

BUYERS ATTENTION!

Having regained my health I am not going out of business at Buxton. On the contrary I am putting in a much larger stock of dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes.

FOR NEXT 60 DAYS

I will make the following reductions to cash buyers where the sale equals \$1 or more:

- On Groceries 5 per cent.
- On Dry Goods 5 per cent.
- On Shoes 10 per cent.
- On hats 20 per cent.

Thanking you for your past patronage and assuring you that I will make it profitable for you in a continuance of your trade.

Yours Respectfully,
T. B. PERKINS, Buxton, Ore.

SUPREME COURT SAYS ROSELAIR MUST HANG

Quictus put on Murderer's Hoops at Salem, Tuesday

JUDGE MOORE RENDERS THE OPINION
Says There was no Miscarriage of Law or Justice

John D. Roselair, the wife murderer, convicted last Winter at the November term of circuit court, must hang, Justice Moore, a former Hillsborite, wrote the opinion, and he says there was no miscarriage of justice in the case and the slayer will now be brought to Hillsboro and again sentenced to death by strangulation.

Roselair was well known in this city, where he lived for



From photo of the murdered woman. She was a professional nurse, as well as a stenographer, and endeared herself to the people of Long Beach, Cal., where she did noble rescue work when the city's big hotel burned down. Mrs. Roselair was the same age of Roselair's daughter, Marie.



From photo of Roselair after he surrendered to Sheriff Hancock, and was placed in jail.

a stay of execution, which was granted.

District Attorney E. B. Tongue, who tried and convicted Roselair, filed a 90-page brief June 1; argued the case before the Supreme Court June 28; and had the decree of the lower court affirmed July 12, the case being finally determined in 14 months from the time of the murder.

The jury which convicted Roselair:

- Austin T. Buxton, Forest Grove
- T. W. Sain, Gaston
- Tucker Palmer, N. County
- C. F. Tigar, Tigardville
- Oscar F. Larsen, Tualatin
- J. F. Brandt, Tigardville
- John Nyberg, Tualatin
- William Stevens, Farmington
- R. Hoffarber, Tigardville
- J. T. Anderson, Farmington
- E. Gould, Tualatin
- Clem Shaner, North Plain

Roselair's attorney, J. A. Jeffrey, of Portland, contended that his client was insane when he killed his wife, and he objected to the evidence of Dr. A. B. Bailey, Dr. F. A. Bailey, and Dr. Williamson, of Portland. He based his appeal to the Supreme Court on the question of insanity, although his witnesses swore they thought Roselair was sane enough to transact business, as well as realize the enormity of his offense.

Roselair will now be brought here for sentence as soon as the mandate is returned.

In referring to the insanity plea of Roselair, the court states:

"The line of demarcation between sanity and insanity is so indistinct, in some instances, that it is difficult accurately to be determined even by a physician. It is also perplexing for a medical expert to explain the extent of mental infirmity or to elucidate the decree of intellectual strength so that a person unacquainted therewith may gain a correct idea of the capacity or responsibility of a person whose particular act is the subject of judicial inquiry."

The court continues: "In order, therefore, to adopt the language of a witness to the understanding of men of ordinary intelligence, courts have permitted answers to be given which would seem almost to trench upon the issue that the jury were called upon to determine."

Wm. Bagley Sr., who has 100 acres in hops at Leisyville, was over to the city Tuesday afternoon.

Alex Gordon was over from Glencoe Monday. Alex has been one of the big timothy raisers in his section for years.

Ladies' and gents' underwear at cost. Ladies' sleeveless vests, 8 cents; 12 1-2 cents and 25 cents. Men's shirts and drawers, 25 cents, 39 cents and 40 cents. H. Wehrung & Sons.

The Broken Leg

By M. QUAD
Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

The Widow Spicer lived on the outskirts of the village of Fowerville, and next to her little farm on the west lived Joe Tillman, a bashful man.

One evening he found her sister there. It was an evening in summer, and he had it all planned out to ask the widow how her tomatoes were coming along—if the potato bugs had appeared in the garden, if the summer squashes had begun to get necks on them, and various other things—and then all of a sudden he would ask her to marry him. It must be sudden or not at all.

The bashful Joe had been planning this plan for a week, but it was all upset by finding the sister there. Such was his embarrassment that he asked Mrs. Spicer to lend him a hive of bees instead of a hammer, and he had hardly got into the house when he wanted to get out again. After he had taken his departure the elder widow said to the younger:

"Sarah, how long has this thing been going on?"

"What thing?" she replied, with a guilty blush.

"That fellow is in love with you, and a dog with one eye could see it."

"If he is he hasn't said so."

"Then it's your fault. You are as red as paint, and you needn't deny that you think a lot of him. Don't try to deceive a woman who has had three husbands. What I want to know is why you haven't married him?"

"Because I'm not going to marry again."

"Hooot-toot! Don't talk foolishness."

"Well, then, Joe is a bashful man and hasn't asked me."

"That's better. There are some men born that way. I shall make it my business to cure this old bad."

"Martha, if you interfere—" "I shall stay right here until he pops the question. No widow under forty has any business to be a widow over a year. If I wasn't fifty-two I'd be married within six months."

"You'd rope in a man the same as a cat, I suppose?" asked Mrs. Spicer sarcastically. "But I forbid you to meddle with my affairs. I like Joe Tillman, but even if he was to ask me to marry him I don't think I'd do it—that is, I can't say that I would."

"Oh, well, we'll see about it," said the elder sister, and there the conversation dropped.

In making his visits to the widow Joe did not come by the highway running past both houses. Instead of that

he cut across lots and approached her house from the rear. He had two fences to climb, and he always set on the last fence for a time to get his courage up. Sister Martha, without pretending to see anything, noted this thing and planned accordingly. She planned for a jar. She was a very practical woman, and one day when her sister had gone to the store she hunted up a hand saw, and, removing the top rail, she sawed it almost in two and replaced it. It was just at the spot where Joe climbed over. It might work, and it might not. She would take her chances on that.

That evening, as the sun went down and the gloaming came on and the birds twittered their last notes and the skeeters began roaring for prey, Joe Tillman might have been observed making a sneak across the fields. He hadn't visited the widow for three nights, being in terror of her sister. He had stood it as long as he could and was now coming to borrow her barn or smokehouse or front fence. The two widows sat on the veranda and waited. One waited to see if Joe would come, and the other waited for the jar that had been planned for.

Joe and the jar arrived together. If his heart hadn't been beating so tumultuously as he laid hands on that top rail he would have noticed something wrong, but as it was he climbed up and took his seat and had scarcely begun his hitching around when there was a crash and he went backward head over heels.

A crash was heard on the veranda, and both widows uttered exclamations and rose up. Both reasoned it out that it was Joe Tillman. Both ran for the fence. Yes, it was Joe. He lay in a heap on the far side of the fence, a leg doubled under him, and the women had to take down a lot of the rails to get over and at him.

The first groan he gave they knew his leg was broken. At the second they knew he was hurt. The third man was hauled up in the barnyard and dispatched for a doctor, and long enough before midnight the broken limb had been set and the patient was doing well. Indeed, he was doing so well that the Widow Spicer came out of the spare bedroom with blushing cheeks and said to her sister:

"Martha, what do you think has happened?"

"Hasn't broken the other leg bounding around, has he?"

"Joe has asked me to marry him!"

"Hooot! But I had given him two weeks to make up his mind!"

"But what do you know about it?"

"Why, I broke his leg. I made up my mind to break his leg or his neck to bring him to time, and now it won't be over six weeks before he can limp off to the preacher's with you and be married. Sarah, there is only one way to treat a bashful man who is in love with you—break his leg and make him talk!"

It is probable that next year Lew Fields will star Christie Macdonald in a new musical comedy.

Maxine Elliott, who ought to know, says that beauty is a detriment to an aspiring actress. She says the successful actresses are not, as a rule, the pretty ones. Pretty girls go into the chorus.

Miss Gertrude Elliott, who in private life is Mrs. Forbes-Robertson, has been selected by the Lieber company as the successor of Miss Eleanor Robson in the role of Glad in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

Gertrude Coghlan, leading woman of "The Traveling Salesman" company, has a mushroom farm in the basement of her house at Bensonhurst, N. Y. She has been very successful, supplying a number of New York hotels with the fresh product of her raising.

They lived beside a river. Theirs had been a love match, and love matches are not often made on any other principles than love. They had been brought up in affluence and kept house on little or nothing, illustrating the saying, "When poverty comes in at the door, love dies out through the window."

No; this is not true. They loved each other deeply—more deeply than when they were married. But they were overstrained. Moreover, they fell into the habit of giving vent to their feelings, and the more they gave way in this respect the more they were egged on by tired nerves to do so. Their quarrels grew more frequent and more violent. He would growl at the table that there was nothing on it fit to eat, and she would tell him that he was responsible for the quality of the food or the lack of it. From that it would be escalation and recrimination till they would both be trembling with anger.

One night they quarreled till he felt that if he did not go away from her he should do so or say that which would be irreparable. He opened the door and went out into the front yard. The air was balmy, and the full moon shone down from a clear sky. He went out to the gate, through it, and as it swung back the latch caught with a click.

She heard it and said to herself: "He is gone. I shall never see him again. My dream has vanished. I do not care to survive it."

He went across the road and looked down at the river. At first he did not see it. His brain was whirling and could take nothing in through his eyes. But presently he saw the water peacefully flowing, reflecting the silent heavens from its bosom. An irrepressible desire overcame him to put an oblivion to his troubles by sinking himself and them in this place of rest. He turned and walked a short distance down the stream to where there was a bridge. Going on to the bridge, he stood, looking over the rail. The bark of a dog came faintly from a distance.

There was a sound above as though some one had thrown something into the river. He listened, but heard nothing more. Then, mounting the rail, he let himself down on the projecting planks beyond and stood there, listening to two voices. The one said: "Go back to her. Soothe her. Say to her, 'Let the past be passed; we will begin anew; we will bring back the love we felt before we were married.'" The other voice said: "She will not listen, or if she does the reconciliation will not last. At the first annoyance she will lose her self control, I will lose mine, and we will rush again into a whirlwind of passion."

He listened to the last voice and made up his mind. Just as he was about to take the final plunge he saw something on the surface of the water floating with the current toward him. What was it about this undefined something that awoke a new tempest within him—a tempest of a reverse of that under which he had been wreck-

ed? The floating object looked like a piece of cloth buoyed down shaped over the water. There was a human being under that dome.

In another moment it was nearly beneath him. Dropping from the bridge, he caught it as it passed. He and it floated with the current under the bridge. He knew that he held the body of a woman and was raising the head. As they floated out into the moonlight he recognized in the colorless face the woman whom not long before he had led to the altar.

Had he before they parted plunged a knife into her heart he could not have been more fully conscious that he had murdered her. It was the nonresistance of that pale face that changed him. But one overwhelming impulse possessed him. He must save her. If he failed the world would indeed be the horror he had a few moments before conceived it to be. Life might still throb faintly within her, and if he could get her ashore before it ceased he might argue for all he now conceived himself to be responsible.

Like lightning, power ran down through his nerves to his muscles and made them iron. With one arm about her, holding her chin above the surface, he struck out with the other, and a few strokes brought him and her to the shore. Once there he took her up in both arms, climbed the bank and ran with her to his house.

On bringing her back to life depended whether that house should be home or whether he should be an outcast and a wreck.

He was successful. When she opened her eyes and saw him and where she was a look of infinite pain passed across her face.

"Live, dear heart," he moaned; "live that I may atone for the wrong I have done you."

"You, it was I, I should have suffered in silence."

"No matter. I know a way to prevent trouble between us in future. Some wise person has said, 'For the causes of disagreement look first within yourself.' Hereafter I shall blame myself and not you. And blaming myself, you will not move me to anger."

"I never blamed myself till you left me tonight."

A year from that time a baby came, and there was another revolution in which love was triumphant.

Things Theatrical.

It is probable that next year Lew Fields will star Christie Macdonald in a new musical comedy.

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College and School.

Professor Louis T. Moore, brother-in-law of President Taft, has been elected dean of the College of Liberal Arts of the University of Cincinnati. Moore is professor of physics at the university.

Vienna is much exercised over the great number of suicides among young students. As the medical men have laid the cause of the trouble to over-study, Austrian parents have formed a league to bring pressure on the minister of education to reduce the number of subjects taught in the schools.

Dr. J. K. Patterson has been president of the University of Kentucky for nearly half a century. He feels too old now to carry the burden of office any longer, but makes known his purpose to will all his money (about \$250,000) to the university. His only son died some years ago, and he stipulates that a portion of the money shall be expended on a memorial chapel.

Law Points.

Money which a parent expends in the care of an adult child of unsound mind is held in Crain versus Mallone (Ky.), 133 S. W. 67, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1165, not to be chargeable against him as an advancement in the settlement of the parent's estate.

A person traveling along a road that is crossed by a telephone line is held in Weaver versus Dawson County Mutual Telegraph company (Neb.), 118 N. W. 450, 22 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1180, not to be bound to anticipate danger at such crossings and not to be required to examine or look to see if there is danger before passing under such wire.

Crop Statistics.

It is estimated that this year's peanut crop in Virginia and North Carolina will be 5,427,200 bushels.

Manitoba raised 47,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1903, but last year the crop amounted to 87,500,000 bushels.

It is estimated that the cotton seed of Texas will net the farmers of the Lone Star State this year at least \$10,000,000.

Of the \$8,200,000,000 that the farms of the United States have yielded in 1909 the south's share is \$2,400,000,000. Of the south's total between \$900,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000 represents the crop of cotton, with its seed, an increase of between \$150,000,000 and \$200,000,000 over 1908.

Train and Track.

When a railway train in France is more than ten minutes late the company is fined.

About 28,000,000 people annually travel on the London County Council trainways at workmen's fares.

One of the big Brazilian railroads has just perfected a plan by which it will send four of its mechanics to the United States every six months and put them at work in some of our big railroad shops so that they may become familiar with American methods.

DOORS - WINDOWS

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE MONEY

You can if you order your sash, doors, windows, etc. direct from us. Send for catalogue of building needs and compare prices, which are actual wholesale.

You or any competent builder will find that what we send you is **PRIME QUALITY AND BEST QUALITY**. If not your money positively refunded.

WE SAVE YOU MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS

Send us list of material you need and we will prove that we save you from 1/4 to 1/3 on the bill. One price to everybody. Sell anyone. Ship anywhere. Send for catalogue.

O.B. WILLIAMS CO., SEATTLE

CHARTER NO. 536

CONDENSED REPORT OF

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

At the Close of Business March 29, 1910.

ASSETS	LIABILITIES
Cash and Discounts \$ 97,747.47	Capital \$ 25,000.00
U.S. and Other Bonds 46,875.00	Surplus 5,000.00
Banking House Fixtures 11,210.36	Undivided Profits 941.35
Other Real Estate 2,982.92	Circulation 25,000.00
Collected Ratchage 452.73	Deposits 141,581.90

Directors: L. J. CORLE, JOHN TEMPLETON, T. W. SAIN, H. J. COPE, E. W. HAINES, GEORGE MIZNER, LEVI SMITH, W. H. HOLLIS, W. K. NEWELL, H. T. BUXTON.

We appreciate your patronage and hope to merit a continuance of same.

DEPOSITS:—Official statement January 31, 1910, \$108,635.91

DEPOSITS:—Official statement March 29, 1910, \$141,581.90

Increase in Deposits 30 per cent.

OLDS' Type "A" Engine

FROM 1 1/2 TO 12 H P

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS IT LOOKS

(The engine adapted by the U. S. Government.)

UP-TO-DATE—It's not a mere experiment but is built by engineers of years of experience.

Has been in successful operation for 25 years. Repairs at any time of season. Jump Spark Ignition—the best known. Speed can easily be held a good while in operation. Can easily be mounted on a horse for portable use. Just the thing for the farmer.

Prices on Application. Sample at our farm for Exhibit. \$85, Upwards.

R. J. SCHWANKE, Agent

Route 1 near P. R. & N. station, Centerville.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Fredericka Moll, Deceased, with the Will of said deceased annexed, and have duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me at my Law Office in Hillsboro, Oregon, with proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated this June 14, 1910.

W. E. Barrett, Administrator of the Estate of Fredericka Moll, Deceased, with the Will of said deceased annexed.

See our prices ladies' and gents' shoes. You know the lines and know we are selling at cost and many lines less than cost.—H. Wehrung & Sons.

SUMMONS

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

Bertha Schaefer, Plaintiff,

vs.

Julius Schaefer, Defendant.

To Julius Schaefer, the above named defendant, in the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in this case on or before the 28th day of July, 1910, which is six weeks after the filing of this summons, which is published in the Hillsboro Argus, a newspaper published in this county, on the 10th day of June, 1910, and if you fail so to answer for want of due diligence the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: that the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant be forever dissolved and the plaintiff be awarded the care and custody of their minor child, Elmer Schaefer, and that she have such other relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. W. Grosvenor, County Judge of the County of Washington and State of Oregon, made and stated this 14th day of June, 1910, for the reason that the Circuit Judge of the District of which Washington County is a part is absent from the County on this date.

W. H. Hollis and O. W. Humphrey, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME

to have your teeth out and get a new set. We have the best material and the best workmen in the city. We guarantee our work for five years. We have a special plan for the poor. We will take your teeth out and give you a new set for nothing. We will take your teeth out and give you a new set for nothing. We will take your teeth out and give you a new set for nothing.

Wise Dental Co.

INCORPORATED

Painless Dentists

Falling Building, Third & Washington, PORTLAND, OREGON

Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 11 A. M.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Herren, Deceased, has filed, in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, his final account in said Estate, and that said Court has fixed Monday, the 15th day of July, 1910, at 10 A. M., of the said day, at the County Court Room, in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for such other relief as may be deemed proper and equitable.

Dated this 15th day of June, A. D. 1910

LEWIS M. HERRON, Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Herren, Deceased.

Thos. H. Tongue, Jr., Attorney for Administrator

SUMMONS.

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

Louisa Jones, Plaintiff,

vs.

Martin A. Jones, Defendant.

To Martin A. Jones, the above named defendant:

You are hereby required and commanded to appear in the above entitled court and answer to the complaint in this cause, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons in the Hillsboro Argus, the date of the first publication thereof being June 30th, 1910, and the last publication thereof being Aug. 11th, 1910, to-wit: On or before Aug. 11, 1910, and you will please take notice that if you fail so to answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for and demanded in her complaint, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the marriage and marriage contract existing between you, upon the grounds of desertion and for such other relief as may be deemed proper and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication by order of Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the above entitled court made and dated June 27th, 1910, and which order requires that you appear and answer on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication to-wit: on or before Aug. 11, 1910.

Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

many years. While residing here he sold fish all over the county and he was very abusive to his wife and children. He beat the woman—who was a second wife,—and was finally landed in jail after giving her a fearful whipping. She was given a divorce from Roselair, and went East, where she later married. Roselair drifted to Portland and in November, 1908, married a young woman by the name of Lizetta Dombrower, whose mother lives in suburban Los Angeles. He took her to his home in the hills beyond Timber. The wife was in delicate health and one morning at the breakfast table, six months after marriage, Roselair brutally killed her with a large knife, 20 inches in length, and the body was literally covered with gashes inflicted by the husband in his terrible rage. One arm was practically severed; her skull had been crushed by seven or eight blows and her throat was severed clear to the back of the head. It was a dastardly piece of work and Roselair has always claimed that he asked for cream for his mush and that the wife threw a pan of milk on him; that he tried to fend off the blow but accidentally struck her instead of the pan, and that when he saw she was mortally wounded, finished her to put her out of her misery. The terrible slaying of the body, however, shows that Roselair struck her time and time again.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE CRIME

Roselair killed his wife May 15, 1909; surrendered to Sheriff Hancock May 16, at 6:00 o'clock in the morning; remained in jail until December term of circuit court; the jury was sworn in December 15; the jury returned a verdict of guilty December 21; Judge Campbell sentenced him on December 28, the penalty to be hanging, and the date of execution set for Friday, February 11. On February 4, Jeffreys asked for a new trial, which was denied, and on February 9, he appeared before the Supreme Court and asked for