CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

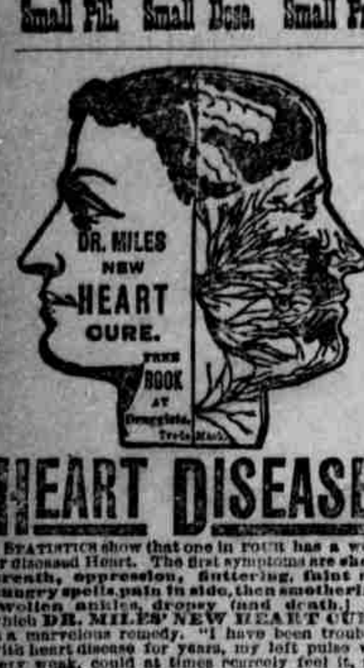
ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



HEART DISEASE!

STATISTICS show that one in four has a weak or diseased Heart. The first symptoms are short breath, oppression, fluttering, faint and hungry spells, pain in side, then smothering, swollen ankles, dropsy (and death,) for which DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE is a marvelous remedy. "I have been troubled with heart disease for years, my left pulse was very weak, could at times scarcely feel it, the smallest excitement would always weaken my nerves and heart and a fear of impending death stared me in the face for hours. DR. MILES' NERVINE and NEW HEART CURE is the only medicine that has proved of any benefit and cured me.—L. M. Dyer, Cloverdale, Md. Dr. Miles' Liver Pills are a sure remedy for Biliousness and Torpid Liver. 50 Doses 25 cents. Fine book on Heart Disease, with wonderful cures Free at druggists, or address DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by D. J. Fry, druggist, Salem.

NERVE & LIVER PILLS

Act on a new principle—regulate the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. DR. MILES' PILLS speedily cure biliousness, torpid liver and constipation. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at druggists. Dr. Miles Med. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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Health for the Baby,
Pleasure for the Parents,
New Life for the Old Folks.

Hires Root Beer

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE DRINK

is a family affair—a requisite of the home. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening, effervescent beverage.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

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LATEST PATENTS BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure Without Medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state. Our powerful IMPROVED ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak men, FREE WITH ALL BELTS. Health and vigorous strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 Days. Send for Illustrated Pamphlets, mailed, sealed, free. Address

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HERCULES Gas and Gasoline ENGINES

Have fewer parts, and are therefore less likely to get out of order than any other gas or gasoline engines now built. Just light the burner, turn the wheel, and it runs all day.

MAKES NO SMELL OR DIRT.

No double or false explosions, so frequent with the unreliable spark.

For Simplicity it Beats the World.
It Oils itself Automatically.
No Batteries or Electric Spark.
It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other Engine.

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PALMER & REY, MANUFACTURERS,
San Francisco, Cal. and Portland, Or.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

From Mrs. N. J. Harvey, of Belleville, Kan.: "When I began your treatment I was... PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. ... Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO, ILL.

A SINGER'S HEART.

It was 9 o'clock in Paris.

The bright Place de l'Opera was filled with carriages: the cracking of the drivers' whips sounded startlingly clear on the crisp, wintry air of the splendid white night, and the electric lights shone fitfully on the silken hats of the men and the bright toilets of the women as they stepped quickly from their broughams into the glorious blaze and splendor of the opera house.

It was a fashionable night. A new singer was to try her voice for the first time in grand opera. She was an American Madeline Bancroft. There had been much talk about her voice, for she had been studying in Paris eight years. She had come with her aunt to the gay capital, a tall, large eyed girl of twenty-one, and now at twenty-nine she was to sing for the first time before the public in the great, bright opera house.

She had been prepared to sing two years before, but had deferred her debut for personal reasons, but the public knew and was waiting for her. It was interested in her, had been for some years and now at last she was to show her power.

It was toward the last of the first act when she came on. She was a graceful woman, tall and slim and fair to look upon. Her face was not exactly beautiful, but it had about it something that held the attention, with its large, sad eyes and sweet mouth full of a strange wistfulness. It was a delicately shaped face; the brown hair growing softly on the low forehead had threads of gray through it; withal it was a face that spoke of a past; one felt as if there had been so much that had gone before—a pure, sad, troubled past—which one felt a desire to know about, not from mere idle curiosity, but that one might feel for the slight, sweet woman who bore so much in her lovely face.

There was no appearance of stage fright or nervousness about the singer as she bowed with sweet graciousness to the sea of faces before her. After the first burst of applause had died away the exquisite hush was like death, and on this passionate stillness her clear notes rang out pure and sweet and beautiful.

There was a wondrous quality in her voice, a something that went straight to the listener's heart, something so appealing, so tender that tears sprang unbidden to eyes not wont to weep.

The public was captivated! Madeline was a success!

In one of the boxes nearest the stage sat a man. At first there had been a listlessness about him; an air of being there from a sense of duty rather than from any artistic interest; an air that was always blase. He was a good looking man, in faultless evening dress. He had brown eyes and the conventional pointed beard of the typical higher class Parisian. The man was, however, an American, Robert Parkman, but he had lived so long in the French capital that he had lost nearly all of the alert mannerism peculiar to Americans that cling so long to our countrymen abroad.

He had lived in Paris ten years, his business was here, and he now intended to live here for the remainder of his life, although he had originally intended to remain but a few months, but like many another the spell of the beautiful city had crept upon him, and he had grown to think that there was no other place on the wide earth fit to live in besides this bright, fascinating city under its caressing sky.

He liked the life of Paris. In the ten years of his residence here he had lived well, gayly and at times wildly; but, to his credit let it be said, he had come out at the end with a cleaner record than most young men with plenty of money at their disposal, who go from the crudity of American cities into the alluring splendors of Paris.

He was thirty-four years old. He was not married; years before, in his college days, there had been a girl, but he had forgotten her and he had never really loved in all his life. Women were too fond of him, perhaps. He was one of those men over whom all women rave; they liked him extravagantly. Madeline Bancroft was one of them. She loved him, had, indeed, with all her chaste heart and soul for eight years.

She met him that first year in Paris, and gave him the whole of her girlish affection, and ever since he had been the one and the only man in her life. Parkman knew it, but nothing had ever passed between them in the way of love. He had been kind and attentive in a manner, but that was all on his part.

He knew that Madeline adored him, but it did not trouble him one way or another—he was too selfish—but he respected her; he could not help that; he was here tonight to hear her sing because he thought he ought to be; he had even given up a dinner to attend, when he would much rather have gone to the dinner. He did not care much for music, and he had heard Madeline sing so many times before; but he had come, and was a bit surprised at himself for doing it.

His listless eyes wandered over the house, and he drummed silently with his large gloved hand in aimless fashion against the crimson velvet of the box.

When the curtain rose he merely turned his head to look at the stage as he leaned back in his chair, nor did he move even when Madeline came on. He watched her without apparent interest for several minutes.

She did not turn her eyes his way, although she knew just where he would sit, as he had told her. Her pure, slender face was held up and she sang to the spaces.

After a time Parkman leaned forward, and an air of insistent eagerness came into his eyes as he fastened them on the singer's face.

His breath came passionately and his eyes burned with a somber light. He was a changed man; so much so, indeed, that the people in the neighboring boxes looked at him speculatively, but he did not notice them; he was blind to everything but the figure of the singer before him.

Why had she not looked at him? She had said of her own free will she should sing to him in the solos; that she should look!

But what did he care, to be sure? he suddenly asked himself. Nothing, of course. Why should he, indeed?

He did not try to analyze his feelings. He did not even ask himself why it hurt him so because she had not looked, but he thought of her eyes and wistful mouth, her delicate slimness and her beautiful, pleading voice that had penetrated his very soul and every fiber of his being tonight.

He hoped with a sort of childish eagerness that she would look at him during some of the other acts. He watched her persistently, the look in his eyes growing almost pitiful, but Madeline did not look. The delicate eyelids never trembled that way, and the audience that gave itself up to a transport of applause at the close of the last act knew nothing of the agony in one man's newly awakened heart.

Through the enthusiastic, well bred crush after the opera, Parkman hurried down the wide marble stairs; he heard the people's praise of Madeline; they stabbed like knives, and he sprang into his carriage. It was not the number of his own house, but that of the pension where Madeline and her aunt lived, that he gave to the driver hurriedly as he slammed the door.

Madeline was at the pension before him. Her aunt was just carrying away her thicker wraps, and she was leaning back in her shining garments against the white fur of her crimson cloak.

It seemed to Parkman that he had never seen her so beautiful before; her face was delicately flushed and her eyes shone like stars beneath the straying strands of her parted hair, that had become prettily disheveled by her opera scarf. He wanted to take her in his arms and crush her close, to keep her for his own forever in her white womanhood.

She looked at him silently with her shining eyes. She must have recognized the change in him, but she did not show it. Her sweet face was calmer and unmoved, and she looked at him as if questioning why he came. He was as white as death, and for several minutes did not speak, but stood gazing at the woman before him; then suddenly, as if answering the questioning in her eyes, he said passionately:

"Madeline, why do you not look? Why did you not sing to me? You promised."

The strange, tender protest in his eager voice seemed to stir her, and she leaned forward and looked intently at him. Then she said wonderingly:

"Why, did you care? I did not suppose it would matter. I did not think you would even remember my words."

Then half musingly, but still looking at him with wondrous, shining eyes, she added slowly:

"How strange that you should care!"

"Strange, Madeline! Strange, when your voice is the only one that I care to hear in all the world; your face the one alone of all faces that I care to see—God, Madeline, I love you!—with my soul and my life I love you! I did not know it till tonight, but it is so, and it is forever. It must always have been there in my heart, the love for you, but I did not know—oh, Madeline!" and his voice rang with passionate intensity as he sprang forward and held out his arms to her, his face filled with mingled emotions of pain and happiness.

But Madeline pressed back against her cloak and put out her hands defensively, as if to keep him from her. Her voice did not change as she said, in a low voice:

"And so you have come to feel as I felt once, for that is the way I loved you—oh, more—more! Your love is but an echo of that which I once felt—oh," she cried out, closing her eyelids, "how I loved you! I could have suffered anything for you—pain, disgrace, death—all, everything. I would have given up my life for your lips upon mine—my life, yes, my very soul! for I loved you with a love such as few women are called to know. I lived only to see you; to hear your voice and touch your dear hands.

"And it lasted so long, so cruelly long, and so fiercely—ah! yes, too fiercely, for now the fires in my heart have burned themselves out, they burned so long with nothing to feed them. So long, so long, and now they have perished utterly; only the cold ashes remain, so cold that nothing in this world can ever revive them. The last spark died tonight!"

She paused with a little gasp, and then went on:

"I hardly know myself, I who was so full of feeling once, every fiber of my being aching for the love of one man—for you."

"No, do not interrupt me. It is of no use now. You might plead to me, and weep to me in an agony of tears and it would not stir my heart a single throb—oh, my heart beats so quietly now," and she smiled gently and put her hand up against her slim silken corsage.

"I am a frozen woman. My life so far as love is concerned is ended; there is no more to come. Eight weary years is a long time, a cruel eternity to those who suffer. It has frozen up my heart and I do not care now. Hear me say it—I do not care!"

She put up her hands again as Parkman made an impetuous gesture to come to her.

"Only for my voice, my dear voice and the applause of the people—I love that. Oh, how it came to me tonight and solaced my poor worn out heart!"

She leaned toward him suddenly and said in a voice so low that it was almost a whisper:

"I was going to look—I was going to sing to you, but it was then, at that moment when I stepped upon the stage, that the last spark died; it flared up and went out like a candle, and I did not care—oh, the joy of not caring!"

And she sank back and closed her eyes with a little smile playing about her wistful lips.

"Madeline!" Parkman cried, and came and leaned over her chair, his face bent down near hers.

"Great God! how much do you think a man can stand?"

"Not as much as a woman by eight years," she answered, a little scornful note quivering through her soft voice.

He did not heed her answer, but went on, his breath touching her cheek.

"To think that you should have loved me like that, and now when I give you my life and very heartbeats you will not care. Oh, Madeline, have mercy!"

She shook her head gently from side to side, her eyes still closed.

"I am willing to wait, dear life," he pleaded, with tender pathos in his voice, "years—as long as you wish, only tell me that it will come back—your lost love for me. I have been blind, brutally blind," and he writhed backward and held his hand across his eyes to press back the pain that stung him with his own accusation. Then he went on:

"I do not ask that you love me as you did once, but ever so little, Madeline."

He leaned over her and looked intently at her closed lips; they did not even quiver. He noticed the tracery of blue veins in her temples, and he ached to rest his lips against their delicacy, but he could not; there was no emotion on the calm face before him.

"Madeline, for God's sake, look at me—look into my eyes!"

She raised her lids and looked into the eyes so near her own.

"Speak—say something," he pleaded.

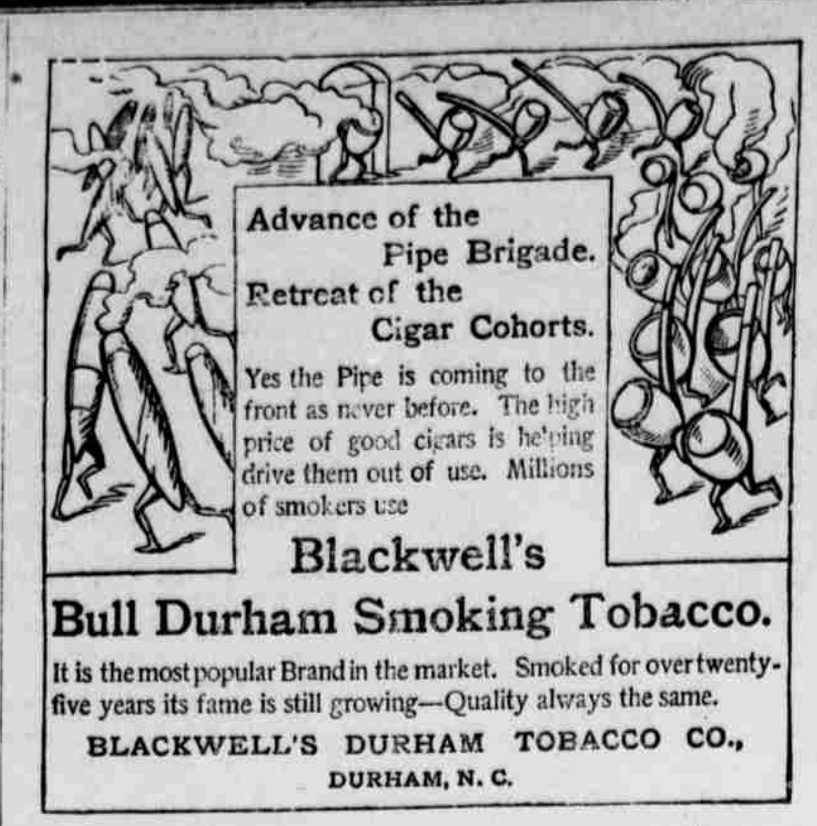
"Oh, what can I say to make you understand that it can never come back, not in this world?" she said wearily. "It is dead; all my passionate past is dead; my heart itself is dead. Why will you not understand and go away? There is no feeling left in me. I am as cold as you were once; I do not care if I never see you again."

Her eyes met his calmly and wearily, and he looked long into them; then of a sudden he seemed to understand. With his strong face haggard and full of the agony of despair, he held out his hand to her.

"Goodby," he said softly.

"Goodby," she answered.

And their lives never crossed again.—Strand Magazine.



Church Directory.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—Salem, Oregon, Rev. J. E. Blair, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday, 10 a. m. Preaching every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Church house on High street, between Marion and Union. Everybody welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Services on Sabbath at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school at 12; Epworth Leagues at 6:15; Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Rev. C. L. Keilerman, pastor.

EVANGELICAL.—Corner of Liberty and Center streets. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Sunday school 12 m., Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.; Prayer meeting Thursday, 7:30 p. m. J. Bowersox, pastor, residence 427 Liberty street.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Church street, between Chemeketa and Center. Preaching morning and evening; Sabbath school at 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. H. Gwynne, D. D., pastor.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Chemeketa and Cottage. Sunday services: Low mass 7:30 a. m.; high mass 10:30; Sunday school 3 p. m.; vespers 7:30; week days, low mass 7 a. m. Rev. J. S. White, pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Corner Center and Liberty Services Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m., Y. P. S. C. E at 6:30 p. m.; prayer meeting 7:30 p.m. Thursday. Rev. C. L. Corwin, pastor.

ST. PAUL EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Corner Church and Chemeketa. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school 11:45 a. m.; service Monday 10:30 a. m.; Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. Lund, rector.

FIRST BAPTIST.—Liberty and Marion. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m.; young people's meeting at 6 p. m.; prayer meeting 7:30 Thursday. Rev. Robert Whitaker, pastor.

FREE METHODIST.—Rev. B. F. Smalley pastor. Services Sunday morning and evening, Sunday school at 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Friday night. Church opposite North Salem school.

FRIENDS.—At Highland park on car line. Services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school 12 m.; Christian Endeavor 6 p. m.; prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Rev. F. M. George, pastor.

CHRISTIAN.—High and Center. Sunday school 12 m.; preaching 10:30 a. m.; young people's society 6:30 p. m.; preaching 7:30 p. m. Rev. W. R. Williams, pastor.

GERMAN REFORMED.—Capital and Marion.; Sunday service 11 a. m.; Sunday school 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. Muellhaupt, pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.—Services in Unitarian hall at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school 12 m.; Bible study Thursday evening.

SOUTH SALEM—M. E. church. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. J. H. Roork, pastor.

GERMAN BAPTIST.—Services in German Baptist church north of Cottage street. Rev. John Fechter, pastor.

AFRICAN METHODIST.—North Salem. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 1 p. m. Rev. G. W. White, pastor.

MRS. WOODWORTH'S MEETINGS.—Services at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30 every day in the tent at the junction of the electric car line.

Temperance gospel meetings at 4 o'clock Sunday at W. C. T. U. hall.

J. M. Needham,

HOUSE PAINTING, KALSOMINING, PAPER HANGING, NATURAL WOOD FINISHING.

Leave orders—J. Irwin's, rear of Smith & Steiner's drug store.

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.—Kamiakun Tribe No. 8, Salem. Holds council every Thursday evening, at 7:30. Wigwam in State Insurance hall.
F. C. BAKER, Prophet.
FRANK C. WATERS, Chief of Records.

Stockholders' Meeting.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Capital Gold and Silver Mining company of the city of Salem, Oregon, will be held at the office of the undersigned, in said city, on the second Thursday, the 11th day of August, 1892, at 3 o'clock p. m., for the election of directors and for such other business as may come before the meeting.
J. H. HAAS, Secretary.
Salem, Or., July 19th, 1892. 7-20-4w

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution, duly issued out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Marion, and to me directed on the 16th day of July, A. D., 1892, upon a judgment and decree of foreclosure, duly rendered entered of record and docketed in and by said circuit court, on the 23d day of June, 1892, in a certain suit then in said court pending, wherein James Shirley was plaintiff, and A. L. Hodson, C. E. Hodson, I. W. Hodson, Belle Hodson, Blanch Hodson, Lavina McCormick, W. H. McCormick, S. J. Billington, G. W. Billington, W. H. Hodson, Ella Hodson, Dr. Thompson and A. C. Brey, were defendants, in favor of plaintiff and against defendants, by which execution, I am commanded to sell the premises hereinafter described, and out of the proceeds of such sale, to satisfy the sum of $2114 25-100, together with interest thereon, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from June 23d, 1892, and the further sum of $150 as attorney's fee and costs and disbursements of said suit, taxed at $59 45-100, and costs and expenses of sale, and if any residue remain, after the satisfaction of said judgment and costs and disbursements and expenses of sale, be applied, as far as applicable, toward the claim of defendant, D. P. Thompson, amounting to $3350 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, from the 14th day of June, 1892, and if any of said land remain unsold, after satisfying plaintiff's claim, that the remainder of the land be sold, or so much thereof as shall satisfy Defendant D. P. Thompson's demand. I have levied upon, and I will on,

Saturday, the 20th day of August, 1892,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m., of said day at the west door of the county court house in Salem, Marion county, Oregon, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the day of sale, all the right, title, interest and estate, where said defendants and each of them, and all persons claiming under them, and each of them or any of them has in or to the following described real property to wit: The fractional s e quarter being the north half of the south east quarter of lots 1 and 2 of section 25 in township 8, south range, 3 west, Willamette meridian, and the fractional west half of the south west quarter of section 30, township 8, south range 2 west, Willamette meridian, except 10 acres off of the east side of the fractional west half of the west half of the southwest quarter of section 30, in the form of a parallelogram, extending across said land, there being in all of this conveyance 151 and 64-100 acres of land less, 17¾ acres off lot No. 2, deeded to John Wittschen, all of said land, situate in Marion county, state of Oregon.
JOHN KNIGHT,
Sheriff Marion Co. Or.
By F. T. WRIGHTMAN, deputy.
Dated at Salem, this 19th day of July, 1892.

Notice of Final Account.

To all whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Mary W. Hutton, deceased, has this day filed his final account as such administrator, with the clerk of the county court for Marion county, Oregon, and the judge of said court has fixed the 29th day of August 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m. at the county court room in the court house of said county, as the time and place for the hearing of any objections which there may be to said account and for the settlement thereof.
J. R. FORREST,
Administrator.
July 19, 1892. 7-21-5t

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For tickets, maps, pamphlets and information apply to G. F. McNeill, [...] and T. A., Minneapolis, Minn., and [...] C. Pond, General Passenger and T[icket] Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Proposals for Bids.

NOTICE is hereby given that sealed [bids] will be received by the city of Sa[lem,] Oregon, until 8 o'clock p. m. of Aug [...] 1892, and will be opened by the undersigned committee as soon thereafter as practicable, for the grading, curbing, draining and improving, according to the plans and specifications to be had at the city surveyor's office, and also according to plans and specifications to be furnished be the bidder, that part of Commercial street between the north side of bridge across South Mill creek to the north side of Center street, and that part of Court street between the [...] side of High street and the east side of Front street and all that part of [...] street between the east side of High [street] and the east side of Front street, all [that] part of Ferry street between the east [side] of Liberty street to the east side of Front street, and all that part of C[...] street between the east side of Commercial street and the west side of Front street. [A] certificate of deposit in some bank of [the] city of Salem, Oregon, in favor of the city of Salem, Oregon, for the sum of five hundred dollars must accompany each bid, [and] will be payable to the city of Salem, [Ore]gon, as fixed, settled and liquidated damages in case the bidder shall not execute the contract, bond and undertaking and give good and sufficient sureties satisfactory to the mayor of the city of Salem, Oregon, in case said work is awarded [or] offered to said bidder. Blank form of contract, bond and undertaking is on file [in] the office of the street commissioner. The city of Salem reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Done by order of the common council of the city of Salem.
M. W. HUNT,
C. B. MOORE,
H. L. LAMOUREUX
Committee on Streets and Public Property.
7-12td

Sheriff's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the county court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Marion, and to me directed on the 1st day of July, A. D., 1892, upon a judgment duly rendered, entered of record and docketed in and by said county court on the 21st day of June, 1892, in a certain suit then in said court pending wherein [...] and E. Hirsch were plaintiffs and B. F. Vaughn was defendant in favor of plaintiff and against defendant, by which execution I am commanded that out of the personal property of said defendant or if sufficient cannot be found then out of the real property of said defendant to satisfy the sum of Twenty four and 86-100 dollars with interest thereon at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum from the 6th day of August, 1883, and the sum of Twelve [...] dollars with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum since August [...], 1883, and the further sum of Sixteen [...] dollars costs, and costs and expenses of said execution. I have levied upon and will on

Saturday, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1892,

at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day at the west door of the county court house in Salem, Marion county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand on the day of sale, all the right, title, interest and estate which said defendant, B. F. Vaughn had on or after the 21st day of June, 1892, in and to the following described real property, to-wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of the southeast quarter of section 4, T. 9, S. R. 2 W.; thence east 6[...] rods; thence south 14 rods; thence west 6[...] rods; thence north 14 rods to the place of beginning, containing [...] acres more or less; and also all of the donation land claim of Benjamin Vaughn and Elizabeth Vaughn in T. 9 S., R. 2 west, save and except the following described premises, to-wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of the southeast quarter of section 4, T. 9 [S.], R. 2 west of the Willamette Meridian; thence north 30 chains; thence west 2.[...] chains to the northeast corner of Isaac Cook's donation land claim; thence along eastern boundary of said Cook's donation land claim 30 chains; thence east 1.60 chains to the place of beginning, containing [...] acres, more or less.

Dated at Salem, this 9th day of July, 18[92].
JOHN KNIGHT,
Sheriff of Marion County, Oregon.
By F. T. WRIGHTMAN, Deputy. 7-13-5t

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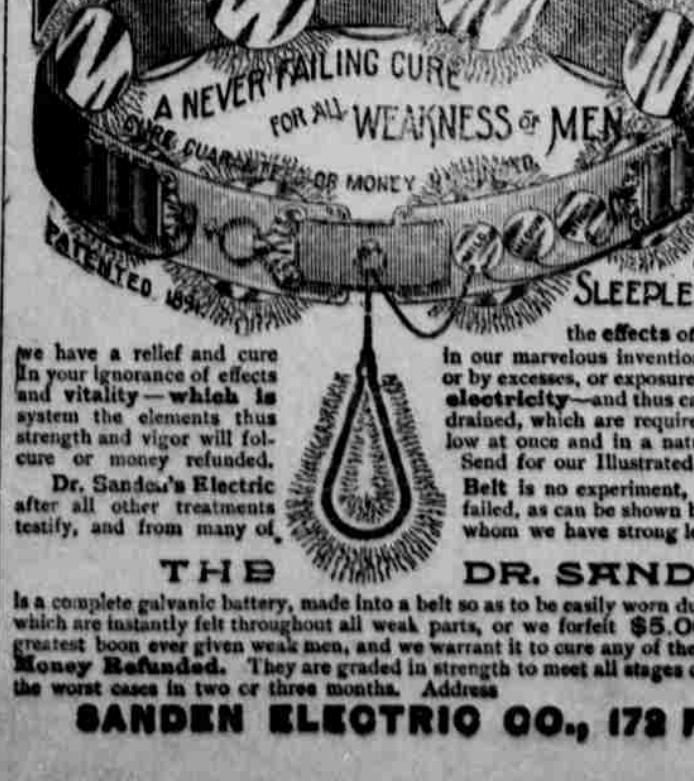

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