

# THE HILLSBORO COMMERCIAL BANK

CAPITAL \$50,000  
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An old, safe and conservative bank, located in the Hillsboro Commercial block, S. W. corner Main and Second streets.

Hillsboro Commercial Bank.



## I wish I had had my money in the Bank

Have you ever said to yourself: "If I only had A THOUSAND DOLLARS NOW."

Business chances are opening up and offering themselves to any of us and all of us very frequently, and the man who gets the chance is THE MAN WHO HAS THE MONEY to take it. Start a bank account with us now. Be prepared for a chance. Do your business with a strong, carefully managed bank.

### HILLSBORO NATIONAL BANK

W. H. WEHRUNG, Pres.  
DAVID KURATLI, Cashier

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F. N. AUSTIN, Ass't. Cashier



All six for only \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00 according to the location in the Crescent Theater. Seat sale now on at McCormick's.

Ed. Schoeler, of South Tualatin, was in town yesterday morning.

Rev. L. N. Monroe, Pastor of the Calvary Baptist church of Portland, is to begin special meetings in the local Baptist church Tuesday evening, Nov. 19. Mr. Monroe has been pastor of Calvary church for a number of years and is a very sympathetic speaker. Remember the date, beginning Nov. 19.

Arthur Knox, of Gaston, was greeting friends here, yesterday.

J. Q. Johnson, of below Witch Hazel, was up to the city yesterday, taking in the election returns.

Wm. Bagley Sr. and Wm. Bagley Jr. of North Tualatin Plains, were in the city yesterday, to bid farewell to Wm. King and wife who departed for Canton, Ohio, after a pleasant visit here.

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L. A. LONG, Editor

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday  
BY  
LONG & MCKINNEY

With an auburn-haired district attorney, and auburn-haired sheriff, Washington County should soon get into the Julius Caesar class.

The official count will appear by precincts next week. The unofficial count is so liable to error that its publication is practically superfluous.

Oregon voted democratic on president for the first time since the Civil war—but it wouldn't have done this had there been but one ticket opposed. Now, would it?

Bryan is as happy as a man can be over another's election. There is no cancer in the Bryan heart, and no political rust on the soul of the great Nebraskan, who for 16 years has fought the good fight.

Woodrow Wilson will have over 400 votes in the electoral college, and will be the next president of the United States. Not for nearly a century has there been a president elected with so large a percentage of good feeling in his favor.

The Taft men preferred Wilson to Roosevelt and the Roosevelt preferred him to Taft—and there you are. Each element concedes his stability, his integrity, his honesty of purpose, and all give Mr. Wilson credit for brains. He should make, and will make, a good president. If he shall not make good—there is another election four years hence. Wilson will have an opportunity of making a great president. Opportunity is Mr. Wilson's in each and every respect. He divorced himself from the interests at the start; he has given every phase of economic trouble a calm and just consideration, and there is no reason why he should not prove a Jefferson, and go out of office with all the national sympathy as well as James Monroe. The Jackson in him, also, should help him to a successful administration.

Geo. Meacham, of Mountaintown, was in town today.

Sam Orduff, of Laurel, was a city visitor the last of the week.

Coal and wood of all kinds. Leave orders by Telephone City 477—H. D. Schmeltzer, 31-tf

Ben Heesacker, of Verboort, was in the city yesterday, before the county board, on business matters.

For first-class work and reasonable, cutting and polishing agates, call on Francis Cota, corner Seventh and Fir. 31-4

The Missionary Society will join with the Society circle of the Cong. Church, in a meeting at the home of Mrs. R. C. Vaught, Thursday, Nov. 16.

Marriage licenses have been granted A. H. Davis and Ethel Haaggarth; W. M. Abel and Jennie Underwood; John Vandecoevering and Josephine Vanondenaegeen; A. E. Cooper and Agnes Jaehn; John Cop and Pearl G. Reynolds.

J. E. Reeves carried his own precinct by over 200—Cornelius precinct. That shows how Sheriff-elect Reeves stands at home, where he is best known. Applegate carried his own precinct by 75. Wm. Schulmerich, on the ticket for state senator, given him without solicitation, also carried his home boundary. This is good work, considering Schulmerich never turned a hand in the campaign. Dr. Wood, successful candidate as senator, also carried his own precinct, as did John McClaran.

Benj. Heesacker and Miss Minnie Bernards were united in marriage at St. James Church, McMinnville, Oct. 23, 1912, Rev. Father J. Bernards, brother of the bride, performing the ceremony. The wedding was witnessed by about one hundred and fifty relatives and friends. The groom is one of Verboort's well known young farmers, and at present is road supervisor in his district. The bride is a daughter of John Bernards, and is well known in Verboort, as well as in Yamhill county. They will make their home north of Forest Grove.

"Ma," he began, in rather a quavering voice, "what does hereditarily mean?" Mother wasn't quite sure herself, but was sufficiently artful not to say so outright, so she answered vaguely: "Well, John, it is—er—it's something to do with what you get from your father or me."

## MY UNCLE'S WILL

By STEPHEN G. HARDWICK

One evening at a stag dinner I gave at my house to a party of friends, when the coffee was brought on and cigars were passed I noticed that one of my guests, Major Tischweil, did not help himself from the box offered him.

"Don't you smoke, major?" I asked. "No," he replied, "I do not."

He was the only man in the room who did not smoke, and the others looked at him with some curiosity. I was about to turn the subject when he gave us his reasons for not doing so in the following story:

I was brought up by an uncle who was very rich—my parents both died when I was very young—and since he had no children of his own it was understood that I was to be his heir. My life was not a very pleasant one for persons whose experience in bringing up their own offspring is still at a great disadvantage in bringing up the offspring of others. A child is utterly devoid of reason and a sense of his duties toward a parent. In deed, it is remarkable that parents should tolerate their own children. This I think is the reason why adoptions are not usually satisfactory.

When I was ten years old a boy taught me to smoke dried leaves. One day my uncle caught me at this and for the first time spoke to me with great harshness. It was evident that he had a great prejudice against tobacco. He told me that if he ever caught me smoking again he would send me away.

I passed a couple of months after graduation at my uncle's home. As a young soldier I was very attractive to him and he petted me without stint. I had no desire, especially after my experience at West Point, to offend him by the use of tobacco, which I did not use in any form. He seemed charmed to have me with him and spent a great deal of time talking to me about his estate, explaining his projects for its increase, telling me what property he intended to improve and what to dispose of.

He was getting old, he said, and he thought I would better resign and become accustomed to the care of the property that would fall upon me at his death. I had no wish to leave the army to live under the tutelage of an opinionated old man, so I told him that having been educated by the government I didn't consider it honorable to resign my commission at once, but in three years, if he still maintained the same disposition toward me, I would accede to his wish. He recommended me very highly for my sense of honor and assented to my remaining as I was.

A couple of years after that I fell in love with the lady who became my wife. It was then for the first time that I realized the benefit that would accrue to me in my uncle's fortune. He had never said anything to me on the subject of marriage, but I knew that I should consult him before the matter was settled. I deferred it, however, to a convenient time, for my uncle had remained a bachelor all his life, and I knew him to be a woman hater. If he should take the same view for me I might be put in the position of giving up the girl I loved or fortune. I could not in honor do the first, and if I married the fortune would mean much to me.

As luck would have it, the old rascally bargeon, gentlemen, you will understand better at the end of my story why I speak so disrespectfully of the man who has educated me and was to leave me his estate. As I was saying, my uncle rendered it unnecessary for me to say anything to him about my love affair by very conveniently being taken ill and showing every evidence that his end was near. I was telegraphed for to come at once and before going told my love of my passion for her, of my expected inheritance, and invited her to share it with me when I got it. This could not be long. She returned my affection and accepted me.

When I reached my uncle it was not

expected that he would live through the night. He rallied, however, and the next day was slightly better. His physician remained at the house most of the time, especially at night, and when he was not with his patient he sat in the library below, keeping each other company. He was a very good fellow, and I grew fond of him. He liked his toddy, in which I joined him, but when it came to smoking he was obliged to smoke alone.

My uncle lingered between life and death for several weeks. No one could tell just when he would drop away. The night he died the doctor and I were keeping ourselves up by an occasional portation. The doctor pulled two cigars from his pocket and offering one to me said:

"Something's he's too far gone to know anything about it."

I accepted his proposition, lighted the cigar and smoked just enough of it to cause me to feel bad. Then a nurse called me to my uncle. I ran upstairs, and he was telling me about some improvements he advised making in a certain building that was to be mine, when he snuffed smoke on me.

Gentlemen, my expected fortune

went the way of the cigar I had accepted from the doctor—in smoke. My uncle lived forty-eight hours longer and altered his will, leaving all he possessed to charity.

The Sons of the Father.

Little Jack was struggling through his home lessons, and there were many signs of woe and perplexity written on his impish young face.

"Ma," he began, in rather a quavering voice, "what does hereditarily mean?"

Mother wasn't quite sure herself,

but was sufficiently artful not to say so outright, so she answered vaguely:

"Well, John, it is—er—it's something to do with what you get from your father or me."

Little Jack pondered deeply for a

few moments. Suddenly a look of knowledge—the outcome of past unhappy experiences—appeared on his countenance.

"Then is whipping heredity, isn't it?" he asked.—New York Journal.

The Poet and the Sunset.

The gorgeous grandeur of the sunset thrills me.

The brilliant colors and the golden glow I think sometimes it must be a poet.

For poets all say it affects them so.

I love to watch the sinking suns' departure.

And muse and wonder why it goes away.

It leaves with regularity, I've noticed.

And always at the closing of the day.

It fills my soul with deep poetic feeling.

To watch the daily setting of the sun.

I've started several poems on the subject.

But somehow I have never finished one.

But none the less the daily sunsets fill me.

With vague poetic feeling and unrest.

Another thing I've noticed about sunsets.

You regularly see them in the west.

—Somerville Journal.

**New Game.**

"What's the matter with this mule's shoes?" asked the village blacksmith.

"I put them on day before yesterday,

and they took all right to me."

"Never mind how they look," replied Ernestine Flunkley; "you just take dem shoes off an' put on yuther ones. Ma' son Samson Smiley will stan' de ex-

peuse."

"What has Smiley to do with it?"

"He's helpin' me finance a sp'lin' proposition. We's got a set on to go many times you kin fool around 'at mule's feet befo' you gits laid out."

—Washington Star.

**Mother's Politics.**

In years to come when women vote And have a right to mle.

In every wrangle on the map Including politics.

When national conventions meet With bonnets in the van.

Among the female delegates

Percyance may be a man.

Then when he rises with the rest To lift a timid voice.

And some one asks him who will be His presidential choice.

This declaration proud and pat Will issue from his throat!

"Always take the same old way That mother used to vote."

—New York Sun.

**Mutual.**

He was trying to make an impression on a pretty nursemaid who had a little boy out by the park.

"I wish you were my governess," he whispered.

"So do I," said the girl.

"What's the matter?"

"I take those cigarettes away from you and get your hair cut."

Then he passed on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Wash. Day.**

When Eve held forth in Paradise She found much pleasure in it.

For when she did her Monday wash

It only took a minute.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

And when the washing was over Eve didn't feel or wash.

She merely counterfeited forth and plashed

New garments from the vine.

—Springfield Union.

She didn't scold the laundryman,

she didn't give him back.

Because he happened to mistake

To bring the wrong leaf tea.

—Youngster Statesman.

**Insult and Injury.**

"She's the most insulting woman I ever met."

"I never liked her myself."

"Just think! The last time she visited us she didn't wipe her feet when she came in, but she did wipe them when she went out!"—Spokane Spokesman Review.

**The Day of Days.**

Every dog may have his day.

As the ancient saying is.