The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Copyright, 1910, by Anna Katharine Rohlfs

CHAPTER XXIX.

"STEADY!"

WHY linger over the result? Arthur Cumberland's case was won before Mr. Fox arose to his feet. The usual outine was gone through.

The judge's charge was short, but tudiously impartial. When the jury lled out I said to myself, "They will eturn in fifteen minutes." They reurned in ten with a verdict of acquittal.

The demonstrations of joy which folwed filled my ears and doubtless left heir impression upon my other senses, ut my mind took in nothing but the pparition of my own form taking his lace at the bar under circumstances ess favorable to acquittal than those which had exonerated him.

I saw as never before how the testimony which had reinstated Carmel n my heart and won for her, and hrough her the sympathies of the whole people, had overthrown every pecious reason which I and those inerested in me had been able to adance in contradition of the natural onclusion to be drawn from the damning fact of my having been seen with ny fingers on Adelaide's throat.

The horror stifled me. I was reeling n my place on the edge of the crowd when I heard a quiet voice in my ear: "Steady! Their eyes will soon be off Arthur, and then they will look at you."

It was Clifton, and his word came one too soon. I stiffened under its quiet force and, taking his arm, let him lead me out of a side door, where the crowd was smaller and its attention even more absorbed.

I soon saw its cause—Carmel was entering the doorway from the street. She had come to greet her brother, and her face, quite unveiled, was beaming with beauty and joy. In an instant I forgot myself, forgot everything but her and the effect she produced upon those about her. No noisy demonstration here. Admiration and love were shown in looks and the low breathed prayer for her welfare which escaped from more than one pair of lips. She smiled and their hearts were hers; she essayed to move forward and the people crowded back as if at a queen's message, but there was no noise.

When she reappeared it was on Arthur's arm. I had not been able to move from the place in which we were

"STEADY! THEIR EYES WILL SOON BE OFF ARTHUR."

hemmed, nor had I wished to. I was hungry for a glance of her eye. Would it turn my way, and, if it did, would it leave a curse or a blessing behind it? In anxiety for the blessing, I was willing to risk the curse, and I followed her every step with hungry glances until she reached the doorway and turned to give another shake of the hand to Mr. Moffat, who had followed them. But she did not see me.

"I cannot miss it! I must catch her eye!" I whispered to Clifton. "Get me out of this. It will be several minutes before they can reach the sleigh. Let me see her for one instant face to face."

Clifton disapproved and made me aware of it, but he did my bidding nevertheless.

I had just time to see this sleigh and note the rejoicing face of Zadok leaning sideways from the box when I beheld her pause and slowly turn her head around and peer eagerly—and with what divine anxiety in her eyes—back over the heads of those thronging about her until her gaze rested fully and sweetly on mine. My heart leaped, then sank down, down into unutterable depths, for in that instant her face changed, horror seized upon her beauty and shook her frantic hold on Arthur's arm.

I heard words uttered very near me, but I did not catch them. I did feel, however, the hand which was laid strongly and with authority upon my shoulder, and, tearing my eyes from her face only long enough to perceive that it was Sweetwater who had thus arrested me.

She had never been told of the incriminating position in which I had been seen in the clubhouse. It had been carefully kept from her, and she had supposed that my acquittal in the public mind was as certain as Arthur's. Now she saw herself undeceived, and the reaction into doubt and misery was too much for her, and I saw her sinking under my eyes.

"Let me go to her!" I shrieked, utterly unconcerned with anything in the world but this tottering, fainting girl.

But Sweetwater's hand only tightened on my shoulder, while Arthur, with an awful look at me, caught his sister in his arms just as she fell to the ground before the swaying multitude.

But he was not the only one to kneel there. With a sound of love and misery impossible to describe Zadok had leaped from the box and had groveled at those dear feet, kissing the insensible hands and praying for those shut eyes to open. Even after Arthur had lifted her into the sleigh the man remained crouching where she had fallen, with his eyes roaming back and forth in a sightless stare from her to myself, muttering and groaning and totally unheedful of Arthur's commands to mount the box and drive home. Finally some one else stepped from the crowd and mercifully took the reins. I caught one more glimpse of her face with Arthur's bent tenderly over it; then the sleigh slipped away.

An officer shook Zadok by the arm, and he got up and began to move aside. Then I had mind to face my own fate, and, looking up, I met Sweetwater's eye.

It was quietly apologetic.

"I only wished to congratulate you," said he, "on the conclusion of a case in which I know you are highly interested." Lifting his hat, he nodded affably and was gone before I could recover from my stupor.

It was for Clinton to show his indignation. I was past all feeling. Farce as an afterpiece never appealed to me.

Would I have considered it farce if I could have heard the words which this detective was at that moment whispering into the district attorney's ears:

"Do you want to know who throttled Adelaide Cumberland? It was not her brother; it was not her lover; it was her old and trusted coachman."

"Give me your reasons. They must be excellent ones, Sweetwater, or you would not risk making a second mistake in a case of this magnitude and publicity."

"Mr. Fox, they are excellent. But you shall judge of them. From the moment Miss Carmel Cumberland overthrew the very foundations of our case by her remarkable testimony I felt that my work was only half done. It was a strain on credulity to believe Arthur guilty of a crime so prefaced, and the alternative which Mr. Moffat believed in, which you were beginning to believe in and perhaps are allowing yourself to believe in even now, never appealed to me.

"I allude to the very natural suspicion that the act beheld by your man Clarke was a criminal act and that Ranelagh is the man really responsible for Miss Cumberland's death. Some instinct held me back from this conclusion as well as the incontrovertible fact that he could have had no hand in carrying that piece of broken bottle into the Cumberland stable or of dropping his engagement ring in the suggestive place where it was found. Where, then, should I look for the unknown, the unsuspected third party? Among the ten other persons who dropped something into that casket.

"Most of these were children, but I made the acquaintance of every one. I spent most of my Sunday that way; then, finding no clouded eye among them, I began a study of the Cumberland servants, naturally starting with Zadok. For two hours I sat at his stable fire, talking and turning him inside out, as only we detectives know how. I found him actually overwhelmed with grief—not the grief of a sane man, but of one in whom the very springs of life are poisoned by some dreadful remorse.

"He did not know he revealed this. He expressed himself as full of hope that his young master would be acquitted the next day. But I could see that this prospect could never still the worm working at his heart and resolved to understand why. I left him ostensibly alone, but in reality shadowed him. The consequence was that in the evening dusk he led me to the cemetery, where he took up his watch at Miss Cumberland's grave, as if it were a Mecca and he a passionate devotee. I could hear his groans as he hung to the fence and spoke softly to the dead, and, though I was too far away to catch a single word, I felt confident that I had at last struck the right track and should soon see my way more clearly than at any time since this baffling case opened.

"But before I allowed my fancy to run away with me I put in an evening of inquiry. If this man had an absolute alibi what was the use of wasting effort upon him? But I could not find that he had, Mr. Fox. He went with the rest of the servants to the ball, which, you know, was held in Tibbitt's hall, on Ford street, and he was seen there later, dancing and making merry in a way not usual to him. But there was a space of time dangerously tallying with that of the tragic scene at the clubhouse when he was not seen by any one there.

"That piece of broken bottle—where was the rest of it? Sought for almost immediately after the tragedy, it had not been found at the Cumberland place or on the golf links. It had been looked for carefully when the first thaw came; but, though glass was picked up, it was not the same glass. The task had become hopeless and ere long was abandoned.

"But with this idea of Zadok being the means of its transfer from the Whispering Pines to the house on the hill I felt the desire to look once more, and while court was in session this morning I started a fresh search—this time not on the golf links. Tibbitt's hall communicates more quickly with the Whispering Pines by the clubhouse road than by the market one. So I directed my attention to the ground in front and on the farther side of the driveways. And I found the neck of that bottle!

"Now, who would do this but Zadok, who saw in it, he has said, a receptacle for some varnish which he had, and Zadok—how had he carried it if not in some pocket of his greatcoat? But glass edges make quick work with pockets, and if this piece of bottle had gone from the Whispering Pines to Tibbitt's hall and from there to the hill there should be some token of its work in Zadok's overcoat pocket.

"This led me to look for those tokens, and as I had by this time insinuated my way into his confidence by a free and cheerful manner which gave him a rest from his gloomy thoughts I soon had a chance to see for myself the condition of those pockets. The result was quite satisfactory. In one of them I found a frayed lining, easily explainable on the theory I had advanced. That pocket can be seen by you.

"But, Mr. Fox, I wanted some real proof. I wasn't willing to embarrass another man or to risk my own reputation on a hazard so blind as this without something really definite. A confession was what I wanted or such a breakdown of the man as would warrant police action. How could I get this?

"This man, guilty though he might be, loved this family and was broken hearted over the trouble he which he saw it plunged. Excused today from attendance at court, he was in constant telephonic communication with some friend of his who kept him posted as to the conduct of the trial and the probabilities of a favorable verdict.

"If the case had gone against Arthur we should have heard from his coachman—that I verily believe—but when we all saw that he was likely to be acquitted I realized that some other course must be taken to shake Zadok from his new won complacency, and I chose the most obvious one.

"Just when everything looked most favorable to their restored peace and happiness I shocked Miss Carmel and through her this Zadok into the belief that the whole agony was to be gone over again in the rearrest and consequent trial of the man she still loves in spite of all that has happened to separate them.

"He was not proof against this new responsibility. As she fainted he leaped from the box, and could I have heard the words he muttered in her ear I am sure that I should have that to give you which would settle this matter for all time. As it is I can only say that my own convictions are absolute. The rest remains with you."

"We will go see the man," said District Attorney Fox.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SURCHARGED MOMENT.

THE moment I felt Sweetwater's hand lifted from my shoulder I sprang into the first hack I could find and bade the driver follow the Cumberland sleigh posthaste. I was determined to see Carmel and have Carmel see me. Whatever cold judgment might say against the meeting, I could not live in my present anxiety. If the thunderbolt which had struck her had spared her life and reason she must know from my own lips that I was not only a free man, but as innocent of the awful charge conveyed in Sweetwater's action as was the brother, who had just been acquitted of it by the verdict of his peers.

I must declare this, and she must believe me. Nothing else mattered—nothing else in all the world. That Arthur might stop me, that anything could stop me, did not disturb my mind for a minute. All that I dreaded was that I might find myself too late, that this second blow might have proved to be too much for her and that I should find my darling dead or passed from me into that living death which was the harder punishment of the two. But I was spared this killing grief. When our two conveyances stopped it was in the driveway of her old home, and as I bounded upon the walk it was to see her again in Arthur's arms, but this time with open eyes and horror drawn features.

"Carmel!" rushed in a cry from my lips. "Don't believe what they say! I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!"

She roused; she looked my way and, struggling to her feet, held back Arthur with one hand while she searched my face, and possibly searched her own soul, for answer to my plea. Never was moment more surcharged. Further word I could not speak. I could only meet her eyes with the steady, demanding look of a despairing heart, while Arthur, moved in every fiber of his awakened manhood, waited, think-

"DON'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY SAY."

ing, perhaps, how few minutes had passed since he hung upon the words of a fellow being for his condemnation to death or release to the freedom which he now enjoyed.

A moment! But what an eternity before I saw the rigid lines of her white, set face relax—before I marked the play of human if not womanly emotion break up the misery of her look and soften her lips into some semblance of their old expression. Love might be dead, friendship, even, be a thing of the far past, but consideration was still alive, and in another instant it spoke in these trembling sentences, uttered across a threshold made sacred by a tragedy involving our three lives:

"Come in and explain yourself. No man should go unheard. I know you will not come where Adelaide's spirit yet lingers if you cannot bring hands clean from all actual violence."

I motioned my driver away, and as Carmel drew back out of sight I caught at Arthur's arm and faced him with the query:

"Are you willing that I should enter? I only wish to declare to her and to you an innocence I have no means of proving, but which you cannot disbelieve if I swear it, here and now, by your sister Carmel's sacred disfigurement. Such depravity could not exist as such a vow from the lips guilty of the crime you charge me with. Look at me, Arthur. I considered you; now consider me."

Quickly he stepped back. "Enter," said he.

It was some minutes later—I cannot say how many—that one of the servants disturbed us by asking if we knew anything about Zadok.

"He has not come home," said he, "and here is a man who wants him."

"What man?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, that detective chap. He never will leave us alone."

I arose. In an instant enlightenment had come to me. "It's nothing," said I, with my eyes on Carmel, but the gesture I furtively made Arthur said otherwise.

A few minutes later we were both in the driveway. "We are on the brink of a surprise," I whispered. "I think I understand this Sweetwater now."

Zadok could not be found. He was wanted by the district attorney, who wished to put some questions to him. Were there any objections to his searching the stable loft for indications of his whereabouts?

Arthur made none, and the detective, after sending the Cumberlands' second man before him to light up the stable, disappeared beneath the great door, whither we more slowly followed him.

"Not here!" came in a shout from above as we stepped in from the night air, and in a few minutes the detective came running down the stairs, baffled and very ill at ease. Suddenly he encountered my eye. "Oh, I know!" he cried and started for the gate.

"I am going to follow him," I confided to Arthur. "Look for me again tonight, or at least expect a message. If fortune favors us, as I now expect, we two shall sleep tonight as we have not slept for months." And, waiting for no answer, not even to see if he comprehended my meaning, I made a run for the gate and soon came up with Sweetwater.

"To the cemetery?" I asked.

"Yes; to the cemetery."

And there we found him in the same place where we had seen him before, but not in the same position. He was sunken now to the ground, but his face was pressed against the rails, and in his stiff, cold hand was clutched a letter which afterward we read.

Let it be read by you here. It will explain the mystery which came near destroying the lives of more than Adelaide:

"No more unhappy wretch than I goes to his account. I killed her who had shown me only goodness and will be the death of others if I do not confess my dreadful, my unsuspected secret. This is how it happened. I cannot give reasons. I cannot even ask for pardon.

"That night, just as I was preparing to leave the stable to join the other servants on their ride to Tibbitt's hall, the telephone rang, and I heard Miss Cumberland's voice. 'Zadok,' she said, and at first I could hardly understand her, 'I am in trouble. I want help, and you are the only one who can aid me.'

"I had been with her many years, and I loved her as well as I could love anybody, though you won't think it when I tell you my whole story. What she wanted was this: I was to go to the ball just as if nothing had happened, but I was not to stay there. As soon as I could I was to slip out, get a carriage from some nearby stable and hurry back up the road to meet her and take her where she would tell me or, if I did not meet her, to wait two houses below hers till she came along. She would not want me long and very soon I could go back and have as good a time as I pleased. But she would like me to be secret, for her errand was not one for gossip, even among her own servants. I even tried to do better and be even more secret about it than she expected. Instead of going to a stable, I took one of the rigs which I found fastened up in the big shed alongside the hall, and, being so fortunate as not to attract anybody's attention by this business, I was out on the road and half way to the Whispering Pines before Helen and Maggie could wonder why I had not asked them to dance.

"A few minutes later I was on the hill, for the horse I had chosen was a fast one, and I was just turning into our street when I was passed by Mr. Arthur's gray mare and cutter. This made me pull up for a minute, for I hadn't expected this, but on looking ahead and seeing Miss Cumberland peering from our own gateway I drove quickly on and took her up.

"I was not so much astonished as you would think to be ordered to follow fast after the mare and cutter and to stop where it stopped. That was all she wanted—to follow that cutter and to stop where it stopped. Well, it stopped at the clubhouse, and when she saw it turn in there I heard her give a little gasp.

"'Wait,' she whispered. 'Wait till she has had time to get out and go in. Then drive in, too, and help me to find my way into the building after her.'

"And then I knew it was Miss Carmel we had been following. Before I thought it was Mr. Arthur.

"Presently she pulled me by the sleeve. 'I heard the door shut,' said she, and I was a little frightened at her voice, but I was full of my importance and went on doing just as she bade me. Driving in after the cutter, I drew up into the shadows, where the gray mare was hid, and then, reaching out my hand to Miss Cumberland, I helped her out and went with her as far as the door. 'You may go back now,' said she. 'If I survive the night I shall never forget this service, my good Zadok.' And I saw her lift her hand to the door, then fall back, white and trembling, in the moonlight. 'I can't,' she whispered over and over. 'I can't—I can't.'

"'Shall I knock?' I asked.

"'No, no,' she whispered back. 'I want to go in quietly. Let's see if there's no other way. Run about the house, Zadok. I will submit to any humiliation, only find me some entrance other than this.' She was shaking so and her face looked so ghastly in the moonlight that I was

IN HIS STIFF, COLD HANDS WAS CLUTCHED A LETTER.

afraid to leave her. But she made me a gesture of such command that I ran quickly down the steps and so round the house till I came to a shed over the top of which I saw a window partly open.

"Could I get her up on to the shed? I thought I could and went hurrying back to the big entrance where I had left her. She was still there, shivering with the cold, but just as determined as ever. 'Come,' I whispered; 'I have found a way.'

"She gave me her hand, and I led her around to the shed. She was like a snow woman, and her touch was ice itself. 'Wait till I get a box or board or something,' I said. Hunting about, I found a box leaning against the kitchen side, and, bringing it, I helped her up and soon had her on a level with the window.

"As she made her way in she turned and whispered to me: 'Go back now. Carmel has a horse and will see me home. You have served me well, Zadok.'

"I nodded, and she vanished into the darkness. Then I should have gone, but my curiosity was too great. I wanted to know just a little more. Two women in this desolate and bitterly cold clubhouse! What did it mean?

"I could not restrain myself from following her in and listening for a few minutes to what they had to say. But I did not catch much of it, and when I heard other sounds from some place below and recognized these sounds as a man's heavy footsteps coming up the rear stairs I got a fright at being where I should not be and slipped into the first door I found, expecting this man to come out and join the ladies.

"But he did not. He just lingered for a moment in the hall I had left; then I heard him clamber out of the window and go. I now know that this was Mr. Arthur. But I did not know it then, and I was frightened for the horse I had run off with and so got out of the building as quickly as I could.

"And all might yet have been well if I had not found lying on the snow at the foot of the shed a bottle of whisky such as I had never drunk and did not know how to resist. Catching it up, I ran about the house to where I had left my rig. It was safe, and in my relief at finding it I knocked off the head of the bottle and took a long drink.

"Then I drank again; then I sat down in the snow and drank again. In short, I nearly finished it; then I became confused. I looked at the piece of broken bottle in my hand, took a fancy to its shape and, breaking off a bit more, thrust it into one of my big pockets; then I staggered up to the horse, but I did not untie him.

"Curiosity seized me again, and I thought I would take another look at the ladies—perhaps they might want me—perhaps—I was pretty well confused, but I went back and crawled once more into the window.

"This time the place was silent—not a sound, not a breath—but I could see a faint glimmer of light. I followed this glimmer. Still there was no sound.

"I came to an open door. A couch was before me, heaped with cushions. A long ray of moonlight had shot in through a communicating door, and I could see everything by it. This was where the ladies had been when I listened before, but they were not here now.

"Weren't they? Why did I tremble so, then, and stare and stare at those cushions? Why did I feel I must pull them away, as I presently did? I was mad with liquor and might easily have imagined what I there saw, but I did not think of this then. I believed what I saw instantly. Miss Cumberland was dead, and I had discovered the crime. She had killed herself—no; she had been killed!

"Should I yell out murder? No, no; I could be sorry without that. I would not yell. Mistresses were plenty. I had liked her, but I need not yell. There was something else I could do.

"She had a ring on her finger—a ring that for months I had gloated over and watched as I had never watched and gloated over any other beautiful thing in my life. I wanted it—I had always wanted it. It was before me for the taking now. I should be a fool to leave it there for some other wretch to pilfer. I had loved her. I would love the ring.

"Reaching down, I took it. I drew it from her finger. I put it in my pocket. I—God in heaven, the eyes I had seen glassed in death were looking at me!

"She was not dead; she had been witness of the theft. Without a thought of what I was doing my hands closed round her throat. It was drink, fright, terror at the look she gave me, which made me kill her, not my real self. My real self could have shrieked when in another instant I saw my work.

"But shrieking would not bring her back, and it would quite ruin me. Miss Carmel was somewhere near. I heard her now at the telephone. In another minute she would come out and meet me. I dared not linger.

"Tossing back the pillows, I stumbled from the place. Why I was not heard by my young mistress I do not know. Her ears were deaf, just as my eyes were half blind. In a half hour I was dancing with the maids, telling them of the pretty stranger with whom I had been sitting out an hour of fun in a quiet corner. They believed me, and not a particle of suspicion has any man ever had of me since.

"But others have had to suffer, and that has made hell of my nights. I restored the ring to my poor mistress, but even that brought harm to one I had no quarrel with. But he has escaped conviction, and if I thought Mr. Ranelagh would also escape I might have courage to live out my miserable life and seek to make amends in the way she would have me.

"But I fear for him. I fear for Miss Carmel. Never could I testify in another trial which threatened her peace of mind. I see that, instead of being the selfish stealer of her sister's happiness, as I had thought, she is an angel from whom all future suffering should be kept.

"This is my way of sparing her. Perhaps it will help her sister to forgive me when we meet in the world to which I am now going."

THE END.

WATCH for our new story, soon to begin.

Promotes Social Life

NO one watches current events more closely than the farmer.

His Bell Service keeps him in touch with the outside world.

The R. F. D. has helped him wonderfully.

The Bell System helps him still more.

It enables him to do business direct.

Every Bell Telephone is the center of the whole Bell System.

If not enrolled join the great army of farmers who feel that they cannot do business without the Bell Service.

For rates and data consult our local manager.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS THE CENTER OF THE SYSTEM.

ADVERTISE IN THE

Standard.

FOR GOOD RETURNS

SUMMONS.

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

Rebecca B. Hinchcliffe, plaintiff, vs. Elizabeth Ann Doherty, Mason Hinchcliffe, Thomas Hinchcliffe, jr., Abe Hinchcliffe, June Benson, Arnie Jacobson, Mable Biles, Harold Hinchcliffe, George Hinchcliffe and Mildred Hinchcliffe, defendants.

State of Washington to the said Abe Hinchcliffe, 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 14th day of June, 1912, 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 attorneys for the Plaintiff at their 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 the above entitled Court.

This is an action brought by by the plaintiff to correct the description in a deed of Thomas Hinchcliffe, now deceased, to her real estate and you are made a party thereto because of your interest therein by reason of your being a son and a heir at law of the said Thomas Hinchcliffe, deceased. The said real estate affected by this action is situate follows, to wit:

The west half of that certain tract of land conveyed by Rebecca B. Hinchcliffe and Thomas Hinchcliffe to Elizabeth Martha Ann Doherty by deed dated February 6th, 1888, and recorded in Vol. 16 of deeds at page 343, records of Thurston County; the tract of land hereby intended to be conveyed is more particularly described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point three chains and ninety links (3.90 chains) north and three hundred and sixty (360) feet east of the southeast corner of the Edmund Sylvester Donation Claim in Section twenty-three (23) Township 18 N. R. 2 W, from which point running North 112 feet to the southwest corner of the said land conveyed to the said Elizabeth Martha Ann Doherty, for a starting place, thence north 112 feet; thence east 60 feet; thence south 112 feet; thence west 60 feet to the place of beginning.

TROY & STURDEVANT,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Postoffice address, Box 355, Olympia, Washington.

Office address, Suite 4, Byrne building, Olympia, Washington.

First publication June 14, 1912. 7t.

Order to Show Cause.

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

In re the estate of Annabelle Farquhar, deceased.

The petition of R. J. Axtell, the administratrix of the above entitled estate praying for leave to sell the east 46 feet of lot 6 Block 3 of Maple Park addition to Olympia, Washington, being the real estate of of the estate of the above named deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of the said estate, and it appearing from the said petition that it is necessary that such order be entered, it is therefore ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to show cause in the above entitled court at Olympia, Washington, in the court room of the court house of Thurston County, therein, on the 22d day of July, 1912, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. It is also ordered that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks prior to the said date.

Dated this 17th day of June, 1912.

JOHN R. MITCHELL,
Judge.

Date of first publication June 21, 1912. 5t.

Order to Show Cause Against Sale.
No. 1510.

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

In the matter of the estate of Miles Fowler, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition this day presented and filed by C. H. Guiberson, Executor of the Estate of Miles Fowler, deceased, praying for an Order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said Estate, that it is necessary that such real estate should be sold.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said Miles Fowler, deceased, and all persons interested in said Estate, appear before this Court on the 22d day of July, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., in the court room of this Court, at the Court House in the City of Olympia, County of Thurston, State of Washington, then and there to show cause why an Order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate.

And it is further Ordered that a copy of this Order be published at least once each week for four successive weeks before the said day of hearing, in the "Progressive Democrat," a newspaper printed and published in Pierce County, Wash., and in the Washington Standard, a newspaper printed and published in said County of Thurston.

June 13, 1912.

JOHN R. MITCHELL,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Date of first publication June 21, 1912. 5

STICKLIN UNDERTAKING PARLORS

H. N. STICKLIN, Mgr

Professional Funeral Director and Embalmer. Lady Assistant.

Office and Residence: 414-16 Franklin Street. Phone 212.

THE Old and Reliable GROCERY —AND— PROVISION STORE

207 Fourth Street

REDER & PHILLIPS - PROPRIETORS

THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

Staple and Fancy Groceries

THE FULLEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF

Teas and Coffee

"IT MAKES YOU STRONG."

If you need a tonic to build up your system, drink

Olympia Malt Extract

A pure non-intoxicating extract of barley-malt and hops. Higher in extract and lower in alcoholic content than any other malt extract on the market. Only 15-100 of 1 per cent. alcohol.

The price is $1.75 per dozen or $3.50 for two-dozen case

OLYMPIA BREWING CO.

— TELEPHONE MAIN 10 —

CHAMBERS MARKET

CHAMBERS BLOCK FOURTH ST. TELEPHONE 44

FULL LINE OF MEATS FOR THE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE.

We solicit a share of your trade and will strive to please.

Victrolas from $50 to $200

Amberola - - - $200

Columbia Grafonola Regent $200

A beautiful Library Table will talk and sing for you. Call ot our store and let us show it to you

RABECK'S MUSIC HOUSE

OLYMPIA MARBLE WORKS

ESTABLISHED 1889.

J. R. DEVER, Proprietor

MARBLE AND GRANITE ★ ★ ★

Monuments, Markers Headstones, Etc.

Fourth and Jefferson Sts.

OLYMPIA - - WASHINGTON

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

FLOUR AND FEED OF

M. E. GEORGE

THE

Up-to-Date Grocer

And you will always get the finest quality and lowest prices.

Telephone Main 116. Cor. Fourth and Columbia St.

Talcott Bros.

THE OLDEST JEWELRY HOUSE IN WASHINGTON. ESTABLISHED 1872

—DEALERS IN—

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS, LEATHER GOODS, CUTLERY, NOVELTIES SEWING MACHINES, SUNDRIES

MANUFACTURERS OF

NOTARY AND LODGE SEALS

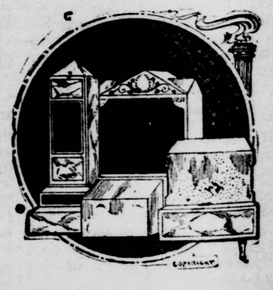
AND UMBRELLAS

Repairing in All Departments.

424 and 426 Main St., - - - Olympia, Wash.

Your Choice of a Monument is not limited to a few designs if you come here. We have a book of nearly a thousand designs, any of which we are ready to execute for you.

The Price of the Monument doesn't make it tasteful or artistic. We can execute and erect a really beautiful memorial for a very modest sum.



CAPITAL CITY MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

C. J. Roberts, Prop.

Op. Masonic Cemetery. Phone State 291.