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-BY-

LONG & McKINNEY

An Odd Breach of Promise Case

By EUNICE BLAKE

George Trover had a way exclusively his own of doing things. If any one attempted to injure him he would not put up an open fight. He would think out a plan to circumvent his opponent or undermine him—in other words, put him into a position to "hang himself" by his own acts. If he desired to confer a favor on any one he would go about it in a way at first to cause the person he favored to think that he was about to do him an injury. No one could tell from what he said what he meant. He was continually confessing to faults that he did not possess. "If you only knew me," he would say, "you would find me a very mean man."

When it was announced that George Trover was engaged to Estelle Garrett her most intimate friend said he had won her by telling her that there was something on his conscience for which he was repentant and which was an unbearable burden to him. In this way he won her sympathy. Then he confessed that his crime was in loving her instead of one he was in duty bound to love. The result was a betrothal.

Not long after the engagement Estelle met George on the street walking with a young woman plainly but neatly dressed. The girl was talking with great earnestness and looking into George's face in a way Estelle did not like. When George caught the eye of his fiancée looking at him intently and severely he started. Then he forced a smile, bowed and passed on. Estelle went home and wrote him a note breaking their engagement. This was not the proper thing for her to do. She should have first called for an explanation. She waited several days for a reply to her note commencing her decision, but heard not a word.

By this time she had come to understand that her lover was a bit peculiar and wondered what he was going to do. Surely he would not fail to take some notice of the breaking of the engagement. And yet, considering that start he gave when he had met her, indicating guilt, might he not be so ashamed as to let the matter go by default? Another consideration came into her head—that, having found a new love, he might desire to be off with the old one. But in this case would he not be likely to notify her that he accepted his dismissal?

Finally George's reply came. And what was it? A note from an attorney announcing that on behalf of George C. Trover, Esq., he had begun proceedings against her for breach of promise.

Estelle read the note with amazement. Her first thought was that on no account could there ever again be between them any such thing as love and that she would never again notice a man who had treated her in so extraordinary a fashion. It took some time for her to see her true position. She had accepted George, his presents, much of his time, and to please her he had changed his occupation. She had broken the engagement on seeing her fiancée walking on the street with another girl. She had no evidence that this girl had supplanted her. It began to appear to her that she had acted hastily. An uncle of hers was an attorney, and she went immediately to his office. There she told him the story and asked his advice.

"You are placing me in an unpleasant position," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "George came to me and asked me to bring this suit. I declined to have anything to do with it, and he put his case in other hands. I don't see now how I can take yours."

"But you can advise me, uncle, can't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, what do you think of a man who will bring a suit of breach of promise against a woman?"

"Men and women both come under the law."

"Can he force me to marry him?"

"No. He is not trying to do that. He is merely claiming payment for a broken heart."

"Broken heart! I don't believe he has a heart. Can he get damages?"

"That depends upon the jury. I fancy from what you have told me he can prove his case. The judge will probably instruct the jury to find for the plaintiff, and they will award a damage of 1 cent."

"What! Insult me by considering my love worth no more than that?"

"No. It would mean that George is in the right, you, of course, being in the wrong. But they wouldn't like to punish a woman for sending a man away even if there were no legal reason for her action. They might give him damages for his presents to you."

"He can have them all back. What shall I do?"

"Let me telephone George to come here and settle the matter out of court."

She assented to this, and George appeared.

"George," said the uncle, "who was that girl Estelle met you walking with?"

"A young woman I was talking to the office of a friend of mine to whom I had applied in her behalf for a position."

"Nothing between you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you two had better make up?" And they did.

When George tells the story to guests his wife says she forgave him because he didn't know any better.

At the Summer Resort.

"Do you know the name of that handsome young man over there?"

"No, ma'am. I'm a new arrival here myself."

"Dear, dear, how embarrassing. I was engaged to him last summer and for the life of me I can't think of his name."—Detroit Free Press.

Bounded Suspicious.

"You think our confidential clerk should be watched?" inquired Mr. Skids.

"I've always thought he was

above suspicion."

"So did I," admitted Mr. Skids. "But the other day I heard him say he could live comfortably on the salary we're paying him."—Pack.

Presence of Mind.

"How's this?" demanded his wife. "You were talking about jackpots and flashes in your sleep last night?"

"I—er—oh, yes! I did a gambling case in court that day," exclaimed the resourceful lawyer.—Kansas City Journal.

Art Connoisseur.



No splendid picture has been given. Outdoors, where all the art is done. He gives the wrong no food houses. It hasn't any significance. —Laska Post-Dispatch.

Power of Habit.

Mrs. Tucker gave some food to a tramp one morning, and as he was eating she noticed a peculiarity.

"What?" she asked, "do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating? Was it ever broken?"

"No, ma'am," replied the tramp, "but during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break." — National Monthly.

LOCOED LIMERICKS.

Good Guidance. I was down on the island of Coos. A week but he did not go home. When he got away and I discovered, I was glad. For the money I wanted was gone."

The Dear Departed. There was an old chap in Berlin. Who carried a coffin named Diman. He carried it for dead. 'Til it went to his head. And now he is sitting in China.

The Humorous Spirit. There was an old maid in New York Who always ate soup with a fork. And when she had done In a spirit of fun She pointed up her breast with a fork.

People Will Talk. There was a young man of Key West Who put on his shoes and his vest. Had his two wooden axles. "If you don't want your pants Pulks, why buy yours not stably dressed?" —Walt Mason in Judge.

Bad Memory. Mr. Cox, a hotel proprietor, had had among the negro servants a woman named Esther Dodge, and this name continued on the payroll long after Esther had taken unto herself a better life.

One morning Mr. Cox called Esther to him and suggested a change on the payroll by giving the woman the name she had a right to be known by. The woman listened quietly to the proposal and then turned to go.

"Why, Esther," said her employer, "I do not know your name. Just tell it to me before you go."

Esther stood for some little time in an attitude of profound thought, her dusty hand across her swarthy brow, and at last exclaimed:

"My lands, boss! I just can't remember dat nigger's name nohow!"—National Monthly.

Stung.

"I would like to get a warrant for a man for obtaining money under false pretenses," announced the angry man.

"What is the trouble?" asked the clerk.

"A fellow sold me a half interest in a pebble factory," replied the angry man.

"Well, what is the matter with pebbles?" asked the clerk.

"There ain't no such animals," replied the angry man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

As He Told It.

A marine was testifying about the explosion of a gun on a war vessel—an explosion which had sent him to the hospital for some months.

"Please give your version of the explosion," he was asked.

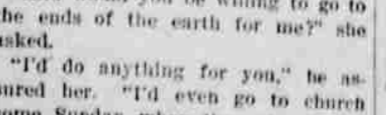
"Well," he said, "I was standing beside the gun, there was an awful racket, and the doctor said, 'Sit up and take this.'"—Current Opinion.

Billy Hotel Building!

"I can give you that room with bath," said the southern hotel clerk, "but it'll be hot. The building runs around that way."

"Hain't your building," asked the prospective guest pointedly, "any more sense than to run around that way in hot weather?"—Rocky Mountain News.

How He Loved Her.



"And would you be willing to go to the ends of the earth for me?" she asked.

"I'd do anything for you," he assured her. "I'd even go to church some Sunday when the automobile was good, if it would make you happy."—Philadelphia Press.

In talking of Miss Moneybags Jack hardly was discreet. He heard him call her dull, and so she cut him on the street. —Exchange.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY On the Fourth of July

By JOHN V. LARNED

It was predicted when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated on July 4, 1776, that the anniversary of the day would be celebrated with the firing of cannon and such exuberant demonstrations of joy. The prediction has been fulfilled to the present day, but during the past quarter century the old Independence day passed away forever. The day is now most fittingly celebrated by recalling the struggle which made good the assertion of the American people. Here is a story of the Revolution:

New Jersey was the principal battleground of the Revolution. The region between New York and Philadelphia was a great deal of the time a delectable ground. The British occupied New York city and, for a portion of the time, Philadelphia. Washington stationed himself on the heights of Morristown, between the two cities, but much nearer New York than Philadelphia. Over the lower ground, from Trenton to Jersey City, couriers were galloping, spies were lurking and a stray soldier wearing the red or the blue was moving on some errand.

Some five miles southwest of Newark, where the city of Orange now stands, was the residence of a Tory named Wardle. His daughter, Virginia, had two suitors, the one a British, the other an American officer, Edgar Plimpton, the redcoat, was with General Howe at New York, and since the army of occupation had little to do the young Englishman made frequent excursions to visit the lady he loved, while Alan Trowbridge, who was at Morristown, rode in the opposite direction and about the same distance on a similar errand.

Either one of these officers was liable to fall into the hands of some reconnoitering or foraging party of the side against which he fought. Then, too, it was quite possible that they might meet at the Wardle mansion.

One night it was the Fourth of July, by the way! Lieutenant Trowbridge, descending the Orange mountain, galloped through the valley between him and the Wardles and drew up before the gate. Without waiting to be admitted he stalked into the house, to find Miss Virginia in the drawing room. She was evidently much perturbed. Trowbridge asked her if he had come inopportunistly, if he had not better leave, but to all such questions she gave unsatisfactory replies. Nevertheless, throughout the whole of his visit she appeared ill at ease, and he found himself obliged to do nearly all the talking, the young lady confining herself to monosyllables.

Trowbridge knew of the attentions of Captain Plimpton and had come to her to ask her to decide between himself and the Britisher. He began a little speech, but he had arranged to that effect, but Virginia, showing signs of still greater embarrassment, endeavored to check him. He persisted and just as he finished with the words "decide now between him and me" a closet door opened and his rival stepped forth in the dress of a citizen.

"If this matter is to be settled here," he said, "I prefer not to be placed in the position of eavesdropper. Rather, I would hear my doom openly."

"How comes it, captain," said Trowbridge, "that you are so near the American lines and not in uniform? Are you aware that if caught as you are you are liable to be treated as a spy?"

He had no sooner spoken the words than there was the sound of horses' hoofs without and through the window they could see a dozen Continental troopers at the gate. An officer dismounted and coming up to the door which stood open walked into the hall. Looking into the living room he saw the two men and the girl. To Trowbridge, in whom he recognized a patriot officer, he said:

"Tardon me, sir, for entering unannounced, but I have been told that a British spy was in this neighborhood and since this house is occupied by notorious Tories I am likely to find him here."

"There is no spy on these premises," replied Trowbridge. "I give you my word for that."

The officer looked suspiciously at Plimpton. "I fear," he said, "that I shall have to ask this gentleman to give an account of himself."

Plimpton was about to speak—to declare his identity—when Trowbridge stopped him.

"I have vouched for the gentleman," he said. "That should be enough."

"Who is he?"

"I have told you that he is not a spy."

"Nevertheless I must satisfy myself of that."

"Leave this house, sir."

"On what authority?"

"By order of the commander in chief. I am Lieutenant Trowbridge of his staff."

"Tardon me, lieutenant," said the officer, and, turning, he rejoined his troopers, and they all rode away.

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SUMMONS

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

Ruth Dickinson, Plaintiff vs. W. J. Dickinson, Defendant.

To W. J. Dickinson, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled Court and cause on or before Friday, the 25th day of August, 1914, which is six weeks after the date of the first publication of this summons and to plead in answer to this summons and answer to the complaint herein filed against you, and if you fail to appear and answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony not and heretofore existing between you and the plaintiff upon the grounds of cruelty and cruelty of the minor children of this plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Hillsboro Argus by publication of an order of the Hon. D. E. Reasoner, Judge of the Circuit Court and State of the County of Washington and State of Oregon, and said order prescribes the date of publication as July 10th, 1914, and the date of the last publication as August 27th, 1914.

Harry Yanewick and E. V. Hilbert, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 403 Oregonian Building, Portland, Oregon.

Admin'strator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the Estate of Antonio Krieger, deceased, of the County of Washington and State of Oregon, and said order prescribes the date of publication as July 10th, 1914, and the date of the last publication as August 27th, 1914.

John Krieger, Administrator of the Estate of Antonio Krieger, deceased, Verboort, Oregon, July 16, 1914.

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The Oregonian

The brickwork has been com- and the stone trimming was pleted on the Carnegie library, completed today.

Senator George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon, has a warm place in the hearts of the veterans of Oregon and their widows. He has been their consistent and untiring friend through and through, and they hold him in particular affection because of his work in securing the admission of soldiers' widows to the State Home. In addition to this, Senator Chamberlain has, during his five years in the Senate, justified the choice of the people of Oregon, and has shown himself a man of unusual ability and devotion to the public interests. He is far from being a "rubber-stamp" for Southern politicians, as one Northern member of Congress proclaimed himself to be, but has carried his own sovereignty and done his own thinking under his own hat. In this way he has attained a very flattering prominence among his colleagues as a man of light and leading, and whose utterances must be listened to with careful attention.

This led to his being given assignment to the important committees of Military Affairs, Agriculture and Forestry, Appropriations, Commerce, Public Lands, and the Territories. There are a few Senators who have an equal place on so many committees of the first rank. As Chairman of the Committee on Military affairs, Senator Chamberlain strongly impressed the Committee of the Volunteer Officers' Retirement Association with his friendliness and his executive ability. As Chairman of the Military Committee, he has naturally had much to do with the management of the Army and the situation in Mexico. His voice has always been for the firm assertion of the honor and dignity of the flag, and the proper assertion of the Government's duties in that troublesome problem.—National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

Wm. Schulerich has purchased a milking machine for his Farmington dairy, and will have it in operation in a few days. The apparatus milks four cows at a time, and one man can handle a good many animals in the course of a couple of hours. Thos. Henton, of the J. W. Connell farm, is talking of installing a machine.

No one should miss seeing Florence Lawrence, the Maud Adams of the screen, at the People's Theatre, tomorrow and Saturday, in the "Pawns of Destiny." It is a pretty story and an absorbing one. The fire in the big tenement house, with the fleeing tenants and the entering fireman is vividly portrayed.

Mrs. Roy Hays and sister, Miss Edith Anderson, of south of town, departed for Alma, Kas., Tuesday, to attend the bedside of their father, G. M. Anderson, who is critically ill. They will be absent several weeks.

Henry Aiken, who broke his ankle on the ball grounds ten days ago, is able to be out on crutches. He was taken to Portland, Monday, for an x-ray plate, which showed a fine knitting of the fracture.

Gabriel Lockman, of South Tualatin, was in the city this morning. He says a good rain would greatly benefit spring sown grain.

James Wesley Eastham and Miss Dollie Owens were united in marriage at Banks, July 13, 1914, Judge Ralph Kinton officiating.

Mrs. G. L. Biggers and daughter, Ruth, of LaGrande, are guests at the E. L. Abbott home.

Mrs. Franklin Everett went to Banks this week, to visit with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brown.