

Hillsboro Street Fair And Live Stock Show

WEDNESDAY
SEPT. 22

THURSDAY
SEPT. 23

FRIDAY
SEPT. 24

SATURDAY
SEPT. 25

CASH AND OTHER PREMIUMS

For First and Second Awards for Dairy
Animals and other Livestock.
Committee will buy Feed
and have men care for
all Exhibit Animals.

This will be the Best STREET FAIR ever
Held in

Hillsboro, Ore.

Agricultural and Horticultural Display

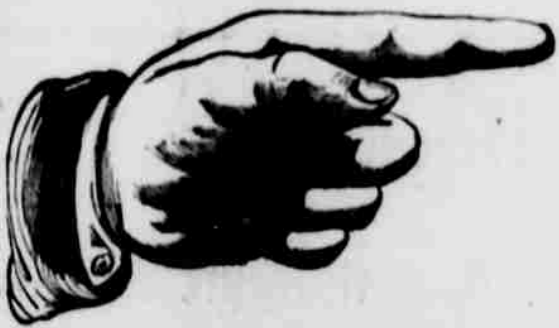
Come in and see what Old Washington County can produce.

Arnold's Shows

Arnold's shows will be here and every
amusing feature possible will be furnished
the public. Watch local notices in this
PAPER.

Everybody Will Be Here

Come and Make it Unanimous



SECOND

GAME OF SERIES

This will be the second game of the series, the Cardinals
having won the first game. The colts will make every
effort to win this game so that the championship may
be settled by a third game. Remember the Date,

SUNDAY, SEPT. 12.

And come out and swell the crowd. Give the Colts the
biggest reception they ever received and show them that
the whole town will next Sunday turn out at

ATHLETIC PARK

The Second Annual Portland Fair Oregon's Biggest Show!

Sept. 20-25
1909

Admission 25 cents.

6 Horse Races Daily
National Live Stock Exhibits
Balloon Racing
Chariot Racing
Fascinating Midway Attractions

FIREWORKS will be the most gorgeous and magnificent pyrotechnic display ever seen on this Coast. This will interest the whole family.
Reduced Rates On All Roads.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned will sell at public
sale on his farm 1 1/2 miles west of
Farmington and 4 1/2 miles south of
Hillsboro, at 10 o'clock a. m., on
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Gray horse, 1240, 14 yrs; gray mare, 1260,
10 yrs; 2 1/2-year-old colt, broke to work;
8 good milk cows, in milk, coming fresh
in November; 2 calves, bull, brood sow,
4 shoats, 150 chickens, 15 tons clover
hay, 100 bushels wheat, farm wagon,
back, sarrey, buggy, Deering binder,
Champion mower, rake, springtooth har-
row, pegtooth harrow, disk harrow, 12-
inch plow, shovel plow, cultivator, Van
Brunt grain drill, incubator, 2 brooders;
cider press, all the grapes on an acre of
vines, 1 1/2 acre potatoes in ground, all
household goods, kitchen utensils, farm
tools and other articles too numerous to
mention. Lunch at noon.

Terms of Sale: All sums under
\$10, cash; over \$10, 6 months time
on bankable note at 8 per cent.
2 per cent off on all sums over \$10
J. J. Krebs, Owner.
B. P. Cornelius, Auctioneer.
John Vanderwal, Clerk.

To fully appreciate the value of
Washington County farm securi-
ties in general, it is only necessary
to take into consideration the final
outcome of the Haines' Bank, at
Forest Grove, which a few months
ago encountered financial difficul-
ties. The committee in charge,
with Hon. E. W. Haines, of the
Bank, as chairman, has paid off all
the depositors except a small sum,
and the remainder is at once to be
paid, with interest for the time the
money was withheld by reason of
the bank closing its doors. The
bulk of the loans were on farm
mortgages, and there was no ap-
preciable shrinkage in the value
of the collateral. The final out-
come reflects credit upon the com-
mittee in charge, and is also a
tribute to safe banking.

Wanted—Three or four carloads
of Angora goats, for shipment.
Will buy small flocks if enough
can be procured to warrant ship-
ment. See or write to J. J. Krebs,
Lion Saloon, Hillsboro, Ore. 24?

Mrs. J. Allen Smith, of Monte-
rey, writes her mother, Mrs. J. C.
Larkin, that the recent destruction
in the Mexican city was appalling.
The damage to the smelter plants
ran into hundreds of thousands of
dollars, and the office of M. Smith
connected with one of the smelting
concerns, was damaged several
hundred dollars. She writes that
the scenes of taking the dead from
the debris were horrible beyond
contemplation.

The Schiller and the G and Mar-
on are two Oregon made cigars.
When you want a smoke, just call
for one or the other. They fill the
bill, and are cheaper smokers in the
long run, than nickel goods.

Rev. Guy Stover, of the United
Evangelical Church, reports that
the new addition to the building
will be completed in about 30 days,
and states that arrangements are
under way to have a dedication at
which is expected present an ex-
bishop from the East. The church
building will be very much im-
proved as soon as the work is com-
pleted.

Edward McCulloch, son of the
late Capt. James McCulloch, well
known here for many years, was
in the city the last of the week, a
guest of relatives. He is in the fur
business at St. Paul, and is so im-
pressed with Oregon that he talks
of disposing of his interests in Min-
nesota and coming to Oregon to
reside.

James Lovelace, of Sedalia, Mo.,
and his daughter, Miss Addie Love-
lace, of Yacoula, Ore., are here
this week, guests of Mr. Lovelace's
niece, Mrs. E. M. Rice, of North
Hillsboro. Miss Lovelace returns
to her home in Southern Oregon,
this evening.

Miss Nellie Wilcox, of Cannon
Falls, Minnesota, arrived Sunday,
and will remain indefinitely at the
home of her brother, G. O. H. Wil-
cox, deputy sheriff. Miss Wilcox
is a pianist of ability, and will be
a welcome addition to Hillsboro's
musical circles.

Miss Wilma Waggener, who has
been at Newport for several weeks,
returned Tuesday evening and is a
guest of a few days at the Geo. H.
Wilcox home. Miss Waggener has
charge of musical instruction at
McMinnville College, and will soon
depart to assist in opening for the
Winter term.

C. W. James, of West Baseline,
was in town yesterday.

Miss Emily Johnson of Portland
was out Sunday, the guest of
friends.

Remnants by the hundreds—
and they are to go at half price.
Come so as to get an early selection
—Connell & Co.

R. H. Walker, one of the pio-
neers of the Cedar Mill section,
was up to the city Tuesday trans-
acting business.

Chas. Schomburg, who is run-
ning the Schomburg place at
Mountsindale, was in the city
Tuesday.

M. M. Mead, who is leaving the
Imbrie Homestead at West Union,
after several years of occupancy,
was in town the last of the week.

James Black, who is installing
his store above Mountsindale, is
busy these days hauling out his
supplies, shipped by rail to this
point.

S. G. Rhodes, of Reedville, was
up Tuesday. He says that the
Ray yard has but 200 pickers,
which leaves them a little short-
handed.

Frank Rowell and wife came up
from Scholla, Sunday, and went on
up to the Grove to witness the
game between the Cardinals and
Colts.

Born, to Mr and Mrs Thos.
Howe, of Hillsboro, Sept. 7, 1909,
a son, weight 11 1/2 pounds. The
father is receiving the congratu-
lations of his friends, but the young
man will not receive callers for a
few days.

The workmen have completed
the cement sidewalk on the North
side of Washington street, between
Second and Third. This is the
walk that passes to the South of
the Wiley livery barn and runs
East to the M. E. church.

AT THE OCTAGON HOUSE

It Wasn't a Burglar That the Pretty Intruder Encountered.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary
Press.)

Rosamond Lee walked slowly down
the rose bordered path to the tall stone
wall that inclosed the deserted house
next door. The owners were abroad,
and there was no prospect of their im-
mediate return to inhabit the Octagon
House, as it was called.

Rosamond had made many excu-
sions about the neglected grounds and
dreamed many dreams beneath the no-
ble trees that rose from the unkept
turf. She had taken toll of the bloom-
ing flowers and shrubs in their sea-
sons, and now she fed the gray squir-
rels that raced up and down the green
branches.

Her family laughed at her fondness
for the Octagon House and predicted a
speedy abandonment when Mrs. Phil-
lips came home again, for Mrs. Phil-
lips was old and frangible and much
feared by Rosamond since she was a
little child.

But on this glorious September day,
when the late monthly roses were bor-
dering the path with delicate sweet-
ness, Rosamond, a fair, sweet rose her-
self, thought little of Mrs. Phillips in
distant Berlin. The day was made for
her—her alone—and the Octagon
House!

She followed the stone wall to an in-
tersecting fence which served as a
stepping stone. In a trice she had
jumped lightly to the soft turf of the
other side and sped swiftly across the
dappled green toward the house.

The crooked piazza, which followed
the outline of the old house, was cov-
ered with Virginia creeper, even now
turning to brilliant scarlet and gold.
In one corner where the vines hung
low and formed a curtain were a long
wicker chair and a pile of Rosamond's
favorite books.

She had tired of reading and was
sitting half drowsy with sleep when a
step on the piazza roused her. Never
before had any one trespassed on her
chosen retreat.

She parted the vines and peeped
through to discover a man's tall form
bent to peer into the half drawn shades
of the long windows. He straightened
up again, and she saw that his clothes
were gray and dusty and that white
dust powdered his dark hair. He was
unzipping his forehead vigorously with
a handkerchief, and she noticed that
his hands were bronzed by exposure to
the sun.

That the man was a burglar Rosamond
had not a doubt. Her heart al-
most stopped beating when he glanced
carelessly toward her vine covered re-
treat before he sat down on the top
step to light a pipe.

"He's wondering how to get in,"
murmured Rosamond to herself. "I
only I were brave enough I would go
out and frighten him away, but I am

fearfully afraid of burglars, and yet if
he should break in and steal some of
Mrs. Phillips' pictures I would feel
dreadful, because I have enjoyed her
hospitality unasked." She smiled
thoughtfully and then sat very quietly.
Presently she dropped a book on the
floor and rustled out of her retreat
with a haughty expression on her
sweet face. The stranger jumped to
his feet and pulled off his gray cap.
"I beg your pardon," he stammered.
"I didn't know any one was around."
Rosamond fixed him with a cold
stare while she mentally decided that
he was too good looking to be engaged
in such a nefarious pastime as burglar-
izing unoccupied country houses.
She lifted her pretty brows inquiry-
ingly. "You wished to see some one?"
"Why—er—no. I didn't expect to see
any one here. I thought the place was
vacant," he stammered, knocking his
pipe against the railing and stuffing it
into his pocket.

"It is not vacant. I am here," said
Rosamond bravely.
"So I—er—see," with an air of che-
rism.

"The house is well protected."
"I am glad of that," he said heartily.
Rosamond imagined his tone was
sarcastic. "Perhaps you wished to see
my husband," she said in a wavering
voice.

The man started violently, and his
eyes forsook her face and dropped to
the ground. "Of course it would be a
pleasure," he said. "Is he around?"
Rosamond edged closer to the steps
and ran lightly down to the path be-
low. "I will call him. He is not far
away," she cried breathlessly. Then
she turned and sped swiftly toward
the wall that divided the place from
her home. Once there, her father
would telephone to the village for as-
sistance, and thus the burglary would
be prevented.

She thought she heard swift steps
behind her, and she renewed her speed
toward the wall. Her heart was beat-
ing almost to suffocation as she stop-
ped on a loose stone. She uttered a
terrified cry as the stone slipped and
she fell to the ground.

Now she heard swift steps in real-
ity as the stranger crossed the turf and
beut anxiously above her.
"I hope you have not hurt yourself,"
he said gravely.

"I have sprained my ankle," admit-
ted the girl with white lips.
"What were you trying to do—not to
scale the wall?"
"Yes."
"Why? Was your husband over
there?"
A red flush crept to her brow.
"Yes," she said.

"Shall I call him," asked the sus-
pected burglar frankly, "or shall I
carry you back to the piazza and get
you some cold water? Where are the
keys?"

The Last Night He Called.
They had been sitting in the lighted
parlor with the chaperon when he lea-
ded over and whispered:
"Darling."
"Yes, dear."
"I—!"
"Go on, dear."
"I am going to propose."
"Gracious! This is so sudden."
"Going to propose that we go out
on the dark porch and see if we can
sight Mrs. You know that planet is
interesting these days."
And right there and then she insin-
uated that he could get his hat and
cane.—Chicago News.

Where Extremes Meet.



"Skip the gutter, mister, or you'll
get your cuffs muddied!"—Browning's
Magazine.

No Idle Boast.
Clancy—Fiannery likes folks to know
now that he's wan ly the milt highest
up in the police department.
Casey—Arrah, what luvated him?
Clancy—A horse! He's bin appointed
a member iv the thruffic squad.—Cin-
cinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Place For Him.
First Manager—Why did you advise
that fellow to go into a stock com-
pany? He is no actor.
Second Manager—Can't act a bit
more than a cow. That's the reason I
told him to go to a stock company.—
Detroit Free Press.

Catering to His Taste.
"Did you divide your boubons with
your little brother, Mollie?"
"Yes, ma. I ate the candy and gave
him the mottos. You know he is
awfully fond of reading."—Baltimore
American.