

REMOVAL SALE

Beginning Saturday, June 19, I will reduce every Article of Furniture in my store so as to reduce my stock before moving, July 1. A Splendid Furniture Stock—Come in and save a few dollars on every considerable purchase.

E. I. DONELSON

Successor to G. C. Combs

SUMMONS

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

Ira P. Johnson, Plaintiff,
vs
Charles B. Johnson, Defendant.

To Charles B. Johnson, 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 the above entitled suit on or before the 21st day of June 1915, that being more than six weeks after the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer to plaintiff's complaint the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein to-wit:

A decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony between the plaintiff and defendant and for such order and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Hon. J. U. Campbell, Judge of the above named court, made and entered on the 4th day of May, 1915.

Date of first publication, May 6, 1915
Date of last publication, June 17, 1915.
Robert A. Miller, Attorney for Plaintiff, Portland, Ore.

Notice to Creditors

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

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Executor of the Estate of Anna Eberman, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against said Estate are hereby notified to present them properly verified as by law required to the undersigned, at 209-210, Commercial Block, Portland, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published May 13, 1915.
W. H. J. Eberman, Executor
Frank Mottler, Attorney, 209-210, Commercial Block, Portland, Oregon

Notice to Creditors

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry C. Toelle, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed by the above entitled court as administratrix of the estate of Henry C. Toelle, deceased, and has qualified as such by law prescribed.

Now Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same together with proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, at the law offices of William G. Hare, in the American National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 13th day of May, 1915.
Amelia W. Toelle, Administratrix of the Estate of Henry C. Toelle, deceased.
William G. Hare, Attorney for Administratrix.

Magnolia Healing soap.—T. L. Duke, Agent, Residence 863, First Street. Telephone City 307. 11-3

Chicken grit, shell bone and chick food at Greer's.

A Deathbed Triumph

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

An old man lay on the bed of death. A doctor sat by him intent upon some method of saving his life. An entirely different problem was in the mind of the sufferer.

"Doctor," he said presently, "can't I die for a short time, then come to life again for a certain purpose?"

"What purpose?" asked the doctor. The invalid cast his eyes about the room to see that no one was present, then, stretching forth his hand, drew the doctor to him and whispered what he had to say. When he came to a pause the doctor said:

"I have suspected as much."

"Can it be done?" asked the invalid. "It can be tried."

Some more conversation followed, in which the doctor gave the sick man instructions, and the sick man did the same by the doctor. Then the latter ended the matter by saying:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

The doctor took from his medicine case a tablet and placed it in the patient's mouth.

The sick man, who was lying on his back, stared at the ceiling, immovable. The doctor went hurriedly to the door and opened it. There stood the wife of the invalid.

"Madam," said the doctor, "I fear that your husband is dead."

The woman hurried into the room and stood over the sickbed for a few moments looking down into the pale face. The doctor, who was beside her, closed the eyes of her husband, then led her away, saying:

"This has been a long trial to you. Your watch is now over. Go and rest yourself."

She suffered herself to be led away and within an hour was in bed and asleep.

Paul Markham passed away at dawn the next morning. Preparations were made for the funeral, which was held three days later, and on the fourth day his widow, who was his second wife, and her two children by a former husband, all dressed in deep mourning, entered the drawing room of the house in which Mr. Markham had died and took seats. A number of other persons, including a lawyer, entered, and when all were seated the attorney unfolded a document and was about to begin its reading when Dr. Blanchard, who had attended the deceased, entered in company with a girl of fifteen. There was about her a melancholy that savored of despair.

"I have here," said the lawyer, "the last will and testament of Paul Markham, deceased, executed one year ago."

He then read the will, which left all his property to his beloved wife, Jane

Markham, trusting that she would sufficiently provide for his daughter, Ethel Markham. Having stated that the will had been duly signed and witnessed, he added that it would be immediately filed for probate. He was refolding the document when Dr. Blanchard arose and, drawing a paper from his pocket, said:

"I have a will executed a few hours before Paul Markham's death."

The widow's countenance changed immediately.

"If you have any such will," she said, "it is a forgery. At any rate it was not witnessed. That I know, because I was in attendance upon my husband every day and hour during his last illness, and I know no one who could have witnessed a will entered the house."

"What time did you go to bed the night your husband died?" asked the doctor.

"At 10 o'clock."

"Your husband did not die till 2 o'clock the next morning."

"He died at 9 o'clock in the evening. You called me into the room where he lay and told me he was dead."

"I told you I feared he was dead. He was very low. He revived, and at midnight I drew this simple will for him, bequeathing all his property to his daughter, Ethel Markham. Two persons came at my call and witnessed the will while you were asleep."

The woman stared at the doctor, although she could hardly believe her senses. For years she had dominated her husband and for a year, since she had forced him to make a will in her favor, had watched him carefully to make sure that he did not make another. At the very end of his life he had outwitted her.

"Let me see it," she said to the doctor.

He held the paper before her. She read it and recognized her husband's signature, though it had been written in the agony of death. Realizing that she had been fooled, she arose from her seat and, followed by her two children, stalked out of the room.

Dr. Blanchard by the terms of the deathbed will was made Ethel's guardian, and she thereafter made her residence with him. Her life had been nearly crushed out of her by her step-mother, and it required some time to restore her to a healthy state of mind and body. But by the time she came of age she was completely recovered.

For her surroundings as a member of the doctor's family were all that could be desired, and he knew how to treat her to her advantage professionally. In his old age his savings of years were spent away in a commercial center, and Ethel Markham provided for him and those of his family who were still too young to take care of themselves.

Comparatively speaking, "Science is in its infancy."

"Still, it's a pretty bright baby for its age."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Belgium takes its name from the tribe of the Belgae, who inhabited that part of ancient Gaul.

"WHO COMES HERE?"

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

"Halt! Who comes here?"

"Friends, with the countersign."

"Advance one and give the countersign."

It was the relief going the rounds to change the pickets, and I was dropped out at post No. 7. We had fought Lee all day long on the strangest battlefield of the whole war—in the Wilderness. From right to left flank, from front to rear, we were hemmed in by forest and thicket. There were swamps in which fiends and serpents lurked, thickets in which the coy whippoorwill built its nest, dense spots of forest which seemed never to have echoed the ring of the woodman's ax.

Post No. 7 was under a large tree on the edge of a thicket. It was a lonely place, well away from the camps, the dead and the dying, but I was glad to be alone. I had been nearly an hour on the post without anything happening to alarm me, when I heard a person moving in the thicket across the open strip.

Rustle, rustle! Step, step! It was a cautious movement. Whoever it was hoped to reach me without discovery, but there were dead leaves underfoot, and the thicket was dense. A hare could not have moved without betraying its presence.

"Who comes here?"

There is silence for fifteen seconds, and then a woman's voice answers:

"I can't find the place! It's so dark I can't find the place!"

Aye, it was a woman's voice, and it had a sob in it, too—a woman there in the darkness between the hostile lines with powder smoke still in the air, with stray bullets darting through the thickets with a whizz as of some great insect stirred to anger.

"Who comes here?"

"I wish it wasn't so dark! I am so tired!"

And then she comes across the open strip toward me, making no stop, never hesitating, walking straight up to me, as if she could see as well by night as by the sunshine of day.

"I can't find the place!" she sobbed as she came to a stop within arm's length.

"Good God, woman, what are you doing here?" I gasped, almost terrified at her presence.

"Good God!" she replied, holding a torch aloft toward me. "One time I saw a beautiful spot in the woods and said to myself that if he died I would bury him there, but I can't find it—I can't find it!"

"What is it, woman? What have you got there?"

"Good God! Don't be afraid. He's

dead. He can't speak or move. Take him!"

She put a bundle into my arms, and I cried out and let my musket fall. It was the body of a baby about a year and a half old. Dead? Yes—dead from a cruel bullet which had pierced its little body and left a great wound, which looked horrible to me in the dim light; dead and cold and bathed in its own blood—dead for hours! And when I reached out and touched the shawl or wrap worn by the mother my fingers burned at the feet of blood!

"Was it your baby? Did you live in the cabin beyond the thicket?" I asked, still holding the little corpse.

"He was so happy!" she said as she patted the little bare head with a motherly hand. "And I was so happy too! He won't ever laugh and crow again, will he? I've got to find that beautiful place and bury him, haven't I? And you'll help me? Yes; I know you will, for you don't swear and curse at me."

She had lost her mind. Think of it—an insane mother wandering over a bloody battlefield with her dead child in her arms! She had but one idea—to bury it in a dell which she had once visited and remarked its beauty, a dell in which Federal and Confederate were doubtless then burying their own dead.

I knew not what to do. I could not leave my post, and I did not want her to go wandering farther. I was trying to soothe and quiet the woman when she suddenly cried out:

"Ah, it's not so dark now, and I can find the place! I'll go on ahead and dig the grave, and you follow on with the baby. Poor baby! He won't know that he is buried, will he? I can find the place, and you!"

"Come back! Come back!" I called to her as she fled away in the darkness, but she was 200 feet away as she answered me:

"I'll find the place! Poor, poor baby!"

And when the relief came I told the story and pointed to the bundle resting on the ground beside me.

"God pity her!" whispered the sergeant as he lifted his cap.

"God pity her!" echoed all the others as they stood uncovered around the poor little corpse.

"Time meant human lives that night. Grant was moving by the flank. Lee was moving by the flank to match his slaughter—make thousands of other widows and orphans."

"Dig here!" said the sergeant, and with our bayonets we scooped out a shallow grave in scarcely more than a minute's time.

"Carefully now! Poor little thing! Now fill in. That will do. God knows where it lies! Fall in! Forward, march!"

And yet men write of the glory of war!

A Wonderful Echo.

The most perfect echo in the world is said to be that at Shipley, England. It will repeat twenty-one syllables.

A Mythical Lover

By MARTHA V. MONROE

My dear, you being my most intimate friend, I write you first of all to announce my engagement. Harry after hanging about me for two years has at last proposed. How much longer he would have continued to do so had I not by my own skillful manipulation brought him to terms I don't know.

As it is, I had a hard time landing him and did so only after a number of efforts had failed.

Now, I wish to assure you, my dear, that if you have occasion to bring a man to terms, do not adopt any of the old-fashioned methods that are well known—that is, if you are playing a man who is as adept at the game as you. I tried a number of them on Harry, and he was too smart for them all. First I told him that I was intending to study the law and would make a vow of celibacy that I might be wedded only to my professional work. He laughed me to scorn, drew ironical pictures of my arguing a case before a jury; said he would like to be the judge before whom I pleaded a case, and all that.

About the time of this first failure the European war broke out, and I threatened to go abroad and take care of sick and wounded soldiers. He said he was thinking of going to France and enlisting in the Foreign legion. I didn't go as a nurse, and he didn't go as a soldier. He had met my bluff with one of his own.

Then Howard Wentworth came to town, and of all the girls here he seemed to prefer me. Taking advantage of his preference, I encouraged him, especially in presence of Harry. What did the scamp do but devote himself to Agnes Woodruff. I was frightened for fear she would get him away from me and dropped Mr. Wentworth immediately. After I had done so Harry gradually ceased to pay marked attention to Agnes, but I knew that he was still more or less devoted to her, and it worried me.

Having heard that Aunt Caroline had been in her youth skilful at the game of hearts, I confessed my failures and my anxiety to her and asked her to help me.

"The trouble with your expedients," she said to me, "is that they are too palpable. One of those you have tried is excellent, but you did not apply it in the right way. I refer to your attempt to pipe your lover by accepting the attentions of another man. You should not have called in the attentions of a real admirer, but an imaginary one."

Not understanding what Aunt Carrie meant, I asked her to explain. She did so and gave me the identical method by which she brought Uncle Joe to terms twenty years ago. I made up my mind to try it.

My first move was to nerve myself to treat Harry with indifference for a stated period. This being a part of a general plan, I was enabled to put the part pretty well. I was certainly not to overact it. In order that I might not see through what I was up to, I had apparently grown more different to him for three or four months. I accepted an invitation from Ellnor Trask to make her a visit. I remained away six weeks, and when I came home I talked a great deal to my intimate girl friends about a fascinating fellow I had met, one who had not met, during my visit, giving them the impression that I had been much taken up with him. Of course they spread a report that I was either engaged or was likely to be engaged, and it reached Harry's ears.

Nevertheless no comment was by that he could drop me and take me to when he pleased that he placed his little confidence in my preference for him having been diverted to another channel. He came to see me on my return from my visit, twitted me as having lost my heart during my absence and asked for a description of this "Adonis," as he called my mythical lover, who had been so fortunate as to win such a prize as myself. I turned the conversation upon other topics. Harry asked me to go to the theater with him the next evening. I told him so decidedly that I had a previous engagement that he did not ask for another evening.

Harry did not call again for some time. Meanwhile I was talking to my chums about the fascinating man I had met, confident that what I said would reach the man I really loved.

The next time he called on me I telephoned to a florist, with whom I had left an order for flowers to be filled on call, to send them at once. Half an hour later the flowers came and were brought into the room to me where I was sitting with Harry. Proceeding to the box containing them, he also was a little envious. I asked if and without opening it held it in the palm of my hand.

"This was altogether too much for Harry's equanimity. He demanded to see the card of the sender, and I refused to give it to him. He turned very red, then pale, and I saw that an emotional storm was raging within him. I let him go on till he had committed himself, after which he lost all interest as to who sent the flowers, for we were engaged.

I assure you, my dear, I am very happy, and Harry says he is very happy, and, as for my mythical lover, I think it is perfectly honorable for me to have used him, for he can't be a disappointed.

Power is a good deal like strong drink—nobody few know how to use it wisely.—Detroit Free Press.

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