

Playing For a Wife

By ELINOR MARSH

Miss Winterton was an inveterate gambler. She inherited \$20,000 from her mother, which was invested at 5 per cent interest, giving her a thousand a year. This was not enough. She could not possibly get on without two thousand. She gambled and lost all her money except a few thousand dollars.

Steady girls make good wives, and Miss Winterton was not expected from her mother's side. A gambler is not like a man. Nevertheless, she was not prone to marry a woman because she is steady. They marry the woman who fascinates them, and a reckless woman is sometimes more fascinating than a careful one. At any rate, Fred Molineux fell in love with Miss Winterton and asked her to marry him. But he was poor, and she declined him. Had he been wealthy she would have married him, because she liked him. But Molineux did not know this.

Molineux went away. Everybody said that he could not remain in the same place with the girl who had refused him. This was before she had inherited her \$20,000 or had taken to gambling. One day several years later he returned.

One evening the two met at a bridge party and were opponents in a four-handed game. Miss Winterton took \$200 away with her. Mr. Molineux told her he had brought back with him several thousand dollars and would be pleased to have her win it from him. She said she would rather win some one else's money, but he insisted, and she consented.

When they sat down to cards Molineux asked his opponent what game she preferred. She chose bridge, and they began a two-handed game. Molineux told her he couldn't lose his money to her fast enough without playing high. She was not averse to this, and they kept "doubling" and "going back" till there was much money passing. But instead of Miss Winterton winning Molineux's money he won hers. She was reduced to a few hundred dollars, the remains of her inheritance, when the luck turned and she began to win, and it was not long before she had recovered all she had lost to him.

From this time on Molineux played with apparent recklessness, which would have indicated to an uninterested observer that he was playing purposely to lose. A thousand dollars of his money went to Miss Winterton, then another thousand and another till \$4,000 had changed hands. Then he drew five \$100 bills from his pocket. "I thought," said Miss Winterton, "that you had brought back only a few thousand dollars."

"I am not yet at the end of my pile," he replied, dealing the cards.

Molineux continued to lose steadily. His adversary expected every time she made a big hand he would announce that he had been frozen out. But his funds seemed to hold out amazingly. The more Miss Winterton won the more excited she became. The more Mr. Molineux lost the cooler he appeared. When Miss Winterton had won \$10,000 she was so absorbed in the game that she forgot about her opponent having only a few thousand. She played high, but Molineux played higher. Occasionally he won.

They had been playing many hours when Miss Winterton paused to count her winnings. She had won \$20,000. "How would you like to throw a hand at poker double or quits?" asked Molineux.

Miss Winterton caught her breath. She had regained the amount of her legacy. Should she stop and live on \$1,000 or risk all by trying to secure a sum that would satisfy her—\$2,000? She was under the influence of the gambling demon.

"Suppose you lose," she said doubtfully, "have you the money to pay?"

Molineux drew a certified check from his pocket for \$25,000 and laid it on the table. His adversary looked surprised.

"I thought you were poor?" she said. "Since I saw you last I have made this money. I have come back to—He paused, uncertain how to finish.

"Back against me. Your purpose is or was to clean me out, then offer to take care of me as your wife."

"Pleased with the game and you will know my object. Is it double or quits?" She peered into his face, endeavoring to read what was at the bottom of all this. It was inscrutable. Then she said:

"Double or quits it is. Deal the cards."

He dealt her a pair of tens and scattering. His own cards were all scattering. She called for three cards, and he dealt himself a new hand. Throwing his cards on the table face up, he showed king high. Miss Winterton turned her cards over and showed two tens. Impetuously as ever, Molineux pushed the check over to her.

It was only at the latter part of the play that Miss Winterton's attention had been directed to what was going on between her and a man who had proposed to her. Somehow now she forgot what she had won in his possible object.

"Are you cleaned out?" she asked.

"Yes, I made this money on a speculation and came back to lose it to you. I am going away again to make some more, and when I have made it I am coming back to lose that to you too."

"No, you're not," she said.

And he didn't. He married her.

Quits a Difference.

"Pa, what's the difference between a patriot and a jingo?"

"A patriot, my son, is one whose bosom swells with pride of his country, while in a jingo the swelling appears in his head."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Reason.

"You never laugh at my jokes."

"I wouldn't dare to."

"Why not?"

"I have always been taught to respect old age."—Baltimore American.

His Size.

He—Often when I look up at the stars in the firmament I cannot help thinking how small, how insignificant, I am, after all. She—Gracious! Doesn't that thought ever strike you except when you look at the stars in the firmament?

Extremes in Apes.

The gibbon is the smallest of the manlike apes. Its arms are so long that it can touch its ankles when walking. The gorilla, which is often six feet high, is the largest of the apes.

Historic Roumanian City.

Craiova, in Roumania, was the Capital of the Roumanians during the occupation of Bessarabia and in the middle ages the place of an important role. It was here that the Wallachian prince Mircea the Old defeated the Turkish sultan Bayezid I in 1477. Two hundred years later the most famous of Wallachia's chieftains, Michael the Brave, held sway here as "ban," or governor, afterward becoming prince not only of Wallachia, but of Moldavia and Transylvania as well, thus for a brief period uniting under one ruler the whole Roumanian people.

The leu, which is the standard of value in Roumania, was first coined in Craiova. It derives its name from the figure of a lion stamped on the early coins. Its value is equal to that of the French franc (19 cents and a fraction).

Craiova was for centuries the capital of Little Wallachia, that division of the country lying between the Alt (Aluta) river and the Hungarian and Serbian boundaries to the west.—Bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

Soap an Antiseptic.

Some medical authorities, explaining the abatement of epidemic diseases in modern years, are sufficiently free from professional ties to attribute this betterment of conditions not to medical science, but to the increased use of soap and water. The Homeopathic Envy is of the opinion that with a clean house and a clean person no one need have much fear of infection. A writer in the New York Medical Record says: "Soap is now recognized to be antiseptic and to be efficacious must produce a lather. Bacteria rubbed into soap or dropped on its surface are incapable of multiplication. The typhoid bacillus is very sensitive to soap, being killed by a 5 per cent solution in a short time. More than half the total number will die in one minute. The thorough use of a pure potash soap is not only a mechanical method of cleansing, but is an active factor in cutting down germ life."

The Arabic Language.

Though the Arabs number less than the population of London, their language is one of the most widely spoken and influential in the world, for it is the language of the Koran. Seventy millions of people in Asia and north Africa speak some form of Arabic as their vernacular, and quite as many more know something of the language from the Koran, which, in the original, is a textbook in the day schools of the Mohammedans from Turkey to Afghanistan and New Guinea. Nor is Arabic unworthy of this extensive use. Renan, after expressing his surprise that such a language should spring from the desert regions of Arabia and reach perfection in nomadic camps, declares that it surpasses all its sister Semitic languages in richness of vocabulary, delicacy of expression and the logic of its grammatical construction.—London Chronicle.

Sacred Scarabs.

The sacred scarab, or beetle, of Egypt was the "tumble insect," which forms bits of manure into a ball for laying its eggs in. Two individuals, male or female, always roll the ball together, and they do this merely for the purpose of conveying it to a safe place and hiding it. This insect was regarded as a symbol of the Creator among the Hindus, from whom the word passed into Egypt. The ball was imagined to represent the world because it was round and was supposed to be rolled all day from sunrise to sunset.

The Other Fellow.

"Mother doesn't think she'll go to the theater with us tonight, Albert." "Is that so? I have three tickets." "What shall I do with the third one?" "Give it to the man you always go out to see between the acts. He can sit with us, and you won't have to go out to see him."—Exchange.

He Told Her.

"Why did I ever leave home and mother?" sobbed his wife. "Chiefly because your family was too stingy to take us in," he answered bitterly.—Life.

An Old Master, Anyway.

Miss Manfears—Yes, that was painted on me when I was a little girl. Colonel Bunt—is it a Rubens or a Rembrandt?—London Opinion.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

For Painful Feet.

Those who stand all day while at work or those whose work obliges them to walk a great deal are very often sufferers from painful affections of the feet. The feet may be chafed and sore from walking over long distances. For the abrasions, wrapping a small piece of absorbent cotton or clean linen soaked in castor oil about the toe or heel or other abraded part entirely removes the pain and enables the sufferer to resume his walk with comfort. For the prevention of sore feet soak the uppers of shoes or boots with castor oil and pour a little of this oil upon the feet, especially between the toes, and then put on the socks and soaked boots. This treatment is simple and inexpensive and proves beneficial in every instance. The itching in the feet will be relieved by rubbing them thoroughly with castor oil.

A Brave Man Afraid of His Shadow

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Here, Lieutenant," said General Blunkor, "I wish you to carry a message to the commander of the Bulgarian forces operating on our right. We are within half a dozen miles of them, and it is necessary that we come together. There is no road leading in that direction, and you'll have to go on foot. But the moon is nearly full, and your way will be lighted. Here is the written message."

Lieutenant Obermeir took the message, saluted and left his superior, starting at once. The general had spoken correctly in saying that the moon was nearly full, but when Obermeir got beyond the tip of the army's wing he looked up to see that a dim of mist was spread over it and the sky about it.

"Well," he said to himself, "I shall cast no shadow. Tonight I am not myself. I feel as if I did after that last wound when the pluck had gone out of me. In other words, if I should see my shadow it would frighten me."

The country through which he walked was no man's land. It was sparsely settled with peasants, but war had driven most of them away. What else was there was probable, but not certain—that is, a sniper lying in wait for any enemy. One passing would not likely receive a challenge; he would be more apt to receive a bullet. The way, too, was rugged. Nature had not smoothed the country, which was up and down grade, rocky, covered with decayed trees, and, to make it worse, war had filled it with shell holes.

The lieutenant had come to a comparatively level sweep when, looking down on the ground before him, he saw what seemed to be his shadow cast by the moon—such a shadow as the moon would throw covered with the thin gauze that partly obscured it. Turning, he looked up to where the moon should be. It was not there. Turning again, he saw it overhead and slightly before him.

"Surely," he said, "that cannot be a shadow cast by the moon. Shadows are on a direct line with the light that makes them." He looked down in front of him again. There was that dark something, shadow or whatever it was. But it was not well defined. Indeed, it was like a film of darkness. He turned his eyes upward to see what was causing it. There was nothing in the heavens except that pale mist which dimmed the moon, and a line from the moon formed an angle with the shadow.

The warrior trembled. Why was it that in battle he could stand up against shot and shell without a quiver and here in perfect silence, with not a creature, so far as he knew, to harm him, he was shaking like a leaf in the wind?

In the distance was a light. He blessed it and hastened his pace making straight toward it. The nearer he came to it his fear grew less. And when suddenly he heard "Who comes?" in the German tongue and heard the click of a rifle, instead of fearing a picket might about him before he could make himself known he felt brave as a lion.

The lieutenant was taken to headquarters, delivered his message to the general commanding and was about to set out on his return when the officer said to him:

"Why not return with us, Lieutenant? We shall move to make a junction with your force at daylight."

Obermeir would gladly have done as the general suggested. But there is a professional pride among soldiers that must be maintained. The lieutenant was afraid of his shadow, but he was more afraid of an imputation of cowardice, not so much from his comrades as from himself. He thanked the general and set off on his walk back to his own command.

The atmosphere had not changed; there was the same mist over the face of the moon. Obermeir would not look for his shadow. Why? He said to himself it would be cowardly to do so. Then it occurred to him that it would be cowardly not to look for it. The moon was now at his back. With a dream he could not control he looked down before him. There was the black thing, denser if anything, than before. He shuddered.

But he trudged on, trying to make himself think that some peculiar atmospheric condition caused his shadow to be out of place. Many things cause refraction of light. One thing he had often noticed himself. An air dipped in water will appear to be broken at the point where it touches the surface.

His efforts to explain away the mystery were futile. And had he satisfactorily explained them to himself it would not have helped the burden that weighed him down. The journey homeward seemed longer than his going. This was doubtless that the farther he went the stronger the spell under which he staggered. Yes; he staggered now, his eyes held in an invisible power on the black mass before him, which constantly grew denser and larger, too, till there was no space about him that it did not fill.

At daylight the Germans marched to meet the Bulgarians. A short distance from where the Germans started they came upon the body of Lieutenant Obermeir lying dead in a shell hole. They turned him over to see where he had been hit, but could find no wound. "Killed by a hail of wind," said the surgeon. "There are many such cases." They did not know that Obermeir had died of fright, caused, not by an enemy, but by his own imagination.

Word From Br'er Williams.

Lightning don't hit twice in de same place, an' right dar is a lesson fer you—wid de fust flick it 'tends ter all de business I went after.—Atlanta Constitution.

She Married One.

"Is there an old maid in your family?"

"Yes; my husband."—Detroit Free Press.

The best manners should be used all day and every day. They are none too good for constant use.

County Official Paper

By A. A. LONG, Editor

Entered at the Post Office at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

Subscription: \$1.50 per annum.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

—BY—

LONG & McKINNEY

With Oregon bone dry to go with a wet climate—well, what do you know about such paradox?

With onions at \$5 per hundred, and potatoes at \$2, Oregon farmers have no complaint on prices.

The European war is still in a deadlock and the possibilities of peace are disappearing. Both the allies and central powers are making a gigantic effort to assume a terrible offensive as soon as Spring opens and it looks like another year of waste in blood and treasure.

Last night's dispatches say that a German commerce raider had sunk or captured in the neighborhood of twenty vessels in the South Atlantic ocean, the heaviest blow that commerce has suffered since the Moewe was in action. Shippers say the present destruction by the raider transcends anything yet in history, considering but one vessel is operating.

It is a safe proposition that the eighty-five outside pupils attending Hillsboro High expend six or seven thousand during the nine months of school. If this is increased to double that number, then twelve or fifteen thousand would be expended here annually by students. Aside from this the High School fund would more than pay their expense to the school district, and leave a balance to pay on buildings. This is a business proposition that should appeal to the county seat. Let us have an addition, and establish Hillsboro as an educational center. It will be a paying affair, both from an educational and business standpoint.

A Mrs. Jeffrey came near having a serious accident yesterday about one o'clock, when her horse became frightened at the Portland bound train, on Main Street, near Second. The animal backed and plunged and was finally caught between the Englund auto and the train. The buggy was crushed. Mrs. Jeffrey was not injured in the least, the fright being the most of her trouble. E. I. Kuratli made an effort to get hold of the horse before it pulled the vehicle into chancery but the equine was too quick for him.

C. E. Spence, Master of the Oregon State Grange, will install the officers of Washington County Pomona Grange at their next regular meeting to be held with Riverside Grange No. 526, at Dilley, Jan. 24. He will also talk on matters of vital interest to the members. The Southern Pacific Co. has promised the Grangers a train to leave Dilley at 9:30 p. m. for Portland, and everything promises a large and profitable meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. G. Hyde, of St. Paul, Minn., are guests of their son, Dr. L. W. Hyde. Until very recently they have been residing in Alabama for the winter months, and they concluded to try the Pacific Coast for a change. They may locate in Portland in the not distant future. Mr. Hyde is nearly 80 years of age, but still takes an active interest in the world's happenings.

Services at the Baptist Church Sunday, Jan. 21. E. A. Smith, Pastor—Sunday School at 10 a. m., W. P. Dyke, Supt. Preaching at 11 o'clock, theme, "The Church." Services at Orenco at 2:30, with the Hungarian Church Young People's meeting at 6:30, W. V. Bergen, Pres. Preaching service at 7:30, Theme, "The First Lady Barber and Her Price for a Hair Cut." Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. All cordially invited.

Stanley Rockwell, a Portland fireman, was granted a divorce by Judge Bagley, yesterday. Rockwell testified that he worked for the Portland department, and that he had an hour for each of his meals, and that when he would go home to breakfast he would find Mrs. Rockwell asleep and no breakfast in sight. He also alleged cruel and inhuman treatment.

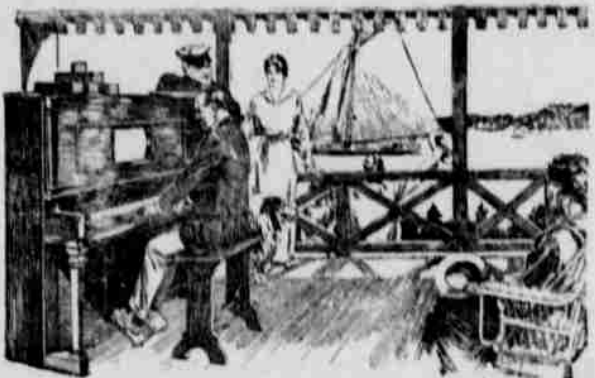
Circuit Court: Anna Durboraw was granted a divorce from C. L. Durboraw, and given the custody of the children and the household effects. The case of Margaret Goodwin versus Geo. E. Goodwin was referred to C. F. Kunyon, who will take the evidence in Portland.

Most Wonderful Values in Pianos and Player Pianos in the History of Hillsboro

We Represent **Sherman, Clay & Co.**

The Reliable "ONE PRICE" Music House on the Coast.

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Come in and See and Hear This **Player**

THIS BEAUTIFUL MAHOGANY AEOLIAN PLAYER \$440

We have—Steinway, Weber, Steck, Stroud, A. B. Chase, Kurtzman, Krakauer, Wheelock, Stuyvesant and Aldrich Pianos.

Players in all makes.

We will take in trade, and make reasonable allowance for, used Pianos, Organs and Talking Machines.

YOUR OWN TERMS on BALANCE.

A competent Tuner and Repair man from Sherman, Clay & Co. will be in Hillsboro shortly. Leave orders for such work with us.

Patterson Furniture & Undertaking Co.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sinclair, of Orenco, were in town yesterday.

The semi-annual interest on street and sewer bonds is now due and must be paid by Jan. 25. —F. J. Sewell, City Treasurer.

Mrs. Dora B. Schilke of La Grande, worthy Grand Matron, made an official visit to the Eastern Star lodge Tuesday evening.

Ralph Withycombe's horse indulged in a runaway yesterday. No one was injured as the horse took French leave when the vehicle was vacant.

Mrs. Letitia Smith, who recently returned from a two months stay in California, is a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. A. Imbrie.

The Women of Woodcraft will give a masquerade ball Jan. 26, at the W. O. W. Hall, 1 1/2 miles west of Cedar Mills. Prizes will be given. All night dance. Good music. Everybody invited.

Mrs. Thos. Williams is confined to the Hospital, Dr. E. H. Smith having performed an abdominal operation Tuesday. She is getting along nicely and hopes to be convalescent in a fortnight.

A marriage license was granted Tuesday to Geo. E. Frawley, of Boise, Idaho, and Margaret Leonard, of Beaverton. The bride-elect is a grand-daughter of J. H. Ellerson, of near Huber.

The cold wave—which was not so cold, after all, was all sufficient to make good skating. Some of the smaller fry could make it across the lakes north of town, but the heavyweights fought shy of getting out where the depth was considerable.

August Kahli, of Centerville, accidentally chopped one of his thumbs, last Friday, nearly severing the member. He was cutting wood in the usual way that such accidents occur. Dr. E. H. Smith sewed the digit in place and an effort will be made to save it.

NOTICE

It is the wish of the present City Council to have all persons of the city interested in its welfare to meet with the Council at any of its sessions and take up any and all matters that you may be personally or generally interested in. This request is made for the reason that the Council cannot advise itself upon all matters that are in the minds of the citizens, and it was thought wise to extend this invitation to the general public and urge them to appear before the Council that everything may be done consistent with our financial ability in the interests and welfare of the city.

John M. Wall, Mayor.

SEE

Our New 1917 Line

of **House Dresses** and **Bungalow Aprons**

Goar's Woman's Shop

Third Street Hillsboro, Ore. Only Exclusive Woman's Store in the County.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington.

Alice M. Clark, Plaintiff, vs. William A. Clark, Defendant.

To William A. Clark, above named defendant:

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 Friday, the 2nd day of March, 1917, and if you fail to so appear or answer, the plaintiff for want thereof will apply to the Court for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between you and the plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and equitable.

This summons is served on you by publication, being published in the Hillsboro Argus, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Washington County, Oregon, and the date of the first publication of this summons is Thursday, the 18th day of January, 1917, and the date of the last publication is Thursday, the first day of March, 1917, the same being pursuant to an order of the Hon. Geo. R. Bagley, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, said order being made and dated on the 17th day of January, 1917.

CLYDE RICHARDSON, Attorney for plaintiff, 518 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

CITATION.

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

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary J. Loxley, deceased.

To Victor H. Traylor, Guy Edward Loxley, William Loxley, May Lee Loxley, Harry Loxley, Greening: In the name of the State of Oregon.

You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, at the Court room thereof, at Hillsboro, in said county,

on Friday the 23rd day of February, 1917, at 10:00 o'clock, in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause if any, why an order of this court should not be made authorizing and directing the sale of the real estate hereinafter described as prayed for in petition of the Administrator herein filed and further ordering that sale be made at private sale for cash in hand, said real estate being particularly described as follows, to-wit:

First Tract: Beginning at the northeast corner of Lot 3, Block 18 of and in the town (now city) of Hillsboro, Oregon, running thence west 88 feet; thence south 198 feet to the south line of said lot; thence east 88 feet; thence north to the place of beginning.

Second Tract: Lot 9, Block C, Doughty's Subdivision of Fairview, Hillsboro, Oregon, as per plat thereof duly filed in the office of the Recorder of Conveyances of said County.

THE HON. D. B. REASONER, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 12th day of January, A. D. 1917.

ATTEST: H. A. KURATLI, Clerk.

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN

For sale, as a whole, or will divide, a 130 acre place, 40 acres in cultivation; balance good timber; will make a good dairy farm; adapted to fruit, hops, or English walnuts, or general farming. Buildings; orchard; 2 streams running through timbered portion; good soil; near school house and stores; only 9 miles southwest of Hillsboro. Here is an ideal location for commercial fish pond. Beautiful and picturesque creek. Sporting men, look this up. Price very reasonable.—Address Box 112, or telephone Main 144, Hillsboro.

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