

The Norsk Nightingale.

YOYFULLY, yoyfully.
Yoyfully onward
In the way of death
Kode the sax hundred!
It ban a cinch. Ay tenk
Some greaser blundered.
"Hustle, ya light brigade!"
Yump! Master Olson said.
Den in the way of death
Go the sax hundred!

Cannon on right of dem,
Cannon on left of dem,
Cannon on top of dem,
Wetleyed and tundered.
Smashed with the shot and shal,
Dey ant do wery val.
Most of dem ketching hal—
Nearly sax hundred!

Yes, all dem sabers bare
Flash purty good in air;
Each faller feel his hair
Standing. No wonder!
Jude! It ant ban yoe
For any coward slob
Fighting the Russian mob.
Ay tenk Ay yudn't stand
Yeneral's blunder.

Cannon on right of dem,
Cannon on top of dem,
Cannon behind dem, to,
Wetleyed and tundered.
Finally say Captain Brenk:
"Ve got enuff. Ay tenk.
Let's go and getting drink."
"Bout twenty-sax com back
Out of sax hundred!"

Ven skol deir glory fade?
It ban gude charge dey made—
Every von wondered.
Every von feeling blue,
"Cause dey ban brave old crew.
Yolly gude fallers, fu.
Dey har sax hundred!
—W. F. Kirk in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Hard Work.



"John, won't you please go down and fetch up a bucket of coal for the kitchen range?"
"How can you be so unreasonable, Maria? Don't you know I've been playing golf all day and I'm tired out? You haven't been doing anything but putting about the house."—San Francisco Examiner.

Fish Story.

A man who had just returned from his holidays in the north said:
"I have had a splendid time. I found a magnificent salmon and played him for seventeen days. I used to go back to him each morning."
The man was asked, "Did you catch him?"
"Oh, no," he said. "And if I had caught him I should have put him back again into the pool. He is far too dear a friend for me to slay. Why, I have played that same salmon for the past five years for my entire holiday, and I hope to get on to him again next autumn. We are greatly attached to one another."—Sporting Times.

A Sort of Jonah.

A man who was fond of music tried to make a bass fiddle, and after weeks of patient work he succeeded in completing the instrument. When the happy consummation had been reached he called in his wife to inspect this trophy of his skill. "It looks very well indeed, George," she said, "but is it quite finished?" "Oh, ay, there's naething left to do to it now." "And where have you put the glue pot?" asked the careful wife, looking round at the mess he had made. John gave a wild about. "Well, I declare!" he cried, "if I ha'ena left it inside the fiddle."—London News.

Battled.

"George," she screamed, "my neck!"
"What's the matter?"
"There's a pillowcase!"
"A what?"
"A taper-killer!"
"What in the world do you mean?"
"Oh, dear!" she moaned as she clutched him frantically. "A taper-killer! You know, George! A taper-killer!"
"Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he proceeded to brush the caterpillar away.

Why She Did It.



Algy—I say, my dear Miss Ethel, why is that you so often allow your pretty eyes to wander in my direction? Ethel—Because, Algy, it's such a pleasure to rest them on something soft.

The Man of It.

"Here's a note from Mr. Jason saying not to come to dinner tonight, as his wife is dangerously ill. Isn't it sad?"
"It is, indeed, by Jove! Still, I suppose we can go to a restaurant."—Brooklyn Life.

Some Good in It.

"Did that last job of yours do you any good?" asked the first burglar.
"Well, it'll improve my education, I guess. The man of the house was a book agent, and before I got away he made me buy a cyclopeda."—Philadelphia Press.

Social Evolution.

Miss De Fashion (a few years hence)—You are wanted at the telephone.
Mrs. De Fashion—Oh, dear! I presume it's Mrs. De Style, to return my telephone call. I hope she won't talk home.—New York Weekly.

The highest market price paid for butter and eggs at Greer's.

The State Pharmaceutical Association met at the Breakers, Long Beach, this week, and visitors from Hillsboro were Dr. S. T. Linklater, wife and son and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bailey and son. They will return Friday.

Frank Westhoff, of near Cedar Mill, while fixing a hayfork in the cone of the barn, fell a distance of from 15 to 20 feet, badly cutting his head and bruising his body. No bones were broken, but his injuries will keep him from work for a while, and it is a wonder that he was not seriously injured, as he struck on a door in his descent. Dr. F. J. Bailey, of this city, is attending the injured man.

How About Your Summer Vacation?

Newport on Yaquina Bay is the ideal seaside resort of the North Pacific Coast. Round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates on sale from all Southern Pacific points in Oregon, on and after June 1st. Ask Agents for further information and a handsomely illustrated souvenir booklet, or write to Edwin Stone, Manager C & E R. R. Albany, Ore., or W. E. Conner, G. P. A., S. P. Co., Portland.

Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association.

The Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association will meet at Gladstone Park, near Oregon City, July 12th to 24th, 1904, inclusive. The Southern Pacific Co. will make reduced rates on the Certificate plan for this occasion. Call on any Southern Pacific Agent for advertising matter.

HOOD RIVER AND MT. HOOD.

Mrs. A. R. Lincoln, of Glencoe, recently made a trip, with the family, to the Hood River strawberry fields, and this letter to her niece, describes the experience:

My Dear Nieces: At this late hour I will make good my promise, and tell you of our trip to the strawberry fields in the Hood River Valley. On June 1 we left Portland on the Regular, with several hundred other people enroute to the same destination. The weather was cool, making the deck uncomfortable, but the beautiful scenery of the Columbia soon caused us all to vacate the cabin. The river was very high and the boat had been unable to pass the locks every trip. The wind and waves were so strong that when we neared the rapids the noble old boat came to a standstill, all the time puffing and struggling to advance, but in vain, for she gradually drifted down stream. For an hour she tried to pass, and then whistled for help, and the Dallis City, waiting at the locks to aid, came alongside, but both together could not stem the tide. The boats went back to Bonville, where they exchanged cargoes, the Regular going back to Portland and the Dallis City to The Dallis. The boat soon had us through the locks. After passing the Cascades the water was smooth. Within a few miles of Hood River many passengers went ashore to visit the famous hot springs, among which are Moffat, Collins, Carson and St. Michaels. Mr. Geo. Parker stopped at Collins. We reached Hood River at nine p. m. and made our camp for the night on the sand, as there are few docks or warehouses along the river front.

It was quite a task to pick out our baggage from the great lot deposited on the beach, but with the aid of a lantern borrowed from the liveries, we soon had things to rights, secured our eight boxes, and were soon sound asleep. Hood River is a very busy city—a veritable fruit city. Tons of fruit going out daily during the season, which, judging from the hundreds of acres in apple orchards in the surrounding country, is never-ending. At the depot and boat landings, one seems to see nothing but fruit going out and everything else going in. All kinds of fresh meats are unloaded in the morning from The Dallis; also flour, feed and other commodities. From down the river came load after load of brick from the kilns along the river. The merchants get their supplies from Portland, I am told. There is a large sawmill just across the river, and a large boom of logs that has been brought down river. There is one thing I want to say to you—if you want to buy Hood River fruit you must send to China, Boston or Honolulu or some other place, for you can't find it in the stores here. I heard a visiting G. A. R. man say that he could not buy a box of strawberries for love nor money in the town, because there was none there.

The berries are picked, packed and crated by the growers, and taken to the Union Fruit Co., or the Davidson Fruit Co., and sent out. The growers are very generous, however, giving all the pickers all they want to eat and allowing them to can all they wish to take home. Even then, many are left to dry on the vines.

Well, we were up betimes next morning and about 11:00 we went out to the berry fields, going out about 1½ miles from town—walking up a hill that length, and arriving at a camp thick with poles on oak. We got right up at last and the next morning started to pick. There is a well in the field, 15 feet deep, the water being nice and cool, coming from a gravelly bed. Everything here has to be irrigated, the supply coming from near the source of Hood River. There are miles and miles of fumes and ditches, sending the water along at a furious rate to every ranch between Mt. Hood and the city. Every day the water is turned on the vines, and it is wonderful how fast they grow.

Now in a few words as to how the picking is done: each picker has what is called a carrier—a shallow box holding 6 little pound boxes, having a handle so to be carried easily while you are picking. When filled it is taken to the packing house, where the picker credited with 6 pounds, at 15 cents per pound. The carrier is filled with empty boxes, and you resume picking. One row is always completed before going to another. The packers sit by a long table, having a crate holding 24 boxes at his side. The pound boxes are emptied on a frame made of cheese cloth, tacked on a frame 24 inches square. All the small and imperfect berries are culled, the balance put back in the box, and 16 large uniform sized berries placed on top—four berries each way, making it look very nice—packed with stems down. Twelve cents per crate is the price for packing. On Sunday we had a little excitement, a Washington county lady losing her boy

for about two hours. After a long search we found him in one of the near by packing houses. After two weeks in this yard we moved 9 miles further out—up hill, as usual. We camped on a hill, to a perfect ash bed. All the soil has been burned some day, from volcanic eruptions, no doubt. This section is called Willow Flat. Nothing grows without irrigation, except the forest trees and brush, and they seem to be calling for water. Clover does nicely in some places but comparatively little is raised. Strawberries and apples, and a few cherries and peaches, are the principal crops. We saw but two pigs on our trip and only one herd of sheep, and one of goats. The apple orchards are enough to set one wondering where they find a market for so big an output. There are hundreds of acres of apple orchards, some old, some new.

In some places it is customary to plant strawberries between the trees in young orchards, so they may get some return while the trees are young. We saw a few fields of grain, clover and alfalfa. We have an inexhaustible water here, where we expected to find mountain streams—all irrigation ditches—running through burned soil. This is the Davidson ranch, and he has 40 acres in strawberries.

On Sunday we took a trip to Mt. Hood, hiring a farmer near by; to the Mountain Inn. We left camp at 7:30 a. m., Aunt Matt, Geo., uncle and I. I would really like to give you a description of the Whiteback, Bald Butte and the large ditches carrying water to the fruit farms. There are fruit farms to within 5 miles of the Inn, and every fruit farm has its strawberry patch. It is quite a task for them to go 20 miles to the station every evening, with berries, but it must be done.

(By the way, I want to say that T. R. Coon, of Hood River, originated the idea of packing berries for the market—and also introduced the Clark seedling to the world.)
On the trip to the Inn the weather was very warm. The horses felt the heat very much. Crossing the Forest reserve we noticed the cards prohibiting camp fires. Finally we came to the snow line—and Geo. actually threw uncle down and washed his face. As soon as we could go no further we tied the team and went on foot the rest of the way to the Inn—after we had dinner, with a bill of fare as follows: beans, indispensable; bread, a la camp fire; Corvallis cheese; pepper cake; lemon pie; cake; H. R. strawberries; Carnation cream; hot coffee, which we dispatched in haste. Wading through 2 miles of snow, we reached the Inn, and Geo., who is ill, as you know, remained the eager to get there at the rest of us. The snow held us up well, but our feet were wet, as we left our rubbers at camp. I cannot account for so many flies above the snow line.

The most amusing, as well as serious part of the trip, was the invalid, George, walking 2 miles through the snow. When he arrived he was well out of breath, but he was one of the first to climb the ladder to the top of the Inn and view the grand old Hood, and a goodly part of Oregon and Washington. Taking a farewell look at the surrounding country, we reluctantly departed, starting down the grade. This Inn is on a hill in its own right, high, and separated from Hood by a deep canyon. The buildings are gaily decorated with wire cables.

The driver and Geo. took the lead down the hill, and we were 30 minutes rearing the road that took 2 hours to ascend. It was after six when we reached the team and a little after nine when we reached the starting point.

Geo. was the first one up the next morning, and if he was the worse for his trip, he wisely kept it to himself.
Tuesday afternoon we packed everything and was ready for our return trip. While the grocers are always ready to take pickers out, they are not so willing to take them back. Having trouble, uncle secured the same party that took us to the Inn to take us to Hood River. After four weeks of Hood River, we were now on our return. The next morning we found we were in a city of tents. A good sprinkling of Indians came in on every boat. They are from the Warm Springs reservation, most of them being intelligent and well dressed. At the G. A. R. Encampment the Indians are conspicuous as any the big guns. In the morning we take the fastest for Portland—and I can tell you the rest."

D. T. Phillips, of Cornelius, has a four legged chicken, about two weeks old. It had the usual two legs that all ordinarily hatched chickens have, and then another leg grows out from its rear, and another grows out from between the two "regular" legs. The chick is alive and doing well and will be a "show" chicken if it shall live to its growth.

Frank Weisenback, manager of Witch Hazel hop farm, near Reedville, was in town Monday and says that 60 acres out of the 100 acres in hops on the ranch, are fine, and excel many of the old yards at the present outlook. The other forty acres are not quite so good, but are fine for the first crop. In another column he advertises for hop pickers for the season.

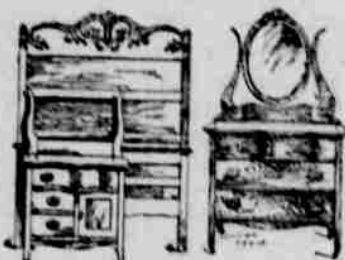
Geo. Gibson, of Glencoe, departed Monday night for a trip of two months in the Sherman county wheat fields, his objective point being Grass Valley. He expects to bring down a big team with him on his return.

Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, a jurist of many years' experience, and a strong man with the Empire State democracy, has been nominated for Vice President as his running mate. Parker is slightly over 50 years of age, and commenced work as a boy, earning the money to take him through school. He has taught school, practiced law, and been very successful in politics. He is one of Ex Senator D. B. Hill's fast political friends, and the South went almost solidly for him at the St. Louis convention. Shortly after Parker was nominated he came out with an avowal for the gold standard, which nearly threw the convention into a panic, and there was some talk of naming another candidate. Parker's avowal will lose him many votes in the middle west and the Rocky Mountain states and Pacific coast states, but it is contended that it will strengthen him in the East. The fighting ground is to be held in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana, and the democratic managers hope to win New York, first, and then enough of the others, with the solid south, to elect the ticket. Parker claims to be regular, and says he voted for W. J. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. Hearst has sent a telegram saying he will support Parker on account of the ticket; and Bryan says he will support Parker and the platform.

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Oak and Ash Suits



Ash Suit, like cut, \$20.

We are giving an extra special price on this line of Goods.

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Lace Curtains, Portieres, Table Covers, Stand Covers

Another new shipment of these goods, new weaves and patterns—Arabian, fish net, and other late patterns.

Table Felt

Something you have never before bought in town. To use under table spread to prevent hot dishes from spoiling the finish of table.
50 in. wide, 75 cts. a yd.

Sideboards Oak and Ash

Reasonable Prices. We have the only line of oak sideboards ever carried in town.

See our Oak at \$25

Quarter sawed polish finish, and French plate mirrors.



The above cut shows one of our elegant Ash Sideboards.

We have others as low as \$12.50

Camp Supplies

See our tents, camp chairs, stools, cots, etc.

Wall Paper

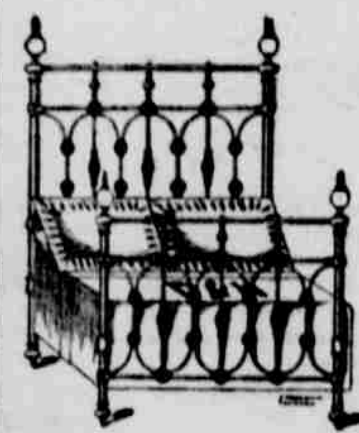
When you paper "that other" room call and see our new patterns of Moire Independents and side walls, the very swellest effects in the market. Come—if only to see them.

Trunks, etc.

Call and see our elegant line of trunks, bags and suit cases.

Metal Beds

We have an elegant line of Metal Beds in all colors, and prices are the lowest.



Three-quarter bed at \$2.25

Can you beat it for a bargain.

Fine Line of Undertaking Supplies. We Direct Funerals.

Proclamation.

Whereas, there was submitted to the electors of the state at the last general election, as required by law, an initiative petition for a Local Option Liquor Law;

And, whereas, on the 24th day of June, 1904, the Secretary of State in his presence as Governor of the State of Oregon, did canvass the votes given for said law; And, whereas, it was ascertained and determined upon such canvass that there were 43,316 votes cast for said Local Option Liquor Law, and 40,198 votes cast against the same; and that said law received an affirmative majority of the total number of effective votes cast thereon and entitled to be counted under the provisions of the law.

Now, Therefore, I, Geo. E. Chamberlain, as Governor of the State of Oregon, in obedience to Section 9 of an Act entitled "An act making effective the initiative and referendum provisions of Section 1 of Article IV of the Constitution of the

State of Oregon, and regulating elections thereunder and providing penalties for violations of provisions of this Act" Approved February 24, 1903, do hereby make and issue this proclamation to the people of the State of Oregon, and do announce and declare that the whole number of votes cast in the State of Oregon for said Local Option Liquor Law was 43,316 votes and the whole number of votes cast in the state against said Local Option Liquor Law was 40,198 votes, and that said Local Option Liquor Law received an affirmative majority of the total number of votes cast on said measure and entitled to be counted under the provisions of law, and that said Local Option Liquor Law shall be and is in full force and effect as the law of the State of Oregon from the date of this proclamation.
Done at the Capitol at Salem, this 24th day of June, 1904, A. D.
(Signed) GEO. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Governor of Oregon.
By the Governor, (Signed) P. T. DUNBAR, Secretary of State.

How People Lose Their Money

By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money and sometimes lose their lives.

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J. W. SHUTE, Banker

HILLSBORO, OREGON

Electioneer—Wilkes Blood is the Most successful Blend.

Lovelace

2:20

No. 32741

By Egotist, sire of 47, son of the great Electioneer and the brood mare, Sprite

Dam Crepon (dam of Dorsey L. 2:20½, Betsy Britton 2:30½, Lovelace 2:20, Goldie 2:18½, Duchess 2:27½, Brilliantine 2:29½), by Princeps, sire of 62 second dam, Crape Line (dam of King Rene Jr. 2:17, Braid 2:10½, Balzarine 2:17), by the Great George Wilkes, etc.

LOVELACE 32741

Is a bay stallion 16½, weighs 1280. His colts won all the 2 year old stakes on the circuit last year, and were prize winners in the show ring. The get of Lovelace brought a higher average at the McCarthy sale both this year and last than that of any other stallion. His colts are uniformly good size, level-headed and speedy.

He will make the Season of 1904 at Hillsboro, Oregon.

Terms—Season, \$25.00; Insurance, \$35.00.

E. B. TONGUE, HILLSBORO, OR.

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[Eligible to Registry]

I will stand at the Homer Griffin place, near the James H. Sewell ranch, this season, the handsome full-blooded Percheron stallion, out of Oregon Beauty and sired by Oregon, for the very low price of \$7.50 for the season closing July 1, 1904.

....A Fine Draft Stallion....

This horse is four years old, and has fine action, and blood will tell. His dam was a full blooded Percheron, and his sire of Pure Registered Percheron stock, and has hundreds of fine colts in Washington county. Here is the opportunity to breed your mares to a thoroughbred horse at a very reasonable figure.

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