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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

LONG & MCKINNEY

NEAT STREETS

When another year rolls around Hillsboro's city council should see to it that the streets are kept clear of the rank growth of dog fennel that fringes both sides of the road way. At present this growth is about the most unsightly thing in the town, and strangers in the city can not but have a bad impression of the neatness of the town.

A little extra work early in the season, and a subsequent mowing, will have the desired effect. Let us keep the streets of the town tidy in appearance.

A DAIRY COUNTY

Each year it becomes more evident that Washington County will best prosper as a dairy county, rather than a grain producer. Dairying always replenishes the soil, and leaves the land, every year, in better shape than the preceding season. While under the poorest conditions the grain yield is as good as in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and in many respects better, it is evident that grain raising for a decent profit is soon to be a thing of the past. Dairying will give us better soil, for dairying produces fertilizer, and what comes out of the ground again goes back to earth. Dairying pays better than any other branch of farming, and this is proven by casual observation, everywhere.

Washington County always produces a fine crop of hay, and the section is rich with small streams. If farmers will pin their faith to dairying they will find the royal road to prosperity and there will be no impoverishment of soil.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

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

Mrs. Belle Hinman, wife of C. L. Hinman and daughter of Mrs. Levi Smith, died at Forest Grove, last Thursday evening, from tuberculosis. She leaves a husband and an adopted daughter, and two sisters and three brothers.

D. C. Stewart, a prominent citizen of Forest Grove, died last Friday night, after an illness of several months. Deceased was stock inspector of Washington county. A widow, two sons, and one daughter, Mrs. Chas. E. Bradley, survive him.

Thermometers around town have been registering quite frequently this week at the 95 degree mark, and still there is no evidence of a change in the temperature. Last night, however, it grew quite chill before morning. The hot weather has played havoc with the hop lice throughout the district, but it has also worked a hardship on vegetation.

Special discount of 20 per cent. on children's carriages and go-carts.—G. W. Patterson & Son.

Those who have easings to burn between June 1 and October 1 should bear in mind that they must get a permit from the County Clerk or be liable to a fine not less than \$100 nor more than \$1000, or a county jail sentence not less than a month nor more than a year. Applicants must give a description of the land, and appear before the clerk in person. There are many who do not know of the law, and it will be well to spread the information as far as possible for no one would care to see a man with good intentions arrested. Those who have already secured permits are: J. C. Hare, J. M. Binkley, Cornelius Brown, J. L. Umschied, Thos. Simms, J. N. Berry, John Blavin, T. C. Meehan and C. F. Grable.

THE MARKETS

This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are:  
Valley Wheat, new, 78 cents.  
Barley—feed, \$21.50 and \$22.  
New feed, \$20; rolled, \$23 and \$24.  
Oats, White, \$29 and \$30 per ton  
Oats, Gray, \$29 per ton.  
Wheat, \$19 per ton.  
Hay, Timothy, old, \$13 @ \$15;  
new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9.  
Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9.  
Potatoes, new, 65c @ \$7.75.  
Eggs, Oregon ranch, 21 and 22.  
Butter, Extra Creamery, 25 @ 27.  
Butter, store, ranch, 14 and 15.

Go to R. H. Greer's for Economy

## KITTY

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1905, by Frank H. Sweet

As they walked she told her companion of new plans. That very day she had secured employment in the blanket factory and would commence work the next morning.

Six months before she had come home a broken wreck—her husband recently killed in a drunken brawl, her own life spoiled, as she thought, by the man against whom she had been warned. But now, with renewed health and resolution, she was about to commence life again, to build up from the wreck. Halstead listened quietly until she finished, then broke out:

"You know there ain't no need for it, Kitty. You know I've been waitin' for you to get strong so I could say the same thing I did before—before you met him. It didn't seem right to persuade you when you first came, you were so weak an' tired. But now you're strong again an' know your own mind. An' Kitty"—his voice trembling in spite of his efforts at self-control—"I've been waitin' a good many years. I've never felt to marry anybody else. Her hand rose impetuously to stop him.

"But you must think to marry somebody else, Halstead," she said earnestly. "You're too good a man to be wasted that way. An' you must stop thinkin' of me, for it can't ever be after—after what's gone by. I ain't much, but I couldn't be so mean as to harm a man like that. Now, Halstead, please"—touching his arm as she saw the grim amusement on his face—"don't make me go on feelin' I've ruined your life. There's the Nelly Bocup. She likes you, an'—"

Halstead laughed aloud. "No use talkin' that way, Kitty," he interrupted. "I want you, an' if I can't have you now I'm willin' to wait awhile. When it gets too hard I shall grab you up an' run so fast an' far you won't be able to get breath to say 'No.'"

"I'm sorry, Halstead." There were tears in Kitty's eyes, but her voice was firm. "I ain't ever marry any man to hamper him. It won't be no use for you to wait an' ask me again ever."

There was much sickness in the town that fall—a malignant spotted fever, highly contagious—and one by one the poorer portions of the town were put under quarantine. Then one evening Halstead helped what he thought to be a drunken man to his home, and the next day the man came down with the fever and within a week was dead. Within an hour after Halstead heard this he was on his way to the woods for what he said was to be a few days' hunting. In reality it was to watch himself.

One morning before people had begun to appear on the streets he staggered to the sidewalk outside the fence of his sister's house, where Kitty boarded. "Mary! Oh, Mary!" he called. Then when his sister appeared at the door: "Don't come any nearer. You know that empty cabin up by the big rock where we walk sometimes?"

"Yes."  
"Well, I want you to send some food and water there soon's you can. I've got the fever. Wait," raising his voice a little bitterly as she withdrew hurriedly into the house. "There ain't a mite of danger this far, not for you nor the children. I won't go near the cabin till you get the things in, so it'll be safe. I'll stay off in the woods a couple of hours. But please hurry, for I'm beginning to lose sense of things."  
"Halstead!" It was a quiet but peremptory voice from an upper window. Halstead raised his eyes and tried to fix his mind on what he saw there. "Kitty, Kitty," he said dreamily, "that you? Better go in an' shut the window. Maybe the wind's blowin' that way."  
"Halstead," the voice said slowly and distinctly, "can you go straight to the cabin by yourself?"  
"Course," indignantly, "straight's an arrow. But I'll wait two hours."  
"No," peremptorily, "you must go at once, straight. I will see about the food an' everything else. I'll have a doctor there almost as soon as you as you come in here, but there's your sister an' her children, an' there's children in both the next houses. So maybe it wouldn't be best. Now go, straight, straight to the cabin."  
Halstead raised his hand to his forehead undecidedly. But the voice had been clear and inclusive, and just now it was easier for him to obey than to think. So he nodded vaguely and staggered up the sidewalk. Kitty watched him anxiously until she realized that in spite of his wavering steps he was heading toward the cabin. Then she hurried downstairs. Mary met her at the foot.

"WILL YOU MARRY MR. HALSTEAD?"

The onion, whether young or old, is a friend to mankind. It is good for a whole lot of ailments. Now, that very fact ought to suggest that it contains something stronger than water. That something is a volatile oil. It is called an oil because of its chemical composition, but no one seeing the stuff in a bottle would judge it to be an oil. It is said to be "volatile" not because of any innate wickedness, but because when exposed to the air it passes away in a state of vapor. If we eat it with bread or something similar, all is serene. If we think that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing and that we ought not to adulterate it and so eat of the onion more liberally than wisely, we may get a starter in the shape of indigestion. In fact, the oil of the onion will greatly irritate the stomach, and it may set up a mild inflammation.

**Curious Bird Ways.**  
How birds know when to go and which way to turn are things not yet well understood because the flights are at night and the great movements start a long time before it is really necessary for the birds to go. They leave their winter homes (perhaps in Mexico) when there is no perceptible change in the weather and return from their breeding grounds in most cases while their food supply is at its very height—long before it is cold or the grass and weed seeds and insects begin to get scarce. In many cases, too, the young birds of the year, who have never left their homes before, lead the long procession in the great southward flight and are followed later by their parents.—St. Nicholas.

**Alliance.**  
There is great excitement in Lone Tree Gulch.  
One Eyed Ike has turned up a dozen huge nuggets of solid gold.  
"Why," says Toothless Tuff, "any one of these things is worth \$10,000. Ike, you've struck it at last. What are ye goin' to do with all your money?"  
"I'm goin' to buy a thousand alarm clocks," replied One Eyed Ike.  
"What for?"  
"An' I'm goin' to set 'em all for 8 o'clock in the mornin', an' when they wake me up I'm jest goin' to turn over in bed an' shoot the everlastin' daylight out o' them."—Chicago Tribune.

**A Pleasant Wish.**  
"Boss," said the office boy who had lost six grandmothers and four uncles during the baseball season, "I'd like to go to a funeral this afternoon."  
"Perhaps," said the boss, "but you won't."  
"I s'pose not. But I'd like to all the same."  
"You won't go to any more funerals the rest of this year. D'ye hear? Whose funeral is it, anyhow?"  
"Yours," said the office boy and has been in the city since yesterday.

## The Cadaverous Man Was Not Appreciated

"YOU won't mind my mentioning it perhaps," said the tall, thin, cadaverous man of middle age, turning to the young man sitting next to him at the lunch counter, "but the salesman at the clothing store neglected to remove the tag from the tail of your coat when you bought it this morning."

"I don't know that you need to concern yourself about that tag, sir," said the young man, reddening with anger. "You're welcome," rejoined the other, calmly stirring his coffee. "To the best of my knowledge and belief, sir, I didn't thank you."

"Oh, that isn't necessary. If one of the parties in a transaction of this kind fails in the matter of common civility it doesn't release the other from the obligation to be at least ordinarily polite. Keep the tag on if you prefer."

"I don't need your permission to do that either."

"It's curious," remarked the cadaverous man after eating for a few moments in silence, "in what different ways people acknowledge a kindness. For instance, I once offended a man almost to the fighting point by telling him that his dried mustache didn't look well with his light brown hair, just as you."

"I don't care to hear any more of your talk."

"Yes; that's exactly what he said. You wouldn't believe it, young man, but I've got into more kinds of scrapes by trying to render unobtrusive little services to my fellow men than you've got pimples on your nose."

"I'll be obliged to you if you'll let me alone and attend to your own business, you darned old walking skeleton!"

"No man of proper feeling could reiterate a request in such mild, conciliatory language as that. Please consider the remark as to the tag on the tail of your coat withdrawn. Furthermore, for fear it might offend you, I shall say nothing about your making too much noise when you eat, wiping your nose with your napkin or laying your dead cigar at my elbow, you unintelligent barbarian. What you need is somebody with a good vocabulary to tell you that you're a two legged donkey and an unmanly boor, with less sense of decency than a—Going you? Sorry you can't stay to hear the rest of it."

**Supposing.**  
An official of one of the departments of Washington says that while going to his luncheon one afternoon he saw a military funeral passing down Pennsylvania avenue. As the pageant passed the official was standing on the curb, hat in hand, and noting with interest the reversed arms, the flag draped coffin and the riderless horse behind, when some one touched him on the elbow and said:

"I hope you'll excuse me, boss, but would you mind tellin' me whether the dead soldier was anything to you?"  
"Why, no," answered the official, smiling in spite of himself as he turned and beheld a solemn looking old dork of perhaps sixty years of age.  
"Excuse me again, boss," continued the negro, "but you kinder looked that sorry I thought maybe he was something to you."  
"He was a brave soldier," answered the official.

The dork said nothing for a moment. Finally, with a sigh, he added:  
"Wouldn't it be grand, boss, mournin' for a man like that 'sposin' he was something to you?"—Harper's Weekly.

**The Friendly Onion.**  
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## ANY FOOL

Knows enough to carry an umbrella when it rains, but the wise one is he who carries one when it is only cloudy.

Any man will send for a doctor when he gets bed-fast, but the wiser one is he who adopts proper precautionary, preventive and curative measures when first appear the ills which, if uncorrected, grow into serious illness.

Impaired digestion and nutrition are generally the forerunners of a nervous or functional breakdown.

Nature has provided remedies most abundantly for all such conditions in our native medicinal plants. With the use of chemically pure glycerine, of proper strength and at a proper sustained temperature, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Seal root, Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark, Bloodroot and Mandrake root, medicinal principles which, when combined in just the right proportions, constitute his widely famed "Golden Medical Discovery." It restores the tone of the stomach, the activity of the liver and the steadiness of the nerves, pouring vitality into the blood till the once sick and debilitated one is as renewed in health, strength and power that he can resume his work, whatever it is, with vigor and elasticity.

All medical authorities, of whatever school, agree that Hydrastis, or Golden Seal—one of the essential roots in the make-up of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—is of very great value as a pure tonic, and as an alternative—valuable in chronic affections of the stomach, intestines and bladder.

Not only the Original but the Improved, best Little Liver Pills, first put out over 40 years ago, by old Dr. Williams, have been much imitated, but never equalled, as their sands attest. They're purely vegetable, being made up of concentrated and refined medicinal principles, extracted from the roots of American plants. Do not gripe. One or two for stomach corrective, three or four for cathartic.

**A Song of Schooldays.**  
LUV stich us hurs will never nevair di  
Sins nevair maid a donut ur a pi  
butt shee kann lurn ann wott shee  
dusent no  
wott bee wirtie becaws I liv hur so  
wott iff we haftoo liv on kanned bakid  
bones  
and botten finger cookeys and sardens  
sil hart will feest upon mi liv ann wenn  
Mi spight gets down too wurk agn  
shee will hav turnd too cook ann awl be  
we!  
Ann brite ann happie us a marriage ball  
O nitey liv bi wich too soles are ledd  
too happinesse wie eten baykers bredd  
ann bren furnichour us best they kann  
Too fl thare hoan onn thee instalgunt  
plann.  
wott diffrens iff thee cooken steav dont  
draw  
u onley haftoo ast ure motherlawn  
too kum ann help u ann shee kums ann  
brings  
sum hoamstead bredd ann plee ann other  
things  
Ann fires thee hird gurl ann seee steel  
stay  
untli u reely want hur to go way.  
than will hur mothers gotten things  
too ste  
shee! silt; inn thee frunt parter lookan  
awts  
Ann doan fancy wurk ann awl day long  
wee! silt like burds ann burst ow! into  
soog  
shee see shee not afraid u bein; poor  
iff shee has lotta uv cloas. ann shee en-  
door  
wott ever forchun brings iff I dont look  
fur hur too doo thee howwurk ann too  
cook  
How cood I help but laven hur wenn shee  
is reddy to lay down hur life for me!  
—J. W. Foley in Life.

**Net Profit.**  
"Good morning, Speckleby. How is business?"  
"Oh, it's all loss; no profit nowadays. Why, only yesterday wifey's mother got tangled up in a net."  
"Well, that's net profit, isn't it?"

**She Was.**  
The sweet girl graduate was reading her essay.  
The fond mother, sitting near the front row, was gazing at her with rapture.  
"You ought to be proud of her, Mrs. Hignius," whispered the admiring friend sitting alongside.  
"Indeed I am," answered the mother. "It cost \$75 and fits her like a glove!"  
—Chicago Tribune.

**Nature Assails.**  
We were allowed to peep into the future and see the people of the earth in 1910.  
"But why are their arms upraised?" we inquired.  
"Oh, that is the way they grew. Many years ago their ancestors used to hang on to the straps in street cars."—Detroit Tribune.

**Not Altogether Hopeloss.**  
Grace—I actually had three men at my feet last week.  
Edith—Oh, well, don't get discouraged. Perhaps you may yet find a cupid's spigot who will be able to afford you

**Very Realistic.**  
"And when the hero spoke," read the college girl with the novel, "there was a lump in the heroine's throat."  
"Poor girl!" sighed her chum. "I bet she felt bad!"  
"Not at all. She felt good."  
"And how was that?"  
"Why, it was a lump of ice cream!"  
—Chicago News.

**Drone's Geraldine.**  
Gerald—If you refuse me I shall put a bullet in my brain.  
Geraldine—A whole bullet?  
Gerald—Of course.  
Geraldine—I see; you don't intend to have it go away in.—Judge.

**Hopyard for lease.** Yard of 75 acres, in hops, for lease for five years, for \$20,000; \$5,000 down and balance on time. Four horses, plows, and all necessary tools. Present lease gives lessee three-fourths of the crop. Remaining quarter must be delivered owner of land. Parties interested see J. C. Kuralt or John Salzgeber, Hillsboro, R. F. D. No. 4.

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



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## 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.

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**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.

## BOOKS

FREE FREE FREE

We will present a nice cloth-bound book with every pair of shoes bought at our store, irrespective of the price of shoes.

Our stock is complete, and our price the very lowest. Don't fail to come and see our shoes, and the book is yours.

## L. M. Hoyt Co.

HILLSBORO, ORE.

**Don't Quit Your Business.**

It's not necessary to follow the advice of the wag who said, "If your drinking interferes with your business, quit your business."

## CYRUS NOBLE BOURBON AND RYE

are fine old whiskies of quality, that are indeed a tonic for inveterate and occasional drinkers. These whiskies leave the head as clear as a bell the next day—fit for business. Always call for them in reply to the great American inquiry, "What'll it be?"

At all Clubs, Bars and Saloons.

W. J. VAN SCHUVER & Co., Inc., Distributors, PORTLAND, ORE.

## 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. Kow-Kure on hand. We sell

### 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.

## The J. W. Hartrampf Feed Store

## WEINHARD'S

(On draught)

The best of all Beers.

Bottled for Medicinal Use

At W. V. WILEY'S

## Talk About Power

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

### Executrix' Notice

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, executrix of the estate of John Peters, deceased, have filed my Final Account as such executrix in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, and that said Court has set Monday, September 4, 1905, at the hour of 10:30 o'clock a.m. as the time, and the County Court Room in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said account, and the Final Settlement of said estate.  
Dated July 27, 1905.  
ADDIE PETERS,  
Executrix of the estate of John Peters, deceased.  
W. N. Barrett, Attorney for Estate.

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### Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of Venedict 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,  
Executrix of the last will and testament of Venedict Scherschel, deceased.  
Geo. R. Hagley, Attorney for Executrix.

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

Flour and Feed.—Cate's Market,