

PRESS
by
ning Co.
of
OREGON,
A. C. President
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J. N. HOFFMAN. Sec'y and Manager

THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

INDEPENDENT PHONES
OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 442

Entered at the post office at Forest Grove, Ogn as mail matter of the second class.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
CASH IN ADVANCE
One Year \$1.00 - Six Months .75

A copy of the Press will be mailed to all advertisers in which their ad appears.

Display advertisements for publication in the PRESS must be in this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure appearance in current issue.

The Forest Grove Press is not the official organ of the city of Forest Grove, as designated by the city council May 31. Our proposition to do the city printing at two cents a line must have offended the city fathers.

Circuit Court.

Judge J. U. Campbell, July 25 to 29.

State-vs-Richard Hundley. Arraigned. Plead not guilty. For trial Aug. 2, 1912.

State-vs-Henry Kreuger. Arraigned. Plead not guilty.

State-vs-E. L. Baker, James Anderson, E. E. Colestock and Thos. Williams. Arraignment waived on all indictments. Plead not guilty to all indictments.

State-vs-Adam Zinzin. Arraigned on two indictments. Plead guilty without being willfully guilty. Fined \$100 and cost on No. 1. Fined \$300 and cost on No. 2. Paroled on No. 2 provided fine on No. 1 be paid and that debt comply with law.

State-vs-Roy Tolson. Arraigned. Given to Monday July 29, 1912 to plead.

State-vs-Gus Angeles. Arraigned. Demurrer to indictment overruled. Plead not guilty.

State-vs-Gus Angeles & Chas. Poel. Arraigned. Demurrer to indictment overruled. Plead not guilty.

State-vs-Chas. Poel. Demurrer to indictment overruled. Plead not guilty.

State-vs-Conrad Trautline. Arraigned. Given Monday July 29, 1912, for plea.

State-vs-Joseph Manning. Paroled on remainder of jail sentence.

State-vs-Frank Colfelt. Arraigned. Plead not guilty.

State-vs-PeterChevalli. Arraigned. Plead guilty. Fined \$50 and costs.

State-vs-Janey McE. Galbreath. Plead not guilty. For trial Aug. 7, 1912.

State-vs-R. A. Caples. Plead not guilty. Trial July 30, 1912.

State-vs-Henry Scheuerman. Arraigned. Plead guilty. Fined \$50.

Nida-vs-Nida. Default and Decree.

Schultz-vs-Schultz. Order for \$200 suit money and \$50 per mo maintenance.

McLeod-vs-McLeod. Decree.

Mac Pherson-vs-Mac Pherson. Default and Reference. Decree.

Kruse-vs-Wash. Co. Change of venue to Clackamas Co.

Hanscome-vs-Hanscome. Decree.

Ned & Berry-vs-Miller. Continued.

Parker-vs-Parker. Default.

First Cong. Church of Forest Grove-vs-Edwin Eells et al. Default and decree.

Viggers-vs-Viggers. Order of publication.

Probate Court

Estate of Samuel Scharer, deceased. Estate closed. Administrator and bondsmen released.

Estate of Isaac R. Anderson, deceased. Inventory and appraisal approved.

Estate of Thomas B. Herkins, deceased. Widow allowed \$30 per month.

Guardianship of Sarah Nelson, deceased. Guardian authorized to borrow \$400 for and on behalf of ward.

Guardianship of Elizabeth B. Westhoff, minors. Guardian authorized to expend \$40 for maintenance of minors.

THE MAN HIGHER UP

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER
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(Continued from last week.)

"Do you mean"—Paul began delightedly.

"Certainly I mean it," Sanger responded energetically. "I'm going to instruct my broker to buy 5,000 shares for you. Leave it to me," he added smilingly, "and if you're not considerably richer a week from today you don't owe me a cent. I appreciate your coming to me. Drop in and see me any time. Good afternoon." And he held out a cordial hand to Paul who took it and went out, thinking bitterly:

"It seems that an enemy can be more generous than a friend sometimes."

That night Bob was scheduled to speak in the Fourth ward. And all Irishtown had made ready. Well Haggin knew that no mere schoolhouse auditorium would be ample for this occasion. So a great, bare hall was hired. Flags and hunting galore had been secured at Haggin's expense and hung around the walls and ceiling more profusely, perhaps, than artistically.

The meeting was notable, first, because Paul Remington made the poorest speech of his career. After Paul, Martin spoke. After them came Bob McAdoo.

Bob had been cheered before and since then he has received "ovations" from greater and more select audiences. But neither before nor since has he been greeted with the spontaneous, thunderous welcome which Irishtown gave him that night. When the tumult died down Bob began.

It was not much of a speech. His voice was hoarse. The words fell jerkily and with no attempt at oratorical flourish. But his audience listened intently, proudly. In less than ten minutes he closed with these words:

"You are my kind of people. I've lived most of my life among you. I know you and you know me. There are more dollars against me in this fight than you can grasp the meaning of. But the fight won't end until I die. I want you to stand by me."

The shout that met his appeal was a prophecy.

Hours afterward Kathleen for the third night in succession was awakened by the sound of a steady pacing to and fro in the room above her. She arose and hastily dressing went upstairs. Knocking, she entered and went up to Bob.

"Bob," she said directly, "there's been something wrong lately."

"Always, Kathleen," he answered in a tired voice.

"Can't I help you with it?" she asked gently.

He shook his head hopelessly. "No one can help me. It's only that I'm ashamed. Go back to bed and quit bothering about me, Kathleen. I'm not worth it."

Something in his voice and haggard face caused the tears to start to her eyes. She turned away and left him. The monotonous pacing to and fro began again.

**CHAPTER XIX.
STRATAGEMS.**

WHEN Eleanor left the Dunmeade household she was convinced that she did not care ever again to see the grimy, busy Steel City. Therefore she went to New York, ostensibly to visit a friend of her school days, in reality that she might think out the new problem confronting her.

There was one thing that she made no effort to disguise from herself. Every day she dispatched a servant to get the Steel City papers. When they were brought to her she spent long hours poring over them. On the first page of one of the papers was a photograph of the Republican candidate, the first she had ever seen of him. His eyes looked straight out at the reader. At last she came to a resolution.

"I will go back," she declared to herself, "and tonight." Calling a maid, she had her trunk packed at once.

Nor could all the arguments and pleas of her hostess dissuade her. She reached the city early next morning. At noon her brother came home to luncheon, much to her surprise. It was his custom to lunch at one of his clubs. At its conclusion he made no move to return to his office, and Sanger was a busy man.

"Well?" she queried, with a smile.

"Out with it. What did you come home to tell me?"

"Eleanor, why don't you marry Paul Remington?"

"Why?"

"He is in love with you. He is a charming fellow. I have taken an interest in him. He is a rising man or can rise under favorable conditions, which I am ready to insure. And, for

give me, my dear, but thirty is coming?"

She smiled pleasantly. "I'm not afraid of thirty."

"I'm serious in this, Eleanor," he went on evenly. "Under certain conditions he has a chance for the next governorship."

"What do you know of Mr. McAdoo's plans?" she asked, surprised.

"McAdoo"—Sanger began almost venomously. Then he went on calmly: "McAdoo doesn't necessarily have the last word in these things. After the governorship there is no reason why Remington shouldn't go to Washington. I think I'll take you into my confidence. You're a Sanger through and through. You'll understand it. With me it's a question of how I am to apply my ability. I'm only forty-five years old and in perfect health. We Sangers aren't idlers. I could go and get together a tremendous fortune so big that I'd be a slave to it. But already I'm worth about fifty millions."

"I didn't know you were so rich!"

"Very few even suspect it," he returned calmly. "Two years from now this state will choose a new senator. The choice, I think, will fall upon Henry Sanger, Jr. And the minute I take the oath of office"—

"If you do."

"When I do I become a national power. My office multiplied by my money and my backing. The senate is the most powerful body in our government. Behind me will be the influence of the principal financial combinations in the country. Only one man in the senate has the backing I shall have, and he is an old man. Soon he must die or retire, and his leadership will fall to me. I shall control the senate, which controls all national legislation." Sanger's eyes began to glitter.

"I'm not talking wildly. For some time I have been working solely to this end. I'm not the sort to waste energy. What I suggest is now a certainty—but for one thing. Between me and my ambition there is but one obstacle—one man, Robert McAdoo."

Sanger's serenity was slowly giving way to his inward excitement. "Here is where Remington comes in. As it looks now McAdoo is sure to win. He has got a grip on this city that I can't understand. It is contrary to all political precedents. Nothing that we have tried so far—money, organization, newspaper attacks"—

Eleanor started. "Henry! Do you own the Gazette?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Then you are responsible for the slanders against Mr. McAdoo?"

"Nonsense! You have been listening to the Dunmeades. We have published nothing that hasn't been essentially true. But we have one card left that, I think, will settle friend McAdoo if played at the right time and by the right person."

He paused. "He has been posing as a sort of reformer. What do you think the people, who are shouting themselves hoarse over him today, will think when they hear that the delegates whose votes nominated him were bribed with his money?"

"Another lie?"

"I suggest the use of another word, if you please," he said leily. "This is true. I already have half a dozen affidavits from delegates who took his money."

"Then why haven't you published them?"

"Because they won't be effective. The testimony of an accomplice is never more than half believed. The exposure must come from a different source. I want Paul Remington to make the revelation. Think! The whole state is watching McAdoo—McAdoo, the reformed and reformer. In the last hours of the campaign the man who for years has been known as his only close personal friend suddenly breaks with him and exposes the reformer as a candidate who won his nomination by flat, incontestable bribery! There isn't a man living who could withstand the reaction."

"And that," he concluded, "is why I want you to marry Remington."

She looked at him curiously. "I see. You want to use me as a bribe to buy Mr. Remington's betrayal of his friend."

(To be continued.)

Readers Attention.

Will the reader who has the book entitled "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" please return it to the library.

Brown Leghorn hens and pullets for sale, 75c each. Mixed chickens 60c. All laying. W. C. Grddy, Cornelius, Route 1

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 11, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.


Text of the Lesson, Mark iv, 35, to v, 20.
Memory Verses, 38, 39—Golden Text, Ps. xlvii, 1, 2 (R. V.)—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It comes to me as I begin to write this lesson that we should always see Jesus in His life on earth among men as God manifest in the flesh, revealing God to us, that we may know Him personally and trust Him and let Him live in us, that others may know Him, for the poor world knoweth Him not. We must also recognize always a great adversary, the devil, who hates God and man and would kill God if he could and take His throne. He would keep men in ignorance of God and of Christ and possess them for his own ends and turn them against God. He has great power with God's permission and will exert it to the full against God before he is finally overthrown. In the two portions of today's lesson we see the Son of God crossing the sea of Galilee to deliver a man (or, according to Matthew, two men) from the power of the devil, and on the way it seems as if a great storm would sink the boat and drown all who were in it. Did the devil know that he was about to lose a bit of his property, and did he seek by that storm to kill Christ and His disciples? Let those tell who know more than I do, but this we do know—that he tried to kill Him as a babe in Bethlehem and finally did kill Him by the Jewish rulers at the hands of the Romans. Thank God He is risen from the dead, is alive forevermore, is at the right hand of the majesty on high, has all power in heaven and on earth, and is waiting His time to put the devil in the bottomless pit and set up a kingdom of peace and righteousness on earth.

In this great storm on Galilee see Him peacefully sleeping on a pillow in the hinder part of the ship, though the waves beat into the ship and it was full of water, and recognize in Him a weary man, a real man, partaker of flesh and blood, but without sin, and rejoice that we have a High Priest who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities (Heb. ii, 14; iv, 15). He is in the midst of trouble, as the disciples see it, and yet He is not troubled. And on the last night before His crucifixion He said to His disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me peace; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid" (John xvi, 33; xiv, 27). When one was discoursing on the teaching of Christ a man who had never before heard such teaching said, "Beautiful, beautiful, but can you do it?" Jesus Himself could do it, and He did it. He always did what He taught (Acts i, 1). The ship could not sink, neither could the disciples perish, with Christ in their midst, but they did not know Him and were therefore filled with fear. They awoke Him with the cry "Lord, save us!" and with the question "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" His reply was: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Where is your faith?" (Matt. viii, 26; Luke viii, 25). They were troubled by what they saw. Faith endures by seeing the invisible. We are expected to walk by faith, not by sight (II Cor. v, 7). He rebuked the wind and the raging of the sea and said, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm (verse 39; Luke viii, 24). The rebuking, compared with Zech. iii, 2, and Jude 9, leads me to believe that the person referred to in those passages had something to do with this storm. As the disciples saw the power of His word they feared and wondered and said, "What manner of man is this that even the wind and the sea obey Him?" Our hearts exultingly cry, "Jesus is God!" The perfect man a little while ago so peacefully asleep has power over wind and sea and all the elements. He it is who walked in the furnace with Daniel's friends and quenched the violence of fire and spent the night with Daniel and shut the lions' mouths. To know Him is peace at all times.

Now see Him meeting the tempest tossed man of Gadara, possessed by a legion of demons, a naked wild man, exceeding fierce, whom no one could bind or tame, for he broke all chains and fetters, and all men were afraid of him. The poor demoniac seems to long for deliverance, for he ran to Jesus, as if he knew that He could deliver him, but the demons are strong within him. They knew Jesus and called Him Son of the Most High God (verse 7). They knew the doom that awaited them and ask, "Art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" (Matt. viii, 29.) They knew of the place prepared for them and beg not to be sent to the abyss or bottomless pit (Luke viii, 31, R. V.). There is such a place, and there is a place called the lake of fire, everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels (Rev. xx, 14, 15; Matt. xxv, 41). All who deny this or make light of it are not for the time controlled by the spirit of truth. Although there were so many demons in the man, they are spoken of as one, for Jesus said, "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit" (verse 8), and having received permission, they went into the swine, and the whole herd, about 2,000, were drowned in the sea. Behold the change in the man who had been the terror of the neighborhood! See him clothed and in his right mind and longing to stay with Jesus.

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W. E. COMAN, Genl. Frt. & Pass. Agt., Portland, Ore. J. E. FARMER, Agent, Forest Grove, Ore.