

HIS MERMAID

By HENRY THOLENS

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"By Jove, Jack, you must wait until I get my camera for that afternoon sun over the water. Aren't those clouds magnificent? The rocks on the beach, the woods over yonder, the waves almost too late to break as they come rolling up—I can see the picture now, printed deep down on sepia paper, fast to a prize at the amateur exhibition."

Jack laughed good naturedly. "All right, old man; sail in, but hurry up," he said.

Five minutes later George Carrington had snatched his camera from the broad hallway of the Berkeley inn, snapped it at the water, and he and Jack Grayson were off on a fishing trip. It was the last day of their vacation, spent wandering down the coast at random, seldom two nights in the same place.

The final day's sport over, Carrington sped back to the city in a train, camera, fishing kit and grip beside him, tanned and tired, but happy. He reached his apartments and thought of the last picture of clouds and rocks and sea. He must develop it forthwith, and he did.

"A vacation of jolly good fun without a romance," he mused. "Nature, sunshine, fresh air, a good chum and good fishing; nothing more to be desired."

The film sank in the developing fluid, and in a few seconds the outlines of a coast scene appeared. First came the blotches of black, representing the high lights—clouds and the crests of waves. By an alchemy which never ceases to be marvelous all the delicate gradations of light and shade filled in until the perfect picture appeared.

Then occurred something which caused Carrington to gasp in astonishment and almost drop the developing tray, for in the center of the picture, head and shoulders visible above the crest of a breaker, appeared the form of a young woman, like a mermaid arising out of the sea. There was a saucy tilt to the laughing face, and the bare arms were outstretched as a beckoning mermaid's might have been. Carrington knew that no human being had been in that expanse of sea while he was on the beach.

With almost feverish haste he made a print from the film. There was no doubt about it. It was no freak effect.

The girl's face, which he had never seen before, seemed to mock him in mystery. Clad in a dainty bathing



SILENT AND BEMUSED, SHE STUDIED THE PHOTOGRAPH.

suit, she fitted into the picture as if an artist hand had posed her there, a dainty bit of indisputably human life that rounded out the scene and perfected it. Fate had tossed a romance into his vacation after all.

He recalled the events of the day. Grayson and he had reached the inn just before noon, tired by a tramp of a half dozen miles from a fishing station farther down the coast. Dinner, then a rest; the snapshot and the final two hours' fishing that closed the fortnight's holiday, leaving the camera in the hotel office beside his grip while he was gone; then supper and the strain back to the city. All this was clear enough. But how did the mermaid creep into his camera? Carrington stared at the laughing face in blank perplexity. Only one point was certain. It was the prettiest face he had ever seen in his life.

A paper he had recently read in a scientific journal flashed across his mind. It dealt with the photographic discovery of a new light ray invisible to the eye, but duly recorded on the peculiarly sensitized photographic plate.

"Nonsense!" he promptly said. "That's a flesh and blood girl. She has the face of an angel, but angels don't wear bathing suits with all those frills."

Next day he jumped on a train and was whisked to Berkeley inn. He sought the manager and showed him the picture.

"You recognize her, of course?" Carrington asked, with a careless air.

"I should say I did," said the manager, with a smile. "That's the hand-

some one of the Langford girls, who were here a month with their aunt. Went back to town only a couple of days ago. Splendid picture. Taken right here on the beach, too," he added in a quizzical tone. "I didn't know you were acquainted."

Carrington rejected the conversation at tender. "Yes; I think it's pretty good," was all he said. But just before train time he sought the porter and casually asked him the destination of the Langford baggage two days before.

"New York, sah," came the ready response. "Thank you, sah."

The journey had not been altogether in vain. And while other passengers on that train chatted gaily together or read their newspapers or watched the panorama of forest and farmland and the twinkling lights of villages there was one young man whose eyes and attention did not wander from a photograph he held before him.

Three months later he was at one of Mrs. Bloomer Billings' receptions. He did not know Mrs. Bloomer Billings, but he had not been idle during the autumn months, and without being a Sherlock Holmes he decided that he must get an invitation, and he did. Mrs. Billings was a literary lady whose assemblages were diverse and often astonishing. Artists and writers attended them, musicians and player folk, with a leavening of accepted "society." They were truly heterogeneous gatherings.

Eagerly Carrington scanned the rooms. A long haired violinist had just finished a Beethoven sonata, and there was much clapping of hands. Carrington was presented to Mrs. Billings, who was surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls. A moment of brilliant conversation, and then his face lit up with a sudden joy that caused his hostess to look up in politely suppressed wonder. In that group, now in a setting of pink and white, but with the same laughing face of the glistening beach and wave, stood his lady of the sea.

An hour later they sat together on a window seat listening to a prima donna's song.

"I have a picture I would like you to see, Miss Langford," he said diffidently. He took the photograph from his pocketbook and showed it to her.

She gave a little startled cry, and the unmounted print fell from her hand.

"Why—why, you were at Berkeley inn?" she exclaimed.

"I took a picture of the beach, but not that one," he said slowly. "And yet that is the one I found in my camera."

Their eyes met for an instant, and the girl flushed crimson. Silent and bewildered, she studied the photograph. Suddenly she broke into the laugh of the water witch again.

"No less surprising was the picture my sister took of me," she exclaimed excitedly. "The water and rocks were lovely, but I was nowhere to be seen!"

"Now the mystery is no longer mysterious!" laughed Carrington. "It's plain enough. I saw another camera in the hotel office, but never thought until this instant that I might have picked up the wrong one. Your sister took a picture with my camera, and I took one with hers." Suddenly he became silent and after a moment or two stammered, "I—I suppose this is your sister's property, but may I not keep it?"

The girl tossed her head and smiled in mock hesitation. She had been turning the picture around and around in her hand. Then the smile and the warm blood left her face in company, and there was an almost imperceptible tremor of the long dark eyelashes. On the back of the photograph she had read:

"My mermaid."

Again their eyes met, but hers were quickly withdrawn. Her hesitation was real now.

Both were silent another moment. He sat eagerly, expectantly. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, and as she slowly extended her hand and placed the picture in his he felt the warm touch of her finger tips.

Polltiness.

If those who are doubtful as to the correct course to pursue in any given situation will remember that even the wrong thing is overlooked if one is but absolutely polite in the doing of it their relief might be great.

A gentleness of demeanor and a courteous response or question can never be out of place. A man may wear a business suit of clothes to an evening wedding less noticeably than a truculent air of insolence. If he be perfectly well bred as far as behavior goes, it matters not so much what his outward garb, although by an unwritten law of social observance certain clothes are the correct thing for certain occasions.

Polltiness is never wrong. Its practice goes nearly all the way toward the goal of the right thing in the right place. We hear of polite insolence, but insolence is never polite, and it is never, under any circumstances, polite to be insolent.

The Tourist and the Porter.

An English tourist was discussing the relative merits of British and American railway service the other evening when he suddenly sprang the following clincher on his chafant cousin:

"I tell you, though, there's one point you folks are behind in, and that is the lack of consideration shown white passengers in having them pass inspection by an African. Why, the idea of such treatment is an insult to any gentleman."

"A few days ago when boarding one of your famous express trains I was chagrined, to put it mildly, to be asked by a liveried colored man to show my ticket to him. I subsequently learned that this same individual is nothing but a train waiter. Such a thing could not happen in my country."—New York Press.

When Mandy Washes.

WHEN Mandy sets the b'ler on 'An' starts a-stirrin' up of starch 'An' b'lists 'er sleeves up higher, 'W'y, then you know 'th' war is on. It ain't no time to josh; 'Th' only thing to do is git.

When Mandy starts to wash, 'An' Mandy starts to wash, 'An' Mandy starts to wash.

'An' so I kinder hem around 'At my terbaccer's out. Fer down at Job's (th' corner store) 'Th' boys all set about 'An' chawin' crackers—gah! I ain't 'th' on'y shiftness one 'When Mandy starts to wash.

'Nen I go amblin' down 'th' road, 'A-feelin' sneaky-like. To line in with 'th' other boys 'A's sorter out on strike. 'A fellow can't 'mean 'B long's he can't josh.

'Th' on'y thing to do is git 'When Mandy starts to wash. '—Grace G. Boswick in Lippincott's Magazine.

Too Busy to Make a Noise.

A Kansas City teacher of a kindergarten was incapacitated from work one day by the following incident. The subject of the lecture and object lesson was animals, birds and then more animals.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I want each of you to think of some animal or bird and try for a moment to be like the particular one you are thinking about and make the same kind of noises it is in the habit of making."

Instantly the schoolroom became a menagerie, lions roaring, dogs barking, birds singing and twittering, cows lowing, calves bleating, cats meowing, etc., all in an uproar and excitement—all, with one single exception.

Off in a remote corner a little fellow was sitting perfectly still, apparently indifferent and unamused of all the rest. The teacher, observing him, approached and said:

"Waldo, why are you not taking part with the other children?"

Waving her off with a deprecating hand and wide, rebuking eyes, he fervently whispered:

"Sh—sh—sh, teacher—sh! I'm a 'ooster, and I'm a-layin' a alg!"—Kansas City Star.

Better Late Than Not at All.

The pastor of the little country church had been much annoyed by having the members of his congregation struggle in long after the service had begun. One Sunday morning, when he felt that further forbearance with this fault was impossible, he decided to rebuke some conspicuous offender. About twenty minutes later than the proper hour there entered a mild mannered little woman, one of the regular attendants of the church, but quite incorrigible in her tardiness. The minister looked up, fixed her with his spectacles and remarked:

"Sister, you are very much behind time. I hope you will not be so late in getting into heaven!"

The little woman looked up, smiled sweetly and without a trace of confusion replied placidly:

"I shan't care about that, doctor, so long as I get there."

And now the pastor feels that the smile that went round the church somehow spoiled the effectiveness of his reprimand.—New York Tribune.

Fred Olsen is helping W. J. Wall in preparing the State Fair exhibit for Washington county.

Hartman Brothers have overhauled their separator and will soon be in the field threshing.

The Oregon Condensed Milk Company has its lumber on the ground for its new warehouse, across the spur from the condenser, north.

Col. C. T. Bowen, former owner of the T. D. Humphrey's place, was out from Portland Friday. The Col. thinks that Hillsboro is improving nicely.

Geo. Arthur, Al and Lewis Sipp, Phos. Murphy Jr., and A. Willis, of Mountsindale, are among the Washington county boys who are harvesting in Sherman county this season.

Assessor Scott Cornelius, of Clatsop county, the county seat being Astoria, was in town yesterday. Mr. Cornelius was up looking over the hay situation in Washington county.

Mrs. V. Hickox, of Hoed River, Mrs. Abbie Williams, of The Dalles, and Miss Williams, of Forest Grove, were guests at the S. H. Dunbar home, at Farmington, the first of the week.

Calvin Bailey, of Blooming, writes the weather bureau for week ending Tuesday, this week: "Week extremely warm and very hard on potatoes and gardens; without more rain soon hope will be nearly a failure; pasturage poor and flow of milk is very light; hay baling in progress; threshing will commence next week."

REDUCED RATES TO ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

The Southern Pacific Co. will sell round trip tickets at greatly reduced rates to St. Louis and Chicago, account of the St. Louis Exposition, on the following dates: August 8, 9, 10; September 4, 5, 7; October 3, 4, 5.

Going trip must be completed within ten days from date of sale, and passengers will be permitted to start on any day that will enable them to reach destination within the ten days limit. Return limit ninety days, but not later than Dec. 31, 1904.

For full information as to rates and routes, call on Agent Southern Pacific Co. Hillsboro.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all city warrants drawn on the Water & Light Fund, endorsed "Not Paid For Want of Funds," prior and up to Dec. 22, 1903, and all warrants drawn on the General Fund, prior and up to July 14, 1903, are hereby called for payment at the office of the undersigned, and that interest will cease after this date.

Dated this 29th day of June, 1904.

JOHN M. WALL, City Treasurer of Hillsboro, Ore.

Administratrix' Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, duly appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Rodney Jones, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned at the law office of Geo. H. Bagley, in Hillsboro, Oregon, together with proper vouchers, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 29th day of June, 1904.

Sophronia Jones, Administratrix of the Estate of Rodney Jones, deceased.

A Secret

The richest of pure cream; the juice of ripe, fresh fruits; highest grade flavorings and pure crystal sugar carefully blended and frozen to a creamy smoothness by skilled workmen. This is the only "secret" of the great sale of

Swetland's Ice Cream

It is absolutely pure and contains no secret powders or "fillers." This "Ice Cream of Quality" is received fresh every day by

J. C. GREER, Sole agent for Hillsboro

Special rates made for picnics, parties, etc.

FREE SOUVENIR—When visiting Portland, call at Swetland's, 273 Morrison St., and present this ad. You will receive FREE an attractive souvenir for the table.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of Washington County, her final account in the matter of the estate of A. H. Neukirch, deceased, and that said County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, has set Monday, the 26th day of August, 1904, at the Court Room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, as the time and place for hearing objections to the said final account and for the final settlement of said Estate.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1904.

A. D. NEUKIRCH, Administratrix of the estate of A. H. Neukirch, deceased.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, August 4, 1904, at 2:30 p. m., the County Commissioners of Washington County, Oregon, in August term assembled, will receive sealed proposals for the construction of a bridge averaging about 14 feet in height, and about 514 feet in length, to be built near the Jack Hess place on the

G. W. PATTERSON & SON

The Housefurnishers

Oak and Ash Suits



Ash Suit, like cut, \$20.

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

Suits as low as \$11.50

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

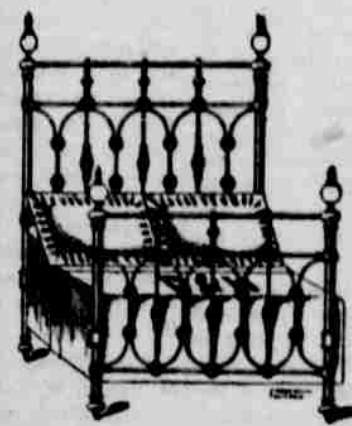
When you paper "that other" room call and see our new patterns of Moire Independents and side walls, the very swellest effects in the market. Come—if only to see them.

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.



Single bedstead at \$2.25

Can you beat it for a bargain.

Fine Line of Undertaking Supplies. We Direct Funerals.

O.R.&N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY FROM PORTLAND.

Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping-cars (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago, Kansas City, reaching chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

DEPART FOR DAILY	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND	ARRIVE DAILY
Chicago	Salt Lake, Denver, 9:20 a. m.	4:30 p. m.
Portland	Pl. Worth, Omaha, 10:15 a. m.	
Special	Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East	
Atlantic Express	Salt Lake, Denver, 8:15 p. m.	10:30 a. m.
Huntington	Pl. Worth, Omaha, 9:15 p. m.	
St. Paul	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallace	7:30 a. m.
Fast Mail	Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East	
Spokane		

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND

Steamships between Portland and San Francisco every five days. River boats on the lower Columbia and Willamette daily except Sunday.

LOW RATES

To and from all points in the East. Tickets via this route on sale at all depot offices of the Southern Pacific Co.

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Portland-Taylor's Ferry road. The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Specifications may be seen at the Clerk's office.

By order of the Commissioners' court, and dated at Hillsboro this 21st day of July, 1904.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that until Wednesday, August 18, 1904, at 2:30 p. m., the Board of Trustees of Drainage District No. 4, Washington county, Oregon, will receive sealed proposals for the digging and clearing of a ditch about 151 rods long. The Board of Trustees reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dimensions of ditch may be had by calling upon or writing to the Secretary.

Secretary Board of Trustees, With residence East of Greenville, Postoffice address, Forest Grove, Oregon, R. F. D. No. 2.

By order Board of Trustees, and dated this 21st day of July, 1904.

Olives in bulk at Greer's.

OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL Monmouth

Begins its twenty-third year September 20, 1904.

Four terms in each school year affording equal opportunity for beginning a course in September, November, February and April. The best training for teachers is the Normal course with its assurance of good positions at good wages. Write for new catalogue containing full information concerning courses of study, training in actual teaching afforded under real conditions in town and country schools, and full details about the advanced course of study with the additional advantages attached.

Address—Sec. J. B. V. Butler, or Pres. I. D. Ressler, Monmouth, Oregon.

The Red Front RESTAURANT and Short Order House

Has established a fine eating house where you can get all the delicacies of the season. This restaurant has secured a First Class Chef. Give us a call. We will give you a splendid meal.

A. J. FORD, Proprietor Main St., opposite The Delta, Hillsboro, Or.

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 21st day of June, 1904, the Secretary of State in my 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 43,310 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, 1900, 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 43,310 votes as 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 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) F. I. DUNBAR, Secretary of State.

We carry the swellest line of gentlemen's and ladies' dress shoes to be found in the town. Come and see them, at Dennis'.