The Land of the Changing Sun.

BY WILL N. HARBEN, AUTHOR OF "WHITE MARIE" "ALMOST PERSUADED" ETC.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY THE MERRIAM COMPANY.

CHAPTER VI.

"Rise!" commanded the king in a deep, well modulated voice, and when they had arisen he inspected them critically, his eyes lingering on Thorndyke.

"You look as if you take life easily. You have a jovial countenance," he said cordially.

Thorndyke returned his smile and at once felt at ease.

"There is no use in taking it any other way," he said. "It doesn't amount to much at best."

"You are wrong," returned the king, playing with the jewels on his robe. "That is because you have been reared as you have—in your unsystematic world. Here we make life a serious study. It is our object to assist nature in all things. The efforts of your people amount to nothing because they are not carried far enough. Your scientists are dreaming idiots. They are continually groping after the ideal and doing nothing with the positive. It was for us to carry out everything to perfection. Show me where we can make a single improvement, and you shall become a prince."

"If my life depended on that, my head would be off this instant," was the quick witted reply of the Englishman.

This so pleased the king that he laughed till he shook. "Well said," he smiled. "So you like our country?"

"Absolutely charmed. My friend (Thorndyke was determined to bring his companion into favor, if possible) and I have been in raptures ever since we rose this morning."

A flush of pleasure crossed the face of the king. "You have not seen half of our wonders yet. I confess that I am pleased with you, sir. The majority of people who are brought here are so frightened that they grow morbid and desirous to return to their own countries as soon as they learn that such a thing is out of the question."

Thorndyke's stout heart suffered a sudden pang at the words, but he did not change countenance in the slightest, for the king was closely watching the effect of his announcement.

"Of course," went on the ruler, gratified by the indifference of the Englishman, "of course it could not be done. No one outside of a few of the royal family and our trusted agents has ever left us."

"I can't see how any one could be so unappreciative as to want to go," answered Thorndyke, with a coolness that surprised even Johnston. "I have traveled in all countries under the sun—the sun I was born under—and got so bored with them that my friend and myself took to ballooning for diversions, but here there is a delightful surprise at every turn."

"I was told you were aeronauts," returned the ruler, deigning to cast a glance at the silent Johnston, who stood with eyes downcast, "and I confess that it interested me in you."

At that juncture a most beautiful girl glided through the curtains at the back of the throne and came impulsively toward the king. Her brown hair fell in rich masses on her bare shoulders. Her eyes were large, deep and brown, and her skin was exquisitely fine in texture and color. Her dress was artistic and well suited to her lithe figure. She held an instrument resembling a lute in her hands and stopped suddenly when she noticed that the king was engaged.

"It is my daughter, the Princess Bernardino," explained the king as he heard her light step and turned toward her. She shall sing for you, and—yes (nodding to her), you shall dance also."

As she took her position on a great rug in front of the throne she kept her eyes on the handsome Englishman as if fascinated by his appearance. Thorndyke's heart beat quickly. The blood mantled his face, and he stood entranced as she touched the resonant strings with her white fingers and began to play and sing. An innocent, artless smile parted her lips from her matchless teeth, and her face glowed with inspiration. Far above in the nooks and crannies of the vast dome, with its divergent corridors and arcades, the faint echoes of her voice seemed to reply to her during the pauses in her song. Then she ceased singing, and to the faraway and yet distinct accompaniment of some stringed instrument in the orchestra she began to dance. Holding her instrument in a graceful fashion against her shoulder as one holds a violin and with her flowing white gown caught in the other hand, she bowed and smiled and instantly seemed transformed. From the statuesque and dreamy singer she became a marvel of graceful motion. To and fro she swept from end to end of the great rug, her tiny feet and slim ankles tripping so lightly that she seemed to move without support through the air.

Thorndyke stood as if spellbound, for at every turn, as if seeking his approval, she glanced at him inquiringly. When she finished, she stood for a moment in the center of the rug panting, her beautiful bosom, beneath its filmy covering of lace, gently rising and falling. Then, asking her father's consent with a mute glance, she ran forward impulsively, and kneeling at Thorndyke's feet she took his hand and pressed it to her lips, and, rising, suffused with blushes, she tripped from the dais and disappeared behind the curtain.

The king frowned as he looked after her. "It is a mark of preference," he said coldly. "It is one of our customs for a dancer or singer to favor some one of her spectators in that way. My daughter evidently mistook you for an embassador from one of my provinces, but it does not matter."

"She is wonderfully beautiful," replied the tactful Englishman, pretending not to be flattered by the notice of the princess.

"Do you think our people fine looking as a rule?" asked the king to change the subject.

"Decidedly. I never imagined such a race existed."

Again the king was pleased. "That is one of the objects of our system. Generation after generation we improve mentally and physically. We are the only people who have ever attempted to thoroughly study the science of living. Your medical men may be numbered by the million; your remedies for your ills change daily; what you say is good for the health today is tomorrow believed to be poison; today you try to make blood to give strength, and half a century ago you believed in taking it from the weakest of your patients. With all this fuss over health you will think nothing of allowing the son of a man who died with a loathsome hereditary disease to marry a woman whose family has never had a taint of blood. Here no such thing is thought of. To begin with, no person who is not thoroughly sound can remain with us. Every heart beat is heard by our medical men, and every vein is transparent. You see evidences of the benefit of our system in the men and women around you. All our conveniences, the excellence of our products, our great inventions, are the result."

"I have been wondering about the size of your country," ventured Thorndyke cautiously.

The king smiled. "That will be one of the things for you to discover later," he returned. "But this the city of Moron is the capital. Our provinces, farming lands, smaller cities, towns and hamlets lie around us. Come with me and I will show you something."

He waved his hand and dismissed a number of courtiers who were waiting to be called, and rose from the throne and led the two captives into a large apartment adjoining the throneroom. Here they found six men in blue uniforms looking into a large circular mirror on a table. They all bowed and moved aside as the king approached.

"These men are the municipal police," explained the king, resting his hand on the gold frame of the glass. "They are watching the city." And when the strangers drew nearer they were surprised to see reflected, in the deeply concave glass, the entire city in miniature, its streets, parks, public buildings and moving populace. And what seemed to be the most remarkable feature of the invention was that the instant the eye rested on any particular portion of the whole that part was at once magnified so that every detail of it was clearly observable.

"This is an improvement on your police system," continued the king. "No sooner does anything go wrong than a red signal is given on the spot of the trouble and the attention of these officers is immediately called to it. A flying machine is sent out, and the offender is brought to the police station. But trouble of any nature rarely occurs, and the duties of our police are merely nominal. My people live in thorough harmony. Now, come with me, and I will give you an idea of the surrounding country."

As the king spoke he led them into a circular room, the roof of which was of white glass, and the walls were lined with large mirrors.

"This is our general observatory, from which every part of Alpha can be seen," said the king, with a touch of pride in his tone. "Look at the mirror in front of you."

They did as he requested and at first saw nothing, but as he went to a stone table in the center of the room and touched an electric button a grand view of green fields, forests, streams, lakes and farmhouses flashed upon the mirror. The king laughed at their surprise and touched another button. As he did so the scene shifted gradually. The landscapes ran by like a panorama. A pretty village came into sight and passed, then a larger town and still a larger, then fields, hills and valleys and forests of giant trees.

"It is that way all over my kingdom," said the king. "In an hour I can inspect it all."

"But how is it done?" asked Thorndyke, forgetting himself in wonder.

"Through a telescopic invention aided by electricity and the clearness of our atmosphere," replied the king. "It would take too long to go into the details. The views, however, are reflected to this point from various observatories throughout the land. Such a system would be impossible in any other country on account of the clouds and atmospheric changes, but here we control everything."

"I noticed," returned the Englishman, "that green fields lie beside ripening ones and those in which the grain is being harvested."

"We have no change of seasons," answered the king. "Change of seasons may be according to nature, but it is in the province of man's intellect to improve on nature. But I must leave you now. I shall summon you again when I have the leisure to continue our conversation."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Johnston as the king disappeared behind a curtain in the direction of the audience chamber.

"I give it up. I only know that the old fellow's daughter, the Princess Bernardino, is the most beautiful, the most bewitching creature that ever

"Follow me," he said.

breathed. Did you notice her eyes and form? Great heavens! Was there ever such a vision of human loveliness? Her grace, her voice, her glances drove me wild with delight."

"You are dead gone," grumbled the American despondently. "We'll never get away from here in the world. I can see that."

"I gave up all hope in that direction some time ago," said Thorndyke, "and why should we care? We were awfully bored with life before we came. For my part, I'd as soon end mine up here as anywhere else. Besides, didn't his majesty say that they live longer under his system than we do?"

"I don't take stock in all he says," growled the American. "He talks like a Chicago real estate agent who wants to sell a lot. Why doesn't he chop off our heads and be done with it?"

Thorndyke burst into a jovial laugh. "You are coming round all right. That is the first joke you have got off since we came here. His royal nibs may need a court jester and give you a job."

"There goes that blamed sunlight again," exclaimed Johnston, grasping his companion's arm. "Don't you see it changing?"

"Yes, and this time it is white, like old Sol's natural smile; but isn't it clear? It seems to me that I could see to the end of the earth in that light. I want to know how he does it."

"How who does it?"

"Why, the king, of course; it is his work—some sort of invention—but we must keep civil tongues in our heads when we are dealing with a man who can color the very light of the sun."

They were walking back toward the great rotunda, and as they entered the conservatory the crowds of men and women stared at them curiously. They had paused to inspect the statue of a massive stone dragon when a young officer in glittering uniform approached and addressed Johnston.

"Follow me," he said simply. "It is the king's command."

The American started and looked at Thorndyke apprehensively.

"Go," said the latter. "Don't hesitate an instant."

Poor Johnston had turned white. He held out his hand to Thorndyke, "Shake," he said in a whisper not intended for the ears of the officer. "I don't believe that we shall meet again. I have felt that we were to be parted ever since that medical examination."

Thorndyke's face had altered. An angry flush came in his face and his eyes flashed, but with an effort he controlled himself.

"Tut, tut. Don't be silly. I shall wait for you round here. If there is any foul play I shall make some one suffer for it. You can depend on me to the end. We are hand in hand in this adventure, old man."

CHAPTER VII.

Johnston followed his guide to a flying machine outside. He hesitated an instant as the officer was holding the door open and looked back toward the conservatory, but he could not see Thorndyke.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked desperately. But the officer did not seem to hear the question. He was motioning to a tall man of athletic build who wore a dark blue uniform and who came hastily forward and pushed the American into the machine. Through the open door Johnston saw Thorndyke's anxious face as the Englishman emerged from the conservatory and strode toward them. The two officers entered and closed the glass door.

Then the machine rose, and Johnston's spirits sank as they shot upward and floated easily over the humming crowd into the free white light above the smokeless city. The poor captive leaned on the window sill and looked out. There was no breeze and no current of air except that caused by their rapid passage through the atmosphere.

Up, up, they went till the city seemed a blur of mingled white and gray, and then the color below changed to a vague blue as they flew over the fields of the open country.

The first officer took a glass and a decanter from a receptacle under a seat, and, pouring a little red fluid into the glass, offered it to the American.

"Drink it," he said. "It will put you to sleep for a time."

"I don't want to be drugged."

"The journey will try your nerves. It is harmless."

"I don't want it. If I take it, you will have to pour it down my throat."

The officer smiled as he put the glass and decanter away. Faster and faster flew the machine. They had to put the window down, for the current of air had become too strong and cool to be pleasant. The color of the sunlight changed to green, and then at noon from the zenith a glorious red light shimmered down and veiled the earth with such a beautiful, translucent haze that the poor American for a moment almost forgot his trouble.

The afternoon came on. The sunlight became successively green, white, blue, lavender, rose and gray. The sun was no longer in sight, and the gray in the west was darkening into purple, the last hour of the day. Night was at hand. Johnston's limbs were growing stiff from inaction, and he had a strong desire to speak or to hear one of the officers say something, but they were dozing in their respective corners. The moon had risen and hung far out in space overhead, but they seemed to be leaving it behind. Later he felt sure of this, for its light gradually became dimmer and dimmer till at last they were in total darkness—darkness pierced only by the powerful searchlight which threw its dazzling, trumpet shaped rays far ahead. But search as he would in the direction they were going the unfortunate American could see nothing but the ever receding wall of blackness.

Suddenly they began to descend. The officers awoke and stretched themselves and yawned. One of them opened the window, and Johnston heard a faroff, roaring sound like that of a multitude of skaters on a vast sheet of ice.

Down, down they dropped. Johnston's heart was in his mouth.

The machine suddenly slackened in its speed, and then hung poised in midair. The rays of the searchlight were directed downward, and slowly shifted from point to point. Looking down, the American caught glimpses of rugged rocks, sharp cliffs and yawning chasms.

"How is it?" asked the first officer through a speaking tube of the driver.

"A good landing," was the reply.

"Well, go down." And a moment later the machine settled on the uneven ground.

The same officer opened the door and gently pushed Johnston out. Johnston expected them to follow him, but the door of the machine closed behind him.

"Stand out of the way," cried out the officer through the window. "You may get struck as we rise."

Involuntarily Johnston obeyed. There was a sound of escaping air from beneath the machine, a fierce commotion in the atmosphere which sucked him toward the machine, and then the dazzling searchlight blinded him as the airship bounded upward and sailed back over the course it had come.

Johnston stood paralyzed with fear. "My God, this is awful!" he exclaimed in terror, and his knees gave way beneath him, and he sank to the rock. "They have left me here to starve in this hellish darkness." He remained there for a moment, his face covered with his hands, then he sprang up desperately and started to grope through the darkness, he knew not whither. He stumbled at almost every step and ran against bowlders which bruised his hands and face and went on till his strength was gone. Then he paused and looked back toward the direction from which he had come. It seemed to him that he could see the straight line of mighty black wall, above which there was a faint appearance of light. A lump rose in the throat of the poor fellow, and tears sprang into his eyes.

But what was that? Surely it was a sound. It could not have been the wind, for the air was perfectly still. The sound was repeated. It was like the moaning of a human voice far away in the dark. Could it be some one in distress, some poor unfortunate, banished being like himself? Again he heard the sound, and this time it was like the voice of some one talking.

"Hello!" shouted the American, and a cold shudder went over him at the sound of his own husky voice. There was a dead silence; then like an echo of his own cry faintly came the word, "Hello!"

Filled with superstitious fear, the American cautiously groped toward the sound. "Hello, there! Who are you?"

"Help! Help!" said the voice, and it was now much nearer.

Johnston plunged forward precipitately. "Where are you?"

"Here!" And a human form loomed up before him.

For a moment neither spoke. Then the strange figure said:

"I thought at first that you were some one sent to rescue me, but I see you are alone—damned like myself."

"It looks that way," replied Johnston.

"When did they bring you?"

"Only a moment ago."

"My God, it is awful! A week ago I did not dream of such a fate as this. I had enemies. The medical men were bribed to vote against me. Am I not strong? Am I not muscular? Feel my arms and thighs."

He held out an arm, and Johnston felt of it. The muscles were like stone.

"You are a giant."

"Ah, you are right, but they reported that there was a taint in my blood. I was to marry Lallio, the most beautiful creature in our village—Madryl, you know, the nearest hamlet to the home of the sun. I was rich and the best farmer there. But Lyngale wanted her. She hated him and spat at him when he spoke against me. He proved by others that my lungs were weak and showed them the blood of a slain dog in my fields that they said had come from my lungs. Ah, they were curs. My lungs weak! Strike my chest with all your might. Does it not sound like the king's thunder? Strike, I say," and as the enfeebled American struck his bare breast he cried: "Harder, harder! Pooh, you are a child; see this and this," and he emphasized his words with thunderous blows on his resounding chest.

"But is has been so for a century," he panted. "Hundreds have been unjustly buried alive here. The king thinks it is not murder, because they die of starvation. I have stumbled over the bones of giants here in the dark lands and have met dying men that are stronger than the king's athletes."

"What, are there others here?" gasped the American.

The Alphian was silent in astonishment.

"Why, where did you come from?" he asked after a pause.

"From New York city."

"I don't know of it, and yet I thought I knew of all the places inside the great endless wall."

Johnston was mystified in his turn. "It is not in your country—your world, or whatever you call it. It is far away."

"Ah, under the white sun, in the 'ocean country,' and the world of fierce winds and disease, and you are from there. I had heard of it before they banished me, but two days since I came across a dying man away over there. He was huddled against the wall and had fallen and killed himself in his efforts to climb back to food and light.

(To be Continued.)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

ON SPECIAL EXECUTION.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for the county of Thurston.

A. E. Young, Plaintiff, vs. A. Reeves Ayres, Joseph W. Robinson; A. Reeves Ayres, as Administrator of the estate of E. G. Ayres, deceased; Ellen T. McCabe; City of Olympia municipal corporation; A. A. Phillips, receiver of the First National Bank of Olympia, Washington, a corporation; H. G. Struve, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of a writ of special execution issued out of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, holding terms at Olympia in and for said Thurston county, said State, and dated on the 9th day of July, 1903, on a judgment and decree rendered in said court on the 9th day of July, 1903, in favor of the above named plaintiff, and against the above named defendants A. Reeves Ayres, Joseph W. Robinson and A. Reeves Ayres as administrator, for the sum of ($724.19) seven hundred and twenty-four dollars and nineteen cents, together with an attorney fee of ($74.21) seventy-four dollars and twenty-one cents, and cost of suit taxed at ($17.35) seventeen dollars and ninety-five cents, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from date thereof, amounting in all to the sum of ($816.35) eight hundred and sixteen dollars and thirty-five cents.

Which said writ of special execution was to me, as Sheriff of Thurston county, Washington, duly directed and delivered, and by which I am commanded to sell at public auction, according to law, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Upon the W. N. and Sarah Ayer's Donation Claim in sections thirteen (13) and twenty-four (24), township eighteen (18) north, range two (2) west, more particularly described as follows, to-wit: The NE ¼ of block thirteen of Ayer's Addition to the city of Olympia, Thurston county, Washington, as shown on the official plat of said addition on file and of record in the County Auditor's office of said Thurston county, the said NE ¼ of block 13 of Ayer's Addition to Olympia, Thurston county, being the same property as described as block one (1), consisting of lots numbered one to eighteen, inclusive, of "Union Sub. Div. of the northeast quarter of block thirteen and the southwest quarter of block twenty-four of Ayer's Addition to Olympia, Thurston county, Washington," a plat of which is duly executed and acknowledged and filed and placed on record at page 59, Vol. 6 of Plats in the office of the Auditor of Thurston county, Washington, on or about Jan. 21, 1891.

Now, therefore, public notice is hereby given that on the 15th day of August, 1903, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, on Fourth street, of said Thurston county, city of Olympia, I will sell the above described real estate to the highest bidder for cash, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said last above named amount, together with increased costs and increased interest.

Dated at Olympia, Washington, this 9th day of July, 1903.

E. A. McCLARTY,
Sheriff of Thurston county, Wash.

VANCE & MITCHELL, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
First publication, July 10, 1903.

Notice of Sale of County Property.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, County of Thurston. } ss.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Board of County Commissioners of said county, at a meeting held on the 8th day of June, A. D. 1903, due and legal notice thereof having been given according to law, in the matter of the proposed sale of certain hereinafter described property belonging to said county, the Sheriff of said county will, at 10 o'clock A. M., on Saturday, the 15th day of August, A. D. 1903, at the front door of the Court House, at Olympia, in said county, offer for sale at public auction to the highest and best bidder therefor, all the right, title and interest of said county of Thurston, of, in and to the following described property, to-wit:

The brick building only, standing on lot three (3), block thirty-six (36), Sylvester's Plat of Olympia, formerly used as a county jail.

Terms of sale—Cash at time of sale.

Dated at Olympia, Washington, this 8th day of July, A. D. 1903.

G. E. McKENZIE,
County Auditor.
Date of first publication, July 10, 1903.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston county.

Edward Philip Salisbury, Plaintiff, vs. Verona Ellen Salisbury, Defendant. } Summons.

State of Washington to Verona Ellen Salisbury, Defendant:

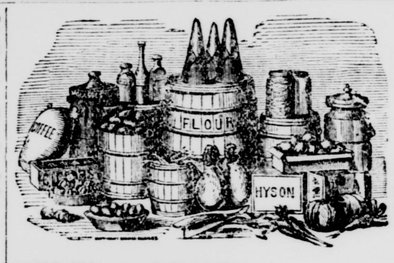
You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: the 12th day of July, 1903, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff herein, and serve a copy of your answer or other pleading upon the undersigned, attorneys for plaintiffs, at their office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of said court.

The above action is an action by plaintiff for divorce on the grounds of desertion of plaintiff by defendant and on the grounds of adultery on the part of defendant.

TROY & FALKNOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Office address: Suite 4 Byrne Building, corner Fourth and Main streets, Olympia, Wash.
First publication, July 10, 1903.

M. G. ROYAL,
Attorney at Law
Room 3, Byrne Building, Olympia.



THE Old and Reliable GROCERY —AND— PROVISION STORE

119 Fourth Street.

REDER & PHIPPS, - - - PROPRIETORS

THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy Groceries

In the city, and the constant endeavor is to maintain the reputation this house has always enjoyed for quality of goods, fair prices and promptness in filling orders.

THE FULLEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

IN STOCK.

Talcott Bros.

THE OLDEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN WESTERN WASHINGTON. ESTABLISHED 1872

—DEALERS IN—

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS, LEATHER GOODS, CUTLERY, NOVELTIES, SEWING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SUNDRIES

MANUFACTURERS OF

Notary and Lodge Seals. Rubber Stamps and Umbrellas

REPAIRING IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Racycle, Imperial, Crawford, National

AND YALE BICYCLES.

424 and 426 Main St., - - - Olympia, Wash.

TRY A PACKAGE

OUR BAKING POWDER

Is equal to any of the high priced brands.

Only 25 Cents a Package.

Sawyer & Filley.

CORNER FOURTH AND MAIN STREETS.

Storm Boot.

Kibo Box Calf.

SEE THAT THIS Oregon Leather TRADE MARK IS BRANDED ON EVERY SHOE.

8 inch. Extra Heavy Sole, Rope Stitch, Extension Edge, Low Heel.

Exact Reproduction of this Style Shoe.

THE PEOPLE OF OLYMPIA

Have discovered that if they want a good shoe they must go where they make shoes a specialty. Ours is the

Only Exclusive Shoe Store

IN OLYMPIA

And we propose to do the shoe business, and in order to do this we will always give you the best value possible for your money.

Our tables are now filled with bargains which we are closing out at unheard of low prices.

The Olympia Shoe Store. A. C. STEVENS & CO.

Connolly & Chambers,

CHAMBERS BLOCK FOURTH ST. TELEPHONE 441.

FULL LINE OF MEATS FOR THE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE.

We solicit a share of your trade and will strive to please.

WALTER CHAMBERS & CO.,

Butchers, Packers and Jobbers

BEEF, LAMB, PORK, VEAL AND MUTTON

Highest price paid for all kinds of fat stock.

Fourth and Washington Streets, . Olympia, Wash.

Telephone No. 931.

PIONEER IRON WORKS

OLYMPIA, WASH.

MANUFACTURER OF

MARINE and STATIONARY ENGINES

MILL MACHINERY, BRASS AND IRON CASTINGS.

Logging car equipments of all kinds. A specialty of concaved tram wheels. Highest market price paid for old cast iron scrap, brass and copper.

Wrought Iron Work

Repair work given prompt and careful attention. Prices moderate.

322 Third Street.

MUNN & PICKETT

ALWAYS CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF

STAPLE AND FANCY....

GROCERIES

Also Flour, Feed, Hay, Wheat, Oats, &c.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY

Highest price Paid for Farmers' Produce.

329 FOURTH ST. TELEPHONE 703.

OLYMPIA BEER

A HOME PRODUCT

AND THE PRIDE OF THE Pacific Coast

We use a spring water that has made our beer famous.

OLYMPIA BREWING CO.

Every Drug Tested AND Found Pure

Every drug and chemical in our pharmacy has been tested and found to be pure and of the highest U. S. P. Standard. We dispense only the purest drugs of a definite known strength. No adulteration or substitution is practiced or permitted in our drug store. We invite you to direct your prescriptions to us. They will be prepared EXACTLY as written without any deviation whatever, either as to quality or particular preparation specified. We assure you that every point of accuracy and skill be observed, and all phases of the work done to fully meet your approval, and the approval of your family physician.

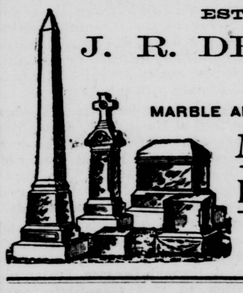
B. L. HILL DRUG CO.

Odd Fellows Temple, Olympia, Wash.

OLYMPIA MARBLE WORKS

ESTABLISHED 1889.

J. R. DEVER, Proprietor.



MARBLE AND GRANITE ★ ★ ★

Monuments, Markers Headstones, Etc.

Fourth and Jefferson Sts.

OLYMPIA, - - - WASHINGTON.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

P. J. O'BRIEN & CO.

HORSESHOEING

—AND—

General Blacksmithing.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Sole agents for Olympia and Thurston county for the celebrated

STUDEBAKER

Wagons and Carriages.

Cor. Third and Columbia Sts., Olympia, Wash

VEAL WANTED

....AT THE....

Palace Market

Highest cash price paid.

CRANE & CO., PROPRIETORS

306 Fourth St. Phone 333.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county.

W. I. Downing, Plaintiff, vs. William T. Horsnell and Georgia A. Horsnell, his wife; Peter D. George and Jane Doe George, his wife; Edward C. Harsnell and Jane Doe Horsnell, his wife; Jane Doe Agnew, wife of E. C. Agnew, deceased; Jane Doe Agnew, wife of Thomas Agnew, deceased. Defendants. } Summons. Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

The State of Washington to William T. Horsnell and Georgia A. Horsnell, his wife; Peter D. George and Jane Doe George, his wife; Edward C. Horsnell and Jane Doe Horsnell, his wife; Jane Doe Agnew, wife of E. C. Agnew, deceased; Jane Doe Agnew, wife of Thomas Agnew deceased, Defendants:

You are hereby notified that W. I. Downing is the owner and holder of certificate of delinquency numbered 211, issued by the Treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, on the 5th day of June, 1901, for the sum of $438.21, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the taxes for the years 1892, 1893, 1894 and 1895, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon, upon real property assessed to M. E. Reed and of which you are the owners or reputed owners, or in which you have or claim to have some interest or estate, and which said real estate is situated in Thurston county, Washington, and more particularly bounded and described, to-wit: W ½ of NW ¼ Sec. 7, Twp. 18 N., Range 1 W. W. M.

That plaintiff has paid taxes, other than those included in said certificate of delinquency, in the sum of $100.42, and which bear interest at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum. You are further notified that plaintiff will apply to the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston county, for a judgment for the amount of said delinquent certificate, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and foreclosing his lien against said property hereinbefore described.

You are hereby notified and summoned to appear within sixty days after the service of this summons upon you; and if service is made by publication then within sixty days from the date of the first publication of this summons upon you, and defend this action in the court aforesaid, or pay the amount due; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered for the amount of said certificate of delinquency, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and foreclosing plaintiff's lien against the lands and premises hereinbefore described and the same will be ordered sold to satisfy said judgment.

Any pleading or process may be served upon the undersigned at the postoffice address below given.

W. I. DOWNING, Plaintiff.

Postoffice address, Summit, Wash.

TROY & FALKNOR, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Olympia, Wash.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

C. A. SNOW & Co.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office WASHINGTON D. C.