

Hillsboro Mercantile Company

STALLED

With to many Rain Coats, which must be moved-- immediately

15.00	Rain Coats	9.95
10.00	"	7.90
8.00	"	6.40
7.50	"	5.40
4.00	"	2.95

20.00	Men's Overcoats	14.50
15.00	"	12.40
10.00	"	7.90

Ladies' Coat which must move regardless of price.

BUY YOUR MEAT

At the most Sanitary meat maket west of Portland.

Quality Guaranteed
PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

SPECIAL

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Whole Hams, 23c	Side Bacon, 25c
Bacon Back, 21c	Picnic Hams, 15c
Wienies, 12 1/2c	Bologna, 12 1/2c
Liver Sausage, 12 1/2c	
Head Chees, 12 1/2c	

Fish and Poultry at all time. Will pay top prices for Beef, Veal and Pork.

WHY IS IT?

That the Hillsboro Mercantile Co. sells half of the butter that is sold in Hillsboro. Because it is fresh every day.

Peanut Butter, per lb	11c
William's Standard Corn, 3 for	25c
William's " Tomatoes "	25c
Crystal White Soap, 7 for	25c
Bob White Soap, 7 for	25c
Del Monte Catsup, per bottle	20c
Snides Tomato Soup, can	10c
Dutch Cleanser, 3 for	25c

Look in our window and see what you get,
FREE WITH COFFEE.

Teach Your Dollars To Have More Cents.

Steel Range, full asbestos lined,	
18 inch oven with reservoir	\$25
Sanded 1-ply Roofing, \$1.15 and up.	
3qt Grey Granite Pudding Pans,	2 for 15c
Dupont Blasting Powder, Caps and Fuse.	

> Your Credit is Good <

Inoculation For Love

By SADIE OLCOTT

Dr. Dinsmore had sent away the last patient from his morning consultation and was preparing to make his daily visits when his colored housemaid came in with a shamed face.

"What is it, Sue?" "Mars Doctah," she said, "can you inoculate anybody with a sickness?" "Certainly."

Sue looked in every direction except the doctor. "Come," said the doctor, "there's something on your mind. Out with it." "I hear tell, Mars Doctah, dat tub is a disease."

"Well," said the doctor, becoming interested. "I hear tell, too, dat long ago dey was lub potions and if any one took de potum dey was in lub. I been think in 'dat yo' might giv de disease dat way somehow."

"You mean dat you are in love and wish me to make the man you love love you?" "It's about dat," Sue confessed in a voice scarcely audible.

"Whom are you in love with, Sue?" "I don't like to tell dat. Can't yo' giv me de potum to giv to him?" "No; I should have to manage the case myself. If yo' tell me his name perhaps I can do something for you."

"I reckon it's Sam." "Mr. Trotter's Sam?" "Yes, Mars Doctah." The doctor's eyes expressed amusement, but he kept a straight face, at though this was scarcely necessary, for Sue never once looked at him. Presently he went to a medicine case, took up a bottle and poured a little of its contents into a vial. Then, handing it to Sue, he said:

"The next time Sam comes to see you and asks for a drink of water or cider, in fact, anything to drink, pour some of this into it. It will make him sick. Appear to be much frightened and telephone for me."

"Yes, Mars Doctah, I do dat." It was not long before the doctor was called upon to cure Sam of the effects of the dose Sue had given the man she loved. He examined his patient carefully and gave him something to settle his stomach, then, pricking his arm with a lancet, drew a little blood.

"Sam," he said, "I'm going to test this blood for the disease you've got. Come and see me tomorrow morning, and I'll tell you what it is."

The next morning Sam was perfectly well, but curiosity and fear drove him into Dr. Dinsmore's office. He was admitted in his turn, and when the physician had felt his pulse and tested his temperature with a mouth thermometer he looked very solemn.

"Sam," he said, "you've contracted a serious disease."

"Fo' de Lawd, Mars Doctah, is it gwine to kill me?" "Not unless it drives you to suicide. In itself it is not fatal, but it sometimes drives persons to do very foolish things. It will on rare occasions throw the patient into a fever, a tropical condition, in which he will die like a lunatic. You have a little of that feverishness about you now."

"Lar' sake, Mars Doctah! What yo' call dat disease?" "Anemia."

"How you know I got dat?" "The doctor took a drop of blood from a shelf, put a drop of rainwater on a bit of glass, put the glass on a mirror and after adjusting a focus told Sam to look into the instrument. The doctor saw a lot of monsters swimming about."

"Now, Sam," said the physician, "I don't wish to scare you, but you are looking at a drop of your own blood." Sam collapsed, and the doctor held him up.

Real Treasure Islands. There are quite a number of islands scattered about the globe whereon buried treasure exists. And people are always trying to find it. Quite a score of attempts have been made, for instance, to unearth the treasure alleged to be buried on Cocos Island. Yet so far the adventures have reaped no reward for their toil. Fully 500,000 has been wasted, again, in futile attempts to recover the "pirates' hoard" reported to be hidden near the lip of the crater of an active—very active—volcano on Pagan Island, in the Ladrone group.

Still as a set off against many failures, there have been some few successes. There is no doubt, for instance, that a Liverpool sailor named John Adams unearthed treasure to the value of between £150,000 and £200,000 on Anckland Island some years back; nor that William Watson, a shepherd, recovered in 1888 nearly a ton of gold that had been hidden on one of the Queen Charlotte Islands. Likewise two runaway seamen named Handley and Cross successfully located and dug up a valuable hoard on Oak Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, and this after many others had failed.—London Standard.

The Judge Hit Back. A late police magistrate was a most painstaking judge in all his cases, and in important ones it was his custom to defer summing up until the next sitting of the court. On one occasion he gave an exhaustive decision on a case, after which the lawyer for the plaintiff rose and questioned it.

"Pardon me," said his worship. "I cannot allow you to reopen the case after I have given my final decision. I may be wrong, but that is my opinion."

The lawyer quickly replied: "Then, your worship, I know it is no use knocking my head against a brick wall. I suppose I must sit down."

The magistrate adjusted his eyeglasses and, looking sarcastically at the lawyer, said: "Sir, I know it is no use you knocking your head against a brick wall, but I may add that I know of no one who could perform such an operation with less injury to himself than you."—Case and Comment.

Old Lord Mayors' Banquets. There used to be a good deal of savagery about London's lord mayors' banquets, even in times comparatively recent. The humbler guests at least struggled with each other for food and had to bring their own table cutlery if they wished to eat decently and in comfort. For instance, Samuel Pepys tells us how, at the banquet served up two years after the restoration, there were many tables, but none in the hall but the mayors and the lords of the privy council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange.

Still more strange to such a lover of female beauty as Pepys was the plainness of feature of the city dames. Of the ladies near he says: "I could not discern one handsome face."

Being wearied with looking upon a company of ugly women, I went away and took coach and through Chesham and there saw the pagans, which were very silly."

Old Time Theater Rowdies. Rowdiness in London theaters was a common occurrence in the old days, as is shown by the following from the London Post of Oct. 27, 1788: "Two men in the pit at Drury Lane theater last night were so turbulent and riotous during the last act of Henry V. that the performance was interrupted upward of a quarter of an hour. The audience at last asserted their power and turned them disgracefully out of the theater. This should always be done to crush the race of disgusting puppets that are a constant nuisance at the playhouse every night."

Vulgarity. "Why do you say he is vulgar?" "Because he has at least ten times as much money as I have."—Chicago Herald.

Be pitiful for every man is fighting a hard battle.—Jan MacLaren.

+ PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT. +
+ Boils and Carbuncles. +
+ The appearance of boils in +
+ crops is mainly an indication of +
+ impaired health. Single boils are +
+ generally due to local irritation. +
+ The location of the boil or car +
+ buncle determines the amount of +
+ danger it may be to the patient. +
+ If a local or carbuncle occurs in +
+ a healthy or otherwise rich +
+ blood and syphilitic area it at +
+ once becomes a source of danger +
+ because the venous spread the +
+ infection. +
+ Boils and carbuncles are due to +
+ infection by the streptococci in +
+ crops. This means there is a +
+ inflammation and pus present in +
+ these affections. Unless active +
+ treatment is instituted at the +
+ very beginning of inflammation +
+ there will be grave constitution +
+ al involvement which cannot be +
+ checked. +
+ To avoid serious results it +
+ should be impressed upon every +
+ one suffering from boils or car +
+ buncles the imperative need of +
+ having a physician at the first +
+ appearance of the affection. De +
+ lay will cause destruction of a +
+ one or bone, deformity of a part +
+ or systematic infection which re +
+ sults in loss of life. +
+ *****

Lettuce for sale, 5c a head.—Muller's Greenhouse, Twelfth & Oak Sts. 42tf

E. I. Kurati has his office in the Hillsboro National Bank Bldg. Loans your money, insures your buildings, rents your houses, buys and sells your property, makes collections, Notary Public.—Also speaks German and Swiss. 42tf

Regular meetings of Camp 500, Woodmen of the World, in the Moose Hall, every first and third Thursdays. All Woodmen are invited to attend. Come out Neighbors and help boost our Camp. Roy E. Heater, Consul Com. J. H. Ray, Clerk. tf

ANDY MILLER, DESPERADO

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

A girl about sixteen years old was walking along a road when she saw a man coming toward her. The moment she caught sight of the figure and a certain swing there was in the walk she started. He was some distance from her, and she had time to pull herself together before they met.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "how to get to Roslin?" "You're going the wrong way for Roslin. It's a couple of miles back of you."

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl. "I've been walking away from it all the time." "I'm going in that direction. I'll show you the way."

"Thank you." As they walked along they chatted upon ordinary topics. Presently the man said: "Aren't you afraid to be walking along this road all alone by yourself?"

"Why should I be afraid?" "Oh, there's lots of rough characters in these parts. Some of 'em might harm you."

"I've heard that Andy Miller has been seen about here lately." "Who's Andy Miller?" "He's the man that killed Cyrus Borden."

"Who's Cyrus Borden?" "Why he was a man that lived just outside of Roslin."

"What did Miller kill him for?" "Why, I suppose it was to get his money. But he didn't get it after all. Mr. Borden kept his money in the chimney, and Miller didn't look for it there."

At this the man showed interest. "How do you know all about this?" "I'm a friend of Maggie Borden, Mr. Borden's daughter. She told me all about it."

"I suppose since the killing they've put the money in the bank?" "No, Maggie says they keep it just where it was. Nobody would think of looking there for it. It's behind a loose brick."

The man smiled, but took care that the girl didn't see his smile. Surely she was the quintessence of innocence. They walked on together till they came to a crossroad a short distance from Roslin, when the man turned off, leaving the girl to pursue her way alone.

"Goodbye," she said. "Much obliged to you for showing me the way." The number of Cyrus Borden was one of the most cold blooded that had ever been known in these parts. He had drawn \$2000 from the bank with which to pay off a mortgage. The same night some one broke into his house and demanded at the point of a pistol the money he had drawn from the bank. Borden refused and attempted to defend himself. He was killed by the robber who then made a search for the money. He failed to find it and departed empty handed.

Mrs. Borden was away at the time with her two younger children, Maggie being at home with her father. Maggie did not know anything about what had occurred until she was awakened by the robber searching for the money. Opening her door, she heard him ransacking a bureau drawer. She could see the flashes of his dark lantern, but not him. She turned on the lights, and he fled.

Maggie ran to her father's room and found him lying dead on the floor. Maggie's description of the murderer tallied with that of a notorious desperado, Andy Miller, who had terrorized the country roundabout and had been seen near Roslin. Justice at the time was administered in that region by members of a vigilance committee. They searched for Miller, but he was too smart for them. He would appear when they were not looking for him, but would be conspicuously absent when they hoped to find him.

The night after the meeting of the man and the girl on the road the man about 10 o'clock walked past the house where the murder had been committed. Not a light was to be seen in it. Seeing something white on the front door, he drew near it and saw that it was a bit of paper on which was written:

"Come to Aunt Mary's. Will return at 12 o'clock." "What luck!" said the man to himself. Going around to the rear of the house, he tried a window sash and found it unlocked. He had only to raise it to step into the window and find himself in the kitchen. Flashing a light, he saw that the stovepipe entered the chimney. Passing into the living room, he found an open fire place. Stopping and flashing his light up the chimney, he began to feel for a loose brick.

"Come out of that!" The man turned and saw the room illuminated and half a dozen men covering him with revolvers. One of them had already relieved him of his revolver when his back was turned toward them.

"Andy Miller, you're caught at last," said the leader of the vigilance committee. "How did you get on to me?" asked the man, white as a sheet. "Maggie, come here." The girl who had inquired the way to Roslin and told him her innocent story appeared.

"You were trapped by this brave little girl, who is the daughter of the man you murdered. She was smart enough to do what was too big a job for me."

Half an hour later the desperado was dangling from a tree.

Flight of a Swarm of Meteors. A swarm of meteors that appeared on Feb. 9, 1913, was regarded at the time as very remarkable on account of the great distance it was traced in the earth's atmosphere. It was first seen in Saskatchewan, western Canada, and seemed to be traveling southwesterly, as it was also reported from Bermuda. From the additional records supplied by seamen W. F. Deuninger, the English authority on meteors, was concluded that it continued in view during at least 5,500 miles of its flight. As the visible stream could at no time have been more than about 100 miles high, it must have followed the earth's curvature, and the curious idea has been advanced by Garvin J. Burns that it was really captured by the earth as a group of infoliated satellites. The meteors may thus have passed around the globe several times before reaching the surface. It is supposed that the orbit of the stream nearly coincided with that of the earth and that consequently the velocity of fall through our atmosphere was small.

Land of Burroes and Delights. A large part of the beauty of the verdure and forest of Italy that attracts the visitor's attention is unknown in the other hemisphere and is not properly Italian at all, but represents the favored groves of romance and legend with their golden fruit glancing among the rich and sunny foliage, the orchards of the Levant and the dark skinned Saracens' fingers from the east. The orchards, with its pinky pear fruit, called the "Indian fig," and the slow come straight from Mexico on the heels of the Spanish adventures into the unknown in the sixteenth century. So did the American even of maize. Even the cucumbers are an importation, a modern one, and the great groves of chestnuts that clothe the alpine mountain sides so verdantly and give occupation to so many vendors of the hot and juicy boiled nut are believed not to be native.—National Geographic Magazine.

Books on a Shelf. Books are frequently ruined through carelessness. This is less in the handling often than upon the shelves. Books should not be packed tightly on a shelf. It ruins the back and causes them to tear loose with the strain of getting in and out. Often it forces the leaves to sag to the shelf when pushed unduly. It is just as bad for books to be too loose on a shelf, as they warp, and the spreading leaves encourage dust. A bookcase with the contents at every angle is not a pleasant sight. There are some housekeepers who think a yearly dusting of the books at bottom is sufficient. This is not enough when they are kept under glass. When an open choice is made, care must be taken to dust the books and tops of books on each shelf every day. Use a soft cheese cloth or silk duster and shake it frequently.

Man's Eyes and Animals. Able to read the monkey man is the only animal having what we call binocular single vision. That is, he can tell not only the direction of an object, but he can estimate fairly accurately its distance. This is because both of his eyes point at the same object at the same time, like two range finders. Other animals do not concentrate their gaze in this way. Their eyes are set more nearly at the sides of the head, so that they see not only forward, but backward for a short distance. Man, on the contrary, sees clearly only the object at which he looks directly.—Popular Science Monthly.

Dauntless. "He cleared the air at a bound and vanished in the darkness," related Romance breathlessly. "But," scoffed Realism, "only a moment ago he was riveted to the spot. Did he fly the rivets?" "Oh, no!" rejoined Romance, nothing daunted. "Fortunately it was only a small spot, so that by a superhuman effort he wrenched it loose and carried it along with him."—Puck.

Great Expectations. "I really believe, Will Atwood, that you married me because I have money," she announced, with a fine display of feeling. "No, you're wrong," returned her husband candidly. "I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it."—Exchange.

Expectations Realized. "Lookie, Garce, didn't I tell'ee all the time my boy would make th' folks out up 'n' own their meins when 'e got to Lunnun?" "Zo you didn't. And has 'e done it?" "Aye. 'E've started business as a dentist!"—London Pasting Show.

Naval Salutes. Originally a town or a warship fired off its guns on the approach of friends or strangers to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded; hence the naval salute.

Word From Br'er Williams. Lightning don't hit twice in de same place, an' right dar is a lesson for you—wid de first flick it 'tends ter all de business it went after.—Atlanta Constitution

She Married One. "Is there an old maid in your family?" "Yes, my husband."—Detroit Free Press.

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

Money to Loan—Low rates of interest; charges reasonable.—E. L. Perkins, Hillsboro, Or. 44tf

Lettuce for sale, 5c a head.—Muller's Greenhouse, Twelfth & Oak Sts. 42tf

Charcoal wanted.—See Leonard Brown, at Brown's Tinshop, opposite Court House, north of Argus Office. 42tf

CATHOLIC CHURCH
Third and Fir Streets. City 992
(Winter Schedule)
Sunday Masses, 8:20 and 10:30 a. m.
Christian Doctrine, 9:45 a. m.
Baptism, 2:00 o'clock p. m.
Choir practice, 2 p. m.
Benediction, 4:30 p. m.
Week-day Mass, 8:20 a. m.

Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of Annie C. Downing, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been duly confirmed by the above entitled Court as Executors of the last will and testament of Annie C. Downing, Deceased, and have duly qualified as such.

Now Therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same with proper vouchers therefor to the undersigned at the law office of H. R. & McAlair, in the American National Bank Building, Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated December 15th, 1917.

H. P. Downing and James B. Downing, Executors of the last will and Testament of Annie C. Downing, Deceased. Hare & McAlair, Attorneys for Executors.

SUMMONS

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

A Carl Fleck, Plaintiff, vs Mary Louise Fleck, defendant.

To Mary Louise Fleck, the Defendant above named:

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 court and cause on or before the time described in the order for publication of summons, to-wit: on or before the 2nd day of February, 1917, said date being six weeks from the date of first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer on or before said date, to-wit: the relief plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the defendant and the plaintiff, upon the grounds of willful desertion continuing for more than one year last past. This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in accordance with an order of the Hon. Geo. R. Bagley, Judge of the above entitled court, which order was made and entered in his office on the 20th day of December, 1916, and the last publication to be made on the 1st day of February, 1917.

JOHN C. SHILLOCK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Taken Up—Cow, about ten years, horns crook to eyes. Came to place several weeks ago. Am stall feeding. Owner please call, pay charges and cost of advertising, and take same away.—J. I. Croeni, near Cedar Mill. 0

Farm wanted: Forty acres or more, part cleared, all tillable; fair buildings, some stock, for Portland real estate, consisting of on 8-room house, value, \$4000, clear, on 40x100 ft lot, fifteen minute ride to center of city, near school, rented; and 4-room bungalow, modern, value, \$2100, on 50x105 ft lot, incumbrance, \$600, in Vernon district. "Give location of farm, price, and description of place and stock, by letter, to 1101 Vernon Ave., Portland, Ore. 43-44

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

Deila McElhany, Plaintiff, versus R. J. McElhany, Defendant.

To R. McElhany, 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 the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before Monday, February 5, 1917, and if you fail to appear and answer plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her complaint, to-wit:—for a decree for dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between you and plaintiff on the grounds of desertion, and for such other relief as to the Court may seem meet and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of Hon. Geo. R. Bagley, Judge of the Circuit Court for the State of Oregon for Washington County, made and dated December 15, 1916, and the first publication of this summons is Dec. 21, 1916, and the last publication on Feb. 1, 1917.

SAM M. JOHNSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, Mohawk Building, Portland, Oregon.

SUMMONS

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

Hillsboro Garden Tracts, Plaintiff, vs.

McLain Cooper, W. E. Marshall, A. W. Marshall, Martha Hendrickson, Fred E. Koch, William Rose, J. E. Rose, J. B. Wirz, S. R. Wirz, J. A. Johnson, Ed. L. Johnson, Ray Pier, son, Emil Seidel, Frank A. Smith, A. W. Barth, George Felker, Fred Brethauer, Sr., Adam Goebel, Leonard Deleye, George F. Cunn, bridge, Stanley Richardson, Howard P. Booby, Addie Bauer, John C. Kemmerich, C. H. Hill, James Rice, Charles Salomon, J. E. Cummins, D. S. Walton, Mrs. S. E. Johnson, Frank Heller, John O. Hopper, John L. Mahaffey, Edward Hager, Mary A. Shadden, S. W. Anderson, W. O. Ketcham, C. A. Ecklund, W. M. Merritt and J. R. Haight, Defendants.

To McLain Cooper, W. E. Marshall, A. W. Marshall, Martha Hendrickson, Fred E. Koch, William Rose, J. E. Rose, S. R. Wirz, Ed. L. Johnson, A. W. Barth, George Felker, Fred Brethauer, Sr., Adam Goebel, Leonard Deleye, Howard P. Booby, John C. Kemmerich, C. H. Hill, Mrs. S. E. Johnson, Frank Heller, John O. Hopper, John L. Mahaffey, Edward Hager, W. O. Ketcham, and J. R. Haight, the above named defendants.

In the Name of the State of Oregon you are hereby commanded 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 of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 19th day of January, 1917, and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit:

For a decree that there is due plaintiff by said McLain Cooper, upon lots 39 and 40 of Garden Tract Addition to Hillsboro, and tracts 7 and 8 in block 4 of Hillsboro Garden

Tracts, all in Washington County, Oregon, \$3018.30; by said W. E. Marshall upon the north half of tract 4 in block 8 of said Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$505.03; by said A. W. Marshall upon the south half of tract 4 in block 8 of said Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$597.30; by said W. E. Marshall and A. W. Marshall upon tract 5 in block 8 of said Hillsboro Garden Tracts \$568.46; by said Martha Hendrickson upon tract 3, block 8 of said Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,274.45; by said Fred E. Koch upon lots 30 to 38 inclusive in said Garden Tract Addition and tract 1 in block 3 of Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$2,787.82; by said Wm. Rose, upon lot 40, tract 17, said Garden Tract Addition, and tract 4, block 4, said Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,670.67; by said J. E. Rose, upon lot 39, block 17, said Garden Tract Addition, \$1,325.88; by said S. R. Wirz upon tract 8, block 6, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$2,087.46; by said Ed. L. Johnson upon tract 7 in block 8, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$618.94; by said A. W. Barth upon tract 2 in block 6 in Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,651.14; by said George Felker upon tract 4, block 6, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,099.24; by said Fred Brethauer, Sr., upon tract 6, block 7, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$2,067.99; by said Adam Goebel upon tract 7, block 7, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,507.80; by said Leonard Deleye upon tracts 9 and 10, block 6, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$2,449.72; by said Howard P. Booby upon tract 1 in block 2, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,471.90, and upon tract 4 in block 2, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,471.90; by said John C. Kemmerich upon lots 19 and 20, in block 8, Garden Tract Addition to Hillsboro, \$2,996.95; by said C. H. Hill upon lot 3, block 5, said Garden Tract Addition, \$1,239.40; by said Mrs. S. E. Johnson, upon lot 8, and upon lot 9, in block 17, said Garden Tract Addition, each \$38.82; by said Frank Heller, upon lots 4 and 5 in block 2, said Garden Tract Addition, \$545.31; by said John O. Hopper, upon lots 19 and 20 in block 12, said Garden Tract Addition, \$671.29; by said John L. Mahaffey, upon lots 1 and 2, block 2, said Garden Tract Addition, \$621.09; by said Edward Hager, upon lot 12, block 3, said Garden Tract Addition, \$2,145.54; by said W. O. Ketcham, upon lot 22, block 1, said Garden Tract Addition, \$3,230.37; by said J. R. Haight, upon lot 4, block 18, said Garden Tract Addition, and tract 2, block 3, Hillsboro Garden Tracts, \$1,007.50; all in said Washington County; that each said defendant be granted such time as may seem equitable after decree to pay said sums so due and delinquent with 6 per cent per annum interest to date of payment; that any of said defendants failing to pay the sum so decreed within said time shall be barred and foreclosed of all right title and interest in said tracts and that defendants be decreed to have forfeited to plaintiff all sums thereafter paid plaintiff upon said contracts of forfeiture, and plaintiff recover costs and disbursements herein.

This summons is published against you pursuant to an order made by Hon. Geo. R. Bagley, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, dated November 29, 1916, and the date of the first publication is December 7, 1916, and the date of the last publication is January 15, 1917.

J. N. PEARCY, Attorney for Plaintiff, Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland, Oregon.

Wanted—Fifty loads of horse or cow manure. Call, or phone Clark Bros. Greenhouse. Phone City 328. 43-4