

Entered at the Post-office at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

Subscription: One Dollar per Annum, Six Months, 60 cts.; Three Months, 35 cts.

Issued Every Thursday

—BY— LONG & McKINNEY

The insurance investigations and the shame attendant has cost one of the big managers his life and another is in seclusion. These old patriots were the leading psalm singers a few years ago. While they were robbing widows and orphans with their right hands they were holding the left out to the public in holy horror that they would have to pay policies in "fifty cent" dollars. At the same time, these thieves were extolled by their big papers as the real honor of the country.

Hillsboro will have many visitors this Summer—many of them looking for a home. It is therefore incumbent on the town to put up its best front. Cleanliness of streets and alleys goes a long way in giving a favorable impression, and all the old refuse should be burned, and all the old wagon wheels laying here and there carted away. What the town needs is a general house-cleaning. Begin now.

The Deacon on Habitual Complainers

It 'pears jes' like there are some folks in trouble all the time— They never see the good in jokes, Nor think a song is prime;

They never see the funny side Of life—mixed with the shade— But only see the clouds that ride— Think life a sorry trade.

They are the first to profess That Spring is comin' late, An' that the merchant ain't too high, An' that they scratch their pate—

An' swear the fruit will all be killed; The grain ain't comin' on; An' that the preacher isn't filled With grace—like of Saint John!

They swear that folks is gettin' worse; There aint no honest trade; An' that the Devil 's sent his curse; That judgment day 's delayed.

They allus look thro' glasses that Are blue as indigo; An' grouch so much they're never fat, An' move aroun' that slow—

You'd think they're goin' to the grave, That life held nothin' dear, An' that the Lord would never save The folks that He 's sent here!

But sue an' I have talked it o'er, An' this is what Sue said: "There 's folks at 'a born a-familin' sore, An' will be 'til they're dead"

So, sue an' I—its our "tum-tum, I aint no use to slow; But jes' to take things as they come As if they wuz our due.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

Big snow storm in middle west. France and Germany are quarrelling again, and Europe may be involved in a war before many months.

The Missouri Supreme Court decides that Standard Oil officials must give evidence in Missouri courts. They'll have to "show" John D.

The House proposes a new naturalization bill requiring educational test for those desiring to become citizens. This will shut out Germans, Swedes, or Scandinavians, as all of these are generally well educated.

The Chinese boxer element is again killing American and British missionaries, and the United States is beginning to strengthen its military force, as well as naval supplies, in the Orient, using the Philippines as a base.

Orchard, the self-confessed murderer of Gov. Steuneger, of Idaho, says that he has been implicated in 26 murders, and seeks to connect the Federation of Miners. Orchard appears to be a paranoiac of the most violent type, and it is questionable if his evidence will convict anyone of conspiracy as the Federation will prove that he was a paid agent of the Mine Owners' association.

It is very doubtful if the ship subsidy bill will pass the house, even under the pressure of the president. Roosevelt favors the measure, which, by the way, is about as abominable as any proposed law that was ever offered congress. A peculiar parallel is the fact that the president seeks fame as sponsor for railway rate legislation, while, at the same time, he is seeking to build up a shipping trust that will affect every American farmer. But it appears that the galleries must be reached and the wool pulled over the eyes of producers.

THE MARKETS. This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are:

Valley Wheat, new, 72. Barley—feed, \$23.50@24; brewing, \$24; rodd, \$24 and 25. Oats, white, \$25@29. Oats, Gray, \$27.50@28.50 per ton. Bran, \$17 per ton. Hay, Timothy, 16 O, \$13@14. Valley, \$8@9; grain, \$7@8. Hay, Clover, \$7.50 and \$8. Potatoes, fancy graded Burbanks, 60 cents per hundred. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 16@17. Butter, Extra Creamery, 30@32.1/2. Hops choice 1905, 10@10 1/4 cts.

PROBATE

Estate of Ed Paget deceased finally closed of record.

Good deed ordered furnished purchaser of O W Ross estate; same order in F W McDonald estate.

Notice of land sale, etc. estate of...

MYSTIFIED MR. LAYTON

By W. Crawford Sherlock

Copyright, 1907, by K. A. Whitehead

With an impatient gesture Mr. Samuel Layton laid down his evening paper. "Hang it all, Fred and his wife are going away again! This is the third annual disappearance they have made, leaving town in the spring and not returning until fall. Where in creation do they go? Fred must make money somehow; he never asks me for a cent and lives like a nabob during the winter. It's too much for me."

Mr. Layton frowned heavily as he concluded his soliloquy. His keen mind and indomitable will had enabled him to solve the difficult problems of life and had raised him from the plane of poverty to that of great wealth. Notwithstanding his shrewdness, however, he had not been able to fathom the secret of his son's ways and means.

Fred Layton had finished his college course and gained renown on the gridiron and in other athletic sports, but he had failed utterly in his studies and had announced his intention of marrying Miss Edna Morris, a pretty girl, but decidedly poor.

But Mr. Layton had planned that his son should wed the daughter of his partner, Miss Mattie Walton, and thus succeed to great wealth and the entire control of an established business. This difference of opinion between father and son led to a stormy interview, during which Mr. Layton declared that if Fred married Miss Morris the parental purse would be closed against him forever. With a shrug of his broad shoulders, the young man had intimated that he could take care of himself and did not propose to ask his father for financial aid.

A month later the young people were quietly married. They established themselves in a cozy little flat in a fashionable neighborhood. They lived well, dressed well, entertained their friends and to all appearances were prosperous.

Mr. Layton naturally thought this condition of affairs could not last, and he smiled grimly as he thought of the conditions he would make when his son came to him for aid. As the

months passed by without such an appeal the old gentleman grew more and more mystified.

He made many inquiries as to his son's source of revenue, but only discovered that when Fred and his wife returned from their summer outing they brought back a snug sum in cash with them. Mr. Layton scanned the papers diligently to find out where they went, he inquired at the postoffice for their summer address and even telephoned to the owner of the flat, but no knowledge could be gained. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Layton disappeared as completely for a time as if the earth had swallowed them.

The father grew restless and nervous, his digestion became impaired and he went from place to place upon the plea of regaining his health, but in reality in the hope of solving the mystery about his son. All in vain.

"I can't stand this any longer, doctor," declared Mr. Layton one day when his physician called. "I must find out where Fred goes and what he does. I suppose it is mere curiosity, but I must fathom the boy's secret. I've been used to solving problems and can't endure failure."

"I'm sorry I can't help you, Mr. Layton," replied Dr. Brooks, "but if you don't stop this roving about from place to place, eating all sorts of food, you'll be dead in another year. Go up to the Mont Alta House, in the Alleghenies and stay a month. I was there last year, and the table was excellent and the air and water are life giving."

"The Mont Alta," repeated Mr. Layton. "I've heard of the place, but it didn't amount to much a few years ago."

"It's under a new management now," returned the doctor, "and is a strictly first class house."

The Mont Alta House was even more than Dr. Brooks had said. The table was so excellent and agreed with Mr. Layton so well that he became robust again. Upon one thing he resolved, and that was to secure the chief of the house if that person could be had for money. Accordingly he sent for the

man who had charge of the kitchen. "I would like to—" Mr. Layton stopped suddenly and stared hard at the chef; then the light of recognition came into his face. "So this is the way you make a living, you young rascal. Aren't you ashamed to disgrace me by doing such work?"

"Not a bit," returned Fred Layton coolly, taking an easy chair and surveying his father with an amused smile. "I've got the only thing in the

country that's worth anything. I've got the secret of the fountain of youth. I've got the secret of the fountain of youth. I've got the secret of the fountain of youth."

"What's that got to do with it?" "Plenty to do with it. Haven't you got it?" "Aie? monument? Are ye daft, man? O' course not!" "Well, ye don't have my twenty till ye do. Why, I put it as plain as plain in the conditions."—London Mail.

Doctors Must Know Tastes. "Do doctors know their own medicine tastes?" was a question put to a group of physicians.

"To be sure," said one, "but we have hard work to convince our patients that we do. If you only knew how this beastly stuff tastes, doctor, you wouldn't ask me to take it." In the complaint they make when dosed with an especially disagreeable concoction. And they are hard headed people, too, who say that, people who are by no means raving in delirium. No matter how sincerely I may protest it is hard to persuade them that I do know how the stuff tastes just as well as they do.

"How did you find out about it? It is one of their trump questions. You have never been laid up with all the diseases in the dictionary. How did you learn what the different remedies taste like?"

"It never occurs to the average patient that tasting drugs is a part of a medical student's education, and that no man is qualified to practice until he has learned the flavor of the medicines he prescribes."

A Modest Philosopher. John Stuart Mill was an unassuming philosopher. He strove to give his wife the credit of his works, and he was never pretentious in claiming precedence among men. Miss Cobbe in her "Life" relates this anecdote of Mr. Mill's modesty:

She was talking to him one day about the difficulty of doing mental work when disturbed by the music of street bands and instanced the case of a gentleman who was thrown into a frenzy by their noise.

"It does not interfere with my work," said Mr. Mill.

Miss Cobbe remarked that Herbert Spencer was much annoyed by such disturbance.

"Ah, yes, of course!" rejoined the modest man. "Writing Spencer's works one must have quiet!"

He was so unconscious of the freedom from disturbance required to write his own "System of Logic" and "Political Economy" that he would allow, while writing his cat to lie on his table or on his neck. His gentleness and his absorption in his theme protected him.

Do you believe that knowledge is power? I said Mr. Wiggs. "I used to think so," answered Mr. Wiggs, "but I have observed that some of our most powerful financiers are distinguished by what they don't know on the witness stand."—Washington Star.

Lazy Nipper. Elmer had had company all day, and a sleeper boy was never put to bed. Just as his mother finished undressing him he said, "Mamma, I said my prayers on the way upstairs as to save time."—St. Nicholas.

Correct. Teacher—Where did George Washington live after he retired from public life? Small Boy—In the hearts of his countrymen.—Brooklyn Life.

Obliging. "Is there danger of contagion in a kiss?" Asked a young and very charming Jack-son Mine. Said the Baltimore Md., "If you wish, we'll try 'em." "If there's anything contagious in a

Story of Deacon Warren And the Setter Horse

DEACON WARREN was an ardent sportsman and as keen for a horse trade as David Harum. A gypsy horse trader who was well acquainted with the deacon's predilections drove up to his door one day leading a fine looking horse. "Deacon," he said in a loud whisper, "here's what you're looking for. This is a setting horse. He'll set game like a well trained dog."

"Huh!" said the deacon. "You've got to show me first."

"All right," said the gypsy. "Come along." And the two started for the woods, the gypsy riding the intelligent animal. Suddenly a rabbit popped up from a nearby thicket. The gypsy gave his mount a quiet kick on the off-side, and the horse, obeying a well known signal, went down on his haunches. "There," said the gypsy. "See that, deacon? He's setting that rabbit."

"My, my!" said the deacon. "That's all I want to know. I'll take him." So the bargain was made, and they turned toward home, the deacon riding his newly acquired property.

They took a short cut through a little stream. When halfway across the deacon drew up his legs away from the water and in so doing kicked the horse as the gypsy had done. Down went the animal, responding to the accustomed signal, squatting in the water with his rider.

"Hey, you!" cried the deacon. "Is he setting now?"

"Sure, deacon," answered the gypsy. "He sees fish. That horse is trained to set for suckers just the same as he is for rabbits."—Woman's Home Companion.

Venacious. At a certain Scottish dinner it was found that every one had contributed to the evening's entertainment but a certain Dr. MacDonald.

"Come, come, Dr. MacDonald," said the chairman, "we cannot let you escape."

The doctor protested that he could not sing. "My voice is altogether unmusical and resembles the sound caused by the act of rubbing a brick along the panels of a door."

The company attributed this to the doctor's modesty.

"Very well," asserted the doctor. "If you can stand it I will sing."

Long before he had finished his audience was uneasy. There was a painful silence as the doctor sat down, broken at length by the voice of a brassy Scot at the end of the table.

"Mon," he exclaimed, "your singin's no up to much, but your venacity's just awful. You're right about that brick!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Origin of Modern Etiquette. This custom originated in the eleventh century, when, assassination being unhealthily frequent, married men courtously encouraged their wives to go before them.—Sketch.

He'd Take Chances. "Slings it?" asked the barber when he had finished cutting old St's hair.

"Wut fer?" inquired old St.

"The advantage of singeing hair after cutting," began the barber, "is that when the hair is clipped each strand is left with a ragged edge. Singeing, you know, takes off this edge, closes up the end of each hair and allows the hair to recover from the effects of cutting. In many cases singeing will prevent the hair from dying. You see, it often happens that when the ends of the hair are left open the hairs, figuratively speaking, bleed to death. Slings it?"

"Nope," answered old St contentedly. "I guess I'll let 'er bleed."—Judge.

Where Beecher Got His Sermons. Wherever he went Beecher continued his study of life through observation. Nothing else was half so interesting. To him man was the greatest study in the world. To read human nature, to place the right values upon men, to emphasize the right thing in them, to be able to discriminate between the genuine and the false, to be able to pierce their masks and read the real man or woman behind them, was an accomplishment which he regarded as one of a clergyman's greatest weapons.

Like Professor Agassiz, who could see wonders in the scale of a fish or a grain of sand, Beecher also had an eye like the glass of a microscope, which reveals the marvels of beauty in the dross and common things. It had a magnifying power which sees the miraculous and beautiful in the commonplace. He could see beauty and harmony where others only saw ugliness and discord, because he read the hidden meaning in things. Like Ruskin, he could see the marvelous philosophy, the Divine plan, in the lowliest object. He could feel the Divine presence in all created things.—Orison Sweet Marston in Success Magazine.

She Knew Him. Judge B. of Montana, well known as a jurist and as a politician of state reputation, has a peculiar habit while walking the streets in deep meditation and oblivious to all about him of puffing and blowing like an angry bull. One day Mrs. B. was walking beside the high wall of the courthouse with a number of lady friends when they heard approaching a sound of puffing and miniature howling.

"Here comes the judge," said his wife. "I can tell him as far off as I can hear him." And around the corner

Sheriff's Sale

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, bearing date, the 17th day of February, 1908, in favor of Geo. Schulmerich and Edw. Schulmerich, partners doing business as Schulmerich Bros., against Marcus Peterson for the sum of \$427 with interest thereon from the 17th day of February, 1907, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, for want of sufficient personal property I have levied upon and will on Monday, the 2nd day of April, 1908, at the South door of the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the following described real property belonging to the defendant, and particularly described as the Southwest quarter of the Northeast quarter; the Northwest quarter of the Southeast quarter; the Southeast quarter of the Northwest quarter; and the North East quarter of the South West quarter of section 11, T. 1 N., R. 5 W. of the Willamette Meridian, Washington County, Oregon, containing 100 acres, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums and the costs and expenses of sale.

Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon. Witness my hand on this 25th day of February, 1908.

JOHN W. CONNELLY, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. Geo. R. Bagley, Atty. for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

William H. Lang, Plaintiff, vs. Winnie Lang, Defendant

To Winnie Lang, the above named defendant, the above named defendant, do hereby require you to appear and answer the complaint filed herein within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in his complaint, to wit: For a decree dissolving the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may appear equitable.

The date of the first publication of this summons is March 1st, 1908, and the order authorizing the service of this summons by publication requires you to appear and answer on or before the expiration of six weeks from said date.

This summons is served upon you by publication by order of the Honorable L. A. Hood, Judge of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, by an order made and dated at Chambers at Hillsboro, Oregon, the 25th day of February, 1908.

JOHN M. WALL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE Massachusetts MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Co.

Incorporated 1851

Dividends Paid Annually

Insurance in the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company gives Unrivaled Advantages.

1st. Because of the Famous Non-forfeiture Insurance Laws

2d. Because of Superior Economy

3d. Annual Dividends

4th. Everything Participates

5th. Its past record is clean

6th. Its contracts are the best

Before you insure see us

H. G. COLTON, Manager, Chamber of Commerce

JAMES SHITT, District Agent, Portland, Ore.

THE LIGHTNING SEED SOWER

Manufactured to sow 50 acres per day (either broadcast or in rows) of Clover, Timothy, Millet, Flax, etc. Will be sent to any Post Office on receipt of \$1.25

If not satisfactory, money refunded. Clovers free. Agents wanted. W. J. BERRY, St. Louis, Mo.

Anyone wanting seeders can get them from E. S. Shattuck or at Bx 39, Hillsboro, R. F. D. No. 4.

COLONIST RATES

Commencing February 15th and continuing daily to and including April 7th, 1908, and from September 15th until October 31st, 1908, colonist tickets will be sold from the east to points on Oregon Lines via Portland.

From Chicago, Ill. \$83 00

Bloomington, Ill. 31 80

Peoria, Ill. 31 00

St Louis, Mo. 30 00

Memphis, Tenn. 37 50

Omaha, Neb. 25 00

Kansas City, Mo. 25 00

St Joseph, Mo. 25 00

Sioux City, Ia. 25 00

St Paul except via lower Missouri river gateway. 25 00

Denver, Colo. 25 00

Corresponding rates will be made from other points, and will apply to all points of Oregon Lines.

A. L. Craig, General Passenger Agent.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Stockholders' Meeting of the Hillsboro Co-operative Company will be held in Grand Hall, Hillsboro, Ore., on March 27, 1908, at 1:30 P. M. This meeting is called for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

Attention, Farmers!

I have at my place, at Glencoe, a fine Jack, having a fine record for good colts. Terms to insure, \$10. Those desiring to raise mules should see this animal. Mares from a

LAND PLASTER

Our shipment of Land Plaster is now on the way. Book your orders with us early. Buy land plaster and you will

Raise Bigger Crops

We are buying in big quantities and can meet all competition. Leave orders either at mill or at Second Street Store.

Climax Milling Company

Pacific States Phone Hillsboro, Oregon

WEINHARD'S (On draught)

The best of all Beers. Bottled for Medicinal Use At W. V. WILEY'S

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

Am prepared to give you figures on any kind of a building in Washington county. Eighteen years' practical experience. Address, Hillsboro, Oregon, R. F. D. No. 1. Pacific States Phone No. 284.

T. P. GOODIN

General Merchandise

I carry a complete line of General Merchandise, Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware and Building Material. I can get you anything you want, on order, at Portland prices.

I make a specialty of cedar fence posts and cedar shingles. My line of Groceries can't be beaten. Give me a call. I buy farm produce, cash or trade. Give me a call.

O. S. Reynolds, Mountaineer, Or.

HOUSLEY & GORWIN

Dealers in All kinds of Fresh Meats. Prices Reasonable. Will meet all competitors. Chickens and Poultry always on hand upon order. Free delivery to all parts of the town. We buy fat stock.

Both Phones Second Street, Hillsboro, Or.

Central Meat Market.

EMMOTT BROS., Props., Successors to G. T. HARRY

Keep constantly on hand a fine supply of fresh meats of all kinds.

A New Era in Prices We are going to sell meats at prices lower than those which have prevailed in the past. Call in and see us. We mean business. Phone and Free Delivery

Main Street, opposite Tuslatin Hotel, Hillsboro, Oregon.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, duly appointed administrator of the estate of M. D. Cady, deceased, and has duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of his duties as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them to the undersigned, at the law office of Geo. R. Bagley, in Hillsboro, Oregon, together with proper vouchers, within six (6) months of the date hereof.

M. P. CADY, Administrator of the estate of M. D. Cady, deceased.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

W. D. VanBlaroom, Jr., Plaintiff, vs. Emily M. VanBlaroom, Defendant

To Emily M. VanBlaroom, Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified that the plaintiff herein has filed a complaint against you in the above entitled court and cause and you are hereby required to appear and answer the said complaint on or before the last day of the time prescribed by the order of publication, hereto, to-wit: On or before the 6th day of April, 1908, and that if you fail so to answer the complaint or file some appearance herein, the plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, viz: For a decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant and such other relief as the court may deem equitable and meet. The date of the first publication of this summons is Thursday, the 27th day of February, 1908, and the last publication thereof is Thursday, the 6th day of April, 1908, and this summons is to be published on Thursday of each week for a period of six weeks between said dates.

This summons is published by order of Hon. Thomas A. McBride, Judge of said court, made in Chambers in said cause on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1908.

CHAS. S. BISHA BEL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Attention, Farmers!

I have at my place, at Glencoe, a fine Jack, having a fine record for good colts. Terms to insure, \$10. Those desiring to raise mules should see this animal. Mares from a

LAND PLASTER

Our shipment of Land Plaster is now on the way. Book your orders with us early. Buy land plaster and you will

Raise Bigger Crops

We are buying in big quantities and can meet all competition. Leave orders either at mill or at Second Street Store.

Climax Milling Company

Pacific States Phone Hillsboro, Oregon

WEINHARD'S (On draught)

The best of all Beers. Bottled for Medicinal Use At W. V. WILEY'S

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

Am prepared to give you figures on any kind of a building in Washington county. Eighteen years' practical experience. Address, Hillsboro, Oregon, R. F. D. No. 1. Pacific States Phone No. 284.