

Alpine Mills Co., of Cornelius

Buy and Store All Kinds of Grain

Manufacture all kinds of Grain Products, Chop, Stock Feed and Flour.

Silver Dust Flour

Best Oregon—A blend of choice hard wheat and soft valley wheat, making the best of flour.

Farm Feed Chopping a Specialty.

ALPINE MILLS COMPANY

CORNELIUS, ORE.

THE BAZAAR

Forest Grove, Oregon

has been selected as distributing point for Washington and Yamhill Counties for the famous

Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines

The manager of The Bazaar, Mr. K. N. Staehr, has received instructions to sell

The First Ten Machines at

\$10 Discount Ea.

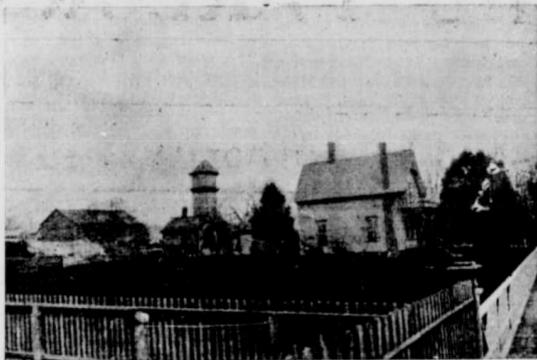
Eight of these machines have already been sold, leaving only two at reduced price, but by calling at once or writing to Mr. K. N. Staehr, you may be lucky enough to get one yet. The machines are sold on easy terms and warranted for ten years. Old machines taken as part payment.

G. B. Hardin Correspondence School of Eclectic Shorthand

STUDENTS WANTED.

LESSONS GIVEN BY MAIL

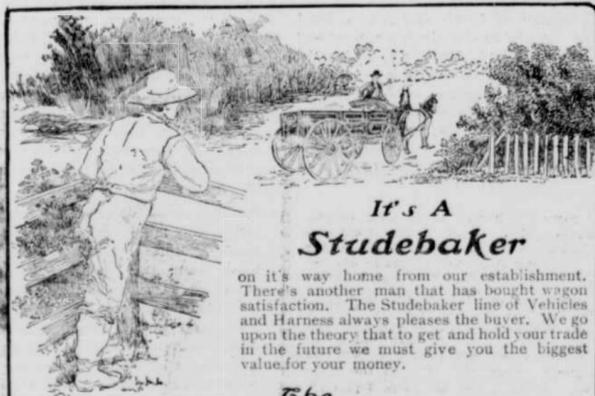
Terms: Three months, \$10. Nine months or life scholarship, \$25. Tuition payable in advance. Trial lessons and twenty-four page circular on Eclectic Shorthand sent free on application. Typewriters rented to students, \$3.00 per month.



The picture represents a dwelling of ten rooms, all finished complete. Electric lights in every room. Hot and cold water. Three acres of land. Within 3 blocks of business center of city. Four blocks from college campus. Nice fruit. All buildings and fences in good condition. Price, \$3,000. terms to suit purchaser.

Other property for sale.

LANGLEY & SON.



It's A Studebaker

on it's way home from our establishment. There's another man that has bought wagon satisfaction. The Studebaker line of Vehicles and Harness always pleases the buyer. We go upon the theory that to get and hold your trade in the future we must give you the biggest value for your money.

The Studebaker Line Does That.

You are not buying a pig in a poke—a thing of unknown or questionable value. You know and everybody knows they're standard the world over. Can't we do something for you? We're agents for the entire line, about everything ever thought of in vehicles and harness. What's not in stock we'll get quickly to meet your want. Come in and let us talk about it.

Studebaker Bros. Co. Northwest, 337 E. Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

You can't go wrong if the vehicle has Studebaker on the Name Plate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly, lawfully and regularly appointed executrix, with will attached, of the estate of Philip Beal, deceased, by the County Court of Washington county, and State of Oregon, that all persons holding claims against said estate will present them to me, legally certified to, at the of-

ice of W. M. Langley & Son, my attorneys, at the City of Forest Grove, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice.

Witness my hand, this 14th day of July, 1903.

CLARINDA BEAL, Executrix of the Estate of Philip Beal, Deceased.

D. J. TROMLEY, THE TARRY HERO.



TAR AND FEATHER PARTY AT HILLSBORO.

The leading incident of the week is best told in the words of the victim as given a Portland Oregonian reporter Wednesday. But Mr. Tromley's reasons are not those of his neighbors, general worthlessness and not jealousy seems to have been the cause of his troubles. Further than this for the present the story must be one-sided, as the mob leaders are not revealing themselves for interviews. The troubles of the lady seem to date back to a time when she got the best of Hillsboro's marshal in a controversy over her dog's tax, and Mr. Tromley also had an altercation with the same official later, in which the physical victory lay with the citizen, hence the coloring of his story.

The tar is said to have been mixed with printer's-ink, and after a liberal smearing with this compound Mr. Tromley was compelled to roll over in a bed of feathers.

Says the Oregonian account: Daniel J. Tromley, of Hillsboro, arrived in Portland yesterday afternoon with much bitterness of heart against his fellow townspeople. Tromley was likewise nursing many bad burns and bruises—the effect of a coat of tar and feathers, while about his neck appeared a broad, red welt, where he had dangled at the end of a rope. His neighbors had hooted him out of town, and had emphasized their displeasure at his presence in Hillsboro in such a manner that there was no room for doubt. They told him that his punishment was light compared with what his reception would be should he essay a return.

Tromley's unpopularity is said to have commenced eight weeks ago, when he arrived in Hillsboro and married Mrs. Lizzie Gishwiler, a well-to-do widow. Then, shortly afterward, when he knocked the town marshal down during an altercation, the dislike for him was not lessened. Nor did occasional other altercations increase his popularity. The marshal evened up the score by placing Tromley in jail for several short terms, but Tromley continued to retain his own ideas as to the exact relation that should exist between himself and the other residents. The climax came Monday evening, when the Michigan man was arrested on a charge of threatening to kill Dr. John Bailey. At 10 o'clock a vigilance committee of about a dozen men forced a way into the jail, cast a rope around the neck of the objectionable neighbor and dragged him to the woods, where a liberal coat of tar and feathers was applied. Then he was told that he would show great wisdom by avoiding the town in the future. He hurried through the woods to the home of a rancher, borrowed kerosene to remove the tar, and some salve to ease the pain of his burns, and spent the night in the woods. Lingered about the vicinity until yesterday, he watched for a favorable opportunity, slipped to the depot and took the train for Portland.

Cause of the Feud.

Tromley declares he will return to Hillsboro. He says he intends to get a lawyer and commence proceedings against his assailants, and finally return to the place to live. He says that his unpopularity is mostly due to the fact that he married Mrs. Gishwiler.

"I want to tell you that those fellows are jealous because I captured the woman that a lot of them had their eyes on," asserted the ostracized man yesterday afternoon.

"You see, she has lived there for

years, and it naturally made some of them pretty sore when I came in there, a perfect stranger, and walked away with her right under their very eyes. Yes, I guess they had some other reasons, but that was the main one.

"It is true that I knocked the marshal down, but I had a right to do that. After I was married I learned that he had insulted my wife two years ago. I just thought I would even up that score right away, and you can bet I lost no time in it.

"But I didn't threaten to kill anyone," continued Tromley. "Dr. Bailey was letting his chickens run on my wife's garden, and I said I would kill the things if they didn't quit coming around scratching things up. I heard everybody was down on me, but I did not think there was any danger.

"And the way they treated me is something horrible," he added, running hand along the bright, red welt on his neck. "I don't want to ever wear another coat made of tar and feathers. I thought they were only going to kill me, but when they commenced to torture me I begged them to shoot me or knock me in the head. You see, there was about 25 of them and I was alone—didn't even have a penknife to defend myself with—and so they had me at their mercy.

He Told of His Sufferings.

"It happened along about 11 o'clock. I had only been in jail a few hours. When the marshal arrested me, he was not man enough to come right down to the house and take me, so my wife would know what had become of me. He sent a messenger—or, at least, somebody did—saying I was wanted at the telephone office to talk to Portland over the long distance phone. I told my wife I would be home again in a few minutes, and went up town. Then the marshal nailed me and walked me over to the lockup. The mob came, after a while, and opening the jail, tied the rope around my neck.

"I thought my time had come for sure, especially when they started debating which would be the best, to kill me right away or torture me awhile first. One fellow said they ought to cut my heart out, bake it and send it to my wife. Another wanted to disembowel me, and then a third one said tar and feathers would be about the best thing. I begged them to kill me right off and not torture me, but they just laughed. I was dragged through the streets at the end of that rope, and when we reached the outskirts they daubed warm tar and feathers over me and told me that I might clear out. As I ran down the railroad track a few of them commenced shooting at me or over my head, and I never did stop going until I was clear of them.

If He Had Only Had a Gun.

"But, say," suggested Tromley, "wouldn't there have been a different story to tell if I could have got hold of a gun! Wouldn't I have made some of those fellows sing. I tried to borrow a gun from a farmer named Chas. Stewart, who loaned me the kerosene to get the feathers and tar off, but he said he didn't have one. But never mind, though, I'm not through with those fellows yet," he added, with a suggestive shake of the fist.

"I waited around the woods awhile for my wife, and finally she joined me, for the crowd went to the house, broke in the doors and she did not escape any too soon. I believe they would have harmed her if they had got the chance. We spent the night in the woods with nothing to sleep on but a ragged quilt that farmer gave us,

and came near freezing before morning. As soon as possible I got on a train and came to Portland. My wife will follow me either tonight or tomorrow."

May Prosecute the Guilty.

Tromley asserts that he and his wife have too much property at stake to abandon Hillsboro because of the dislike of neighbors. They own two acres of land adjoining the courthouse grounds, he says, besides much other realty in different parts of the town. He says he will secure legal counsel before taking action in the matter.

A VALUABLE OREGON INDUSTRY.

Wm. M. Manning, of Portland, a former resident of this county, was in town last week in the interest of the Oregon Handle Manufacturing Co., of Newberg, a home institution which is utilizing Oregon oak to make as good handles as the Eastern product and selling at a lower price. They have a \$7000 plant now in its third year, and turn out from 20 to 40 dozen handles a day, in about 30 styles, for all kinds of tools. An addition for another lathe with the same capacity

is now being built. They claim their handles will not check, crack or splinter and their toughness was demonstrated with an axe handle struck with all Mr. Manning's strength on a plank, when the wood rebounded but stood the strain. The plant makes a demand for about four feet of the tree butt, and Mr. Manning remarked oak wood piled up for fuel in Forest Grove which is worth on the cars here \$7 a cord.

PROF. J. B. DeLONG,

Magnetic Healer, Specialist in Cataracts, Sore Eyes, Female Troubles, Lameness in Shoulders, Bronchitis and Rheumatism. Office at residence, Forest Grove.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, June 20, 1903. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on August 4, 1903, viz: Moses Middaugh, H. E. No. 14,100, for the southeast quarter Section 3, Township 3 north, Range 6 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Rice Montague, of Timber, Oregon; Robert T. Simpson, of Buxton, Oregon; William Middaugh, of Portland, Oregon; Amos Bradshaw, of Rossland, Oregon. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

...Dr. Chas. Hines, Druggist

(Successor to Hines & Wagner)

Exclusive Agent Security Stock Remedies, Wakeless, Squirrel Poison, Zimol, the Superior Headache Remedy.

Also a complete line of Drugs, Pictures, Stationery, Sundries and Cigars.

Accurate Prescription Work

at Reasonable Prices

JOHNSON & CO.

The Brick Livery

Feed and Sale Stable
FINEST RIGS BEST HORSE GOOD DRIVERS

See our adv. in the T. P. A. Guide Drummers' trade our specialty.

Our 'Bus meets all trains, Carries U. S. Mail.

Baggage and Freight Called for and Delivered.

CORNER MAIN AND PACIFIC AVE.,

FOREST GROVE



ST. MARY'S, NEAR BEAVERTON, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

The Sisters' Academy here will open for actual school work on Monday, September 7. Though pupils will be received at all seasons of the year, yet it is most desirable that all should be present for the opening term. The aim of this institution is to give an education at once thorough and practical. The program of studies is comprehensive and thorough. It provides for extensive training in the various branches required for a liberal education, beginning with elementary work and passing by degrees to the higher studies of the advanced course. The course is divided into three departments—elementary, grammar and academic. A special commercial course, however, is conducted for pupils who may desire to prepare themselves for business positions. The system of education is arranged so as to best cultivate the heart, develop the mind and refine the character. To promote grace of manner and bearing, exercises and physical culture are given. Special care is taken to preserve the health of the pupils. Extensive playgrounds and recreation halls afford ample opportunity and incentive for healthful exercise. Superior advantages are offered in music, art, Needle and fancy work receive due attention and are taught free of charge. The building is modern, having been completed last winter, and is well adapted for school purposes. It is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the Willamette Valley, commanding views of fertile plains, magnificent timbered hills and snow-capped mountain peaks. St. Mary's is on the West Side line of the Southern Pacific railway, 12 miles from Portland.

Further information will be cheerfully given to such as may be interested. Apply to the SISTER SUPERIOR, St. Mary's, Beaverton, Oregon.