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THE FINDING OF FINGALL

By GILBERT PARKER.

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He dropped on a knee and drew a scone and some fish from the ashes. She sat facing them, and taking from a bag at her side some wild fruits ate slowly, saying nothing. Lawless noticed that her hair had gone gray at her temples, though she was but one and twenty years old. Her face, brown as it was, shone with a white kind of light, which may or may not have come from the crucible of her eyes, where the tragedy of her life was fusing. Lawless could not bear to look long, for the fire that consumes a body and sets free a soul is not for the sight of the quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that tremulous activity of her eyes.

"Will you not stay, Cynthie?" asked Lawless, very kindly.

She came closer to him, and after searching his eyes said with a smile that almost hurt him: "When I have found him, I will bring him to your campfire. Last night the voice said that he waits for me where the mist rises from the river at daybreak, close to the home of the white swan. Do you know where is the home of the white swan? Before the frost comes and the red wolf cries I must find him. Winter is the time of sleep. I will give him honey and dried meat. I know where we shall live together. You never saw such roses! Hush! I have a place where we can hide"—

Suddenly her gaze became fixed and dreamlike, and she said slowly, "In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us!"

"Good Lord, deliver us!" repeated Lawless in a low voice.

Without looking at them she slowly turned away and passed up the hillside, her eyes scanning the valley as before.

"Good Lord, deliver us!" again said Lawless. "Where did she get it?"

"From a book which Fingall left behind."

They watched her till she rounded a cliff and was gone. Then they shouldered their kits and passed up the river on the trail of the wapiti.

One month later, when a fine white surf of frost lay on the ground and the sky was darkened often by the flight of the wild geese southward, they came upon a hut perched on a bluff at the edge of a clump of pines. It was morning, and White Faced mountain shone solemnly clear, without a touch of cloud or mist from its haunches to its crown.

They knocked at the hut door, and in answer to a voice entered. The sunlight streamed in over a woman lying upon a heap of dried flowers in a corner and a man kneeling beside her.

They came near and saw that the woman was Cynthie.

Then Pierre broke out suddenly, "Fingall!" and caught the kneeling man by the shoulder. At the sound of his voice the woman's eyes opened.

"Fingall! Oh, Fingall!" she said and reached up a hand.

The bearded man stooped and caught her to his breast.

"Cynthie! Poor girl! Oh, my poor Cynthie!" he said.

In his eyes, as in hers, was a sane light, and his voice, as hers, said indescribable things.

Her head sank upon his shoulder, her eyes closed. She was asleep. Fingall laid her down, with a sob in his throat. Then he sat up and clutched Pierre's hand.

"In the east, where the doctors cured me, I heard," he said, pointing to her, "and I came to find her. I was just in time. I found her yesterday."

"And she knew you?" whispered Pierre.

"Yes, but the fever came hard after." He turned and looked at her, and, kneeling, smoothed away the hair from the smiling, pathetic face. "Poor girl!" he said. "Poor girl!"

"She will get well?" asked Pierre.

"God grant it!" Fingall replied. "She is better—better."

Lawless and Pierre softly turned and stole away, leaving the man alone with the girl.

The two stood in silence, looking upon the river beneath. Presently a voice crept through the stillness. "Fingall! Oh, Fingall! Fingall!"

It was the voice of a woman returning from the dead.

THE END.

Hurrying Him Up.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her brother the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"Well, what is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know, that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert tonight? Reginald and I will be there, and, Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What! You want me to do that?"

"Yes, and as we come out you must stand at the door and try to slip me a note. Take care that Reggie sees you too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because, you see, Jack, Reggie likes me, I know, but then he is awfully slow, and he's well off, and lots of other girls are after him, and he's got to be hurried up, as it were."—London Tit-Bits.

The Empress and the Swallows.

Swallows invariably arrive in Austria March 25, and leave Sept. 8 for a milder climate. During a sojourn of the Austrian empress at her daughter's (the Archduchess Marie Valerie) castle of Lichtenegg, near Wels, in upper Austria, her majesty took a great interest in some swallows which had actually built their nests on the large chandelier of the grand parlor in the castle. This nest was so peculiarly built around the main branch of the chandelier that even the chain for raising and lowering the chandelier could be used without in any way affecting the comfort of the swallows. On her majesty's seeing the manner in which these swallows had built their nest she was greatly delighted, as it is supposed to bring good luck. She gave strict orders that the birds should not be disturbed, notwithstanding the fact that their presence was ruining a valuable carpet and doing much damage generally.—Vienna Letter.

Hearts Better Than Diamonds.

Where hearts are trumps in married life it doesn't matter particularly whether there are any diamonds in the pack or not.—Syracuse Herald.

Vocal Economy.

Let the vocal pupil remember that the charm, beauty and soul of her voice will be improved and strengthened 100 per cent by the adoption of a fruit diet and clean living. This particular diet means extreme temperance and includes, among other nourishing and nutritious articles, all ripe raw fruits except bananas, stewed dried fruits, fried or baked bananas and apples, wine, lime juice, lemonade and cider and vegetables in variety. The teacher who gives this advice says with reference to cleanliness: "Look at the stage for proofs. The life is so hard that only those who take exquisite care of themselves survive short lived popularity."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Term Misapplied.

The term, "south paw," as applied to left handed baseball twirlers, is familiar to every "fan" and is generally supposed to have originated from the relations of the pitcher's position in the box to the points of the compass. Probably few persons have ever given the matter a second thought, and it is not generally known that the right handed twirler is the real south paw. Most baseball diamonds are so constructed that the pitcher faces to the east, and his right arm, not the left, is to the south side. The diamonds are so arranged because the afternooon sun would shine in the fielders' eyes were they constructed on the opposite plan.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

HELD UP.

By ROBERT BARR.

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This is not my story, and I have really no business to write it. It belongs to the railway manager. He ought to tell it, but he won't. A railway manager will not admit in print that trains are ever "held up" on his road, whatever may happen on the opposition line. Thus it comes that I have to set down the story, who should not. Besides I cannot write it down in such a way as to indicate the snap and go of the narrative told us by the railway manager, for he was drunk at the time, and no sober man, with a pen in his hand, can emulate the eloquence of a railway manager when the champagne flows. Of course a sober railway manager would not tell an incident that might frighten traffic away from his road, so you have to learn these things from them when

"What's the row here?"

they are half seas over. The story is strictly true, because I related it to the manager next day (he was suffering from headache), and he admitted its accuracy.

He implored me not to tell the story, and I will not. I merely write it. Hang a man who won't keep his pledged word with even a railway manager!

The railway runs through a wild part of North Carolina, and Tompkins had been manager of it for some years. It is a picturesque line and gets itself tangled up among the mountains in the most bewildering way. The train puffs and staggers up awful grades, winds and twists and doubles on itself in the most confusing fashion, goes round and round cuplike depressions, and seems, in general, not to know where it is going; but, like the person in the song, it "gets there just the same."

The road passes through some pretty rough settlements, but there are civilization and wealth at each end of the line, and these enable the railway to pay a good salary to the manager, although I never heard that it so far forgot itself as to pay any dividends to the shareholders.

Well, one day there were a lot of nabobs going east, and as the manager was also traveling in that direction he ordered his private car hitched to the noon express, and away they went.

A private car, the manager tells me, differs from an ordinary coach and is superior in some respects even to the aristocratic Pullman. A good deal, of course, depends on the manager. If the manager is a prohibition man—but, then, what is the use of discussing the improbable? Tompkins knows them all, and he says a railway manager is content if the engine drivers and trainmen are teetotalers without carrying the temperance fad to extremes. By extremes Tompkins means the rear end of the train, where the manager's private car is coupled. Anyhow I am given to understand that the interior decorations of a manager's car are very fine and expensive, including artistic effects in Burgundy, dry champagne, fine, delicate brands of old Kentucky, cigars from Havana and things of that sort.

The time of this memorable trip was a few days before Christmas, and people were going east to see their folks, many of the travelers having considerable amounts of money on them. Besides this there was $400,000 in the safe of the express car going through to New York. This fact made the manager a trifle anxious, and it was one of the causes that were bringing him east. However, the train would be out of the mountains while it was still daylight, so the manager felt no real anxiety.

All the nabobs who amounted to anything were in his private car, and they were enjoying themselves, as people should during that festive season, but not, if I understood Tompkins aright, entirely by admiring the scenery, although doubtless that added to their pleasure.

Just as they were in the roughest part of the mountains there was a wild shriek of the whistle, a sudden scrunt of the airbrakes, and the train, with an abruptness that was just short of an accident, stopped.

"What's up?" cried everybody.

"I don't know," said the manager, getting a little pale around the gills. "You all stay here, and I'll go out and see."

It need hardly be said that none of the passengers knew of the money in the express car.

The manager stepped down from his private coach at the rear, and the moment he looked toward the front of the train he saw his worst fears were realized. Just ahead of the locomotive, on the rails, was a huge pile of logs and railway ties. Standing around the engine and the express car was a group of the most villainous looking mountaineers the manager had ever seen, determined and desperate men, who could put a bullet in a man half a mile away. All were armed with their long rifles, and two had their weapons at their shoulders, while the trembling express messenger and the engineer stood with their hands above their heads.

"What's wrong?" cried a nabob who had followed the manager out.

"Everything's wrong. We're held up, that's what's wrong. Go back and tell the rest to conceal their valuables. I know what they're after. There's nearly $500,000 in gold on board. I'll go forward and parley with them as long as possible, so as to give you time. I imagine that if they break open the safe they'll be in a big hurry to get away and will leave the passengers alone. Still, I don't know, so warn everybody."

There is no question but the manager was a brave man. He went briskly forward, as if nothing particular was wrong and it was all a little mistake that could be explained away in a few words. As he walked the length of the train he made up his mind to sacrifice the $400,000 if by so doing he could prevent bloodshed and further robbery.

"What's the row here?" he cried cheerfully as he approached the gloomy group of mountaineers.

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked the man who was "covering" the express messenger.

"Who am I? I'm the manager of this railroad. What do you fellows mean by stopping one of my trains?"

The man lowered his rifle and looked at the manager.

"What's the matter with you?" added Tompkins.

"The matter's just this, Mr. Manager. You run the gol darndest railroad in all creation. That's what's the matter, an we ain't a-goin to stand it no longer. I don't mind your trainmen throwin coal at my dog, I don't mind 'em sassing my wife an makin fun of my clothes, but when it comes to monkeying with my whisky I'm dod gasted if I'm a-goin to stand it."

The other mountaineers nodded their approval of these sentiments.

"Monkeying with your whisky? What do you mean?" cried the bewildered manager.

"I mean just what I say. They can throw coal at my dog, they can sass my"—

"Yes, yes, but I don't understand about the whisky. What have my men to do with your whisky?"

"Why, don't you know, and you manager of the road? Well, moonshine whisky's all right enough ordinary days, but we allus has good old Kentucky for Christmas. Day before yesterday I gave your man in this here kyar a jug an $2 to bring me some prime Kentucky from town fur Christmas. Yesterday bang through goes your train, jug an whisky an all, an never stops. Now, we ain't a-goin to stand that from no road that ever tooted a whistle to scare the steers. I said I'd bet my boots next train'd stop, an she has. I don't allow no man to monkey with my likker. He kin sass my wife an chuck coal"—

"See here," said the manager to the expressman, "did you take his $2?"

"'Twan't me," said the messenger. "Must have been Bill Simmons on No. 9, and she must have gone through without stopping yesterday."

"Then all you want is your whisky?" asked the manager, with a sigh of relief.

"Fair's fair, boss. 'Tisn't Christianlike to drink moonshine this time of the year. Besides he's got my $2 an the jug."

"That's all right," cried the manager. "Have we got a jug on the train?"

"Here's one," said the mountaineer, taking a jug from behind a log. They had been refreshing themselves while waiting for the train.

The manager grasped it by the handle, turned it upside down and let the remains of the "moonshine" gurgle out, to the horror of the mountaineers. Then he started through the train, shouting: "Here, you men with flasks! I want half your stock! Pour it in here and be glad to get off so cheaply!"

Every man who had a bottle produced it, and before Tompkins had gone through two cars the jug was brimming full. He went back to the leader, who now allowed the engineer and expressman to hold down their hands.

"Taste that," said Tompkins.

The mountaineer smacked his lips after sampling the contents. "That's a good blend," he said, with solemn reverence.

"Blend? You bet it's a blend. I've blended it myself. There's a sample of every known brand in the States there. Now, tomorrow I give you my word

"I want half your stock."

that No. 9 stops and unships your jug, or there'll be a row. Is that all right?"

"It's all right, boss," said the leader, who had given the word. Thereupon his lank company had flung the old ties and tree trunks clear of the track. "You're a white man, if you are the manager of this road. An your men can make fun of my clothes an sass my wife all they've a-mind to an heave the company's coal at my dog as long as they know you ain't a-goin to let 'em monkey with my whisky."

THE END.

A DELAYED LETTER.

She was full of business, this little girl, as with half closed eyes she stood on the curb opposite the postoffice, a stamp poised on her tongue, which she was about to affix to the envelope she held in her hand.

But as she deliberately nipped it between finger and thumb by one corner, at the same time tightly shutting both eyes as though such a performance in some mysterious way facilitated the operation, a lady came along, accompanied by a huge dog, which audaciously waved its thick, bushy tail right athwart the little maid's face, causing her to jump backward into the gutter with a surprised scream.

Her alarm was immediately increased to terror at missing the stamp, which she next observed floating away attached to the majestic caudal appendage.

She feebly started in pursuit, but as she neared the formidable animal the object of her quest became transferred to the lady's jacket, and before she could reach her side it had dropped on the pavement, whence it was instantly carried away on the sole of the boot of a passerby.

After a long, hopeless stare the little one turned round, nervously fumbling the envelope, and retracing her steps till she regained the corner of a side street she sat down on a doorstep and indulged in a good cry.

Her wailings speedily attracted a small group of people about her, to whom, after some persuasion, she sobbed out her misfortune, which was flatly discredited by the majority, and those who apparently believed her only manifested their sympathy in empty words.

After some time, however, a philanthropic old gentleman passed, who, on learning the source of the child's grief, promptly bestowed a couple of pennies upon her, with which she flew to the postoffice, purchased another stamp, and keeping a sharp lookout against the intrusion of any more filibustering tails secured it to the envelope, which she carefully covered with both hands till she dropped it into the box.

It was now safe, and she visibly brightened, alas! happily unconscious that she had lost a post and thereby became the involuntary agent of woe and desolation to two fond hearts.

* * * * * * *

"You are sure there is nothing for me?" said young Cyril Stanley for the third time as with pale face and agitated frame he breathlessly interrogated the rural letter carrier the next morning.

"Quite certain, sir. You can look them over if you like," returned her majesty's subject genially, extending his bundle.

"No, thanks," he rejoined brusquely, and turning on his heel, with clinched hands and a wild look in his eyes, he started off at a fast pace through the fields, crossing stiles, floundering into ditches and stepping right through the roaring waters of a shallow brook in the most aimless and haphazard sort of way.

"And this is my reward!" he muttered brokenly. "She does not love me, after all. No. A penniless suitor is seldom acceptable. Ha, ha!" and he laughed bitterly, recklessly.

An hour later he sneaked through the side door of a stately mansion standing in its own grounds, and after changing his saturated boots and muddy clothes proceeded to the library to be in attendance on a red faced, choleric looking old gentleman who was busily writing letters.

"Oh, here you are at last, scapegrace!" ejaculated the latter in a furious tone as the young man entered. "Where have you been? Always away when I want you. Now, then."

The young fellow meekly seated himself at the table without answering and began writing from the other's dictation.

"Have you made up your mind?" fiercely interposed the old gentleman in the midst of an important letter.

"Yes, uncle."

Late in the afternoon the family carriage conveyed both gentlemen into town, where a prodigious quantity of baggage had preceded them.

Stopping in the main street, the elder of the two alighted, and, motioning his companion to remain, darted up a narrow court. He was not long away, and as he reseated himself he gruffly asked:

"Do you know what I have been doing?"

"No, uncle," answered the young man in a subdued tone.

"Deposited my will with the solicitor. I have made you my heir. But if you had thwarted me and remained behind I'd have cut you off with a shilling, by ——." And he grew purple in the face from suppressed rage.

They soon reached the railway station, where they took first class tickets to London and left by the evening express a few minutes later.

* * * * * * *

"Ah, dear fellow, to sacrifice so much for me," murmured Miss Birch the same evening, and she braided her silky hair in front of the oval mirror on her dressing table, her eyes riveted on an open letter lying before her and her face flushed with emotion as she read:

"I would then be virtually penniless and have to depend upon my own exertions, but if you will become my own darling wife on these terms I will take the step. If you consent, it is of vital importance that a letter to that effect, also arranging a meeting between us, should reach me tomorrow morning."

After executing a dainty toilet she stole from the house and hastened toward the Cross Lanes, a favorite resort for lovers.

Lifting her veil, she consulted her watch by the clear light of the moon, when a rustling in the hedge startled her, and before she could cover her face a stalwart figure, clad in velveteen and carrying a gun on one shoulder, approached and recognized her.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" she responded. "Are you beginning your rounds?"

"Yes, miss," said the man, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I must keep a sharp lookout now, as the squire and the young master started for Italy this morning. Good night."

He had scarcely disappeared in the coppice before the slender form reeled to and fro several times and then sank down to the damp grass with a groan.

* * * * * * *

The morning papers, under the heading of "Shocking Affair at Paddington," contained the following paragraph:

"The evening express from Bristol, on entering this station last night, ran into an empty cattle van which by some unaccountable means had been left on the main line. There was only a slight collision, but an elderly passenger received such a severe shock to the system that he expired before he could be removed to the waiting room, where his body now lies."

The evening papers furnished additional details. They said:

"The victim of the deplorable accident reported this morning was Vincent Hope of The Firs, Hopetown, Wilts, who was on his way to the continent with his nephew. At the inquest held this afternoon a verdict of death from apoplexy was returned. The body will be conveyed forthwith to Hopetown for interment."

Two days later Miss Birch was entranced and mystified by receiving the following telegram:

"Cruel misunderstanding. Your letter just received. Uncle died suddenly in London. Will be with you shortly."

* * * * * * *

"Why didn't you write me in time, sweetheart?" said Cyril in mild reproof to the blushing Miss Millicent as, imprisoned in his arms, he kissed her again and again.

"I did," was the feeble response.

"But the postmark shows the contrary, darling," he argued. "Who posted it?"

"Little Sallie Waters. I sent her off in good time, and, although I have repeatedly questioned her since the receipt of your telegram, she persists in maintaining that she posted it then—safely. Oh, there she is, carrying the pitcher!"

Cyril strode swiftly toward the little maid, with whom he entered into a conversation, during which some money passed into the child's possession, after which he abruptly left the little one, whose puzzled look presented a curious contrast to the amused expression on his face.

"Do you know to what you are indebted, dearest, for this contretemps which has sealed our happiness with a fortune?" he asked on rejoining Miss Birch.

"Fate!" she answered confidently, with a look of love.

"Ahem! Perhaps, but it selected a very unique instrument, it seems."

"What was it, then?"

"Nothing less than the wag of a dog's tail!"—Boston Globe.

A Western Wonder.

Gila county, A. T., has located within its borders a natural bridge which is rightly considered as one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States. It spans Pine creek at a height of about 200 feet from the water surface. The bridge is of limestone formation, and the inside of the great arch, which has a span of 247½ feet, is smoothly worn by the water, which in olden times filled Pine creek so full that they were gorged in their passage under the arch. The bridge is almost exactly 400 feet wide at the top and nearly 1,000 feet in length across the canyon, the 200 foot measurements mentioned above being for the under side of the arch. At the apex of the arch the formation is only about 6 feet in thickness, and through this there is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one may look down into the crystal depth below. In the immediate vicinity of the bridge are numerous caverns of small size, some of which have never been explored. Leading geologists are of the opinion that the whole of Pine creek was once an immense cavern, and that the bridge described above is all that now remains of what was formerly the roof.—St. Louis Republic.

Giant Horned Lizards.

Some years ago—several hundred thousand perhaps—a brackish or fresh water lake existed which extended for 800 miles along the eastern flank of the Rocky mountains, and many strange monsters wandered up and down its shores.

Professor Marsh named one the triceratops, which means that it wore three horns on its face. Its skull was enormous, measuring in an old individual 7 or 8 feet in length, was somewhat wedge shaped, and the back and sides of its neck were protected by a huge fanlike ruff or projection of bone, extending from the skull and forming a part of it.

The brain was smaller in proportion to the size of the skull than in any known animal. The mouth was a kind of beak, like that of the turtle, and similarly sheathed in horn. Its food was of the luxurious tropical vegetation which flourished along the borders of the great lake.

The animal was about 25 feet in length and 8 or 10 feet in height, being considerably larger than the largest existing elephant.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Seaweeds.

The longest plants in the world are seaweeds. One tropical and subtropical variety is known which measures in length, when it reaches its full development, at least 600 feet. Seaweeds do not receive any nourishment from the sediment at the bottom or borders of the sea, but only from air and mineral matters held in solution in the sea water.

Blind Men In Japan.

Blind men in Japan, instead of being led by a child or dog with a string, carry a whistle, which they blow, and those who hear it leave the pathway free before their feet. There are a great many blind men in Japan, and the plaintive whistle has a mournful sound when heard in the night.

His One Occupation.

Jack—Now that we are engaged, may I drink?

Amy—No.

Jack—May I smoke?

Amy—No.

Jack—May I play cards?

Amy—No.

Jack—What may I do?

Amy—You may think what a lucky fellow you are.—New York Herald.

Mexican Mustang Liniment
for
Burns,
Caked & Inflamed Udders.
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains,
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy. Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the county court of Yamhill county, state of Oregon, administratrix of the estate of George C. Belt, late of said county, deceased, and has qualified as such administratrix. Therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present them, properly verified, to me at my residence near North Yamhill, in said county, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 25th day of January, 1895.

SARAH BELT, Administratrix.
W. T. VINTON, Att'y for said Estate. 4-5

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Yamhill county.
The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, (a corporation) plaintiff,
vs.
Levina A. Watt, John L. Watt, Arlington Boise Watt, L. R. Watt, his wife, Earl Bryant Watt, Mary Carrie Watt, W. L. Boise, as administrator, the county of Yamhill, J. R. Jonah, Mary Jane Jonah, George A. Maddox, the Town of Amity, Ira L. Martin, Grace I. Martin, Mary E. Cook, E. W. Rea, Mary C. Rea, P. P. Durant, Emma Durant, John E. Warner, Lillie C. Warner, his wife, Alonzo Miller, Louvie Miller and W. L. Elwood, defendants.

BY virtue of an execution, judgment, order and decree and order of sale issued out of and under the seal of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Yamhill, to me directed and delivered, dated the 24th day of January, 1895, upon a judgment and decree rendered and entered on the 25th day of September, 1894, in favor of the plaintiff above named, and against the defendants above named, for the sum of $18,832.80 with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from September 25th, 1894, and the further sum of $750.00 attorneys' fees, and the further sum of $213.65 with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from June 20th, 1894, and the further sum of $59.10, costs and disbursements and accruing costs of and upon this writ, and directing the sale of the hereinafter described real property to pay and satisfy said judgment and decree, I did, on the 23d day of January, 1895, duly levy upon all the right, title and interest which the said defendants or either of them had on the 1st day of January, 1889, (the date of plaintiff's mortgage) or has since had, as in said decree adjudged, in and to the following described real property, to-wit: Situated in the county of Yamhill, in the state of Oregon: The donation land claim of John Watt and Mary Watt, both deceased, claim number 74, notification twelve hundred and seventy-three [1273], being parts of sections twenty [20], twenty-one [21] and twenty-nine [29], containing six hundred forty-two and nine hundredths [642.09] acres, more or less.

Also the donation land claim of Benjamin S. Burch and Mary Jane Burch, his wife, claim number seventy-two [72], notification number twelve hundred and fifty-six [1256], in sections twenty [20], twenty-one [21], twenty-two [22], twenty-seven [27] and twenty-eight [28], containing six hundred and forty-four and 95-100 [644.95] acres, more or less.

Also the southeast quarter (1-4) of the southeast quarter (1-4) and the southwest quarter (1-4) of the southeast quarter (1-4) and the southeast quarter (1-4) of the southwest quarter (1-4) and southwest quarter (1-4) of the southwest quarter (1-4) in section sixteen (16). Also thirty-seven (37) acres of lot three (3) of section seventeen (17). All above described in sections sixteen (16) and seventeen (17), containing one hundred ninety-seven [197] acres. In all fourteen hundred eighty-four and 4-100 [1484.04] acres, more or less, save and except Watt's addition to the town of Amity, covering about thirty-one (31) acres of John Watt's and Mary Watt's donation land claim. The whole of the above described land being in township five (5) south, range four (4) west of Willamette meridian.

As well as upon each and all of the several tracts hereinafter described.

Now therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, and in obedience to the commands of said writ, I will on Saturday, the 23 day of March, 1895, at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house door in the city of McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon, sell, subject to redemption as provided by law, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the real property above described, and all the right, title and interest which the above named defendants, or either of them had on the first day of January, 1889, or have since had therein, and in the following order, that is to say: the whole of the said lands last above described, excepting therefrom certain lots and parts of lots and blocks, laid off therefrom since the date of plaintiff's mortgage as Joseph Watt's second addition to the town of Amity, Yamhill county, Oregon, and certain other tracts sold therefrom since the date of plaintiff's mortgage, as specifically set forth in said judgment, decree and order of sale, and in said writ as follows:

First—Beginning at the northeast corner of John E. Warner's land and running thence north 1.38 chains; thence west 7.28 chains to west line of the John Watt donation land claim, thence along said line 1.38 chains; thence east 7.28 chains to the place of beginning, containing one acre.

Second—Lots 8 and 9, in block 2, in said second addition.

Third—Beginning 60 feet west of the northwest corner of block 3 in Joseph Watt's second addition to the town of Amity; thence west 7.28 chains; thence south 4.14 chains; thence east 7.28 chains and thence north 4.14 chains to the place of beginning, containing 3 acres.

Fourth—Lots 6 and 7 of block 3, in said second addition.

Fifth—Lot 8, of block 3, in said second addition

Sixth—Lot 4 of block 5, in said second addition.

Seventh—Lot 1 of block 5, in said second addition.

Eighth—Lots 10 and 11 of block 3, in said second addition.

Ninth—Beginning at the northwest corner of the John Watt donation land claim, thence south 20 rods to post; thence east 80 rods to county road; thence 20 rods north along county road to post; thence west 80 rods to beginning, containing 10 acres.

Tenth—Lots 9 and 12 in block 3 in said second addition.

Eleventh—Beginning in the center of Ash swale on the east line of John Watt's donation land claim, and running thence due south 48 rods to post; thence west 18 rods to county road; thence north 90 rods to center of Ash swale; thence along creek 17 rods and 20 links to the place of beginning.

All of said lots, blocks and tracts being a portion of the real property described in plaintiff's said mortgage and being situate in Yamhill county, Oregon

That if any deficiency remain of the plaintiff's said claim after the sale of the real property first herein described, excepting therefrom the lots, blocks, tracts and parcels herein last described, then, I will at the time and place and upon and subject to the terms and in the manner hereinbefore set forth, sell the said excepted tracts separately to pay and satisfy such deficiency, and in the order in which said exceptions are numbered respectively from and inclusive of exception first, to and inclusive of exception eleventh, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay and satisfy said writ with costs and accruing costs.

Dated at McMinnville, Oregon, January 29th, 1895.

W. G HENDERSON.
Sheriff of Yamhill county, Oregon.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Yamhill county.
The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company (a corporation) plaintiff,
vs.
Levina A. Watt, John L. Watt, Arlington B. Watt, L. R. Watt, his wife, Earl Bryant Watt, W. L. Elwood, Mary Carrie Watt, W. L. Boise, Administrator, and the County of Yamhill, defendants.

BY virtue of an execution, judgment order and 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 judgment and decree rendered and entered on the 25th day of September, 1894, in favor of The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company (a corporation) plaintiff, and against the defendant Levina A. Watt, for the sum of $5365.36, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from September 25th, 1894, and the further sum of $250.00 attorneys' fees, and the further sum of $75.00, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from June 20th, 1894, and the further sum of $51.10 costs and disbursements, and also the costs of and upon said writ, and ordering the sale of the hereinafter described real property, I did on the 22d day of January, 1895, duly levy upon all the right, title and interest which the said defendants or either of them had on the first day of February, 1890, (the date