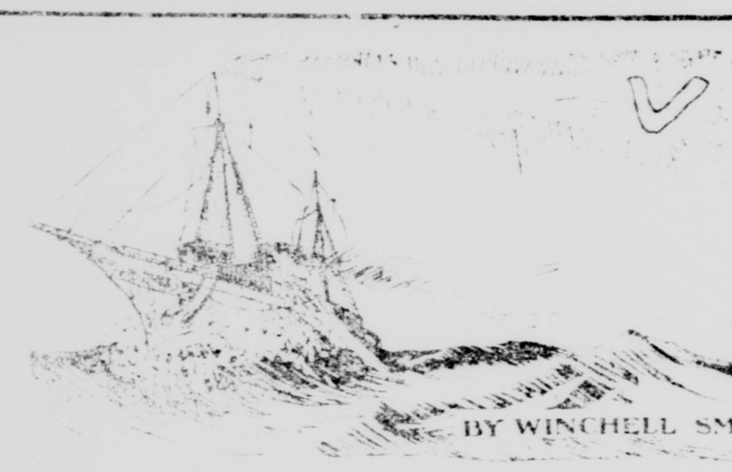

VIA WIRELESS

NOVELIZED BY THOMPSON BUCHANAN

FROM THE SUCCESSFUL PLAY, BY WINCHELL SMITH, FREDERIC THOMPSON AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

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Since Jack Binns electrified the world with his C Q D wireless call for help from the steamship Republic a well deserved glamour of romance has clothed the whole subject of wireless telegraphy. The play "Via Wireless" appeared some months before the Republic disaster, and, strange to relate, the very day Lieutenant Sommers, the hero of the play, was sending out his wireless appeal for assistance from the yacht Iroquois, with no thought for his own safety, Jack Binns in the wireless room of the sinking Republic was duplicating in real life the heroic incident of the play. This live romance, the story of the play, has all the thrill of the Jack Binns incident, and more, for, while Binns risked his life for duty, Lieutenant Sommers risked his for duty and for love of plucky Frances Durant.

CHAPTER I.

JUST SUPPOSING.

FROM the brow of the hill above the Durant works Lieutenant Sommers, United States navy, looked over the city of steel stretched away at his feet.

He saw the acres of huge buildings, their hundreds of chimneys belching forth streams of black smoke; the long streets lined with the houses of the workmen and here and there figures that seemed in the distance pygmies hurrying to and fro.

Faintly the roar of the furnaces, the distant clang of the huge hammers and the clamor of the steel came to him. It was a scene to stir the blood of a man who loved action. For a few minutes the naval man looked in silence; then he drew a long breath and turned to the girl at his side.

"And all this will be yours some day," he said.

Frances Durant looked up with a smile.

"Yes; it does seem quite a lot for one wee bit of a girl to have, doesn't it? But I can depend upon dad to make some arrangements for running it. The steel works are his pride, you know, and he is going to leave them a monument to the name of Durant."

Lieutenant Sommers half sighed.

"Pinckney is a lucky dog," he said irrelevantly.

"Lucky dog?" The girl arched her eyebrows as she asked the question. "Why do you say that, Mr. Sommers? I don't understand."

Sommers smiled at her puzzled look, though she really had a right to be puzzled, for why a man, young, strong, good looking and an officer in the navy, with a medal for bravery already to his credit, should call another man "lucky dog" was enough to puzzle any girl of nineteen who was as pretty and independent as Frances Durant.

"I mean," exclaimed Sommers, "that he's a lucky dog because any man who is young and the manager of a place like this and has the prospects ahead of working throughout his life for you must be a lucky dog. Can't you see?"

The girl laughed in pleased fashion.

"Very clever, Mr. Sommers. But just now you are twice as lucky as Ned Pinckney, for the Durant steel plant is working for you, turning out the gun that is going to make you rich and famous."

The officer shook his head, smiling somewhat sadly.

"Famous, I hope, Miss Durant," he said, "but not rich. I am an officer in the navy, and whatever we navy men do, you know, belongs to Uncle Sam. He took us and licked us into shape, and he gives us our chance, and we must work for him all our lives."

"Well, anyhow, we are working for you now," she said with satisfaction, "and from all I can hear about the works your gun is going to be a marvel. It's something to make a gun, I tell you, but it's more to invent one. Ned Pinckney makes them—makes lots of them—but you've invented one, so I think you are the lucky dog, not he."

Her admiration was so genuinely sincere that Sommers, against his will, had to take it seriously.

"It wasn't just that I meant, Miss Durant," he said. "A naval officer has a lot, I know. I thought he had everything in the world he could wish until these last few weeks, since I came here to superintend the casting of my gun."

"What has made you change?" she asked.

The man looked straight at her.

"I've met you," he said.

The girl bit her lips, for she knew her face had grown suddenly red, and that irritated her. So she tossed her head after the fashion of girls of nineteen and pretended she did not understand.

"I don't see why that should alter matters," she protested airily. "I should think meeting me and meeting other people here would make you more in love with your own free, splendid life."

The navy man shook his head, and his smile was just a little grim.

"Perhaps it might make me in love, but not with navy life," he suggested. "Don't you see? The navy is wonderful. The life is the finest on earth. But let's suppose a little from the other side, and then you'll understand why I said Ned Pinckney's a lucky dog."

"Yes."

"Suppose a man is young and good looking and clever and the manager of a great plant like your father's, and suppose he's in love with you."

"It seems to me that you're a great supposer," laughed the girl.

He nodded.

"That's about all I can be—a supposer. Supposing is just about as far as a naval lieutenant can ever go with the daughter of a steel millionaire."

The girl shook her head angrily.

"Seems to me," she declared, "that naval lieutenants are very queer people even if they do wear medals for bravery." Then, with one of her quick changes of mood, she looked up at him most innocently. "Did you do much supposing, Mr. Sommers, when you plunged into the sea from the deck of your ship that winter's night to save an ordinary sailor?"

Involuntarily the man stepped toward her, his arms half outstretched. She did not move, but he stopped himself with an effort, dropping his arms.

"That plunge was nothing to one I'd like to take," he said.

The girl looked up at him, challenge in her eyes.

"Why don't you, then, Mr. Sommers? I could never have thought you'd be afraid of anything."

"There's one thing I am afraid of," he admitted frankly.

"Yes?" with a world of wonder in it. "What is that thing, Mr. Sommers?"

"Myself."

"Oh!" she said; then, after a pause, "You know we are a good deal alike, for once or twice I've been a little afraid of you too."

"May I finish supposing?" he asked humbly when the pause that followed her last remark had become significant.

"Supposing? Yes; I presume so," she agreed.

"Well, as I was saying, supposing a man, young, good looking, manager of this wonderful plant, with a manager's salary and future prospects"—

The girl yawned.

"Will you please tell me, Mr. Sommers, what that can possibly have to do with"—

"Wait till I finish," he protested. "Suppose he's in love with you?"

"Well," she said, "is it my turn now to suppose?"

He shook his head.

"It will be your turn in just a minute. You must get the other side of

Impulsively the man leaned toward her.

this suppose first. The second suppose is, Suppose *I* love you? Did you hear *that* suppose?"

"Distinctly," she agreed.

"Then, if you have those two supposes clearly before you, isn't it easy to see why I called him a lucky dog?"

The girl shook her head.

"I'm afraid I'm very stupid, Mr. Sommers, but I can't see why an officer in the navy should call the manager of a steel plant a lucky dog under any circumstances."

"Perhaps if you weighed the comparative salaries and future prospects of the two men and considered both in love with the same girl you might understand," he suggested.

The girl laughed at him.

"Your deduction was very nice, very pretty, very clever, Mr. Sommers; but, you see, it won't stand the highest test."

"No?" he asked, surprised.

"No, Mr. Sommers, not for a moment. Let me suppose a little. Suppose you or some other officer could change places with the manager of the steel plant, or suppose the owner of a steel plant even should come to me and say: 'I have plenty of money. I can give you everything you want. Will you be mine?' And then I should say, 'I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Manager or Mr. Owner of a Steel Plant; but, you see, I have everything I want, thank you, and I don't care the least little bit for you.' Now, where would your suppose theory be then, Mr. Sommers?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Anyhow, Miss Durant," he said, "the manager of the steel plant or the owner of the steel plant can go to the girl he loves, make his fight, take his chance and, like a man, abide by the result. But the navy fellow can't do that. All he can do is to bite his lips and twiddle his thumbs and regret and suppose."

He ended it bitterly, half turning away from her, so that he did not see the girl's quick, involuntary motion toward him. He was still half turned away when she fought down the inclination of her heart to speak. At last she gained self control.

"Of course, Mr. Sommers," she began sarcastically, "if the navy men are so selfish that they're not willing to give a girl a chance to show the stuff she's made of, if they're afraid to take any sort of plunge except a plunge for glory, why, they must expect to receive the reward that comes to the men who won't try—the reward of failure. If I were a man"—her voice took on color of strength and boldness—"whether I were in the navy or whether I owned a continent, I would not let any foolish selfishness of my own keep me from attempting to get anything I wanted."

"Frances!" The man whirled suddenly, catching her two hands. "You mean it?"

She looked up at him, happy and quite unafraid.

"Yes," she said, "of course I mean it." And her eyes invited him.

Impulsively the man leaned toward her. Then, as their faces almost seemed to touch, a cold, hard voice seemed to cut them apart.

"Ah! Good evening! I thought it was you two up here."

Angry, embarrassed, the navy lieutenant stepped back. The girl, with a woman's power of self control, seemed quite unmoved.

"Oh!" she cried gayly. "Is that you, Edward? Lieutenant Sommers and I were just talking of you. He says you're a lucky dog."

The marriage of Frances Durant and Edward Pinckney had been so long anticipated by all who knew them that the announcement of their engagement would have been received with a feeling of general relief. In the minds of their friends it would have straightened out an awkward situation. Under present circumstances their friends did not know just how to take them. For more than a year it had been generally understood they would some time marry, but the members of the set in which they moved had waited anxiously, but in vain, for some definite sign. It was generally taken for granted that Mr. Durant did not object, and Mrs. Durant was openly in favor of the match.

Frances herself was the stumbling block. Time after time her intimates tried to find out, but each time, with perfect good humor, but with complete thoroughness, she blocked every attempt. Finally, their curiosity blocked, the solicitous friends had decided to take the situation for granted, and so they had with perfect faith spread the report that as soon as Frances had reached her majority the couple were to be married. Even the people about the steel works had come to look at the matter in the same light. The men understood that the general manager was some day going to marry the daughter of the boss, and that made them treat him with more respect, for not only was he the manager, with power greater than most supervising managers had, but he was also expected to own the works some day himself.

Pinckney, too, was particularly careful not to contradict the general impression. He knew the influence it gave him, and also he was so tremendously ambitious and so anxious to bring the marriage about that he really believed it would be. And even an enemy must have admitted there was every reason for him to hope. The son of a friend, George Durant, who had committed suicide after ruining himself on Wall street, Edward Pinckney when a mere boy had been taken into the household of the steel millionaire. Durant had sent the boy to the best schools in the country. Boy though he was, Pinckney had appreciated the opportunity given him. He had studied hard, finally graduating from one of the best institutions at the top of his class. Then his benefactor had placed him immediately in the works. Durant had no son, and to him Edward Pinckney, with his inborn tact, his aggressiveness and his splendid mind, seemed just the kind of son he would have liked to have.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHEMER.

THE big steel man was too busy with his great enterprises and his various future schemes to really study the boy. Had he studied him he was too shrewd not to have found out that Pinckney's aggressiveness was not backed by downright courage and that his faithfulness to his studies and his loyalty to his family were due wholly to selfish ambitions and not at all to gratitude or love to his benefactor. As for Mrs. Durant, it had not been hard for Pinckney to fool her; good looking, manly in appearance and with his ingratiating manners, he had completely and easily won the heart of the woman. Like many other busy men, Durant depended to a great extent upon his wife's opinions of young people, so when she declared: "Edward is absolutely the finest boy I have ever known. He is just the sort of fellow that I should love to have Frances marry when she grows up," Durant had taken the boy's character for granted. As for Frances, it would have been hard for her to tell just what she did think of Edward Pinckney.

She was a baby when he first came to the house, so she could not remember the time when she had not known him. At first she had looked on him as sort of a big brother. Pinckney himself had been the one to undeceive her on this point. Even as a boy he had outlined his plan in life. His future was too obvious for him not to see the plain and easy way. He would enter the steel works, apply himself to business, earn the commendation and then the respect and confidence of his employer and so finally pave the way for marrying Frances and inheriting the business through her.

To the scheming boy this seemed a simple plan, especially as he had so easily and quickly won Mrs. Durant over to his side. Frances he did not look on as a serious obstacle, for he was shrewd enough to know that with his splendid start and opportunity for working on her sympathies he had everything in his favor. The big brother attitude he knew was fatal. She must not look on him in that light. He must be the confidant, the friend, the guide, but not the big brother in any sense. This attitude he had carefully established while she was yet a child. He was always ready to go to any lengths to please her, and at first, with the trustfulness of a young girl, she took everything he did at its face value. Her mother, too, worked perhaps unconsciously in Pinckney's favor. She made Frances believe that everything Edward did was right and spoke of the time when he should manage the Durant steel works as a matter of course. Frances from her father had inherited a strong mechanical bent, so there was that additional bond of sympathy between them.

So matters had drifted along through her school days and Pinckney's college course until, when he came back from college to take up his life's work in the steel plant, the train was all laid and the odds were 100 to 1 in favor of the schemer coming off victorious, marrying the daughter of his benefactor and settling down as the right hand man of the steel magnate and the ultimate owner of the great plant.

Frances was barely fourteen when he entered the works, and he at once began to make her confidant of his plans and aspirations for the good of her father's business. The eagerness and enthusiasm of the young man quite won the heart of the steel magnate.

"Edward is a wonder," he was accustomed to say. "Never saw such a hard worker. I thought I was a hustler, but that boy will sooner or later he showed me tricks.

How little the millionaire realized the truth of what he was saying so proudly! Such energy and enthusiasm as Pinckney displayed must have brought his advancement in any business, and when his benefactor was also his chief and he lived in the house success was necessarily rapid. In three years he had worked up from a place in the draughting room to the post of manager. In each new position he made good, and Durant more than ever congratulated himself on his foresight in taking up the orphan son of his friend.

But Pinckney's love affair had not progressed so rapidly. Frances was glad of his success, but somehow she had ceased to be so interested in the man as she had been when a girl. By the time she was seventeen all the glamour had worn off. Instead of taking him in a sentimental way she had begun in her own mind to look on him as a sort of big brother. Pinckney did not know this. He felt that he was not coming ahead as fast as he had hoped, but he felt that there was time, especially as his hold on the rest of the family increased daily.

Durant himself now looked forward to the time when his daughter and the protege whom he had come to regard as a son should decide to marry. He trusted Pinckney more than ever, and he rubbed his hands with satisfaction at the thought that some day both Frances and the Durant works would be well taken care of after he was gone.

Frances realized this and by the time she was nineteen had begun in a vague sort of way to accept the situation. Her friends teased her and then took the attachment for granted. She knew that she did not love Edward, but she did trust him, and she had met no one whom she could care for.

Edward had spoken to her mother and father, and both had agreed that whenever he chose to ask Frances he had their permission.

Then during the summer of Frances' nineteenth year her father went abroad, leaving the entire management of the big plant on Pinckney's hands. This had brought the man and the girl closer than ever together, and Pinckney was just debating how soon he should make his attempt when he received notice from the government that the Durant Steel works would have the task of casting a new cannon which a Lieutenant Sommers of the navy had invented and that Lieutenant Sommers had been detailed to stay at the steel plant until the work had been done. There was another gun, the "Rhinestrom gun," in which Pinckney had more than a casual interest, but business demanded that the government work be accepted promptly.

One week after the notice from Washington Lieutenant Sommers appeared, and then Pinckney's troubles really began.

From the moment of their first meeting Frances Durant and Lieutenant Sommers had seemed mutually drawn to each other. To each the other was an entirely new type. Frances had never met a man just like the young naval lieutenant. Up to that time her experience had been with men like Pinckney, who thought apparently only of business and getting ahead, or with young men of the opposite extreme, who went in entirely for society and dissipation of all kinds.

Sommers accordingly came as a new and very refreshing experience. He apparently had all the best qualities of the two kinds of men she had known before. He was young, good looking, brave, and that he had brains was proved by his invention of the Sommers gun, which the government had accepted provisionally and which was to be cast in the Durant steel works. Then, also, to the glamour of his uniform and his reputation the young naval officer brought the charm of a cultured man of the world. He had been everywhere and seen practically all there was for a man to see, and, unlike many men of his profession, he could talk about it, and talk well. So it was no wonder that the

"Even you might be practically penniless if father had not started you."

girl almost immediately felt herself drawn to him. They had so many interests in common. She knew machinery and knew all about the works, and he was up in that too. Then he drove, walked, played tennis, danced and golfed better than any one she knew in Pittsburg. So it was no wonder that from the time of Sommers' arrival Pinckney found himself put aside.

For a week the manager of the steel works did not notice the fast growing friendship. He was very busy and had little time for outside interests. Then, also, he felt so confident that he did not pay as much attention to Frances and what she was doing as he might have had he imagined there was the slightest chance of serious rivalry. That idea at first did not enter his head. Compared to his own position, he considered the post of a lieutenant in the navy insignificant. It was not until a week had gone by and he discovered that Frances had been out with the officer for several hours each day that he finally awoke to the danger of the situation from his point of view. Then his first move was foolish. He asked Frances to go to the theater with him that night.

"I am awfully sorry, Edward," she told him; "but, you see, Mr. Sommers and I are going tonight to that play. But I am sure he would be glad to have you come along. I'll get one of the girls, and we will make up a party."

"No, thanks," the man retorted shortly. "I don't care anything for the theater, you know. I only asked because I thought you might wish to see the play."

She smiled on him sweetly.

"I know how self sacrificing you are, Edward, about the theater; but, you see, you need not bother while Mr. Sommers is here. You have been awfully good to me about it, but now you can have a long rest, because, you see, he is devoted to it, and he says he gets ashore so seldom that he likes to go at every opportunity. Isn't that nice for you?"

"Of course that is all right, Frances," he agreed stiffly, "but any time you do wish to go it will be a great pleasure for me to take you. If I were you I would not go out too much with this naval whippersnapper. You know how people talk, and you don't want to get the gossips wagging their tongues about you and a penniless naval lieutenant. It's easy to start gossip in Pittsburg, you know."

The girl's head came up sharply, and her smile was dangerously bright as she replied:

"That is awfully sweet of you, Edward, to warn me about penniless naval officers, but don't you think that a man who can invent a new gun is quite as good as a man who can merely make one? And then, Edward, dear, even you might be practically penniless if father had not started you."

And, smiling, she left him with his jaw set tight and every nerve muscle quivering with anger.

"Penniless," he muttered at last. "A man who invents guns as good as a man who merely makes them. I am a puddler or a mechanic, I suppose, in her eyes. Might be penniless but for her father. Well, we will see."

He whirled away from the house where they had been talking and hurried down to the works. Upon reaching them he immediately sent for William Marsh, the head draughtsman.

William Marsh had been with the Durant works since early manhood. His whole life was wrapped up in the place. Unceasing application had raised him to his present responsible and arduous position; but, like many another man who gives his life unreservedly to one concern, he had come to find himself in the end ill repaid. To make matters worse his only child, a bright, promising young fellow of twenty, had died as the result of a terrible accident in the chemical room, and the father could not help believing that had Pinckney used proper discretion in selecting the boss of the work the accident might not have occurred.

All this had tended toward a breach between them, only Pinckney was one who cared little for breaches with his employees. He was born to rule and since becoming manager had ridden roughshod over all opposition. Particularly Marsh, fifty years old, spare, physically weak and essentially a dreamer, in love with his own work, was little fitted to cope with the iron willed manager.

Pinckney was still fuming when the head draughtsman arrived.

"Marsh," he said shortly, "I have decided definitely to push the Rhinestrom gun. I believe it's a great gun and will prove very effective."

"It's all of that," returned the draughtsman shortly.

"I think so," agreed the manager, "and we must hurry the work along as fast as possible. By the way, what do you think of this new gun—the Sommers gun that this dandified naval lieutenant is here to have cast?"

Marsh did not know how eagerly the manager was listening for his reply. He paused judicially a moment, then said hesitatingly:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Pinckney, but from what I can make out it will make a pretty good weapon. The fellow has hit on something new, and it may prove a wonder. Either very good or rotten, that is the way I size it up."

"You mean from the principle on which it is constructed it will either prove a winner or burst and kill a lot of people?" questioned the manager cautiously.

"Exactly," agreed Marsh, "and it will have to be very carefully made or it will burst for sure. We don't want that."

"Then you do not think it is as good a gun as the Rhinestrom gun?" suggested Pinckney.

A dull flush rose in Marsh's pale cheeks. His whole body quivered. It was the anger of a parent whose child had been attacked.

"There isn't any gun as good as the Rhinestrom gun," he cried hotly. "I invented it and I know, and, what's more, while we are on the subject, I want to tell you that I think you are doing me a dirty injustice. I have put the best part of my life on that gun, and you have patented it and put a Dutch name on it, and I don't get a cent or any credit."

Pinckney jumped from his chair, his own face red with anger.

"Look here, Marsh," he cried, "just a little more like that and I'll fire you out of these works! Who do you think you are? Don't you know that we have been paying you a salary for years for your time and your brains! We did not pay you for your looks. I'll put the name Rhinestrom on that gun or any name I please, and if you don't like it you can get out. There are plenty of men who would be glad to have your job."

But for once the weaker man would not be cowed.

"All right," he cried, "I'll get out! There are other places to work, and all my ideas have not gone yet. And, what's more, as soon as Mr. Durant gets back from Europe I'll go to him and lay the case before him. I was a fool not to tell him my plans in the first place instead of coming to you. I ought to have known what I would get from you. You"—the old man's voice broke against his will—"you let my boy be killed by your carelessness and lack of judgment in selecting men for the chemical room, and now you would rob me of all the credit and the money for my life's work. We'll see about this."

He stepped up close, savagely confronting the big manager.

Pinckney hesitated. His inclination was to throw Marsh out, but an idea, born of a girl's taunting, was in his mind, and he felt he must temporize. It was bitter to surrender to an employee, but Pinckney was a man who would submit to any number of minor defeats for a big end.

So he forced the best smile he could and held out his hand.

"Forgive me, Marsh," he said. "I am hot tempered, you know, and I have had a great deal to worry me. You have always had a wrong idea of me ever since that unfortunate accident in the chemical room. But every one makes mistakes, Marsh. You know that."

The old man forced down the lump

"You let my boy be killed."

which the mention of "that accident" brought in his throat.

"Mistakes," he said bitterly, "but you don't know how I feel. You can't know. If you'd had a boy who meant to you what that boy meant to me, if he was about all you had to live for and he was blinded as my boy was in an accident caused by the carelessness of a man I had put in charge, then I guess perhaps you'd know. You ask Miss Durant. She was with him when he died—God bless her! Ask her how he suffered. She could understand. Now you know one reason why I am bitter."

[To be Continued.]

SUMMONS.

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

Samuel Furber and Hattie Furber, husband and wife, Plaintiffs, vs. Roderick Mackenzie, Defendant.

The State of Washington, to the said Roderick Mackenzie, defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty (60) days after the date of the first publication of this summons to wit, within sixty (60) days after the 5th day of November, 1909, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled Court and answer the complaint of the plaintiff and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned Attorney for plaintiffs at his office below stated, and in case of your failure so to do judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint which has been filed with the Clerk of said Court.

The object of the action stated in said complaint is to recover from you the sum of $224.00 and costs by reason of your obligation to the plaintiffs arising through a breach of covenant in a deed to lands sold plaintiffs by you in Thurston County, Washington, and you are further notified that your real estate has been attached in Thurston County, Washington, to wit: All of the North East quarter of South East quarter of Section 4 lying South of the County road running through said lands and all of the North West quarter of the North West quarter of Section 3 all in Township 17 North of Range 2 West, to satisfy the judgment in said action.

G. C. ISRAEL,
Attorney for Plaintiffs.

Post Office and Office Address: Suite 8, Funk-Volland Building, Olympia, Thurston County, Washington.

Date of first publication, Nov. 5, 1909. 7t.

Notice of Sale.

No. 4,004.

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

Harm & Brown Lumber Company, a corporation, Wm. A. Daugherty and R. Gibbons, Plaintiffs, vs. A. G. Johnsen and Max Johnsen, wife and husband, Defendants, and Scandinavian American Bank of Tacoma, a banking Corporation, Defendant and Cross-complainant.

Under, and by virtue of, an order of sale issued out of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, holding terms at Olympia, in and for Thurston County, said State, and dated on the 25th day of October, 1909, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 25th day of October, 1909, in favor of the above named defendant and cross-complainant, Scandinavian American Bank of Tacoma, and against the above named defendants A. G. Johnsen and Max Johnsen for the sum of $3,751.10 principal and interest and attorney's fees herein, and for the further sum of $14.60 as as its costs and disbursements herein, and that said sums draw interest from this date at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum until paid, and amounting in all to the sum of $3,799.47 and the further judgment in favor of plaintiff Harm & Brown Lumber Company against defendants A. G. Johnsen and Max Johnsen for the further amount of $385.05 being principal and interest and attorney's fees, and costs of preparing and filing its lien herein together with the further sum of $4.00 as its costs and disbursements herein, and the further judgment in favor of plaintiff Wm. A. Daugherty against defendants A. G. Johnsen and Max Johnsen for the further sum of $151.37 being principal and interest and attorneys fees, and costs of preparing and filing his lien herein, and the further judgment in favor of plaintiff R. Gibbons against defendants A. G. Johnsen and Max Johnsen for the further sum of $70.05 being principal, interest and attorneys fees, and costs of preparing and filing his lien herein, that said liens are co-ordinate liens and of the same rank, but all are second and subsequent to the first above named amount of $3,799.47, the full sum of the above named amounts is $4,399.94 which said order of sale was to me as Sheriff of Thurston County, Washington, duly directed and delivered, and by which I am commanded to sell at public auction, according to law, the following described real estate, to-wit:

West one-half (W½) of the Northwest quarter (NW¼) and the west half (W½) of the east half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (NW¼) section 21 township 16 north range 1 west of the Willamette meridian, excluding the following described tract: Starting at the southwest corner of the northwest quarter of said section, running thence east 120 rods, thence north 60 rods, thence west 120 rods, thence south to the place of beginning, all in Thurston County, State of Washington, together with the improvements thereon.

Now Therefore public notice is hereby given that I have levied upon said property and that on the 4th day of December, 1909, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day at the front door of the Court house on Fourth street in the city of Olympia, I will sell the above described real estate at public auction to the highest bidder for cash or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient to satisfy said last above named amount, together with costs and increased costs and increased interest.

Dated at Olympia, Washington, this 29th day of October, 1909.

GEO. GASTON,
Sheriff of Thurston County, Washington.

Date of first publication, Nov. 5, 1909. 5t.

State Treasurer's Notice for Payment of Warrants.

Office of State Treasurer,
Olympia, Washington, Nov. 19, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that State Warrants Nos. 6,415 to 6,424, inclusive, on the Military Fund, will be paid on presentation at my office and will not draw interest after the 29th day of November, 1909.

Amount on hand, Military Fund $10-240.03.

JOHN G. LEWIS,
State Treasurer.

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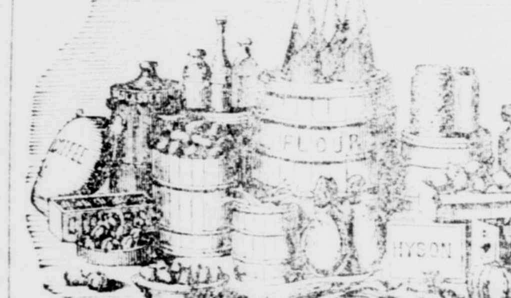

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