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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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LONG & MCKINNEY

After all, it is at this time a splendid condition of affairs that our senate back in Washington is composed of elderly people, else our Congress might have to declare war against both Japan and the president—an unseemly proposition.

After all, considering the timidity of our president in fearing the Japanese, it appears that Mr. Roosevelt has lost his strangle hold on that big stick of his.

Senator Bourne gave Paul Rader \$500 for the good of the primary system. There's nothing like backing up the proper thing in economic even in a disinterested way, and there is no question that Jonathan robbed anyone to pay Paul.

If Paul Rader did use that \$500 who shall dispute his right to permit no tainted money to be used by the Anti-Saloon League.

It is quite evident that the sage of Rabbittville never got \$500 during the last campaign. The Optimist should induce Paul Rader to take a position as business manager—and yet, Paul might not turn in the funds collected to fight the devil.

THE MARKETS.

This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are:

- Valley Wheat, new, 66@67c. Barley—feed, \$21@22 per ton; brewing, \$23; rolled, \$23@23 1/2. Oats, White, \$29. Oats, gray, \$28.50 per ton. Bran, \$25 1/2 per ton; shorts, \$20. Hay, Valley timothy, \$14.00 and \$15.00; grain, \$7.00@8.00. Hay, Clover, \$9. Potatoes, \$1.00@1.25 per cwt. Eggs, fancy ranch, 35@37 1/2c. Butter, Extra Creamery, 35. Hops, choice, 13 1/2@15; prime, 11 @13c.

Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled, or excited, irritable or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weakness and derangement that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand a surgeon's knife if they do not eventually.

No medicine extant has such a long and successful record of curing such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong reputation for curing such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle wrapper and stated on each box. In any condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of this "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It will, often, prevent them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

Women suffering from diseases of long standing are invited to consult Doctor Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

His One Request. "Have you any request to make?" asked the sheriff of the erstwhile society man who was to be hanged on the morrow.

"Yes, one," replied the condemned man. "Let me tie the noose myself. I never yet wore a ready made tie."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Whitewashing Jimmy. "Jimmy's got a great scheme to get out of school on these nice days."

"How does he work it?" "He goes out 'n' washes his face, 'n' the teacher thinks he's ill 'n' sends him home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Judge Not Cascharepped. Farley—What are those two eminent lawyers trying now? Barley—The patience of the judge.—Florida Times-Union.

My Heart. "I want a big heart," said him my heart. "I want a big heart," said him my heart. "I want a big heart," said him my heart.

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A Preconcerted Accident

By JEANETTE WALDEN

Copyright, 1936, by May McKeon

"It's good to see you once more, Arthur." Naoma Lake ran across the room, holding out both hands to the strong, dark young man who came forward to meet her. Her delicate face was alight with real joy.

"Good!" he echoed, taking her extended hands and drawing her to him. As he bent his face to meet hers she shrank back, flushing painfully. Then a smile flickered across her face, and she disengaged her hands, motioning him to a seat.

"For a moment he studied her. 'Forgive me,' he said ironically. 'You kissed me goodby, you remember?'" "I was young five years ago," she laughed as she sat down.

He threw himself into a chair opposite and drew his hand across his forehead. "Perhaps we ought to be introduced," he suggested cheerfully.

At this her laugh rang genuine. "Tell me about yourself," she commanded.

He shook his head. "Nothing—same old story. But tell me about yourself. There is something, I know. I want to see my fortune. You already had yours in your face."

She could not meet his eyes. "Same old story." She only attempted to laugh this time. "There's nothing to tell." There was a tremor in her voice.

He studied her face again. "I've got a machine out here," he said, rising. "Come for a ride."

She sprang up with impulsive acquiescence. Then her gray eyes clouded suddenly. "Oh, I can't!"

"But you want to," he asserted. "Yes, I want to, oh, so much, but—I have an appointment."

"It's been a long time since you rode with me. You need a change. Let the other fellow wait."

"The other fellow? You know, then?" "I don't know anything," he growled. "Get your hat."

She obeyed. As they went down the broad walk to the drive an elegant white car chug-



"I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT YOU INTO TROUBLE," HE REQUESTED.

ged up behind the machine that was waiting for Arthur Boyd. The occupant jumped to the ground before his chauffeur had time to bring the car to a stop and came to meet Boyd and Naoma. He was well proportioned, blond and dressed with absolute correctness.

Arthur Boyd looked at Naoma. Her face was changing color.

"Is this your appointment?" The blond man, with a faint, insinuating smile, was slowly, suavely lifting his hat. He raised it just high enough to expose a slight baldness, then settled it carefully upon his head again.

"Mr. Hampton, Mr. Boyd." Naoma's self control was perfect now.

Arthur Boyd received an expressionless laudabask.

"You are ready in good time," Hampton spoke to Naoma in a voice that was as genteel as his dress. "I just left the decorator at the house."

These words sent a chill over Boyd. He drew back a little.

"But I can't go just now." Naoma's voice was firm. "Something quite urgent has turned up unexpectedly. 'You will excuse me for a little while?'" She smiled up at Hampton.

"I'd excuse her forty times a day to get that smile," thought Arthur Boyd as he advanced again to her side.

But Hampton drew himself up, and his face grew pink. He flashed a savage look at Boyd. "It will be impossible for the decorator to wait. I'm very sorry," he said to Naoma in the same genteel voice. Then he took her arm with the air that all was settled.

But Naoma drew back and surveyed him in frank astonishment.

"The decorator can wait better than—than this new appointment. I must ask you to excuse me."

The pink in Hampton's face changed to crimson, and he breathed hard. "Naoma, what is this that's important enough to interfere with a plan that was made weeks ago? I demand an explanation."

The girl was angry. "Come," she said to Boyd, and he felt that things were evened up by the look she gave the recent recipient of her intimate smile.

She was trembling a little at Boyd's side when they chugged away, drowning the noise of the big white car that was flying in the opposite direction.

"Why did you do it?" he questioned after they had gone a half mile in silence.

"I wanted to," she replied. "I wanted to quarrel with him?" "Oh, no!" with widening eyes.

"I—I hadn't thought about it," she glanced up at him, and he met her puzzled expression with an illuminating look. "Yes," she said simply; "I did."

There was a long silence. When they

had passed into a quiet country road, he spoke again. "Can't you tell me more about it?" "Oh, I forgot. Didn't you know?" "Well, I should say not."

"Fred—Mr. Hampton—is my fiancé. Uncle's going back to India again, and you know, I can't live in that climate, and he didn't want to leave me alone, and so—and so preparations are being hastened for—"

"For your wedding," Boyd finished. Then he stopped the machine, fussed over the fatted tank for a few minutes and started on again.

They had gone only a few rods when there was an explosive sound, and the machine stopped short. Boyd got out, looked under it and tinkered at it here and there in a desultory fashion.

"Guess we're stuck," he remarked as he watched Naoma's face keenly. He seemed satisfied with what he saw there. "Shall we explore this moony dell while we're waiting for a tow?" "By all means," she was on the ground almost before he could help her.

"Isn't this glorious?" she cried after they had walked a short distance and she placed her hand on Boyd's shoulder as she jumped upon a low, flat rock. Her eyes were just on a level with his. As they looked at each other a shadow came over the happiness of her expression.

"I'm afraid I've got you into trouble," he suggested.

"Oh, no," she replied wearily. "We'll make it up. We fall out periodically."

"Has there ever been a man in the case before?" He tried to make the question seem careless.

"No." A new intelligence came into her eyes. She dropped her hand from his shoulder.

"Do you want to make it up?" He put the question calmly, quietly, but something in his face made her hesitate, made the bright color come into her delicate cheeks.

"Yes—" She couldn't say it. "No." Suddenly he swung her off the stone. For an instant she rested in his arms, and her face met his without shrinking.

As they went back to the road she looked up at him half reproachfully. "Why did you stay away so long?" "Because I couldn't have you?" "Couldn't I have you?" "I couldn't ask you to marry a beggar."

She smiled indulgently. "But how is it different now?"

"Oh, I've turned out about a million and a half on that Arizona land deal and a few other irons I've had in the fire for the last year or two."

They had reached the disabled auto by the roadside.

All at once Naoma laughed gleefully. "It's the first time I ever saw a machine run itself out of the road before it broke down."

Boyd's eyes had a mischievous twinkle. "Didn't you realize that we'd turned out? I guess the thing's rested up now, and we can go back," he continued as he helped her in.

When they had started, Naoma was thoughtful. "I shouldn't think you'd want a wife that would turn a man down at the slightest excuse," she mused.

"I shouldn't want her to do it more than once," he laughed.

Americans' Odd Craze.

Some Americans have an odd craze for believing that the rightful heirs of British peerages are Americans "kept out of their own." One of these queer people asks me whether Jimmie, the heiress of the MacDougal line of Earls of Tobermory, was not really a daughter of Queen Mary? Was not James VI, a son of fat old Lady Reres, not of Queen Mary? The present Duke of Tobermory is descended from the fifth son of the earl of 1715. But what became of the fourth son? The peerages said that he died young without offspring. But did he not "escape to America," and is he not the Thomas Robertson who married a fair colonist in 1730, and is not a certain Robert Thompson the son of this Thomas Robertson, and are not his descendants earls of Tobermory and kings of Scotland? Will I not get at the family papers, now kept in Melrose abbey, and clear the matter up? The names I here after, but all this tissue of nonsense is solemnly laid before my reluctant eyes in the hope that some possible J. P. Robertson is Duke of Tobermory.—Andrew Lang in Illustrated News.

Tom led Beth back to the tiny platform that furnished her seat of vantage.

"Disillusioned?" he said, with a smile. "Entirely so," she shuddered. "Of course I knew it was all play, but I never dreamed it was such hard work."

"You should have been to one of the early rehearsals," he laughed. "There was one afternoon when St. Elmo got so excited at the way one of the stupid girls behaved that I had to jump in and catch his arm to keep him from striking her. He's a genius, but his temper is something awful. It's no worse, though, than with some of the big companies."

"I don't think I shall want any of it," she shuddered. "It has cured me completely of my desire to go on the stage."

"Do you think you could settle down to being just Mrs. Tom Seaton?" he pleaded. "I want you so, dear."

"Don't, please," she begged. "You know how I feel."

He turned away. He knew all too well how she felt. That same romanticism that urged her to the stage acted against him. He was just Tom Seaton, big, good natured and a faithful friend, but entirely too unromantic to appeal to her heart. He had destroyed the glamour of the stage for her by bringing her to rehearsal. Only a miracle could work the other change.

He had slipped his coat off when he had come in, following the example of the rest, and now he turned to a chair for solace. He was carefully selecting one from his case when a cry from Beth caused him to turn.

There just behind the platform stood King, the lion used in the trick. In the excitement some one had neglected to fasten the door of the cage, and while they had been talking he had slipped out and started on a tour of investigation.

All of the players had gone to change their costumes, and the property man had taken advantage of Hermes' absence to slip out to the corner for a glass of beer. They were alone. Just below him on the edge of the platform were a couple of revolvers loaded with blank charges. With a bound he caught one of these up and discharged it into King's face. With an angry snarl the brute turned and charged toward the other end of the room.

Tom caught up the other revolver and slipped it into his pocket. Then he seized St. Elmo's wand and followed the retreating form. Back and forth they went, up and down the hall, until at last with a quick turn Tom headed the brute into his cage just as Hermes rushed in.

It was he who latched the door of the cage, for now that the danger was over Beth was clinging to Tom, murmuring praises that sounded sweet to his ears.

Hermes came forward, but Tom, disengaging himself from Beth's clasp, went toward him and whispered in his ear. Hermes smiled knowingly and darted out. Presently he was back

the best cure for the stage fever that I know of. It was lucky that Hermes was in a good humor last night when I asked him if I might bring you over."

"Is that Hermes?" she asked, pointing to a tall, handsome fellow who posed in one corner.

"That's the man who made the costumes," he laughed. "Hermes is that little fellow who is all over the place. He and St. Elmo, the ballet master—that little fellow with the stick—are doing about half the work."

Beth glanced with new interest at the flying figure. She had seen him on the stage dressed in mystic robes and with all of the advantages of scenic environment. He looked vastly different as he flew about the place in an old pair of trousers and a tattered flannel shirt.

Even when the players who had slipped out of the room began to come back in gaudy costumes, the illusion was not restored, for the nervous little ballet master kept jumping into the space outlined by chairs to represent the stage and, roughly throwing some one aside, took her place to show what he wanted done.

Not until they came to the trick to which the pantomime worked up did Beth regain her interest. The beautiful white girl was supposed to be thrown into a lion's den, but an Indian maiden, by virtue of a talisman, took the place of the infuriated beast.

The others crowded about the cage to see the trick worked, and Tom dragged Beth over, with a whisper, "You mustn't let the trick to any one."

She nodded assent with a delightful feeling of mystery and watched with interest the elaborate working of a trick that seemed simple enough from the audience.

Half a dozen times the trick was tried before Hermes straightened up with an "All right! Dress for the next act," and the crowd of fantastically dressed players rushed off to the anteroom.

said carelessly, "and then run through the pantomime. It's a pity that they cannot get the hall upstairs, where they can get the scenery up. There's a wedding or something going on up there."

"It was awfully good of you to bring me," she said impulsively. "It's good for you to come," he laughed. "A glimpse of a dress rehearsal is



TOM HEADED THE BRUTE INTO HIS CAGE JUST AS HERMES RUSHED IN.

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SUMMONS

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

Mary Schnavely, Plaintiff, vs. William Allen Schnavely, Defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the month of February, 1937, in the office of the undersigned, said time being six weeks from the first publication of this summons; and if you fail to appear and answer, your want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint in said suit, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony and marriage contract existing between the plaintiff and yourself, and allowing the plaintiff to resume her maiden name, Mary Holland.

This summons is published by Order of Hon. J. W. Goodlin, County Judge of said Washington County, State of Oregon, which order was duly made and filed on the 4th day of February, 1937, and the date of the first publication hereof is the 7th day of February, 1937.

V. K. STROCK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS

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

J. P. Gateley, Plaintiff, vs. Annie Gateley, Defendant.

To Annie Gateley, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer to the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and Cause on or before March 21st, 1937, and if you fail to appear and answer the plaintiff will apply for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit:

For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the above named plaintiff and defendant and other equitable relief.

This summons is published in pursuance of an order of the Honorable T. A. McBride, Judge of the above entitled Court made and entered on the 24th day of February, 1937, specifying that the same be published for six successive weeks and ending February 7th, 1937, as date of first publication.

DAN R. MURPHY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS

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

Charles Frost, Plaintiff, vs. Annie Frost, Defendant.

To Annie Frost, defendant above named:

You are hereby notified that the Judgment herein has filed a complaint against you in the above entitled court and cause and you are hereby required to appear and answer the said complaint, or file some appearance thereon on or before the last day prescribed by the order of publication hereof, to-wit: On or before the 22nd day of March, 1937, and if you fail to appear and answer the complaint, or file some appearance herein, the plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and noted and will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: A decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and plaintiff, and for such other relief as to the court may seem proper.

The date of the first publication of this summons is the 7th day of February, 1937, and this summons is to be published on every Thursday of each week for a period of six successive weeks between said dates.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. Thomas A. McBride, Judge of the above entitled court, made in Chambers this 4th day of February, 1937.

CHAS. J. SCHNABEL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, by an order dated the 28th day of January, 1937, Administrator of the Estate of James Fitzgerald, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with the proper vouchers therefor, to me at the law office of E. B. Tongue, Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, on or before the 21st day of February, 1937.

C. AEBISHER, Administrator. E. B. Tongue, Attorney.

Executor's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, duly appointed and confirmed, under date of January 25, 1937, as executor of the last will and testament of Maria Anna Peters, deceased, and that he has duly qualified as such executor.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of the said Maria Anna Peters, deceased, are hereby required and requested to present the same, with proper vouchers attached, to me at the law office of John M. Wall, in Hillsboro, or to me at my residence in the precinct of North Forest Grove, Oregon.

THEODORE EBBEN ARDS, Executor of the last will and testament of Maria Anna Peters, deceased. John M. Wall, attorney for executor.

Dated at Hillsboro, this 21st day of January, 1937.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, his final account in the estate of Robert Imbrie, deceased, and that said Court has designated Monday, February 22nd, 1937, at the county court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 12th day of January, A. D., 1937.

J. A. IMBRIE, Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Imbrie, dec'd. E. B. Tongue and Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Executor.

SUMMONS

IN JUSTICE COURT FOR THE PRECINCT OF WEST CEDAR, WASHINGTON COUNTY, STATE OF OREGON

J. C. Snook, Plaintiff, vs. J. M. Hanson and Ella A. Hanson, Defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon, the above named Defendants will take notice that the above named Plaintiff has commenced suit in the above entitled Court by Attachment for the sum of \$2