

ALL ON THE RUN.

Military Dignity For Awhile Was Under a Severe Strain.

A certain military officer was very dignified, and if there was one thing he detested more than another it was undignified haste. One day just as he was about to hold a parade he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and he said to his orderly, "Go to my quarters, quick, and bring my handkerchief!"

The orderly touched his cap and started for the quarters, several hundred yards distant. After he had proceeded a short distance, remembering that there was no time to lose, he broke into a trot.

"See that scoundrel running as the enemy were after him! If there is anything I hate it is to see a soldier running instead of marching properly! Here, my man," he called to another soldier, "go after that man and tell him to walk!"

The second soldier started after the first, but as the first kept on running

the second one saw that his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry, so he, too, broke into a run.

The officer was violently incensed. "Here, sergeant, go after that man and tell him if he doesn't stop running I'll have him put in the guardroom!"

The sergeant set out on a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start he, too, began to run.

"If all the three scoundrels aren't running like rabbits!" ejaculated the officer. "I'll show them!" And, tucking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run; but, suddenly remembering his dignity, he came to a halt and walked back stiffly to the place where the parade was to be held.

Footprints. Lives of great men all remind us. We can make our lives sublime And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another, Barring our life's solemn train, And, toiling, shall take heart again, See, the great ones,—"A Psalm of Life."

Both Correct. A schoolmaster in Liverpool one day asked the dunce of the school some very simple questions in arithmetic. He was surprised to find that he got the right answers, and when he had finished he said to the boy, "Correct; sit down."

"Now," said the schoolmaster, "see if you have sense enough to ask me some questions."

The boy pondered for a moment and then said, "Please, sir, what would three yards of calico cost if cotton was tuppence a reel?"

"I think you take me for a fool," said the schoolmaster.

"Correct; sit down!" returned the boy.—Liverpool Mercury.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. U. B. Woodworth, Plaintiff vs. Warham H. Cox and Paul Reimera, Defendants.

To Warham H. Cox and Paul Reimera, 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 o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th 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 center of Section Eleven—11—, Township Three—3—, Range Two—2—, West, Will, Mer.; thence South 0 deg 10 min East, 81.0 ft. along the line through the center of section to an iron pipe; thence South 89 deg 2 min West 137.37 ft. to an iron pipe; thence North 0 deg 27 min West, 508.74 ft. to a stone; thence easterly 133.8 ft. to the point of beginning. Containing fifteen—15— acres, more or less; under the terms of a certain contract dated May 27th, 1911, 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, may pay into court for the plaintiff the amount so found due, together with attorneys' fees and costs, and within which plaintiff may thereupon convey said premises to both or either of said defendants, as the court may direct, and decreeing that upon failure to make such payment within said time, defendants be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, interest, and equity of redemption in and to said premises, and that the plaintiff do have and recover of and from the defendants his 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 28th day of June, 1915, which order directs that this summons herein be published in the Hillsboro Argus, a newspaper published in Washington County, Oregon, for two weeks, and that you appear and answer on or before six o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th day of July, 1915.

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

A Scientific Wooing

Curiosity, Sympathy and Imagination Were the Basic Principles.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Dr. Shotwell was about to leave his consulting room at the close of his morning office hours when a man entered whose appearance at once arrested his attention. There is no word to describe his appearance except queer. He was neither homely nor good looking, neither well nor poorly dressed. Indeed, there was nothing for or against his personal appearance. He was simply queer. Nevertheless, intellect was expressed in his face. He might have been a poet; he might have been a Socialist; he might have been a lightning calculator escaped from a dime museum.

The doctor looked at him with an expression intended to ask what he could do for him. The patient thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills, from which he selected five tens and, handing them to the doctor, said:

"There's nothing the matter with me, doctor. I'm in perfect health. I desire to consult you as to a matter of importance to me, and since I know your time is valuable I offer payment in advance. For these bills I desire half an hour's consultation with you or such part of that time as may be necessary to my purpose."

The doctor gave a tacit consent, asked his visitor to be seated, took a chair himself, and the other proceeded:

"I desire to win the love of a certain woman who has not manifested the slightest interest in me. I am convinced that love between the sexes may be produced by exciting the imagination. Nine-tenths of our marriages in America are for what is called love, but what I call an abnormal temporary development of the imaginative faculty. In proof of this I would cite the different conditions of a couple about to be married from those of a couple that have been married. During the courtship, while they are feeding on what I call imaginary love food, they are in an ecstatic suspense. Marriage ends that suspense and brings reality. After that their relations are dependent upon a number of conditions, the chief of which, to state it briefly, is whether they are naturally fitted or unfitted to give each other aid and comfort."

The doctor sat attentive to this dissertation on love, an inpatient smile gathering on his lips as his visitor proceeded. When this point had been reached and the speaker added, "Do you follow me?" the doctor replied, "I do. Proceed." Whereupon the man continued:

"My name is Norman Bloodgood. I wish to marry a young woman named Catherine Anderson. The reason why I wish to marry her is because I desire to marry some one, and I have settled upon her. There is no more reason why she should marry me than any other man. She has met me once and treated me with indifference."

"Beg pardon," interrupted the medical man, "did she not evince at least curiosity?"

"Now I remember," responded the client, "there was a look on her face at seeing me indicating surprise or amusement or something of the kind, but nothing indicating admiration or in any way being drawn toward me. But why do you ask this?"

"I take it for granted from what you have told me that you wish me to suggest some scientific method of exciting an interest in you, which, being fanned by the imagination, may result in love."

"Exactly." "Very well. I would recommend attempting to effect a lodgment through curiosity, the only constituent part of your package that seems to have taken any hold upon the young lady. Beginning with this as a foundation we may build upon it with other excitants of the feelings commonly used by wooers. Sympathy may be excited by real or feigned misfortune. Flattery when undetected as such is a stimulant. Sentiment excited by gifts, principally flowers, is an excellent means of producing love. Then when a substructure has thus been laid a touch of hands, a kiss—"

"I am aware of these methods, common to all unknings," interrupted the visitor. "What I desire to learn from you is how to handle that very difficult matter of making a beginning. Subsequent devices may or may not serve. What I am looking for is something that must produce a scientific result, just as the mingling of one part of oxygen with two parts of hydrogen will produce water."

"While I am willing to admit," replied the doctor, "that there may be some means of producing such an effect, I doubt if we have attained to a knowledge of it. Nevertheless I confess that the bent of my mind is toward investigation, and I will be interested in assisting you to win the love of the lady of your choice by scientific means, but—handing his visitor the proffered fee—"I could not consent to take money for what is beyond the pale of my profession."

The matter of the fee having been settled by the client accepting its return, the doctor proceeded: "Since you consider the imagination the excitant of love I am willing to work with you on this line. But we must in your case begin with curiosity, since you say that is the only hold you have upon Miss Anderson's attention. Now, suppose you make a mystery concerning yourself. Hint at some great grief in your life, some injustice done you. I would not scruple to try to impose upon the lady a sin you have committed, of which you are repentant."

"But, doctor, the time must come when it will become necessary to make plain this mystery."

"Not necessarily, but if it does you may gain a strong point by confessing some noble act which your tender conscience has exaggerated into a crime."

"Thanks, doctor," said the visitor, grasping the other's hand. "That suggestion is worth more than any prescription you have ever written." "That isn't saying much," muttered the man of medicine to himself. "I must leave you now," he said to his client, looking at his watch, "to make my morning round of visits. Suppose you start on the lines I have suggested, and if you find that you have produced results let me know. I advise you, having made your beginning on a basis of curiosity, to add a teaspoonful—I mean a quantum—of sympathy, leaving the imagination to come in third, after which resort to the ordinary devices pertaining to courtship."

"Thank you, doctor," said the visitor, rising and grasping the doctor's hand warmly, and with the same serious look on his face that he had worn through the interview he went his way.

Within a fortnight the doctor received a letter from his client in which he laid down his great grief and a sin that he had committed. He had killed a man for revenge, but had been driven to the act through a great wrong done him. He was suffering no end of mental torture. Miss Anderson's sympathy had been aroused, and she was intent upon knowing what had spurred him to kill a fellow being. This was as far as he had gone. He had noted the rise of considerable interest in him on the part of the lady in due time he would reveal that his father and mother, who had lived in the wild west, had been murdered by Indians. He had not only killed all the Indians concerned in the massacre, but he had barbarously taken their scalps, acts for which he could never forgive himself.

A second letter came in which Mr. Bloodgood spoke of the murder of his parents and his confession of his revenge. Miss Anderson had been much grieved for him and had been disappointed because he had not tortured the Indians before killing them. She had expressed wonder that he should have allowed the killing of a few savages who had murdered his dear father and mother to trouble his conscience. Surely he must have great nobility of soul to consider such an act a sin.

And here, as these two scientists, Dr. Shotwell and Mr. Bloodgood, had intended, the imagination began to work. Miss Bloodgood pictured the settlers' cabin, the trees of the virgin forest waving over it, the old man sitting before the freights at evening smoking his pipe and the old woman clearing the supper table; then the figures of the red men in the evening twilight galloping toward the cabin. The massacre was too horrible for the dreamer to dwell upon, but she pictured the son's return to find his parents weeping in their blood.

And now the queerness of Norman Bloodgood had given place to a heroic looking man tending up to heaven and swearing to avenge their death. She saw him mount a mettlesome steed and, plunging his spurs into the horse's flanks, speed away into the depths of the forest. She heard the crack of his rifle as he brought down the first savage. She saw him plunge a tomahawk into the next redskin's skull. She fancied him dealing death to a dozen Indians and wished there were more.

Then her hero rode off, his vengeance wreaked, appalled at the very being of the massacre of his beloved parents had made him. Years of regret followed. What a noble spirit to grieve over the punishment of bloodthirsty savages!

One day Mr. Bloodgood called at Dr. Shotwell's office and reported the story he had told, the object of the experiment they were interested in. He knew nothing of his success in exciting Miss Anderson's imagination or her sympathy. He simply reported what he had done. The doctor listened to his report and, confident of the effect he had produced, suggested that he try a light application of hand pressure; if this was not repelled, an arm stolen around the waist, a touch of the lips.

Not long after this Bloodgood reported that in one of his fits of remorse he had dropped his head upon Miss Anderson's shoulder. She had not withdrawn from the contact. Encouraged, he had folded her in his arms. Still not being repelled, he had kissed her. Then one day he called at the doctor's office to be congratulated upon his engagement.

These two scientists discussed the matter in the same vein as when they were laying out their plan of attacking Miss Anderson's heart by scientific methods as if they had it in a test tube. Mr. Bloodgood did not appear to consider that there was any difference in the two processes. As for the doctor, he was a reticent man and never told even his best friend how much of the conquest was due to cause and effect and how much to nature.

After Mr. Bloodgood's marriage Dr. Shotwell met him and asked him if he had preserved the secret of his deception.

"Oh, I confessed that at the time our first child was born," replied Bloodgood, "but she was too much interested in the baby to consider the matter of any importance."

Affliction. Nothing so much increases one's reverence for others as a great sorrow to oneself. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow and deem others so.—Charles Buxton.

A Traveler's Tale. The passengers were beguiling the journey with pleasant conversation. One man in particular, who had the look of a traveler, told of long sojourns in foreign lands and kept them all interested with his anecdotes. "Yes, gentlemen," said he, "there is nothing like travel to expand the mind. Now, I don't suppose, for instance, that many of you have ever seen a beet root putting on a waistcoat?" His fellow passengers stared in surprise. "No, we certainly have not!" "Or a lettuce donning a pair of trousers?" "No!" "Or a spring onion fixing on its tie and collar?" "No, not even that!" "Well, gentlemen," said the traveler as the train drew up at the terminus and he prepared to alight, "you may believe me or not, as you like, but several times in my travels I have seen not only a beet root or a lettuce or an onion, but a whole salad dressing!"—London Mail.

Renting a Houseboat

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"I've tried every way of spending the hot months," said young Mrs. Yardley, widow, "except yachting, and I can't do that because it's too expensive. Besides, a woman can't very well tackle a yacht."

"Why don't you try a houseboat?" "The very thing! By the by, I saw a houseboat advertised for rent for the coming season, completely furnished and equipped, with a motorboat and two rowboats. There was even a stock of ice laid in. I'll look it up."

The next morning Mrs. Yardley took a train and went to the houseboat. When she reached the shore she saw a gentleman looking at him for something.

"Beg pardon," she said. "Can you tell me where I can find a houseboat that has been advertised for rent?" "I'm looking for it myself."

"Oh, you are? Of course I wouldn't interfere with any one else who might wish to rent it," said the lady, wondering how she could get ahead of the man.

"I think that's it," he remarked, looking at a queer craft tied to the bank not far away. "I have very little idea of taking it. I certainly wouldn't do so if you want it."

They proceeded to the houseboat, where they were received by an old systemer, who had the care of it. He naturally supposed that they were man and wife. They passed over the plank and in at the main lower door, and the caretaker showed them what they had come to see.

"I'll take you to the galley first," he said. "Here it is. Every convenience; the best range that's made; china from the finest manufacturers, and all the cookin' utensils necessary. This is the dinin' room—when you don't want to dine on deck—round mahogany table and sideboard to match. This bedroom is for the occupant and his wife. This room adjoining will do for the children if you have any; if got the door between can be locked, and it can be used for a guest."

"This was embarrassing. The gentleman's mouth quirked at the corners, and the lady was very sober. In order to spare her further annoyance the gentleman said:

"You are mistaken in supposing we are married."

"Oh! I thought you was rather young lookin' for man and wife. Only engaged, eh? Well, it'll be all the same in a few months, I reckon. But if you're thinkin' o' takin' the boat for the comin' season—in course the weddin' 'll come off soon—I suppose you'd want her by the 1st of July, and this is near the end of May."

"Never mind our relationship," interrupted the gentleman, seeing his companion wince under this chatter. But the words had a different effect on the caretaker from that intended. He looked at the couple suspiciously.

"Beg pardon, sir," he went on, "but I have orders to mind the relationship of applicants, for the owner strictly charged me not to rent her except to respectable parties. If you and the lady want her you'll have to satisfy him that you're—"

"Have you a library on board?" asked the lady, trying her hand at subtlety of the oysterman.

"Yes, mum; there's a good library with ligitant bindin' on the books. It's in here."

As the visitors could not very well help coming together, so they couldn't help going together, for when the old fellow finished showing them through the boat they found themselves at the door opening on to the gangplank.

"If the boat suits you," said the gentleman as the couple walked away, "you are at liberty to take it. I have no one but myself and a bachelor friend to occupy it, and he may fall me. In any event, I would not make an offer for it if you want it."

"I am situated much as you are. While I have plenty of friends, I fear most of them have made their arrangements for the summer."

They were going to the station and to the city on the same train. Before they parted they exchanged addresses that they might notify each other as to their future wishes and intentions.

Within a few days Mrs. Yardley received a note from the gentleman, Mr. Auchincloss, that he had discovered they had mutual friends in the Chiltendens. If she would permit him to call he would tell her of another houseboat he had found for rent which might please her better than the one she had seen. Permission was granted, and Mr. Auchincloss called.

Now that they were acquainted, they made a joint excursion to the next houseboat and this time were mistaken for an engaged couple by the caretaker, a fisherman's wife, who said she knew they weren't married because the gentleman was too polite and attentive. They were both much pleased with this houseboat, but concluded to look further. For the next two months they continued to look at houseboats together; then Mr. Auchincloss proposed to Mrs. Yardley, and their investigations ceased.

But by this time all the houseboats in the market were rented, and it was rather late in the season anyway. So Mrs. Yardley, who had a trousseau to provide for an autumn wedding, concluded not to go out of town at all that summer that she might make her preparations.

Gravel Joking. Attorney Loomis C. Johnson tells this story on a lawyer friend of Kansas City.

This lawyer was employed by the Pullman company to look after its interests in a case that necessitated a great deal of traveling over the country.

He thought he would play a little joke on the Pullman company. Here is how he did it.

He tipped the Pullman porter \$1 every time he got on a train and itemized it in his expense account.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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!"

INCOGNITO

By RUTH GRAHAM

Jack Meriweather was a howling swell. Being rich he had nothing to do except amuse himself. But amusement with him must be taken out of doors. He was devoted to tennis and baseball—in fact, all athletic sports. When thus engaged he dressed accordingly, but as soon as he had finished game he bathed in perfumed water and put on attire quite elegant enough for a prince of the blood.

Mr. Meriweather was also fond of autos, having several in his garage, and he kept them all in order himself. He had plenty of tools, and whenever any thing in the machinery of one of his cars broke or became disarranged he would don his overalls and fix it. One day he had been working under a car long enough to become much begrimed and, having repaired the damage, concluded to try the machine with a view to seeing if what he had mended would hold. He preferred this course to risking a breakdown in a car filled with others.

Jack did not change his overalls or wash the smudge off his face or hands, but started down the road looking for all the world like a greasy mechanic. The machine behaved admirably, and Jack was about to turn back when he saw ahead of him a lady alight from a machine that had stopped and look ruefully at it. Thinking she might need assistance, he went on till he reached her. He at once recognized Miss Ethel Ashmore, a young lady he had met slightly. But Miss Ashmore failed to perceive in the man in overalls, with his face covered with blacklead and grease, one whom she had met socially. Seeing a mechanic, she was much pleased at the prospect of an assistant.

"Would you be so kind as to examine my machine and tell me what's the matter with it?" she asked.

Jack pulled his machine to the side of the road, alighted and looked for the trouble. He soon found it and said that there was a broken rod that would have to be repaired. This involved taking the machine to the garage.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the girl. "What shall I do?"

"I can get a rope at one of these farms hereabout," suggested Jack, "hitch your machine to mine and take it to my shop. Then as soon as I can duplicate the rod I will put it in for you."

"I wish you would," said the girl. "I'll pay you for what you do."

Jack re-entered his machine, ran down the road a bit to a farm house and returned with a stout rope. Then, having hitched the two machines together, the girl got into hers to steer it. Jack got into his own machine and dragged the load to his garage.

"Now I'll take you home," he said. "Tomorrow I'll have the needed part, put it in, and in the afternoon will deliver the machine at your home."

"Could you have it there by 4? I usually go for a drive at that hour."

"I have no doubt of it." Jack enjoyed the part he was playing and, expecting that Miss Ashmore would recognize him if he put on good clothes, drove her home as he was. When he left her at the door she said:

"If you will tell me how much the bill will be I will pay it now."

"I think the price of the rod to replace the broken one will be about \$3. I shall have to charge by the rules of the union, 70 cents an hour. My time on the job will be about three hours. Call it all \$5."

The young lady put her gloved fingers into her portemonnaie, took out a five dollar gold coin and dropped it into Jack's begrimed hand. Then, turning, she went into the house, without looking back.

The next afternoon at precisely 4 o'clock an automobile drew up at Miss Ashmore's door. She heard it and, assuming that it was her machine, she went out dressed for a drive. She was somewhat puzzled at the changed appearance of the mechanic. Instead of overalls he wore a suit built by a fashionable tailor, a double breasted, fancy waistcoat, a voluminous aure polka dot necktie, while on his hands were a pair of new tan gloves. Nor was there the slightest sign of black on his immaculate complexion. Alighting, he stood uncovered.

"Good afternoon, Miss Ashmore."

"Why, Mr. Meriweather?" "Fortunate, wasn't it, that I came upon you yesterday when you broke down?"

"You don't mean?" "Yes; I am the mechanic who rescued your machine and brought you home."

"Heavens," exclaimed the lady, biting her lip and coloring, "and I paid you for it!"

Jack flipped with his thumb the coin she had given him which he had converted into a fob, saying:

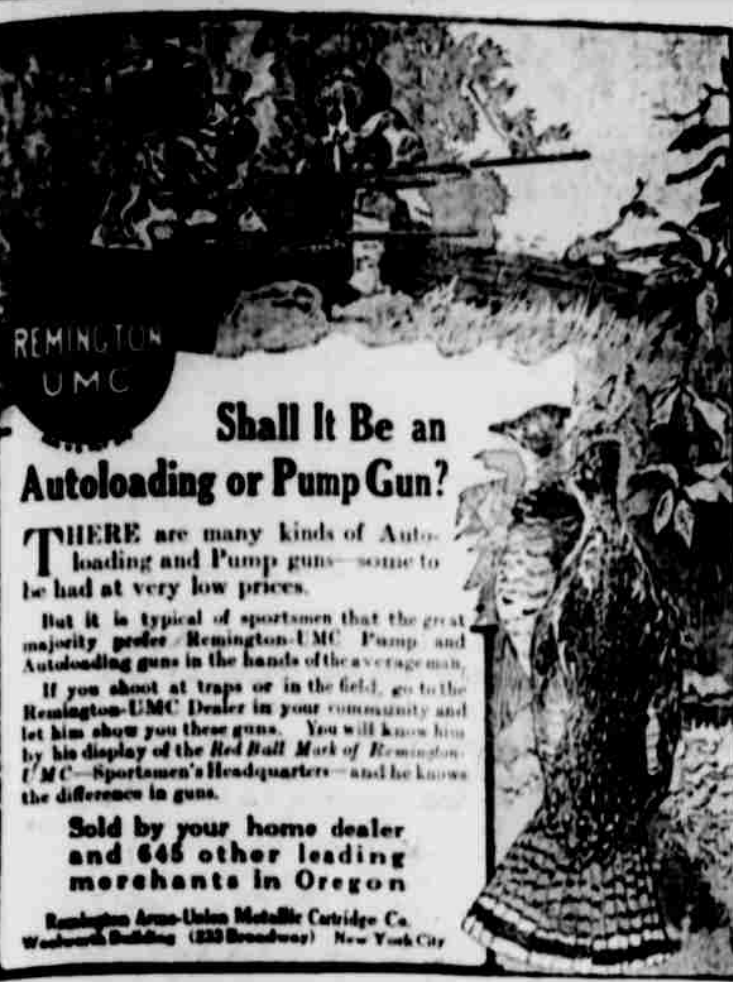
"Here it is. I have earned it, and I mean to keep it in memory of the service it was my happiness to do you."

Miss Ashmore blushed and as soon as she recovered her composure said: "A good automobile mechanic should also be a good driver. Perhaps I may hire you for my chauffeur this afternoon?"

"Not for hire this time. One memo to will suffice, but I shall be happy to serve you, all the same."

The two got into the car and sped away.

A lady who heard the story remarked, "Those two should make a match." And they did.



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