A BETTER WORLD.

Some of our spiritual teachers, on occasion, lament the wickedness prevailing in so many places, leaving the impression with their hearers that the world is growing worse and that depravity and licentiousness is met with oftener than in olden times. The Chicago Advance, discussing the question in a long article, in which the editor has found the good on the increase, has these paragraphs of the part the newspaper is playing, and its reflection of the state of a community. The authority quoted, asks:

But what of the daily metropolitan press?

The conditions in Chicago will probably be a fair representative of the daily press generally. There are in this city twenty-four daily papers, with an aggregate issue each morning or evening of 1,023,000 copies. I have sought information from reporters, advertising agents, and especially at the offices of six or eight of the largest papers. I have taken the sense of several gentlemen of discriminating judgment whose business leads them to keep an eye on the issues of the press much more than mine does. The result is on the whole more hopeful than I had dared to think. The question is not, Have we an ideal daily press? but, Is there improvement?

What is the drift as to morals and religion? In every large city there is generally one paper that offers itself as a cesspool, and there will usually be enough people who love vileness to sustain it fairly well. But there is this compensation: whereas, ten or fifteen years ago the mephitic stuff was diffused through the daily press generally, it is now sewered off into this one foul receptacle. It is certain that the papers which call themselves respectable are cleaner than they were a decade ago. Among their editors there are not a few gentleman who feel how inappropriate it is for them to send out to the families of the public matter which they would blush to take home for their own wives and daughters to read. It is not necessary to suppose that there has been any special change of heart. They are in the newspaper business for the money there is in it. But that they, keenly sensing the public sentiment, print cleaner papers is evidence that there is a growing demand for public decency.

In a conversation with an intelligent reporter of ten or fifteen years ago he said this: "If you compare the files of the daily press then with those published now, you will find a pile of difference. We boys used to just tumble over each other to get the latest scandals, and the one who wrote them up in the most raw and realistic style was the best fellow. There is only one paper that will print such rot now." Another, now an editor, said, "There was one paper then that did a deal of harm. It was the leading daily of the West. It printed more religious matter than any other paper, but right alongside of a report of the Presbyterian General Assembly, it would take pains to give columns of the most salacious garbage its reporters could rake up." And this was called enterprise in journalism, and set the pace for all the rest! The owner of that journal is dead now, and the paper itself as a separate journal has disappeared.

It was thought then that a writer was not bright if he did not spice his article with a dash of contempt for creeds and doctrines and puritanism and, especially, missions. And it must be confessed that there were not wanting ministers who seemed to think that they had not quite come up to the demand of the times unless they did the same smart thing.

This is changed now. "We instruct our reporters," said an editor, "to treat all religious matters with respect." One of our dailies is printing a series of very able letters from its correspondent—one of the most distinguished in the country—in Japan and China, which are so eminently fair and sympathetic in their treatment of missions and missionaries that extracts from them are printed in religious journals all through the land.

But there is still room for improvement. And the blame is not all one side. It is past all comprehension how reputable business men can reconcile it to their sense of good citizenship to suffer their business advertisements to appear in papers, where, alongside of them, stand columns of the boldest and most infamous notices. And now that one is up and speaking, he may perhaps be permitted to ask how the more respectable sheets make it up with their better selves when they print virtuous editorial against horse racing and prize fights on one page, and fill the next one with racy details of these same naughty things. But let us give thanks for what has been clearly gained and look hopefully for more.

It is very significant to note that one of the oldest and ablest of the dailies, which was always bitter toward evangelical matters, which was wont to print with open-mouthed satisfaction whatever Mr. Ingersoll was pleased to say, within a year or two, for some reason has wholly changed its tone and attitude in this respect. I had a large corps of reporters at the Boston Christian Endeavor meetings, and printed nearly as many columns of their matter as it did of the proceedings of the national presidential conventions of '92.

And now while I am writing, the morning issues of one of our foremost papers comes to hand with more than four columns of interviews with the state governors, inquiring as to their religious beliefs, with this result:

"Of the forty-four state governors in the American union, thirty-nine are avowed believers in religion, twenty-nine are professed christians; most of them are regular attendants at worship, and a vast majority are contributors to the expense of religious work."

There is one fact which punctuates the improved conditions more than anything else. An advertising agent told me only last week that he had just sought to renew for 1896 a disreputable medical advertisement, now running in the principal Chicago dailies, but that every one of them declined it although there would have been in it $5,000 of business for each one. "I labored an hour with one publisher," said he, "showing him that he had other advertisements nearly as bad. 'I know it,' he replied, 'but we are weeding out that kind of stuff as fast as we can.'"

From these and other facts which there is not space to give, the evidence seems clear that, as to religion and morals, the books and papers the people are reading indicate that public sentiment is increasingly on the up grade.

HOW WE SHOOT.

The following very graphic account of the trial our new dynamite guns, at San Francisco, shows how we are preparing for a lasting peace with foreigners:

The first dynamite shell fired from a pneumatic gun in California sang its death song last week at the Presidio. It rose screaming, snarling viciously as it curved to its parabolic zenith, and seemed to laugh sardonically as it rushed to its impact on the Devil's Slide. A great mass of brown dust was lifted, beneath which a ruffled cloud of white fluttered for a moment, and then drifted along the fog-crested hills of the Bolinas range until it was lost in the mists that cling to the ragged slopes of Tamalpais.

Preliminary to the firing of dynamite shells, the guns were tested for rapidity. The contract with the government prescribed that five rounds shall be fired in twenty minutes. The test yesterday resulted in five rounds in nine minutes with gun No. 1 of the battery, and five rounds in five minutes and twenty-three seconds with gun No. 3.

Shells loaded with sand and weighing 1,100 pounds were used. The elevation was thirty degrees and the loading position seven degrees. The first projectile struck the water midway between Point Lobos and Point Bonita at a distance of three miles from the battery. The others were averaged beyond the contract requirements of 4,000 yards under a pressure of 1,000 pounds.

B. C. Bachelor, representative of the Pneumatic Torpedo & Construction Company, manipulated the levers that placed the guns in position, and Lieutenant Lissack, ordinance department, stood on a trestle under an umbrella to direct the firing.

"Are you ready?" shouted Bachelor to the man at the compressors.

"Ready," was the reply.

"All clear," said Lissack, observing that the steamer Santa Rosa was heaving out of range.

"Load," was Bachelor's command, and the shell, which had been brought from the magazine on a truck, was lifted into the breech of the gun.

"Wind her up."

The chains creaked as they turned on the cylinders, and the shell disappeared.

"Put in your pin."

The breach was closed.

"Ready," was the last word.

Bachelor caught hold of a lever, threw his weight upon it, and the gun answered with a shriek that ended with a hiss. The projectile leaped from the muzzle with a howl that mellowed into a wail, and hurtled out into the fog and drizzle until it was lost to the straining vision of the spectators. A splash and a dash of foam on the bar indicated that the shell had ended its flight, and the gunners made ready for another shot.

As the shot left the gun icicles hung from the muzzle. There is not much heat in a volume of air that has been compressed to 1,000 pounds. It is estimated that with this pressure the temperature is lowered 1,700 degrees.

A movement is going forward in Philadelphia to restore Independence Square to its condition of a hundred years ago, and through a recent act of the legislature the city is at liberty to proceed with the work. This will require the removal of some costly buildings that have been permitted to intrude on the historic square, but the citizens, almost without exception, favor their condemnation. When the famous Independence Hall and its surroundings look just as they did when the declaration was signed, public opinion will protect them from any further encroachment as long as the republic stands.

If the president had desired to open his message with an incisive and striking sentence, the following would answer the purpose: Since the beginning of my administration the public debt has increased $305,448,865, and is still going up.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. W. E. Brock.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A pretty story of a baby's influence over women in a Russian jail is told in the Woman's Journal:

The jailer was Colonel V., and he and his wife had just arrived to take charge of a large prison in one of the central provinces. The colonel was a terrible disciplinarian, but a kind enough man in his way. His wife was a gentle little enthusiast, who had made up her mind to reform all the women prisoners.

This particular jail had a very bad reputation, and the women especially were often in mutiny. Colonel V. got along famously with the men, but the women were too much for him, and he meditated flogging and all sorts of terrible measures.

Once Madam V. took a walk through the prison yard when the women were exercising. Behind her walked a nurse with a baby. The prisoners, as soon as they got sight of the baby, flocked round, and Madam V., at first fearing violence, was relieved to see that only baby worship was the matter. First one and then another of the women begged to hold the child for a moment, some laughing with joy, and many shed tears. Madam V. had a happy thought, and she spoke it out:

"The best-conducted woman of you all at the end of the week will be allowed to attend to the baby for half an hour."

Never was a change so instantaneously wrought. The women became amenable to every word of the wardens, and at the week's end it was with the utmost difficulty that Madam V. could decide, among so many well-conducted prisoners, who had the best claim to the promised reward. The baby's visits were afterward frequent, and the women's wards were completely reformed.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN INTELLECTUAL DROP OF WATER.

It was a cloudy evening, and, before deciding to go for a walk, I put my hand out of the window to learn if any rain was falling. A drop fell on my hand. With an exclamation of disappointment I drew back and took out my handkerchief to wipe the drop away. Before I could do so I was arrested by a little voice that cried, in liquid tones:

"Please don't sop me up with that old handkerchief." I stopped, astonished. It was the drop of water that had spoken. "Your room is so warm," continued the drop, "I can't stay long with you anyway; but I think you might be friendly while I do stay."

"Why, certainly," I said, as I sat down. "Excuse me if the remark is rather personal; but you seem to be a very intelligent drop of water."

"Well," it replied, "I should be. I have traveled around quite a bit; and when I was imprisoned in the Arctic ice-cap I had a chance to do a lot of thinking. One can meditate a great deal in several thousands of years of enforced quiet, and the cold air keeps one's head remarkably clear.

"If you were imprisoned in the ice-cap for thousands of years, how did you finally escape?" I asked.

"I had long given up all hopes of escaping, but about four years ago I was broken from the little ridge of ice of which I was a part by the sledge of an explorer who was just returning from a fruitless search for the pole. As I jumped in the air, after being struck, I fell in a bundle of furs he had about his feet. There I remasned until he traveled several hundreds of miles south, to where his ship lay. I then fell on the deck, and one sunny day I evaporated and drifted about in the air. Happening to rise to a great height, I traveled southward for many days as vapor, but finally, one cool evening, I fell as dew on a little prairie flower. In the morning the sun took me up into the air for another day, and next evening I fell as dew again; in short, I spent the whole summer going about from flower to flower. It was an ideal life, after the long centuries of quiet. But winter came presently, and I fell from a cloud, of which I was a part, as a snowflake. I thought I was to be imprisoned for another long time, but a thaw came and, with a myriad of other drops, I escaped and flowed into Lake Superior. From there I drifted through Lake Huron, Lake St. Clair, Lake Erie and the Niagara Falls. By the by, I rose as spray there, and was part of a rainbow till I fell back into the stream. Then I passed through Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river into the Atlantic ocean, from which I was at last rescued by clinging to the side of a fine codfish that was being pulled out of the water by a fisherman. Shortly afterward I assisted in a fog that floated in over the United States, and since then I have led a roving life, being at different times vapor, dew, rain, hail and snow."

"You must have had some strange adventures," I remarked.

"Yes; I once helped to wash a boy's face in Harlem and came near being drunk up by a goat afterward, but evaporation saved me. I worked in a steam engine for a few hours once. I never imagined I was so strong until then. The way I and a few fellows made that railway train move along was really remarkable. Another time I was a drop of sap in a maple tree in Vermont and was evaporated by the sugar-makers."

"I suppose you feel very thankful to that explorer who freed you?"

"Yes, indeed! If those explorers do no other good they bring a few of us south every year and set us free. As for the pole they are hunting for, I could tell you all about it; but your room is so warm I can't stay any longer. I am slowly but surely evaporating."

A moment afterward I was looking at the back of my hand, which was quite dry and wondering if the drop of water had ever been there. Since then I have many times wished I had caught that remarkable drop of water, which I might easily have done by holding a piece of cool glass over it as it evaporated. I could then have kept it in a bottle and talked to it to my heart's content.

And what wonders it might have told me!. That drop of water was as old as the world. It had seen the dawn of creation, and will exist as long as the earth; for it is part of matter and cannot be destroyed. All the changes the world has gone through it took its part in. Truly I was careless to let it escape; for it could have told me more about the earth and its history than all the professors of all the colleges.

Dog Stops a Divorce Case.

A touching incident occurred recently in the Berlin divorce court. Both parties appeared early on the day the trial was to come off with their lawyers. She arrived dressed in mourning, tried to appear indifferent, but tears trickling down once in a while, which she quickly wiped off with a lace handkerchief, proved that the defendant on the other side of the room was not quite forgotten. He spoke with his lawyer, who had taken all steps he considered possible to bring about their reconciliation. Now and then he threw imploring glances upon the little woman, which she did not seem to notice at all. With him was a little Skye terrier, "Petit," who once was the declared favorite of his wife's; but now did not receive any encouragement from his former gracious mistress. Sadly the small dog looked from one to the other, and evidently could not understand why these two people were so estranged. By accident the lady dropped her handkerchief. Quick as lightning the little Skye terrier jumped at it, picked it up, and brought it to his mistress, rising upon his hind legs, which trick he had been taught by her, and glanced up with a truly pitiful look to his mistress. Sobbing loudly, she raised up the dog and kissed him, and as her husband, making good use of the opportunity, went up toward her, she met him half-way, and throwing her arms around his neck sobbed loudly on his breast and promised him forgiveness. The divorce, of course, was out of the question, and he, she and both lawyers adjourned to a near restaurant to celebrate the reunion brought about by the little Skye terrier.

Massachusetts keeps its health statistics with much care, and the annual report for 1893, which has just been issued, presents many instructive points. The improved water supply throughout the state is steadily cutting down the number of typhoid fever cases. Though consumption is still the most destructive disease, its fatality has decreased nearly one-half since 1853. Pneumonia is now second, and it carries off almost as many persons as consumption. The figures of the mortality for the year are: Consumption, 5527; pneumonia, 5499; brain diseases, 5144; heart diseases, 3696; cholera infantum, 2704; old age, 1861; bronchitis, 1738; kidney diseases, 1685; cancer, 1533; diphtheria and croup, 1394. The birth rate was 27.55 per 1000 and the death rate 20.13. The number of twins born during the year was 1220, and there were nine cases of triplets. Eighteen centenarians died in 1894, and 447 other persons who were over the age of 90, seventy-seven having passed the age of 95. Of the whole number who died at ages beyond 90 years, 152 were men and 313 women, a striking proof that in New England women live to a greater age than men.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at the Hillsboro Pharmacy.

A navigator of ripe years and rare skill was discharged by his employers for drunkeness. He had used liquor for more than thirty years, but he began a new life. "What!" sneered an old-time companion, "won't take a drink? Haven't sworn off, have you?" "No," was the answer, "I've just quit." To "swear off" is to begin a dreary struggle. To "just quit" is to win a quick, sure victory. —Philadelphia Sunday School Times.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. W. E. Brock.

Even Senator Hill has stopped singing "I am a Democrat" and started out on the platform to gather in his needed silver coinage.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. W. E. Brock.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

A correspondent writes from Atchison, Kansas, this story of that somewhat popular hymn, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee:"

Judge W. D. Webb, of the Atchison county district court, relates a romantic story about the Rev. Edward Dunbar, who became famous as the author of "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," in which several prominent people play a part.

In 1867 Dunbar was arrested at Leavenworth, Kansas, while engaged in holding a series of revival meetings, and taken to Minneapolis, Minn., where he was tried for bigamy, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for three years and eight months. The complaining witness was Miss Eunice Belle Lewis, a handsome and accomplished young heiress of Minneapolis, who had become converted at one of Dunbar's revivals in that city. She fell in love with the evangelist and married him against the wishes of her friends. Shortly after the wedding Dunbar left for a preaching tour through Kansas.

"It was then that the friends of the bride, who had mistrusted the evangelist all along, decided to act," said Judge Webb, in telling the story. 'At that time I was a law partner of Judge Austin H. Young, of Minneapolis. A delegation of the girl's friends laid their suspicions before us, and we took up the case. The result was that we soon found evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest, and Dunbar's ministerial career was brought to a sudden close.

"It developed in the trial of the case that Dunbar lived at New Bedford, Mass., when a boy, and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located, and, as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward. One day the boy took a notion to go to sea, and off he went for a three years' cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy and every night asked those around her to place a light in the window, in anticipation of his return. When she realized that the end had come, she said: 'Tell Edward that I will set a light in the window of heaven for him.' Those were her last words.

"The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message had such an effect on him that he reformed and became a preacher. In the course of his reformation he wrote 'There's a Light in the window for Thee, Brother.'

"Rev. Edward Dunbar married a young woman of New Bedford, and several children were the result of the union. The young divine soon made a reputation as a brilliant pulpit orator and the public was, therefore, greatly surprised when one morning he skipped the country, leaving his wife and children behind. He swooped down upon the city of Minneapolis and began to show the people the error of their ways. A great revival followed, and hundreds were converted. Miss Lewis was one of the number.

"Judge Young and I assisted in the prosecution of Dunbar. After the incarceration of the fallen evangelist, Judge Young obtained a divorce for Mrs. Dunbar and a year later married her himself. They now live happily together at Minneapolis.

"Judge Lochren, the present commisioner of pensions, defended Dunbar in the trial of the case.

"Dunbar went from a prison cell to be a tramp and a vagabond upon the face of the earth. His first wife obtained a divorce and is still residing with her children at New Bedford. Dunbar was a book agent, or something of that sort, at Denver in 1875. I have not heard of him since."

It is not easy to see what use the Canadians can have for war-ships on the lakes, or that there is any danger of British armed vessels attempting to enter the lakes by way of the St. Lawrence and the Welland canal. Our armies would swarm over the border in case of hostilities, with the odds in our favor, as to numbers, of 15 to 1. A glance at the map will show that the populated part of Canada is nothing more than a fringe along our boundary, vulnerable at countless points, and quite indefensible under the circumstances. The best defenses of Canada are its friendly conduct and our own national disposition not to meddle with weak neighbors. Canada will not arm against us, because there is no reason for it, and she can not if she would. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for billiousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. W. E. Brock.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price, 50c. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

The young Governor of South Carolina said at Atlanta, "by the help of God the South would rule this country again as a part of the Union." It is an old fashioned custom to inject in this manner a reference to the Deity into stump speeches, to give assertions additional emphasis, and we supect this excitable, untrained young Governor merely meant it in this way. Yet it certainly would require the active interference of Providence to place this country under the administration of such pretended statesmen as this South Carolina Governor, and an equal amount of divine energy to give this political idiot a gleam of practical common sense.

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

There is a very pathetic little touch in Mr. Sloan's last Century article on Napoleon. "When William Pitt heard of the battle of Austerlitz," he says, "he grew old within twenty-four hours, his features became pinched and blue, and took on an expression long known as the 'Austerlitz look.' To his niece he said: "Roll up that map of Europe; it will not be needed these ten years." Soon afterward he was in his grave, at the early age of forty-seven."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

The Great National and Representative Repbublican Newspaper.

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DAILY AND SUNDAY, . . . One Year, $6.00; Six Months, $3.00.
SATURDAY EDITION, 16 pages, ... One Year, $1.50.
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WEEKLY, issued in Semi-Weekly Sections, 8 pages each Tuesday and Friday, 16 pages every week, One Year, $1.00; Six Months, 50c.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT is universally conceded to be the best of American newspapers, and at these reduced rates it is also the cheapest.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT pays for and prints more news than any other paper in the United States. It will be indispensable during the coming great National Campaign, and the low price places it within the reach of all.

THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT is sold by news dealers everywhere at 2 cents for the Daily and 5 cents for the Sunday issues. Delivered to regular subscribers, Daily and Sunday, 15 cents a week, 60 cents a month. If your local dealer does not handle it, insist upon his procuring it for you, or send your subscription with remittance direct to the publishers.

☞ Particular attention is called to The Weekly Globe-Democrat, issued in Semi-Weekly Sections, eight pages every Tuesday and Friday; making it practically a large Semi-Weekly Paper for only One Dollar a Year. This issue just fills the bill for the busy man, who has not the time to read a daily paper, and yet desires to keep promptly and thoroughly posted. It goes to every State—almost to every Postoffice—in the Union. All America is its legitimate field. No matter where you live, you will find it invaluable as a newspaper and journal.

Sample Copies FREE on Application to

GLOBE PRINTING CO.,
St. Louis, Mo.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION and decree, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Tillamook County, in favor of M. B. Pettyes, and against J. C. Conner and the Bay City Co-operative Company, for the sum of $——, costs, and for the further sum of $1,343 71, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, from the 27th day of October, 1895, and for the costs and expenses of sale under said writ.

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgment and decree, and for want of sufficient personal proper[illegible] on the 9th day of November, 1895, [illegible] all the interest of the defenda[illegible] hereinafter described real prop[illegible] on Monday, the 16th day of Dec[illegible] at the south door of the Co[illegible] Hillsboro, Washington County, [illegible] the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., [illegible] sell at public auction to the h[illegible] for cash, the following described [illegible]erty, to-wit:

Commencing at the northeast c[illegible] the donation land claim of Cass. McKay and wife, in section 6 T 1 N R 2 W Will. Mer, in Washington County, Oregon, thence south 79 degrees west 11 16 chains; thence north 50 degrees west 8 87 chains; thence north 25 degrees and 3/4 west 1.45 chains; thence north 34 degrees east 6.25 chains; thence south 77 degrees 20 minutes east 5.55½ chains to the place of beginning, containing 6.34 acres, more or less, save and except a tract sold out of the above land to J. R. Mays, by H. E. France, and recorded on page 197 in book 34, records of deeds of Washington County, Oregon, also another tract, sold and conveyed to J. R. Mays, out of the above described piece of land, by W. H. Raabe and W. C. Forthmann and Mary Forthmann, and recorded on page 414, vol. 39, of records of deeds of Washington County, Oregon; this deed is intended to convey all that piece, parcel and tract of land that is described in two certain warranty deeds, one given by Eleanor H. Buckler to Forthmann and Raabe, and recorded on page 377 in book 38, records of deeds of Washington County, Oregon, and another given by Eleanor H. Buckler to Forthmann & Raabe, and recorded on page 357, in book 39, records of deeds of Washington County, Oregon, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums, and for the costs and expenses of said sale.

Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Witness my hand this 13th day of November, 1895. H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.
By W. D. BRADFORD, Deputy.
THOS. H. TONGUE,
23-29 Attorney for Plaintiff.

...epares for College a...
...lish Education, the...
...ching or business...
Board and room...

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. W. E. Brock.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

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Collections made on all accessible points.

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, has appointed the undersigned administrator of the estate of William Greenwood, deceased, and that he has duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of his duties.

All persons, therefore, having claims against this estate are hereby requested and required to present them, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned, either at his residence, at Tualatin, Washington County, Oregon, or at the law office of Thos. H. Tongue, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Tualatin, November 14, 1895.
GEO. GALBREATH,
Administrator of the estate of Wm. Greenwood, deceased. 25-29

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. W. E. Brock.

O. R. & N. CO.

E. C. McNEILL, Receiver.

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THE EAST

GIVES THE CHOICE OF TWO TRANSCONTINENTAL

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ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8:30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:40 P M
5:25 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	8:00 A M

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8:50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	5:03 P M
12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	1:35 P M

☞ At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4:45 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	8:25 A M
6:05 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	7:13 A M
7:25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	5:50 A M

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