

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE
By... ERMINIE
RIVES

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"A title," prompted Jarrat, "good only so long as I please."
"You will not tell her otherwise. No because you wish me to carry out this purpose—this pretty play the plan of which has so joyed the noble earl is the fort yonder and made him smile upon you and swear you were fit for a cardinal. You would not cloud this seeming favor of his with early failure. No, you will tell no one. A man serves either love or ambition, and your ambition is master. And I! I am not worthy to kiss her hand. No one on earth, rich or proud as he may be, could think himself that. But I could offer her more than that, for if I had the whole world, I would give it all—wealth, name, ambition—just to be but a ragabond on the street with her! No, you will not tell her, monsieur, that I am not what I may come to seem. You will not tell her."
"Jarrat's face purpled."
"Beware, you spawn!" he said in a choked voice. "On other points you are free while you serve in this. But you do not far along the way you have chosen—with her. She is not for such as you."
"She is for whom she loves," answered the young Frenchman.
The clatter of horses sounded, and the lank figure of Henry came from the stable yard leading two mounts.
As the pair took saddle and rode away Jarrat stood looking after them down the highroad.
"So the lady has lowered her eyes to you?" he scoffed, with a dark smile on his arrogant lips. "And I dare not spoil your gay masquerade! I wouldn't give a pistol for your chances with Foy. He will end you as he would undo an oyster. You made a mistake, my new laid marquis, in soaring so high, and a worse one in bragging of it. But for that touching scene in the yard I had stopped that blundering idiot, but now he may spit you and welcome!"
The rattle of departing hoofs had scarce died away when Anne crept softly down the stairs of the inn. She had donned a long cloak, and from under the edge of its hood, drawn over her hair, her blue eyes looked out with a feverish brightness.
The hall was lighted with a great lantern, whose yellow flood added to the flower white pallor of her countenance. The clock was striking 10. The soldiers had sought the fort to gain early rest, and the townfolk were gone home. The long parlor was still and dark. Through the open door Anne could see the litter of tankards and pipes and a lean dog, stretched with black muzzle laid to the threshold, asleep.
She slipped through the door and to the highroad, and then, with tremulous fits of fear at the shadows, ran at her best pace toward the fort. It was a good half mile, and she reached it out of breath. A sentry at the gate stopped her, and to him she said she wished to see the governor on important business.
"I know not if he will see you," he objected doubtfully. "It is late, and the march is to begin at sunup."
"But he must see me," she told him. "Tell him he must!"
He left her for a moment, then, returning, led her across a court of hard beaten earth into a log building containing a single room. At the far end was a table strewn with papers and maps. A sword rack was nailed to the wall.
In an armchair before the table, his plumed hat and sword tossed across it, sat the governor, heavy, coarse featured, with reddish, curly skinned complexion under a black curled wig. He was pig necked and his eyes were bloodshot.
She came into the center of the room and courted slowly, while the earl rose clumsily, his red eyes flaming over her lithe young beauty, and sat down again, tilting back his chair.
"Your excellency," she began, "will pardon this intrusion and my haste. A duel is to be fought this night on London field, and I—I appeal to you to prevent it."
"A duel?" The earl bent his bulky neck. "I faith, this is not the court at Williamsburg. I have weightier redskin matters at present to fill my time."
The other party was in waiting, the horses, in charge of a groom, tethered near by under clusters of black scarred, white stemmed birches, which stirred dimly as if afraid. Through their moving branches filtered flashes of fog-misted moonlight filtered whitely on Foy, striding up and down, slashing off goldenrod heads with his sword and listening to the rustle of late rabbits, scurrying.
"Gentlemen," said Henry gravely, "know you no means by which this meeting may be avoided?"
"The young cock's crowing less loudly, eh?" Foy turned to his seconds with a rolling laugh.
A quick word of anger was on Armand's lips as he faced Henry, which died as Burnaby spoke:
"Let him by his knees and ask Captain Foy to use his riding whip instead of his sword."
The Frenchman's laugh rang out clearly and loud. "I have seen M. le Capitaine ride. If he uses his sword as poorly as his whip—"
"Damnation!" said Foy. "Measure those swords, Rolph, and be quick about it."
Henry held Armand's coat and waistcoat after he had stripped them off and, slight and young, in his shirt. He looked at him with rising pity. All Virginia knew of Foy's sword skill. He had a black record in the army of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and these tales had been whispered wide in Williamsburg. There he had come to no open quarrel as yet and was made a boon companion by such pot tipsters as Burnaby Rolph and lesser told enters like young Brooke. But the better class gave him a cold shoulder as unworthy to mix with gentlemen of character and would have

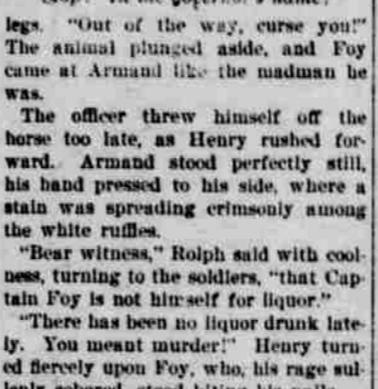
"Your excellency's aid, Captain Foy." The governor slapped the table, high ly amused.
"Twas Foy? 'Od's fish, but he has a high stomach." He carries a pretty point, though, and has used it too. He can take care of himself. And why think you I should trouble myself over such playful bloodletting, mistress? Soldiering makes one not so squeamish. Haith, but I have had affairs in my day. When I was a brow young blade—aye, and there were pretty eyes went red then, too," he added, with a boisterous laugh.
Anne's fingers quivered with resentment, and storm came to her eyes.
"Your excellency," she cried, "the thing was but a trick to wound and flout a loyal hearted gentleman!"
"Ah, indeed! And who this time?" "My Lord Fairfax."
The earl chuckled in his chair. "So the baron took up for his former friend, eh?" he asked, shaking his sides. "I scarce assume that Foy is going to fight the old man."
Anne had drawn herself up, her face pale with this added humiliation. She replied with dignity:
"No, your excellency. The affront was answered by a French gentleman named Armand."
At the name the governor dropped his feet shuffling, and a quick gleam darted across his florid face.
"Armand?" he cried. "The devil, eh! Foy to fight him?" He struck the bell for the orderly as he spoke.
"It shall be stopped," he went on. "An affront to Lord Fairfax, you say—a king's man, aye, and a loyal. Loudon field, is it? Foy shall be disciplined, the rascal! I thank you, mistress, for this information. I shall send at once and put a stop to the meeting."
He was leading her to the door as he spoke, not waiting her thanks, and, as she went out she heard him ruminating, angry instructions to his orderly.
Before she had gone from view of the fort gate four mounted men poured out and clattered down the highroad at a planter's pace.
Later, in her own chamber, Anne opened her window and leaning far out on the ledge, gazed into the night.
"Like little stars," she murmured, "wandering in the blue." Then, after a pause, "A little nearer, a little closer than all else besides."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE spot selected for the meeting was not near by, since Virginia's earl governor had forbidden encounters within a ten mile of a military camp. Foy rode thither with his seconds, Rolph and a lieutenant in the royal forces.
"I like not these night affairs," spoke the lieutenant. "Dew is slippery, and the light deceives. I have known of accidents."
Foy cut in with a laugh of contempt. "Twill be an accident if faith," he said, "if I send not his soul a-scurry to hell for that glass!"
"I mind me that fight at Minden," said the lieutenant musingly. "Twas no white night such as this, but black as the Earl of Hell's riding boots. Roots and slimy grass and—"
Foy cursed him, with his hand shaking on his rein. "Let that alone for now," he snarled. "They lied on they said he slipped. They lied! 'Twas fair, I tell you!"
"Aye," said the other, surprised. "Twas a fair thrust. None doubted it."
"Where are your wits?" said Rolph, retreating close. "Know you no better topic? When you have tried the young upstart, Foy, we shall have a toddy to-night. This air has an ague."
A lantern had been set at the byroad, and at this Henry and Armand turned into the open space. The curving road on the higher Blue Ridge slope had been delicately grayed with a gossamer mist creeping up from the late dawns. Here it had risen thicker, curling more deeply against the ground and sopping the air with the smell of wet beech bark. With the sallow moon above, it was like going in some murky, dull toned world where near things were shadowy and far vanished into opaque whiteness.
The other party was in waiting, the horses, in charge of a groom, tethered near by under clusters of black scarred, white stemmed birches, which stirred dimly as if afraid. Through their moving branches filtered flashes of fog-misted moonlight filtered whitely on Foy, striding up and down, slashing off goldenrod heads with his sword and listening to the rustle of late rabbits, scurrying.
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to have named him to his face for a sneaking whelp that smelled strong of the hangman.
The young Frenchman took Henry's hand between both his own. "I have been so occupied these last three hours," he protested contritely. "Havt I said to you that you are generous and kind to assist thus in the affair of a stranger? Have I said that I was grateful?"
"Colonel Washington," said Henry, "is my best friend. As I had been in the inn parlor, sir, I had drunk that toast with you."
The night was very still. Scarce a leaf stirred in the vagrant breeze or shivered in the base. Only a dull humming chirr of night insects from the thicket and drifting across this—a gold snake on a sad carpet—the rich, plaintive bubble of a whippoorwill.
"Gentlemen," cried Rolph, "is all ready?"
"Have you no command, monsieur?" Henry asked.
The young man's eyes were soft as he shook his head. "How sweet it sings!" he said. "Listen!"
It died, and the tapping of a bell, very faint and far and tenuous, came over the still valley. Henry knew the sound. Away to the eastward on a high knoll, stood a long, low structure of limestone, with a wide veranda. Perched upon its roof were two wooden bellies with alarm bells, which had been hung twenty years before, after Braddock's defeat, when the Indians turned their tomahawks against the white chief that dwelt there. The Indians had been driven westward long ago, but the bells still rang whenever the master, with yelping hounds or by flaring torches, came back to his lodge. At this moment, while Armand stood in the moonlight with a naked sword in his hand, my Lord Fairfax, for whose affront he stood, was come again saddled to Greenway Court.
Foy's voice broke in, sneeringly wrathful. "Ave we come to string beads?"
"En garde!" cried Armand, turning sharply, and the two blades rang together with a clash.
Foy's attack was wonderfully strong. He had the trick of carrying the head well back and resting the whole weight of his body upon the left leg, a sign of one whose learning had been without masks. The other's method was as different from that of his antagonist as night from day. He fought far forward, engaging much with the point.
A matre d'escrime might have seen in his action some of the freedom and directness which later gave Bertrand, the greatest fencing master of Europe, the surname of the "Terrible." But to the watchers it seemed to be utterly without method—barren of rule—to be unfeeling, uncalculated. He possessed the appearance of a child at careless play with a serpent, not conscious of its sinister intention.
A pain came into Henry's dark eyes and a paler tinge to his cheeks. He groaned inwardly as Foy suddenly came at Armand, pressing him back in a furious chase-course, first the right foot forward, then the left.
The lieutenant stood close to Henry, his lips parted, watching. "They say Foy was taught of Angelo," he whispered. "And that the pupil could best his master. Your friend is in evil case."
So indeed it seemed. Foy was a brute, and he fought like one, with face distorted and breath rattling with rage. He came on with the lunge of a hunter at a boar, his blade heavy, and the very fury of his rush sent the young Frenchman back to the verge of the bushes.
Armand returned with a stop thrust, parried a lunge and answered by a riposte. Then for a moment there was nothing but the du-tac-a-tac of slim steel, cutting wayward blue white flashes where the milky light caught its edge.
"End the cub, Foy," cried Rolph with an oath, "and let us to town! You could have spitted him forty times!"
"By heaven!" suddenly burst out Henry. "Bravo!"
The Frenchman's blade, beating up a flame, had nicked a crimson gash on Foy's shoulder.
The latter, smarting from the prick and enraged beyond measure, came on again cursing, his chin set forward from his neck and a seck of foam on his lips.
Armand had changed his tactics. He still had the appearance of looseness and lack of close defense; but, strangely enough, Foy's point, though wielded by the redoubtable swordsman that he was, had not so much as a luffe of his shirt. He was untouched, calm, careless and demoralized.
Now he became of a sudden winged. He turned, he circled, was here and there with the rapidity of an insect. The fight turned this way and that, crushed the bushes, was all over the ground. There was a mass of pricking, whirling arrows of sulphur colored flame in the moonlight. Foy's breath was coming hoarsely in his throat like that of a strangled dog. Armand began to laugh outright as he thrust and parried.
The lieutenant wedged an exclamation amid the dick and scrape of steel. Foy's face was become a welter of sweat and rage. This was a sort of fighting new to him. He tried every attack, every feint, double engage, coupe—each ineffectual. Armand, nimble, laughing, began to hum a tune as he ran.
Nothing could have been better calculated to goad his adversary to point of impotency. Already Foy had begun to cut and lunge in utter, whirling madness. Rolph no longer called to him to end the matter. All alike saw that such ending was fast coming late Armand's power alone.
Again and again Foy laid his guard open to Armand's thrust, taking no thought, but still the Frenchman with held it. Instead his leaping point slash ed the other's coat to flapping ribbons pricked him on the thigh, in the arm pit, in the hand—wasp stings that drew blood and rage, but harmed not.
At the first spur of crimson Rolph leaped forward, crying that it was enough, at which Armand politely lowered his blade, but Foy reviled his second with such curses that he went back to his station gritting his teeth.
The lieutenant raised his hand, withdrawing his eyes an instant from the combatants. Henry listened, and his ear caught the tattoo of hoof beats flinging over the road, mixed with the falling of a lash upon horse's flanks—a of impatience in the saddle. As

It came nearer Rolph turned his head with a quick gleam of relief.
At the same instant Armand, swinging far forward, wounded his antagonist in the right wrist, and, Foy's fingers relaxing on the hilt, with a sweeping twist sent his sword rattling a good ten feet away.
Foy was after it to snatch it up, with a snarl more like a wild beast than a man, when an officer, at a gallop, leading three soldiers, broke into the clearing and spurred fairly between.
"Stop!" he shouted, out of breath. "Stop! In the governor's name!"
Armand tossed his sword to the ground.
"Hell and fury!" foamed Foy as he sprang back, slashing at the horse's



"Stop! In the governor's name!"

legs. "Out of the way, curse you!" The animal plucked aside, and Foy came at Armand like the madman he was.
The officer threw himself off the horse too late, as Henry rushed forward. Armand stood perfectly still, his hand pressed to his side, where a stain was spreading crimson among the white ruffles.
"Bear witness," Rolph said with coolness, turning to the soldiers, "that Captain Foy is not himself for liquor."
"There has been no liquor drunk lately. You meant murder!" Henry turned fiercely upon Foy, who, his rage suddenly sobered, stood blinking his nails.
"Enough, gentlemen," interrupted the officer. "There will be time for that. I have his excellency's orders to bring all here in his command to the fort. Captain Foy, Mr. Rolph, lieutenant, I call on you to accompany me without delay to town."
"You are hurt, monsieur," cried Henry, throwing an arm about the young Frenchman, who staggered slightly. "Sir, you will not leave him so, bleeding, here by the roadside? Greenway Court is not far distant. In the name of humanity I ask you to assist me to take him where he can have proper attention for his wound."
"I have imperative orders, sir. Mount, gentlemen."
"Well to leave him to the dogs!" burst forth Foy in a sudden shimmer of white fury as he turned in his saddle. "And you, you upstart rebel, Virginia would long have been the easier for your gibbeting!"
Their hoof beats grew fainter, then were gone in blankness and echo, and Henry, feeling the young man's form grow suddenly limp, laid him gently down upon the turf.
The baron had ridden from Winchester that night with a hurt in his gallant old breast. When he settled back in his seat his hands trembled greatly, clasped atop his sword. The huge chariot, drawn by four wild ponies that would go at any gift except together, swung swaying from its leathern springs, and the road seemed very long.
"Are we almost there, Joe?" he asked more than once.
And the old negro riding behind him would reply stoutly, "Almos' dar, Mars' Torm; almos' dar."
The fog, fold on fold, shut out the beauty of the way. Lower in the wooded valley the shadows lay very thick, like dead men strewn on a battlefield. Riding, he heard the leaves fall, like the illusions of youth, like happiness, like glory, like power.
"Almost there, Joe?"
"Almos' dar, Mars' Torm; almos' dar."
Up the craggy way a flicker of light stabbed down through the drab-lace tree trancies, and the chariot, turning in to the clearing amid clamorous dogs, broke the cloistral silence of Greenway Court. A negro came out, beat back the dogs and led down the step, and the old man descended, leaning on Joe's arm.
Joe brought my lord his supper of venison and boudon, standing behind his chair till his master was done. This was not long tonight.
My lord took up a book, but threw it down again. Then he lit his pipe and sat long silent till the fire domed blackening. Joe came in, piled pine knots on it and went shuffling out again. The bounds yawned about the hearth or whimpered softly in their dreams.
Crackling steps roused them, and they scrambled out to bay and sniff and yelp, when the negro clubbed them back.
A heavy tread stumbled up the steps. An aged mastiff, curled under the old man's chair, hunched shoulders, growling, and the baron, sitting by the dead hearth, with the ashes fallen from his pipe, turned his head.
Henry stood on the threshold, carrying Armand in his arms.
As his bearer stood, rocking, the young man stirred, opened his eyes wide on the baron and thrust down his legs. "My lord," he cried gayly, but with weakness and husky breath, "I come early to—keep—my—appointment." He took a step and lurched forward on to the floor.
Lord Fairfax stood up like a blasted tree with two dead boughs left swinging. "Great heaven! The lad! Has Foy killed him?"
"Not yet," Henry answered. "No fault of his, my lord."

TALK OF SUBURBAN WEST SIDE SERVICE

Possibility of Southern Pacific Putting on Trains Soon
HILLSBORO AND GROVE PROFIT
Would be a Great Thing For the County and Mean Development

It comes from a very reliable source that the Southern Pacific is contemplating, and now has a schedule prepared, a suburban service on the West Side road to Washington county points, and the trains are to run as far as Forest Grove. The West Side has an immense passenger traffic, and something must be done to relieve the congestion. It is said that this service will be scheduled and in operation before many months and if so, Washington county will be much benefited. A passenger train running out of the principal streets of Portland every hour or so would attract home-keepers, and many would settle here, rather than go into the interior.
If this service is established many Portland business people will own homes out in the country, and Beaverton, this city and Forest Grove, will profit from this standpoint.

Webb Phillips, of Cornelius, was in town Tuesday.
Mrs. D. J. Porter, of Gaston, was in town Monday on legal business.
H. G. Wright, the Portland monument man, was in the city the first of the week.
Advertised letter, Hillsboro post office: Mrs. James Babbett; will be held until November 5.
Fine tomatoes for sale. Will deliver in the city—Wm. Tupper, Luce place, Hillsboro.
Miss Maud Hoover, of Fossil, well known among the young people here, is quite ill at the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Portland.

A G. Stuart, who has been laying steel on the Tacoma & Eastern, is home for a few days, while operations are suspended for the time being.
Pitcher Higanbotham, who loses one of the best games of any of the young fellows in Oregon, was in town the first of the week, visiting with his brother He and Frank Sness, the Cornelius catcher, have an opportunity to sign with the Boise, Idaho, team, next spring.

The baron shouted for his servants and for cloths, hot water and lily wine. "He must have a leech," he said. "I will ride myself for the doctor at Ashley's Gap," Henry answered. "But I will dress the wound first." With Joe's help skins were spread on one of the couches and Armand laid there. Then, with a woodsman's knowledge of wounds, Henry drew his knife and cut away the clothing.
"It is not mortal!" asked the old man anxiously.
"No. But 'twas a foul lunge. Think not he was the poorest swordsman. Never was such a skill seen in the Virginias as he showed this night!"
"Is it so?"
"Sir, he held that rat's life on the point of his steel. I swear to you he could have run him through a score of times as he would. They stopped the duel—soldiers from the fort—and that red devil of Dunmore's attacked him when he had thrown his weapon and was empty handed."
"Ah!" cried the baron.
At length Henry stood up. "I am off to the Gap now. I shall not return with the doctor, since I must go on to Williamsburg tomorrow. But for safety's sake I shall pray him speed."

A struggle showed in the baron's face. No one had ever gone unheeded from his door. He kept open table at the Winchester courts, fed the poorer settlers with his own produce and would have filled the ragged hat of a beggar with guineas. One passionate letter he had—hated against the enemies of his king. All were alike to him, high or low. The times, growing beyond him, had put forward patriots. But, all alike, he deemed them voters that bit the hand that fed them.
As Henry approached the door my lord was slighting in his chair. The hand was upon the latch when he could restrain himself no longer.
"Joe," he thundered, "fetch a stirrup cup! You may be a rebel, sir, but blast my whips and spurs, you shall drink before you go! I could wish you were not an enemy of the king."
"Not of the king," said Henry, and smiled. "Not of the king, but of the king's rule."
A gleam of fierceness, of the uncompromising principle of his life, shot from under the old man's brows. "I hold with no disloyalty."
"I hold," said Henry in a low voice, "with my friend Colonel Washington."
"I abet no treasons," flamed the old man.
Henry's eyes lid a sudden gleam of satiric humor. He stretched out the glass the negro had brought him and proffered it to his host.
"I must decline," he said, "to accept hospitality from any man on earth who has taken to my against the character of Colonel Washington."
The baron stood for a moment with his jaw dropped, then coughed. "God knows," he said, his voice shaking like a child's—"God knows!"
But he got no further. "My dear Lord Fairfax!" exclaimed Henry, and drank the glass at a draft.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of A. O. Brown, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, his final account in the matter of said estate and said Court has set Monday the 21st day of November, 1904, at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at 10 o'clock A. M. as the time and place of hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.
Dated this 24th day of October, 1904.
ASENATH C. BROWN,
Executor of the last will and testament of A. O. Brown, deceased.

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Dated this 24th day of October, 1904.
ASENATH C. BROWN,
Executor of the last will and testament of A. O. Brown, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Schmidt, an insane person, will, by virtue of an order and license made and entered by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, on the 25th day of September, 1904, at the public auction to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday, the 31st day of October, 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, the following described real property lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in the center of the County Road running from the Portland and Harris Bridge Road South through the Donation Land claim of James H. Reid, in Section Nineteen, T. 1 S. R. 1 W., in Washington County, Oregon; 42 1/2 rods north of the South line of said claim; thence running West parallel with the South line of said claim 60 1/2 rods; thence North 42 1/2 rods to place of beginning, containing 20 1/2 acres. Said sale will be subject to confirmation by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon.
Dated this 26th Sept., 1904.
VALENTINE SCHMIDT,
Guardian of the person and estate of Elizabeth Schmidt, an insane person.
W. D. Hare and Geo. R. Bagley, Attorneys for Guardian.

J. D. HOUSLEY
L. F. EMMOTT
HOUSLEY & EMMOTT
Successors to O. Koch
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Fine stock of Beef, Pork, and Mutton always on hand. Home made sausage, lard. Finest of Bacon, etc.
SECOND STREET - HILLSBORO, OREGON

REDUCED RATES TO ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.
The Southern Pacific Co will sell round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates to St. Louis and Chicago, account of the St. Louis Exposition, on the following dates: August 8, 9, 10; September 4, 5, 7; October 3, 4, 5.
Going trip must be completed within ten days from date of sale, and passengers will be permitted to start on any day that will enable them to reach destination within the ten days limit. Return limit ninety days, but not later than Dec. 31, 1904.
For full information as to rates and routes, call on Agent Southern Pacific Co. Hillsboro.

E. L. McCormick has a fine collection of set rings, and wedding rings. Call and inspect them. One door east of Commercial Bank.
The old and precious Swiss Remedy
Eldelweiss Herb Tea
Manufactured by
DIAMANTINE MEDICINE CO.
If your health is gone, your Stomach on a strike, your Nerves and Lungs weak, use this Remedy faithfully, and, if not already past hope, you will be well again. It does not force, but assists Nature. Price 50 cents per package, prepaid by mail. Write for explaining circulars. Parties wanted in every district to place my choice Family Remedies on sale.
Address—**JOHN F. GRAF** (Bethany)
Portland, Oregon
R. F. D. No. 3
(Please mention Hillsboro Argus)

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the Estate of Philomena Perrett has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, his final account in the matter of said estate and said Court has set Monday the 21st day of November, 1904, at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at 10 o'clock A. M. as the time and place of hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.
Dated this 24th day of October, 1904.
Administrator of the Estate of Philomena Perrett, Deed.
Geo. R. Bagley, attorney for Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of A. O. Brown, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, his final account in the matter of said estate and said Court has set Monday the 21st day of November, 1904, at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at 10 o'clock A. M. as the time and place of hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.
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Dated this 24th day of October, 1904.
ASENATH C. BROWN,
Executor of the last will and testament of A. O. Brown, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Schmidt, an insane person, will, by virtue of an order and license made and entered by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, on the 25th day of September, 1904, at the public auction to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday, the 31st day of October, 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, the following described real property lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point in the center of the County Road running from the Portland and Harris Bridge Road South through the Donation Land claim of James H. Reid, in Section Nineteen, T. 1 S. R. 1 W., in Washington County, Oregon; 42 1/2 rods north of the South line of said claim; thence running West parallel with the South line of said claim 60 1/2 rods; thence North 42 1/2 rods to place of beginning, containing 20 1/2 acres. Said sale will be subject to confirmation by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon.
Dated this 26th Sept., 1904.
VALENTINE SCHMIDT,
Guardian of the person and estate of Elizabeth Schmidt, an insane person.
W. D. Hare and Geo. R. Bagley, Attorneys for Guardian.

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| Special | Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East | 10:30 A. M. |
| Atlantic Express | Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East | 7:30 A. M. |
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She came into the center of the room. But 'tis truly a desperate encounter to cause such a pretty interest from Mistress Tibbott. And what fight they ever, pray? I warrant me they have seen your eyes—eh?"