

# HAVE YOU

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

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	White, hemstitched	1c
4 Sewed, good 50c value		38c
Wash Boards	Cotton, pair	63c
Brass King, Glass King and other 40c grades		25c
Beans	Men's Turkey red, and Indigo-blue	4c
White Navy, hand pickled, per lb	Mixed cotton, pair	4c
Axle Grease	Men's Silk Hose	3c
Frazier's 10c cans	Were 50c, now	3c
Baking Powder	Suspenders	29c
K. C. 25c cans	Men's regular 50c	29c
Shoe Polish or Shinola	Men's Hats	\$1.48
10c cans	\$2.50 grades	48c
Calico	other grades as low as	48c
Regular standard print	Men's Shoes	\$2.25 Heavy work shoes going at, pr 98c
Ginghams	Men's Shoes	\$3.00 Packard dress shoes, going at \$2.87
Standard check, yd	Women's Shoes	\$2.25 Kangaroo calf going at 98c
Oil Cloth	Children's Oxfords	\$1.50 canvas strapped, going at 69c
Table, white and fancy, yd		
Percales		
36-inch wide, was 15c a yd, now		
Handkerchiefs		

We can't list all the bargains here. Everything on display. Everything goes. Nothing reserved. Do not miss it.

# MIKSCH & CO.,

THE WYATT & CO., BANKRUPT STOCK  
HILLSBORO, ORE.

## When a Deacon Broke Loose

By M. QUAD  
Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

There were only 600 inhabitants in the village of Glendale when the first meeting house, as they still call it in the country, was erected. Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Adventists went in together in the building and used it alternately. As the village grew the different denominations built churches for themselves, and finally the old church was left to one. This happened to be the poorest one financially, and it wasn't in human nature to look around on the newer edifices and not feel a bit envious.

As a matter of fact, the old meeting house was little better than a barracks. "I reckon any one can praise the Lord from the midst of a brush heap in the woods, but I also reckon that he can do it with a little more steam in a comfortable meeting house," said Deacon Pegram.

The deacon was the financial man of the church, but it was years and years before he saw his way clear for the erection of a new edifice. Several freight cars loaded with cement got stranded up in the suburbs of the town, and the deacon was told to help himself. He got wagon loads of the stuff, for that new meeting house was to be a concrete one. The concrete industry was then in its infancy, but Deacon Pegram had found a man to put the matter through and guarantee a satisfactory job.

Uriah struck town, and things were changed. He knew all about the cement business and was ready to take off the coat and carry the job through if any family would board him gratis in return. Deacon Pegram jumped at the chance. Uriah was told to eat all he could and go to the head of the class and manage things. He took hold as if he had dabbled in cement all his life. Uriah hustled. He made everybody else hustle. If any one lagged he was right on the spot to say:

"Now, then, don't do no loafing on the Lord. This is his job, and he expects things to move lively."

the reverse of this is true—that a woman may as well get used to the peculiarities of her husband; but, being a 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 me. When a man has reached middle age without having any one dare to read what belongs to him alone, such an act highly creditable, not to say dishonorable, to have his wife do such a thing gapes on him terribly.

I hoped that when Lena noticed that I never opened any letter of hers she would refrain from opening mine. When she came down to breakfast I never opened a letter of hers she would say "This is from Aunt Clara" or "Cousin Sarah or her sister or a brother." "Why didn't you open it?" whereupon I would say sentimentally, "I have never been accustomed to open another person's letters."

But Lena didn't take the hint or any other hint I gave her, just keeping on breaking the seals of my correspondence's epistles till at last I concluded to give her a more marked hint than any I had thus far devised. I wrote a note to myself from a mythical Horace Dunn, telling me in confidence of his engagement to Julia Halley, an intimate friend of my wife. As I expected, Lena opened the letter, but, finding in it a confidence—no, which very much interested her—she sealed it up again, saying nothing to me about the matter.

Maybe there wasn't a hot time when Lena congratulated her friend on her engagement. Lena asked me who the scoundrel was who had claimed to be engaged to her 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 her demeanor that her friend was not satisfied to have the matter washed up and insisted on finding 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.

was unimpaired. The fact that his daughter had outgrown her doll. As for Johnny, Patterson grudging him the \$10 a week salary he paid him.

One day Mr. Patterson, just as he had started in for the sale of a piece of real estate upon which the commission would amount to \$1,000, fell ill and was confined to his bed. Down to the office came Della with a note from him to Johnny stating that he must give up trying to bring about the trade and so inform the seller and a lawyer to whom he had hoped to sell the property. Johnny read the note and pondered.

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

"I was wondering if I could do the job."

"Of course you can."

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

Having finished the above epistle, Miss Armstrong wrote another to Mr. Ellison Keane, 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 aunt, 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 fall to give me notice. I'll be at the trying 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 trying to make the profs believe that I know something about them that I need a Saturday spree. So don't fall on the next appointment. But be very guarded, and stop, but return and take me in when the coast is clear. Ta-tal! SPOONIE.

Miss Armstrong addressed her two letters and put them in their envelopes, intending to look them over the next day before mailing the one to her mother in the college box. The other she proposed to take to a private letter box in the corner of a stone wall hidden by bushes. The bell for chapel was ringing the next morning when she was reading them. Hearing a footstep coming, she had only time to cram them into their respective envelopes when the lady in charge of the dormitory entered. Later Miss Armstrong posted her letters in their proper places.

The next Saturday the gentleman failed to put in an appearance at the trying 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 me!" she exclaimed. "If I did that I must have sent the letter to him to mamma. Whatever shall I do?"

## DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Bavarian newspapers report that Kathi Litzsch Ergolsbach is the first woman to pass the government examination as a master butcher.

Mrs. Clarkson Cowl of New York has presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in that city a painting called "An Old Time Melody," by the late Francis D. Millet, who went down with the Titanic. Mr. Millet was a trustee of the museum.

Miss Della M. Stickney is lending the campaign for the introduction of domestic science into the curriculum of all women's colleges. Miss Stickney is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where she specialized in domestic science.

Miss Ellen Stone, the missionary who was captured by Bulgarian brigands in 1901 and held for \$75,000 ransom, is preparing to return to the Land of the Crescent, believing that danger to missionaries has now been reduced to a minimum. She went to Turkey in 1878 and took up the mission work at Sumakov.

The Tearless Battle. The Tearless battle was fought between the Spartans on one side and the Arcadians and Arives on the other 367 B. C. Not a Spartan fell in the engagement, and so, Plutarch says, the Lacedaemonians called it the Tearless battle.

Fire Losses. Fire losses and the cost of fire prevention in the United States amount annually to \$150,000,000, or more than the total production of gold, silver, copper and petroleum in a year.

Citron. One often experiences great difficulty 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. You will find it will cut or shave easily after this treatment.

## An Unintelligible Epistle

By EMMA THORNE

## A Couple of Live Wires

By ANDREW J. WHITNEY

## A FAMILY MATTER

By EVAN B. M'KNIGHT

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

Dear Mamma—I 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, of course we girls are not given the privileges the students in men's colleges have, but we don't miss them. We are permitted to receive calls of a formal kind 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' anyway, and nobody need watch me when I have study hours in the evening; consequently we are always in our rooms at that time, and just now we are preparing 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 remember 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 arrival. When we have our friends and families visit we our attention is distract-

## Sporting Notes.

The new Brooklyn National league baseball grand stand will seat 30,000.

University of Toronto plans to build a covered hockey 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 mile 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 scullor 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 Upper Norwood, England.

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 1807, 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 veal will be greatly improved if it is larded. This prevents its being dry and tasteless when cooked.

Stale macarons, which can be bought cheap 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 boiled beets and less trouble to prepare.



## SELLS FLOTO CIRCUS

Free Circus Street Parade 10:30 a.m. open dens of wild animals, 9 bands, 250 horses, 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.

Hillsboro, Sunday, June 2