

SHORT ORDER HOUSE

I have opened a Short Order Restaurant next door to the Shute Bank and have engaged a competent Chef.

Oysters in all styles

When you are in the city, give us a call. We buy the best the market affords. For good steaks, and an excellent service, in short orders, drop in and see us. Tables for Ladies. Open until 1.00 A. M.

JOS. H. WILLIAMS

NEW GROCERY

The undersigned has opened a new grocery store in the

Pythian Building

And solicits a share of your patronage. A splendid assortment of Staple and Fancy Groceries. I buy the best and sell at the closest possible margin.

New Store—New Goods Give Me a Trial

E. W. MOORE, 2nd St.

MAYS & CONOVER

To the People of Scholls and vicinity:

We have invoiced our General Merchandise Stock and find that we are carrying a heavier stock in some lines than we need, and as it is one of our Strong Points in business to cater to the wants of our customers, it is necessary to continually change some lines of goods, therefore we have decided to make

A Big Reduction Sale

IN SOME LINES

And A Closing Out Sale

in other lines, to make room for our new, and up-to-date spring stock which will soon be here. We will start this sale FEBRUARY 1st by giving a 20 per cent discount on all shoes, hats, caps, ladies' and gents' furnishing goods, flannel overshirts, hosiery, etc.

Our shoe stock consists of the famous Stillson, Kellogg, Capon, Gotzean and various other brands, while our underwear line is mainly Munsing, Cooper's, and the reliable Morris Mills goods, all of these goods are clean goods, no dead

STOCK IN OUR STORE

We will also include in this sale about 60 gallons of A. 1. harness oil, regular price \$1.00 per gallon, as long as it lasts it goes for 75c, less sale discount, 2 per cent. This sale will continue until our aim is accomplished. WATCH THIS SPACE for we will add other lines from week to week. Remember we save you one-fifth off regular price on all goods placed on sale this week.

We make one price to all. We aim to please. MAYS & CONOVER, Scholls, Ore.

COME AND SEE US

- Mens' heavy shoes per pair \$3 50
- " " work " " " 1 75
- Boys' heavy " " " 2 00
- Ladies' shoes per pair 50c to 3 50
- " patent leather Hamilton
- " brown shoes per pair - - 3 50
- Fine selection mens' 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.

W. H. Taylor was a Forest Ranger caller, yesterday, called here by the death of his brother-in-law, H. H. Clark.

R. Linton and wife, of east of the city, were in town yesterday. Their daughter, Beryl, aged but 12 years, successfully passed the recent county eighth grade examination.

Y. M. C. A. BOYS' CLUBS COMING

Will Meet in Next Convention in Hillsboro

SESSION AT CORVALLIS CLOSING

Hillsboro Delegation Report Big Time in Benton

The next meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Boys' Clubs will meet in Hillsboro as a result of hustling upon the part of the Hillsboro delegation which attended the 12th annual meeting held at Corvallis the first of the week. There were 168 delegates in attendance, and the Hillsboro contingent was accompanied by Rev. F. V. Fisher, of the M. E. church.

There were several aspirants for the convention, but as Hillsboro already had the Knights of King Arthur convention for next year it was decided that the Clubs would also hold their session here.

The Y. M. C. A. convention will convene at Forest Grove next December, and it has been arranged that the Hillsboro convention will be held about Nov. 25. As the M. E. annual conference holds here in September, Washington County will be a big convention section this year.

Tualatin Castle Knights of King Arthur will hold a box and bake social at the church on Friday evening of this week to raise funds for the gymnasium. Let all the friends of the boys turn out and help.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

No teacher who receives wages sufficient to warrant making the trip to Forest Grove next Saturday, should miss the opportunity of hearing the class of Portland pupils under the charge of Miss Madden, their teacher, recite in phonics. Doctors White and Smith, members of the State Board of Health will give instruction in School Hygiene. Other able instructors have been employed. Everyone interested in education is cordially invited to be present.

Zach Gragg, this week, received the sad intelligence announcing the death of his father, John Gragg, aged 73 years, at Maline, Kas. The cause of death was general debility. He went to Kansas in 1851, and resided there almost continuously until his death.

We do not have the new Utah land plaster, but we have the "Nphi," the original Utah land plaster, the kind you have always used, \$13 per ton—C. B. Buchanan & Co., Cornelius, Or. 46-9

F. L. Erwin, who has been at Sheridan for several months, has moved out there and returned to Hillsboro, and is occupying his property on East Oak Street. He says he is pleased to get back to old Hillsboro.

Geo. Alexander, of this city, who is running a transit for the Harrison road up in the Madras section, writes that a few days ago mercury reached 27 below. And yet, there are people who complain of the cold in the Willamette Valley!

Ellingham Schiefelin, of Center ville, was in Tuesday, and reports his mother, Mrs. Jane Schiefelin, aged 87 years, as very much indisposed. Mrs. Schiefelin is a pioneer of the coast, coming West in 1851.

This has been a long drawn out term of circuit court, and cases have been set away into February. Some of the jurors are getting mighty tired of town life, and are anxious to get back to the soil.

The Boys' Physical Culture and Bible Study Club of the Christian Church will meet at the church next Saturday, at 2:00 o'clock. All boys are invited. Prayer meeting and teachers' training meeting Friday night.

Hear ye! Hear ye! The ladies of the Christian Church will serve a sumptuous chicken supper at the Grange Hall, Friday, Feb. 4, from 6 to 8 p. m. Keep this date in mind, and come.

Mrs. J. W. Copeland, of below Witch Hazel, was in town yesterday. Mrs. Copeland runs a small dairy and was the champion kale grower of that section, last year.

Adolph Schmacher, of near Oreno, was in yesterday, getting ready for the Salzgeber sale of personal property, which takes place next Tuesday.

L. F. Carstens, who has cleaned up the Brown Lumber Co's lumber yard as referee, was down from Greenville, Tuesday.

Geo. Gibson, well known here and around the Glencoe country, was in the city from Arleta, Tuesday.

Born, Jan. 26 1910 at Leisyville, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hinton, of Bake Oven, Oregon, a daughter.

Born, Jan. 25, 1910, to Jas. S. Watson, of 2 miles northwest of Hillsboro, a daughter.

Duffy, Brakeman

Just a Big, Stupid Lad That's Faithful Intirely."

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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Duffy, brakeman on No. 3, sat in the roundhouse with his head in his hands.

Katie had been accepting McArdle's attentions with ostentatious favor of late, and the evening before starting out in his presence, she had turned to McArdle and spoken of the delights of trolley riding. It had resulted in a prompt invitation, while he stood stupidly and listened.

So when the warning toot of the engine recalled the men from their lunch Duffy rose with all the indecision gone from his gray eyes and square chin.

An increasing rumble was vibrating the rails to the west. Another few minutes and the express would sweep in, making its three minutes' stop and then tear off into the east. As its rear car passed the rails of the siding the switch tender would connect the rails and allow the freight to roll out. Duffy climbed to the top of the last box car and grasped the brake wheel, then turned toward the engine and waited for the signal. His face was white, but inflexible, his gaze steady. The vibration became a roar, and the express rounded the curve and rushed down upon them, past the siding. Then came the signal, the brakes were loosened and the long freight straightened out upon the main track like a huge snake slipping from its lair.

It had been snowing for an hour, soft and sticky and clinging to whatever it touched. Presently the snow became rain, and a little later the weather dropped 20 degrees and the oozy mass froze into a smooth, solid coating over the tops of the cars.

Old brakemen know what that means—the worst peril in the lives of men who walk freights. Usually there is snow in the ice or the ice is frozen with enough roughness to allow foothold. But when it is perfectly smooth and so hard that a heavy boot can make no indentation then the brakeman knows that with all precautions he is very, very near to death. With the cars motionless it is a feat to walk the narrow planks of their tops; with them jerking and bumping and swaying on side grades and around curves it is a feat that well nigh becomes a miracle.

Duffy was naturally slow and methodical and, though daring all, careful to a degree. Fortunately there were few stops or grades that called for extra braking, and for the most part he was able to stay at the rear car brake and even occasionally during long runs to slip down into the caboose.

But as the afternoon grayed into evening and the evening blacked into night his face grew more troubled and anxious. Beyond Elton was a wild country, with sharp up and down grades where brakes would have to be frequently changed. On that part of the road in the darkness a careful man on top of the freight would be in such danger as the soldier facing batteries.

Duffy had been thinking of the hills and of the almost certain fate of reckless, inexperienced McArdle on the night trip through them. His square chin and white face meant the extending of the right hand of friendship to his successful rival and the giving up of any personal matter or advantage that would tend to the rival's help, for that would be the best way to help Katie. There was a scarcity of brakemen in the passenger service, and before long one of them would be sure of promotion. His name would come before McArdle's on the freight promotion. Now he must find some way to lower his record so that McArdle's name should rank first. The passenger service meant comparative safety and better remuneration.

But those hills! He had been thinking of them since the melted snow became rigid, glassy ice, and now the words of the experienced brakeman confirmed his worst fears. If McArdle took the hill trip there would be no use planning help for Katie through him. As for planning help without, if such thoughts occurred to Duffy they were spurned unceremoniously aside. Katie loved McArdle. But what could he do?

Nothing presented itself until they reached Marshall Junction, where the conductor found a telegram stating that No. 7, down freight, was an hour behind and that instead of waiting for her there they would hurry on and wait at Norwood, ten miles beyond Elton. This would bring them to Elton twelve minutes in advance of schedule and instead of remaining the usual twenty minutes they would only stop four or five, just long enough to change men. Usually the new shift were lounging about the station, smoking and exchanging experiences, but Duffy remembered that McArdle, with his customary recklessness, was in the habit of hurrying across the station at the last moment and swinging himself upon the train after it had started.

With the remembrance came a sudden desperate plan. Almost before the train stopped he was upon the platform, as were the conductor and other brakemen.

"Rush the new men out here, quick!" the conductor shouted. "We must make Norwood on time, and the key rails will make it stiff work. Oh, here you are"—as the new shift hurried forward—all but McArdle! Duffy, do you know where McArdle boards? We can't spare many minutes here.

"Yes, sir; he has a room just across the street. He's likely ready, but doesn't know we're here ahead of time."

"Well, let him know quicker than lightning. The rest of you swing up to your places."

Duffy ran across the station, through the opposite door, then circled round to the rear of the train, coming up on

the far side. In two minutes he was standing on top of a car, with his hat tilted rakishly to one side in the manner that McArdle wore his. The conductor, hurrying back from the telegraph window where he had gone to see if there were inter orders, saw the figure with its face turned away.

"Oh, there you are, McArdle!" he called. "All right." Then he shouted, "All aboard!" and his hand made a quick half circle in the air, and the engineer, looking back, saw and opened his throttle.

It was a night that Duffy and all others who walked freight trains on that road never forgot. An hour out, and the wind became a hurricane, sharp as needles and bitter as death. No brakeman thought of such a thing as attempting to walk upright on his cars. When it was necessary to cross from one brake to another they went in the only way possible, upon hands and knees, even crawling with fingers gripping the edges of the plank to keep from being swept away by the wind.

Duffy was vigilant and careful that night as he had never been before. Every movement of a foot, every grip of his fingers, was made with the thought that it might be the one which was to hold him back from death. But all his care, his vigilance, his tense muscles, were without avail. There was a sharp grade where the car wheels slipped on the icy rails and where the help of every brake became necessary. Duffy had set his mind on edging across a car to assist a chilled neighbor when his foot slipped the fraction an inch. But it was enough for the wind and a sudden lurch to wrench him loose and send him slipping and rolling off the car top into the darkness.

When they picked him up and brought him back the trainmen said he was the luckiest man who had ever fallen from a car top under full speed, for he had struck upon a steep embankment and slid a hundred yards down the snow with only a broken leg and some bruises to show for the fall. As he had no people to notify, they took him straight to the Elton hospital, where he would be cared for by the railroad, though Duffy insisted that he should pay his own expenses. There was an odd look of content on his face as the surgeon made the examination. It was a small price to pay for McArdle's life and Katie's happiness.

He was not much surprised the next day to see Katie herself coming down between the cots, her face pale and her eyes full of tears, or to have her sink on her knees beside him and press her face down close to his. Katie was loving and impulsive, and of course she was grateful for what he had done. But there was a warm glow in his heart, nevertheless, even for this remembrance.

"Duffy, my own sweetheart," she whispered tenderly, "is it that you are not much hurt? Tell me for true, darlin'." They said it was just a broken leg and some bruises, but maybe they were tryin' to make it easy for me. Tell me true, an' how was it that ye was on McArdle's run? The men say the conductor told ye to tell him, an' McArdle says ye never come for him at all, at all."

Duffy had raised himself to an elbow. Now he sank back. Katie was excited, and she was loving and impulsive, and they had always been good friends.

"There wasn't much time," he answered evasively. "The conductor said only a few minutes an' it was a bad night entirely, an' they would be needin' some one, so I went."

Katie's tear dimmed eyes were studying him suspiciously.

"Was it for McArdle ye went," she demanded suddenly. "him that is no friend to ye? It was a bad night entirely, as many a brakeman could tell if he was here, an' everybody knows that McArdle wid his foolish ways would have been one o' them had he gone. Was it for him, Duffy?"

"No, it wasn't for him," he answered almost savagely. "It was for you, Katie, dar'."

His lips closed upon the word sharply, so sharply that the teeth met them, and a dark red line oozed along the grimly shut mouth. Then the mouth quivered, relaxed, and the gray eyes flung wide their lids with amazed inquiry. Two arms were around his neck, a fair, sweet face was pressed impatiently against his, and tears, not from his own eyes, were wetting his cheeks.

"'Tis a bad crathure I am, acushla!" the girl sobbed. "But we've been sweethearts ever since we were children in school, Duffy, an' ye ought to have known. Only ye was so—so slow that I got tired wid the waitin', an' when McArdle come along I thought I could make ye a bit jealous so maybe ye'd spake. An'—an' ye went off to kill yourself for a light head that isn't worth your little finger. 'Tis a hero ye are, Duffy, an' I'm proud of ye, but I couldn't love ye a bit more. I—"

The sobbing grew less, and the face was raised so that sudden reproach flashed upon him through misty eyes. "'Tis shame for a girl with a man is that slow an' stupid she has to do both the seekin' an' the speakin'," she said with plying scorn. "I take back the words I just spoke. 'Tis no hero ye are, Duffy, but a big, stupid lad that's faithful intirely."

The Mystery of Black Mountain

How the Perpetrator of a Murder Was Discovered.

By JOHN LOUIS BERRY.

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The lightning flashed, illuminating the dark forest vividly.

"This is the place," said Clare breathlessly after her long run, and she pointed to the ground.

At Jack's feet lay a sinister black heap with its face turned up toward the stormy sky. There was a wide gash in the head. Beside the body lay the brutal implement of the hideous deed—an ax.

"Phil!" cried Jack in horror stricken tones, bending down and feeling the heart. "My God, he is dead!" "Dead," repeated Clare, "and you killed him."

"Why, Miss Fleming, you must be mad. I swear—"

She held up her hand. "Not another word. Please see me to the edge of the wood."

Jack Lawrence was held for the murder. One afternoon a week before the day of the trial Jack was surprised by a visit from Clare Fleming.

"I'm going away," she explained, "and I didn't want to leave without saying goodby."

"Thank you," he answered quietly. "Do you still believe me guilty?"

"Don't ask me, please."

He sighed heavily.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. Try to believe that I'm innocent. Will you try, Clare?"

"Yes, Jack; I'll try—with all my soul."

"Thank you. You didn't see me strike him with the ax, did you?"

"No." She was silent a moment, gazing at him steadily. "Tell me, are you innocent or guilty?"

"Innocent, so help me God."

She held out her hand. "I believe you," she said, then, ashamed of her tears, hurriedly left him.

Out in the street she met her uncle, Judge Hughes.

"I'm on my way to reserve your berth, my dear," he said. "The train has changed time, and—"

"But I'm not going away—just yet," she interrupted.

"You don't say so! Well, if you're not the most notione young lady"—

But she laughed and hastened past him. Reaching Dixie Lodge, the Hughes home, she ordered her pony saddled and soon was galloping up Black Mountain. She did not draw rein until arriving at Piney Bill's cabin. The old man was hard at work chopping wood.

"Good afternoon," she said graciously. "I've heard that you're the only person in the county who believes Jack innocent of the murder."

Bill did not respond with much alacrity. Because of this handsome, dashing young woman one of his boys was dead and the other was virtually condemned to die.

"Well, Mr. Bill, that's a mistake," she continued good humoredly, "for here's another who believes him innocent."

Bill gave his ax a rest. "You?" he queried incredulously.

"Come, now," she said briskly, dismounting. "Let's go to the place where poor Phil met his death and talk it over. Maybe we can reach some conclusion."

"Do you remember the exact spot?" Bill asked doubtfully.

"Yes. The tree was struck by lightning."

"Praps Phil was struck too?" he hazarded, with sublime hope.

She shook her head. "No; it was that horrible ax. Somebody killed him with that, and you and I must find out who it was."

In a few moments they were standing on the fatal spot. The tree had been struck by lightning, as Clare had said, and was now a partly burned and shriveled semblance of its former self. The two friends of the accused examined the surroundings carefully, but found nothing that led to a clue. There seemed to be only hopelessness ahead.

The day of the trial came. The prosecution then called its first and only witness, Clare Fleming. She told a simple and straightforward story of how on the afternoon of the picnic she and the murdered man had met the accused and of how when she and Phil were hurrying home in the rain and darkness Phil had been struck on the head with an ax, thereby killing him.

The defense began the cross examination.

"You were with Mr. Hastings at the time he met his death?"

"Yes."

"Did he cry out?"

"He simply fell to the ground."

"Did you see the murderer do the deed?"

"No."

"Did you see the accused anywhere near?"

"No."

"Did you suspect him then of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because"—she hesitated—"of their quarrel in the afternoon."

"And you left the body and went to hunt for him?"

"Not for him—simply for help. I lost my way and happened to meet him, then returned with him to the corpse."

"You are excused."

The prosecuting attorney then began his argument. Judge Hughes followed for Jack. But his eloquence was futile. Only two of his points made anything of an impression—the fact that no footprints had been discovered under the tree other than those of Miss Fleming and the dead man and the further fact that the ax was a very old one of German manufacture, the duplicate of which could not be found for miles around. Certainly no one had ever seen the ax in Jack's possession.

The prosecuting attorney quietly called attention to the relative insignificance of the defense's two points. Then the court gave the charge to the jury. The twelve good men and true retired. They had been gone just half an hour when they filed in and the foreman handed in the verdict. "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

It was the shortest murder trial ever held in the state.

The defense's motion for a new trial was not granted. Accordingly Jack was taken to the state penitentiary. The governor, a rather rigid man, saw no extenuating circumstances in the case, and the first week in October was set as the time for the execution. So Jack's fate was sealed. Two months, and he would suffer an ignominious death on the gallows.

A cloud of gloom settled over the village, where Jack had always been a general favorite. Judge Hughes and his niece went to a watering place to spend the rest of the autumn. Clare wrote one letter to Jack—a long one. What was in it nobody but themselves ever knew.

Time flew. On the twenty-eighth day

of September Clare received the following telegram:

Come at once. Big news. BILL.

Bright and early the next morning she galloped up Black Mountain. As usual Bill was chopping wood.

"You must excuse me, miss," he apologized, "but as you an' me was the only ones wot didn't believe him guilty I thought I'd hev ye come an' share the glori'ous news. But we must be quick about it, as you'll hev to see the gov'nor."

He went into the cabin and brought out the ax which had been found on the ground beside the body. "It's a queer one, ain't it, miss? An' do ye recollect it didn't hev no handle? I wonder wot become of it?" He laughed slyly. "I guess Jack must ha' buried it. But, do you know, miss, I suspicion that this here ax be half as old as I am? Come, I wanter show you the tree. Ever since poor Phil's death I've cussed an' swore at that tree. Time an' ag'in I've gone out thar to chop the critter down, an' time an' ag'in I couldn't. Suthin' alius seemed to hold me back. I'm mighty glad now that suthin' did."

Bill showed Clare his "find." Fifteen minutes later the overjoyed young woman rode down to the village, secured a camera; then, returning to the forest, took a picture of the tree, or, rather, of one particular part of it.

That afternoon she stood in the presence of his excellency the governor of the state.

"Governor," she began quietly, "next week is the time set for John Lawrence's execution. I'm here to ask you for a pardon."

"You don't ask much," his excellency answered dryly.

"Governor," she continued, smiling, "you are familiar with the details of Mr. Hastings' death. I ask you to keep in mind now four points especially—there was a thunderstorm raging at the time, he was standing under a tree, the tree was struck by lightning, and he was struck with an ax."

His excellency looked bored. "Go on."

She opened her satchel and took out the photograph plate and the ax. "There, sir, is the ax. As you see, it's a very fine steel one of an odd shape and size, and if you look down in this corner you'll find it was made in Germany as long ago as 1839. The ax, then, is thirty-nine years old. The tree is a number of years older. Now, this plate shows the part of the tree that was struck by lightning—the 'forks,' so called, or the point where the upper part of the trunk divides into two limbs. The lightning struck the forks, and they split open. Look closely at the plate and you'll see a depression in the wood where the lightning struck, a depression of the exact shape of this ax. And right here is the explanation of the mystery of Philip Hastings' death. This ax was stuck into the tree between twenty and twenty-five years ago by some woodman. He might have done it for several reasons—to mark the tree, to put the ax in a safe and convenient place, or it might have been merely an act of carelessness. Be that as it may, woodmen often do such things. The ax was thrust into this tree, the handle loosening and coming off. The man who did it must have forgotten it or gone away unexpectedly, as it was left in the tree. How do I know that this happened between twenty and twenty-five years ago? I simply compare the age of the ax with the probable age of the tree. The ax was thrust into the tree, and it remained there. As the tree grew the bark gradually covered the ax, and the ax rose higher and higher with the tree." She looked at the governor with quiet assurance. "Now, sir, these facts speak for themselves. The lightning struck the forks of the tree, the tree split open, and the ax fell out. Unfortunately Philip Hastings happened to be standing directly under it, and it struck him, crushing in his head. Your excellency, I ask at least a reprieve."

The reprieve was granted. The next day the governor went to Black Mountain to make a personal investigation. There stood the split tree, and there in the forks was a distinct depression into which the ax fitted perfectly.

Poor Showing.

"How is your boy getting on with his studies?"

"Oh, not at all."

"Too bad."

"Yes, it is. Poor boy, he expected to make center rush, and they kept him on the second team."

Experience.

A man perhaps may be as shrewd and quite as bright as other men and still, in spite of all of that, may buy a gold brick now and then.

Might Draw the Inference.

"Did you say he is poor?"

"I said he is honest."

Pert Paragraphs.

Those things of which we are most proud are often the things that make our friends feel sorry for us.

There are people who not only insist that their bread be buttered on both sides, but ask for jam also.