

**CHRISTMAS IS HERE AGAIN**  
 WITH TURKEY PLUMP AND FAT  
 BUT I LIKE LYMPIC WHEAT HEARTS  
 A WHOLE LOT BETTER THAN THAT

Ask your dealer about the new  
**PRESENTS**  
 for boys and girls that go with  
 "Olympic" Wheat Hearts  
 and  
 "Olympic" Pancake Flour  
 Just the dandiest, catch-  
 ing, most interesting  
 "new" novelties imaginable,  
 especially imported  
 from Germany.

**Portland Flouring  
 Mills Co.**  
 Portland,  
 Oregon

**A Successful  
 Hiding Place**

By JOHN L. LARNED

...about hiding things in places  
 which suggest the way to do  
 it. He said that in each plain view  
 the money was hidden right at them.  
 He said he would give them to him.  
 He said he would give them to my  
 brother for detective work as once  
 I was found by an old woman  
 whom I knew to be guilty of it.  
 I was trying to prove on her  
 that she had been stolen from.  
 She said she had been stolen from  
 her house and she wanted me  
 to go to the house. I interviewed  
 the man who had seen that a certain  
 man had been in the house and saw  
 the money in the drawer and saw  
 the man who was outside the counter.  
 He said the man was gone  
 to the bank.

make it pay me to collect from you."  
 She gave me a knowing look when  
 she said this. I knew it meant some-  
 thing, but I was a trifle slow in inter-  
 preting it.  
 "Oh, yes," I said presently. "You  
 should be paid for the damage I've  
 done. How would one of the bills suit  
 you?"  
 "It's worth two of 'em."  
 "All right. Tell me where you've  
 got the bills hidden and I'll give you  
 \$10 for the damage and no prosecution  
 then."  
 "No questions asked?"  
 "I knew the loser of the money whet-  
 ter to get all of it that remained un-  
 spent, so I agreed that the thief felt  
 from whom she received the swag,  
 whereupon she pointed to the candle  
 she had given me and said:  
 "They're there."  
 They were wrapped around it.

**The Man as Was  
 Wronged**

By M. QUAD

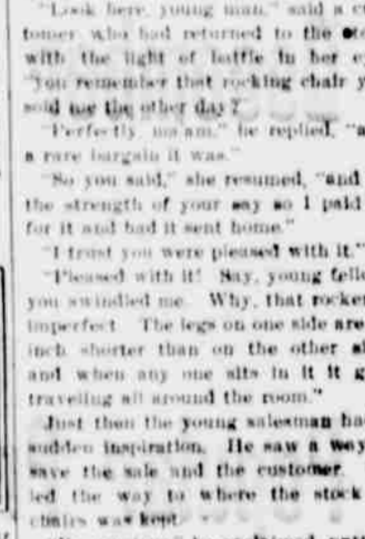
Copyright, 1913, by Associated Lit-  
 erary House

If it had been a pleasant day and if  
 we hadn't all been out of sorts with  
 our luck we should have had a word  
 of welcome for the stranger as he en-  
 tered our camp that stretched after  
 noon. As it was, however, we were  
 busy with our own troubles. I saw him  
 come from the Chinese trail at Dead Man's  
 Elbow and walk into our camp and nev-  
 er a man rose up to salute him.  
 The stranger seemed to expect just  
 such a reception—that is, he didn't  
 seem a bit surprised. He passed down  
 the single street we had named Road  
 to Riches, turned to the left at the  
 lone pine tree, and without once look-  
 ing around him he staked off a claim  
 and began to erect a shanty.  
 "Bad man, I'm afraid," growled  
 Judge Slasher as he partly closed one  
 eye and gave the stranger the benefit  
 of the squint.  
 "Bin bounced out of some camp for  
 stealing," added the big chap from  
 Kentucky.  
 "Tell you he's got a hangdog look,"  
 put in the man known as "Ohio Hill."  
 Every man in the camp was down  
 on the fresh arrival and that without  
 cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set,  
 and a stranger coming among us met  
 with words of cheer, but that after-  
 noon the devil was to pay. The three  
 miles belonging to our camp had strag-  
 gled off and been gobbled up by the  
 Indians, and on the heels of this dis-  
 cover came the announcement that we  
 had only salt enough to last two days,  
 while the sugar was entirely gone.

Two weeks had passed, and while  
 some of us had given the stranger a  
 curt "Good morning," no one shook  
 hands with him or entered his shanty  
 to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a  
 climax came. The six of us, occupy-  
 ing one shanty, were working in com-  
 mon, and our bag of dust was buried  
 in a corner of the fireplace. One  
 morning this bag was missing, and  
 you can imagine that there was a first  
 class row in no time. There was the  
 hole where some one had dug under  
 the stones and carried off the treasure,  
 and whom were we to suspect?  
 "Yes, we were mad, and in the ex-  
 citement of the first discovery we came  
 near having a free fight among our-  
 selves. It increased our anger to dis-  
 cover that we could not reasonably sus-  
 pect any one, and this fact made every  
 one of us try harder to pick up a clew.  
 At length Judge Slasher sprang to his  
 feet with the exclamation:  
 "By the bones of Kidd, I know the  
 thief!"  
 "Who is he?"  
 "That hangdog, sheep-stealing stran-  
 ger! Hang me if I didn't dream of his  
 coming in here last night to borrow  
 a shovel, and it was his digging under  
 the stones which started that dream.  
 He has held aloof from us, and that's  
 proof enough that he came here for no  
 good purpose."  
 It was a straw to catch at. We had  
 lost in a night all we had gained by  
 months of hard work, and we didn't  
 stop to reason. It was decided to try  
 the charge at the stranger's door, and  
 if he could prove his innocence so  
 much the better for him.  
 The news that the White House, as  
 we called our shanty, had been robbed  
 spread like wildfire, and as we started  
 for the stranger's claim our crowd  
 numbered a full hundred. As the  
 crowd swamped down on the man he  
 started off at a run.  
 "Halt, halt, halt, or we'll shoot!"  
 shouted a host of men.  
 "He's the thief—stop him, stop him!"  
 roared the judge.  
 Five or six shots were fired almost  
 as one, and the fugitive tumbled for-  
 ward on the rocks. Three bullets en-  
 tered his back, and as the foremost

men bent over him, and turned his  
 white, ghastly face to the heavens he  
 gasped out:  
 "You have murdered me! God for-  
 give you!"  
 "Now to search him," said the judge  
 who came up and half a dozen hands  
 made quick work of it. Nothing on his  
 breast and made fast to his neck by a  
 ribbon was a package wrapped in oil-  
 skin. There was a flutter of excite-  
 ment as the judge rapidly unrolled the  
 string and held the package in his  
 hand. It was our dust?  
 "No. We formed a circle around the  
 package, as he set on a rock and opened  
 the package, and in less than a minute  
 there were white faces among us.  
 What were the contents? A photo-  
 graph of a fair faced middle aged wo-  
 man, and on the end was written:  
 "Mary—died June 19, 1857."  
 That was the dead man's wife. There  
 was a second photograph—that of a  
 babe about a year old—and the judge  
 read aloud in a trembling voice:  
 "Our Harry—died April 4, 1857."  
 That was not all. On a card were  
 locks of their hair. And now we were  
 looking down upon these things and feel-  
 ing our hearts swelling up and our  
 eyes growing misty when you cannot  
 see your mother, half witted cook,  
 with the hair of dust in his hand. In  
 repairing the package he had moved  
 the bag, and in the excitement over  
 its supposed loss what little will he had  
 was forgotten away for the moment.  
 The hole under the stones had been  
 made by some small animal in search  
 of food, and in our haste we had ac-  
 cused and considered an innocent man.  
 With sorrow, with tenderness, with  
 hearts like children, we dug a grave  
 and put the poor body into it, and with  
 his own hands the judge planted the  
 head-stone and engraved thereon:  
 "Here lies a man as was wronged."  
**WHY SHE KEPT THE CHAIR.**  
**Because She Wasn't Responsible For  
 Clever Salesman's Mistake.**  
 "Look here, young man," said a cus-  
 tomer who had returned to the store  
 with the light of battle in her eye.  
 "You remember that rocking chair you  
 sold me the other day?"  
 "Perfectly, ma'am," he replied, "and  
 a rare bargain it was."  
 "So you said," she resumed, "and on  
 the strength of your say so I paid \$4  
 for it and had it sent home."  
 "I trust you were pleased with it."  
 "Pleased with it? Say, young fellow,  
 you swindled me. Why, that rocker is  
 imperfect. The legs on one side are an  
 inch shorter than on the other side,  
 and when any one sits in it it goes  
 traveling all around the room."  
 Just then the young salesman had a  
 sudden inspiration. He saw a way to  
 save the sale and the customer. He  
 led the way to where the stock of  
 chairs was kept.  
 "By gracious," he exclaimed, putting  
 on an air of consternation, "I made a  
 mistake! That chair I sold you should  
 have been marked \$10. It was a light-  
 weight chair, designed not to wear out  
 carpet by always rocking in the same  
 corner. Madam, I apologize. If you'll  
 send the chair right back I'll be great-  
 ly obliged. I'll give you another in its  
 place."  
 "Send it back? I guess not. I'm not  
 responsible for your mistakes, young  
 man. It should teach you to be more  
 careful in the future."  
 And she swept majestically out of  
 the store.—San Francisco Call.

**Why He Was Sorry.**



Buggins—Have you heard that Bul-  
 lion, the millionaire, is dead?  
 Briggs—Yes, I'm awfully sorry.  
 Buggins—Why, he's no relative of  
 yours, is he?  
 Briggs—No; that's why I'm sorry—  
 Pittsburgh Press.

**Between Two Fires.**

"Your legal department must be very  
 expensive."  
 "Yes," sighed the eminent trust mag-  
 nate, "it is."  
 "Still, I suppose you have to main-  
 tain it?"  
 "Well, I don't know. Sometimes I  
 think it would be cheaper to obey the  
 law."—Harper's Weekly.

**An Emergency Call.**

Breathless Urchin to constable in  
 court—You're wanted down our  
 court—and bring a bumblebee.  
 Policeman—What do you want the  
 ambulance for?  
 Urchin—Mover's found the key not  
 pinned over his doornail.—London Tit-  
 bits.

**Obedient Patient.**

"The doctor told Hobbs that he must  
 take a long rest, so he bought himself  
 a racing automobile."  
 "Did that bring him rest?"  
 "Oh, yes. He's in a nice quiet hos-  
 pital for three months now."—Boston  
 Transcript.

**SIXTEEN NEW VOTING  
 PLACES TO BE NAMED**

Which Means Sixteen New Precincts for this County

**WOMEN VOTE IS PRIMARY REASON**

Will Add Nearly a Thousand Dollars to Election Expenses

The county board, Judge Rea-  
 soner, and Commissioners Ny-  
 berg and Hanley, are wrestling  
 these days with the precinct  
 problem, and as a result, by  
 next Monday evening they ex-  
 pect to name at least sixteen  
 new precincts in the county, if  
 not seventeen. If there are only  
 sixteen precincts added, this will  
 mean ninety-six more judges  
 and clerks, and sixteen new  
 halls for polling places, with a  
 large number of new booths, to  
 say nothing of cost of distribu-  
 tion of ballot boxes—new ballot  
 boxes, and many more ballots,  
 besides other incidental ex-  
 penses. Supplies that can be  
 carried a few years, of course,  
 will reduce the cost pro rata,  
 but the total annual expense will  
 run very close to a thousand dol-  
 lars more—eight hundred at  
 least—and this is due, of course,  
 to the increase in the vote due  
 to woman suffrage. Hillsboro is  
 to be divided up; Forest Grove is  
 to be dissected; Cornelius is to  
 have two precincts, and there is  
 to be one at Verboort, and one  
 at Blooming. Just now it is hard  
 to tell where the new voting  
 places will be, but by next week  
 the court will have the problem  
 solved to a nicety. The polling  
 places will then be published.

Fred Morris was sentenced to  
 a fine of \$5 by Judge Smith,  
 last Friday, and in default Mor-  
 ris went to the Hotel de Reeves.  
 Morris was charged with taking  
 a buggy ride with Booker's  
 horse. He remained in the cus-  
 tody of the officers until Monday,  
 when he paid the balance of the  
 fine in money, and went home to  
 spend Christmas.

For the best values in hard-  
 ware of all kinds, call on Dave  
 Corwin, who can sell you the  
 best at the lowest figures. Plum-  
 bing given prompt attention.  
 Second Street, south of Main.

John Seitzel, of Banks, was  
 in town last evening, the guest  
 of Mr. and Mrs. Calip Hall. He  
 has been visiting at Silverton  
 and Laurel, for a fortnight, and  
 went on to his Banks home this  
 morning.

Masquerade ball at W. O. W.  
 Hall, North Plains, Saturday eve-  
 ning, Dec. 27. Tickets, \$1.25 in-  
 cluding supper. Toelle orchestra.  
 Everybody invited. Four prizes  
 awarded. 38-40

Do not forget to ask for a  
 Schiller when you want a good  
 10 cent smoke—no "cough dust"  
 in the Schiller. 12tf

Miss Eva Carstens, of Banks,  
 was a guest at the home of her  
 aunt, Mrs. E. C. McKinney, over  
 Sunday.

For lunch—pickled pigs feet,  
 home made sausages and bol-  
 ognas.—H. R. Emmott.

C. B. Buchanan, of Cornelius,  
 was in town Monday.

**Application to Register Title**

In the Circuit Court of the State of Ore-  
 gon for Washington County.  
 In the Matter of the Application of  
 Theophile Cappen, for Registration of  
 Title to the following described real  
 property lying, being and situated in  
 Washington County, Oregon, and describ-  
 ed as follows, to-wit:  
 Part of Lot 3, Section 34, T. 1 N., R. 3 W.,  
 Will. Mer. location on the south line of  
 the Williams Porter D. L. C. as defined  
 by the S. W. corner of the same and a  
 stone in the center of the County Road at  
 the N. W. corner of the M. Peterson tract,  
 the N. E. corner of the Joseph Klinger  
 tract, 6.81 chs. east of the S. W. corner of  
 said claim, and running thence east along  
 said line, 4.41 chs. to the N. W. corner of  
 the land here owned by Bagley & Hare,  
 thence south along the west line of said  
 Yates original tract, 5.92 chs. to the S. W.  
 corner; thence west parallel with the south  
 line of said Porter claim, 3.45 chs. to the  
 east line of the Klinger land; thence N. 1  
 deg. 20' E. along said Klinger land,  
 4.82 chs. to the place of beginning, con-  
 taining 2.63 acres.  
 To Whom It May Concern:  
 Take Notice that on the 25th day of  
 November, 1913, an application was filed  
 by Theophile Cappen in the Circuit  
 Court of the State of Oregon for Wash-  
 ington County, for the initial registration  
 of the title to the land above described.  
 Now unless you appear on or before the  
 31st day of December, 1913, and show  
 cause why such application shall not be  
 granted, the same will be taken as con-  
 fessed, and a decree will be entered ac-  
 cording to the prayer of the applicant,  
 and you will be forever barred from dis-  
 puting the same.  
 Edw. C. Luce, Clerk of the Circuit Court  
 of the State of Oregon for Washington  
 County, by H. A. Kurall.  
 Attest: Seal  
 Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Applicant

**REGISTRATION OF LAND TITLE.**

In the Circuit Court of the State of Ore-  
 gon for Washington County.  
 In the Matter of the Application of  
 Wilford Thomas for the registration of  
 title to the following described real  
 property, situated in Washington County,  
 Oregon, to-wit: All that portion of Lot 4,  
 which lies South of the Street run-  
 ning West from the Old Fellows' Hall  
 in the town (now CITY) of Gaston as  
 appears upon the duly recorded plat of  
 said town (now CITY) of Gaston in the  
 office of the Recorder of Conveyances  
 of said County and State.  
 Wilford Thomas, Plaintiff, vs. May  
 Orlin Sims and Charles Sims, her hus-  
 band, George Plumly, and all other  
 persons or parties unknown claiming  
 any interest in and to the real property  
 above described, adverse to the title

**REDUCED PRICE**

**Family Washing At 5 Cents Per Pound**

This price may be obtained by those who take advantage of  
 our coupon plan. Books contain coupons to the amount of  
 \$5.00, which must be paid for in advance. We keep the  
 books at our office and with every bundle delivered to custo-  
 mer we send coupons from book for the amount charged for  
 package. This makes the customer pay in advance for the  
 work, but with the price we are making it is the most econom-  
 ical way of having family washing done. On account of the  
 increased operating expenses, which are all cash, we are  
 compelled to place our business on a strictly cash basis com-  
 mencing January 1st, 1914. This coupon system saves us all  
 the work of bookkeeping and collecting and gives us cash to  
 meet our expenses. This is why we offer this extremely low  
 price.  
 Our Price to those who do not purchase coupon books will be  
 8 cents per pound for rough dry, and the following prices for  
 flat work.

Sheets	3c
Pillow slips	2c
Table covers	10c
Bedspreads	10c
Hand towels	1c
Napkins	1c
Bath towels	2c
Roller towels	2c
Rags	1c

Work called for any day in the week. Upon request a repre-  
 sentative will be pleased to call and fully explain this plan.

**MOORE LAUNDRY COMPANY**  
 City office in Koeber's Confectionery Store  
 Phone number City 207  
 Corner Maple and Broadway, Hillsboro

of the Plaintiff therein, and all to whom  
 it may concern, Defendants.  
 To May Orlin Sims and Charles Sims,  
 her husband, George Plumly, and all  
 other persons or parties unknown  
 claiming any interest in and to the real  
 property above described, adverse to  
 the title of the Plaintiff therein, and  
 all to whom it may concern, Defendants.  
 TAKE NOTICE  
 That on the 15th day of November,  
 1913, A. D., an Application was filed by  
 Wilford Thomas in the Circuit Court of  
 the State of Oregon for Washington  
 County, for the initial registration of  
 title to the land above described.  
 NOW UNLESS you appear on or be-  
 fore the 31st day of December, A. D.  
 1913, and show cause why such applica-  
 tion should not be granted, the same  
 will be taken as confessed, and a decree  
 will be entered according to the  
 prayer of the Applicant and you will  
 be forever barred from disputing the  
 same.  
 Dated this 15th day of Nov., 1913.  
 (Seal) EDW. C. LUCE,  
 County Clerk of Washington County,  
 Oregon.  
 BAGLEY & HARE,  
 Attorneys for Applicant.  
 First publication Nov. 29, 1913.  
 Last publication Dec. 18, 1913.

**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE**

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE  
 STATE OF OREGON FOR  
 WASHINGTON COUNTY  
 Wilhelmina Behrens, Plaintiff,  
 Edward Bruhl, Defendant.  
 By virtue of an execution judgment,  
 after decree and order of sale issued out  
 of the above entitled Court, in the above  
 entitled cause, to me directed and dated  
 the 19th day of December, 1913, upon a  
 judgment rendered and entered in said  
 Court on the 25th day of November, 1913,  
 in favor of Wilhelmina Behrens, plain-  
 tiff, and against Edward Bruhl, defend-  
 ant, for the sum of \$102.22, with interest  
 at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from  
 the 24th day of September, 1913, and the  
 further sum of \$75.00 with interest there-  
 on at the rate of 6 per cent per annum  
 from the 26th day of November, 1913, and  
 the further sum of \$21.25 cost and dis-  
 bursements and the cost of and upon this  
 writ commanding me to make sale of the  
 following described real property, to-wit:  
 The Northwest quarter (S. W. 1/4) of Sec-  
 tion Twenty eight (28) Township Three (3)  
 North Range Two (2) West of the Willamette  
 Meridian, Washington County, Ore-  
 gon.  
 Now, therefore, by virtue of said exe-  
 cution, judgment, order and decree and  
 order of sale, and in compliance with the  
 commands of said writ, I will, Monday,  
 the 23rd day of January, 1914, at the hour of  
 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court  
 door of the Court house in Hillsboro,  
 Washington County, Oregon, sell at public  
 auction, subject to redemption, to the  
 highest bidder, for cash in hand, all of  
 the right, title and interest, which the  
 above named defendant had, on the 11th  
 day of July, 1910, the date of the mort-  
 gage herein fore-closed, or since that date  
 by or any part thereof, to satisfy said exe-  
 cution, judgment, order and decree, and  
 the said costs and accruing costs.  
 J. E. Reeves,  
 Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon,  
 Whelan & Williams, Attorneys for  
 Plaintiff.

**Fruit and Pound Cake for Christmas**

Our Christmas Cakes will fairly make your  
 mouth water, with every slice, they are so good  
 and rich and contain nothing but the best grade  
 of material to be found in the local market. The  
 more you eat, the more you like it. Every bite is  
 a dream of richness that calls for more. We are  
 proud of our Christmas Cakes and we want you  
 to know that our reputation for fair dealing stands  
 behind every morsel of our foods. Our very best  
 Fruit and Pound Cake will be sold from now until  
 New Years for 40 cents per pound. Try some.  
**Try Our Baby Angel Food Its Simply Delicious**

**CITY BAKERY**  
 Main Street, Hillsboro  
 Wolfersperger & Gragg

**Hoffman's Sawmill**

is sawing from the best timber in  
 Washington county. The finest  
**Rough and Dressed Lumber**  
 KILN DRIED FLOORING and RUSTIC  
 always on hand. Estimates on  
 Buildings, Flooring, Rustic, Ceil-  
 ings—all kinds of finished lum-  
 ber for house material. We deliver.  
 Phone: Pac. States, Glencoe Central, 37  
**PETER HOFFMAN, Bacona, Oregon**

The Grand Marca is the most gon, by E. Schiller. When you  
 wholesome "two for a quarter" indulge in a good smoke buy a  
 smoke on market—made in Ore- Grand Marca.