car at the station here Friday, and acted as if he was at his journey's end. He said he had come all the way from Iowa in this manner, and if he evinces as much determination in other ways as in coming out here, he will get to the front all right.

Amity Blade.

Rev. Sicafoose champions the county on swift hog raising. A single brood sow has brought forth 33 head all in three litters, inside of 14 months, and only one has died. Who can beat it?

F. S. Smith has disposed of his interest in the Farmers' & Mechanics' store to J. W. Roth. The firm will now be Jones & Roth.

Quite a sensation was occasioned yesterday during the noon intermission of school. Some of the children discovered the school house to be on fire. The alarm was given and many willing hands were soon ready for service. Willie Ingram, Melvin Burgess and Ed Howard, all pupils, mounted to the roof and garret and by using the bell rope to pull up buckets of water which were supplied from below, soon put out the fire. A hole a couple of feet square in the roof is the amount of the damage. Prof. Grimes believes the fire started from sparks from the top of the chimney because of its being too low.

Dayton Herald.

The work of building the new Evangelical church is being rapidly pushed forward. One day this week there were 20 men at work on the building, including three ministers. It is expected that in about three weeks the church will be so far completed that services can be held there.

Everything seems favorable to actual work on the water works in the near future. Mr. Hume was in Portland two days this week looking after preliminaries, and is in correspondence with manufacturers, obtaining prices for special castings.

Edison's Kinetoscope in London.

The latest, and not the least remarkable, of Mr. Edison's inventions is the kinetoscope, of which a private demonstration was given recently at 70 Oxford street. The London *Times* says: This instrument is to the eye what Edison's phonograph is to the ear, in that it reproduces living movements of the most complex and rapid character. To clearly understand the effect it is necessary to explain the cause, but to appreciate the result the working of the invention must be witnessed. The moving and, apparently, living figures in the kinetoscope are produced in the following manner: Mr. Edison has a stage upon which the performances he reproduces are enacted. These performances are recorded by taking a series of 43 photographs in rapid succession, the time occupied in taking them being one second only. Thus every progressive phase of every single action is secured, and the photographs are successively reproduced on a film of celluloid of the length required for recording a given scene. When this film is passed before the eye at the same rate of speed as that at which the photographs were taken, the photographically disjointed parts of a given action are united in one complete whole. Thus supposing a person to be photographed taking off his coat—as is done in one case—the successive views representing the phase of action at every forty-third part of a second are joined up, and the complete operation of taking off the coat is presented to the eye as it is in reality. In other words, the kinetoscope is a perfect reproduction of living action without sound.

The apparatus in which the reproduction takes place is a cabinet about 4 feet high, 2 feet wide, and 1 foot 9 inches deep. It contains the celluloid film band, the apparatus for reconstructing the disjointed views, and a small electric motor for driving the apparatus. The chief detail of the mechanism is a flat metal ring having a slot in it, which makes about 2,000 revolutions per minute. The film passes rapidly over the ring, beneath which is a light. The spectator looks through a lens on to the film, and every action recorded on it passes under his view. Ten machines were shown, in which the most rapid and complex actions were faithfully reproduced. One scene represents a blacksmith's shop in full operation, with three men hammering an iron on an anvil, and who stop in their work to take a drink. Each drinks in turn and passes the pot of beer to the other. The smoke from the forge is seen to rise most perfectly. In another view a Spanish dancer is shown going through her graceful evolutions, as is also Anna Belli in her serpentine dance. There is likewise a wrestling scene and a cock fight, in which the feathers are seen to fly in all directions. All the features of an original stage production are given, of course on a small scale, but possibly only for the present on a small scale, for Mr. Edison promises to add the phonograph to the kinetoscope and to reproduce plays. Then by amplifying the phonograph and throwing the pictures on a screen, making them life size, he will give the world a startling reproduction of human life.

Analysis of Graveyard Soil.

While cremation of the dead is undoubtedly growing in favor, it appears that the dangers attending the ordinary burial practice may have been exaggerated. This is indicated by a chemical and bacteriological examination of samples of virgin soils, pure agricultural soils and graveyard soils, that has lately been made by a Scotch investigator, Dr. James Buchanan Young. The proportion of organic matter, as judged by the organic carbon and nitrogen present in the samples, was found to be not materially greater in the soil that has been used for burial than in good pure agricultural soil. No pathogenic organisms were discovered in the graveyard soil, and the number of bacteria present, though greater than in virgin soil, was much smaller than one might expect. The groundwater layer of soil below the coffins was practically free from bacteria. The results, in fact, tend to support the idea that, properly conducted, burial in suitable and well-drained soils can cause no risk to public health.

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47m1 LEVI CONNER.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as sheriff of Yamhill county, State of Oregon, under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Yamhill county, bearing date of October 12th, A. D. 1894, upon and to enforce the judgment and order of sale made by said court on the 26th day of September, 1894, in that certain suit wherein Charity A. Richardson was plaintiff, and R. B. Hibbs, Carrie C. Hibbs, R. Jacobson and McMinnville National Bank were defendants, in which it was ordered, adjudged and decreed that the said plaintiff, Charity A. Richardson, do have and recover of and from the said defendant, R. B. Hibbs, the sum of One Thousand Dollars, ($1,000.00) together with interest thereon from the 26 day of September, A. D. 1893, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and the further sum of $100.00 attorneys' fees and the costs and disbursements taxed at $15.60, and for accruing costs, and ordering the sale of the following described real property, to-wit:

The north half of the northwest quarter and the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter and the northeast quarter of section Sixteen (16), in township Three (3) south, range Six (6) west of the Willamette meridian, in Yamhill county, Oregon, containing 320 acres more or less.

Also block numbered or lettered "C" in C. G. Saylor's addition to the City of McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon, as shown upon the duly recorded plat thereof, now of record in the recorder's office of said county.

In which said suit it was ordered, adjudged and decreed by said court that said real property be sold as by law required, and that said two tracts of land be sold separately, and that out of the money arising from said sale there be paid,

First, the costs and expenses of said sale and of this suit and accruing costs.

Second, the sum of $1,000.00, together with interest thereon from the 26 day of September, A. D. 1893, at the rate of ten per cent per annum and $100.00 attorneys' fees due the plaintiff, Charity A. Richardson.

Third, to the payment of the sum of $108.80, with interest on said sum at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 13th day of December, A. D. 1893, and the sum of $20.00 special attorneys fees due the defendant R. Jacobson.

Fourth, to the payment of the sum of $100.00, together with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 19th day of September, 1893, and $20.00 stipulated attorneys' fees due the defendant, McMinnville National Bank.

Now, therefore by virtue of said execution, judgment and order of sale, and in pursuance of the commands of said writ, I will on Saturday, the 1st day of December, 1894, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house door in McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the above described real property, to satisfy said execution, costs and accruing costs.

Dated this the 1st day of November, 1894.
W. G. HENDERSON,
Sheriff of Yamhill County, Oregon.

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