CHAPTER XVII (Continued).

The Englishman slowly shook his head. "I don't want to depress you more than you are, but I think at such a time we ought to realize the worst. It is true the clouds are not so heavy and the earthquakes are less frequent, but unfortunately it is owing to the fact that the volume of water has been turned away from the pit into the tunnel. Be prepared for the worst. If your father cannot reach the machinery in the east soon enough, our light will go out, and, worse than that, if Prince Marentel should fail in his next venture with explosives all hope will be gone."

"I have never desired to live so much as now," she answered, inclining with an air of tenderness toward him. "I never knew what it was to fear death till—till you came to us."

He made no reply. There was a lump in his throat, and he could not trust his voice to speech. Branasko and Johnston left them together to go into the electric auditorium. They returned in great haste.

"The prince is ready for the explosion," panted Johnston. "Thorndyke, old man, this is simply awful. It is not like standing up to be shot at or being jerked through the clouds in a balloon. It seems to me that out there is the endless space of infinity, and that all the material world is coming to an end. My God, look at that hellish fire, the awful smoke and that black sky! Oh, the blasphemy of such a paltry imitation of the handiwork of the Creator! We are damned! I say damned, and by a just and angry God."

"Don't be a fool," said Thorndyke, and he threw a warning glance at Bernardino, who, with staring, distended eyes, was listening to Johnston.

"No, he is right," she said in a low tone. "I have never seen your world, but I know my people must be woefully wrong. In your land they say men teach things about infinity and an eternal life for the soul, and that one may prepare for that life by living pure and in striving to attain a high spiritual state. Oh, why have you not told me about that? It is the one important thing. I have long wanted to know if my soul will be safe at death, but I can learn nothing of my people. They have always tried to rival God, and in their mad pursuit of perfection in science they have been reduced to—this. That black cloud is the frown of God. Those mad flames may burst forth at any moment and engulf us."

She uttered a low groan and hung her head as if in prayer. Johnston and Thorndyke were awed to silence. Never had the Englishman loved her as at that moment. She was no longer simply a beautiful human creature, but a divinity speaking truths from heaven itself. He felt too unworthy to stand in her presence, and yet his heart was aching to comfort her.

She raised her pallid face heavenward and extended her fair, fragile hands toward the lowering sky and began to pray. "My Creator," she said reverently, childishly, "I have never come to thee, but they say that people far away from this dark land, under thy own sun, moon and stars, do ask aid of thee, and I, too, want thy help. Forgive me and my people. They have been sinful and vain and thoughtless, but let them not perish in utter gloom. Forgive them, oh, thou Maker of all that exists. Thou Creator of pain that we may love joy, Creator of evil that we may know good, turn not from us. We are but thoughtless children, and thy children. Give us time to realize the awful error of our hollow pretensions. Give them all now, at once, if they are to die, that spirit which is awakened in me by the awful majesty of thy anger. Hear me, O God!" And with a sob she sank on her knees, clasped her hands and raised them upward. Thorndyke tried to lift her up, but she shook her head and continued her prayer in silence. A marked change had come over Branasko. He looked at Johnston and Thorndyke in a strange, helpless way, and then in a corner of the balcony the begrimed and tattered man fell on his knees. He knew not the meaning of prayer, but there was something in the reverent attitude of the princess that drew his untutored being toward his Maker. He covered his face with his hands, and his shaggy head sank to his knees.

Johnston hastened back into the auditorium. Returning in a moment, he found the Englishman tenderly lifting Bernardino from her knees and Branasko still crouching in a corner.

"What is the news?" asked Thorndyke.

"Everything is ready for the explosion. The prince seems only waiting because he dreads failure. The people in there are so frightened that they cannot move from their seats."

Just then Branasko raised a haggard face and looked appealingly at the princess. She caught his eye.

"Fear nothing, good man," she said. "The God of the Christians will not harm us. We are safe in his hands. I felt it here in my heart when I prayed to him. Oh, why have my father and the other kings of Alpha not taught us that grand, simple truth? But before I die I want to leave this dark pit of sin and look out once into endless, world filled space."

A joyous flush came into the face of the Alphian. His fear had vanished. She had promised him safety. He bowed worshipfully, but he spoke not, for Bernardino was eagerly pointing to the sun.

"Look!" she cried gleefully, with the merry tremolo of a happy, surprised child. "The sun is not moving. Father has been successful. It is a good omen. God will save us."

It was true. The sun was standing still. A deep silence was on the city. The crowds in the streets neither moved nor spoke. Without a murmur or complaint they stood facing the frowning west. Suddenly the silence was interrupted by a low volcanic rumble. The earth heaved and rolled, and far away in the suburbs of the city the spire of a public building fell with a loud crash. A groan swept from mouth to mouth and then died away.

"The cloud is increasing rapidly," said Thorndyke. "I can really see little hope. I shall return in a moment." While he was gone Bernardino knelt and prayed. Again overcome with fear, Branasko crouched down in his corner. Another shudder and rumble from the earth, another long moan from the people. Thorndyke came back. He spoke to the princess:

"The dam built by Prince Marentel has been swept away. The ocean is pouring into the internal fires. There is scarcely any hope now." Branasko groaned, but Bernardino's face was aglow with celestial faith. She shook her head.

"They will not be destroyed in this way," she said. "They have had no chance to know God."

"It all depends on the explosion, which may take place at any moment." And Thorndyke took her into his arms and whispered into her ear, "I do not care for myself, but I cannot bear to think of your suffering pain."

She answered only by pressing his hand. The clouds were now rolling upward in greater volume than ever. It was growing darker. The little group on the balcony could now scarcely see the people below them. The fall of damp ashes was resumed. The air had grown hot and close.

Boom, boom, boom! The streets of the city rose and fell with the undulating motion of a swelling sea. Blacker and blacker grew the sky, closer and closer the atmosphere, damper and damper became the fog, thicker and thicker fell the wet sand and ashes.

"Perhaps we would be safer in the streets," suggested Thorndyke, drawing Bernardino closer into his arms. "The palace may fall on us." But the princess shook her head. "Father would not know where to find me. I shall await him here." Branasko had edged nearer to her. His eyes were glued on her face, and he hung on her words as if his fate were in her hands. He had no regard for the opinions of the others.

"The explosion will soon take place now unless something has happened contrary to the expectations of the prince," said the Englishman.

Boom! Boom! Kr-kr-kr-kr-boom! The noise seemed to shake the earth to its center. Now the faraway pit was belching forth fire and molten lava rather than steam and smoke. The flames had spread out against the sloping roof of the cavern and seemed to extend for a mile along the horizon. "They can do nothing in that heat," exclaimed Johnston. "They could not get near enough to the pit. Thorndyke, old fellow, I can't see a ghost of a chance. We might as well say goodby."

"Hush!" It was the voice of the princess. "I feel that we shall not be lost, I say." And as she spoke Branasko crept toward her and raised the hem of her gown to his white lips. Something dark came between them and the faroff glare. It was a flying machine.

"It is father," cried Bernardino, and she called out to him: "Father! Father! Here we are, waiting for you." In a moment he was with them.

"All right in the east," he said gloomily. "Baryonay is there. They deserted him, but they returned when the flames went down. This is awful, daughter. It means death. It means annihilation."

She put her arms round his neck and drew his face close to hers. "No, no," she said earnestly. "I see with a new light—a new spiritual light. There is mercy in the divine heart of him that made the walls of our little world and constructed countless other worlds. I have prayed for mercy, and into my heart has come a sweet peace I never knew before. We shall not be lost. He will give us time to give up our sinful life here and seek him."

He found the Englishman tenderly lifting Bernardino.

The old man quivered as with ague. He searched her face eagerly, drew her spasmodically into his arms, and then sank to the floor, overcome with exhaustion.

The roar in the west was increasing. Hot ashes, gravel and small stones were falling on the roofs and the people. Now and then a cry of pain was heard, but they would not seek the shelter of the buildings. If they had to die, they wanted to fall facing the enemy. Suddenly the king rose. He looked to the west and groaned. Something told them that the explosion was coming. Expectation, horrible suspense, was in the air. There was a mighty flare of light. The entire heavens were lighted from horizon to horizon, and then the light went out.

"Oh, I thought it"— But the princess did not finish her sentence.

"The explosion," said Thorndyke. "The sound will follow in a moment."

"My God, have mercy on us!" cried the king, but his prayer was drowned in a deafening sound. Bernardino had leaned into the arms of her lover. "Don't despair," he said tenderly. "The prince may have been successful."

"I feel that he has," she replied, "but, oh, it is dreadful!"

The crowds below seemed to understand that their fate depended on the news that would reach them in a few minutes.

Boom, boom, kr-kr-kr-kr-boom! There seemed to be no lessening of the volcanic disturbance, and the earth groaned and rocked and quivered as before.

"It is impossible to tell yet," groaned the king. "O God, save us! Give us a chance to escape this awful doom!"

Johnston bethought himself that he might learn something in the electric auditorium, and he went into it. It was empty and dark. Not a soul was there save himself. He was turning to leave when his eye was drawn to the great mirror by a faint pink glow appearing upon it. He stood still, a superstitious fear coming over him as he thought of being alone with a possible messenger from the faraway scene of disaster. The light went out tremblingly; then it flashed up again, and the American thought he saw the face of Waldmeer. The light grew steadier, stronger. It was Waldmeer, but he was submerged in smoke. Hark, he was speaking!

"Marentel is successful. Entrance closed temporarily and will be strengthened."

Johnston rushed out to the balcony.

"I have been to the auditorium," he announced. "I have seen Waldmeer. He says the experiment was successful. It is closed temporarily and can be strengthened."

The king grasped the hand of the American. "Thank God!" he ejaculated. "If I can only save my people, I shall desire nothing more." The princess moved toward him affectionately, but he put her aside and retired into the palace.

"He will at once communicate with the people," remarked Bernardino hopefully, and she turned her face again toward the west. The red glare was dying down and the dense clouds in the sky were thinning. In an hour the face of the sun broke through the smoke, and the flying machines of the protectors began to return.

* * * * * * *

That night the king caused the pink light of the "Ideal Dawn" to flood the eastern sky, and as before he appeared in a circle of dazzling light and addressed his subjects.

"All danger to life is over, but the ultimate fate of Alpha is sealed. Prince Marentel has effectually closed the entrance of the ocean, but the internal fires are gradually burning through the rocky bed of the ocean. In a couple of years Alpha will be demolished. All our wealth shall be equally distributed among you, and my ships shall transport you to whatever destination you desire. Let there be no haste. Order shall be preserved throughout."

That was all. The king bowed, and the picture faded from view. A deep silence was over everything. The only light came from the stars and from the moon. Then there was a sound like the wind passing over a vast forest of dry leaved trees. The people were returning to their homes.

"I should have thought they would greet the king's announcement with a cheer of joy," said Thorndyke to the princess as they returned to the palace.

"They don't know whether to weep or laugh," she replied. "They love Alpha, and the other world will be strange to most of them. As for myself, now that I am to leave I feel a few misgivings."

"I shall see that you are perfectly happy," he said tenderly. "You are to be my wife. I shall always love you and care for you. You need have no fears."

And a moment later, with joyous tears and face aglow, she assured him she had none.

THE END.

A PLUCKY BRITON.

The Hero of His Own Story, but Brave For All That.

Poulett Weatherby, the only Englishman of any prominence who is now in central Africa merely for the big game and a little incidental map making and correcting, will evidently write an interesting book as soon as he returns to civilization. Mr. Weatherby is not the man to spoil a good story just because he is himself its hero, and occasional letters from him that reach his friends in London show that he is having a lot of fun. One written in January from Lake Bangwoolo—wherever that may be—details an exciting experience he had with one Mewenge, a chief of the Wausi tribe.

"On the day of our arrival," says the traveler, "Mewenge rushed out mad with anger and a drink which the natives call pombe. He brandished an ax and was surrounded by crowds of followers. We stood our ground and nothing happened. The next morning I wished to see him, so I sent word to say I was coming and hoped to find him sober. The duffer filled his walled village with armed men and closed its entrances. We forced our way through one of them, however, and leaving ten men outside I went in with six. Leaving these also well in the rear, with strict orders that they were not to come near me, I walked up to Mewenge (who was a dirty ash color and whose heart I could see beating like a sledge hammer) amid a dead silence and stood in the crowd around him. Then I said: 'Look, Mewenge. Where am I standing? In the middle of your men, and I have no gun. I don't want to fight you, but I am not afraid of you. If you want war you can have it.' Well, proceedings terminated peacefully, to cut the matter short, and after that we became great pals."

Why an African monarch should be forced to receive unwelcome visitors the letter does not state, possibly because it is a question which no British explorer would ever think of asking, much less of answering.—New York Times.

Got Rich on Frogs.

Though there may be no frog farms in Maine there was at least one Maine man who got rich by selling frogs' legs to Boston and New York hotels. His name was Weld, and he lived in the town of Greenbush, on the east bank of the Penobscot river, some 25 miles north of Bangor. Though a blacksmith and an axmaker by trade, he made his fortune out of frogs. His custom was to provide the boys in his neighborhood with small dip nets and send them out to the bogs and swamps of Greenbush, Milford, Greenfield and Olamon. For graybellies and greenbellies he paid the boys 5 cents a dozen, and when they brought in a dozen of golden throated bullfrogs he gave them a cent for every frog. In this way he paid out money to the boys and made money for himself for about 20 years, and when he died, about 1880, his estate was appraised at $112,000. After the death of Weld his nephews and nieces proceeded to divide the property, and as they were well off and did not need to work the frog catching industry was abandoned.—New York Sun.

Busy Mr. Bliss.

"Mr. Bliss, the secretary of the interior," says the Washington Capital, "is a very busy man. All New York men are busy—they have to be—and Mr. Bliss has the New York habit. He was almost too busy to take this position at all, but he has been busier than ever since he took it. It is rumored that if Attorney General McKenna succeeds Associate Justice Field on the bench Mr. Bliss will go out of the cabinet in the consequent shifting about and resume his urgent private affairs. At present, however, he is in the cabinet. Mr. Bliss has a fine private secretary, who knows how to turn the tide of too persistent visitors away from his chief when occasion requires. All private secretaries are obliged to learn this art, but some learn it less perfectly than others. Mr. Bliss' secretary has a nice little way with him. When the troublesome caller does get into the office, however, he is confronted by a huge boar's head, fastened up on the wall."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Green River Hot Springs.

Excursion tickets to Hot Springs Wash., and return, good 30 days, on sale all the time at Northern Pacific office. Rate, $3.75. Children half-rate.

A. E. STANFORD,
Agent N. P. R.

STONE HOUSE.

It Will Be a Feature of State Exhibit at St. Louis Exposition.

Building material found in the State of Washington will be the basis for a unique display at the Universal Exposition at St. Louis in 1904. Washington has an allotment of 2,800 square feet in the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, and in the center of this space the building material exhibits will be made.

A small but ornate structure will be built in this space, and the other mineral exhibits will be displayed around it. The building will be constructed of brick and stone. It will be 16 feet square and 14 feet high. Just as many varieties of brick, stone and marble from as many sections of the State as can be secured will be included. The blocks of stone will be dressed in different ways to display the material to best advantage. Some faces will be polished, while others will be tooled, and others will be left natural. Different varieties of molded brick and different colors and styles of terra cotta will be placed about the top wall.

In spaces which may be designated as blind windows, the marbles of the State will be shown. Inside the building will be the office of the official in charge of the building, and pamphlets descriptive of the building will be issued. Besides the stones to be shown in the building, every quarry in the State will furnish eight-inch cubes, uniform and similar in the method of dressing.

Julian E. Itter, the famous landscape artist, is painting a series of large landscapes, which will be used in decorating the walls of the Washington State building. Artists say that the Washington scenery exceeds in diversity and rugged beauty that to be found in any other country in the world.

The Washington State building will be one of the most unique and attractive on the plateau of States. It will be four stories high, and built entirely of timbers from Washington. Eight great timbers, 24 inches square and 100 feet long, rear their lengths into the air in an unbroken piece, meeting in the center, and forming the supports after the fashion of great Indian wigwams. The stories are each smaller than the one below it, and the roof for the final story takes on a pagoda form, giving the structure a Japanese appearance.

The great Northwestern State will make a splendid exhibit of her agricultural and horticultural products.

THE TONY FAUST SALOON
CARSTENSEN & GRESL, Proprietors
The Largest Glass of Beer in the City.
CALIFORNIA WINES
A SPECIALTY.
420 Main St.' Olympia, Wash.

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

In re. the estates of Herman and Margaret Bannse.

All persons are hereby notified that on the 21st day of October the Court, upon a petition of the administrator of said estate, entered an order to show cause why the property of the said estate should not be sold by the administrator thereof either at public or private sale as the court might direct, and you are further notified that on the 19th day of October, 1903, at the Court House in the city of Olympia, Washington, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., said order to show cause will be heard, and if no objections have been made or filed with the clerk of the court the court will, if he so deems it best, enter an order of sale directing the administrator to sell the said property according to law either at public or private sale as he shall deem best for the interests of said estate. The property is described as follows:

The northeast quarter (NE ¼) of the southwest quarter (SW ¼); the west half (W ½) of the southeast quarter (SE ¼); the northeast quarter (NE ¼) of the northeast quarter (NE ¼), the Northwest quarter (NW ¼) of the northeast quarter (NE ¼); the northeast quarter (NE ¼) of the northwest quarter (NW ¼), and the southeast quarter (SE ¼) of the northwest quarter (NW ¼), all in section twenty-two (22) township fifteen (15) North, Range two (2) West, W. M., less 20 acres or thereabouts out of the first forty described and right-of-way for N. P. R. R., and being about 245 acres.

Also the following described personal property to-wit: 1 organ, 1 writing desk, 1 clock, 1 bureau, contents of kitchen, 1 iron kettle, 1 cider press, 1 grain cradle, 1 cultivator, 1 old spring wagon, 1 lot of tools in woodshed, 1 block and scales, 1 potato plow, 1 harrow, 1 hay press, 1 disc harrow, 1 hay rake, 1 fanning mill, 1 land roller, 1 old heavy wagon, 1 wagon with box, 1 hay fork complete with rope, 1 binder, 2 plows, 1 mowing machine, 5 hay forks, 1 lot of old harness, 1 mare, 1 black horse, 2 bay mares, 7 hogs, 1 bull, 4 two-year old heifers, 1 old cow, 5 cows 1 dozen chickens.

W. M. NUNN,
County Clerk and Clerk Superior Court, Thurston county, Wash.
[SEAL]
First publication, Sept. 25, 1903.

Notice of Sale of County Property.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss.
Thurston County.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Board of County Commissioners of said county, at a meeting held on the 17th day of August, 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 Monday, the 26th day of October, 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:

Lot three (3), block thirty-six (36), Sylvester's Plat of Olympia, formerly the county jail property.

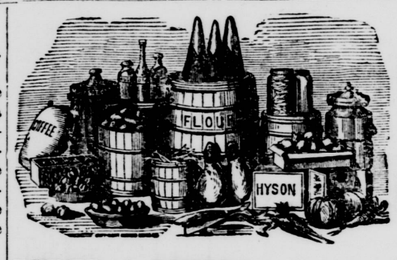
Terms of sale—Cash at time of sale.

G. E. MCKENZIE
County Auditor.

Dated at Olympia, Washington, this 23d day of September, A. D. 1903.
First publication, Sept. 25, 1903.

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.

Press Clippings Bureau
SPOKANE, WASH.
READS all Northwestern Newspapers for Authors, Lecturers, State and National Officials, Financiers and Business Men.
Reerences: Old National an Traders' National Bank.



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.

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.

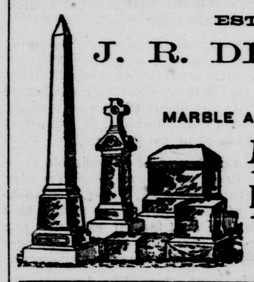
SPECIAL SALE!
FOR THIS WEEK
MEN'S $3.00 AND $4.00 Patent Leather Shoes for $2.00
All New and Up-to-Date.
THE OLYMPIA SHOE STORE
A. C. STEVENS & CO.

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.

F. H. SCOTT
SUCCESSOR TO 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.

Thomas T. Langridge, Plaintiff,
vs.
Jane Doe Hazen, wife of Valentine Hazen, deceased, Charles H. Farnsworth, George Farnsworth, Nathan Farnsworth; all the unknown heirs of Valentine Hazen, deceased; also all parties or persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein; also all the unknown heirs of Nathan Hazen, deceased, Defendants.
} Summons. Foreclosure of Tax Lien.

The State of Washington to Jane Doe Hazen, wife of Valentine Hazen, deceased, Charles H. Farnsworth, George Farnsworth, Nathan Farnsworth; all the unknown heirs of Valentine Hazen, deceased; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein; also all the unknown heirs of Nathan Hazen, deceased, Defendants:

You are hereby notified that Plaintiff is the owner and holder of certificate of delinquency numbered 251, issued by the Treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, on the 2d day of August, 1901, for the sum of $40.70, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the taxes for the years 1894 and 1895, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon, upon real property assessed to Valentine Hazen, 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: Lot 4, Sec. 29, Twp. 19 N., R. 1 W. W. M.

That plaintiff has paid taxes, other than those included in said certificate of delinquency, in the sum of $89.99, 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 from the day of service of the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service, if served upon you personally; if served by publication then within sixty days from the date of the first publication of the summons, 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.

TROY & FALKNOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Postoffice address: Olympia, Wash.
Date of first publication, Sept. 11, 1903.

BYRON MILLETT
Lawyer
Notary Public, Byrne Block, Olympia, Wash.

JOB PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED At the office of WASHINGTON STANDARD