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Entered at the Post-office at Hillsboro Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

L. A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

Subscription: $1.50 per Annum.

Issued Every Thursday
—BY—
LONG & McKINNEY

Saturday the country will celebrate its natal day— and it is a pretty good country, after all is said. There are those who would like to see reforms of abuses that exist and some of them are likely in excess of partisanism to say uncomplimentary things about the "star-spangled" but all these things are taken with a grain of salt in a country that is "free." Nowhere in the world is there a country so liberal in toleration of expression, and, perhaps, nowhere else is there so much freedom of expression. The republic has endured far better than even the faith of its fathers expected—and will endure.

Puget Sound is booming with the lumber industry working overtime, while the same industry appears to be lagging in Oregon. Perhaps the Sound has some newspapers that are not bent on forcing a standstill to gratify partisan prediction that the country has gone to the hot place. Oregon will after a while outgrow the influence of the incubi that so long has dominated and frightened legitimate business. Almost any one can guess the abiding place of the newspaper Thersites.

Mrs. Edyth Tozier-Weatherred, of Portland, was in the city yesterday, a guest at the T. S. Weatherred home. She has just returned from a trip to the Eastern Oregon country, and is now preparing for a big program at the state fair, this Fall, where she expects to meet many Hillsboro friends.

Gustavus Robinson, aged about 70 years, was picked up by Sheriff Reeves, yesterday upon complaint of parties near Banks. Robinson is insane, and is violent. He smashed a window in the rear jail, this morning, and had to be placed in a cell. He was examined today and ordered committed. He has a wife over in the Dundee country. Dr. F. A. Bailey made the examination.

Next Saturday, July 4, Dr. C. W. Lowe, of the firm of Drs. Lowe & Turner, will pay a personal visit to Hillsboro, and will be at Washington Hotel. Dr. Lowe recently returned from New York and the

The city council and mayor, and Supt. Easter and W. O. officials went to Sain Creek, by autos, today, to look over the work. They will ask an extension of time on their reservoir, and will also confer as to reduction of charges on tapping, etc.

Mrs. S. T. Johnson, of Portland, visited here the first of the week with her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Jose leave for Vancouver, Wash., tomorrow to celebrate the Fourth.

East, where he spent over six months, and now has everything that is new and up to date in the optical business. If interested call and have him test your eyes for glasses. Dr. Turner will accompany him.

BANKS CELEBRATION

Troops of the regular army to the number of 600, on the march from Vancouver to Gearhart, will be one of the big attractions at the celebration at Banks on the 3rd.

Miss Flonnie Turner was elected queen, winning over Miss Ethel Pryor by one vote—the vote being 1315.

An exhibition of boxing between two of the best boxers in the state will be another feature. The event will be between Chas. Yost, of Portland, and Everett Williams, of Wisconsin, and will be staged on the grounds.

The baseball game between Banks and Hillsboro promises to be a big attraction. There will be exhibitions of broncho busting on the diamond before and after the game.

Where There's a Will

There Is Also a Way

By BLANCHE I. GOELL
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

There isn't any use of living to be as old as the hills as I have unless you can do exactly as you please, especially when your own think best is a great deal better than anybody else's think best.

Now, I'd been thinking secret like and saying open that 'twas high time my grandniece Luella was married.

It wasn't likely that I could live on indefinitely, and it might be some amusement to me in the hereafter to recollect the features of Luella's husband.

And it would be pleasant to have a little child about, a boy or a girl, for me to pet during the few remaining years to me on earth, when one naturally inclines to the young.

I didn't know where an eligible young man was coming from in these parts. But from the minute I was born I always had an opinion on every subject, and I knew I'd find the young man somehow.

So when young Dudley Holbrook's auto turned turtle in front of my yard, and young Dudley Holbrook draped himself around my stone post and garden gate with a broken arm and a broken collar bone I had the hired man carry him straight up to the spare room.

After the doctor had set his bones and bandaged his head I sat awhile by his bed and listened to his babbling. Then I made up my mind he'd do to marry Luella.

Nothing's so good an index of character and past actions as delirium talk, and, after I listened hard for fifty five minutes and heard no mention of chorus girls, jack pots or other metropolitan poisons, I decided he'd do.

So, going out from the sickroom, I addressed my grandniece:

"It's a special dispensation for you, Luella, an act of Providence. This young man's name, according to cards and other memoranda in his pockets, is Dudley Holbrook. The newspapers had a deal to say last year about the fortune old Holbrook left his sons when he died. I consider this a most suitable marriage for you."

Luella's brown eyes opened wide. It's a way they have when Luella is angry. But I won't tolerate anger in a young person and prepared to say so. But all that Luella uttered was:

"What about the young man, and what about Freddie?"

My grandniece has a most annoying habit of bringing up topics wholly irrelevant to the subject under discussion. What had my grandnephew Freddie to do with the question?

"Freddie!" I stormed. "Don't you dare think of marrying Freddie! If ever I laid eyes on him in my house for you I'd know when he was in kilts and not in college. Freddie indeed! There is too much society about Freddie. It's all frat and varsity and varsity and frat. Too much society, I say. I won't have you marry Freddie!"

I went back to the sickroom and took another look at the injured young man. He had a strong body, a clear, fresh skin and a look about the part of him that wasn't bandaged that told me he hadn't abused the money his father had left him.

So, having made up my mind that if the young man didn't die he should marry Luella, I felt quite comfortable to have her future settled.

He didn't die, and I interviewed him often in the days when he was getting well in my front spare room. Everything I learned was to my satisfaction.

He wasn't entangled with any other girl, had no family connections nearer than China, was sound physically and nothing extraordinary mentally. Luella had often been unruly in her childhood, but I didn't care to punish her to the extent of tying her for life to any man of genius.

So the third week that the young man lay in my front spare room, up one flight, I came to the point very plainly.

"What do you think of my grandniece Luella?" I demanded bluntly.

The boy flushed and turned uneasily in bed.

"She's ripping, isn't she? So straight and strong! Sometimes I hear her singing when she runs off down the garden. She does all sorts of things, doesn't she? Once, when I was propped up in bed staring out at the apple trees, I saw her run down the slope and leap the little brook. Took it splendidly. Gee! I wish I was up and could go walking with her!"

"She's a good, sensible girl, is Luella," I looked him squarely in the eye. "Young man, you'll go a long way before you'll see another such girl as Luella."

"I believe you!" he cried fervently.

So in my mind 'twas as good as settled.

Things went on just as I meant they should. But because I made no more mention of my plans Luella seemed to think I'd forgotten them, and she didn't once demur when I sent her in every afternoon to read to the invalid.

The young man got well, of course, but he didn't go away. He declared my old country place was the most delightful spot in New England and that he felt more at home there than elsewhere. Of course I wasn't fool enough to think my old farm was enchanting a healthy young man who'd traveled over Europe, Asia and Africa, but I didn't say anything. I let him stay.

And one day he blurted out what I knew must come:

"Mrs. Thayer, I'm in love with Luella. You've been mighty good to me this summer—taken me in off the road, patched up my wounds, kept me on faith. I owe you a lot already. Are you willing I should speak to Luella and make my debt of gratitude to you all the bigger?"

"Why do you say all this to me?" I demanded. "You're not in love with me, are you?"

"Good heavens, no!" he ejaculated, and then he looked frightened when I glared at him.

"Then don't waste your time talking to me," I retorted.

Things were going so much to my liking that I felt free to drive to the village and have my lawyer draw up a new will and attend to various other tangled legal affairs.

'Twas somewhat startling, because that lawyer thinks he knows the things in a certain way, but I know what I want, and my word's always best.

These matters preoccupied my time so much that I didn't have much leisure to give to the young folks' matrimonial arrangements, which I supposed were progressing according to the lines I'd laid down. But when young Holbrook came into my presence looking kind of wild and distracted, I saw at once I'd have to give some time to his affairs.

"What's the matter?"

He spluttered round the room desperately.

"I'm six feet tall, broad shouldered, proportionately, you might imagine, don't I? He demanded fiercely. "I never thought my worst enemy could say I wasn't masculine. But Luella treats me as if I were sentimental and silly and effeminate. I'm loyal in every way imaginable, but somehow I can't get at it—the proposal, I mean. She won't walk or drive with me any more; she won't let me get near the subject. This afternoon I made up my mind I'd say it somehow. And where did I find her? In the barn superintending the packing of the egg crates! You don't want your niece to spend her time in the barn counting eggs—now, do you, Mrs. Thayer?"

"It's just as well to keep our own figures as to how many eggs the men ship, when there's nothing more important on hand," I answered sagely.

He dissented impatiently.

"Well, I said to her: 'I've something awfully important I want to say to you. Can't you give me a little time alone?' She sent the man and maid away, and then she whirled round with her watch out. 'We've got to get these crates off for the afternoon train,' she declared. 'I can give you just five minutes. Now, say what you mean.' Hang it all, how can a man propose across a dozen crates of eggs?"

I had suspected this practical trait in Luella, but never dreamed it had developed to this extent. I seized my gold headed cane and pounded vigorously.

"Luella, come here!"

The girl came, flushed from running.

"Luella, give this young man more than five minutes. He wants to marry you."

"I—I love you?" he stammered.

"Luella, will you have me?"

"No!" cried Luella furiously.

"Never!"

"Holty toity!" I exclaimed in anger. "Of course you'll have him, Luella. I've made up my mind to it. I won't be gainsaid."

"I won't be married offhand to the first stranger who pitches himself across our front door yard!" cried Luella passionately, her eyes widening. "I won't—I won't—I won't!"

I was amazed at Luella. Never have I seen such a display of obstinate pigheadedness in any individual, and after I had made up my mind to this advantageous marriage the first day I saw the young man. It was preposterous!

I stamped my cane upon the floor, but forced myself to keep calm.

"Luella," I said with finality, "I have decided it is most advantageous for you to marry Dudley A. Holbrook."

"Hold on," the young man interrupted; "I'm not Dudley A. Holbrook. He's the rich New Yorker."

It always irritates me to be interrupted, particularly by young people. And this interruption was especially annoying, as it made Luella flare up. She turned on me like a whirlwind.

"It serves you right, Aunt Myra, that he isn't the rich Dudley Holbrook. It shows you the futility of such sordid matchmaking—trying to marry a girl off in that way—your own niece; too—it's outrageous!"

Something caught in Luella's voice, and the tears brimmed over in her brown eyes. Waterworks don't affect me, but the young man sprang toward her eagerly.

"Luella, did you turn me down because you thought I was the Dudley A. Holbrook?"

"Yes," came in muffled tones from Luella's averted head.

"Will you reconsider now that you know I'm just Dudley Holbrook and I love you?"

Luella's brown eyes met his eager gaze, and the anger died away in them. Then she flung back her head and looked at me defiantly.

"Yes!" her voice rang out triumphantly.

But, bless you, I only laughed within myself, for, as I said in the beginning, I know my own think best is a deal better than anybody else's think best.

And I'd known for a long time that the young man wasn't the Dudley Holbrook!

JULY 3 AND 4

FREE DANCING IN PAVILION THROUGHOUT DAY

Free Motion Pictures, Evenings of Third and Fourth.
All Kinds of Races and Field Contests. Liberal Prizes
For PUBLIC WEDDING ON GROUNDS

BASEBALL BETWEEN HILLSBORO AND BANKS

FIRE WORKS IN THE EVENING

Notice to Creditors

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHINGTON
In the Matter of the Estate of
Alexander B. McDonell

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Alexander B. McDonell, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are notified to present them to the undersigned at the law office of Bagley & Hare, American National Bank Building in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the 1st day of July, 1914.

Dated Hillsboro, Oregon, July 1st, 1914.

Portland Trust & Savings Bank,
Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Alexander B. McDonell, Deceased.

Notice of Sidewalk Ordinance

Notice is hereby given that the City Council of the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, did on the 30th day of June, 1914, pass an Ordinance requiring a sidewalk to be constructed on the West side of Ninth Street from the intersection of the West line of Ninth Street with the South side of Fir Street in said City to the point of intersection of the West side of Ninth Street with the North side of Main Street in said City. The legal description of lots or parcels of land abutting upon said sidewalk with the names of the owners being as follows, to wit:

Lot 6, Block 1 South Coast Addition to the town now City of Hillsboro, Oregon, Edwin M. Fisher and Ella Fisher.

Lot 7, Block 1 South Coast Addition to the town now City of Hillsboro, Oregon, F. T. Spencer and H. C. Spencer.

Lot 6, Block 2 South Coast Addition to the town now City of Hillsboro, Oregon, John Vandervort and Mary Vandervort.

Lot 7, Block 2 South Coast Addition to the town now City of Hillsboro, Oregon, William Waibel.

That said owners are required to construct said sidewalk along their respective lots at their own expense and within sixty days from and after the passage of said ordinance, and if not so constructed within said time, the City Engineer is directed to construct the same at the expense of the abutting property, as provided by Section 210 of the Charter of said City.

Said sidewalk is to be constructed of wood, is to be 6 feet wide from the property line, and shall conform to the provisions of Ordinance No. [illegible] of said City regulating construction of wooden sidewalks, and shall be subject to the approval of the City Engineer of said City.

Dated this 30th day of June, 1914.

C. A. Heidel,
City Recorder.

Notice of Sidewalk Ordinance

Notice is hereby given that the City Council of the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, did on the 30th day of June, 1914, pass an ordinance requiring a sidewalk to be constructed on the East Side of Eighth Street in the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, from the N. W. corner of Lot 1, Block 2, South Coast Addition to the town now City of Hillsboro, Oregon, to the S. W. corner of said Lot 1 Block 2 South Coast Addition to the town now City of Hillsboro, Oregon, the lot or parcel of land abutting upon said sidewalk, with the name of the owner or reputed owner being as follows, to-wit:

Lot 1 Block 2 South Coast Addition to the town now City of Hillsboro, Oregon, Marie Tamiesie.

That said owner is required to construct said sidewalk along her respective lot at her own expense, within sixty days from and after the passage of said ordinance, and if not so constructed within said time, the City Engineer is directed to construct the same at the expense of the abutting property, as provided by Section 210 of the Charter of said City.

Said sidewalk is to be constructed of wood, is to be 6 feet wide from the property line, and shall conform to the provisions of Ordinance No. [illegible] of said City regulating construction of wooden sidewalks, and shall be subject to the approval of the City Engineer of said City.

Dated this June 30th, 1914.

C. A. Heidel,
City Recorder.

Greer has put in a fresh clean stock of groceries. Try them.

Groceries at right prices, at Greer's.

C. F. Tigard, of Tigard, was up to the county seat today, on business at the court house.