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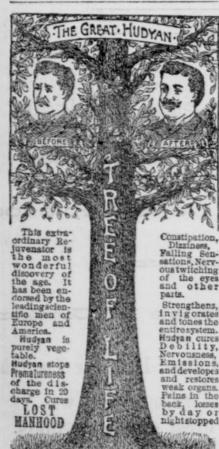
. . FOR . .

OCEAN STEAMERS

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a m. Prayer meeting 7:00 p. They both plunged upward again, and oit and say you require to do it to get evidence against me or that m. Thursday. LEE THOMPSON, Pastor.

SECRET ORDERS. n each month. Visiting members cordially in-ited. C. H. McKINNEY, Sec. MRS. C. W. TALMAGE, W. M.

W. C T. U .- Meets on every Friday, in Wright's hall at 3 o'clock p. m.
L. T. L. at 3 p. m.
MRS A. J. WHITMORE, Pres.
CLARA G. Esson, Sec'y.



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# The Sheriff of Siskyou.

By BRET HARTE.

"I see," he said grimly. "You don't want to lure that man within reach of my revolver by callin to him.'

were away, " returned the major quietly. loosened the sash that bound his prisoner to the tree, and then lifting him Above scains stop at all stations from Portland to Aboaty inclusive. Also Tangent, Shedds, Halies, Junction City, Irving, Eugene and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland Inclusive, and then lifting him retreating before them and the following wind. In a few moments their haven of safety—the expanse already burned shadows. But the ascent was difficult. shadows. But the ascent was difficult, the load a heavy one, and the sheriff in the underbrush were no longer in significant glance behind them.

'unstrap my ankles, and I'll walk up. We'll never get there at this rate."

"Look yer! Wot's yer little game? Blessed if I kin follow suit."

that if I'm discovered here-in this ed and into which they blindly plunged way—there's not a man in the Bar who and rolled together. A moment of relief would believe that I walked into your and coolness followed as they crept think it was a trick of yours and mine rotting leaves. together.

'Or," interrupted the sheriff, slowly hausted prisoner. fixing his eyes on his prisoner, "not a stone for a leader again."

ed again by any one."

much more to you than they do to me ed desperately forward. in this yer game. I know that you'd kill nance. You know that I'm takin you to

"The reason is that I want to leave 'And even this way out of it will suit

from the major's ankles. A wild hope beyond the present. And when the sherthat his incomprehensible captive might iff finally arose, and, disappearing for intent; that he might fly, fight or in water for his prisoner from a distant some way act up to his reckless reputa- spring that they had passed in their in the next proved futile. The major DENVER only said, "Thank you, Tom," and stretched his cramped legs. "Get up and go on," said the sheriff

The major began to slowly ascend the hill, the sheriff close on his heels, alert, antly it became too evident that the to? Leave Portland Every 8 Days prisoner's pinioned arms made it impossible for him to balance or help himself SAN : FRANCISCO he stumbled and reeled dangerously to he sumbled and reeled dangerously to he has never told. They've been locked he has never told. They've been locked when Wynyard's Bar discovered Major ent is more valuable than I thought overstone lying beside the man now and will greatly increase our wealth.

CUMB. PRESENTERIAN-Services every Sab- er to reach the summit as if with the The expression of wonder which had Cumb. Preservices every Sabbath 11:00 a m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday 6:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. E. E. Thompson, Pastor.

Christian-Services every Sabbath 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 10 a. m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school 10 haze that seemed to be creeping along it. But above was the clear sky, seen in their come into the sheriff's face at the beginning of his speech deepened into his old look of surly dissatisfaction. "And that's all you want," he said gloomily. "You don't want no friends—no lawyer? For I tell you straight out, major, there it. But above was the clear sky, seen in the come into the sheriff's face at the beginning of his speech deepened into his old look of surly dissatisfaction. "And that's all you want," he said gloomily. St. James Catholic-First st., between it. But above was the clear sky, seen ain't no hope for ye when the law once G and H. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Vespers 7:30. Services once a month.

W. R. Hogan, Pastor.

We hogan the interlacing boughs, and to their surprise they who had just come from the breathless stagnant billed.

"That's all. Will you do it?" their surprise they who had just come from the breathless, stagnant hillside



Constipation, brush for half a mile on either side had The sleeping man's eyes were still Constipation, Dizziness, Falling Sensations, Nervous twitching of the eyes and other parts.

Girengthens, Girengthens, Girengthens, Girengthens, Constipation, Dizziness, Ealling in all directions. The whole the very hillby a creeping, stifling smoke fog that scarcely rose breast high, but was beaten down or cut off cleanly by the vioand restores weak organs. lent wind that swept the higher level —yes, by God—an officer and a gentle-Pains in the of the forest. At times this gale became a sirocco in temperature, concentrating its heat in withering blasts which they could not face or focusing here in such company. That cub of West Point knows it and despises me, seeing me which they could not face or focusing its intensity upon some mass of foliage knows it-I recommended him for his that seemed to shrink at its touch and first stripes-for all he taunts me, d-n open a scathed and quivering aisle to him!"

The sheriff had grasped the full dragged open and disclosed his fine silk says Father Gogarty."

meaning of their situation. In spite undershirt, delicately worked and emof his first error—the very carelessness broidered with golden thread. At the ther Gogarty niver said that. But Send for circulars and testimonials. Address BUDSON MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

Junction Stockton, Market & Ellis Sts.

Send for circulars and testimonials. Address of familiarity—his knowledge of woodsight of this abased and faded magnificraft was greater than his companion's, cence the sheriff's hand was staid. His Mike McCov?" rket & Ellis Sts. and he saw their danger.

Blank Deeds, Chattel Mortgages, Real make for an opening, or we shall be near the roots it was quite white and was well up he said, 'Sit down, now.' men's wages per day, Don?'

'Who could catch us here?"

rushed him into the smoke and apparently in the direction of the greatest mass of flame. The heat was suffocat-'I could have called him while you ing, but it struck the major that the more they approached the actual scene The sheriff, with a darkened face, of conflagration the heat and smoke became less until he saw that the fire was retreating before them and the followover-came in sight. Here and there seen dimly through the drifting smoke was agile rather than muscular. After the scattered embers that still strewed a few minutes' climbing he was forced the forest floor in weird, nebulous spots, to pause and rest his burden at the foot like will-o'-the-wisps. For an instant the of a tree. But the valley and the man major hesitated. The sheriff cast a

'Go on. It's our only chance," he said imperatively. They darted on, skimming the blackened or smoldering surface, which at The sheriff paused, wiped his grimy times struck out spark and flame from face with his grimier blouse and stood their heavier footprints as they passed. looking at his prisoner. Then he said Their boots crackled and scorched bewere on fire. Their breathing became stirred, awoke to full consciousness and more difficult until providentially they sat up. For the first time the major burst in- fell upon an abrupt, fissurelike depresto a rage. "Blast it all! Don't you see sion of the soil which the fire had leap-

"Why not stay here?" said the ex- night at your old lodgings."

"And be roasted like sweet potatoes man who would ever trust Major Over- when these trees catch?" returned the sheriff hesitated and then extended his "Perhaps," said the major unmov- a dropping rain of fire spattered through edly again. "I don't think either of us the leaves from a splintered redwood would ever get a chance of being trust- | before overlooked that was now blazing fiercely in the upper wind. A vague The sheriff still kept his eyes fixed on and undefinable terror was in the air. his prisoner, his gloomy face growing The conflagration no longer seemed to darker under its grime. "That ain't obey any rule of direction. They scramthe reason, major. Life and death mean bled out of the hollow and again dash-

Beaten, bruised, blackened and smoke ne quicker nor lightnin if you got the grimed, looking less human than the animals who had long since deserted the crest, they at last limped into a "The reason is that I want to leave "wind opening" in the woods that the Wynyard's Bar," said the major coolly. fire had skirted. The major sank exhaustedly to the ground. The sheriff threw himself beside him. Their strange The sheriff took his revolver from his relations to each other seemed to have pocket and deliberately cocked it. Then been forgotten. They looked and acted eaning down he unbuckled the strap as if they no longer thought of anything seize that moment to develop his real several minutes, brought his hat full of tion sustained him for a moment, but flight, he found him where he had left him, unchanged and unmoved.

He took the water gratefully and after a pause fixed his eyes earnestly upon his captor. "I want you to do a favor to me," he said slowly. "I'm not going to offer you a bribe to do it either

tingling and watchful of every move- nor ask you anything that isn't in line ment. For a few moments this strain with your duty. I think I understand him, and his gloom relaxed, but pres- know Briggs' restaurant in Sacramen-

The sheriff nodded. "Well, over the restaurant are my regularity in his action. on that steep trail, and once or twice private rooms-the finest in Sacramen. It did not, however, change contem- win the case, as we shall, I can quickly or Address:

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E. B. Pacs. Pastor.

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Saved.

METHORIES ENGOAL—Service

you want to search the rooms."

from the breathless, stagnant billside a fierce wind was blowing. But the loaring was louder than before.

The sheriff's face grew still darker. After a pause he said: "I don't say 'no," and I don't say 'yes." But," he added

Custer Post No. 9—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30 p.m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a. m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a. m. on the Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings.

J. A. PECKHAM, Adjt.

The wind blows dead along the ridge where they should come, and they should come, and they can't get through the smoke and they can't get through the smoke and they can't get through the smoke and fire."

It was indeed true. In the scarce 20 minutes that had elapsed since the shering them, opposed any passage in or out of that fateful barrier. The smoke of the bunning underbrush hung low. "Here, you, Pat, why don't you have "Here, you, Pat, why don't you have "the ridge where they should come, and they can't get through the smoke and fire."

It was indeed true. In the scarce 20 minutes that had elapsed since the sher-It was indeed true. In the scarce 20 minutes that had elapsed since the sheriff's return the dry and brittle under
iff's return the dry and brittle under
if

major. "If your men come, you can

"And if your men come?" said the sheriff dryly. "Shoot me."

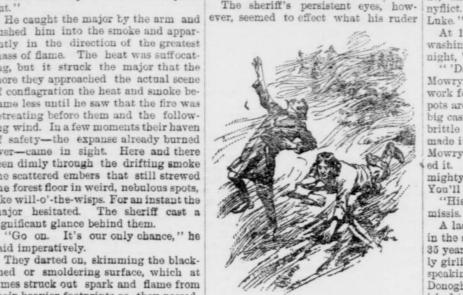
He lay down, closed his eyes, and to the sheriff's astonishment presently fell asleep. The sheriff, with his chin in his grimy hands, sat and watched him as the day slowly darkened around them and the distant fires came out in more lurid intensity. The face of the captive and outlawed murderer was singularly psaceful; that of the captor and man of peaceful; that of the captor and man of duty was haggard, wild and perplexed.

But even this changed soon. The sleeping man stirred realers and man of the captor and man of sion the night, Mike McCoy?" asked Luke Reardon of his benchmate.

to move. "Tom!" he gasped suddenly. bees, responded to hard one, says Father Gogarty. 'He's The sheriff bent over him eagerly.

eye wandered over the sleeping form be- "Ah, thin, Luke, the father kept say- swered. grizzled; the pomatum was coming off It bein a new service, Father Gogarty

the lines from the angle of the nostrii 'You're in your sates alsy and comfort-The sheriff pointed to the blazing and month were like deep, half healed able, 'he says, 'when ye should be on gashes. The major was, without doubt, your knees. Kape watch on me, 'says it will have a posse that will wipe us prematurely worn and played out.



neath them. Their shreds of clothing hand could not. The sleeping man as she passed them.

"Are they here? I'm ready," he said as red as a gobbler," said young Dan

"No," said the sheriff deliberately. "I only woke you to say that I've been | "You're the greenest Irishman that ever thinkin over what you asked of me, and stood on ten toes." trap—not a man, by God, who wouldn't along the fissure, filled with damp and if we get to Sacramento all right, why, I'll do it and give you that day and 'Thank you."

> The major reached out his hand. The man in the foundry. sheriff grimly. "No." Even as he spoke own. The hands of the two men clasped said Dick Flanaghan in his shrill, for the first, and, it would seem, the last time.

> > For the "cub of West Point" was, like most cubs, irritable when thwarted. And having been balked of his prey, the deserter, and possibly chaffed by his comrades for his profitless invasion of commanding officer to give him permission to effect a recapture. Thus it the half breed, with his hanging ham- She's the lady for ye." mock belt and tattered army tunic, eviother ragged figure at his side. The Bres out?" command to "halt" was enforced by a single rifle shot over the fugitives' heads, but they still kept on their carbine from one of his men. A volley High street to her house. Half an hour of the privates mercifully high, those of dainty dinner table. She had changed the officer and sergeant leveled with her foundry dress for a delicate tea wounded pride and full of deliberate gown. A letter bearing an English post-

fallen quarry roared the cheval de frise Between the courses she read the letter. upon his faculties seemed to invigorate you now if I didn't before. Do you of flame and fallen timber, impossible to cross. The young officer hesitated, dear," her husband wrote, "than I exshrugged his shoulders, wheeled his pected to be. Some litigation has arisen men and left the fire to correct any ir- about the patent and will keep me here

CHAPTER I. The molder waited a moment by his crucible of glowing, molten metal. Then in a loud deep voice he cried

"Pour off!" Don, the foreman of the foundry, turned with impatience to three young fellows who were sorting metal chips out of a barrel of foundry sweepings, and who were all smoking clay pipes. "Pat, Jack and Mike, when you hear a

molder call 'pour off,' you get to him lively," he said shortly. "Unless your three men are already here your game is up," said the major calmly. "The wind blows dead along the ridge where they should come, and "The major did not really to the should come, and "The major did not really to the should should be the ridge where they should come, and "The major did not really to the should should be the should be the

a horizon of clouds.
"I'm going to try to sleep," said the holes prepared for it. Tongues of beautifully colored flame darted from the beds of sand, and the smoke, full of

"The mission, Luke? Father Gogarsleeping man stirred restlessly and un-easily, his face began to work, his lips bees." responded Mike. "'Luke's a

traveled many a mile hanging on un-

its approach. The enormous skeleton of ''Come, wake up!'' said the sheriff "How much are your wages a week, Donoghue?'' yards to their right broke suddenly like The prisoner did not heed him. The der a freight car, and he's niver a bit a gigantic firework into sparks and sheriff shook him roughly, so roughly consarned for his sowl that'll go to purfiame.

he, 'and whin I jinnyflict then you jin-The sheriff's persistent eyes, how- nyflict.' Them missions is pious work,

> At 10 minutes to 6 the men were washing up. "Going to the union tonight, Timmy?" asked Tom Mahanney. 'Dade that I am, Tom. We'll spoil Mowry. He won't hire union men to went homeward. work for him, and we'll see that his pots are doctored. Did ye know that the ig casting that he sint to Dinver was rittle as glass? I know the man that made it. 'That'll bust suddint on you, Mowry,' says my friend when he pour-'You needn't be so high and mighty with us brotherhood felleys. You'll come down a peg, ' says he.'' "Hist, hist, Timmy. There's the

A lady dressed in plain black stood in the smoky foundry. She was perhaps | pussies today?" 35 years old, but she was still extremely girlish in figure and face. She was speaking with Don. "Good night, Mr. Donoghue," she said when she had fin ished talking and then stepped lightly The half breed fell, so did his companion. along, bowing courteously to the men "I does hate to have the missis see

"Red, are you, Dan?" mocked Luke.

"Tin, is it, Luke? Dan stands on nine iver since the bottom of Paddy O'Shea's crucible fell out and slopped on Dan's feet," said Dennis Slavin, the oldest

"The missis is polite to us jacks," squeaking voice. "That last hot day I was all of a lather and had been dusting my work with charcoal. The wind blew it in my face, and I looked like a striped devil. Don was off to a picnic. Up comes the missis smiling. I wanted to jump under me bench. 'Mr. Flanaghan,' says she, 'and will ye be having them hame balls ready to go on the Wynyard's Bar, he had persuaded his last express the night?' 'Shure they're poured and cooling there,' says I, 'but you'll have to ask Mike if he'll be after came about that at dawn, filing along tumbling them.' 'Thank you, Mr. Flanthe ridge, on the outskirts of the fire, his heart was gladdened by the sight of me 'mister' before. She did me proud.

"Ye're long winded, Dick," broke in dently still a fugitive, not 100 yards Don. "Don't ye see I'm waiting to lock away on the other side of the belt of the door? Dump them grates, Pat. fire, running down the hill, with an- Must I tell ye ivery night to put the

The men hurried out on the street and went clumsily homeward. Mrs. Then the boy officer snatched a Sterns, the "missis," had gone toward rang out from the little troop-the shots after her entrance she was seated at her

purpose. The half breed fell, so did his mark had been placed by her plate. An companion, and, rolling over together, immense mastiff lay stretched out on a rug by her chair. He was always near But between the hunters and their his mistress when she was at home. "I am gone much longer, Kate, several months longer. But after we

> was not pleased with Sterns' lack of confidence in his relative as shown by the latter's choice of assistant treasurer. Sterns had signed Starkey's notes. To what extent Mrs. Sterns did not know. That way might lie ruin. She would do her best, she replied to her husband's letter, but she must know for what amount he was on Starkey's paper. "I am confident that Parker is dishonest,' she continued, "though I cannot detect any fraud. But I am continually on the alert and shall unearth it if any ex-

The next morning at 9 Mrs. Sterns was at her desk. She opened the morning mail and passed the orders to Parker for entry, with the letters that must be answered. She receipted the bills that had been paid and placed the checks in the bankbook. Looking up just then, she saw Moore, the foreman of the polishing room, standing by her and waiting.

"I can't get them air chambers off today, Mrs. Sterns," he said. "Jim's out. He's sick with the copper dust. It busted his lungs, and they're bleeding. He'll be all right tomorrow. Nobody can do them so good as Jim."

"I'm sorry for Jim," answered Mrs. Sterns; "but, Moore, we must send the large air chamber today. It goes into a great ocean steamer that sails from New

"Come," he said quickly, "we must fore him. Yes, the hair was dyed, too; ing, 'Stand up, now.' Be the time I "Can you give me a list of all the

The major smiled in misapprehenthe pointed mustache and imperial; the had hard work to kape us movin. He
sion.

The major smiled in misapprehenthe pointed mustache and imperial; the had hard work to kape us movin. He
face in that light was very baggard; gave no a dressin down at the smile. face in that light was very haggard; gave us a dressin down at the end. "Yes, ma'am, glad to."

"I depend on you, Donoghue," said Mrs. Sterns, looking keenly at the fore-

foreman and respectfully touched his

paper cap. Mrs. Sterns put the pay roll book into her black satin handbag, and as she was leaving the foundry Don placed in her hand the daily wage list. Then she

Kaiser was on the piano looking se rious. It was the swill gatherers' day, and he and the swill gatherers were at feud. Kaiser objected on principle to any one that removed so much as a feather from the yard. He brightened up as he saw his mistress approaching and marched majestically down the

walk to greet her. "Good fellow, Kaiser," she said lightly as the dog sprang joyfully up to her face. "Have you been kind to the

After dinner Mrs. Sterns compared the wage lists. Don reported himself as receiving \$8 per day. Parker's record showed \$3.75. According to Don's list, every employee received from 75 down to 20 cents a day less than Parker's book showed. On computation Mrs. Sterns found that Parker professed to me when my shirt's all open and I'm pay out \$200 weekly more than Don's list called for. She was astonished and frightened at her discovery. Her heart beat rapidly. That night she telegraphed

> the facts of the case to her husband and asked instructions. Reply came: "Use your judgment for present. Have writ-

The next morning Parker was visibly disturbed and remarked: "I cannot find my pay roll book,

Mrs. Sterns." "Where did you leave it, Parker?" "In my desk, I thought. I went away in such a hurry that I may have left it "Can you remember, Parker?" contin

ned Mrs. Sterns. "No, I cannot," was the answer. "If I had entered on the ledger the amount of the pay roll, I would not mind the

face as she put the last question. "Yes, very nearly." "How much have you?" pursued Mrs.

'How much have you in the safe!

Cannot you tell by that, Parker?" Mrs.

Sterns was looking directly at Parker's

"Fifty dollars," said Parker after a "Thirty-six of that came in this morning. Did you have \$14 on hand?" "Yes," replied Parker, "I did." Mrs. Sterns said no more. What had he done with the \$200 overplus? She had found that for six weeks he had falsified the pay roll.

To be Continued.

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NOTICE

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It is in accord with the people of the West both in Politics and Literature.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon is Yamhill county. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company (a corporation) plain-tift,

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Yamhill county, after a formal bounding of the Company (a corporation) plaining.

Levins A. Watt, John L. Watt, Arbitagion B. Watt, L. R. Watt, his wife, Earl Bysant Watt. W. L. Elwood, Mary Carrie Watt. W. L. Elwood, Mary Carrie Watt. W. L. Boise, administrator, and the County of Yamhill, defendants and D. decree and order of sale out of and under the seal of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for the county of Yamhill, to me duly directed, dated the 22d day of January. A. D. 1895, upon a for the county of Yamhill, to me duly directed, dated the 22d day of January. A. D. 1895, upon a for the county of Yamhill, to me duly directed, dated the 22d day of January. A. D. 1895, upon a formal plaintiff, and against the defendant Levina A. Watt, for the sum of 5250, 35, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from June 20th, 1894, and the burther sum of \$250, 00 attorneys fees, and the further sum of \$250, 0

When she had made a memorandum of the sizes and kinds, she inquired:

"How much are your wages a week, Donoghue?"

"Eighteen dollars, ma'am," he answered.

"Can you give me a list of all the men's wages per day, Don?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you keep dark, Donoghue?"

"Yes, ma'am, glad to."

"Yes, ma'am,

Teh Inter Ocean and the Reporter one year for \$1.35.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.





for Infants and Children.