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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

BY LONG & MCKINNEY

It appears reasonably certain that Mr. Lytle's company will build the Tillamook railroad, with Hillsboro as its present eastern terminus.

Mr. Lytle has identified himself with Portland interests. He is the first man of capital, in that city, to personally take hold of a project that will mean more trade, and more profit for the metropolis.

Portland has had in the past too many men ready to do business with other people's money, risking none of their own.

Lytle shows a proper spirit, and his breaking the ice may have a tendency to cause others to branch out a little and take hold of business enterprises.

So far as benefit to Hillsboro is concerned, this city will only be benefited as the rest of the county is benefited.

A few men in this city have taken a great deal of credit in this railroad project.

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There could be no mistake. The address was Audrey's, the initials he had had engraved himself, and the ring had been their engagement ring.

A ruby heart surrounded by seven diamonds. It had been a fancy of his own. The ruby was her birthstone.

He remembered the last day, the day when she had broken their engagement. They had been in the music room overlooking the little park on the square.

ler or Excellencia—and you will try them again and again.

Incidents of the world on the other side are never so important as when some local connection lends color to deeds.

County Clerk Godman and Deputy Smith are getting nearly all the old judgment rolls manuscripted and on the judgment docket.

Washington county is to be placed in the second group of prize winners, instead of fourth, by the Lewis and Clark judges.

Oysters by the plate; by the quart; and fine oyster cocktails, at Palmateer's, Second Street. Will supply in any quantity.

Miss Winifred Connelly, of Diley, was wedded to W. J. Muir, in Portland, Oct. 16, 1935.

Mrs. U. G. Gardner is in Portland this week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. A. Elwell.

Fred Emerson, of the Second street restaurant, was a Portland visitor this afternoon.

Argus and Oregonian, \$2.00

And skim with no tether The heaven that's level's, Two birds of a feather— Two mock turtle doves.

As he waited on the steps of 97 he noticed with queer throbs of remembrance the rows of yellow crocuses brightening the bareness of the park.

Miss Scaries was at home. The servant was a stranger and Kipley merely told him to say a person wished to see her with reference to a personal in the papers.

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with the prospect of a million or so in her disposal.

She had worn yellow, he had remembered, a crape silk morning gown, and in her hands were the yellow crocuses he had brought her.

The waiter moved the cooled dishes toward him invitingly, and he made an effort to eat. When he left the restaurant the personal reposed safely in his note case.

It was the beginning of the second week when he reached the apartment. Squeezed in between a quick lunch room and a Yiddish butcher shop on Hester street, one day, Kipley discovered a pawnshop he had overlooked.

The woman hesitated, glancing over her shoulder at the back of the man. Kipley drew out a fifty dollar note.

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legions of his Torahshers from before the memory of man has endowed him with a soul to endeavor, and deep down in this soul, quite ineradicable, you will find a whole love for his country and a whole faith in her future.

The Persian wine of Shiraz is powerful and somewhat astringent and is not so agreeable to European tastes as the lighter wines produced in Hammad. Besides hemp lime and other ingredients are added to Persian wine to increase its pungency and strength.

Summer Potpourri. THE swallow is gliding With circular grace; The ball player's sliding For him on his face.

The golf ball is bumping Over green fields afar; The ballplayer is thumping His trustful guitar.

The sperry sails gleaming Way out on the main; The tree toad is screaming And screaming for rain!

The sea serpent's dripping With rapture and pride; The waiter is skipping For silver and gold.

And skim with no tether The heaven that's level's, Two birds of a feather— Two mock turtle doves.

Just to Please the Girl. "Yes," he said; "I nearly made myself sick last night smoking a cigar."

Compelled to Kiss It. "You ought to have seen me hustling to get out of the way when the explosion took place," said Freddy.

Stater's Opinion. "They say," said her mother, "that many so called kid gloves are made from monkey skins."

A Good Turn. "Here! Wake up!" cried Subbubs, appearing on his front porch in his pajamas.

Beyond Her Means. Whether on the high field or below the roaring fens or in the wild gliding life which is common to the Norwegian along 2,000 miles of rock bound coast you cannot fail to mark the extraordinary coolness of the Norwegian in the moment of peril.

Why did Myrtle throw the duke over? "After consulting her guardian she decided that she could not afford the luxury of marrying him."

Argus and Journal, \$1.75.

Four Sons-in-law Were Enough to Have at Home

THE young man in the car with the well suit and gold headed cane was trying to flirt with the girl opposite when the old man on his left nudged him with his elbows and hoarsely whispered:

"Young man, pause and reflect!" "Are you speaking to me, sir?" demanded the young man.

"Yes, to you. But I've got such a hard cold that I cannot say much. Let me repeat that you should pause and reflect."

"What for?" "You are trying to flirt with that young gal, sir?"

"And is it any of your business?" "It is, sir. Excuse my hoarseness. I kicked the bedclothes off the other night and got cold. I want to say to you, sir, that it is my business, sir. Suppose that you succeed in attracting that gal's attention?"

"Well, what of it?" "She might be flattered and flirt back, though I don't think she's very flirtatious. It might lead to a case of love, and love to marriage."

"You'd better attend to your own business, sir," replied the young man. "That's what I'm a-doin', sir. Scuse me while I blow my nose. Yes, sir, I'm attendin' to my business."

"Then let mine alone. I'm that gal's father." "Oh, you are!"

"Yes, I am, and I don't want no more foolin' around. I've got four sons-in-law just about your shape and am supportin' the hull gang of 'em, and afore you saddle me with a fifth you'd better pause and reflect. It might be the last straw, and I'd turn the hull crowd out to dig fur fodder."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Compliments Gone Wrong. Muggins had just been introduced to a bride of six weeks at a social gathering, and, after a remark about the weather, he said gallantly:

"And have I really the pleasure of everybody?" "Oh, no, Mr. Muggins," the lady replied. "The beautiful Mrs. Smythe to whom you refer is the wife of my husband's cousin."

"Ah, I see," rejoined Muggins. "I thought there must be a mistake somewhere."—Detroit Tribune.

An Angel of Peace. "I like to hear a man speak well of his wife," she said. "Who's been doing it now?" he asked.

First Quality Drug Store. We provide for the people who have had enough experience to know that inferior goods are dear at any price; who have learned that good goods from a first quality, trustworthy house are always cheaper—really and aggressively cheaper to buy.

We Have Made a Reputation. For our prescription work, because we do the work exactly as it should be done. We pay no one a percentage to send us prescriptions, and, therefore, it pays you to bring such work to BAILEY'S PHARMACY. This is an advertisement, and likewise it is a fact.

BOOKS. FREE FREE FREE. We will present a nice cloth-bound book with every pair of shoes bought at our store, irrespective of the price of shoes. Our stock is complete, and our price the very lowest. Don't fail to come and see our shoes, and the book is yours.

L. M. Hoyt Co. HILLSBORO, ORE. WEINHARD'S (On draught) The best of all Beers. Bottled for Medicinal Use. At W. V. WILEY'S.

Talk About Power. The two greatest powers on earth are Uncle Sam and the Fairbanks Morse Engine. Both always ready.

O.P.&N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC. 3 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY FROM PORTLAND.

SUMMONS. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. John G. Butts, Plaintiff vs. Minnie Butts, Defendant.

Questions Asked

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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THE DEACON'S REVERIE

B'Gosh! the frost that came last night Was sure a crackin'jack. It killed the vines an' froze some ice— Sue's marmalade is black!

An' all the green of Summer time Is gone, jeez like the birds— It makes me feel so lonesome like I kind' o' lack for words.

The Winter time keeps comin' on, Grandson'll soon be here; The turkeys all are grownin' fast— To give 'Thankgivin' cheer—

So I'll take down the violin, An' reel off 'O! Zip Coo!' While stidin' 'round the fire tonight— An' play it's only June!



"A LIBERAL REWARD," LAUGHED KIPLEY. Like him best, and she did—best of all. She turned to him suddenly from the window with pleading, regretful eyes.

It had been simple, cruelly simple, and unanswerable, yet he had loved her all the more for it. Another girl would not have missed love in the longest life as Mrs. Kipley Gerard.



Miscellaneous. "Mother, what is a delusion?" "A delusion, my son, is something people labor under."

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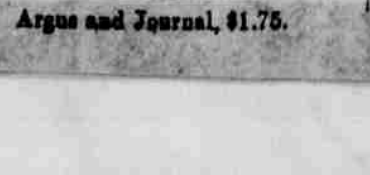
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