

CROMWELLS LOSE THEIR LITTLE NIECE

Judge Awards Child to Aid Society

MAN AND WOMAN DENY CRUELTY
Uncle of the Little Child is an Itinerant Preacher

Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell, of near Metzger station, who formerly were custodians of the little Cromwell child, spoken of last week in the Argus, appeared before County Judge Goodin, Monday morning, and sought to get an order to take the child from the custody of the Boys and Girls Aid Society, of Portland, into their own. The hearing occupied Monday forenoon and several witnesses were examined on both sides of the case. The Boys and Girls Aid Society was represented by Benton Bowman, while John A. Jeffrey, of Portland, appeared for the Cromwells. It ap-

pears that the child, who is but three years old, is a daughter of Cromwell's brother, who died some time ago, the mother also being dead. The aunt acknowledged that she had punished the child, and exhibited the rod, which measured 2 feet and 3/4 inches in length, as the instrument used in her slight correction of the child. After hearing the testimony, Judge Goodin stated that a home had been found for the little orphan in Hillsboro, and that as soon as the people could see the child, they probably would adopt her. In the meantime, the child was to remain in the care of the Aid Society. Cromwell is said to be a preacher of the Nazarene faith.

Memorial Day services will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, May 30. It is desired by the Veterans of the Civil War to have this a union service, to which the general public is cordially invited. The memorial sermon will be delivered by Rev. I. F. Belknap, pastor of the M. E. church. Memorial day will be observed on the following Monday, as that day falls on Sunday.

Geo. L. Frost has filed a map of "North Hillsboro Acres," being a part of the old J. S. Griffin donation claim, and containing 20 five-acre tracts, which will be placed

upon the market. R. H. Greer bought three of these tracts and will build upon his holdings later on.

Roy Greear moved into the Buell residence in North Hillsboro, Monday.

A. Niman is out from Portland and has just finished painting the Heim property at the south end of Taird street.

Sheriff Hancock, on Monday, turned over to the County Treasurer the sum of \$18,671 of 1908 tax money, and will soon make another turn over of good proportions.

The State Grange is in session at McMinnville this week, and a Washington county man, B. G. Leedy, of Tigardville, a past Master, is presiding over the deliberations, Master A. T. Buxton, of Forest Grove, being unable to attend, on account of sickness. Delegates in attendance from Washington county are as follows: A. B. Findlay, Jane Findlay, H. O. Hayes, Jennie V. Hayes and J. U. Henry. The secretary's report showed 127 granges scattered over the state, with a membership of 8,055. There has been a net increase of 500 members with 12 new granges within the past year, and the order is growing.

MISS MILLS AND DICK.

By ANITA WENTWORTH.
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The name of the firm was Brownlow & Son, but every one who knew Dick Brownlow knew that the "old man" had taken him in without too many hopes of making a business man of him. Dick was twenty-three years old. He had been squeezed through college and made many trips abroad. He was a member of three clubs, and it had cost his father \$50,000 to get him to his present point in life.

He was just recovering from a hilarious smashup in an auto and was feeling a bit repentant when his father announced the partnership and induced him to make certain resolves. Dick had been using the office as a sort of "hangout" for two or three months and had at last advanced in the business world to the point where he could acknowledge an order by mail and almost bluff the old office manager and other employees.

Then the older Brownlow decided that the son ought to have a stenographer all to himself, and an advertisement was accordingly inserted. There were forty-nine answers, and it was for Dick to peruse them and make up his mind which applicant to take.

He had five of them call at the office and chose Miss Mills because she was the best looking of the lot. It was Dick's idea that good looks formed the basis of stenography and typewriting. His father didn't agree with him, but he did not wish to introduce any argument into the partnership that might strain the young man's brain. So Miss Mills appeared on a certain Monday morning and began her work.

Although he was the junior partner, Dick determined at once to prove to her that he not only acknowledged her right to live, but that he was rather glad she was alive.

That afternoon the Son of Brownlow & Son dictated two letters and spent the rest of the time in patronizing his stenographer. He asked many questions and related some of his adventures.

It was thus that he sought to convey the idea that stenography, while looked at in a business way by some, had a social side, to his mind.

When noon came he felt that he had made matters so pleasant that he decided to ask Miss Mills to lunch with him. She looked him sedately in the eyes and refused politely. There had been an expression in her face for a moment, however, as if she intended to give notice and resign her place on the spot. But evidently her glance at Dick's frank, honest face overcame this idea, if she had it.

The junior partner was astounded. To do him justice, he was not indignant, but he was pleased.

The setback made him assume more dignity in the afternoon, and if he was not glad of it Miss Mills was. It was two days before the invitation was renewed and as promptly refused, and then he observed:

"Of course not if you don't wish to, but I must confess that I can't make you out."

"I am here as stenographer and typewriter, am I not?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"And have you any fault to find with my work this far?"

"Not a bit, but you see you know—I invited you to lunch."

"And I preferred to go by myself."

"That was another setback for Dick, and it naturally set him to studying the problem. He was not accustomed to being refused anything by anybody. It was a real relief to him when finally he decided that the girl stood in awe of him because he was the junior partner of the house. It seemed to him only kind that he should dissipate that awe."

BAIRD



SHOES

MEN'S GOOD WORK SHOES
\$2.10

MEN'S NOBBY
Oxblood Oxfords
\$3.50

Ladies' Gunmetal
GARDEN TIES
\$2.25

Babies' Shoes
With Rubber
HEELS

Ladies' Tan
Button Oxfords.
\$3.00

Baby shoes with
FANCY
TOPS!

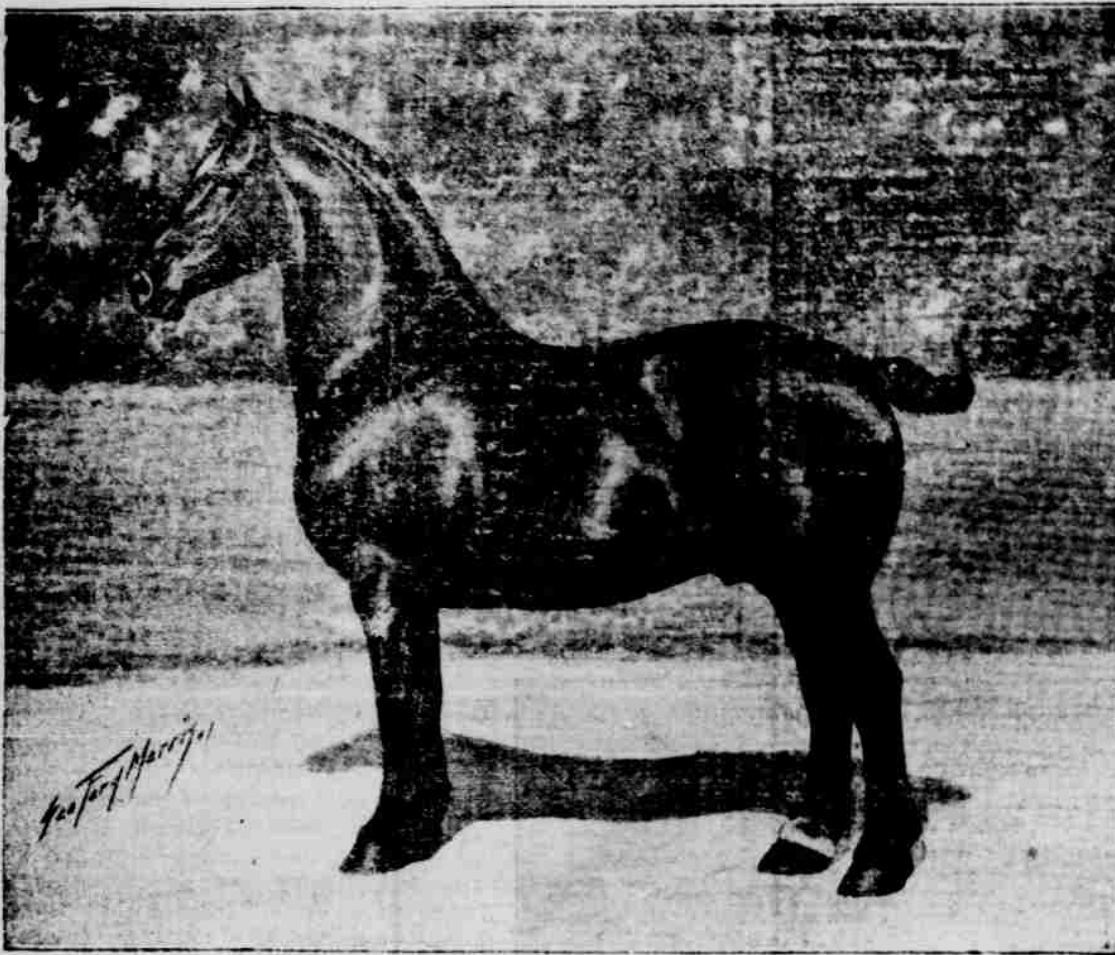
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\$ for \$ our motto

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Imported Percheron Stallion

Foaled in France in 1901. French No. 53167. Imported in 1904. Beautiful black, with star. Fine build; best of action. Wght 1950.



Splendid disposition, and his gets Unequaled. Last season 75 per cent of his stud have proved with foal. You should see him before breeding. Season of 1909

At the FERD GRONER FARM, near Scholls

Single service, \$8; Season, 15; To insure with foal, \$20

Owners at time of service held responsible for fee. Care to prevent, but will not stand responsibility for accidents.

Scholls Percheron Horse Co.

WINSOR

FINE IMPORTED COACH STALLION

Registered No. 6978 in the American Stud book. This splendid German Coach Stallion is a beautiful black, and a fine foal getter. Bred by Jno Muller, of Germany, and imported by Crouch & Son, of Indiana. Age, 11 years. Splendid conformation, and a classy sire. See him.



WILL STAND THE SEASON IN WASHINGTON COUNTY Mondays, at the H H Boge farm, Farmington; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, at Geo Hathorn place, Laurel; Thursdays, at H H Boge's, Farmington; Fridays, at Josiah Miller's, Reedville; Saturdays, at the Connell-Redmond farm in Hillsboro. Care to prevent, but not responsible for accidents that might occur.

TERMS: Single service, \$10; Season, \$15; To insure, \$20.

H. H. BOGE, OWNER.
W. Deutschman, Mgr.

CHABROL

BELGIUM No. 22735. AMERICAN, 2764

Age, 8 years; bred by Emmanuel Dumont, of LaBruyere, Chassart, and imported by A. C. Ruby & Co., of Portland. A splendidly built horse, and one that gets great draft and farm animals—horses that sell.



—WILL STAND THE SEASON OF 1909 AS FOLLOWS—

Mondays, at the H H Boge farm, Farmington; Tuesdays at the Henry Hogrefe place, Blooming; Wednesdays at Albert Banning's farm, Cornelia; Thursdays, Begleys' Dudley Mill ranch; Fridays, Mays Brothers' farm, Glencoe; Saturdays, at the Connell-Redmond farm, Hillsboro.

TERMS: Single service, \$10.00; Season, \$15.00; To insure, \$20.00. Care to prevent but will not be responsible for accidents that may occur.

Hillsboro Horse Co.
H. Deutschman, Manager

At the end of another week he made it his business to overtake her on the street as she was going home. Bowling with the utmost respect, he said:

"Miss Mills, a friend of mine who was going to the theater tonight with his wife has been disappointed and has given me the tickets. Wouldn't you like to accompany me?"

"I—I have another engagement," she replied, blushing both because it was false and because he knew it was false.

"Oh—ah—I see. It's a great play."

"I thank you just the same."

"That was another surprise for Mr. Dick Brownlow, but he didn't turn on his heel with the mental threat to discharge the "happy" stenographer in the morning."

She was a new kind of girl to him, but he was playing fair. He'd have wagered 10 to 5 that she would jump at the chance, and why she didn't jump puzzled him. He could only lay it to her feeling of awe. He hadn't broken that down yet.

"Miss Mills went to her duties next morning wondering if she would be told that her services were no longer required. But nothing of the sort awaited her. On the contrary, about mid-forenoon, when she had written several letters, the junior partner remarked:

"Miss Mills, I want to say that your work gives the greatest satisfaction, and from this time on your salary will be advanced from \$12 to \$16 a week."

"But I can't earn \$16 a week—not now," she replied. "I'm only a beginner, and I'm glad to earn \$12."

"You refuse a raise of salary?" he exclaimed, as he looked at her in astonishment.

"If you please—until I can earn every penny of it."

"But isn't it for me to say?"

"Not altogether. Please say no more about it."

Dick came down with another thud. It was no use trying to puzzle it out. He hadn't the brain power to do it. Instead of puzzling he went to his father and said:

"Governor, I wanted to raise my stenographer's salary and she wouldn't have it. What do you think of that?"

"Dear me, Dick, but I hope you are not going to get into a scrape," replied the father, as he rubbed his hands together and looked very anxious. "If you think she is trying to get a hold on you you'd better discharge her."

"Oh, see here, dad," said Dick promptly, "I know that she isn't anything of that kind, but I can't make her out. She won't go out to lunch or to the theater with me or accept any other favors."

"You shouldn't have asked her, Dick," said Mr. Brownlow sternly. "At the same time I must say that she is a most singular young woman—most singular. I'm afraid that she is altogether too attractive to you."

"Now, dad," said Mr. Son Brownlow promptly, "that's not fair to her. I simply wanted to make her feel comfortable, because—because—well, hang

it, not because she's so confoundingly good looking as she is, but because she's a mighty nice girl."

Some junior partners might have given it up, but Dick wouldn't. He felt that he had been thrown down and humiliated, and he wanted to know why. He had sunk his dignity to be patronizing and he had been rebuffed. He had broken a tradition of the house in seeking to increase a new-comer's salary and received no thanks for it.

So one evening he presented himself at Miss Mills' boarding house and asked for her. He was received in the parlor, and Miss Mills came down with no other idea than that he had come with bad news. He hemmed and hawed for a time and then drew a long breath and began:

"Miss Mills, would it do you any good to ask you to go to the theater with me some night toward the last of the week?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered.

"But I can't make you out. You refuse to go to lunch with me; you refuse to go to the theater; you refuse to go to the theater. Will you tell me why this is?"

"I will, Mr. Brownlow. I am from a small town in the interior of the state. My mother is a widow, and we are poor. I am here to make a living for both of us."

"I had two places before I came to you, but I had to give them up because of just such flattery as you have bestowed upon me. They were not satisfied to let me do as good work as I could give you for a fixed sum per week. I must give up my place with you for the same reason."

"But I don't see it," replied Dick.

Miss Mills looked at the young man and perceived that he really did not "see it." Very patiently and in a tone not at all angry, she replied:

"You are the junior partner in the house. I am your stenographer. You want me to go to the theater with you. We should see many people there that know you. Who am I? Your stenographer. What would they think and say? Perhaps nothing to injure you socially, but how about me?"

"Miss Mills," said Dick, getting up and preparing to go, "I see now. Thank you for the lesson. You have made me realize something, and that something is that I must seem to you like a pompous fool. And I am a pompous fool, for I confess that I thought only of patronizing you."

Without waiting for a reply he bade her a ceremonious "good night" and hurried away.

The girl watched him go with an expressionless face, but when the door closed behind him she hurried to her room and sobbed bitterly.

That she could not remain with the firm was a decision that she made without argument. Indeed, she hesitated next morning as to whether she should go to the office at all or merely write surrendering her post.

Her sense of duty conquered. When she appeared Dick Brownlow did not

attempt to help her off with her roll and coat, as he had tried before. Instead he merely said "Good morning" politely and turned to his desk again.

Presently he stepped to her side and began to dictate. When he was done he hesitated and said:

"Will you pardon me if I recur once more and for the last time to a personal matter?"

Miss Mills, who had been trying to reach the point of presenting her resignation and finding it very hard, much to her own indignation at herself, said "Yes" almost inaudibly.

"Then," said Mr. Dick Brownlow bravely, "I will ask you not to resign as I know you intended to do. I could see it in your face this morning. If it will make you more comfortable, I will arrange to have you transferred to my father's office, but if you would forgive me and do me the honor of trusting me I think I can prove to you that you will not make a mistake by staying in my own office."

"The girl looked at him with eyes moist with tears. "I will stay," said she.

Six months afterward the Son of Brownlow & Son entered the private office of the head of the firm and said:

"Father, that Miss Mills didn't so much as try to get a hold on me, but she has one for all that, and I really think we'll have to take her into the firm and make it Brownlow, Son & Daughter."

"I couldn't want a better partner," said the head of the firm.

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BRICK YARD
I have on hand a fine lot of building brick, for custom sale. Estimates for buildings. One mile West of Hillsboro, on Electric. **L. H. Dixon & Co.**

Hillsboro Argus, \$1.50 per year. Chas. Uebel, of north of Glendale, wa- in town Tuesday.