The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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CHAPTER XIV.

RANELAGH RESUMES HIS STORY.

FOR several days I had been ill. They were merciful days to me since I was far too weak for thought. Then there came a period of conscious rest, then renewed interest in life and my own fate and reputation. What had happened during this interval?

I had a confused memory of having seen Clifton's face at my bedside, but I was sure that no words had passed between us. When would he come again? When should I hear about Carmel and whether she were yet alive or mercifully dead, like her sister? I might read the papers, but they had been carefully kept from me. Not one was in sight. The nurse would undoubtedly give me the information I desired; but, kind as she had been, I dreaded to consult a stranger about matters which involved my very existence and every remaining hope.

I would risk one question, but no more. I would ask about the inquest. Had it been held? If she said yes—ah, if she said yes!—I should know that Carmel was dead, and the news, coming thus, would kill me. So I asked nothing and was lying in a sufficiently feverish condition when the doctor came in, saw my state and, thinking to cheer me up, remarked blandly:

"You are well enough this morning to hear good news. Do you recognize the room you are in?"

"I'm in the hospital, am I not?"

"Hardly. You are in one of Mr. O'Hagen's own rooms." (Mr. O'Hagen was the head keeper.) "You are detained now simply as a witness."

I was struck to the heart, terrified in an instant.

"What? Why? What has happened?" I questioned rapidly, half starting up, then falling back on my pillow under his astonished eye.

"Nothing," he parried, seeing his mistake and resorting to the soothing process.

"Send for Mr. Clifton," I said. "He's my friend; I can better bear"—

"Here he is," said the doctor as the door softly opened under the nurse's careful hand.

With a gesture to the nurse the doctor tiptoed out, muttering to Clifton as he passed some word of warning or casual instruction. The nurse followed, and Clifton, coming forward, took a seat at my side. He was cheerful, but not too cheerful, and the air of slight constraint which tinged his manner as much as it did mine did not escape me.

"Tell me why they have withdrawn their suspicions. I've heard nothing, read nothing, for days. I don't understand this move."

"You're stanch," he began. "You have my regard, Elwood. Not many men would have stood the racket and sacrificed themselves as you have done. The fact is recognized now, and your motive"—

I must have turned very white, for he stopped and sprang to his feet, searching for some restorative.

"Perhaps I had better wait till tomorrow before I satisfy your curiosity," said he.

"And leave me to imagine all sorts of horrors? No! Tell me at once. Is—is—has anything happened at the Cumberlands?"

"Yes. What you feared has happened. No, no; Carmel is not dead. She is holding her own—just holding it—but that is something in one so young and naturally healthy."

I could see that I baffled him. It could not be helped. I did not dare to utter the question with which my whole soul was full. I could only look my entreaty. He misunderstood it, as was natural enough.

"She does not know yet what is in store for her," were his words, and I could only lie still and look at him helplessly. "When she comes to herself she will have to be told, but you will be on your feet then and will be allowed, no doubt, to soften the blow for her by your comfort and counsel. The fact that it must have been you, if not he"—

"He!" Did I shout it, or was the shout simply in my own mind?

"Yes—Arthur. His guilt has not been proved; he has not even been remanded; the sister's case is too pitiful and Coroner Perry too soft hearted where any of that family is involved. But no one doubts his guilt, and he does not deny it himself. You know—probably no one better—that he cannot very consistently do this in face of the evidence accumulated against him, evidence stronger in many regards than that accumulated against yourself."

Arthur! A booby and a boor, but certainly not the slayer of his sister, unless I had been woefully mistaken in all that had taken place in that clubhouse previous to my entrance into it on that fatal night. As I caught Clifton's eye fixed upon me I said: "Don't speak of me. I'm not thinking of myself. You speak of evidence. What evidence? Give me details. Don't you see that I am burning with curiosity? I shan't be myself till I hear."

"It all came about through you," he went on. "You told me of the fellow you saw riding away from the Whispering Pines at the time you entered the grounds. I passed the story on to the coroner and he to a New York detective they had put on this case. He and Arthur's own surly nature did the rest."

I cringed where I lay. This was my work. The person who drove out of the clubhouse grounds while I stood in the clubhouse hall was Carmel, and the clew I had given, instead of baffling and confusing them, had led directly to Arthur.

Seeing nothing peculiar—or, at all events, giving no evidence of having noted anything peculiar in my movement—Clifton went evenly on, pouring into my astonished ears the whole long story of the detective's investigations.

Instinctively I did not feel as certain of Arthur's guilt as Clifton did. I knew Arthur even better than I did his sisters. He was as full of faults and as lacking in amiable and reliable traits as any fellow of my acquaintance. But he had not the inherent snap which makes for crime. He lacked the vigor which—God forgive me the thought—lay back of Carmel's softer characteristics.

The episode of the ring confused me. I could make nothing out of it, could not connect it with what I myself knew of the confused experiences of that night. But I could recall the dinner and the sullen aspect, not unmixed with awe, with which this boy contemplated his sister when his own glass fell from his nerveless fingers. My own heart was not in the business—it was on the elopement I had planned—but I could not help seeing what I have just mentioned, and it recurred to me now with fatal distinctness. The awe was as great as the sullenness. Did that offer a good foundation for crime? I disliked Arthur. I had no use for the boy, and I wished with all my heart to detect guilt in his actions rather than in those of the woman I loved, but I could not forget that tinge of awe on features too heavy to mirror very readily the nicer feelings of the human soul. It would come up, and under the influence of this impression I said:

"Are you sure that he made no denial of this crime? That does not seem like Arthur, guilty or innocent."

"He made none in my presence, and I was in the coroner's office when the ring was produced from its secret hiding place and set down before him.

"ARE YOU SURE HE MADE NO DENIAL?"

There was no open accusation made, but he must have understood the silence of all present. He acknowledged some days ago, when confronted with the bottle found in Cuthbert road, that he had taken both it and another from the clubhouse just before the storm began to rage that night."

"The hour; the very hour!" I muttered.

"He entered and left by that upper hall window, or so he says, but he is not to be believed in all his statements. Some of his declarations we know to be false."

"Which ones? Give me a specimen, Charlie. Mention something he has said that you know to be false."

"Well, it is hard to accuse a man of a direct lie. But he cannot be telling the truth when he says that he crossed the links immediately to Cuthbert road, thus cutting out the ride home of which we have such extraordinary proof."

Under the fear of betraying my thoughts I hurriedly closed my eyes. I was in an extraordinary position myself. What seemed falsehood to them struck me as the absolute truth. Carmel had been the one to go home; he, without doubt, had crossed the links as he said. As this conviction penetrated deeply and yet more deeply into my mind I shrank inexpressibly from the renewed mental struggle into which it plunged me. To have suffered myself—to have fallen under the ban of suspicion and the disgrace of arrest—had certainly been hard, but it was nothing to beholding another in the same plight through my own rash and ill advised attempt to better my position and Carmel's by what I had considered a totally harmless subterfuge.

Forced by doubt to open my eyes, I met Clifton's full look turned watchfully on me. The result was calming. Even to my apprehensive gaze it betrayed no new enlightenment. My struggle had been all within. No token of it had reached him.

This he showed still more plainly when he spoke.

"There will be a close sifting of evidence at the inquest. You will not enjoy this, but the situation, hard as it may prove, has certainly improved so far as you are concerned. That should hasten your convalescence."

"Poor Arthur!" burst from my lips, and the cry was echoed in my heart. "What sort of man would you make him out to be when you accuse him of robbing the wine vault on top of a murderous assault on his sister?"

"I know. It argues a brute, but he"—

"Arthur Cumberland is selfish, unresponsive and hard, but he is not a brute. I'm disposed to give him the benefit of my good opinion to this extent, Charlie. I cannot believe he first poisoned and then choked that noble woman."

Clifton drew himself up in his turn, astonishment battling with renewed distrust.

"Either he or you, Ranelagh!" he exclaimed firmly. "There is no third person. This you must realize."

Was Arthur in the clubhouse when I first stepped into it? It was just possible. I had been led to prevaricate as to the moment I entered the lower gateway, and he may have done the same as to the hour he left by the upper hall window. Whatever his denials on this or any subject, I was convinced that he knew as well as I that Carmel had been in the building with her sister and was involved more or less personally in the crime committed there. Might it not be simply as his accessory after the fact? If only I could believe this!

But she had gone in disguise to the Whispering Pines, and she had returned home in the same suspicious fashion.

The wearing of her brother Arthur's hat and coat over her own womanly garments was no freak. There had been purpose in it—a purpose which demanded secrecy. That Adelaide should have accompanied her under these circumstances was a mystery. But then the whole affair was a mystery, totally out of keeping in all its details with the characters of these women, save—and what a fearful exception I here make—the awful end, which, alas, bespoke the fiery rush and impulse to destroy which marked Carmel's unbridled rages.

Of a less emotional attack she would be as incapable as any other good woman. Poison she would never use. It's presence there was due to another's forethought, another's determination. But the poison had not killed. Both glasses had been emptied, but—ah, those glasses! What explanation had the police now for those two emptied glasses? They had hitherto supposed me to be the second person who had joined Adelaide in this totally uncharacteristic drinking.

Knowing nothing of Carmel having been on the scene, they must ascribe this act either to Arthur or to me, and when they came to dwell upon this point more particularly they must see the improbability of her drinking with him under any circumstances. Then their thoughts would recur to me, and I should find myself again a suspect. The monstrous suggestion that Arthur had brought the liquor there himself, had poured it out and forced her to drink it, poison and all, out of revenge for her action at the dinner table a short time before, did not occur to me then, but if it had there were the three glasses—he would not bring three, nor would Adelaide, nor, as I saw it, would Carmel.

Chaos—however one looked at it, chaos! Only one fact was clear—that Carmel knew the whole story and might communicate the same if ever her brain cleared and she could be brought to reveal the mysteries of that hour.

Did I really desire such a consummation? Only God could tell. I only know that the fear and expectation of such an outcome made my anguish for the next two weeks.

Would she live? Would she die? The question was on every tongue. The crisis of her disease was approaching, and the next twenty-four hours would decide her fate, and in consequence my own, if not her brother Arthur's. As I contemplated the suspense of these twenty-four hours I revolted madly for the first time against the restrictions of my prison. I wanted air, movement, the rush into danger, which my horse or my automobile might afford—anything which would drag my thoughts from that sick room and the anticipated stir of that lovely form into conscious life and suffering.

Clifton told me no one was allowed in the sick room but the nurse and the doctor. Even Arthur was denied admission and was wearing himself out in his own room, as I was wearing myself out here, in restless inactivity. He expected her to sink and never to recover consciousness and was loud in his expressions of rebellion against the men who dared to keep him from her bedside when her life was trembling in the balance. But the nurse had hopes, and so had the doctor. As for Carmel's looks, they were greatly changed, but beautiful still in spite of the cruel scar left by her fall against the burning bars of her sister's grate. No delirium disturbed the rigid immobility in which she now lay. I could await her awakening with quiet confidence in the justice of God.

Thus Clifton, in his ignorance.

The day was a bleak one, and the evening hours were no better. The hands on my watch crawled. When the door finally opened it came as a shock. I knew that it was Clifton who entered, but I could not meet his eye.

I dug my nails into both my palms and waited for his first word. When it came I felt my spirits go down, down. I had thought them at their lowest ebb before. He hesitated and I started up:

"Tell me," I cried—"Carmel is dead!"

"Not dead," said he, "but silly. Her testimony is no more to be relied upon than that of any other wandering mind."

CHAPTER XV.

"BREAK IN THE GLASS!"

IT was some time before I learned the particulars of Carmel's awakening. It had occurred at sunset. With the exception of the doctor and possibly the nurse, only those interested in her as a witness in the most perplexing case on the police annals were grouped in silent watchfulness about the room of mystery.

It came suddenly, as all great changes come. One moment her lids were down, her face calm, her whole figure quiet in its statue-like repose; the next her big violet eyes had flashed open upon the world, and lips and limbs were moving feebly but certainly in their suddenly recovered freedom. She murmured, half petulantly:

"Why do you look at me so? Oh, I remember, I remember! What's the matter? I cannot move as I used to do. I feel—I feel"—

"You have been ill," came soothingly from the doctor. "You have been in bed many days. Now you are better and will soon be well. This is your nurse." He said nothing of the others, who were so placed behind screens as to be invisible to her.

She continued to gaze first at one then at the other. As she did so the flush faded and gave way to an anxious, troubled expression—not just the expression anticipated by those who believed that with returning consciousness would come returning memory of the mysterious scene which had taken place between herself and her sister or between her sister and her brother prior to Adelaide's departure for the Whispering Pines.

"You have the same kind look for me as always," were her next words as her glance finally settled on the doctor. "But hers—bring me the mirror!" she cried. "Let me see with my own eyes what I have now to expect from every one who looks at me. I want to know before Lila comes in. Why, isn't she here? Is she with—with"— Then in the shrill tones which will not be denied she demanded again, "The mirror!" Nurse Unwin brought it. Carmel was still for a long time, during which the nurse carried off the glass.

"I—I don't like it," Carmel acknowledged quaintly to the doctor as he leaned over her with compassionate words. "I shall have to get acquainted with myself all over again. And so I have been ill! I shouldn't have thought a little burn like that would make me ill. How Adelaide must have worried!"

"Adelaide is—is not well herself. It distressed her to have been out when you fell. Don't you remember that she went out that night?"

"Did she? She was right. Adelaide must have every pleasure. She has

"WHY DON'T SHE HERE?"

earned her good times. I must be the one to stay home now and look after things and learn to be useful. I don't expect anything different. Call Adelaide and let me tell her how—how satisfied I am."

"But she's ill. She cannot come. Wait till tomorrow, dear child. Rest is what you need now. Take these few drops and go to sleep again."

"I can't take it," she protested. "I forget now why, but I can't take anything more from a glass. I've promised not to, I think. Take it away. It makes me feel queer. Where is Adelaide?"

Her memory was defective. She could not seem to take in what the doctor told her. But he tried her again. Once more he spoke of illness as the cause of Adelaide's absence. Her attention wandered while he spoke of it.

"How it did hurt!" she cried. "But I didn't think much about it. I thought only of"— Next moment her voice rose in a shriek, thin, but impetuous, and imbued with a note of excited feeling which made every person there start. "There should be two!" she cried. "Two! Why is there only one?"

This sounded like raving. The doctor's face took on a look of concern, and the nurse stirred uneasily.

"One is not enough! That is why Adelaide is not satisfied. Why does she not come and love and comfort me, as I expected her to? Tell her it is not too late yet, not too late yet, not too late"—

The doctor's hand was on her forehead.

"Rest," came in Dr. Carpenter's most soothing tones—"rest, my little Carmel; forget everything and rest." He thought he knew the significance of her revolt from the glass he had offered her. She remembered the scene at the Cumberland dinner table on that fatal night and shrank from anything that reminded her of it. Ordering the medicine put in a cup, he offered it to her again, and she drank it without question. As she quieted under its influence the disappointed listeners, now tiptoeing carefully from the room, heard her murmur in final appeal:

"Cannot Adelaide spare one minute from—from her company downstairs to wish me health and kiss me good night?"

Was it weakness or a settled inability to remember anything but that which filled her own mind?

It proved to be a settled inability to take in any new ideas or even to remember much beyond the completion of that dinner. As the days passed and news of her condition came to me from time to time I found that she had not only forgotten what had passed between herself and the rest of the family previous to their departure for the clubhouse, but all that had afterward occurred at the Whispering Pines, even to her own presence there and the ride home. She could not even retain in her mind for any appreciable length of time the idea of Adelaide's death. Even after Dr. Carpenter, with infinite precautions, revealed to her the truth—not that Adelaide had been murdered, but that Adelaide had passed away during the period of her own illness—Carmel gave but one cry of grief, then immediately burst forth in her old complaint that Adelaide neglected her. She had lost her happiness and hope and Adelaide would not spare her an hour.

This expression when I heard of it convinced me, as I believe it did some others, that her act of self denial in not humoring my whim and flying from home and duty that night had made a stronger impression on her mind than all that came after.

She never asked for Arthur. This may have grieved him; but, according to my faithful friend and attorney, it appeared to have the contrary effect and to bring him positive relief. When it was borne in on him, as it was soon to be borne in on all, that her mind was not what it was he grew noticeably more cheerful and less suspicious in his manner.

With this new shock of Carmel's inability to explain her own part in the tragedy and thus release my testimony and make me a man again in my own eyes I lost the sustaining power which had previously held me up. I became apathetic, no longer counting the hours and thankful when they passed. Arthur had not been arrested, but he understood or allowed others to see that he understood the reason for the surveillance under which he was now strictly kept.

Of the inquest, which was held in due course, I shall not say much. Only one new fact was elicited by its means, and that of interest solely as making clear how there came to be evidences of poison in Adelaide's stomach without the quantity being great enough for more than a temporary disturbance.

Maggie, the second girl, had something to say about this when the vial which had held the poison was handed about for inspection. She had handled that vial many times on the shelf where it was kept. Once she had dropped it, and, the cork coming out, some of the contents had escaped. Frightened at the mishap, she had filled the vial up with water and put it, thus diluted, back on the shelf. No one had noticed the difference, and she had forgotten all about the matter until now. From her description, there must have been very little of the dangerous drug left in the vial and the jury rendered the noncommittal verdict:

"Death by strangulation at the hands of some person unknown."

I had expected this. The evidence, pointing as it did in two opposing directions, presented a problem which a coroner's jury could hardly be expected to solve. I was allowed one sweet half hour of freedom; then I was detained to await the action of the grand jury, and so was Arthur.

When I was informed of this latter fact I made a solemn vow to myself. It was this: If it falls to my lot to be indicted for this murderous offense I will continue to keep my own counsel. But if I escape and a true bill should be found against Arthur then will I follow my better instinct and reveal what I have hitherto kept concealed, even if the torment of the betrayal drives me to self destruction afterward, for I no longer cherished the smallest doubt that to Carmel's sudden rage, and to that alone, the death of Adelaide was due.

My reason for this change from troubled to absolute conviction can be easily explained. It dated from the inquest and will best appear in the relation of an interview I held with my attorney, Charles Clifton, very soon after my second incarceration.

We had discussed the situation till there seemed to be nothing left to discuss. I understand him, and he thought he understood me. He believed Arthur guilty and credited me with the same convictions. Thus only could he explain my inconceivable reticence on certain points he was very well assured I could make clear if I would. That he was not the only man who had drawn these same conclusions from my attitude both before and during the inquest troubled me greatly and deeply disturbed my conscience.

I introduced the topic thus:

"You remember the detached sentences taken down by the nurse during the period of Carmel's unconsciousness. They were regarded as senseless ravings, and such they doubtless were, but there was one of them which attracted my attention and of which I should like an explanation. I wish I had that woman's little book here. I should like to read for myself those wandering utterances."

"You can," was the unexpected and welcome reply. "I took them all down in shorthand as they fell from Dr. Perry's lips. I have not had time since to transcribe them, but I can read some of them to you if you will give me an idea as to which ones you want."

"Read the first—what she said on the day of the funeral. I do not think the rest matter very much."

Clifton took a paper from her pocket and after only a short delay read out these words, among others:

"December the 5th.—At 3:40 p. m., as the services neared their close, a violent change took place in her appearance, and she uttered in shrill tones those astonishing words which horrified all below and made us feel that she had a clairvoyant knowledge of the closing of the casket then taking place.

"'Break it open, break it open, and see if her heart is there!'"

"Pause there," I said. "That is what I mean. It was not the only time she uttered that cry. If you will glance farther down you will come across a second exclamation of the like character."

"Yes; here it is. It was while the ubiquitous Sweetwater was moaning about the room."

"Read the very words he heard. I have a reason, Clifton. Humor me for this once."

"Certainly—no trouble. She cried this time: 'Break it open! Break the glass and look in. Her heart should be there—her heart—her heart!' Horrible, but you insisted, Ranelagh."

"I thought I heard that word glass," I muttered, more to myself than to him. Then, with a choking fear of giving away my thought, but unable to resist the opportunity of settling my own fears, I asked, "Was there glass in the casket lid?"

"No; there never is."

"But she may have thought there was," I suggested hastily. Then before he could reply, "What do you think the nurse meant by a violent change in her patient?"

"Why, she roused up, I suppose—moved or made some wild or feverish gesture."

"That is what I should like to know. Is the detective, Sweetwater, still in town?"

"I believe so; came up for the inquest, but goes back tonight."

"See him, Clifton. Ask him to relate this scene. He was present, you know. Get him to talk about it. You can, and without rousing his suspicion, learn as they all say he is. And when he talks listen and remember what he says. But don't ask questions. Do this for me, Clifton. Some day I may be able to explain my request, but not now."

"I'm at your service," he repliled, but he looked hurt at being thus set to work in the dark, and I dared say nothing to ease the situation. He came in again toward evening, and this was what he told me:

"I have seen Sweetwater and was more fortunate in my interview than I expected. He talked freely and in the course of the conversation described the very occurrence in which you are so interested. Carmel had been lying quietly previous to this outbreak, but suddenly started into feverish life and, raising herself up in her bed, pointed straight before her and uttered the words we have repeated. That's all there was to it, and I don't see, for my part, what you have gained by a repetition of the same or why you lay so much stress upon her gesture. What she said was the thing, though even that is immaterial from a legal point of view, which is the only view of any importance to you or to me at this juncture."

Soon after this Clifton left me and I could think out my hideous thought undisturbed.

Carmel had pointed straight before her, shouting out, "Break in the glass!"

I knew her room. I had been taken in there once by Adelaide, as a sequence to a long conversation about Carmel, shortly after her first return from school. Adelaide wished to show me the cabinet on the wall, the cabinet at which Carmel undoubtedly pointed, if her bed stood as it stood then. It was not quite full at that time. It did not contain Adelaide's heart among the other broken toys which Carmel had destroyed with her own hand and foot in her moments of frenzied passion. Adelaide had kept them all, locked behind glass and in full view of the child's eyes night and day, that the shame of those past destructive moments might guard her from their repetition and help her to understand her temper and herself.

I could not doubt her guilt after this. Whatever peace her forgetfulness had brought, whatever innocent longing after Adelaide, the wild cry of those first few hours, ere yet the impressions of her awful experience had succumbed to disease, revealed her secret and showed the workings of her conscience. It had not been understood by others; it had passed as an awesome episode.

[To be Continued.]

Best He Could Do.

Joe Blank went shooting last autumn after reed birds. He was a poor shot and, though his guide brought him to many a copse full of birds, none fell before his gun. The first eight or nine misses the guide said nothing, but on the tenth he said, as the uninjured reed birds rose in a great cloud, "By gosh, sir, ye made that lot shift their quarters!"—Los Angeles Times.

NOTICE.

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

Olympia Light & Power Company, a corporation, Petitioner, vs. J. H. Morley and Jane Doe Morley, his wife, and George B. Morley, Charles R. Morley, and Frederick H. Morley, as trustees of J. H. Morley, deceased, Respondents.

To the said J. H. Morley and Jane Doe Morley, his wife, and to George B. Morley, Charles R. Morley, and Frederick H. Morley as trustees of J. H. Morley deceased:

Please take notice that the Olympia Light & Power Company, a corporation, will on the 27th day of May, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House in the above entitled Court at Olympia, County of Thurston, State of Washington, present to the above Court a petition for the condemnation of and appropriation of the following described lands:

Beginning at the quarter corner of the section line between sections 21 and 28, township 18 north range 2 east W. M., which is a point in the north boundary line of lot 1 in said section 28; thence west on said section line to the U. S. Government meander line traversing the shore of the lake; thence along said meander line to the south boundary line of said lot 1; thence east along the south boundary line of lot 1 to a point 165 feet westerly from the southeast corner of said lot 1; thence north 16 degrees 40 minutes west 985 feet to a point; thence north 40 degrees 20 minutes west 295 feet to a point; thence north 24 degrees 20 minutes west 415 feet more or less to the north boundary line of lot 1 which is in the north boundary line of section 21, township 18 north of range 2 east W. M., thence west along said north line of said section 21 545 feet more or less to the point of beginning, containing 25 acres more or less.

The object of said petition is to condemn said lands and to appropriate the whole of the same for corporate purposes of providing the petitioner with necessary motive power by means of the construction of a dam and other structures, by virtue of which the waters of said Lake Lawrence can be preserved, stored and raised and distributed through the ditch into the Deschutes River, and thereafter used for generating the said necessary power for petitioner, which is a public service corporation, and which generative power will be used in furtherance of petitioners duties as a public service corporation in the operation of electric railways in Olympia and Tumwater, Washington, and in the hauling of passengers and freight and furnishing the said cities and inhabitants thereof with power and light, as required so to do, and the said petitioner will ask that said lands be condemned and that the compensation to be made therefor be ascertained and determined by a jury, and if a jury be waived then by the court or the judge thereof as provided by law.

A copy of said petition is herewith served upon you.

Dated April 27th, 1912.

TROY & STURDEVANT,
P. O. Address, Byrne Building, Olympia, Washington.

A. J. FALKNOR,
Room 400 Electric Building, Seattle, Washington.

Attorneys for Petitioner.

Date of first publication May 3, 1912. 4t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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

In re the estate of Harriet R. W. Hope, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the last Will and Testament of Harriet R. W. Hope, deceased, and of her estate, and that all persons having claims against the said deceased, or against her estate, are required to present the same to the undersigned personally, or at his residence on Eld's Inlet, (commonly known as Oyster Bay), in Thurston county, Washington, or to his attorneys, Messrs. Troy & Sturdevant, at their offices in Olympia, Washington, on or before twelve months from the date of the first publication of this notice or the same will be forever barred.

R. W. HOPE,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Harriet R. W. Hope, deceased.

Date of first publication April 26, 1912. 6t.

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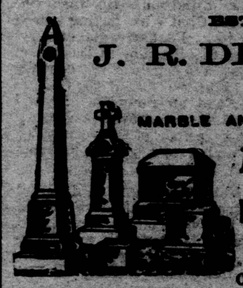

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