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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

LONG & McKINNEY

The Condensed Milk Companies announced an increase in the price of milk for August, and dairymen are correspondingly happy. The dairymen seem to be the people that are doing the best of all agricultural industries, and Washington county, with its numerous running streams, is well adapted to this branch of farming.

Now that W. W. Cotton has declined to succeed the late Judge Bellinger, it would more than please thousands in this district to see the mantle fall upon the shoulders of His Honor, Judge T. A. McBride. He is eminently qualified; has the experience, and is noted as a judge of law. No better selection could possibly be made.

Hillsboro's Board of Trade should immediately take up the proposition of encouraging a big sawmill plant to be located here. The new road will be built and in operation within a short time, and our shipping facilities east and south will be second to no Willamette Valley town. Labor is as cheap here as at any point in the Northwest, and there is an unlimited supply of timber for years to come. A big payroll would help the town.

PROBATE.

Estate of Vendel Scherzschel, deceased, closed of record and executor discharged.

Estate of Geo. Pasley, deceased, closed of record; administrator discharged and bondsmen released.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

Brass new \$90 buggy; for cash, \$75, or will trade for grain or gasoline engine of good manufacture.—W. F. Hahn, Mountlake, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Buffington, of Oxford, Kas., who are visiting relatives at Portland and Middleton, were in the city this forenoon, on business, accompanied by Mrs. Irene East, of Portland. They think Washington County is a delightful place for a home. While here they called on Grandma Mary Ramsey Wood.

Harry Wilkins, a carpenter living south of Beedville, while working on the barn of D. M. McLenia, today, fell from the structure and dislocated his right thigh. Dr. Tamsie went down and reduced the fracture.

One of the Schumacher boys residing several miles east of Hillsboro, was in town the other day, carrying a hand that he gave a severe injury while working around machinery.

The Times records the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Pollock, at the home of her son, J. W., near Gaston, Monday. Deceased was aged 65 years, and leaves three grown children.

W. C. Davison, of above Banks, was down this afternoon, and reports that Banks people are anxiously awaiting to hear the whistle of the locomotive.

Mrs. W. H. Wright, of Bathgate, N. D., and her son, Carl, are visiting with S. Everett and children, of this city, at the John M. Brown home.

Benj. Scholfield, of Cornelius, has the Washington County grain and grass exhibit ready to install at the Lewis & Clark county display.

County Assessor Geo. H. Wilcox has been given an extension of time until October 4 to get the tax rolls ready for equalization.

The case of Congressman Williamson is still in the hands of the jury. R. B. Collins, of Hillsboro, is one of the jurors.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Cornwall and family, of Gardiner, Ore., were guests at the Huston home the first of the week.

Chas. McGee, of Empire City, was here yesterday and today, the guest of his aunt, Mrs. S. B. Huston.

Miss Josephine Danner, of Pendleton, is the guest of Miss Laura Muir, at Mrs. Cora Bagley's.

A six-horse power upright engine and boiler for sale.—W. J. Benson, Hillsboro, Ore.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Baird, of Seventh Street, Hillsboro, on August 1, 1905, a daughter.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Pennington, of near Greenville, on Aug. 2, 1905, a daughter.

Miss Marie Hildner, of Astoria, is the guest of Miss Linnie Stephens.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles E. Everett

returned to North Bend, today.

Go to R. H. Greer's for Economy and Mason fruit jars.

THE MARKETS.

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

Valley Wheat, new, 75 cents. Barley—feed, \$22.50 and \$23; new feed, \$20; rolled, \$23 and \$24. Oats, White, \$30 and \$31 per ton. Oats, Gray, \$29 per ton. Bran, \$19 per ton. Hay, Timothy, old, \$13 @ \$15; new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9. Potatoes, new, 50c @ \$1.00. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 21 and 22. Butter, Extra Creamery, 22 @ 25. Butter, store, ranch, 14 and 15.

CREAM SEPARATORS

I will sell 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 so represent, your money, including express charges, will be refunded. It works automatically; it separates while you take a rest.

BERNARD LEIS, Beaverton, Oregon

GRACE'S CAPTURE

By JAMES HARRIGAN

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

Clyde Phillips emptied his revolver at his pursuers and rode madly down the road. Presently he reined in his horse and turned to look into the twin barrels of a shotgun.

Farther along the gun was a decidedly pretty face which bore a look of stern determination. Instinctively his hands went up.

"That's better," said a girlish voice. "Now throw those guns into the road."

"What is this?" he asked laughingly. "a holdup?"

"You ought to know," she said tersely. "You started it. Drop those guns quick."

"Evidently you are a volunteer," he said easily. "You don't have to play the game like that. Those guns of mine are only loaded with blanks."

The girl laughed scornfully. "But you dropped those poor men out of the saddle," she said meaningly. "You throw those guns down or I'll fill you full of buckshot."

With a laugh, he tossed the pistols to the road. The girl rode up and with the rope at her saddle bow bound his hands together, bringing the arms down. Then, dismounting, she utilized the rest of the rope to bind his feet together under the horse's body.

"Look here," said Phillips uneasily. "what is this?"

"It means the game's up," she answered. "I saw your description in the county papers two weeks ago. There's a reward of \$10,000 up for you."

"Who do you mistake me for?" he asked anxiously. "There is no reward offered for me, and if you think to hold me for ransom you make a grievous error."

"There's no mistake," she said shortly. "I saw the report of your holdup six weeks ago. Then came the offer of reward and your description, and now I just saw you tumble three deputies into the road. I watched a chance to get in behind you. What did you stop so suddenly for?"

"I was going back," he explained. "I'm the head of a motion picture expedition. We are down here taking a



"WHAT IS THIS?" HE ASKED—"A HOLDUP?"

series of pictures of the holdup of the paymaster's train by Butte Bill last week. I was playing the desperado, escaping from the posse sent to capture him. As soon as I was out of range I started to go back to the party and found you."

"Quite a surprise, wasn't it?"

"It was," he admitted frankly, "but it's something that can be easily explained. If you will just lead me back to the party it will all turn out right."

With scorn playing about a decidedly pretty mouth, she remounted her own horse and, catching the bridle of his, turned the horse's heads down the road.

Phillips tried to argue, but to all entreaties she was deaf, and finally he kept silence and let her lead him along the dusty trail, cursing the fate that had led him beyond sight of his co-workers.

An hour passed before the trail led them from the foothills out upon the prairie, and every foot of the way was agony to Phillips, whose bonds cut with every motion of the horse.

"Would you mind loosening these ropes a little?" he asked finally. "You see, my men are not as used to the saddle as you are out here."

"The girl looked back coldly. 'I want

you can stand it for a while," she said shortly. "I'm not going to take chances with you. You're no city man."

"If you will feel in my coat pocket," he urged, "you will find papers that will prove my identity."

He spoke so earnestly that, half convinced, she let her horse drop back and slipped her hand first into the outside, then into the inside pockets. There was not a shred of paper.

"What are you up to?" she asked sharply. "Did you think you could reach my gun?"

"I had forgotten," he said shamefacedly. "I changed to a costume, and every scrap of paper is in my other clothes."

"It will be a long time before you see those," she retorted grimly, "unless you peach and tell where the gang holds out."

"The Star theater, Chicago, is where my gang holds out," he laughed. "If you ever come to Chicago I should be pleased to extend to you all the courtesies of the house—free tickets, you know."

"Better wait until you get there," she cautioned. "If the boys get at you before the sheriff does"—She left the sentence unfinished, but there was no need of explanation.

"Where are we headed for?" he asked after a silence, more to break the solitude than anything else.

"To the shack first, for dinner," she answered; "then fresh horses and by the long route to Tulpas City."

"Why not the shorter way?" he pleaded.

"And maybe run into your gang? No, sir," she retorted, with emphasis. "I've worked like a slave for my little homestead. Sister and I have a quarter section each, and we live together where the two tracts join. We need some money to get irrigation, and I'm not going to take any risks of losing you."

After that Phillips was silent until they came in sight of a small shack, in the doorway of which stood a blue clad figure. This he found was the sister, and after he had dismounted (with a pistol inconveniently near his ear) she it was who led the horses to the stable, while the other took him inside and tied his legs to a chair.

They would not untie his hands even while he ate, and painstakingly his captor, whom her sister called Grace, cut up his meat and fed him. As soon as the meal was over fresh horses were brought around, and they began their long trip to Tulpas City.

The detour added four miles to the route, but Grace would hear of no change of plan, and soon they were making their way through another pass.

Toward dusk they were overtaken by a horseman, and with a shout of joy Phillips hailed the sheriff of Tulpas county. In a few words the Chicagoan explained what had happened, and the sheriff turned, only to look into the barrels of the shotgun which Grace still carried.

"I've got two of you!" she cried. "Put up your hands!"

His hands shot up like a well trained plainsman's should when he is cornered, and presently there were two captives.

"I ain't one of his gang," pleaded the sheriff. "I'm the sheriff of this here county, and I've just come from over Aurora way, where they shot up Butte Bill before yesterday."

"You tell that to the sheriff," she said. "You're most as good at inventing stories as he is," indicating Phillips.

At 10 o'clock that night the sheriff of Tulpas county and the picture man were led up to the piazza of Red Larkin's hotel in Tulpas City, to the keen delight of the loungers. Explanations and assurances followed quickly, and the girl who had arrested the sheriff and the Chicagoan promptly forgot her bravery and wept most feminine tears.

Phillips escorted her back to the ranch in the morning and incidentally to get his own animal back to town, he found it necessary to make several more trips, which resulted in his taking Grace with him when he went back to Chicago. The sheriff is to marry the sister in the spring and run the farm for her. His official position has lost its charm for him since he was held up by a woman.

Seventeenth Century Pedantry.

A crushing weight upon science and literature in the seventeenth century was the dominant pedantry. The great thing was to write commentaries upon old thought and diligently to suppress new thought. The only language of learned lectures was a debased Latin. During the seventeenth century pedantry became a disease in every country. In England a pedant sat on the throne, and Walter Scott has mirrored his spirit in the "Fortunes of Nigel." In Italy and Spain the same tendency prevailed. The world now looks back upon it sometimes with abhorrence, sometimes with ridicule, as pictured in both countries by Manzoni in the "Promised Spoil." In the American colonies it injured all thinkers, and two of the greatest, the Mathers, it crippled. In France there was resistance. Montaigne had undermined it, and it was the constant theme of the brightest wit. La Bruyere presented it in some of his most admirably drawn pictures. Moliere, who had occasion to know and hate it, held it up to lasting ridicule in the "Marriage Force."—Professor Andrew D. White in Atlantic.

The Destination.

"A lot of people are going to the dogs," said the misanthrope.

"Not to the dogs," answered the man who disapproves of gambling, "to the horses."—Baltimore News.

Spoons.

Fair is the maiden, sweet and trim And young and passing clever, And when I'm by she talks and talks And talks and talks forever.

And still she likes to hear her talk And sit and hold her hand, The while she talks and talks and talks And talks to beat the band.

And while she talks the birds sing loud Till music fills the skies; No noise at all can interrupt The language of the eyes.

—Houston Post.

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.

Address all bids to the undersigned, Chairman School Board, Dist. No. 7, Hillsboro, Oregon.

Peter Nelson, of east of town, was in the city this afternoon.

The Awful Language

Heard by a Small Boy

THERE is in the cultured city of Evanston, Ill., a fond young mother who recently became distressed because it was whispered in her presence that bad language was used by some of the pupils at the public school where her little son had just begun his studies. Anxiously she waited for the home coming of her darling, and when he appeared she confessed that she almost wept, thinking of the naughty words that might that day have assailed his ears. She, however, controlled her emotions until the evening shadows fell, and then, after having taken him to his room and heard his prayers and assured him that he was in the solemn presence of his Maker, she said:

"Now, Willie, I want you to answer me a question. I have heard something terrible. It is about certain boys who go to your school. But before you speak remember that God will hear you and know if you fail to tell the truth. I have heard that some of the boys at school use bad words. Have you heard any of them do so?"

The child hung his head and reluctantly confessed that he had.

Kneeling down beside him and putting her arms around him so that she could look squarely into his eyes, she went on, making an effort to appear calm:

"Tell me just what you heard them say. Remember now that One above is listening. Look into mother's eyes, dear, and speak the truth. What was it?"

"Well," he answered, "I-I have heard at least half a dozen boys at school say 'ain't.'"—Chicago Record Herald.

As a Sweet Moral.

Two sisters, New England women, had a grudge against each other and had not spoken in twenty-five years. At last one of them came to what she thought was her deathbed. Wanting to die in peace, she sent for her sister and said to her:

"Martha, I want to make up with you, but it must be conditional or not at all."

"And what is the condition?" asked Martha calmly.

"It is that if I do not die, I may take back the grudge!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Wifely Sarcasm.

Mr. Graball—More money! What would you do if you lost me? Beg for it, I suppose.

Mrs. Graball—Well, you don't think that would be anything new for me, do you?

Beyond the Reach of Medicine.

"Gerald, what makes your eyes so red?"

"Are they red, Millie? Then it must be because I didn't sleep well last night."

"Are you troubled with insomnia? You ought to take something to cure it."

"But I don't want to be cured of it. I like awake thinking of you."

It was plain sailing for Gerald after that.—Chicago Tribune.

Something Easy to Shut Up.

Miss Bleecher—Are you going to the baseball game tomorrow, Mr. Fann?

Fann—Well—er—yes, I thought of going.

Miss Bleecher—Alone, Mr. Fann?

Fann—Oh, no; I shall take an umbrella.—New York Times.

Identifying Him.

"Who is your favorite composer?"

"I was talking to mother and the girls about that yesterday," answered Mr. Gummox. "It is somebody whose lines I can't remember and whose name I can't pronounce."—Washington Star.

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Brief Introduction to Operations Performed by

A. H. FEHR, VMDV

THEIR ARTZ

New York San Francisco Chicago

Operations on the Head

Dentistry in all its branches. Trephining the different Sinuses. Re-uniting Silt Ears. Setting Ears, (on Dogs.) Glass Eyes perfectly fitted. Numerous Operations on Deformed Eyes. Trifacial Neurotomy, (for Shingles.)

Operations on the Neck

Tracheotomy, (for Suffocating Animals.) Arteriotomy, (for Wind-broken Horses.) Intercutaneous Injections. Phlebotomy, (for Blind Stagners.) Esophagotomy, (for Choking.) Myectomy, (for Cribbing.) Different Operations, (for Poll Evil.) Anti-Toxine Injections, (for Lockjaw.) Tuberculin Test, (for Tuberculosis.) Maligne Test, (for Glanders.) Brain and Saliva Test, (for Rabies.)

Operations on the Trunk and Genital Organs

Operation, (for Fistulas Wethers.) Puncture of Chest, (for Pleurisy.) Puncture of Intestines, (for Bloating.) Removal of Shoulder, Collar, and Saddle Tumors.

Caudal Mectomy, (for Gripping of the Reins.) Amputation of the Tail, Penis, Limbs. Hernia Operations, (for Breach or Rupture.) Urethrotomy, (for Stone in the Bladder.) Vaginal Ovariectomy, (for Kicking, etc.) Clitorotomy, (for Switching and other bad habits.) Castrations Performed Standing.

Operations on the Extremities

Tenotomy of the Flexor Tendons of the Foot. Peroneal Tenotomy, (for String Halt.) Cuneal Tenotomy, (for Spavin.) Plantar Neurectomy. Navicular Disease. Ring Bones. For Side Bones. Founder, etc. Digital Neurectomy. Lameness in Knees. Ulnar Neurectomy. For Spavins. Sciatic Neurectomy.

Medicines of modern science enable me to operate on the standing animal, with very little hemorrhage, and absolutely painless.

I will be located at the Portland Race Track until September 16, where all city and out-of-town Mail, Telephone or Telegraph messages will receive immediate attention.

DR. A. H. FEHR.

City address: 249 1/2 Holladay Ave.

The Doctor will come fully prepared to perform any or all operations mentioned in his list. The Dr. is well known throughout all the Pacific Coast cities, as he has been Official Veterinarian to the Pacific Coast Jockey Association for two years, which office he still holds.

He will make his headquarters at Hillsboro Livery Stable, August 7 and 8, where all examinations and consultations will be absolutely free.

O. R. & N.

OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

5 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY FROM PORTLAND.

Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane, tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping-cars (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago, Kansas City, reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

DEPART FOR DAILY

TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND

ARRIVE FROM DAILY

Chicago

Portland

Special

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

St. Paul

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