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Sold on Crop Payment Plan

Grows Rice, Sugar, Oranges, &c.

OUR PROPOSITION:

We will sell you an improved farm in the *Gulf District* of Texas, in Wharton county, and let you pay by giving us two-fifths of your crop each year until we have received the purchase price.

This Company owns 25,000 acres of land. About 10,000 acres of it was in crop this year, and yielded 80 bushels to the acre. It contains over 20 sets of farm buildings. It is supplied with water for irrigation from the Colorado River by a pumping plant large enough to furnish water to the entire city of St. Louis.

This land is all a black loam soil. It is adapted to the growing of sugarcane, alfalfa, cotton, corn, oranges, figs and vegetables of all kinds. Any of these crops can be grown without irrigation and, equipped as it is with canals for irrigation and with an abundant water supply, it is particularly suited to the cultivation of the bumper crop of this country, rice.

Our lands will be sold equipped for irrigation with a guarantee of sufficient water to RAISE RICE or any other Products of this section, which include CANE, APPLES, GRAPES, FIGS, ORANGES and GRAPE FRUIT.

The price of these lands thus equipped range from \$35.00 to \$50.00 per acre, according to Location, Improvements and Quantity of Land ready in crop.

We require a Cash Payment of \$6.00 per acre and \$4.00 more per acre in six months, so that you will have enough invested to give you an interest in working the land. You do not sign a note or mortgage for the balance, but merely agree to deliver us Two-Fifths of Your Crop Each Year as payment, and the only payment you are required to make.

BY THIS PLAN

If you have a hard year we share your hardship and you will have no unpaid note start you in the face. If you have good years, as we know you will have, your farm is soon paid for.

You can choose your own crop, except that we require at least 75 per cent of such crop to be Rice, as we know it is the most profitable.

S. H. RILEY,
LAND DEPT.,
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

Lane City, Wharton County, Texas
Bay City Matagorda County, Texas.
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Incorporated.

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Errors Found in Titles

In transcribing the records we have found numerous mortgages recorded in the Deed record and indexed; and many deeds are recorded in the Mortgage record and other books. Hundreds of mortgages and deeds are not indexed at all, and most difficult to trace up from the records.

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Write to—HUNTER LAND CO., 202 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
or G. H. McKendree, Lakeview.

The Proving.

By GRANT OWEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I don't just know how to explain it," said Margaret West.

She turned her eyes from the cool, blue stretches of the lake and looked thoughtfully at Graham, who, perched on the rail of the boathouse, was absently pulling at the fingers of the gauntlets in his hands.

The young man stiffened, and a slow smile, in which there was a hint of grimace, curved the corners of his mouth.

"I rather think I understand," he said quietly. "You are disappointed in me, isn't that it?"

She was silent for a moment.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, and at something in her voice his face hardened.

"Then you wanted me to enter that road race Thursday?" he asked.

"Yes," she said simply.

"And because I won't?"

She turned to him quickly.

"It isn't that I'm tremendously interested in that race," she interrupted him, "nor that I care a snap whether or not you win it. The point is—the point is—"

She paused; her brows drew together in a little frown; her fingers toyed nervously with a bit of wisteria she had broken from the vine that covered the porch.

"I wanted you to be in it—to go over the course. That would be sufficient," she finished.

"I see," he said. "You wanted me to disprove those stories that are going the rounds about my lack of nerve. Is that it?"

"Yes," she said again.

He drew himself up. His shoulders were squared. His attitude was that of a man summoning to his aid all his moral courage.

"The stories they have told you are quite correct," he said, somewhat huskily.

"Oh?" she said, and in her voice there was something of pain and something, too, of weariness, as if she had been expecting this very thing and yet was unwilling, even in her preparedness, to hear it.

"They are perfectly right in what they say of me," he went on calmly. "I have lost my nerve. There's nothing would tempt me to take up road racing again."

"Nothing?" she questioned.

"Nothing," he repeated inexorably.

"I am not in the habit of offering an explanation nor any excuses for my position in the matter. But I would like you to know the circumstances. Would you care to listen to them?"

"If you choose to tell me," she said dully.

"You remember that race three years ago over the Meadow Island course?" said he. "Well, it was then it happened. Stanley was with me. He and I had a good lead. We were tearing past the curve at the old church, letting out the car for all there was in her. As we swung that turn I saw a child just in front of us not twenty feet away. It seemed.

"How she got past the ropes that held the crowd back I can't say, but there she was right in the course and not a ghost of a show apparently of escaping us. I don't know to this day what saved her. I only know there was a great gasping sigh from Stanley and a groan from the crowd. I tried to swing out for her, but there was so little time. Anyway, it was some sort of a special Providence that saved her. We shot past her, so close that I shut my eyes."

The girl saw a nervous tremor shake the big shoulders. Her eyes narrowed.

"But the child wasn't hurt, you say?" she asked.

"Not in the least. But those few seconds were enough for me. I couldn't stand them again. That is why I am out of the game—a quitter, if you choose to put it that way."

The girl said nothing. She sat looking out at the sparkling lake with troubled eyes.

At length Graham arose.

"I don't blame you in the least for thinking of me as you do," said he, "nor for being disappointed. Goodby."

He slid from the rail and went down the steps to the big road car standing in the driveway. He had pulled on his gauntlets and was just climbing into the car when around the corner of the boathouse came a wild-eyed, disheveled gardener from one of the houses down the street.

"Mr. Graham, sir," he panted, "will you be gettin' the doctor, quick! Tim Conley's fell from the staglin' an' he's hurted bad, sir. 'Tis dead he'll be in ten minutes if the doctor's not fetched before that. Hurry! For God's sake, hurry!"

"I'll have him here in five," Graham called, and opened up the big car. It sprang forward like a thing alive and went tearing down the driveway in a great cloud of dust.

Margaret, who had run to the edge of the veranda, saw him swing into the roadway beyond, and the drifting dust which rose high above the poplars told of the terrific pace he was setting.

It was four minutes later, after a nervous pacing of the veranda, that she heard the whir of the approaching car again. She ran down the steps and hurried along the drive to the roadway. Up the hill, with honking horn, came a dull, black streak. She could see Graham bending low over

the steering wheel and the doctor, hatless and begrimed with dust, clinging desperately to the seat beside him.

Then out of the crowd just below where she stood and directly in the path of the coming cyclone came a rattling farm wagon, driven by old Mrs. Clark, who was as deaf as a post. The girl covered her eyes and screamed. There were a wild yell, the sound of splintered wood and a terrific grinding crash.

When Margaret looked again the wagon alone was in the road. The automobile, turned on its side, lay against the shattered fence. In the field beyond lay two huddled figures.

In a moment the girl was running in that direction with all the speed she could summon. As she reached the scene of the accident one of the two figures scrambled limply to his feet. The other painfully propped himself upon an elbow. Then she saw that the man who stood erect was the doctor.

Even as she came running into the field she heard Graham's voice, rather faint, it is true, but perfectly calm.

"How badly are you hurt, doc?" it inquired.

"Only a bit," was the response, "a few bruises and a scratch or two."

"Then get up to the Copley place as fast as you can."

"But you?" the doctor demurred.

"I'm all right. Never mind me. I'll be fresh as a lark when you get back. Hurry on now."

Margaret ran to his side and, kneeling down, began to wipe the blood from his face. Already the doctor was making a hurried examination, while Graham fumed and fretted and bade him hurry to Tim Conley.

"H'm," said the doctor at length. "Pretty badly smashed up, but we're lucky, both of us, to get out of it as well as we did. Talk about your nerve! By Jove, the way he swung that car out of the way was magnificent. Never a thought for himself nor me either. I'm convinced," he ended.

He pulled a roll of bandages from his case and handed them to the girl. "Just do up his head and stop the flow of blood as best you can, if you will, Miss West," he commanded. "I'll go up to Copley's and fix 'em up. Then I'll come back here and set Graham's fractures."

He went limping up the road, and the girl bent closer to Graham.

"It was splendid!" she cried, her eyes shining.

"That?" said Graham. "Oh, that was nothing. I had to do that, you see. It was a question of killing the old lady or getting a bit banged up myself."

Her face was very close to his. Something warm and moist struck his cheek.

"Those wicked stories they told about you!" she began.

"They're true," he declared. "I have lost my nerve. I couldn't go into a road race to save my life. This was different, you see. This was something that had to be done."

Two warm lips were pressed to his grimy, blood-stained forehead.

"Had to be done!" she repeated meaningfully. "Oh, you delicious simpleton!"

The doctor, limping back a few moments later, discreetly screened himself behind a tree.

"There are times it is better to wait before reducing fractures," he meditated.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In the County Court, Of The State Of Oregon; For Lake County.

Order To Show Cause: In the matter of the Guardianship of Bryan Emerson and Errol Emerson minors.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by Farnham E. Harris, the guardian of the estates within the State of Oregon of the above-named Bryan Emerson and Errol Emerson, non-resident minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said minors, that it would be to the best interests of said wards and each of them that such real estate should be sold, it is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said wards and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court on Wednesday the 20th day of April, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock A.M. of said day at the Courtroom of this Court, at the Courthouse in the County of Lake, State of Oregon, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate, described in such petition as follows: The undivided one-third interest, subject to a right of dower, in the Northeast Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of Section Twenty-eight in Township Thirty-nine South, Range Twenty, East of the Willamette Meridian, in Lake County, State of Oregon, and it is further ordered that this order be served by publishing the same once each week for three successive weeks prior to said 20th day of April, 1916, in the Lake County Examiner, a newspaper of general circulation and published in Lake County, Oregon.

Dated this 11th day of February, 1916.

B. Daly
County Judge.

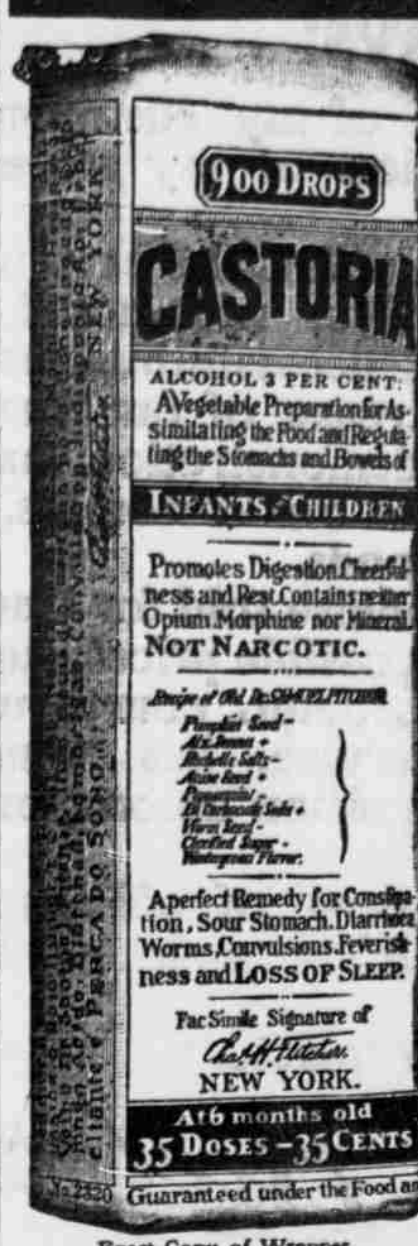
7W10

ALL FRUIT TREES MUST BE SPRAYED

To Lake County Orchardists Notice is hereby given that fruit growers must make preparations to thoroughly spray their fruit trees during the year 1916.

A. M. SMITH, Inspector.

Dated, Nov. 4th, 1915.



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of

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