

Grand Harvest Profit Sharing Sale

Miss C. E. Olson has just received a large and up-to-the-minute stock of Millinery and Ladies Suits and Coats.

Sport Caps, 98c, 1.49 and 1.98

Miss C. E. Olson Millinery Store, 2nd & Main

Oregon State Fair SALEM

Week beginning September 27th

Races, Fat Stock, Poultry, Agriculture, Horticulture, Manufacturing

All the activities we are interested in will be represented

Reduced Railroad Fares from all points in Oregon

Sale Dates, Sept. 23rd to Oct. 2nd. Tickets limited to Oct. 6th

All Trains Direct to the Fair Grounds

Ask our local Agent for train schedules, and tickets

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore

Hillsboro General Hospital

Address, Box 246, Hillsboro, Oregon

FLIES WONT BITE COWS WONT KICK IF WOOD-LARK FLY REPELLENT IS USED. EASILY APPLIED SAVES TIME-TEMPER-MILK-MONEY.

The Hillsboro Pharmacy

UNION STOCK YARDS

Receipts for Monday are: 1518; hogs 2535; sheep 90. Dattie-Monday's cattle market opened with a run of 1500.

DO IT NOW

If you have not already started in fitting your stock for the big Scholls Grange Fair exhibit, do it now.

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

L. A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

Description: \$1.50 per Annum.

Issued Every Thursday

—BY—

LONG & McGINNEY

Of course, if J. P. Morgan wants war to keep his ammunition plants engaged there is no reason why the "big" press, always in sympathy with the Morgan people, should not encourage war.

If you possibly can you should visit the state fair—but by all means do not overlook the county fair which is to be held at Forest Grove.

Washington County's year has been one of abundance, with a fair level of prices.

CIRCUIT COURT

State vs Babe Westfall, charged with giving liquor to minors, set for hearing Sept. 22. Badger Lumber Co. vs L. E. Minott, judgment.

Sherwood vs Washington County, plaintiff given 10 days to file awarded complaint.

Myers vs Westbrook, dismissed. Stevens vs Dawson, foreclosure granted.

Gebbie vs Kane, default given to Oct. 1 to answer. Buell vs Gleason, decree.

Under advisement, J. G. Shane vs J. D. Gordon, suit asking that note and mortgage of \$1000 given, Gordon be nullified.

Josiah Cooper, aged 84 years, sent to the asylum from this county, recently, died at the Salem, Sept. 13.

More than a month's auto trip to the San Francisco Fair. They made the trip via Ashland and through the Sacramento Valley.

I saw cordwood, poles up to 12 inches in diameter, fence rails, and boards of all kinds, into stovewood lengths.

The formal opening service and sermon at Plymouth Church is scheduled for next Sunday morning.

Money to loan on first-class farm security.—Washington County Abstract & Title Company; by E. J. McAlear, Manager.

Benton Bowman and Coroner Barrett went to Portland yesterday, as witnesses in the heirs of C. Nuromsky, the Russian who was killed at the Oreoco grading camp, when the cut-off was built a year or so ago.

Mayor W. N. Barrett, Wm. Schulerich and L. A. Long are in attendance at the Oregon & California Lands Conference at Salem, today.

S. C. Sherrill, well known here as an educator, now has the principalship of the Bridges, Ore., schools.

Born to Lewis Meyers and wife, of Laurel, Sept. 15, 1915, a son.

Th. Nissen, of Scholla, was a city visitor the first of the week.

Fred Goetze, of Blooming, was in town Saturday.

Wm. Jense, of near Helvetia, was a city caller Monday.

OREGON ELECTRIC TRAINS

To Portland—55 minutes.

Table with 2 columns: Time and Day. 6:32 a.m., 7:18 a.m., 8:28 a.m., 9:58 a.m., 12:43 p.m., 3:58 p.m., 5:43 p.m., 8:10 p.m., 9:58 (Sat. only) p.m.

From Portland—55 minutes.

Table with 2 columns: Time and Day. 7:54 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 4:27 p.m., 6:25 p.m., 7:15 p.m., 9:12 (Sat. only) p.m., 12:25 a.m.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned did on the 11th day of September, 1915, file his final account in the estate of George Zetsman, deceased, and that the Court has on Monday, the 11th day of October, 1915, at the County Courtroom at the Court House, Hillsboro, Oregon, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, at the time and place for hearing objections to the same.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. In the matter of the Estate of Malvra J. Frickeit, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Malvra J. Frickeit, Deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, her final account and report as administratrix of said estate.

That said Court has appointed Monday, the 11th day of October, 1915, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, and the County Court Room of the County of Washington County, Oregon, at Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to and final settlement of the final settlement of said estate.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Marie Campbell, Plaintiff, vs. J. E. Campbell, Defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the plaintiff's complaint filed against you herein, within six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, and on or before the 11th day of October, 1915.

If you fail to make such appearance within the time herein specified, plaintiff will apply to the court for an order to be made in the complaint, and for the decree of the court.

Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Defendant.

Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Defendant.

Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Defendant.

Wm. G. Hare, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The Too Good Man His Kneels is Always Repelled. By M. QUAD. Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

I've figured it up with slate and pencil, and I've chalked it down and added it up and subtracted it and multiplied it on the barn door, but it always comes out the same—the too good man has no place in this world.

Coming up from Red Bank the other day, I followed an old man into the passenger coach. I had noticed him on the platform, and I recognized him as belonging to the species I have named.

The train had scarcely begun to move when my too good man, who had a rear seat, rose up and announced: "Don't nobody be skeered, now. This ain't no collision. It's just like they allus move off. I've rid on 'em more'n a dozen times, and I'll rid on you when to jump off."

Everybody looked at him, while some deluded him with smiles meant to be encouraging. He stowed away his satchel and removed an old slouch hat he had been wearing.

There was a woman sitting alone a few seats down the aisle. She had an umbrella, a bundle secured with a shawl strap and two or three parcels on the seat, and as Uncle Jerry passed down the aisle he stopped before her and cheerfully observed:

"Face kinder familiar to me, but I can't remember your name. Never been much of a hand at remembering names, anyhow. Husband few around and helped ye to git ready, I suppose? Leave the children all right? Been lots of measles around this year. Didn't leave the outside cellar door open, did ye?"

"I don't know 'em," she said as she looked up. "What! Hain't ye Hanner Jones of Jones' Crossroads?"

"No, sir." "Waal, I s'wore I'd bet a two-year-old steer agin a elder barl' that ye was."

The next one he accosted was a man fully as old as himself whose crown was bald and who wore spectacles. He was reading a letter, which he had taken from a corn colored envelope, when Uncle Jerry gave him a playful poke in the ribs and called out:

"Lands, you look just like my brother Bill across the back and head. Goin' somewhere, I s'pose." "Who did that?" testily exclaimed the old man as he looked up.

"I kinder poked ye, but it hain't nuthin' to git mad at," replied Uncle Jerry. "Folks all well at home, I hope. How'd yer taters keep last winter? Hear any demand fur turnips lately?"

"I want you to stop," said the old man. "I don't want nuthin' to do with ye. Lucky that ye hain't goin' to run fur supervisor in my town. You wouldn't git a blamed vote. Howdy do, naybur?"

This last remark was addressed to a rather savage looking man with a wood on his hat who was reading a magazine.

"I warn you to go on," said the man. "I'm wicked, I'm tuff, I'll hurt ye!"

ing one and does not suggest the slight of rest that we have had so much stress upon. Not only this, but in winter weather cold drafts of air are certain to enter the room through the opening of doors and through the cracks around the door.

Reckless Eating. Dietitians commenting on modern recklessness in eating quote the remark of Seneca, the Roman philosopher: "Man does not die, he kills himself."

How "genuine antique rugs" are manufactured and prepared for European and American markets is told by a writer in the National Geographic Magazine who visited Bagdad.

The shopping streets seem like tin roofs, he writes. They are arched over and with brick to keep out the heat and thus they run, like subways, up and down the banjar quarter.

Often you will see a fine rug lying flat in the fifth of a narrow street, ground beneath the tramp of men and beasts, but there is method in this. Foreigners make oriental rugs, bright and new, in Persia and sell them through Bagdad.

Although Lord Rayleigh is a noted scientist and a profound scholar, he has a humorous side to his nature, and he once played a neat little joke on a learned friend with whom he had been discussing some deep subjects.

Between the Poles. "What is the difference between the north and the south poles?" he asked gravely.

His lordship's friend thought he had a new scientific problem to grapple with and brought all the weight of his brain to bear upon the question.

The bull is a male ruminant, usually a bovine. The bull is a historical animal. He has been worshipped in Egypt, thrown in the cattle country, fought in Mexico and Spain and censored in Chicago.

Maryland in 1788 and Virginia in 1790 gave land comprising 100 square miles. This was organized in 1790-91 as the District of Columbia and became the seat of government in 1800.

Serfdom was abolished in Russia in 1861, in England in 1600, in France not wholly until the French revolution, in Prussia in 1762, in the rest of Germany 1781, in Denmark 1786 and in Brazil 1867-68.

Thought and action are inseparable as is the thought, so is the life. During the reign of Charles II, the age of gallantry, it was the custom among gentlemen when they drank a lady's health in order that they might do her still more honor to destroy at the same time some part of their clothing.

Upon one occasion Sir Charles Sedley was dining in a tavern and had a particularly fine necktie on, whereupon one of his friends to play him a trick drank to the health of a certain lady, at the same time throwing his necktie in the fire.

In Half Mourning. "I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."

"Well, I'm in half mourning; that's why."—Flegende Blatter.

An Improvised Boat

During the war between the states the singular methods used by prisoners of war for escape sound very queer today, fifty years after they occurred.

Among the curious ventures made by Union prisoners in the south between 1861 and 1865 was that of Charles Dorrance, a private in the Union Army.

Every one knows how confining to life is nursing. Mabel Owen captured her patient without any trouble, and he captured her the first time she saw him.

Had the captive of Cupid rejected his command as soon as he was well enough to do so he would probably not have been made a captive of Mabel, she called, and a troop of Confederate cavalry came along and took him to the camp of an infantry brigade on the bank of the Mississippi river.

The day Dorrance was taken to the Confederate camp two deserters were tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot. A carpenter was at once set to work to make the coffins. He was doing the job in sight of the guard tent where Charlie was confined.

One of the coffins was a very large one and the other a very small one. Charlie worked on the large one. He did not finish it till long after dark and was very tired.

He was working within a few yards of the river, and putting the oars in the coffin, he carried it to the water, launched it, got in, and the friendly current carried him out into and down the river.

Charlie had been taken up the river some distance above the plantation where he had been arrested and floated back to it. He kept awake till morning, then, being young and the young requiring sleep, he lay flat on his back and settled to slumber.

Mabel Owen arose early that morning, got the breakfast for the family and went out to mow for her lost lover. She was sitting on a stump on the bank of the river when, looking northward, she saw something like a boat in the distance.

It did not show the curved outline of a skiff. It was rather a parallelogram with bulged sides, at an angle. When it came near enough to be distinguished she saw that it was a coffin with a body in it.

Her first thought was that the ever changing Mississippi had washed into a graveyard and let out a corpse. But she couldn't understand why it had no lid. The growl came on with the current till it floated directly under the bank where Mabel sat.

Recognition of her lover and a remembrance of his promise to come back to her if he had to come in his coffin came to her simultaneously, and she gave a shriek sufficient to raise the dead.

It certainly roused the living, for it wakened Charlie, who opened his eyes and saw his girl bending over the bank directly above him. He sat up, and the oars, turned his boat to shore, and in a few minutes the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

Charlie didn't stay long with her, however. He rejoined his command, but after the war returned for his sweetheart.

There is no record as to how the big deserter got on without a coffin.