

Boscow's Second Annual Clearance Sale

Men's Stylish Suits, Reduced Prices

All \$25 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$19 50
All \$22 50 Suits are now reduced to	\$18 00
All \$20 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$16 00
All \$18 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$14 00
All \$15 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$12 50
All \$13 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$10 00

Gaberdine Overcoats and Raincoats

All \$20 00 Gaberdine Overcoats are now reduced to	\$17 00
All \$18 00 Gaberdine Overcoats are now reduced to	\$16 00
All \$15 00 Rain Coats are now reduced to	\$12 50
All \$10 00 Rain Coats are now reduced to	\$8 00

Youth's Fine Suits from 14 years up

All \$14 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$11 50
All \$12 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$10 00
All \$11 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$9 00
All \$10 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$8 00

Sweaters of Superior Make and Finish

Regular \$6 50 Sweaters are now reduced to	\$5 00
Regular \$3 50 Sweaters are now reduced to	\$2 00

Sat. Jan. 10th. Until Sat. Jan. 24th

CITY BAKERY

are now baking the strength giving Roman Meal Bread that you have heard so much about. Try it once and you will always eat it. Our line of other foods are put up as clean as if it were done at home.

Main Street, Hillsboro

J. Wolfersperger, Prop.

GET READY NOW



Get your harness repaired right now, and be ready for an Early Spring. Special attention to repairing and oiling harness. Fine oiling vat installed. Best stock of harness saddles, whips, oils, etc., in the city.

HILLSBORO HARNESS SHOP
SECOND STREET, HILLSBORO, OREGON

If You Have Any Kind of

TROUBLE

with your Machinery or Automobile, go and see

PETE THE BLACKSMITH

in Reedville. Turning Lathe in Shop, and we do all kinds of fine

MACHINE WORK

We can repair any kind of machinery at reasonable prices, and if the old machine is no good we can sell you a New Machine cheaper than anyone else in the county. Do not forget "Pete the Blacksmith"

Reedville - - - Oregon

The McMinnville Dramatic Company

Will Present

PAUL ARMSTRONG'S

Famous Play

Alias Jimmy Valentine

One of the Best Plays Ever Written and Dramatized, At The

Crescent Theatre

EVENING OF

Friday Jan. 23, '14

This is One of the Finest and Most Pathetic Dramas Ever Staged in Hillsboro, and Three Nights at McMinnville attests to its Popularity All Tickets Sold for Last Saturday Evening's Postponed Date, owing to No Lights, will be Honored at Door McCormick has

Tickets Now on Sale

COLLEGE AND RAILWAY WILL VISIT THIS CITY

Special Demonstration Train for Hillsboro, February 3

DAIRY AND STOCK EXHIBIT CARRIED
Idea is to Encourage These Lines of Industry

With butter fat averaging better than 33 cents per pound in Oregon, and hogs on the hoof worth better than \$8 per hundred at the Portland stock yards, the time chosen by the Southern Pacific Company, the Portland, Eugene & Eastern Railway and the faculty of Oregon Agricultural College for sending out a Dairy and Hog special Demonstration Train seems particularly happy. It is an effort at the right kind of co-operation. It shows the people that railroad presidents are beginning to mean what they say about the "prosperity of the people," and by bringing the O. A. C. barnyard right into Hillsboro, it shows that the college is an institution of practical worth to the farmer.

The big demonstration train will be in Hillsboro, Tuesday, Feb. 3, between the hours of 8:25 and 5:30 p. m., when lectures will be given by such experts as Professors Hetzel, Poeter and Proves, Hon. James Withycombe, Professor Barr, and W. K. Newell, who experts apply from the blossom on the tree to service in a pie.

The train carries the cows and hogs in splendid quarters on special cars, and they are paraded on open flat cars instead of in prize rings. There is also a special car exhibit of a complete dairy, and an instructor telling how to operate it to get the best results.

Should it be raining when the train reaches Hillsboro, the lectures will be given inside the passenger coaches, which are carried by the train, the comfort of all listeners being carefully looked after.

There is no more live subject before the farmers of Oregon right now than dairying and hog raising. The state imports millions of dollars worth of dairy products, that might be just as well made at home, and the money retained here. It is only within the last three years that any number of hogs have been raised, and in encouraging these things the railroads are helping the farmer, and consequently every town along their lines.

The railroads extend a general invitation to the public. There is no doubt that much valuable assistance will be given those who avail themselves of the privilege.

SURPRISE PARTY

A surprise party recently was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Kelsey, Eighth and Park Streets, the occasion being the 69th birthday of Mr. Kelsey. Games were indulged until a late hour when refreshments were served. He was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents. Those present: Messrs and Mesdames F. M. Kelsey, I. V. Trullinger, J. Mathews, John Freudenthal, D. Emrick, S. Hensley, R. K. Simpson; Mesdames W. Mann, C. Wilkins, J. Aesbaecher, Powell, Lucy Saxton, Morton, F. Thwaite; Messrs J. Howard, Eugene Howd; Misses Eva Meyer, Hazel and Adell Simpson, Doris and Wilda Mann, Violet Kuehne, De Nese and Allene Morton, Philora Wilkins, Grace Saxton, Hannah Thwaite, Virgie Hensley, Edith Mathews; Masters Francis Wilkins, Gordon and Wilbur Mann, Richard and Don Morton, Lee Trullinger, Howard Simpson, John Mathews.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walker, of Banks, were in town Tuesday, transferring some of their Roy farm to Tony Meuwssen, who bought over 30 acres from them. They called at the Argus office, where they always have a warm welcome, for in the olden years Mr. and Mrs. Walker always furnished the music when the Argus reporter campaigned out in old Greenview.

The big windstorm of last Saturday caused havoc with the lights, and the play, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," was called off at the Crescent. The entire troupe was here, and after consulting with Mr. Shute, decided to stage the performance this Friday evening—Jan. 23. All seat sales of last week will be honored at the door.

I want to exchange \$2500 equity in Vancouver, Wash., residence for improved or unimproved land in Washington County.—S. M. Barnard, Vancouver, Wash. 44-6

Born, to Albert Krug and wife, of near Newton, Jan. 17, a daughter, Theodore Bernards, of Verboort, was in town Tuesday,

The Lincoln Imp.

Miss Mary Ann Simpson, of England, sends to a Hillsboro friend an anonymous verse, descriptive of the Lincoln Imp, a piece of statuary that has been in a nave of the Lincoln, England, Cathedral, for so many years that its history is a blank. Mrs. Wm. Bagley, Sr., of this city, was born in Lincolnshire, and has seen the statue many times. The imp and the verse:



The Devil was in a good humour one day, And let out his scarily young demons to play. One dived in the sea, and was not at all wet, One jumped in a furnace, no scorch did he get. One rode on a rainbow, one played with the dirt, One handled forked lightning, nor got any hurt; One straddled on the wind as he would on a stool, And thus to old Lincoln was carried with speed. "And now," says the Imp, "take me to the Church; His Lordship of Lincoln will knock off his perch. We'll blow up the Chapter, and blow up the Dean. The Canon will cannon right over the screen. We'll blow up the singers, bass, tenor and boy. And the blower himself shall a blowing enjoy. The Organist, too, shall right speedily find That I'll go one better in raising the wind. We'll blow out the windows, and blow out the lights. Tear vestments to tatters, put ritual to rights. Now the wind has his faults, but you'll find on the whole, If somewhat unsmooth, he's an orthodox soul. He wouldn't blow hard on a Monarch, I warrant, Nor ruffle the robes of a Bishop or Dean. And if for Disasters he cares not the least, You won't catch him blowing up Deacons or Priests. The man in the street he may rudely sneer, But he snatches not Judge's or Barrister's wig; When he enters a church, as the musical know, 'Tis only to make the great organ pipes blow. No sorrowful anger he said to the off, 'No, here I shall stop, you may go by yourself.' The impudent in derision replied, 'Such half-hearted folks are much better outside. To force you to enter I cannot, but see. 'Till I've finished my fun you must wait here for me.' Then he entered the porch in an impetuous way, Declaring the nave should be spilt with a K. He roamed through each transept, he strolled in each aisle, Then he thought in the choir he would romp for a while. As he passed 'neath the roof an obstacle he made, No reverence at all to the altar he paid; He thumbed both the priest's and the chorister's books, And cast at the saints his most insolent looks; The chalice and patens were safe in a box. He was stopped in the act of unlicking the locks, For, seeing some angels, he cried 'Pretty things. A sackful of feathers I'll pluck from your wings. To make me a couch when I'm tired of this job.' Ah, soon he was sorry that rudely he spoke; For the tiniest angel, in dignified tone, Cried, 'Impudent Imp, be ye turned into stone!'

As he was, as you'll see when to Lincoln you stray; And the wind has been waiting outside till this day. You can't see the wind, but no matter for that; Believe, or he'll rob you of cheek or of hat.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

Clyde E Taylor, Plaintiff, vs Sarah G Taylor, Defendant.

To Sarah G Taylor, the above named Defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby notified and required to appear in the above entitled court and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause, on or before Saturday, the 28th day of February, 1914, said date being after 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 being Thursday, the 15th day of January, 1914, and the date of the last publication thereof being Thursday, the 25th day of February, 1914, and you will please take notice that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree forever dissolving the marriage and marriage contract, now and heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment, rendering his life burdensome.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof, pursuant to order of the Honorable D. B. Reasmore, County Judge of Washington County, Oregon, made, rendered and dated on the 10th day of January, 1914. Bagley & Hare, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as administrator in the office of the county clerk of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington in the matter of the estate of Thilo Johnson, that by order of the said court the 20th day of January,

1914, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day said account was read in the court of the City of Hillsboro, County of Washington, State of Oregon, and as the time and place for hearing the account to the said final account and settling the same. Oliver Johnson, Administrator of the estate of Thilo Johnson, deceased. Date of first publication, January 16, 1914. Fiegel, Reynolds & Fiegel, 401 East Felling Building, Portland, Oregon, attorneys for estate. Argus and Oregonian, \$2.25

The Comforter

A Story of President Lincoln
Founded on Fact
By F. A. MITCHEL

When the great struggle between the northern and southern states came on Allan Fitz Hugh, twelve years old, was at school in Virginia. He was a boy of delicate physique, but was full of fire, and, hearing that Abraham Lincoln was coming southward at the head of an armed force, was much troubled because he was too young to shoulder a musket and repel the invader. He found it difficult during those exciting times to attend to his studies, and had it not been for the influence of his mother, whom he dearly loved, he could not have been kept at school at all.

In those days the passion attending war ran high on both sides. The songs, the gibes, the speeches and what was written concerning the great struggle were very bitter and usually far from the truth. In the north it was "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and in the south President Lincoln was called "the fatso." The northern schoolboy conceived the idea that President Davis was an agitator, realizing that he was an educated man, had commanded a regiment of United States troops in the war with Mexico, had been a United States senator and secretary of war. The southern schoolboy considered President Lincoln a wild man from the western woods who delighted in bloodshed. Children whose minds are not developed must concentrate upon one line in any movement in which they are interested. So Allan's thoughts dwelt upon Mr. Lincoln, embodying in him the whole northern army, which was to him a terrible force coming down to destroy the south.

When Allan was fifteen he begged his mother to let him go to fight in the Confederacy. Naturally she clung to her son, and the matter was compromised between them in this way: If the war was not over in another year Allan was to enlist with his mother's consent. Many boys of his age, both in the north and in the south, broke away from parental restraint and enlisted without permission. For powder was in demand, and the recruiting officers often winked at the fact that the recruits were under age. But Allan was his mother's only child, and, being of an extremely affectionate disposition, the bond between them was doubly strong.

So Allan continued at his studies, though he read more about the battles that were being fought than the subjects treated of in his textbooks. He lived in Hillsboro and at one time had listened to the roar of cannon during the seven days' battles that had been fought between Lee and McClellan. His admiration for soldiers was great, and some of his bitterness against the Federal generals, but President Lincoln was still the embodiment of his veneration for the northern people. The two hands—Davis of the Confederacy and Lincoln of the Federal Union—throughout the war continued to represent the bitter antagonism felt by either side.

In the early spring of 1862 Allan Fitz Hugh came to be sixteen years of age, and his mother reluctantly consented to his doing his part to fill the gaps in the southern ranks made of northern missiles. When the time came for him to leave his mother he was seized with a foreboding that he would not see her again. It is questionable which suffered the more at the parting, mother or son.

Allan enlisted in time to take part in one of the last battles of the war. He saw a dark line of blue on the edge of a wood behind earthworks. With the Confederate line of battle he moved toward it. Suddenly a storm burst in his face. He felt himself collapse and sank down on the ground. His companions in arms went on but were soon driven back and over him, leaving him there with a stream of blood flowing from his side.

Later he was picked up by a Federal ambulance corps and placed on a stretcher. He believed himself to be dying, and, oh, how terrible not to be able to bid his mother goodbye! "Mother!" he cried. "Oh, mother!" A tall, spare man in citizen's apparel heard the wail and directed the carriers to put down the stretcher and kneeling beside it, asked tenderly: "What can I do for you, my poor boy?" "You are a Yankee. You will do nothing for me. I wish to send a message to my mother, but it will never reach her."

"Give me your message and I will tell you that I will send it for you." The next morning Mrs. Fitz Hugh heard of the battle and knew that her son had been in it. While she was wondering what might have been his fate a man rode up to her and gave her a message, stating that it had come by flag of truce. Starting for the front at once, the anxious mother succeeded in bringing her boy home. He hovered for some time between life and death, then began slowly to recover. Not long after this Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, and President Lincoln went down there from Washington. When he was riding through the street on which the Fitz Hughes lived, Allan was propped up in an easy chair on pillows, and his mother pointed out Mr. Lincoln to him. "Oh, mother!" exclaimed the boy. "What is it, Allan?" "He's the man who comforted me when I was carried off that dreadful battlefield, and he sent you my message."