

Hayward School Report

District No. 86; May 2 to 27; days taught 20; days absent, 4; times tardy, 2; average daily attendance, 14; total number days attendance, 276; visitors, 11.

Those neither absent nor tardy were; Hattie, Maggie and Lucy Kahler, Katie, Eva and George Kessler, Albert and Johnnie Boos, Bertha and Anna Hunger and Leonard Laemmerman. MAISIE O'DONNELL, teacher.

Death of Isaac Butler

Isaac Butler, one of the old pioneers of Oregon, died at the family residence at Hillsboro, on Wednesday, June 1st, at the age of eighty four years.

Mr. Butler was born in Alabama, June 13, 1820. He came to Oregon an 1845 and took up a donation claim four miles east of Hillsboro, where he resided for forty-one years. Mr. Butler took part in the early Indian wars in Oregon, and was at the time of his death drawing a pension for such service. He was twice married and raised sixteen children. His present wife survives him.

Couldn't Lose Her.

Ruth—Whither thou goest I will go.

Naomi (aside)—This is the hardest woman to shake I ever saw.—Comfort.

Court Etiquette Illustrated.

Ambassador Choate, at a dinner given by an American resident in London, illustrated the intricacies of court etiquette with a little story about King Edward.

"On the day of the birth of the present king," he said, "a certain marquis approached a lady in waiting anxiously.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" he whispered.

"The lady in waiting, with a reproachful look, whispered back:

"It's a prince."—New York Tribune.

"Putting on a Bold Front."



—Harvard Lampoon.

Juvenile Reverence.

Two little children of Rochester were sitting in a room one evening after dark, with their faces pressed to the window and their eyes fixed on the stars. For some time they contemplated the firmament in silence, then suddenly one of the little fellows turned to the other and said, "Wasn't God a nice man to give us stars for a light?" Oh, Teddy, how can you say such a thing!" said the other boy, much shocked. "You shouldn't call God a man. If ever there was a gentleman, he's one."

Of Course She Was Jealous.

Tess—George told me how much he paid for my ring. How much do you think it was?

Jess—I don't know, but it doesn't look to be worth it.

Tess—Worth what?

Jess—What he told you he paid for it.—Philadelphia Press.

What Would You Do?

What would you do if a girl you knew should look in your eyes and say,

"It must be awfully hard to propose?"

Do you think you would turn away and make some remark about the rain, the snow or the price of tea?

Perhaps you would,

And perhaps you should;

But, my, what a chump you'd be!

What would you do if a man you knew should say, "Here's a million cash

To spend as you like?" Would you shake your head or answer: "Now, don't be rash.

You'll need it yourself some day, perhaps.

Pray, don't give it all to me."

Perhaps you would,

And perhaps you should;

But, my, what a chump you'd be!

What would you do if the world you knew should say to you: "Now, my boy,

You weren't put here to growl and complain. This life was made to enjoy.

So smile when you can and hum a tune!

Then you'll be happy with me."

Would you scowl in reply?

Perhaps you would;

But, my, what a chump you'd be!

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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...AND...
LEATHER
GOODS**

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