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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor. County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday -BY- LONG & MCKINNEY

Portland is a magnificent city, and it owes its commercial supremacy to a magnificent country and its unequalled resources. But—Portland today should be a bigger and a better town, and it would be a bigger and better town had its capitalists emigrated some years ago from an ultra-conservatism that has driven business to other Pacific Coast points.

J. H. Thompson, of Mountain-dale, was in the city this afternoon. Just received—fresh Golden Cheddar Cheese.—H. Wehrung & Sons.

Geo. Darity, of Glencoe, was a county seat visitor this morning, a caller on Clerk Godman.

August Rossi, Beaverton's genial saloon man, was a county seat visitor this morning.

A. C. Olsen, a Southern Pacific machinist, is here for a short visit with his brother, Fred Olsen.

Mrs. Geo. R. Bagley and children are spending the week in Portland with Mrs. E. Hankins and daughter.

Rev. C. L. Hamilton, of the M. E. church, has returned from an extended outing on the Sandy, above Portland, close to the base of Mt. Hood.

Roy Latham, interested with his father, H. T. Latham, in the Bickle town Flouring Mills, in the Horse Heaven, Wash., country, is in the city this week.

Herman Prahl, who owns part of the Griffin farm, was in this afternoon, and states that his grain yield was considerably better than last year.

More hop stoves and pipes than ever before have been sold here this year—an evidence of the increase in the yards. J. C. Lamkin has been so busy that it required an extra man.

W. Reynard, of Laurel, was in town this afternoon. His daughter, Mrs. Wm. Finkle, left this evening to join her husband at Nome, Alaska.

Assessor Wilcox is fairly positive that the county board of equalization will hold for the week commencing Monday, October 9, as he is getting along finely with the copying of the assessment.

Sam Johnson, of Shady Brook, who is next in line for the trout fishing championship after I. B. Darity, better known as "Doc" Darity, was in town this morning, a visitor at the county clerk's office.

If you want ice cream that is of the finest try Palmateer's. His is the best on the coast. Polite attention and prompt service given our customers. Fruits in season and a choice line of cigars and tobaccos. Second Street, next door to Hillsboro Hotel.

Mr. A. H. Wyatt, of Bates County, Mo., and Miss Emma Hardin were united in marriage, August 27, 1905, at the residence of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hardin, of Kinton, Ore., Rev. J. Soper officiating. The wedding was celebrated in the presence of 30 invited guests, after which a sumptuous repast was enjoyed.

The groom is a prosperous farmer, and the bride an amiable and accomplished young lady, recently from the East.

Commencing September 1 the Southern Pacific will sell round trip tickets to Portland at one and one-tenth fare, instead of one and one-third, as at present. This is done to stimulate travel to the Fair, and is a voluntary concession on the part of the railway company.

Lower Rates to Fair

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

Valley Wheat, new, 72 cents. Barley—feed, \$20.00; brewing, \$21; rolled, \$22 and \$23.

Oats, White, \$23 and \$24 per ton. Oats, Gray, \$22 per ton. Bran, \$19 per ton.

Hay, Timothy, old, \$14 @ \$15; new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9.

Potatoes, new, 50c @ \$75. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 24. Butter, Extra Creamery, 27 @ 30. Hops choice 1904, 17 and 18 cts.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES

The Philippines want home rule. It might be a wise thing to give Japan twenty millions to take them off our hands.

The Chinese boycott against American goods is dying out. Perhaps it was only a bluff, instigated by the powers that be to help Brother Taft and the president in their ideas of immigration, after all.

Gov. Chamberlain is going after the managements of both the asylum and the penitentiary, and, the other day, when he found the prison officials had taken a convict along to cook on a fishing expedition they were made to pay \$2 per day to the state for the convict's services, besides being forbidden to "sin again."

Russia and Japan have agreed upon peace terms. Japan gets no indemnity, and gets but one-half of Sakhalin Island—the south half. Japan will control that portion of the Chinese railway south of Harbin, and Russia loses no territory she ever held title to, except the island above named. Japan will maintain a protectorate over Corea.

It is said that there is some secret understanding between the two countries, aside from the peace treaty.

Geo. Whitley, formerly of Glencoe, now a salesman with E. Schiller's Morrison street cigar store, Portland, was in town today, and is spending his vacation in Washington county among his friends.

H. A. Buble, of the Baseline, between this city and Cornelius, and Alfred Heywood, were in town this morning.

A Liberal Reward

By Ethel Harrington

Deep in the heart of each man and woman lies some unfulfilled ambition toward which his efforts tend as a goal. With Myra Darling it was a gold watch.

Her days were passed behind a counter where a variety of neckwear was displayed. The remuneration was small and served only to provide her with a "home" and the simplest of gowns. The watch for which her soul hungered might have been the moon or the Roc's egg. But more trying than the privations she endured was the cheapness, the narrowness of her life, so different from the genteel surroundings of her girlhood.

It was her birthday, her eighteenth year, and Sunday—a day free from the ale walker's espionage, a happy combination which Myra enjoyed to the full. A long afternoon in the crisp, cool air of the park was a happy climax.

It was turning dusk as she left the park. The city lamps already shone in a long line down the avenue. On the side streets the shadows fell black and ugly, causing a few buildings to stand out in bold relief. Suddenly a flash from a passing automobile struck a small, round object that glittered near the curbing. Myra bent over to pick it up. Had some beneficent fairy godmother thrown the gift at her feet? It was a watch, and on her birthday! She seized it rapturously and, looking neither to the right nor left, fled up the steps of her boarding house, never pausing until she stood in the hall room she called her home. She lighted the gas and drew down the shade, then breathlessly examined her new found treasure. The small hunting case was of gold, with no mark to identify it, and set in diamonds.

"You little beauty," whispered the girl as she caressed it with her fingers. Then, with woman's curiosity, she tried to open the back. It was difficult, but at last Myra gasped with surprise. The face of a young man, with honest eyes and kindly mouth, looked into her own. "I wonder if he owns the watch?" she thought. "No, it's a woman's trinket. He must have given it to the girl—and if so he!"

Myra abruptly closed the case. But she could not shut out the face from her mental vision.

She passed her evening rocking slowly in her chair, with a magazine between her fingers, the gentle ticking of the watch counting the passing hours. That night she dreamed not of the watch, but of a life which the watch typified, and through the dream stalked a man whose face was the face in the watch.

She awoke a little after 6 to revel in the delight of knowing the exact hour and turning luxuriously over for another fifteen minutes.

All day she thought about her wonderful acquisition and smiled happily to herself. The other girls noticed it and twitted her in their good natured if rather coarse way. Myra laughed, but guarded her secret and hurried home to pass another evening of delightful possession. Three days passed, and, though the watch itself was a never failing source of delight, as the actual realization of her dreams it was the picture that crept into her heart. She told her secrets to those honest eyes and called him "dear friend." He seemed somehow to understand her every whim.

"The whole world could trust you, and—I'd trust you absolutely," she told him one night very softly. "The other girls trust you too? The other girl! How sorry she must be to lose your picture!"

Then suddenly, without any warning, Myra awoke to the truth. The watch, the picture, were not hers! She had no right to keep them. She turned to the window and looked drearily out over the roofs of houses.

"I never thought of it, not once. They're not mine. They are hers. Hers, and I kept them. It's the same as stealing. I never thought."

That noon she spent half an hour running over newspaper files in the library. She found the description in the "Lost and Found" column and made note of the address with eyes grown misty.

She put off the evil day until Sunday and decided to visit to the full her last day of the fairy gift which was to vanish so soon. She slipped a narrow black ribbon on the watch and recklessly wore it all day. She did not dare to look at it or exhibit it to the girls, but the knowledge that it was ticking steadily in her belt brought comfort.

"Can I see the lady—the one who lost her watch?" she asked, and she was at the door, into a room with

luxurious appointments. There was a log fire in the grate, with comfortable lounging chairs and books in every available space. It carried Myra back to those other days now dim in her memory.

"You have found my watch? How glad I am!" The speaker came close to Myra, with outstretched hands and eager smile. She was as beautiful as any of the women whom Myra served during business hours.

The girl laid the watch in the other's hand. Surely with all Miss Shepherd possessed she could have spared this toy, but it was hers, and she must have it.

"It was my mother's," said Miss Shepherd softly. "That is why I cannot thank you enough. And you will accept this little acknowledgment?" she said, trying to press a roll of bills into Myra's clenched hand.

"No," said Myra. "It's yours, I want nothing."

"But I promised a liberal reward." "And I had it—all the week. The watch was such good company." She did not mention the picture.

And to all Miss Shepherd's arguments and entreaties Myra reiterated "No." The picture held her firm. She could not take the money for that.

In the end she allowed herself to be persuaded to remain until the rain ceased and to drink a cup of tea.

"Here's Tom. You must meet him!" exclaimed her hostess proudly as she opened the door and there entered the original of the photograph.

One look from Myra, and then her lashes drooped in embarrassment. The others discussed the watch and its recovery. At first Myra could scarcely follow what they said, but they were so kind, so full of interest about her and her little experiences, that she soon found herself chatting freely and laughing at Tom's funny sayings; still she rose in trepidation to find how late it had become.

Tom (she had not discovered his other name) insisted that as his automobile was at the door he would take her home.

"Oh, no!" gasped Myra in distress, turning to her hostess. "I'd rather take a car."

"Don't you like motors?" questioned Miss Shepherd kindly.

"I've never tried one," admitted Myra.

"Then that settles it," exclaimed Tom, and Myra found herself hurried to the door, with Miss Shepherd exacting a promise that she would come again.

"Yes, do!" urged Tom as they went down the steps. "She really means it. Isn't she jolly?"

"She's very kind. How happy she must be—so pretty and such a beautiful home, and—and you!" Myra had not meant to say that at all. It just slipped out.

"You bet. She's the best sister that ever a fellow had."

"Your sister?" stammered Myra, and somehow in her surprise she nearly missed the step of the motor car, but Tom caught her.

"Of course. What else did you think?" Myra felt her face flush hotly. She trembled a little, but she did not say just what she thought. In fact, she did not tell him until the following Christmas. Tom had presented Myra with what had once been the desire of her heart, a gold watch.

"I can't take anything so handsome," she had said, shaking her head earnestly.

Tom only laughed. The case flew back, and there was the one face in all the world for Myra.

"Sweetheart, I claim a liberal reward," said Tom. "Please take me too."

Why He Studied Law. "I am going to study law," he announced in decided tones.

"And practice it?" "Oh, no."

"Then why study it?" "Well, I've always been told that a man never should sign a document that he does not thoroughly understand."

"That, I believe, is generally considered to be a sound business principle."

"And I'm going to be a thorough going business man or know the reason why?"

"Well, I've just been looking over the lease of my house, and it occurs to me that if I study hard from now until the lease expires I'll have a glimmering idea what it's all about when I have to sign another. What the agent told me I was signing could have been put in 100 words; what I actually signed amounted to about 2,000 words, badly tangled. I've either got to study law or violate a great business principle."

Wealth's Changes. Wilby—There goes that beautiful Mrs. Kofure with her wealth of auburn hair. She wasn't always so rich, was she? Nash—Oh, no! I knew her when she was red headed.—Boston Transcript.

Harakiri. Despite the fact that harakiri is regarded as a national institution of Japan, instances of self destruction in that empire are much fewer than in the leading lands of Europe.

The Reason. "I don't see why he still keeps growling."

"My dear friend, it's from disappointment."

"Disappointment?"

"Yes; he can't find anything to growl about."—Atlanta Constitution.

Easy to Ascertain. Mrs. Newrocks (examining a picture)—I don't know just what fault there is to find with it, but— Her Husband—Well, buy it, and some of your friends will be sure to tell you.—New York Press.

Fiction and Fact. Jones went upon a fishing trip. And stayed three days or more. When he returned, all tired out, Bug bitten, tanned and sore, His friends all came to him and asked, "How did you get along?" Jones said, "I got one whopper that Was just about this long:— When Mrs. Jones took out the fish To cook, to her surprise She found the "whopper" Jones had caught Was just about this size:—

A Game of Ball.

Of course I like the game of ball As it is played today. When the pitcher throws And the batter bats In a scientific way.

But it doesn't make me dance around And laugh and leap and shout. As it did way back when I was a boy And over the fence was out.

We used to go out in the lot. Where the grass was soft and green. And lay out the prettiest diamond That man has ever seen. And that would surely win the game There wasn't any doubt By either side in the happy days When over the fence was out.

The catcher stood there like a man. With nothing on but clothes. There wasn't no pillars on his hands Nor wires across his nose. He wasn't afraid of being hit With the "shouts" they've talked about Since the days when the pitcher tossed the ball And over the fence was out.

We used to hit stuns for bases; The home plate was a hole. And the players tried to reach it With all their heart and soul. There wasn't no skinky scores just then; 'Twas forty or thereabout 'Twas twenty-five or thirty. When over the fence was out.—Thomas Holmes in New York Press.

Might Be Better.



"Isn't the water perfectly delicious today?"

"Well, I think I'd like it better with vanilla flavor."—New York Evening Journal.

Prepared. "This is glorious!" exclaimed the fair maid as the motor car struck a smooth stretch of country road and the young man let the machine go at full speed. "But who are those two men that have been following us in a runabout all the morning?"

"Never mind them," he replied. "One is the repair man and the other's the surgeon."—Modern Society.

Not News to Her. "I never would have proposed to you if you hadn't roped me in," declared the irate husband.

His wife remained perfectly calm, and her smile was exasperating. "Why, don't you suppose I know that?" she replied. "That's the reason I roped you in."—Detroit Free Press.

The Benefits of Travel. Friend—What's that big box on the front of your machine? Automobiist—That's a camera for taking moving pictures. You see, I go so fast I don't have time to look at the scenery, and so I photograph it as I go along.—Translated For Tales From L'illustration.

Receipts and Expenses. Old Chum—You get very well paid for performing marriage ceremonies, do you not? Clergyman—Yes, as a rule. But think of the inconvincence and expense I am put to every time I am summoned as a witness in a divorce court.—New York Weekly.

The Sly Fugitive. Balty Moore—So the fugitive succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police, did he? Calvert, Jr.—Yes; in spite of their watchfulness he succeeded in stealing back to town, giving himself up and confessing.—Baltimore American.

The Bachelor's Comment. "This paper says," remarked the callow youth, "that the bride was supported to the altar by her father."

"Yes," growled the savage bachelor, "and I'm offering odds of 50 to 1 that he'll have to keep on supporting her."—Chicago News.

A Virtue of Necessity. "A young man who is starting life," said the person who gives sonorous advice, "should be careful to avoid debt."

"As a rule," answered the patient listener, "the young man starting out in life hasn't any credit."—Washington Star.

Blowing His Own Horn.



A musical strain. Brooklyn Citizen.

Strictly Scientific. "Is your milkman reliable?"

"Yes, indeed! Why, I hear that he even sterilizes the water before he adulterates the milk."—Brooklyn Life.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, if I give you five apples and you eat two, how many will you have left? Tommy (aged six)—Five.

Teacher—No. If you eat two, you would have only three left, wouldn't you? Tommy—No, ma'am. I'd have five—three outside and two inside.

Margie—Mr. Spooner, are you in love with my sister? Young Spooner—Y-yes. But what made you think so? Margie—Cause you act so silly.

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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. ADDIE PETERS, 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.