Announcements.

For Sheriff.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Sheriff at the coming Primary election. If I am nominated and elected I pledge myself to economical and efficient management of the affairs of the office and impartial enforcement of the laws.

C. B. BUCHANAN.

County Assessor.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate before the Primaries for the office of County Assessor on the republican ticket, and if nominated and elected, it will be my effort to conduct the office in the future, as in the past, with absolute consistency, and without fear or favor, and for the best interests of Washington County.

GEO. H. WILCOX.

Announcement of Geo. G. Hancock.

To the voters of Washington County.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of this County, subject to the endorsement of the Republican voters at the primary election, to be held on April 17, 1908.

If I am nominated and elected I will during my term of office, faithfully and impartially discharge the duties thereof, and give to the people of this County an efficient and at the same time an economical administratron.

I further state that I will give the business of that office my personal attention, and every man a square deal.

GEO. G. HANCOCK.

Notice.

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the office of County Assessor of Washington County, Oregon, subject to the endorsement of the Republican voters of this County at the Primary election to be held on April 17th, 1908.

If I am nominated and elected I will during my term of office give all a square deal and good service.

C. E. DEICHMAN.

Notice.

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the office of County Clerk of Washington County, Oregon, subject to the endorsement of the Republican Primary election to be held in said County, on April 17, 1908.

If elected, I promise a careful, economical administration of the affairs of that office, efficient service and faithful performance of duty.

E. J. GODMAN.

For County Commissioner.

I hereby announce myself as a Rebublican candidate for the office of County Commissioner of Washington County, subject to the endorsement of the Republican voters of this county at the Primary election to be held on April 17th, 1908. If I am nominated and elected I will during my term of Office, give careful and conservative services.

A. B. TODD.

County Assessor.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for nomination to the office of County Assessor of Washington County subject to the endorsement of the republican voters at the Primary election to be held April 17th. If I am nominated and elected I promise to give the office close and careful attention and a strict performance of duty.

MAX CRANDALL.

County Sheriff.

I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for the office o County Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon, subject to the endorsement of the Republican Primary election to be held in said County on April 17, 1908.

If elected, I promise a careful, economical administration of the affairs of that office, efficient service and faithful performance of duty.

JOHN C. KURATLI.

For Sheriff.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff of Washington County, Oregon, at the Repuplicau Primary nominating election, and announce that if I secure tne republican nomination for Sheriff of Washington County, and am elected that I will give said office all of my time and personal attention and will endeavor to give an efficient administration of the affairs of said office and perform all of the duties thereof in a conscientious manner.

FRANK T. KANE.

County Treasurer.

I hereby wish to announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer subject to the endorsement of the republican voters at the Primary election to be held April 17th. If I am nominated and elected I promise to give the office the same close and careful attention as I have done in the past.

W. M. JACKSON.

County Recorder.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for nomination to the office of County Recorder of Washington County, subject to the endorsement of the republican voters at the Primary election to be held April 17th. If I am nominated and elected I promise to give the office the same attention it has received during my first term.

WILLIS IRELAND.

Announcement.

The undersigned wishes to announce his candidacy for the clerkship of Washington county to come before the primary next April. I have had experience in that office and if elected will give the people my best efforts in that office.

W. D. SMITH.

For County Treasurer.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the republican nomination for County Treasurer to come before the repnblican voters of Washington county on April 17, 1908.

I promise, if nominated and elected, to give strict attention to the duties of the office and will turn all interest on county funds deposited into the County Treasury.

H. G. KING.

Tax Notice.

The taxpayers of Washinington County, Oregon, are hereby notified that the first half of their taxes for the year 1907, and levied in January, 1908, are now payable and will become delinquent on the first Monday in April 1908, at which time interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum will be charged, in addition to 10 per cent penalty, which said interest will be computed from the first Monday in April, 1907.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, February 13, 1908.

J. W. CONNELL,
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. 32-Apr-1

REV. ROBINSON AND REV. BOYD SPEAK TO STUDENT BODY.

Mr. H. W. Boyd Tells of His Recent European Travels. His Visit to the Portugese Azores.

On Wednesday, Rev. Herbert W. Boyd of this city, spoke on "A Porthole Picture," the subject being a brief resume of his Enropean trip of last summer. Rev. Boyd spent nearly four months abroad visiting various places of interest and traveling through the most beautiful parts of southern Europe. He spent some time in Italy near Lake Como. On his return the vessell stopped for a short time at the Azores. Here Rev. Boyd had an opportunity to see the city of Porta Del Garda, the chief city of the islands, and to observe the inhabitants who are for the most part, Portugese. The people are clean and prosperous and the city lacked that dirty, dillapidated look common to some of the Continental cities. The islands, although of volcanic origin, are very fertile and the climate very mild and moderate. Rev. Boyd described this brief visit as one of the most delightful incidents of his trip.

Last Tuesday Rev. Robinson of Hillsboro, visited at the University and took part in the chapel exercises. After reading a few verses of scripture Mr. Robinson spoke for a few minutes, on the bible and its relation to us. He showed how it contained comfort, promise, hope and all that our lives need to make them good and useful. He also brought out the fact that great literary men, like Walter Scott, turned in the hour of sorrow and death, to the bible, where they found comfort and peace.

Dreams of the Healthy.

There has been much discussion as to whether one dreams only on falling to sleep and during the act of waking up, or whether dreams take place at any time during sleep. While not definitely determined as yet, the evidence seems to be rather in favor of the view that one may dream at any time during the night or the whole night through. Dreaming is common to perfectly healthy persons, and in itself is no evidence of disorder.—Harper's Magazine.

A DEEP MYSTERY SOLVED.

Women Blinded by Science.

The Doctor writes his prescription in Latin and the patient shuts her eyes to what she is swallowing. She takes that much on faith. If it should cure her she doesn't know what cured her. If the prescription injures her she doesn't know what did the injury. The physician is experimenting with different prescriptions all the time. Sometimes his medicine is successful in the case but often not. This mystery of a concealed prescription is intended to mystify and to blind the patient. One physician of wide experience and national reputation does not believe in mystifying the public, nor does he grasp at the stars, but believes that Nature provides that which is necessary for our health and happiness.

When the womanly system is deranged beyond the stage where it will respond to sunshine, good air, cheerfulness and proper rest; when the balance of health is seriously disturbed this doctor believes that Nature has placed at your hand the balance of power for good. Hidden in our American forests are many plants which correct and cure those distressing ailments which cause women to suffer with backache, bearing-down pains, pain in the back or front of the head, nervousness and lassitude. Most all women who love Nature, who like to wander through the woods, have at one time or another picked the beautiful blossom of the Lady's Slipper (Cypripedium). This is not only a beautiful but a very useful plant. The root of this plant when treated properly with glycerine to extract its medicinal virtues is "valuable in all cases of nervous excitability or irritability," says Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D. Another authority, Prof. F. Ellingwood, M. D., says of this plant: "Exercises special influence upon nervous conditions depending upon disorders of the female organs." Another plant which is frequently found in our American forests is Helonias, or Unicorn root. The AMERICAN DISPENSATORY says of this plant, that it "possesses a decidedly beneficial influence in an enfeebled condition of the general system, with weakness or dull pain in the renal, or lumbo-sacral (small of the back) region. In diseases of the womanly organs, it is one of our most valuable agents, acting as a uterine tonic, and gradually removing abnormal conditions, while at the same time it imparts tone and vigor to the organs." Hence, it is much used in catarrhal, pelvic drains, irregularities and painful periods. Prof. King further says, of Unicorn root: "A particular phase removed by it is the irritability and despondency that often attends these troubles (referring to the ailments just mentioned). It has been found especially adapted to those cases in which pelvic fullness, and the aching, bearing-down organs *feel as if they would fall out of the body.*"

Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., says, that a combination of the active principles of these two native plants together with Golden Seal root, Black Cohosh and Blue Cohosh roots when extracted by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine of proper strength (which is used instead of alcohol), will almost invariably cure those peculiar weaknesses and maladies incident to women. That is why Dr. Pierce, nearly forty years ago, decided to put up in a ready-to-use form, a "Prescription" which he had found so useful in his large practice.

Dr. Pierce is frank and open about his ready-prepared medicine, called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—he tells just what is contained in it—he says it is not a cure-all, as it serves only a singleness of purpose, being for women's peculiar weaknesses and maladies, the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for the cure of such maladies, all the ingredients of which have the endorsement of leading medical practitioners and writers, as being the very best known remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is advised. All this will be learned to the reader's full satisfaction by perusing a booklet of extracts compiled by Dr. Pierce from standard authorities of the several schools of practice, and which will be sent *free* to any address on request for same, mailed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It stands alone. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the *only* medicine for woman's peculiar weakness and affections, all the ingredients of which are printed upon the bottle-wrapper *in plain English*, so that all who take it may know exactly what they are using.

A further reason for the unprecedented popularity of the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce for the special use of women is to be found in the fact that it contains not a drop of alcohol. He does not believe that an alcoholic compound is beneficial for those affections peculiar to women because the after-effect of spirituous wines or alcohonc medicines is harmful for weak, invalid, nervous women.

What "Favorite Prescription" has done for others it will no doubt, DO FOR YOU, if similarly afflicted, and you give it a good, fair and faithful trial.

FROM THE NURSERY.

Comical Sayings by Little Mites of Humanity.

Small Elsie—Aren't you awfully tired after the ball last night?

Miss De Playne—Why do you ask, dear?

Small Elsie—Sister said you held the wall up nearly all evening.

"Now, Harold," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me why Adam and Eve clothed themselves after the fall?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Harold. "'Cause it was winter after the fall."

Mother (surprised)—Why, Johnny, how did you happen to get the merit card for good behavior at school this week?

Small Johnny—It was like this, mamma. Harry Jones won it, and I told him if he didn't give it to me I'd punch him.

Little Elmer—Papa, please buy me a hobbyhorse?

Papa—Why, Elmer, you are too old to be wanting a hobbyhorse.

Little Elmer—Then, papa, please buy me a real horse.—Chicago News.

Served Accordingly.

At a men's cafe one night a young American, a barber, fell in with an Englishman. The latter was berating the Yankees for doing all manner of business in their shops and not following the better English plan of sticking to one branch.

The next day he swaggered into the barber shop to be shaved. The barber gave his face an extra good soaping and left him, at the same time seating himself to read.

The Englishman kept quiet for a few minutes, when, seeing his attendant reading, he blurted out, "Why don't you shave me, sir?"

"You will have to go up the street for your shave," quietly replied the barber. "We only lather here."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Woman Who Disappeared.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.]

We were bound up the coast to Valdivia and Santiago and had run into a storm that wrecked the brig aloft. We made shift, however, to work our way into one of the bays off Chiloe island, and there we spent two weeks refitting. The island named is about forty miles off the coast of Chile. It is fifteen miles in length and from three to ten miles in breadth, and at the time I write of was not permanently inhabited. It is of volcanic formation, but well wooded.

Just previous to leaving London on this voyage Captain Bennett had been married to a young lady whom he had been courting for over three years. She was the daughter of a manufacturer, and the marriage had the consent and good wishes of her family. She was a handsome, intelligent girl of twenty, much in love with the captain, and this voyage was their bridal tour. I was the captain's nephew and second mate of the brig.

When we had anchored the brig in a landlocked bay and began at the repairs the young wife suggested a tent under the trees ashore. A tent was erected, a few necessaries taken ashore, and there the happy couple spent their nights and part of the days. During the daytime, if the captain was not on board, they wandered over the island or gathered shells along the beach. If he was on board we could see her moving about or sitting under the trees. We finally had things ready to proceed, and the tent and the wife were to be brought aboard next morning, when a strange thing happened. Captain Bennett had been with us all the afternoon, going ashore about 6 o'clock in the evening. An hour later we were notified that the wife was missing.

It did not seem a thing of much account to me when I went ashore at his call. I myself had seen the woman as late as 3 o'clock. She had been cautioned not to wander too far, but had been a bit heedless. I had no doubt that she would be found within the hour and that we should all have a good laugh over the incident. The only direction she could take from the tent was due west, where a narrow valley led inland. The captain had gone a mile in this direction and shouted her name and got no reply. We now hurried along until we had covered double that distance, and we shouted at the top of our voices, but no answer came to our hails. We followed the valley, winding and turning, for a distance of two miles and then returned to the beach for men and lanterns.

The disappearance was a strange thing. The woman could not have lost her way. She could have gone in only one direction. She had only to turn in her tracks to come back to the starting point. We had been there two weeks and had not seen a stranger about. Eight of us, provided with lanterns or torches, divided into four parties and began a new search. One party went up the beach, another down, and the other two followed the valley to its end. It began or ended in a basin of about an acre in extent. This basin was shut in by rocky hills and pretty well covered with bushes. We had brought a musket along, and for an hour we shouted and fired by turns. No reply did we get. Then we returned to see what luck the others had met with. There was not much to hope for. The beaches were short, and no one aboard the ship had seen the missing woman strolling up or down. When we reached the tent it was to find that the other searches had been in vain. Then the captain said:

"My wife has wandered to a distance, and in climbing some hills, perhaps after a rare flower, she has met with a fall. She may be lying dead, or she may have been so badly hurt that she cannot call out in answer. I shall continue the search the night through."

There was no one who did not pity the man. We had a crew of fourteen, and, leaving only two men aboard as an anchor watch, the rest of us renewed the search. We went on the idea that the woman must have climbed the hills at some point. Six of us took one side of the valley and six the other, and we examined every spot with the minutest care. Wherever it seemed possible for a woman to have climbed up we sent a man. We looked for broken branches; we looked to see if patches of moss had been disturbed; we looked for fragments of her dress clinging to briers. Not until daylight came and we were thoroughly exhausted and discouraged was there any letup. Then we returned to the ship for breakfast and a brief rest. The captain sat down under a tree ashore. When morning came again he had made up his mind what to do. The brig could no longer be detained. Stores sufficient to last a man for many weeks were landed, and she was sent on her way in charge of the mate. At Valdivia he was to arrange for some native craft to come and take the captain off. He would remain and prosecute the search until the mystery was solved, and he would allow no one to remain with him.

It was three months later when the captain was taken off. His age was only thirty, but he looked like a man of fifty. He was gray haired and bent and wrinkled. He had gone over every foot of the island twice and three times over, and he had not found so much as a shred of his wife's dress. Not a bush nor a rock nor a gully had escaped him. Not a thicket but that he had searched on hands and knees. Not a foot of beach had been left unwatched for what the tide might bring. She had simply disappeared off Chloe island, and to this day no one knows how.

M. QUAD.

—The finest of Cotton Blankets at Bailey's.

WIT OF AN IRISH STORY.

Lost, as a Rule, When the Tale Is Reduced to Cold Type.

"Irish wit loses more in reduction to cold type than that of any other nation on earth." At least that is the opinion of a St. Louis Hibernian who himself furnishes many excellent examples of the article in question.

"When an Irishman perpetrates a witticism it is always tinged with a personality which in print or even in the retelling is often completely lost. There is always something—a wink, a smile, an arch expression, a shrug or gesture—that emphasizes the joke and must be seen to be appreciated. Sometimes an Irish witticism put into type is mistaken for mere dullness of superstition.

"I remember once hearing an Irishman tell a story about a wonderful old time king on the north coast who caught the devil at some trick and for a punishment made Old Harry carve his own head on one of the cliffs. The story was told as seriously as a sermon would be preached. No one could apparently be more sincere than the story teller. He seemed to believe the legend as devoutly as though it came directly from holy writ.

"After he had wound up the narrative, noticing a smile on my face, he stared in apparent surprise. 'Don't ye belave it? Sure, the old king's hammer and chisel is kept in the church beyant, and what better proof could ye ax?' And he gave a wink and a grin and spread out both hands in a gesture of expostulation just as a lawyer would when posing before a jury and putting his most convincing argument in the form of a question.

"It was the most exquisite bit of acting I ever saw. The tone of perfect conviction in which he told the story was inimitable; then the contrast from solemnity to comic dismay at the idea of any one being so grossly incredulous as not to believe the story and the wink, which indicated that he didn't believe it himself and was simply talking for amusement, were worthy of any actor that ever trod the boards. Yet in the type all this was lost. To appreciate properly the wit of an Irish story you must hear the Irishman tell it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SOAP IS ANCIENT.

It Was Used by the Gauls as a Dressing For the Hair.

Who invented soap? That it is not a modern convenience is well known, but just when it came into general use is a mystery.

In Biblical times cleansing agents were used. The books of Job and Jeremiah contain the word "soap." But this is merely a convenient use of the word in translation. The Hebrew word "borith," for which it was substituted, is a general term for cleansing substances. What those substances were is unknown, but they were probably little like the modern soap.

Pliny speaks of the invention of soap by the Gauls, who, however, used it only as a sort of pomade or hair dressing. He also refers to the use of both hard soap and soft soap by the Germans. The use of fuller's earth, which has saponaceous qualities, for cleansing purposes was known to the Romans.

The French word for soap, savon, comes from Savona, France, where it was manufactured. The first manufacture of soap in London is said to have been in 1524, and previously Bristol had supplied it for use in the English cities.

According to the historian Sismondi, a soapmaker was included in the retinue of Charlemagne, king of the Franks, at the end of the eighth century,

In the excavation of the ruins of Pompeii a soap boiler's shop was uncovered, with soap in it, showing that the making of it was known in the first Christian century.

Pliny, who wrote of the eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed the two Roman cities in 79 A. D., stated that soap was made from tallow and ashes and that the German soap was the best. Galen also referred to the use of soap.

A Gracious Negative.

"The other day I got the politest turndown," said a bond salesman, "that ever happened. I had been talking from 11 o'clock till almost noon to a man I'd known at college, trying to interest him in $10,000 of what I considered very exceptional bonds. Finally he looked at his watch.

"'Bob,' he said, 'it's lunchtime.'

"'That's so,' I answered.

"'Bob,' he went on, 'if I buy those bonds will you take me out to lunch?'

"'Of course,' I said. 'Why, sure.'

"'Well, Bob,' he concluded, 'you'd better have lunch with me this noon.'"—New York Sun.

Solitude Cures Crying.

"The best way to cure yourself of crying is to live alone," said the woman. "I used to cry an awful lot when I was married, but I hardly ever do now. It's the saddest thing in the world to hear yourself crying all alone in your flat, and what's the use anyway if there is nobody around to say 'There, there!'"—New York Press.

The Change.

"You don't love me as you used to," declared the termagant wife. "Before we were married you considered me absolutely perfect"—

"Yes," interrupted the downtrodden husband, "but now you're perfectly absolute."—Philadelphia Press.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Mrs. Coburgger—It isn't right to charge Freddie with taking that money out of your pocket. Why don't you accuse me? Coburgger—Because it wasn't all taken.—Harper's Weekly.

—We repair and cover umbrella. L. J. Corl & Son. 23tf

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Forest Grove Time Table

NORTH BOUND.

No. 7	departs	6:40 a. m.,	arrives at Portland	8:00 a. m.
No. 3	"	8:50 a. m.,	" " "	10:30 a. m.
No. 9	"	1:30 p. m.,	" " "	3:50 p. m.
No. 1	"	4:44 p. m.,	" " "	6:35 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 2	lv. Portland	7:00 a. m.	lv. Forest Grove	8:34 a. m.
No. 8	" "	11:00 a. m.,	ar. " "	12:20 p. m.
No. 4	" "	4:10 p. m.,	lv. " "	5:46 p. m.
No. 10	" "	5:40 p. m.,	ar. " "	7:00 p. m.

E. C. SIMPSON, Agent.
W. E. COMAN, General Freight and Passenger Agent, Portland.

A Boomerang.

A very rich, very economical and very parsimonious young squire was making preparations for a tenants' ball some years ago and at his wine merchant's discovered a cheap brand of champagne. "This," he said, "is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those people who will come to my tenants' ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway." Accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine. A day or two before the event, picking up his newspaper, he noticed that his wine merchant had a half page advertisement. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph, "Try our celebrated champagne at 38 shillings a dozen, as ordered by Gobsa Gold, Esq., for his forthcoming tenants' ball."—Illustrated Bits.

Another View.

Mrs. Tourist—I'm afraid that the monkey wouldn't please my husband. Vender—But madam will find it easier to find another husband than to get a monkey like that for 3 plasters.—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Le Rire.