HILLBBORD AROUS. MAY 28 1912

Attended the Big Bankrupt Stock Sale of Wyatt & Co., Hillsboro, Ore.

-HAVE YOU

No doubt you have judging from the hundreds of shoppers since the doors opened last Friday that took advantage. Bundles after bundles are going out. PLENTY of BARGAINS LEFT. Come and Lay in your Supply for a year. You will never get such an opportunity again. We must close out this stock as soon as possible and selling at such prices as these, it will take only a short time to close out.

Brooms 4 Sewed, good soc value

Wash Boards Brass King, Glass King and other 40% grades

Beans White Navy, hand picked, per lb

Axle Grease Frazer's toc cans

Baking Powder K. C. 25¢ caus

Shoe Polish or Shinola 10C CHHS

Calico

Regular standard print Ginghams

Standard check, yd.

Oil Cloth

White, hemstitched :38c Men's Gloves Cotton, pair Handkerchiefs 25c Men's Turkey red, and Indigo blue Men's Socks 4c Mixed cotton, pair Men's Silk Hose 50 Were soc, now Suspenders 15c Men's regular 50c. Men's Hats be \$2 go grades other grades as low as .3% c Men's Shoes \$2.25 Heavy work shoes going at, pr 98c 5c Men's Shoes \$5.00 Packard dress shoes, going at \$2.87

When a Deacon

B. M QUAD Copyright, 1912, by Associated Lit-story Press.

Broke Loose

MALANA BO

were only 600 inbabitants in village of Glendale when the first cting house, as they still call it in country, was crected. Methodists. Raphists, Presbyterians and Adventists together in the building and ed it alternately. As the village grew the different denominations built hurches for themselves, and finally old church was left to one. This intra-med to be the poorest one finantially, and it wasn't in human nature around on the newer edifices and not feel a bit envious.

As a matter of fact, the old meeting was little better that a barracks. "i reckon any one can praise the Lord from the midst of a brush heap in coods, but I also reckon that be an do it with a lette more steam in a ondertable meeting house," said Deson Pegram.

The deacon was the financial man of the schurch, but it was years and years setore he saw his way clear for the rection of a new editice. Several treight cars londed with cement got and up in the suburbs of the town, and the dearon was told to belp him-

He and waron londs of the stuff. new meeting house was to be concrete one. The concrete industry was then in its infancy, but Deacon l'egians thid found a man to put the matter through and guarantee a satisfactory job.

Urish struck town, and things were banged He knew all about the coment bursiness and was ready to take of his cont and carry the job through it any family would board him gratis in return. Deacon Pegram jumped at the chance. Urinh was told to est all be could and go to the bead of the class and manage things. He took bold as If he had dabbled in cement all his fife. Uriah hustled. He made everybody else hustle. If any one lagged be was right on the spot to say: "Now, then, don't do no londing on the Lord. This is his job, and he espects things to move lively." We all know now, though few knew at that time, that there are several grades of cement and that cemen workers do not shovel sand and cemen together in a haphazard way. There must be due proportions, according to the work to be done. Uriab simply went ahead and shoveled. Providence stood back of him with dry weather unth the walls were ready for the root, and then she got tired of a good thing There were those who said the blocks were too soft and others who thought they could see bulges in the waits and still others who predicted that two hours' rain would spoll every thing, but to all such Deacon Pegram sale1:

"Indn't the floods rage and the lum ber come down?" "Yes'

"Dido't we discover the sand pit in the nick of time?" "Yes."

"Dido't Brother Higgs see the error of his ways just when we were wondering what we should do for the

the reverse of this is true-that a wo man may as well get used to the pecultarities of her husband; but, being s man, I don't know anything about

that part of it. The first thing I noticed about my wife after marriage that I didn't like was that she opened my letters and read them with as much complacency as if they were her own. There was nothing in them to injure me in her estimation, but that didn't make their opening by her any more agreeable to When a man has reached middle me. age without having any one dare to read what belongs to him alone, hav ing from childhood considered such an Job. act highly discreditable, not to say dis bonorable, to have his wife do such a

thing grates on him terribly. I hoped that when Lena noticed that a never opened any letter of hers she would retrain from opening mine When she came down to breakfast ater than I and the postman had delivered the morning mail I would hand ber ber letters intact. Sometimes she would say "This is from Annt Cis rissn' or Cousin Sarah or her sister or a brother. "Why didn't you open it?" thereupon I would my sententiously. bave never been accustomed to open another person's letters."

But Lens didn't take the hint or any other blut I gave ber, just seeping on breaking the seals of my correspond ents' episties till at last I concluded to give ber a more marked bint than any had thus far devised I wrote a note to myself from a mythical Borace Dunn, telling me in confidence of his engagement to Julia Balley, an Inti mate friend of my wife. As I expect ed. Lenn opened the letter; but, miding in it a confidence-one which very much interested her-she sealed it up again, saying nothing to me about the

matter. Maybe there wasn't a bot time when Lena congratulated her friend on her engagement. Lena asked me who the coundrel was who had claimed to be engaged to ber friend without admitting that she had opened the letter the man had written me and then deceived me by sealing it again. For some time I saw by ber demeanor that her friend was not satisfied to have the matter bushed up and insisted on find ing out who the man was who claimed to be engaged to her. Finally, when my wife could withstand the pressure no longer, she made a confession and demanded the required information. My time had come. I told her that

the lady to whom the writer claimed to be engaged was not ber friend at all, but snother person of the same name. Then I proceeded to give her a lecture on the practice of interfering with any one else's correspondence. even her bushend's. "By doing so," said. "you have caused a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Had you left me the sole reader of my letter the

error would not have been made." This had only an irritating effect on my wife, who vowed she would not again touch one of my letters even with a poker and for a time banded me my mail unopened in high dudgeon But abe soon fell into ber old babit.

instead of accepting the situation, as I should have done, I concluded to lay another trap. I wrote myself another letter which I asked a friend to post in a distant city from another mythical friend of mine, confessing that he had embessied some money and asking me

was unmindful of the fact that hi daughter had outgrown her doll. As for Johnny, Patterson grudged him the \$10 a week salary he paid him.

One day Mr. Patterson, just as he and started in for the sale of a piece of real estate upon which the commission would amount to \$1,000, felt lil and wa confined to his hed. Down to the offic came Delin with a note from him ! Johnny stating that he must give u trying to bring about the trade and a inform the seller and a hover to who he had hoped to sell the property Johnny read the note and pondered.

"What you thinking about ?" aske the inquisitive Della.

"I was wondering if I could do the

"Of course you can." At that moment Mr. Wardell, the owner of the property in question came in and asked if Mr. Paterson was yet down. Johnny replied that he was a triffe indisposed and wouldn's arrive till afternoon, but he clohnnys would do anything required in the meantime. "Tell him I've decided to take \$40,000 for the property."

and Delia consulted. The consultation er in the college box. The other she Johnny went out to find Mr Dencon. the expected purchaser. Dencon had bushes. The bell for chapel was ringoffered \$40,000, but the price was then ing the next morning when she was re-\$42.560. Johnny asked if he would buy reading them. Hearing a footstep comat the price, and Dencon told him he over

Johnny returned to Della, and an other consultation followed. A person had been in the office while Johnny was away from whom she had gather ed that certain real estate agents of the town were getting busy about the property and a sale was likely to be made by another go-between who Della would gather in the commission.

suggested that they report to Mr. War deil that Mr. Deacon had accepted his offer and agreed to puy the \$40,000. This would complete the sale so far as Mr. Wardell was concerned, and the bottom of the transaction could only

drop out through Mr. Deacon. Unfortunately for these young bro kers Mr. Deacon on his way to inspect the property slipped off the curb and sprained his ankie. His wife telephoned to the office information of the fact, saying that there was little doubt that he would buy the property, but one more visit to the premises was necessary and her husband could not go out on his sprained ankle for several days.

heard on the street this morning that graphed her mother not to worry and an agent was hunting for Mr. Wardell to offer him \$15,000 for the property but can't find him."

In comes the postman with a letter from Mr. Wardell dated in a neighbor. ing town, asking for the contract of sale to be sent him with the customary This indicated that he condeposit. sidered his property sold. If the young brokers could stave him off till they could get a definite answer from Deacon the sale would be effected. "I tell you what," said Delin. "Send

him a contract and purposely make an error in it. He'll have to send it back and by that time we may get Mr. Deacon up to the point."

"Good!" exclaimed Johnny, and, taking a blank contract, be filled it out on the typewriter, writing \$400,000 instead of \$40,000. Then he put it in a post box.

of, and we need to study hard a day or two shead to keep up an average. You needn't send me the clothes you speak of I don't need any handsome dresses here n this atmosphere of study. They would be out of place. Your affectionate DAUGHTER.

Having finished the above epistic. Miss Armstrong wrote another to Mr. Ellison Kenne, a student in a neighboring men's college, in which she avoided names and wrote in a disguised hand:

My Dear-i was sorry not to meet you as appointed. I received a visit from an sunt, whom i was obliged to escort about and through the college buildings. This coming of relatives at unexpected times is dangerous, and in a letter just written my mother i have told her not to fail to give me notice. I'll be at the trysting place next Saturday at the same time and hour, and if you're passing you can take me up. A rest of a couple of hours will do me good. The truth is I'm so bored with the miserable studies and try-ing to make the profs believe that I know ing to make the prote believe that i need a Sat-something about them that i need a Sat-urday sprise. So don't fall on the next appointment Hut be very guarded, and if any one to be dreaded is in sight don't stop, but return and take me in when the coast is clear Ta-ta! SPOONIE.

Miss Armstrong addressed her two letters and put them in their envelopes. intending to look them over the next Mr. Wardell went out, and Johnny day before mailing the one to her mothended in Delin keeping office while proposed to take to a private letter box in the corner of a stone wall hidden by ing, she had only time to cram them thought he would. But before he could into their respective envelopes when determine positively he must make an the lady in charge of the dormitory enother visit to the property and look it tered. Later Miss Armstrong posted

her letters in their proper places. The next Saturday the gentleman failed to put in an appearance at the trysting place, and the girl student was worried. On looking into the private letter box on her way home she found a letter inclosing one which she had sent him which was to her mother.

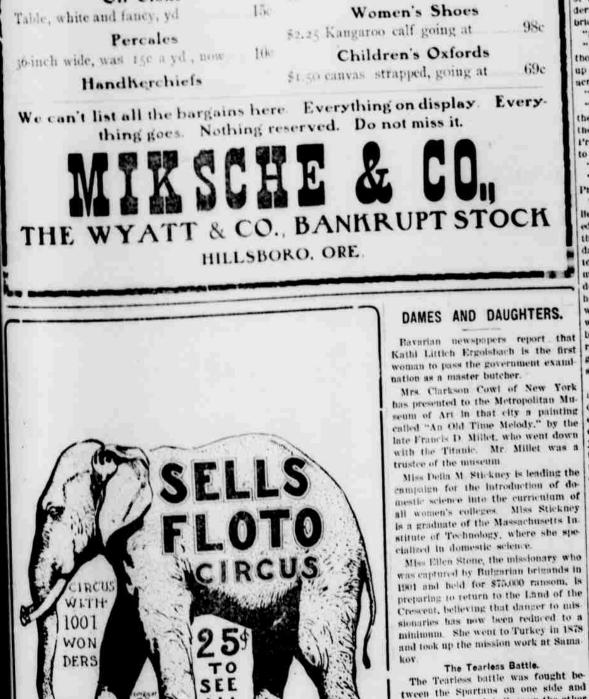
"Goodness gracious mel" she exclaimed. "If I did that I must have sent the letter to him to mamma. Whatever shall 1 do?"

The same evening a letter came by post from her mother. It read:

post from her mother. It read, My Dear Daughter-I have just received a letter from somebody I don't know and which I can't read, addressed to me in your handwriting. I don't know what it means. I think some of your fellow stu-dents and you must have been writing letters in the same room and got them mixed. If this is the case I will return it, hardwrites men still a way to the same mixed. If this is the case I will return it. mixed. If this is the case I will return that Another supposition wortes me. It may be that you are ill and out of your head. Telegraph me as soon as you receive this if I am mistaken. Your loving and anz-lous MOTHER. P. S.-I inclose 10 for fruits and su things in case you are IIL

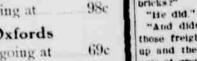
This letter relieved Miss Armstrong's disquietude considerably. She telereceived it she wrote her fond parent that some day she would give ber a satisfactory explanation of the matter. At present she was boning hard for exams and had no time. She hoped the old lady would forget all about the epistle, but she didn't. There were a few words in the note like "trysting place" and a "Saturday spree" that looked suspicious. But the fact that the letter was signed "Spoonle" instead of Jacqueline seemed to indicate that her daughter was not its writer. Mrs. Armstrong did not remember Jacqueline having mentioned any of her friends named Spoonie, but of course in college there were a great many girls, and Jack could not be expected to mention them all.

Jacqueline, having tinished her studies. or, rather, her escapades, was graduated with the others, the hard students stly becoming teachers, paders becoming wives and mothers. Jacqueline married Mr. Ellison Keane and made a model mistress of the bousehold. "By the bye," said her mother one day after her daughter's marriage, "whatever became of your friend Spoonie-What's Her-Name, your college friend?"



Free Circus Street Parade 10:30 a.m. 9 bands, 250 horses, open dens of wild animals, elephants, camels-400 people of all climes in native costumes will be shown in parade. Two shows daily -- afternoon at 2, night at 8, doors open at 1 and 7 p.m. . Waterproof tents. Admission 25 cents to see it all.





1c

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4c

4c

33c

29.

\$1.48

_48c

"And didn't Providence ordain that those freight cars should be smashed up and the cement scattered over an acre of ground?"

"It tooks like IL" "And then came Urinh Kingston, At the crossroads he might have turned to the left and gone to Liverpool, but l'rovidence guided him to the right and to us"

"But it may rain, and if it does"-"It will not rain for a month to come. Providence won't permit it to."

The deacon talked that way and be lieved what he talked, and Uriab talked and believed still stronger. And then the rain descended. It set in at dark one day and came down in a way to soak things. Just at dayiight next morning, with the rain still coming down, the two men crept forth to see how it fared with the enterprise. There were no walls left. In place of them was a small take of mud. Every last

block of concrete had melted in the rain. The deacon and Criab stood and gazed for five long minutes like men stupefied.

And then Deacon Pegram broke toose. It was years ago, but they still date things from that day. He whooped. He threw down his hat and jumped on it. He knocked Uriah down and jumped on him. As people came out to see what the trouble was he threw

them into the take of mud and whooped again. He went home and kicked his dog and caffed his wife's cars, and then he ran amuck through the streets and tore gates off their hinges and uprooted sidewalks. Men ran and women dodged, and it took two light-

ning rod men and a chicken buyer to tie him up. He continued to whoop until his voice gave out, and for three days he was expected to die. These three days allowed Uriah Kingston to get sixty miles away and the lats of bind to crust over. The descon's pastor called when things had quieted down, and, taying his hand on the pa tlent's head, he softly said:

"Brother Pegram, I trust you baven't lost your faith in Providence." "Ob, no," was the reply. "I am sure that Providence has planned for us to use the oid meeting nouse until the

root falls in and then to rent a barn somewhere." In time the root did cave in, but no barn was rented. The congrega

went over to the Haptists.



There's no use in a man's being annoyed with the feminine peculiarities

cape state prison. He added that if any one except myself should see his confession the ruin be drended would be sure to come.

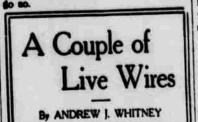
Lens opened this letter and, finding that she had stumbled upon another secret, made up ber mind to reseal the letter and this time keep silent on a matter that was of no personal interest to her. But just as she was about to do so there was a smell of smoke from the laundry, and, leaving the note and its envelope side by side on deak with letters of ber own, she rap downstairs to learn if the house was on fire. She found an incipient blase, which with some trouble was put out Then she went back to her desk and did as she had intended with my letter.

When I came in and found the letter. apparently untouched. I tore it open and took out a letter to my wife from one of her friends containing a confidence I had no right to possess. I handed the note to Lens, demanding to know how a private letter to her had come in an envelope addressed to

I shall never forget the trightened took that came over her face. Intend ing to slip my letter back into its envelope, baving been rattled on account of the blaze in the laundry, she had taken up the wrong letter.

I took ber to my arms and said to ber: "My dear, I find you have again deceived me. But so long as you don't deceive me in any more serious way than this I forgive ron. Hereafter open my letters when you like. It is a womanly weakness and in a measure ezcunable."

From that time I have not cared whether Lona opens my letters or not But she doesn't. Experience has taught ber that it isn't best for ber to



Abraham Patterson was a real estate and insurance man, and Johnny Thracker was his chief clerk, bookseeper and man of all work, besides taking care of the office, even to sweep ing out. Boon after Johnny went with the real estate man the latter's daugh ter, aged seventeen, came into the office one morning to get some pin money and found Johnny there alone.

This visit was the beginning of a love affair between her and Johnny. Having found a visit to the office and upon him pleasant, Della came quite often after that, always choosing a time when her father was out drumming up or attending to business. Mr. of his wife. The best way for him to Patterson was consequently ignorant do is to get used to them. I suppose of the growing attachment. Indeed he

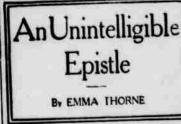
For the next two days the reports offers for and sales of the property were in the air. The contract came back for correction, and the youngsters were at their wits' ends. Johnny went to the telephone and told Mr. Deacon that he'd have to "Yes" then or never. Deacon got a carriage, made

his inspection, stopped at the office on

his return and signed a contract of purchase with check for forfeiture. As Johnny was going out of the office with him a broker came in and said: "I've got a contract of purchase signed for the Wardell property for \$46,000. I can't find the owner, 11 you'll tell me where he is I'll divide commissions."

"Don't know anything about it." said John as he jumped into a cab and was driven in a hurry to a station. He got Wardell's signature and was back in town at 10 o'clock the next morning. That day Patterson came to the office in care of his daughter. Johnny told him the story and showed him the contract. The real estate man looked from one to the other of the two youngsters, then hugged both.

The firm of Theracker & Co not consists of Mr. and Mrs. Theracker. They are considered in the real estate market to be live wires.



Miss Jacqueline Armstrong, a sophomore in X. college, after baying had cheese, pickies and candy party in her room and having parted with her visitors, threw on a dressing gown and Upper Norwood, England, settled herself to writing a letter to her mother:

Dear Mamma-1 have just come in from Dear Mamma-1 have just come in from a meeting of our University Society of Foreign Missions and sit down to write you my usual weekly letter. I am sorry I can't write oftener, but you know that my studies take up all my time. I like college this year better than last because the studies are more interesting Besides, I am getting used to university life. Of course we girls are not given the privi-leges the students in men's colleges have, but we don't miss them. We are permit-ted to receive calls of a formal kind from young men, but it isn't as it is at home,

ted to receive chis of a tornar who from young men, but it isn't as it is at home, where the boys come in and we may romp as much as we please. However, you know I prefer girls' society to boys' m.y-

way, and nobody need watch me. We have study hours in the evening;

We have study hours in the 'evening; consequently we are always in our rooms at that time, and just now we are prepar-ing for our examinations at the end of the term. The graduating class this year is unusually intellectual, and the faculty is looking forward to brilliant exercises on commencement day. I hope that I may meet your wishes by taking an honor when I graduate. I am doing my best to stand well in my class, but you must re-member that I have to compete with a great many very clever girls. If you come to see me be sure you let me know a day or two before your ar-rival. When we have our friends and families visit us our attention is distract-

"Spoonle?"

"Yes; the one whose note you sent me instead of your own."

"On, she was graduated at the foot of her class and is now darning her husband's socks and patching her children's clothes, like the rest of us."

Sporting Notes.

The new Brooklyn National league baseball grand stand will seat 30,000. University of Toronto plans to build a covered bockey rink that will seat over 4.000.

Canadian pigeon fanciers have organized a federation and will conduct a series of races.

Springfield (Mass.) harness horse enthusiasts want a quarter mlle speedway in Forest park.

Arundel Boat club's four oared shell crew of Baltimore will go to the Olympic regatta. The men have been rowing together for six years. In 1900 at Paris the Vesper Boat club of Philadelphia won the championship in senlor eights.

Pen, Chisel and Brush.

Renoir, the great painter, who has passed threescore years and ten, is one of the best loved artists in France.

Miss Caroline A. White, the oldest living writer, at the age of 101 years is reported still active with her pen at

Charles J. Mulligan, to whom the state of Illinois has made the award for the erection of the monument in memory of Ninian Edwards, first territorial governor of Illinois, is a well known Chicago sculptor. He was born in Armagh, Ireland, in 1867, but came to this country when quite young. studying under Lorado Taft, the Chicago master.

The Cookbook.

Apple fritters or fried apples go well with roast goose.

A roast of yeal will be greatly improved if it is larded. This prevents its being dry and tasteless when cooked.

Stale macaroons, which can be ought chenp at the baker's, make the tastiest addition to pudding and custards if pulverized and sprinkled over the top.

When cooking beets for table use try baking them as you would a potato. They retain all their juicy sweetness and are much superior to bolied bests and less trouble to propare.

You will find it will cut or shave easily after this treatment.

Fire Losses. Fire losses and the cost of fire prevention in the United States amount annually to \$450,000,000, or more than the total production of gold, silver. copper and petroleum in a year. Citron. One often experiences great difficul-

the Arcadians and Arjives on the other

307 B C. Not a Spartan fell in the

engagement, and so, Plutarch says, the

Lacedaemonians called it the Tearless

battle.

ty in cutting citron. This may be remedied by placing it in a bowl and pouring boiling water over the citron. Allow it to remain for a few minutes.