

Real Estate Bulletin

\$10,500—The best paying saw mill in Washington County, with 400 acres land, 30 under cultivation, 2 acres choice orchard and in small fruits, 100 acres first-class saw timber untouched, 160 acres free pasture or range, 50 acres bottom land easy to clear, one large frame house and three smaller dwellings; school-house on property; big sheds and large barns and all necessary out-buildings; \$12,000 saw mill, working 8 men, with orders on hand for all the lumber it can supply, paying clear of all expense 8 per cent on investment. Telephone, rural mail delivery, fine road to railway. All to be sold for \$10,500, on reasonable terms. Address A2, care Washington County News, Forest Grove, Or.

\$3,250—A fine country home, with productive farm; 68 acres choice farm, 28 acres in hay, 6 acres of prunes, 4 acres apples, small fruit (all bearing) in abundance; living water, fine 2½ story frame dwelling, good barn, good fruit house and condensed milk factory route. Rural mail delivery, telephone, near good school. \$3,250, liberal terms. Address A3, care Washington County News, Forest Grove, Or.

\$2750—A good farm, 2 miles from Forest Grove railway station; 78½ acres, 25 hay land; orchard of 200 apple trees, 100 pear trees, 225 prune trees, 500 grape vines, all in bearing; 2 acres of berries and small fruits; good frame house and barn; living water; good road to town; 2 miles to condensed milk factory, 1 mile from sawmill, one-half mile to school house. Immediate possession given; \$2750, on reasonable terms. Address A4, care Washington County News, Forest Grove, Oregon.

\$4000—Finest prune ranch in Washington County; 44 acres on the Gales creek road; 1080 prune trees, and a few apple trees. Sold 17 tons of prunes last year of good quality; No. 1200 Allen Prune Dryer; never failed, and especially fine crop this year to go with the place; also 12 acres in clover; 10 or 12 acres in cultivation; no house; good water year around; 2 miles from Gales Creek postoffice, near rural mail route, and telephone. 1¼ mile to school; all fenced; a paying investment. Address A 5, care of Washington County News, Forest Grove, Oregon.

\$3500—40 acres, 3½ miles from Forest Grove, 2000 bearing grape vines, 500 bearing prune trees, dryer in construction, 100 apple, pear and cherry trees, splendid garden with all kinds of small fruit, good improvements, good house, barn and outbuildings, good wine cellar; half a mile from school, nets besides good living for family from \$700 to \$1,000 a year. Address A6, care The News, Forest Grove.

M. A. SMITH
Osteopathic Physician.
OFFICE: At Residence of R. E. Nicholson. HOURS: 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.
Forest Grove - - - Oregon

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FOREST GROVE, OREGON

Half a dozen of the players who distinguished themselves Wednesday in that famous game wherein the Browns at last won, appeared in characteristic poses in a cut in Thursday's Evening Telegram, the work of Forest Grove's artistic Frank Brown.
The rapid lengthening of the subscription list has made it necessary for The News to find some quicker way than addressing its paper by hand and accordingly the names will appear on this issue in type. If your name is not correctly spelled or the initials are wrong, kindly notify The News now so as to avoid the same mistake appearing week after week throughout the year.

Over the County

Hon. S. B. Huston acted as proxy for Dr. W. D. Wood and represented Washington county in Portland Wednesday at the Republican state central committee meeting which elected ex-State Printer Frank C. Baker, of Portland, chairman to succeed U. S. Marshal W. F. Mathews ("Jack" Mathews, as he is better known in politics), who resigned over a year ago on receiving his appointment as a federal officer.

Banks—The Postoffice Store carries a full stock of fresh goods which are being sold at city prices.
Everybody has been wondering lately how The Bazar, in Forest Grove, could sell organs and pianos cheaper than the same instrument could be had in Portland, but it is easily understood when a person stops to consider the tremendous rent, clerk hire and other expenses the big Portland houses have to put up with.

Thos. A. Ritchey of Greenville has sold his farm of 35 acres to Frank Herb for \$1500.
Perry Watson of Greenville left Monday morning for Rocheport, Boone county, Mo., to revisit scenes he last saw a quarter of a century ago before he came to Oregon.

For Sale—Cows, two and three years old, giving milk. Inquire of P. A. Smith, North Yamhill Oregon. 9-12
Mrs. Selena Yates of Manning is engaged to teach the fall term at Greenville, in District No. 12.

Banks—Patronize the Postoffice Store. Big stock, fair treatment, right prices.

Agency for the reliable Harrington Carriage Co., buggies, road wagons, Beaverton's public school next term will be in charge of Prin. E. S. Evenden of McMinnville, a graduate in this year's class of the Monmouth Normal School. His assistants are to be Miss Gertrude Timms, of Bertha, in the intermediate department, and Earl Fisher, of Beaverton, in the primary. The principal will receive \$60 a month and each of the assistants \$40.

A committee of the Multnomah county P. mona grange is sounding the granges of Oregon and Washington about grange representation at the 1905 exposition, an exhibit of the granges in a headquarters of their own conducted by their members. Such a display would advertise grange work and afford a convenient reunion place for visitors who are Patrons of Husbandry.

John Vanderzanden, of near Greenville, who recently gave himself a bad cut in the foot, is recovering under the care of Dr. Bailey.

Will Benefel, a brother of Cheney Benefel, arrived Saturday from his Eastern Oregon home for the first visit in seven years with his relatives here. Mrs. Benefel accompanied him.

Miss Rose Wilcox, a Hillsboro teacher who has gained more than local reputation as an artist, submitted an attractive design in the Lewis and Clark Exposition competition for an advertising symbol. The head of Columbia appears beside that of an ideal Indian maiden within a wreath of Oregon grape.

Attorney S. B. Huston, C. Huston, J. W. Shute and Chas. Henry were among the Hillsborolites in Portland Monday.

Mr. Wm. Hay has received an interesting letter from his niece, Mrs. R. E. S. Goodin, now at Astoria, telling of an Indian grave uncovered by Contractor Will Goodin's men who were grading a lot to make a street fill in his work for the city. The Indian's skull was unusually large and had been pressed flat over the eyes. Besides the skeleton the grave contained about \$15 in U. S. and Mexican coins, one a 50-cent piece of 1830, said by coin collectors to be worth \$5. Besides this there were a number of other interesting relics, flint lock muskets, bullet moulds, tatters of blankets, hunting knives and a clay pipe, fashioned so the bowl resembled the head of Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Goodin keeps about 40 men busy, and has several other contracts ahead.

S. G. Hughes, of the Independent system, the telephone whose lines cover Washington county, has gotten out a neat catalogue of the 204 subscribers. Don't forget The News number is Forest Grove 47. Call up the editor when anything of interest happens in your vicinity.

SHINGLE YOUR HOUSE.
For best "Star A Star" shingles, made of Oregon's highest grade cedar, moderate prices, write or inquire of J. M. Hamblin, Buxton, Ore.

Butting Into Society

Hank Cut Ice In Circle City, but Wasn't Worth Beans In Boston

From "Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston.

I never see a fellow trying to crawl or to buy his way into society that I don't think of my old friend, Hank Smith, and his wife Kate—Kate Botts she was before he married her—and how they tried to butt their way through the upper crust.
Hank and I were boys together in Missouri, and he stayed along in the old town after I left. I heard of him on and off as tending store a little and farming a little and loafing a good deal. Then I forgot all about him until one day a few years ago when he turned up in the papers as Captain Henry Smith, the Klondike gold king, just back from Circle City with a million in dust and anything you please in claims. There's never any limit to what a miner may be worth in those, except his imagination.

I was a little puzzled when a week later my office boy brought me a card reading Colonel Henry Augustus Bottes-Smythe, but I supposed it was some distinguished foreigner who had come to size me up so that he could round out his roast on Chicago in his new book, and I told the boy to show the colonel in.

I've got a pretty good memory for faces, and I'd bought too much store plug of Hank in my time not to know him, even with a clean shave and a plug hat. Some men dry up with success, but it was just spouting out of Hank. Told me he'd made his pile and that he was tired of living on the slag heap; that he'd spent his whole life where money hardly whispered, let alone talked, and he was going now where it would shout. Wanted to know what was the use of being a nob if a fellow wasn't the nobbiest sort of a nob. Said he'd bought a house on Beacon Hill, in Boston, and that if I'd prick up my ears occasionally I'd hear something drop into the Back Bay. Handed me his new card four times and explained that it was the rarest sort of dog to carry a brace of names in your card holder; that it gave you the drop on the swells every time and that they just had to throw up both hands and pass you the pot when you showed down. Said that Bottes was old English for Botts and that Smythe was new American for Smith; the Augustus was just a fancy touch, a sort of high card kicker.

I didn't explain to Hank, because it was congratulations and not explanations that he wanted, and I make it a point to show a customer the line of goods that he's looking for. And I never heard the full particulars of his experiences in the east, though from what I learned afterward Hank struck Boston with a bang all right.
He located his claim on Beacon Hill between a Mayflower descendant and a Declaration signer's great-grandson, breeds which believe that when the Lord made them he was through and that the rest of us just happened. And he hadn't been in town two hours before he started in to make improvements. There was a high wrought iron railing in front of his house, and he had that gilded first thing, because, as he said, he wasn't running a receiving vault and he didn't want any mistakes. Then he bought a nice open barouche, had the wheels painted red, hired a nigger coachman and started out in style to be sociable and get acquainted. Left his card all the way down one side of Beacon street and then drove back, leaving it on the other. Everywhere he stopped he found that the whole family was out. Kept it up a week, on and off, but didn't seem to have any luck. Thought that the men must be hot sports and the women great gadders to keep on the jump so much. Allowed that they were the liveliest little lot of deas that he had ever chased. Decided to quit trying to nail 'em one at a time and planned out something that he reckoned would round up the whole bunch.

Hank sent out a thousand invitations to his grand opening, as he called it; left one at every house within a mile. Had a brass band on the front steps and fireworks on the roof. Ordered forty kegs from the brewery and hired a fancy mixer to sling together mild snorts, as he called them, for the ladies. They tell me that when the band got to going good on the steps and the fireworks on the roof even Beacon street looked out the windows to see what was doing. There must have been 10,000 people in the street and not a soul but Hank and his wife and the mixer in the house. Some one yelled "Speech!" and then the whole crowd took it up, till Hank came out on the steps. He shut off the band with one hand and stopped the fireworks with the other. Said that speechmaking wasn't his strangle hold; that he'd been living on snowballs in the Klondike for so long that his gas pipe was frozen, but that this welcome started the ice, and he thought about three fingers of the plumber's favorite prescription would cut out the frost. Would the crowd join him? He had invited a few friends in for the evening, but there seemed to be some misunderstanding about the date, and he hated to have the good stuff curdle on his hands.

While this was going on the May-

flower descendant was telephoning for the police from one side and the signer's great-grandson from the other, and just as the crowd yelled and broke for the house two patrol wagons full of policemen got there. But they had to turn in a riot call and bring out the reserves before they could break up Hank's little Boston tea party.

After all, Hank did what he started out to do with his party—rounded up all his neighbors in a bunch, though not exactly according to schedule. For next morning there were so many descendants and great-grandsons in the police court to prefer charges that it looked like a reunion of the pilgrim fathers. The judge fined Hank on sixteen counts and bound him over to keep the peace for a hundred years. That afternoon he left for the west on a special, because the limited didn't get there quick enough. But before going he tacked on the front door of his house a sign which read:

Neighbors paying their party calls will please not leave rocks through windows to attract attention. Not in and not going to be. Gone back to Circle City for a little quiet. Yours truly, HANK SMITH.

N. B.—Too swift for your uncle.
Hank dropped by my office for a minute on his way to Frisco. Said he liked things lively, but there was altogether too much roughhouse on Beacon Hill for him. Judged that as the crowd which wasn't invited was so blamed sociable, the one which was invited would have stayed a week if it hadn't slipped up on the date. That might be the Boston idea, but he wanted a little more refinement in his. Said he was a pretty free spender and would hold his end up, but he hated a bog. Of course I told Hank that Boston wasn't all that it was cracked up to be in the school histories and that Circle City wasn't so tough as it read in the newspapers, for there was no way of making him understand that he might have lived in Boston for a hundred years without being invited to a strawberry sociable. Because a fellow cuts ice on the arctic circle it doesn't follow that he's going to be worth beans on the Back Bay.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Divided Apple

Mr. Pig and Mr. Goat met one day under an apple tree, and after they had bidden each other good morning they turned their eyes toward the upper branches to see what amount of fruit was on the tree.

And what do you suppose they saw? Only one apple. But such a fine, ripe apple it was and large enough to make up for any number of smaller pieces of fruit.

"Will you do me a favor?" asked the pig of the goat.

"What is it?" asked the goat.

"Won't you butt up against this tree as hard as you can and shake that apple down for me?"

"Oh, ho!" cried the goat. "I was just going to ask you to rub up against the tree as hard as you could so as to shake that apple down for me."

"No, I'll not shake it down for you, but I'll shake it down for myself," said the pig.

"If you do, I'll get it and eat it," answered the goat; "but I think that I'll have to butt the tree so as to get the apple for myself."

"If you do, I'll get it and eat it," replied the pig.

So they both went to work to think of a plan that would insure their getting the apple. After awhile the goat said:

"I'll tell you what we'll do. You rub against the tree, and I'll butt the tree,

and when the apple falls we will run to the spot, and the first one to get there may have the apple."

The pig agreed, and they set to work. The goat butted as hard as he could, and the pig rubbed as hard as he could. The tree shook, and down came the apple.

Both of the animals rushed for it, and they got there about the same time. The apple in falling had split in halves, and each of the animals grabbed a half.

"Well, that was the best way out of our controversy after all," said the goat, munching his half of the apple.

"I believe it was," assented the pig as he chewed on his half.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A bundle of drawings, mailed at Forest Grove Tuesday evening with a special delivery stamp on it, is circulating somewhere between Maine and Manila, out of reach of the Portland engravers for whom it was intended, and will probably turn up some time, but it deprives The News readers of two pictures intended for this issue, one of the Forest Grove schoolhouse as it will look with the proposed addition, and the other our county courthouse and its familiar faces.



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