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# NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE Week

The orange discs which you will see displayed next week in the windows of the dealers listed below bring a welcome message—a message telling of relief from the drudgery and discomfort of summer cooking.

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Watch for the orange discs next week. Ask any of these dealers to tell you about the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove and how the long blue chimneys prevent all smoke and smell.

For Sale by

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Hillsboro, Oregon  
G. E. Allen, Hardware  
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COOK WITH PEARL OIL



Wireless in War.  
There are several forms of wireless equipment used in war, and under favorable conditions a range of from 100 to 200 miles is possible with one of them. The most portable "station," however, is the cavalry type, which weighs 600 pounds and is carried about in equal proportions by four horses. Its range is not a wide one. It works over a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles. The engine and dynamo are mounted on opposite sides of a rigid saddle on the first horse, together with four gallons of petrol and a quart of lubricating oil, tools, spare parts and a telescope driving shaft. The second horse carries the transformer—which changes the current to a lighter or lower voltage—in a wooden case and in another wooden case the receiver, while the third horse carries the masts, which in some cases are in sections and in others are made on a telescopic principle. The fourth horse carries halyards, stays and the aerial wires, which are wound round drums and pack away in a fiber case.—Pearson's Weekly.

Throwing Heat Overboard.  
On all seagoing steamers the steam is condensed by sea water pumped through the surface condensers. This circulating water is then discharged overboard. In the process of condensation the cooling water taken in at temperatures varying from 32 degrees to 88 degrees F., according to climatic and other conditions, is raised to temperatures varying from 80 to 120 degrees and then discharged. This great loss of heat is practically unavoidable, says the Popular Science Monthly. Even on comparatively small steamers hundreds of tons of heated water are pumped overboard daily. This constitutes one of the greatest heat losses in the operation of steam machinery, although sometimes a portion of the warm water is used for scrubbing decks and for bath water on passenger ships.

Matter and Force.  
There is no such thing as a loss of matter or force. The so-called "conservation" of matter and its forces was demonstrated years ago by Joule and other scientists. When, for instance, a thing "burns up," as we say, the substances that give out the light and heat are changed, not destroyed. The wood or whatever the substance happens to be becomes ashes and gas, and if we could gather up all the products of the burning we should find that they had not lost a particle of their weight and that the form of them only was changed. The eternity of matter was a teaching of the old Greek philosophers, or of some of them at least, and the modern teaching of the conservation or indestructibility of the stuff of the universe would seem to corroborate the ancient idea.

Cash Value of Success.  
"While I do not think that success is measured by money," says a writer in the American Magazine, "an estimate of success cannot be dissociated from the cash value that is put on our work. It is the only factor of happiness that, granting material necessities, has to be reckoned in dollars.

Success is a variant, and it is impossible to state it in a money limit. I know that the \$5,000 that is my father's salary as United States attorney brings with it to him a recognition of his ability that the same salary made in another way would not have. I know that the small checks I sometimes receive for my own work bring a glow that really isn't in the checks."

Bells Not in Favor.  
Greek monks are called to prayer in a fashion of their own. Bells are not regarded with too much favor in the Levant. The fact that they are an innovation borrowed, albeit in the tenth century, from schismatic Venice makes the orthodox doubt their appeal, while the Turks object to them even more strongly lest they disturb wandering spirits, says the National Geographic Magazine. For all ordinary purposes the monks use in their stead a hanging wooden plank or sometimes a smaller metal bar of which the necessary concomitant is a stout mallet.

Artesian Wells.  
For over 1,000 years the Chinese have obtained water through means of artesian wells. One of the most famous wells in existence is that at Grenelle, on the outskirts of Paris, where the water is brought from a depth of 1,708 feet. A well in Pesh was sunk to the depth of 3,100 feet in the seventies.

Goliath.  
Goliath, the giant of Gath, who "morning and evening for forty days" defied the armies of Israel (I Samuel xvii) and was slain by David, was "six cubits and a span" in height. Taking the cubit at twenty-one inches would make him ten and one-half feet high.

Money to Loan—Low rates of interest; charges reasonable.—E. L. Perkins, Hillsboro, Or. 4417

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## My Guardian

By RUTH GRAHAM

Mother died when I was still a girl. I think I had just turned seventeen. During her last illness she worried a great deal as to what was to become of me after being deprived of her care. "I wish you were a few years older," she said to me one day. "I would pick out a husband for you. Then there would be no need for me to be anxious about your future."

"Would you expect me to marry a man without love, mother?"

"I should rely on his good qualities to win your confidence and respect, which would be better than a romantic attachment. Certainly it would be more enduring."

Mother had often told me that she had been engaged before she married my father, but gave me nothing more than the bare fact. I often wondered why she had not married this person instead of father. I knew that he was several years younger than she, and since a woman prefers a man older than herself I fancied that this might be the reason for her breaking her first engagement.

When mother died and her will was opened I learned that her property had been left to a certain Horace Ogilvie in trust for me till I should reach the age of twenty-one, when it was to be paid to me. My guardian was to have the legal care of me during my minority, to provide a home for me and direct my education. I remember that a few days after the opening of the will a very pleasant looking gentleman about thirty-five years old came to see me and announced himself as my guardian. He told me that he lived with his mother in another city and I was to go with him and make my home with them.

He seemed to take such a kindly interest in me and was so sympathetic with me in my bereaved condition that I felt greatly comforted. I accompanied him to his home, where I was received by his mother, an old lady who was as cordial as if I were her own.

During this first day I spent with my guardian I constantly found him looking at me with a very singular expression. It was as though I was connected with something beyond myself. I fancied that there was tenderness in his gaze. Could it be that he felt that he was placed toward me in the position of a father? I certainly did not have for him a corresponding feeling. I thought him a very interesting man.

Why my mother had appointed him my guardian I did not know, and I was not informed. Somehow since neither he nor his mother said anything about the matter I rather shrunk from asking. Mrs. Ogilvie took entire charge of me, and I soon came to look upon her as my second mother. Mr. Ogilvie from the day he assumed my legal guardianship treated me with a certain reserve, which I did not relish. I wished that he would not keep a barrier constantly between him and me. At twenty I left school and was certainly not the half child, half woman, that I had been when I came to

live in my second home.

The difference between a man of thirty-eight and a woman of twenty is not what it is between a man of thirty-five and a girl of seventeen. When I came home from school for the last time my relations with my guardian had changed. His treatment of me was more reserved than ever. I had no acquaintances among young men near my own age, and this seemed to trouble him. He hunted up several youngsters and brought them to the house for my companionship. They seemed very toilsome to me.

One day one of these youngsters invited me to go to a play with him that evening. Mr. Ogilvie came home to dinner tired and despondent about something that had gone wrong during the day. His mother suggested that he go to some place of amusement. He demurred on the ground that it would not benefit him to go alone.

"Why not take me?" I suggested.

"I thought that you had an engagement," was his reply.

"I'll break it."

He looked at me, surprised, and said he would not have me do that on any account.

I assured him that I preferred to go with him, but could not make him understand that I would choose to spend an evening in company with an old fellow like himself to a young man near my own age.

Half an hour afterward I received two tickets with a note from the donor stating that he was unavoidably prevented from escorting me to the theater and hoped I would find some one to take his place. I went merrily to Mr. Ogilvie, waving the tickets over my head, and asked him to be the substitute.

That broke the ice between us. Mr. Ogilvie permitted himself to show me some attention, which I received so cordially that it was rapidly increased. To make a long story short, there were a courtship, an engagement and a marriage. I wedded my guardian.

It was not till I had been married some time that I discovered that my husband had been engaged to my mother. He considered me the counterpart of what she was when he had loved her, and from the moment we first met he renewed that love in me.

I have spent many an hour wondering why my mother should have arranged a probable match between me and the man she disappointed. I have never found a solution.

For trade: I have 640 acres of unimproved land close to Quincy, Wash. Two hundred acres of good wheat land; the rest is bunch grass pasture. Price, \$10,000. Will trade for well located acreage, nice cottage, or bungalow, in valley, either close to Forest Grove, Hillsboro or nearby towns. Give all particulars in first letter. This \$3 wheat is a good game to play. Land ready for the plow.—G. S. Gordon, Lock box 368, Quincy, Wash., or James A. Sewell, Hillsboro, Oregon, R. F. D. 1. 12-15

## WAS IT A GHOST?

By F. A. MITCHEL

Any boy who has studied United States history knows the story of Benedict Arnold's treachery in his intention to surrender West Point to the British, how Major Andre of the British army was captured at Tarrytown with the papers in the case in his boots, the horror of General Washington and the execution of Andre as a spy.

Andre was executed on the banks of the Hudson not far from where he was captured. The place where the execution occurred is of no importance except as to his connection with this historical event.

Mind you, I'm not going to vouch for this story. It came to me from different sources, and there are certain discrepancies. What I'm going to tell is what I surmised from the whole with only a certain Mrs. Meriwether of New York city, prominent in the U. S. R., had a daughter, Abigail, the name handed down through half a dozen generations from a Revolutionary ancestor, who was an incorrigible coquette. The mother endeavored vainly to persuade her daughter to marry some one of her many suitors, to settle down and behave herself. George Van West was the only one of them whom Abigail fancied. Him she really loved, but owing to one of those inconsistencies of women for which no man can account the more she loved him the worse she treated him. Indeed, a certain Ambrose Constable, whom she did not like and her mother detested, was to all appearances her favorite.

One spring when Abigail was receiving marked attention from Constable her mother took her to a farmhouse in the country, hoping that by separating her from Constable the affair would blow over. Abigail was much pleased at leaving Van West, but that contrary trait in her character prevented her from telling the truth as to her preference, and she accompanied her mother to the farmhouse unwillingly.

Independence day that year was a beautiful one. The air was cool, the sky cloudless. Abigail sat on the porch of the farmhouse watching the country people dressed in holiday costumes going to a church where exercises appropriate to the day were to be held.

Presently a young man came along whose appearance at once arrested Abigail's attention. He was handsome, but very pale. Seeing the girl on the porch—she seemed unable to keep her eyes off him—he bowed in a very courtly manner, taking off his hat at the same time with something of the flourish of a gentleman of the old school.

"May I ask," he said to Abigail, "whether all these country bumpkins are going?"

"To the church where the Declaration of Independence is to be read."

"Why today?"

"This is the anniversary of the day it was adopted."

"By the rebels?"

Abigail was so puzzled by this reference to the signers of the Declaration as rebels that she made no reply, continuing to gaze on the man with a sort of fascinated wonder. Meanwhile he

began looking about him like one who was visiting a place with which he had once been familiar. His gaze lighting on a building farther down the road, he shuddered. Then, seeming to grow faint, he caught at the fence enclosing the farmhouse for support.

Abigail arose, hurried toward him and was about to put out her arms to support him when he turned and smiled at her. She afterward described that smile as the most beautiful she had ever beheld. It seemed to be the smile of a martyr who had suffered his martyrdom and had passed to his reward.

From this point the information I gathered about Abigail's meeting with this stranger is contradictory. Some say that he spent only the day with her on the farmhouse porch, some that he lingered in the neighborhood all summer. The testimony for the former statement predominated, but I am at a loss to understand how he could have produced the marvelous effect he did on Abigail in a single day. As to how or where they spent that day accounts vary.

Of one thing I received positive testimony, that from that Independence day Abigail was greatly changed. While before it she had been the gayest of the gay, after it no one ever saw her smile. George Van West tried to bring back the smile to her lips, but signally failed. Indeed, the sight of him seemed to fill her with a sort of horror. As for Constable, she no longer cared to conceal her real feelings toward him.

Mrs. Meriwether did everything she could think of to break the spell that had been cast over her daughter. She endeavored to make Abigail forget the stranger in a social whirl. She took her on travels, all to no purpose. The poor girl was gradually sinking into the grave. Six months after that memorable Independence day she died.

Who was the stranger? I am going to give certain points that indicate who he might be, but as I said in the beginning I only give the facts and have no desire to influence opinion. In the first place the farmhouse where Abigail spent that Independence day was in sight of the house in which Major Andre was tried for his life and of the place where he was hanged; secondly, George Van West was a descendant of one of the three men who captured Andre at Tarrytown with the papers on him incriminating Benedict Arnold.

Tit For Tat.  
He—These biscuits are not like those which mother used to make. She—Of course they are not. These are intended to be eaten, not talked about.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Quick Growing Cress.  
It is said that cress is the quickest growing of plants. Under perfect conditions it may be made to flower and seed within eight days of planting.

His Trouble.  
Grimby—Does Brown understand the purchasing power of a dollar? Blinks—Yes. What troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife!

Some men prefer any load of infantry, however heavy, to any pressure of taxation, however light.—Sydney Smith.

For Sale—Ten head of good milk cows.—Otto Ganguin, I-gard, Ore. 12-4z

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