

Registration of Land Title
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

5c 10c 15c Store

Will Open in the Heide Block at Hillsboro AUGUST 5th at 10 A. M.

BIG BARGAINS FOR Friday and Saturday

- 12 qt dairy pail heavily retined 15c
5 qt dairy pail 10c
9 qt granite iron dish pan 15c
Saws, hammers, hatchets, spirit levels
boxwood folding rules, pruning shears. 15c
Wood and fibre chair seats 10c
Oil paints, enamels, gold and silver paint 10c
Fine toilet soaps, box three cakes 10c
All silk ribbon three and one half inches wide 10c
Framed pictures, souvenir plates, fine stationary, fancy glass, wave decorated china, toys, long stemmed vase.
Nothing in this store over 15c

Give Us a Call. All New Stock.

THROUGH TICKETS EAST ON SALE DAILY
Oregon Electric Railway
And Choice of Route Beyond Portland
LOW ROUND TRIP EXCURSION FARES
ST. PAUL DENVER
ST. LOUIS NEW YORK
CHICAGO BOSTON
On Sale Sept. 8 and Sept. 22, 1910.

PIONEER WOOD YARD
All kinds of Fir, Oak and Ash Wood, four foot, or 16 inch.
First class Mountain Fir and Al pole Oak. Prices reasonable.
All fir wood sold by me will be sawed for 50c per cord for fir, 60c per cord for outside wood; 60c per cord for hardwood. Three-cut sawing, 10c extra.
BOTH TELEPHONES.
John W. Masters.

CHARTER NO. 8036
CONDENSED REPORT OF
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
At the Close of Business March 29, 1910.
ASSETS LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$ 91,247.47 Capital \$ 25,000.00
U. S. and Other Bonds 46,875.00 Surplus 5,000.00
Banking House Fixtures 11,210.36 Undivided Profits 941.38
Other Real Estate 2,982.92 Circulation 25,000.00
Cash and Exchange 45,207.53 Deposits 141,581.90

Wise Dental Co.
INCORPORATED
Painless Dentists
FOUR CHAIR Barber Parlors
Courteous Treatment Capable workmen
Baths in connection, and a Fine Shower Bath
Newly Furnished Shop. A trial will please you.
JAMES ANDERSON, Pythian Bldg, Hillsboro.

SOUTH TUALATIN MAY BE INVADED

Thought by Many That Hill Will Survey to the South Soon
WOULD OPEN A RICH COUNTRY
Bulk of the Freight Now is Shipped over Southern Pacific

That a railway line would eventually be built in the South Tualatin section has been the dream of residents for years—and it now begins to look as though Hill will survey through that fertile section and thus get a share of the rich freight that each year finds outlet over the Southern Pacific railway.

A number of young lads returned from an outing at Spirit Lake last Saturday night, on the last electric. Vine Fisher, who went with the party, remained. Those who went from Hillsboro were: Ward and Claire Wilkes, Russell Morgan, Frank Rollins and Arthur Pope. The Y. M. C. boys, of Portland, have a camp at that place. While there the Wilkes lads climbed Mt. St. Helens, it taking them 6 1-2 hours to make the ascent.

Found: In my pasture—a black cow, fresh; about 6 years old. Owner please call, pay charges, and advertising, prove property and take same away.—R. L. Graybill, southwest of Reedville, Ore. 20-22

Ladies' and gents' underwear at cost. Ladies' sleeveless vests, 8 cents; 12 1-2 cents and 25 cents. Men's shirts and drawers, 25 cents, 39 cents and 40 cents.—H. Wehrung & Sons.

Dr. C. L. Large, one of Washington County U. S. examining Board for the pension department, was down from Forest Grove, yesterday, holding a session with Dr. J. P. Tamesie. A Mr. Ash, a veteran of the Spanish war, was being examined.

Mr. Gardner, former book-keeper for the Hillsboro Lumber Co., now a resident of Estacada, passed through town for Tillamook, Tuesday, accompanied by his wife. They are making the trip via the Wilson River road.

David Houston went over to Newport the last of the week, and returned Tuesday evening, accompanied by Mrs. Houston, who had been over at the beach since the 15th of July. They report the Hillsboro colony having a fine time. T. R. Imbrie is still enjoying the sea breezes.

Mrs. Shire and daughter, Florence, are at Grass Valley, sojourning with Mr. Shire, who is up in that section looking after farm interests.
Chas. Follett Jr. landed two deer the first of the week. He is a son of Engineer Follett, of the P. R. & N.

DOORS, SASH, WINDOWS DIRECT TO YOU
BUY DIRECT AND SAVE MONEY
Builders Need This Catalog
FREE Catalog 1910
O. B. WILLIAMS CO., SEATTLE

"Number's Been Changed To"—Maiden at the central switch. There's a little problem which bothers me no little bit. Maiden, can you fathom it?
When I call a number and you in voice seemly bland say the number has been changed. How your heart is disarranged?
"Is he changed," say you to me. "To Blizzumply-the-sixty-five-see." "What?" I query, unawares. But you are no longer there.

The Story of a Rose
By MARY A. BOWERS
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If all the old books in the world could be opened at once and the articles found between their pages displayed to the world they would fill a museum. These inclosures would be made up of faded flowers, memoranda, bits of lace and occasionally a letter. And among those letters there would be found some that would wreck the peace of families. A librarian once told me that every book returned to the library was shaken and almost always something would drop out. How many of these articles could tell a love story?

Here is one of a rose: I am—or was—a white rosebud. When I was born I don't remember any letter than people remember when they were born. I was very young when I was plucked, and that is the earliest event in my life that I recall. It was a June morning, June 15 (I'll tell later why I know this, and most of the dewdrops on me had been absorbed by the air. A young man came into the garden. He was barely nineteen and as handsome as a picture. He wore no hat, and the sunshine poured in and out of his tumbled hair. He looked about among us flowers as if searching for one he especially wanted. Then his eyes lit on me. I was the only bud just opened. He plucked me and took me into the house. After breakfast he put me in his buttonhole and, calling his dog, set out down the road. Presently he stopped before a house, on the piazza of which stood a girl. She, too, was very young—only seventeen, I fancy—and was dressed in pure white, not a bit of color about her. The young man turned in at the gate and joined her.

"I have come to say goodbye," he said. "I am going away this afternoon to take the position that has been offered to me."
I saw the girl change countenance. I don't think he noticed it, but you know a man has not the delicate perceptive faculties of a white rose. They sat down together on wicker chairs and chatted for a long while. It seemed to me that he would have liked to tell her that he loved her, but some reason interposed, probably the fact that he was just starting in life and both were very young. At any rate, he rose to go without having done so. But he did the next best thing. He offered me to her and told her that if she would keep me till he came again he would have a secret to tell her.

She tried to look indifferent when he called his dog and started back home. But as soon as he was well down the road she ran into the house, taking me with her, and up to her room, where she went a long while. Then she noticed me on her bureau, where she had placed me, and put me in water. There I remained till she went to bed. Just before doing so she placed me in a book of poems.

In the morning as soon as she awoke she opened the book and kissed me. Then, lest I should fall from between the leaves, she pinned my stem to the leaf. Under me she wrote June 15. This book of poems was to be my permanent home, a very fit dwelling place for a white rose. The girl read the book very often and always caressed me when she did so. A year passed, and when the next summer had gone she wrote under me on the margin of the page: "Will he never come?"

Years passed—I don't know how many, perhaps five or six—and he did not come. Then the girl went away, leaving me with her other favorites. More years passed. One day a man came into the room where I was and packed all the books, the one I was in among the number, and they were carted away. When the box containing me was opened a man took out my book dwelling and placed it on a shelf of a shop with other books. I must have been by this time eight or ten years old. At any rate, my leaves were yellow and brittle, though my stem was still firm. One day a man came into the bookshop and asked if I had a certain book of poems. I was taken down and handed to him. He opened the cover, and when he saw the name written on the flyleaf I felt his hand tremble. Then he turned over the leaves till he came to the page to which I had been pinned. His fingers clutched the book in a sort of spasm.

"How much?" he asked the shop-keeper.
"Oh, you can have that for 10 cents." The purchaser tossed a bill on the counter and, forgetting his change, hurried away. The shopman called after him, but he did not hear. I didn't recognize the purchaser till

By Hook or by Crook
By EDGAR FALES MOODY
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When the civil war came on two classes of men in the north went out to fight. The one were actuated by patriotism, the other by what they expected to make out of the matter. But the war, instead of lasting but a few months, as many at first expected, furnishing military titles and big pay for this last named class, proved a gigantic, bloody struggle, and with each fight the army was in need of these so called soldiers.

Colonel Jim C. in 1862 commanded the brigade in which I served. The colonel had been a politician in a large city and was one of the first to offer himself a sacrifice to the Union; his idea of that sacrifice being that he would start out with rank of colonel and return with that of general, picking up sundry "perquisites" by the way, then run for a fat office. He was a fine looking man and prided himself on being a lady killer.

No sooner were the troops grouped into brigades and divisions than Colonel Jim by virtue of the date of his commission was placed in command of a brigade. As soon as this elevation took place he looked about him for a staff. Being allowed two aids, he chose Louis Richmond and me, both second lieutenants. Richmond told me that he didn't like the colonel and was intending to ask to be returned to his regiment. But no sooner had he told me this than on receipt of a letter from the north he said that he would remain on the staff. I asked him why he had so suddenly changed his views, but he shut up like an oyster and refused to utter a word in explanation.

It was not long after this that one morning at the breakfast table the colonel's brow was very lowering. "Gentlemen," he said, "there's a thief on my staff. Last night while I was at Colonel B.'s headquarters"—he had been playing poker—"my trunk was rifled of a package of papers." As he spoke he looked at all our faces to note the effect of his words. I noticed that Richmond was the only one of the staff whose looks indicated consciousness.

"Might not the thief be one of the headquarters guard or an orderly?" suggested the commissary. "No," replied the colonel; "the robbery was not committed for gain. There was money in the trunk, and it was not taken. Some one on my staff took the papers for a purpose. If I can prove it on him I'll have him court martialed."

The colonel's eyes were fixed intently on Richmond as he spoke. But Richmond went on eating his breakfast with a fair amount of equanimity considering that he was virtually accused of being a thief. Nevertheless during the day he made application to Colonel Jim to be returned to his regiment.

Now, the relations between a general and his personal staff are of a peculiarly intimate and confidential character. The general may nominate his own staff, and the nomination is considered an honor. But he is not likely to retain an officer who prefers not to hold the position given him. What was our surprise to learn from Louis Richmond that the colonel declined to issue the order returning him to his regiment. Evidently the commander believed that his aid had stolen his papers and proposed to force him to stay where he was until he could recover them.

Since Richmond made no denial of being guilty of the colonel's charge we refused him with coolness and finally treated to speak to him except officially. Though the young man winced under this, he seemed to be sustained by a consciousness of innocence. Meanwhile there were conditions between him and the colonel that we could not understand. Neither took any definite stand. The colonel did not prefer charges, and Richmond made no move to force the colonel to permit him to join his regiment, which seemed to be the only way to get rid of a very unpleasant situation. I noticed that Colonel Jim made no mention of the character of the purloined papers, and his aid made no effort to free himself from the obloquy that rested upon him.

Such were the conditions when we entered our first fight. The colonel did not show up at the head of his brigade, and Richmond, who appeared to be best fitted to take his place, issued orders in his stead. When the fight was over the colonel appeared, explaining his absence on the ground that he had got separated from his command when the fight opened and could not afterward find it. But the division commander did not accept this excuse and called for Colonel Jim's resignation. It was handed in, and the political general disappeared from the service.