THE REBEL'S RUSE.

By EUNICE WINSOR.

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During the American Revolution a regiment of Continentals were placed in Westchester county to "observe" the British then occupying New York. Denton Woodworth, a bitter Tory living near the patriot force, discovered that his daughter Evelyn and one of the captains, Kilbrekin, had fallen in love with each other. Woodworth was so horrified at his daughter marrying a rebel that he decided to move his place to Westchester county and take his family to New York city. The evening before their departure Evelyn and Kilbrekin met clandestinely in a wood near the house, then and there plighted their troth and before parting arranged a method of correspondence. The next day the Woodworth family crossed the Harlem river, were admitted within the British lines and occupied their town house near what was then and is now Bowling Green.

It was not long after their settlement in their new quarters that Evelyn received a letter from an intimate friend of hers, living near her home in Westchester county. It had been sent in with a number of others under a flag of truce. Her father, thinking that the innocuous might contain some word from Kilbrekin, opened and read it before giving it to his daughter. It was written in a woman's hand and contained no mention whatever of the rebel captain.

Amelia Woodworth, a niece of the head of the family, was as bitter a Tory as her brother and as deeply interested in breaking up the love affair between her niece and the young rebel captain. The opening of the receipt of the letter from beyond the lines when Evelyn was in bed Aunt Amelia concluded to do a little detective work. Going into Evelyn's room she asked her if she would let her read the letter. Evelyn hesitated a little, but only wanting relaxing her opportunity, she told her aunt where to find it, and the old lady sat down by a candle to read it. After looking for a long while to discover some code in it she laid it down. When she awoke the candle had burned down to the sockets, the letter lay near the flame scorched, and across it, as they was the fragment of a sentence that had evidently been written in green ink—"This old cat, your Aunt Ame."

Indignation struggled with joy at the discovery for a time, then the old lady extinguished the candle and stole away with the letter. Evelyn was awaked and saw what she did, but did not dare oppose her. Mr. Woodworth had gone out to Staunton tavern for a tipple and to learn if there was any news of the military situation. His sister waited patiently till he returned, then showed him the letter. In her surprise the good sisters had disappeared.

Now, the old man loved his daughter, but did not get on with his sister. He looked the letter over carefully, then told Miss Woodworth that she might be in better business than in spying—that she had in her mind a belief that she would make a discovery and uselessly wandering had seen the writing only through her—perhaps imaginative. Then he ordered her to take the letter back to Evelyn's room.

Evelyn knew that something had happened, but what she was not sure, since her maid kept her own counsel. Evelyn dare not destroy the letter for fear of making matters worse. She left it in her writing desk and a few days later, when the maid was moving down and the girl before with sickness, the old woman, remembering to the desk, came upon another surprise. There was the letter, and this time it was covered with dark stains. In the desk she found a new letter written across the other from Captain Kilbrekin to her father, in which he warned Evelyn to notify of "this old cat, your Aunt Amelia."

Taking the letter into her own room, she sat down, holding it within five on the hearth, trying to do a little trouble her. She was thinking of the prospect of overtaking her brother that she had been night before. Then it occurred to her to copy the dark words and they made the green stain. Throwing to the wind what was her duty to her father, she sent a note to Kilbrekin, telling him of the discovery made in the letter and begging him to come to her at once.

Delivering Amelia she replaced the letter where she had found it. Thinking she discovered some reason for changing back the second letter, she took it down next day but it, but Evelyn had meanwhile concealed it in her.

A month later the battle of Saratoga was won, but the British took and burning down the Tories from the same house, with had written that letter. Unfortunately for the lovers, it had been from Woodworth's mouth. Nevertheless she had continued her secret to a friend, a prisoner in Kingsbridge prison. The second letter she had kept, as later. The letter I was never found. It was in other. Then in 1783 the application of Greenbank, and a soldier of fortune, had a wife, if fortune favored, that time in New.

Soon after this he became captain of the city, and Sylvia Greenbank married in with the service. Twice daily overtaken her lover's appearance, the marriage not come. Then he received of their correspondence was regulated. The first letter found was written with the locket with green stains and a character of wonder, calling back memories which disappointed when he the claim and happiness cross under look. It again disappointed under cool and he came back again when disappointed. The second letter found was written in new vision, the lack of which, when taken through rain, will disappoint forever.

A HOT WEATHER SHUDDER.

[illegible]

[illegible]

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We pay the highest market price for Poultry.

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HILLSBORO, ORE.

Rooms to Let. Board and Lodging. When Hungry call on the

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[illegible]

PATHFINDER'S CHILD DIES IN PORTLAND

Mrs. Plamey, Daughter of Chas McKay

CAME TO OREGON IN FORTY-ONE

Father was Companion of Jos. L. Meek, of Champoeg Fame

Mrs. Mary Plamey, who came to Washington County in 1841, with her father, Chas. McKay, died in Portland Sunday, aged 77 years. She was nine years of age when she arrived here, and was 11 years old when her father was induced to go to Champoeg in 1843 and vote for American Provisional government, the persuasive powers of Col. J. L. Meek having been the cause of his trip. She mother was Letitia McKay, widely known as "Mother McKay," and who was noted for her philanthropy in adopting waifs.

Mrs. Plamey was 77 years, 9 months and 5 days old and is survived by Donald H. Smith, the only living child of now by her first husband, and Mrs. W. H. Strobel, of Toledo, O., a daughter by her second husband.

Mrs. Sam Elliott, of Holbrook, a sister of Mrs. Smith, who survives the pioneer woman, and by the death of her sister, has reach her senior, she lack but to the distinction of being the oldest pioneer woman in Oregon living. She, too, was a member of the Winnipeg colony.

Mrs. Plamey was the wife of Judge Thomas H. Smith, Portland's first postmaster. She secured a divorce from him and later married Captain George L. Plamey, who died about 15 years ago. The name of her father, Charles McKay, is inscribed on the monument erected to the pioneers of Champoeg. It was he who led the Winnipeg party of colonists in 1843 in compliance with a contract executed him by the Hudson's Bay Company.

Ailing for several years, Mrs. Plamey's condition was not regarded serious until three mornings ago, when she was removed to the hospital. She died after three days of unconsciousness. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at Holman's undertaking parlors.

Erwin Ritter, of near Bethany, was in Tuesday. Mr. Ritter has filed in the local administrator of the estate of the Bethany blacksmith, Schwerz, who committed suicide last week. Mr. Ritter found the bank where the suicide kept his money. It was near the base of his anvil, and it seemed that when he worked he stood over the money. He took no chances here, but has started an investigation to see whether or not he has relatives in Switzerland. When the blacksmith was murdered, or his sanity a few days prior death, he told Dr. Thompson that his father was dead, but he had no idea his mother was living. County Treasurer Jackson has turned over to Mr. Ritter the nearly $4,000 found under the hearth of the dead man. No letters have been found that would throw light upon either the cause of suicide, or which will give trace of kin-people.

Simon Patterson, well known here nearly twenty years ago, and now a farmer in the Portland possibilities farm, was in town Tuesday, accompanied by his wife, guests at the Thatcher. He was much improved since the last visit. Mr. Patterson is on his annual vacation. His wife formerly resided on the Jolly homestead, where E. P. Mulkey now resides.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Palmateer and daughter, Geneva, leave Saturday on a three or four months trip East and to California. They will visit Kenosha, Kenosha and Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; Chicago, Ill.; South Bend, Ind., and Gadsden, Mich. Upon their return they will stay seven weeks in Oakland with Mr. Palmateer has not made a visit East since 1882.

Ralph Patterson, nephew of W. R. Patterson, manager of the Ray Lumber Co., Wilson Haven, had an arm broken last Friday, as a result of a gasoline engine breaking within it was at high speed. A chain, which worked a pump, became disjointed and struck the young man on the arm. Dr. Thompson reduced the fracture.

R. S. Porter, of Forest Grove, and was the 20 acres in hops, was in town Tuesday, and called on the Argus. Mr. Porter's father, Judge R. Porter, crossed the country the year of California fever, which taken the world running round from the county house, away back in 1878.

John Stoffell, son of Forest Grove's chief, [illegible] was in a wad [illegible] down to the city Tuesday, making a house in favor of Forest Grove.

Mid Summer Sale ON DRESS GOODS

A startling reduction in prices on all Dress Goods and Summer Shoes.

The Chances of the Season.

20c, 25c and 30c Lawns for 11 1-2c
13 1-2c and 17 1-2c " " 9 1-2c
10c and 12 1-2c " " 6c
25c to 35c fancy White Waistings 17c
12 1-2c fancy Ginghams 9c
Children's White Canvas Oxfords 89c
Women's " " " $1.15
" " " Pumps $1.25
" Gray " Oxfords $1.00
Misses Black and Tan Oxfords 2 to 5, $1.75

Special Prices in Ladies' White Waists.

$ for $ our motto

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Harvest is here and why not buy that range now, and make your kitchen a delight? Come in and see us. We will explain the superior qualities of our ranges. Listen: $1 DOWN and $1 per WEEK

The Standard Range, $30 to $40—for a medium priced range this is a classy piece of kitchen furniture. It can't be beaten. Come in and see one.

The Superior, $40 to $70, absolutely the finest range in the world for the money. All kinds of durable camp stoves for your vacation, and hopyard, ranging from $9 to $2.25. Cast iron stoves, good bakers, selling at only $8.50

NELSON HARDWARE CO., HILLSBORO, ORE.

COTSWOLD BUCKS

For sale. Full blooded Cotswold bucks, yearlings and spring—[illegible] Charles, Cornelius. Route [illegible] mile northwest of Hillsboro.

Chas. Hickstier and wife, for many years residents of the Cedar Mill district, were up to the city, yesterday morning.

J. B. Emerson, of Gaston, was up to the city Saturday.

Born, to Peter S. Nelson and wife, of near Glencoe, August 3, 1909, a son.

Born, to Wm. Hy and wife, of Bethany—Cedar Mill district, Aug. 15, 1909, a daughter.