

LUCILLE LOVE

The Girl of Mystery

By the
"MASTER PEN"

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SYNOPSIS

Valuable governmental papers are stolen by Thompson, follower of Loubeque, international spy, from General Lovis, Loubeque's aide, in Manila. Lovis's daughter Lucille flies to a steamer to recover the papers in order to clear the name of Lieutenant Gibson, whom she loves.

Loubeque, tampering with the wireless on the steamer, is hurt. Lucille nurses him in an attempt to recover the papers.

Lucille gets the papers, but the ship is wrecked. She is cast ashore on a Pacific island and is taken by a native chief to his hut to nurse his sick child.

The native child is restored to health, and the grateful natives induce Lucille, Loubeque, also cast ashore, to various plans to recover the papers, but in vain.

Loubeque, coming, forces a message from a neighboring chief to lure Lucille away from her friends. She falls into a snare, losing the documents.

Loubeque's native aid steals the papers from his master, and Lucille takes them from the native after he is killed by a lion. She finds and follows an underground passage in the jungle.

Lucille falls into the hands of a tribe of ape men, whose leader drops a necklace of priceless rubies, which she takes. She and Loubeque are rescued from the island by a yacht commanded by Captain Wetherell.

The girl and Loubeque are set adrift in an open boat by Wetherell after she refuses the captain's advances, and he takes the papers.

(CHAPTER XI Continued)

The man crouched, crouching away from her, but the sight of the girl there seemed to enrage the woman completely. Brandishing the knife wildly, she leaped forward, then lurched from side to side simultaneously with the discharge of the gun, slipping, wounded, to the floor in a heap. The man crouched still further away, and Lucille advanced upon him.

Somehow she felt no compunction now, felt no fear, only felt the necessity for immediate action in getting away. She signaled to the fellow that she should get out of his robes instantly. Sounds of activity came from every direction. She was shaking like a runaway horse with the strain. The young fellow was equally nervous, but the revolver at his chest made him hasten. Lucille forced him under the blanket, hissing a warning in his ear which he evidently understood, as it was emphasized by a menacing prod that was more eloquent than any other language—the point of a businesslike gun. Voices were in the hall now. Lucille dragged the body of the woman under the couch and squatted in the woman's place just as the door opened and a head was poked inside. She snubbed something inarticulate, guttural, peevish voiced, and the head was withdrawn after the owner cast one glance at the figure under the blankets. He had no sooner closed the door than the girl picked the knife from the floor and slipped the blanket into strips, securely tying her prisoner and gagging him.

Then, after waiting a second at the door, mustering her courage, she stepped into the hallway and down into the open air.

CHAPTER XII.

The Mystery of a Voice.

It was the sight of the ocean that braced her against the chill that threatened to send her back. She shrugged her shoulders and marched steadily down the foul smelling, dirty little street until she glimpsed a building taller than any others surrounding it and decorated with a gorgonousness of elaboration which made her forget everything save admiration for the skill and patience expended in such work. Before the door stood a closed palanquin, evidently the vehicle for a personage of great consequence from the rich silk robes that overflowed the sides.

"Lucille!" came a hoarse whisper.

This time she knew she had made no mistake. She even identified the direction from which the voice came. But surely nobody save Hugo Loubeque knew her in this place, and Hugo Loubeque—

Something small and compact fell at her feet and she stared at it wondering, incredulously, recognizing it for the diary of Hugo Loubeque, the international spy. The sound of the closing door made her hurriedly snatch it from the ground and conceal it beside the ruby necklace. Then she

stood open before Lucille, the cool stevedores trundling their great loads of merchandise across the wharf and disappearing within, as though swallowed forever.

Lucille was suddenly made conscious of the fact that she was very weak. Nervously she fingered the ruby necklace about her throat, trying to think of some way another of the precious stones might be made to work its magic influence. She could buy a passage with it, could bribe many aboard the boat, but she must not be seen by Hugo Loubeque.

Piercely she fastened her little teeth in her lower lip. Hugo Loubeque had the precious papers in his possession else he would never have smiled so serenely to himself as he boarded the boat. She had his diary, but it could not be used against him now. There would come a time when it would prove of the utmost value, but not now. What could she do?

The rattle of muskets brought her out of the state of abstraction into which she had fallen. She shrank away in the shadow of a packing case, squeezing herself into as small a space as possible, her breath coming fast as she saw the officer who commanded the sound of soldiers march up the

then advanced toward the man just as he reached out to enter his vehicle. His face was impulsive as he stared blankly at her. Finally in desperation she hurled the ruby to him. It turned in the air and over and over in his fingers. His eyes were fairly glowing when he lifted them once more and met hers, nodding as she moved toward the palanquin and stepped inside, secreting herself under the silk robes and burrowing to one corner while the owner entered.

Her thoughts ran riot during that trip. There had the diary of the spy come from? Surely not Loubeque, yet no one but Loubeque was familiar with her name. Possibly its possessor had been a prisoner. A prisoner—

Wetherell or some one of his crew. They had possession of the diary and precious papers. But why confined? What could it all mean? She racked her brain for an answer, but was absorbed in the puzzle that she did not notice the palanquin had halted, did not notice until she heard a familiar voice chatting with the owner in Chinese. But she would have recognized that voice in any quarter of the globe, would have known it anywhere, for it was the voice of Hugo Loubeque. International spy and her enemy.

His tones were light, happy; he appeared satisfied with himself and with life. She looked out to find herself upon a quay, a great boat docking there, its hold being filled by coolie stevedores. And, stepping up the gangplank, a broad smile upon his face, moved Hugo Loubeque.

Lucille thrilled. If Hugo Loubeque smiled, he was happy. If the spy was happy, it was because he had secured the papers once more. If he stepped upon this giant boat it was because the papers were in his possession. If they were in his possession then she would follow.

But the diary? Her fingers told her that this was no phantom, no figment of an over-wrought brain. She held the diary and Hugo Loubeque was boarding the boat. If he boarded the boat it was because he was not yet aware of his loss. Whichever it was, she must follow him. It must be aboard the boat when it sailed.

Through the days when Loubeque watched Lucille hovering about the black borderland of death in the house to which he had been recommended by his subordinate, the governor of the province to which the fishing smack that rescued them bore them, his brain had fed upon one thought. The papers of the spy had been secured. The papers of the spy had been secured. The papers of the spy had been secured.

The day before he saw Lucille under duress of danger, the problem was answered for him by a call from the governor of the province, in whom he recognized a man he had been instrumental in aiding, and one who feared him greatly.

Instantly it was all clear to him. Here was one he need fear making no confession to. He had found out, aboard the boat, exactly where the shipment of arms was to be made. He knew Wetherell might go hundreds of miles out of his course before the vengeful man of war, but he also knew that the goods must be landed at the designated place before he received his pay.

Leaving a sum of money with the nurse Loubeque decided that when Lucille recovered she would be sufficient well provided for to get word to her people and escape from this, the last of her adventures. He led a company of picked soldiers aboard the fighting craft provided for their transport and sailed toward the spot where the delivery was to be made.

There in a tiny boat he arrived barely a day before the yacht put in with its illicit cargo. The skirmish with the landing crew lasted a scant hour, but already the spy had discovered that Wetherell, the man he wanted, was not with the outfit and he began laying plans for taking the yacht.

Captain Wetherell, impatiently waiting for his men to return for a second load, had finally tired and was bringing it ashore himself. From the shore he picked the boat and his mate had taken in, but instead of the crew he knew so well the oars were being manned by Chinese soldiers. In a minute he found the side of his boat battering against that of the other, with soldiers piling recklessly upon his small crew.

He caught a flash of Loubeque laying about him, saw that resistance was utterly useless. Swiftly his hand sought the precious bag in which were the papers he had stolen from Lucille. He drew it open hurriedly, the sealed packet of papers—which formed the major bulk of its contents—and the diary falling at his feet. He felt Loubeque's eye upon him, caught a flash of the spy as he sprang at him, and with a derisive laugh buried the bag with the heavy packet overhead.

Without a second's hesitation the spy was in the water after it. Wetherell fairly choked with rage as he saw the man he hated close his hand over the bag. Then he was conscious of the diary still in the bottom of the boat and, picking it up, thrust it in his shirt.

Wetherell scowled heavily as Hugo Loubeque, having been helped into the boat, brushed against him, his face smiling grimly as he looked down into the eyes of the yachtmaster.

"Very foolish, Wetherell. Now, I think the sight of you making a little jump up a hill with a workman behind you studying the cleanest place to take that head from your shoulders would be about as pleasant as anything I'd care to look at."

Wetherell did not answer. Only, even after being bound, the feel of the diary that had dropped from the bag gave him some comfort.

The yawning side of the great vessel stood open before Lucille, the coolie stevedores trundling their great loads of merchandise across the wharf and disappearing within, as though swallowed forever.

Lucille was suddenly made conscious of the fact that she was very weak. Nervously she fingered the ruby necklace about her throat, trying to think of some way another of the precious stones might be made to work its magic influence. She could buy a passage with it, could bribe many aboard the boat, but she must not be seen by Hugo Loubeque.

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shrank back against the side of the house, eyeing the portly, snail-faced Chinaman who came slowly and methodically toward her.

Evidently the owner of the palanquin, a personage of great circumstance from his dwelling and personal attire, she judged. Her fingers pressed against the diary and encountered the rubies. The touch of them gave her a swift idea and she cautiously drew the necklace from about her neck, detaching one from the strand and knotting the stout hair wire so none should escape because of the loosening. She looked at the pigeon-blood moment, recalling her father's contemptuous sentence regarding the corruptibility of the Chinese noble,

and's thought he nodded briefly and moved hurriedly away.

Lucille had no time for regret at her discovery. She had felt all along that it was inevitable, but had refrained till now from figuring on what explanation she could make in such event. That explanation, the swift change on the sailor's face, as he thought her on the point of mentioning money, verified her instinctive knowledge that she must keep her ownership of the magnificent ruby necklace secret. She knew that the best of men would be tempted by such a king's ransom as the marvelous jewels represented. Likewise she felt that it would be unwise, under any circumstances, to entrust any one with the knowledge that she possessed the international spy's diary. This much she had concluded when the captain stamped heavily across to her, followed by the sailor, his face bracing blackly, but with a curious twinkle in his eyes the girl was quick to discern.

"And so the young lady with murderous tendencies was on board my boat all along. Of course you understand that I must put you in irons and turn you over to the authorities at San Francisco."

Some impulse impelled her, an impulse to put on a manner altogether at variance with her nature. She drew herself stately erect, meeting his eyes with laughter lurking in her own.

"Of course, you don't intend doing any such thing," she retorted boldly. "I was sick and the woman they left to nurse me sneaked in the room late at night and tried to stab me. I saw her slip out and was suspicious of her, so I slipped behind the door and grabbed the man's gun when he put it on a chair. Anybody would have done exactly the same thing and I know, anyway, that you would never turn an American girl over to those horrid Chinamen."

The captain's frown disappeared. "Well, I guess that's about true," he admitted. "But why didn't you come to me in the first place; why didn't you want to come to me when you were caught; what do you expect to be done with you?"

"I didn't come to you because the man who acted as interpreter is an enemy of mine who would do anything on earth to be rid of me—I mean Hugo Loubeque, the one who spoke with the Chinese officer when they searched the boat. They frightened me so I crept into the hold. I don't want him to know I am on board—he mustn't know." She looked up into his face with confidence.

"I can pay for my passage when we land," she added quickly.

"But I have no cabin vacant, young lady."

"Couldn't I do some work, be a cabin boy or something like that?" she suggested vaguely, as the ship's master threw back his head and gave vent to such laughter that tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

"That's a good one," he roared. "If you believe that would straighten the whole mess out and make me the master of the first boat that has had a cabin boy since the old sailing days. Young man," he added with mock gravity, "I'll take you to my cabin now, where your enemy will have no chance of seeing you. The steward will be the only one in our secret. He can outfit you and pass his instructions regarding your duties at night."



She shrank away in the shadow of a packing case.

plank just as the captain descended to inquire what his business was. Then the tall figure of Hugo Loubeque appeared beside the pair, offering to translate the soldier's words.

"He is bundling an American girl I left in the cabin. It appears she shot and wounded her nurse and bound a Chinese soldier, taking his clothes and making her escape," said the spy.

"Well, there's no such person aboard," gruffly retorted the officer of the ship.

Again Loubeque turned to the soldier, but the man shook his head vehemently.

"He must search the vessel. Those are his orders," interpreted the spy, then, "you really can't blame him, captain."

The officer nodded consent, adding gruffly that he would stand for anything that did not entail delaying the boat's sailing on schedule.

As the evening progressed the soldiers march the gangplank and disappear in different parts of the boat according to the instructions given them by their superior, she could see from the spy's words that he would not delay his own departure to assist her; that once more his motive of revenge was all dominant in his nature; that tenderness for the daughter of the woman he loved would never again interfere with the carrying out of his plans.

Surely, some power greater than that of even the international spy was looking over and defending her! She bowed her head in mute gratitude.

She was roused from the mood by a hurried clamor aboard the boat. The coolies were working madly now, while upon the deck she saw signs of activity that told her the ship was about to get under way. Under the laughing tongue of a boss, five stevedores were rushing toward the bores behind which she was concealed. Lucille knew the ship had come for her to act without any further delay.

In two swift, catlike leaps she had reached the yawning side of the boat. For just a second she hesitated before the terrible blackness that met her eyes there, then, with a little shrug, she stepped inside, darting about between piles of merchandise, leaping further and further away from the door as the vision of Manila, of her father, grieving himself to death at her absence; of the shipwreck; her sweetest, imprisoned, with every hand turned against him, with the girl he loved away. She must bring back the papers which Loubeque carried; she must clear her lover.

Day and night—night and day—there was no difference between the two in this black hole. It seemed to her that they must be near the end of their journey, judging by the torments she had been through, when a swaying light directly over her head made her dart hastily back and strive to hide behind a louvering bulk. The exclamation of surprised incredulity which sounded in her ears told that she had been discovered. In an instinctive effort to hide she struck against a bale that had partially dislodged itself and sent it thundering against a second stack. In a moment the hold was filled with tumbling boxes and bales, toppling, rolling, crashing, thundering in every direction. Lucille saw plainly above her a face that framed popping eyes and widened lips.

Swiftly she leaped upon a box that had formed the foundation for a pyramid. As though by instinct the sailor flung the lantern from him and reached down his hands. Lucille felt his fingers clutching at her wrists. Then slowly, so slowly it seemed she would never succeed in getting through that trap, she was lifted up, up to the deck where she lay panting and breathless, the man beside her fairly whistling from the exertion of once more breathing freely.

Slowly a smile spread over his weather-beaten face as he scanned the sailor suit in which she was arrayed. Lucille saw that she had made a friend already and immediately pressed her advantage.

"Nobody must know you found me there," she began hurriedly, then, as he started to protest, "No, no. Please listen!"

Again the sailor shook his head, a troubled expression in his eyes. Lucille knew that she had lost and had decided of pleading, took the next best course that seemed open to her.

"Then, if you must, bring the captain to me instead of parading me before every one. I would not ask you this, but I have an enemy aboard and, I can't," she closed her lips quickly, as the hint of a gleam of aversion showed in the man's eyes. After

Bear in mind that Chamberlains Tablets not only move the bowels but improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by all dealers.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Burns, Oregon, November 4, 1914. Notice is hereby given that William W. Smith, of Kitt, Oregon, who on July 28, 1911, made homestead entry, No. 6552, for 1/4 Section 26, Township 28 S., Range 24 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to sell a final three-year tract to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon, on the 15th day of December, 1914.

Notice of Sale of State Lands. Notice is hereby given that the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will receive sealed bids until 10:00 o'clock A. M., December 22, 1914 for the following described lands, to-wit:

The W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, of Sec. 30, T. 32 1/2 S. R. 33 E.

Sections 10 and 36, T. 33 S. R. 32 1/2 E. Sections 10, W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec. 30, T. 33 S. R. 33 E.

The S 1/4, E 1/2 of W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of Section 10, T. 33 S. R. 34 E.

The N 1/2 and N 1/2 of E 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of Section 16, and all of Section 30, T. 34 S. R. 32 E.

Sections 10 and 36, T. 34 S. R. 32 1/2 E. Sections 10 and 36, T. 34 S. R. 32 1/2 E. All of Section 16, W 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of Section 30, T. 34 S. R. 33 E.

All of Sections 16, N 1/2, N 1/2 of E 1/2 and Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 of Section 36, T. 35 S. R. 32 1/2 E.

All of Sections 16 and 36, T. 35 S. R. 32 1/2 E.

All bids must be accompanied by a regularly executed application to purchase and check or draft for at least one-fifth of the amount of the bid.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase state lands."

G. G. BROWN, Clerk State Land Board. Dated October 26, 1914.

Combination sick, injury, accident and death benefit protection at minimum cost. \$2,000.00 death benefit; \$1,000.00 for loss of limb or eyesight; from \$5.00 to \$15.00 weekly sick or accident benefit; \$1,000.00 Emergency relief benefit. Cost is \$6.00 per year; no other dues or assessments. In this insurance all men and women are placed on an equal basis, regardless of occupation. Every person makes the same form of application, pays the same amount of premium and receives the same amount of benefit. Men and Women between the ages of 16 and 65 are accepted. No restrictions as to occupation, only Railroad men employed employed on track, train or round house, can not be accepted. Claims are paid within sixty days anywhere in the U. S., Canada or Europe. Old reliable Insurance Company. \$100,000.00 on State deposit as a protection for Policy holders and to guarantee the payment of claims. For further free information address Gustave E. Werner, Secretary and General Manager, Box 813, Buffalo, N. Y. state age, sex, occupation and mention Dept. B. 173.

Frank Hackman is ready to take orders for Christmas trees. He can furnish fir trees from 25 cents up.

The only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs.

This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it. No other as good.

The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

Sumpter Valley Railway Co. Arrival and Departure of Trains

Departs No. 2, Prairie 10:15 A. M. Sumpter 2:35 P. M. Arrives Baker 4:00 P. M.

Departs No. 1, Baker 8:30 A. M. Sumpter 10:05 A. M. Arrives Prairie 2:10 P. M.

No. 1 Makes good connection with O.-W. R. & N. No. 10 leaving Portland 7:00 P. M. and No. 17 from east arriving Baker 6:50 A. M.

No. 2 Connects with La Grande local 7:00 to La Grande, and No. 9 (fast Mail) picks up sleeper there arriving in Portland 7:00 A. M. Also with No. 18 at 10:45 P. M. for points East.

RODNEY DAVIS House Painting Paper Hanging and Decorating Calcimining Hardwood Finishing Fresco Painting Estimates furnished on application. Samples shown. GIVE HIM A CHANCE

Malthead It's the universal roofing—the international roofing. Used on the farm and ranch and in the city. If your roof is worth roofing, it is worth roofing Malthead. Drink a toast to the best roofing that's on the market. We stand back of it. Harney Valley Lumber Co. Burns, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. United States Land Office, Burns, Oregon, November 4, 1914. Notice is hereby given that the Northern Pacific Railway Company, whose post-office address is St. Paul, Minnesota, has filed this day of November 1914 in this office application for a final three-year tract to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon, on the 15th day of December, 1914.

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