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AN ELUSIVE MISSION.

By WINSLOW HUNT.

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It was I who, after the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, was sent to catch Vera Treperhoff, a young girl whom the police knew to have connected the murder. I will omit how I tracked her to the border and take up the story after she had passed it. She made directly for Austria and thence for Venice. This indicated that she would go to America rather than England and that she would probably sail from one of the two principal Italian ports—Genoa and Naples. Genoa being the shorter distance, I took the train for that city, hoping to head her off before she left the port. The reason for my being chosen for this work was that I had seen the girl quite often during her trial on a charge of having been implicated in another political crime. Having boarded the train at Venice soon after its departure, thinking there might be one chance in a dozen that Vera Treperhoff would be aboard, I walked through the side aisle, looking into every compartment. In the middle compartment of the third car I noticed a youth with the light hair and eyes of the north, and in a twinkling spotted my quarry. Not wishing to make myself known, I passed on.

I concluded not to make any attempt at arrest till the girl left the train. This would necessitate my watching the departures at every station and the risk that she might elude me. But I knew the stops and kept my eye on her as soon as we slowed up until we were again well on the way. My intention was to have her arrested at Genoa or wherever she alighted, since I could better fulfill the legal conditions at a definite point. Besides, I did not believe she knew her danger. The last time I saw Vera Treperhoff was in leaving Alessandria. The compartment in which she sat had been emptied except by herself. I kept my eye on her till the train had reached a pace of some forty miles an hour. There would be no further stop till we arrived at Genoa, and I felt confident that I should take the girl back to Moscow and gain the commendation of the government, also a handsome reward.

Just before reaching Genoa I took my hand baggage to the compartment where Vera Treperhoff sat, with the intention of remaining there till the train pulled up at the station. She was not in the compartment. She was not in the car. I went through the train from front to rear, opening every closet, but nothing could I find of the girl I wanted. I scrutinized every passenger, man and woman, boy and girl, but Vera was not among them. Shortly before we slowed up for Genoa I made up my mind that she had, after all, recognized me and preferred death by jumping from the train to the horrors of Siberia.

At Genoa I engaged a special locomotive to go over the route to find the body or any trace of the culprit. I investigated every kilometer of the track between the terminus and Alessandria, but found nothing to give me the slightest clue. I was informed that the rate of travel over the section where I had missed the girl was fifty miles an hour. No one could have jumped from the train and retained sufficient life to crawl away. I offered a reward of 10,000 rubles to any one in the vicinity who would give me any information whatever leading to a clue. The offer brought many reports of a girl limping through the country, but they all proved to have been made up.

Never in all my official experience have I been so utterly incapable of forming a theory as to any escape from my clutches. Familiar with every device that could have been adopted, I went over them carefully and eliminated all of them. That a young girl not over twenty years old could have left a train going at a rate of fifty miles an hour seemed incredible. To assume that she could have passed from it later in disguise would be an insult to my professional skill.

I feared to return to Russia and tell the truth lest I should be accused of connivance at Vera Treperhoff's escape, and if I lied I would be detected. I chose the alternative of going to America to make a new home. I sailed from Genoa, and, going on deck one morning, there in a stateroom chair in excellent health was Vera Treperhoff. Approaching her, I informed her that she had nothing to fear from me and asked her how she had left the train. This was her reply:

"I recognized you the moment I saw you and knew your errand. Between Alessandria and Genoa is a Y in the railroad connecting it with the road to Piacenza. I knew from my time table that there was no further stop till Genoa and you would arrest me there. While on this Y a train going in the same direction and nearly at the same speed occupied the next track.

In a twinkling I was out through the window on the footboard and stepped to the footboard of the other train. Passing over it till I came to a vacant compartment, I climbed in. The train I was on soon stopped. I alighted and took a later one to Genoa."

This may all seem very strange, but there is one thing stranger still. Vera Treperhoff converted me to the revolutionary cause, and within a few weeks of her landing the girl whom I had so nearly taken to Russia to endure the tortures of Siberia became my wife. I never awake in the morning and look at her and our little ones sleeping peacefully without a groan at what might have been.

German Gleanings.

The Kaiser's palace in Berlin stands on an island in the center of the city. In Germany there die every year, as a result of wrong feeding or wrong care, 200,000 healthy infants.

In 1878 the average life of a native of Berlin was twenty-nine years. At the present time it is thirty-eight years, the increase being due to sanitary improvements.

Germany has a peculiar law in regard to life insurance. If a man whose life is insured loses both hands he can at once claim the full amount of insurance on the ground that he has been deprived of the means of support.

The Indian Empire.

Nearly three-quarters of the entire population of India are Hindus.

Less than six people out of every hundred in India have ever learned to read or write.

The Indian empire extends over a territory larger than the continent of Europe without Russia.

There are nearly 150 languages, derived from nearly twenty linguistic sources, spoken in India.

In 1901 India's population was 294,361,066, or about one-fifth of the total population of the world.

Short Stories.

Sewage screenings are pressed into blocks and burned under the boilers of a Boston sewage pumping station.

A miner in British Columbia traveled 6,000 miles to Cornwall, England, to marry a girl whose likeness on a picture post card had charmed him.

The crew of the United States battleship Louisiana has more trophies than any other ship in the navy. Sixteen of the trophies are of silver, and the Hattensburg cup, which stands about twenty-six inches high, is of solid gold.

Tales of Cities.

The first stone of St. Petersburg was laid in 1703.

When it is carried to the northern limits of Manhattan, Riverside drive will be seven miles long. Five years ago the drive extended only a little beyond Grant's tomb.

Chicago, says a journal of that city, ranks fourth (possibly third) among the cities of the world, the others having been founded from 285 to 1,000 years ago, while Chicago, as a city, is only seventy-one years of age.

Linen Test.

In selecting a pure linen tablecloth, if you are no judge of linen, moisten the goods with the tongue, and if a damp spot instantly appears on the opposite side you may rest assured the linen is good. If not good linen the moisture would be long in penetrating the weave.

The Horse Sacrifice.

In early times in Germany great national disasters might require the immolation of the king's children or even of the king himself. It is interesting to observe that the horse was then regarded as, next to man, the most valuable animal for sacrifice. We are at once reminded of the same fact in India, where the horse sacrifice—and the largest specimen obtainable was offered up—celebrated a hundred times made the sacrifice equal to Indra.

Unter Den Linden.

Unter den Linden is the center of Berlin and the hub of the German empire. This magnificent boulevard is 108 feet in width, and under the shade of its lime trees the Berliners have a meeting place which is equal in architectural beauty to any in Europe. It is lined on either side with magnificent hotels, restaurants and palaces.

Jewett Understood.

Hewitt—I like to hear that fellow talk. Jewett—He is always asking somebody to have a drink, that's a fact.

Sensible.

The perfume manufacturer On saving was intent. He made a million dollars, and He made it seem by scent.

—New York Press.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN.

By ALMA SWARTZ.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"If I were thinking of marriage," I said to Edith, "I would not trust to my own judgment of the girl of my choice. I would discover if she stood well with members of her own sex."

"If I were thinking of marriage," replied Edith, "I would go to the mother of the man I thought of marrying and ask her if she could recommend him."

I could not say whether Edith was speaking ironically or not. I dropped the subject.

I had gone to Florida, where Edith was spending the winter, to ask her to be my wife. Since we did not reside in the same place when at home I had had no opportunity of knowing how she stood with any one except myself. Therefore before making her aware of my intentions I resolved to covertly draw forth the opinions of certain members of her own sex. There were a number of girls at the same hotel with her, and I thought I might gather evidence from them. But after a couple of days' stay among them it seemed to me that Edith either kept herself voluntarily aloof from them or had been left out of their little coterie. I soon became good friends with them and proceeded to elucidate the matter. What was my surprise to discover that not one of them would speak well of her, and many of them spoke ill of her.

This was a shock. I had supposed that good opinions of one who seemed to me to be so deserving of them would come merely for the asking. But no. If I were to sum up her character upon the evidence of those who must know her, rather than marry her it would be better for me that I had never been born. One declared that she was vain, another selfish, another untruthful. Indeed, every one attributed to her some fault. Not willing to condemn her without a hearing, I asked her why she did not make companions of the other young ladies in the hotel.

"Oh," she replied disdainfully, "they've got up a mutual admiration society and have no use for any girl except themselves."

The reply was not satisfactory. I was bitterly disappointed. The only thing for me to do was to go back north and drop Edith from my mind. But she was attractive to me—very attractive. She was pretty and engaging. I didn't wish to give her up. I made up my mind, however, to be true to the principle I had enunciated to Edith herself at the beginning of this story. I packed my trunk and paid my bill at the hotel. Then I did what men are constantly doing when they apply principles to their love affairs. I subordinated my judgment to my inclination. Here were six girls, some of whom refused to speak well of Edith, while the rest condemned her. Her own testimony in her own behalf would on principles of evidence be worthless. Nevertheless, on the evening before my departure I walked with her into an orange grove and asked her how she had come to antagonize so many girls of her own age.

Her reply was that if I declined to consider her superior to every one of them she had no further use for my acquaintance. I confess I was taken aback by this illogical method of handling the subject. Take the evidence of one against six! If I were to make the most important decision of my life on such evidence, heaven help me! I called her attention to the fact that all these young ladies were her peers and their concurrence in condemning her was not to be put aside by her bare assertion. She replied that if our acquaintance were to continue it must be upon the condition she had stated.

We walked back to the hotel in silence, and at parting Edith didn't even look at me. I went to my room and wrestled with myself. That night I slept but little and the next morning awoke with a languid feeling, not only of body, but of mind. All day I struggled to prevent myself from marrying a girl condemned by her associates. I went to the railroad station, but saw the train leave without me. Edith, when I met her on the tennis court, took no notice of me. She seemed to have forgotten me over the net. In the afternoon when she appeared, beautifully appareled and with a rose in her hair, I raised the white flag. I asked her to walk with me in the orange grove. Once there I told her that if all the saints in heaven condemned her I would feel honored to kiss the hem of her garment.

"You told me," she replied, "that if you meditated marriage you would discover if the girl of your choice stood well with her own sex. You know what the girls here think of me."

"They are unworthy to express an opinion of you."

She laughed. "I admit," I stammered, "that I have gone back on my principle. Perhaps I have been a fool, but I can't help it."

"Yes, you have been very stupid. In the first place, I knew what you came down here for. Any girl would have known that. In the second place, you should not have told me that you were going to ask my friends their opinion of me."

"Your friends?"

"Yes. All these girls are my friends. I told them if you asked their opinion of me to condemn me."

"What in the name of conscience did you do that for?"

"Do you suppose I would marry a man who would go to some other woman for an opinion of me?"

Geo. T. Ladford, of South Second Street, has a red Astrakhan apple tree that is getting pretty gay for this time of year—it is in almost full bloom and if the weather does not get too cheery in a few days it will be as full of blossoms as in the Spring. There's no place like Oregon, and G. T. is thinking about blanketing the branches and making a try for a second crop of apples, long about January.

Argus and Journal, \$2.25.

FRED SHOMBURG HAS WORD TO DAIRYMEN

Thinks Loss of Condenser Would be bad Business

MAKES COMPARISONS WITH PAST

Veteran Dairymen Reviews Industry and Makes Points

Fred Shomburg, the veteran dairymen, and who was one of the first to embark in the condenser business in Washington County, sends the Argus the following comment on the condenser situation in Hillsboro, and touches upon many points that are of interest:—

Hillsboro, Ore., Sept. 30, 1909.

To the Dairymen of Washington County: I noticed in a recent issue of the Argus the statement that the Condenser at Hillsboro had closed down, and that this was caused by the demand for milk in the Portland market.

In regard to this permit me to take up some of your valuable time in presenting to you a few facts which it would be well to know.

The Columbia river dairies having been declared unsanitary, does not necessarily mean the destroying of the dairy industry in that community, but it does mean that it will be a mighty good opening for new blood, who will take the proper care of their dairies, and before long place a large amount of milk in Portland. At the present time Portland is forced to come to Washington County for its milk supply simply on account of the aforesaid conditions of the Columbia River dairies, but don't imagine for one minute, fellow dairymen, that as soon as conditions change on the Columbia, the dairies will keep up in this county. It is very much cheaper to ship their milk to Portland than our milk, and accordingly the demand from here will fall off.

Under the circumstances it is necessary when we get a good price for our milk, to patronize home industry.

The farmer who is selling off his cows in this county is killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

Several years ago land in this county produced 20 to 30 bushels of oats and 12 to 17 bushels of wheat to the acre. At present it produces from 30 to 40 bushels of oats and 30 bushels of wheat to the acre. What has caused this? The cows. Sell off your cows and you revert back to the old order of things.

I have heard many a dairymen remark—"Oh, there's nothing in cows at present; feed is too high." Permit me to prove to you that there is more in cows right now than there ever was. Six years ago the individual profit in a cow was from \$50 to \$60 a year—now the same cow is worth from \$55 to \$100 a year.

Hay is \$5 per ton, and chop \$10 per ton dearer now. A cow's ration for 8 months of the year is two tons of hay and one ton of chop, or an outlay of \$80. The balance of the year the cow pastures. This would leave a balance in favor of prevailing conditions of \$20 to the cow.

There is too much at stake, gentlemen, in the future of this county to allow the present flurry in the Portland milk market to drive away an industry, such as the Hillsboro condenser, which distributes nearly \$2,000,000 per month in this community. What we need is more cows and better dairymen. Many of you quote your land as being worth to you \$200 to \$300 an acre. What makes it worth that to you? Is it the grain you produce on it? If so, what produces the grain? The cows. If you are a dairymen, it's still the cows. In other words, this county of ours is an ideal one, but it takes cows to make it produce what it does today.

Gentlemen, it would be a crying shame to let this condenser get away from us, and I am informed on good authority that such will be the case unless we get busy and patronize it.

Back East in Ohio, VanCamp's condenser was so much thought of that the people gave a large bonus, a grant of land, and put up the buildings to get them to come there. They also guaranteed to produce a stated amount of milk for 25 years.

Are we going to be behind our Eastern cousins? Most of you know what conditions were prior to the advent of this condenser when milk was sold for 50c per cwt. The present price is \$1.65. Remember the Condenser put it there.

Another thing—Portland does not want the patronage of the small dairymen. They will not accept anything lower than 75 pounds in a can, so if the condenser closes down it simply puts the small dairymen out of business, or else forces him to buy a high priced separator in order to make his butter. If, as is the case, many of the farmers are selling small tracts of land to populate this county, how can you command a high price for your land unless you have the cows and the sale of their milk to keep it up? And, without the dairy, how can you sustain the fertility of your soil?

In conclusion, I beg of this industry get well before you for practically all the money received for the sale of your milk here is foreign money. Some of it comes from Japan, some from Siberia—from as far south as Chili, and as far southwest as Brisbane, Australia, so I am informed. This is not only making you richer, but is also making the amount in circulation in this state larger by nearly a million dollars every year. Get busy, gentlemen, increase your herds and let's keep up the good times in this county.

Advertised Letters

Mrs. Ella Ashoff, Miss Francis Anderson, Geo. Austen, Walter Brakbush, W. C. Roeder, Robert Buhenson, A. H. Bock, Theodore Bang, A. P. Chivalat, W. A. Connahay, Thomas Davis, Miss Kittie Ellis, Stella Kniz, A. H. Fowler, Fred Peogue, Miss Hazel E. Parson, F. C. Gilmore, Miss Zella Hook, G. Mrs. Hendrix, Miss Myrtle Henry, G. R. Hanshew, H. A. Hinshaw, L. C. Henderson, Miss Lena Johnson, Samuel Joss, Miss Rose Kopert, O. Knersly, Mrs. Bell Lore, Miss Ethel Laidlaw, Eddie Merces, Claude Maka, Newton McConahay, Miss Pearl Murphy, Frank Miller, Mrs. Wm. Martinke (a), Mrs. P. Miller, Pastor Presbyterian Church, Miss Lucy Primrose, Miss Lena Robertson, Mrs. S. Riser, D. D. Riser, Mrs. C. G. Sandstone, Mrs. Chas. Stevens, F. Sexton (care Mr. Hartnett), Mrs. F. O. Smith, Carl Scott, Gladys Thompson, Miss Jennie Watson, Miss Ethel Watson, Hazel Webster, Mrs. Mary Wood, R. C. Ward, Miss August.

R. P. Cornelius, P.M.

Mrs. Frank Wallace went to Hammond, below Astoria, Tuesday, to join her husband, who is working on the government jetty.

FALL WEATHER

Means

FALL GOODS

See

BAIRD



- Umbrellas
- Rain Coats
- Rubber Boots
- Over Shoes
- Aquepell Goods
- Rain Hats

- Camels' Hair Underwear
- Heavy Fleece Underwear
- Heavy Ribbed Union Suits
- Children's Union Suits
- Bear Skin Coats
- Infants' Coats

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Everything in Shoes from Infants' Moccasins to Men's High Top Loggers.

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