

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 WAGES OF GRAFT

Congressman Williamson has been convicted of subornation of perjury, in a scheme to get control of public lands. It took three trials to convict, although the evidence was sufficiently strong either time to prove guilt. He had the best legal ability in the state to defend him—and yet, twelve men corroborated what 23 men on a grand jury swore, when they charged him with subornation of perjury.

Williamson has paved his road of dishonor in an incredibly short time. A few years ago he was the gilded prince who defeated a fellow citizen for a National office. The smug gentleman from Crook dilated upon his opponent being one who wanted the eagle on the dollar shorn of its tail feathers and be-dragged in the slime of repudiation. He was elected and went back to Washington as "Our New"

and... the second district from the evils of opposing party and National dishonor? He is now collecting his wages—and he is now convinced that honor is better than riches—especially when riches are to accrue from crooked work in getting possession of public lands.

Otto Leiseman, of Helvetia, is laid up with rheumatism.

When you want pickles go to Greer's. All kinds in bulk.

David Wenger, of Helvetia, was in town this afternoon.

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

No engagement at the opera house Saturday night—called off.

Peter Welty, the Helvetia carpenter, was in town today.

J. E. Nichodemus, of Farmington, was in town this morning.

W. Reynard, of Laurel, was a county seat visitor this afternoon.

Born, to Hugh E. Moore and wife, of Hillsboro, Sept. 25, 1905, a son.

Born, to W. E. Burke and wife, of near Forest Grove, Sept. 21, 1905, a daughter.

Wen Davis, of Glencoe, was in town today, and reports a fine public sale, Monday.

For sale. Good, young Jersey milk cow, fresh, gentle.—Mrs. M. A. Powell, Hillsboro.

Mrs. B. J. Wilcox, of Condon, was the guest of her brother, Walt Bennett this week.

E. P. Stevenson, of Gaston, has moved to Portland to reside, and was a visitor here, today.

For a good smoke try the Schiller or Excellencia—read you will try them again and again.

Oysters by the plate; by the quart; and fine oyster cocktails, at Palmester's, Second Street. Will supply in any quantity.

M. C. Steeples, of Hoquiam, was over this week on business. He will return the middle of next week, after taking in the fair.

W. O. Donelson was an attendant at the convention of Oregon Funeral Directors, which held for four days in Portland, this week.

J. C. Corey, of near Mountain Dale, passed through town yesterday, enroute home from Salem, where he visited the first of the week.

W. B. Hays and wife, of Missouri, are guests of the former's brother, John B. Hays, of below Reedville. They like Oregon and may locate here.

Owing to the absence of attorneys interested Judge McBride has agreed to postpone his trip here Saturday, and he will not come until October 14.

B. R. Patton, of Hillsdale, who has been drying hops for 17 days at the Pm Paltan place, above Gaston, passed through town today, enroute home.

Clerk Godman has issued 455 hunters' license to date. No more fire permits are being issued, it not being necessary, under the law, after the 20th of September.

Mrs. T. C. Buckingham, of Lowe, Idaho, accompanied by three of her sons and one daughter, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. Ross, north of town, and taking in the fair.

Wm. Schulmerich, Ed. Boge, Farmington, and J. C. Schulmerich, Banks, returned the other day from a hunting trip in the Nehalem, and brought home four deer.

James H. Sewell finished picking in his yard, yesterday, while the Salzeber yard yet has 20 acres untouched. Wm. Bagley Sr. finished his yards, Tuesday, Zina Wood wound up yesterday, and nearly all the growers over the county will finish by the end of the week.

Wm. Finney and wife, of San Jose, arrived today, for a short visit to the Fair. While in town they are guests of W. A. Finney, of Third Street. Mr. Finney is one of Hillsboro's pioneer blacksmiths, and is well known by the people of this section. He likes California, but still has a liking for old Oregon.

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. Cawwe, 5 miles northwest of Hillsboro.

The United States jury at Portland last night convicted Congressman J. N. Williamson, of Prineville, and his accomplices, Dr. Geener and Marion Biggs, of subornation of perjury. The case, like that of Mitchell, will be appealed. Judge Bennett defended the three, and Heney prosecuted.

The firm of Housley & Hanshaw has dissolved partnership all parties owing said firm are requested to settle the same at the market. Hillsboro, Ore., Sept. 21, 1905.

A Boy's Vacation Time.

HAIL that long awaited day When the schoolbooks laid away, All the thoughts of merry youngsters turn from pages back to play!

Done with lesson and with rule, Done with teacher and with school, Stray the vagrant hearts of childhood to the tempting wood and pool!

Who will tell in rhyme and rhyme Of the glory and the grime In the dusty lanes and byways of a boy's vacation time?

Hark, the whistle and the cry That is piping shrill and high From the chorus of glad youngsters trooping riotously by!

Say, did sun ever brightly shine As when, with his rod and line, Tramps the barefoot lad a-fishing, and the water clear and fine!

Sweet the murmur of the trees, And what glory now he sees In the chatter of the wild birds and the buzz of bumblebees!

Hear the green woods cry and call Through the summer to the fall, "We are waiting, waiting, waiting, with a welcome for you all!"

Hear the lads take up the cry, With an echo shrill and high, "We are coming, coming, coming, for vacation time is nigh!"

How the skies are blue and fair, How the clover scents the air With a witchery of fragrance that is delicate and rare!

How the blossoms bud and blow And the great waves flood and flow In the ocean of boy happiness, like billows, to and fro!

Ah, my heart goes back and sighs When the piping calls and cries From the hearts of merry youngsters like a song of triumph rise!

And I would that rhyme and rhyme Might be splendid and sublime In my heart to tell the story of a boy's vacation time!

—J. W. Foley in New York Times.

Explained Fully. Mother—How did you come to be teasing that little Jones girl? Her mother was just complaining to me about it.

Willie Hardcase—Well, she wanted somebody to tease her, I wanted to tease somebody, and we were both accommodating. That's all—Baltimore American.

Could Lessen It There. "I shall find another channel for my article," wrote the author of a rejected contribution.

That's right, was the answer of the courteous editor. "The English channel would be an excellent place for it."—Chicago Journal.

Always Ready. "Miss Passay has a queer habit of nodding her head and interjecting 'yes, yes' when any one talks to her. Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes, I think she got that habit waiting for some man to propose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Needed Improvements.

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The Country Cousin—How d'you like the country, Willie? The City Boy—Well, if it only had more houses and cops and street cars and keep off de grass signs and things it would be folst rare.—New York World.

Jim Dandies By John Murray Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McChure

There were six men in Company B, Ninth Infantry, who were nicknamed Jim Dandies. They were six spick and span fellows, who always looked fresh and clean and presentable, and they were always detailed for the best headquarters posts. This caused jealousy, and it was natural that by and by a story should get afloat that the six recruits were fellows without sand. It could be truthfully said that their courage had not been tested, as the Indians had been quiet for a long time, but no one argued this. It was easier to go with the majority and say with some of the old veterans:

"You just mark my words. If we ever get into a brush with the reds it will take four men apiece to hold these dudes on the firing line."

The Jim Dandies were attracted to each other and formed a coterie. They organized a glee club, sang love songs, read popular novels and bought toilet soap. They even wore linen collars, and it was said of at least three of them that they rebbed their faces with bay rum after a shave. The Jims were gazed and ridiculed, but they went their way and bided their time.

They had put in a year of this when the call came for the Ninth to take the field. The red men had grown tired of peace and wanted war again.

"Now keep your eyes on the Jim Dandies. They have exerted upon his fellows. In a very real sense Matthew Arnold is England and Taine is France are his disciples, or at least he is their literary ancestor. They derive from him, and the doctrines they have made explicit are often implicit in him. The part of Taine's critical theory which has withstood the test of time is that which Taine acquired from Sainte-Beuve, and not a few of the points which Arnold pressed insistently on the attention of all who read English he took over from his French predecessor. There are no real critics of literature of our time, from Mr. James in America to M. Brunetiere in France, who have not under their spell at some period of their own development and who have not sharpened their own vision by a more or less deliberate application of the methods of Sainte-Beuve—Brander Matthews in Century.

Three Queer Animal Tales. The Indians say that if a beaver sent out from the parents' lodge fails to find a mate he is set to repair the dam. If he fails a second time he is banished. An Arab writer has the same story. He tells us that those who buy beaver skins can distinguish between the skins of masters and slaves. The latter have the hair of the head rubbed off because they have to pound the wood for their masters' food and do it with their heads.

One more story is about the puma, the "friend of man." A certain Maldonado, a girl of Buenos Ayres, was falsely accused of having sought to betray the town to the Indians and was condemned to be exposed in the forest. An enormous puma guarded her all night from the attacks of other beasts. The next day she was taken back to the town and pronounced to be innocent.—From Edmund Selous' "Romance of the Animal World."

The First Meerschaum. A shoemaker, Kaval Kowats, who in 1828 lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary, smoked the first meerschaum pipe. Besides being a shoemaker, however, he was one of nature's handi-craftsmen, being gifted with an intuitive genius for carving in wood and other material. This brought him into contact with Count Andrássy, with whom he became a great favorite. The count on his return from a mission to Turkey brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its extraordinary light, specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Kaval cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. This first meerschaum pipe made and smoked by Kaval Kowats has been preserved in the museum at Pesth.

Holland Cheese. Holland is the land of fatness, windmills, dikes, canals and cheese. Of the latter they produce 40,000 tons and more in a year and consume only a fourth part. Alkmaar, one of the most noted and historical towns in the country, is the great cheese market, and in its streets over 12,000,000 pounds are sold annually.

Light Diet. Dubbs—No animal can exist on nothing. Tubbs—Oh, yes; moths eat holes.

A Jewel. "Our chauffeur is such a careful man." "I'm glad to hear you say that." "Yes. The last time we were out he ran over two dogs and a buckster without getting a single thing out of repair."—New York Herald.

No Use. "Do you always think before you speak?" asked the prudent adviser. "Yes," answered the impetuous youth. "But it seems to me that the longer I think the more numerous become the foolish things I feel like saying."—Washington Star.

Emphasizing Consideration. First Stenographer—My employer is in financial trouble of some sort. He says he doesn't know which way to turn. Second Stenographer—Mine hasn't that to bother him. He's a crank.—Detroit Free Press.

No Chance. "Stephead lost a hundred in a poker game with us fellows last night." "I thought he never indulged in games of chance?" "It was no game of chance so far as Sappy was concerned."—Houston Post.

Evelyn's Question Was Somewhat of a Poese. EVELYN is a very cowardly little girl. The world is so full of terror for her, indeed, that her life is scarcely worth the living. Her father, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'traid'?" "No; certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse, ain't you 'traid'?" "No, of course not."

"When you see a dog, ain't you 'traid'?" "No," with emphasis.

"When you see a bumblebee, ain't you 'traid'?" "No," with scorn.

"Ain't you 'traid when it thunders'?" "No," with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn solemnly, "ain't you 'traid of nothin' in the world but just mamma?"—Harper's Magazine.

Willing to Invest. "Yes, Mr. Gilliguff," says the mental scientist, "it will take but a few absent treatments to restore your wife to her usual health. You see, she merely imagines she is ill, and the thing to do is to make her imagine she is well again. For \$40 I would guarantee—"

"Forty dollars to make her imagine she is well?" gasps the husband. "Yes, Mr. Gilliguff," says the doctor, "I will make it an even hundred if you'll make her imagine I'm head of the house."—Chicago Tribune.

An Awful Blunder. "I made a serious mistake today," said the doctor. "What was it?" queried the druggist. "I charged a stranger \$2 for a consultation," answered the M. D., "and after paying \$2 he said he fully expected to pay \$10."—Columbus Dispatch.

Not His Fault. Miss Passay (cooly)—I saw the cutest painting today of the—er—what is the name of the little god that represents matrimony? Mr. Timmid—Well, now, you've got me.

Miss Passay—Oh, Mr. Timmid, this is so sudden!—Philadelphia Press.

Long—Did you give him the high sign? Short—Well, I did the best I could.—Chicago Journal.

Casting Up Accounts. "Does your husband ever win at the races?" "No," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Sometimes the bookmakers let him hold a few dollars of their money for a little while. But he never actually wins."—Washington Star.

Fully Measured. "So he married a college woman. It must be tough to be tied to a woman who knows so much he doesn't know." "That doesn't hurt him so much as the fact that she knows how much he doesn't know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

All Who Run Can Read. Her Husband—Now, there's Mrs. Meeker. I know that she makes all her own clothes, yet you never hear her say a word about it. Mrs. Marter—Humph! It ain't necessary.—Judge.

Wouldn't Do. "Rolling pin? Yes, sir; here's one made of glass—the latest thing out." "But, good Lord, man, that thing would probably break and cut my head all to pieces!"—Houston Post.

An Advantage. She—I dislike to see people make spectacles of themselves. He—Oh, I don't mind it. One can see through them easily when they do.—Chicago News.

The Early Fly. The early fly has just arrived. But no one seems to welcome him. The disposition seems to be instead to tear him limb from limb. He buzzes cheerfully around. As sociable as he can be. But no one greets him with a smile or shows the slightest sign of glee.

The early fly must think our hearts are very hard and cold indeed; His own heart, if he's sensitive At all, at times must really bleed To think that he's been gone so long And no one's glad to see him back, To find where'er he comes around His only greeting is a whack!—Somerville Journal.

True to Life. "Can't he act at all?" asked the first dramatic critic. "On rare occasions he can. For instance, I saw him getting next to some free lunch today, and he acted for all the world like a man starved to death."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Place For Dirt. "Why do they call it the face of the earth?" asked the teacher. "Cause there's so much dirt on it, I suppose," replied the youthful one.—Yonkers Statesman.

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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. 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) 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. 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

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, \$23 and 24 per ton. Bran, \$18 per ton. Hay, Timothy, old, \$14 @ \$15; new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9. Potatoes, 1-4, 80c @ \$1.75. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 27 and 27 1/2. Butter, Extra Creamery, 30 @ 32 1/2. Hops choice 1905, 13 cts. BUCKS FOR SALE. Full blooded Cotswold bucks for sale at a bargain. Also one well-bred Shropshire buck. Ferd Groner, Scholls, Ore. Address Hillsboro, Ore., R. F. D. No. 2. W. J. Bryan and family have called for the Orient. Argus and Oregonian, \$2.00.