

First Annual Concert

Of The HILLSBORO BAND

With a Carefully Selected Program
CLASSIC POPULAR DESCRIPTIVE

A Real Live Concert Band, introducing many startling novelties. Not a dead number on the program
30 Trained Musicians 30
8 Eight High Class Soloists 8
4 Saxophone Quartette 4
with full Military Band accompanist

The Orenco Male Quartette
Singing many of the old time favorites.
Prof. N. H. Alexander, Hillsboro's Popular Tenor.
Miss Kate Shannon, Soprano Soloist.

This Great Aggregation of Musical Talent Appears Positively One Night Only

MONDAY, MARCH 14

CRESCENT THEATRE, HILLSBORO. Special Excursions on All Railroads.

Two and One-Half Solid Hours of Fun, Pastime and Amusement, And It Comes But Once a Year, So Don't

Miss It. The Prices are Popular 25 cents, 35 cents, 50 cents.

LINCOLN'S ORDER.

By F. A. MITCHEL.
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

During the summer of 1862 while serving in the Army of the Potomac I was sent to Washington by my captain to purchase some supplies for his mess. Walking on Pennsylvania avenue, in uniform, I was stopped by an old lady, who said to me:
"I see that you are one of the noble boys who are fightin' for your country. I have a son down there across the Potomac. He was wounded in the fight the other day. I'm tryin' to get down there to take care of him. I tried this mornin' to cross Long bridge, but a man with a gun stopped me."
"While I sympathized with the old lady, I was very much amused at her simplicity. I was but twenty years old and more full of Old Nick than common sense, so I concluded to chaff her a bit.
"If you wish that man with a gun to let you go down to see your boy you'll have to get a pass," I said to her.
"Who gives out passes?" she asked.
"The president," I replied.
"Where can I find him?" asked the old lady.
"At the White House. You follow this avenue along till you pass a jog in the street, turn to your right, then to your left, and you can't miss it. Tell him I sent you."
"What's your name?"
"Theodore Farnsworth, —th Pennsylvania."
"Of course I gave her an assumed name.
"What kind of a lookin' man is the president?" she asked. "There's a whole crowd of people pushin' their way in everywhere here that I'd like to know somethin' about the man I'm lookin' for before I go to see him."
"Mr Lincoln is a little bit of a fellow."
"I thought that was Senator Douglass."
"No; it's Mr. Lincoln. He's the smallest man in the United States."
"Oh, I got it the other way. I'm much obliged to you for givin' me all this information. I 'spect your mother's worryin' about you. If I knew her address I'd write her and tell her how kind you've been to me."
"This gave me a twinge of conscience. I certainly didn't propose that she should write my mother what I had told her and didn't furnish her with the address. The old lady went to

ward the White House, and I went about my business.
The same afternoon while on the street I heard a voice behind me:
"General Farnsworth!"
I did not suspect that the voice called me, but it was so close to me that I turned. There was the old lady who had stopped me in the morning.
"General," she said. "Being a high private, I wanted at being called 'general.'" "I want to thank you over and over again for the favor you done me this mornin'."
"Did you see the president?" I asked.
"No; I didn't see Mr. Lincoln, but I saw some one that done all I wanted."
"How was that?"
"Well, I went to the White House, as you told me to do, but the man at the door said Mr. Lincoln was busy just then. But he must 'a' told me an untruth, for a couple of men came down stairs just then, and I heard one of 'em say to the other, 'The president has just gone over to the war department.' So I thinks I'll just step over to the war department and see him there. I inquired the way, and as I went in I met a tall, thin man with a stovepipe hat and an umbrella comin' out. I said to him:
"I heard the president is in here. I want to see him. Kin you tell me where to find him?"
"What do you want to see him about?" asked the man, bendin' down to hear my answer.
"I told him that my son had been wounded down in Virginia and I had started across the bridge to go down and take care of him, but the man and the gun I was tellin' you about had stopped me. I said I wanted Mr. Lincoln to tell that man with the gun to let me go by.
"Come with me," he said.
"So I trots along, the tall man takin' one step to my three—he has the longest legs I ever seen—and he asked me all about my son and what regiment he was in and all about him. When we got to the White House he just walked right by the man at the door and took me with him upstairs, just as if he had as good a right there as the president himself. He opened a door and said somethin' to a young man writin' at a desk, but I didn't hear what it was. Then he set me down in a room, and that's the last I seen of him. But pretty soon the young man he spoke to came in and give me this."
She handed me an envelope. I hurriedly took a paper from it and glanced at the signature. It was "A. Lincoln." The paper was an order not only to pass the woman anywhere she liked

in our lines, but to furnish her with transportation and any supplies of quartermaster or commissary or hospital stores she might need.
I was terribly ashamed of my boyish, thoughtless heartlessness.
"Madam," I said, "have you any money in your pocket?"
"Yes; I got \$2."
"You'll need more."
I pulled a small roll of bills from my pocket—\$20, all I had—and handed it to her, saying:
"You can pay this when you like to General Farnsworth."
And I got away from her before she could say another word.
Turkish Methods.
In Turkey nothing can be done without a bribe, but with a bribe, if it be only big enough, anything can be done, except, perhaps, the publication of correct news in a Turkish paper.
Wings of a Gnat.
The wings of a gnat vibrate at the rate of 15,000 times a second, this observation having been recorded through the use of an ingenious musical instrument.
An Old Time Winter.
It was so cold in New York part of the winter of 1779 that residents in the vicinity were compelled to cut down the tall trees that stood at what is now the head of Wall street, to make kindling wood.
Literally So.
"Jinks tells me he is living high."
"So he is—in an attic room, I believe."
—Baltimore American.
All Attention.
She whispered in the judge's ear, and scores of women leaned to hear.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.
A BOY OF 1776.
By NATHAN HARDY.
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.
General Washington was at Morristown.
One morning when the general was in his office an orderly announced to him that Nicholas Halstead wished to see him. Easy of access, the commander in chief ordered the caller to be admitted and was surprised to see a boy of sixteen. The youth showed every evidence of distress.
"What can I do for you, my boy?"

asked the commander.
"You can redress a wrong, general. I have been very badly treated."
"By whom?"
"The recruiting officers. They won't enlist me. They say I am under age."
"I commend your patriotism, my boy, and we need every soldier we can get. If there is no other reason than your youth to be brought against your enlistment I should like to see your wish gratified."
"Indeed, there are good reasons why I should be permitted to fight, general. Our family consisted, when the war began, of father, mother, three boys and two girls. The British killed father at the battle of Long Island; my oldest brother was shot at Harlem Heights; the next—one of your dispatch riders—was killed while crossing the Passaic river carrying a message from you to Colonel Burr in Westchester county. I, the youngest, am left to avenge their deaths."
The general looked at the boy with mingled admiration and astonishment.
"It seems to me, my young friend," he said, "that these reasons you have given me for your enlistment are rather reasons why you should not enlist. Your mother and sisters have given quite enough to the cause. It is your duty to protect them."
"But, general!"
"My decision," interrupted the general in a firm but kindly tone, "is that it is your duty to return to your home and stay there till the end of the war."
The commander took the boy's hand and pressed it warmly. Nicholas withdrew, wiping a tear from his eye. His last hope of being enlisted had vanished.
The next time Washington saw Nicholas Halstead was at daybreak of a Sunday morning when a New Jersey regiment was marching past the general in chief to go into the battle of Monmouth. Nicholas saw the commander sitting on his horse beside the road and endeavored to conceal himself behind the file in front of him, but Washington's quick eye lighted on him. The boy never forgot the look the general gave him on that occasion. It was one of mingled pain, admiration and reproach. Raising his hand, he motioned Nicholas to fall out of the ranks. The young soldier did so, and the commander said to him:
"Are you an enlisted man?"
"Yes, general. At last I found a recruiting officer who would pass me."
"Since you are in the military service and in this army you are under my orders. I desire you to carry a message for me. Go to your mother and tell her that her country will accept

no more sacrifices at her hands and that the last one of her noble men shall remain with her by my order till he is discharged.
Nicholas burst into tears. The general, bending down, pressed the young soldier's hand; then, forgetting him in more important duties, he rode away.
It is a matter of history that there was a traitor in the American army high in command, that traitor being General Charles Lee. He did what he could to throw the victory into the hands of the British, finally on his own responsibility ordering a retreat of his own troops which involved other divisions of the American army. A panic followed, and the men fled precipitately, many of them frantically hurrying toward a causeway covering a morass.
Washington when he heard of the disaster pushed forward, placing the troops under his own immediate command at the end of the causeway nearest the enemy to stop the flight of Lee's and other troops. Among this force fighting at the causeway Washington caught sight of young Nicholas Halstead loading and firing at the enemy with the light of vengeance in his eye. There was neither time nor inclination to reprove the boy for disobedience of the order sending him home, but the general, maddened though he was with Lee's treachery, was not too occupied to notice Nicholas fighting at the most important point. The British were held off, the battle was renewed, and when the fight closed at nightfall Washington made his dispositions to attack the next morning.
Having slept during the night under a large oak tree, he awoke before dawn and mounted his horse. But the light of day revealed the fact that the enemy had slipped away under cover of the darkness.
During the morning while the commander was riding over the battlefield he saw a soldier get up from a pile of dead and wounded and stagger away. Calling to him, the soldier turned. He was Nicholas Halstead.
"You disobeyed my order, I see," said the general.
Nicholas, supporting himself on his musket, hung his head, but said nothing.
"Well," resumed the general, "there seems to be no possibility of keeping you at home, and, since you will remain with the army, I must put you where your honest patriotism and military ardor will do the most good. Obey the order I gave you so far as going home and remain home till you receive a commission, which will be forwarded you."

J. H. Humphreys recently ran across an account book for the year 1872, and the prices then would be considered outrageous. Here are some of the charges for the year before the National panic, charged by a Hillsboro store: 1 lb corn starch, 25c; 3 spools thread, 25c; can corn, 38c; lb. soda, 15c; wood, per cord, \$1 25; 128 lb C sugar, at 13 1/4; 3 bars soap, 25c; onions and onion sets, 25c per lb; file, 50c, 50c, now sell 15c or 2 for 25c; bunch matches, 25c; nails, 8c per lb; can peaches, 50c; raisins, 37 1/2; dried peaches, per lb, 25c; candles, 25c per lb; nutmeg, \$2 per lb; 6 cans tomatoes, \$2, granulated sugar, 18c per lb.
OBITUARY
Francis Marion White was born in Spartanburg, of Spartanburg county, South Carolina, on May 10, 1830, and died February 24, 1910, being 78 years, 9 months and 14 days old.
In his early years, he united with the Missionary Baptist church. He continued a member of this organization until his death.
In 1852, he left his boyhood home for the gold fields of California, going by way of Panama, thence up the coast to San Francisco. For sixteen years, he followed mining both in California and Idaho.
He was married in 1869 to Miss Martha R. Copeland, a friend of his childhood days. With his young bride he came to Gale Creek, where he spent the remaining years of his life. He leaves an aged companion and a son to mourn his loss.
How sad it seemed on that rainy day, In the week of rain and mist and gloom, The day that we silently laid him away— And left him alone in his narrow tomb.
We spoke of his life in its morning's glow; Of the paths that his feet had wandered o'er;
How the years went by and his steps grew slow As he came to the brink of the silent shore.
We said farewell; though the parting pain May linger and not be wholly suppressed, Yet 'tis joy to know we shall meet again With those we have lost, yet loved the best.
H. J. PROSSER.

John Fisher and Paul Landauer, of West Union, were in Tuesday. Mr. Fisher has been all over the ground where Mace is now located, and where the terrible snow avalanche killed so many people Sunday night. He says it is a wonder, the way towns are built in that country, in a narrow canyon, and with an annual heavy snowfall, that more lives are not sacrificed every year.
Frank Simpson, of South Tualatin, was over to the city yesterday, accompanied by his father, John Simpson, who is now in his 83rd year, and who still retains his mental faculties as well as the ordinary man of 50 or 60.
Theodors VanDyke, John VanDyke and W. A. Verboort, of the Verboort settlement, were in the city yesterday, and the trio called on the county official paper.
J. L. Smith, the Tualatin sawmill man, and who by the way is a jolly good fellow, was in town yesterday, before the county court on business.
J. J. Roberts, of above Banks, was down to the city yesterday, and called on the Argus.
J. A. Johnson, of below Beaveron, was in town yesterday, conferring with the county board on road matters.
Chis Peterson, of North Plains, was a city caller yesterday morning.
L. F. Carsens, of Banks, and who is building a new home at that point, was in town yesterday.
PROBATE
R. M. Kyle appointed executor of the will of Adelia Kyle, deceased. H. E. Findley, John Gerber and Robert Thompson, appraisers.
Closed of Record: Estates of Hannah Olson, Laura E. Mills and J. L. Banks. Appraisements approved: Estate of Nancy Watts, Geo. Harris and Mary Jane Buckingham.
D. D. Bump, Sam Show and Wm. Green appointed appraisers of the estate of Emma McCreary, deceased.
Report of the executor of the estate of Geo. Graham, deceased, approved. John Adams, C. McNutt and J. A. Thornburg appointed appraisers of the estate of Alfred Shanahan, deceased.