

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

WE OWE IT TO COL. JOE MEEK

The Lewis & Clark management have given the Northwest a Joe Meek Day, and Washington County, Meek's adopted home, should celebrate the day in numbers exceeding any support yet given the Fair.

J. C. Beach, of Glencoe, was in town this morning.

M. Hahn, of Mountindale, was in the city today.

Greer's is the place to buy timothy and all kinds of grass seed.

Geo. Schneider, of near Banks, was in town the first of the week.

Fred Bulling, of Laurel, was a caller at the Argus office this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Helbig, of Spokane, Wash., were guests of E. L. Abbott and wife, Sunday.

Just received—fresh Golden Cheddar Cheese.—H. Wehrung & Sons.

Walter Bernard, a prominent farmer of Verboort, was in the city yesterday.

Probate: Estates of Gottlieb Vargin and John Peters, deceased, closed of record.

E. X. Harding, of Gaston, came down this evening, on business with County Clerk Godman.

Slashings are being burned all over the county, Clerk Godman having issued about 225 permits.

David Wenger, Helvetia's road supervisor, was in town yesterday, conferring with the county court.

Mrs. W. H. Harris, of Portland, visited this week with her mother, Mrs. Eff. Schiefelin, of Centerville.

Sam Johnson was in from Shady Brook, yesterday, for medical aid for his son, Otto, who was accidentally shot, Tuesday evening.

John Vandenberg, of Centerville, and Peter Vandenberg, on the Jones' place, near Glencoe, were Hillsboro visitors yesterday.

J. C. Utzinger and wife, of Astoria, are here this week, guests of Samuel Stevens and family, and Mrs. Ludemias Anderson.

W. B. Hare, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hare, was in town today. He starts in a few days to resume his medical studies at San Francisco.

James Jarmila, a recent arrival at Forest Grove, died at the home of his son, yesterday. He was the father of Mrs. A. G. Huffman and Mrs. M. S. Allen.

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 tobacco.

Fine supply of seasoned rough and dressed lumber on hand. Before making a purchase give us a call and we will save you money. Thompson Bros., Mountindale.

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.

Claude Greaser, of the Climax Mills, reports that the warehouse has already received more grain than last season, and they expect that half as much again will be taken in.

Mrs. H. W. Shepard and two

Beaverton, guests of F. W. Cady and family. They are out for a month at the Fair and coast points.

Lost: Small, white dog, with leather collar, bearing a Portland tag. Answers to name of "Jimmy."—Earl Caudie, North Hillsboro.

The Misses Belle Martinson and Mary Geiger, of Everest, Kansas, visited Saturday at the home of C. D. Kimberlin, of East Hillsboro. They are out making coast points and visiting the Lewis & Clark Fair.

N. R. Chamberlain, who has been contracting and building at Portland and Salt Lake for four years, came out the first of the week and went out to his ranch, near Laurel. He expects to move on his place soon.

J. H. Thompson, of Mountindale was in this afternoon, and says that some one who wanted to manufacture a little hot air, stole a box and a half of powder he had hidden out in the woods north of town.

Our midsummer stock of ladies' dress goods is absolutely the finest in the city. Call and see.—H. Wehrung & Sons.

For sale: First class confectionery and ice cream parlors. The only 20th century Sanitary Soda Fountain in the city. Doing a good business. Best location. Will sell at invoice. Reasons for selling—going away.—Inquire at this office.

COTSWOLD BUCKS
For sale: Thoroughbred Cotswold bucks, yearlings and two year olds.—Inquire of Jos. Carwee, 5 miles northwest of Hillsboro.

LOWER RATES TO FAIR

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.

THE MARKETS.

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

Valley Wheat, new, 71 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, 60c @ \$7.5.
Eggs, Oregon ranch, 24.
Butter, Extra Creamery, 27 @ 30.
Hops choice 1904, 16 and 18 cts.

Some Comical Sayings
From the Lips of Babes

"MAMMA," said small Elmer, "I've been a good boy today, haven't I?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, "and I'm very proud of you."

"Well, then," continued Elmer, "I guess it ain't no use for me to bother about saying my prayers tonight, is it?"

"What they needed."
"I wonder what Miss Bytham meant?"

"Why, what did she say, Freddy?"

"Well, I sent her some verses, y' know—clever things, I thought—and she said they were very nice, but that I should have sent them to a chirpologist."—Cleveland Leader.

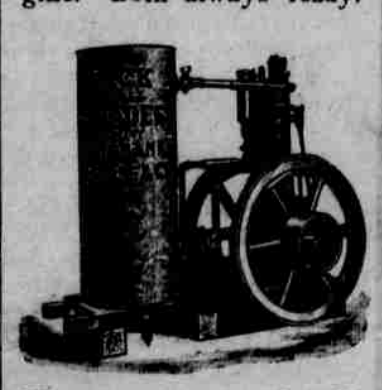
"I'm glad to find you as you are," said the old friend. "Your great wealth hasn't changed you."

"Well," responded Mr. Parker, "it has changed me a trifle. I'm eccentric where I used to be impolite, and delightfully sarcastic where I used to be rude."—Detroit Tribune.

A Chronic Complainer.
Wesley Husband—Doctor, I don't see why you can't cure my wife of her aches and pains!

Doctor—Sir, I have great regard for the opinion of your wife, and if I should cure her of her aches and pains she'd never forgive me!—Detroit Free Press.

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.

Where Extremes Meet

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Hammond, strong, alert, silent, guided his dashing automobile in and out amid the crush of traffic. His companion was silent also, which fact might have disconcerted a less observant man than Hammond.

He stopped the machine before a massive granite building and sprang to the sidewalk. Miss Markham watched him absently. He had said that he must stop at his office, but the waiting was not unwelcome to her. She liked to watch the great drays and heavy wagons and to observe the sights and sounds of this unfamiliar part of the city.

Presently she noticed that Hammond had not entered the building, but was standing in the doorway, looking up



"SHALL WE LOOK FOR IT TOGETHER, ELIZABETH?"

and down the street as if watching for some one. He caught her wandering glance and waved his hand, smiling brightly. Then he put both hands to his mouth, making a horn, and called something to her, which she could not hear above the roar of the street.

"He is like a boy," she thought and laughed in sympathy with his evident joyousness. "There is never any gloom or any uncertainty about him," adding sadly: "Men are so sure of themselves—and of one another. I wish—I wish I knew if he thinks only of my money, as all the others seem to do."

Still watching his eager face, she knew that whatever he had been waiting for was coming, and he pointed up the street and laughed again as he ran lightly down the steps.

Two young Italians, a man and a woman, were making ready to play. The girl wore a rose wreath on her dark hair, and her eyes were filled with the light of love as she looked fondly to the face of her companion.

The strains of the music came to Miss Markham in fitful snatches, mingled with the noises of the street. She saw that Hammond was listening as if to a symphony, and she wondered a little as to the meaning of the scene. She saw him place something in the girl's small brown hand, and then the man took off his cap with low obeisance, and the girl courted prettily as Hammond raised his hat politely and made his way to the automobile.

"What is it?" she questioned briefly as he took his seat.

"Only the beautiful outcome of a little romance that I have watched as it blossomed here amid the sordid rush of business."

"They are lovers, these two?" falling in with his mood.

"Yes. Wedded last night. Two magnificent types of primitive humanity!" with the enthusiasm of artistic perception.

They watched the two as they went down the street, each pushing the piano with one hand, while the other hands were clasped.

"Will you tell me about them?" she asked as they reached a broad, quiet avenue away from the din and confusion of the city.

"Are you really interested?" turning to look at her curiously.

"Very much so. Please tell me."

"They are Antoine and Carita. They may have other names. These are all I know. I have watched them from my window all winter. He had a tiny fruit stand on the corner, and she was errand girl in a big millinery establishment on the next street. I saw the first love glances, and I swear by Bunker Hill they did not come from Antoine."

Miss Markham laughed softly.

"I watched Carita passing and re-passing, making several trips by the little stand for each errand. Then there would be days when she did not come at all, and Antoine's neck would have been safer in those days if it had really been made of rubber instead of the material provided by the Creator."

Miss Markham smiled appreciatively. She could fancy the ardent Italian gazing up and down the street watching for his sweetheart.

"Well, occasionally making pretense of an abnormal desire for bananas, I rubbed out to the stand while she was still lingering there, and so I sometimes overheard a few sentences—their soft Italian love words sounding like bird notes in spring. Can't you fancy them building a nest somewhere of boughs and moss—they wouldn't require much more than the birds, you know—and settling down like the birds to sing their love songs and rear their young?"

A new light shone in Miss Markham's clear eyes.

"And this is the man whom the girls describe as a mere business automaton," she thought, but she only said encouragingly, "Why!"

he went on steadily.

"The day of the tornado—you remember it—when the wind tore shutters from the houses and overthrew chimneys and great limbs were stripped from the trees as the small boy pulled leaves from a twig—that day I witnessed the downfall of the house of Buona—in other words, the complete destruction of Antoine's fruit stand and peanut cooker."

Miss Markham sighed with quick sympathy. Hammond was unconsciously giving the little story a dramatic turn.

"Poor Antoine! He made one or two frantic endeavors to prevent the disaster, and then, crushed by the misfortune, he clung to the doorway of the office building and watched the gamins as they wildly scrambled for the scattered fruit."

"And was everything entirely ruined?" Miss Markham's hand instinctively sought her purse.

"The peanut cooker lay in the mud, bent and twisted out of all semblance to its kind. Antoine picked it up with trembling hands and then, realizing its uselessness, replaced it in the gutter, while the tears streamed down his cheeks."

"That isn't all?" expectantly.

Hammond continued obediently: "Never mind, Antoine, I said cheerfully—it's so easy to be cheerful over another's misfortunes, you know—you'll soon be on your feet again. We must expect reverses in business." At my words of sympathy the flood gates of his grief were opened, and the words fairly tumbled over one another, his soft broken English finally relapsing into Italian altogether as he told his story. He had been so careful of his money—he had saved twenty-three 'dolla.' They were to have been married tomorrow, he and Carita, and he was to have bought Carita a new gown and a rose wreath for her hair, and they would have been so happy! And now—then he pointed eloquently to the ruined peanut cooker, waved both hands in a gesture expressing the utter nothingness of his condition, and the ready tears came again.

"I missed him then for several weeks. The other day they came together and waited until I came out from the office. 'My brudda—he die,' began Antoine cheerily as soon as I joined them. 'An' leave Antoine seventy-four 'dolla,' said Carita, her eyes big with the magnitude of the fortune. 'An' his business,' Antoine added pompously. 'Did he have a stand?' I asked him. 'No, a piano. We marry ourselves tonight, Thursday.'"

Hammond paused abruptly. The expression on Miss Markham's patrician face was so unlike the usual air of polite indifference that he was almost startled into the telling of his own story, forgetful of the Italian lovers. "That is all," he added awkwardly.

"And how did you know they would be at your office this morning?" as if reluctant to leave the subject.

"Antoine hunted me up last night—at the club. Said his wife—you should have seen his eyes when he said the word—his wife wanted to come and play for me first, believing it would bring them luck. I hadn't intended to go downtown this morning, as you know, but I thought that was really very little to do if it would add anything to their happiness. Foolish things, aren't they?" He turned his head away. She would agree with this, of course, and he couldn't bear to have her do so.

She put her hand lightly on his arm. "No, they are not foolish. They are wise. They have found the greatest thing in the world. Those who wish love need look no farther; there is nothing more to have here. They who lose it lose everything."

He put his own strong hand over the smaller one resting on his arm.

"Shall we look for it—together, Elizabeth?"

Ethel's mother was very ill, and, calling the little miss to her bedside, she said, "Ethel, what would you do if I should die?"

"Oh," answered Ethel, who did not realize the gravity of the situation, "I s'pose I'd have to spank myself."

"Mamma," said little Florence, who had accompanied her mother to church, "I know what the minister meant when he spoke of our 'children's children.'"

With a pair of blunt scissors and a half dozen sheets of tissue paper Clarence was busily employed in the manufacture of paper dolls. He worked steadily until the paper was all used excepting the bits in his lap. For a time he sat gravely regarding the scraps of paper, then he lifted a puzzled face and inquired:

"Mamma, when God has finished cutting out babies, what does he do with the pieces of skin he has left?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

"What, dear?" asked her mother.

"Dolls," answered Florence. —Chicago News.

An Unanswerable Query.
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Not a Mile.
"Can his horse beat 2:30?"

"Yes, if the distance isn't too far."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Dearest Desire.
Man wants but little here below. Sweet woman's wants are great; She wants to make a splendid show And always gets in late. She longs for jewels by the peck. She wants to dress to kill; She wants, beside a graceful neck, A castle on some hill.

She wants to shine more brightly than the others in her set; She wants all that the richest man With all his gold may get. She wants a thousand willing slaves To hurry at her call; She wants affection, but she craves A title most of all.

A Coincidence.
"How's your husband?"

"He's very ill yesterday, but he is better this morning. It is a singular coincidence, but he always recovers when there is a prospect of a good ball game."—Washington Star.

Best Anyway.
"Too many words are wearisome," said Quoter.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Not always," replied the observer, "for in any event it is always com-

settled by the way.

Joseph—Do you believe all this, Arthur, about men buying wives?

His Explanation Had No Effect on the Judge

THE other evening a man of the burglar type stepped up to an old gentleman and, handing him a piece of paper, said:

"Sir, would you be good enough to read me the writing on this piece of paper?"

The individual addressed consented and, moving toward the rays of a convenient gas lamp, read the following words:

"If you utter a cry or speak a single word I shall shoot you. Give me your watch and chain and your purse at once and then pass on."

Completely taken off his guard, the gentleman handed over the articles asked for and walked off. A few steps brought him to a policeman, and, relating his story, the pair proceeded in pursuit of the stranger, who was not yet out of sight.

Next morning, before the magistrate, the vagrant was called upon for an explanation.

"Your honor," he said, "I am not an educated man and therefore can neither read nor write. Last evening I picked up a piece of paper, and, it striking me that it might be of some importance, I took it to the first person I met and asked him to decipher it. The gentleman read it quietly to himself and then, without saying a word, handed me his watch, chain and purse and walked off without giving me time to recover from my surprise or to ask him what he meant. It seemed to me that the paper possessed a certain value and that he had given me the valuables as a reward for finding it."

But the magistrate gave him six months just the same.—London Tit-Bits.

Nature Study.
In the village of H— there was much interest in nature study, and through the efforts of the local secretary of the Audubon society the teacher of the primary school took her pupils out for a bird walk.

Little Edward, aged three and a half, returned from the walk much excited.

"What birds did you see?" asked his mother.

He thought deeply for a moment and then answered proudly, "I saw a robin and a bluebird and a horse chestnut."—Lippincott's Magazine.

When the Worm Turns.



"Do you know how wrong it is to catch fish on Sunday?"

"But, boss, I ain't catchin' any."—Tattler.

His Hair.
"You remember," said Mr. Oldback, who had only a slight fringe around the back of his head, "that it is said that 'all the hairs of our heads are numbered.'"

"Yes," rejoined Miss Castique, "and it seems that all of yours are back numbers."—Dallas News.

Ambiguous.
Mabel—Jimmy Rownder proposed last night.

Mamma—That young wretch? Well, I hope you sat down on him good and hard.

Mabel—I did. And he'll never propose to another girl as long as he lives.—Cleveland Leader.

Who's to Be Boss?
"Mr. Meekeley and Miss Strong are actually to be married, eh?"

"Yes, unless he gets scared and backs out. It makes him nervous every time she mentions the trousseau she's going to wear. She pronounces it so much like trousers."—Philadelphia Press.

A Bargain.
Nell—Isn't she a peculiar girl? She wouldn't look at him when he was rich, but now, after he's lost all his money, she accepts him.

Belle—Well, you know how crazy every woman is to get anything that's reduced.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Worse Yet.
Mr. Justjoined—They say it is bad luck to remove a wedding ring.

Mrs. Justjoined—Oh, yes, but it is often worse luck to put one on.—Washington Star.

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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.

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.

WEINHARD'S (On draught)

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Timothy Seed

We can sell you Timothy Seed, Alsike, English Rye Grass Seed, at prices that will save you money.

Flour and Mill Feed

At lowest prices. We are in the market to buy oats. Sell to us and save the trouble of shipping and its annoyance. We pay the highest market price.

H. L. HARTRAMPF, Main Street Feed Store, Hillsboro

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."

PERCHERON STALLION

The Percheron horse, Black Diamond Ville, will make the Fall stand as follows, commencing September 11th: At Hillsboro, from Monday noon until Tuesday noon; at Glencoe, at W. Smith's place, from Tuesday evening until Wednesday morning; at Forest Grove, from Wednesday noon until Thursday evening.

T. J. WALLAN, Owner.

The Japanese at Tokio are rioting because the terms of the peace