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-

The celebration this July has placed Hillsboro in the class of cities which does things in the way of public entertainment. The program was educational, and was passed upon by the record crowd of the county. Thousands saw their first aeroplane, and the aviator more than made good. The big crowd was orderly, and the party who does not say that it was the best celebration ever held here is out of joint with the law of averages. Mayor Barrett, in his address, touched the highest note of Americanism, and his handling of the world's great holacaust of war and destruction was a masterpiece.

It was no small task to judge the children's parade, for there were so many neat turnouts that it was hard to decide which were the one-two-three in their order. The many little doll-buggies were all beautiful, and represented a great deal of hard work. Taken all in all, the entire parade was entitled to congratulations.

The demented creature who placed a time bomb in the U. S. Capitol Building, and later shot J. P. Morgan, did the best thing when he committed suicide in a New York jail. His action has saved the courts an expense, and crowned his two breaches of law with a fitting end.

ELLIS CASE

(Continued from Page 1)

and foreclosure proceedings have been started on one.

Dr. F. A. Bailey returned his findings yesterday, and upon his recommend both were ordered taken to the state hospital. The case is a pitiable one in the extreme, but both are obsessed with the idea that all neighbors are against them. Perry is rather a bright fellow in some respects, but on these channels he is like his sister. Perry is aged 51, and his sister is 46. Guards arrived last evening and conveyed them to Salem. The wife and two children will be cared for by the county. A guardian will be appointed to take care of the estates of sister and brother and see if order can evolve from chaos.

Attorney Garrigus, of Portland reflected upon the mode of examination, but was called to order by the court. A considerable attorney bill will probably be presented to the guardian, as it has taken the best part of two days defe[illegible]e.

A. Ruef of Newton, was in the city yesterday.

Chas. Bloom, the Witch Hazel hopgrower, was in town today.

John Marty and family, of near Cedar Mill, were city visitors the first of the week.

Miss Rhoda Enschede, of Forest Grove, was the guest of Miss Ruth Harris, Saturday.

Services as usual will be held at Plymouth church next Sunday morning. "The Value of Little Things" will be the morning sermon subject.

Miss DeLaurice Crabtree, of Laurel, and Miss Janet Hoeffel, of Witch Hazel, went to Buxton, today, and are guests of Miss Elaine Longabaugh.

John Dennis, with the Oregon Building, sent a lot of bronze souvenirs, on which are engraved the Oregon building, to his Hillsboro friends, Mr. McQuillan carrying the tokens on his trip up.

The wet weather has flattened some of the heaviest Winter wheat, here and there, where it has not ripened enough to make the stalks tough. The damage, however, so far, is not extensive. Hay will not be injured much if the weather clears in a day or so.

T. H. Brown, who is somewhat of a philosopher, was up from Sewell, Monday. He says that people who have Loganberries should can the juice for consumption next year—as the state goes dry January 1. Some idea, and T. H. says that as they are cheap it will make a fine and expenseless beverage.

A series of Union Sunday evening services will begin next Sunday evening in the big tent which is being erected on Third St., between Washington and Baseline, and conducted throughout August. The various pastors will preach, Rev. Meyers, of the Methodist church, leading next Sunday night. "Man's Demands of Religion and God's Response" will be his theme. The public is invited.

for an extended visit with relatives at NezPerce.

William Stephens, of Forest Grove, celebrated his 84th birthday today.

Prof. and Mrs. O. Z. White, of Albany, are guests this week of Mrs. White's sisters, Mrs. Jas. Sewell and Mrs. John Gates, of this vicinity.

Attorney M. B. Bump today filed a petition asking that he be appointed guardian of the estates of Perry and Kittie M. Ellis, who were sent to Salem yesterday. Bump has been their attorney in the past.

The twelve year old Hirschberger boy, of near Forest Grove, was struck by a bicycle at the celebration grounds, the first of the week, and severely bruised. Dr. F. A. Bailey attended the lad, and thinks he will get along well, if quiet.

The young son of Wm. Meierjergen, of West Union, had his eyebrows and nose burned, Monday night, by looking into the explosive end of a skyrocket. Dr. Robb attended the little fellow and he is ready for another Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fluke returned Tuesday from their visit at Chicago, and Canton, Ohio, having been absent since June 1. Mr. Fluke reports a splendid trip, and says that he had keen enjoyment revisiting his boyhood scenes. He expects to go back to the Tillamook line train service next week some time.

Dr. F. A. Bailey and Ed. Schulmerich have been two of the best weather prophets on the Argus bureau of statistics and prediction, and last Saturday each predicted there would be no rain up to the evening of Monday. While things looked threatening, and the wind was in the south at the time, there was no rain until after midnight, Tuesday morning. The Argus will sign up a petition for either for Uncle Sam's service at any time.

FRED HARRINGTON

Fred Harrington, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrington, died at the family home, today, after an extended illness. He had been seriously ill since last Spring, when he returned from a ride over the county, during which he was exposed to the elements.

He was a young man universally esteemed, and his parents and brothers and sisters have the sympathy of the entire community.

HIS LAST CHANCE.

It Proved a Failure, and He Announced the Verdict Publicly.

The late Charles Frohman on one of his last Atlantic crossings told a story that a New Yorker recounted the other day with a sigh.

"I imported once from London," Mr. Frohman said, "a comedian I expected great things from. But he turned out to be a frost. So after putting up with him for a fortnight I sent for him and said:

"'You've been a frost from the start. Here, now, is my last proposition to you. I'll look in on you tonight, and if you don't get a laugh out of the house, why, you understand—well, the next boat sails Saturday.'

"The comedian brooded over this warning long and hard. By the time the afternoon's rehearsal came on he had thought of a new gag. This might perhaps save him.

"'Look here,' he said to the orchestra leader. 'I'll lean over to you tonight and ask you, "Why is an old maid like a tomato?" Understand? And you'll say: "Why is an old maid like a tomato? No, sir, I can't answer that, sir. Why, then, is an old maid like a tomato?" And then I'll say, "Because she has no one to mate her." See?'

"'Yes, I see,' said the leader doubtfully.

"The evening arrived. I, as manager, according to my warning, took my place in a stage box. The comedian came on and asked the orchestra leader in due course, 'Why is an old maid like a tomato?' The orchestra leader said in answer: "I give it up. Why is an old maid like a tomato, sir?

"And then the comedian smiled in triumph and looked out over the audience and happened to catch my stern, cold eye. Instantly his smile vanished, and he gasped:

"'Because the next boat sails on Saturday.'"—Washington Star.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

Told Her What to Do.

Mike had just come over from the old country to work with his brother, who was butler in a millionaire's home. It was a morning custom for Mrs. Rich to have several chats with her friends over the telephone. Sometimes these talks stretched well over the forenoon. James, the brother, was tired of this and inducted Mike, the greenhorn, into the work.

The first morning Mike tried his hand disaster resulted. Mrs. Bucks called up.

"Answer that," ordered Jimmy to Mike. "If it is Mrs. Bucks tell her to 'hold the line.'"

Mike took down the receiver and listened.

"Is Mrs. Rich there?" a voice asked.

No answer from Mike.

"Who is at the phone?" in a madder tone.

"It's me, Mike."

"I want Mrs. Rich. This is Mrs. Bucks," said the lady in anger.

"All right," said Mike. "Just hold

Fate of the Brig Ivan

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Togo is the southernmost island in the Cape de Verde group, situated in the north Atlantic. I was there in a bark which had brought lumber, hardware, agricultural implements and other stuff, and on our arrival we found the brig Ivan already at anchor.

The commander of a Russian man-of-war on a cruise has more power than the czar at home. The latter must at least have some excuse to send a citizen to his death. The former has only to report him dead, and the details are never asked for.

Several of the crew on the Ivan were triced up and flogged in plain view of us on the first day of our arrival, and it wasn't long before we learned that the brig was a floating hell.

One dark and rainy night, while I was standing anchor watch on our craft, one of the Russian sailors swam off to us. He had come for a talk. He knew nothing whatever of geography and could not tell in which direction any coast lay. He asked particularly about the coast of Brazil, the distance, the people, the rivers, etc. He finally told me the crew of the brig to a man had decided to mutiny, kill the officers and run the craft ashore and each man shift for himself until the excitement had blown over.

The days went by. There was the usual routine of flogging aboard the Ivan, and a sailor who sprang overboard rather than be lashed was coolly shot down alongside the brig without being even ordered to return. The next day at 5 o'clock in the afternoon the mutiny suddenly burst forth. There were six merchantmen in the harbor, but had the Russian commander called for assistance it would not have been afforded. At least fifty of us saw the Russian captain shot and thrown overboard, and after him went his first lieutenant. Then followed the paymaster and two others, and the crew had the brig to themselves. Before going out of the harbor men were sent to every vessel to show their raw backs and tell how they had been wronged, and as the brig turned her head to sea she was cheered.

It was a week after when we got ready for sea, bound for Rio Janiero. We had no idea of ever hearing from the Russians again, but when four days out we ran across a New Bedford whaler named Scott, which gave us some exciting news. Two days before she had been brought to by the Ivan in midocean. An armed boat's crew had come aboard and robbed the whaler of whatever they fancied.

The next news came to us two days later. A gale sprang up from the southwest, and before it was four hours old we were compelled to lie to. It struck us about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and did not reach its height until about 7 next morning. Everything was boiling and howling when we caught sight of the Russian down in the southwest. She must have run before the gale much longer than we did, for she was not in sight when it broke upon us. Being higher out of the water and more heavily sparred, she was also drifting faster. About 9 o'clock she drove slowly past us at not more than a cable length away, and we saw many evidences that things were not shipshape aboard her.

Just at sunset the brig fired a gun for us to heave to. There was an ugly cross sea running, and we doubted if they would lower a boat. We obeyed the command to luff up. The slovenly way the brig was handled as she made ready to take a position on our starboard quarter proved that everything aboard was at sixes and sevens. There was a fight on her decks before the boat was lowered, and after pulling halfway to us the yawl, which had eight men in it, returned. It was lying alongside the brig when a solid shot was fired at us. Owing to the heavy sea the aim was bad, and it flew above the topmasts. This action startled us all, and the captain had determined to put the bark on her course and try to run away when there came a sudden and awful explosion.

We soon realized what had occurred. The Ivan had blown up. She was to windward of us and about half a mile away. There was a dark cloud, an awful shock, and she seemed to be lifted bodily up to a height of 100 feet and then to dissolve. Some of the fragments fell upon our decks, and the sea was littered for a mile around.

One man escaped—just one solitary man. He was one of the eight men in the boat. Perhaps the other seven had left the boat when the explosion came. The boat was not injured and came floating down upon us with the man sitting bolt upright on a thwart. He wasn't cut or bruised, but the shock had acted altogether on his mental faculties. He had become an idiot and was deaf and dumb on top of that. His face took on a childish grin which never left it, and he conducted himself just like idiots do.

We couldn't get any news from the man, nor did we pick up any wreckage except the boat. Man and boat were turned over to a Russian man-of-war at Rio, and it may be that the poor fellow suffered death for his share in the mutiny. Every care was taken to hush the matter up, but the news got abroad and was touched up by various correspondents. I have seen three or four accounts of it, but none was halfway correct.

Preferred the Maniac.

President Hayes when about to retire one day from his working room in the capitol asked his messenger if there was any one waiting to see him.

"Only two, and one of them is undoubtedly crazy."

"Send in the sane one," said the president.

A grave looking man was introduced, who announced himself as the emperor of the world. The president rang the bell and told the messenger that if that was his idea of sanity to send in

A Hero Worshiper

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am a girl, and I am seventeen.

When I heard that Colonel Harker had returned from the big European war badly wounded and was resting in our town on his way to Canada I was seized with a desire to see a man who had been in a battle. Mother told me to let him alone. She was sure I would do something foolish. But I stole away and asked every one I met about Colonel Harker and where he could be found. I was disgusted to find that but few persons had heard of him. Just think of it—he had fought in the big war, was in town and most persons had never heard of him! At last I met an Irishman whom I asked about him, and he pointed to a house up on the hill where I would find him.

I knew Mrs. Starkweather, who lived in the house referred to, and resolved to go and make a call, not letting on what I had come for. I climbed the hill and rang the doorbell. A maid answered the summons and when I asked for her mistress said that she was busy, but if I did not mind waiting she would see me directly. The maid ushered me into the living room, where a youngster, apparently about eighteen years of age, was sitting in a big chair reading. He half rose as I entered, but I was so preoccupied at the prospect of seeing a real hero that I didn't notice him. He went on reading, and I took a seat and waited.

I was so full of anticipation at seeing Colonel Harker that I couldn't keep quiet. "I understand that you have a hero in the house with you?" I said to the young fellow.

"A hero? What hero?"

"Why, this Colonel Harker, who has been wounded in the big European war!"

"Who told you he was a hero?"

"Why, he has been badly wounded in battle! Doesn't that make him a hero?"

The young man smiled. "Is every man wounded in battle a hero?" he asked.

"He is to me. I don't see how any one can stand up to be shot at."

"Then all men in battle are heroes."

His tone irritated me. What business had this insignificant boy to decry heroism? "They are certainly nobler than stay at homes," I retorted. "A soldier is better than a civilian any day."

I expected him to wince at this, for he was evidently too insignificant for a soldier, and I intended my remark especially for him.

"In what respect," he asked, "is a soldier better than a civilian?"

"In what respect? What a question! Of course a soldier is better than a civilian in every respect."

"You mean he wears a glittering uniform."

There was something cynical in his tone, and I did not deign a reply.

"Then he marches about behind a band of music headed by the biggest man in the army tossing a staff with a big shining globe at one end in the air."

I knew he was intending to be ironical, and I shut my teeth close to prevent saying something disagreeable to him.

"A soldier's business," he went on "is to kill people. He is a sort of executioner of his country's enemies. His duty is to destroy. A civilian's duties are to create. He cultivates the fields; he develops the arts and sciences. The one makes people miserable; the other makes them happy."

This was too much. I could contain myself no longer. "Well, I declare!" I burst forth. "The idea of a puny man like you decrying the noble profession of a soldier! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

He burst into a laugh. But not for long. Suddenly he put his hand to his side, at the same time turning paler than ever. I heard a quick step on the stairs, and Mrs. Starckweather ran into the room. Seeing the condition of the young man, she ran up to him and hurriedly asked him what was the matter.

"I'm afraid my wound has opened."

Turning to me, Mrs. Starkweather hurriedly asked me to go to the telephone and call the doctor. I did so and went back into the room where I had left the others.

Had I made a mistake? Could this insignificant looking boy be Colonel Harker? Impossible!

Meanwhile his aunt had made an examination and found fresh blood on the bandages. But a subsequent examination did not indicate that the flow continued. The doctor came and treated the wound, then asked what had caused the trouble.

I stood looking in a dozen different directions. My stupidity had been instrumental in reopening the wound. This young fellow must be Colonel Harker. I felt the hot blood in my cheeks.

"It's all right, doctor," he said. "This young lady amused me by her heroic defense of the army which I attacked. I got more amusement than I had aimed for."

I tried to say something, but my lips quivered and my tongue would not speak the words. I ran out of the room and down came a torrent of tears.

Colonel Harker directed that I be brought back and, taking my hand and looking kindly into my face, apologized for having amused himself at my expense.

Quite Informal.

When Mark Twain lived in Buffalo he made the acquaintance of some neighbors under peculiar circumstances. Emerging from his house one morning, he saw something which made him run across the street and remark to the people who were gathered on the veranda: "My name is Clemens. My wife and I have been intending to call on you and make your acquaintance. We owe you an apology for not doing it before now. I beg your pardon for intruding on you in this informal manner and at this time of day, but your house is on fire!"

Her Sister's Elopement

By SADIE CLCOTT

My sister Clemantine is full of romance. Clem is four years older than I. She is twenty, and I'm sixteen. Phil Armitage has been toling around her for a long while, and it makes me sick to see how they act.

The other day Clem came to me and said, "Fan, Phil and I are going to elope, and I want you to help us."

"Elope!" says I. "What are you going to elope for? You know well enough pa would be glad to have some one take you off his hands."

"Don't say that to Phil. I've told him pa expects me to marry a rich man or a big one of some kind. Don't you know that a man wants what it's hard for him to get? If Phil knew pa would be glad to turn over my support to him he'd cool off right away."

"Clem," I says, "I never knew before you had so much sense. You're dead right."

"And don't you forget it. When you come to a marriageable age and a fellow comes courting you make him think you're doing him a great favor if you just look at him."

I almost snickered right out at this. How patronizing of Clem! She doesn't know that I've got five beaus and could have as many more as I like.

Well, I asked her what she wanted me to do, and she said that just before I went to bed on the night of the elopement I was to go into father's room, feel in his trousers' pocket and steal the key to the wagon house, where he keeps lots o' things, unlock the door, get out the ladder and carry it around under her window, where Phil would have no trouble in finding it. I promised to do this and anything else that she wanted me to do, but she said there was nothing else. I asked her what were the arrangements for the wedding, and she said that at 11 o'clock Phil was to put the ladder up so that she could go down to him. He was to have a wagon at the crossroads and they were to go to Parson Miller's to be married. Then they were to take the 12:30 train on their wedding journey and the next day she would telegraph pa asking forgiveness.

I thought it was just too bad that Clem and Phil should have such a doleful wedding—no cake, no lemonade or anything—and I wondered if I couldn't help them out a bit. I just told four boys and three girls that I wanted them to have a moonlight ride with me in our democrat wagon, and they all agreed. I asked pa if I might have the horses, and he said I might and gave me the key to the wagon house. Johnnie Walker came round and helped me hitch up.

My riding party was arranged for the night Clem was to make her elopement. Johnny Walker came round about 8 o'clock and I told him what we were going to do. Just before we drove off to pick up the rest of the party he carried the ladder around to the side of the house, where Clem's room was, and laid it down on the grass.

We had a merry ride, singing most of the way, and shortly before 11 o'clock I told about Clem's elopement and proposed that we make a wedding party for her—poor thing! They were all mighty well pleased with the idea, so we drove past the crossroads, where we saw Phil's wagon hitched, and on to a short distance beyond the house, where we all got out and crept along under the fence out of the moonlight to a place where we could see Clem's room.

We had none of us ever seen an elopement before, and I tell you it was lots of fun. We saw Phil steal up, dodging under the trees, put up the ladder and Clem come down. Then they both started for their wagon, and we went back to ours. It wasn't long after this till we were jogging along behind them.

They passed the parson's and, turning off the pike, took a dirt road that would lead them back to the parson's again. We turned, too, and followed them. They tried in every way to shake us, but we wouldn't be shook. When they came to the parson's next time they stopped and waited in the wagon for us to go on. We stopped and waited too. We could hear them debating what to do, and at last they concluded to go into the parsonage. They got out, Phil hitched the horse, and they rang the doorbell. We drove on with a laugh, and they thought they were rid of us, but as soon as they had been admitted we turned, drove back and, opening the parsonage door, all piled into the house.

You should have seen Clem when she saw me come in, followed by a lot of boys and girls. She looked daggers at me, I tell you.

"Clem," I said, "we didn't like for you and Phil to be married with no attendants, so we just thought we'd come and see you off."

Phil tried to laugh as if he thought it a good joke, but it was a mighty poor laugh. There was nothing for them to do but be married as they had intended, and when they had been tied together we all congratulated them, we girls offering to kiss Clem. Clem kissed them all except me, but when she refused I put my handkerchief to my eyes as though my feelings were awfully hurt, though I was laughing all the time. This melted Clem, and she put her arms about me and kissed me.

"You needn't waste money telegraphing pa," I said when we separated. "I'll tell him."

A Winning Fine.

A certain popular comedian was playing at a provincial theater, the manager of which was a very exacting man. If any actor neglected to return a "property" he fined him threepence. One night, while the manager was himself playing he gave the comedian during the piece a real half crown, which the comedian forgot to return. One the following Saturday the manager reminded him of it. "You have not returned the half crown which I gave you the other night," he said. "Never mind," replied the actor, "[illegible]"—London Globe.

The
Scrap Book

Not So Crazy.

The good clergyman was ministering to the needs of the inmates of a private lunatic asylum, and he was especially warned against an exceedingly cross grained, recently arrived patient. Nothing daunted, however, the reverend gentleman entered the little room where the man was confined and began a conversation with him.

"WHAT MAY YOU BE?"

"Is it true," inquired the crazy man, "that Queen Elizabeth has recently married the sultan of Turkey?"

"Quite true," replied the visitor, bent on humoring the patient.

"And it is also true, I suppose," went on the demented one, "that Theodore Roosevelt has been elected president of the United States for the thirty-second time?"

"Quite, quite true," said the clergyman fervently.

"Ah," said the madman, rubbing his hands with glee, "and pray, what may you be?"

"I? Oh, I am a minister of the gospel."

"Well," said the man reflectively, "you look like a minister of the church, and you may be one, but you are about the biggest blankety blanked liar I ever met!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cindy's Legs.

Cindy was an old black southern "mammy," with all the lovable traits and inconsistencies of her kind. For many years she was cook in the Warren family and gave faithful and satisfactory service.

One summer the entire family were away for two months, and Mr. Warren gave Cindy a real vacation by paying her full wages for that time and giving her the keys to the well stocked storeroom.

A few days after the return of the family Cindy came bristling into Mrs. Warren's sitting room.

"I wants mo' wages," she announced.

"Why, Cindy," exclaimed the surprised mistress, "you are getting better pay than any cook I know of in a family the size of ours. You have a nice, comfortable room and good treatment. Think how hard it was on Mr. Warren to give you a long vacation with your full wages."

"Yaas, Ah" grumbled Cindy. "Mr. Warren paid me dat money fer doin' nuthin'. An' now all you folks is comin' back fer me to cook fer an' wait on. An' I gits more money or I leaves."—Tit-Bits.

DR. W. R. PASLEY

Dentist

Offices in the Reidel Building, upstairs, Main Street, adjoining Post Office Bldg.

Hillsboro - - Oregon

Administratrix Notice of Sale

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR MULTNOMAH COUNTY

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary E. Rider, Deceased

Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the order of the above entitled Court, made and entered on the 7th day of July 1915, the undersigned as administratrix de bonis non of the Estate of Mary E. Rider, deceased, will on and after the 9th day of August, 1915, at the office of C. D. Christensen, 1003 N. W. Bank Bldg., Portland, Oreg n, offer for sale and sell at private sale all the following described real property belonging to the Estate of Mary E. Rider, deceased, situated in the County of Washington, and State of Oregon, to-wit: The East one half (½) of the southeast one quarter (¼) of the Northwest (¼) of Section Six [6], Township Three [3] South, Range One [1] West of the Willamette Meridian, for cash in hand; all in pursuance of said order of court above mentioned and subject to approval of the above entitled court.

Anna Swank, Administratrix de bonis non of the Estate of Mary E. Rider, Deceased

Dated and first published July 8, 1915.

C. D. Christensen, Attorney.

The
Grand Theatre
Friday, July 9th
ONLY

William Farnum

Creator of Ben Hur in a remarkable Screen Version of Charles Frohman's production

SAMSON

Not the Biblical subject

SUMMONS.

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

C. B. Woodworth, Plaintiff

vs

Warham H. Cox and Paul Reimer, Defendants.

To Warham H. Cox and Paul Reimer, Defendants:

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 six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, to-wit: on or before six weeks from the 8th day of July 1915, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: for a decree determining the respective interests of said defendants in and to the following described real property situated in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at an iron pipe at the corner of Section Eleven [11] Township Two [2] South, Range Two [2] West of the Willamette Meridian. Thence South 0 deg 10 min West 491.0 ft. along the line through the center of section to an iron pipe; thence South 0 deg 7 min West 1317.57 ft to an iron pipe; thence North 0 deg 27 min West 39.31 ft to a stone; thence Easterly 1318.8 ft to the point of beginning. Containing [illegible] acres, more or less; under the terms of a certain contract dated May 7th, 1913, between Western Fuel Co., a corporation and defendant Warham H. Cox, and determining the amount due the plaintiff under said contract; and fixing a time within which defendants or either of them, as the court may determine, shall pay into court for the plaintiff the amount so found due, together with attorneys fees and costs, and within which payment both or either of said defendants, as the court may direct, and decreeing that upon failure to make such payment within said time, defendants to be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, interest and equity of redemption in and to said premises, and that the plaintiff do have a receiver of and from the defendants the costs and disbursements, and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington and entered herein on the 8th day of June, 1915, which order directs that summons herein be published in the Hillsboro Argus, a newspaper published in Washington County, Oregon, once a week for six [6] weeks, and that you appear and answer on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication thereof.

Date of first publication, July 8, 1915.
Date of last publication, August 19, 1915.
Farrington & Farrington, C. M. Wilson, Attorneys for plaintiff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

(Of Final Settlement)

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the Estate of Christoph Helmold, deceased, has filed his final account as such Administrator in the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, and that said Court did, on the 8th day of July, 1915, make and enter an Order fixing the time and place, at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, as the place, and Monday, August 16th, 1915, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, as the time for hearing objections to said final account and report and for the final settlement of said Estate.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, July 8th, 1915.

Henry Helmold, Administrator.
E. B. Tongue, Attorney.

TILLAMOOK SEASHORE RESORTS

where thousands of people delight to spend their summer vacation

5 Hours From Portland

over the most wonderful scenic trip on the American Continent

Two Daily Trains

Tillamook Passenger - - Lv. Portland 7:45 a. m.
Seashore Special - - - Lv. Portland 1:40 p. m.

Parlor Observation Car with buffet lunch on the "Seashore Special"

Daily and Week End Fares From all Points

Ask for folder "Seashore Tillamook County" giving list of hotels, rates, etc

A VISIT TO THE

Two World Expositions

at San Francisco and San Diego is an event of a life time and one you cannot afford to miss

Special Fares In July

to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego on certain dates

Low Round Trip Fares Daily

with stop-overs in either direction

FOUR FINE TRAINS DAILY IN EACH DIRECTION

Stop-Overs at Expositions

All tickets to the East via California permit stop overs at San Francisco and Los Angeles to see the Expositions

Ask nearest Agent for "California and its Two World Expositions" and "Way Side Notes Shasta Route"

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.