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L. A. LUND, Editor.

County Official Paper

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LONG & McMINN

The Columbia River will get over a million for government improvement this year. This was half what it received at the last session—and it is supposed the reduction was due to the anti-press squealing about the "pork-barrel."

After a rather hard Winter it begins to look as though Spring is here. Yesterday the sun was hot enough at times to bore a hole through an overcoat. Farmers who have in but little acreage of Fall-sown grain are impatiently awaiting plow-time, in hopes of an early sowing.

Jack Robinson and wife, of Laurel, were in town today.

J. A. Kirkwood was up from Reedville, today.

Thos. Condon and Dora Robbins of Manning, were granted marriage license today.

Robt. Robinson, of Farmington, was in town the last of the week.

Several wood choppers wanted.—R. D. Calavan, Groveland, on the United.

Mrs. E. H. Smith, wife of Dr. Smith, is convalescing from an operation performed last Sunday, by two Portland surgeons.

For rent: Six and one-half acres, 6-room house, barn and outhouses, one mile east of Hillsboro. Per year, cash rent, \$75. Address H. D. Schmeltzer, Hillsboro, Ore.

MEDIEVAL JUSTICE

By ETHEL HOLMES

In the year of our Lord 1370 in the town of Strasburg a man who had for a long while been thinking of the division of time into hours constructed one of the first clocks that was ever made. What led him to do this was that while the people could keep the flight of days by cutting a notch on a stick for every day, they could have no record of the parts of days except by the sun.

This man who invented the clock—his name is lost, so we will call him Gustav—set it up in the tower of the church, and the people could go to bed and get up by its striking the hour. Some of them considered him an angel who had been sent from heaven for this very purpose. Straightway they committed to his care the town calendar, throwing away the notched sticks, and after that it was only he who could tell them when anything that had been appointed for a certain day was due.

One day a young man—Martin Steiger—went to Gustav and said to him: "Gustav, I love Katrina, the daughter of Frau Tinkhorner, and Katrina loves me. But her mother is forcing her to marry old Carl Oberman, who is rich or supposed to be. I happen to know a man from whom Oberman stole a valuable jewel. This man's name is Kneiff, and he has since been looking all through Germany for the man who robbed him. Kneiff is now in Munich. If I go there I can tell him where Oberman is; he will come

and, if it is known that Oberman is a thief and Katrina will be saved from marrying him."

"Well, then, why do you not go at once?"

"Katrina in order to gain time has promised her mother that she will marry Oberman in seven days from today, binding herself before the judge to do so. I cannot go to Munich, and Kneiff and bring him back here before the day set for the wedding. Can you not so disarrange the calendar so that a few days shall be gained?"

"But the people trust me implicitly in the matter of the flight of time."

"What difference will a few days make to them?"

Gustav, who was a good fellow, was persuaded and told Steiger that he would do what he could for him, and Steiger set out for Munich to find Kneiff and inform him concerning Oberman's present residence. While Martin was gone the clock became very irregular. One morning it called the people from their beds before the sun was up and the next struck the hour for their rising when it was high in the heavens. Gustav said that he feared the clock was bewitched.

Meanwhile Frau Tinkhorner was keeping the passage of the days on her own account by cutting a notch on a stick for every day that passed. The day before the one set for the wedding he informed her daughter that she must be married the next day. Katrina declared that the time had not yet passed within three days and refused to comply, whereupon her mother summoned her before the judge, submitting to him the agreement between them and bringing with her the notched stick to show that the time would be up on the morrow. The judge looked at it and counted the notches, but the evidence of one interested in the case keeping the record did not coincide with his great judicial ideas, and he sent for Gustav.

"Gustav," he said, "what day of the month will tomorrow be?"

"The 12th, your honor."

"But Frau Tinkhorner says she has kept a record and tomorrow will be the 14th."

"My record by the clock tallies with that," replied Gustav, "but the clock has recently been bewitched and has lost two days."

"Who has bewitched it?"

Gustav approached the judge and whispered something in his ear.

"What is your age, Frau Tinkhorner?" asked the judge.

"I am forty-eight."

The judge started. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes, your honor; I am just forty-eight."

The judge dismissed the matter before him and ordered Frau Tinkhorner into custody on a charge of having bewitched the town clock. Gustav had whispered to him that the clock having gained exactly forty-eight hours, this indicated that the person who had bewitched it was forty-eight years old. When Frau Tinkhorner admitted that she was that age it was evident she had bewitched the clock in order to force her daughter to marry old Oberman ahead of time.

So Frau Tinkhorner was thrown into prison. Two days later Martin Steiger returned from Munich with Kneiff, who went before the judge and accused Oberman of having stolen a jewel from him. Oberman was arrested and the jewel found in his effects.

But there was nothing to prove that the jewel belonged to Kneiff or that Oberman had stolen it.

The learned judge summed up the case thus: It was plain that the frau had bewitched the clock for the purpose of forcing Katrina to wed Oberman. She was sentenced to be burned at the stake, and Oberman was sentenced to be beheaded.

But Martin and Katrina, having attained their ends, got up a petition to the judge for pardons, and, as he granted them, justice was defeated.

The Result.

"Dear me, girls! What an earth is that peculiar sweetish smell in the air all over the house?"

"Why, Gertrude is burning her old love letters in the furnace!"—Baltimore American.

There Must Have Been Souvenirs.

"Was your banquet a success?"

"Great! We couldn't have had a bigger crowd if it had been a free feed!"—Detroit Free Press.

WHERE DRUGGISTS FLOURISH.

How the Business is Run in the South American Republics.

Latin Americans are great believers in medicines and, due to the scarcity of physicians, are obliged to "doctor" themselves. Pharmacy is consequently profitable. With the exception of modern Europe, Canada and the United States pharmacy is practiced in other lands of the world much as it was in the United States seventy-five or a hundred years ago, and this is particularly true of the republics to the south of us.

The individual druggist makes his own pills, extracts, tinctures, infusions and pulverizes his own crude drugs. Soda water fountains are few. The usual rubber goods, toilet articles, soaps, perfumes, instruments and sundries are carried.

Each druggist makes a line of his own specialties which he pushes. In addition to the standard drugs and medicines, he also carries remedies and medicaments known only in his immediate vicinity. They are mostly of Indian origin, compounded from roots, herbs or other ingredients, produced only in the country where he lives. These find a ready sale among all classes.

Superstitious ideas are prevalent, and these are frequently taken advantage of by the unscrupulous. One pharmacist made a fortune selling Indians, half castes, and whites for that matter, too, "pink love powders" and "white love powders." The white love powder was pulverized sugar, while the pink love powder was made of the same material colored. Indians could walk hundreds of miles to buy this precious powder.—Leslie's Weekly.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

It is Said to Have the Most Trying Climate in the World.

The chief peculiarity about Kurna is that the natives believe the place where they live is the exact site of the garden of Eden.

The climate of Kurna is acknowledged to be the most trying in all the world. The heat is terrific in the summer time. It is claimed that the British government has a record of 150 degrees in the shade upon the bridge of a boat anchored in the river at Busreh, a little to the south.

The missionaries at Busreh tell of nights when the thermometer registers not less than 125 degrees. British sailors bound for the Persian gulf in the summer time usually desert if they can. Perhaps in Arizona the thermometer rises nearly as high, but there is the dry air, while in the Persian gulf it is exceedingly moist.

The Europeans at Busreh must pass the days in underground chambers, or arandas, while a native boy pulls a huge fan, or pankah, suspended from the ceiling to keep the air in circulation. The nights are spent on the roof, for it is impossible to sleep below.

In the winter time the air seems exceedingly cold, for the marshes are filled with salt, and as the wind sweeps over the plain the moist air is peculiarly penetrating. Frequently the Arab, benumbed by the cold, falls from his horse.—Christian Herald.

Where Plato Taught.

The famous academy of Plato was in a suburb of Athens, about a mile north of the Dydium gate. It is said to have belonged to the hero Academus; hence the name. It was surrounded with a wall and adorned with walks, groves and fountains. Plato possessed a small estate in the neighborhood and for some fifty years taught his "divine philosophy" to young and old assembled in the academy to listen to his wise words. After Plato's death in 348 B. C. the academy lost much of its fame, but the beauty remained for centuries after the great teacher was no more.—New York American.

The Margin of Leisure.

A broad margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man's life as in a book. Haste makes waste no less in life than in housekeeping. Keep the time, observe the hours of the universe, not of the cars. What are threescore years and ten hurriedly and coarsely lived to moments of divine leisure in which your life is coincident with the life of the universe? We live too fast and coarsely, just as we eat too fast and do not know the true savor of our food. We consult our will and understanding and the expectation of men, not our genius.—Thoreau.

Inducements to Matrimony.

There prevails in some parts of Brittany a curious marriage custom. On certain festive days the marriageable girls appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes 100 francs per annum; each yellow band represents 1,000 francs a year.

Volcano Made by Man.

At Brule, France, is the most remarkable volcano made by man. Originally it was a mass of coal, millions of tons. One day about a century ago the coal caught fire, and it has never ceased burning. The summit of the smoldering mass has a genuine crater.

Paradoxical.

"There was a funny thing about that counterfeit note charge."

"What was it?"

"The grand jury found a true bill in the case!"—Baltimore American.

The grandest of all human sentiments—what is that? It is that which should forget his anger before he lies down to sleep.

In Golf Terms.

"Yes, I am learning to stave myself."

"What progress?"

"Oh, I can go over the course in 110 or thereabouts!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wanted to Know.

Mrs. Newrich—I am determined that Clara's debut shall pass off with great eclat. Newrich—What's the matter, expense?—Boston Transcript.

Presently the present will have passed, never to be recalled. Let it be.

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Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator of the estate of William M. Stephens, deceased, by Order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, made on the 26th day of January, A. D. 1916, and has duly qualified as such administrator.

Now therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers at my residence in Forest Grove, Oregon, or at the law office of Thos. H. Tongue, Jr., in the Commercial Block, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit, within six months from February 17th, A. D. 1916.

Ann K. Stephens, Administratrix of the Estate of William M. Stephens, deceased.

Thos. H. Tongue, Jr., Attorney for Administratrix.

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Try **Spear Head**—the very best chew that money can buy. It's "O" cuts, wrapped in wax paper.

OREGON KID



Oregon Kid, one of the crack cross-country horses of a few years ago, went to Horse Heaven, Monday night, succumbing to a touch of colic. He was the property of E. H. Tongue, and had won many cups in paper chases and other cross-country races than any other horse in the Northwest. In his races he has beaten such horses as J. W. Bennett. He was considered an outlaw until Tongue accepted him, when he at once went to the front as a winner. He never raced on the track, accepting as a two-year old. The above picture is of the Kid when he was in his prime, mounted by his owner, after winning the Hunt Club cup.



Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, on February 17, A. D. 1916, in favor of John P. Carstens, Plaintiff, and against Anna R. Estate & Investment Company, a corporation, G. R. Perival and Eliza Perival, his wife, H. R. Dickinson and Ida E. Dickinson, her husband, defendants, for the sum of One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy Dollars (\$1,870) with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from June 14, 1914, and the further sum of Twenty Three and 48-100 Dollars (\$23.48) with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum since August 1st, 1915, and for the further sum of Two Hundred Dollars (\$200) attorney's fees, and for the costs and disbursements of said suit, taxed at Fifty One and 25-100 Dollars (\$51.25) to be paid by the defendants to the plaintiff hereinafter described commands of said Execution, Doores and day of March, A. D. 1916, the 25th day of March, at the hour of ten o'clock a.m. of said day, at the South door of the Court House, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, to satisfy the before mentioned sum, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ.

Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per the statutes of the State of Oregon.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 17th day of February A. D. 1916.

J. E. REEVES,

Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

T. H. Tongue, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff.

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