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The Oregonian

BIRTHDAY

A pleasant afternoon was enjoyed at the home of Mrs. Herman F. Reese, in this city, 3900 N. 181st, the occasion being the birth anniversary of the hostess. Those present were Messdames Berthold, Bray, Hamelman, Schendel, Oppenlander, Bunning, Miller, Liebenow, Jones, B. Demmin, Ed. Schoeler, Behrman, Orth, Kuenkle, Bulling, Miss E. Kraus, Messrs. and Mesdames Ed. Humm, Glazer, Haines, Keim, Huntmann, Herr; Richard Schoeler, John Liebenow and Miss Viola Demmin.

PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder at my ranch on the Gates Creek road, 5 miles northwest of Forest Grove, on old Friend P. Barrett's place, on **MONDAY, MARCH 27** Commencing at 10 a. m.; the following property to-wit:

Holstein cow, 8 yrs, will be fresh Oct. 20; part Jersey and Durham cow, 8 yrs, will be fresh October 18; 2 high-grade Jersey cows, 6 yrs, will be fresh Oct. 15 and May 24; 2 high-grade Holstein cows, 4 yrs, to freshen Oct. 21; high grade Jersey, 3 yrs, fresh May 29; high grade Jersey, 3 yrs, fresh Nov. 28; high grade Jersey, 3 years, fresh Oct. 20; high grade Holstein, 3 yrs, fresh Oct. 15; high grade Jersey yearling, fresh Oct. 7; 5 high grade Jersey and Holsteins coming yearling; 4 2-yr-old steers; registered Holstein bull from high milking strain. All good testers. Black horse, 10 years, about 1300 lbs; bay mare, 8 yrs, about 1300; colt, 2 yrs; gray mare, 10 years, about 1000; colt, 7 mos; Mitchell mower; 10-disc harrow; 3-section "S" iron dray harrow; 2 cultivators; Kenton disc plow, single disc; 12-in walking plow; buggy and buggy harness; heavy set of work harness; Toledo steel range with 10 gal. copper hot water tank; center table, sewing machine, steel couch, household goods and other articles too numerous to mention. Lunch at noon.

Terms of sale: \$10 and under, cash; over \$10 six months time, bearing 8 per cent interest.

B. E. Barrett, Owner.
J. W. Hughes, auctioneer.
Geo. F. Naylor, clerk.

I saw cordwood, poles up to 12 inches in diameter, fence rails, and boards of all kinds, into stovewood lengths. Will go into the country. Write, phone or call on me.—Carl Skow, Hillsboro. Phone, City 462, or call at Tualatin Hotel.

Wanted—at once: Young men for automobile business. Big pay. We make you expert in ten weeks by mail. Pay us after we secured your position. Century Automobile Institute, 290 Los Angeles, Cal.

FOR SHERIFF

To the Voters of Washington County: I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of Sheriff at the primary election to be held May 19, 1916. If nominated and elected I will give the protection of the office to all persons and classes alike. I will conduct the office in an economical way as near as possible with fair and courteous treatment to the Public.
Paid adv. **Geo. G. Hancock.**

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

The undersigned is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative in the Legislature for Washington County, 15th District, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primary election to be held Friday, May 19th, 1916, and respectfully solicits the support of the party on a platform of the State's business in a business way; strict economy and fairness to all. Have been a resident of Washington County for six years, always interested in its development and prosperity.
(Paid Adv.) **A. E. Scott.**

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Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administratrix 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 28th day of January A. D. 1916, and has duly qualified as such Administratrix.

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.
Thos. H. Tongue, Jr., Administrator.

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Administratrix Notice

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of George S. Campbell, deceased, and have duly qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me, with the proper vouchers, at the law office of W. N. Barrett, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.
Dated February 24, 1916.
Amelia Campbell,
Administratrix of the estate of George S. Campbell, deceased.
W. N. Barrett, Attorney for said Administratrix.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, Clara Darling, Plaintiff, vs. Lulu Myrtle France and R. E. France, husband and wife, Mahlon A. Diehl and Minnie M. Diehl, husband and wife and Jacob Lesser, Defendants.
By virtue of an execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale issued out of the above entitled Court in the above entitled cause, to me directed and dated the 6th day of March 1916, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said Court on the 6th day of March, 1916, in favor of Clara Darling, plaintiff, and against Lulu Myrtle France and R. E. France her husband, Mahlon A. Diehl and Minnie M. Diehl, husband and wife, and Jacob Lesser, defendants for the sum of \$840.00 with interest at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from the 27th day of November, 1915, and the further sum of \$80.00 Attorney's fee, and the further sum of \$28.27 taxes paid, and for the further sum of \$24.70 costs and disbursements, and the costs of and upon this writ commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, to-wit: All of Block 22 Hills Acres, containing 6.68 acres, more or less, and being a subdivision of a portion of the Hill Farm, Washington County, State of Oregon, according to the duly recorded plat thereof.

NOW THEREFORE, by virtue of said execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will on Monday, the 19th day of April, 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the South Door of the Court House at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction, subject to redemption to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants, or either of them had on the 27th of November, 1911, or since that date had in and to the above premises or any part thereof to satisfy said execution, judgment order and decree, interest, costs and accruing costs.

Dated this 7th day of March, 1916
J. E. REEVES,
Sheriff of Washington County, Ore.
By **J. C. APPELGATE,** Deputy
E. L. PERKINS,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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FOR COMMISSIONER

The undersigned respectfully presents himself as a candidate for county commissioner before the Republican primaries, May 19, and if nominated and elected pledges progressiveness with strictest economy. Four years experience in this office.
John Nyberg,
(Paid adv.) Tualatin, Ore.

A STORY OF HUNGARY

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

The map of Europe has been changing ever since there has been any historical record. There have been times when changes have been expected that have not occurred. One thing is noticeable—no nation in Europe has thrown off a foreign yoke.

Sixty years ago Hungary was in a position of antagonism to Austria. Louis Kossuth came to the United States, which was in those days the mecca of all peoples who desired to be made free, to raise funds to prosecute a revolution against the other wing of the dual empire. He was treated liberally by the freedom loving American people and returned to Hungary. What became of the money raised at that time I do not know. What everybody does know is that Hungary is still a part of the empire of Austria-Hungary.

I am of Hungarian parentage, but I was born in America. My father was in sympathy with the movement to achieve independence for his fatherland and was a member of a revolutionary society organized for that purpose. This story which I am about to relate he told me when I was a boy.

"The society to which I belonged," he said, "was organized for the purpose of bringing about a rising of the Hungarian people against the Austrian government. Of course we were a secret body. I determined to learn the plans of the government concerning Hungary, and to do this I offered my services to the prime minister as a spy on the revolutionists, revealing to him that I was a member of a circle whose object was to achieve the independence of Hungary, and I had joined the society with a view to obtaining their plans. I succeeded in winning the minister's confidence and anticipated getting much valuable information.

"The danger in all this was that unless I made known to the circle my intentions I was likely to be considered a traitor to them. If I told them what I was doing I was liable to run against some one among them who was endeavoring to accomplish for the government what I was desirous of doing for the circle. If so I would be immediately arrested and shot by the government.

"I concluded to place in the hands of one member of the circle—Shimsky was his name—evidence to prove that I was working in the interest of Hungary, but charged him not to produce it till I should call upon him to do so. Indeed, it consisted of papers in a sealed package the nature of which he did not know. He and I had long been friends, and I felt sure that he was true to Hungary.

"Through the prime minister I learned just what provision had been made by the government to suppress any rising on the part of Hungary and, more than this, what prominent Hungarians were playing false to the Hungarian cause. Then suddenly I met with a misfortune. Shimsky was arrested as a plotter against the Austrian government. And a second misfortune followed immediately. A few days after Shimsky's arrest our society held a meeting, and I was not only accused of being a traitor, but of having given the information that had caused his arrest.

"It happened that another member of the circle was playing the same game I was playing. One Ramnyne, while pretending to be working in the interest of the government, had learned that I was in the confidence of the prime minister. Ramnyne at once reported the matter to the society. They constituted themselves a court to examine into the charge.

"The evidence of my true position had been given only to Shimsky, and he had been arrested and his papers confiscated. If he had placed mine with the others I was surely lost. I could not convince the circle that I was true to them, and the government would have conclusive proof that I had been a spy on their movements. If I escaped the circle I would fall by the government.

"All I could say to the circle was that I had deposited proofs of my loyalty to Hungary with Shimsky. If the government was not in possession of them and they could be found, I was saved. If not, the government would put me out of the way.

Two Kisses

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

During the stay of the American troops in Cuba when the throwing off of Spanish rule was being brought about by Captain Edward Mansfield of the staff was sent out, supported by a reconnoitering party, to sweep around Santiago for information. Coming to a hacienda, the captain, leaving his men at the gateway, rode up to the house. He was admitted by a negro woman, who announced that there was no one at home except Senorita Sierra, the daughter of the owner. Whereupon Mansfield asked if he might have a few minutes' conversation with the young lady.

The senorita was of a different type from the usual Spanish girl, who is small of stature and delicately made. She was rather above the middle height for a woman and of dignified demeanor. Having entered the room where the captain was waiting for her she stood without speaking till he should make known his desires.

What Mansfield had called at the house for was information. He asked if the family sided with Spain or Cuba and learned that their hearts were with Cuba. But as to information, the young lady had none to give. Nevertheless the visitor kept her talking. He was a male flirt and had made many a conquest. Darling was a method often employed with women, and he resolved upon this course in the present case. After engaging the senorita in conversation for some time, during which he showed admiration for her, he rose to take his leave. He offered his hand, and when she gave him hers he drew her toward him, and before she could draw back he had kissed her on the cheek.

That he had made a mistake was instantly apparent. The senorita's eyes flashed, and her face flushed scarlet. With an expression of contempt she turned, left the room, and Mansfield saw her no more.

When the fighting was over, before returning to the United States, Mansfield mounted his horse and rode to the hacienda to offer an apology for what he had done. The same negro woman who had admitted him before opened the door. Mansfield asked her to inform her mistress that he would consider it a boon if she would give him a few moments in which to apologize for what he had done on a previous visit.

Written word was returned that an apology would not be accepted. The lady demanded satisfaction on behalf of one who would act as her champion. Captain Mansfield would receive a communication at a hotel a short distance down the road.

The officer left the house in a quandary. Should he meet some one in mortal combat for a snatched kiss for which he had offered to apologize, or should he end the affair by sitting for home without paying any further attention to it? He would have chosen the latter course had it not been for the contemptuous treatment he had received from the senorita. He could not bring himself to incur the further imputation.

He rode to the hotel named and, taking a seat on the veranda, he waited. Half an hour passed, and he began to ride back to camp when he was approached, holding in his hand a letter. Seeing Mansfield, he handed it to him. The captain opened it and read: "To the American Officer.—This evening at 6 o'clock I will take satisfaction for the insult offered my sister. Be at the northeast corner of the Sierra hacienda."
JOSE SIERRA.

Mansfield was puzzled as to the handwriting. The letters were large and bold, but it looked as if the writer had disguised his hand. The captain could not but smile at a challenge to mortal combat sent by a negro boy, addressed to "the American officer" and signed by a man he had never seen. If Jose Sierra had no friend to bear his challenge why did he not come himself? Evidently the senorita was put to it to secure her revenge. Possibly the brother was not at hand, and the sister had written the challenge in his behalf. Indeed, despite the large letters there was more that was feminine than masculine in the writing.

At 6 o'clock Mansfield returned to the hacienda, located the northeast corner and, climbing the fence, advanced till he came to a grove in the center of which was an open space. There he stood for a few minutes, when he saw a figure advancing. Though the costume was that of a man, the gait was unmistakably that of a woman. Mansfield, pretending to be deceived, said: "Senior, your resemblance to your sister is remarkable."
"We are twins, sir."
"I presume we are to fight without seconds?"
"Are they necessary?"
"Before we begin I desire to offer through you to your sister the apology she would not receive. I was tempted beyond my strength from beholding the most beautiful, the most engaging woman I have ever seen. After I have killed you I shall renew my suit, restraining myself so that my intentions shall not be mistaken."
Senorita Sierra—for it was she—had a sword in her hand, which at the ground Mansfield advanced, took her hand, drew her gently to him and without resistance kissed her on the lips.

Hank Elwood's Conversion

By EDITH V. ROSS

Hank Elwood one evening stood at the door of his house looking out on his broad acres. There were the farm, well stocked, and crops just springing from the ground; there was the house, well furnished for one of its kind. But Hank was the only person in it.

Hank had always so far forgot shy of women. He was not a student of feminine human nature, and he thought all single women did little else than get staves for unmarried men. But he felt lonely.

"I'd ought to have a woman," he said to himself. "But what am I going to do? Besides, women are a troublesome lot, and I don't know but if I could get one I'd wish I hadn't."
But Hank was desperate. He went down to Mrs. Blakeley's, an excellent friend of his, and said to her: "Sister, I want you to find me a wife. I'll tell you just what kind of a gal I want. She must be—"

"Anna," interrupted his friend, "if I'm going to recommend a gal to you you'd better take her on my say so. You don't know anything about women."
"Don't I? I know enough to keep clear of one of the kind to slobber all over a man before she's married and after the knot's tied to jump on him and boss the whole job."
"Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'm expecting a niece of mine from the east to visit me next week. You kin come in here as much as you like while she's here, and maybe you kin give her a hand. But it's my opinion you'd better let me pick out a woman for you and go in blind on my recommendation."

"Reckon I'll come in and see your niece. If nothin' comes of it maybe I'll try your plan."
When the niece came she proved to be a strapping lass, with a pair of rosy cheeks, and she made a dead set for Hank. Her voice was a low contralto, sometimes with the tone of a man's. She was rather awkward, and her hair was short, which she explained by stating that she had had a fever and it had all come out.

"What do you think of her?" asked Mrs. Blakeley.
"I think she'd make a good farmer's wife," replied Hank. "She isn't one of the kind to sit round and look purty. Them hands of hers are specially fitted for milkin', and washin' dishes wouldn't spoil 'em."
"How about her disposition?"
"I hadn't had time yet to make no observations as to that, but she seems to be good natured enough. What do you think of her?"

"I? I thought you was to decide the matter for yourself, you know so much about women. What use would it be for me to tell you she wasn't the kind of a woman you want? Would you pay any attention to me?"
Hank admitted that he had confidence in himself in knowing what he liked and what he didn't like, but if there was any defect in the girl he saw no reason why he should not be informed.

"There," the master with her, so far as I know, is the non-committal reply.
"She's the gal for me," said Hank to the aunt one day. "I tried to kiss her, and she wouldn't let me do it. There's safety in that kind of a gal. A man's married and he feels unartin' about a good lookin' man comes round."
"That's all, Hank," said his friend.
Hank, finding that Lizzie would not permit coaxing, assumed that he must first make his intentions known. He was in a hurry to get some one into his home and was much pleased with her. One evening he called at Mrs. Blakeley's. The aunt was washing dishes and the niece was wiping them. On Hank's arrival Lizzie threw down her dishcloth, took off her kitchen apron and joined the visitor on the porch. Mrs. Blakeley went on with her work. Lizzie had been with Hank a few minutes when her aunt heard her break out into a guffaw.

"Aunt Molly," she cried, "what do you think? Mr. Elwood wants me to marry him."
The woman went outside. Lizzie had lifted her skirts above her knees, showing a pair of trousers under them, and was responding to the proposal by a clog dance.
"Reckon you don't know so much about women, Hank, as you think you do. Lizzie is a boy."
Whereupon Lizzie took off the rest of her feminine apparel and appeared as a youth of eighteen.
Hank stood looking on this exhibition for a few minutes appalled. Then turning on his heel he went back to his farm.
It was weeks before he came to see his friend Moll Blakeley again; then he said to her: "I give in, Moll. I don't know nothin' about women. I'm powerful lonesome at the farm. Get me a wife."
"I don't need to get you one. There's Sallie Perkins, the best woman I know. Has been wantin' you for a couple of years."
"How do you know that?"
"No matter how I know it. If you want a mighty good wife go for her."
Hank took his friend's advice and has been very happy ever since.

The Great Conde.
The great military genius Conde was a precocious boy. At eight he understood Latin, and at eleven he gave out a treatise on rhetoric. When fourteen he had become thoroughly conversant with the principles of warfare and of all military tactics.

Seen There.
Church—You know the course of true love never did run smooth. Gotham—I know. I've taken all the high jumps.—Yonkers Statesman.