

Entered at the Post-office at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

Subscription: One Dollar per Annum, Six Months, 60 cts.; Three Months, 35 cts.

Issued Every Thursday

BY LONG & MCKINNEY

THE EQUITABLE SCANDAL

Just how the Equitable Life expects to do business even with its reorganization, is a difficult question to solve. To the casual observer it looks as though the company may as well go out of business, for it will have a hard time to get new policies and without new money coming in the shingle may as well be taken down. A self-confessed violator of National law is at the head of the institution, and it is again handicapped by Grover Cleveland's connection with its management. People who spend money for insurance want some degree of safety warranted them, and they will take no chances on the Equitable life.

TAKE UP DAIRYING

If Washington County farmers expect to make the best of their small farms they must take up dairying, so that the soil will not become impoverished. There is no branch of agriculture that leaves the earth in so good shape for results as the dairy industry. Continual raising of grains will take from the earth and leave but little as a fertilizer. Of course, dairying entails a great deal of work early and late, but, after all, there is no crop so easily handled, and generally so sure, as a timothy or clover crop. Where forage is fed to stock of the dairy class it is a patent fact that the returns are better than in any other branch of farming. As a rule the Germans branch more heavily in dairying than other people, and their farms are always well-tilled and fertile, their stock looks fine, and they are very thrifty as a class. More dairying for Washington County—and more profit. Portland will always supply the market if the local demand shall fail.

RUSSIA HAD BETTER SETTLE

Russia is said to have taken a position in the peace conference that denies any possible terms of settlement. Russia, wise, will come to terms. She is routed from Manchuria; her stronghold of Vladivostok is threatened; it is but a question of time until Japan can cut off the Siberian railway on the west and bottle up Russian arms, and it will be but a question of time until Russia must settle on the field of battle—and then she will come to Japanese terms, which will not be easier as time comes apace.

Russia had better settle, and at once, upon the best terms Japan will give her. A bluff early in the game is good diplomacy, but when a man is whipped it is time to let the other fellow dictate terms. For a beaten nation to dictate the text of peace is too Utopian for even Russian hopes.

J. B. Adams, of Farmington, was in town this morning.

W. C. Jackson, of Glenoe, was in town this morning.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Griffin, of Buxton, on August 20, a son.

J. P. Gardner, the West Union blacksmith, was in town this afternoon.

D. B. Emrick and F. E. Rowell were up from Scholls the last of the week.

Perhaps we forget—but people say that the roads are more dusty this season than ever before.

T. B. Imbrie and daughters, the Misses Edna and Lucille, leave for Newport, tomorrow, to be absent over Sunday, visiting with Mrs. Imbrie.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

A blaze in Portland's east side district, the first of the week, cost \$150,000.

Senator Mitchell's attorneys are said to be in no hurry to push the appeal along, and it will doubtless hang over until Mitchell's senatorial term is out. Meantime Senator Fallon will be the whole thing in the American House of Lords.

Heads refuse to pay any money for the taking. Well, probably she is right from a technical stand-

point. Smaller courts usually fine the man who commences an assault and whips his opponent. Japan should have glory enough without wanting pay for the drubbing she gave her enemy.

Attorney John M. Wall came down from Roderick Falls, yesterday, and sails Saturday on the Steamer Alliane for Coos Bay, on a trip combining business and pleasure.

Miss Jessie Hartman, of Pendleton, arrived Saturday for a visit with Miss Elizabeth Milne. The guest is a daughter of ex-County Judge Hartman, of Umatilla County.

Mrs. Carrie Ireland went to Portland the last of the week to attend the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Jacob Gibson, formerly of Hillsboro, who is suffering from ptomaine poisoning.

Miss Anna Guinn, of Portland, visited with Miss Lulu Palmateer, Sunday.

THE MARKETS.

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

Wheat, new, 75 cents. Barley—feed, \$20.50 and \$21; new feed, \$20; rolled, \$22 and \$23. 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, \$14 @ \$15; new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9. Potatoes, new, 75c @ \$1.00. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 23. Butter, Extra Creamery, 27 @ 30. Hops choice 1904, 17 and 19 cts.

Comical Sayings by Little Men and Women.

MAMMA—Bessie, dear, what makes you so saucy today?

Bessie—I don't know, mamma, unless it's that big dose of saucy parli-

Sunday School Teacher—Now, the lesson being ended, children, you may ask any question you choose.

Small Boy—Please, ma'am, which club do you think'll win at the baseball park today?

Mamma—Tommy, why will you persist in eating only the soft part of the bread and leaving the crust? Some day you may be glad to get even crusts to eat.

Tommy—I know it, mamma. That's why I am saving 'em.

Well, Willie, said the caller to the minister's small son, "are you going to follow in the footsteps of your father when you grow up?"

"No, sir," answered the little fellow. "I'm going to follow in the footsteps of other people. I'm going to be a detective."—Chicago News.

Too Much Even For Him.



Ostrich Bride—Why, dearest, don't you like this pie? I made it every bit myself.

Ostrich Groom—I'm just a wee bit afraid of it, darling. I'll eat a couple of these railroad spikes instead.—Woman's Home Companion.

No Temptation.

Prudent Mother (springing her grand coup)—You know, Ethel, dear, you have always wanted to go abroad. Well, your father and I are thinking of making the tour of Europe this summer, and if you will give up that young man we will gladly take—Miss Ethel (eagerly interrupting)—That will be just the thing for you and papa. Jack and I will be married and take care of the house for you while you're gone.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Story of the Unruly Little Brother Again

YOUNG Mr. Pipinhot was reading aloud from the latest Revolutionary fairy tale for the supposed benefit of Miss Elizabeth Sweetbriar, with whom he was spending an enchanted evening. As he neared the end of an exciting chapter in which General Washington had just thrown off the disguise of a Capuchin friar and exhibited himself to the terror-stricken plotters little Johnnie Sweetbriar appeared in the doorway.

"At that critical moment," the reader went on, "the spy changed countenance."

"What did he do?" piped in Johnnie.

"Changed countenance," repeated Mr. Pipinhot.

"Oh, I know what that means," quoth Johnnie. "It means got a new face. That's what sis there does. You ought to see her face in the morning when she's got the stuff washed off it!"

And in his agitation Mr. Pipinhot skipped ten pages and then went right on reading as if nothing had happened.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Artist.

When Memory paints pictures And hangs them in her hall, 'Tis quite beyond your power To turn them to the wall.

They flatter other people With careful choice of pose, While you with broad cartooning Appear in luckless rows.

And when in vain you beg her From brush and oil to part, She only laughs and tells you She's wedded to her art.

—Melancthon Wilson in St. Louis Republic.

NOT FOUND WANTING

By KATE M. CLEARY

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"You know, of course, that France Delamere is staying at the Oaks?"

"Yes, I know." Harrison Hill, stretched out on the yellow bench under the shade of a huge umbrella, turned on his elbow and looked curiously at his friend.

"You know, too, that you're most idiotically in love with her?" he said quietly.

Dr. Bergen's patrician face flushed hotly under its deep bronze tan. "That's a nice speech to fire at a man," he commented.

Harrison Hill laughed leniently. "Oh, you never mind what I say. That's one of the privileges of friends."

"And fools," cut in Bergen coolly. "You have me there," acknowledged Hill. "I believe those who wore the motley were permitted to express their opinions with some frankness. Well, you may class me with those if you wish. But I'm going to tell you straight that you're making a mistake about that girl. You admired her tremendously last winter in the city. Well, we all did, for that matter. But you had the best show of the bunch. She wouldn't look at a little three-for-a-cent chap like me, for instance. And you held off—you're holding off now. I wish I knew why! You're in love with her!" he repeated stubbornly. "I haven't known you all my life for nothing."

Max Bergen laughed uneasily and evaded a direct reply.

"Miss Delamere is a very beautiful young woman," he said. "She has wealth, social position, many friends—"

"You have all those," his friend insisted eagerly.

"I met her frequently last winter," went on the young surgeon. "She was always bediamonded, exquisitely costumed, perfectly coiffured. Her shoulders were like white marble, and her hands were the loveliest a man could look at. But—was there a woman's heart under that fair bosom? Did her

forgettable eyes?"

"France Delamere!" he cried. "Women are so awkward!" she protested—and laughed.

He jerked off his coat and went to work, but his fingers trembled and there was a queer blur before his eyes. Hill came up with the bag and heard all that Greta Fallows had to say. On his way back he told his companion what she had said.

"She's a proud little woman. She would not take all that Miss Delamere would have given her, for she's poor, as you can see. But because they had been friends and neighbors when both were children she has allowed Miss Delamere to come and help her, chiefly in taking her children off to a secluded part of the beach and minding them, while she got through her laundry work. Is the injury bad, Max?" he ended anxiously.

"Nothing to what it might have been, thank God! They will bring her back to the Oaks this evening. I examined the stove. It was rotten—worn out. She saved the baby—all! But if—"

He broke off shuddering. "According to Mrs. Fallows, France's kindness to her is only part of what she's been doing for many poor women. So your opinion?"

"May God forgive me—and may she!" prayed Max Bergen. It was not professional, but next morning when he bandaged the poor arm he bent and kissed it.

"Will you be very angry if I tell you that I love you?" he questioned.

She smiled up at him from her couch.

"I'm afraid I would be very disappointed if you were never to tell me that!" she said.

At the whispered words his face grew radiant.

"But you don't know what has kept me so long from telling you! You don't know what an idiot I was! You've no idea what I—I thought!"

A smile flickered around her mouth and lingered in her eyes. She laid velvety pink finger tips against his lips.

"I know what you have just said," she answered, "and that is enough!"

Buried According to Religion. An ancient custom still prevailing in many old burial grounds was described by a Richmond gentleman who has been interested in tracing family records.

"When my wife and I were in Y.," he said, "we had occasion to visit the graveyards of the quiet little town, many of my wife's people being buried in the neighborhood. It struck me as queer, finding similar names in all three graveyards. Scattered here and there they were, but always alike.

"I puzzled over it for a long time and finally asked the sexton. He was an old, old man and remembered away back to the beginning of things. 'I can tell you,' he said, wagging his gray head solemnly. 'It was customary in old times to divide families according to their religious beliefs. If husband and wife were Methodist and Baptist in life, after death the husband's grave was placed near some Methodist burial, while the wife's body went flunting for her Baptist sisters. In that way the families were scattered hither and yon, and the same name occurred perhaps five or six times in one graveyard.'"—Lewiston Journal.

His Tenderness. The London Chronicle tells this story: She was a dreadful wreck when they brought her in to St. Bartholomew's hospital. The youthful surgeon worked away upon her face with sponges and plaster and cotton wool, wondering aloud how she could have got into such a state. Clearly the woman had something to say, but she could not say it. When the surgeon had made a job of it he gently lifted the woman over his arm and asked, "How did it happen?"

She raised a fist to shake over his shoulder and cried furiously: "E done scorch'd, but that lovely hand! The bewitching face that, drawn with pain, strove to smile up at him! Those deep,

had been standing just under the flaring gas jet and watching the proceedings with the interest of a landed proprietor at a building operation. "The brute!" muttered the surgeon as he shifted the woman to her feet. She turned on him. "Brute!" she shrieked through her bandage. "You call 'im brute? And after he brought me all the way 'ere in 'is arms, bless 'im!"

Changed His Tune. It was one Sunday morning in a Scotch kirk when the door was left open during service that a lamb that had lost its mother strayed into the church and began to disturb the congregation by its mournful cries and bleats. The minister leaned over his desk, woke the clerk, who sat below, and whispered to him in audible tones, "Sandy, remove that lamb." Sandy accordingly proceeded to catch the lamb, and when, after an exciting chase around the kirk, he had got it safely by the scruff of the neck he led it down the aisle, calling to it in the gentlest tones all the way, "Coom along, my wee lammy; coom along." The door was reached at last and quickly shut, but those of the congregation who were near that end of the kirk heard a scuff and an angry voice saying, "Get out of the poose of the Laird, ye brute!"

A Frightful Vision. "Hot weather has its good points." "For instance?"

"Suppose we had to buy as much ice in summer as we buy coal in winter."—Life.

To Certain Summer Girls. O fair Blondes, do not pine! O Utes, don't despair! Be patient, gentle Carolines. Cheer up, angelic Clairs.

Be not cast down, superb Elaines; Be brave, alluring Nells; Don't wring your hands, Matties Jane; Be calm, sweet Isobels.

Pray, do not fancy hope is dead; Be game and laugh at fate. Bear this in mind—they also wed Who only wait and wait.

—R. E. Munkittrick in Smart Set.

Nothing Doing. "Now that I have sold you a policy," said the insurance agent, "I will make you an interesting proposition. Give me some letters of introduction to people you know, and I will give you half my commission on every one of them I land."

"My dear man," cried the new policy holder, "I haven't an enemy on earth!"—Newark News.

As His Papa Kats. "Oh, yes, Nuritch's baby was born with a silver spoon in its mouth, of course."

"It's a curious looking child; takes after its father, doesn't it?"

"No, indeed. If it took after its father it would have been born with a silver knife in its mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

Honest Boy. "What are you doing with that cigarette?"

"Why, I just picked it up off the sidewalk and I'm lookin' to see if I can find the owner."—New York American.

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Talk About Power. 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. 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 10:00 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. Executrix of the estate of John Peters, deceased, W. N. Barrett, Attorney for Estate. Notice of Final Settlement. Notice is hereby given, that the executrix of the Estate of Oliver Galbreath, deceased, has on this day filed with the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, her final account as executrix of said estate, and that said Court, by an order made and entered this date, has appointed the 25th day of September, 1905, as the time, and the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, as the place for hearing objections to said final settlement of this estate. Dated this 24th day of August, 1905. SARAH GALBREATH, Executrix of the Estate of Oliver Galbreath, deceased. E. B. Tongue Attorney for Executrix Hillsboro Argus and Oregonian, \$2.00.