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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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The people of the United States need expect no legislation that will be of particular benefit to the people at large until there is a change in the methods of electing United States senators. Just as long as it remains a question of the length of a money purse, just that long the railroads will control legislation, or, rather, lack of it, in the senate. This is the insurmountable barrier to needed laws. When the country takes as much interest in its white people as it did in giving the black man the ballot, then we will get our constitution changed and senators will be elected by the popular vote. This is the only way to eliminate corporation control from that body and you can wager that there is but little earnestness over this question, or there would be a move. It now looks as though nothing short of a great upheaval will cause the people to get together to right a constitutional defect. With a few more senators convicted for graft; with men like Morton going free because of executive friendship; with the consumer and farmer getting the worst of it a few years more perhaps the newspapers of the country will get together and force public discussion and action in this regard.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce, always a body that is looking for something that will cheapen labor, asks the president to preserve in the matter of permitting Chinese to come here—that we need their labor to develop the country, and again, that we need them to do work that Caucasians will not do. This is the usual fallacy advocated by the adherents of cheap labor, everywhere. Oregon and California have done very well since the Chinese Exclusion act became law, and to undo the work of years would cause conditions that are not consistent with the highest type of progress. Next year every man John running for Congress in the West should be made to declare himself on the hustings—either for or against Chinese admission. Labor is having trouble enough of its own these days—what with the cheap labor element that is always flanking organization for better pay—without the laws creating another menace to those who are forced to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Each laborer should make a crack at the politician who is trying to earn his bread by the sweat of his jaw at the expense of cheaper wage scales.

The committee of Hillsboro and lanks citizens appointed to get the right of way has done good work and nearly all the rights have been secured. If everything of local interest could get as good a support as that accorded this proposition we could soon have a greater Hillsboro. There is but one way to accomplish things of public nature—that is for all to put their shoulders to the wheel.

There is a great deal of speculation as to whether or not Senator Itchell will resign, and as to whom he will be appointed in case this could be done. The situation is interesting because Gov. Amberlain is out of the state, and Secretary of State Dunbar, who acting governor, would have the pointing power in case the resignation should be sent in before Amberlain's return: The Argus let the matter at rest by asking the people that a United States senator never resigns as long there is a chance to draw the salary. Senator Mitchell is looking a reversal of his case, and another trial, and he is not going to go. If he shall get a reversal will doubtless mean that convincing evidence will not be perched to go before the jury and acquittal will most likely result when the case comes up again.

Congressman Williamson is now being tried before a jury. He can not out how it feels by inquiring as M. A. Moody.

Ready made shirt waists; tailor made skirts.—H. Webrung & Sons

THE MARKETS.

This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are:

Valley Wheat, export value, \$5. Barley—feed, \$21.50; and \$23 rolled, \$24. Oats, White, \$29 per ton. Oats, Gray, \$29 per ton. Bran, \$19 per ton. Hay, Timothy, \$14 and \$16. Hay, Clover, \$11 and \$12. Potatoes, old, \$1.50 and \$1.25; new, 75c@1.10. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 20 and 21. Butter, Extra Creamery, 20c@21. Butter, store, ranch, 15 and 16.

When Silas "Skeddled."

A too ready offering of information has often placed the informer in an embarrassing position, like that of the small boy who heard that the stepladder was missing. "Why, mamma," he said, "it's in the jam closet." "Oh, yes, I remember," said his mother, and then, looking sternly at him, "But how did you find it out?" A similar experience befell Silas H. of a small town in Maine. A student of history, following the route of Arnold's Quebec expedition, was asking for suggestions as to its probable course above the ponds of Dead river. The villagers disagreed on the matter. "I tell ye," said Silas when the debate waxed warm, "Arnold went right up Crosby pond and over the shoulder of Mount Louise. Why, I found muskets and bullets and bayonets at his old camp when I was up there in sixty-three." The historian was delighted. "Is that so?" he exclaimed. "What were you doing up there in sixty-three?" A titter went round the circle of villagers at the well meant question, and Silas, much embarrassed, stilled away. "Ye see, mister," volunteered one of his neighbors, "sixty-three was the year of the draft. Silas always was touchy to drafts, and when he felt this one comin', as ye might say, he skeddled."

It Was Only Oil.

A naval official was talking the other day of the inferiority of European to American railroads. "The stuffy little European carriages are lighted with electricity now," he said, "but I remember when they were only lighted with oil. I have cause to remember this. "One night in Germany during a violent storm I was riding toward Berlin in a first class carriage when a leak began. Drop after drop, warm and dirty, fell upon my hat and coat. "I waited till a guard came through. It was a long wait. One is always underrating long waits for guards on European roads. "Look here, guard," I said at last, "the rain is coming through the lamp hole and trickling down my clothes." "The guard made an investigation. Then he said reassuringly: "Oh, that is not rain; it's only oil. The lamp leaks a little, but the roof is quite sound, I assure you." "Then the whistle blew, and he rushed away."—New York Tribune.

Just Out of Them.

A lawyer who is fond of a joke went to supper after the theater with a party of friends, and he ordered coffee: "Please bring it in a cup with the handle on the left side," he said confidentially to the waiter. "I'm left handed, and I can't use any other kind of a cup." "Yes, sir," stammered the waiter. "I will, sir." He was seen to hasten away and confer with the head waiter. The head waiter bore down on the party. "What sort of a cup was that you wanted, sir?" he asked. "Cup with the handle on the left side. I'm left handed," said the lawyer. The head waiter disappeared to return a little later obviously perturbed. "The cup you"—he began. "What?" said the lawyer. "Do you mean to tell me that in a first class cafe you haven't such a thing as a cup with the handle on the left side? Absurd! Why, I couldn't possibly use any other kind. You must have plenty of them."

Animals That Shed Tears.

Humboldt states that he had a monkey that shed tears when it was seized with fear. Renger noticed that the eyes of a small South American monkey filled with tears when it was prevented from getting some coveted object or was much frightened. Darwin cites a third case of a monkey from Borneo which in the zoological gardens was frequently observed to cry when grieved or even when much pitted. Mr. E. Tennant, describing the capture of elephants in Ceylon, says that when bound some of them lay motionless with no other indication of suffering than the tears which incessantly flowed from their eyes. The keeper of the India elephants in Regent's park has several times observed tears rolling down the face of the old female elephant when her young one was taken away from her.

Blacksmithing by Mail.

Almost every trade or profession is now taught by mail. By expending a few dollars and studying a few minutes every evening for a week a man may secure most any kind of a degree, and the pleasant part of it is that the letters look as impressive as though they were tacked on at the end of a six years' course in football. A bachelor's degree or a benedict's degree may be obtained with equal facility, although it costs more to maintain the latter in proper style. This may be regarded as one of the triumphs of modern science. It greatly simplifies life. Suppose a man has wasted his early years and at the age of forty concludes that he wants to be a blacksmith. A short course by mail will fix him out, and he will be a thorough workman provided he never attempts to work at the trade.

George Lauth, the Oregon City murderer, was hanged today at 12:28.

W. W. Holcomb, a Native Son of Oregon, and who was born in Washington County, in pioneer days, is a son of the late Stephen Holcomb, and wife, Mrs. Holcomb still residing northeast of Hills-



boro. Mr. Holcomb now resides in Los Angeles, where for years he has practiced law. He is well known to early pioneers and their children. The verse below is a special contribution to the Argus.

"OREGON"

Oh, Oregon, the Webfoot state, Where great Columbia swiftly rolls, Near gently in your kindly heart The pioneers' heroic souls.

Mount Hood I've seen for fifty years, In haughty grandeur, white and high, His snow-white crest, bright as the stars, That gem the everlasting sky.

Behold Old Hood in kingly pride, Lift high his head, serene and great, Perpetual snows, his royal crown, His wide domain, this fruitful state.

Forever stand, most noble mount, In adamant strength and pride, A witness to each human change, The ebb and flow of human tide.

Among the few who danger faced Along the river of the West, I yet still live, while others sleep The sleep of valor's peaceful rest—

A native pioneer with them, I knew their dangers and their fears, And that their lives made Oregon The hope and pride of future years.

My dear old mother's face I see, In modern house, though furnished plain, Where once the log house sheltered all Beneath the locust in the lane.

Though time has wrought in form and face The lines of sorrow, toil and cares, Her loyal love still hovers round The hearth-stone fire and vacant chairs.

Leaving the gate I saw some forms Flit to and fro behind the pane, And little thought, as years passed by, I ne'er should see their face again.

Across the years there comes the sound Of happy voices time has hushed; I see in dreams the vanished forms That death has met and coldly crushed.

I hear the sound of new machines By road side, factory and farm, Where once the Indian and wild beast I saw and heard with dread alarm.

Echoes I hear from Forest Grove, Recalling tutors gone to rest, Where rings the bell for joyous youth, And tolls its knell at Death's behest.

L'ENVOI

Hillsboro teems with beauty and joy, The pride of my dear native land, Her zephyrs sweetened by the rose And music from the Ladies' Band.

Beneath a sky where rose and palm Blend grace and beauty side by side, Some fate ordains that he who failed May wait the coming eventide—

And rest and sleep and take no note Of love or war, and hear no sound— But see, perhaps, the skin of life Untangled, straightened and rebound.

—W. W. HOLCOMB.

Sure Enough.

Why should we pay the weather man A stipend fat and large, If on the ancient, time tried plan The ground hog is in charge?

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The horse trader who always tells the exact truth is not a horse trader.

About the best cure for an egotist is to turn him loose in a group of children who are so young they do not know better than to tell the truth.

In dealing with some men we would never know that business is business if we hadn't been told.

If charity begins at home some of the house folks never find it out.

Every man is architect of his own career, but a wise man lets the job out to his wife.

It is generally admitted that the man who invented the comic valentines might well have been in better business.

A conscience whose owner is hurt when its owner beats a street car company out of a ride is certainly a conscience.

Some men have greatness thrust on them after they hire a man to do the thrusting.

Some people are worrying about the songs of yesterday, but most of us tremble for the songs of tomorrow.

It is useless to look for a soft snap with a hard headed man.

Poor Soul! "What makes the bearded lady so morose?" "She saw in some paper that masculine girls weren't in fashion any longer."

Just Her Way. When a fellow spends his money, And he hasn't any more, Then this sign hangs out his honey, "Nothing doing," on the door.

Too Much For the Cook.

He was a new waiter in a downtown restaurant, and after he had waited on a man who was seated at one of the tables the other noon he went behind the cold lunch counter to eat his own dinner. Presently he dropped down from his stool and whistled up the tube to the cook on the second floor. "Where's that pie I ordered?" he asked. "Hurry it up." The cook's reply could not be heard. He was evidently a suspicious cook, and he provoked the new waiter. The volley the latter fired into the tin funnel sounded like a bunch of firecrackers going off in a barrel. "Heaven's!" he spluttered. "Did you think I wanted it for myself? I haven't been here long, but I've seen your pies. I haven't been disappointed in love, and I haven't got any domestic troubles. When I'm desperate, I'll take something easier to swallow than one of your pies. There's a customer here waiting for it. He's no friend of mine or I'd switch him off on to crackers and cheese. You'll know me better if I don't get discharged." The pie came down with a rattle, and the new waiter resumed his meal.—Providence Journal.

Gems and Their Days.

In the old mystic books of the ancients it is found that they believed in the power of precious stones to bring good fortune through planetary affinities of certain days. They imagined that gems as well as metals were produced through the chemical operations of the planets working secretly in the body of the earth. Therefore certain stones must be worn on certain days of the week for good luck.

The table of stones as given by the Hermetic brethren is as follows: Sunday, the sun's day, gold and all yellow stones.

Monday, the moon's day, pearls and all white stones except diamonds.

Tuesday, Mars' or Tyr's day, rubies.

Wednesday, Woden's day, sapphires and all blue stones.

Thursday, Thor's day, garnet and all red stones except rubies.

Friday, Freja's day, emeralds and all green stones.

Saturday, Saturn's day, diamonds.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Before acquiring a daughter-in-law the modern club woman assures herself that the young lady's views concerning Wagner, Browning and social reform are in accord with her own.

Anxiety is one of the conditions that a man is in when he is wondering how his wife will take it.

When a woman won't she usually has something equally good up her sleeve.

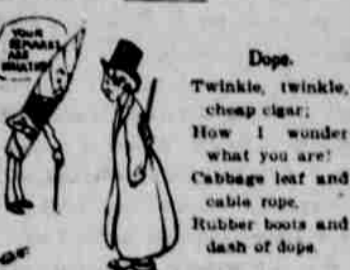
A good joke doesn't need a letter of introduction.

Revenge may be sweet, but stock in the sugar trust is really more satisfying.

Some people couldn't find work if they went after it armed with a search warrant and a writ of habeas corpus.

That man may be said to be respectable who can answer every day the bread and butter question.

It is lucky for some people that a man with sense is born into the world occasionally.



A Tragedy Averted.

Raymond paused, and his hand trembled so that he could hardly speak. Great beads of sweat that did not represent an ounce of even stale bread stood upon his marble brow. There were two peculiarities about Raymond's brow—not only was it marble, but when it sweat the brand that it turned out was not of the proletarian order. Therefore he often said what was the good of sweating as long as it brought in no bread.

When his pause had been of sufficient duration to permit his thought factory to send out a great gust of vibrations that dried the evidences of fright and set his classic features in harmony with the universe, he drew a long sigh of relief and returned the necktie that he had been about to don to the box.

"By George, I almost forgot that Maude says that she just hates that tie," he muttered as he made another selection and went on with his toilet.

The chairs relaxed, the bristles on the hairbrush subsided, and the electricity with which the air had been surcharged died away, and all was peace once more.

Misfits. Wives of great men oft remind us, As we measure up their sins, That in picking out a woman Oft a great man is not wise.

Just a Hint. "You are not calling on Miss Likely any more?" "No; we are strangers." "Did she give you the bounce?" "Oh, no; she was very cordial the last time I called, but she had been eating onions and seemed inclined to encourage me when I wanted to kiss her."

Not That Kind. Billy Boy—We often entertain angels unwares. Fanny Footlight—What a pity we cannot recognize them! If I could just pick one I might be on the road at the head of a show.

Guessed at the Cause. "Is he supercilious?" "Very; he thinks the reason he does not get along better is because his wages are \$15 a week."

Get Even Then. Don't grumble when the tide is cold Or to your wrath give vent, For you can float when you become The old inhabitant.

His Income. "Will you marry me?" "How many ciphers are there to your income?" "It is all ciphers."

He Had Stated. "Did you ever try your hand at skating, Mr. Blinkers?" "Yes—well—er—that is, my hand and several other parts."

Just For Variety. "Why do you suppose doctors disagree so?" "They want to give a man his money's worth."

Fearful Death Rate. "Do you think lobsters are unhealthy?" "They must be, so many of them die young."

Of Course. "And you say I'm thoroughly up in his business?" "Necessarily; he is an aeronaut."

No Improvement.

I cannot sing the old songs— But do not feel too glad, For I can sing the new ones, And they are quite as bad.

First Quality Drug Store

We provide for the people who have had enough experience to know that inferior goods are dear at any price; who have learned that good goods from a first quality, trustworthy house are always cheaper—really and aggressively cheaper to buy.

We Have Made a Reputation

For our prescription work, because we do the work exactly as it should be done. We pay no one a percentage to send us prescriptions, and, therefore, it pays you to bring such work to

BAILEY'S PHARMACY

This is an advertisement, and likewise it is a fact.

Advertisement for CYRUS NOBLE BOURDON AND NYE. "It's Always Fair Weather, When Good Fellows Get Together." The tinkling glasses are filled with such excellent whiskies as... W. L. VAN SCUYVER & CO., Inc., Distributors, PORTLAND, ORE.

Advertisement for The J. W. Hartrampf Feed Store. Protect Your Cows. This is the fly season and you should keep up the flow of milk by using So-Bos-So with one of our hand sprayers—a sure kill for flies. International Stock and Poultry Food. Diamond Chick Feed is best for poultry. Bone, oyster shell and grit for the Poultry Yard. We keep stock salt of all kinds. See us for Flour and Feed.

Advertisement for WEINHARD'S (On draught) The best of all Beers. Bottled for Medicinal Use At W. V. WILEY'S

Advertisement for CREAM SEPARATORS. I will tell you a Cream Separator at from \$8 to \$16 and guarantee that it will separate your milk as good, if not better, than one that costs you from \$100 to \$150, and, after a fair trial, if it does not as represented, your money, including express charges, will be refunded. It works automatically; it separates while you take a rest. BERNARD LEIS, Heaverton, Oregon. Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Vandel Scherschel, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, his final account in the matter of said estate, and said Court has set Monday, the 31st day of July, 1905, at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate. Dated this June 21, 1905, at Hillsboro, Oregon. WILLIAM H. SMITH, Executor of the last will and testament of Vandel Scherschel, deceased Geo. R. Bagley, Attorney for Executor.

Advertisement for Judge Burnett. Judge Burnett has decided that Tillamook county can not collect off the estate of the late Sheriff Alderman, who suicided last year, and who was short in his accounts. All parties are hereby notified to not take county road grader under my charge without my consent, and party or parties who took the grader from the end of the Bend road are notified to return same at once and save trouble.—Gustave Bronner, Supervisor Dist. No. 9.

Advertisement for HOME SEEKERS' RATES. The Southern Pacific Company will make a rate of one fare for the round trip from Portland to all points in Oregon—Ashland and north for visitors from the East to the Exposition at Portland to enable them to look over Western Oregon with a view of settling or investing. These tickets will be good for fifteen days limit, with stop over at all intermediate points, and will be sold to holders of the Exposition round trip tickets from points East of the Rocky Mountains. This will afford the various counties and communities that will maintain exhibits and advertise on other ways at the exposition, every inducement to have the Eastern people visit their section.

Advertisement for Notice of Dissolution. Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between A. R. Mason and G. A. Spath in the business of farming has been dissolved by mutual consent, and said business will hereafter be conducted by the undersigned. Dated July 8, 1905. G. A. SPATH. For sale: black mare, 8 years, weight 1250.—Inquire at Cornelius Warehouse.