Hearts Courageous

By... HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

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Leaping back, Armand dragged out the heavy mahogany sideboard, now slashed and dented, and set it against one door. The other he re-enforced with the overturned table and bound this to its place with the twisted window curtains. Last, he wrenched an iron from the fireplace and stood waiting. At the same moment the candle end collapsed, the wick dropped, flickered and went out, and darkness fell around them again.

A lull had come in the attack. Evidently a consultation was being held. The blackness seemed to lie upon Anne's soul like a heavy weight, and Armand's silence became unbearable.

"What shall we do?" she asked dully. "We cannot hold out for long."

But there was no reply.

"I—I am so frightened," she said piteously. "'Tis dark! Come to me, Louis!"

She listened, but he made no stir.

"You will not come to me, will not pity or comfort me?" she entreated through the void. "Yet tonight I tried to save your life."

"For what end? You who took from it all that makes life sweet! I trusted you!" She shrank at the ring of scorn in his voice. "I trusted you!"

"And I you," she answered. "I loved and hoped and trusted too. After they took you from here that evening, every night when I went to bed I said a prayer and kissed my poor hand to you in the dark. And I have done so every night since then—every night, Louis."

Something like a sob sounded in the room, and she stretched out her arms toward it.

"I tried to keep my promise. You remember when they lashed the bondwoman? She woke with a crazed brain, and the packet—your packet—was gone. All those months I searched and found it at last by chance. I did not get to Philadelphia with it till—that morning."

There was no further answer, and she slipped on her knees, feeling a yearning that was like a poignant sickness.

"You must hear," she went on pleadingly, clasping her fingers, "and believe me or my heart will break. Fate put me in the recess of the window at the Red Lion tavern, Louis. I saw Jarrat give you the forged message—saw you fight and run him through. I knew you were true—true to your master's honor and your own."

"You accused me!" The words stung her. "Accused me to the Continentals!"

"Listen! Listen to me!" she prayed desperately. "I must tell you it all now—now at the end. Jarrat showed me the paper—the contract that bound you to give your life—your life! And I knew you would do it. Oh, what that meant! I would have given my own life a hundred times to prevent it. Can you think what it cost me to stand in that room and say that—that of you? Your face was dreadful! I thought I should die when you looked at me!"

"So you killed my honor!"

"No, no! Not that—I did not mean that, Louis! I had such little time to

"Give me your hand!"

think—such small time to reason. I had only time to feel—to feel as a woman will, and to act. I had to defeat the contract to keep you from going back to the prison—to death. I thought I could clear you at the last, I who knew you were true, because I had the packet—the true message. Only I promised my soul that I should not speak within the month."

Her voice broke a little here, then went on in a sudden pathos of pleading: "What know we women of soldier's duty or soldier's honor—we who are cherished and toasted all our lives? We know only to love, to follow—and—and—to save what we love in spite of all the world!"

There was a movement now, a step.

"Then I took the packet, Louis, into the congress to Dr. Franklin that very hour, and I could not tell you what I had done—and you escaped them. I thought you had gone to your death. And you didn't know! You never knew. Oh," she sobbed, "if you would only forgive me, only touch me, only lay your hand on my head"—

She heard a stumble, a smothered cry. The iron bar clanged against the door. An arm, groping, trembling, touched her wet cheek.

"My God! And I doubted you!" Armand's voice thrilled her in a great burst of grief-wound joy. "You gave the message? My darling, my darling!"

She felt herself caught up in his arms in the dark, shuddering, crying, panting incoherent phrases, kissing his face, his rough coat, his epaulets, strangling with fierce terror and ecstasy of love and feeling his passion strain and fold

embrace—that nothing existed in the world but the delirium of that single sweet bitter moment.

A medley of shouts and ax blows on both of the doors at one time sent her into quick spasms of dread. A panel splintered, a shaft of light and an arm thrust in. Armand released her, struck once with the iron bar, and the man fell back, cursing, with a broken arm.

"Shoot!" one shouted. "Are we to be bayed by this rat!"

"Don't fire," came the response. The order was imperative.

The blows began again. Another panel crashed, and the holes let in more light. It fell upon Anne's pallid lips and showed her Armand's white sleeves and pale face, set, but calm. A blow struck the lock of the other door. It yielded, and the oak swung in against the stout sideboard.

Anne felt her limbs grow cold.

"Lost, lost!" she murmured and leaned dumbly against the wainscoting.

Suddenly a fusillade of musketry woke the echoes out of doors, and a crisp shout garnished it. "File out of that hall and lay down arms!"

There arose a saturnalia of revilement from the hall. Then, as it died, the voice asked, "What mean these active hostilities in a period of armistice?"

"'Tis a sortie for an escaped prisoner," came the jarring mirth of Jarrat. "Well, major, I think you will have need yourself for all the prisoners to be found here."

Anne had gone from one terror to another and bitterer one. "The Continentals!" she moaned.

The crisp voice approached the splintered door. "Colonel Armand," it said, "I arrest you in the name of the United States of America. Do you surrender?"

"By whose orders?"

"The general's commanding the Second brigade."

"I am a colonel of independent cavalry," answered Armand clearly. "I acknowledge orders only from the division commander."

Jarrat laughed.

Sharp directions followed. The axes cut wider fissures in the panels, and through these muskets obtruded and took aim. "My orders are to take you alive, to shoot if you resist. I give you five minutes to open that door."

Anne ran to Armand and threw herself into his arms. "Ah, you must not! For God's sake, give yourself up! I will tell it all to General Washington. He will hear and believe me. I will"—

"Think you it would be credited?" he asked gently. "And if not"—

She clung to him, weeping. "But you have fought so. There is that! Oh, 'twill give me your life—your life! That is all I want! I care not for shame or report, so I know it is not true! Ah, pity me! And 'tis my fault! Oh, this must be a hideous dream come to punish me!"

"I used to dream," he said, "of you and me as wed—in honor."

"Oh, I would wed you in dishonor, in disgrace, in death! See," she said hurriedly, "here is my mother's wedding ring. I have always worn it about my neck. I love you! I love you!" She laid it in his hand.

"Put it upon my finger," she whispered. "Say it after me, 'I, Anne, take thee, Louis, to my wedded husband.'"

A strange fire had come into his face.

"'I, Louis,' he repeated solemnly, "'take thee, Anne, to my wedded wife.'"

"'To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health'"—

"'To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health'"—

She was sobbing now so that she could scarcely frame the words:

"'To love and to cherish—till death us do'—join, Louis! It cannot, it shall not, part us!"

"My own love!" he said in choked tones, and held her quivering against his breast.

"The time is up," said the voice.

Anne clasped Armand with her young arms—tightly, desperately, as if her warm, yielding body, her face fragrant with white fragrance, could keep back the death that looked from those muzzles.

His hands disengaged her own to pin to his coat a yellow bauble he had taken from his pocket, and then, as she clung, her strained senses became conscious of a wheeling plunge of horsemen at the porch, hurried steps, a voice shaking with a strange vibration, asking questions in broken English.

At the sound Armand threw back his head and stood like a stone image.

There was a pause. Then—

"Louis Armand," said the sibilant, halting tongue, "I command you to open thees door! You will not, eh? You know who I am?"

The sideboard fell with a crash, the splintered door tumbled upon it, and Armand stood to attention in the blaze of lantern light. At a glance Anne knew the officer who stood in the doorway, surrounded by a glittering staff. He was the major general commanding the division.

"You surrendair, theh? Good! An' where, Major Woodson, is the informair who has done such brilliant sairvice to denounce—eh? Come stan' beside me, M'sieu Jarrat, an' let us overwhelm thees villain!"

He advanced a step into the room, his bright eyes on the pair.

"Ha! An' you theenk I have never recognize you, Charles, all thees time—me who was your old brother in the College du Plessis? Me—Lafayette? Take off that wig! Take it off, I tell you!"

Mechanically, Armand put his hand to his head. He drew off the black peruke, and, all at once unconfined, his brown, curling hair fell to his shoulders, the ends just touching the yellow

formed him. The set mouth was gone, the face all softened to youthfulness.

"Louis Armand, the impostor, seized at Williamsburg!" shouted Jarrat. "Armand, who escaped the clutches of the congress! Armand, the traitor, gentlemen. Tear off his cross!"

One of the circle about Lafayette turned facing him with an oath, but the general was before him.

"No!" he cried. "No! Not Louis Armand the traitor, but Charles Louis Armand, colonel of Armand's legion and Marquis de la Trouerie!"

There was an instant of silence that turned a babel behind the speaker.

"A lie," shouted Jarrat. "A lie! The Marquis de la Trouerie is dead!" Anne had risen, trembling, speechless, her eyes fixed and glittering.

"Aye," said Armand sternly, stretching his arm toward him. "He has

He advanced a step.

been dead these five years. But he did not die when you supposed. That was but a play necessary to deceive a dog one would not wish barking at his heels. He called himself a secretary, and you—you jackal—you thought to buy him, a Frenchman, to betray his master, his king and these colonies!"

Lafayette laughed like a child. "He britbe him to be—what you theenk, gentlemen?—to be himself! A rare pleasantree, eh? And the congress, they theenk he trick them in seventee-six. They would arres' him yet, when he is denounce'—even my General Hazen!"

Jarrat had fallen back, his face black, his fingers convulsively working, his teeth gritting one on another like pebbles in the hand.

Armand's eyes were upon Anne, though he seemed to address all present:

"The marquis had a mission, and he found it to his purpose to—to become himself. He found many thorns in his way. But he found one rose—one rose so pure and fragrant that he wished to gather it. He found a lady—a lady of Virginia, who loved him and believed in him. The marquis was living then. He found himself in peril, and he trusted her. And at last—he thought she had betrayed him."

"Ah, my friend," cried Lafayette wistfully, "these long months seeing you, and I have never told you I knew you—never asked wherefore you hid yourself from all. Was I not a friend, Charles?"

"Then," Armand continued, "God forgive his unbelief! Then was when he died!"

A great lovely light had come to Anne's face and smiled from her colorless lips—a light more lovely than the aurora over snows.

"Is it true?" she faltered, looking at him in a sort of unbelieving wonder. "Is it true? And will he live again?"

For answer he knelt down at her feet and put his lips to her hand. She felt tears upon it.

When they looked up they were alone in the room. From the yard came the rattle of bridle chains and the bustle of mounting. Lafayette met them on the threshold.

"I have search' all the place for a—what you call it?—sidesaddle," he laughed, "an' there ees one at las'. Colonel, ma'amselle, you shall ride to town wit' me. We shall all be jus' like big children tonight! Ah, I have forget—you did not know that only two t'ree hour ago, Cornwallis has surrendair to the Americans!"

THE END.

Milk cow, fresh, for sale.—Chas Hickethier, Portland, Ore R. F. D No. 2, near Cedar Mill.

Lost: Jersey heifer, 2 years; very gentle; bell with narrow strap; finder please notify Frank Hoventan, Rsedville.

Jay Cooke, the veteran financier died last Thursday. Cooke figured in many panics years ago, and was mixed up in the "Black Friday," celebrated in financial circles. Cooke was 83 years of age.

The president and attorney-general have conferred together on the Oregon land fraud matters, and the former was assured by the latter that the government has ample evidence to sustain its cases, beyond a doubt.

General Grippenberg, of the Russian army, complains that Kuropatkin would not send him reinforcements at the recent engagements, when if this had been done he might have broken the center of the Japanese army of 100 000 men, and made a decisive victory. Kuropatkin's story is not yet turned in.

The Senate came to Governor Chamberlain's position on the general appropriation bill, and withdrew the emergency clause, so that if any one desires, he can, upon proper petition, have the bill referred to the electors at a special election within ninety days. The governor made it plain that he would veto the measure if the bill came to him with the emergency

CHUNCHUS OF MANCHURIA.

Fierce Robber Bands Which Are Harassing the Russians.

For centuries the chunchus or Chinese brigands of Manchuria have been a power to be reckoned with. They were organized under chiefs and levied revenue on the commerce of the province, and now they are causing Russia no end of trouble.

When Russia began to take hold of affairs in Manchuria General Cierpitsky organized an expedition against

CHUNCHUS, OR CHINESE ROBBERS.

them and in six weeks 3,000 of them were killed, 2,000 captured and the rest scattered and hunted into the fastnesses of the mountains.

Since hostilities began, however, the chunchus have risen in numbers in the hills to the east of Haichen. A band of 500, armed with Mannlicher rifles, recently attacked the Russian outposts at Paleipeotze, killing and wounding forty-two soldiers. The brigands lost eighty-seven, among whom were six Japanese. Their leader claimed to be invulnerable to bullets.

COMMANDS BIG FLEETS.

J. Bruce Ismay, the New Head of the Steamship Combine.

J. Bruce Ismay, who succeeded Clement A. Griscom as head of the International Mercantile Marine company, known as the "ship trust," is an Englishman, the son of the founder of the White Star line. Mr. Ismay, though a young man, is recognized as one of the leading steamship men of the world.

J. BRUCE ISMAY.

He succeeded his father as the head of the old firm of Ismay, Imrie & Co., and his fleets are operated on the north Atlantic, between England and Australia and from San Francisco to the orient. Since the organization of the combine he has managed its British companies.

STRAUSS OF BERLIN.

Noted German Composer Who Is Now In This Country.

Dr. Richard Strauss, the famous German composer, who is now in this country for the first time, is not in any way related to the noted Strauss family of waltz composers. Indeed, his music is of an entirely different order.

Herr Strauss, who is about forty years old, is the conductor of the orchestra of the Berlin Opera House.

He early showed a genius for music and at the age of six composed a polka.

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS.

When only sixteen, several of his compositions were performed in public, and the following year, 1881, his symphony in D minor was produced. Since then he has published nearly 400 compositions.

List of new piano sheet music just received at McCormick music store—"The Bashful Bachelor," two step; "Love's Desire," waltz; "Moonlight," a serenade; "In the Shade of the old Apple Tree," song; "Down Where the Suwanee River Flows," song; price 25 cents each.

Edgar Young, of Houlton, was in the city the first of the week. He has rented the home farm, west of town, and will move back here in March, to commence put-

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

We carry a fine line of musical instruments, which we are selling at prices that are astonishingly low.

Get One For Your Family

We also carry a complete line of phonographs, with records, and all kinds of

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We have the best equipped bicycle repair shop in Washington County. Charges reasonable, and work speedily turned out.

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W. B. Cate C. C. Cate

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Dealers in Fresh and Cured Meats of all kinds. Fish and Poultry. Vegetables in season. Lowest prices consistent with Good Business Policy.

Will handle Farm Produce.
Hop supplies a specialty.

Main Street, East of Livery, - Hillsboro, Or.

Utah will spend $30,000 at the Lewis & Clark Fair.

The Supreme Court decides that Inghelm, the Portland Italian murderer, must hang.

All of the student body in Russia are rebels, and they are outspoken against the government.

Henry Heppner, the founder of the town of that name, died last Friday, aged 73 years. He was quite wealthy at one time.

One person killed, and 40 injured, is the result of a wreck on the commuters' train out of New York to Jersey City, Monday.

Vladivostock's port is now thoroughly blockaded by a Japanese fleet, and Portland Seattle steamships refuse cargoes to that place.

The land fraud cases will probably not come up for trial until in June, as the district attorney will be busy working at more indictments.

The terrorists have marked the czar for next assassination, and with him are two more men doomed to death. Trepoff and Bouligan are the others.

Max Pracht, a Southern Oregon hanger-on of politics, has been given a position as special agent of the treasury. This is pure politics for you.

Jennie Michel, the Clatsop Indian made famous by the fact that her father hunted near Astoria, with Lewis and Clark, is dead aged 86.

R. D. Hume, the Southeastern Oregon salmon and timber king, has been sued by Representative Burns for defamation of character. Burns asks for $15,000.

Adam Felgar, a Colfax, Wash., hermit, was killed in a runaway last week. It is supposed that the old man has a large sum of money hidden some where on his ranch.

A young man suicided in a Portland lodging house last Friday night, by the gas route, leaving no possible clue to his indentity, save a coat which he had bought from a Spokane store.

The attempted labor tie up on the exposition buildings ended in a failure, and work will proceed. The exposition grounds will be complete by the time the Fair opens.

A farmer residing 20 miles south of Portland, lost $10,000 to gold brick men, last week, and the old gentleman is completely prostrated by his experience.

Frank C. Baker, the republican state chairman, left Monday night for Washington, D. C., supposably to have something to say about postal appointments for the "Oregon country."

Over one hundred men were killed in a mine explosion in the Alabama coal fields, Monday, the Virginia mine, near Birmingham, being wrecked. The miners were of the best in the south.

District Attorney Heney states that Harry C Robertson did not voluntarily turn over the Mitchell letter to Tanner. He was met at The Dalles by Inspector Burns, who escorted him to the court room, where he either had to admit the possession of the letter, or perjure himself.

District Attorney Heney argued the Benton-Hyde land fraud cases before the Supreme Court at Washington, this week. At the capitol the other day Mr Heney admitted that Binger Hermann had cleverly covered his tracks and that it was hard to get evidence against the Roseburg congressman.

Several Reasons

Why

Moss Rose Flour

Outsells any other flour in the market

It is made from perfect blend of hard and Valley wheat, and we use the best and latest machinery. It is the best pastry flour; makes the whitest and lightest cakes and bread. The most particular housewife uses it.

Why experiment with other flour when you know that Moss Rose will give good results. Ask your grocer for it.

Get our prices on mill feed before buying elsewhere. Free delivery to all parts of the city.

Both 'phones.

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Hillsboro, Oregon

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been by the Court Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed and confirmed sole Executor of the last will and testament of Vendel Scherschel, deceased, and has duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of his duties as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate of Vendel Scherschel, deceased, are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned at the Law Office of Geo. R. Bagley in Hillsboro, Oregon, together with proper vouchers, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 27th day of Jan., 1905.

WILLIAM H. SMITH,
Executor of the last will and testament of Vendel Scherschel, deceased.

Executor's Notice

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, duly appointed and confirmed Executor of the Estate of Elizabeth Freeman, deceased, and has duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of his duties as such; now therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of Elizabeth Freeman, deceased, are hereby required to present them, together with proper vouchers, to the undersigned at his residence in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this January 5, 1905.

J. A. IMBRIE,
Executor of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Freeman, deceased.

Under the new treaty with Santo Domingo the United States will collect all revenues until the Santo Domingo Company's claims shall have been made. The agreement also includes recognition of the Monroe doctrine.

Executrix' Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the estate of Oliver Galbreath, deceased, by an order made and entered in the County Court, of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, on the 21st day of January, 1905, and all persons who have claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me, with proper vouchers, at the law office of E. B. Tongue, Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 21st day of January, 1905.

SARAH GALBREATH,
Executrix of the Estate of Oliver Galbreath, Deceased.
E. B. Tongue, Attorney for Executrix.

Executrix' Notice

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executrix of the estate of John Peters, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, and have duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me, with proper vouchers, at the law office of W. N. Barrett, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this January 20, 1905.

ADDIE PETERS,
Executrix of the estate of John Peters, deceased.
W. N. Barrett, attorney for estate.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Ludwig Holtz, deceased, and has duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of his duties as such. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned at the law office of Geo. R. Bagley, in Hillsboro, together with proper vouchers, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this January 25, 1905.

EDWARD SCHULMERICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Ludwig Holtz, Deceased.

CITATION

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

In the Matter of the Estate of Margaret D. Jones, Deceased.

To Albert L. Jones and all other persons interested in the Estate of said Margaret D. Jones, Deceased, Greeting:

In the name of the state of Oregon: You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, of the County of Washington, in the court room thereof at Hillsboro, in the County of Washington, on Monday, the 20th day of March, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, then and there show cause if any they have, why an order of said Court should not be made authorizing and empowering Henry W. Jones, Administrator of the estate of Margaret D. Jones, deceased, to sell all of the right, title and interest of the estate of Margaret D. Jones, of, in and to all of Lots Twenty-four, Twenty-five, Twenty-eight, Twenty-nine and Thirty-eight in Hanons Subdivision of Block "A" of the Town of Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, at public auction or private sale, as prayed for in the petition of said Administrator filed herein.

Witness the Honorable L. A. Rood, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 25th day of January, 1905.

Attest: E. J. GODMAN, Clerk.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, on Wednesday, the 1st day of March, 1905, at the County Court Room in Hillsboro, Oregon, present to the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, a Petition for License to sell spirituous, malt and vinuous liquors, in less quantities than one gallon, within Dilley Precinct, Washington County, Oregon, said Petition being hereto attached and published herewith.

Dated this 25th day of January, 1905.

OLIVER CHOWNING,
Applicant.

Dilley, Oregon, December, 1904.

To the Honorable County Court of Washington County, Oregon:

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, being a majority of the legal voters in Dilley Precinct, Washington County, Oregon, do respectfully petition your honorable court to grant license to Oliver Chowning to sell spirituous, malt and vinuous liquors, in less quantities than one gallon, within said Dilley Precinct, County and State aforesaid, for a period of one year.

We further represent that the said party is a reliable, law abiding citizen and resident of said precinct.

NAMES	NAMES
J F Richardson	John VanDomelon
Fred Parsons	A F Dethlefs
S F VanMeter	John O Cummings
L Chowning	Henry Steinkemier
Dan E Runion	Wm Irwin
D Chowning	A H Wolf
G Caramanica	T N Stewart
L S Porter	G W Stewart
David Runion	Dan Flour
R A Calkins	S Davis
Jake Tupper	J H Coulter
Delmer Martin	Hugh Branan
Wm Goettelman	J M Beal
Wm Hamelmann	J C Parsons
C Husemoller	Ray Ball
John Dethlefs	Tom Sinay
H O Dethlefs	Jodie Beal
M Parsons	A Parsons
A J Wilks	J E Bryan
Jas Nichols	Philip Bahnline
Eli Poe	David Evans
W J McKay	John Williams
S W Ridgley	B A Hoskins
T J Handley	J Chowning
B Chowning	E W Dethlefs

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that Cora Dell Young and Emily E. Young, Executrixes of the last will and testament of Adam Young, deceased, have filed in the Honorable County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, their final accounts, and that said Court has fixed Monday, the 6th day of March, 1905, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of said court, in Hillsboro, Ore., as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated at Hillsboro, Ore., this 24th day of January, 1905.

CORA DELL YOUNG,
EMILY E. YOUNG
Executrixes of the estate of Adam Young, deceased.
W. D. Hare, attorney for estate.

NOTICE

STOP doing what makes you ill, QUIT using poisonous drugs and start to take Nature's Own Remedy. EDELWEISS HERB TEA is absolutely pure, a true friend to women, a sure cure against La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, and Lung, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Indigestion, etc. It cures; it strengthens; it fortifies and assists the system. It is a Tonic—not a Physic. Try it! Price, 50 cents per package, prepaid. Circulars and information free.

John F. Graf, Bethany, Washington County, Oregon, agent for Oregon and Washington.

Mail Address—**JOHN F. GRAF**
Portland, Oregon
R. F. D. No. 2

Argus and Oregonian, $2.

Range 1 West, as described in Book 44, page 236, records of deeds for

Jenkens, Francis L.—40 acres in the Lawrence Hall D. L. C. as des-

ords of deeds for Washington Coun-

Pointer D.L.C. No. 62, Township

ell is not convicted yet.