

NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

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

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Frank Speidel, administrator of said estate has filed his verified final account herein, and that Monday, the 20th day of August, 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, at the County Court Room in the County Court House at Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, has been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 15th day of July, 1917.

FRANK SPEIDEL, Administrator.
WALTER T. McGUIRK, Attorney for Administrator.

First publication July 19, 1917; Last publication August 16, 1917.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in Washington County. Thomas M. Kerr, Plaintiff, vs. Pacific States Savings Loan and Building Co., Defendant.

To Pacific States Savings Loan and Building Co. the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled Court and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause, on or before the 15th day of September, 1917, and date being after the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons; and if you fail to appear and answer said

complaint for want thereof, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree declaring the plaintiff to be the owner in fee simple and in possession of the following described parcel of real property situate in Washington County, Oregon, to-wit: All of Lot Four (4) of and in Block Three (3), 64 and in Finney's Addition to the Town (now City) of Hillsboro in said County and State;

And that you and all persons claiming by, through or under you, be forever barred and precluded from claiming, or attempting to claim, asserting or attempting to assert any right, title or interest in or to said real property, or any part thereof, or claim or lien upon the same, adverse to the title and interest of the plaintiff therein and thereto; and that the title of the plaintiff to said real property be forever quieted against the claims of yourself, and all persons claiming by, through, or under you; and that such other and further relief be awarded upon the plaintiff as to the Court may seem necessary and proper in the premises.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Hillsboro Argus, pursuant to an order of the Honorable George R. Bagley, Judge of the above entitled Court, made, rendered and dated on the 1st day of August, 1917. The date of the first publication of this summons is August 2nd, 1917, and the date of the last publication thereof is September 15th, 1917.

HARE & McALEER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Try the Argus for one year.

A KING'S SECRET

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

"What are you doing, Jean?" asked a soldier of his comrade in barracks in Paris.

"I am commemorating the scene we witnessed today."

He was having tattooed on his right arm in India ink a picture of a guillotine with a figure lying on it.

"What are you doing now?" asked the other again.

"I am beginning to have tattooed under the picture of the guillotine the words 'Death to kings and tyrants!'"

These men had been stationed with their corps about the scaffold on which Louis XVI. had that day been beheaded. He who tattooed his arm was young and an enthusiastic revolutionist. So devoted was he to the cause of the people of France against their king that he did not suppose he would ever be a royalist. As to his being a king, that of course was absurd. He was but a French peasant and a sergeant in the ranks of the army.

But that was an age when the people of France rose to the surface. The kings and nobles passed away, and the commoners took their places. A great commander arose, and with him he pulled up many others. Among them was the soldier who had tattooed his arm. Sergeant Jean Bernadotte and Napoleon became a marshal of France and married a relative of the emperor. During the early part of the nineteenth century Bonaparte was conquering kingdoms. He did not make republicans of them. He had been a republican and had made up his mind that the government France most needed was a monarchy, with himself at its head. The people he conquered he placed under the control of kings, and these kings were usually members of his own family. Even if Napoleon did not conquer a kingdom his influence was so great that he could control its government.

The throne of Sweden became vacant, and Napoleon nominated—whom? The man who had stood guard over his king when he was executed and had tattooed a picture of the deed on his right arm with the words under it, "Death to kings and tyrants!"

Here was a king with his own condemnation indelibly stamped on his person. There was no eliminating it. The king was doomed to wear the now hated picture of the death of his sovereign till his own death should destroy it. The supreme object of the king of Sweden's life was to guard his secret. No valet was called upon to hand him his clothing when he dressed in the morning or to take it from him when he disrobed at night. The office of master of the robes was a sinecure. Had it not been for that which clung like a serpent to his arm he might have at times forgotten that he was a French peasant of whom another commoner monarch had made a king. But the accursed spot would not out. In the morning when he performed his ablutions there it was bared to his gaze. At night when he disrobed it stared at him as with the malicious eyes of a serpent.

In those days when a person was ill the doctors drew blood from him. This was done by lancing the right arm. There is a story that the king of Sweden fell ill, and the doctors suggested that he bare his right arm to be bled. The king refused. The doctors told his majesty that if he did not permit them to bleed him they would not be responsible as to what might happen to him. The king would not yield, but bared his left arm. He was told that it would not be professional to bleed him on his left arm. Nevertheless, since the king would not yield, he was bled from his left arm.

The king recovered, but he was destined to die in his bed. When his last illness came upon him and he believed his end was approaching he sent for Dr. Gorgensen, his principal physician, and charged him in case he died to see that his right arm was exposed to no one except himself. He alone was to possess the secret under a pledge that he would not reveal it. The physician made the pledge, promising that he would personally superintend the laying out of the body. The king did not exact a promise that the doctor would not examine the arm about which so much curiosity had been excited by the king's refusing to be bled from it. Gorgensen might consider it his duty to make the secret public. Having been confided with it and knowing that it did not affect the state, he would likely refrain from divulging it.

When the king was known to be dead Dr. Gorgensen sent every one out of the room and, having locked the doors, lifted the sleeve that covered the dead sovereign's right arm. There was the guillotine, the body strapp'd to it and the words "Death to kings and tyrants!"

Many years had elapsed since that picture was made and those words written. Great had been the rise of the man who had stood looking on as one of the guard attending the execution of the king. But the doctor knew what the world knew—that the dead king had been a French peasant, a soldier in the ranks, and rumor had it that he had been present as one of the guard at the beheading of the king of France. Gorgensen divined the rest.

Strange it is that this peasant king was the only person whom Napoleon created a sovereign whose descendant now sits on a throne.

An Astronomical Mirror. One of the most remarkable scientific instruments yet devised is that constructed by Professor R. W. Wood to aid the work of astronomers. This is an astronomical mirror, the reflecting surface of which is revolving mercury, elaborately protected against vibrations, and it magnifies in proportion to the speed of its revolutions. A metal dish containing mercury and turning on bearings carries on its edge a series of magnets. Encircling, but not touching them, is an iron ring. By motor power this ring is made to revolve

upon bearings separate from those of the mercury container, but its magnets, attracting those on the container's edge, cause the latter also to revolve. Centrifugal force compels the mercury to form a concave surface, perfect so long as free from jars. This apparatus is sunk in a well fourteen feet deep and set upon a solid foundation to eliminate all ordinary shocks.

Not in His Line. The Leading Heavy—Hurry with my order. I am accustomed to being served in a hurry. The Waiter—I don't doubt it; but I am no sheriff—Pack.

RUNNING THE GANTLET

By WARREN MILLER

"Mr. Humphrey," said the president of the bank, who had sent for me to come to his private office, "we have \$30,000 to go to M. today, and I have a mind to send it by you. Would you care to undertake the delivery?"

I didn't like the job, for we were in the far west, where desperadoes abounded, and if one of them suspected I had so large an amount with me murder would not stand in his way to possess it. But if I wished promotion in the bank it would never do for me to flinch at such an offer, which was really an order. So I accepted the charge.

I left the bank with thirty \$1,000 bills in a large pocketbook in the breast pocket of my coat. Of course from the start I had my eye on everybody in sight, wondering if some one of them was not intending to rob me. One person arrested my attention from the peculiarity of his appearance. He was standing on the bank steps when I went out, looking carefully up the street. He wore green spectacles, a very shabby suit and a high plug hat. The most remarkable feature of his apparel was a waistcoat with stripes resembling those of a zebra. He was evidently down on his luck and had picked up his clothes piece-meal, where he could find them cast off from their original owners. He paid no attention to me. Indeed, I had no evidence that he was aware of my existence.

Going to my room, I took a suit case full of clothes and on emerging noticed the man with the zebra waistcoat on the opposite side of the street looking in at a shop window. His back was to me, and I kept my eye on him till I had turned a corner. In this way I made sure he had not seen me come out of the house nor during my going away from it. Proceeding to the station, I boarded the train, and as it rolled out the car door opened, and who should step in but the man with the zebra waistcoat.

He gave me a glance as he took his seat, and I knew he had spotted me for a victim. But why this fantastic attire? Then it all rushed upon me suddenly. It was to attract my attention from some confederate who was keeping me in sight and who doubtless had informed him of my proceeding. They could only have received the information of my bearing the money from some one in the bank who had let it out for gain or unintentionally.

My heart sank within me. But we are all natural gamblers, and I at once laid out a game for my money and my life. I picked up my suit case, which I had deposited on the floor, and held it on my lap. Then I went to the water cooler for a drink, carrying the suit case with me. Next I changed my seat, never for a moment letting the suit case out of my hand. Finally I opened it, pretending to make sure as I did so that no eye was upon me, and thrusting my hand in between the clothing, gave evidence by my expression that what I sought was there.

Meanwhile an ugly looking man in a wooden shirt and sunbrella went and sat down by the man with the zebra waistcoat, and the latter gave him some piece of information which I was sure referred to the money being in the suit case. Not feeling that my effort to throw the men off the scent would avail—for when they robbed me, not finding the money where they expected it, they would force me to produce it—I concluded to get off the train at the first stop. I did so and saw the two men standing on the platform as well. As the train moved on I stepped aboard, and my followers re-entered at the other end of the car.

I looked about me to see if there was any one on whom I could rely for help. There were not half a dozen persons, and they would all be frightened out of their wits the moment the attack was made. I saw my enemies consulting earnestly and felt sure the blow was about to fall. The train was running through a sparsely settled country. While looking out of the window I saw a short distance ahead a man standing in a field holding three horses. Suddenly the man with the zebra waistcoat sprang up, seized the bell cord and pulled it vigorously. It happened that at the same time the conductor came into the car for tickets. The brakes were put on, and the train slowed up. The conductor, seeing no reason for stopping, angrily gave a signal to proceed.

Like a whirlwind the two men dashed past me and as they did so seized my suit case. Carrying it with them, they jumped off the train just as it was moving off with accelerated speed. I saw them run for the horses. All mounted, and as they dashed away the man with the zebra waistcoat held the suit case aloft triumphantly and waved his plug hat.

I explained the matter to no one, keeping my secret till I had delivered the money and returned, when I told the president of the bank. The incident led to the discovery that our porter was in league with a gang of road agents. The president gave me my choice of a big reward for saving the money or the position of assistant cashier, which he created for me. I chose the latter, soon became cashier and am now president of the bank.

I often wish to have seen the expression on the robbers' faces when they opened the suit case and found no money.

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Grey, Storm Serge\$17.50
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OREGON STATE FAIR

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them on." "What for?" asked a surprised listener.

"For the same reason I wore my tailor made gown, I've been asked not to give any unnecessary information. I think I won't tell any more of it."

"Go on," was the universal cry.

"Well, when I went up the companionway I found a terrible scene on deck. The officers were protecting the boats at the point of the pistol for the women and children. When one of them saw me and how well dressed I was—most of the women looked like frights—he offered me his arm and escorted me to a boat. I got in, and as we were pulled away from the sinking ship I threw him a kiss of thanks."

"How lovely! Was he the romance?" "No, I'm going to tell you about the romance now. The sea was running high, and one huge wave came along and turned our boat over. I gave myself up for lost. Fortunately my tailor made gown I told you about caught a lot of air under it, and this kept me up for awhile. But the sea finally took all the air from under me, and I was about to sink when I felt myself drawn upon some boards. It was an improvised raft. I looked up into the face of the handsomest man I ever saw."

"This raft is not capable of supporting us both," he said. "I give my life that you may live. With that he rolled off into the water."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed a chorus. "We women don't appreciate the effect of our own adornments. There was admiration in my preserver's eyes, which no doubt was heightened by my tailor made suit and my jewels, all of which were becoming to me. I have no doubt that I owe my life to them."

There was a hushed assent.

"You were picked up?"

"Yes."

"And he?"

The narrator bent over her work to hide the dimness in her eyes.

"No; he sank beneath the waves."

"Who is that young woman?" asked one lady of another as they were leaving the place.

"The biggest liar in the United States. She has never been out of her native state."

FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

There Are Three Undisputed Mantegnas in This Country.

Andrea Mantegna, the brilliant master of the Paduan school (1431-1506) was distinguished among the Italian masters of the renaissance by a plastic style which made his figures on canvas not so much an expression of paint as of carved marble or molded bronze.

Of all the painters of his time he was generally regarded by critics as being most sensitive to the beauty of rounded form as distinct from outline. Mantegna died in Mantua in poverty, due not to lack of appreciation, but to his own extravagance.

The works painted by Mantegna, apart from his frescoes and the tempera pictures of the "Triumph of Caesar," now hanging in Hampton Court, are not numerous. Authorities seem to agree that not more than thirty-five of the so-called Mantegnas now extant are to be accepted as authentic.

In America there are only three undisputed Mantegnas. One is the "Adoration of the Magi," belonging to the John S. Johnson collection in Philadelphia; another is the "Madonna and Child" of the Altmann collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the third is the "Madonna and Child" of Mrs. Jack Gardner's collection in Boston.—New York Times.

OREGON ELECTRIC TRAINS

To Portland—55 minutes.

6:32 a.m.
7:18 a.m.
8:28 a.m.
9:58 a.m.
12:43 p.m.
7:58 p.m.

From Portland—55 minutes.

9:58 p.m.
7:54 a.m.
9:20 a.m.
11:25 a.m.
2:12 p.m.
4:27 p.m.
6:31 p.m.
7:18 p.m.
8:25 p.m.
12:20 a.m.

S. P. & P. E. & E.

All, except the P. R. & N., trains are electric, and stop at the depot on Main Street.

TO PORTLAND

Forest Grove Train 6:50 a. m.
McMinnville Train 7:36
Sheridan Train 10:08
Forest Grove Train 12:50 p. m.
McMinnville Train 2:16
Forest Grove Train 3:55
Eugene Train 4:45
McMinnville Train 6:40
Forest Grove Train 9:50

FROM PORTLAND

Eugene Train arrives
McMinnville Train 8:15 a. m.
Forest Grove Train 10:13
Forest Grove Train 11:59
Sheridan Train 4:33
Forest Grove Train 6:40
McMinnville Train 7:15
Forest Grove Train 9:00
McMinnville Train 12:15

All trains stop on flag at Sixth and Main; at North Range and Fir streets, Sixth and Fir Sts., and at Tenth street. Steam Service from old depot at foot of Second Street.

TO PORTLAND

P. R. & N. Train 4:05 p. m.
FROM PORTLAND
P. R. & N. Train 10:00 a. m.

Motor Car Service

To Buxton 12:25 p. m.
To Timber 4:20
From Timber 9:55 a. m.
From Buxton 2:10 p. m.

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