

TOO MUCH GOOD LUCK

By FLORA MILLIGAN.
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"I maintain," said Brown, "that life is a game of cards. It consists of two parts—skill and luck."

"How about the condition of life into which one is born?" said Jones.

"That's a part of the luck. A man is born into certain circumstances in lieu of cards and certain ability in lieu of skill."

"And is opportunity a part of the cards?"

"Yes; that is to be counted with luck."

"Suppose one has plenty of skill, but no opportunity?"

"He is in the same fix as a skillful player whose cards are bad."

"Gentlemen," said a seedy individual at a neighboring table—they were in a cafe—"pardon the interruption, but I couldn't help hearing your conversation, and I am interested in its purport. Permit me to add one statement to those you have made. It is this—a man's game may be spoiled by too much luck."

"That is his own fault," said Brown.

"He shouldn't lose his head."

"One may be ruined by good luck and not be at the slightest fault."

"That statement on its face is incorrect, a contradiction," replied Brown.

"I can give you a case."

"Do so," said Jones. "If you satisfy us in the matter you may order the best dinner the house affords and I will pay for it."

"With a bottle of champagne as my contribution," supplemented Brown.

"Done," said the stranger. "Had it not been for too much good luck I should now be dining and whining others instead of accepting your bounty, giving you nothing but an illustration in return. When I was a young man my father, dying, told me that his brother, my uncle, who was a millionaire bachelor, intended to make me his heir and I must be very circumspect in my treatment of him. I had sense enough to see the situation and—"

"Overdid it," Brown put in. "You disgusted him, and your?"

"Not at all," the stranger went on. "I grew very fond of him and did not need to pretend to be interested in him. He was smart enough to perceive this, and we grew near together every day. The old gentleman was very fond of playing poker hands for a small stake. Every night before he went to bed he insisted on my sitting down with him for an hour at this diversion."

"I see," said Brown. "You were silly enough to let him win, and it angered him."

"Or to win his money," added Jones.

"I must do either one or the other, gentlemen, and so I did in the end, but I shall come to that in a moment. For a time the game wavered between us. Sometimes my uncle and sometimes I would be ahead. But one night, the fatal night, the stranger moaned, 'I held a full hand of aces against my uncle's full hand of kings. Naturally we both bet high—that is, for a game intended only to help pass an hour before going to bed—and of course I won."

"The next deal fell to my uncle, and neither of us got more than a single pair. I then dealt and gave my uncle four tens and myself a royal flush. I did not bet high, but when I showed down my uncle looked surprised. His next deal was unimportant, but at my next I gave him three aces and myself four queens."

"Oh, well," protested Brown, "if a man has a mind to do that sort of thing he can't blame his luck."

"I was neither. I knew nothing about putting cards where I wanted them. Had I known I should have given the winners to my uncle. I had simply struck a remarkable run of luck. I was horrified at it and would have been delighted to change it, for I saw that my uncle was beginning to think that I was cheating him. I took advantage of one low hand he dealt me to bet high, but only made matters worse, for he held lower cards than I."

"And so it went on. Every time I dealt I saw my uncle watching my fingers with a terrible suspicion on his face."

"Why," interrupted Brown, "didn't you bet low?"

"So I did on one occasion. I held three tens and bet a mere trifle. My uncle held four nines, and when he saw that I had stayed out, he holding his only big hand, he assumed that I did so with a knowledge of where the cards lay."

"And so the game went on, I always topping him, seeing a fortune pass away from me and having no power to stop the luck that was ruining me. How I wished that I had learned dealing cards professionally so that I could have given my uncle better cards than mine! At last he rose from the table and, pointing to the door, said: 'Go, and never let me see your face again!'"

"The next day he changed his will, and a week later he was dead."

The stranger ceased to speak. Brown looked at Jones, and Jones looked at Brown. Then they called the proprietor and paid the bet. But they did not remain to see the stranger eat. As they passed out he followed them with a corner of his left eye, but said nothing.

"What lesson," said Jones, "do you draw from this episode?"

"That it is singular how some men who have been given high cards in the game of life will play them for such small stakes."

"Just so," replied Jones.

Your Gait.

Don't go such a fearful rate. Take a slow an' stiddy gait. Don't you think you'd better heed Common sense an' check your speed? Rome warn't fashioned in a day. Hurry jobs don't never stay. Take a gait that's safe an' sane. Then keep pushin' on the rein.

Better make it slow an' sure Ef you want it to endure. Lots o' things kin hap, indeed. When you try to overstep. You might sit there quicker, an' Then ag'in you mightn't land. There's a gait that's safe an' sane. Take it, then, push on the rein.

—Joe Cone in Boston Herald.

TALES BY A TRAMP.

The Dilapidated Gentleman and His Many Experiences.

HISTORY REPEATED ITSELF.

How a Justice of the Peace Got What Was Coming to Him For Making a False Arrest—A Michigan Murder Mystery.

By M. QUAD.
[Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.]

THE dilapidated gentleman was sitting on a park bench in the sunshine and enjoying his pipe with great gusto, and as the interviewer approached he was greeted with:

"I'm not much on old sayings, but I wish to remark that history repeats itself."

"Just how in this case?"

"Seven or eight years ago, as I was taking a saunter over the great state of Ohio and was approaching Youngstown, I was nabbed by a constable, rushed before a J. P. and sent to jail for three months as a vag. I had \$25 in my pocket, had been at work for a farmer for weeks and was a vag in no sense of the term. I asked for

a lawyer to defend me, but was refused. While I dug my way out of the old jail within a week, I've always wanted to get even with that J. P. After getting out I wrote him a letter that I would get even."

"Well?"

"Well, I've got even at last. Half an hour ago the worst looking old bum I've seen in three years came along here and struck me for a nick. We fell to talking, and hang me if he didn't turn out to be that same old J. P. Lost his wife, lost his home and all else and has come down to tramping. Say, I got up, turned him around and gave him the boot six times, and now I feel that the matter is off my mind. Dr. Parkhurst would say that I ought to have taken him to my bosom and forgiven and sent him back to Ohio with a necktie of pearls, but I'm not doing business on that corner."

"I was telling you one time," continued the dilapidated, "about the absorbing interest farmers take in murders and robberies. It is because they seldom meet up with anything of the kind personally. I have stayed at farmhouses where such a thing as a robbery had not been known in fifty years. I told you at the same time that the general idea of a tramp is that he must have been a pretty wicked fellow at some time in his life. If he don't own up that he was and state that he has reformed he's considered as only half a tramp."

"Five years ago this summer I was touring Michigan. There's a town up in the northern part of the state named Bad Ax. Perhaps there's a Good Ax around there somewhere to match it, but I can't say. Five miles from the town I struck a farmer who offered me a certain sum and board to grub out some stumps. I went at it. After supper that night I was asked enough questions to prove that the family was curious about me, and I promised that on the next night I would relate an experience to make their hair stand up. That farmer was a thrifty man. He went among his neighbors and repeated my words, and the result was that when night came sixteen outsiders had gathered at his house, at a charge of 10 cents each to hear me talk. Did he divvy with the undersigned? Oh, no! He knew a good thing when he saw it."

His Marriage to a Lovely Girl.

"When ready to talk I began with my marriage to a lovely girl and the happiness that followed for a year. Then a fiend incarnate told her that I loved fourteen other women, and she eloped with him. I found her tracks in the mud and vowed heaven that I would never rest until I had had revenge. For eight long years I followed the guilty couple, and I was about to give up in despair when one evening I found myself seated directly behind them at a circus performance. As they ate peanuts and drank lemonade I tried to borrow a stiletto to stab them in the back. No stiletto was to be found.

"When the show was out I followed the couple. They got into a wagon and drove three miles into the country, and I followed close behind. I could have pulled a rail off the fence and killed them as they drove, but I had another plan. At this point I asked each one of my audience to take a solemn oath not to betray my secret nor take any steps whatever to bring me to justice. Not one refused to take the oath. They licked their chops and were glad to take it. It presaged something more bloody than they had hoped for."

"Well, as the story went, I hung around the farm for a couple of days, and then the wife began making soft soap. The lye in the big kettle had been boiling for five hours and midnight had come when I raised a window and crept into the house. I found the guilty parties asleep. I tapped them on the head with a club and

awoke them. Then I sat down by the bedside and abated over their fears. Oh, but I grieved! They wept and prayed and shivered and shook, but I sat there with the look of a demon on my face. I prolonged their misery for hours, and I had my audience so wrought-up that no one breathed.

"I could have battered in the skulls of my victims with the club or cut off their heads with the ax, but such a death would have been too merciful. After tantalizing them to my heart's content I carried the man out to the scap kettle and held him in it, head downward, until he ceased to kick. Then came the turn of her who had been my wife. Heavens, how she shrieked and prayed, how she ran around the room, how she cried out to me that the man had hypnotized her! I was grim-grim as the death that must soon be hers. She looked for just one flicker of mercy in my eyes, but she looked in vain. For an hour I made her taste the bitterness of death, and then I reached out to seize her and make soft soap of her, but heart disease had carried her off. She was dead.

"And I'm glad of it!" shouted every soul in the room as he or she rose up.

Robbed House and Fled.

"Well, there wasn't much more to tell them. I robbed the house and fled far away and had never even been suspected of the murders. I asked them to be so kind as to remember their oaths, as I had a strange prejudice against being hung, and then let the farmer lock me into the barn for the night. Next day I was arrested, of course. Every one of them had gone and given me away. Two constables came and loaded me with chains, and I was taken to the county jail. Warrants for murder were sworn out and the legal authorities at Pilot Knob, Mo., communicated with. That's where I had laid the scene of the crime.

"Say, my friend, I was in quod six weeks and during that time 245 people were admitted to gaze upon the blood stained demon. Reporters from three papers interviewed me, and I told them six different yarns. I received and entertained and confessed to five different ministers. No two confessions were alike. Seven different doctors studied and examined me. I wasn't going through with all this and living like a tramp, you know. You bet I wasn't. I had the bridal chamber of the jail, and I had dainties and bouquets to beat the band. It was my harvest, and I made the most of it."

"Of course the Missouri officials were bound to write back after due investigation that I was a liar, and of course the time came when I was turned out of jail. There was general indignation that I was not a fiendish murderer instead of an innocent man, and some folks hinted at lynching. The sheriff fairly kicked me out of the jail, and the only friend I had was the farmer for whom I had started grubbing stumps. He was waiting for me at his gate, and when I came along he saluted me with:

"Come right in and go to work again, and I'll make your board free this time."

"But I thought you'd be down on me," I said.

"Lands, no! A man that can lie like you can ought to have \$30 a month and board to do nothing else! Come in. Come in."

An Important Correction.

"What a beautiful figure young Mrs. De Style has! And she has such a fine carriage too!"

"No, she doesn't use a carriage now. She's bought an automobile."—Baltimore American.

Poor Old Dad!

"I understand the bride's father was overcome by his emotions."

"Yes. He could only utter a few feeble checks."—Washington Herald.

The Rigor of the Game.

Knicker—Does he eat pie for breakfast?

Bocker—No. He eats breakfast for pie.—New York Sun.

Relaxation.

I always like the freakish verse. The kind that runs down stairs. The kind that circles round the page. Or does its turn in squares. It's fun to see the poet's stunts. Helped by the typo men.

Just see the way runs up again. the way runs up and then down hill.

I do not think that people ought to keep the same old gait. They ought to break loose now and then. And keep an evening late. A long straight line without a break is bad for verse or men.

up hill the way runs and then down hill. Just see the way runs down again. —Boston Herald.

Mr. Hank Roblin, who looked upon himself as a general remover of obnoxious persons and who listed us under that head, arrived in town three days ago to remove us. He had come 230 miles to do it, and luck should have smiled on him. She didn't, however. We happened to be facing the door of our sanctum when Hank entered, and we put a bullet through his right arm as he drew. When he had been bandaged up by the doctor we had a talk with him and found him quite entertaining. He cheerfully admitted that he had made a mistake regarding us and graciously accorded us permission to live on.

The Grass Valley Tribune suspended publication last week's issue. In his valedictory the editor says that he can't stand the strenuous life of the west, but longs for the peace and harmony of a chicken farm in Indiana. We spent half a day with him when he first arrived trying to make him see the difference between the butt and the mazzle of a gun, but it was no use. Such men must fall by the wayside in western journalism.

What She Hoped.

Miss Cayenne—Why, I thought you were to sail for Europe yesterday.

Callowit—That was me—aw—Intention, doucher know, but I—aw—changed me mind at the last moment.

Miss Cayenne—Glad to hear it, and I hope you got a better one in the exchange.—Pittsburg Post.

BEAVERTON MAN HIGHLY HONORED

Elected to Represent Oregon at National Convention

W. H. BOYD ELECTED AS DELEGATE

Rural Letter Carrier to go to Rochester, N. Y.

Oregon's rural letter carriers met in state convention at Corvallis, July 30-31, and Washington county received an honored distinction in the election of W. H. Boyd, of Beaverton, as a state delegate to the National Assembly to be held at Rochester, New York. Mr. Boyd has been president of the Oregon body the past year, and is



a bright young man. He has taken a great interest in his work, and is considered one of the best authorities on roads and mail methods in the Northwest. The meeting at Corvallis was called to order by Hon. Virgil Waters, mayor, and who, by the way, is an old time Hillsboro resident, being a brother-in-law of W. V. Wiley.

As Washington county has many rural routes, it might be of interest to know that the Corvallis convention passed the following resolutions:

Resolved: That our delegate to National Convention urge delegates there to adopt a resolution requesting Congress to place the Rural service on the same basis as the City service, thereby raising our standard one point, and that the rural carriers be required to take the same examination as city carriers.

That our National Association pass a resolution urging Congress to pass laws giving Government aid in maintaining roads upon which rural routes are established.

FANDOM AND DUMDUM.

Old Home Run Moore got one clear to the fence, Sunday, but it was only good for a twobagger.

Manager Moore can catch a little himself—by the way, he surprised the natives the way he back stopped the ball.

Robinson, the Farmington pitcher, was all to the good. The visitors had a hard time to find him for hits to hurt.

Forest Grove Colts and Banks play at Banks next Sunday, and there will be some baseburning going on or else the guess is a bad one.

J. A. Thornburgh tells us privately that while the Forest Grove Colts are 18-carat fine that the Banks team can cut a diamond like the most skilled lapidary.

They say that fan Charles London went up to Forest Grove to see the Banks boys beat the Grove and that he went home with a "smile" on the features that once were so sunburned over in the Philippines.

Banks at last has come into its own. The way the Banks lads cleaned up Forest Grove Sunday was a surprise to the fans at the College City. Looks like Harry Cook was right when he said that Carstens had the dope.

Banks still goes undefeated. Wonder if the Hillsboro "Married Men" will have to take the stretch out of them with a good purse as an inducement—say about 50 cents as the Hillsboro end and \$50 as the Banks end, of the contribution.

Harry Hoyer, of LaPorte, Indiana, is here, the guest of the Miltenbergers, to whom he is related. Mr. Hoyer lives, when at home, within a half mile of the Guinness home, where in 1907, when the house burned, thirteen bodies were found. The skeletons had been decapitated and the legs had been cut off at the knees. The remains had been thrown into gunny sacks and thrown into the cellar. The officials were not sure that Miss Guinness had not perished in the flames, but on the other hand many there think she fled after burning the residence. The woman had advertised for husbands and it was supposed that she had killed them, and that she had a confederate to aid her. If she is living no one has ever identified her.

Chris. Yungen, of Helvetia, and who is now operating the condenser for the Amity company, came down Monday morning, to spend a few days with his family. This is his first vacation since he went up there fifteen months ago, except for a while last Winter when the plant was closed because of milk shortage. Mr. Yungen was formerly with the Hillsboro condenser before it was sold to the Pacific Coast people.

M. J. Kinney, who owns a large acreage of timber lands in Washington County, was out Monday, mixing with Hillsboro's business men.

Christian Zaercher, of near Cedar Mill, was up Monday, getting supplies for raising his house.

Vacation and Camping Trips

Call for articles of wearing apparel needed for yourself and children. You haven't time to make them.

LADIES'	CHILDREN'S	MEN'S
Wash Skirts	Rompers	Corduroy pants
Underskirts	Sun bonnets	Corduroy shirts
Muslin underwear	Sun hats	Canvas shoes
Bare-foot sandals	Sandals	Sweaters
Sweaters	Under waists	Dusters
Waists	Black bloomers	Straw hats
House dresses	Muslin pants	Porus-Underwear
Dusters	Boys pants	Khaki pants
Kimonas	Dresses	Leggings
		Full line of gloves

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, TICKING and TENT CANVAS
Don't forget the place.

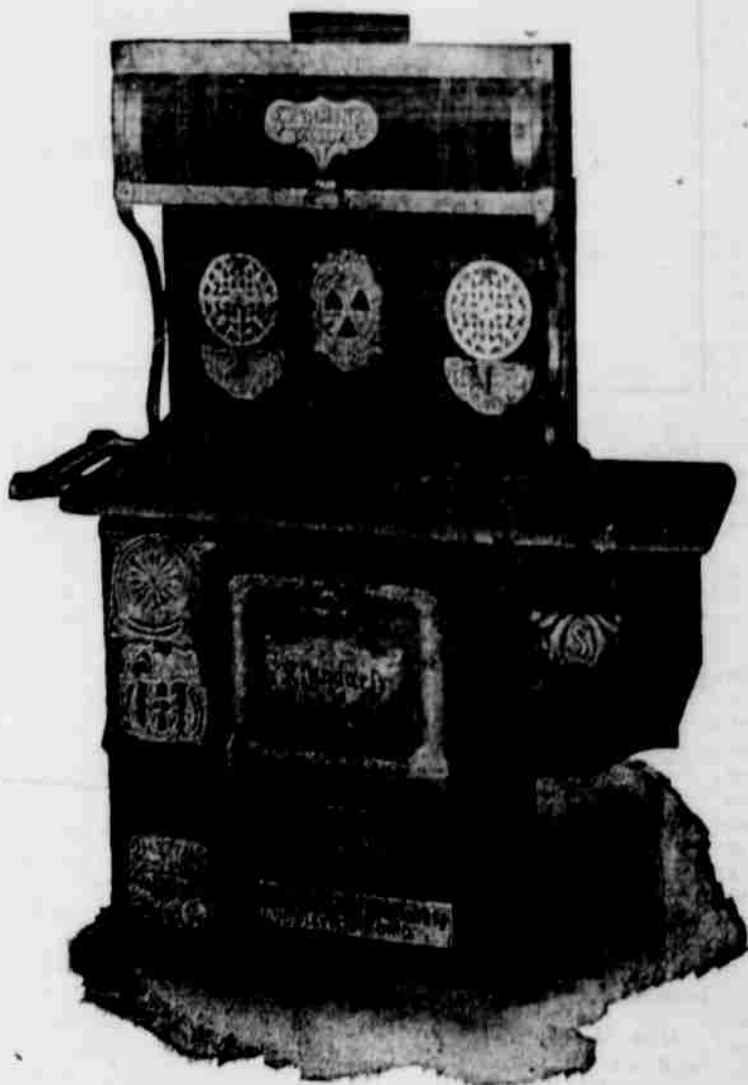
\$ for \$ our motto

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The Largest line of A No. Ranges in the county

Harvest is here and why not buy that range and make your kitchen a delight? Come in and see us. We will explain the superior qualities of our ranges. Listen! \$1 DOWN and \$1 per WEEK

The Standard Range, \$30 to \$40—for a medium priced range this is a classy piece of kitchen furniture. It can't be beaten. Come in and see one.

The Superior, \$40 to \$70, absolutely the finest range in the world for the money. All kinds of durable camp stoves for your vacation, and hopyard ranging from \$0 to \$2.25. Cast iron stoves, good bakers, selling at only \$8.50

NELSON HARDWARE CO., HILLSBORO, OREGON

We are in the market for two farms of about 100 acres each, cleared and good soil, and for which we will pay cash for all, but price must be right—A. J. Ray, 334 Sberlock Building, Portland, Oregon.

Perry Ellis and wife, spending the Summer at Crystal Springs, above Gales City, passed through town Tuesday. Mr. Ellis carried with him samples of the soda combination found in the waters of the

MOORE & MOORE
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ALWAYS IN STOCK
Both Phones
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