

SPECIAL Introductory Sale

Pianos and Piano Players

To introduce to our out of town trade, our large stock of fine pianos and player pianos, we have selected a number of pianos in choice walnut, mahogany and oak and placed them on exhibition in

McCORMICK'S MUSIC STORE
HILLSBORO, ORE.

During this **Special Sale** only lasting 10 days we will allow 2% for every dollar paid on the first payment not exceeding \$50.00

The pianos are priced same as in our regular stock in Portland, we have but **One Price**, and a purchase made at this time means a saving of this amount which we charge to our advertising account.

To be frank with you this sale is made at this time so that everyone contemplating a piano for the **Holidays**, will come in and see us before making a decision.

We want to see you before you purchase a piano, not afterwards, it will save you money and regrets.

We carry in stock in Portland and sell wholesale and retail the following well-known makes of pianos:
Hamm & Bach Pianos and Player Pianos
Chickering Bros.

- Hoffman
- Strohber
- Smith & Barnes
- Steger & Sons
- Hallett & Davis
- Cambridge
- Universal
- Amphion

During this sale we will make liberal valuations on pianos and organs taken in exchange.

We are large dealers in everything in music wholesale and retail in Oregon and Idaho.

Our stock of pianos is one of the largest and most complete on the coast.

We have six piano parlors filled with choice instruments in a variety of sizes and styles, where the most discriminating musician can make a selection that will please them musically and technically.

While we have but one price and this price is made as low as possible, quality considered, and this always comes first with us. We make terms of payment to suit the convenience of our customers. We accept monthly and quarterly payments and these are always sent to us. We do not find it necessary to keep a collector for our customers.

Correspondence solicited. Catalogues furnished on request.

GRAVES MUSIC COMPANY

4th St. Portland

EVERYTHING IN MUSIC WHOLESALE, RETAIL

NEW PYTHIAN HALL TO BE DEDICATED

Date Set by Pythians is Monday Eve, Dec. 13

BIG BANQUET AT COMMERCIAL

Grand Chancellor Moser, of the Dalles, Coming

The local Pythians are preparing for a swell time when they will dedicate their new hall, on Second Street, on the evening of Monday, December 13. Grand Chancellor Moser, of The Dalles, now in the East, will arrive home in time to be present at the ceremonies. All of the members of the county lodges have been invited to be in attendance and it is estimated that at least 150 or 175 will participate. Arrangements have been made to serve the banquet, which will open about midnight, at the Commercial Hotel, and the management promises that the service will be the best ever brought out by any local caterer.

All Pythians are welcome and those who have not been at lodge so as to hear the invitations are to take this as their request to be with the boys.

HAAS-JACKSON

A very pretty home wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jackson, at Glencoe, Ore., on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, 1909, at High Noon, when their daughter, Letitia C., was united in marriage to Ernest W. Haas. Little Jessie Jackson bore the ring on a tray, and Rev. Prof. Coe, of McMinnville, performed the beautiful wedding ceremony. At 2:00 o'clock sharp Miss Mabel Kesser started the wedding march from Lohengrin and the young couple appeared in the parlor, followed by Miss Mamie Kinser, bride-maid, and Mr. Frank W. Jackson, groomsmen. The bride was gowned in a beautiful cream Henrietta. Miss Grace Jackson caught the bride's bouquet of white carnations, which she threw from the veranda. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Haas were tendered congratulations and then followed a bounteous luncheon. The house was beautifully decorated with cedar, fern, Oregon grapes and cut paper and the floral tributes to the bride and groom were lavish and superb.

The bride is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, and has a host of friends in this section who extend to her the best of good wishes—the world can afford. The groom is the youngest son of Ulrich Haas, of Hillsboro, and is a member of the firm of Haas & Haas, the well known Sheridan druggists. He formerly resided five miles northwest of Hillsboro.

The guests and presents tendered were:

Ulrich Haas, Hillsboro, stand lamp, set knives, forks and spoons; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hunter, Hillsboro, butter knife, sugar shell and center piece; Mr. and Mrs. Morrill, Hillsboro, oil painting; Mrs. C. W. Redmond and daughter, Margaret, Hillsboro, oil painting; Thos Elliott and family, of Post and Hillsboro, sofa cushion; Dr. and Mrs. P. G. Haas, McMinnville, card receiver; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jackson, Glencoe, set dishes; Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Paime, Glencoe, berry spoon and pillow slip; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Walters, Glencoe, silver bread tray; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. He lane, Glencoe, set lunch plates; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Berry, Glencoe, salad set; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lincoln, Glencoe, sugar shell; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Lincoln, Glencoe, set tea and table spoons; Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jackson, Glencoe, water set; Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Kesser, Hillsboro, water set; Miss Edith Pechis, Hillsboro, bon bon bowl; Mamie Kinser, pick'dish; Ethel Jackson, salad set; Grace Jackson, salad set; Wilma Lincoln, cups and saucers; Otis Jackson, creamer and sugar bowl; Bruce Hahn, Moun aideale, rolling pin; Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Hahn, Mountaideale, set bureau scarf; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hahn, Mountaideale, knives and forks. Those who sent presents but were not in attendance: Miss Emma De'Sman, Hillsboro, sugar shell; A. E. and C. C. Miller and wife, Ceremont, Iowa, set silverware; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Haas, Clermont, Iowa, set silver table spoons; Mr. and Mrs. John Bauman, Elgin, Iowa, butter knife; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Watson, Portland, cold meat fork; Miss Corinne Miller, Ashwood, Ore., cake lifter; Misses Amanda and Minnie Hartman, Hill aboro, olive set.

Others in attendance were: Grandma Lucinda Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. John Haas, Hillsboro; Irena Lincoln, Mae and Jessie Jackson; Mabel, Ethel and Walter Kesser, Frank, Ray and Merritt Jackson, Glencoe; Edith, Adeline, Hazel and Helen Hunter, Maudie Morrill, Milton and Raymond Haas, Hillsboro.

Mr and Mrs. Haas left immediately for Seattle to spend their honeymoon, and after a week or ten days will take up their residence in Sheridan, where they will be at home to their friends.

Mixed candles, 12½ cents per lb., at Wyatt & Co.

The Pythian Sisters have purchased a new piano which is for use in the new meeting place of both the Pythians and Sisters.

Hop buyer Henderson, of Portland, and formerly of McMinnville, was in town this week, interviewing those who have hops for sale.

Wm. Bagley, the veteran hop grower of Leisyville, was in yesterday. Mr. Bagley is contemplating moving to town as soon as he can build in North Hillsboro.

TO CHRISTMAS BUYERS

Santa Claus has made his head quarters at GREER'S

for the past ten years, and he will be here this year with a larger and better stock than ever before.

PRESENTS FOR GIRLS
Dolls, buggies, go-carts, stoves, play dishes, tubs, chairs, books, games, post card albums, and toilet sets.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS
Engines, wagons, hose carts, air guns, automobiles magic lanterns, and many other things.

PRESENTS FOR LADIES
Plain and fancy dishes of all kinds.

PRESENTS FOR MEN
Cigar jars; shaving mugs, large cups and saucers, and albums.

A GREAT PREMIUM OFFER

December 24, '09

COME AND SEE US

- Men's heavy shoes per pair \$3 50
- " " work " " " " 1 75
- " " " " " " " " 2 00
- Boys' heavy " " " " 3 50
- Ladies' shoes per pair 50c to 3 50
- " patent leather Hamilton
- " brown shoes per pair 3 50
- Fine selection men's work pants 1 50
- \$2 00, \$2 25.

We carry a complete line of Men's Underwear including Union Suits.

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery all Styles and Sizes

White Wool Blankets, per pair \$1.25
WYATT & CO.

PROTECT YOUR HORSE

PROTECT YOURSELF

This is the season when you need blankets for your animal. Come and see our **HORSE BLANKETS** Now \$1.75 and up.

When you are driving you endanger your health unless you keep warm. Take a look at our handsome **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.

Ladies! We have the largest assortment of fancy plates this city down to the city the first of the Haas over here—Greer.

APOLOGIZE OR FIGHT

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Miss Prue Gordon of the city and a summer visitor at her aunt's mansion house had never caught a fish in her life. She didn't even know that she wanted to until she strolled out to the lake on the grounds on the third day of her arrival and was welcomed by a ragged lad of fourteen, who had a pole and line to spare. When he had baited her hook for her and spat on the bait he bluntly asked:

"Say, you got a feller yet?"

"A feller?" she repeated.

"Yes, a beau."

"Of course not. I'm just out of school."

"Well, you'll get ome in time. All gals do. Fellers are looking for gals, and gals are looking for fellers. It's right too. I'm glad you come out here this morning. If you catch a whopper of a fish you'll have a beau within a week. Never knew it to fall in my life. There's an awful whopper in this lake. He's a pickerer. He's two feet long. He's bit off more'n a hundred lines. If you could only catch him—Lordy!"

"What would happen?" asked Prue.

"You'd catch on to a feller in no time, and he'd be a daisy, and you'd get married and live happy forever after. I won't be here this afternoon, but you come out and fish by yourself. The old whopper always comes around in the afternoon. Don't get scared if he bites, but shut your teeth and pull for all you're worth."

In the afternoon Miss Prue fished again. A young man took a seat on a log forty feet away, and without looking in her direction he calmly prepared line and hook and cast them into the lake. It was likely some one summing in the village hotel, and he had been told that the lake was free to all.

Miss Prue was nettled. The longer she watched the young man out of the corner of her eye the more annoyed she felt. It would have been at least "fresh" for him to have approached her, but his action seemed to ignore her. A long dreary hour had passed when the stranger suddenly leaped to his feet and began to dance around. That "whopper" had taken his hook. She watched his excitement for a moment and then threw her fish pole into the lake and started for home with snapping eyes and blazing cheeks. In telling her story after she got there she wept tears of anger and humiliation. That evening as she sat on the veranda after dinner, gritting her teeth now and then as she thought of her wrongs, Dick came sauntering up to hear how her fishing had turned out. She poured the story into his ears, and he said:

"I know the feller. He's an artist stopping at the tavern. I told you about that whopper and got you to fishing, and now it's up to me to do something. I'm your guardian like. I'm going to do something."

"But what can you do?" was asked.

"Lots. He's got to apologize or fight."

"But, Dick, you see"—

But Dick was on a dog trot for the village. He had never spoken with the artist, but that made no difference to a boy like him. He had come on an errand, and that errand must be done. The artist was found on the hotel veranda enjoying a cigar and the gloaming, and no time was lost in addressing him with:

"Say, you, but you've got to apologize or there'll be the biggest kind of a row around here."

"If I have hurt your feelings I don't remember it," replied the surprised guest.

"Oh, it ain't my feelings, but a girl's. Don't nobody never hurt my feelings. It's a girl, and you made her awful mad, and you made her cry. Will you apologize or fight a duel?"

"I hurt a girl's feelings? When? Where? Boy, tell me all about it!"

"It's a girl named Prue. She's Aunt Judith's niece. She's from the city. She's as handsome as a duck. I learned her to fish this morning. I told her about that whopper of a pickerer in the lake, and I told her that if she could catch him she could catch a dandy of a feller. I wasn't back there this afternoon, but she was. She was fishing for the whopper when you butted in."

"Oh, it was that girl at the lake, eh? Why, I never spoke to her."

"No, but you caught that whopper of a pickerer just as he was going to take her hook, and you must apologize. She's waiting for you to come along back with me and do it."

The artist was only twenty-four and romantic and venturesome. He allowed himself to be marched up to the manor and before Miss Prue and Aunt Judith, and he didn't make his apology until Dick had said, "This is the feller who caught the whopper, and when I told him he must apologize or fight he came along."

Then the apology was made. It was prefaced by the statement that the "whopper" had turned out to be an old boat fished up from the bottom of the lake and it had been taken from the hook and thrown into the grass. After that things came easy. Dick, to his humiliation, was shunted aside for talk about art, books, travel, etc., and at last he made a quiet sneak. As he went he said to himself:

"I never teaches another girl how to fish. I never tells another girl of a whopper. This girl didn't catch no fish, and therefore she won't catch no feller, and I'm dummed glad of it!"

But all legends regarding fish must be taken with a grain of salt—not that Miss Prue has caught a feller, but that a feller has caught her.

THE AUDACITY OF BOB SMITHSON.

By MARTHA C. HUTCHINS.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Edgar Barry, novelist, was sitting in his living room when his friend Bob Smithson called.

"Hullo, Bob, how are you?"

"Fine, thanks. How about you?"

"Fine. I just got home from a walk."

"Where did you go?"

"To the park. Saw some nice flowers."

"That's nice. What time did you get home?"

"About seven. I was out for an hour."

"You were out for an hour?"

"Yes, I was. I went for a walk. It's so nice to get some fresh air."

"That's true. I should go more often. I've been so busy lately. How are the children?"

"Fine. They're all well. They've been to school."

"That's good. I hope they're enjoying it."

"Yes, they are. They're getting used to it."

"That's nice. I'm glad to hear that."

"I've been thinking of writing a new book. Do you think you'd like to read it?"

"Sure. I'd be glad to read anything you write."

"That's kind of you. I'll send you a copy when it's ready."

"That's all right. I'll be sure to read it."

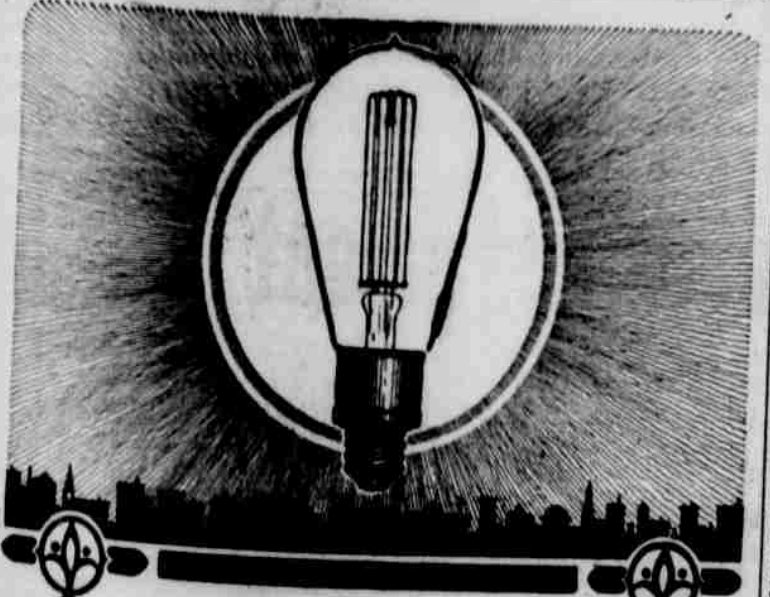
"I've been thinking of going to the city for a while. Do you think you'd like to go with me?"

"I don't know. I've got a lot to do here."

"That's all right. I'll see you later."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."



Light After Dark

truly describes the brilliancy of this new Tungsten lamp for electric light. With the same amount of electric current its wire filament radiates from two to three times as much light as the ordinary carbon incandescent.

Use Tungsten Lamps in Your Home

They will cut your light bill in two, or, double your illumination without extra cost. Try a G.E. 40-watt lamp at first. It consumes one-fifth less electric current and is twice as brilliant as the 16 candle power carbon lamp you now use.

Hillsboro Water, Light & Power Co.