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Three Baggage Checks

By Donald Allen. Copyright, 1906, by M. M. Cunningham

Whatever caused Harry Lee, bachelor, club man and a good deal of a cynic, to saunter into the Central depot that afternoon he never has been able to explain except by laying it to fate.

Roosevelt was not sustained in Oregon in June, but the state still keeps on giving a big hop crop; a fine apple yield; bumper wheat yields, and even the pumpkins are larger and richer in color than for some time.

The Northern press is again agog with denunciation of the South, because a few negroes have assaulted white women and paid the penalty that the South always gives.

It was Miss Remington, whom he had known fairly well for a year past and who had sometimes struck him as being rather good looking and of engaging manners.

"I came to say farewell," replied Lee, with ready wit.

"How nice of you! My trunk was sent on half an hour ago ahead of me and must be in the baggage room."



"YES, I KNOW," SMILED THE BAGGAGE MASTER.

While the Hughes forces in New York are pretending great purity of purpose, and making a terrific fight to beat Hearst on the grounds that Hughes is a corporation "buster," it is noticeable that the coal and ice trusts, and all other trusts, are after Mr. Hearst's scalp.

THE MARKETS.

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

Valley Wheat, new, 67c. Barley—feed, \$20.50 per ton; brewing, \$21.50; rolled, \$23. Oats, White, \$23.50@24. Oats, gray, \$22@22.50 per ton.

Reduced Rates to East

The Southern Pacific Company will place on sale on September 5 and 10, round trip tickets to Eastern points, at greatly reduced rates.

COTSWOLD BUCKS FOR SALE

I have for sale several fine, large, full-blood Cotswold bucks. Address or call on Joe. Cavre, five miles northwest of Hillsboro, or Cornelius, Ore., R. F. D. 1.

For sale: 40 acres of brush land, easily cleared, near Kalama, Wash. Running water on place. Three miles from county seat. Goes at \$10 per acre.—A. Pautmeier, Hillsboro, Ore., R. F. D. 2.

English Ladies and Floral Fascination

English ladies partake the character and the aspect of flowers. I do not mean merely that their viasges shine with the pure freshness of matutinal flowers even when within they are contrastively affected, nor am I thinking solely of their aure eyes, limpid as lilies, or of their blond heads of hair golden as ears of wheat, or of their transparent skin of roses hue.

"Did you hand the three checks to three different women?" "Of course I did." "Are you sure you kept them separate?" "Of course—that is—that is, you know."

"Fretty"

By Nancy Hazlett. Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Caldwell

Alfaretta ran about the garden singing shrilly:

"Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be?—Johnny so long at the fair?"

"Fretty, I really wouldn't call him out of his name—you know it isn't Johnny," Cousin Langley said provokingly from the leafy depths of the grape arbor.

"Besides, your hair isn't brown, not in the least. Instead, it's pure carrot color, also mighty pretty. If I were a painter person I might call it something else, but being what I am, a stickler for truth—"

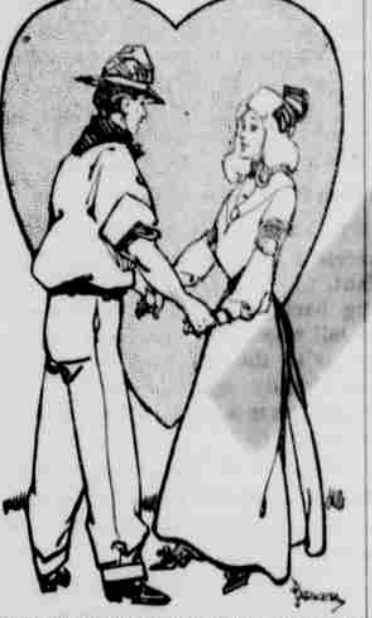
"Would you know the truth if you met it in the road?" Alfaretta flung at him. "I don't believe so," she went on disdainfully, shaking her glowing waves at him.

She was bareheaded, and the sun struck out high lights from the Titan man above her white forehead, then fell down to awaken green gleams in her long lashed eyes. Slim as became seventeen, tallish, light on little arched feet, with a long neck upbearing her face, she was distractingly pretty, especially to eyes jaded with artifice and sick of fashion—more specifically, Langley Madden's eyes.

Langley was only a third cousin, but assumed that the tie of blood entitled him to take an attitude so critical it was more than brotherly in its candor.

He had come to Alderbrook farm for six blessed, idle weeks after the stress of a long fight and the triumph of a big league victory. He had not been there in years, although the place belonged to him. Its present occupants, the Lanes, had lived in it to oblige him. Therefore he had had but a faint memory of Alfaretta as a solemn young person who had disdained to be friends with him, choosing rather to make companions of the dogs, the kittens and her pony, Snap.

He recalled that she had barely tolerated Susette Barlow, who, in spite of being bigger, came sometimes to play with her. Susette had been a famous



"I REGADED IT AS MY DUTY TO MARRY YOU."

comrade. He had kissed her often, called her his little sweetheart and actually gone the length of sending down to her from the city after he was back there a birthday ring. Notwithstanding, he had found her married and happy, with a baby as round, rosy and dimpled as he remembered her. Ten years, he had reflected, made big changes every way. Still he was not quite prepared for the change they had wrought in Fretty.

The name was of his own coinage; in all other months the girl was Alf. He had been quite taken aback to find that she did not resent his version of the baptismal nomenclature. Indeed, she had said, with a little hovering smile, "The one comfort about my name is, no matter what people call me, they can't possibly make it worse than it is."

The saying had in a way startled him; he had not thought to find philosophy at seventeen in the rural regions. But as time went on he discovered that the philosophy was the least of Fretty's surprises. Young as she was, unformed and inexperienced, she had a way with her, also a poise quite wonderful to see. He did not wonder that she had taken captive his artist friend Vernon; it was Vernon's habit to fall fitfully in love with every girl who was in the least out of the common. Fretty had not a single usual fiber in her. In proof, take the fact that Vernon's adoration had not in the slightest degree turned her head.

"What have we to say to the painter person, Fretty?" Cousin Langley asked, coming out and laying hold of her hands. "Are we going to tell him to go about his business or are we going to say, 'Yes, and thanky, sir,' when he asks?"

"He won't ask," Fretty said, not trying to take away her hands. "You see, I told him at the very first I regarded it as my duty to marry you. Otherwise you would waste all your money—besides, it was the only way to keep Alderbrook in the family. He agreed with me, although I think he was sorry; it must have seemed a shame to him to miss such an opportunity. He admitted that flirting was a necessity to him. That is why, I think, he is away just now."

"Indeed?" Langley said, his tone an interrogation.

Fretty nodded, echoing: "Indeed! Yes; Mrs. Wortham—your divinity—has opened Gramere—came herself the day before yesterday. So Mr. Vernon couldn't stay away longer."

"Who says she is my divinity? And how do you like it, seeing you have appropriated me?" Langley asked, coloring in spite of himself. He fell all at once young and raw and ridiculous and was in a temper over it. He went

ed to shake Fretty—shake her hard, she was jesting, of course, but how beautifully she had turned the tables on him. Quite unaccountably he found himself trembling, his hands moist, his face, he knew, high colored, and all without any reason.

It could not be that the bare suggestion of Fretty—the child, the plaything, the creature he loved to tease—as his wife, the mistress of his home and heart, had thus overcome him. For five years at least he had thought of Georgia Wortham in that position. She fitted it so beautifully and was quite evidently ready to accept it.

"I always answer mother's letters for her. Remember you wrote her about Georgia two years back 'at least.'"

Fretty said, smiling sweetly, with the faintest touch of malice. "As to my liking her, what does that matter? I have nothing to do with her, only with you."

"You are quite resolved to take me, I mean?" Langley asked, his eyes downcast.

Fretty looked pensive. "It seems— one must do one's duty, however disagreeable," she said, with a little sigh.

Langley erected himself. "In that case, suppose you kiss your crown of martyrdom," he said, putting his face close to her lips.

Fretty sprang back as far as their clasped hands permitted and said, with clasped eyes: "Next year will be quite time enough for that. You see, I am going away in the fall to be finished at the Winslow school. Mother insists upon it, and I myself think it best. I shall come back a fine lady—fine enough, I hope, to do the family credit. May I trust you not to marry Georgia in all that time?"

"Certainly not," Langley said promptly. "You will have to take me now or risk losing me altogether. And I hate finishing schools and all their works. If you go through the mill I won't have you—that's flat."

Fretty snatched away her hands, laughing heartily. "What an actor was lost in you, Cousin Langley!" she said. "I wish such a ring in your voice! I wish Tanny Hartwell had been with me in hearing."

"So! You want the heathen to rage, you mix!" Langley said, again raising his hands, then the ring coming back to his voice stronger than ever. "Fretty, I know you were in earnest, but please, dear, let's make it earnest. I want you—nobody else. I have been wanting you ever since I came, without having sense enough to know it."

"How about Georgia?" Fretty murmured, turning away her head so Langley might not see the mounting color in her cheeks.

Langley laughed triumphantly. "May I be vain enough to speak the frozen truth?" he asked, his lips very close to Fretty's ear. She turned a little more away from him, saying very low:

"No! I can't guess it. Georgia won't have you; therefore you want me to save your broken heart."

"Of course," said Fretty, but how did you guess it? Langley asked, his heart thumping at thought of her care to save anything from shirring. He had meant to tell her what he knew for truth—

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Bids For School House

The Board of School Directors for District No. 35, Washington County, Oregon, will receive sealed bids for the construction of a school house, bidder to furnish all material, to be closed by October 19, 1906.

Farm for Sale. I wish to sell my farm containing 152 acres, 110 acres under cultivation; good house and barn; good orchard. Three and one-half miles south of Hillsboro and one mile west of Farmington.

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Then buy the M. J. B. brand in cans, for 35 cents and \$1.00. Try Our Tree Tea. Splendid bouquet; uncolored Japan; 25 and 50 cent packages. R. C. Vaught Grocery Company

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The Knight Packing Company's Cider Plant, at Cornelius, is now in the market for Cider Apples. Pay cash or press on shares.

Hotel New Belmont. Mrs. L. Zinsley, Prop. 191 1-2 First St., Corner Taylor, Portland. Phone Pacific 1332. Washington County Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

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Shifting the Responsibility.

Sir John Macdonald, when premier of Canada, one evening was present at a public dinner at which he was expected to deliver a rather important speech. In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when at a late hour he rose his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing that it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him that he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with "That is not what I said." There was a pause, and Sir John continued, "Let me repeat my remarks." He then walked up and down the room and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips. Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave when he was recalled to receive this admonition: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice—never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk."

What Teacher Said.

Last Sunday Benny made his debut as a Sunday school scholar. When he came home his relatives and friends were anxious to hear a report of his experiences. "Well, Benny," said his mother, "did you say the text?" "Yes, ma'am." "And did you remember the story of the lesson?" "Yes, ma'am. I said it all off by heart."

"And did you put your penny in the basket?" "Yes, ma'am." Benny's mother grabbed him up and hugged him ecstatically. "Oh, you little precious!" she said. "Your teacher must have been proud of you. I know she just loved you. She said something to you, didn't she?" "Yes, ma'am." "I knew it," said the fond parent. "Come, Benny, darling, tell mother what the teacher said to mother's little man?" "She said," was the startling reply, "for me to bring 2 cents next Sunday." -New York Post.

Argue and Journal, \$1.75.

Advertisements on the right side of the page, including 'Do You Want a Perfect Coffee?', 'Apples Wanted', 'Hotel New Belmont', 'An Eye-Opener', 'Vegetable and Fish MARKET', 'CORRIERI BROTHERS', 'HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH', 'J. J. SMITH', 'Central Meat Market', 'THE Massachusetts MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Co.', 'H. G. COLTON, Manager', 'JOHN WUNDERLICH & CO.', and 'Bids For School House'.