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REVENGE IS SWEET

By ELMER WINSTON

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She was an incorrigible flirt. At last, having declined a number of suitors, she became engaged to a multimillionaire, and her mother determined that she should not have a chance to throw over the opportunity. The girl was sent into the country on a plea of ill health in the dead of winter to remain there till a week before the wedding day.

An aunt agreed to take her to her summer residence, open it and live there with her during the season of her captivity. There were plenty of young men about in summer, but now there was not one within fifty miles except a few countrymen. The January winds were blowing cold, and she sat all day reading novels or doing fancy work, occasionally turning to look through the window at the bleak view.

There was a little lake a few hundred yards distant, just outside the walls of her prison grounds. One cold night it was frozen over, and the next morning the sun shone bright, and the air was still and full of ozone.

A man was skating on the lake. She arose, dressed herself in a becoming skating costume, took up a pair of skates and went to the lake. Putting on her skates, she went on the ice, at first timidly; then, gathering confidence, she sailed off, graceful as a swan.

The man, evidently a farm hand, cut figure eights, did the Dutch roll and all manner of fluddubs. The girl swayed her skirts gracefully to one side, then to the other, as she skated. It was a case of country boy showing off before city girl and city girl before country boy. Then she purposely fell on the ice and lay there till he came and picked her up.

"Are you hurt, miss?" "Where had she heard a voice like that? She looked up into the young man's face, and behind a stubble beard of five or six days' growth she saw something that reminded her of some one she had seen before.

"Not much," she said. He was turning away when she struggled or pretended to struggle with a lame ankle. "I fear I must ask you to help me off the ice," she said.

She rested heavily on his strong arm as she shambled to the shore, and when she got there he took from about his neck an enormous woolen comforter and, folding it, put it on the ground for her to sit on. Then he asked what else he could do for her. Her ankle continued to pain her—so she said—and she would neither try to get home nor try to skate. The consequence was that he stood on the verge of the ice cutting fluddubs and talking to her. After awhile she took off her skates and limped home—that is, she limped till he was hidden by the trees in the grounds of her prison, then she walked as well as ever.

It was the beginning of the ice season, and for several weeks there was good skating. There is nothing attractive to a city girl in a raw countryman, though this one was raw only in appearance, and, having an original mind and a pleasant way with him, he gradually threw a singular spell over her. Perhaps it was because he was the only man about. The lake was crescent shaped, the far horn of the crescent being hidden by a hill. Fearing her aunt would interfere, she met the countryman at the farther horn. The first thing she knew she was experiencing a singular sensation she had never felt before.

Then came sleighing, and the countryman met her by appointment where no one in the prison would see with a sleigh and a pair of horses—he said he had obtained leave to exercise them for their good—and the two rode side by side to the jingle of bells. So the winter passed, and one day she awoke to the fact that the sleighbells would soon be replaced by wedding bells and she would be given over to a man she didn't want.

By and by she got to talking spooney with the countryman and told him her story. He heaved a sigh which sounded like a blacksmith's bellows. That made her feel more spooney still. They were sleighing at the time, and somehow her hand collided with one of his under the robes. Touch—a good conductor of love—broke her up. He begged her to run away with him and get married. She hesitated, then said she didn't see exactly how she could. He urged her, and she told him if he would be at the usual rendezvous the next day with the sleigh she would meet him and come to a decision. He persuaded her to leave her decision in a note placed in their "postoffice" in a thicket.

She cried all that night. All the butterfly had gone out of her under a case of real love. In the morning she yielded to temptation. She resolved to slope with the countryman. She wrote him to that effect, conveying the note to their exchange letter box herself. In the evening just before dark she went to the rendezvous. The sleigh was not there. She waited awhile, then went home.

The next day she received a letter from the countryman telling her that he was her first rejected suitor—one whom she had well nigh forgotten and had not recognized in his humble apparel.

He had his revenge, and she was very mad. She returned to the city and, like a sensible girl, married the multimillionaire.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. J. H. Shearer is rapidly recovering from her recent illness.

Read the advertisements in the Press this week.

The best of fresh meat can be had at the Dilley Market. Phone 692. 6-tf

Mrs. Krines, of Lebanon, is visiting with her brother, John Dodge, of this city.

The Press from now until January 1, 1914 for \$1. After this month \$1.50 per year.

B. L. Doane, who is located on the Todd place, near town, was a Grove visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McDonald, of Thatcher, were presented with a bouncing baby girl Sunday morning.

We want all children under eight years of age to be registered at King & Caples before December 20. 4-4t

Mrs. Anna Abernethy Starr, of Tacoma is a guest at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Abernethy, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Prior French of Thatcher were in the Grove Tuesday. Mrs. French is suffering with a bad fellow on her thumb.

Dilley's Fish Market, open six days in the week. Will deliver fresh, salt and dried fish. North First avenue, telephone 692. 3-tf

Mr. and Mrs. Dean of this city will leave the day after Christmas for Kansas, where they will remain with Mr. Dean's parents until March.

W. E. Sherbrook, of Cornelius, was a Grove visitor Tuesday. Mr. Sherbrook has large rose gardens at Cornelius and does an extensive business in the sale of plants.

Mrs. John Buchanan, very pleasantly entertained the members of the Bridge club last Thursday afternoon. Delicious refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed by all.

Rev. Father Buck visited Tillamook the first of the week and was caught in one of the famous land slides on the P. R. & N. railroad. Tuesday the passengers from both trains were transferred near Timber.

Joseph Van Dehey and Mrs. Mary Parr were married in Hillsboro last Thursday afternoon. Both are well known in this city and vicinity. They will leave for California shortly where Mr. Van Dehey has a position as drug clerk in a large establishment.

There will be Low Mass with children's choir on Christmas morning at 7 o'clock, and High Mass with sermon at 10:30 a. m. in Forest Grove Catholic church. High Mass with sermon in Cornelius Catholic Church at 9:00 o'clock. Exeryone is cordially invited.

A party of Royal Neighbors surprised Mr. Fritz at his home in this city, Monday night by appearing with well filled baskets and the determination to have a jolly evening. The expectations of the callers were fully realized and several most enjoyable hours passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Abernethy attended the funeral of Jacob Kamm, in Portland, Monday. Mr. Kamm was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Abernethy, and one of the notable figures in Oregon history. His fame as a steamboat pilot was wide-spread, and the Columbia and its tributaries were to him as an open book. Space forbids a fitting eulogy, but in the death of Mr. Kamm Oregon loses one of its pioneer sons and a man of beautiful character and sterling worth. His death will be mourned by all who participated in the stirring events of Oregon's birth and expansion.

John Byers, of the Thatcher neighborhood, was a Grove visitor Tuesday.

Alfalfa hay, the best of feed. Delivered any place in town. Hartrampf Feed Mill. 3-tf

The Ladies of the Christian Church will hold a bazaar Saturday in the building formerly occupied by Moore's market.

Mrs. Chas. Hines was taken seriously ill last Saturday, and is confined to her home. It is feared pneumonia may result.

Fred Watrous, proprietor of the Star Confectionery, has remodeled the front of the building, adding a large show window and other improvements.

The insurance rates of the Modern Woodman of America will not be increased the first of the year as was arranged for. The old rates will prevail.

Miss Helen Anderson of Portland, was a guest of Miss Jeanette Miller, Thursday and Friday of last week. Miss Anderson participated in the recital at P. U. last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McEldowney will entertain the E. O. W. at dinner this evening, after which Five-hundred will be indulged in. A pleasant time is anticipated as the host and hostess are noted for their hospitality.

A Prayer.

Send some one, Lord, to love the best that is in me and to accept nothing less from me, to touch me with the searching tenderness of the passion for the ideal, to demand everything from me for my own sake, to give me so much that I cannot think of myself and to ask so much that I can keep nothing back, to console me by making me strong before sorrow comes, to help me so to live that while I part with many things by the way I lose nothing of the gift of life.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

A Golf Story. Wilkins was an enthusiastic golfer, and when his friend Johnson met him coming away from the links a day or two ago he was in a terrible frame of mind. "What's happened, old fellow?" asked Johnson amiably. "Everything's happened!" growled Wilkins. "It's enough to make one give up golf and go in for fishing. That ass Fitznoodle has been running all over the course and actually crossed my tee just as I was about to make a lovely drive. What would you have done had you been in my place?" "Well," he replied, with a smile, "seeing that he crossed your 'I think I would have dotted his 'i.'" —Exchange.

Disadvantages of Illiteracy.

When a soldier is confined in the guardroom for an offense a written copy of the crime is invariably handed to the commander of the guard. A corporal having given an order, one of the men seemed disinclined to obey, when, after having rebuked him sharply, he shouted in angry tones, "It's a good job for you, me lad, that I can't spell insubordination, or I'd shove you in the clink (guardroom) sharp."—London Telegraph.

Wholly Unnecessary.

"You don't even know how to make a lemon tart," remarked the cooking school girl, with fine scorn. "It isn't necessary to make a lemon tart," replied the other. "All the lemons I've ever seen were pretty tart already."

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HOLIDAY GREETINGS

We Wish Everybody A Merry Christmas and will do all in our power to assist you to make it merry

We are headquarters for Christmas Candies, Nuts, Oranges and All Good things you may want for the table. In the meantime don't forget that we carry a large stock of everything most useful for Christmas presents.

Our Store will be Open Monday & Tuesday Evenings that we may accommodate those who cannot come in during the day.

HOFFMAN & ALLEN COMPANY