

1910

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TWO YOUNG MEN IN TOILS OF LAW

Fred W. Taylor and Ralph Bellinger Charged With Robbery

JAMES WILEY ROBBED AT BUXTON Victim Claims he Lost One Hundred Thirty Dollars, Aug. 31

Fred W. Taylor and Ralph Bellinger, were arrested Sunday night at Forest Grove, by Sheriff Hancock, and brought to the county jail, charged with robbing one James Wiley, at Buxton, Wednesday, August 31. Wiley had been blacksmithing in one of Sweeney's camps on the Pacific Railway & Navigation road, above Timber, and had drawn about \$130. He arrived at Buxton and proceeded to get hilarious. The two boys, who had worked a day or so at one of the Sweeney camps, were also in Buxton, and Wiley alleges that he was robbed of four twenty dollar gold pieces, besides some currency and other money, bringing his total loss up to over \$100.

After Wiley had been held up, the boys, it is said, walked to Banks, and from there rode in an auto to Forest Grove. From Forest Grove they went to Portland, where they remained until Sunday, when they returned to the college city.

The lads were taken before Justice G. W. Barnes, Tuesday, where each pleaded not guilty. Judge Barnes fixed bail in the sum of \$1,500 each, and they were remanded back to jail until they could secure counsel. Young Bellinger is well known around Forest Grove under the sobriquet of "Sharkey."

GIANT APPLE

An apple weighing 30 ounces and measuring 17 inches in circumference is the product of a six-year old tree grown by P. Christensen, near Sherwood. This tree, which is of the Bietigheimer variety, is one of an orchard comprising four acres. The tree has borne a crop for the past three years. This year's product was considerably damaged by a high wind, the apples being badly broken on account of their weight. This particular specimen is without blemish of any kind, and is in color a peculiar shade of deep pink. Christensen declares that the apples grown in the Sherwood district are in every respect equal to those grown in districts in this state that are better known.

U. D. Schafer, who formerly resided in North Washington County, is reported missing at Eugene, where he was installing a heating plant. He had a \$12,000 contract about one third completed and drew \$3,000 to pay for supplies. Later he could not be found and it is not known whether he has met foul play, or what has become of him. A guaranty company will finish the contract.

H. H. Boge, of Farmington, was in town Tuesday. He has rented his farm and will take a rest from that pursuit for a while. He will have a sale October 4, and shortly afterward will take a trip back to Illinois, on a visit to his boyhood home.

For heaters—the finest ever brought to Hillsboro, and the best in quality and endurance, appearance and style—see J. C. Lamkin's tinshop.

The morning and evening trains passing here, carrying the mails, have been late many times since the hop picking season opened. The excess of passenger traffic and the handling of so much baggage caused the delays.

Irving Bath, who has been on a Goldendale paper for some months, was home the last of the week. His father, D. W., goes back with him to take charge of the editorial department of the paper.

Taken up—Roan heifer, two or three years old; has rather long horns; brand on right hip.—Owner please call, prove property, pay charges and take same away.—J. C. Schulmerich, Banks, Oregon. 26-8

J. B. Downing, of below Beaverton, and who went over on the Wilson the first of last week, passed through town Friday, en route home.

Ben Turner, one of Bloomington's progressive dairymen, was over to the city Monday, greeting friends.

Capt. A. Johnson, a former Columbia river steam boat man, and who is trying ranching near Laurel, was over to the city Monday.

Mrs. A. B. Flint was in the city from Scholls, Saturday afternoon.

Geo. S. Robinson, of Farmington, was in town Monday.

A Quick Revenge

By NELLY TRIMMINGHAM

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A farmer's boy was driving along a road when he overhauled a man walking in the same direction.

"Have a lift, stranger?" "Beckon I will if you don't mind how far you goin'?"

"Oh, 'n goin' as far as Hobbesville, methinks farther."

The man got up on the front seat with the boy, and the two jogged along together. There was a desultory conversation about the state of the crops when the boy urged his horse on.

"Get up, Tom! I don't want to be ridin' round here after dark with money in my pocket and holdups comin' off every few days."

The passenger smiled. "My boy, you don't want to take up strange people for travelin' companions and tell 'em you've got funds about you. How d'y' know but I'm a footpad myself?"

"You ain't no footpad."

The passenger turned and surveyed the boy. He might have been any where between eighteen and twenty-five, but his companion, noticing that he had no beard, surmised that the lower figure was nearer the truth.

"You're right, boy," he said. "I ain't no footpad, but I'm worse 'n a footpad. I've had several scraps with people hereabout, and the sheriff would give you \$5,000 if you could land me."

"You don't mean it! Who mought you be?"

"I'm Skinner."

"Jack Skinner as killed Ben Andrews and Bill Harrison and Andy Parker?"

Skinner noticed that the boy spoke the last name with some emotion.

"What was Parker to you?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, I only knowed him; that's all. What made you kill him?"

"I was kind o' upset that day. I wanted him to drink with me, and he wouldn't. Parker wasn't much of a man anyway."

"Did y' ever see his wife?"

"No. Is she a good lookin' woman?"

"You bet! She tuk on bad when you killed Andy."

"I heered that, and I heered she said she was goin' to kill me for killin' her husband."

"Waal, of Mrs. Parker said that y'd better keep outer her way."

"Oh, wimmin always talk that way when they git a grudge?"

"But I heered Mrs. Parker has been practicin' and has got to be a mighty quick shot."

"That's all right. She won't do nothin' a woman never does. It's all talk with 'em. They ain't built that way."

"What's this y' was sayin' about the sheriff payin' any one that'll land y'?"

"Ain't y' worth as much dead as alive?"

"Beckon," replied Skinner, looking aside at the boy uneasily. "What put that into your curly head?"

"Waal, I thort that of Mrs. Parker's goin' to kill y' she'd git the money for the children you made orphans of."

Skinner was puzzled at this grew-some remark coming from a country boy. He turned and looked his companion over scrutinizingly. Satisfied that the lad was very simple, he dismissed the matter from his mind.

"Reckon," said the boy, "I'll water the horse at this trough. Whoa, Tom!"

And, pulling up, he got down, unloosed the check rein and let the animal drink. Skinner caught sight of something on the other side of the road and half turned. Suddenly he was brought to his surroundings by hearing two clicks. As he turned his right hand flew to his hip. He was too late. The boy was standing facing him, covering him with a pair of revolvers.

"Hands up!"

"That's yer game, is it?" said Skinner. "You kid, you want to make the money offered for me?" He made a move to put up his hands. A bullet went crashing through the wrist of the hand that was eager to spring to his revolver. He writhed with pain and tre, but with his best hand disabled dared make no move.

"Hands up!" the boy again said calmly.

"Here, you little devil," said Skinner, "let up on this, and I'll make it worth your while. You can't expect to land Tom Skinner!"

"I've landed you already, Tom Skinner, and you're doomed. I'm goin' to kill you, not for the money offered for you, but to revenge Andy."

"You his kid?"

"His wife!"

When a man looks at a woman who holds his life in her hands he usually expects to see mercy. Tom Skinner looked into the two eyes of Mrs. Parker and saw no more mercy there than in the two barkers she held in her hand. For the first time in his life he whittened.

"I've been followin' you all day," she said. "I waited till I got you on a stretch of road where there wasn't likely to be any one to interfere with the little love letters I'm goin' to send you."

"Ain't you goin' to run me in for trial?"

"No."

But when she tried to shoot the man down in cold blood her woman's nature revolted. She marched him into the village near by, and when some of the men there saw what she had done they relieved her of the necessity of sending Tom Skinner's murderous career.

A VERY NICE PROFESSOR

By M. QUAD

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When Professor Watson took the stage at Ellsworth to ride over to Diamondville the innkeeper liked his looks and talk. He hadn't been in the vil-

lage a day when we all liked his looks and talk. He was a little, roly poly man of fifty and gave out that he was a professor of metaphysics in a New England college. His age was about fifty, and he carried a smile on his face that would have pulled a crocus out of the ground a month ahead of time.

In Diamondville lived the Widow Steadman. She was forty years old and well off. She was being courted by the town constable, who was an old bachelor. It was said they were engaged, but the arrival of the very nice professor wrought a change. In a week he had made her acquaintance and was calling on her. In a fortnight the nose of the town constable was out of joint. The professor appeared to be in the best of health, but he claimed that metaphysics had broken him down and that he had come to the village for rest.

The constable was called stupid as an officer—good hearted, but stupid. We hadn't sized him up correctly as to the stupid part. As soon as he discovered that he was being thrown down he began to study the professor. He wrote to half a dozen colleges and was told that he had never heard of the man. By accident he got hold of a paper that put him on the right trail. He went up to the city and had a talk with the police.

One June day the stage from the railroad rolled in, and its cargo consisted of eleven women. They might have been said to be of all ages, sexes and colors. As the vehicle halted at the inn Professor Watson sat on the veranda. He was put under arrest by a detective and the constable as he sat, but he got on his feet and raised his hat eleven different times to the eleven females. Some cried out at sight of him, some smiled, and some shed tears. After replacing his hat the professor shook hands with the eleven, beginning at the head of the line and saying:

"My dear, your name is Hannah, is it? I remember, and, though your call is unexpected, you are nevertheless welcome."

Then he took up the case of Jane, Betsy, Mary, and so on. Every woman there was his wife, and a wife he had abandoned, and yet he carried that smile and his nerve right through it. He was taken to jail, and the jailer said he was one of the nicest men he ever met. The officers had a case against him bigger'n a house. He had practiced bigamy for twenty years. He had married girls, spinsters, widows and old women. One of the victims was sixty-five years old. He had got money from some of them, but it didn't seem as if that was his motive. As he explained it:

"Why, I just fell in love, and she fell in love, and we were married. Really, I didn't know I had married so many."

And when the women were asked to explain they answered:

"Why, he's such a very, very nice man that we couldn't help it. He's just too sweet for anything."

And would you believe it, the Widow Steadman, who would have made the twelfth, was the first one to send him a bouquet and her sympathies after he had been locked up!

The professor hadn't gone far afield. He had done all his marrying within a radius of 200 miles. He had made a nice, kind husband while it lasted. He had painted kitchen floors, washed dishes and whitewashed cellars. Yes, the officers thought they had him dead to rights, but they soon learned to the contrary. Only one woman out of the eleven was willing to swear against the man. The county had the whole gang on its hands to lodge and board.

The wife who was willing to do it was an old maid, and so bony and homely as to excite general remark.

For a time she was fierce to send the little man to a place where the dogs couldn't bite him. None of the ten others would speak to her. She was sent for by the professor. When she had arrived at the jail, determined that his enjoyery should not deter her, he held out his arms to her and said:

"Birdie, you can't find it in your heart to do it. You are too noble and generous. If I hadn't seen the nobility of your character in your face I should never have trusted my happiness in your keeping."

She believed him and fell on his shoulder and wept. When the trial was at last called not one of the eleven was complainant. When put on the stand as witnesses they were no good. They perjured themselves, and all sorts of excuses for the man, and the jury had to strain a point to convict him. He got a sentence of three years, and before being taken to prison he had interviews with the eleven in succession, and to each one he said:

"Never mind, darling. Three years will soon pass away, and then we will be with each other again, to part nevermore."

And the constable didn't marry the Widow Steadman. She said he wasn't even a little bit nice and that it was none of his business how many wives the very, very nice Professor Watson had.

IT WAS LOVELY, BUT NOT SAFE

By ELIZABETH GAINES

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"I have but one objection to you, Bert," said Celia—"you're altogether too serious. When your face is at rest you have a very harsh look. Your smile is delightful. Unfortunately you never smile."

"Have you any more compliments like that?" asked Bert. "For if you have you'd better dismiss me altogether."

Bert Cummings left his fiancée very much disgruntled. He unbosomed himself to his friend Arnold Priestley, who sat thinking while Bert talked. Finally Priestley said:

"I would advise you to try hypnotism. I know a man who can make people laugh or weep or anything else he likes. He doesn't put them to sleep

either. I shouldn't be surprised if he could make you smile. I'll take you to see him."

Cummings assented, and they went to see the hypnotist, Smithers. Smithers said he could make the young man smile, but as soon as the hypnotic effect was removed he would become serious again.

Bert said he believed he'd try it. He was to go to see Celia Effingham that evening and he would like to give her for once all the smiles she required.

At half past 8 that evening Miss Effingham heard the doorknob ring and flew to admit her lover. There was Bert with a beautiful smile on his face. Celia was right about Bert's smile. It was entrancing. There was a delightful curl to his lips, a dimple in each cheek, and his regular white teeth showed beneath his dark mustache.

"Oh, Bert," said Celia, clasping his hands, "how handsome you are when you smile! Keep it up!"

"I'll try. Ha, ha!" Bert responded.

"Because Helen and Molly and Lou are all coming in tonight to meet you. If you will keep up that smile all the evening they'll be delighted with you. You know how anxious I am that these my dearest friends should be pleased with you."

"I'll be cordial. Ha, ha, ha!"

There was another ring at the bell, and the girls were admitted.

"This," said Celia, "is Mr. Albert Cummings, Miss Helen Ward."

A bow and a ha-ha!

"And Miss Molly Malloy."

A bow and a ha-ha!

"And Miss Louise Truesdale."

A bow and a ha-ha-ha!

Albert's smile was contagious. His fiancée caught it, and it extended to the three other girls.

"Helen," said Celia, "you are my oldest friend. I propose that Bert shall sit by you first while we three have a bit of gossip by ourselves. Then I'll turn him over to Molly and then to Lou."

So down sat Mr. Cummings and Miss Ward to get acquainted.

"I'm very glad to meet you," said the lady. "Celia and I are such very old friends that one who is to be so much to her must be much to me."

Bert smiled that heavenly smile of his, and Miss Ward smiled herself. Never before had a man smiled at her like that. Every time she made a remark Bert smiled, or rather, his lips wore a perpetual smile which was intensified at every remark. He made no other reply. Whether his hypnotic condition admitted of his receiving what was said to him and making a reply is a question. Probably his keeping his mouth shut was an advantage to him.

It was not very long before Celia concluded to change the girl with whom her lover was getting acquainted. Celia had observed Helen's gaze fixed on Bert's beautiful smile and thought it time to break the spell. So Molly was substituted.

"I'm so glad for dear Celia," said Molly.

"Ha, ha!"

"I consider her happiness the same as my own."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the beginning of a conversation Bert's smile was more of a laugh. After that it slimmered down into a mere curvature of the lips. But the dimples were there and the pearly teeth under the mustache. The effect on Molly was the same as on Helen, only more so. Celia, seeing that Molly couldn't very long keep her hands off Bert, made the third change, putting Lou in Molly's place.

"I don't blame you for not being able to conceal your happiness," said Lou.

"Ha, ha!"

"It's delightful to be engaged, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"One feels like smiling all the while."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's have the conversation general," said Celia, moving her chair toward Bert and Lou. "Draw up, girls."

Celia tried to talk to one or two of the girls, while the other conversed with Bert. But it was no use. Every girl's attention was fixed on that beautiful smile. Celia rose, with great hauteur, and walked into the hall, motioning Bert to follow her.

"Go home," she said, "and get that idiotic grin off your face!"

Bert went to Smithers, who-dehypnotized him. When Bert saw his fiancée again he had his hard look on his face.

"I don't like it so well," said Celia, "but it's safer—much safer."

Polite.

"I really think a good deal of myself."

"Do you really?"

"I do for a fact."

"I hope you don't find it difficult."

Evidence.

"Brown has appendicitis."

"What?"

"Fact. Isn't it too bad?"

"When did he have his salary raised?"

Usual Combination.

He came, he saw, he conquered—'Twas plain, indeed, he must. He had a moody title; Her father owned a trust.

Getting Results.

"Mrs. Brown went through her husband's pockets."

"Did she?"

"Yes."

"Well, what of it?"

"Then she sued for divorce."

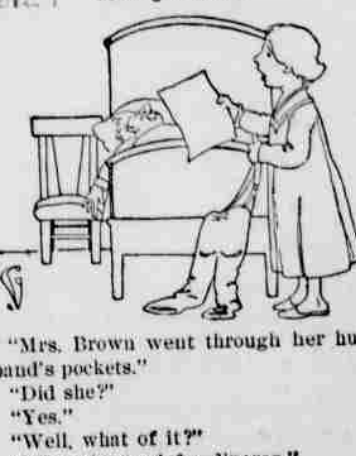
In Harmony.

"I hear he got into trouble."

"Just violated the letter of the law."

"And what was the consequence?"

"Fined the letter V."



SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County. Minnie Garfield, Plaintiff, vs. J. E. Garfield, Defendant. To J. E. Garfield defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause on or before six weeks from and after the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit, on or about Friday the 16th day of September, 1910; and if you fail to answer the plaintiff for want thereof will take judgment against you for a decree dissolving the marriage entered into between you and the plaintiff at Portland, Oregon on the second day of February, 1908, to be null and void, and of no legal effect from this beginning, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and just. This summons is published by Order of the Honorable J. Wesley Goodin, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, and said Order was made and dated on the 2nd day of August, 1910, in the absence of the Circuit Judge from Washington County, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 4th day of August, 1910, and the date of the last publication of this summons is Thursday the 15th day of September, 1910. Clyde Richardson, Attorney for Plaintiff, as a Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Margaret Jane McElowney, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County his Final Account in the matter of said estate and said court has fixed Monday, the 12th day of Sept. 1910 at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account and for the final settlement of said estate. Dated this Aug. 9th, 1910. Frank K. McElowney, Administrator of the estate of Margaret Jane McElowney, deceased. Maguire & Hare, Attorneys for Administrator.

FOR SALE

A good dairy and stock ranch of 380 acres; about 125 acres of good bottom land; about 65 acres in cultivation; balance of bottom in good pasture; about 100 acres good timber; plenty of running water; 3 barns; five room house; about 100 fruit trees; county road and telephone line runs through place. Two and one-half miles from railway station. \$30 per acre, on easy terms.—J. M. Greear, Corvallis, Or. 21-4

READ AUGUST SUNSET

Read "The Philippines as I saw Them" by General James F. Smith, Ex-Governor of the Philippines, and "California Black Gold, the Romance of the Oil Wells," by Walter F. Woeble, in Sunset for August now on sale, at all new stands, fifteen cents.

REPAIRING AND TUNING

Twenty-five years experience at making, repairing and tuning pianos is a sufficient guarantee that Venen, the tuner, can satisfy any and all who wish their instruments attended. Recommendations from every firm that has operated in Portland for the past 20 years, besides the eastern factories of Kimball, Estey, Steinway and others. Country work always welcome. Leave car or telephone orders to McCormick, or to the Patterson Furniture Store. A. P. VENEN, Piano Tuner.

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