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Aunt Martha's Memorial Day

If you ain't never had no Aunt Martha in your family, ma says that you have missed one of the best things that ever happened in this world. She is ma's oldest old maid sister. Well, now, you needn't turn up your nose! She ain't one of them sour, lean, cranky, weazened, vinegary dispositioned, spit cur, spit fire, olecloth fading critters—not by a long shot! She's short, stout, white and carries a smile that warms and lights a hull room, just as when father lays a fire in the fireplace.

Some folks say that the reason she ain't married is because she ain't never had no chance. Ma says 'tain't so. For five years Uncle Elias' hired man, Henry Peters, kept company with her, ma says, and come to see her every Wednesday and Saturday night right



"I'LL GO IN YOUR PLACE."

through corn plantin' hayin', harvestin' and thrashin', no matter how busy. I have heard ma tell the story about Henry Peters a good many times. Henry lived alone in a little house on Uncle Elias' farm, which lines our—that is, Henry roomed there. Uncle's house was pretty small for the growin' family, so the hired man slept there. So old extra help durin' hayin', harvestin' and thrashin'.

It is a little two room affair. Aunt Martha lives there all alone now except when she is stayin' with some of the relatives, helpin' care for the sick, hayin' out the dead or something like that. And it keeps her pretty busy, because both pa and ma have a list of brothers and sisters livin' in these parts.

Well, durin' the war ma says pa was drafted. It didn't seem as if he could be spared. Ma had been sick all winter and had run up an awful doctor's bill. The crops had been mighty poor the season before, almost a failure. There wasn't enough sold from the farm to keep us going and pay the interest on the mortgage.

There was no money to pay for a substitute, and things did look blue. Through the orchard one mornin', scythe on shoulder, come Henry Peters, who had learned of the trouble. Pa was out by the pigpen when Henry walked up to him, placed his hand on pa's shoulder and said: "Uncle Elias—he always called pa that, they say—"I'll go in your place. I am a single man, without any ties. No one cares for me, and there is none dependin' on me as there is on you."

Pa burst into tears and says, "Henry, I have no money to pay you."

"Drat the money," says Henry, hangin' up his scythe in the apple tree by the pump.

listened and went to war. Ma says there was a tearful partin' between Aunt Martha and Henry, she guessed, because Martha's eyes was most swelled shut next day, but her smile was still there.

Good news was heard from Henry. He was brave and got to be second lieutenant till at some big battle, the same of which I forget, he was among the misists. From that day to this nothin' more has been heard from Henry Peters. Aunt Martha was clean heartbroken, ma says, but she went about her work, carin' for the sick and layin' out the dead, as usual. Aunt Martha organized a society, ma says, to send lint bandages, canned fruits and jellies to the sick and wounded in the hospitals and worked on that all the time she could spare from family matters.

Henry Peters' scythe hangs out in the apple tree right where he left it when he went to war. Pa said none of us boys should touch it, and we never have. The blade is terrible rusty-spilled, I guess—but nobody has ever dared take it down.

Aunt Martha never goes to Memorial day down at the Forks, and I often wondered why. All the rest of us do, rain or shine. I didn't think I could go this year, because I was just over the mumps and it was a coolish day, with a raw wind. Just over the hill from our house, at its foot, runs the road to the West Branch cemetery, and, while it is out of sight of the house, you can hear the band as it marches by, but you can't see anythin'. It is quite a ways round by the road, but cross lots it ain't far.

Ma left her blanket shawl and my pea jacket lyin' on the sofa in the sittin' room, intendin' to take them along to use if we got cold, and in the excitement of gettin' started forgot 'em. "Georgie," she says to me—ma always calls me Georgie when she wants me to do anythin'—"can't you run home and get our wraps that I laid out on the sofa?" I hated to. The procession was just formin' for the cemetery—the band ahead, next the orator of the day and the preachers of the town in carriages, then the flower wagon, with the little girls dressed in red, white and blue; next the Grand Army post, Woman's Relief corps, followed by citizens in carriages and on foot.

I hustled along home, and when gettin' near the house I thought I would steal in and see what Aunt Martha was doin' and maybe I would find out why she don't ever go to Memorial day. The doors was all open. I slipped into the sittin' room and found the things as ma said. Then I went into the buttery by the window and listened and watched.

I heard Aunt Martha comin' downstairs. Instead of bein' dressed in white, as usual, she had on a dress as black as night and wore Aunt Patience's bonnet and veil that she got when Uncle Wall was killed on the log slide up Kittle creek.

The band was marchin' along the road to the graveyard. I could hear the dirge, and Aunt Martha walked with slow step, keepin' time to the sad music, around the house, out to the pump, where hung the scythe that Henry Peters hitched up there before he went to war. There Aunt Martha stopped. She had a book in her hand, and I heard her read somethin' from it. It is somebody's oration; can't remember the exact words, but it is something like this: "We cannot concentrate; we cannot desecrate this hallowed ground." It's a noble piece. I have heard it read on many a Memorial day by some lawyer at the Forks durin' the exercise. It winds up, "A government from the people, with the people, to the people, shall not perish from off this 'ere earth."

After this I heard Aunt Martha sayin', "We will now proceed to decorate the graves of our fallen heroes." And she stepped up and hung a wreath of everlasting flowers on that old scythe snath. Then she dropped on her knees, bowed her head, clasped her hands as if she was makin' a prayer to God. I could look no longer and took my sneak. I felt mean to think I spied on her, but now I knew why Aunt Martha never went to Memorial day.

I went back to the cemetery, and ma was glad to get her wrap. After drivin' all around through the graveyard and lookin' at the decorations we went to the ball game and saw the Catlin Hollow Daisy Cutters mow down the Stony Fork Giants by a score of 34 to 24.

We got awful cold goin' home, but when we all piled out there was a big fire in the elevated oven kitchen stove, the table was spread with a white cloth and a dandy supper ready, thanks to Aunt Martha—eggs "boiled just three and one-half minutes in the shell and sure the water's bollin'," says she; potatoes cut up fine; cooked in ham grease and then cream poured over them, which she knows so well how to fix; fresh apple sauce, warm biscuit, honey, spiced peaches and a one egg cake as light as a feather. Aunt Martha in her white dress, warmin' us all with her smile, bustlin' about, helpin' us kids off with our things and givin' us several helpin's of our favorite dishes.

After supper I teased ma to walk out to the pasture with me and see some new lambs that had come while we were gone to Memorial day, and then while walkin' back I told her what I saw about Aunt Martha. She just broke down and cried and said she had never knew such love and de-



A WREATH OF EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

otion. She made me promise not to

tell, and I never have, nobody but you. But you won't give me away, will you? I have been thinkin' what ma said. For the life of me I can't see why Aunt Martha's dressin' up in Aunt Patience's widder's weeds and goin' out to the pump and hangin' a wreath of everlasting flowers on Henry Peters' rusty old scythe that has hung there for forty years has anything to do with love and devotion. Can you?

A Story of Grant.

General Fred Grant's favorite story of his father is one that very aptly illustrates that great soldier's faculty of sizing up a situation in a few words.

"We had an old coachman," he says, "who was not the brightest man in the world, but what he did not know about a horse was not worth knowin'. Mother used to call on him to do all sorts of things that were not in his line, and old John, of course, was always making mistakes to annoy her. Once she sent him to the bank to do some business, and he did it wrong. She told father about it and said:

"I guess you'll have to let John go. He never does as he should anything I want him to do."

"Well, mother," said my father, "if John could do everythin' you want him to do, and do it right, he would not have to be our coachman."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Relic of John Brown

In a very dilapidated condition—in the midst of the accumulation of old casting boxes and scrap lumber in the yard of the Emery company's copper smelting on Railroad row, Springfield, Mass., now given over to the tender care of rats and pigeons, with an occasional tramp drifting in as an extra guest—stands the identical warehouse used by John Brown and his sons, John Junior and Jason, between the years 1847 and 1851.

John Brown had lived in Massachusetts before. He studied to be a minister in the family of Rev. Moses Hall-ock of Plainfield just before he reached his majority in the winter of 1819. At that time he was described as "rather tall, sedate, dignified," and he was sent back to his father's tanyard in less than a year because of inflammation of the eyes.

In the warehouse John Brown worked daily with his men, some white and some colored, sorting, classing and transhipping wool. There (1848) Frederick Douglass called upon him and "was surprised to find him in such a small wooden house on a back street."

In that same year Brown, elated at his successful sales, "plunged" to the extent of going to Europe to interview English buyers. It is related that he was phenomenally astute in grading wool by the sense of touch. A half dozen Englishmen met the Yankee farmer and, having heard of his keenness in this particular, resolved to put it to the test. He was led into a dark room in which three small sample packets were lying. Brown instantly detected which was Saxony, which was from Ohio, but at the third he hesitated a moment. Turning to the jokers, he said, "If you have any saw-sage machines in England that will work up dog's hair, put this in it!" The laugh was on his companions, for they had indeed used the shearing tools from a puddle to fool him.

Brown greatly endeared himself to the blacks. In his Springfield warehouse he formed a lodge of "Springfield Glendites," primarily aimed to protect the negroes from gathering trouble with the whites. Forty-four members joined. Beverly C. Downing headed the list. He would have them come to the downstairs, low ceilinged office an hour before work began in the morning, and they were there far into the night after work was over.

The late Thomas Thomas, long a restaurateur in Springfield, was engaged at the very first of Brown's career in



JOHN BROWN'S WAREHOUSE.

that city as a porter. He said that when he asked Brown how early in the morning he should come to work the reply was, "We usually begin work at 7, but come earlier, for I want to talk with you." He declared that Brown was wont to talk by the hour with white or black sympathizers.

It made little difference how pressing the business, the enthusiast was always ready to call a halt when the opportunity to exploit his views presented itself. He preferred to do most of the talking and appreciated a good listener.

In the collated correspondence of Brown there are two later items having a distinct bearing upon this wool working Springfield era. On the copy of Brown's letter to his son John, as given in Dr. G. W. Brown's book, appear these words apropos to the father's elation at making a business connection with Colonel Perkins (Jan. 11, 1844):

"This, I think, will be considered no mean alliance for the poor bankrupt and his family in a manner so unexpected. I most certainly hope we will have the wisdom given us to make the most of it."

In the letter quoted in Frank B. Sanborn's book, under date of April 10, 1858, when he was rapidly nearing his self imposed martyrdom, addressing "dear wife and children, every one"

Brown speaks of "The Habilitis" incurred while connected with Mr. Perkins and further says, "Most of you know well I gave up all I had to Perkins while with him."

It was somewhat startling to see recently, after almost sixty years have passed, on the great billboard which now completely hides this dilapidated, tumbledown wool storage warehouse from passers on the railroad, the lurid advertisements of a traveling "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, with fugitive slaves being chased by bloodhounds, when less than three feet from the base of the same boarding stands the same counting room which heard, back in 1849, fiery denunciations of just such scenes from the lips of old "Ossawatimble" Brown himself, even then planning the tragic course which led him at last to the Harpers Ferry railroad to the gallows.—Boston Globe.

The Phantom Army.
And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping step to a muffled hum
Of wailing lamentation—
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted bodies fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the unknown dead, the men
Who died in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of prison pen,
And marching beside the others
Came the dusky warriors of Plover's fight,
With limbs entranchined and bearing
Bright.

I thought—'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.
And so all night marched the nation's
Dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
No sign save the bare, uncovered head
Of their silent, grim Reviewer,
With never an arch but the vaulted sky,
With not a flower save those which lie
On distant graves, for love could buy
No gift that was proper or truer.

So all night long moved the strange ar-
my,
So all night long till the break of day,
I watched for one who had passed away.
With a reverent awe and wonder,
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening
line,
And I knew that one who was kin of
mine
Had come, and I spoke—and lo, that sign
Wakened me from my slumber!
—Eret Hart.

Swearing in the Cook.

The darky contrabands who frequently strayed within the Union lines were often very acceptable as servants, particularly as cooks. The non-commissioned officers frequently had a heap of sport with these unsophisticated negroes. Occasionally there was great formality in swearing in these cooks. The drums would be sounded or the bugles blown, and amid much impressive pomp the darky would assume his new duties, having sworn to perform them properly, to support the constitution of all the loyal states, clean the plates without wipin' them on his coat sleeve, solemnly swearing to put milk in the coffee every morning and other like deeds.

The game of baseball between Banks and Farmington, at the grounds of the latter, resulted in a victory for the Banks club, the score being 8 to 4. Robinson was in the box for Farmington, and pitched a steady game, but the Banks club won out by hard slug-ging at the bat and good base running.

Addition to Portland Heights No. 2 was filed in this county Monday. Several streets in this addition are over the line in this county. Gradually Portland will grow out to Hillsboro, but Hillsboro will meet Portland more than half way.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Smith arrived here from Kirksville, Missouri, Tuesday night. Mrs. Smith is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Imbrie, and they will spend the summer in Oregon, returning home about the first of September.

The Glencoe Baseball team will give a basket social at the Woodmen Hall, Glencoe, Saturday evening, June 5, the net proceeds to go to the support of the club. There will be a good program and refreshments for all. Everybody invited.

The Henry Becker place, on Iowa Hill, was sold at referee's sale Monday, at the court house. The successful bidder was John Ennes, of South Tualatin, who paid \$2100 for the 120 acres. There is some good timber on the place.

W. G. Hare, W. N. Barrett and Harry Bagley have all refused to defend Rosclair in his coming murder trial. It is thought that Rosclair will not be able to get a Hillsboro attorney to take his case.

The Forest Grove Colts were defeated by the Vancouver club on the latter's grounds, Sunday, by a score of 5 to 4. The Vancouver club now has first place in the per centage column.

The Hillsboro boys were out practicing on their new grounds at Sunday. The grounds have had considerable work, and they are in first-class shape for games.

P. Chapelle Brown, the architect from Portland, who has the plans for the new school house annex in charge, was out to Hillsboro last Monday, looking over the building ground.

Andrew Jack and C. Blaser left Tuesday mornin' for the Columbia Slough, near St. Helens, where they will lure the unsophisticated catfish, for a spell.

Dr. J. E. Adkins, dentist, wishes to announce that he will hereafter beat his Hillsboro parlors every day in the week.

Col. Lorenzo Snow, a St. Johns attorney, was in the city, Monday, and called.

J. H. Rinck, the pioneer merchant of Buxton, was down to the city the fore part of the week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ohas. Fitzpatrick, Cornelius, Or., May 24, 1909, a son.

Introducing our new Line of Steel Ranges

"THE STANDARD" "THE IDEAL" "THE MERIT"

We are offering for a limited time special buying inducements—ask us about our special Exchange arrangement allowing you to turn in your old range on a new one

Realizing the constantly increasing demand for a range that embraces the most modern features, and especially to meet local conditions, and after careful investigation and study as to the merit of the most modern ranges, stove buyers find assembled in these three ranges a combination of superior material, workmanship, design and finish, together with many special constructive features. In introducing these ranges it is with the assurance that we offer the best that it is possible to buy anywhere for the money. The liberal buying and exchange inducements which we offer for a limited time should prove of interest to every intending range buyer.

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3295-46596. Imported 1908. Dark Chestnut. Coming 4 years; weighs 1900; Best Conformation for Draft Gets. Pedigree—Sire, Jarnac, 10838; Sire Lady Goyck 3524, Dam Marie 3661. Dam, Lise de Voorde, 43-07, Sire Gaston de Ghoy 10820, Dam Pauline Hauterne 32807.



To see this Stallion is to see the finest in County

Season of 1909: Monday, Gordon & Misner barn, Forest Grove; Tuesday, Hillsboro; Wednesday, Mountindale; Thursday, Glencoe; Friday noon, H. M. Vanderzanden's; Friday night, Banks; Saturday Henry Peterson's barn, Manning; Saturday evening to Monday a. m. at John Herb's, Greenville.

TERMS: Single Service, \$12.50; Season, \$18; when mare is known to be in foal, \$22.50; Insurance, \$25. Care to prevent, but not responsible for accidents.

The Banks Belgian Horse Company.

NORTH HILLSBORO ACRES

North Hillsboro Acres comprises a number of very fine FIVE ACRE TRACTS NORTH OF TOWN

and within a mile from the Oregon Electric, City Hall and court house. Fourteen of these tracts are in cultivation; improvements on two them. Beautiful property.

Sold on Easy Payment Plan

These tracts should appeal to all wanting small homes; are especially attractive to city business men who want outside property, and to professional men and retired farmers who want suburban homes right at town, but free of city taxes. Bound to raise soon in valuation.

Sale Price, cleared tracts, per acre, \$200
10 per cent. down and \$10 Monthly.

Deferred payments carry but seven per cent. interest.

A splendid chance, also, for a speculation. Address **J. B. SCHAEFER, LINNTON, OR.**, or call on **Imbrie Land Co., Hillsboro.**

Patrick Hogan, of Beaverton, Remember the Oregonian and was in town Sunday. Argus, only \$2.25.

Deep Sea FISH Market

Have Always on Hand a Large Supply of Fresh & Salt Fish

Crabs, Oysters, & Clams

Our fish are kept in Freezing tanks and are always fresh.

Main, Op. Odd Fellows **HILLSBORO, ORE.**

NOTICE
Burbank bred potatoes for sale at \$1 per cwt., at my farm, at Glencoe. Address W. W. Paine, Hillsboro, Or., R. 3. Pacific Phone 76, Glencoe. 10-1f

Argus and Journal, \$2.25.