Red Saunders

... By ...

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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CHAPTER V.

THE next morning when Red awoke arrows of gold were shooting through the holes in the old barn, and outside the bird life, the twittering and chirping, the fluent whistle and the warble, the cackle and the pompous crow, were in full chorus.

"Where am I at this time?" said he as he took in the view. "Oh, I remember!" and his heart leaped. "I'm in my own home, by the Lord!"

He went down to the brook and washed, drying hands and face on the silk neckerchief, which is meant for use as well as for decoration.

In the meantime Miss Mattie had awakened with a sense of something delightful at hand, the meaning of which escaped her for the time. And then she remembered and sprang out of bed like a girl. She went to the window, threw open the shutters and let the stirring morning air flow in. This had been her habit for a long time. The window faced away from the road, and no one could see who was not on Miss Mattie's own premises.

But this morning Red had wandered around. Stopping at the rosebushes, he picked a rose.

"That has the real old time smell," he said as he held it to his nose. "Sweetbriers are good, and I don't go back on 'em, but they ain't got the fram these fellers have."

Rud in hand, he walked beneath Miss Mattie's windows, and he was the first thing her eye fell upon.

Her startled exclamation made him look up before she had time to withdraw.

"Hello, there!" he called joyfully. "How do you open up this day? You look pretty well!" he added, with a note of admiration. Miss Mattie had the wavy hair which is never in better order than when left to its own devices. Her idea of coiffure was not the most becoming that could have been selected, as she felt that a "young" style of hairdressing was foolish for a single woman of her years. Now, with the pretty soft hair flying, her eyes still humid with sleep and a touch of color in her face from the surprise, relieved against the fleecy shawl she had thrown about her shoulders, she was incontestably both a discreet and pretty picture. Yet Miss Mattie could not forget the bare feet and nightgown, although they were hidden from masculine eyes by wood and plaster, and she was embarrassed. Still, with all the supersensitive fancies, Miss Mattie had a strong backbone of New England common sense. She answered that she felt very well indeed and, to cover any awkwardness, inquired what he had in his hand.

"Good old rose," replied Red. "Old time smeller—better suited to you than to me—ketch!"

At the word he tossed it, and Miss Mattie caught it dexterously. Red had an exceedingly keen eye for some things, and he noticed the certainty of the action. He hated fumblers. "A person can do things right if they've got minds that work," was one of his pet sayings. "'Taint the muscles at all; it's in the head, and I like the kind of head that's in use all the time." Therefore this small affair made an impression on him.

"Why, you could be a baseball player," said he.

"I used to play with Joe when I was a girl," said Miss Mattie, smiling. "I always liked boys' play better than I did girls'. Joe taught me how to throw a ball too. He said he wouldn't play with me unless I learned not to 'scoop it,' girl fashion. I suppose you will be wanting breakfast." There was a hint of sarcasm in the doubt of the inquiry.

"That's what I do," said Red. "You must just hustle down and get things to boiling or I'll throw bricks through the windows. I've been up for the last two hours."

"Why, I don't believe it!" said Miss Mattie.

"No more do I, but it seems like it," replied Red. "Don't you want the fire started? Come down and open up the house."

When Miss Mattie appeared at the door in he strode with an armful of wood, dropping it, man fashion, crash, on the floor.

"Skip out of the way," said he. "I'll show you how to build a fire."

The early morning had been the most desolate time to Miss Mattie. As the day warmed up the feeling of loneliness vanished, perhaps to return at evening, but not then with the same absoluteness as when she walked about the kitchen to the echo of her own footsteps in the morning.

Now the slamming and the banging which accompanied Red's energetic actions rang in her ears most cheerily. She even found a relish in the smothered oath that heralded the thrust of a splinter in his finger. It was very wicked, but it was also very much alive.

Red arose and dusted off his knees. "Now we're off!" he said as the fire began to roar. "What's next?"

"If you'd grind the coffee, Will?" she suggested.

"Sure! Where's the hand organ?"

He put the mill between his knees and converted the beans to powder to the tune of "Old Dog Tray" through his nose, which Miss Mattie found very amusing.

She measured out the coffee, one spoonful for each cup and one for the pot. Red watched her patiently, and when she had finished he threw in the rest of the contents of the mill drawer. "I like it fairly strong," said he in explanation.

"Now, Will!" protested Miss Mattie. "Look at you! That will be as bitter as boneset!"

"Thin her up with milk and she'll be all right," replied Red.

"Well, such wasteful ways I never did see. Nobody'd think you were a day over fifteen."

"I'm not," said Red stoutly, "and," catching her chin in his hand and turning her face up toward him, "nobody'd put your score much higher than that neither if they trusted to their eyes this morning."

The compliment hit so tender a place that Miss Mattie lacked the resolution to tear it out; besides, it was so honest that it sounded much less like a compliment than a plain statement of fact. She bent hastily over the

"I'm glad I look young, Will," she said softly.

"So'm I!" he assented heartily. "What's the sense in being old, anyhow? I'm as limber and good for myself as ever I was in spite of my forty years."

"You're not forty years old!" exclaimed Miss Mattie. "You're joking."

"Nary joke—forty round trips from flying snow to roses since I hit land, Mattie—why, you were only a little girl when I left here—don't you remember? You and your folks came to see us the week before I left. I got a thrashing for taking you and Joe to the millpond and helping you to get good and wet. The thrashing was one of the things that gave me a hankering for the west. Very liberal man with the hickory, father. Spare the clothes and spoil the skin was his motto. He used to make me strip to the waist—phee-hew! Even a light breeze rested heavy on my back when dad got through with me. Say, Mattie, perhaps I oughtn't to say so, now that he's gone, but I don't think that's the proper way to use a boy, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Miss Mattie. "Your father meant well, but his way was useless and cruel."

"I've forgiven him the whole sweep," said Red. "But, d—n me, if I had a boy I wouldn't club the life out of him; I'd try to reason with him first, anyhow. Makes a boy as ugly as anybody else to get the hide whaled off his back for nothing—once in awhile he needs it. Boy that's got any life in him gets to be too much occasionally, and then a warming is healthful and nourishing. Lord, you'd think I was the father of my country to hear me talk, wouldn't you? If somebody'd write a book, 'What Red Saunders Don't Know About Raising Children' it would be full of valuable information. How's that breakfast coming on?"

"All ready—sit right down, Will."

"Go you!" cried Red, and incautiously flung himself upon one of the kitchen chairs, which collapsed instantly and dropped him to the floor.

"Mercy on us! Are you hurt?" cried Miss Mattie, rushing forward.

"Hurt?" said Red. "Try it! Just jump up in the air and sit on the floor where you are now, and see if you get hurt! Oh, no! I'm not hurt, but I'm astonished beyond measure, like the man that tickled the mule. I'll take my breakfast right here—shouldn't wonder a bit if the floor went back on me and landed me in the cellar. No, sir! I won't get up! Hand me the supplies. I know when I'm well off. If you want to eat breakfast with me, come sit on the floor. I'm not going to have my spine pushed through the top of my head twice in the same day."

"Will, you are the most ridiculous person I ever did see!" said Miss Mattie, and she laughed till she cried in sheer lightheartedness. "But there's a chair you can trust. Come on now."

"Well, if you'll take your solemn oath that this one has no mustache to deceive me," said Red doubtfully. "It looks husky. Well, I'll try it. Hooray! She didn't give an inch! This kind of reminds me of the time Jimmy Hendricks came back from town and walked off the edge of the bluff in the dark. It just happened that Old Scotty Ferguson's cabin was underneath him. Jim took most of the roof off with him as he went in. He sat awhile to figure out what was trumps, having come 150 feet too fast to do much thinking. Then, 'Hello!' he yells. Old Scotty was a sleeper from way back, but this woke him up.

"'Hello!' says he. 'Was'er matter?'

"Jim saw he wasn't more than half awake yet, so he says, 'Why, I was up on the bluff there, Scotty, and, seeing it was such a short distance, I thought I'd drop in!'

"'Aw rl',' grunted Scotty. 'Make y'self t' home,' and with that he rolls over.

"Jim couldn't wait for morning, and, though his leg was pretty badly sprained, he made the trip all the way round the trail and woke us up to tell us how he'd gone through Ferguson's roof and the old man asked him to make himself at home. Next morning there was Scotty out in front of his cabin, his thumbs in his vest holes, looking up.

"'What's the matter, Scotty?' says I.

"'Well, I wisht you'd tell me what in the name of God went through that roof?' says he.

"I swallered a laugh crossways and put on a serious face. 'Must have been a rock,' says I.

"'Rock nothin'!' says he. 'If it had been a rock 'twould have stayed in the cabin, wouldn't it? Well, there ain't the first blasted thing of any shape nor description in there but the hole. You can go in and look for yourself.'

"It cost Scotty one case of rye to make us forget those circumstances."

"I should have thought the man would be killed, striking on the roof that way," said Miss Mattie.

"Oh, no! Roof was made of quaking asp saplings, just about strong enough to break his fall. Scotty was the sleeper, though! It wasn't hardly natural the way that man could pound his ear through thick and thin. He had quite a surprising time of it once. He'd been prospecting round the Ruby refractory ore district and he came out at Hank Cutter's sawmill just at sundown. Hank's place was full of gold rushers, so Old Scotty thought he'd sleep outdoors in peace and quiet. He discovered some big boxes that Hank was making for ore bins for the new mill, and as the ground was kind of damp from a thunder shower they had that day he spreads his blanket inside the box and goes to sleep. Ore bins have to be smooth and dust tight, so it wasn't a bad shanty.

"Well, there came a jar and waked him up. The box was rolling a little and going along, going along forty mile an hour. Scotty lit a match and found he was in a kind of big tunnel, but the wall was flying by so fast he couldn't make out just what kind of a tunnel it was. Now, he'd gone to sleep in peace and quiet on a side hill, and to wake up and find himself boat riding in a tunnel was enough to surprise anybody. First he pinched himself to see if it was Hank's pie or a cold fact; found it was a fact; then he lit another match and leaned over and looked at the black water underneath, but this made the box tip so it scart him, and he settled down in the bottom again. He didn't try to think. What was the use? No man living could have figured things out with the few facts Scotty had before him. All of a sudden the box made a rush and shot out into the air, and Scotty felt they were falling. 'God sakes!' he says to himself. 'What's next, I wonder?' Then they hit the water below with a kerflap that nearly telescoped Scotty and sent the spray flying. After that they went along smooth again. 'Well,' says Scotty, 'I don't know where I am, nor who I am, nor what's happened, nor who's it, nor nothing about this game. So far I ain't been hurt, though, and I might just as well lie down and get a little more rest.'

"It was broad daylight when he woke up again, and a man was looking into the box. 'Hello, pardner!' he says. 'I hope you've had a pleasant journey. Do you always travel this way?'

"Scotty raised up and found his craft was aground, high and dry—no water within a hundred feet of it. On one side was quite a little town.

"'Say,' says he, 'could I trouble you to tell me where I am, friend?'

"'You're at Placerville,' answers the other.

"'Placerville!' yells Scotty. 'And I went to sleep at Cutter's mill, sixty-five miles from here! What are you giving us, man?'

"'I'm putting it to you straight,' says the stranger. 'Take a look around you.'

"Scotty looked, and there was all kinds of wreckage, from a dead beef critter to a wheelbarrow.

"'What in nation's all this?' says he.

"'Washout,' says the man. 'Cloudburst up on the divide—worst we've ever had—your box is about high water mark—you see there was water enough for awhile—I reckon you're about the only thing that came through alive.'

"'Well, wouldn't that knock you?' says Scotty.

"While the rest of the folk at the mill was taking to the high ground for their lives, with the water roaring and tearing through the gulch, Scotty had

"What in nation's all this?" says he.

peacefully gone off in his little boat down the creek and, instead of going over the rapids, where he'd have been done, for all his luck, the box ambles through the flume they was building for the new mill. Of course there was the jounce over the tail race, but that hadn't hurt him much, and after he rocked in the cradle of the deep until he got beached at Placerville.

"'Come along, friend,' says Scotty to the feller. 'You and me are going to have a little drink on this, if it is the last act.' And I reckon probably they made it two, for when Scotty got back again he was in a condition that made everybody believe that he'd only guessed at the story he told. But they found out afterward it was a solemn fact. Mattie, give us some more coffee."

Thus abruptly recalled to Fairfield, Miss Mattie started up.

"Well, Will, it does seem as if that was a dangerous country to live in," said she.

"Oh, not so awful," said Red. "Just as many people die here as they do there. This world's a dangerous place to live in wherever you strike it, Mattie."

"That's so," said she thoughtfully.

"And now," said Red, pushing back his chair, "it's time I got to work and left you to do the housework undisturbed."

"What are you going to do, Will?"

"First place, there's fences and things to be tinkered up, I see. I suppose a millionaire like me ought to hire those things done, but I'd have measles of the mind if I sat around doing nothing."

"I have been wanting to get the place in good order for some time," said Miss Mattie, "but what with the money I had to spend for this and that, and not being able to get Mr. Joyce to come in for a day's work when I wanted him, it's gone on until there is a good deal of wrack to it."

"We'll wrack it t'other way round in no time. Got any tools here?"

"Out in the barn is what's left of father's tools. People have borrowed 'em and forgot to return 'em, and they've rusted or been lost until I'm afraid there ain't many of 'em left."

"Well, I'll get along today somehow, and later on we'll stock up. Want any help around the house?"

"Thank you, no, Will."

"Then I'm off."

It was almost with a feeling of terror that Miss Mattie beheld him root up the fence. Her idea of repairing was to put in a picket here and there where it was most needed. Red's was to knock it all flat first and set it up in A1 condition afterward. So in two hours' time he straightened up and snapped the sweat from his brow, beholding the slain pickets prone on the grass with thorough satisfaction. Yet he felt tired, for the day was already hot with a moist and soaking seacoast heat, to which the plainsman was unaccustomed. A three-quarter grown boy passed by, lounging on the seat of a farm wagon.

"Hey!" hailed Red. The boy stopped and turned slowly around.

"Yes, sir," he answered courteously enough.

"Want a job?" said Red.

"Well, I dunno," replied the boy. He was much astonished at the appearance of his interrogator, and he was a cautious New England boy to boot.

"You don't know?" retorted Red. "Well," with some sarcasm, "d'ye suppose I could find out at the postoffice?"

The boy looked at Red, with a twinkle in his eye and a comical drawing of his long mouth.

"I calc'late if you cud fin' out anyw'eres 'twould be there," said he.

Red laughed. He had noticed the busy postmistress rushing out of her store to waylay any one likely to have information on any subject, a stream of questions proceeding from her through the door.

"Say, you got anything particular to do?"

"No, sir; leastways th'ain't no hurry about it."

"Can I buy stuff to make a fence with around here?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Pettigrew's got all kinds of buildin' material at his store—two mile over yonder," pointing with the whip.

"You drive over there for me and get some—just like this here—pickets and posts and whatever you call them long pieces, and I'll make it right with you."

"Yes, sir. How much will I get?"

"Oh, tell him to fill the wagon up with it, and I'll send back what I don't want. Hustle, now, like a good boy; I want to get shut of this job; I liked it better before I begun."

When his Mercury had speeded on the journey at a faster gait than Red would have given him credit for the architect strode down to the blacksmith's shop. There was a larger crowd than usual around the forge, as the advent of the stranger had got into the wind, and the village Vulcan was a person who not only looked the whole world in the face, but no one of the maiden ladies of Fairfield could have excelled his interest in looking the whole world as much in the inside pocket as possible. The blacksmith was emphatically a man of gossip, as well as a hardworking, God fearing man.

"Say, there he comes now, Mr. Tuttle!" cried one of the loungers, and nudged the smith to look.

"Well, let him come!" retorted the smith testily, jamming a shoe in the fire with unnecessary force; as a matter of fact he was embarrassed. The loungers huddled together for moral support as the big cowman loomed through the doorway.

"Good morning, friends!" said he.

"Good morning, sir!" replied the blacksmith, rubbing his hands on his apron. "Nice day, sir."

"For the sake of good fellowship I'll say 'yes' to that," responded Red, "but if you want my honest opinion on the subject it's d—n hot."

"'Tis that," assented the smith, and a silence followed.

"Say, who's your crack fence builder around here," asked Red—"the man that can make two pickets grow where only one grew before and do it so easy that it's a pleasure to sit and look at him?"

"Hey?" inquired the smith, not precisely getting the meaning of the address.

"Why, I've got a fence to build," exclaimed Red, "and now I want some help—want it so bad I'll produce to the extent of three a day and call it a day from now till 6 o'clock. Any takers here? Make your bets while the little ball rolls."

The loungers understood the general drift of this and pricked up their ears, as did the blacksmith. "Guess one of the boys will help you," said the latter.

"Well, who's it?" asked Red, glancing at the circle of faces. Three dollars a day was enormous wages in that part of the country. Nobody knew just what to say.

"Oh, well," cried Red, "let's everybody run! I reckon I can find something to do for the five of you. Are you with me?"

"Yes, sir," they said promptly.

"Can I borrow a hammer or so off you, old man?" questioned Red of the smith.

"Certainly, sir," returned the latter heartily. "Take what you want."

"Much obliged. And the gate hinges are out of whack. Miss Saunders' place, you know. Come over and take a squint at 'em in the near by and by, will you? May as well fix it up all at once. Come on, boys!"

It was thus that the greatest enterprise that Fairfield had seen in many a day was undertaken. Miss Mattie was simply astounded as the army bore down upon the house.

"Whatever in the world is Cousin Will doing?" said she, but resting strong in the faith that it was necessarily all right she was content to wait for dinner and an explanation. Not so the postmistress. The agonies of unrequited curiosity the worthy woman suffered that morning until she at last summoned up her resolution and asked the smith plump out and out what it all meant would have to be experienced to be appreciated. And the smith kept her hanging for awhile, too, saying to himself in justification that it wasn't right the way that old gal had to get into everybody's business. The smith was like some of the rest of us—he could see through a beam if it was in his own eye.

[To be Continued.]

XTRAGOOD
CLOTHES FOR BOYS
Ederheimer, Stein & Co. - Makers

MAKE a list in your mind of all the good qualities you want to find in the boys' clothing you buy. Then come here and get more than you thought of—in an XTRAGOOD suit. Good as it can be, stylish as it should be, lower priced than it ought to be.

Sailor, Junior and Russian suits in many variations of style and fabric. Carefully tailored and trimmed. Also a large showing of Norfolks and double-breasted suits.

BETTMAN

EVERYTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

To aid in healing old sores, or ulcers, apply Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve to them while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" to purify and enrich the blood.

Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve is cleansing and pain relieving. It destroys the bad odors arising from suppurating, or running, sores and puts them in the best possible condition for healing.

The "All-Healing Salve" is a superior dressing for all open, running, or suppurating, Sores or Ulcers. For healing open wounds, cuts and scratches it is unsurpassed.

If your medicine dealer does not have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock mail 50 cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive it by return post.

In treating all open sores, or ulcers, boils carbuncles and other swellings, it is important that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery be taken persistently to purify the blood and thereby remove the *cause* of the trouble. It is in the blood that the great battle of health has to be fought. The ulcer and the sore are simply the scarlet flowers of disease, with roots running down into the blood. These roots must be eradicated or the disease will break out afresh. "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanses the blood of all foul and poisonous accumulations, pushes out the dead and waste matter, and thus purifies the entire life current. Disease in the flesh must die out when it is no longer fed by foul blood. "Golden Medical Discovery" effectively cures disease in the flesh by curing its cause in the blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid, or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and its attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a *free* copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

Cures Woman's Weaknesses.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editoral staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator * * * makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "In Helonias we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted.* In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhea; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding), due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhea (surpressed or absent monthly periods), arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anemic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * * and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are *the original* Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. Easy to take as candy.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for Thurston county.
In the matter of the estates of Isaac M. Frey and Sabrina Frey, deceased.
Order.

Whereas Fred. Schomber, administrator of the above entitled estate, has filed his final report and application for an order of distribution in the above entitled court.

Now therefore, Monday the 20th day of April, 1908, at ten (10) A. M., at the court room of the court house in Olympia, Thurston county, Washington, is set as the time, hour ond place for the hearin and settlement of said final accounting, and all persons interested therein are directed to appear on said date and file, in writing, their exceptions, if any they have, to said final account.

It is further ordered that notice tkereof be given both by posting and by publishing copy of this notice in some weekly newspaper for four consecutive weeks.

Done in open court this 19th day of March, 1908. O. V. LINN,
[SEAL] Judge.
First publication Ma rch 20, 1908. 4t.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale
UNDER EXECUTION.

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

Martin Lee, Plaintiff, vs. Harriet Garland and Francis Roch, Defendants. } Execution—No. 2.54.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Superior Court of the State of Washington for Thurston county, on a judgment entered in said Court on the 18th day of December, 1906, and bearing date of Feb. 18th, 1908, in favor of the above named plaintiff and against the above named defendants for the sum of thirteen hundred twenty and 90-10 dollars, and to me as Sheriff of Thurston county, duly directed and delivered and by which I am commanded to make the above named amount out of the property of the above named defendants.

Therefore I have levied upon and will sell according to law the following described property, to-wit:

Lot three (3) Block nine (9) McElroy & Williams' First Addition to Seatco (now Bucoda) Thurston County, Washington.

Now, therefore, public notice is hereby given that I will sell the above described property at public auction according to law to the highest bidder for cash at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 25th day of April, 1908, at the Fourth street door of the Court House in Olympia, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy the above named amount together with increased interest and increased costs.

Dated this 13th day of March, 1908.
T. F. CONNOLLY,
Sheriff of Thurston county, Washington.
Date of first publication, March 20, 1908. 5t

IN the Justice Court of the State of Washington, before Robert Frost, J. P., Olympia Precinct.

Olympia Hardware Company, a corporation, Plaintiff. vs. A. E. Baird, Defendant } Notice.

To A. E. Baird, defendant.

You are hereby notified that the Olympia Hardware Company, a corporation, has filed a complaint against you in said Court, which will come on to be heard at my office in the Court House at Olympia, in Thurston County, Washington, on the 18th day of April, 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., and unless you appear then and there and answer, the same will be taken as confessed and the demand of the complaint granted. The object and demand of the complaint is to recover $28.55 which you owe the plaintiff on account and to foreclose a lien by writ of attachment on the following described personal property, to wit: A patent floor scraper, Little Giant make. ROBERT FROST,
Justice of the Peace.
Complaint filed March 13th, 1908.
First publication, March 20th, 1908. 5t.

Notice for Bids.

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

In the matter of the estate of Phillip Bode, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that I will accept bids for all of the interest of the above named deceased, Phillip Bode, in and to the following described premises in Thurston county, Washington, to-wit:

The undivided one-half interest in lots 1, 2, 3, 14, 15 and 16, block 2, of C. H. Springer's Subdivision of lot 2, block 41, Barnes' Addition to Tumwater, Washington.

Bids must be in writing and for cash and will be received on and after April 15th, 1908, and must be delivered to me personally, or filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, on and after said date. H. JOSEPH BODE,
Administrator of the estate of Phillip Bode, deceased.
First publication, April 3, 1908. 2t.

Notice for Bids.

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

In re the estate of Glenn E. Class, a minor.

Notice is hereby given that I will receive bids for the following described real property in Thurston county, Washington, to wit:

Lots 5 and 6, block 12, of the town of Tumwater, the said interest of the said minor being an undivided one-half interest.

The said bids will be received on and after April 15th, 1908, and must be in writing and for cash, or upon terms, and may be filed with me personally at Tumwater, Washington, or with the Clerk of the above Court on and after the said date. J. W. CLASS,
Guardian of Glenn E. Class, a minor.
First publication, April 3, 1908. 2t.

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