

NEW GINGHAMS

We have just added to our stock

2,000 YARDS

of Handsome Patterns in Gingham. Regular 121-2c Grade. Bought so we can sell them at

10c THE YARD

Lots of New Embroideries, wash goods, percales muslin underwear, etc. When you come in to pay your tax, just call at our Store and get our prices on merchandise. You will find such values that you will save money

TRY US

THE C. C. STORE

CITY BAKERY

are now baking the strength giving Roman Meal Bread that you have heard so much about. Try it once and you will always eat it. Our line of other foods are put up as clean as if it were done at home.

Main Street, Hillsboro

J. Wolfersperger, Prop.

GET READY NOW



Get your harness repaired right now, and be ready for an Early Spring. Special attention to repairing and oiling harness. Fine oiling vat installed. Best stock of harness saddles, whips, oils, etc. in the city.

HILLSBORO HARNESS SHOP
SECOND STREET, HILLSBORO, OREGON

If You Have Any Kind of

TROUBLE

with your Machinery or Automobile, go and see

PETE THE BLACKSMITH

in Reedville. Turning Lathe in Shop, and we do all kinds of fine

MACHINE WORK

We can repair any kind of machinery at reasonable prices, and if the old machine is no good we can sell you a New Machine cheaper than anyone else in the county. Do not forget "Pete the Blacksmith"

Reedville - - - Oregon

ROSCOE BECKWITH IS CONVICTED BY JURY

Boys Swear They Bought Liquor From Defendant, at Cornelius

DEFENSE SWORE BOYS STOLE BOOZE

District Attorney Argued Frame-up was Attempted by Beckwith

Roscoe Beckwith, of Cornelius, was Tuesday convicted of selling liquor to minors, the date of the alleged sale being Sept. 14, 1912. The state indicted on the evidence of Clarence White and Henry Johnson, who went before the grand jury and testified that Beckwith had sold them three bottles of beer. Johnson and White, minors, when questioned by District Attorney Tongue, at the present trial, swore that they had paid Beckwith for the beer, while Beckwith went on the stand and swore that he had several bottles of beer in a livery barn, at Cornelius, and that while he was out of the office, the boys stole the beverage. Beckwith at the time of the sale for which he was convicted was also a minor, and it appeared that he had sent some one else to get beer for him.

District Attorney Tongue closed the case in a scathing arraignment of Beckwith, and the jury was out but a half hour, when they brought in the verdict of guilty.

The district attorney said that he would use his utmost power to get at those who violated the liquor laws, and that such a saloon man had his sympathy, although he would prosecute such cases to the limit, but that a man outside of the business, knowing boys to be minors, and yet giving them liquor, should be given the greatest punishment the law prescribes. Mr. Tongue admonished the jury that the only discrepancy in the boys' evidence was that one had said the liquor cost 50 cents per bottle, while the other, not being positive, thought it cost him 75 cents per bottle.

SURPRISE PARTY

I want to exchange \$2500 equity in Vancouver, Wash., residence for improved or unimproved land in Washington County.—S. M. Barnard, Vancouver, Wash. 44-6

OREGON ELECTRIC TRAINS

To Portland—

6:24	a m
6:59	a m
8:45	a m
10:49	a m
1:19	p m
3:55	p m
6:15	p m
8:20	p m
9:58	p m

From Portland—

7:48	a m
9:07	a m
11:25	a m
2:28	p m
4:48	p m
6:24	p m
7:38	p m
9:22	p m
12:30	p m

Dr. Ira E. Barrett and wife are the proud parents of a son, born Jan. 24, 1914. The Doctor now resides at Beaverton, and he is glad that he lives where there is plenty of room, and where his increase in size, since the event, will not mean collision. The new arrival is a grandson of Hon. and Mrs. W. N. Barrett, the former of whom says that there is another doctor or lawyer born to the Barrett family.

Janitor Tupper has been having a miniature flood down in the basement of the court house annex. The drainage is supposed to be good, but there has been so much moisture that the aqua has leaked up through the seams in the cement floor. Had the floor been solid, instead of being marked, the water could not have seeped through.

D. H. Stowell, who six or seven years ago left Hillsboro, Wis., for Hillsboro, Ore., and then settled up the Dairy Creek way, was Monday the recipient of an old home paper, showing that Wisconsin, generally wintry, is having an open Winter with no snow up to last week.

The Oregon Electric has been sending a local express car, attached to the midnight passenger, as carrier of freight for the city. Forest Grove has been given a like service, but it is not known how long this will be continued, as the switching here retards the schedule.

BOWSER, HUNTER.

He Goes Forth In Search of Exclusive Game.

WILL NOT BE DISSUADED.

Mrs. Bowser's Usual Lack of Faith in His Ventures Serves to Spur Him on, With the Result That He Has an Eventful Experience.

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1914, by Associated Literary Press.)

S NOW had been falling all the afternoon, and Mrs. Bowser had a presentiment that something was going to happen.

Whether Mr. Bowser was going to invent a new kind of snow plow or make a start for the north pole, she could not say, but that it would be something connected with the snow she was sure.

She made no mistake. When Mr. Bowser arrived he would have hidden a parcel in the vestibule, but, being caught at it, he said:

"It's a shotgun I borrowed, and you don't want to fool with it. I shall take a day off tomorrow to go hunting."

"Rabbits?"

"No—snipe."

"If there is a brand called the winter snipe I have never heard of it. I supposed the snipe was an early spring and fall bird."

"Well, when I bring home a bushel of snipe tomorrow night you'll suppose something else."

Mrs. Bowser Asks Some Questions.

Nothing more was said till after dinner, and then Mrs. Bowser queried:

"Where do you go after snipe?"

"Oh, down the marshes," he replied.

"But what is a snipe?"

"A snipe? Do you mean to tell me that you have lived to be forty years old and don't know what a snipe is? A snipe is a bird."

"What sort?"

"Well, it's neither a buzzard nor a bluebird. It's a snipe. It flies



LOOKED WARILY AROUND.

over marshes and is good eating. Snipe on toast is a dish fit for a king."

Mr. Bowser talked very confidently, but he had never seen a snipe, alive or dead. Mrs. Bowser wanted to know lots of other things, but he choked her off in time to save his prestige. He got to bed early, so as to get an early start, but his dreams were snipe haunted. At midnight he yelped out and almost rolled out of bed. At 2 o'clock he got up to look out of the window and listen for the notes of birds, and at 4 o'clock he was up to look at the weather, and at 6 he dressed and went downstairs to load his gun.

Deaf to Entreaty.

"I wish you wouldn't," pleaded Mrs. Bowser. "You don't know anything about snipe hunting, and you'll be sure—"

"Stop right there!" interrupted Mr. Bowser. "I go forth to hunt the snipe, and I'll come home with a basketful. Nothing will happen except that we'll have snipe on toast for breakfast—fat, juicy snipe."

With that he was off with the gun on his shoulder and three small boys and a dog trailing behind. At the corner his retinue left him, and he took an electric car for the country. He wanted to get a line on snipe as soon as possible, and so he asked information of the conductor. The conductor replied that the snipe were so thick just beyond the terminus that farmers were killing them with clubs.

Mr. Bowser chuckled as he pictured Mrs. Bowser's chagrin when he arrived home with a wagon load of birds.

He set off bravely and at last struck a marsh. He looked warily around him for snipe, but realized after a minute that a bird of brains would be thickest away where the reeds were thickest and highest. There was water in the marsh. There were also old roots and logs to ensnare, and as the hunter plowed his way along he got a fall every ten feet. He had filled his shoes with water and torn half the brim off his hat before he got through the marsh, and the biggest thing he had reared up was a woodpecker. On the farther side of the marsh he came across a farmer, and he approached him to say:

"I'm out after snipe, but I don't think I've struck the right spot. They hang round the marshes, don't they?"

"They dew," replied the farmer as he straightened up to rest his back.

"Yes, the gold darned things hang around the marshes and keep up such a chatterin' you can't hear yourself think."

"But I don't see any around."

Returns to the Trail.

"That's 'cause they've gone over to that marsh to the west. They allus go about this time of the day to feed. You jest go over there if you want to plunk 'em by the million."

Mr. Bowser's lost exultation returned to him, and there was a song in his heart as he climbed the fence and fell in and out of a ditch and made his way into the large marsh. He splashed through water and toiled along over

beds of high grass with all the instincts of a hunter on the qui vive, but nothing offered, not even a bluejay. It was either a good day for him or a bad day for snipe. When he finally emerged from that marsh it was to come again upon that ominous farmer. He had tramped for two hours in a circle.

"I ain't got any, eh?" queried the farmer. "I was thinkin' after you'd gone that I ought to have sent you over this other way. That's where the snipe all appear to git together about this time of day to discuss the news."

"I was told that there were plenty this season," said Mr. Bowser as hope rekindled.

"Millions of 'em, but they don't allus stay in one place. Try this other marsh."

There was more water in this marsh, also more obstacles, but Mr. Bowser plunged in with a stout heart and looked upon a fall into a ditch or a tangle into the reeds as all in the day's work. After he had stumbled along for an hour without raising a bird and had come out on the old farmer for the third time he yelled:

"See here, you blamed old idiot! I am back again!"

"I declare, if you ain't!" replied the farmer. "Why, you must be lapshotted to walk in a circle this way!"

Mr. Bowser Lenses His Temper.

"You are a liar! I came down here after snipe. I don't believe there is one in the state!"

"I dunno, unless they've all crawled into a hollow log to get out of the wet," ventured the farmer. "But if you'll hang on you'll find 'em flyin' around, wattle in to be plunked."

The car which conveyed Mr. Bowser from the snipe grounds to town conveyed a cross-eyed, low legged man who sat on a back seat and quoted poetry relating to swamp tourists and snipe hunting. There were forty verses, and the end of every verse left the hunter in a ditch or on his nose in the grass. Mr. Bowser vowed he would hunt that cross-eyed man to his doom. When he reached his own gate he saw Mrs. Bowser and Mrs. Bowser saw him. Mrs. Bowser called out:

"Nothing for you this evening! I have neither cold victuals nor money for you!"

Dazed, he opened the gate and advanced.

"If you come in here I will call a policeman!" shrieked Mrs. Bowser. Nimrod Bowser was taken for a tramp by his own wife!

Suggestion Unheeded.

"Last spring," said Mrs. Crossfists, "that next door neighbor of ours planted large quantities of sweet corn and peas and potatoes that nobody has seen since."

"Perhaps," replied her husband, "but I'm too busy a man to follow up any of those things about buried treasure."—Washington Star.

Breaking It Gently.

"Halloo! Sit down. I believe you have come to ask me—"

"You have been misinformed. I haven't come to ask you anything."

"Why, I understand you—"

"I came merely because I wished to be first to tell you a bit of good news. I am going to marry your daughter."—Short Stories.

A Meaning Remark.

"Isn't it disgusting the way she brags about her beauty?"

"Why, I did not hear her say a word about it."

"Didn't she say she entered a crowd of car last evening and every man in it jumped up and offered her his seat?"—Houston Post.

Plausible Sign.

Gladys—Jack is horrid! How firm were out tonight a little bog flew right into my mouth, and I asked him of what that was a sign.

Clyde—What did he say it meant?

Gladys—That I should keep my mouth shut.—Judge.

Anticipating Her Needs.

"Marriage is a serious business. Are you preparing yourself to be a good housewife, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, grandma! You ought to see the house gowns I am having made!"—Kansas City Journal.

The End of the Romance.

"The days will dreary seem," said he, "When you are far away. Though blue above the skies may be, To me they will be gray."

"My every thought will be of you Until again we meet. It is so hard to say adieu Though parting is so sweet."

"I'll think of you each day," said she, "And dream of you each night. And every thought that comes to me To you I'll gladly write."

"You've promised that each day you'll pen A word of love to me. And that will help to cheer me when The hours drag drearily."

But day by day no letters came. Since fiction here is barred, For he forgot the maiden's name, And she mislaid his card.

Nobel prizes are new only in name. Herodotus, the father of history, was given the Nobel prize of his day for literature at the Olympic games more than 2,300 years ago.

A Kansas City man has invented a contrivance to dry a woman's hair, but the only way to button her up the back is by digital hysterics combined with more or less smothered profanity.

A well known medical writer suggests that every policeman should also be commissioned a health officer, the idea being perhaps that the policeman should be authorized to arrest disease on sight.

Modern children are taking a pledge never to be afraid, especially in the dark. Now, if they can only be got to take another, pledging them to keep this pledge, the matter will be disposed of nicely.

The Chicagoan whose name was Pal-ponsoningapococanumomponour-glogonolis and whose house burned down while he was trying to spell it over the telephone still has a good deal left to complain of.

ARIZONA KICKER

The Editor Begs to Announce Still in the Ring.

NO ROPES ON HIM AS

Though Two Were in Waiting, Admits the Boys May Get the End—Downfall of a Great Man—A Social Snub Paid Back

By M. QUAD.
(Copyright, 1914, by Associated Literary Press.)

L AST week (Monday) a wife and her husband had a fight on the street. The wife had a knife and the husband had a gun. The wife was the aggressor and it was she who had the knife. The husband was the defender and it was he who had the gun.

before we got our teeth back to horse editor was shot in the neck by a Pine Hill man and will be in a week. Next day while our cultural editor was prowling our and hills he was bitten by a wolf, and on Thursday old Joe son broke loose and shot our editor in the left leg. With the positions wrestling with the news the week was a busy one. The Kicker is out of action, as usual.

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