

A FEW DAYS MORE

And the great sale of a \$50,000 Stock of high grade Men's, Womens, Boys' and Girls' Wearing Apparel of one of the largest Stores in the Northwest now

SLAUGHTERED

Will be a thing of the past. In many cases not one-third of the cost price is asked and in order to make a quick riddance of this large stock, goods will be handed out wholesale and retail as long as they last.

Just a Few Items to give an Idea of Prices.

35c Ladies' Hose, cut to	23c
15c Ladies' Hose, cut to	9c
75c Corset Covers, cut to	39c
25c Children's Hose, cut to	11c
\$1.25 Muslin Petticoats, cut to	49c
\$1.00 Ladies' Outing Flannel Night Gowns, cut to	69c
10c Lace and Embroidery, cut to	3c
\$5.00 Ladies' new Fall Trimmed Hats, cut to	\$1.89

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

Of This Week We Will Have Our

MILLINERY --- OPENING

All the latest novelties shown. Orders will receive special attention by Miss Henderson. Hats will be trimmed free of charge when materials are bought at our store.

10c Work Sox, cut to	3c
10c Handkerchiefs, cut to	3c
50c Men's and Boys' Caps, cut to	19c
A few \$5.00 Stetson Hats, cut to	\$1.89
\$4.00 Men's Shoes, cut to	\$1.98
15c and 25c Collars, cut to	3c
50c Men's Ties, cut to	19c
50c Suspenders, cut to	19c
50c and 75c Underwear, cut to	3c
60c Men's and Boys' Overalls, cut to	29c

Other Goods Marked Accordingly and Everything in the Big Store Must Go.

All goods are placed on tables and counters and marked in plain figures so that you can help yourself and buy as much or as little as you want, so come early and take your choice of any article in the store.

Remember Nothing Reserved. Every Article Represents Some Value And Must Be Sold At Once

Never again will you get reliable Merchandise at such prices. **SALE NOW ON.**

HILLSBORO, ORE.

PEOPLES STORE

HILLSBORO, ORE.

A Duplicate Disposition

By CARL SARGENT CHASE

"I am engaged," said my friend Bob Turner, "to a girl who seems to have two dispositions. At one time she gives every evidence of character by seriousness, weighing her words before speaking and declining after mature deliberation. At another time she is ingenuous, childlike, happy-go-lucky and with it all extremely amiable."

"Which of her dispositions do you prefer?" I asked.

"I don't know. I confess that a woman who thinks and plans is preferable to one who does not. Nevertheless, an amiable woman is the delight of a household. I wish you would make her acquaintance and tell me which side of her makeup you prefer—just for curiosity, you know."

I was introduced by Bob to Alpha Whitcomb—why her parents named her for the first letter of the Greek alphabet I was at a loss to know—and made a number of calls upon her. As Bob's most intimate friend, I was received with a welcome, but, of course, I didn't tell her that I had been introduced to study her duplicate disposition. What Bob had said of her appeared to be true, though during a call I found that either one of her dispositions was in the ascendant. She was never both during the same visit.

It seemed to me that when she was the serious Miss Whitcomb she looked slightly different from when she was the amiable Miss Whitcomb, but I have known persons to appear like different persons under different emotions. The Whitcomb drawing room where I was received was always dimly lighted by these globe lamps intended to give a subdued artistic hue to everything, and I confess that I found it difficult to even get a satisfactory look at the young lady.

I had not visited Miss Whitcomb many times before I discovered that I preferred her infinitely in her amiable character. I will admit that this may have been due to the fact that when she was in this mood she seemed to assimilate best with my open makeup. At any rate I was always delighted to find her in lighter vein and correspondingly disappointed when she was serious. However, whether it was that she saw that the former disposition suited me best she finally received me as the jolly, frank girl who accorded so well with my own idiosyncrasies.

It was after I had seen her several times in this mood, passing each time an evening with her, that I began to feel that I might be placed in a compromising position toward my friend Bob, her fiance. It occurred to me that I was falling in love with the girl. My visits must be stopped at once. I had remained away a week when I re-

ceived a note from her stating that she wished to see me about a matter which was so trivial that I was sure it was a mere excuse to have me call again. I confess I did not have the strength of will to refuse her invitation. I called and met with unmistakable evidences of her favor.

I was frightened. It was evident not only that I had conceived a liking for my friend's fiancee, but that she had conceived a liking for me. What was to be done? I thought the matter over and telephoned Bob that I wished to see him the same evening. When he came I told him that I had studied the double disposition of his fiancee so far as was necessary and was ready to report. I infinitely preferred her when she was the genial, amiable Miss Whitcomb.

"And you have no use for her when she is the steady Miss Whitcomb?" he asked.

"I did not say that. I said that I preferred her in her lighter mood."

"Do you think you could love her in that mood?"

"What a question! I shouldn't think of loving a girl who belonged to my friend."

"Nonsense, I don't believe there is any man, however honorable, who would give up the woman he loved for his friend simply because that friend had forestalled him."

"Well, what of that when the girl is true to the man she first met?"

"She isn't in this case."

I was thunderstruck. Had Miss Whitcomb confessed to her lover that she preferred me to him?

"Bob," I said, "what are you driving at?"

"I introduced you to a girl with two dispositions. I prefer her serious side. You prefer her amiable side. Now, how would it do to divide her between us; I taking the serious girl, you the amiable girl?"

"Have you lost your senses?" Bob burst out laughing.

"For heaven's sake!" I exclaimed.

"What does all this mean?"

"I will meet you at her home this evening and explain. Be there by 8 o'clock." And without a word more he ran away.

At 8 o'clock I was at the Whitcombs' and found Bob and his fiancee together. She looked at me in that sober fashion that always rather repelled me.

"Now, old man, I wish you to confess that you have got sweet on"—

The door opened and another girl, the image of the first, entered.

"Miss Beta Whitcomb," Bob finished.

"Alpha's twin sister."

Bob says that the delighted, relieved expression on my face will be with him to the end of his days. He and Alpha wishing me to marry her sister, had taken this way of bringing the watch about. It succeeded.

Not on Him.
"Your face seems familiar, but I can't recall ever meeting you before."
"I don't think you ever met me."
"But I can't get over thinking I have seen you before. Maybe I have seen your picture somewhere."
"But I assure you I never have been cured of anything."

Handing Him One.
"This is leap year," said the gay bachelor tentatively.
"Ah!" responded the beautiful girl, without any inflection.
"You know what leap year is for, don't you?" pursued he of the lax libery and flirtatious disposition.
"Certainly," was the response.
"Well," he persisted, bound to have it come to him, "what is it for?"
"To give the girls a chance to show their independence," responded the beautiful girl as she turned on her heel and pursued her solitary way.

Modern.
"The Youngloves certainly have an up-to-date baby."
"Have they?"
"Yes. They can't put it to sleep by rocking it."
"They just lay it on a bed, give it a copy of Browning, and it reads itself to sleep, I suppose."
"By no means. It refuses to slumber at all unless they take it auto riding."

No Hope There.
"What are you looking over the fashion plates for, buddy?"
"I was just noticing that it doesn't take much to make a woman's dress this season."
"Much?"
"No."
"Oh, as to material, no. But the money?"

Wasted Effort.
My luck is just like this, you see: Whenever from a watery grave A maiden fair and young I save She's sure to have a family, And so she cannot marry me.

Baseball is the only escape we have from politics, and baseball is fast developing politics of its own.

Because a woman says she likes to earn stockings it isn't safe to assume that she cares to employ her leisure time in that occupation.

Compensation.
"They say love is blind."
"Maybe, but he is likely to have good teeth, though."
"Teeth?"
"Yes."
"How is that?"
"Love often leads to matrimony, and matrimony will cut anybody's eye-teeth."

Just Like Jack.
"Did Jack want to kiss you when he said good-bye last night?"
"I—I don't know whether he did or not."
"You don't?"
"Didn't he say anything about it?"
"No; he just kissed me."

Must Be John.
"How very absurd!"
"When did John get home?"
"John? Why do you ask that?"
"I heard you say, 'How very absurd!'"

Clever.
"I am writing to Mamie."
"Yes, and such a long letter. What do you write about?"
"Nothing."
"Aw, you do too."
"Honest I don't. I can say the awfulest lot you ever heard of about nothing."

Easy.
"What is your ideal woman, Sarkas-trik?"
"My ideal woman is one who always pleases me."
"But I notice that you are sometimes pleased to be displeased anyway."
"What about it to the woman?"



Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

FLYING.

It seems as though summer had started only. And here we are shooting down the decline with August. Oh, my. How summer does fly! It's here. To clear us for a little while with its genial smile, to wrap us in a neat blanket of heat, to sing us a friend who would make no end to his stay, and then it must away. It beats the well scrubbed Dutch. How time does fly!

Never loafs around or tries to be a steady boarder. In order to catch a fleeting moment we must arise. Bob our eyes. And take a quick glance or it will dance into the vast. And well filled past. That is what summer is doing just now. It is on the roller coaster. And is going some. Hear the hum of the wheels? It comes. And goodness knows it goes. Hardly do we feel its hot breath on our necks than we have to clear the decks for autumn.

MY WANT OF WISDOM

By MOLLIE K. WETHERELL

When I was eighteen years old, my father and mother both being dead, and I, not having a cent in the world, said to a friend one day that I thought I would take a trip to Europe. I will remember the look she gave me. Indeed, so impressed was she with the absurdity of my idea that she didn't think it worth while to remark upon it. But a few weeks later I learned that I had been left a legacy of \$400. Then I put my dream to practice. Dreamers are not understood. There is likely to be some method in their madness, but their more practical acquaintances take no cognizance of this. There was a method in my madness, though I hardly understood it myself. Perhaps my story will explain it. What I did with my \$400 was to buy a two month's trip to England and

the continent of Europe.

When my friends heard of what I was about to do they wondered if they had not better shut me up in a lunatic asylum.

"She's certainly gone daft," said one.

"What is she going to live on when she gets back?" remarked another.

"Do some hard work," put in a third. "That will take the nonsense out of her."

One of my chums repeated these remarks to me that I might benefit by them. But I didn't. I prepared for my journey and called away, remarking that I would have one good time in my life if I never had another. The last words I heard from the dock were: "Are you coming home with that fortune?"

"Yes. A pleasant outing is a fortune in itself."

Now, I didn't know any more than they what was to happen to me. I certainly had no idea that my trip was to be completely spoiled, as it was. My room mate on the ship going out was a crabbed old maid. She was not only senile, but afflicted with an incurable disease. She was so stingy that she would not tip the room stewardess, who would do nothing for her. Being unable to go to the dining saloon for meals, the invalid ordered the stewardess to bring them in to her. The stewardess would say, "Yes, m'm," go away and would not return.

What could I do—see the creature starve? Of course not. I waited on her all the way over, and when we reached Southampton, she being unable to leave the ship without assistance, I was obliged to take her ashore with me. When I got her there I felt compelled to take her to London.

"Hadin' you any relatives to come with you?" I asked.

"No, and I couldn't afford to pay the way of any of them if I had."

"Can't you afford to hire some one to take care of you?"

"No."

Well, the woman continued to grow worse. I had the choice of deserting her, leaving her to the tender mercies of nobody or staying with her. I didn't scruple to tell her that she was spoiling my trip. Her reply was that I had better go on and leave her to her fate. She might as well have told me to give her poison to get rid of her. At first she wouldn't do anything to relieve me if she could, and afterward she couldn't. She continued to sulk, but remained alive, so that I couldn't get away from her and pursue my trip.

There was one curiosity in London I had always wished to see. One morning I gave a maid half a crown to attend to the invalid for a few hours while I went to the tower. When I returned the maid told me that her charge had sent her out with a note for a man, who had come to her and been shut up with her for half an hour. He had taken other persons into the room, but only for a few minutes.

I didn't care to ask an explanation of this of the sick woman, for it was none of my business. Her illness continued so long that the time and

money I had put aside for my trip were nearly exhausted. One day the invalid called me to her and said to me: "I'm going to die. I don't wish any doctor to tell me so. He would charge me \$2 at least, and I know I myself. After my death you will find five sovereigns in my trunk. Put me here. My bones are not worth taking to America. You'll find an envelope under my pillow. Take it to the address in Philadelphia written on it."

The woman died just before the steamer sailed on which I had expected a return passage. I had barely time to find a place to bury her when I was obliged to go aboard. On reaching port several of my friends were at the dock to meet me. One of them said: "Did you see it all?"

"Oh, yes. I saw London; they're enough there; to see without going farther. The tower is tamesly interesting."

A few days after my arrival I thought of the envelope I was to deliver and took it to the address on it. Marbury & Smith, attorneys, and got the firm opened the envelope and got out a paper. Then he asked me some questions, finally inquiring my name. When I told him he gave me a quick glance and said:

"You are the beneficiary of this estate."

"Estate! What estate?"

"This is it will. It makes you heir to property worth \$250,000."

The moral of this story is that those who leave something to chance are not always wrong.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A man is seldom too hungry to talk about his meals.

What will the busy housekeeper have to worry about in that faroff millennium when science has abolished the and dust?

Going in swimming wouldn't be half so much fun if it were one of the small boy's regular evening chores.

The envious man never likes the color of his neighbor's new automobile.

Never tell the secrets of another. He will tell them himself if you give him plenty of time.

It doesn't matter where you spend your vacation, you will wish you had gone somewhere else.

As the days grow shorter somehow it unpleasantly reminds us that we should do our Christmas shopping early.

A man is as happy as he looks; a woman is as happy as she thinks she is.

You can't gauge a man's social position by his clothes. His wife probably selects them.

It's lots cheaper to send postal cards to your friends than to bring them seven-spools.