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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

Subscription: One Dollar per Annum.

Issued Every Thursday

LONG & McKINNEY

It is all very well to criticize officials who fail to prosecute persons for crime, but as a rule when the district attorney fails to act it is because he knows he has not sufficient to get his case to a jury.

Hearst leads and the others follow. The Oregonian is now to come out with a magazine section and a comic supplement, and the great daily is to be printed in color so far as its Sunday issues are concerned.

Hughes and his friends are calling on Roosevelt to help them defeat Hearst. It appears that the president has very much disliked to interfere, but the pressure has been very strenuous.

Heny is after the San Francisco grafters and he is getting things his way, every day. Ruf, the Republican political boss, has been thrown out of the district attorney's office, which he attempted to usurp, and Langdon and Heny, with the aid of Burns, will now get to the bootleggers.

Jacob Schneider, who has been on the Milne place at Leisyville, for some years, is now on his own place, and he has rented the Louis Powers farm, and also the farm rented until recently to Mr. Rasmussen.

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.

The public school enrollment is now the greatest in the history of the institution—there being something like 360.

Low Rates From East

During Summer season of 1907 reduced round trip excursion rates will be in effect from the East to Pacific Coast, Montana, British Columbia and Arizona points.

Rates from Chicago via direct lines to North Pacific Coast points will be \$75.00 and from Missouri River Common points (Council Bluffs to Kansas City inclusive), also St. Paul and Minneapolis, rates will be \$80.00, St. Louis \$85.00 and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo \$90.00. Rates to Spokane and points effected will be \$5.00 less than to the Coast. Rates one way via California will be \$15.00 higher than those above mentioned. Tickets will be on sale daily, June 1st to Sept. 15th, 1907 with final return limit of October 31st, 1907.

Account of Twenty-third International Christian Redemptor Convention, Seattle, Wash., July 10th to 15th, 1907; Convention of Baptist Young People's Union, Spokane, Wash., July 14th to 21st, 1907; Grand Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars, Seattle, Wash., July 16 to 22nd, 1907, rate of one lowest normal first class limited fare for round trip for direct routing with \$12.50 additional one way through California has been named to North Pacific Coast points and Spokane from Chicago, St. Louis, Missouri River and Colorado points. Sale dates east of Colorado points, June 20th to July 12, 1907, west, June 21st to July 13th, 1907.

Account Mystic Shrine Convention, Los Angeles May 5th to 11th, 1907, and Conference of German Baptist Brethren, Los Angeles or Long Beach, Calif., May 16th to 23rd, 1907, and National Eclectic Medical Association, Long Beach, Calif., June 13th to 21st, 1907, one lowest first class fare for the round trip has been authorized to Los Angeles and San Francisco with \$12.50 additional for tickets routed one way via Portland. Sale dates Mystic Shrine and German Baptists April 23th to May 19th, 1907, final return limit, July 31st, 1907, and for M. R. Ass'n. sale dates, June 8th to 15th, with final return limit August 31st, 1907.

Transcontinental Passenger Association circulars giving full information regarding state trips, stopover privileges and other details connected with these reduced rates will be sent to you from time to time as they are issued.

The above rates are issued by the O. R. & N. and the Southern Pacific. Wm. McMurray, Gen. Pass. Agent, Portland, Ore.

A Bright Short Play.

"What I want is a bright short play," said Toole to the amateur who had brought him a six act drama. "How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?" "Oh, yes," said Toole. "Here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination. It is in one act. When the curtain goes up, two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the case if he were not a commercial traveler.

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ELEANOR AND THE GRAFTER

By Harriet Batchelor Bradner

The day Eleanor Beverly had been in her position as Corwell's secretary six months something happened. The political boss of his precinct, McWilliams, having made an engagement over the telephone, paid the young lawyer a visit at lunch hour, when the place was practically deserted.

Having carefully closed the door behind him, he settled his huge bulk in a chair and came at once to business. "Mr. Corwell, we need your support in the coming election," he began impressively. "If a man of your sterling worth comes out for our candidate it will settle the vote of the majority."

"Impossible," returned Corwell decidedly. "As I have repeatedly told your agents, I do not approve of your selection and cannot conscientiously vote for him. As to the influence of my decision, you greatly overestimate it."

"See here, Corwell, we've got to have you with us. Lipper is all right. Man, you're prejudiced—unjustly prejudiced. Why, he's the most inoffensive fellow—harmless as a kitten."

"That's my opinion of Mr. Lipper exactly," observed Corwell, smiling grimly—"inoffensive, harmless, unable to say 'no,' a weak fool in the hands of unscrupulous politicians."

"Hey? What's that about unscrupulous politicians?" McWilliams' bulging eyes glared savagely. "This ain't no subject to be treated without gloves."

The two men looked into each other's eyes for the space of a second, the one calm and uncomfutable, the other angry and indignant. Then McWilliams leaned forward and began in a confidential undertone.

"Look here, Corwell, I don't mind confessing to you that we're up a stump. Lipper is a regular frost, but if we fail to elect him there'll be no end of money lost."

"Which a good natured old man, once elected, will see to returning, of course," interrupted the lawyer dryly. "I'm glad you catch the drift of my remarks so quickly." McWilliams' smile was comprehensive and bland.

"Yes, I follow you perfectly, but you haven't my sympathy," Corwell looked at him straight in the eye. "Mr. McWilliams, you know before you came here that I wasn't open to bribery?"

And he settled back in his chair. "The boss of the precinct emitted an ugly smile. Fumbling in an inner coat pocket, he drew out an envelope and extracted from it a canceled check.

"I tried to persuade you gentle," he said. "Now we'll see what pressure can do." And, still holding the smile, he handed Corwell the check.

"Well, what of it?" he asked after a brief examination. "What of it?" exclaimed McWilliams in exasperation. "What of a check for \$5,000 to you from Hendricks-Hendricks, the grafter?"

"The young man flushed angrily. "And so you purpose to show this as proof that Hendricks bought me in some deal for \$5,000?" he said, the color creeping away from his lips as he recognized the false position into which the presence of the check forced him.

"Mr. McWilliams, you know better than that!" Even the well seasoned boss shrank a little from his anger. "Some time ago Mr. Hendricks hurriedly entered my office and begged me to lend him \$5,000 in cash to close out a real estate deal, as he said. He explained that the owner was leaving immediately for the west and, as it was after banking hours, refused to receive a check. As you know, we handle a great deal of ready money here, so I gave him the amount he wanted and took his check for \$5,000. Had the light subsequently thrown on his character illuminated Mr. Hendricks at the time I would unhesitatingly have refused his request. This, Mr. McWilliams, is the explanation of that check—facts with which you are doubtless already acquainted."

"Indeed! Let me advise you, my friend, to remember your vote while it is possible." The politician's tone was insultingly familiar. "This little fairy tale would sound rather flimsy before a jury, I fancy," he crossed his feet leisurely and brushed an imaginary speck from his broad knee.

Corwell rose stiffly to his feet. His eyes were dark with anger, and his muscular hands clasped and unclasped in an effort of self control. "So your plan is to frighten me into submission, eh?" he said, his voice ringing with contempt. "Well, it won't work. I don't scare with a—, even at a charge of bribery?" and his fine lips curled.

McWilliams leaned back in his chair, his pudgy thumbs hooked in the armholes of his waistcoat. "Who'll prove your story to a jury?" he asked insolently. His eyes narrowed to furtive slits. "Who'll prove it, I say?"

"I will," answered the ringing voice of a girl—"I will!"

With a violent exclamation of irritation, the grafter sprang to his feet, and Corwell, wheeling, looked straight into the shining eyes of Eleanor Beverly, who stood just within the door.

"I knocked, but, hearing no sound, supposed no one was here," she said to him breathlessly. Then her eyes traveled to the other man, and she spoke: "You are the grafter McWilliams. I have been waiting for you to come."

"You surprise me," "I expect to surprise you still further," Miss Beverly replied easily. "Mr. Corwell," she continued quickly, "two months ago I sat behind this man and a friend of his on a trolley."

McWilliams lunged forward, his eyes predatory and threatening. "They both had been drinking and were talking rather loudly. I heard them speaking your name and laughing over a trick the other man had played on you—a trick that put your honor in their hands. They spoke of the check—Corwell set his teeth, and his eyes blazed—and told how they expected to use it as a weapon over your head in the election. I listened—because I knew I could help you."

"Why didn't you tell me of this before?" Corwell asked eagerly. "Why did you keep it to yourself?" "I—you," the girl hesitated, her lips trembling in embarrassment, "you had so much to worry you at the time that I—I thought I could watch alone," she finished hurriedly. "Nothing could be done till he—pointing—made the first move." Looking at the man she had protected for a sign of approval, she saw in his eyes a look that sent a quiver of joy into the secret places of her heart, making the warm blood surge into her cheeks.

McWilliams looked fixedly into her radiant eyes, and his own face slowly flushed. "There was a time once when if the girl had loved me—or, well, and he shook his huge shoulders helplessly. "Corwell, it was a dirty trick. If the apology of a man like me amounts to anything, I do so humbly. It was this young girl who saved you a very bad season—one that reminds me of the other one—and I see that you've got sense enough to appreciate it. I wish it was you that was on the ticket. Well, I won't keep you from telling her any longer," and he went out and closed the door behind him.

Butler and the students. During one of his warmest political campaigns Benjamin F. Butler was advertised to make a speech in a town hall situated near one of the smaller New England colleges. Some of the students of the college who did not sympathize with Butler in his political aspirations agreed to have a little fun at his expense. As a preliminary move they decided to wait until after the time for beginning the meeting and then go in a body to the hall, march in together, making as much noise as possible in securing seats and thus compel the speaker to pause in his remarks. Then a series of various interruptions was arranged, to be started at different times upon the signal of a chosen leader. General Butler had been speaking for ten minutes when the hall door opened and about forty students entered and marched down toward the platform. They kept perfect step, and the steady tramp tramp made it impossible for the speaker to go on. Quietly waiting until they had all taken their seats, Butler said, with a smile, "It is perfectly evident which end of themselves these young men can use best." There were yells of laughter and hearty applause from the audience, and no further attempts to interrupt the speaker were made by the students.

He had gone perhaps five miles when, with a tremendous tooting, Thornton in the green car dashed past him. "I'll tell them you're coming," he shouted over his shoulder as he passed. Howard winced. It was hard to have victory rubbed in like that. The fact that Kittle was sitting in the tonneau and not in front was some satisfaction, but it was with white lips that he threw on a higher speed and started forward.

Half a mile beyond the road turned sharply, and as he slowed down for the curve his heart gave a leap as he saw ahead of him the big green car on one side of the road partly overturned. Kittle, looking very white, sat beside the fence, while Thornton busied himself about the machine.

"I can't understand this!" he shouted as Davenport drew up. "I never have seen anything like this happen before." He pointed to one of the rear wheels. The tire had been completely opened as with a knife.

"You must have picked up a barrel hoop," suggested Davenport. "It might have stuck to the mud guard."

"That's so," admitted Thornton. "I thought it might have been cut on purpose, only the cut is too new. We never could have come five miles with that out. I wish you'd give me some one sent out with a new tire. My chauffeur can come out in the old machine."

"I'll be glad to," was the willing response. "Anything else?"

Against the Rules. Facetious French Railway Guard (to lady throwing kisses from carriage window to her fiancé—Pardon, madam, sell, but it is forbidden to throw any thing from the carriage windows.

"I'll be glad to," was the willing response. "Anything else?"

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HIS AUTO ROMANCE

By FABIAN CARLETON

Davenport left his machine chugging at the curb and sprang up the steps. Two or three of the rocking chair contingent smiled as they saw him coming, but Mrs. Neville sat quietly in the shady corner where she had established herself.

"Kittle went over to the lake with Mr. Thornton," she said as Davenport approached. "I don't think she understood that she had an engagement with you."

"She didn't," he admitted ruefully. "I thought I should have run up to town today and said I wouldn't be over. How long since they started?" "It was only ten minutes ago. You must have passed them if you have come from the avenue."

"I can catch up with them," was the comfortable assurance. "I can beat that old machine of Thornton's."

"This is a new one," smiled Mrs. Neville. "I think he said it was a forty-horsepower machine."

"I'll run over anyway," said Davenport, gritting his teeth. If Thornton



"I'll tell them you're coming," he showed that he meant business. Kittle Neville was passionately fond of automobiles. Howard Davenport's had been the fastest machine on the beach. It was the auto that first attracted Kittle's attention. Afterward Howard liked to think that he had gained her favor, but Kittle did not wear her heart upon her sleeve to be lightly won, and he was as uncertain as on the first day that he realized that he loved her.

Now Thornton, with his more powerful machine, might have an opportunity to make all of the running. He disliked Thornton anyway. He was a braggart and a boor, but he was rich, and he could have a dozen big machines if he wanted them.

It was with a sore heart that Howard headed for the lake, the usual objective point for pleasure seekers. It was fifteen miles inland, and those who did not possess autos took the trolley ride that was one of the features of the seaside resort.

Howard jumped by the trolley to the accustomed place. Davenport followed her and started slowly forward. "We'll tell them you're coming," shouted Kittle back over her shoulder, quoting the words he had used a few minutes before to Davenport.

"I suppose it's mean to rub it in," she said as the machine began to move faster and she settled herself more comfortably. "But he gloated over you when he left you behind."

"I can't understand how his accident happened," said Howard in puzzled tones. "It was such a clean cut, if he had picked up a piece of glass it would have made a puncture. This sliced the tire right around."

"If you'll promise not to tell I'll tell you something," offered Kittle. "I had a knife that I bought for Billy in my pocket, and I had it out looking at it. My arm was resting over the side of the car, and I am afraid that it accidentally struck the tire."

"You had a time reaching around the mud guard, didn't you?" laughed Howard, with a happy ring in his voice. "I didn't do it on purpose," she declared stoutly. "It was an accident. Why should I want a breakdown?"

"I was hoping that perhaps it was because you wanted to go back to the hotel with me," he said.

"Hub!" said Kittle indignantly. "I'm sorry I told you if you are going to put on airs like that."

"For a few minutes she sat silent, then almost unconsciously, as if thinking aloud, she murmured, "I thought it would just make a puncture."

Millinery Sale

I put my goods on sale for the first time this season. Now is the time to buy. I will have out a lot of

New and Fashionable Hats

at sale prices. This offer holds good until the 10th of November.

GERTRUDE KIRKWOOD

Above L. M. Hoyt's Store

Apples Wanted

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

The Kitchen's Queen

knows that fine old whisky is indispensable as a culinary help. CYRUS NOBLE BOURBON AND RYE are favorites with the cooks of the United States.

Want

A first-class workman to do your Painting

Give me a call, or drop me a letter. I am the pioneer in painting

And Decorating

My prices are reasonable and my work recommends itself.

W. J. MULLER (Centerville) Cornelius, Or., R. F. D. 1

THE MARKETS, This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are: Valley Wheat, new, 66c. Barley—feed, \$21.50 per ton; brewing, \$22; rolled, \$23. Oats, white, \$24.50@25.50. Oats, gray, \$23.50@24.50. Bran, city, \$14.50 per ton; country, \$5.50. Hay, Valley timothy, \$10.00 and \$11.00; grain, \$7. Hay, Clover, \$6.50 and \$7. Potatoes, buying prices: Oregon Burbanks, fancy, 90 cents; common, 65@90. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 32@35. Butter, Extra Creamery, 30. Hops, 1906 contracts, 15@17c. Puritan oil heaters—Chas. A. Lankin Co.