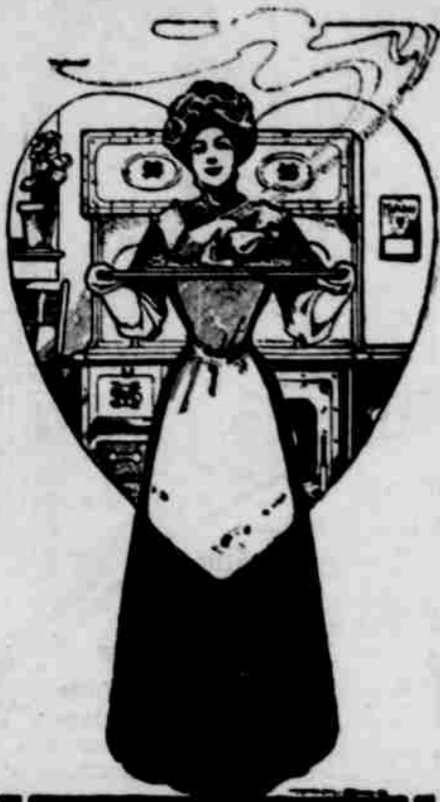


YOUR THANKSGIVING OR XMAS DINNER



Will be **JUST RIGHT** if it is Cooked on a
SOUTH BEND
MALLEABLE
RANGE

THE RANGE WHICH
RANKS FIRST IN THE
HEART OF THE HOME
You will find a line of these ranges
at the store of

Patterson

Fifteen minutes of your time looking
over The South Bend Malleable
Range will mean, for you, a life time
of Range satisfaction. You will find
out for yourself which is the best
range, and you will buy it, for you
want the best.

THE MALLEABLE RANGE
MADE IN SOUTH BEND
♥♥ RANKS FIRST ♥♥
IN THE HEART OF THE HOME

**WILL YOU NOT "GIVE THANKS" THIS YEAR OVER A
MEAL COOKED ON A SOUTH BEND MALLEABLE RANGE**

TO THE PUBLIC

After looking over the Northwest for
an extended time, we concluded that

Hillsboro

was the point and we have bought the

**Grocery and
Boot and Shoe Stock**

formerly owned by **John Dennis**, and
have added to this a line of

Gents' Furnishing Goods

We solicit a share of public patronage
and pledge that we will sustain the re-
liability of the **Dennis' Store**. We will
be pleased to meet you and will make it
worth your while.

WYATT & CO.

TAMING A TERROR.

By **M. QUAD.**
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

For ten years Aunt Hannah Day, widow and resident of the village of Clyde, had been a sort of terror to most of the residents. She lived alone and was well to do, and she just doted on lawsuits. At the end of ten years Elder Thomas was about the only citizen of the town worth suing who had not been sued. His time was close at hand, however. He had two hives of bees in his back yard, and they had swarmed earlier than was looked for. Not finding new hives ready, they had passed over into Aunt Hannah's orchard and stung her and her cow and pig before going farther. She decided to start a suit for damages.
Elder Thomas had never had a lawsuit nor been summoned as a juror or witness. He had a dread of the law, and the knowledge that he was going to be sued set him trembling. It was no use for him to go over and see Aunt Hannah. She never changed her mind nor settled a case. He heard of her decision one morning, and he spent the forenoon worrying over it. He was still worrying after dinner when he set out with her on his shoulder to work in a cornfield half a mile outside the village. On the edge of the field was a creek, and on the banks of the creek was an old shed in a tumble-down condition. The elder had been hilling up corn for about a quarter of an hour when a voice called to him from the shed. He raised his head and listened, and it called again. He dropped his hoe and took a few steps forward, and the voice cried out:
"Stop, Elder Thomas! Stop right where you are!"
"Who is it?"
"It's me—Aunt Hannah."
"Are you in the shed?"
"Yes."
"For the land's sake, but what are you doing way out here, and what's happened to you?"
"You keep your place right where you are, and I'll tell you. I came out to pick some blackberries, and after I got here the fit took me to go in swimming in the creek. I undressed in the shed and paddled round for half an hour, and when I came out of the water I found that an infernal hog had chewed all my clothes to rags. There ain't a piece left as big as my hand.

I've been waiting here a whole hour."
"But what are you going to do?" asked the elder as he scratched the back of his head.
"Don't ask fool questions! I've got to get home, haven't I? And I can't get home without some clothes. I'd need clothes even if I waited till midnight."
"I guess you would; but, you see, I can't lend you any of mine. All I've got on is shirt and trousers."
"Who wants to borrow any of you? I don't, I'm sure. I want you to go home and tell your wife about it and bring me back a bundle of her clothes. You don't s'pose I'd go back to town in trousers, do you? What you sneaking up higher for?"
"I want to sit down on that log and talk to you a minute. You sent me word this morning that you was going to sue me about the bees."
"Yes, I did. It was all your fault, and you'll have to pay smart money for it."
It struck the elder as he sat down on the log that the situation was in his hands, so to say. The spot was a quarter of a mile off the road and very retired. There was hardly a chance of the woman finding another messenger for two or three days. Accident might enable him to accomplish what delegations and committees had failed to.
"Well, why don't you go?" asked Aunt Hannah after a long minute.
"Do you think I want to stay here all the afternoon? There may be more'n forty hogs in my garden by this time. There are tramps around, and maybe some of 'em are robbing the house."
"Yes, jest as you say," replied the elder, "but I think we'd better have a talk before I go after any clothes. Why should I go after clothes for a woman who's going to make me trouble?"
"You didn't take care of them bees."
"And you didn't take care of your clothes."
"But I've never stopped a lawsuit and never will."
"And I've never lugged clothes for a woman fool enough to let a hog chew up her duds. I'll go back to work, and you can get some one else."
Aunt Hannah was spunky, and she stood out for half an hour. Then she called the elder back to the log and agreed not to begin suit against him.
"That ain't enough," he replied.
"I've been thinking. You've made lots of folks lots of trouble. It's time you stopped the lawsuit business. If you can't see it that way you'll have to get out of this trouble as best you can.

I'm going to start for home soon, and I'll be neighborly enough in case I meet any tramps on the way to send 'em here. They may lend you some clothes."
"Elder Thomas, you are a brute! Spouting it was your wife!"
"My wife don't sue folks."
There were threats and arguments and entreaties, but the elder stood firm, and the victory was his. When Aunt Hannah had given her solemn word to give up the law, he went after the clothes. He not only brought them, but he brought his wife along as well and then retired into the corn and left the two women together. There were pledges and promises given, and for years it was a mystery to the relieved citizens of Clyde why Aunt Hannah so suddenly reformed. She died a few months ago, and so there is no longer occasion for secrecy.

THE BARBER.

I WENT into a barber shop
To have my whiskers shaved;
I came out from the place of shears
And to the cabman raved.
"Take me away somewhere," I cried,
"Where lunatics reside.
For I've been driven crazy by
That lunatic inside!"
"Take me away," I shrieked in pain,
"To any cell or grave
Where I will never see again
A place where people shave!"
The cabman stared at me in fright.
"Error was in his eyes,
I read a horror in his grasp,
A paralyzed surprise."
"I'll tell you why," I said to him—
"I'll tell you why I rave.
I only went into that place
To get a simple shave.
The barber said my hair was thin
And needed something strong,
And then he said the fringe upon
My neck was growing long."
"He said I ought to have a shave
To keep from losing hair.
He got the tonic bottle down
To scrub me then and there.
And when I wouldn't have the scrub
He said, 'If I were you,
I'd take a cooling sea foam or
A little egg shampoo.'"
"He said my beard was growing in,
Blackheads were in my face.
He said a vigorous massage
Would fix my nose in place.
He volunteered to put some oil
And stuff upon my brow,
And when I didn't want the oil
He used it anyhow!"
"A manicurist asked me if
Some help from her I'd choose.
The boothback said I ought to have
Some work done on my shoes.
Professor Someone came and said,
"To make this job complete
You'd better let me take the corns
From your poor, suffering feet."
"And that's the reason," I remarked,
While the cabman gazed,
"I seem so silly in my top,
For I am nearly crazed.
I went into that little shop
To shave. That's where I fell
So take me quick and lock me in
My little padded cell!"
—St. Paul Dispatch.

Not Nain at All.
The German woman went to look for
a fat.
"Have you any children?" asked the
janitor.
"Nine," said the German woman.
"Good," said the janitor, and re-
lated her fat, thinking she meant nain
(none).
Then she moved in the next day with
her nine children.—Houston Post.

Feeble Pair.
A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
"My dear poppus!" said
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A pair out canoeing
To change seats essayed,
And these are the bubbles
"My dear poppus!" said
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A pair went out "bubbling"
And broke the speed law.
The auto turned turtle,
And here's what they saw:
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A pair went ballooning,
While high overhead
The gas bag exploded,
And here's what they said:
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**CONGRESSMAN HAWLEY
TO SPEAK ON MONDAY**

Will Address Voters of Sec-
tion on Public Matters

WILL SPEAK IN THE COURT HOUSE

Judge Campbell Will Vacate Circuit
Court Room

Congressman W. C. Hawley, of
Marion County, and who represents
this district in the House of Rep-
resentatives at Washington, will
arrive in Hillsboro, Monday, and
in the afternoon will address the
voters of this section, in the court
house, the circuit court room being
tendered by Judge Campbell, for
the occasion.

Congressman Hawley has been
touring the state for a few weeks
and concluded that while Hillsbo-
ro had no waterways, or arid
lands to irrigate, that in justice he
should call on his constituency
here, with the result that all who
wish to see a real live congressman
can avail themselves of the oppor-
tunity, November 22. Mr. Hawley
is an entertaining talker, and is
well known to many of our town-
men.

SHOOTING GALLERY

R. DeGunia has bought the Corne-
lius restaurant, Cornelius, and es-
tablished a shooting gallery in the
rear. Shooting for turkeys every
day. Give him a call.
357 R. D. Gunia, Prop.

Geo. Jackson, aged 20 years,
through his father and guardian ad
litem, O. C. Jackson, has sued the
Pacific Condensed Milk Co., in the
circuit court, asking for \$218.95,
for damages alleged to have been
sustained while working for the
condenser at Forest Grove. The
boy alleges that he was working
for 15 cents per hour, and paying
50 cents per monthly hospital dues;
that one day he fell and injured
his leg, and Dr. W. D. Ward, the
company physician, treated him.
He afterward learned that one of
the large bones was broken and
when it was set, owing to the delay,
it did not properly unite. The
first fall was June 28, 1908. He
fell the second time, alleging it was
not through carelessness, and was
compelled to go to the hospital,
where he paid out the above sum
in doctors' bills, hospital charges,
and railway fare. He presented a
bill to the company, and payment
was refused. Bagley & Hare repre-
sent the plaintiff.

There will be a shooting match
at the Bauer place, one mile North
of West Union, and one mile West
of Phillips, Thanksgiving Day.
The match will begin at ten in the
morning and there will be some
turkeys and 40 geese, chickens and
beef. Everybody invited.

Alfred Erickson, of Mountain-
dale, was a caller yesterday. Mr.
Erickson bought a place at Moun-
taindale, four years ago, paying
\$6700 for it, and he could now
realize over double that amount if
he should care to let go of it.

Frank Imbric, of West Union,
and who has been making exten-
sive improvements on the old
homestead, was in the city the last
of the week.

Medeane Caudle and Hobbs
will entertain the little folks of the
M. E. Sunday School at the church
parlor, Saturday, at 2 p. m. The
mothers are invited.

There will be a dance at Han-
nan's Hall, Buxton, Saturday,
Nov. 27. Supper at Buxton Hotel.
Excellent music. A fine time
guaranteed.

Mrs. W. W. Wright departed
Sunday, accompanied by her little
daughter, for an extended visit
with her parents at Boise, Idaho.

Will Darcy, of beyond Glencoe,
was in the city Tuesday. He says
the freeze has not injured potatoes
in the ground.

Chester Alexander, fireman on
the front engine of the P. R. & N.,
was down to the city Tuesday
night.

J. C. Weathered and wife, of
Tacoma, were in the city the first
of the week, guests at the T. S.
Weathered home.

John Purver, of South Tualatin,
was in town Monday, bringing in
some splendid Spitzenberg apples.

William Bachelder, of near Glen-
coe, was a county seat visitor yes-
terday.

Miss Susie Gheen visited at Che-
hallis, over Sunday the guest of
Mrs. Raymond Isabel.

Shooting match at Roy, Nov 23
beginning at 10 a. m. Turkeys and
geese. Everybody invited.

Miss Marguerite Remond has
taken a stenographic position with
Bagley & Hare.

Mrs. L. O. Dereham, of near
Centerville, was in the city Tues-
day.

Victor Crop, of near Glencoe, was
in the city yesterday.
Henry T. Johnson, of Shady
Brook, was in town yesterday.

RAINY DAYS

Is the one season of all the year when
everyone is interested in the kind
of goods to make them comfortable.

Men's
Cravenettes
Slickers
Rain hats
Rubber boots
High top shoes
Mackinaws

Ladies'
Oil cloth caps
Rubber boots
Rubber shoes
Arctic shoes

Children's
Rubber boots
Boys' & girls' rubbers
High top shoes

BAIRD
SELLS THEM

BAIRD
Between the Drug Stores

KEEN KUTTER
TRADE MARK

Tools For Good Housekeeping

- Keen Kutter Window Knives. The best made blades of high grade steel. Price 35c.
- Keen Kutter Bread Slicers. Highest grade crucible steel. Light weight. Price 50c.
- Keen Kutter Meat and Food Choppers. These choppers chop without crushing. Will cut meat, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc., as coarse or as fine as you please. Small size \$1.25. Other sizes \$1.50 to \$2.50.
- Keen Kutter Cook's Knives. Made of highest grade crucible steel. Prices from \$2. to \$1.75.
- Keen Kutter Kitchen or Potato Knives. Made of highest grade steel. Price 75c.
- Keen Kutter Butcher Knives. Made of highest grade crucible steel. Always sharp. Prices 50c to \$1.50.
- Keen Kutter Bread Knives. Always sharp. Cut bread without lagging it. Price 25c.
- Keen Kutter Kitchen Spatulas. Very useful for making cakes, etc. Made of extra quality steel. Price 25c.
- Keen Kutter Fruit Knives. Highest grade crucible steel. Double edged adjustable blade. Cuts both ways, doing more work than the ordinary cutter. Price \$1.50.

NELSON HARDWARE CO.
Main Street Hillsboro

Christmas
Is
On
The
Way

We are to receive the finest and largest stock of

Christmas Goods

ever brought to Hillsboro. We tell you this before the season opens, so you will know where to buy.

We will have every conceivable kind of gift in the way of useful articles, as well as unique toys—the best we can get from Toy land.

**We will have one Grand Opening of Christ-
mas Goods on December 6, and our stock is
mammoth in size and selection. Remember
the date.**