

WHISTLER TALES.

Some Amusing Peculiarities of the Eccentric Artist.

BARRING OUT BILL BEARERS.

He Knew the Knock of Each Collector and the Amount It Represented. London Cabbies Had Good Reason to Fight Shy of the Erratic Genius.

There was a steady stream of creditors at the King street studio in those days, says a writer in the Century. Whistler made no effort to conceal the fact that he was deeply in debt. One day as we were busily and silently working there came a loud business-like rap at the door. Whistler listened attentively.

"Pst!" said he. "That's one and ten."

Within half an hour there was another rap, not quite so loud.

"Two and six," said Whistler. "Pst!"

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked after a time.

"One pound ten shillings; two pounds six shillings. Vulgar tradesmen with their bills, colonel. They want payment. Ah, well!" he sighed with an exaggerated air of sadness and returned to his canvas.

Then came another knock, a most gentle, insinuating rap.

"Dear me," said Whistler, "that must be all of twenty! Poor fellow, I really must do something for him! So sorry I'm not in."

I could not take the situation so placidly and seized eagerly the first opportunity of financial aid that presented itself. A rich American, sojourning in London, asked me what he could purchase and take back with him in the way of art.

"By all means get a set of Whistler's sketches. Unquestionably he will make for you a selection I'll speak to him." I told him, and hurried back with the good news.

Whistler was delighted, and for a day worked busily, overhauling and sorting his proofs. The selection was a splendid one and called for a substantial payment. It was arranged that Whistler should meet the purchaser at a bank in Queen street the following morning and receive his check.

Most men under the circumstances would have thought of little else, but by the next morning Whistler had wholly forgotten his engagement. He had begun a new canvas, and was completely absorbed in it. For a while I expostulated in vain.

"Come, Whistler," I said finally, "you have been away from America so long that you don't appreciate the value of time to the traveler, particularly the American traveler. You must not keep the man waiting."

"Very well," said he, laying down his brush, with a sigh. "Now we'll go."

"Why are you protesting?" I asked. "I don't want to go," I protested firmly. To tell the truth, I was looking forward with a great deal of comfort to a morning all to myself.

"Oh, but you must," he said calmly, bringing my coat and hat, and presently we stood in front of the house signaling a cab.

One came up readily enough, but after one scrutinizing look upon the cabbie's part, drove swiftly by; another went through the same strange proceedings. I looked questioningly at Whistler—this odd circumstance had happened before we were together—but Whistler was calmly signaling. At length a cabbie took us in.

Whistler always carried as a walking stick a long, slender wand, a sort of a mahabatic, nearly three-quarters of his own height. We were no sooner seated than he began poking his stick at the horse. The animal reared, plunged wildly and started down the street at a breakneck gallop, while the astonished cabbie swore freely and tugged desperately at the reins. Whistler looked calmly ahead and kept poking.

Butcher boys and grocer boys made wild leaps for safety; outraged cabbies whipped their horses out of the way just in time; burly draymen bawled curses after us, and still we went merrily on. Little wonder, thought I, in the midst of my amazement and the thought that Whistler never gets the least bit of a fright.

"Suddie cab twice."

And should he began waving his cane astonishedly. "Whoa!" He took the driving so fast, severely to task for the driving and ordered him the public highway we had just passed. Back to a corner he had just passed.

Here a greengrocer's sack with its orderly and colorful array of fruits and vegetables, had caught Whistler's eye as we whirled by. He surveyed it critically now from two different positions, the cabbie merely obeying his orders, under the belief, I presume, that it was policy to humor a lunatic.

"Isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed Whistler. He pointed his long cane at one corner. "I believe I'll have that crate of oranges moved over there—against that background of green. Yes, that's better," he added contentedly.

We drove on to the bank, where we found the American pacing up and down in no pleasant frame of mind; but Whistler soon had him pacified, and we left him waving and smiling adieu as we went.

The incident at the greengrocer's shop reads like an arrant affectation. It was not, however, Whistler, as usual, was moving most natural. The following morning he posted his case at the corner and painted the shop that pleased him.

CHICKEN RACES.

The Ridiculous "Hen Derby" Instituted by Sir John Astley.

It is said that the crowning triumph of Sir John Astley, that inventor of absurd contests, whose forte it was to arrange races between animals which nature apparently had made most unsuitable for the purpose, was the institution of the only races that ever took place between chickens.

The story is that the idea came to Sir John during a visit to a friend who kept a large number of hens. He noticed how rapidly the chickens used to scurry to their mother when food was thrown to her. This furnished the ingenious Sir John with a clever notion, and at mess, he then being quartered at Windsor, he accordingly unfolded to his brother officers his plans for a great chicken race.

He bought from a farmer a hen and a brood of chickens. Each officer was to choose a chicken and mark it with a ribbon, so that he could easily recognize it. The chickens were to be placed about fifty yards away from their mother, and whichever of them reached her first in answer to her cackle when food was thrown to her was to be adjudged the winner.

And so this ridiculous "hen Derby" came off in the barracks at Windsor and was witnessed by nearly the whole brigade of guards, who traveled down from London especially to see it.

The race was such a success that it was arranged to repeat it the following week. It might possibly have become a regular institution and a racing stable of chickens might have been added to the attractions at Windsor had not Sir John's chicken won on each occasion, with such ease as to cause suspicion in the minds of his competitors. Indeed, it was found, it is said, that in both races Sir John had selected a sturdy young cockerel who was much too speedy for his sisters.

When victory was a certainty for one particular competitor the contest, of course, lost interest, and so the chicken races at Windsor came to a sudden end.—New York Herald.

TURNER'S AMBITION.

The Great Painter Achieved It by Years of Self Sacrifice.

Turner could not bear to sell a favorite painting. He was always melancholy after such a transaction. "I lost one of my children this week," he would sadly exclaim. At a meeting at Somerset House it was decided to purchase his two great pictures, the "Rise and the Fall of Carthage," for the National gallery. A Mr. Griffiths was commissioned to offer £5,000 for them. "A noble offer," said the painter, "a noble offer; but, no, I cannot part with them. Impossible." Mr. Griffiths, greatly disappointed, took his leave. Turner ran after him. "Tell those gentlemen," he said, "that the nation will most likely have the pictures after all." Long before this Turner had matured a purpose which continued to be his dominant idea while life lasted. This was to bequeath to his country a Turner gallery of pictures and to amass £100,000 to build and endow an asylum for decayed artists. It was for this great object that he denied himself all pleasures that cost money, all luxuries. His resolve, once made, could not be shaken. On one occasion he was offered £100,000 for the art treasures locked up in the "den." "Give me the key of the house, Mr. Turner," said a Liverpool merchant, "and here is the money." "No, thank you," replied Turner. "I have refused a better offer." And that was true. By his will he bequeathed £140,000 to found an asylum for poor artists born in England and a magnificent art collection to his country. This latter bequest was, however, coupled with the condition that his "Rise and Fall of Carthage" should be hung in the National gallery between Claude's "Sea-port" and "Mill."—London Graphic.

Didn't Give Him the Chance. Schopenhauer, when staying in Geneva, used to go every day to a table d'hotel at which now and then appeared other distinguished visitors. Once Lady Byron sat next to him.

"Doctor," said the host after she had left, with a twinkle in his eye, "doctor, do you know who sat next to you at the table today? It was Lady Byron."

"Why the deuce did you not tell me this before?" replied Schopenhauer. "I should have liked to be rude to her."

"That was what I feared," said the host, "and for that reason I kept it quiet."

Very Thorough. New York's collector of customs was talking about smuggling.

"Smuggling must cease," he said. "We'll make it cease, if we have to be as strict and thorough as the French customs officer. This strict officer, standing on the pier, frowned on a man with a swollen cheek."

"What have you got there?" he said, pointing to the swelling.

"An egg, sir," was the reply.

"Well," said the officer impatiently, "open it, please."—Washington Star.

It Had an Effect. "Did that sarcastic fellow you wrote to the milkman requesting him to let you attend to the job of washing the milk now that you have a new filter in the kitchen faucet have any effect?"

"It did," said the joker. "He delivers the bottles now only two-thirds full."—New York Sun.

The Error. Sandy—Doctor, man, there's a wee bit error in this bill of yours. Ye've charged me for advice. Ah never tuk it.—London Punch.

A THRILLING RIDE.

The Piano Run a Frenchman Gave a Locomotive Engineer.

"I was loitering around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the old locomotive engineers running into New Orleans. "As I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a sleek looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled upon the throttle and sailed on to the main line as if he was half an hour late. You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old 33 pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a special. The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that he was pounding in the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan. But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, and trees appeared to be a mudbank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around the curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug—went down grades fifty feet to the mile and not a controlling brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up straight, because I knew the game was up. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the headlight of a special. In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people smashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the firebox of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing to the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—Life.

Heat. Little things like bacilli will live in a temperature of above 211 degrees F. Experimental observations of stokers have shown that man is a cousin to the salamander. Dante made six fiery circles of hell and felt constrained to resort to ice for the seventh and last condemnation of souls. Heat, in other words, is a relative term. Heat is beneficent if you like things hot. It depends on the point of view. Heat is supposed to be enervating. The hookworm is engendered by it. But, then, a race horse will go much faster on a hot day than a cool one. The fiercest rays of the sun appear to lubricate the joints. There are various kinds of heat, such as just common, everyday heat, prickly heat and the heat of debate, etc.—Kansas City Times.

A Spartan Father. Recently a first year high school pupil handed her history teacher what she evidently considered an exhaustive and final study of Lacedaemonian customs. In it she stated that one Spartan habit of strengthening youth was to compel the boys to sleep always on beds and thistles.

The incident reminds one of a story that is told of one of the Camerons of Lochiel.

The chief, when bivouacking with his son in the snow, noticed that the lad had rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. He thereupon rose and kicked it away, saying sternly, "No effeminacy, boy!"—Youth's Companion.

Burning a Diamond. The diamond was first burned by Davy and Faraday in 1814. It was held on a platinum rod in a glass globe of twenty-two cubic inches of pure hydrogen and the Duke of Tuscany's burning glass—a lens of fourteen inches and one of three inches separated six and one-half feet—concentrated the sun's heat. In three-quarters of an hour the stone burst into a scarlet flame. Out of focus it blazed four minutes and was consumed in two more trials.

Playing Safe. "Johnny," said the teacher, "this is the third time I have had to punish you this week. Why are you so naughty?"

"Because," answered the incorrigible youngster, "granda says the good die young, and I ain't takin' any chances."—Chicago News.

A Bold Jollier. Mrs. Hashleigh—Yes, we've been having considerable trouble with our milk lately. Do you take your coffee with or without?

New Yorker—I take it within.—Boston Transcript.

An Entire Man. waxen lean at the fatness of his neighbor. Socrates.

A QUEER UNIVERSITY.

Cairo Has the World's Oldest Educational Institution.

"When we think of Harvard or Yale, the former dating from 1638 and the latter from 1701, we think of them as old universities," says a writer in the American Educational Review; "but when we pass to the other side of the world we discover that even the oldest American universities are in reality very young institutions.

"The oldest educational institution in the world is the University of El Ashar, Cairo, founded in the year 883 by the great Saladin. It is the central seat of learning for the whole Mohammedan world, as well as a fountain of spiritual life. It occupies an ancient mosque in the Arab quarter of Cairo, surrounded by a confusing maze of narrow streets where the population is made up of representatives of every race that follows the prophet.

"The old mosque covers several acres and consists of a series of courts surrounded by long cloisters with low roofs supported by forests of columns. The floors of red tiles are covered daily by a multitude of men and boys, squatting in semicircles around their teachers, who sit with their backs to the columns lecturing in monotonous tones.

"The chancellor of the university is always a descendant of the prophet and is usually a man of ability and learning. He occupies apartments in El Ashar and is not only the supreme educational but the ecclesiastical head of the church of Egypt.

"There is no organization similar to that in modern universities. Any reputable man who desires to teach can obtain the privilege by application and is assigned a column where he may sit and impart the truth as he thinks proper. His fame or ability will attract more or less students and disciples, who pay him fees according to their means."

THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

Brutal Punishment to Which Women Were Once Subjected.

The brank, or scold's bridle, or gossip's bridle, was neither more nor less than a muzzle. It was in general use in Great Britain from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, and in Scotland as well women were muzzled for certain offenses, some at least of them more imaginary than real. The instrument of torture, even a dog's leather muzzle, is uncomfortable. How much more the scold's muzzle! It consisted, according to a high authority, Mr. W. Jewitt, of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head, and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate or a sharp cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue, or it was so placed that if she did move it or attempt to speak it was cut in a most frightful manner. With this cage upon her head and with the gag firmly pressed and locked against her tongue the miserable creature, whose sole feeding perhaps was that she raised her voice in defence of her social rights against a brutal and besotted husband or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in her town, was paraded through the streets, led by a chain by the hand of a bellman, the beadle or the constable or chained to the pillory, the whipping post or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy or of promising amendment for the future, and when the punishment was over she was turned out from the town hall or the place where the brutal punishment had been inflicted, maimed, disfigured, bleeding, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbors.—London Family Herald.

Colors of the Stars. Although there is no relation apparent between the two phenomena, yet it is interesting to recall the fact that among the stars certain colors appear to characterize different stages of change, or evolution. Red stars, according to the testimony of the spectroscope, differ widely in their constitution from white or yellow ones, and it has been thought that varying colors may give a clew to progressive changes in the heavenly bodies. Sirius, for instance, is said to have changed from red to white, and some have suspected that Arcturus is fading from red toward yellow.

A Fairly Good Appetite. Kaffirs, North American Indians and the fat boy in "Pickwick" may well be quoted as fearful examples of voracity, but even their gastronomic feats are exceeded by the full grown Eskimo, who will daily eat twenty pounds of flesh and oil if he has the chance, while on the authority of Admiral Sarticheff a Yakut of Siberia has been known to consume in twenty-four hours "the hind quarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat and a quantity of melted butter for his drink."

To Be Avoided. "There's Wilson! Let us turn back. I've no desire to meet that fellow again! Last week I asked him to lend me five pounds."

"Well, he certainly might have done so; he has plenty of money."

"Yes, I know—and he did lend me the five!"—London Mail.

A Strategist. "That fellow is a greater strategist than Napoleon ever was."

"As to how?"

"He got a two dollar raise of salary a year ago and hasn't told his wife about it yet."—Pittsburg Post.

High School Flashes.

The carpenters have completed their work on the interior of the High School. They have greatly changed the appearance of the rooms and made them large enough for the comfort of the students. The large assembly rooms having at present seventy seats set.

The fifth graders, formerly taught by Carrie Hathaway, have moved into this new room up stairs and are now under the care of Ethel Todd. It makes the youngsters feel quite prominent to be on the same floor with the high school.

The Emersonian Literary Society met last Friday and gave a very good program. They gave the first evidence of any society or any of its members being hit but they seemed to have a shoe given them that fitted snug.

Hallowe'en was celebrated by the students of the High School Saturday night at Todd's Hall. The president of the student body called a meeting Friday and appointed committees to see to the social features of the party. Games were played until 10:30 when some songs were sung after which some of the girls under the supervision of Mrs. Hanson prepared the 'cats' and Elbert Ginn made the chocolate 'drinks' which were served to nearly seventy five people. Everyone reported having a fine time.

Thos. Coates and Carl Patzaf came before the students of the High School Friday afternoon for the purpose of arousing them to do some hustling for the improvement of the Gilford Stillwell Park. It is nearly time some one was waking up and doing something.

The foot-ball players met the last of last week and elected Clent King captain and Benly Stant manager.

The coaches have been working hard the past week to get a full squad of foot-ball candidates out in order that they can defeat the Dramatic Babes, if they never practice.

The students of the school came near having a vacation last Saturday when the vat of tar, which was being heated to be put on the roof, caught fire; but the wind being in the opposite direction, only caused the fire to singe the large spruce tree south of the building.

Hallowe'en has come and gone in our school, but there was nothing found to be changed into any out of the way place and we thank the good saints who treated us so fairly.

Will Promote Beauty. Women desiring beauty get wonderful help from Luckless's Arrivee salve. It banishes pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils. It makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures sore eyes, cold sores, cracked lips, chapped hands. Best for burns, scalds, fever sores, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c. at Chas. I. Clough's.

Shall Women Vote? If they did, millions would vote Dr. King's New Life Pills the true remedy for women. For banishing dull, fagged feelings, backache or headache, constipation, dispelling colds, imparting appetite and toning up the system, they're unequalled. Easy sale, sure. 25c. at Chas. I. Clough's.

S. VIERECK, Tillamook Bakery.

OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE.

Corner Stillwell Ave. and First St. West, and both Phones.

SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES

ALL KIND OF BREAD.

Notice of Sale of Tide Lands.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—That the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will sell to the highest bidder at its office in the Capitol Building, at Salem, Oregon, on December 27, 1910, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the State's interest in the tide and overflow lands hereinafter described, giving, however to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith, and also providing that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$7.50 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, and described as follows:

Tide lands fronting and abutting on Lot No. 5 of Section 4, T. 2 N., E. 10 W., beginning at a point where the section line between Sections 4 and 9, T. 2 N., E. 10 W., intersects the high water of Nehalem Bay, located S. 89° 51' W., 475.0 feet from the corner common to Sections 4, 9 and 10, and running thence:

S. 89° 51' W., 1637.7 feet to low water line.

N. 12° 26' E., 651.3 feet along low water line.

N. 17° 59' E., 677.0 feet along low water line.

N. 89° 51' E., 1350.3 feet to high water line.

S. 8° 02' W., 345.9 feet along high water line.

S. 90° 49' W., 936.1 feet along high water line to place of beginning, containing 43.9 acres.

Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase tide lands." Application and bid to purchase tide lands.

G. G. BROWN, Clerk State Land Board.

Dated this October 4, 1910.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook.

United Railway Company, a corporation, Plaintiff,

vs. A. J. Provost and Lilah Provost, his wife, Defendants.

To A. J. Provost and Lilah Provost, the above named defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action on or before the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to said Court for the relief demanded in the complaint herein, which is that a judgment be rendered that the following described tract of land, situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, to-wit: beginning at the north west corner of lot 9 in J. J. McCoy's addition to the town of Bay View, in said County, Oregon, and running thence east 50 feet; thence south 100 feet; thence west 50 feet; thence north 50 feet to the place of beginning, be appropriated to plaintiff's use for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining a telephone line, and a telegraph, telephone and electric power line, and that the amount of compensation to be paid therefor be determined, and that upon the payment by plaintiff in such court for the defendants of the amount of compensation when so determined, that the plaintiff thereupon become and be the owner of said right of way, and that plaintiff have judgment thereon appropriating said property to it.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. H. F. Goodspeed, County Judge of Tillamook County, Oregon, made and dated at Tillamook County, Oregon, this 28th day of September, 1910. The time prescribed in said order for publication is once a week for six successive weeks, and the date of the first publication thereof is Thursday, September 1st, 1910.

H. T. BOYTS, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department City, Oregon, September 16th, 1910.

U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that Henry C. Konec, whose post office address is Tillamook, Oregon, did, on the 1st day of July, 1909, file in this office a sworn statement of Application, No. 024040, to purchase the W 1/4 S 1/4 and N 1/4 S 1/4, section 34, Township 11 North, Range 9 West, Willamette Meridian, in the County of Tillamook, Oregon, in accordance with the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been estimated at 1,200,000 board feet at \$50 per M, and the land \$120.00; that said applicant has failed to comply with the provisions of his application and sworn statement on the 28th day of November, 1910, before T. H. Coyne, United States Commissioner, at Tillamook, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before the entry, and to file a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

H. F. BOYTS, Register.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook.

P. R. Bends, Plaintiff,

vs. Lawrence E. Sanders and Gertrude E. A. Sanders, Defendants.

To Lawrence E. Sanders, above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed by the order for the publication of this summons, heretofore made and filed herein, and if you fail to so answer, the plaintiff will, for want thereof, apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint on the above captioned judgment against said defendants for the sum of \$445.00, and accrued and accruing interest, as provided in said note and mortgage described in said complaint, and for the sum of \$100 attorney's fees herein, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit, and for a decree foreclosing said mortgage, and for the sale upon said foreclosure, as provided by law to satisfy said judgment, and having full effect of a judgment of said defendants, and the plaintiff and become purchaser of said sale, and for such other and further relief as the Court may seem meet with equity.

This summons is served upon you by order of the Honorable H. F. Goodspeed, County Judge of Tillamook County, Oregon, in the absence of either of the judges of the above entitled Court.

Dated this 29th day of September, 1910, and the date of the first publication hereof being on the 14th day of September, 1910, and the date of the last publication hereof will expire on the 10th day of November, 1910, being seven insertions, including the first and the last insertions, within the said time prescribed, which is for six consecutive weeks.

HOLMES & HANLEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook, ss.

C. L. Iyie, Plaintiff,

vs. L. E. Sanders, Defendant.

To L. E. Sanders the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer to the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action and Court, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication made herein, to-wit the 10th day of November, 1910, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of Eight Hundred Fifty-six and 80/100 Dollars, together with interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum as follows:

On \$200.00 from April 14th, 1910, to date of judgment.

On \$205.71 from June 25th, 1910, to date of judgment.

On \$150.00 from Jan. 13th, 1910, to date of judgment.

On \$157.00 from Feb. 21st, 1910, to date of judgment.

On \$150.00 from May 25th, 1910, to date of judgment.

For the further sum of \$187.00 as attorney's fees herein and the costs and disbursements of this action.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable H. F. Goodspeed, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Tillamook, dated the 28th day of September, 1910, and the date of the first publication being on the 29th day of September, 1910, and the date of the last publication hereof will expire on the 10th day of November, 1910.

H. T. BOYTS AND GEORGE WILLETTE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Account.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—That the undersigned, administrator of the estate of SARAH K. KILGUS, deceased, has filed his final account as such administrator in the office of the County Clerk of Tillamook County, Oregon,