

Election Returns.
 The county canvassing board has completed the count on all of the 58 precincts of Stevens county. The unofficial returns were changed on the head of the ballot, and instead of Roosevelt leading by some 80 votes as originally reported, Wilson took the plurality over the progressive candidate by nine votes. Debs polled 180 more votes than Taft. The vote follows:

Taft 898, Wilson 1989, Debs 988, socialist labor electors 25, prohibition electors 227, Roosevelt 1971.

Congressmen at large—Frost 1109, Dewey 1168, Connors 1873, White 1869, Giles 1902, Wagenknecht 996, Thompson (prohibition) 173, Bryan 1545, Falconer 1547.

Congressman third district—Lafollette 1498, Drumheller 1792, Martin 1909, Goodwin 1418.

Governor—Hay 1547, Lister 1873, Mailey 971, Breachiff 25, Stivers 215, Hodges 1227.

Lieutenant governor—Hart 1429, Collier 1847, Barth 984, Teats 1396.

Secretary state—Howell 1336, Ryan 1902, Bostrom 998, Ford 1405.

State treasurer—Meath 1273, Gilbert 1888, Parks 1017, Cory 1474.

State auditor—Clausen 1365, Stevenson 1891, Arnett 995, Moberg 1374.

Attorney general—Tanner 1272, Jones 1930, Rogers 995, Mills 1401.

Commissioner of public lands—Savidge 1352, Schooley 1853, Cupples 986, Kaufman 1423.

Superintendent of public instruction—Preston 1269, Monroe 1994, Sylvester 1091, Beach 1357.

Insurance commissioner—Fishback 1333, Murphy 1906, Collins 1367.

State representatives first district—S. B. Matson, republican, 2143; Mrs. Elizabeth M. Stary, republican, 1595; Walter D. Smith, democrat, 2273; J. C. Hutchinson, democrat, 2825; James Chase, socialist, 961; John Wilson, socialist, 909. No county progressive, prohibition or socialist labor ticket in the field.

COUNTY TICKET.
 First republican, second democrat, and third socialist.
 Sheriff—William Miller, 2367, Walter Woodard 2410, Dan McMillan 845.
 County clerk—W. J. Shelton 2209, L. C. Richardson 2406, T. A. Hunt 858.
 County auditor—William Morion 2029, A. B. Sansburn 2570, Elmer Owsley 849.
 County treasurer—Eliss Phillips, 2186, John McDaniel 2186, W. L. Sax 844.
 County prosecuting attorney—Howard W. Stull 2184, John B. Slater 2610. No socialist candidate.
 County assessor—James Algie 2192, A. E. Dodson 2472, H. S. Wilco 843.
 County superintendent of common schools—Martha A. Boardman 2518, Lila Kutzler 2216, Dorotiea Elmer 851.
 County engineer—E. H. Hubbard 2176, Richard B. Thomas 2547. No socialist candidate.
 County coroner—Harry M. West 2092, Dr. W. Mighell 2343, Charles Adam 922.
 County commissioner second district, four-year term—W. W. Palmer 2012, Patrick H. Graham 2661, A. C. Connelly 899.
 County commissioner third district, two-year term—E. H. Long 1984, M. C. Stoop 2518, John M. Smith 847.
 Judge superior court—W. H. Jackson, no opposition, 2721.
 Judges supreme court—Overton G. Ellis 2512, Wallace Mount 2490, W. W. Black 1653, John P. Main 858.
 First submitted constitutional amendment—For, 1693; against, 1595.
 Second submitted constitutional amendment—For, 3065; against, 327.
 Third submitted constitutional amendment—For, 3026; against, 320.
 Fourth submitted constitutional amendment—For, 2916; against, 551.
 Township organization, which has been an issue for several elections, again failed by a vote of: For, 2523; against, 491. There were 6173 votes cast in the county, and the supreme court has held, in passing upon the question of election on township organization, that in order to become effective the vote must be a majority of all votes cast in the county in its favor.

PRECINCT OFFICIALS.
 According to the official count made by the board of canvassers, the following justices of the peace and constables were elected in the various precincts in Stevens county. First name is the precinct, second the justice, third the constable:

Addy, F. J. Wilet, L. A. Sizemore.
 Arden, Don Willet, Geo. Brockway.
 Blue Creek, C. L. Williams, D. H. Durgin.
 Bossburg, E. D. Hall, John Foy and Jones Mulligan.
 Boundary, no choice, H. H. Herriage.
 Barstow, Geo. W. Lane, W. R. Ward.
 Bon Ayer, Arthur George, D. B. Lundenbill.
 Chewelah, D. Van Slyke and F. C. James, H. W. Wood and Geo. W. Mowatt.
 Clayton, E. N. Williams, M. Alion.
 Columbia, L. W. Blagy, Owen Mathews.
 Colville, A. L. Knapp and Jas. Petty, C. O. Smith.
 Cronin, John Kendall, Mrs. Blakeman, Corbet Creek, Wm. Barton, Theo. M. Clure.
 Daisy, O. F. Parmeter, H. A. Weaver.
 Deep Creek, Wm. Bechtel, Theo. E. Sherlock.
 Deer Trail, Kirkwood, S. Tuttle, Doyle, Chas. Huss, Eli Reissio.
 Echo, Nevada Weaver, Glen Keller.
 Evans, F. W. Bucholtz, Norman Ludwigson.
 Flat Creek, John Downing, Peter Ansaldo.
 Forest Center, W. S. Rose, E. Carter.
 Frontier, W. I. Lee, John Huntsman.
 First Thought, J. W. Rickers, E. Houchins.
 Godfrey, A. W. Edberg, Don Wilson.
 Gardenspot, James Fowell, A. P. Abbott.
 Harvey Creek, Carence Young, J. B. Hergsheimer.
 Hunters, H. W. Quimby, F. Mills.
 Kettle Falls, A. E. Baldwin and M. Churchill, E. B. Gronden and R. F.

Smith.
 Lake Creek, S. C. Sturman, C. P. Stafford.
 Little Dalles, C. Park, no choice.
 Loon Lake, John Ager, Wm. Swope.
 Laurier, Richard Simon, I. I. Rby.
 Marcus, Ed Yarwood and W. C. Kirk.
 R. E. Kerby.
 Meyers Falls, A. W. Smith, J. P. McDermaid.
 Middleport, B. Brown, A. L. Gillett.
 Mill Creek, Erick Lundland, E. A. Anderson.
 Northport, Geo. V. Scully and S. B. Crist, I. L. Dotts.
 Nigger Creek, Nye Harris, W. W. Harris.
 Narcisse, G. M. Bussse, B. W. Doyle.
 Orin, no choice, no choice.
 Riverside, W. P. Blair, D. W. Mitchell.
 Rock Cut, John R. Connelly, no choice.
 Reidel, Mrs. L. A. Nelson, B. G. Mathis.
 Springdale, John S. Gray and J. W. Gillingham, C. A. Bartholomew and Geo. W. Williams.
 Spring Valley, J. L. McCormick, M. H. Allen.
 Summit, May T. Noble, Leonard Snowley.
 Stensgar Creek, Martin Cory, J. W. Maxwell.
 Square Creek, no choice, John Kerrigan.
 South Fork, J. H. Havner, Oscar Aldene.
 Valley, J. G. Hare, H. L. Fiska.
 Walkers Prairie, R. D. Vermilya, C. E. Diggs.
 White Lake, no choice, no choice.
 Williams Valley, John Thorp, T. E. Irish.
 Williams, Geo. McMillan, E. E. Tompkins.
 All incorporated towns are entitled to two justices of the peace.

Dunn News
 Mrs. Acel Newell drove to Addy Friday to meet Mr. Newell, who returned from the National Grange in Spokane.
 Mrs. L. H. Gurnsey returned Saturday from Spokane, where she had been visiting several days. Her father, Frank Riese Sr., came out with her to spend a few days at his farm.
 Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Ben Cottman to Miss Laveta Hobson, on Thanksgiving day.
 Hugh Timmel returned last Tuesday from a short trip to Idaho and expects to remain here this winter.
 Gene Holford has been helping Mr. Lightfoot do development work on the Copper-Lead Bonanza mine near the summit. Captain E. J. Haggerty, one of the owners and several others interested in it, are coming out from Chewelah Wednesday.
 A large cougar has been seen prowling around in the canyons near Holford's and Erickson's. Several hunters have laid in a supply of ammunition and hope to kill the beast.
 Continued rains have rendered the roads almost impassable, the deep ruts, mud holes and mire making a trip over them to be dreaded.
 Henry Glasgow, wife and daughter Lila visited at Mr. Duff's Sunday.
 Mrs. Charles Bennet has been quite sick the past week.
 Rodde's Timmel and his mother were trading in Addy Saturday.
 While crossing up the west side of the summit Saturday, H. J. Noble saw a large bear cross the road about 200 yards away and go crashing through the brush. Sunday, he followed its trail for several miles, but was unable to find it.
 Ray Bone, Frank Schmid, L. H. Gurnsey, Hugh Askell, C. E. Peters and Mr. Smith are part of the applicants for the position of mail carrier on our new rural route to be established January 2, 1913.
 The Woman's Library Club will hold the annual Thanksgiving sale in the old church Thursday evening, Nov. 21st. The program is in charge of the teachers, so it has to be given this week, as the institute in Colville will call them away next week.
 J. C. Northey and Ben Webb are cutting logs for the Dearinger mill.
 Mrs. Bert Smith is quite sick with pneumonia.
 Mr. Rangona and Mr. Inman of Gifford were in Dunn a few hours Monday.
 Miss Stannard and Miss Klobuchar visited Mrs. Noble Saturday.
 Rev. August Pearson sat up Saturday and Monday nights with Oliver Dearinger who is seriously ill.

A number of the high school boys, together with several not in school, have organized a club called the "Royal Skulds." This organization is for social purposes, and will hold a series of dances during the winter. Club rooms are in the Rieky block. The officers are: Earl Droz, president; Louis H. Penney, vice president; Gardner Farrar, secretary-treasurer; Curry Clark, marshal. The regular meetings will be held on Thursday evenings. The charter membership will be about 20. This club takes the place of the former Yama Yama club, which held sway for three years, and gave many enjoyable dances and parties.
 The AmusU theater has changed hands and is now under the management of Frank Richmond.
 One of the first prizes given in the national apple show at Spokane last week went to J. C. Bowen of Hunters.

CERTIFICATE OF RESULT OF ELECTION.
 State of Washington, county of Stevens, city of Colville, ss.
 This is to certify that at the general election held in the city of Colville, Washington, on Tuesday, November 5, 1912, at which was submitted the question, "Shall the sale of intoxicating liquor be licensed within the city of Colville, Washington?" the result thereof was as follows: For license, 235 votes; against license, 422 votes; as shown by the official canvass of the returns of said election made by the council of said city on the 12th day of November, 1912, and the result of said election was declared to be against the licensing of the sale of intoxicating liquor within said city.
 In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said city this 16th day of November, 1912.
 A. B. SANSBURN,
 City Clerk.

BOWSER TRIES IT.

His Experiment With the Transmigration Theory.

NOT ALTOGETHER A SUCCESS.

Though It Worked Out Pretty Well From the Tramp's Point of View. The Cat, However (or Sullivan, Rather), "Couldn't Come Back."

By M. QUAD.
 (Copyright, 1911, by ASSOCIATED Literary Press.)

MR. BOWSER had come home to dinner looking thoughtful, and during the meal he seemed preoccupied, and, though Mrs. Bowser was sure there was something on his mind, she waited until he was ready to state his case. By and by he said:

"I don't know that I have ever mentioned the fact to you, but I am a firm believer in the theory of transmigration, and something happened at the office this afternoon to greatly strengthen my belief."

"Dear me, but have you broken out again?" sighed Mrs. Bowser as she looked up.

"That's right! That's your way! Pitch right into me before you have heard a word about it. Why don't you



THE TRAMP CLUTCHED HIM BY THE THROAT.

ever give me a fair show? I never sit down on you the minute you open your mouth to tell me something."

"But the theory of transmigration is no theory at all," she answered. "I never knew a sensible person who even tried to defend the idea."

"Then if I believe in it, and I certainly do, I must be a fool, eh? Very well; we'll say no more about it. I might have known you'd take the ground you do."

"You said something happened at the office this afternoon. Just what was it? Perhaps you can convert me to your belief."

How It Started.
 "I'll tell you what happened," said Mr. Bowser after chewing the rag for a minute. "This gentleman, who has given the doctrine of transmigration over twenty years of thought and study, recognized in our office cat a schoolboy friend of his who died thirty years ago."

"What bosh nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser.
 "Yes, I knew you would say that, and probably others would say the same, but that's exactly what happened, and if you'd been there you'd have felt a chill go over you. Lordy, but it was a dramatic scene! I can't get over it."

"Yes, it must have been dramatic! Did the cat also recognize him?"
 "She did—she did!" he whispered as he came closer to her. "Yes, by George, the cat recognized him, and that's what I can't get over! We were talking about the souls of human beings passing into the bodies of animals when the cat awoke and jumped up into the man's lap and looked him straight in the eyes. He stroked her back and called her Jerry, and she meowed and showed by every action that she recognized him. The soul of his dead schoolmate had passed into the cat and I'll bet a thousand to one on it!"

"And the idea struck you," said Mrs. Bowser as a faint smile appeared on her face, "that the soul of some of your old chums might have passed into the body of our own cat? I see what you are getting at. Go ahead and experiment, but please excuse me. I've got to run in and see Mrs. Brown for a few minutes. You can tell me all about it when I get back."

"You—you don't think it's foolish?" asked Mr. Bowser in a shamefaced way.
 "Oh, no. If the cat happens to represent some dear old friend of yours it will be awfully nice. You can get lots of pointers on transmigration as well as catching mice and yawning around on back fences. Tell me all about it when I come back."

Tim's Reincarnation.
 When she had departed Mr. Bowser coaxed the cat to jump up into a chair, and he sat down in another and looked her straight in the eyes. He was seeking for a recollection. The cat had closed her eyes and purred, and for a minute he could not be sure whether he had met her soul in any other guise or not. Then as she opened her eyes until they seemed to be as big as tea saucers and drew one down in a sort of wink a sudden flood of memory swept over him. The soul of a red headed boy who used to live next

door to him when he was a lad had passed into the cat. Moreover, that red headed boy used to cuff him around and call him all sorts of names. It all came back in an instant. It came back to the cat as well as to Mr. Bowser, and she gave a yowl and a spit and made for a safe asylum on the top floor.

"By thunder, but I've struck it!" whispered Mr. Bowser as he walked around with an awestruck look on his face. "Yes, sir, the soul of that young Tim Sullivan passed into our old cat, and I'll give her a walloping tomorrow to get even! I've got the doctrine down pat, and Mrs. Bowser can't say a word!"

He was trembling in his excitement when the cook came up and said there was a tramp at the door who wanted a nickel.

"Bring him right up," said Mr. Bowser. "It's a chance to try the other end of the doctrine. Who knows but that the soul of Shakespeare or Milton is wandering about behind the jacket of this tramp!"

Enter Napoleon.
 The tramp came up. He said if it hadn't been for the Chicago fire, the yellow fever, the Spanish war and the blowing up of the Maine he'd never have been obliged to ask for public charity, and Mr. Bowser kindly replied:

"That's all right, my friend. I'm going to give you a quarter, but I'm going to ask if you have ever felt that you were some one else."

"I have," said the man. "Yes, sir; there have been times when I felt that I used to be Napoleon or George Washington."

"By James, but what a coincidence—what corroboration!" whispered Mr. Bowser. "You—you have heard of transmigration?"

"I have, and I believe that the soul of some great man was reborn at my birth. I've got the feeling and can't get rid of it. I often find myself thinking what I believe Napoleon used to think."

"By James, by James! I only wish Mrs. Bowser was here to hear you talk! She thinks I'm a fool about transmigration, but here is living, breathing evidence. Yes, you may be carrying the soul of Napoleon about. Come to look at you more closely I'm sure I see a marked!"

Exit Bowser's Watch.
 Mr. Bowser stopped there. The tramp clutched him by the throat and laid him on the floor and compressed his windpipe till he was black in the face. It was done neatly and quietly, and when the fellow passed out of the front door he carried with him Mr. Bowser's gold watch and wallet. He had transmigrated himself a mile away when Mrs. Bowser entered the house to find Mr. Bowser sitting up against the wall with a wild look in his eyes and the cat sitting near by with a puzzled look on her face.

"Well, what's happened now?" was asked.

Mr. Bowser pointed to the cat.
 "Yes, you found an old friend, but the cat didn't tear your necktie and collar off and leave marks on your throat."

He pointed to the front door.
 "What! Do you mean that you have been robbed in your own house?"
 "Y-yes. I invited a tramp in, and—and—"

"To see about transmigration, eh?" Mr. Bowser nodded.
 "And he transmigrated your watch and wallet from your pocket into his! Your theory worked out beautifully, didn't it?"
 "Go! Go for the police!"
 "They'd say you deserved it!"
 "But—but—"

"Yes, I understand. You called in some one from the street to practice on, and the soul of Captain Kidd jumped on you and brought you to this. Don't you think your own soul had better transmigrate upstairs and turn into a hair mattress while I get a rag and some liniment for your throat?"

And Mr. Bowser didn't say a single word about divorce and alimony till the next morning.

Exception Proving the Rule.
 Mr. Kipling does not go so far as to contend, however, that when it comes to throwing stones at a neighbor's chickens the aim of the female of the species is more deadly than the male. —Denver Republican.

Temperance Argument.
 "All history abounds with examples which show us the evils of strong drink," says the man with the incorrect whiskers. "Take the case of Julius Caesar, for—"

"Why, Caesar wasn't a drinking man," interrupts the young man with the hesitant mustache.
 "He wasn't? Didn't he die because of too many Roman punches?"—Life.

Where Time Waits.
 One can have a molar treated in a minimum of time.
 One's shoes are neatly polished. Ere he's fished the needful dime.
 One can have his clothing furnished in a manner far from slow.
 We're a nation in a hurry.
 And the "while you wait" signs grow.

One can hustle through a luncheon at a maximum of speed.
 Firms will do first rate half soiling while the sporting page you read.
 You can have a hat repolished.
 And can stroll forth fitly "beaned,"
 And it only takes a jiffy
 When your home is vacuum cleaned.

But there seems a place where leisure is found enthroned in state.
 The time you've cut off elsewhere is lost; you're always late.
 You stand in line, impatient.
 And the feeing hours you lamp.
 While a dear old fashioned lady
 Buys a two cent postage stamp.
 —Denver Republican.

A Messenger From President Lincoln

By DANIEL TRUMAN

During the critical period of 1861 when Mr. Lincoln was cut off from the north in Washington I was asked to carry a message by the president to New York.

"Here is a letter," he said, "which I would like you to take to the governor of New York, or if you can't get through to New York and can go to Harrisburg deliver it to the governor of Pennsylvania. I believe there are more militia ready to come from New York than anywhere else; therefore I prefer that you should go there. The letter gives the appalling condition of things here, and, coming from me, it would never do for it to fall into the hands of the secessionists. I must therefore ask you to protect it with your life and if taken by southern sympathizers destroy it if possible."

"Mr. President," I said, "I shall carry out your order to the best of my ability."

I succeeded in getting a train that took me to Baltimore and, not being known in any way connected with the government, had no trouble in getting through the city. It was at Havre de Grace that I met with danger. The secessionists had burned the railway bridge over the Susquehanna river, and there was no way of getting across except in rowboats.

There was a secret patrol by secessionists on both shores who made it their business to see that no one in the interest of the government got across. Pretending to be a rabid opponent of the "black Republican government," as it was then called, I walked up and down the southern bank of the river, ostensibly watching for the troops trying to make their way to Washington. Seeing a boat coming, I called upon several men of the volunteer patrol, saying: "Here comes a boat with several men in it. The one in the stern with a silk hat on looks like a railway official I know and a northern man. He may be working to open the road. Let's see."

We met the boat when it landed, and I straightway accused the man I had mentioned of being an assistant superintendent of the railroad. He denied the charge, but I said I knew him to be what I stated and proposed to my backers that we take him back and put him ashore on the northern side. I was so earnest and positive in the matter that those about me were ready to do anything I suggested, and, allowing the others to land, we got into the boat and pulled for the northern shore. On arriving there I jumped out and told the others to hold the man till I could find some of "our" patrolmen to take charge of and investigate him. I ran up the bank, looked about me, then, as though I saw what I was after, walked rapidly away from the river. That was the last the boat's owner or the poor fellow I had used to gain a safe passage for myself ever saw of me.

I succeeded in getting a train northward, reached Philadelphia without further delay and, going to the general superintendent of the road and showing him my credentials, secured a special locomotive to hurry me to New York. Fortunately the governor was in that city on my arrival, and I lost no time in handing him Mr. Lincoln's letter.

It was the first intimation he had had as to how dangerous was the situation at Washington. Before I left him he telegraphed to the governor of Massachusetts, who, he understood, had a regiment waiting for orders to depart. Then he got into telegraphic communication with railroad men to the southward where the wires had not been cut and received their reports as to what chance there was for troops to get through. The next thing he did was to write a reply to the letter I had borne, charging me to deliver it to the president.

My main dread on my return was lest I should meet some of the patrolmen I had fooled on my northward passage at Havre de Grace, and so I did. I hired a man to row me across and on nearing the southern shore saw one of the men I feared walking toward the point my boat was making for. I hoped he wouldn't remember me, but he did.

"See here," he said, "what did you mean by leaving us as you did the other day? I believe you're a black Republican hireling."

Almost before he had got the last word out of his mouth I raised a heavy cane I had provided myself with for such an emergency and brought it down so heavily on his head that he dropped.

I didn't wait to be interrogated by any one else, but walked to the edge of some timber and when I reached it ran like a deer.

I reached Washington without further adventure and was taken in by the guard. The same evening I delivered my letter to Mr. Lincoln, and it was at least a relief to know that the terrible position of the capital was understood by the governor of a northern state equipped to push forward troops. He grasped me by the hand cordially and thanked me for the effort I had made.

Within twenty-four hours the Massachusetts regiment arrived and the next day regiments began to march into the city. They brought great relief to all the loyal citizens, but more than all to the man who found himself president of a divided country with his capital in the midst of his enemies.

Acknowledge It.

Colville has to bow to the inevitable—Scores of endorsements prove it

After reading the public statement of this fellow sufferer given below, you must come to this conclusion: A remedy which proved so beneficial years ago with the kidneys can naturally be expected to perform the same work in similar cases. Read this:

Mrs. P. D. Tierney, 207 Garden St. Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, says: "About a year ago a member of my family was troubled by attacks of backache and at times was hardly able to get out of bed in the morning. The person complained of headaches and dizzy spells and was bothered by gravel. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills advertised in the local papers, we procured a supply and their use was begun. They made a marked improvement in every way."

When Mrs. Tierney was interviewed on January 31, 1912, she said: "I confirm all I ever said in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills. They worked wonders in our family, after doctors' treatment had proven useless. You may continue to publish my testimonial."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Advertisement.

In order to make room for the new unbreakable Blue AMBEROL RECORDS the Edison Co. has

Lowered the Price on Wax Records

to 31c for 4-minute records and 21c for 2-minute

Get them before they are all gone. They won't last long at these prices.

D. LAURY, Colville

F. D. Tower

Racket Store

All of the little things that are handy

Home-Made Candy

First door north of Casey

NOTICE OF HEARING.

No. 503.
 In the superior court of the state of Washington, in and for the county of Stevens.
 In the matter of the guardianship of the person and estate of Lewis Alexander Grant, a minor.
 Notice is hereby given that T. A. Winter, guardian of the person and estate of Lewis Alexander Grant, a minor, has rendered and presented his statement and filed in said court his final report and account as such guardian, and his petition asking that he be authorized to turn over said estate to said minor and that he be discharged as such guardian; and that Monday, the 23rd day of December, 1912, at the hour of 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the court room of said county in the courthouse at Colville, said county and state, has been appointed by said court for the hearing on the settlement and approval of said report and account and petition for distribution and discharge, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file his objections in writing to said account and report, and appear and contest the same and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be settled and the claims therein presented allowed and approved and why said estate should not be distributed and discharged.

Witness the honorable D. H. Carey, Judge of the above entitled court, and the seal of said court hereunto affixed this 22d day of November, 1912.
 W. LON JOHNSON,
 (Seal)
 Clerk of said Superior Court.
 Date of first publication November 23, 1912.
 Date of last publication December 21, 1912.

SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION.

No. 4201.
 In the superior court of the state of Washington, in and for the county of Stevens.
 Edward La Beau, plaintiff, vs. Mary Christena La Beau, defendant.
 The state of Washington to the above named defendant, Mary Christena La Beau:
 You are hereby summoned to appear within 60 days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit: Within 60 days after the 23d day of November, 1912, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court of said county and state, and to answer and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney for plaintiff at his office address here 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 superior court.
 The object of this action is to secure a decree of divorce and annulment of marriage between the plaintiff and defendant heretofore existing on the grounds of desertion and cruelty.
 JOHN B. SLATER,
 Attorney for Plaintiff.
 Postoffice address, place of business and residence, at Colville, Stevens county, Washington.