



Don't Chase

All over town looking for a necktie. We have just received 35 dozen for Ladies Gents, and Children. The best values and assortment ever placed on sale in Hillsboro.

Just the thing for a Christmas Present.

Ladies' Furs.

Ladies' Furs from \$2.50 to \$8.25. These prices cannot be beaten in Portland.

Men's and Boy's Hats.

We have a fine assortment of Men's and Boy's Hats in the latest styles which we are offering at greatly reduced prices during the month of December. Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

Ladies' Shoes.

We have the best Ladies' Shoe on earth for \$3.50—The Julia Marlow. Other Shoes \$1.35 to \$5.00. A nice assortment of Men's and Children's Shoes.

Combs and Belts.

Our back and Side Combs are going fast. Come early and get your choice of our fine assortment.

The very latest in Ladies' Belts. A nice assortment to select from.

We have just Received

A very fine assortment of the celebrated Eaton - Hurlbut box stationery, in all the new designs. There is nothing that could make a nicer or more appropriate Christmas Gift.

The L. M. Hoyt Company,

Hillsboro, Oregon.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTS Good Things to Eat! AND WE'VE "GOT THE GOODS."

Epicures will find here the Choicest lines of Fancy Canned Goods, Coffees, Teas, Spices and Extracts, Warranted pure and fresh.

SPECIALTIES

Preferred Stock and Red Ribbon Canned Goods

Corn	Peaches	Little Neck Clams
Beans	Peas	Minced Clams
Tomatoes	Apricots	Lobsters
Pears	Logan Berries	Lobsters
Succotash	Strawberries	
Deep Sea Crabs	Shrimps	Etc

Henz's Pickles - The Best of the "57"

"Pure White"

- - HARD WINTER WHEAT FLOUR - -

For "Goodness" Sake

Try Our Jams and Preserves

M J B
Coffee

Vaught's

GROCERY

Tree
Teas

The - Pure - Food - Store.

per promised to reward the indefatigable dancers. Miss Dinsmore was occupying a bench in the hall, vigorously fanning herself, when Sherman appeared bearing an iced drink.

"So you really got warm," he said in an earnest tone. "I felt worried about you. Is Spot all right?"

"I hope so. He is in a basket by the kitchen fire. I can't be sure, you know, for several hours about him—he is so little."

"Poor little Spot!" said Sherman. "The very idea of a woman like you risking your life to save that wretched, useless beast makes me frantic when I think about it."

"It was a strange thing to do, I must admit. Somehow I felt that he was in that room and that I could get out of a window with him. It was not until I found that I was not able to open one that my nerves began to trouble me."

"You didn't look nervous"—
"Oh, thank you. What surprises me is why you risked your life to save buildings. You knew they were probably insured!"

Sherman laughed.
"I think there are lots of things happen that we cannot explain to our own satisfaction. I had just been soothing the beasts. I certainly believed that you were here or on the lawn with Mr. Pelham. Imagine if we had known that you were shut up in that building! Now, do you candidly believe that my sudden inspiration to get possession of the hose was mere chance?"

Miss Dinsmore seemed agitated. Her eyes met Sherman's; her lips were quivering. She shook her head.

Sherman deliberately sat down beside her and took her hand in his.

"Suppose we forget what happened last week. Suppose you take a little time to consider what I said then. To be honest with you, when I went into that burning stable I was so desperate with the thought of losing you that I did not care whether I ever came out alive or not!"

"That is a horrible idea!" murmured Miss Dinsmore.

"Oh, you women go on attracting men and refusing them as if love was a mere game to kill time with the playing! If you only knew what this pastime costs us when we stake all we are and hope to be on the result and lose, you wouldn't ask why we do wild things."

"I want to tell you something," said Miss Dinsmore in very faint tones. Sherman lowered his head to listen.

"Just before you opened that door, when the first thought of danger flashed through my mind, I was thinking that if I had it to do over again I would have given you a different answer. It was that look you gave me across the dinner table. Jack, I did not know until then that I had really hurt you."

A Curious Tomb.

The most curious tomb in England is that of Lady Anne Grimston, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, who died nearly two centuries ago and was buried in Tewin churchyard. Upon her deathbed she disregarded the efforts of those who sought to administer spiritual comfort. An atheist she had lived, an atheist she would die. "It is as likely that I should rise again from the dead," she said, "as that a tree should grow out of the middle of my coffin." A tree has grown out of the middle of her coffin—an oak—and by its side a sycamore. The vault is square, of brick and granite. The two trees first filled the interior before they could find a way out. When they did burst through the masonry they so spread as completely to envelop the grave.

When Everything Is Poisonous.

All substances, even eggs, are poisonous when they are injected in certain quantities into the circulatory system of an animal. A French investigator has taken the powdered yolk of a duck's egg, treated it with a 20 per cent solution of salt and injected it into the veins of an animal until it died. In order to kill a rabbit fifty-five grains

of the substance were required for each pound of the rabbit's weight. The yolk of a hen's egg is less poisonous, but that of a turtle more so than that of a duck. The albumen of eggs is also poisonous.

Far Enough.

One day when William M. Evarts, secretary of state under President Hayes, was a college student, he was called on to read Virgil in class.

He started out bravely, "Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck, and— and"—adding lamely—"that's as far as I got, professor."

"Well, Mr. Evarts," said the professor, "I think that was quite far enough."

Pressed to Death.

An English court has sentenced a woman to imprisonment because she refused to speak during a trial. The old penalty for remaining mute under similar conditions was being pressed to death. The form of sentence set forth "the prisoner shall be laid in some low, dark house, where he shall lie naked on the earth and one arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house with a cord and the other arm to another quarter, and in the same manner let it be done with his legs, and let there be laid upon his body iron and stone, as much as he can bear—or more." There the man had to lie. On the following day he was given three morsels of bread without water, on the following water, but no bread. And this was his diet until he died.

Great Discovery.

The editor of a Kansas paper states that he once borrowed a Winchester rifle and started up the street a few days after to deliver the weapon to its owner. The delinquent subscribers got it into their hands that he was on the warpath, and every one he met insisted on paying what he owed him. One man wiped out a debt of ten years' standing. On his return to his office he found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of corn, ten bushels of potatoes, a load of wood and a barrel of turnips that had been brought in. We would like to borrow a Winchester for a day or two. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Disadvantage of Health.

A visitor among the poor of the east end of London found unexpected testimony to the disadvantages of health in one of his calls. Mrs. B. had a family of a dozen children, and, like most of her class, she had her tale of woe to tell. "How are the children, Mrs. B.?" inquired the caller. "All very well, indeed, sir; very well, indeed," was the answer. "You ought to be thankful, I'm sure, with so much sickness about." "Yes, sir; I suppose I ought to be thankful; but, I tell you, when they're well they eat an awful lot."

The Crested Rat.

The crested rat of East Africa is remarkable, first because of the great length of the black and white hairs down the ridge of the back, which are rendered the more conspicuous because the hairs along the sides of the body are so short and so differently colored, being brownish gray and looking for all the world as if some one had taken a pair of scissors and maliciously shorn off the decorative hair, leaving only a dull underfur. Secondly, it is remarkable because the skull has a roofing of bones exactly resembling that of some turtles, while, furthermore, this roof has a granulated appearance recalling that presented by the skulls of certain fishes. In its habits it appears to be arboreal while from the structure of its teeth it would appear to be at least partly insectivorous.

Grumbling.

Grumbling is a potent cause of ill health. It keeps the sensitive nerves constantly vibrating with discordant emotions and not only hurts the grumbler, but every one who hears it. It really prepares the system of the grumbler for an attack of any malady that happens to be prevalent.

SANTA AND THE BAD STOCKING

By D. E. CONOVER

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Then it laughed: "Ha, ha, ha! How my mistress will weep! When this little pig goes to market a-cold!"

BUT nobody saw it, and so by the grate the mischievous stocking was hung with its mate. While Santa Claus drove with all speed through the night



To fill up the stockings for children's delight, And at midnight—the clocks were just on the stroke— Came the faithful old friend of the dear little folk.

HE looked at the stockings—"This never will do. Old Hole-in-the-Toe, I have nothing for you!" But he plumped out the other and filled up a chair. While the mischievous stocking looked black with despair. And murmured as Santa Claus left it behind, "There isn't much fun when one's naughty, I find."



"NOTHING FOR YOU!"

But human bodies are sic fools, for their colleges and schools, that when nae real ills perplex them they make enow themselves to vex them.—Burns

Holiday Clearance Sale!

At Miss Kirkwoods Millinery Parlors



I have an extra large Stock of Millinery for this time of the year, owing to the fact that I am putting out new hats almost every day to meet the demands of my customers. I wish to close out my entire winter stock during this month, as I must have room for my new spring stock later. I can give you a fine hat now at so low a price that it will surprise you.



MISS KIRKWOOD,

Over L. M. Hoyt and Co.