THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLOW.

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CHAPTER X.

"WHAT!" exclaimed Shirley, changing color. "You believe that John Burkett Ryder is at the bottom of this infamous accusation against father?"

It was the day following her arrival at Massapequa, and Shirley, the judge and Stott were all three sitting on the porch. Until now by common consent any mention of the impeachment proceedings had been avoided by every one. The previous afternoon and evening had been spent listening to an account of Shirley's experiences in Europe, and a smile had flitted across even the judge's careworn face as his daughter gave a humorous description of the picturesque Paris students with their long hair and peg top trousers, while Stott simply roared with laughter. Ah, it was good to laugh again after so much trouble and anxiety! But, while Shirley avoided the topic that lay nearest her heart, she was consumed with a desire to tell her father of the hope she had of enlisting the aid of John Burkett Ryder. The great financier was certainly able to do anything he chose, and had not his son Jefferson promised to win him over to their cause? So today after Mrs. Rossmore and her sister had gone down to the village to make some purchases Shirley timidly broached the matter. She asked Stott and her father to tell her everything, to hold back nothing. She wanted to hear the worst.

Stott, therefore, started to review the whole affair from the beginning, explaining how her father in his capacity as judge of the supreme court had to render decisions, several of which were adverse to the corporate interests of a number of rich men, and how since that time these powerful interests had used all their influence to get him put off the bench. He told her about the Transcontinental case and how the judge had got mysteriously tangled up in the Great Northern Mining company and of the scandalous newspaper rumors, followed by the news of the congressional inquiry. Then he told her about the panic in Wall street, the sale of the house on Madison avenue and the removal to Long Island.

"That is the situation," said Stott when he had finished. "We are waiting now to see what the senate will do. We hope for the best. It seems impossible that the senate will condemn a man whose whole life is like an open book, but unfortunately the senate is strongly Republican and the big interests are in complete control. Unless support comes from some unexpected quarter we must be prepared for anything."

Support from some unexpected quarter! Stott's closing words rang in Shirley's head. Was that not just what she had to offer? Unable to restrain herself longer and her heart beating tumultuously from suppressed emotion, she cried:

"We'll have that support! We'll have it! I've got it already! I wanted to surprise you! Father, the most powerful man in the United States will save you from being dishonored!"

The two men leaned forward in eager interest. What could the girl mean? Was she serious or merely jesting?

But Shirley was never more serious in her life. She was jubilant at the thought that she had arrived home in time to invoke the aid of this powerful ally. She repeated enthusiastically:

"We need not worry any more. He has but to say a word, and these proceedings will be instantly dropped. They would not dare act against his veto. Did you hear, father, your case is as good as won!"

"What do you mean, child? Who is this unknown friend?"

"Surely you can guess when I say the most powerful man in the United States? None other than John Burkett Ryder!"

She stopped short to watch the effect this name would have on her hearers. But to her surprise neither her father nor Stott displayed the slightest emotion or even interest. Puzzled at this cold reception, she repeated:

"Did you hear, father—John Burkett Ryder will come to your assistance. I came home on the same ship as his son, and he promised to secure his father's aid."

The judge puffed heavily at his pipe and merely shook his head, making no reply. Stott explained:

"We can't look for help from that quarter, Shirley. You don't expect a man to cut loose his own kite, do you?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Shirley, mystified.

"Simply this, that John Burkett Ryder is the very man who is responsible for all your father's misfortunes."

The girl sank back in her seat pale and motionless, as if she had received a blow. Was it possible?

"Do you really believe this, that John Ryder deliberately concocted the bribery charge with the sole purpose of ruining my father?" demanded Shirley, when she had somewhat recovered.

"There is no other solution of the mystery possible," answered Stott.

"And you, father, do you believe Ryder did this?"

"I have no longer any doubt of it," answered the judge. "I think John Ryder would see me dead before he would raise a finger to help me. His answer to my demand for my letters convinced me that he was the arch plotter."

"What letters do you refer to?" demanded Shirley.

"The letters I wrote to him in regard to my making an investment. He advised the purchase of certain stock. I wrote him two letters at the time, which letters if I had them now would go a long way to clearing me of this charge of bribery, for they plainly showed that I regarded the transaction as a bona fide investment. Since this trouble began I wrote to Ryder asking him to return me these letters so I might use them in my defense. The only reply I got was an insolent note from his secretary saying that Mr. Ryder had forgotten all about the transaction, and in any case had not the letters I referred to."

"Couldn't you compel him to return them?" asked Shirley.

"We could never get at him," interrupted Stott. "The man is guarded as carefully as the czar."

"Still," objected Shirley, "it is possible that he may have lost the letters or even never received them."

"Oh, he has been safe enough, replied Stott. "A man like Ryder keeps every scrap of paper, with the idea that it may prove useful some day. The letters are lying somewhere in his desk. Besides, after the Transcontinental decision he was heard to say that he'd have Judge Rossmore off the bench inside of a year."

"And it wasn't a vain boast he's done it," muttered the judge.

Shirley relapsed into silence. Her brain was in a whirl. It was true, then. This merciless man of money, this ogre of monopolistic corporations, this human juggernaut had crushed her father merely because by his honesty he interfered with his shady business deals! Ah, why had she spared him in her book? She felt now that she had been too lenient, not bitter enough, not sufficiently pitiless. Such a man was entitled to no mercy.

Long after the judge and Stott had left for the city Shirley sat alone on the porch engrossed in thought, taxing her brain to find some way out of the darkness, and when presently her mother and aunt returned they found her still sitting there, silent and preoccupied. If they only had those two letters, she thought. They alone might save her father, but how could they be got at? Mr. Ryder had put them safely away, no doubt. He would not give them up. She wondered how it would be to go boldly to him and appeal to whatever sense of honor and fairness that might be lying latent within him. No, such a man would not know what the terms "honor," "fairness" meant. She pondered upon it all day, and at night when she went tired to bed it was her last thought as she dropped off to sleep.

The following morning Shirley went out for a walk. She preferred to go alone so she would not have to talk. Hers was one of those lonely, introspective natures that resent the intrusion of aimless chatter when preoccupied with serious thoughts.

Every now and then Shirley espied in the distance the figure of a man which she thought she recognized as that of Jefferson. Had he come, after all? The blood went coursing tumultuously through her veins only a moment later to leave her face a shade paler as the man came nearer, and she saw he was a stranger.

As she neared the cottage on her return home, she caught sight of the letter carrier approaching the gate. Instantly she thought of Jefferson, and she hurried to intercept the man. Perhaps he had written instead of coming.

"Miss Shirley Rossmore?" said the man eying her interrogatively.

"That's I," said Shirley.

The postman handed her a letter and passed on. Shirley glanced quickly at the superscription. No, it was not from Jefferson; she knew his handwriting too well. The envelope, moreover, bore the firm name of her publishers. She tore it open and found that it merely contained another letter which the publishers had forwarded. This was addressed to Miss Shirley Green and ran as follows:

Dear Madam—If convenient, I should like to see you at my office, 36 Broadway, in relation to your book, "The American Octopus." Kindly inform me as to the day and hour at which I may expect you. Yours truly,

JOHN BURKETT RYDER.
Per B.

Shirley almost shouted from sheer excitement. At first she was alarmed—the name John Burkett Ryder was such a bogey to frighten bad children with, she thought he might want to punish her for writing about him as she had. She hurried to the porch and sat there reading the letter over and over, and her brain began to evolve ideas. She had been wondering how she could get at Mr. Ryder, and here he was actually asking her to call on him. Evidently he had not the slightest idea of her identity, for he had been able to reach her only through her publishers, and no doubt he had exhausted every other means of discovering her address. The more she pondered over it the more she began to see in this invitation a way of helping her father. Yes, she would go and beard the lion in his den, but she would not go to his office. She would accept the invitation only on condition that the interview took place in the Ryder mansion, where undoubtedly the letters would be found. She decided to act immediately. No time was to be lost, so she procured a sheet of paper and an envelope and wrote as follows:

Mr. John Burkett Ryder:
Dear Sir—I do not call upon gentlemen at their business office. Yours, etc.,

SHIRLEY GREEN.

Her letter was abrupt and at first glance seemed hardly calculated to bring about what she wanted—an invitation to call at the Ryder home, but she was shrewd enough to see that if Ryder wrote to her at all it was because he was most anxious to see her and her abruptness would not deter him from trying again. On the contrary, the very unusualness of any one thus dictating to him would make him more than ever desirous of making her acquaintance. So Shirley mailed the letter and awaited with confidence for Ryder's reply. So certain was she that one would come that she at once began to form her plan of action. She would leave Massapequa at once, and her whereabouts must remain a secret even from her own family. As she intended to go to the Ryder house in the assumed character of Shirley Green, it would never do to run the risk of being followed home by a Ryder detective to the Rossmore cottage. She would confide in one person only—Judge Stott. He would know where she was and would be in constant communication with her. But, otherwise, she must be alone to conduct the campaign as she judged fit. She would go at once to New York and take rooms in a boarding house where she would be known as Shirley Green. As for funds to meet her expenses, she had her diamonds, and would they not be filling a more useful purpose if sold to defray the cost of saving her father than in mere personal adornment? So that evening while her mother was talking with the judge she beckoned Stott over to the corner where she was sitting.

"Judge Stott," she began, "I have a plan."

He smiled indulgently at her.

"You said that no one on earth could resist John Burkett Ryder, that no one could fight against the money power. Well, do you know what I am going to do?"

"What will you do?" he asked with a slightly ironical inflection in his voice.

"I am going to fight John Burkett Ryder!" she cried.

Stott looked at her open mouthed.

"You?" he said.

"Yes, I," said Shirley. "I'm going to him, and I intend to get those letters if he has them."

Stott shook his head.

"My dear child," he said, "what are you talking about? How can you expect to reach Ryder? We couldn't."

"I don't know just how yet," replied Shirley, "but I'm going to try. I love my father, and I'm going to leave nothing untried to save him."

"But what can you do?" persisted Stott. "The matter has been sifted over and over by some of the greatest minds in the country."

"Has any woman sifted it over?" demanded Shirley.

"No, but"—stammered Stott.

"Then it's about time one did," said the girl decisively. "Those letters my father speaks of—they would be useful, would they not?"

"They would be invaluable."

"Then I'll get them. If not"—

"But I don't understand how you're going to get at Ryder," interrupted Stott.

"This is how," replied Shirley, passing over to him the letter she had received that afternoon.

As Stott recognized the well known signature and read the contents the expression of his face changed. He gasped for breath and sank into a chair from sheer astonishment.

"Ah, that's different," he cried. "That's different."

Briefly Shirley outlined her plan, explaining that she would go to live in the city immediately and conduct her campaign from there. If she was successful, it might save her father, and if not no harm could become of it.

That same evening her mother, the judge and Stott went for a stroll after dinner and left her to take care of the house. They had wanted Shirley to go, too, but she pleaded fatigue. The truth was that she wanted to be alone, so that she could ponder undisturbed over her plans. It was a clear, starlit night, with no moon, and Shirley sat on the porch listening to the chirping of the crickets and idly watching the flashes of the mysterious fireflies. She was in no mood for reading and sat for a long time rocking herself, engrossed in her thoughts. Suddenly she heard some one unfasten the garden gate. It was too soon for the return of the promenaders. It must be a visitor. Through the uncertain penumbra of the garden she discerned approaching a form which looked familiar. Yes, now there was no doubt possible. It was indeed Jefferson Ryder.

She hurried down the porch to greet him. No matter what the father had done, she could never think any the less of the son. He took her hand, and for several moments neither one spoke. There are times when silence is more eloquent than speech, and this was one of them. The gentle grip of his big, strong hand expressed more tenderly than any words the sympathy that lay in his heart for the woman he loved. Shirley said quietly:

"You have come at last, Jefferson."

"I came as soon as I could," he replied gently. "I saw father only yesterday."

"You need not tell me what he said," Shirley hastened to say.

Jefferson made no reply. He understood what she meant. He hung his head and hit viciously with his walking stick at the pebbles that lay at his feet. She went on:

"I know everything now. It was foolish of me to think that Mr. Ryder would ever help us."

"I can't help it in any way," blurted out Jefferson. "I have not the slightest influence over him. His business methods I consider disgraceful. You understand that, don't you, Shirley?"

The girl laid her hand on his arm and replied kindly:

"Of course, Jeff, we know that. Come up and sit down."

He followed her on the porch and drew up a rocker beside her.

"They are all out for a walk," she explained.

"I'm glad," he said frankly. "I wanted a quiet talk with you. I did not care to meet any one. My name must be odious to your people."

Both were silent, feeling a certain awkwardness. They seemed to have drifted apart in some way since those delightful days in Paris and on the ship. Then he said:

"I'm going away, but I couldn't go until I saw you."

"You are going away?" exclaimed Shirley, surprised.

"Yes," he said, "I cannot stand it any more at home. I had a hot talk with my father yesterday about one thing and another. He and I don't chin well together. Besides this matter of your father's impeachment has completely discouraged me. All the wealth in the world could never reconcile me to such methods! I'm ashamed of the role my own flesh and blood has played in that miserable affair. I can't express what I feel about it. But what are you going to do?" he asked. "These surroundings are not for you"— He looked around at the cheap furnishings which he could see through the open window, and his face showed real concern.

"I shall teach or write, or go out as governess," replied Shirley, with a tinge of bitterness. Then smiling sadly she added: "Poverty is easy. It is unmerited disgrace which is hard."

The young man drew his chair closer and took hold of the hand that lay in her lap. She made no resistance.

"Shirley," he said, "do you remember that talk we had on the ship? I asked you to be my wife. You led me to believe that you were not indifferent to me. I ask you again to marry me. Give me the right to take care of you and yours. I am the son of the world's richest man, but I don't want his money. I have earned a competence of my own—enough to live on comfortably. We will go away where you and your father and mother will make their home with us. Do not let the sins of the fathers embitter the lives of the children."

"Mine has not sinned," said Shirley bitterly.

"I wish I could say the same of mine," replied Jefferson. "It is because the clouds are dark about you that I want to come into your life to comfort you."

The girl shook her head.

"No, Jefferson, the circumstances make such a marriage impossible. Your family and everybody else would say that I had inveigled you into it. It is even more impossible now than I thought it was when I spoke to you on the ship."

Emotion stopped her utterance, and she buried her face in her hands, weeping silently.

"Shirley," said Jefferson tenderly, "you are wrong. If you will not say 'Yes' now, I shall go away as I told my father I would, and one day I shall come back and then if you are still single I shall ask you again to be my wife."

"You may not want me then."

"I shall always want you," he whispered hoarsely, bending over her. In the dim light of the porch he saw that her tear stained face was drawn and pale. He rose and held out his hand.

"Goodby," he said simply.

"Goodby, Jefferson." She rose and put her hand in his. "We will always be friends."

He raised her hand to his lips.

"Goodby, Shirley. Don't forget me. I shall come back for you."

He went down the porch, and she watched him go out of the gate and down the road until she could see his figure no longer. Then she turned back and sank into her chair, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, she gave way to a torrent of tears which afforded some relief to the weight on her heart. Presently the others returned from their walk, and she told them about the visitor.

"Mr. Ryder's son, Jefferson, was here. We crossed on the same ship. I introduced him to Judge Stott on the lock."

The judge looked surprised, but he merely said:

"I hope for his sake that he is a different man from his father."

"He is," replied Shirley simply, and nothing more was said.

Two days went by, during which Shirley went on completing the preparations for her visit to New York. It was arranged that Stott should escort her to the city. Shortly before they started for the train a letter arrived for Shirley. Like the first one, it had been forwarded by her publishers. It read as follows:

"Shirley, you are wrong."

Miss Shirley Green:
Dear Madam—I shall be happy to see you at my residence—Fifth avenue—any afternoon that you will mention. Yours very truly,

JOHN BURKETT RYDER.
Per B.

Shirley smiled in triumph as, unseen by her father and mother, she passed it over to Stott. She at once sat down and wrote this reply:

Mr. John Burkett Ryder:
Dear Sir—I am sorry that I am unable to comply with your request. I prefer the invitation to call at your private residence should come from Mrs. Ryder. Yours, etc., SHIRLEY GREEN.

She laughed as she showed this to Stott.

"He'll write me again," she said, "and next time his wife will sign the letter."

An hour later she left Massapequa for the city.

To be Continued

BLOCK AND BLANKET.

There Was Nothing Dainty About This English Squire's Bed.

An old highland chief, finding his younger son, a mere boy, sleeping on the battlefield with a huge snowball under his head, kicked it away, exclaiming: "What do ye want wi' a pillow? I'll nae such effeminacy in my family!" A similar aversion to "effeminacy" marked Charles Waterson, an English squire, who in early life had wandered through many lands as a naturalist, intent on making collections of birds, reptiles, insects and wild beasts.

The bedroom where the squire slept and also prepared the specimens in his natural history collection was in the roof and open to the rafters. Across a stretched rope were thrown a striped blanket and his working clothes. The furniture was rough, coarse and scanty—an old deal table, three crazy chairs, a deal clothespress and a chest of drawers. The floor, deal boards, was uncarpeted.

Mrs. Byrne, who narrates the incident in her volume, "Social Hours With Celebrities," on surveying it remarked on the anomaly of a bedroom lacking a bed.

"I've long learned that a bed is a useless luxury," said the squire, drawing from a corner an oblong block of oak two feet long, ten inches wide, eight inches deep, hollowed and polished in the middle. Then he pulled down the striped blanket, rolled it around him and lay down on the bare boards, resting his head on the block.

"There, that's my bed! It's soon made, and I'll answer for it none of you sleep more soundly than I."

For thirty years the block and blanket had been the squire's bed, summer and winter, in health and sickness. When traveling, as he couldn't carry about his timber pillow, he used the best substitute he could devise. Once he was Mrs. Byrne's guest in London and, as usual, retired to rest at 9 o'clock. The German maid, not supposing that he had retired at so early an hour, went into the bedroom to take in the can of hot water. She gave a scream and rushed out. The next morning her mistress asked for an explanation.

"Ach, vell may you ask! I vent into de room, and vat did I see? A long body roll up in a blanket on de floor and a cray head on a portmanteau."

Smothered Bread.

Dip thick slices of bread in milk, just enough to moisten, then fry in a little butter and lard. While this is cooking, fry in another spider, closely coverd, a lot of sliced onions. Let the onions be cooking before starting the bread. When both are done, heap the onions on the bread. See that they are well seasoned and serve piping hot.

THE office sometimes seeks the man but how he does sometimes hustle after he gets the nomination!

ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

What to Do When Table Linen Grows Thin—Helpful Hints.

Too little attention is paid to the wear and tear of tablecloths and napkins, as a rule. They are washed and ironed and put away regardless of the places that are becoming thin and worn until these spots become holes and it suddenly dawns on the dismayed housekeeper that her table linen is "going all to pieces."

If tiny holes are found in table linen the first thing to do is to darn them neatly, selecting the numbers of thread or cotton best suited to the material to be darned, using as fine a needle as possible. If the material is much worn it is best to lay a piece of the same under the thin place and darn down upon it. This gives strength, though it does not look quite as neat as it would without the extra piece of material beneath. A ragged tear always must have an extra piece beneath.

Kitchen Helps.

Those who have tried it say that to hold a pin or needle between the teeth when paring onions keeps the eyes from watering.

A jelly tumbler with close fitting cover is a good receptacle for the sifted flour which is so handy to have ready for thickening gravy.

Soaking ham overnight in sweet milk before boiling or frying improves the flavor greatly.

A few drops of lemon juice added to the water in which rice is boiled will whiten the kernels.

Prevention of Cooking Odors.

Odors from cooking, the careful housewife may be glad to know, can be prevented by tying up in a linen bag a lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball and placing it in the pot with the boiling greens, ham, etc. This will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an effluvium to the regions above. A few red peppers or pieces of charcoal put into the pot are also said to stop the unpleasant odor which generally fills the house when green vegetables are boiled.

Floor Polish.

For a useful floor polish take two ounces of white and yellow wax, an ounce of white soap and a quart of boiling water. Shred the soap and the wax and melt them in a saucepan with the water over the fire. Mix by stirring and pour into a jar or bottle until wanted for use.

Apply with a woolen rag or a piece of flannel, then rub with another flannel and polish well until all stickiness is removed.

For Spongy Gums.

Sometimes there is a sort of spongy softness about the gums, very unpleasant. For this rub them several times daily with a mixture of half an ounce of Peruvian bark with six grams each of powdered ratanhia and chlorate of potash. A little soft brush dipped in pure lemon juice and applied to the gums where they are soft or slightly ulcerated will sometimes effect a cure.

For Sunburn.

Mix buttermilk with enough talcum powder to make a paste and spread it on the face when retiring. Another homemade remedy is to rub the skin thoroughly with the inner side of the rind of a freshly pared cucumber, and still another is baking soda—sovereign healer of all burns—either made into a solution for washing or applied in hot compresses.

Treating Warts.

Children's hands are often disfigured by warts, and they can be cured in a simple way. Get hartshorn and sweet oil of equal mixture and paint the warts with this each day. It is slow, yet thoroughly satisfactory. Acetic acid touched to the most tenacious warts will in time kill them, and they can be easily removed. Most children, however, object to your cutting even the dead part away, since they have a fear of its hurting. After removing warts wash the parts with a weak solution of carbolic acid. A drop of peroxide of hydrogen in the cavity will cleanse all impurities. Do not believe in such absurd things as superstitious persons entertain for the removal of warts, for warts are almost as difficult to remove as teeth, and the foolish notion which has ever prevailed of causing them to disappear through some magic is not to be thought of in this enlightened age.—Exchange.

The Protection of the Forests.

Few that fell trees plant them, nor would planting avail much toward getting back anything like the noble primeval forests. During a man's life only saplings can be grown in the place of the old trees—tens of centuries old—that have been destroyed. It took more than 3,000 years to make some of the trees in the western woods—trees that are still standing in perfect strength and beauty, waving and singing in the mighty forests of the Sierra. God has cared for these trees, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods. But he cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that.—John Muir.

He Surrendered.

"Did I ever say all that?" he asked despondently as she replaced the phonograph on the corner of the mantelpiece.

"You did."

"And you can grind it out of that machine whenever you choose?"

"Certainly!"

"And your father is a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Mabel, when can I place the ring on your finger and call you my wife?"—London Answers.

A Puzzle.

"There's wan thing," said Cassidy in the restaurant, "that's always puzzled me."

"Only wan thing?" piped Casey sarcastically. "An' w'at's that?"

"Is turtle soup fish whin 'tis made out o' veal?"—New York Globe.

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County.

Arthur S. Caton, Plaintiff, vs. W. T. and W. K. Smith and all other persons unknown, if any, claiming any interest in the hereinafter described real estate, defendant.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON to W. T. and W. K. Smith and all other persons unknown, if any, claiming any interest in the hereinafter described real estate, defendants. You are hereby notified that Arthur S. Caton is the owner and holder of a certificate of delinquency numbered 127, issued by the treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, on the 29th day of April, 1904, for the sum of Sixteen and 14-100 dollars, 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 W. T. and W. K. Smith and of which you are the owner or reputed owner, 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 fifteen (15) of Billings Subdivision of parts of sections twenty eight (28) and thirty-three (33) in Township nineteen (19) north of range two (2) west W. M.

That plaintiff has paid taxes, other than those included in said certificate of delinquency, in the sum of twenty seven and 84-100 dollars, 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 date of the first publication of the summons, exclusive of the said date of publication, which will be on the 6th day of November, 1908, 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. P. M. TROY,
County and Prosecuting Attorney, and Attorney for Plaintiff.
Postoffice address, Olympia, Washington.
Date of first publication, Nov. 6, 1908.

SUMMONS.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington, for Thurston County.

Arthur S. Caton, Plaintiff, vs. D. M. Woodson, and Jane Doe Woodson, his wife, and all persons unknown, if any, claiming any interest in the hereinafter described real estate, Defendant.

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON to D. M. Woodson, and Jane Doe Woodson, his wife, and all persons unknown, if any, claiming any interest in the hereinafter described real estate, defendants. You are hereby notified that Arthur S. Caton is the owner and holder of certificate of delinquency numbered 128, issued by the treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, on the 29th day of April, 1908, for the sum of Thirty-one and 94-100 dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the taxes for the years 1894, 1895, 1894 and 1895, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon, upon real property assessed to D. M. Woodson and of which you are the owner or reputed owner, or of 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: The east one-half of lot fourteen (14) of Billing's Subdivision of part of sections twenty-eight (28) and thirty-three (33) in Township nineteen (19) north of Range two (2) W. W. M.

That plaintiff has paid taxes, other than those included in said certificate of delinquency, in the sum of Eight and 72-100 dollars, 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 date of the first publication of this summons, which will be November 6th, 1908, 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. P. M. TROY,
County and Prosecuting Attorney, and Attorney for Plaintiff.
Postoffice address, Olympia, Washington.
Date of first publication, Nov. 6, 1908.

NOTICE.

IN the Superior Court of the State of Washington in and for the county of Thurston.
In re the guardianship of Cora O. Wynn, a mentally incompetent person.

Notice is hereby given that the undesigned M. H. Wynn, guardian of the above entitled ward, having first settled his accounts, hereby gives notice that he has filed his resignation of his guardianship herein and gives notice that he will being the same on for hearing on the 8th day of December, 1908, in the Court room of the Superior Court of Thurston County, Washington, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.

M. H. WYNN,
Guardian of Cora O. Wynn, a mentally incompetent person.
Date of first publication, Oct 23, 1908. 7t.

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