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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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LONG & McKINNEY

NOT CHASTISEMENT

Withdrawal of irrigation funds for Oregon has not been done in a spirit of chastisement, nor was the fact that the secretary did not put the Columbia on the payroll a warrant that Oregon was to be punished because land thieves have worked overtime out this way. Washington is as vitally interested in the improvement of the Columbia as our state. The crux of the whole matter is Seattle and Tacoma, and their antagonism to anything that would help Oregon, or a part of their state, if there would be a possible chance of injuring Tacoma and Seattle. Washington's tier of counties along the north bank would be vastly benefited by a better river and harbor for Columbia's waters; the big grain region for all eastern Washington and Oregon would receive blessings manifold by the same improvement—and yet we never observe Washington's congressmen throwing epileptic working for the Columbia river. Oregon's congressmen have had to do the work of a state and half in this regard, while Washington's statesmen have been fearful of exciting the opposition of the Sound cities should they evince any warmth for the Columbia, fearful of being charged with loving Oregon more than their own state. A united pull is what Oregon, Washington and Idaho want, for an open river with a better bar—a waterway that now carries more wheat to sea than any other Pacific port—means better prosperity for all three states, provided, of course, that Seattle and Tacoma are not in the court.

Supt. Case has issued 24 permits to teach since the last quarterly examination. These are new teachers who came into the county after the last examination, and nearly all of them are teaching at present. Miss Ida Stewart, attending the High School, here, passed a very creditable examination, getting a high marking, but was unable to teach because of lack of the legal age.

Fred McDonald, with the U. S. navy in China, writes his uncle W. V. Wiley, that he has been offered a position as captain with the Chinese Coast Artillery, Province of Nankin. The position is open to him until July 1, and his time with the navy expires in March. He anticipates coming home for a rest and may then accept the Chinese offering.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Christian Church, will give a Milliner Social, at the residence of M. S. Dailey, corner Fifth & Baseline street, on the evening of Nov. 24. Ladies bring untrimmed hats, with material for trimming. Gentlemen are expected to trim the hats. Admission, 10 cents. Everybody cordially invited.

The Tualatin Plains Presbyterian Church people will dedicate their church annex on the fourth Sunday in November. Dr. Dunning, of Portland, will be present, and the program in full will be published next week.

The evening train was late tonight because Mrs. D. Bayless, of Milley, left on the train and forgot her little child. Engine went back from Forest Grove and picked up the little one and the mother went on her way rejoicing.

The Forest Grove Relief Corps, according to the Times, raised \$35 in provisions and \$2 in cash for Geo. Wilson, a Sherwood veteran, who recently lost his household goods by fire.

Fine supply of seasoned rough and dressed lumber on hand. Before making a purchase give us a call and we will save you money. Thompson Bros., Mountaineers.

A. C. Wirts, of Mountaineers, was in town this evening.

THE MARKETS

This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are: Valley Wheat, new, 74 and 75. Barley—feed, \$22.00; brewing, \$22 1/2; rolled, \$22 1/2 and \$23 1/2. Oats, White, \$25 and \$26 per ton Oats, Gray, \$26 per ton. Bran, \$18 per ton. Hay, Timothy, old, \$15 @ \$16 new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9. Potatoes, new, 75c @ \$1.00. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 29 and 30. Butter, Extra Creamery, 30 @ 32 1/2. Hops choice 1905, 11 cts.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

A delegation of railroad employees called on President Roosevelt, Tuesday, and told him that the proposed rate legislation would cut their salaries. They claimed that over two millions of men would be effected by a reduction of wages should the plan of reduction in freight rates be carried out. A true solution for this question is government ownership of railways.

A Polk county man by the name of G. W. Earl sues his wife for divorce and alleges that one Leon Jones, who proves he is a brother of the wife, is not a brother, but is the wife's lover. The husband claims his wife and Jones kiss and hug one another all the time—and he denies they are related. The old man evidently thinks Jones should be kissing someone else's sister.

Senator Ankeny and Congressman Jones allege they will try to aid in getting an appropriation for the Columbia. "Old Cuss," who rode clear across the continent in order to collect mileage, has not been heard from as yet.

Thanks to the Postman

By TROY ALLISON

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Melissa chewed her pen staff in pretended meditation and kept one eye on Dicky Johnston. Dicky had shown signs of wandering away from the fold and must be brought back. It was decidedly against Melissa's creed to allow another girl to receive even a iota of admiration from one of her coteries.

There was a girl belonging to the house party, a blond, Melissa thought contemptuously, who had received entirely too much attention from Dicky. Therefore he must be disciplined. His lesson must be decided at once and to the point. Having decided upon this, Melissa gave her pen one conclusive nibble and commenced writing hurriedly.



"I know it was a joke," he resumed. As there happened to be no one in the library at the time except Dicky and herself, his attention was soon attracted by the aggressive scratching of her pen.

"Why don't you stop and amuse a fellow?" he urged. "What are you writing?" "Oh, just writing," she replied airily, her tone insinuating that there were subjects beyond his comprehension.

"To a man?" he asked sulkily. "A very charming man," she assured him impressively. "It's rather an important communication," she continued. "I wish you would look over this page and see if it is too stilted."

Dicky took it up with relieved alacrity, but his face lengthened visibly as he read: "I have decided that I will marry you. I don't know why I hesitated. If you can get away from town for a day take the Ederton local for Mrs. Winberly's country place, and you can tell me if you are glad I didn't keep you waiting any longer."

Dicky handed it back and commenced a study of the library fire. "I don't see how any one could possibly call that stilted," he growled.

Melissa signed the note, sealed it and directed it to Dr. John Hartly. Considering the fact that Dr. Hartly was only a very casual acquaintance and had never asked Melissa to marry him nor had she ever dreamed of his asking her to do so, this literary achievement might be regarded as rather theatrical.

She gathered up her writing materials, slipped the letter into her writing pad and started for the door. Stopping a minute to fluff up her brown pompadour, she fixed a reproachful eye upon the object of her vengeance.

"I never would have thought, Dicky," there were volumes of surprise in her tones—"that you would have cared anything at all for blonds." She went out and shut the door rather decidedly.

As she crossed the hall the letter slipped out and fell to the floor, making no sound on the soft rug. She went up stairs, unconscious of her loss, smiling in anticipation of the interview she would have with Dicky when his repentance had reached a proper depth. It was Melissa's theory, gained in her twenty years, that men needed to be taught lessons occasionally. When Dicky had learned his lesson she would acknowledge that she had not yet sent the letter, but was keeping it for further consideration.

ing of this man of forty, who seemed so different from Dicky and the others.

"I'm so glad you decided to marry me," he said cordially, his eyes twinkling. "I hoped some woman would some day. You see, I have been so busy—I rather neglected it."

Melissa gazed with astonishment. "Who said anything about my marrying you?" she finally managed to say, her eyes round with surprise.

He took her note from his inside pocket, adjusted his eyeglasses and looked at it carefully. "I certainly hope I have not been mistaken," he said, handing it to her. Two large tears rolled down her cheek.

"I don't know how on earth I thought this was upstairs in my writing pad," she said miserably. "It was just a joke to tease Dicky. I—oh, I never was so ashamed in my whole life!" she said, dropping into a big library chair and hiding her face against its back.

He walked behind the chair and, leaning on it, looked down smilingly upon the brown head that rose and fell with each sob.

"I know there was some kind of joke connected with it, child," he said soothingly. "There was obliged to be some joke about the fact that a girl your age would dream of marrying an old man like me."

"I don't think you are—old," came in unbidden tones from the padded back of the chair. "I knew it was a joke," he resumed, "but it seemed rather—pleasant. Somehow I had an irresistible desire to come and see why you did it."

Melissa's face was still hidden. "I wouldn't have you feel mortified about it for the world," leaning over until his lips touched a stray tress of her hair that shone red brown on the black leather chair back. "I am twice as old as you, little girl, but I am young enough to understand a joke. Do you feel all right about it now?"

The brown head nodded in a comforted manner. "And yet, Melissa, I can't help realizing how nice it would be—if it were not a joke. If there ever comes a day when you could possibly mean it, won't you send it back?"

The figure was as still as the chair that held it, and Hartly sighed as he turned off. "Never mind. Of course you could not. I'll say goodbye now and catch the 9 o'clock train for town. Won't you shake hands to show we understand each other?"

Melissa blindly held out a wavering hand that he grasped in his big one. His expression changed with lightning rapidity, for there could be no doubt about it—the girl had gently pressed into his palm the note that had been concealed in her hand.

"Melissa!" he exclaimed unbelievably, seating himself upon the arm of the big chair. "Prepared for Emergencies. A well to do Kentucky farmer once invited an acquaintance from a neighboring town to dine with him. The recipient of this courtesy was a man well known in that region for his general crankiness and his propensity to use his gun at the least evidence of what he considered an affront.

The farmer, well aware of the touchiness of his guest, with whom, for business reasons, he desired to remain on good terms, always kept a wary eye on his visitor. One afternoon the testy individual in conversation with his host remarked: "I can't account for that queer feeling and impulses that come over me at times. Do you know, the first time I took dinner here I had as much as I could do to master the impulse when one of your sons made a certain remark to whip out my gun and let go."

"Oh, don't you worry about that," said the farmer. "I know all about your little falling in that line. My son Jake was standing in the hallway just back of you with a shotgun. You did well to change your mind. At the first motion toward your hip pocket my son Jake had instructions to blow daylight through you!"

Neighbors, After All. The wealthy man had told the visitor who was soliciting money for foreign missions that he preferred to help the heathen next door. "I want what I give to benefit my neighbors," said he. The Philadelphia Ledger says the visitor's face took on a look of mild inspiration.

"Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" he asked. "Why, those around me." "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" "Well—yes." "How much land do you hold?" "About 500 acres." "And how far through the earth do you think you own?"

"Why, I've never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way down." "Precisely," said the man who was soliciting aid, with an air of calm triumph. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for your neighbors at the other side of the world—the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom."

"You're a ready reckoner," said the millionaire dryly, but he drew his check book toward him.

Disinherited. They tell a story in Paris of Pierre Wolf, the dramatist, nephew of Albert Wolf, the critic and sworn enemy of the manager Antoine. When Pierre took his first piece to Antoine it was accepted on condition that he should put into it "as much as possible of everything that is abominable to your uncle, the critic." He did this with such good will that he scandalized his uncle, the public, the stage fremen, the dressers, the prompter and M. Antoine himself, who went about at rehearsal rubbing his hands and saying, "One cannot go too far, and no one shall keep me from putting in the advertisements, 'Play by Pierre Wolf, nephew of Albert Wolf.'" When the dramatist called on his uncle, Albert, about, "Miserable! If I had a fortune I'd disinherit you!" "Disinherit me all the same," suggested the nephew. "It will advertise me!" "Very well, then. I have nothing to leave, so I won't leave it to you!"

A Riding Habit. "Mamma—Mamma, what is a riding habit?" "Mamma—A riding habit, dear, is what makes people too lazy to walk." Judge.

A Modern Miracle.

"O NCE when I'm sick," the doctor came. "An' 'en I put my tongue way out. An' he says: 'Hi—me—Nurse, get me some warm water, please.' An' in about a minute, w'y, she did, an' 'en An' 'en he says: 'None,' but she says, 'An' 'en he says: 'W'y, you can't kiss a lady. An' if you do it ain't much loss'."

"An' after w'e he took it out. An' he held it up w'e he could see. An' 'en he says: 'Hi—me—Nurse, let about 'Too high a hair of a degree.' An' 'en he asked him if I'm bad. An' 'en he says: 'None,' but she says, 'An' 'en he says: 'W'y, you can't kiss a lady. An' if you do it ain't much loss'."

An' 'en she's mad, an' he let bust. Out laughin', an' he says: 'Dad's feet. He's got 't' be all right, I trust. W'y, he ain't even half dead yet.' An' 'en he felt my pulse, 'at way. An' 'en he says: 'None,' but she says, 'An' 'en he says: 'There ain't no school today. Cus one of 'm' trustees is dead'."

An' my, I'm awful sorry w'en he told me that. An' 'en he said, 'He'll be all right by noon, an' 'en he went away, an' my says, 'Ned, how do you feel?' An' 'en, you know, (Since doctor told me that somehow, I'm awful sick w'ile ago. But, my, I'm almost well right now! —J. W. Foley in New York Times.



Comforting Thought. Hammage (despondently)—I don't believe I have much of a wit after all. My friends never laugh at my jokes. Gammage (assuringly)—Oh, yes, they do! They always laugh after you have left the room.—Illustrated Bits.

Another Meanest Man. "I have heard a great deal about mean men," said the man with the black cigar, "but the meanest man I ever heard of lived in the town where I was born. He is a real estate agent and grasping as a Scrooge before the Christmas ghosts. He had an old house at the east end of the town that was ready to fall to pieces any moment. The walls actually did bulge out one day. When he collected that month's rent he calmly told the lessee of the house that the rent would be \$1 more a month thereafter. The astonished woman pointed at the bulging walls and said: 'More rent? And with those bulging walls?'"

"Certainly, madam. You have more room in the house now. Consequently more rent must be paid."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Scotch Thrift. Sir John Carr was rather fond of telling the following story: While in Glasgow he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson monument, then just completed. Sir John recommended as a brief and appropriate epigraph, "Glasgow to Nelson."

"Just so," said one of the bailiffs, "and as the town o' Nelson's (Nelson) close at hand, might we no' just say 'Glasgow to Nelson, sans miles,' and so it might serve as a monument and a milestone too?"—Tit-Bits.

Give and Take. The other day the head of a boarding school noticed one of the boys wiping his knife on the tablecloth and pounced on him at once. "Is that what you do at home?" he asked indignantly. "Oh, no," answered the boy quickly. "We have clean knives."—Lippincott's Magazine.

His Call. "I promised to make a call tonight," said the man, preparing to go out. "Very well," replied the wife, "but don't you call unless you have the cards."—Houston Post.

Artful Freddie. "I don't see how you can expect me to consent to your engagement with Mr. Blinks. I hear that his uncle has cut him out of his will. Dolly—Yes, I know, dad, but Freddie says it won't make any difference if he can only get his uncle to go on playing bridge with him a few weeks longer.

Time to Pay Up. Mr. Slangy—He hasn't paid his funeral expenses yet. Guess Agn—His funeral expenses? "Yes. Ain't he a dead one?"—Yonkers Herald.

No Wonder the Sea Is Sick. He viewed the ocean sadly. "Ain't, ain't that?" "Ain't, ain't that?" "To moan and sigh so piously." "Was what he piously to say.

"Oh, has the sea the colic, Or is it overfed? With oyster soup and seaweed sauce, That it thus restlessly should toss And tumble on its bed?"

His wife smiled at him wisely. "Ah, William, dear," said she, "would you not toss and tumble, too, Were there as much lobster in you As there is in the sea?" —F. P. Pitzer in New York Press.

Argus and Oregonian, \$2.

Sheriff's Sale

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution, issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, dated the 7th day of November, 1905, in favor of E. R. Ryan & Son, plaintiffs, and against A. J. Ford, defendant, for the sum of \$70 costs, and the further sum of \$18.50 with interest thereon from the 29th day of March, 1905, at the rate of six per cent per annum, and the sum of \$1.00 per cent per annum, to me directed and delivered, commanding me to make sale of the real property hereinafter described, I have levied upon and pursuant to said Execution I will, on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1905, at the South door of the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the interest of the defendant, A. J. Ford, in and to the following described real property, lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:—

1st Tract. North 1/4 of lots 1 and 2 of and in Block 10, of and in the Town of Hillsboro, Oregon.

2nd Tract. All of the Southeast 1/4 of Northwest 1/4, Section 34 T. 3 N. of R. 3 W. 3d Tract. All of Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, of and in Block 13, of and in Simons Addition to the Town of Hillsboro, Oregon.

4th Tract. All of Lots 6, 7 and 8, of and in Block 7 of and in the Town of Hillsboro, Oregon, or as much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums and the costs and expenses of sale and said sum of \$18.50. Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon. Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 9th day of November, 1905.

J. W. CONNELL, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. By F. T. Kane, Deputy. H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, appointed administrator of the estate of Patrick Cain deceased, and that he has duly qualified as such. Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are requested and required to present them to me, with proper vouchers attached, at the law office of John M. Wall, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof. Dated at Hillsboro, Ore., Nov. 9, 1905. W. H. WEHRING, Administrator of the Estate of Patrick Cain, deceased. John M. Wall, Attorney for Estate.

How a Thrilling Tank Drama Was Spoiled

"YES," said Whoppan Rant, the eminent tragedian, "at one time my company started on what bade fair to be a most profitable tour of the great Sahara desert. We were producing my thrilling tank drama, 'The Renowned River,' and, of course, had to carry the water on the backs of camels. Well, sir, it would have amazed you to have seen the hit that show made with the Bedouins and Arabs. They'd ride for hundreds of miles to attend a performance."

"Made money, eh?" "For awhile. But one night we were to put the show on away out in the middle of the desert, and one of those confounded camels was thirsty, and just when the tank had been filled for the heroine's thrilling leap for life the brute stuck its head through the wings and drank the tank dry. There we were, 400 miles from water, and— But his emotion overcame him, and he had to leave the rest of the sad story to our imagination.—Judge.

The Dear Children.

"How quiet your dear children are, Mrs. Quiverfull!" said the afternoon caller. "Yes," replied the dear children's mamma suspiciously, "I'm rather afraid they're up to some mischief." At that moment a series of agonized yells shook the air, and a misadventer came running into the room. "Oh, ma'am! Quick, ma'am! There'll be murder done if you don't hurry, ma'am!" she gasped.

"Why, what's the matter, Jane?" cried her horrified mistress. "Oh, them dreadful children, ma'am!" gurgled the domestic. "They've tied Master Willie by his arms and legs on the dining room table, and they're screwing the table out to its full length. Givin' 'im the rack, they call it. You'd better be quick or you'll find 'im in pieces!"—Birmingham (England) Post.

An Accomplished Daughter. Mrs. B—I suppose you find your daughter very much improved by her two years' stay at college? Mrs. Proudmother—La, yes! Mary Elizabeth is a carnivorous reader now, and she frequently improvises music. But she ain't a bit stuck up. She's unanimous to everybody, an' she never keeps a caller waitin' for her to defer. She just runs in non de plume, an' you know that makes one feel so comfortable.—Lippincott's Magazine.

From Appearances. In a certain home where the stork recently visited there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! Oh, mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Present. "Let me present you with a ship." "Bald he who sailed the sea." "What kind of ship?" the maid let slip. "This little smacker," said he. —New York World.

First Quality Drug Store. We provide for the people who have had enough experience to know that inferior goods are dear at any price; who have learned that good goods from a first quality, trustworthy house are always cheaper—really and aggressively cheaper to buy. We Have Made a Reputation. For our prescription work, because we do the work exactly as it should be done. We pay no one a percentage to send us prescriptions, and, therefore, it pays you to bring such work to BAILEY'S PHARMACY. This is an advertisement, and likewise it is a fact.

WEINHARD'S (On draught) The best of all Beers. Bottled for Medicinal Use. At W. V. WILEY'S

Cornelius City Foundry. Does general foundry and machine work. Saw mill work a specialty. Sawdust grate bars and all kinds of wood gates; hop stove gates and stove repairs; gearing, pulleys and all kinds of boxing. Also carry a fine grade of babbit metal, cap screws, set screws and machine bolts. All work guaranteed to be first-class. Give us a trial order, if only small. It will be appreciated and receive prompt attention. We cast regularly 1st and 15th of each month, and oftener when work will justify it. L. G. WIEDEWITSCH.

JACKSON BRIDGE NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the subscription list for donations for the Jackson Bottom Bridge is now in the hands of County Treasurer Jackson, and all persons signing said list are hereby requested and required to call at the office of said County Treasurer and pay into the county treasury the amounts subscribed and specify their names. Immediate payment is requested. L. A. BOOD, Judge. By Order Commissioner Court, Dated at Hillsboro, Ore., Nov. 9, 1905.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Edward Colfelt, Ida Colfelt, Herman Colfelt and Freda Colfelt, minors, by virtue of an order and license of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, made and entered on Monday the 6th day of November, 1905, authorizing and empowering the undersigned guardian to sell the real property hereinafter described, at public auction. Now, therefore, by virtue of said order and license, I will, on Monday, the 13th day of December, 1905, at the South door of the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the right, title and interest of said minors, of, in and to all of the following described real property, situate in Washington County, Oregon, and described as follows, to-wit:— Beginning at a point eight rods north of the quarter post on section line between sections nineteen and thirty (19-30) running thence due north seventy-two (72) rods to Schlichtings line, thence forty (40) rods west to Williams' line, thence one hundred and five (105) rods south to Herman Behm's line to Cedar Creek, thence eight (8) rods due East; thence down the center of Cedar Creek fifty-six (56) rods; thence Eighteen (18) rods East to the place of beginning, being a part of the East 1/2 of the Barum Donation Land Claim in Sections nineteen and thirty (19-30) Township two South, Range one West of the Willamette Meridian, containing about thirty acres, more or less. Said sale will be made subject to confirmation by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County. Dated this 9th day of November, 1905. JULIUS GLEFFLY, Guardian of the persons and estate of Edward Colfelt, Ida Colfelt, Herman Colfelt and Freda Colfelt. Geo. R. Bagley, Attorney for Guardian.

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed administrator of the estate of Just Ingers, deceased, 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 October 16, 1905. GEORGE DUBERT, Administrator of the estate of Just Ingers, deceased. W. N. Barrett, Attorney for Estate.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Martha J. Parrett, deceased, has filed his final account as administrator of said estate, in the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Monday, December 4, 1905, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., as the day and hour for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof. Now, therefore, all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at the County Court room, at Hillsboro, said County and State, at said time, to then and there show cause if any there be, why said account should not be settled, allowed and approved, and said administrator discharged, and said estate forever and finally settled. Dated November 1, 1905. W. F. BEINTOWN, Administrator of the estate of Martha J. Parrett, deceased. Clara Ford and H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Estate.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of C. M. Johnson, deceased, have filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, my final account as such administrator, and that said Court has set Monday, December 4, 1905, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day as the time, and the County Court Room in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said account and the final settlement of said estate. LUCINDA JOHNSON, Administratrix of the estate of C. M. Johnson, deceased. W. N. Barrett, Attorney for estate.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator has filed in the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, his final account as such administrator, and the same has been set for final hearing and settlement before said Court on Monday, December 4, 1905, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. Dated this November 1, 1905. FRANK S. MYERS, Administrator of the Estate of Charlotte Grace Myers, deceased. Benton Bowman, Attorney for Estate.

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