

GRAND MASK BALL

There will be a Grand Masquerade Ball at
MOOSE HALL

In Hillsboro, on the Evening of

MONDAY, FEB. 14

A 1 Orchestra. Light Refreshments Served at Midnight. Dancing Until 2 a. m. The greatest event of its kind in the County. Tickets \$1. Spectators 25c. Come.

PRIZES

Best Gentleman's Costume,	\$2.50
Best Ladie's Costume,	2.50
Second Prize, Each	1.25
Best Comical Gentleman	2.50
Best Comical Lady	2.50

would never have sent his good-looking nephew for a young girl he expected to make his wife. Upon Helen's inquiry George turned his face toward her, displaying a set of regular white teeth by smiling, and asked: "Suppose I should tell you that he is a discreditable old codger and always crosses as a bear. What would you do?" "I would jump into the river—that is, if there is one near by."

There was a prolonged silence, at the end of which the young man said: "And what would you say if I told you that I am Mr. Barnackel?"

Helen's heart went up into her throat. She made no reply to the question, but she smiled nearer to her companion. Presently there came a subdued voice: "Are you Mr. Barnackel?" "I am."

Her face was bent low. He leaned lower himself and looked up into it. He saw what he took to be a look of pleasure. Perhaps it was relief. The reins were in his right hand. She was sitting at his left. He put his left arm about her waist. She looked up at him, her eyes wet, a suspicion of a smile on her lips. He kissed them.

"How far is it to the farm?" was the next thing said. "About three miles."

George drove over six miles, which seemed like three to Helen, then stopped at a farmhouse.

"Wait in the wagon," he said, "while I go in to tell my mother and sister you're here. They don't know you're coming."

Leaving the reins in her hands, he went into the house. He was gone a long while. Helen saw the face of an elderly woman surveying her from a window, then a younger one doing the same.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I hope they're not going to make him send me back!"

Presently a door opened and the two women came out, the elder in advance. She welcomed Helen, though she seemed constrained. Leading her into the house, the younger woman showed her to a chamber upstairs and, shutting the door behind them, took her in her arms, exclaiming: "You poor child!" "Why am I to be so pitied?" asked Helen, surprised.

"You're not. It's all right. We'll make you very happy. My brother is not the Mr. Barnackel you came out here to marry. That one is my uncle, a crusty old man who would not do for you at all. Being rheumatic, he asked George to drive you from the station to his farm. George wants you himself. Mother has given her consent, and you are to be married—that is, if you wish to marry George—at once."

Helen asked haste were necessary. George replied to this that his bride belonged to his uncle, was expected by his uncle and unless the knot were tied here was no knowing what he would do in the matter. The chance of being turned over to the old curmudgeon so terrified Helen that she was only too glad to be married at once. The wedding took place that evening.

rectly opposite her at the other end of the minor axis of the elliptic course, was Boris, walking and striking his harp. Then he began to sing.

Eudoxia, who had nothing to fear from such a tortoise, stopped to listen. Boris was singing her praises, the love he felt for her, pleading that she would not turn a deaf ear to him. She listened till he had gone but of hearing, and then she proceeded to the other end of the minor axis and waited till he had come around to the point where she had been listening to his song.

It seemed that in the meanwhile it had grown sweeter. He was walking very slowly, putting all his feeling into it. Again Eudoxia went on till she reached the point at which he had been singing, while he proceeded till he took her place. Here both stood still, the minor stinging of the beauty and the virtues of the peerless Eudoxia, she seeming to be spellbound. Then he went on singing, "Wait for me, fair one," repeating the words again and again till he came around to where she stood, and the two walked side by side.

In this way they proceeded, the girl rapt in the song, till they came within a few yards of the goal, when Boris, still singing, turned and walked backward, keeping his eyes fixed on Eudoxia, till he passed over the goal.

Then the spectators, who had appeared to be enthralled as well as the girl, drew a long breath and burst into a cheer.

And so Eudoxia was won, not by feigning, but by the power of song. As soon as he had won the race Boris announced himself to be the son of a powerful noble of what is now Monte negro, and, without holding Eudoxia to her contract, appeared himself as a suitor for her hand, which, after a period of maidenly reserve, she gave him.

Many of the people who were not cognizant of what passed after the winning of the race believed that the stranger was Apollo, who had come down from heaven to win an earthly bride.

After the wedding Boris and his wife disappeared and when they reached his home were received with as much interest as had attended the race. For Boris had been in Greece and, hearing of the girl who must be won in a foot race, had stopped on his way back to see her. He resolved to win her by making love to her in song.

In Hard Luck

By M. QUAD
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Had you asked in the village of Lorain which was the happiest family in the community nine out of ten would have answered that Deacon Thurston and his wife filled the bill.

Deacon Thurston was long, lean and smiling. His wife was fat, content and good natured.

The deacon had never been known to get mad or to do a selfish action. His wife was seldom known to borrow, but was always willing to lend.

Of a summer evening they sat on the porch—sometimes for three hours—without speaking a word to each other.

After supper of a winter's evening the deacon built a roaring fire in the sitting room, and then with a candle in one hand and a blue pitcher in the other he descended to the cellar. The barrel of cider stood in the northeast corner. He knelt before it and drew exactly a pint and a half of its contents. This was a pint for himself and half a pint for his good wife. It was never more and never less. The apple bin stood against the south wall. He went to it and selected four fine Baldwins and put them in his central pocket and marched up the stairs. His wife was ready with a damp cloth to give the apples a wipe. Three of them were for the deacon and one for his wife.

One winter when the first snowfall came the deacon hitched up the old horse to the "pang," or homestead sled, and started for the woods. Four inches of snow had fallen, and it was a brisk morning. The old horse squealed and kicked up his heels, and the deacon heard himself say: "Well, if I ain't glad to be alive this morning, though they have raised my taxes \$2 more this year!"

When the deacon and his outfit entered the woods there was a rabbit's trail leading in the direction he wanted to go. He therefore followed it. It led into the woods and stopped at a hollow log.

The deacon advanced to the log and with the head of his ax struck a resounding blow. He did not see whether the rabbit ran out or not. His ear caught a jingling sound, and in the excitement the presence of bunny was entirely forgotten. It was a jingle of money—not greenbacks, but solid coin.

Five minutes later he was spitting the old log wide open and his eyes were bulging out and his cheeks were pale. There was coin before him—heaps of coin. It was all silver coin. One, two, three, four cupsful of silver treasure. He carried each cupful to the sled and emptied its contents upon the horse blanket. When all the money had been gathered he tied up the blanket. When he finally mounted the sled he gave the old horse three or four sharp cuts with the whip. They were the first blows the old nag had ever received at his hands, and they started him out at a lumbering gallop in a sweat. They did not stop at the kitchen door, though Mrs. Thurston was there to ask what had happened.

"S-s-s! You go right into the house, Judith, and I will be there in a minute."

The Power of Song

By F. A. MITCHEL

There was a girl of one of those states which now compose the Balkans whose ambition was to emulate men in athletics. Expert in throwing the discus, she won contests against those who were champions in this game. She was the best chariot driver in the kingdom and had won many races. But her most remarkable feat was in running. In this no one was found to beat her.

So proud was she of her swiftness on her feet that she made a vow she would marry no man who could not beat her on the cinder path. Having many suitors, this only added to the rivalry among them. But since an ability to run fast does not argue that a man is otherwise attractive, those whose muscular development warranted their entering the list were not likely to win the girl even if they won the race. Several fleet runners came so near beating her that if she had chosen she might have thrown the race without appearing to do so.

One day a young man came to the village where this girl, Eudoxia, lived and announced that he would enter the list against her, only he made the provision that should he win the race she must marry him. He sent a challenge, and Eudoxia dispatched her brother to look the man over and report to her whether he would likely outrun her. The brother returned and reported that, while the challenger was shapely, he was not muscular, and his physique did not warrant the inference that he could beat an ordinary runner.

The slight risk of being beaten by one whom she would be pledged to marry and yet might dislike tempted Eudoxia to consent to the terms. So an agreement was drawn up between her and the stranger, who called himself Boris, to race, and if he beat her she was to marry him. This agreement was signed by Eudoxia without having seen her suitor.

The race was to take place on a track in the form of an ellipse, the length being half a mile and there being seven laps. A large concourse of people were gathered to see the race. The short running pants such as are worn at the present day. One thing about him was noticeable—his manly beauty. It was evident that he was not built for feigning. But what astonished every one was that he held in his hand a harp. Eudoxia was affixed in the same fashion, with the addition of a shift falling only to the thighs.

When the two confronted each other it was noticed that the stranger's manly beauty, which all agreed rivaled the statures of Apollo, made a marked impression on Eudoxia. When she saw the harp in his hand she was surprised, and when he did not lay it aside before taking his position for the race she wondered.

The signal was given. Eudoxia started off so fast that she did not know that Boris was walking slowly. She heard behind her sounds from the strings of the harp, soothing rather than inspiring. When she had made three-quarters of the first lap there, di-

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- Pure Bulk lard, per lb 13c
- Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast, cake 4c
- 9 lb sack Fancy Cream Table Oats 38c
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In five minutes he followed after her and laid the bundle of coin on the kitchen table with a clink that made her exclaim: "Oh, deacon, have you picked up a lot of horse-shoes?" "Horse-shoes nothing!" he whispered as he untied the blanket and foisted it back.

"Why, it's silver—it's money!" "Of course it is, and I didn't rob anybody to get it either. I found it in a hollow log."

"Deacon, we are rich!" whispered the wife as she looked the kitchen door and pulled down the shades.

"You bet we are," replied the deacon. "Help me count the money."

They counted it. It took them a full hour, but it was over at last, and there was just \$2,134.

"Deacon," said she after a moment, "we ought to go to Niagara Falls and see the water wasting itself, but you could never spare the money. We will go now, won't we?"

The deacon was silent, but there was such a look on his face as she had never seen before. It was a look of aversion and selfishness combined, and it was not good to see. She had to repeat her question before he replied.

"Judith, I want you to understand," said the deacon as he walked backward and forward, "there is to be no nonsense about this money. I may have to go to Niagara Falls on business, but you will stay at home and care for the house. I shall have to have a new suit of clothes, but you can get along with your old ones."

"But I have not had a new bonnet in fourteen years," she wailed.

"Your old one is all right."

And that treasure from the hollow log bred dissension almost within the hour it was found. Husband and wife took opposite stands, and things were getting ripe for a separation when the deacon passed one of the coins at the grocery. The grocer found it counterfeit, and the whole pile of silver was overhauled, to find that every coin was bogus. It had been hidden in the log by those who made it. When the ag-

truth stood revealed and the deacon had fumed and fretted and his wife had shed a few tears he stood before her and queried: "Well, Judith, what are we going to do about it?" "Quit being silly," she answered. "And they then and there quit."

A Queer Luck.

"Wouldn't you like to visit the great desert?" "Indeed I would, but I haven't got the sand."—Exchange.

Usually the Way.

Mamie—She is trying to keep her marriage a secret.

Maud—How do you know? "She told me so."

Failures are but the pillars of success.—Old Proverb.

Considerate.

"Have you ever done anything to make the world happier?" asked the solemn looking person with the unbarbered hair.

"Sure," answered the jolly man with the double chin. "I was once invited to sing in public and declined."

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"My grandpa had a perplexity the other day," said small Dorothy.

"Perplexity fit!" echoed Edward.

"You mean a paralytic stroke, don't you?"—Buffalo News.

Touched.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that fifty dollar easy chair for your den."

"I was touched before she gave it."—Boston Transcript.

Jade of Burma.

The world's principal jade mine is in Burma, where the privilege of mining the stone has been in possession of one Indian tribe for many generations.

A Complication Removed

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

"This John King," said Mrs. Haskins to her daughter Isabel, scanning a newspaper, "who is spending his money so lavishly must be the same man with whom you had that flirtation ten years ago when we were staying in Rome."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Why are you so moved, my dear? Surely there was nothing serious between you and him, and that was a long while ago."

"There was something between us, mamma."

"There was?" asked the mother in her turn, showing concern.

Isabel made no reply to the question, but after deep thought said: "I wish to meet this Mr. King. If he is the same I met ten years ago I shall do all I can to win him."

"Why so—to secure his large fortune?"

"No; to remove a serious complication."

"That was all the mother could get out of her daughter. The society news was scanned from day to day until Mr. King was mentioned as a guest at the house of one of Mrs. Haskins' friends. The lady was appealed to by bringing about a meeting between Mr. King and Miss Haskins and did so at a dinner given by the mutual friend. After the dinner Isabel returned to her home with a red spot in each cheek and a spark in each eye.

"Well?" said Mrs. Haskins.

"Oh, mother, he has no remembrance of me whatever."

"Then he is the man we supposed him to be?"

"He is."

"And do you still desire to marry him?"

"Absolutely."

"Did he seem pleased with you?"

"I think so."

"Why is it not to his interest, as much as yours that you and he should be married?"

"Perhaps it is."

"Then why do you not tell him of your meeting ten years ago, giving him the reasons, if he does not already know them, why he should marry you?"

"Because I loved him then. I love him now, and I wish him to marry me for love, not for any other reason whatever."

The mother was obliged to be satisfied with this statement, though curiosity was sharpened by her interest in her daughter. In time Mr. King was invited to the Haskins' to dinner. He came and set Isabel's heart wildly throbbing by saying some deliciously

Mr. Barnackel

By EDITH V. ROSS

sweet words to her. But when later he met her at a social function she saw him chatting with another girl, and, judging from his expression, he was saying sweet words to her, causing Isabel's heart to sink as rapidly as it had risen.

A few days later Mr. King called, making as an excuse the offering of his box at the opera. Either he was the same skillful love maker he had been a decade before or he was much smitten with Miss Haskins. In his conduct were many of the indications of a sure affection.

And so the affair went on. At one time he would be devoted to her; at another she would hear that he was browsing among the prettiest girls in the social swim. What most troubled her was that he was passing into that age where a bachelor's admiration is bestowed upon girls much younger than himself.

However, as the weeks flew by his devotion to Isabel grew more constant. He had appeared to purposely display attentions to young girls when she was present to observe them. This he was gradually giving up. Indeed, the affair between them had gone so far that his attentions to other girls ceased to trouble her. Flowers had begun to come from him to her, a sure sign that a proposal is about to be made. One evening when King followed a box of them he had sent her called, and when Isabel came down to meet him he put his arms about her, kissed her warmly and said:

"My dear wife, it is time this play came to a climax."

"Wife?"

"Yes, I knew you the moment I saw you. Immediately after that wedding which was got up between us in a youthful frolic I went to a lawyer and asked him if it could be construed into a legal marriage. He replied that if we both intended it as such it was within the law of wedlock. It was intentional with me. If it was the same with you we were married ten years ago."

"In my heart it surely was intentional."

"I resolved," continued King, "that as soon as I had accumulated a sufficiency I would ask you the question that would, if answered in the affirmative, make us one. I have since been more than fortunate. I came here purposely to find you. When I saw that you did not remember me—"

"I did," interrupted Isabel. "I supposed, however, that you did not recognize me."

"I wished to win you."

"And I wished just as much to win you."

When Isabel joined her mother she gave evidence that something momentous had happened.

"You are engaged!" exclaimed Mrs. Haskins.

"No—married."

"Married?"

"Yes, we have been married ten

Mr. Barnackel

By EDITH V. ROSS

"Enoch Barnackel! What a name! Any one would know that he was a crusty old man of the farmer type, uneducated and with no manners. But what can I do?"

These words were spoken to herself by a girl who had some sixteen years before been left at a foundlings' home and who had been given the name of Helen and had later chosen the additional name of Whitman. She had been retained at the home as an employee till she approached seventeen, then was informed that a farmer named Barnackel had written that he wanted a wife and asked whether one could be sent to him. Helen was informed of the opportunity.

After a long and fearful deliberation, feeling incompetent to go out into the world and make a living, she decided to go out to Mr. Barnackel. If he was very terrible she might commit suicide. The matron approved of her resolution, for she was comely, and the good woman feared that with her inexperience she might fall a victim to some designing person.

Mr. Barnackel was informed that there was a young woman ready to accept his proposition, and he sent money for his journey. The heart broken girl nervously herself to her fate and one afternoon alighted at a railway station at the village near which his farm was located. A young farmer with a whip in his hand approached her and asked if she was the young woman who was to marry Mr. Barnackel.

"I am," was the reply. "That is, if he isn't an ogre."

The young man smiled. His smile was very winning. "I have a team here," he said. "I'll drive you to the farm."

When seated in the wagon and he had said "get up" to the horses Helen expected that he would say something to her. He did not. He seemed to be thinking.

"What kind of a looking man is Mr. Barnackel?" she asked.

Now, the young man was George Barnackel, nephew of the man who had written for a wife. The uncle was fifty years old, his face looked like a ball of string, his hair was red, and he was just too unlovely for anything. At any rate, that is the way the daughter of one of the neighboring farmers put it. In fact, he was exactly what Helen had conceived him to be, judging from his name. He must also have been a fool or he