

THE GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE

Of the \$30,000.00 Stock of Medium and High Grade Merchandise, Formerly The A. GROSS STORE, Offers You An Opportunity To Supply Your

EASTER Needs At Savings Never Before Offered

At a time as Now, when Everyone wants to have pretty new things for Easter. On strictly up-to-date Merchandise of the character that this stock is known to consist of, by all who reside in this locality and as the best obtainable at the regular prices. Now reduced to such an extent that your Easter outfit whether it be Ladies' Suits, Coats, Millinery, Skirts, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes, or Men's Suits, Trousers, Hats, Furnishings, Etc., or Apparel for the Children; it can be purchased here at a

SAVING FROM $\frac{1}{2}$ TO $\frac{2}{3}$

And still be getting Merchandise that is in the height of popularity combined with workmanship and materials that go to make the very best to be had, as every article of the new spring goods are included in this **GRAND SALE**

BE ON HAND TO PROFIT BY Prices Offered During **THIS GREAT SALE.**

Everything Must Go

Remember this sale lasts until the entire stock is disposed of.

ALLEN & WRIGHT

Successors to A. GROSS, Hillsboro, Oregon.
As All Goods Are Extremely Reduced, Terms Of Sale Strictly Cash.

Nothing Reserved

Do your shopping now, while lines are complete and selections good.

BISHOP BROS.

Rough and Dressed Lumber cut from First Class Timber.

We deliver anywhere if quantity warrants.

Estimates on all Buildings

BIG TIMBERS CUT ON ORDERS

Get our figures before buying.

Mill 3 miles north of Mountaineale. Telephone: Pacific States, Glencoe Line.

BISHOP BROS., Cornelius, Ore., R. 1

WINSOR

American No. 6688

A Fine Imported GERMAN COACH. A beautiful black, and the finest Coach Station in the coach, Bred by John Muller, Germany; Imported by Crouch & Son, of Indiana.



WILL STAND SEASON OF 1911 IN WASHINGTON CO. TILL JULY 1. At the H. H. Boge place, Farmington, Ore., every afternoon during the season. TERMS:—Single service, \$10; to insure, payable when mare is known to be in foal, \$15; colt to stand and suck, \$25. Care to prevent but will not be responsible for accidents.

H. H. BOGE, Owner, ERNEST SMITH Mgr.

VETERANS TO MEET

The Washington County Veteran Association will assemble at Forest Grove, on May 4, 1911, at 10 a. m. sharp, at which time it will be decided when and where the Annual Meeting will be held. Dinner at 12 at Knights of Pythias Hall.

By Order Committee.

RELIC OF PAST

In sorting over a lot of old pictures the other day, T. R. Imbrie unearthed an old picture of the first Hook & Ladder Co. formed in this city. The picture was taken July 4, 1891 and the following were under the camera: W. S. Phelps, W. H. Wehrung, N. A. Barrett, S. B. Huston, Geo. Ireland, Johnston Freeman, G. W. Patterson, J. T. Gibson, J. C. Lamkin, Leo Bullock, John Smith, Gus Kempfer, William Phimey, Herman Schulmerich, Geo. Phillips and Dode Thynge. Of all the boys in the picture, but one is dead—Johnston Freeman. The first fire company, which was formed in 1881, and equipped with a hand pump, has the following survivors: J. C. Lamkin, R. Crandall, T. S. Weathered and Geo. Ireland.

The day the Hook & Ladder picture was taken the celebration was held in the Connell grove, north of town. Sumpter Weathered was a member of the company, but was with the band and unable to get into line with the boys. All were in uniform.

Monmouth Butter at Emmott Bros. Try it—it is the real thing.

President McQuillan, of the Horse Association, will announce the prizes for the horse show, in next week's issue. Watch for it.

M. B. Hoard, of Phillips, was in the city yesterday morning. He says that Phillips had about the same snowfall, yesterday morning, as Hillsboro experienced.

Read in Sunset Magazine—"Motoring Through California" by Lloyd Osbourne; beautifully illustrated in four colors. "The Spell," a romantic serial, by C. N. & A. M. Williamson. "In the Shadow of The Deacon," by Grant Carreter. Descriptive story of San Francisco's Chinese Quarters. April issue, now on sale, 15 cents.

AUNT SALLY'S CIRCUS

By M. QUAD

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Aunt Sally Davidson had reached the age of sixty-five and was living with a married daughter. She was a little, brisk old lady, and the care of two squalling young ones and all the housework fell on her shoulders. She could walk a mile with any one, and the Monday washing was always out before noon.

Aunt Sally was noted for her patience and good temper, but there came a day in this her old age to try her soul. A circus was coming to town, and to the utter amazement of her daughter, son-in-law and all others she expressed a determination to be a spectator.

"Why, ma, you are a member of the church!" exclaimed the daughter.

"So I am, but don't members of the church want to see a rhinoceros and giraffe?"

"And your minister will preach against the whole thing," added the son-in-law.

The circus was a week away yet, and during that time the matter was brought up again and again, but Aunt Sally stuck to her resolution.

The day of the circus came at last, and after a hasty dinner Aunt Sally donned her sunbonnet and freshly ironed calico dress and hied her way to the circus grounds. One last appeal was made to her as she was ready to go. The daughter had a red flannel petticoat that had been worn only three winters. This was offered up as a sacrifice, but was rejected. Son-in-law and daughter were so angry that they stayed at home. It was believed that Aunt Sally had borrowed the necessary half dollar somewhere, but in this they were mistaken. She was going without money and depending on Providence to see her through.

We who have depended on the same thing know in advance what answer Aunt Sally got when she walked softly up to the ticket takers and, putting on her most winning smile, said:

"Will you please let a poor old woman in to see the anaconda forty feet long?"

She was, of course, laughed at and told to go hence. "Hence" wasn't very far with her. In walking around the big tent she saw a boy crawl under the canvas, and she lost no time in following suit. She rose up among the benches and took a seat, and if any one ever enjoyed a circus it surely was she. She didn't miss a hand-spring, and when the performance was over she lingered and inspected the animals until turned out. On her arrival home she was met by sulky looks, but nothing dampened her hap-

piness. She came near going over to the minister's to repeat some of the clown's jokes and ask where the wickedness came in, but had to be satisfied with saying to the daughter:

"May, I want to go to heaven with the rest of you, but as sure as you live if another circus comes along I'll attend it and have just as good a time as I did today!"

Next morning the early risers of the village were treated to a rare spectacle. Aunt Sally was out on the grass in front of the house in scant attire turning handsprings or trying to. She made pretty fair work of it until her son-in-law came out and carried her into the house, where she was given an awful lecture on the enormity of her offense, but she failed to realize the enormity part.

"Look here, now," she said in reply. "I'm sixty-five years old, and I've got to keep limbered up to be worth anything around the house. We've got a lot of goose grease down cellar, and I'm going to rub myself all over and keep at this handspring business. I'll soon be able to do more work."

"I'll leave the house if you do!" threatened the son-in-law.

"I'll send for the minister to talk to you!" added the daughter.

"Children, I've got to limber up or my knees will soon be like sticks. I hain't doing nothing to disgrace nobody, and I shan't stop for the minister. I wish I could borrow a bareback hoss of somebody. I think I'll go over and ask Deacon Pogram for his old gray mare."

After breakfast off she went, and as she couldn't get the horse she came back home to arm herself with a clothes pole and attempt to walk the top rail of a six rail fence. She couldn't be carried in this time, and the son-in-law ran for the parson. The good man left his sermon unwritten and came on the trot. Aunt Sally waved her hand to him and fell off the fence and turned cart wheels around a large circle. Not until she was out of breath and had kicked her heels high in the air was she got into the house. Then the parson began to tell her how awful it was, but he had gone the wrong way about it.

"If I can't go to heaven and the circus, too, then I'll keep up these tricks," said Aunt Sally as she set her jaw.

"But think of the wickedness! Will I go to heaven or not?"

"You know what it says about the wicked."

"Yes, but will I get there or be kept out?"

"If you repent!"

"But I don't. I have done nothing to repent of. Parson, it's either heaven or more limberness!"

"Well, being 'tis you, yes."

And although Aunt Sally quit her "limberness" she attended three more circuses before she died, and her tombstone bears the legend, "Gone to Her Reward."

On Being Broke.
It's tough to be broke at the end of the week.

It's tough to be broke anyway. But it's tougher by far to be broke, let me speak. The day after drawing your pay.

How I Became an Archaeologist

By ARNOLD L. TINKAM

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When I was a boy and studied Latin I read stories about ancient Rome that gave me an unconquerable desire to see the Eternal City. I wished to visit the chasm, or at least the place where it was, into which Quintus Curtius leaped on horseback, the remaining pillars of the temple erected to the two beautiful strangers, Castor and Pollux, who watered their horses in the forum after the battle of Lake Regillus, and the bridge that Horatius defended so valiantly. There was no prospect of my ever visiting Italy, for I had not the means even to take me to college.

But I was a good deal of a dreamer, and, my fancy getting fixed on my object, I couldn't turn it upon anything else. The only practical result was a resolve to "save up," as children put it, with a view to getting enough money to take me to Rome, keep me there long enough to get a hurried view of what I wished to see and bring me back to America.

By the time I was eighteen years old I had acquired this amount. I suppose I should have spent it in starting me upon a college education, but I did not. I bought a second class ticket on a ship crossing the Atlantic and proceeding through the Mediterranean to Naples. I remained at Naples long enough to visit Pompeii, then went by rail to Rome.

At first I was disappointed in getting into a modern commercial city, but when I struck some of the landmarks of ancient Rome—the Pantheon, the arches of Constantine and Titus, the Coliseum—I was not long in forgetting the modern in my rapture over the ancient. When I had exhausted Rome itself I was seized with a desire to visit its environs. I had read of the Campagna as it was when covered with farms and villas.

But by the time I had seen Rome itself my money was all gone. I hadn't enough even to buy a return trip ticket to America. I was stranded in a foreign country. What could I do? What did I do? I followed the genius of archaeology that was strong within me. Reading a notice in a newspaper that an excavating party was to make a search for the ruins of a certain villa some fifty miles from the city, I hired myself as a digger to the archaeologist in charge, went with him and dug with the rest. In his reading he had hit upon a description of the site, but could only confirm his views by burrowing in the ground. In other words

he must hunt for that for which he was looking.

We dug three days, at the end of which time my employer gave up the search. During this time I put in my spade here and there on my own account, with no result. When the party went back to Rome I asked for my pay, a few lira, and they returned without me. I had seen a stone projecting from the soil at some distance from where we were digging that seemed to me to have been artificially shaped, and I wished to investigate it.

As soon as the party were gone I began to dig about this stone. I found that it rested on another, to which it was fixed by mortar. This in turn rested on another. Then I came to a wall. I followed the wall for a dozen feet and came to an angle. The top of the wall was five or six feet from the surface, and I was not likely to find anything of value at a less depth. I dug all day, and as the evening was coming on, some ten feet below the surface, my spade struck something hard. I shuddered, for by this time I knew that I was liable to ruin a treasure. These villas were ornamented with statues—some of them very beautiful—and every year they are found. I had with me a scoop and, throwing down my spade, began to dig about the hard substance with the smaller implement. It was round. In a few minutes I uncovered a marble head.

Had I discovered a mine of inexhaustible gold I could not have been more delighted. I scooped away enough earth to tell me that I had found a statue. But it was by this time too late to look any further. I threw back the loose earth, marked the spot with a stake and hurried away from the fever stricken Campagna that I might not be caught there after nightfall.

The next morning I went to the archaeologist who had conducted the search and told him of my find. It would have been illegal for me to remove the statue myself, and I preferred to proceed under his superintendence. He was as much delighted at my luck as I was myself. We started at once for the hole I had dug, removed the loose earth and exposed the marble. We could tell nothing about it except that the face was very beautiful.

We dug about the statue till we could see that it was the figure of a woman, the drapery being ancient Roman.

The archaeologist before leaving Rome had left word for workmen to follow, and when they arrived the statue was removed. It proved to be of great value. I had struck the site of the villa for which we had searched, and other articles were found in it, though none in as good condition as this. I received a remuneration for my find, but what I valued more was being taken as a student by the man who had employed me to dig for him. I spent a number of years under his tuition and by my own efforts have contributed to the contents of the museums in no small degree.