A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI

By THOMAS A. WISE

Novelized From the Play by Frederick R. Toombs

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CHAPTER XVIII.

HOPE LANGDON'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

HAINES sat at a table in the reception room, across from Hope Georgia, and his gratitude for her battle in his favor mingled with a realization of qualities in this young lady that he had never before noticed. Probably he did not know that what he had really seen in her that day and that evening was the sudden transition from girlhood to womanhood, her casting aside of thoughtless, irresponsible youth and the shouldering of the responsibilities of the grown woman who would do her share in the world's work.

She would do her share in the world's work.

He stared across in astonishment at this slip of a girl who had outwitted two resourceful men and an older sister of unquestioned abilities.

"I do not recognize you, Miss Hope," he said finally.

"Perhaps you never looked at me before," she suggested archly, feeling instinctively that this was her hour; that the man she loved was at this moment thinking more about her than of anything else in the world.

Haines made a gesture of regret.

"That must be it," he agreed. Then he leaned forward eagerly. "But I'm looking at you now, and I like looking at you. I like what you've done for me."

"Oh, that was nothing, Mr. Haines," she exclaimed airily, her intuition telling her of her sway over the man.

"Nothing!" he exclaimed. "Well, it's more than any one ever did for me before. I've known lots of girls"—

"I don't doubt that, Mr. Haines," Hope interjected, with a light laugh.

"Yes, I say I've known lots of girls, but there's never been one who showed herself such a true friend as you have been. There's never been any one who believed in me this way when I was practically down and out."

"Perhaps you've never been down and out before, Mr. Haines, so they never had a chance to show whether they believed in you or not."

"That may be one reason," he answered. "I wonder why"—he paused—"I wonder why your sister Carolina did not believe in me."

"You were quite fond of her, weren't you?" the girl began, then stopped and turned away her head.

Haines gazed curiously at Hope.

"I was, yes. I even thought I loved her, but I soon saw my mistake. It wasn't love. It was only a kind of"—

Suddenly pausing, Bud Haines shot a swift glance at the girl.

"What wonderful hair you have, Miss Hope."

The girl smiled invitingly.

"Think so?"

"Yes," he declared earnestly. "I know so. I never noticed it before, but I guess lots of fellows down in Mississippi have."

Hope's tantalizing smile worried him. "I hope you are not secretly engaged too!" he exclaimed.

"No, oh, no!" she answered quickly before she thought.

"Or in love?" he asked seriously.

Haines had stood up and was now leaning intently over the table. He realized the difference between the feeling he had had for Carolina and the tender emotion that thrilled him as he thought of the sweet girl before him. This time he knew he was not mistaken. He knew that he truly loved Hope Langdon.

"Or in love?" he asked again, anxious at her silence.

Hope looked at him slowly. A faint blush illumined her face.

"Oh, don't let's talk about me," she exclaimed.

"But I want to talk about you," he cried. "I don't want to talk about anything else. I must talk about you, and

"No one has believed in me but you."

I'm going to talk whether you want to hear or not. You've believed in me when nobody else believed. You've fought for me when everybody else was fighting against me. You've shown that you think I am honest and worthy of a woman's faith. You fought your own family for me. Nobody has ever done for me what you have, and—and"—

He faltered, full of what he was about to say.

"And you're grateful," she ended.

He looked her squarely in the eyes as though to fathom her thoughts. Then he reached toward the girl and seized both her hands.

"Grateful nothing!" he cried. "I'm not grateful. I'm in love—in love with you. I want you—want you as I never wanted anything or anybody before, and I tell you I'm going to have you. Do you hear?"

Hope could not hide her agitation. The light in her eyes showed she was all a woman.

"Oh, nothing in the world could happen as quickly as that, Mr. Haines!" she protested, with her last attempt at archness.

"Nothing could?" he threatened. "I'll show you."

He advanced quickly around the table but the girl darted just beyond his grasp. Then she paused, and her lover gathered her in his arms.

"Hope, my dear, you are my own," was all he could say as he bent over to kiss the lips that were not refused to him.

Hope released herself from his fervent grasp.

"I love you, I do love you," she said fondly. "I believe in you, and father must too. You've got to straighten this tangle out now, for my sake as well as your own. Father will listen."

"It's all so strange, so wonderful, I can hardly understand it," began Haines slowly as he held the girl's hands.

Unknown to both, the door leading from the hall had opened to admit Senator Langdon into the lower end of the room. Surprised at the sight of the couple, so seriously intent on each other, he made a sudden gesture of anger, then, apparently changing his mind, advanced toward them.

"I believe you want to see me, sir," he said to Haines. "I hope you'll be brief. I have very little time to spare from my guests."

Hope's bosom fluttered timorously at the interruption. The man nervously stepped forward.

"I shan't take much of your time, Senator Langdon," he said. "There has been a misunderstanding, a terrible mistake. I am sure I can convince you."

Senator Langdon hesitated doubtfully, half turned toward Carolina, Randolph and Norton, who had followed him, and again faced Haines.

Hope pressed her father's arm and looked up into his face entreatingly. Randolph, observing this, quickly stepped close to the senator's side, saying, "I can settle with this Mr. Haines for you."

Waving his son aside, the senator finally spoke.

"I reckon there's been too many attending to my business and settling my affairs, Randolph," he said. "I think for a change I'll settle a few of my own. All of you children go out and leave me here with Mr. Haines."

CHAPTER XIX.

SENATOR LANGDON LEARNS THE TRUTH.

WHEN they were alone Haines faced the senator and spoke determinedly.

"They told you I was not running straight," he said.

The senator nodded, and the lines about his mouth deepened.

"Yes."

Bud Haines stiffened at the word. Every muscle in his body seemed to become rigid as he mentally vowed that he would retaliate against his traducers if it cost him his life to do it. Hope had informed him only too accurately, he now realized. Little did the senator know that what he was now about to hear would give him one of the severest shocks of his life.

"They told me you weren't running straight," said Haines deliberately. "Now, neither one of us has been crooked, but somebody else has been, and this was the plan to keep us apart."

"Norton told me you were speculating in Altacoola lands," said Langdon.

"And Norton told me the same of you," retorted Bud.

The senator's face grew very serious.

"But my daughter, Miss Carolina Langdon, confirmed Norton's story."

Haines here faced the most difficult part of his interview. He hardly knew how to answer. His manhood rebelled against placing any blame on a woman. He revolted at the thought of ruining a father's faith in his daughter's honesty, especially when that father was the man he most admired, a man for whom he had genuine, deep rooted affection. But it was necessary that the words be spoken.

"I hate to tell you, sir," he said in a low, uncertain voice, "that it was your daughter Carolina who made me believe this story told about you and vouched for by your son Randolph."

Langdon started back aghast. He stared at Haines and knew that he spoke the truth. Then his white head sank pathetically. Tears welled into the eyes of the planter, and this sturdy old fighting man dropped weakly into a chair, sobbing convulsively, broken in spirit and wearied in body.

At length Haines spoke to his stricken chief.

"I know it hurts," he said. "It hurt me to have to say it. Don't believe it until you get it out of Norton, but then you must do something."

"I know it hurts."

Langdon came to his feet, mopping his cheeks. But there was no weakness in him now. Yes, he would do something. He would go after the thieves that had turned his own flesh and blood against him and root them all out—show them all up.

"Oh, I'll do something," he said grimly. "I'm going to make up for lost time. Of course Norton is speculating. Who's behind him?"

"Stevens and Peabody, I'm positive," answered Haines, "and behind them is Standard Steel."

"What," exclaimed Langdon, "Stevens in a swindle like this! Are you sure? How do you know?"

"A Gulf City man who couldn't carry his liquor gave me some clews, and I worked Norton into telling some more," answered the secretary. "Where is Peabody?"

"He's here now."

"Then he hasn't got my letter yet. I sent him a note and signed your name, senator, to the effect that the Gulf City claims have been brought before you so strongly that you might vote for Gulf City."

Langdon was amazed.

"You sent that note," he exclaimed, "when you know Altacoola is the only proper place and Gulf City is a mud bank?"

The newspaper man smiled.

"Of course," he agreed, "but I had to get a rise out of Peabody. This

"Show up at the old desk."

will show where he stands."

"Oh," said Langdon, "I understand. Thanks, boy."

A servant entered with a note.

"For Senator Peabody, sir, marked 'Urgent.' The messenger's been hunting him for some hours."

Langdon looked shrewdly at Bud, then turned to the servant.

"You keep that note until I ring for you, then bring it to Senator Peabody. Understand? No matter how urgent it's marked."

The man bowed.

"Yes, sir."

"Now tell Mr. Norton, Miss Langdon and Mr. Randolph to come here."

The senator turned back to his secretary.

"I expect I'm going to be pretty busy the rest of the evening, Bud, so in case I forget to mention it again remember to show up at your old desk in the morning."

"I will. Thank you, sir."

"You sent for us, senator," said Norton, approaching with his two dupes.

"You are interested in Altacoola lands," the senator angrily charged.

"I am, sir," he said.

"And you told Mr. Haines that I was interested in Altacoola lands?"

The schemer hesitated, and the senator broke in on him in rage.

"Speak out, man! Tell the truth, if you can."

"I did," admitted the congressman finally.

"Was there any particular reason for your not telling the truth?" demanded the Mississippian in threatening tone.

"I told the truth," replied Norton. "You are interested in them."

For an instant Langdon seemed about to step toward him, then he controlled himself.

"I didn't know it," he said.

"You have several things to learn, senator," declared the congressman.

"I have things to learn and things to teach," he said. "But go on. Why am I interested?"

"You are interested, senator," replied the trickster, making his big play, "through your son Randolph, who invested $50,000 of your money in Altacoola, and also through your daughter, Miss Carolina, who, acting on my advice, has put her own money—$25,000—in Altacoola land also."

For a moment Langdon was speechless. It was too much at first for the honest old southerner to comprehend.

"You mean," he gasped at last, "that you induced a boy to put $50,000 in Altacoola land when you knew I had to vote on the bill? And you even let my daughter put her money in the same scheme?"

"Of course I did. It was a splendid chance, and I let your son in for friendship and your daughter because she has done me the honor to promise to become my wife."

"What! You have my daughter's promise to marry you, you"—

"She admits it herself."

"Then I reckon here's where I lose a prospective son-in-law," sneered Langdon. "But that's unimportant. Now, Norton, who's behind you?"

"I must decline to answer that."

Langdon looked at him sternly.

"Very well," he said. "You are too small to count. I'll find out for myself. Now you go to my study and wait there until I send for you. I must be alone with my children."

When Norton and Haines had left them, Langdon turned sadly to the two children who had disgraced him.

"Can you understand?" he said. "Do you know what you've done to me?"

"What, father? We've done nothing wrong?" protested Carolina.

"They told me it was perfectly legitimate," urged Randolph. "They said everybody—Peabody and Stevens and the rest—were in it, and Peabody is the boss of the senate."

"Yes, my boy," assented the old planter, "he's the leader in the senate, and that's the shameful part of all this—that a man of his high standing should set you so miserable an example."

Randolph Langdon was not a vicious lad, not a youth who preferred or chose wrongdoing for the increased rewards it offered. He was at heart a chivalrous, straightforward, trustful southern boy who believed in the splendid traditions of his family and loved his father as a son should a parent having the qualities of the old hero of Crawfordsville. Jealous of his honor, he had been a victim of Norton's wiles because of the congressman's position and pursuasiveness, because this companion of his young days had won his confidence and had not hesitated to distort the lad's idea of what was right and what was wrong.

Randolph began an indignant protest against his father's reproof when the senator cut him short.

"Don't you see?" said the senator. "I can understand there being rascals in the outside world and that they should believe your careless, foolish old father lawful game, but that he should be thought a tool for dishonest thieving by members of his own family is incomprehensible.

"Randolph, my son, Carolina, my daughter, through all their generations the Langdons have been honorable. Your mother was a Randolph, and this from you! Oh, Carolina! And, you, Randolph! How could you? How could you betray or seek to betray your father, who sees in you the image of your dear mother, who has gone?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

BOTH Randolph and Carolina were deeply affected by their father's words.

The daughter attempted to take on herself the blame for her brother's action.

"I was the older one. I might have stopped him if I had wished and should bear the burden."

"No, no, father," exclaimed the youth, his inborn self reliance prompting him to shoulder the consequences of his own mistakes. "I, and I alone, am responsible for what I did. I did not realize that it was wrong. I will not hide behind Carolina."

Carolina Langdon bore herself better than was to have been expected under the strain of the painful interview. She saw more clearly now how she had erred. She was undergoing an inward revolution that would make it impossible for her ever again to veer so far from the line of duty to her father, her family and to herself.

When Randolph had finished Carolina took up her own defense, and eloquently she pleaded the defense of many a woman who yearns for what she has not got, for what may be beyond her reach—the defense of the woman who chafes under the limitations of worldly position, of sex and of opportunity. It was the defense of an ambitious woman.

"Perhaps I ought to have been a man of the Langdon family," she exclaimed. "Father, oh, can't you understand that I couldn't doze my life away down on those plantations? You don't know what ambition is. I had to have the world. I had to have money. If I had been a man I would have tried big financial enterprises. I should have liked to fight for a fortune. You wouldn't have condemned me then. You might have said my methods were bold, but if I succeeded I would have been a great man. But just because I am a woman you think I must sit home with my knitting. No, father, the world does move. Women must have an equal chance with men, but I wish I had been a man!"

"Even then I hope you would have been a gentleman," rebuked her father sternly. "Women should have an equal chance, Carolina. They should have an equal chance for the same virtues as men, not for the same vices."

"But an equal chance," returned the girl fervidly. "There, father, you have admitted what I have tried to prove. The woman with the spirit of a man, the spirit that cries to a woman, 'Advance,' 'Accomplish,' 'Be something,' 'Strike for yourself,' cannot sit idly by while all the world moves on. If it is true that I have chosen the wrong means, the wrong way, to better my lot I did it through ignorance, and

"Women must have an equal chance."

that ignorance is the fault of the times in which I live, of the system that guides the era in which I live.

"I am what the world calls 'educated,' but the world, the world of men, knows better. It laughs at me. It has cheated me because I am a woman. The world of men has fenced me in and hobbled me with convention, with precedent, with fictitious sentiment. If I pursue the business of men as they themselves would pursue it I am called an ungrateful daughter. If I should adopt the morals of men I would be called a fallen woman. If I adopted the religion of men I would have no religion at all. Turn what way I will"—

"But not every woman feels the way you do, my daughter," broke in the senator.

"No, you are right, because their spirit has been crushed by generations, by centuries of forced subserviency to men. They tell us we should be thankful that we do not live in China, where women are physical slaves to men. In our country they are forced to be mental and social slaves to men. Is one very much worse than the other?"

"Then, dear," and her father's tone was very gentle, "if you want an equal chance—want to be equal to a man—you must take your medicine with Randolph, like a man."

"What are you going to do, sir?" she asked, afraid.

"I'm going to spoil all your little scheme, dear," he returned, smiling sadly. "I'm going, I fear, to make you lose all your money. I'd like to make it easy for you, but I can't. You've got to take your medicine, children, and when it's all over back there in Mississippi I shall be able, I hope, to patch up your broken lives and together we will work out your mistakes. I can't think of that now. The honor of the Langdons calls. This is the time for the fight, and any one who fights against me must take the consequences."

He walked over and touched the bell.

"Thomas," he said to the servant who responded, "take that letter at once to Senator Peabody, in the library."

"What is it, sir?" asked Randolph.

"It's the call to arms," responded his father grimly.

Senator Peabody read the letter to which Haines had signed Langdon's name and jumped up from his chair in the library in astonishment. Without a word to the startled Stevens he rushed to confront Langdon.

"What's the meaning of this?" he shouted as he burst in on the junior senator from Mississippi.

"Of what?" asked the southerner, with a blandness that added fuel to Peabody's irritation.

"Don't trifle with me, sir!" cried "the boss of the senate." "This letter. You sent it. Explain it! I'm in no mood to joke."

Langdon looked at him calmly.

"I think the letter is quite plain, senator," he said. "You can read." Then he turned to his daughter. "This discussion cannot possibly interest you, my dear. Will you go to the drawing room to receive our guests?"

Carolina obeyed. She seemed to be discovering new qualities in this father whom she had considered to be too old fashioned for his time.

"Now, senator, go ahead, and, Randolph, you bring Stevens."

"You're switching to Gulf City?" demanded Peabody.

"I'm considering Gulf City," agreed Langdon.

Peabody brought down his fist on the table.

"It's too late to consider anything, Langdon," he cried. "We're committed to Altacoola, and Altacoola it is. I don't care what you heard of Gulf City. Now, I'd like to settle this thing in a friendly manner, Langdon. I like always for every member of the senate to have his share of the power and the patronage. We've been glad to put you forward in this naval base matter. We appreciate the straightforwardness, the honesty of your character. You look well. You're the kind of politician the public thinks it wants nowadays, but you've been in the senate long enough to know that bills have to pass, and you know you can't get through anything without my friends, and I tell you now I'll throttle any Gulf City plan you bring up."

"Then if you are as sure of that you can't object to my being for Gulf City?" asked Langdon.

"Are you financially interested in Gulf City?" demanded Peabody.

"Senator Peabody!" exclaimed Langdon.

"Don't flare up, Langdon," retorted Peabody. "That sort of thing has happened in the senate. There are often perfectly legitimate profits to be made in some regular commercial venture by a man who has inside information as to what's doing up on Capitol hill."

"Senator Peabody," asked Langdon, "why are you so strong for Altacoola?"

The Pennsylvanian hesitated.

"Its natural advantages," he said at last.

The southerner shook his head.

"Oh, that's all? Well, if natural advantages are going to settle it, and not influence, go ahead and vote, and I'll just bring in a minority report for Gulf City."

"The boss of the senate" was in a corner now.

"Confound it, Langdon, if you will have it, I am interested in Altacoola."

Langdon nodded.

"That's all I wanted to know," he said.

"Now you see why it's got to be Altacoola," persisted the boss.

"I don't mind telling you, then, Senator Peabody," answered Langdon calmly, "that my being for Gulf City was a bluff. I've been trying to draw you out. Gulf City is a mud bank and no more fitted to be a naval base than Keokuk, Ia. Altacoola it's got to be, for the good of the country and the honor of Mississippi.

"And one thing more, senator. I'd just like to add that not a single man connected with that committee is going to make a cent out of the deal. You get that straight?"

CHAPTER XXI.

"IF YOU CAN'T BUY A SENATOR, THREATEN HIM."

SENATOR PEABODY was the most surprised man in Washington when he heard the junior senator from Mississippi state that no one was to enrich himself out of the government naval base project.

He heaped a mental anathema on the head of Stevens for saddling such a man on the senate "machine," for Langdon would of course never had been put on "naval affairs" (just now very important to the machine) without the "O. K." of Stevens, who had won a heretofore thoroughly reliable reputation as a judge of men, or of what purported to be men. The thought that at this time, of all times, there should be a man on the committee on naval affairs that could not be "handled" was sufficient to make him who reveled in the title of "boss of the senate" determine that he must get another chief lieutenant to replace Stevens, who had proved so trustworthy in the past. Stevens had lost his cunning!

As the vote of Langdon could not be secured by humbug or in exchange for favors and as it could not be "delivered," Peabody, of course, was willing to pay in actual cash for the vote. This was the final step, but one in political conspiracies of this nature—cash. But Langdon would not take cash, so Peabody had to resort to the last agency of the trained and corrupt manipulator of legislation.

He would threaten.

Moreover, he knew that to make threats effective, if it is possible to do so, they must be led up to systematically—that is, they should be made at the right time. The scene must be set, as in a play.

Senator Peabody glared at Langdon as though to convince the latter that to stand in his way would mean political destruction.

"So nobody is going to make a cent, eh? Well, I suppose you want all the profits for yourself." Turning to Stevens, who had just entered, the Pennsylvanian cried:

"Do you but listen to our suddenly good friend Langdon. He wants to be the only man to make money out of the naval base. He won't listen to any other member of the naval committee making a cent out of it. Why, he"—

"Great God, sir!" exclaimed Langdon. "You are going too far, Peabody. You state what is false, and you know it, you—you"—

"Then you are willing that others should have their rightful share?" put in Stevens. "Oh, I understand now, senator."

"No, no, no!" cried Langdon. "You do not understand, Senator Stevens, and I must say I am ashamed to speak of you by the honorable title of senator, sir. I will not listen to any person enriching himself at the government expense, and I am your enemy, you, Peabody, and you, Stevens, beyond recall. You both know you misrepresent me."

To be continued.

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ORDER.

In the superior court of the State of Washington in and for the county of Thurston.

In re the guardianship of Daisy Weatherill, Richard N. Weatherill, Robert Weatherill, John Willie Weatherill, and Ernest Weatherill, minors. Order.

Robert Weatherill, guardian of the above named minors, having filed a petition herein for leave to sell or mortgage the following described real estate in Thurston county, Washington, to-wit:

The undivided one-half of lot 4, containing 52.50 acres, of section 27 in township 19, north of range 3, west W. M. beginning at the meander corner to sections 27 and 28, township 19, north of range 3 west, thence north 76 deg. 36 min. E. 34.60 chains to the initial point of the description, from which the meander corner to fractional sections 26 and 27 aforesaid bears south 63 deg. 01 min. east, 01.81 chains; thence north 12 deg. 18 min. west 2.89 chains, thence north 90 deg. 30 min. e. 3.20 chains; thence south 79 deg. 55 min. e. 13.32 chains; thence south 33 deg. 30 min. east 3.78 chains; thence south 5 deg. 30 min. e. 6.50 chains; thence south 39 deg. 30 min. w. 5.62 chains; thence north 84 deg. 30 min. west 2.18 chains; thence north 5 deg. 30 mln. east 6.32 chains; thence north 28 deg. 30 min. west 5 chains; thence north 66 deg. 30 min. west 7.70 chains; thence south 75 deg. 30 min. 4.50 chains, to the initial point, containing 10.47 acres, more or less, as shown by the supplemental plat and amended description of said tract of oyster land filed in the office of the commissioner of public lands for the state of Washington on the 18th day of April, 1896.

Also all tide lands of the second class suitable for the cultivation of oysters described as follows: Beginning at the meander fractional sections 7 and 18 on the east side of inlet in township 19, north range 3 west, W. M., thence north 7 deg. 30 min. east 9.09 chains; north 30 deg. east 15 chains; north 60 deg. east 23 chains; north 45 deg. east 20 chains; north 22 chains; north 46 deg. east 44 chains; north 35 deg. east 30 chains; north 11 deg. 55 min. east 27.01; east 3 chains; south 20.22 chains; south 44 deg. west 8.38 chains to meander corner on township line between sections 4 and 33; thence along the meander line south 50 1-2 deg. west 7.41 chains; south 38 deg. west 20.22 chains; south 45 deg. west 8.50 chains to the meander corner to sections 4 and 5; thence south 47 deg. west 13.54 chains; south 27 deg. west 22.71 chains; south 55 deg. west 11 chains; south 31 deg. west 12.17 chains; south 52 deg. west 12 chains to the meander corner to sections 5 and 8; thence south 42 1-2 deg. west 8.83 chains; south 48 1-2 deg. west 9.47 chains; south 5 deg. west 7.89 chains; south 31 1-4 deg. east 6.15 chains; south 19 deg. west 5.56 chains; south 4 deg. west 6.81 chains; south 41 deg. west 2.76 chains west 3.45 chains; south 32 1-2 deg. west 9.09 chains; south 48 1-2 deg. west 4.60 chains; north 76 3-4 deg. west 3.26 chains; south 65 1-4 deg. west 6.30 chains; to meander corner to sections 7 and 8; thence south 61 1-2 deg. west 8.81 chains; south 57 3-4 deg. west 5.36 chains; south 38 1-2 degrees west 12.60 chains; south 14 1-2 degrees west 10.72 chains to point of beginning, containing 72.58 acres, more or less.

Also the following described lands in Mason county, Washington, to-wit:

Beginning at the initial point of the S. K. Taylor Tract No. 2, which initial point is north 82 deg. 09 min. east 20.62 chains from the corner to sections 20, 21, 28 and 29, in township 19, north of range 3 west of the W. M.; thence south 23 deg. 40 min. east 8.79 chains; south 65 deg. west 15.50 chains; north 12 deg. 07 min. w. 10 chains; n. 70 deg. east 12 chains to the point of beginning containing 12.69 acres, and the court being duly advised, and the said petition being on file herein, it is therefore considered, ordered, adjudged and decreed that the said minors and all persons having any interest in the said real estate or any interest in the said minors be and the same are hereby required to present any objections they have to the said sale or mortgage on or before the date hereinafter mentioned, and it is further ordered that Friday, the 30th day of April, 1909, and the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. and the court room of the court house of Thurston county at Olympia, Washington, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of the said petition, and all persons having any objections to the said petition for the sale or mortgage of the said real estate be and they are hereby required to present the same on or before the said date. It is ordered that a copy of this order be published in the Washington Standard for four weeks before the said hearing.

Dated this 1st day of April, 1909.

JOHN R. MITCHELL,
Judge.

BONDS FOR SALE.

School District No. 20, Thurston County, Washington.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to a bond election held in School District No. 20, Thurston county, State of Washington, on the 24th day of March, 1909, at which election more than three-fifths of the votes cast were "For Bonds, Yes," said School District hereby offers for sale coupon bonds in denomination of $200, to the amount of twelve hundred dollars ($1,200,) payable ten years after date, with the reservation of right to redeem at any time after one year at the office of the Treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, interest payable annually and evidenced by coupons payable at said County Treasurer's office.

Sealed bids for the purchase of said bonds will be received by the Treasurer of Thurston county, Washington, up to 12 o'clock M., on the 24th day of April, 1909, at the office of the said County Treasurer in the city of Olympia, Washington, at which time the bids received will be opened and considered as required by law.

Bidders will be required to specify the price and rate of interest at which they will purchase said bonds, but no bids will be considered for any amount below par or for an interest rate above 6 per cent. per annum and all bidders save and except the State of Washington only, will be required to deposit with their bids with the said County Treasurer a certified check or draft, in the amount of 1 per cent. of the par value of said bonds. No commissions will be allowed and the right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

The purpose of this bond issue is for the building and furnishing of a new school house, the building of out houses, and for fencing and grading the grounds. Said bonds will be ready for delivery on or before June 1, 1909. Population of school District about 50, assessed valuation for 1908, $114,078; financial condition of said district, cash on hand in all the funds, $486 82; bonds outstanding, none; warrant indebtedness, none.

Dated at Olympia, Washington, this 31st day of March, 1909.

ROBT. MARR,
County Treasurer of Thurston County, Washington.

First publication, April 2, 1909. 4t.

NOTICE OF SALE.

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

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of Paul Niedringhaus, minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance to an order of the above entitled court made in the above entitled matter on the 24th day of March, A. D., 1909, the undersigned as Guardian of the estate of Paul Niedringhaus, a minor, will sell the undivided one-fifth interest of the said Paul Niedringhaus, minor, in and to Block eight (one (81) Sylvester's plat of the town (now city) of Olympia, Washington, at public auction, to the highest and best bidder for cash, on the 19th day of April, A. D., 1909, at the hour of 2 P. M., at the office of Mackay & Burr, Columbia and Third streets, Olympia, Thurston county, Washington, subject only to the confirmation of said sale as by law provided.

Dated at Olympia, Washington, this 24th day of March, A. D., 1909. CHARLES A. BURR, Guardian.

Date of first publication, March 26, 1909. 4t.

A. H. CHAMBERS

(Successors to Connolly & Chambers.)

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