

Let Us Put this Beautiful Range in Your Home Next Week, and present You With a Valuable Set of Kitchen Utensils, FREE



WE SHALL EXPECT TO SEE YOU

REMEMBER, NEXT WEEK

An Expert Demonstrator from South Bend, will be at our store all next week. Come and you will hear some "Inside Range Information." You will also be served with hot biscuits and coffee.

Patterson

Don't you think you have put up with that old cast iron cook stove, or poor steel range long enough? When you see The South Bend Malleable Range we are sure you will decide that you have. You want the best and you deserve to have it.

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 reliability of the Dennis' Store. We will be pleased to meet you and will make it worth your while.

WYATT & CO.

MRS. DOLBY'S TALKS

Her Attempt at Suicide Again a Failure.

WANTS DEACON TO EXPLAIN.

Mrs. D. Could Not Forget Hubby's Disgraceful Condition on the Fourth of July—Smell of Sassafras on His Breath Could Not Deceive Her.

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

WHEN Deacon Dolby started for the grocery with the oil can the other evening Mrs. Dolby had got a pair of his trousers in hand and was preparing to sew on a generous patch where it would do the most good and at the same time was in happy spirits. When he returned the trousers and patch lay on the floor, the lamp was turned low down, and he heard a low moaning from the bedroom off the family room. Some deacons and husbands would have rushed in to inquire of the wife lying on the bed in disheveled attitude what had happened. But Deacon Dol-



"YOU WERE INTOXICATED, SAMUEL!" by didn't. He turned up the lamp, kicked off his shoes with a grunt of

satisfaction and then opened a letter he had received at the postoffice. It was from his brother Henry, in Indiana. As he opened it more moans and groans reached his ears.

Brother Henry was well. He took his pen in hand to say that he was and to hope that these few lines will find you the same. Deacon Dolby was gratified. He had carried a sneaking idea that his brother Henry had been dead and buried for the last five years.

Sighs from the bedroom. Groans from the bedroom. Long drawn moans from the bedroom. They would have quite interested some men.

Henry's wife was also well; also his children. He didn't specify the number, but left it to a generous imagination to decide. Then Henry wrote that the weather had been remarkably fine and crossed it out and substituted the statement that the weather had been dinged hilarious.

Enter the ghost. Deacon Dolby saw her as she stood in the bedroom door, but she couldn't see that he saw. It was out of the tail of his eye. Henry said in his letter that money was tight in Indiana. He meant by that Indiana money was intoxicated, and the deacon didn't get things mixed up.

"Samuel Dolby?" It was the ghost speaking. The deacon heard it, but never turned a hair. Henry was informing him that he feared cholera had broken out among his hogs, but wasn't sure. It might be whooping cough or chicken pox.

Demands Account From Deacon. "Deacon Dolby, I am here, and I want you to give an account of yourself. I went in to lay down on the bed to die, but I heard you come home and thought I would put it off for a few minutes. Mrs. Hinchman was here while you were away."

Mrs. Dolby put an exclamation point after the announcement and watched to detect a guilty start, but none started. The deacon was carved of stone. Henry wrote that he had heard, but didn't know how true it was, that a man in Indiana had been arrested for having three wives.

"Samuel Dolby, on the night of last Fourth of July you went downtown to see the fireworks. You didn't want me to go for fear I'd be hit by a Roman candle. When you came home you tried for ten minutes to open the gate the wrong way. Don't deny it, for I was watching you."

The smile that flitted over the deacon's face had nothing to do with last

Fourth of July. Henry had written that they had got a way in Indiana of sticking the shingles on a barn with wax. Saved shingle nails and lasted longer; cows couldn't kick 'em off or colts chew 'em off.

"And you stumbled into the kitchen and fell flat on the floor and rolled over on your back, and when I wept over you and asked if you were dying all the answer I could get was, 'Whizzer mazzar—whizzer mazzar?' Samuel Dolby, look your wife in the eye!"

Samuel Dolby didn't do any such thing. He continued to look at Henry's letter. Henry wrote that he had enjoyed two large bolts on his left leg during the month of September, but by being extra good in his conduct had escaped the grave.

"I smelt of your breath, and it smelt of sassafras. Samuel Dolby, you had taken to sassafras to deceive your poor, confiding wife after you had taken to beer. You are as guilty as Mr. Haman or Hyman or whoever it was that was hung so high, and the end has come. You were intoxicated, Samuel—you, a moral example for the town of Peterboro! I never suspected it, owing to the sassafras. I thought you had been bunted by a rocket, and I've gone right along thanking Providence for saving your life. But the truth is out now. Deceiver!"

The deacon started a start, but suppressed it and cracked his toes under the table. Having taken his pen in hand, Henry wrote that one of his neighbor's cows had dropped dead in a fit a few days ago. He spelled it fit, but the deacon obligingly took a "t" off in the reading.

"Right along from the Fourth of July until this night, Samuel Dolby, you have been deceiving me! I have told the neighbors that you might have been struck by lightning or that it might have been a weak heart or that you saw a ghost as you came by the old sawmill. I have told them this, and yet they knew the true cause all the time. Oh, Samuel, how could you do it! How could you go into Snyder's and call for the beer and whoop about our licking the British and getting a Fourth of July?"

Puts Him to Shame.

The deacon felt waves of patriotism sweeping over him at the remembrance, but he hung on to himself. He also remembered how cool and nice that beer tasted, but he dared not lick his lips.

"And the shame of it, Samuel, has driv me to my grave. I can't hold up my head ag'in it. I s'pose you'll become a pirate or something, but I can't help that. They'll all understand why I committed suicide, and they'll all pity me. It won't do you any good to fall on your knees and shed tears and ask me to forgive you."

The deacon didn't fall or shed. Henry wrote that he kinder suspected that turnips would go to 40 cents a bushel before winter set in, but he might be mistaken.

"Samuel, we have a smokehouse. We have a ham in there smoking. I am going out there and shut myself in with the ham until I smother to death. I have always felt that I'd like to look purty after death, but I don't care now. If I look like a smoked ham you'll have to put up with it. I guess it'll wash off when I get up to heaven. Samuel, farewell!"

It was a mournful word, but Samuel was game. He choked back his emotions, swallowed the pumpkin seed he was holding in his mouth for rheumatism and let his poor wife go to her smoking doom. He also read from the letter that Henry thought it was going to be a hard winter. He couldn't tell why he thought so, but he did, and, so thinking, he thought he'd mention it.

Five minutes passed away. Mrs. Dolby must be smoking by this time. Ten minutes passed. She must be sneezing and gasping.

Fifteen minutes. She must be taking on the true ham color.

Twenty minutes. The deacon finished Brother Henry's letter, raised his arms and stretched with a ho-hum and then took the lamp into the bedroom and undressed and got into bed. He was just falling into a doze when Mrs. Dolby entered to say:

"And wasn't you coming out to look

for me, Samuel?" He didn't say. "After I got out there I thought it would be easier to jump out of a window tomorrow. I'll wait." And fifteen minutes later they were both sound asleep and the crickets singing as joyously as ever.

WEIDNER-HEBERGER

Married, at a Nuptial Mass, Thursday, October 18 1909 Rev Father Deenen officiating. Mr. Albert Weidner, of Beaverton and Johanna Heberger, of Sublimity, Oregon. With the best wishes of numerous friends for future happiness the happy couple left for Portland for a short wedding trip.

SURPRISE PARTY

Miss Lena Tews organized a pleasurable surprise in honor of the birthday of her mother, Mrs. August Tews, Friday evening, at their home in North Hillsboro. Games and conversation were the features of the evening, and light refreshments were served. The guests remained until a late hour departing with wishes of many returns of the day. Those present were:

Mr and Mrs. August Tews, Walter, Lena, George, Elsa and Agnes Tews, Mr. and Mrs. John Becker and daughter, Irene, Samuel Stevens and wife, Chas. Meacham and wife, Paul Tews and wife, Mrs. J. D. Michel, Miss Teresa Zetman, Miss Ertman, Miss Minnie Hartrampf.

Wado 5 lb can baking powder, 75 cents—at Wyatt & Co.

Alex Gordon, of Glencoe, was a county seat visitor yesterday.

Daniel Burkhalter, of Farmington, was in the city yesterday.

Money to loan on real estate Terms reasonable. Apply to Kuratli Bros., Hillsboro, Or. 21-4f

Albert Bernards, who has been in the Verboort section ever since the colony established, was in the city yesterday afternoon

Mary R. Miller, Forest Grove, sues E. P. Cadwell et al, asking the circuit court to quiet title to property in block 2, Forest Grove.

S. A. D. Meek, of Glencoe, and who manages all the dances of that famous little point, was in the city yesterday afternoon, getting ready for Thanksgiving.

Miss Nellie Wilcox is now prepared to open a class in piano instruction. All who are interested will please call in person or telephone the residence of Geo. H. Wilcox, Hillsboro.

Geo. E. Bradnach, manager of the piano department of the Grave Music House, Portland, is in town, calling on the trade and fraternizing with the Knights of Pythias, of which he has been an enthusiastic member for many years.

"Eve's Dialogue With the Devil" with modern application will be the great theme Sunday night at the Christian Church. This will be a rousing service. Morning theme: "Keeping the Faith." Splendid singing. Geo. A. Webb, leader Bible school at 10 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Come early and get a seat. Welcome to "A Home-like Church"

To the people of Hillsboro and country tributary, I extend my sincere thanks for your liberal patronage during my short business career in your city. With the assurance of giving you as good work henceforth as you can get any where, and, trusting that my poverty will corroborate my honesty, I respectfully ask your continued patronage. Thanking you again for past favors I remain, yours truly—J. E. Johnson, photographer, and successor to O. M. Pope.

Threshermen's Convention

The Southern Pacific & O. R. & N. will give a one and one-third rate to the Dalles for those who wish to attend the Threshermen's Convention, which convenes Dec. 2 and 3. Tickets on sale Nov. 29 to Dec. 3. Important addresses will be made and a representative of the U. S. Department of Agriculture will be in attendance. \$200 in gold will be given as prizes for the best wheat raised in Oregon, and a silver cup for the outfit threshing 100 prize bushels of grain. Eugene Hunt, of Reelville, expects to attend, as well as other threshermen. For all information, call on any S. P. Agent, or write Wm. McMurray, Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

BANK REPORT

Report of the condition of the Bank of Beaverton, at Beaverton, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business November 16, 1909:

Resources	
Loans and discounts	\$10,437 73
Overdrafts, secured unsecured	8 47
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	3,553 97
Due from approved reserve banks	4,956 89
Cash on hand	1,485 98
Expenses	1,255 79
Total	\$21,698 83

Liabilities	
Capital stock paid in	\$10,000 00
Surplus fund	29 25
Individual deposits subject to check	8,867 61
Demand certificates of deposit	2,801 97
Total	\$21,698 83

State of Oregon, County of Washington

I, A. Kaiser, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

A. KAISER, Cashier.

Correct—Attest: N. P. Oberman, B. K. Denney, F. N. Myers, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of November, 1909.

George Thyng, Notary Public.

Baird

Sells The Famous

Tilt Kenney Shoes for Men
Conqueror Hats
Dressy Cravencetts and Nobby
Corduroy Pants,
New Line of Golf Shirts

He Also

SELLS

Ladies' rubberized silk coats
"fashionable capes"
Nemo corsets
Julia Marlow shoes
Elegant line of waists and skirts

Have You Seen

THEM

If Not Your the Looser

Then there is the

Children's Goods

Dr. Denton's sleeping garments
Ruben shirts all sizes
Children's and infant's shoes
Children's fleeced lined union suits
Children's all wool underwear
Boys' high top shoes, and last but not least the Wonderful Armor Plate Hose, the kind that wear longest.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE

BAIRD

Between the Drug Stores

Christmas Gifts For Everybody

We have Christmas gifts suitable for everyone from "Baby" to "Grandfather."

Our holiday lines are the largest and most complete.

Our patterns are exclusive and up-to-date.

Visit our store and be convinced—but don't wait until the last minute. Come before the rush begins.

OUR STORE IS

At Your Service



Our Christmas lines will be on display on and after December 6, 1909. Call in and get a selection from our Toyland—the best in the city—before the stock is lessened.

THE NELSON HARDWARE CO.