I have just returned from New York where I have purchased the most select stock ever shipped fo Hillsboro. I will open one of the store rooms in the Tamiesie Block

And offer to the good people of this city a splendid line of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, and a Metropolitan selection of the celebrated

La vogue Ladies' Tailored Suits

A full carload of shoes is on the way. representing the latest in style and the best of manufactures.

Tamiesie Bldg., Main and Third

"Olympic makes good pastry, too. -Mother. The plump, hard grains, selected Portland Flouring from the entire Northwestern wheat crop and thoroly cleaned and scoured just fill the bill for a perfect pastry MillsCox flour besides it is the flour for good LINE bread and cakes and bisenits. Olympic Flour-always the same, al-PATENT ways clean, pure, wholesome and nutritious is an aid to rather than a test of a young housewife's ability. If your procer can't supply you we'll tell you who can -but insist upon Olympic-demand it "there fen't any just as good." AT YOUR GROCER'S

PROTECT YOUR HORSE PROTECT YOURSELF

This is the season when you need blankets for

HORSE BLANKETS

When you are driving you endanger your health unless you keep warm. Take a look at our hand-Some PLUSH ROBES, STORM ROBES Prices to Suit.

Give me a call when you want new harness. We have what you want and our prices are below competition.

Substantial Repairing a Specialty A. M. CARLILE, Second Street.

For sale: Grace | Jerre | bull Farm of 27 acres, with house and barling Irquire of R. Resoner, barn, for rent. At Newton station lobe Crossing Independent Tele-Inquire of Kuratli Bros., or J.S. Independent Tele- Inquire of Kuratli Bros., or J S. Lorsung, at Newton.

The Real Thing. "Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?"

"Never go out is a buggy along a the McCormick Music Store. don't know what life is."-Philadelphia

Wise Old Boy.

Mrs. Kicker-If you are going to an other one of those banquets I don't suppose you will know the number of the bouse when you get back.

Mr. Kicker, Ob. yes, I will. I un screwed it from the door and am taking it with me! Kansas City Journal.

The Presidential Tour. Thirteen thousand miles of glory; Thirteen thousand miles of glory; Thirteen thousand miles of story For a waiting world to see.

Thirteen thousand miles of travel; Thirteen thousand miles of meals: Thirteen thousand miles of gravel Underneath the whirling whoels.

Thirteen thousand miles of land; Thirteen thousand miles of tooting By the merry village band.

Thirteen thousand miles of meeting: Thirteen thousand miles of screech; Thirteen thousand miles of greeting; Thirteen thousand miles of speech! —Washington Evening Star,

The Reason Why.
Tammas (disappointed over his inadequate tip,-Good nicht, Mr. McPherson. Ah shall remember ye when ye come this way again. Mr. McPherson (huskily)-Ah'm no comin' this way again. Sketch.

> Skyscrapers. "These latest hats,"
> Said Mrs. Jaynes,
> "Why do they call
> Them aeroplanes?"
> To which her hus-Because they come So very high."

Its Limitations. Customer-What a beautiful parrot! Is he a good talker? Bird Dealer-Yes, ma'am, but his vocabulary is limited. He doesn't swear, and he doesn't use slang.-Chiengo Tribum

Reverse English. A dilier a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar.
What makes you come so fast?
You used to be behind before,
But now you're first at last.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Says Uncle Eben.

"De man who has a powerful good opinion of hisse'f," said Uncle Eben, 'very often turns out to be one o' dem folks whose opinions don' 'mount to much, nohow."-Washington Star.

The Bonmot and the Occasion. The clever things we think of Just too late would really pall Before those brighter, keener thoughts That never come at all. —Kansas City Times,

A Lost Day. "I suppose you had a lovely time shopping yesterday." "No; I had to buy several things and didn't have a bit of time to look around."-Denver Republican.

Argus and Journal, \$2.25.

ED. BAKER, BANKS, VIOLENTLY INSANE

Captured in Portland, Sunday, and Committed

IMAGINES HE IS GREAT CHARACTER

Threatened to Kill Nurse in Doctor's Office

Ed. Baker, aged 49 years, and who resides above Banks, was committed to the saylum, Monday morning, Dr. F. A. Bailey being the xamining physician. Baker was in Portland Saturday, and entered run a fork through her foot and wants Dr. Rockey's office-the place where he was treated for a gunshot wound in his hand, accidentally inflicted a few weeks ago-and threatened to shoot a nurse. The woman, by him, but seked him to postpone it for?" as she was very busy. Baker was he became violent. Sheriff Han- down as she waited. cock went down and brought him This is a pretty how-de-do, I must out, and Monday morning he was say," he blurted out almost as he got inside the door. examined for his sanity:

The physician found that he had been in Oregon 10 years, and that the has a wife and five areal and the went just before the telegram he has a wife and five small chil dren; that be was of suicida! tendency; insomnia and neuralgis; do with it?" and is afflicted with celusions of grandeur, imaging he is a great man-sometimes thinking he is to do it myself. I blame the old lady Christ and sometimes thinking that he is going to pave all the roads in the world. He has ballucinations of hearing and smelling.

Baker is a native of Dane Coun ty, Wisconsin, and it is said that twelve years ago he was confined to an asylum.

The patient went to Portland a few weeks ago and while at the house of a relative accidentally put a pistol bullet through his left hand. The accident probably had something to do with hastening his mental condition. His wife wee down from above Banks, and en deavored to quiet the husband, but to no avail.

Baker came out from Portland seaceably under guard of She iff Hancock and Emmett Quick, and was only boisterous upon reaching town. He then told them he would kill them both if they took him to jail.

A BIG MUSIC STORE

The G aves Music House, of Portland, one of the large music houses of the West, are holding a special sale and display of their pianos at

shady lane, with a plug of a horse and The Graves Music House sell the only girl in the world! Say, you everything in music, wholesale and retail, in Oregon, Washington and Idaho-and is the most complete music house in the West. It is I'll pack." said that four complete military bands could be marched into the store and each man supplied with an instrument from stock.

In their piano department they have five piano parlors in which are shown some of the most dis singuished makes of pianos in all of the different styles and sizes. These parlors are so arranged that a chance of comparison of its different makes can be made, and the pianus heard under the same conditions, as they would be heard and need in the home. Among the pianos so'd wholesale and retail by the Graves' Music Co. are the artistic Kranch & Bach, Chickering Bros., Heffman, Steger & Sons, Strohber and Hallett & Davis, and he Kranch Bach Steger & Son

piano players. The liberal policy of the Graves Music House with customers has made them many friends and they are proud of the fact that many of their sales are made to peop'e who have been introduced to them or referred to them by their old cus-

None but standard makes of pianos are sold by the Graves Music Co. and every piano sold is placed under a full guarantee both by the manufacturer and the house

Mr. L. G. Smith, one of their representatives, has been in town for a number of days, and has placed several pianos here.

J. T. Rooks, of Vinelands, was in own yesterday.

A. Anderson, of Halvetia, was

county seat visitor yesterday. John Zimmerman of the Maple Hill section, was in town yesterday.

The street commissioner is preparing to fix up the planking at some of the street corners, where the plank is in bad shape. Some of the places need "shimming" up a little, and, as soon as the street p'anking now contemplated is put down all the bad places will be put

"Mysterious Billy Smith," the by Jos. Walcott, the great negro fighter, was in the city yesterday, coming out to attend circuit court. His wife has a suit against Washington County for damages done to ter trotting horse, last Fall, when it fell through a bridge down in the southeastern part of the county. Smith looks like an ordinary business man, and has no resemblance to a "pug." His case will not come up for several days yet.

BOWSER PACKS TRUNK

Wife Proposes to Visit Her Mother, Who Is Victim of Accident.

SAMUEL HAS HIS OWN WAY.

Heedless of Mrs. Bowser's Protests, He Finishes Belf Imposed Task, Forgetting Nothing-Cat Is on to Philoso-

(Copyright, 1939, by Associated Literary Press.)

R. BOWSER, you will have to come home at once. I have a telegram from mother saying that she has me to come up there at once. I want to get away on the 5 o'clock train, and I shall take my trunk along." Such was the message Mr. Bowser

received over the telephone at midafternoon, and he waited only to reply: "What in thunder was she tramprare presence of mind, agreed with Ing around on forks in her bare feet

Mrs. Bowser had not been feeling well for a week, and the news upset then taken to the hospital, where her. He got home to find her lying

"But it can't be helped. What makes

саше." "Hang the cook! What's she got to

"She could do my packing."
"Not on your life! I am right here



THIS IS A PRETIT HOW-DE-DO, I MUST

for walking around on forks when she could have just as well walked on something else. But if you must go you must. Was it a pitchfork, a table fork or a toasting fork?" "She didn't say."

Insists on Packing Trunks. "Pitchfork probably, and it will be the death of her. Your family was althing. Where's the trunk?"

"In the storeroom. You get it and

"You'll do nothing of the kind That's what I have come home for.
Your mother goes and runs a pitchfork into her foot and gives you a
nervous shock, and if you go to fooling with the packing you won't get awag in a week. You are ready to faint away now. I wonder if it was a three tined pitchfork?"

"How can I tell?" "Probably was and is sure to result in teanus. Only thing on earth that could lock her jaws. I know what you want in the trunk, and you lie right where you are."
"But, Mr. Bowser"-

"There are no buts to it. I pack the trunk or I telegraph that you are too ill to come, and your mother must whisper her last words into a phono-graph. You'll probably be up there a week, and I'll put in the duds accordingly."

Mrs. Bowser realised, but she was helpless. She turned her face to the wall, and Mr. Bowser went ahead. She heard him pulling out bureau drawers and opening boxes and taking garments off the books, and as be worked he hummed the air of "The Old Oaken Bucket" to himself to show that he was enjoying the occasion. Two or three times she asked him if he was putting in this or that, and his reply was:

"Now, don't you worry. Everything will be put in in the best ahaps. You may be thankful that you've got such a husband as I am

The trunk was finally filled, and the lid was shut down, and Mr. Bowser jumped on it until it would close. He was warned not to break the hinges, but chuckled and said:

"The binges are all right, and I'll put the key in your purse. I was packing trunks before you were born. I will now go out and get a carriage, and we will drive to the depot. As soon as you get up there you'd better telegraph me what kind of a fork it was. If it was a pitchfork then she must have been loading hay. If she's conscious you can give her my love." Mr. Bowser was just going through the gate when a telegraph boy handed him a telegram which read: "You needn't come. All a mistake." "And now what do you make of this?" be asked as he showed it to

Mrs. Bowser, "Way-why, it's rather funny."

"By the seven mules, but I should say it was! First, your mother tale pugilist whose star was blotted out graphs you that she has stuck a fort into her foot and to come; second, she telegraphs that it is all a mistake and you needn't come. Doesn't she know whether she runs a fork into per foet or not?"

"She ought to."
"Was it some one else's foot? Was It a fork or a crowbar or what? I am hurried home to pack your trunk.
I do pack it. Now it proves to be labor thrown away. By John, I'll talk to that woman if I ever see her again!"
"She will probably write particulars.
As the girl is out and I'm not feeling

well, couldn't you go to a restaurant for your dinner?"

"Certainly! But you just hear what I say about that fork business. Suppose she had telegraphed that a brick house had fallen on her and then two hours later wired that it was all a mistake? Don't people know when brick houses fall on them? Don't they know when they run forks into their

Overhauled Mr. B.'s Work. As soon as Mr. Bowser was out of the house Mrs. Bowser began unpacking the trunk. He had topped off with two hats, and both were crushed as flat as pancakes.

Her bearskin furs came next. Two of his nightshirts were a close third.

Then was revealed her toothbrush and his razor and mug.

Then a pair of her old shoes that had been sitting in the closet for six

Then one of her stockings and one of his socks rolled lovingly together. Then a pair of his discarded slippers and a fur trimmed skirt.

Then one of his day shirts and a

half used cake of sapolio, Then a calico apron which she gen erally wore on sweeping days.

Then a dump of stuff consisting of hairpins, a tapeline, a piece of chalk, a cookbook, an almost toothless back comb and a pair of his soiled cuffs. These were dumped in to fill a certain

Then came a strata of socks and stockings and neckties and woolen gloves, with an abandoned corset for a sort of keynote.

At the bottom of the trunk were two ragged waists, a pair of Mr. Bowser's trousers, five of his collars, one odd slipper, two ostrich plumes, some artificial flowers and a yard of old lace. Mrs. Bowser had the things all out of the trunk and on the floor when he returned from his dinner, and as he sat down he said:

"I think I deserve a little bit of credit, Mrs. Bowser. There isn't one bushand in a thousand that can pack his wife's trunk."

"I know it," she replied. "And the few that can want all day to do it in."

"And I was just thirty-seven minutes by the clock packing a trunk that could have gone around the world." "I know."

"And nothing forgotten or out of

"Yes, you deserve credit. I can't imagine how you could have done it." And during the rest of the evening Mr. Bowser went around with his chest swelling out and a smile on his face, and he was so good that the cat took three or four distrustful looks at him and said to herself:

"Oh, no, old boy, you don't fool me! You are just getting ready to make things hum tomorrow night!"

It Sounded Hopeful. A young man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversa-

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family. "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my broth-

"No," the debutante replied demure ly, "but I should like to."-Lippincott

Degrees of Hunger. "I'm simply starving!" cried the short story writer at the Hungry club. "I wish they'd begin dinner."

"I never saw you when you weren't starving," said the poet. "I'm never as hungry as you are, though," the short story writer de-

clared, "because I write prose." Don't Want Any Drops. Hank Stubbs-The next thing you know airships will be goin' right over

Bige Miller - Ez long ez they go right over." Hank, I'll be satisfied.

By MARTIN ANDREWS. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

This is an age of rationalism. Every day we are more inclined to condemn superstition and certain frauds by which it is supported. But while we are losing faith in the miraculous there is a growing disposition to explain wonders scientifically.

I am especially subject to thought transference, and so is my wife. When together a thought no sooner enters the head of one of us than the other gives expression to it. I am a scientific man and expect the time to come when one will be able to detect the subtle cause or means of this com-

Some years ago I went as scientist on an exploring expedition. We were obliged to enter into an ocean that was then comparatively unknown. Our maps were the best that could be obtained, but had not received the same attention as other districts. Besides, convulsions beneath the sea are constantly occurring to change the con-

We were sailing northward, within a hundred miles of a coast running northeast and southwest. It was near midnight. I was sound asleep in my berth. Suddenly I awoke. What occurred during this awakening I am not going to attempt to explain except negatively. It was not a dream. It was not a vision. I heard nothing. I saw nothing. It was rather a consciousness. In that infinitesimal bit of time, during which I passed from a sound sleep to a wide awake condisound sleep to a wide aware count tion, my wife, who was several thou-sand miles distant from me, was ges-ticulating wildly, convulsed with ter-ror, pointing and crying, "Keep off!" As I have said, I received this as a

brain impression. The moment I was awake it was gone. There were the usual roll of the ship and creaking of

timbers, and I looked out of the por The night was starlight, and there was but a fair wind. Neverti less what had occurred had impe me thoroughly with a sense of de I arose, put on my clothes and w on deck. The officer in charge, Jacobson, was pacing the after & There was no land in sight, no but a broad expanse of ocean.

"What is it?" asked the officer joined him.

"Why do you ask the question?" "Why? You wouldn't be coming up here at this time of night for noth Besides, you look as if you'd seen a

"John," I replied, "will you do so thing for me without a reason? "What is it?"

"That's shoreward out there, isn' it?" I pointed westward.

"Put her off to northwest."

"Good Lord! What for?" "It was to be without a reason

"What will the old man do to me?" "I'll take the responsibility and stand between you and him. Come, John, be quick! There's danger shead?" He seemed to catch an inspiration of fear from me and gave the necessary

gunwale and looked over. "Come here, quick?" I called to the

orders. As the ship was rounding to

her new course I went to the poet

He came and looked over the side

"What's that?" I asked. "I see nothing," be replied. "Not that whirish line out there?"

He continued to peer and sudd cried under his breath, "Great beavens!" then gave the order to the belowman to sheer off to starboard. He saw. as I did, a thin white line. It could only be form and could only come from submerged rocks. It ran porth and south, broken here and there by the dark water to reappear farther en. We got only a glimpse of it, for our change of course served to take we away from it. For a time we both stood with bated breath, every mehold beneath us grating on a roof. Then I went below and called the cap

We saw no more evidences of the sunken reef, but on reaching the next port learned that it had been recen discovered by others. Its appearas dated from the last earthquake on the

I made a note of the day, hour and minute, as near as the latter was pec-sible, that my warning came to me, and when some months later I return ed to my wife I told her my story. Without waiting to hear me thro she interrupted to tell me that while ? was away she had dreamed she saw. our ship sailing toward a sunken reef. She tried to warn us off, but could sot do so. Her terror awoke her. She looked up the date and found it tallied

with my memorandum. A reference of my warning to s tific causes may be weakened by the dependence on a dream. Dreams now believed to be simply mental activity of the dreamer. But why should not that mental activity have experiences as well as when the mind in awake? And, if so, why could not what was experienced be communicated? can conceive of my wife's communica ing her experience to me the thought transference as readily as I wireless telegraph to a vessel far ou at sea. This process may some day be solved. How she gained a knowl of our danger is a problem a solution of which must be more remote.

They were talking about the cou sations of nature in making the

side stronger if the right is paralymed, the right eye keener if the left is blind, and so on. "Sure, that's right," said Pat. "I faith, the other was longer,"-Bakemore American.

Easily Answered "Pa." said little Willie Skulebegger. teacher told us to be prepared tome row to tell what meter "The Charge of the Light Brigade' is in."

"That's easy." replied W. Skulebag-

ger the elder. "Gas meter, of course. -Catholic Standard and Times. Husband-And may I ask why you find it so necessary to buy an auto

Wife-Oh, dear, we must keep in the

running.-Battimore American. 'Arry on Lack of Clares 'Ere's wot puzzled me a lot Habout your bloomin' country 'ere: Hit mykes no diff runce wot you've got

Nor 'ow much you can myke a year, Hit's hall the syme; your kids has mine Ply merrily hupon the street; Nobody seems to draw the line They speak to hall they chawnes to There seems to be no clarss hat hall.

My missus to a club belongs.

She plys at cards an goes to call

Han talks of wimin's rights han wrongs.

W'lle hover 'orne she'd keep her plyce.

Her folks would annub 'er jolly well.

But 'ere she's counted just as nice

Has rich folks, han she's just has swell.

Hit makes me larf sometimes to Hit makes me larf sometimes to see
The wye she spoofs them with 'er hairs
She's got 'em thinking Hl must be
A bloke wot owns some copper shares.
Hi cawn't conceive of folks like that
Harskin' 'er hout to 'ave a lark
Han callin' hon 'er hat hour flat
When Hi ham nothin' but a clark.

Han, bless me, hit's expensive too!
We've got a twenty dollar flat.
She wants to dress the wye they do
Han pyes ten dollars for 'er 'at.
The kids, she says, must look has well
Has those with w'om they dyly ply.
Heven Hi 'ave to dress up swell.
Confound your lack of clarss, Hi say!
—Detroit Free Press.

Recognizable.
I cannot see the gorgeous hues
Of autumn vale and hill.
I always sleep too late to note
The mornings cold and chill.
Far from the mountains wrapped in
Mid city buildings tail.
I toll away the busy days,
But recognize the fail.
If there is any doubt at all
I sniff the evening breeze.
No other season of the year
Can boast such smells as these.
A bouffre smotters in each yard,
With odors fiew and rare.
The stench of new fired furnaces
Each morning sills the air.

Each morning fills the air.

The breeze is fragrant with new paint,
With varnish and moth ball.

Though far from autumn scenes I dwell,
I recognize the fall.

Don Cameron Shafer in New York