PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play

By

JOHN W. HARDING

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A [illegible] and was had thrill d at sight of him and at the sound of his voice. It was with timid [illegible] that she had extended her hand to him, but rather by pressure of his clasp or by some sign of manner, expression or intonation had he given indication of remembrance that their secret was known to each other. He was the same quiet, kindly unchangeable Jimsy. By her alone was his prolonged absence understood. Mrs. Harris and Beth finally attributed it to a reluctance to meet continually on an equal footing his employer, Captain Williams, who had taken Jimsy's place as extra member of the family and usurped all his prerogatives.

To Emma the captain was no longer an object of fear and detestation. She knew that his affection was purely paternal, and he knew that she understood him as no one dead or living ever had or did. She manifested her appreciation of his regard by a confidence which was to the old fellow a comfort and huge delight. Not that his delight took a demonstrative form; that was not in his nature, and Emma would have been greatly astonished could she have known what a boon to him her frank friendliness was.

The fact was that his good deed to Emma had been the first striking effect of a softening process that had been going on very, very slowly, so slowly as not to be noticeable to any extent, for several years, which began when he had been admitted to the family circle of his late general manager and with which, all unconsciously, Emma had had a good deal to do. He had anchored himself to the family as his one connection with refinement and home life. But it had been a cautious anchoring, maintained with distrust and carrying with it no reciprocity in the shape of business or any other favors. A fighter who had got nothing out of existence without fighting, ever on the alert to forestall an expected treacherous blow, his hand had flown to his hip pocket, so to speak, at the slightest movement that appeared to him to be suspicious.

As time wore on, however, his distrust had vanished, and Mrs. Harris and her daughters had become a necessity to him. He was being civilized. He preferred Emma to the others, which is saying that she was the person he liked best on earth, but his manner of showing it had been repellent because misunderstood. In the first place she had hated him for his supposed injustice to her husband, whereas, having read Brooks through from the start, he despised him and would not help him even to make her lot easier. When reawakened distrust, battling with unwillingness to believe that his high estimate of her had been unmerited, had caused him to try her out relentlessly on the occasion of her appeal for Brooks, alone with him and at his mercy in his rooms, she had seen that a warm heart, full of pure regard for her, beat beneath his forbidding exterior. From that night she had learned to respect him and judge him at his real value. His actions and idiosyncrasies received at last their true interpretation.

As for Williams, the proof that he had not been deceived in her fortified his faith and made him really happy. He was getting old. He had won his hard fought, lifelong battle with the world and was as rich as he cared to be. The devil was disposed to turn monk. The yearning for affection, not demonstrative, but existent, which came with the approach of life's sunset and which was not to be found elsewhere was gratified there. He put on slippers, smoked his pipe, had his favorite chair, expressed his views in his authoritative way and liked to be consulted.

But he never ceased to be impressed with the ostentatious proclivities and aristocratic airs of Mrs. Harris and Beth, though he laughed indulgently at many of the mother's foibles. To him the two women represented the beau monde and were authorities on all that pertained thereto. He deemed it a privilege to place one of his automobiles at the family's exclusive command, and it was the most luxurious vehicle money could buy. That he did not give it outright was because he knew their circumstances would not enable them to maintain it.

Emma was different from her mother and sister. She never gave herself airs. He felt himself nearer to her, and the more intimate they grew the more she became endeared to him. She had changed much since she had left Brooks. A spirituality that he had not, of course, known in her in the old days had increased the charm of her personality, but her sensible, unaffected manner, her gentleness, were always the same. More than once he had surprised a wistful, faraway look in her eyes, a fleeting expression of melancholy, and his solicitude had been aroused. Something caused him to refrain from questioning her, but he did considerable pondering about it.

"What a shame it is that a girl like Emma isn't married to some nice fellow worthy of her," he remarked one evening, uttering his thoughts aloud. "There are some things that no man can understand, and this is one of 'em—that she should be handcuffed to a dirty scalawag like Brooks."

"Captain," ejaculated Mrs. Harris, raising her hands, "you mustn't! You know it is understood that the person's name is never to be mentioned."

"I know," he said, "but you can't alter facts because, being disagreeable, [illegible] remember. [illegible] Brooks is a disagreeable fact, a darned [illegible] fact, and he's Emma's husband. As such he's [illegible] and together, he's [illegible] between her and the world. [illegible] Why, [illegible]," stuffed Emma. "I'm happy enough. What more could I wish for—the peace I love?"

"Are you sure, dear?" he answered. "Don't his fond embracing—"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"Certainly she's happy," put in Beth. "And, as for getting married again, I should think she's had enough of that to last her all her life."

"It's your turn now, Beth," observed Emma.

"Me—oh, I shall never marry."

"Why, Beth?" [illegible] "Because I have been informed that you should be," said Emma. "It is easy to conceive of perfect happiness with the right [illegible]."

"Oh, I know I mean I won't marry until the proper man comes along. I should [illegible] the mistake of Mother—[illegible] such a man as—as that least—or even Jimsy, for instance, though I'm not comparing Jimsy with him in any way."

"What's the matter with Smith?" grunted the captain.

"Well, you would never think of him as a lover. He's so old and unromantic. Besides, his education's terribly defective."

"And he isn't rich," added her mother. "When Beth marries I hope it will be to a *gentleman* in the position to keep her as she ought to be kept."

"I wonder why Jimsy doesn't come around any more," said Beth. "He hasn't been here since Christmas."

"He says he's too busy," observed Mrs. Harris. "Captain, you must be working him to death."

"Smith's a good man, a corking good man," replied the captain thoughtfully. "He's doing more work than any three. There ain't no necessity that I know of for him to work all night, though, if that's what he's doing."

Emma appeared to be absolutely indifferent to the turn the conversation had taken, though in truth she was listening greedily to Williams' encomiums.

"D' you know," went on the captain, "I've often thought that a man like Smith would be just the right kind of a husband for Emma."

"Like Jimsy?" Mrs. Harris laughed. She did not know whether he was joking or not, but thought he was.

This time a sudden flush dyed Emma's cheeks and deepened over her face to the very ears. No one noticed

"I'd settle half a million dollars' worth on her for a wedding present."

it, however, unless it was the captain, but when he was leaning forward with his hands between his knees, as he was then, his bushy eyebrows bent in thought, it was impossible to tell where he was looking.

"That's what I said," he emphasized. "Take Smith himself, for the sake of argument. We're talking among ourselves, so it don't matter, as it won't go any further. Suppose Emma 'd married him? Is his heart all right? Is he on the level? I'd bank on him, and that's more'n I'd say of any other man I know. Is he capable? Brainy as they make 'em. Is he good looking? He ain't bad looking, and with that smile of his he has most good lookers I've seen beat a mile. Beth says he ain't poetic and all that sort of thing. Maybe—maybe, but what of that? Also she says he ain't what you'd call educated. That may be, too, but when he wants to he can bring an amount of cold sense to bear that'll upset most men's logic and give a bluff no chance. He'll go far if he keeps on, for all his slow ways, and let me tell you it ain't the man who starts off at top speed that always wins the race."

"What you say may be all true, but these qualities haven't made Jimsy rich so far, and I doubt if they ever will. A man can't have everything, but money, as I've often told my girls, makes up for a lot of shortcomings, and without it—what? Here's Emma, married for seven years, separated from her husband, can't get a divorce unless it's of the Dakota sort, which I'd never consent to, hasn't got a cent in the world and couldn't collect a cent of alimony if she had the right to it because the beast's a pauper."

"No, and if he were as wealthy as the grand Turk I'd starve to death before I'd touch any money or anything else belonging to him," commented Emma.

"Mrs. Harris," answered the captain, with deep feeling, "money, while it's a whole lot, ain't everything, as I've found, though it's taken me sixty-five years to do it. It's no fault of Emma's that she's poor, and I tell you that if she was to marry a man like Smith I'd settle $500,000 worth of Latin-American line stock on her for a wedding present. I would, by Sam, ma'am!"

"You would do that?" asked Mrs. Harris, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"This minute."

"Well!"

It was all she could find to say about the reiteration.

But if the family were amazed Williams was evidently alarmed at having allowed his feelings to get the better of his discretion in this way, for he lapsed into gloomy silence and very soon departed abruptly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"MR. BROOKS would like to see you, sir. I told him you were in, but he would not come up and asked me to let you know he was downstairs."

"Tell him it's all right. I'll see him."

"You mean that he's to come up?"

"Yes, if he doesn't mind."

The footman went out, gathering from the visitor's unusual request and his host's reply that there had been trouble between them. Jimsy pushed away the book he had been reading and leaned back in his chair to await his former friend's coming.

Brooks shuffled rather than walked in. He did not offer to shake hands, but, with a subdued "Hello, Jimsy," seated himself on the edge of the armchair that in former days he occupied as his own. Then he seemed to forget where he was, sank back, shrinking into his overcoat, and sat as though stupefied, twisting his hat in his hands slowly and mechanically.

Smith was shocked at the change in his appearance. His face was white and thin, and the eyes, which were almost expressionless, were deep sunk in the sockets. There was stubble on his chin; his formerly neatly plastered hair was disheveled.

"Boy, you're ill," said Jimsy with concern. "Let me get a bracer for you."

He rose and produced a decanter of whisky, but his visitor declined, this time with a wan flickering smile of appreciation.

"No, thanks, Jimsy. I don't feel like it just now. I've been drinking too much of the stuff, and I haven't eaten since last night, I think."

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed Jimsy.

Brooks would have restrained him, but he was out of the door and bounding downstairs three steps at a time. Brooks sank back into the chair and relapsed into his condition of lethetude.

In a little while Smith returned, a plate heaped high with sandwiches in one hand and a bowl of hot bouillon in the other. Brooks refused the sandwiches, but he took the bowl, and, holding it in both hands—which trembled—sipped its grateful contents.

"Jimsy, you're awfully good," he sighed.

"Oh, no—none of that," protested Smith. "Tell me what brought you here. What can I do for you?"

"I don't know why I came, after—after the way I acted last time. I"—

"Never mind that. Let's forget about it."

"No, I have no right here. Jimsy, I'm done for."

"How done for?"

"I am, and you'll kick me out, as I deserve, when you know. Jimsy, I've done it again. I'm a thief a second time, and again for a woman."

Smith looked grave, but he said nothing.

"What! You don't get up and kick me? Well, well! I suppose it's just like you, but I rather hoped you would. You're the only man who wouldn't. But wait till you hear. I can tell it to you because you can't help me. Nobody can. I'm beyond helping."

"Better try a sandwich first," suggested Smith. "There's no hurry."

"Thanks; I think I will. That beef tea did me good."

He ate three sandwiches ravenously, washing them down with water.

"There isn't a whole lot to relate," he said. "You can fill in the details for yourself. I tried backing the ponies again; then I stole from the bank. There was an examination of the books at the bank four days ago. I didn't turn up there that day, and I haven't been there since; but, of course, the game is up. I wandered about, drinking to try to forget my troubles till all my money was gone. Then I sobered up, and here I am. This time there's no one to save me. The bank couldn't be fixed, even if I had the funds to make my stealings good. They'd get me wherever I hid myself, that's sure. They must be looking for me now. And, O God, I can't face it!"

Tears rained down his face—tears that he made no effort to hide or wipe away.

"I knew I was going headlong down to hell—knew what I was doing—saw the certain punishment—yet couldn't stop myself. And now I have reached the mouth of the pit."

He shuddered and writhed in agony of torment, turning his pitiful, streaming eyes upon Smith.

"Oh, Jimsy, if you would only kill me and end it all," he moaned. "Oh, if I only had the courage to kill myself!"

Smith, greatly agitated, looked at the miserable man in perplexity.

"I wish I could help you, Joe," he said. "But this time I don't see how you can be helped."

"It isn't possible. There's nothing you could do. I'm done for. It's my own fault," he sobbed. "I brought it all on myself. I have been weak—oh, weak—and a fool. And now it's come to this. No; nobody's to blame but myself—unless it's Emma."

He rose to go.

"Shake hands with me, Jimsy," he begged. "It's the hand of a thief, a criminal's hand, but you were glad to take it in friendship once, when it was honest, and it's the last time I'll ever ask you to do anything for me. You'll never see me again."

Smith grasped the hand held out to him, and his pressure was more eloquent of his feelings than mere words could have been. He could find no phrases adequate to express them, so remained silent, but he slipped into the wretched man's pocket as Brooks passed out of the door a bundle of banknotes that he had taken without counting from a drawer.

Snow had begun to fall. A high wind, blowing apparently from all quarters, hardened the flakes and propelled them with stinging force into the faces of the people in the streets. Brooks had no umbrella, nor had he gloves, and the wind cut to the bone. Yet he paid scant heed to his discomfort and ambled away from Smith's abode. He turned up his coat collar and pulled his hat over his eyes. More than once when he thought he was being followed he went sick with fear. Every minute he expected to feel a hand on his shoulder.

Why should he lack the pluck to kill himself? A fugitive from justice, friendless and penniless, everything that was worth while in life gone forever, what had he to hope from living? The prison door from which he had shrunk with such dread before now was wide open to receive him, would receive him as inevitably as day would follow the night. He remembered having read that a man shot through the brain never felt the messenger which snuffed out his life. In the drawer of his bureau was a loaded revolver that he had long kept there for self protection in case of need. A movement of his finger would end all. A feeling almost of relief came with this thought, and he quickened his steps. There was only one thing to fear now—that he would be caught before he could reach his room. As he trudged along he found himself at the corner of the street in which the Harrises lived.

Emma! How different she had been from the other! She had not taken; she had given. Love had not been dependent upon the bringing of gifts; it had been lavished upon him. When he had been despondent she had comforted him; when things were going wrong she had encouraged him; when his head ached she had rested it on her bosom. And it had come to this—that he had lost her and, with her, all; that he was an outcast at her door.

An insane desire to see her took possession of him. It grew, became overpowering, swept aside all the objections of reason. He was a dying man, and nothing was denied to the dying. He retraced his steps and rang the bell. The door opened, and he ascended the well remembered stairs. Mrs. Harris' flat was on the first landing. A maid who did not know him answered his ring.

"Is Mrs. Brooks at home?" he asked. The girl shook her head.

"Mrs. Brooks? No; no one of that name lives here. This is Mrs. Harris' apartments. Mrs. Harris and Miss Beth have gone out. Miss Emma is in."

Miss Emma! She had even discarded his name, then! The blow was hard.

"I would like to see her."

"Your card, sir, please."

"Tell her Mr. Smith is calling."

The name had flashed to him with the conviction that she would not receive him if he gave his own.

He followed on the heels of the maid.

"You needn't bother," he said and brushed past her at the door of the parlor.

Emma was arranging some ornaments on the mantelpiece. For a moment she did not recognize him. Then she recoiled, with a little cry, from the wild eyed, disheveled specter who, hat in hand, stood before her.

"Yes, Emma, it's me, or what is left of me," he said.

"What brings you here? How did you get in?" she demanded, with frightened eyes.

"Don't be afraid. You have nothing to fear from me," he assured her. "I'm going on a long journey—yes, a long, long journey, and I've come to say goodby. You'll never see me again. I shall be no more trouble to anybody."

"There is no need to come here. I cannot receive you. You must go."

"Emma, I know how bad I was to you, how"—

"I cannot listen to your excuses. It is useless to recall the past. Please go!"

"I have no wish to recall it. I ask only your forgiveness—ask it as a dying man. You cannot refuse."

"You have been dead long years to me, and I have prayed God that I

Williams dealt him a smashing blow.

might never see you again. I paid you in full for my freedom. Why have you come to trouble me? Go, please, and leave me in peace."

"All right," he said sorrowfully. "I will go. Goodby, Emma."

With bowed head he went toward the door, stopped and turned to her with outstretched arms, pleading in his eyes.

"Emma, one kiss—my pardon and absolution before I die."

"No; oh, no!"

She retreated, shuddering, terrified.

He followed her, desperate, resolved to take by force what she would not give, to feel once more in his arms the little form that once had nestled there fondly.

She read his purpose and shrieked.

Mrs. Harris, Beth and Captain Williams were just entering, and they rushed in with the maid.

Brooks turned to escape as Emma, almost hysterical with horror and fear, uttered scream after scream. He ran right into Williams, who recognized him at once and dealt him a smashing blow that sent him to the floor. Then the captain grasped the half stunned man and, pulling him to his feet, held him while he inquired what had happened.

Emma, calmed by her mother and sister, tremblingly explained. Williams looked at his prisoner, undecided what to do. Brooks did not open his mouth. The captain walked him out on the landing and, threatening to kill him if he ever dared to molest Emma again, threw him down the stairs.

CHAPTER XXV.

BRUISED and dazed, aching all over and very weak, Brooks picked himself up and made his way to the street. He had now reached the extreme of hopelessness and desperation. Everybody, the whole world, was against him, except Jimsy Smith, and he could do nothing for him. The only being who had loved him had shrunk from him with dread, refused him the sacrament of a last kiss, besought in charity.

He hardly knew how he got there, but he reached home without molestation and mounted by the stairway unperceived to his room. Once inside he locked the door and turned on the light. It was at least gratefully warm there, and he was at last safe from the clutches of the law. Escape lay at his hand. In a moment all would be over.

Nothing had been disturbed during his absence. The revolver was still in the drawer where he had left it. He took it and, gazing at himself in the bureau glass, raised the firearm to his right temple. He was appalled as he looked at the ghastly, haggard face before him and the eyes, fear haunted, that stared out of their dark and deeply sunken rims like the optics of an owl. The revolver shook in his numbed hand, and he could scarce bend his finger on the trigger.

What was his hurry? Why not wait until he had warmed his hand and make the deed surer? If the police came for him death was at his beck and would cheat them at an instant's notice. His craven spirit inspired him with the desire to live a little longer.

He laid the revolver on the table and rubbed his hands to set the blood circulating. Then he held them over the heat radiator. He remembered that in the clothes closet was a full bottle of whisky. The stuff would soon warm him. He took off his overcoat to hang it up in the closet and felt in a pocket for his handkerchief. His hand encountered the roll of bills Smith had slipped in there. For a moment a gleam of hope flashed its cheering ray as he contemplated the money. Here was enough to enable him to get away.

But his despondency refused the comfort. What was the use? To attempt escape now would be to fall into the hands of the police sleuths who must be on the lookout for him. He surmised that the weather had driven the watchers to take shelter and had enabled him to slip into the house unnoticed or unrecognized. No, he had done with life and all its worries and disappointments. Better death than the consequences of living. He would have to die at some time or other anyhow.

He poured out a large glass of whisky and swallowed it. The fiery stuff warmed him all over. He sat down to think, and his thoughts took the shape of a review of his life. He had never been any good to himself or anybody else—never. Brought up by a maiden aunt, who had taken him in when as a young boy he had lost his widowed mother, he had repaid her with waywardness and indifference. In the declining years of her life when she needed aid and he was a young man he had kept his earnings selfishly for himself, doling out to her a few dollars at irregular intervals, and he was glad when she had ceased to be a burden by dying in a hospital. He had played his cards well, ingratiated himself into the favor of Mr. Harris, his employer, and by good acting had won the love of Emma. This had been the great coup of his career, but it had availed him little. Fortune, after smiling at him, had turned her back, and life had been a failure ever since.

As he summed it all up and contemplated himself as a pariah, a hunted man at bay amid the wreck of hope, love, life itself, driven to the alternative of a criminal's cell or self destruction, as he brooded over the way in which he had been spurned and cast out by those who might have loved and honored him, tears rolled from his eyes again.

"Yes," he groaned, repeating Emma's words, "yes, I have been paid in full, and I have paid in full."

Then he grasped the revolver and faced himself at the mirror again. This time his fingers were warm and supple. Once more he raised it to his temple. Once more pale fear obtained the ascendency.

There was plenty of time. Why, since he was to die that night, should he be in such a hurry? Men who were dying or who were about to be speeded into eternity for transgression of the commandment that placed a ban on murder generally prayed, or prayers were said for them. He had not prayed since he could remember. What would happen after his leap into the unfathomable void? He had always derided the idea that anything would happen. Still, he did not know.

He went to the clothes closet, and from among some books, mostly novels, heaped in disorder on a shelf, he brought forth a Bible. It had belonged to his aunt, and he had kept it because it had looked well to have one in evidence in the parlor and because it was already bound in soft leather. He opened the book at Ecclesiastes, and he began to read. Though the liquor was fast clouding his brain he became fascinated with the great immortal masterpiece of pessimism, the terrible monument of negation in which humanity's everlasting wounds are laid bare and bleeding.

I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered.

I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem—yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge.

And I gave my heart to know wisdom and to know madness and folly. I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit.

For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

"That's right," he assented, "that's dead right. Nothing's worth while; nothing matters."

What hath man of all his labor and of the vexation of his heart wherein he hath labored under the sun?

For all his days are sorrows and his travail grief—yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity.

The verses succeeded each other with their recapitulation of the futility of earthly things. His head became

There was the crash of a report.

heavy and the letters indistinct. He began to have difficulty in grasping the meaning of the words.

That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. All is vanity.

All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?

A knock at the door roused him from his somnolence, and he looked up with bleared, bloodshot eyes.

He staggered to his feet, smiling vacantly, and his groping hand lurched toward the revolver. There was the crash of a report. The apartment house manager who had seen the light in the window, apprising him of the tenant's presence, and had knocked to inquire about the overdue rent, ran shouting for help.

When they forced the door they found Brooks sprawling across the table beside the overturned liquor bottle.

He was dead, with a bullet in his brain.

THE END.

SUMMONS.

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

W. J. Jeffrey and Phoebe Jeffrey, his wife, Plaintiffs, vs. Frank Warner and Polien Warner, his wife, and J. W. Baker and Lulu Baker, his wife, Defendants.

The State of Washington, to the said Frank Warner and Polien Warner, his wife, and J. W. Baker and Lulu Baker, his wife, defendants.

You and each of you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit, within sixty days after the 14th day of October A. D. 1909, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court and answer the amended complaint of the plaintiff herein, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney for plaintiff at the office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the amended complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of the said court. This is an action wherein W. J. Jeffrey and Phoebe Jeffrey, his wife, are seeking to foreclose a mortgage on that certain described real property as is set out in the amended complaint, to wit, the north half of the north half of the south half of the northeast quarter of Sec. 18, Twp. 18, N. R. 2 West, W. M., except 5 acres at the east of the said tract heretofore conveyed to Alex Blackwood; also commencing at the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of said Sec. 18, thence west 4 rods, thence south 20 rods, thence east 4 rods, thence north 20 rods to place of beginning.

That the plaintiffs demand judgment further that the defendants and all persons claiming under them or either of them subsequent to the filing of the lis pendens of this action may be barred and foreclosed of all their rights, claims, liens and equities in and to the said mortgage premises that the said premises be sold according to law and the money arising therefrom brought into the court, that the plaintiff may be paid the amount due on the said notes with interest at the time of each payment, the expenses of the sale and the costs and expenses of this action together with the reasonable attorneys fee so far as the amount of such money is probably applied thereto will pay the same, that the defendants will be adjudged to pay any deficiency which may remain after applying all of said money and that the plaintiff have such other and further relief or both in the premises as shall be sufficient and equitable.

GORDON MACKAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

P. O. Address: Columbia and Third Streets, Olympia, Thurston County, Washington.
Date of first publication, Oct. 15, 1909. 5t.

ORDER.

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

In re the guardianship of Bradley Dodge, Glenn R. Dodge, Milton Dodge and Dean Dodge, Minors.

On reading the petition of the guardian filed herein on the 25th day of October, 1909, for the sale of the following described real estate to wit. All of the interest of the above named minors in and to the following: The Northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section 8, Township 16 North of Range 2 West W. M., which real estate is situate, lying and being in the county of Thurston, State of Washington, and the court being duly advised, it is ordered that the said petition be and the same is hereby set for hearing on the 27th day of November, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. and in the court room of the court house of Thurton County at Olympia, Washington, and all parties having any interest in the said real estate or in the guardianship herein be and the same are hereby required to present any objections which they may have and state why the said petition should not be granted, on or before the said time and at the said place.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published in the WASHINGTON STANDARD, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published at Olympia, Thurston County, Washington, at least four weeks prior to the date of the hearing of the said petition.

Dated this 25th day of October, 1909.

JOHN R. MITCHELL, Judge.
Date of first publication, Oct. 29 1909. 5t.

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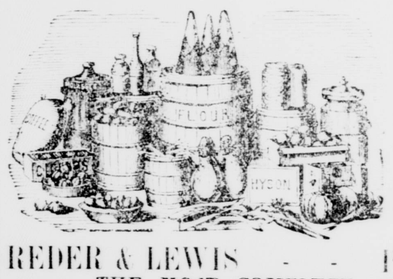

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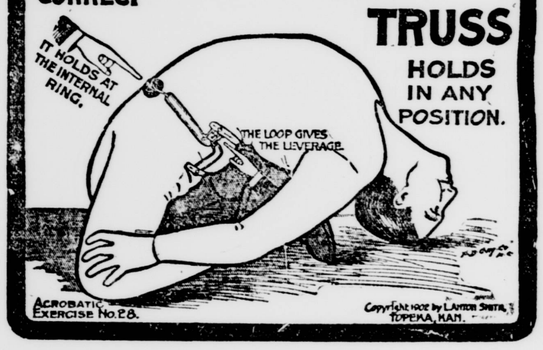

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