

dar en ain't ter be menshun in de same week wid some folks which p'raps I hadn't orter speak ob 'em."

"I s'pose yo'll be bringin' her down yere befo' long?"

"Nebah, Miss Hamilton, nebah. I done make up my min' as how dat gal don't noways 'gree wid my con'stutions."

"What's de marter wid her?"

"Well, fo' one t'ing, she hab a mos' owdashus, rip t'arin' temper. When dat gal gits her mad up, de hull wide creashun am bleedze ter stan' out fum under. En she cyan't sting no more dan one ob dese yere tukky buzzuds. Tain't nachel fo' a man what kin sling ter be jine ter sich a onmestike croetur."

"Su am dat all, Mr. Pendergas?" said Savannah as she handed her guest a cup of coffee.

"Well, not adzackly all," he replied, inhaling the aroma of the coffee and then taking a large gulp; "not jes' intirely adzackly. It 'll cost me 'leben dollars ter bring dat gal yere. Mighty back breakin' wuk ter e'm 'leben dollars pickin' oranges fo' ter git a gal wid a owdashus temper what sings like a tukky buzzud when dar am folks clus ter yer eiber wid a smillin' face which dey kin sing wid de melojusness ob a song sparrer. De trufe am, Miss Hamilton, when I sees some oder folks which p'raps I hadn't orter menshun 'em, my 'feckshuns fo' dat gal am pow'ful lackin'."

"Fo' de grashus goodness, Mr. Pendergas, do hab some mo' ob de chicken en anudder yam?"

"T'ank yo' mos' kindly, Miss Hamilton, but befo' we peeceds furdur wid dis meal could yo' spon' ter my peromunice ob marriage?"

"P'raps I mought, Mr. Pendergas, ef yo'd 'gree ter spon' dat 'leben dollars in fixin' up de shanty."

"Dat 'll mos' sho'ly do, en 'll speak ter Panson Davis termorrer 'bout habin' de obs-squies immej't."

"Mr. Pendergas, I mus' reques' de pos'ponemunce ob de obs-squies outwel I gits mysef a set ob store teef. I've sot my heart on 'em en couldn't tink ob bein' jine nohow widout 'em."

"Miss Hamilton, a woman which kin cook sich chicken en co'n pone as dese yere don't need no teef ter chaw 'em wid, en a mouf which lets such hebenly soun's ob singin' out'n it as yourn does don't need 'em fo' beauty."

"Dar am no use ob argyfyin' de marter. I'm sot plun flatfocted on habin' dem teef. De presence ob de orange blossoms in de ha'r en de ebience ob de ivories in de mouf don't 'gree ter-gedder noways permiscuous. When yo' han's me dat 'leben dollars fo' ter fix up de shanty en my mouf am likewise sot out wid dem teef de percession 'll be ready ter mobe on."

The couple left the cabin and seated themselves under the orange trees.



"I'LL SPEAK TER PANSON DAVIS TERMORRER."

where for two hours they laughed and talked with the light heartedness of children.

A month passed before Aunt Savannah had secured the dental ornaments which she considered so essential to her toilette. In the meantime James had given her the "leben dollars," which she had expended for furniture.

On an evening in April the elite of Egypt were invited to attend the wedding. By this time the orange blossoms were nearly gone, but enough had been obtained to grace the occasion appropriately, and other flowers were abundant. A bower, beneath which the couple were to be married, had been built under the orange tree in front of Aunt Savannah's cabin. Beside Creesy's cabin stood a table adorned with flowers and loaded with trophies of Savannah's skill in cooking. The space between the cabins was to be devoted to dancing, and the fiddlers were already giving their instruments premonitory twangs, to the great delight of the arriving company. Aunt Savannah and James moved about among their guests, greeting them with gracious and elaborate speeches of welcome.

About the time when the guests began to arrive the train from Jacksonville stopped at the little station, and a young colored woman alighted and looked around. She was tall and thin and wiry, with snapping black eyes and a vixenish expression. Walking

up to the baggage agent, she asked him in a high, sharp voice:

"Does yo' know ob de wharabouts ob a genterman which be name am Jim Pendergas?"

"Yes, I know where he lives, but he won't be at home tonight," said the agent, with a grin.

"Whar am he, den? Daf's what I wants ter know."

"I reckon he's at Aunt Savannah Hamilton's, down in Egypt. He's to be married to her tonight."

"Married!" shrieked the woman. "De owdashus wily'n! I'll stop dat business right spang off. Yere, yo' young raskill," catching hold of a colored boy who stood looking on with open mouthed interest, "take me to dat place dis minnit ef yo' knows what am good fo' yo'rs'f. Start now. Don't gib no sand fleas time ter hop under yo' feet whiles yo're gwine." Away they went at a rapid pace, the boy impelled partly by curiosity and partly by fear of the virago who pushed him fiercely by the shoulder.

The guests were all assembled. Panson Davis, book in hand, stood beneath the bower, and Aunt Savannah and James were just taking their places in front of him when a furious woman burst through the crowd, shrieking:

"Whar's dat rapscaillon, Jim Pendergas, who done c'ared out en lef' his true lub, which be done promus her 'leben dollars ter kim yere en be jine ter him?"

James dropped Savannah's hand and, turning round, cried wildly:

"De Lawd hab mussy on us!"

"Axin' fo' mussy, am yo'? What mussy hab yo' had on me, yo' mizzable, low down, no 'count nigger? Didn't I wuk my fingers ter de bone ter buy yo' dat idenkle suit ob cloes yo' hab



"WHAR'S DAT 'LEBEN DOLLARS YO' DONE PROMUS ME?"

on dis idenkle minnit? Whar's dat 'leben dollars yo' done promus me? Kim along, yo' raskill, befo' I puts yo' in jail fo' stealin' ob dem cloes. Dar won't be no weddin' yere ternight."

Before the company could recover from their astonishment she was dragging the luckless Jim away. The young women shrieked with laughter, the young men burst into loud guffaws, as they watched the couple depart.

Aunt Savannah was the first to recover, and she at once took the situation into her own hands.

"Ladies en gentlemen," she cried in a loud, firm voice, "de fust t'ing dis company better do am ter peeced ter dat table en eat de supper befo' de chicken fixin's spile. Atter dat we'll tu'n dis festival 'casion inter a pra'r meetin' fer de kinvershun ob onregent lars which dey don't know der own min's while dey am speakin' ob de words. I'm afeard dey'll be eberlastin'ly tore by de claws ob a temper which am fa'rly t'arin' up de yearf dis blessed minnit. Creesy, yo' step in de shanty en bring out one ob dem new cheers fo' Panson Davis ter sot on. Now, let dem fiddles strike up a marchin' chune whiles we marches ter de table en gits de vittles."

By this masterly stroke the victory was won. After all, the supper and the music and the gayety of the occasion were what the people had come for, and since they were not to be deprived of these they saw no reason why they should change their attitude toward their hostess for so slight a thing as the kidnaping of a bridegroom.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that I, the undersigned, have been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Sirwell N. Fuller, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, and have duly qualified as such administrator. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me, with proper vouchers, either at my residence at "Sawerton, Oregon, or at the Law Office of W. S. Barrett in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six (6) months from the date hereof. Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this January 12, 1904.

WILLIAM E. FULLER, Administrator of the estate of Sirwell N. Fuller, deceased.

Free to Employers—Farmers, mill men, loggers and dairy men can get help on short notice from the Pioneer Employment Co., 107-109 or 111 215 Madison St., Portland, Ore.

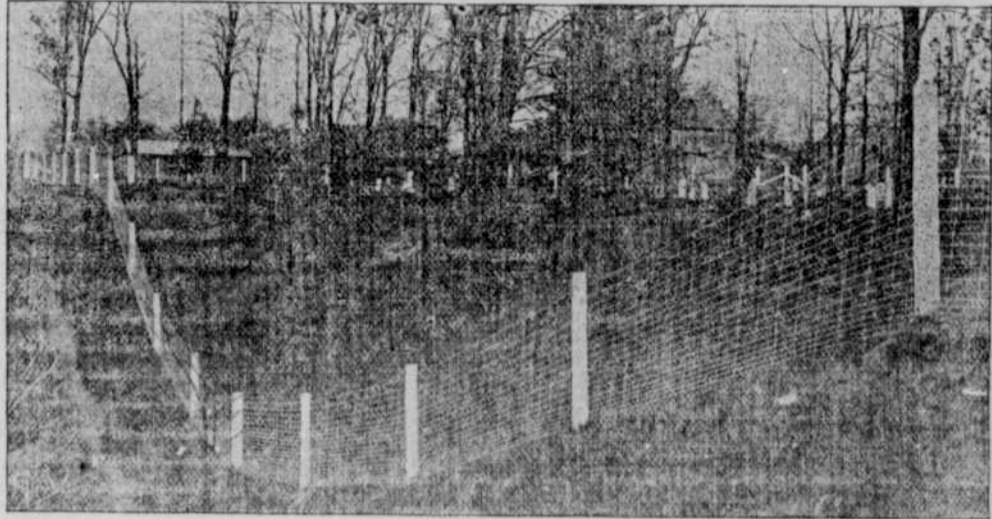
LOST! YESTERDAY --

Somewhere between daylight and dark, **TWO GOLDEN HOURS**

Each set with Sixty Diamond Minutes. No reward is given to the finder, for they can never be found—they are gone forever, and as time is money, so is your money wasted in building an

INFERIOR FENCE

That takes time to be patching, also to gather up stock that has gotten into a NEIGHBOR'S FIELD, or to chase your Neighbor's Stock that has gotten into YOUR FIELD.



Buy a Page Fence

And by so doing save time and money, and live in peace and harmony with your neighbor. Agents Wanted. For full particulars, address

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO.

E. ESTES, Manager of Distributary, McMinnville - - - - - OREGON.

SHERIFF'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution, decree and order of sale issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, dated the 17th day of December, 1903 in favor of J. W. Shute and E. B. Tongue, Administrators of the Estate of Thos. H. Tongue, Deceased, plaintiffs and against George W. Miller, defendant for the sum of \$44.80 cost and the further sum of \$900.00 with interest thereon from the 1st day of April, 1896, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, to me directed and delivered, commanding me to make sale of the real property hereinafter described, I have levied upon and pursuant to said execution, decree and order of sale I will on Monday, the 25th day of January, 1904, at the South door of the Courthouse in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the following described real property, lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: Block numbered thirteen (13) of and in Oak Grove Addition to the Town of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, as the same is marked and designated upon the plot of said addition of record in the office of the Recorder of Conveyances of Washington County, Oregon, containing two acres more or less, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums and for the costs and expenses of sale and said writ. Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon. Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 24th day of December, 1903.

J. W. SEWELL, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. E. B. Tongue, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS.

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

Joseph S. Lilly, Plaintiff vs. Martha L. Lilly, Defendant To Martha L. Lilly, the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon: You are hereby commanded and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, in the above entitled court, on or before the expiration of six weeks next from and after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: The first publication of said summons being on December 18, 1903, and if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for and demanded in his said complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving and annulling the marriage and marriage contract now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and equitable in the premises.

This summons is served on you by publication by order of Hon. T. A. McBride, Judge of the above entitled court, which said order was made and dated at Hillsboro Oregon, on December 12, 1903, and directs that this summons be published for six successive and consecutive weeks in the Hillsboro Independent.

H. T. BAGLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

(31-37)

Strayed from my farm in Patton Valley, 1 red steer, about 1 1/2 years old, 1 Jersey heifer, 1 1/2 years old Both marked by having top of right ear cropped and left ear split. Reward will be paid for information as to whereabouts of the above property. Address A. B. McCloud, Gaston, Ore.

Just Opened

CITY RESTAURANT

Next door to Wirtz' Barber Shop, Main Street, Forest Grove, Ore.

We are prepared to serve Regular Dinners

.....Meals at all Hours.....

Short orders and Lunches, Oysters in any style.

JOHN HEINZ, Prop.

The Up-to-Date Grocery

Is now opened for business with the finest stock of Groceries in the city, and we are selling at prices that are right. We have anything you wish in the Grocery line.

FARMERS, we want your produce. Call and see us. We pay the highest prices.

Specialties { Coffees Teas Spices

Pacific Avenue, Forest Grove, Ore.