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# Daily Journal

and The Weekly Argus  
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Year, \$7.50. Do It Now

# Weekly Argus

### FOR SALE

## POLAND CHINA HOGS

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Some fine high grade stock.

**J. W. Vandervelden,**  
Roy, Oregon

# We Want Everybody to Know

That we will, beginning at once, give Cash Register receipts with every cash sale, showing amount of sale, date and who made the sale. We will ask you to keep these receipts as we are going to give back to our cash customers one day's cash sales each month. We will select one day each month and will announce in our window on the 5th day of each month the date we have selected and then all you will have to do is look over your Cash Register receipts from that date and see if you have any bearing there. We will just bring them to us and we will refund your money. There is no proposition.

# Vaught Grocery Co.

## BUSINESS SECTION OF TIMBER IS BURNED

Big Fire Starts in Hotel at Three O'clock in the Morning

### LOSS ABOUT TWELVE THOUSAND

Town Was All Aflame in Very Few Minutes—Impossible to Save

A disastrous fire visited the town of Timber, on the P. R. & N., shortly after 3 o'clock, Saturday morning, and when the flames had completed their work the business section of the logging town was laid in ashes.

When the conflagration was first discovered the fire had progressed so rapidly that it was impossible to successfully fight the element. The Imperial hotel and saloon, the McKnight general mercantile store, the Poorman confectionery, a restaurant, and the Timber hotel, known as the Yarnell hotel, were burned, the total loss ranging from ten to thirteen thousand dollars, estimated.

The conductor of the local freight says that when he awakened about 2:40 the entire roof of the hotel was ablaze. He hurried over to awaken the guests.

The losses, as near as can be estimated without access to actual invoices, cost of construction, etc., follow—

Imperial Hotel, conducted by Kennedy & Daly, including saloon, \$8,000.

Timber Hotel and accessories, Yarnell, rooms conducted by Beatrice Baker, \$4,000 to \$5,000; confectionery, \$600; store, building and part of contents, \$1,500.

The roof of the depot, a log structure, was so badly burned that a new building will be necessary.

There was rumors of incendiarism at the county seat, but Sheriff Reeves, after a careful investigation the day after the fire, found nothing to warrant the conjecture.

It is very doubtful if Timber will again be elaborately built. The town did a thriving business a few years ago, when the lumber and logging industry was at its height, but the past year has seen financial reverses. But one saloon was conducted in the town, and it had hard sledding, where before two were running and doing a thriving business.

There is about \$6,000 or \$7,000 insurance distributed over the group, and Agent Vandervel of this city, has some of the policies.

### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

- W W Hyatt to Silas Miller, tract 13 Riverside Acres..... \$20
- W F Fryendall to Bertha Fitch, lot 1 blk 35 Clark's ad P Grove..... 1000
- W J R Beach to W F Fryendall, 40 a sec 11 E 21st W..... 500
- Same to Jennie Fryendall, as above, to J A Thornburgh to C Begleiter, tr 43 Virginia Place..... 1000
- M R Huffaker to Elizabeth Wood, 1/2 a lot 6 in lot 13, Garden Home, 500
- T C Gillen et al to C J Hissell, 2 rights of way..... 1
- A H Withrow to Ellis Stanton, blk 4 Timber Townsite..... 1
- C Hunter to Edna Schulz et, 608 1/2 4th on Oak Street..... 1000
- Mrs S. A Adams to Dan H. Key, 2 a R Williams etc, Hbs..... 800
- Jacob Scharrer to Richard Knoth, 10 a sec 17 E 21st W..... 10
- G L Webb to Luella Williams, lots 16 and 17 blk 27 W Portland Night 10
- Nellie C Hbbard to Anna M Wylie, 2, 418 1/2 blk 13 East-Beaverville..... 10
- W. A Shure to Pauline Almsicker, 2, 221 1/2 N. Main-Beaverville..... 10
- Same to same, part lot 26 1/2 Union East ad H. B. Rydell's & other land 10
- J. M. Barber to R. C. Hill, 1/2 a T. G. Naylor etc..... 1
- F W Cady to J M Barber, same ad 3 Dana Hill to C G Rein, 1 a sec 14 3 2 1/2 W..... 10
- J M Mills to Lulu D. Eys, 2 a sec 10 1 a sec 4 E 21st W..... 10
- G L. Huston to Moore Inv Co, lot 35 Oak Park..... 10
- W M Davis to Nellie Lambert, 1000 375 ft sec 24 E 1 1/2 W..... 1000
- Moore Inv Co to Katherine Hust, 1/2 lot 29 Oak Park..... 10
- Jag B. B. to Ethel Brown, 17 1/2 a in Washington County..... 1
- Ada Wyatt to R. M. Berlin, lot 6 blk 3 Fairview..... 3600
- Dan McLeod to G W Morgan, tr in sec 31 E 1 1/2 W..... 1000
- S W Cape to same, same as above..... 1
- Carl W. Johnson to Frank Colfelt, 4 lots in Sherwood..... 10
- V. Howard to Mary H. Reeves, 1 1/2 a on Cornell road..... 10
- John Johnson to E. W. Wendi, 3 1/2 a Ledyette..... 6000
- C B. Buchanan to Cons. Hyatt, lot 12 Riverside Acres..... 1085
- Anna Hebold et al to H. Hebold, 40 a sec 16 E 1 1/2 W..... 1000

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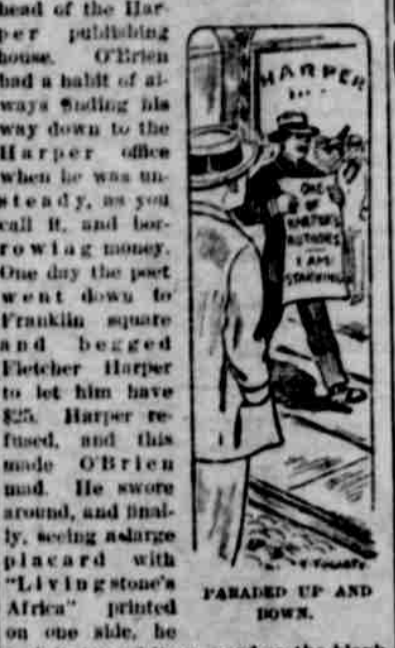
### FOR THE Best Fire Insurance

AND PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES SHH

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# The Scrap Book

One Way to Win a Stake.  
In the old days they used to tell a story in New York about Fitz James O'Brien and Fletcher Harper, then the head of the Harper publishing house. O'Brien had a habit of always sliding his way down to the Harper office when he was unsteady, as you call it, and borrowing money. One day the poet went down to Franklin square and begged Fletcher Harper to let him have \$25. Harper refused, and this made O'Brien mad. He swore around, and finally, seeing advantage placed with "Livingstone's Africa" printed on one side, he took it, turned it over and on the blank side drew in large black letters the words: "One of Harper's Authors. I am Starving."



PARADED UP AND DOWN.

Before any one was aware of his intention O'Brien had attached a string to the cardboard, hung it about his neck, walked down to the street and paraded up and down before the publishing house. Of course a large crowd gathered, but O'Brien was oblivious against all entreaties.  
"Won't stop till I get some money from Harper," said he, and he didn't.  
A compromise was soon effected through the medium of a five dollar bill, and O'Brien went on his way for that day.

### Apparitions.

At noon of night and at the night's pale end,  
Such things have chanced to me  
As one by day would scarcely tell a friend,  
For fear of mockery.  
Shadows, you say, mirages of the brain!  
I know not, faith, not I!  
Is it more strange the dead should walk again,  
Than that the quick should die?  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

### Nat's Wonderful Memory.

Nat Goodwin's Memoirs and the remarkable fidelity with which the famous actor has been able to recall in them so many things out of a long life crowded with rich and rare experiences, had been under discussion.  
"Things he never could have made a memorandum of," said an admirer.  
"But pleasing things which must have impressed themselves on his mind, are set down in such a bright way as to show that they must have been written out of a remarkable memory."  
"Does he remember all of his marriages?" asked a sweet thing—all of this happened in a parlor of a Chicago hotel—"I should really like to know."  
"Yes," was the enthusiastic answer.  
"He hasn't forgotten one."  
"Then he has a remarkable memory indeed," sighed the voice.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Concrete Beds.

At the time when concrete beds for guns were being found—according, at least, to rumor—all over the allied territories, an American in Paris went up to a policeman and said mysteriously: "But! Are you looking for German spies?"  
"Mals out!" said the policeman, taking from under his cape his notebook and pencil.  
"Then," said the American, "go to the Hotel de Blanc and arrest the proprietor. He's put up at least two concrete beds there. I know, because my wife and I slept in 'em last night."

### A Family Industry.

"Now," said Mr. Jones energetically. "I think it's high time, Jimmie, that you began to learn something, and I am going to teach you. We will begin by counting the people in our family."  
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.  
"Now, mother is one and I am one, so that makes two, doesn't it?"  
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.  
"And now, grandma is one, and she makes how many?"  
Jimmie looked interested, but doubtful.  
"Three, isn't it?" prompted father.  
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.  
"And now, there's grandpa. He makes—how many? Four, isn't it?"  
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.  
"And then there's Aunt Ellen. She makes—how many? Five, isn't it?"  
"Yeth, thir," said Jimmie.  
"Then there's Uncle Stephen. He makes—"  
"But, dadd," exclaimed Jimmie, "do they all make hominy?"—Youth's Companion.

### What a Fall Was There!

The Criminal Law Magazine vouches for the following:  
A young lawyer employed to defend a culprit charged with stealing a pig resolved to convince the court that he was born to shine. Accordingly he proceeded to deliver the following brilliant exordium: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties and trampling the unhallowed altars of the bearded infancy to dust; while American shames forth the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog thief!"

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Hillsboro, Oregon

## Who Defended the Works?

By F. A. MITCHEL

When the Germans were besieging Paris in 1871 one part of the force came to the very outskirts of the city and encountered a portion of the defenses, something like a revolutionary barricade blocking a street. There was only room for a single company, and its captain before making an attack stood off and, raising a pair of binoculars, examined the works.  
They were composed of paving stones, pieces of timber and such other articles as had been brought together for an improvised fortification. But the captain could not see a single man on the parapet. This he did not like. There was the look of a trap about it. If he moved his troops forward he must do so over a distance of some 500 or 600 yards between two walls not thirty feet apart and straight as an arrow. He could not deploy his men by the flank, and as for scattering along the street they would be one behind another, and a shot would bring down every man in line.  
Moreover, the captain noticed a dark spot in the works, which indicated that a single stone had been removed in the very center of the fortification. He assumed at once that the aperture was for the muzzle of a cannon, which would sweep the street, doubtless, with the scattering projection of the period. That meant that before a force of eighty men—the number under the captain's command—could reach the barricade a large proportion of them would be killed or wounded.  
The captain called his first lieutenant, handed him his glass, directed him to take a look at the breastworks and then asked him what he thought about an attempt to carry them. The lieutenant examined the works, then, lowering his glass, remarked:  
"What are the orders, captain?"  
"The orders are to move forward."  
"Then we must move forward, but those who live will have moved backward."  
The captain's only response was an order to advance.  
Shoulder to shoulder, the men marched on—for, as has been said, they could not scatter—till about a third of the distance had been traversed. Then a puff of smoke issued from the dark spot in the center of the works, and a storm of missiles broke upon the advancing line of Germans. A third of the company fell, and another dozen limped or staggered to the rear.  
The rest pressed on, but a few minutes were lost in reforming, or, rather, closing, the gaps that had been made. With steady step they marched till they had covered half the distance between their starting point and the fort. There was light where the dark spot had been, and they knew that the piece had been retired to be reloaded. This gave them courage. It was an old fashioned muzzle loader, and thus must be spent after every discharge in reloading. The captain gave the order to double quick, but before they had covered a dozen yards there came another hailstorm, and another twenty men were put out of the fight.  
This was terrible slaughter, and the force recoiled. Some stood ready to retrace their steps; others started back. The second lieutenant stood in rear and, striking some of the fugitives with his sword, drove them back toward the enemy. The captain was among the wounded and lay in a pool of his own blood. The first lieutenant cried at the top of his voice "Forward, men!" and started at the head of some thirty soldiers to make the rest of the distance and storm the fort, though the move was now a forlorn hope, for he expected that on reaching it, he would find it defended by double the number of those who were making the attack.  
When within fifty yards of the barricade there came another storm of missiles. Half the Germans were laid on the stones of the street, while the other half broke and fled. The lieutenant called to them in vain. Preferring to follow them in flight, he turned and ran forward to the fort, expecting every moment to be shot down. He reached the barricade and, with a pistol in one hand, his sword in the other, climbed to the summit. There he stood, bewildered by the sight that met his view.  
Not a man was behind the stones. The gun which the recoil from the last shot had driven backward a few feet was there, with a thin film of smoke hanging from its vent. Leaning against it was a girl about twenty years old. She looked up at the lieutenant as though expecting instant death, involuntarily unaccompanied.  
"Mademoiselle," he stammered in broken French, "where are the men who have been defending this barricade?"  
"I have been defending this barricade, monsieur," was the reply.  
"You—alone?"  
"I—alone. Through a blunder the force that was to have held this work was ordered elsewhere."  
"Moin Gott! Has a whole company been driven back by a—girl?"  
At this moment a company of French soldiers came around a corner at double quick. The lieutenant succeeded in making good a retreat, hearing cheers behind him:  
"Vive mademoiselle!"  
Having joined his commander, he led them again to the attack and finally captured the barricade. He looked back at the girl who had defended it.

# PARTISAN

Imported Registered Percheron Stallion Black, finely built, one of the best sires in the county, will make the 1915 season:  
Laurel, Monday, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., Scholls, Tuesday, 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., Beaverton, Wednesday evening to Thursday, 6 P. M. at livery barn, Reedville, Friday, 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., Hillsboro, Saturday, 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., at Redmond barn.

TERMS: Single Service, \$5; Season, \$10; to Insure with foal, \$15; For live colt, \$20; \$2.50 deposit required on insurance. Care to prevent but not responsible for accidents. GEO. H. CHAMBERS, Owner.

(Copy)  
Stallion Registration Board, State of Oregon.  
License Certificate of Pure Bred Stallion No. 1379.  
Dated at Corvallis, Oregon, March 10, 1913

The pedigree of the stallion Partisan, No. 42618 (60008) registered in the studbook of the American Percheron Horse Breeders and Importers Assn. Owned by Joe Otto, of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon. Bred by M. Barbe, Department of Sarthe, France. Described as follows: Black; Star. Pedigree: Brutus (34739) sire; Suzon (23041) Dam; Germanicus (7825) Sire of Sire; Lisette (25008) Dam of Sire; Sultan (1400) Sire of Dam; Suzon (5774) Dam of Dam. Breed Percheron; Foaled in the year 1903, on May 8, and has been examined by the Stallion Registration Board of Oregon, and is hereby certified that the said stallion is of Pure Breeding, is registered in the studbook that is recognized by the associations named in section nine of an Act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon providing for the licensing of stallions, etc., filed in the office of the Secretary of State, February 23, 1911, and that the above named stallion has been examined by the veterinarian appointed by the Stallion Registration Board and is hereby reported free from infectious, contagious or transmissible diseases or unsoundness and is hereby licensed to stand for public service in the State of Oregon.

Ermine L. Potter,  
Secretary Stallion Registration Board  
Note:—This license must be recorded in the office of the Recorder of Conveyances of the County in which such stallion is to be used for public service, and must be renewed March 10, 1916. (Horse sold by Joe Otto to Geo. H. Chambers)

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