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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

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—BY— LONG & McKINNEY

A JOE MEEK DAY

Washington county people should prevail upon the Lewis & Clark commission to have a Joe Meek Day set before the Fair ends. It is historic that Col. Meek, for years a resident of Washington county, and one of the earliest of pathfinders, played an important part in the saving of the Oregon country, which embraced not only Oregon, but Washington and Idaho, to the Union. The historically important meeting at Champeog was surely dominated by the personality of Joe Meek, and his action at the pathological moment, doubtless saved Oregon for us—or, at least, averted a serious struggle between England and the United States. Had the meeting voted for a provisional government under the British flag there is no doubt but what English guns would have protected the territory, and a vast domain would have been lost to our nation forever, unless brought back by force of arms. By all means let us have a "Joe Meek" Day—and let Washington county see that Oregon furnishes a suitable remembrance, at the Fair, of the frontiersman who played the star part in saving a domain larger than all New England to a country which seems to have forgotten his services. The remains of Col. Meek lay in a quiet little churchyard north of this city. He laid down a life full of honors for a man who loved the wild and free—and so, by some fitting demonstration, the Argus asks that his memory be honored, and that the Lewis & Clark Exposition shall not go down to history, leaving the fame of Col. Joseph L. Meek, the Virginian, unremembered and unused.

The Tillamook railroad people had their first payday yesterday and today, and hundreds of dollars, were distributed along the line. This explodes the theory, advanced by those throwing cold water on the project, that this is nothing but a "hot air" proposition. The road will be built and good money will be paid out in construction. All of Forest Grove's people know this except their newspaper men, and they are at liberty to copy this article.

Ex-Senator Huston, of Hillsboro, is out for the nomination to succeed Binger Hermann. Should he be successful he will in all likelihood be elected, for the district is strongly republican. The Argus has had some bitter political differences with Mr. Huston, but will state that as far as ability is concerned, he is better qualified for the position than any of his party whose names have as yet been before the people as candidates for the nomination. Mr. Huston's fight is in his own party, and a nomination is as good as an election. Of course, the Argus expects to support the candidate who will be in opposition, provided a candidate is selected in conformity with true reform. Otherwise it will be none of this paper's fight.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned desire to thank their neighbors and friends for the aid and sympathy tendered during their bereavement, the death of their late father, Noah Jobe, and they especially thank those who delivered the beautiful floral tributes.

Mrs. Rebecca Pomeroy. Mrs. W. H. Taylor. W. F. Jobe. Hillsboro, August 17, 1905.

Dr. J. E. Adkins returned from a two weeks' trip to Arlington, Tuesday evening.

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

Lorne Palmateer leaves for Seaside tomorrow morning for a short vacation.

Smoke the Schiller and Excelencia cigars—Oregon manufacture. Call for them.

Dan Berkhalter, and Wm. Schulmerich, of Farmington, were in town yesterday, preparing for a

Frank Weisenback, manager of the Ray hop farm, Witch Hazel, and P. S. Anderson, the Reedville merchant, were in town yesterday afternoon.

Woven wire fence is cheaper than lumber. We can sell any kind of a wire fence in the market. Sole agents for the American Steel and Wire Company.—Schulmerich Bros.

Fred King, of Cedar Mill, who has been quite ill for some time, but is sufficiently recovered to make trips to the city, was in this morning.

Mrs. Maria Markee and son, Asbury Markee, of Butler County, Kansas, were here this week, the guests of Mrs. C. F. Hays.

Miss Pearl Smith, of the Argus force, is spending the week in camp at Roderick Falls.

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

Rowell Bros., of Scholls, were in town today.

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.

THE MARKETS.

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

Valley Wheat, new, 74 cents. Barley—feed, \$20.50 and \$21; new feed, \$20; rolled, \$23 and \$24. Oats, White, \$28 and \$29 per ton. Oats, Gray, \$27 per ton. Above price old crop. New crop, white, \$5 less; gray, \$5 less. Bran, \$19 per ton. Hay, Timothy, old, \$13 @ \$15; new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9. Potatoes, new, 75c @ \$1.00. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 21 @ 22. Butter, Extra Creamery, 27 @ 30. Hops on raise, choice at 20 cts.

George Couldn't Stop.

Ye fellowe satte beside ye maiden; She was a comely maye, And often if not oftener, One heard strange words like this: "Stop it, George!"

She hadde a well shaped, slender waiste, A twinkling, rosylike eye, And through ye stille night air there came This artfulle little crye: "Stop it, George!"

Her plump cheekes they were tinged with redde, Her lippes were Cupid's bowe— Whette meant ye subtle words that ome Ye atmosphere arose: "Stop it, George!"

She had ye hair of Tylian hue, Ye dimple on each cheek; Ye fellowe he dist love her, too, And cared naught for her stricke: "Stop it, George!"

Ye auto pumped into a tree, Ye pair of new heels o'er head, And whenne ye maiden came to gasped she, "Ye ought-done-as-I-said-and- Stopped-it, George!" —P. P. Fitzer in New York Press.

An Open Question.



"Mamma says girls ought to learn to cook instead of to play the piano. What do you think?" "Well, it all depends on whether it would be worse to eat what they cooked or hear what they played."

Did Not Matter. Booker T. Washington tells the following story of a member of the "poph" white trash who endeavored to cross a stream by means of a ferry owned by a negro.

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money." Uncle Mose scratched his head. "Don't you got no money 't nite?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But hit done cost you but free cents ter cross ferry?" "I know, but I haven't the money," insisted the white man.

Uncle Mose was in a quandary, and after a few moments' thought said: "Boss, I done t'ole you what. 'Er man what aint got no free cents am jes' ez well off on dis side of der riber as on der oder.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Experienced. Grinnand Barrett—Hamfatter has just bought a farm. E. Forest Frost—Does he know anything about farming? Grinnand Barrett—Lord, yes! Why, he played in "The Old Homestead" and "Way Down East" for years.—Puck.

Wanted to See the Fun. First Boy—Where you goin' so fast? Second Boy—Hurry up. Mad dog around the corner. "Which corner?" "The one I'm runnin' to, of course."—New York Weekly.

Reward of Virtue. He-I saved \$20 last month by giving up smoking. Now, what would you like me to give up next?

The UNEXPECTED

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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Robertson, absorbed in thought, forgot to tell the conductor what street he wished. It was only by chance, looking up, that the awning caught his eye and he tumbled hastily out of the car. It was snowing hard, and Robertson, pulling his coat collar about his ears, mentally reviled himself for being such a fool as to be out. But on the dock last evening Mrs. Preston—there to meet her sister—had made a point of his coming, so here he was. And perhaps he might learn something of Virginia. It was a year now since he had been in America. In all that time he had heard no word of the girl. He had little doubt of how matters stood, however, that last afternoon when he had gone to bid Virginia goodbye and had met her driving with Henry Waring. That last sight of them together had only confirmed the rumors which for some time had been flying about. They were probably married by now. This morning when he had walked past the house which held such bitter-sweet memories it bore a sign "To Let."

Robertson sighed, then plunged up the steps. The house was brilliantly lighted. From the rear hall came the



CAN'T YOU EVEN WAIT TO SEE THE BRIDE COME DOWN?"

dreary rhythmic strains of a Hungarian orchestra. Garland of flowers hung over door and stairway. Robertson had not supposed it was to be a large tea.

On entering the drawing room Robertson started violently. The room was nearly empty, the green bower in the window was deserted, but the hostess still stood by the door. It was Virginia's mother. Robertson, his head whirling in amaze, stared as she greeted him warmly.

"Why, Mr. Robertson, this is indeed a pleasure," she exclaimed. "When did you return, and how did you know that we had moved?" Robertson, too embarrassed to be tactful, flushed.

"Why—why, I fear that I came under false pretenses," he stammered. "I expected to find Mrs. Preston."

Virginia's mother smiled. "Then you are one block out of the way," she explained. "She is in Sixty-ninth street, and this is Sixty-eighth. But I will not let you go. We have been celebrating a wedding here to-day, as you see, and you are very welcome."

"A wedding," repeated Robertson faintly. He wondered if he looked queer—if Mrs. Nelson would notice anything. "And—Miss Virginia?" "I suspect they have all gone into the dining room," said Mrs. Nelson. "The ceremony was at 4, so the bride and groom will be leaving shortly."

Still striving to collect his wits, Robertson made a slow way to the dining room. It was only what he had expected, he told himself angrily. Why should he care? Yes, there was Waring, flushed and excited, a great white cluster of lilies of the valley in his buttonhole. The room was filled with merry young people, laughing and chatting, but Robertson had eyes only for the slender, graceful girl who stood by Waring's side in a gray dress and big gray hat with soft tresses. As she saw him enter the words died on the girl's lips, she hesitated, colored and then came gravely to meet him. Robertson's heart thumped painfully. How lovely, how sweet, how altogether desirable she looked!

"Is it really you?" asked the girl, a faint tinge of awkwardness in her manner. "How nice of you to come."

"Isn't it?" agreed Robertson, a trifle bitterly. "I must go and congratulate Waring."

She smiled. "Tell me first about yourself," she said gently. "You are really back then. And you are going to stay?" "I start for Japan tomorrow morning," returned Robertson, with surprising firmness, considering the fact that the idea had but that moment found its inception in his brain. "I—I do not know when I shall return."

"Then this visit is only to say goodbye?" asked the girl, bending her head to inhale the fragrance of the flowers she carried. "You—you did not honor us that far before your last departure," Robertson flushed again.

"I came," he said quietly, "but you were out. I saw you driving with Waring. Not surprising under the circumstances," trying to laugh.

"No," assented the girl. "I—I have had to be with Henry a good deal this last year or so. I remember now we went that day to meet my cousin. I do not know that you ever saw Mabel." Robertson shook his head.

"I think not," he said. What was Mabel to him? "I have just been explaining to your mother that I got into the wrong house," he continued formally. "Seeing the awning and the snowstorm must have misled me, these streets are all very much alike. So you will pardon me if I go. I—I wish you all happy."

Miss Nelson, her lips trembling a bit wistfully, gazed back at him. There was something wrong; she could feel the vague restraint that hung between them. Was it due only to his long absence? He had always been a good friend of hers before that hasty trip to Europe which summoned him away last year. Indeed, she had thought, once or twice—And now he was going away again with that hurt, tired look in his eyes. Could—could she not stop him?

"Must you really go?" she asked in a troubled little voice. "Can't you even wait to see the bride come down?" "The bride!" cried Robertson. "The bride?" Then suddenly his face changed, a new light leaped to his eyes. "What—what do you mean?" he demanded in a choked, strangled sort of tone. "Aren't—aren't you the bride?" "I?" ejaculated Miss Nelson. "I?" Robertson's excitement deepened.

"But—but I saw you with him," he persisted, "and people said—" "Into the girl's look flashed a quick comprehension mingled with he could not tell what other emotion.

"You—you thought that it was I for whom Henry cared," she gasped. "Oh—oh, you are mistaken! It is Mabel; it has always been Mabel. But—but she would not listen to him, and for ages I have been his helper and confidant. And so at last he won. She will be down in a moment, if you will wait."

Robertson, his breath coming uncertainly, bent forward. "It—it lies with you," he said, his voice shaking a little. "Shall I stay?" For a moment her eyes met his. Then from the hall came the cry, "The bride—the bride!" Virginia turned and ran. Robertson, his heart beating high, raced after her.

"God bless you, Waring," he called exultantly. "Good luck to you. Oh, I say, where's the rice?"

A Smuggling Scheme Spoiled. When Joseph Bonaparte was king of Spain a good many individuals, even those highly placed, enriched themselves at the expense of the revenue.

One day a contrabandist met a brigadier at Segovia about to return with empty caissons to Madrid.

"Look here, my friend," said he, "I want you to convey for me a quantity of cannon balls and shells to the capital—as many as your horses can draw."

Then he showed him piles of these munitions of war. The brigadier demurred—the weight would be prodigious. "Bah!" replied the smuggler. "They are all of blackened pasteboard and are full of velvets, tobacco, brandy and liquors. Get them safe into the Prado, and you shall be paid for your pains 75 louis d'or. They will let cannon balls pass the barriers without taxing them."

The brigadier agreed and managed to get them into the Prado at Madrid in the night, but as those in the plot were unloading the goods up rode an officer.

"Hello!" said he. "The very thing we want. I have orders to send a convoy of shot to Seville, wanted against those dogs of English." And he confiscated the lot, but finding them remarkably light, broke one, and forth gushed the cognac.

"The Mad Beethoven." All sorts of anecdotes are told of Beethoven's peculiarities in domestic and social life, of his ordering dinners and never eating them, of his passing intimate friends and never heeding them. Sometimes he was subjected to no little annoyance in these absent moods.

Once when deeply engrossed with the composition of a symphony he wandered out on the ramparts of Vienna thinking over the music. He was greatly annoyed to find a host of small boys following and laughing. He warned them off, but they came again, and the composer could get no peace to indulge in his grand thoughts.

At length a friend met him and reminded him that he was destitute of hat and neckcloth. His throat was bare, and his hair was blowing about in a keen east wind.

The boys watched the composer and his friend turn back into the city, when one of the little urchins said: "There, I told you it was the mad Beethoven."

His Queer Way. Mr. Terwilliger was the busiest man in the neighborhood. He was always tinkering at something or other about his house. At one time it would be a device by which he could lower his window in the morning without getting out of bed. At another time it would be a system of weights and pulleys for managing his furnace in the basement from the floor above.

He worked for weeks on a windmill designed for raising the water from his cistern to a tank on the roof of his house and devoted an equal length of time to an automatic dumb water connecting the pantry with the kitchen and dining room.

"Why are you forever doing this sort of thing?" an inquisitive neighbor asked him one day.

"To save labor, of course," said Mr. Terwilliger, surprised at so unnecessary a question.

Never Failing Crew. "Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Hatchchild, "it seems to be as if I never saw so many babies and children in all my life. Look at that army of infants."

"Yes," said hub, "the whole population seems to be up in arms."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

His Consolation. "But," asked the long haired young man, "is there not something in poetry that you like?" "Well, yes," replied Crabbe. "Whenever I see a poem it makes me feel good to realize that there's no law to compel me to read it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Factor in Affairs. "The automobile has not accomplished much in actual business," said the utilitarian.

"Oh, yes, it has. It has helped accident insurance a great deal."—Washington Star.

Lost by Winning. He—Clara Spooner lost her best friend last week.



No woman can look beautiful without good health. A woman's good health depends on those organs peculiarly feminine, and which so often become diseased, causing misery and dragging down a pain. Nature's laws are perfect, health endures if you obey them, but disease follows disobedience. The distressing complaints of women are often brought about by catching cold at a critical period, breathing foul indoor air and long hours of work and nervous tension. Go straight to Nature for the cure—to the forest. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is Nature's cure for the distressing complaints of women. Prof. King, M. D., in his American Dispensary, says of Black Cohosh or Black Snake-root—"our early American Indians set a high value on this root in diseases of women. It is surpassed by no other drug, in congestive conditions of the parts where there are dragging pains and tenderness."

Lady's Slipper root is a "nerve stimulating and tonic, improving both circulation and nutrition of the nerve centers—favoring sleep and cheerful condition of the mind; of service in mental depression, nervous headache, irregularities of women with dependency."—Prof. King. Besides the above ingredients there are—Golden Seal, Unicorn and Blue Cohosh roots in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

Cruelty of Science Practiced by Harold.

MISS ESTELLE REEL, superintendent of Indian schools, was talking about cruelty.

"Cruelty," she said, "is lack of imagination. It isn't true that only savages are cruel. All people without developed minds, minds capable of sympathy, are cruel. Children, till they have learned to think, are invariably cruel."

Miss Reel smiled. "Let me tell you about a little boy," she said. "To this little boy there were given two images of plaster, coated on the outside with pink sugar. He wanted to eat the images, but he was warned on no account to do so.

"They are poison," he was told. "If you eat them, they will kill you." "However, the little boy was dubious. He had been cheated before this by grownup people. Day after day he asked if he might not eat the images. Finally he had a young friend, Richard Howe, to spend the day with him, and that night it was discovered that one of the images had disappeared.

"His mother, nearly frantic, rushed to him. "Harold," she said, "where is that pink image?" "Harold frowned, as he answered defiantly: "I gave it to Richard, and if he's alive tomorrow I'm going to eat the other one myself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Look. "You know Bradshaw, don't you?" "Jim Bradshaw? Yes."

"His father, who died not long ago, provided in his will that Jim was to be cut off with \$350 unless he and his wife separated. In case they got divorced Jim was to inherit half a million. I understand that the lady has decided to apply for a legal separation, so that he may get the money."

"By George, the luck of some people is marvelous! If that fellow fell into a vat of boiling oil I'll bet it would at once turn into the fountain of youth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Death as a Chance of a Lifetime.

STAGE DOOR.

The Actor—And what's my new part like? Any chance of pleasing the audience?

The Stage Manager—Why, rather! You die in the first act.—Sketch.

The Prodigal's Remorsement. "I realize," said the unhappy parent, "that the way I have brought you up conclusively proves that I am little better than a fool."

"Brr!" cried the wayward youth. "I appreciate the fact that your age protects you from my just resentment. If you were a younger man I speak soon teach you that no man can speak disrespectfully of my father in my presence."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Missapplied Energy. "Your husband has a wonderful intellect anyhow," said the soothing relative.

"Yes," answered the woman who tells her troubles, "he is one of these men who insist on worrying about the treasury deficit instead of the grocery bill."—Baltimore News.

For Best. "Now," said the chronic bore, "I am an open minded man. I've always made it a rule of my life."

"Yes," interrupted the acute victim, "and I've often wondered why some ideas didn't more into that open mind."—Chicago Tribune.

A Loud Set. Howell—How do you like my new

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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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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