A Yankee Trap.

[Original.]

Ezra Bowman's progenitors had always been English country gentlemen and landed proprietors, therefore when he got involved in a lawsuit with his next door neighbor and lost pretty much everything he had he gathered up the fragments and came to America with a view to continuing the family traditional life. He was impractical and visionary, fancying that in this land of large production he would make a fortune and go back to England to live under his beloved British flag. He had a daughter, Hilma, twenty years old, whom he wished to remain single until this happy return when he hoped his altered fortunes might enable him to marry her to a younger son of some nobleman.

But Hilma Bowman fell in love with a young farmer, Mark Evans, who owned the adjoining property, and her love was returned. When he proposed she told him frankly of her father's plans for her. Mark proposed to marry her despite the old man's opposition but Hilma was an English girl, and marriage without her parent's consent was with her entirely out of the question.

Had Ezra Bowman known of the situation he would have forbidden Mark the house. As it was, he took quite a fancy to the young man and made him welcome whenever he came to his farm, and when Mark came it was ostensibly to call on the old man, making it appear that the other members of the family were a secondary consideration. Bowman was very fond of games, and Mark was the only person living near by that he could get to play with him. Chess and checkers were his favorites, and, since in Mark he found a worthy opponent, he was always ready for a game with him.

Now, whatever be the strong points of the British people, they can never cope with their American cousins in shrewdness. Bowman was as stolid as a stone meeting house; Evans was a Yankee with all that name expresses. Bowman would fight for an opinion till every support had been knocked from under it, then fight on with just as much obstinacy as if it had not been disproved. One day Evans told the old man that he was thinking of selling his farm. It was a splendid piece of property, and Bowman would have been delighted to get it if he could have raised the money to buy it. Nevertheless he asked Mark what would be his price for it. Mark replied that he had not made up his mind to sell it, but if he could get $25,000 for it he might let it go. Since this was nearly $25,000 more money than Bowman had the conversation was dropped.

Soon after this Mark took the man whose son-in-law he wished to be over his farm, showing him the land, the dwellings, the barns, the stock, the farming tools, everything. They were all in prime condition, and Bowman's cupidity was excited. It troubled him that he had no money with which to buy such a fine property, and he confessed this to its owner. Mark told him that he would sell the property to him for one-half of what he would sell it to any one else. But as the half was no more to be raised than the whole this did not help matters.

One day when the two were playing checkers Mark said:

"Mr. Bowman, I've made up my mind to go west and shall sell my farm. Now, since you want it I wish you to have it. Make me an offer."

"I couldn't raise $[illegible]," said the old man.

They finished the game, Mark beating because his opponent was thinking of the coveted property. Then Mark leaned back in his chair and said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Bowman, with you—mind, with you, not with any one else. I'll sell you my farm on these terms. Let me see. The farm is 180 acres. I will sell it to you with everything on it on the following terms. For the first ten acres you are to pay me at the rate of 1 cent an acre, the second ten acres at the rate of 2 cents an acre, the third ten acres at the rate of 4 cents, the fourth 8 cents, and in this proportion to the end. But I will sell all or none."

There was covetousness in the old man's eye. He looked for some reason why Mark wished to sell so cheap. Surely he had been over the property and had found everything in good condition. He ran up the amount in his head till he had reached the eighth lot of ten acres, which he found to cost only $12.80.

"Are you going to give me the farm?" he asked.

"No. I propose to sell it to you."

Bowman went on figuring.

"I won't leave the offer open," said Mark.

"Done," said Bowman, ceasing to figure, and, taking a ten dollar bill from his pocket, he gave it to Mark to bind the bargain. Mark without wasting any time called for pen and paper and wrote out a bill of sale on the terms proposed. It was executed, and Bowman gave a sigh of relief. He had feared there would be a slip. Then, taking a pencil, he figured up how much he was to pay. When he had finished he turned on the seller with a howl of rage. He had bought the property for exactly $26,214.20.

It was easy enough for Mark Evans to catch the pig headed Britisher in a trap, but to induce him to give his daughter in lieu of taking the farm was another matter. Nevertheless there was no other recourse, and when the girl and all the family begged him to acknowledge himself beaten he finally gave in. Evans released him from his bargain on the wedding day.

NEVILLE SIDNEY CURTIS.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON,
FOR THE COUNTY OF LAKE.

Carstens Packing Company, a Corporation, Plaintiff, vs. Reuben A. Henneman, Jennie M. Henneman his wife, Alexander Reith and Georgianna A. Reith his wife, Defendants.	Suit in Equity to Foreclose Mortgage.

To Reuben E. Henneman, Jennie M. Henneman, Alexander Reith, and Georgianna A. Reith, Defendants.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON:

You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer to complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, towit, on or before the 9th day of October, 1908, and if you fail so to appear and answer the same for want thereof the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for a decree against you and each of you for the sale of the North-West quarter of Section Three, Tp. 37, S., R. 19 E. W. M., Lake County, Oregon, and for the foreclosure of the following described mortgages upon said described land, towit:

A certain mortgage executed by the Defendants Reuben E. Henneman and Jennie M. Henneman, his wife, upon the aforesaid described lands on the 4th day of April, 1905, in favor of the Plaintiff herein in the sum of $300.00 with interest thereon from date at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and for $30.00 Attorney's fees therein:

A certain mortgage executed by the Defendants Reuben E. Henneman and Jennie M. Henneman upon the aforesaid real estate on the 13th day of February, 1904, in favor of Frank D. Nash, in the sum of $400.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date, and for $50.00 Attorney's fees therein, which said mortgage was duly assigned to the Plaintiff herein for a valuable consideration, on the 2nd day of May, 1907.

A certain mortgage executed by the Defendants, Reuben E. Henneman and Jennie M. Hanneman, his wife, upon the aforesaid described real property on the 13th day of February, 1904, in favor William W. Seymore in the sum of $50.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date, and for the sum of $25.00 as attorney's fee therein, which said mortgage was duly assigned to the Plaintiff herein for a valuable consideration.

A certain mortgage executed by the Defendants Reuben E. Henneman and Jennie M. Henneman, his wife, upon the aforesaid described land on the 5th day of June, 1905, in favor of the Union Meat Company, a Corporation, in the sum of $380.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from date and for the sum of $50 attorney's fees therein, which said mortgage was duly assigned to the plaintiff herein on the 24th day of May, 1907, for a valuable consideration and for his costs and disbursements herein and for such other and further relief as the court may deem meet.

Notice is hereby given you that this summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Lake County Examiner, a newspaper of general circulation, issued and published weekly at Lakeview, Lake County, Oregon, pursuant to an order of the Hon. Henry L. Benson, Judge of said Court, duly made at Chambers, in Klamath Falls, Klamath County, Oregon, on the 22nd day of August, 1908.

The date of the first publication hereof is the 27th day of August, 1908, and the date of the last publication hereof is the 8th day of October, 1908.

J. D. VENATOR,
[35-7] Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, August 10, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that HIRAM M. HAMILTON, by J. M. Batchelder, his attorney in fact, of Lakeview, Oregon, has filed in this office his application No. 0315 to select under the provisions of the Act of June 4, 1897, (30 Stat., 36), the S half SW quarter, Sec. 4, T. 35 S., R. 17 E., W. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 15th day of October, 1908.

J. N. Watson, Register

The above notice will be published in the Lake County Examiner, at Lakeview, Oregon, for a period of at least thirty days prior to the date last hereinabove mentioned.

A20824 J. N. Watson, Register

Timber Land Notice.

Not Coal Land.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Lakeview, Oregon, August 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that JAMES HENRY YOUNG, of Alameda, Calif., who, on June 29, 1908, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 4219, Serial No. 0350, for N half SW quarter, Secton 9, Township 37 S., Range 20 E., Will Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 3rd day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Cogburn, John Branch, Jesse W. Nelson, Samuel Cogburn all of Lakeview, Oregon.

A20022 J. N. Watson, Register

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Subscribe for The Lake County Examiner, if you want the news.

A Matter Of Honor.

By Clarissa Mackie.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I am very sorry," began Helen in evident distress, "but"

Richard Hilton held up a restraining hand.

"Don't go on. I know what you mean," he said heavily. He was looking at the third finger of her left hand, where a curious ring scattered prismatic rays of light in the June sunshine.

She followed his glance toward the ring, and her cheek flushed hotly.

"Of course it is Littleton, after all," he said as if stating an undeniable fact. Then, with a slight bow, he turned and walked away down the sandy shore.

Miss Vincent looked after him with dazed brown eyes and a strangely numb feeling in her heart. When he had rounded the lighthouse point and disappeared within the shadow of the tall structure she shivered a little, as if with cold. She had been perched among the bowlders under the sheltering cedar clothed banks when Hilton had found her an hour before, and still she sat there after his departure with wistful, dreamy eyes fixed on the dashing sails beyond the breakwater.

"Hello, little cousin! Been looking everywhere for you. I might have guessed you'd be somewhere by the sad sea waves," Jeffrey Littleton swung himself to a seat beside her and gathered a handful of white pebbles from the crannies of the rocks.

He was a slightly built, rather good looking young man with eyes placed a trifle close together and a small rosebud mouth like a girl's. He caught Miss Vincent's sun browned hand with an air of possession that changed to consternation as she pulled it hastily away.

"I am only your fourth cousin, Jeffrey," she said petulantly.

"It is quite evident that you wish the relationship was still more distant," he said ruefully. He took careful aim at a stone down on the water's edge and shot a white pebble downward. "How do you like Miss Wendell?" he asked with elaborate carelessness.

"She is charming!" cried Helen enthusiastically. "I like her immensely. You know we were at school together although in different classes."

"Handsome—what do you think?" Jeffrey asked.

"She is lovely," said Miss Vincent looking curiously at him. For the first time since their engagement three years before Jeffrey was showing interest in another woman.

How gladly she would have welcomed the diversion during the last twelve months of her awakening to what love really meant! But, no; Jeffrey had been a devoted lover, apparently blind to her growing indifference toward him.

The fact that their betrothal was a family affair and as yet unannounced would have made it easier for her to have told him the truth and thus broken off the engagement, but a certain pity for him had stilled the words that had so often trembled on her lips, for only since the advent of Richard Hilton into her world had she known what love was—that sweet upland path that one knows instinctively leads to heights of bliss—heights whence it takes a lifetime to descend.

It was the old story of a pledged word and a love come too late. She had turned Hilton away and—Jeffrey was speaking again in a slow, hesitating way, very unlike his usual manner.

"You remember that day in Rome when we were looking in the window of old Riconi, the goldsmith, and we both saw the—ring?" He touched her finger gently with one hand.

"Yes," she said, a little breathlessly. It was not often that Jeffrey spoke of such matters. Their engagement had been singularly free from sentiment.

"And you admired its quaint setting, and so I bought it and we called it an engagement ring," he went on lightly. "It is needless to relate that the houses of Vincent and Littleton rejoiced greatly and that our boy and girl attachment settled into a Darby and Joan-flatness." There was a tinge of bitterness in his voice that caused an uplifting of her pretty brows.

"WON'T YOU KEEP THAT, HELEN, JUST FOR REMEMBRANCE?"

"And?" she suggested haughtily.

"I have thought perhaps you might have tired of me and wanted your freedom, only—your conscience—you know you have a conscience, little cousin—"

"I am sorry, Jeffrey, that my 'conscience,' as you call it, has been the means of binding you to an unwelcome contract. No; do not speak," she said coldly. "It is true that I would never have been the one to break the engagement because my word is my life and"—Her voice broke suddenly.

"I thought you'd be pleased," cried Jeffrey in consternation. "You know—Hilton—you see"—He stammered confusedly as she started to her feet.

"Be still!" she said in a low, passionate voice. "Don't you know that you are too late now? Why didn't you tell me before?" She sank back on the rocks and buried her face in her hands with a little sobbing cry.

Jeffrey reddened darkly at her words. He scrambled down from the bowlders and stood on the beach before her. "I am very sorry, Helen. I know you think I'm a cad, but—I cannot explain. You may understand some day."

"Wait," she said scornfully, lifting a tearful face to his. "You must understand that I am not breaking my heart over your desertion. It is because I have just sacrificed a lifetime of happiness for such as you!"

She drew the brilliant ring from her finger and held it toward him.

"Won't you keep that, Helen, just for remembrance?" he asked awkwardly.

"I cannot," she said coldly, and it dropped into his reluctant hand. Presently he found himself following clearly defined footprints in the damp sand. They skirted the beach and circled the lighthouse. When they ceased Jeffrey found himself face to face with Richard Hilton.

"Hello, Hilton!" he said genially, evading the other man's miserable eyes. "Going down the beach? If you are I wish you'd just take this handkerchief to my cousin—Miss Vincent. She's sitting on the rocks beyond the point." He held out a morsel of cobweb and lace.

Hilton hesitated.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "You see, I'm waiting for the 4:30 train. I'm going back to the city tonight. Important business"—

"Well, all right. You see, I'm going to take that same train myself—must catch the Lucretia tomorrow morning—going abroad for three years, and"—

"I guess I'll have time to run up there with it," said Hilton eagerly. "Goodby, old man! Hope you have a good time. Goodby!" He swung around the point with the fluttering handkerchief in his hand. Jeffrey followed his going with a strange smile on his lips.

He opened his clinched right hand and disclosed the curious little ring which Helen had returned to him. As he looked at it his full lips stiffened into straight, hard lines. He lifted his hand, and there were a flash of gold and a sparkle of flame before the jewel disappeared in the opening green waves.

"Goodby, everything!" he muttered grimly. Then he turned and walked briskly toward the railroad station.

The Barber Hit It.

On one of his visits to London Joachim, the great violinist, entered a barber shop for a shave. The barber did not know him and eyed his flowing locks with the air of a man who knew just what he would do to them when he got his customer in the chair.

"Hair cut, sir?" he demanded, with a tone that called for an affirmative answer.

The virtuoso signified his perfect satisfaction with the length of his hirsute adornment.

"Just a little long at the back," the barber insinuated as he adjusted the cloth.

Joachim explained that he liked it that way, and the tonsorial artist was silent for awhile.

"Rather thin on top, sir," he said, conveying his own idea that to sacrifice length to thickness was poor policy. But Joachim glared at the barber and tossed his lionlike mane. The barber scraped away for awhile in a moody, discontented fashion. But it was hard to discountenance him.

"Better let me trim the edges for you, sir. Just half an inch all around."

Joachim remained firm, however, and then the barber, losing what little tact and ingenuity he had, vented his feelings in the most scathing expression of contempt that suggested itself to his tonsorial mind with:

"Well, of course, if you want to look like a German musician it's nobody's business but your own."

Profitable Litigation.

On the boundary line of two farms in an Austrian village there is a large gooseberry bush, from which the two farmers have for years gathered the product. "What grows on my side is mine, and you may have the rest," was the agreement.

Three years ago the neighbors had a misunderstanding, and this came to a climax when the gooseberries became ripe. A lawsuit followed, and appeals were made to higher judicial bodies. The final decision has just been recorded in an Austrian paper.

Each party is to have the right to pick the berries which grow on his side of the line, just as it was originally, but neither may destroy the bush. The costs are charged half to each litigant. Each farmer had to pay 225 krone. The yearly yield of the bush is worth about one-half krone, and the judge told the fighting farmers:

"With good luck it will take you only 800 years to make the bush pay. Take good care of it."

You May Choose for Yourself
Either
"Hard Times"
Or
"Good Times"

For it Has Come to be a Personal Problem with Each Business Man

The "hard times" are over, generally speaking. They are not over for those people who are content to have them continue.

With the advent of fall activities in business will come to each merchant, to each man who is conducting a business, the opportunity to say a long good-bye to "hard times," or to cling to them a little longer.

It is to be largely, a test of courage—the making of this choice. A test of advertising courage—mainly.

The stronger business men will choose good times as a matter of course—and will proceed to make the choice effective by a campaign of real advertising. There will be better, bigger, more effective advertising done this fall than ever before.

The afraid-merchant will wonder "where the money is coming from to pay the bills." He will, in some instances, decide that he must not "take the risk." That will be HIS DECISION FOR "HARD TIMES" in preference to "good times," in preference to "good times," so far as he, personally, is concerned.

Prosperity is now a personal question. Yours is a personal question with you. This is both true and important.

OVERLAND LIMITED

REDUCED ROUND-TRIP RATES

To Eastern Points from Reno, Nevada

ON SALE AUGUST 17, 18, 24 and 25, SEPTEMBER 15 and 16

Omaha	$60.00	St. Paul	$73.00
Kansas City	60.00	Duluth	79.50
Houston	60.00	Washington	107.00
St. Louis	67.50	Philadelphia	110.50
Memphis	67.50	New York	108.50
Chicago	72.50	Boston	110.50

All tickets good until Oct. 31, '08. Stopovers en route and your choice of routes going and coming.

ASK ANY AGENT
SOUTHERN-UNION PACIFIC
For Literature and Details

New Clubbing Proposition

WE have arranged to offer in connection with this paper, the new monthly farm magazine just started at Lincoln, Neb., by Prof. H. W. Campbell and devoted to the subject of how to farm in the dry country and how to get best results from soil tillage under normal conditions. This paper is "Campbell's Scientific Farmer" and we offer it clubbed with the Examiner both for $2.50 per year cash. Prof. Campbell's new paper is a monthly, chock full of good things, the only paper of its kind in the world, and it embodies the results of the editor's many years of painstaking investigation of the soil tillage proposition.