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Entered at the Post-office at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

L. A. LONG, Editor

County Official Paper

Subscription: $1.50 per Annum.

Issued Every Thursday
—BY—
LONG & McKINNEY

Ben Selling is to have some opposition in his own political household. F. W. Mulkey will most likely be the Roosevelt candidate. After all that $5,000 put up by a San Francisco Hebrew, and that $5,000 put up by some Easterner—and all that money wasted for postage—may be of no avail to Mr. Selling.

Henri Watterson and William Randolph Hearst are both in the disgruntled class this year. They regard Roosevelt as an ogre, and Wilson as an unsirable, both having been for Clark. Each is a good Bryan hater, and that is some consolation for the progressive democrat, as well as for the progressive republican.

The thoughtful man takes no stock in party these days. Why should he? "Big Business" men stand and vote together. Why should the farmer and laborer be divided? Why should they not get together once, just like the "big fellows," and vote together? Don't you think it would make a difference?

The Argus suggests that now is a good time to organize for the coming street fair. The streets will be in shape by that time, so far as the business district is concerned. All must work to make this a Fair that is a Fair.

Mrs. Joanna Jones, the caretaker at the Rest Room, received notice this week that the pension department had allowed her pension of $12 per month from the time of the death of her husband. He passed away in December, 1908, and the arrears will amount to about $600. Benton Bowman, the city recorder, has been working on the claim for over three years—and he is feeling rich. He received word from the bureau at Washington, D. C., Tuesday, that he would get a check for ten dollars for his services in getting the pension through the department.

Chas. Webber, a machinist, went to the Hayden barn, at Forest Grove, one day last week, and hired a double team. He took the outfit to Portland and tried to sell it at a barn on Davis Street. He finally took alarm and departed, leaving the team and buggy at the barn. Sheriff Hancock picked up the outfit Tuesday. Webber is about 30 years of ago. He is laying low, but the officials hope to get him, sooner or later.

MARTIN COOK

Martin Cook, born near Grand Rapids, Kent County, Michigan, June 19, 1840, died at the family home, Cornelius, July 3, 1912, aged 72 years, 14 days. He was married to Miss Cordelia Clark, Aug. 25, 1861. Three sons survive, Orson A., Roy E. and Harry, all well known in Washington County, and all residing at Cornelius. His widow also survives. Mr. Cook had been indisposed for several years, but had never taken to his bed. Heart failure was the cause of death.

Mr. Cook was a well-read man, and versatile on many subjects. He was highly esteemed in his community. He came to Oregon many years ago.

MRS. ANNA G. WIER

Mrs. Anna G. Wier, of Vinelands, died at her home, July 9, 1912, at 3:30 a. m., of heart trouble. She was aged 57 years, and her husband, Wm. H. Wier, died June 5, 1909. Three children survive, William J. now in the U. S. Navy, aged 26 years; Miss Anna E. Wier, aged 18, and Adolf will share the property, equally. The father, in making his will in 1909, bequeathed the eldest son $25, and made a gift of all his property to the widow with the condition that it should go to the two youngest—because, as he said, "the two youngest will need it, and the care of their mother."

Mrs. Wier was a woman of force of charcter, and was highly esteemed in her community. She was a member of the local grange at the Arcade school house—Washington Grange No. 313.

CARD OF THANKS

We tender our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors who so kindly rendered aid and sympathy during our recent bereavement, the death and obsequies of our beloved son and brother, William T. Kortur, and return especial thanks for the beautful floral tributes.

Mr. and Mrs. Kostur
and Family.

Buxton, Ore., July 10, 1912.

Argus and Journal, $2.25.

Miss Eva Bailey is at Seattle, the guest of friends. She will remain until after the Potlatch.

Hon. Hubert Bernards, of McMinnville, was in the city yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Blaser are at Tillamook this week, guests of their daughter, Mrs. Everest.

Miss Edith Parker, of Portland, was the guest of Miss Phoebe Perrine, the last of the week.

Jas. W. Jameson, of Nez Perce, Idaho, and Miss Amanda L. Boldrick, of Forest Grove, were granted a marriage license this week.

B. F. Owens, of Cedar Mill, was in the city Tuesday, and called on the Argus, which he has received every week for nearly eighteen years.

Mrs. M. E. Coulter, who has been visiting the Perrines for the past fortnight, departed for her home at South Bend, Wash., Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Latham, of Portland, were out the last of week, enjoying the Fourth, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barr. Al. is one the locomotive engineers on the Southern Pacific.

Johann Lehmann, of Cedar Mill, was gored by a bull last Thursday, and sustained two broken ribs and a fracture of the thigh. Dr. Tamiesie attended the injuries, which were very severe.

Jos. Connell, of beyond Glencoe, returned Sunday from a ten days trip to Rockaway Beach, Tillamook, where he just completed a Summer cottage. He expects to be able to take some of the seabreezes in his own domicile.

Orenco now has a polling place and a new voting precinct surrounds it. Beaverdam, Washington, Beaverton, and North Hillsboro supply the territory. The election officials are found under the county court docket notes in another place in this issue.

A Loyal Workers' Rally will be held at the Advent Christian Church, Hillsboro, Sunday, July 14, at 2:00 p. m. Special music. Everybody invited—especially the young people. Mrs. C. F. S. Smith, Portland, will be the principal speaker. Come early and enjoy the song service.

County Clerk Bailey is in receipt of a little booktlet published by a society for the purpose of passing out to prospective bridegrooms when they appear for license. They contain much sound advice. The wiseacres who publish it evidently concluded—and rightly—that the bride needed no advice. And there, apparently, is where their heads are level.

A Mountain Elopement

By HELEN HARWOOD

There are no mountains in the world about which there is so much in song and story as the Alps. Doubtless the reason for this is that they lie in the center of Europe and no one can go from France or Germany down into Italy or farther eastward to Austria without passing over them.

Years ago, before the Alps had come to contain fashionable resorts, there lived at Como, on their southern slope, a gentleman who, having made a fortune in Milan, retired to spend his days in peace on the beautiful Lake Como. He was a widower with one daughter, a charming girl, upon whom he doted. Italians have always arranged the marriages for their sons and daughters, and Signor Attanasio betrothed his daughter, Theresa, to a man more than double her age. Knowing that at his death she would need a protector and considering Signor Romano a man of business who would take care of her property for her, he considered that he had done a very good thing for his child.

But, unfortunately for his plan, he died before the marriage could be brought about. After the funeral Romano claimed his bride, who was also his ward, but found, to his disappointment, that she had a lover in the person of Giovanni Falcone. Romano was not minded to give her up to his young rival and so informed her. Having certain powers over her as her guardian, Theresa and her lover saw that if she refused to marry the man to whom her father had given her he might put her in confinement and persecute her till she consented to be his wife.

The lovers therefore decided to go away together. Southward and eastward and westward lay Italian territory to which the guardian could invoke the law. Northward was Switzerland, in which he would have no claim upon her. But to go northward meant to cross the Alps, and that at that time was a difficult and dangerous feat to accomplish. Nevertheless, taking the horses and carriage that had belonged to Signor Attanasio, Giuseppe, the coachman, and Elena, the betrothed maid, both of whom would give their lives for their mistress, they started to go as far as wheels would take them and then endeavor, if they could not find sledges, to pursue their journey on foot.

They set out after they were supposed to be in bed, and Rizzuto did not learn of their departure till morning. Being a very energetic man and spurred to the probable loss of his ward's fortune, he started in pursuit, having learned the direction the fugitives had taken. It was in the latter part of May, and he knew that this, being the season of melting snow, was the most dangerous period in the Alps. Moreover, he did not believe that the lovers could go very far in a carriage so that they could secure any further conveniences. Besides, it would be an easy matter to track them by the marks they would leave in the snow.

The lovers reached Locarno, a village on Lake Maggiori, then drove over a gently rising road to the foot of the St. Gothard pass. On this road they traveled all day and in the evening left it for concealment in a Swiss cabin. Early in the morning they started to go over the pass, leaving the carriage, but taking the horses, on one of which Theresa rode, while the maid rode the other, the men walking. After making a part of the ascent they saw the guardian's carriage coming rapidly up the valley through which they had passed.

They toiled on as rapidly as possible till they came to a point where they were screened from below and where there was a pocket in the mountains. The wind had driven the snow from here, enabling Giovanni to practice a stratagem. He sent the coachman and the maid with the horses on through the pass, while he and Theresa turned into the pocket, which led into the pass again farther on. Rizzuto, reaching this diverging point, hesitated, then went on through the pass, taking up the tracks left by the coachman and the maid.

It was several hours after this that Giovanni and Theresa reached an eminence where they could look over a narrow gorge upon the road on the other side. On this road they saw Rizzuto's carriage. He saw them and called on his driver to stop and, getting out of the carriage, called over to the fugitives to give themselves up since they could not escape him.

He was on a road that had been cut through the side of a mountain, which extended above him thousands of feet. It was one of those balmy days in spring when the air is laden with moisture, though the sun shines bright and warm—just such a day as Alpine dwellers fear the avalanche. Though Rizzuto was half a mile distant from the fugitives his voice sounded as if he were close to them. Just as he pronounced the words "can't escape me" Giovanni and Theresa saw the whole side of the mountain opposite seem to slide slowly downward. It gathered rapidity as it sank, and in a few moments they saw it pass over Rizzuto and his party, burying them a hundred feet deep. The snow had been so evenly balanced that it required only the sound of a voice to vibrate the air sufficiently to bring it down.

The lovers retraced their steps and were married at the bride's home.

A Woman's Vengeance

By BIANCA CAROLI

The Italian women of the middle ages were, some of them, as much given to adventure as the men. About the middle of the sixteenth century the Mancini family were prominent and rich at Venice. A brother and a sister in the family were devoted to each other, the brother being a delicate young man given to study rather than to arms. Bianca, his sister, was unlike him, fond of manly sports and constantly regretted that she was not born a man that she might indulge in them without restraint. Possibly this dissimilarity is what united the brother and sister. The one was gentle, refined, intellectual; the other naturally aggressive and without much mental cultivation.

Nevertheless Bianca possessed a fair face and figure and had a number of suitors. Among them was Leonardo Donadio, a man with a bad reputation and therefore undesirable. Bianca told him, as she had told all the others, that she would not marry because she did not wish to be separated from her brother.

One afternoon, when she was loitering with the social magnates, as was the custom on St. Mark's square, looking down the grand canal she saw a gondola approaching, and when it came nearer she recognized her family colors. The gondola was pulled up near the pillar bearing the winged lion of St. Mark's, and Bianca, under a presentiment that something had gone wrong, went to meet it. As the boat came up there, lying in the gondola, his cloak red with blood, was the dead body of her brother. She stood gazing at it for some moments, paralyzed. She did not faint; she did not cry out. The first words were:

"Who has done this murder?"

"Leonardo Donadio, signorina," replied the gondolier. "He met your brother on the Rialto and said to him, 'You will not stand long between me and your sister.' They fought and your brother fell pierced to the heart. He was no match for that ruffian, who is the best swordsman in Venice."

These were queer times, and Donadio had a faint hope that even after what he had done he might still win Bianca. She was not seen abroad after her brother's death, and finally it was learned that she had left Venice. Where she had gone or what she had done for were not known.

Six months passed, during which time nothing was seen or heard of Bianca. Donadio, who was wildly in love with her, seemed crazed by her withdrawal. Had she remained in Venice and rushed him with a torrent of invective he could have borne up under it, but this vacancy she had left, this nothingness, was astounding. He shut himself up in his house and would not go out of it.

One day while a gondola was passing under her window he heard two men in it speaking of a young man who had recently arrived from Naples and had opened a fencing academy. As they were passing out of hearing he heard one of them say: "Not even the skill of Donadio could prevail against him."

This was the only thing that could have aroused the recluse from his despondency. He went out and saw this fencer and it he appeared to be worthy of his steel he would meet him and, to sliking him, would upon that Donadio's mind had not yet appeared.

The next day he left his house for the first time, but he went out to taking one of the narrow inferior passages. He had scarcely closed the door behind him when the narrow way was blocked by a young man whose black beard covered his whole face. The beard contrasted with the man's complexion, which was soft and clear, more like a girl's than that of a man.

"How now, Signor Donadio?" said the man. "Where are you going after your long stay shut up in your house?"

Donadio, thinking the man some one he had met, but forgotten, told him that he was going to a new fencing school he had heard had been opened.

"You do not need to go there to meet the new fencing master. He stands before you."

Putting off the beard, the stranger displayed the features of Bianca Mancini. Donadio resolved, for with the other hand Bianca drew her rapier.

"You got rid of what you considered the only barrier between you and my brother. You now see another barrier, myself, which you are to dispose of in the same way. I have been educated under the best masters of the art of fencing in Rome and Naples. Draw! I returned to meet you, but since you never left your house I have been obliged to draw you out by stratagem."

Donadio could not go aside nor straight ahead, the passage being blocked. Thinking to dominate the woman, he drew his sword, resolving to disarm her first and talk with her afterward. He was soon astonished at the skill with which she parried his thrusts. She did not at once assume the offensive, evidently feeling a coquettish reflish in playing with him. Then suddenly she began to press him with rapid and well executed thrusts. Donadio, who had not handled a sword since he had killed her brother, found himself no match for this fury, whose blade glittering before him dazzled him. Then he felt the cold steel in his side, and as he fell he was stabbed again and again. The last picture that faded from his gaze was one of vengeance—the face of the woman he loved.

Tales of Cities.

Of the 350,000 inhabitants of Stockholm nearly 1,000 have annual incomes of $10,000 or more each.

In Hamburg the nature of the soil is such that no very tall buildings can be erected, and there are few that have as many as ten floors.

The oldest pavement in cities of the modern world is in Cordova, Spain. The Moors put it down in the ninth century. They also established waterworks with pipes of lead.

Lifeboats.

The lifeboat of the future ought to be motor propelled. The day of the oar has passed.—Pittsburgh Post.

Now comes a Norwegian who has invented an "uninkable" lifeboat. Where has the public heard that word before?—Kansas City Star.

Lifeboats, while not "absolutely unsinkable," are reasonably trustworthy and cheap. This will be a record year for their multiplication.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Carl Christener, the North Plains hotel man and meat dealer, was in town this morning.

William T. Kostur, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Kostur, of Buxton, passed away the past week.

Wanted—A girl for general housework. Middle-aged woman preferred.—Orenco Hotel.

T. B. Perkins, the Second Street merchant, is critically ill at his home on Baseline Street.

Mrs. M. Myers, of Crabtree, Ore., returned home today, after a short visit with her sister, Mrs. Percy Long. Mrs. Wm. Metzler, of South Tualatin, accompanied Mrs. Myers, and will visit with her daughter at Eugene.

A. Krause, of down in the southeastern end of the county, asks Judge Campbell to give him a temporary injunction estopping Chas. Geiberger from laying out a county road across his place. The court made an order last October establishing the road, and awarded Krause $50. He perfected an appeal to the circuit court and wants Geiberger estopped until the court settles the case.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Hubert Bernards, who died at Minnville, was buried July 8, 1912. She would have been 59 years of age the day of her burial. She was married to the surviving husband at DePere, Wis., April 14, 1874. Eleven children were born to the union, of whom nine grew to maturity. The husband and surviving children are: John, William, Theodore and Margaret, at home; Sister Catherine and Sister Baptiste, at St. Mary's Convent, Beaverton; Herman Bernards, of North Forest Grove; Mrs. Chas Henderson and Mrs J S Roscoe, of McMinnville. Mrs Bernards and husband were pioneers of the Verboort settlement.

The above is furnished by a member of the family, to correct the article on the first page of the Argus.

She leaned about the stricken town,
Observed its needs and its woes
Like some benevolent and comely queen.
Her diamond needs flashed—[illegible]
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Grapes and Peaches.

The grape has more sugar in it than any other fruit, nearly fifteen [illegible] 100 being sugar. The peach is [illegible] only 1½ per cent.

Louis XVII.

The exact fate of Louis XVII. is not known. Many believe him to have died of ill treatment in his cell while he was imprisoned, June 8, 1795. For years more than one person appeared claiming to be Louis XVII., but their claims were not credited.

An Arab Proverb.

When you have done any one a favor throw into the sea the remembrance of it, and if the future devout it God will remember it.

SIRES AND SONS.

Frank King Clark, the well known American singing master, whose studio is now in Berlin, has been honored by the French government with the insignia of an officer of the Order of Instruction.

William R. Grace and Joseph P. Grace, sons of the late Mayor William R. Grace of New York, have acquired 98 acres near Manhasset, N. Y., in order that they may have a place to chase foxes without molestation.

William Mickens, eighty-seven years old, has been for sixty-eight years a Sunday school teacher in New York city. For thirty years he taught in a Presbyterian church on West Twenty-eighth street, and for the past thirty-eight years he has been teaching at the Mizpah chapel, farther uptown.

Dr. Louis Lessage, to whom was recently awarded the first prize of $2,000 for the exhibition before the ninth international Red Cross conference at Washington, designed to lessen the sufferings of wounded soldiers, is a Paris surgeon, well known in the medical world. The winning exhibit was a felge automobile designed for X ray field service.

Flippant Flings.

Green wall paper, you may be thrilled to know, has been declared perfectly harmless by a New York chemist. So go ahead and eat all you want of it.—Chicago News.

There are now nineteen women colonels in the German army. The kaiser understands that it always arouses a man's fighting blood to be commanded by a woman.—Buffalo Express.

An anxious correspondent wishes to know whether a lady who is sent by her constituents to a national convention should be referred to as a delegatess or a delegatrix. Why not make a bid for the German vote by calling her a delegatessen?—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Writers.

C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, the English author, contemplates another long sea voyage.

H. G. Wells has come into public view in a new aspect—as the inventor of an educational war game. It is intended for students of strategy and tactics and is said to be of an elaborate character. He is writing a book to accompany it.

Pierre Loti, the French novelist, is coming to this country in August to supervise the staging of his Franco-Chinese play, "A Daughter of Heaven." He was last in the United States thirty years ago, when as a naval officer he visited San Francisco.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

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

[illegible]

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

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

[illegible]

Notice of Final Settlement

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

[illegible]

Information on Poultry

[illegible]

The Chas. H. Lilly Co., Seattle

Arthur Adkins and wife, of Portland, are in the city, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Scheurer.

William Walker, now a building-carpenter of Seattle, visited over the Fourth with his mother, Mrs. Lucy E. Walker.

Miles E. Everitt, of North Bend, Coos County, where he is engaged in the drug business, is in the city, visiting with relatives and friends. Miles says he hardly would have known Hillsboro.

Fred Olson, carrier on Route 1, states that he counted 42 mowers running, Tuesday—the first real hay harvest having started. A few here and there had some down, of course, but the harvest has not been general.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Krebs announce the marriage of their daughter, Arlina Hermena, to Mr. Martin Luther Woodard, on Wednesday, July 24, 1912, at the home of the bride's parents, near Hillsboro.

Miss Elsie Sieman, with the S. P., general offices, Portland, was the guest of her cousin, Miss Arlina Krebs, Sunday. Chas. Litz, of Camas, Wash., was also a guest at the J. J. Krebs home the last of the week.

Susan Bowbeer has sued Wm. Bowbeer for divorce, alleging cruel treatment. The plaintiff says that the husband for [illegible] months has refused to converse with her, and that for several months he has refused to live with her as a husband should. She wants the custody of a nine-year-old adopted daughter, but asks for no alimony. They were married in Walpole Township, Canada, in 1898.