

**SUPPLEMENT TO THE
WASHINGTON COUNTY NEWS
THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1904**

Every Sunday—You can enjoy a splendid dinner at the Colonial.

Twenty years warrant on the goods you see in our windows. Abbott & Son.

Frank Walling, of Portland, was here to attend the Native Daughter's Anniversary.

Daily—We will pay you the highest cash price for hides and wool. Johnson & McNamer.

The Thomas brothers, Ed and G. C. are each putting up a cottage in the Wagner addition.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson were in Dilley Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip French.

Buffum & Hoffman with a crew of men are giving the Crescent mill its second coat of paint.

Don't forget—That Johnson & McNamer pay the highest cash price paid in town for wool & hides.

Do you know—That the Colonial serves an elegant Sunday dinner? Take your friend there to dine.

Last week there was shipped from the Forest Grove station seven car loads of potatoes, and every day this week the farmers have been busy loading cars. Los Angeles and southern California affords the market and the price paid here will make the potato growers a handsome sum.

Every lady of Washington County is invited to visit our millinery room and examine the new and nobby hats just received. A new stock, all up-to-date styles. We have them for ladies, misses and children and have marked them to sell for much less than Portland prices. We are prepared to make such changes in trimmings as you may wish. Plenty of flowers, wreathes, foliage and a good assortment of hat findings. We will be glad to have you call in and see them whether you need a hat yourself or not. You may see one to recommend to your friend. Remember every article in our store is for sale less than retail price. You will pay more when we are out. Thomas & James.

Kansas City

Mr. Shearer, Mr. Lewis and Mr. McGraw are busy hauling potatoes, all the rest of the neighbors being busy plowing for crops. Many gardens show signs of early industry.

Miss Turner, Mrs. Quick's sister, has gone to her home at Hood River.

Mr. Bennett of Portland, made a short call last Sunday.

We are very glad indeed to have a Rural Free Delivery go through this part of the country.

Enjoy your Sunday dinner at the Colonial.

Wm. Baber, a capitalist of Junction City, Oregon, was here Wednesday visiting Mrs. Baber.

M. L. Noble, the hustling real estate agent, will move next week to offices on Main street. Watch for his ad.

The Mesdames C. O. Roe, J. T. Buxton, C. N. Johnson, Miss Jessie Buxton and others, attended the district convention of the Rathbone Sisters held at Hillsboro Wednesday.

Democratic County Convention

The democratic hosts were called together at 10 o'clock by James Sewell. The convention placed E. G. Leedy, of East Butte, in the chair with E. C. Luce as secretary. After transacting considerable preliminary business and receiving the credentials of the various precinct delegations, the convention adjourned until one o'clock.

Upon reassembling in the afternoon, nominations were made and places filled without friction or excitement of any kind.

Ira Purdin of North Forest Grove, was selected for the senatorial race with Wm. Tucker of Beaverton, and J. Henry of East Cedar as candidates for representative honors. T. S. Weathered of South Hillsboro was nominated for county clerk, J. W. Sewell renominated for sheriff, George Schulmerich of Hillsboro, for recorder, Thomas Talbot of Cornelius, for treasurer, Wm. Hammelman of Dilley, for county commissioner, A. L. Thomas of Gaston, for school superintendent, and Dr. W. P. Via of Forest Grove, for coroner. The rest of the ticket was left for the city central committee to fill this evening.

Greenville.

While Edward Bullock, who lives near the Roy school house, with his little son and daughter, aged about six and eight years, were driving over the Goble bridge to Forest Grove last Saturday, the horse became frightened at an old lady crawling from under the bridge, and backed off the bridge, upsetting the buggy with Mr. Bullock and the children in 3 feet of water with the buggy and horse on top of the occupants. Mr. Bullock pushed the buggy over, grabbed the children and climbed out. All escaped miraculously. The buggy and horse were badly dilapidated.

Arnold Vandermelon's little son fell out of a wagon and broke both bones of the right forearm, on the 24th. Dr. Parker set the arm and the boy is doing nicely.

N. C. Shipley's little son aged eight years, fell down an embankment and broke his right collar bone and dislocated the right shoulder joint. Dr. Parker reduced the fracture and placed the joint back in place.

Mrs. J. C. Moore is having her picket fence painted, which adds much to the improvement of our little metropolis.

GRANGE TOPICS FOR 1904.

FIRST QUARTER.
General Topic—"Good Roads."
January—Is national aid to road building advisable, and what can the grange do to secure it?
February—To what extent is state aid to road building justifiable?
March—What can be done by local action to secure better roads?

SECOND QUARTER.
General Topic—"Good Crops."
April—How important is the adaptability of the crop to soil and demands of the local market?
May—What are the relative merits from cultivation and fertilization derived by growing crops?
June—Can improvement be made in the present method of marketing crops?

THIRD QUARTER.
General Topic—"Good Citizens."
July—What is the duty of the farmer in the management of the affairs of his political party?
August—What is the duty of the farmer in the management of the affairs of state or nation?
September—What is the duty of the farmer in the management of local affairs, including churches, schools and roads?

FOURTH QUARTER.
General Topic—"Good Homes."
October—What constitutes the essential features inside the ideal home?
November—What are required as the outside attractions of the ideal home?
December—What should the different members of the family contribute to an ideal home?
NAHUM J. BACHELDER,
Lecturer National Grange.
Concord, N. H., Dec. 29, 1903.

Libraries For Granges.

In Michigan and Ohio the traveling library is becoming a feature of grange work of considerable importance. These libraries consist of twenty-five or thirty-five volumes, which are sent out by the state libraries to the grange reading clubs or other associations of citizens. They may be retained three months, with the privilege of renewal. The grange receiving these libraries pays only the cost of transportation. One grange in Ohio secured over \$75 worth of books at the small cost of about a dollar for postage and express. At the end of six months these books were returned and others secured, thus giving opportunity for the reading of good books at a very slight expense. The traveling library system has expanded wonderfully in the state of Ohio. Last year there were 923 traveling libraries loaned, aggregating over 27,000 volumes.

At the last meeting of the national grange an amendment to the bylaws was adopted to the effect that "the executive committee of a grange—national, state, Pomona or subordinate—cannot act authoritatively for the grange between grange sessions without the approval of the master."

Grotesque Tunics.

About 1,520 gentlemen's tunics were particolored, one-half, with the accompanying sleeve, being blue, the other red.

WAR WHOOPS.

The Hague temple of peace should hang out a "For Lease" sign.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

While Russia is reading the minutes of the previous meeting Japan is tackling the unfinished business.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Korea is the Land of the Morning Calm, but its history is getting on toward a very exciting afternoon and evening.—Washington Star.

The way in which the Japs have been doing things to Russia is enough to make us wonder what would have happened if Russia had tackled some one her size.—Philadelphia Press.

Life In India.

In India the average duration of life of the native is twenty-four years as against forty-four in England.

**Telling Her the Whole
Truth Was a Pleasure**

TELL me what you really think about me."

As she spoke Geraldine Jugson looked anxiously into the eyes of Clarence Calliper.

"I want you to be honest with me," she said. "This world is so deceptive, and it is so hard to find out the truth. Tell me what I really am—if you can."

"I think I can, dear," said Clarence, taking her hand in his, "and I will endeavor to be more than frank. I can appreciate thoroughly how you feel. In the midst of a world of artificiality you are tired of the false and wish to test my sincerity. Well, then, listen.

"I cannot say that you are the most beautiful woman I ever have seen. The Venus of Milo, I think, in some respects outranks you. So far as your disposition goes, I know that you are not perfect. It is true that I have never actually seen you ruffled, but I can imagine that under some circumstances you might be out of temper. I suppose also that some girls are more stylish than you. I have never seen any one who is, but my observation has been limited, and it is, of course, possible that in intellectual brilliance others may surpass you. I don't doubt that all this may be so. Do you mind my being frank? I'm not hurting your feelings, am I, dear?"

She put her delicate hand upon his arm.

"No, indeed!" she replied earnestly. "I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am to find one man at last who dares to tell me the whole truth about myself."—Life.

Force of Habit.

A distressed young woman called on the Rev. Minot Savage the other evening.

"I know this is not a confessional," said the visitor, "but I want to tell you one of my troubles. I am a stenographer and typewriter, and when I attend service in your church I always find myself unconsciously taking down your prayers in shorthand. That seems to me to show a shocking lack of devotional spirit, but I don't appear to be able to help it. Do you think it is sinful? If so, what ought I to do to break myself of it?"

"My dear young friend," said the pastor, "so long as there is nothing intentional in your apparent irreverence, if you are really striving hard to fix your mind upon the service, I should say—but what are you doing now, may I ask?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, I was taking down your remarks in shorthand without knowing it."—New York Times.

Pleasing the Public.

"I don't understand this," said a traveler over a Michigan highway to a farmer who was repairing the roadside fence near a signpost. "I thought this right hand road led to Saginaw, eighteen miles distant."

"So she does," was the reply. "But the signboard says 'To Flint, seven miles.'"

"Well, that's all right. So many people come along here and jaw about Saginaw being eighteen miles away that yesterday I turned the old board around to give 'em Flint and cut off eleven miles. You ain't goin' to kick about a good thing, are you?"

The Egotist.

An egotist is a man who wishes he was as smart as he thinks he has made you think him to be.

He Must Have Been.

"What's in a name?" the punster cried. "He must have been a-lushin'." "What's in a name?" again he sighed. "When ev'ry Jap's a-rushin'!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.