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

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

LEUCIUS A. LONG, Editor. County Official Paper

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NO FUNERAL FOR HILLSBORO

In another column will be found a list of those subscribing for the Jackson Bottom bridge. It is noteworthy that Hillsboro, the last two or three years, has been going after things.

Hillsboro's growth has been slow in the past, but there are no empty business buildings in town and there is an excellent foundation for growth that will be substantial.

The idol has fallen. The great Heney is fallible. We shall have to tear him to pieces—rend him from the pedestal upon which he has perched secure these many moons.

It appears to the Argus—although it's none of its business—that the citizens of Forest Grove did unwittingly in rejecting another train service because two were not offered.

Ambers Thornburgh, of Forest Grove, was in the city, Monday. A six-horse power upright engine and boiler for sale.—W. J. Benson, Hillsboro, Ore.

Valley Wheat, export value, 85. Barley—feed, \$21.50 and \$22; rolled, \$24.

Oats, White, \$29 per ton. Oats, Gray, \$29 per ton. Bran, \$19 per ton.

Hay, Timothy, \$14 and \$16. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9.

Potatoes, old, \$1.50 and \$1.25; new, 75c@1.00.

Eggs, Oregon ranch, 22 and 23. Butter, Extra Creamery, 21@22.

Butter, store, ranch, 14 and 15.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

Aberdeen mill men and loggers are out on a strike.

Japan still doubts the sincerity of the czar in his moves for peace.

A Texas negro rapist was shot in jail at New Braunfels, yesterday.

Norway wants immediate recognition of her independence, and is angered at the delay of Sweden.

Heat in New York is the cause of 75 deaths, this week. Oregon climate is still at a premium.

German hops are damaged, and the New York crop is injured by the heat.

Hop prices are again on the raise, and the general price condition is much better.

Carl Becker, a machinist with the S. P., Portland, was given 100 lashes in Portland, yesterday, and when he had received his whipping, for wife beating.

Eleven jurors in the Williamson trial, at Portland, were for conviction at the start, and one for acquittal.

The man for acquittal was one J. W. Cook, an clerk for the Booth-Kelley Lumber Co., of Southern Oregon, and it is reported that the juror disobeyed the order of the court to not read the newspapers, saying "that he would read whatever and whenever he wanted."

"Don't Hustle the Boss." Teddy (aged eight) in the morning had received instructions from his father "never to hurry his elders"—once he had asked for a thing he should wait patiently, waiting their convenience to get around to it.

Teddy in the evening climbed into bed without saying his usual prayers. The intimate connection between these two events transpired a moment later, when Teddy's mamma asked why the prayers had been neglected.

"I've asked God for three nights to make Teddy a good boy, and if I ain't it's 'cause God's been kep' busy some'er else. Pop says, 'Don't every hurry the boss, and I guess I ain't a-goin' to hurry God. He'll get round to me just as soon as he has time.'—St. Louis Republic.

They're Off!



Chapple—As I was saying, I had \$50 on Topnotch at 100 to 1. The race was two miles, and Topnotch won.

Chauncey—What was the time? Chapple—Why—er—er—I heard the clock strike 2 just as I woke up.—Chicago Journal.

Most Annoying. Mrs. Subbubs—Mrs. Gaddie says she's quite disgusted with that new family that moved in last week.

There's some scandal in the family.—Mrs. Backlots—What is it? Mrs. Subbubs—They wouldn't tell her, that's why she's so disgusted with them.—Philadelphia Press.

A Possibility. "Young Americans don't belong to the nobility," said the slightly supercilious foreigner.

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but if our girls keep on marrying abroad the nobility will eventually belong to us."—Washington Star.

The World is Round. "The world is round, is round," quoth he; "As round as any ball."

"Nay, then, 'tis flat," quoth she; "It is not round at all."

"Indeed, they're sailed around the world, and so its shape has found; On every sea the sail unfurled."

Said she, "It is not round." He argued loud, he argued long. To prove how true his word. But still that little dolorous song, "It is not round," he heard.

And very stiff and straight he sat And very dignified. And still she said, "The world is flat—The world is flat," she cried.

All on a sudden, growing wise, He smelt around her slips; He kissed her on her tearful eyes And on her moustache lips.

He kissed her lips, he kissed her eyes, He never spoke a word. And, bending low, twist smiles and sighs, "I guess it's round," he heard.

"Sings J. Reynolds in New York Press. He is a very bright citizen."

He Could Afford It. "That man is very sure of his standing in society."

"How do you know?" "He is buying a six dollar suit of clothes."

With Tommy's Help By Epez W. Sargent Copyright, 1905, by Epez W. Sargent

Tommy loved "big slater," and so did Jack Sutton. Betty Travers loved Tommy openly and Jack Sutton secretly.

"Such a pleasant surprise!" smiled Betty as she extended a smoothly gloved hand in greeting. "I was afraid it would be such a dreary trip."

"We can have lots of fun," supplemented Tommy, slipping a moist and uncomfortably sticky hand into Sutton's.

"I can ride with my back to the engine," said Tommy, proud that he possessed accomplishments not enjoyed by his elders.

"Do you know," he asked, "that I have wanted just this chance to talk with you alone for a long time?"

"Solitude in a crowd," she suggested uneasily, glancing at a man across the aisle who seemed unduly interested.

"This is better than a ballroom," he protested, "or the theater. I want to ask you if—"

"Look at the cows!" shouted Tommy, precipitating himself into his aisle.

"SEE!" AND HE TOOK THE BACK CASE OPEN, jer's lap and pointing wildly at the flying landscape.

"I wanted to ask you," continued Sutton, "if there is anything I have done to cause you to avoid me. You—"

"I've got a cow, too," shouted Tommy from the opposite seat. "I keep it out at grandma's."

"That's a good place for it," said Sutton to Tommy. Then, turning to Betty, he resumed:

"You seem to be afraid to give me a moment alone with you. Do you fear that I shall—"

"Do tricks?" demanded Tommy, climbing upon Sutton's knee. Sutton performed some simple parlor magic, and the boy, satisfied, turned his attention to the window.

"Are you afraid of the question I want to ask and which means so much to me?" he urged.

thought sometimes that I have been so fortunate as to find favor in your eyes, and then again I have—

"Wheels!" demanded Tommy, handling back the watch. With a sudden memory of what the back case contained, Sutton explained to the boy that the case did not open in the back.

"Wind it up," commanded Tommy. With visions of dreadful fates, any one of which was too merciful for the boy, Sutton took the watch and held it to his ear.

"Won't you give me an answer?" Sutton pleaded. Her eyes grew misty. She wanted to answer, but somehow she dreaded telling him on the car.

"Yes, it has," he insisted, snatching at her chasteline. "See!" And he tore the back case open.

"No," said Sutton shortly, snatching the cap back on the case.

"Tommy, you mustn't do that," she cried, turning a rosy red.

"Yes, it has," he insisted, snatching at her chasteline. "See!" And he tore the back case open.

"I shall see the bright side of everything. I shall talk like an optimist, laugh like an optimist and move about like an optimist, conscious of the fact that I shall radiate sunshine and make every one around me happier.—Physical Culture.

The Tenor's Revenge. In a comic opera company which played in Washington once there was a prima donna who managed, in one way or another, to offend the tenor.

"I have not tried to avoid you," she said, blushing prettily. "I'm sure I've given you a lot of my time this season."

"Yes," he agreed, "but for months I have tried to tell you something, and you have evaded me just as you are trying to do now."

"I don't think this is evading you," she laughed, glancing down at the broad shoulder so close to her own.

"But this is the first time," he persisted, "and you couldn't help yourself. You must have seen that—"

"We're going over a big river!" shouted Tommy gleefully. "Look at the boats!"

Need That Elsewhere. "The Russians are using balloons in this war?"

"Hot air variety?" "No, they need all of that in reporting their victories."

Get Busy.

THERE'S a saying oft you're heard. Get busy. 'Tis a good and timely word.

Fate, you say, has been unkind. Get busy. This old day do not leave far behind.

If the team is in bad luck. Get busy. If you knock you'll sure get stuck.

Let the trade know you're in town. Always up and never down. Why get sore and white around?

Old Party—You worry your mother terribly. Why are you so wicked?

Bad Boy—'Cause if I'm good she'll worry thinkin' I'm sick.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Discourteous Reminder. Husband—Wow! How were all tugged out this afternoon! Where are you going?

Derelict Youth—My father says if I don't begin to think pretty soon he'll cut me off without a cent!

Doctor—My, my! You seem to have had a relapse. Looks like a severe case of nervous prostration too.

Comes Hard. "You said that nephew of yours you sent me was a hard worker," said the business man.

Desistion. The Simple Life—Doing your own work. The Strenuous Life—Doing some other fellow's work.

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.

Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Vened Scherbel, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, his final account in the matter of said estate.

Notice to Painters. Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the undersigned, and opened at the law office of S. B. Huston, in Hillsboro, on Saturday, July 29, at 2:00 p. m., for painting roof and outer walls of the Hillsboro public school building, old building, one coat of paint, school district to furnish the material. Successful bidder must execute bond for faithful performance of work.

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.

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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

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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.

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The two greatest powers on earth are Uncle Sam and the Fairbanks Morse Engine. Both always ready.



You can see one work at U. G. Gardner's blacksmith shop, or at the Argus office.

For particulars see or write L. W. HOUSE, Hillsboro

Table with columns: DEPART FOR DAILY, TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND, ARRIVE FROM DAILY. Rows include Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.

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