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A CHANGE IS WANTED. There should be laws passed in every state against the publication of "Raffle" stories, and all that is calculated to excite the minds of the young toward getting something for nothing. This is an age of graft. We see Congressmen selling their honor for a dollar; we see United States senators convicted of money taking; our magazines teem with stories of "gentlemen" burglars who steal and then evade the law. Is it any wonder that young men, seeing our literature tainted with diseased stories of unpunished theft, and our statesmen indulging in larceny and subornation, take law into their own hands and go out to a life of crime? If our politics are partially responsible for this, conditions should be altered. When a nation loses, through its political representatives, its fine sense of honor, its citizenship begins to lose a strict sense of integrity. Make your literature clean; exact strict accountability from public officials; instill these doctrines into youth, with the admonition, Scriptural, that it is right to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and perhaps we shall have some cessation of crime. Radical work must follow the events of the last decade or the body politic will lose all sense of honor. What with bad literature, thieving statesmen in the office, and graft in politics from insurance companies "down" to presidential elections, is it any wonder that a revolution is needed to effect a better condition of affairs?

The latest railroad situation is this: E. E. Lytle says he will take hold of the road and build it, providing Hillsboro will float \$40,000 in first mortgage bonds and give him the right of way as far as Buxton. The committee is now looking over the field to see what can be done to comply with the conditions. Mr. Lytle is a successful railroad builder, and if he takes hold of the deal the road will be built. The right of way is already secured as far as Buxton, provided, of course, things move at once.

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.

Andrew Heckmann, the Beaverton road supervisor, was in town this afternoon. Mr. Heckmann brought in a cluster of California raisin grapes, of the seedless variety. The main cluster was 14 inches in length, and attached to it were five more clusters. They are the finest grapes yet seen this season, and are not yet fully matured.

C. B. Buchanan, of Cornelius, and W. J. Butner, Beaverton, both of whom are county commissioners, were in town this week, attending county court for the October term.

Chas. Cawse, who is an old timer here, and who is now raising wheat up at Oakdale, Wash., is here this week, a guest of his brother, Jos. Cawse.

For sale at a bargain: Nearly new 14-hoe Gundlach drill, \$40; and 60-tooth harrow, used but little; Oliver chilled plow 14-inch, good repair.—Ed Austin, Hillsboro.

Sam Smith, a former typo of the Independent, was in town yesterday, en route to North Yamhill, where he will run an engine for a lumber company.

L. G. Weidewitz, of Cornelius, made his first cast at his new shop yesterday, turning out 10,000 pounds of iron without a break or bad mold.

L. D. Halderman, of below Reedville, was in town this morning, accompanied by his brother, C. S. Halderman, of Wabash county, Indiana.

The Evangelical meetings at the Baptist church will close Sunday evening. Services each evening of this week, and Sunday at 11:00 o'clock.

Those interested in organizing a dancing school, or those wishing to learn to dance will please meet at the opera house Saturday evening, Oct. 7, at 8:30.

Strayed from pasture: Red muley bull, 1 1/2 years old. Information leading to recovery will be liberally rewarded.—W. H. Connell, Hillsboro.

Wm. Jolly and family, after spending the summer at the hop-yard northeast of town, are moving back to Portland for the winter.

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

Merton's Ambition

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

"So it's a case of the law or the lady," Bemis said, chuckling hard. "I should have no doubt as to which would win if I didn't know about the other lady." Merton flushed angrily and frowned. "You know nothing of the sort. There isn't any other lady." "Which her name is Henrietta—Henrietta Bruce," Bemis interrupted, still chuckling, but growing grave as he added, "And if you let yourself leave her in the lurch, Jack, you're a cad of the first water." "There is no question of taking or leaving," Merton began, trying to brave it out, but at the end dropping his head and half whispering: "You—you are right, Ned. Etta loves me, and I love her, better than all the world, except my ambition. I want to be somebody—somebody worth while. The way is open—if only I marry Mrs. Grey. She has virtually told me that as her husband her whole million will be at my command. If I don't marry her, what chance have I? The ten years I must starve to make myself a leading lawyer will put me hopelessly out of the race. Now I can win almost anything political—if I can afford to take it. Mere money does not tempt me so very much—but power—that is the thing I crave. Besides, I can't bear to think of Etta waiting, working, fading, for me when she might be happy in a home of her own if I were out of the way."



"DON'T YOU REMEMBER ETTA BRUCE?" might have made a great man of you; at any rate she would have made you better than her lapdog. You'll have a lapdog case, but you won't fit the position. You're too big and hulking; made too much like a man."

"Stop! I won't bear that even from you," Merton said hoarsely. Bemis swung on his heel. "I apologize for saying it to myself," he said, walking away. As the door shut behind him Merton was tempted to run after him, to sue humbly, to confess his own weakness, but somehow he did not quite do it. Instead he took from the mantel his fiancée's last gift, a miniature of herself, slightly framed, hung it down as if to grind it with his heel, but after a minute raised it and set it in place, with the face to the wall.

Five years after his wedding day he recalled the moment, the trivial action, with a mad longing to treat the original as then he had been tempted to treat the portrait. He had indeed found himself ranking between the household parrot and lapdog, albeit he had the freest possible hand at the Grey woman. That was his only freedom. Mrs. Merton laid claim to the greater part of his waking hours. She was a shallow creature, kindly enough, but forever craving change, amusement, the diversion of new faces, new scenes. To her way of thinking the end and the aim of manhood was either to make money or, having it ready made, to spend it.

"I won't have you bother me with politics—only low people go into it," she had said airily before the honeymoon was out. Even the prospect of being some day Mrs. Ambassador had not made her change. "I want to have good times now—not wait for them till I'm old and haggard," she had said. It was the same with his profession or any business venture. "I am business enough for you," his wife protested, adding in the next breath, "Besides, what other business would bring you a million dollars before you have one gray hair?"

Outwardly an enviable mortal, he was sick and tired of everything—most of all himself. Now and again he sighed for the stings, the limitations of the old time, and caught himself wondering how it would seem to be free. He knew nothing of Henrietta. There was an agreement between him and his wife upon one point if no other. She was firm that they would neither ask nor hear anything of his old friends, his native place. So was Merton—albeit down in his heart of hearts he was hungry for tidings. He won-

dered sometimes how Bemis had fared. He wondered still more if Etta were married. Thought of her did not give him a heartache, but rather a shamed self contempt. He tried hard to deaden all feeling. Apathy was the best shield against the evils he endured. But sometimes when he saw other men in the full tide of manly activity his heart rose up hotly against the woman who had bought him to be the slave of her caprice.

She was forever taking up things and dropping them. Thus she came to own a fever for coaching. In bright, early autumn weather she planned a long drive across country, one that would take at least a month. Merton fell in with her plan. He knew protest was idle. And thus in the middle of his journey he came to know fully what he had thrown away.

It was a mile out of a thriving railway town when the coach had lost a linchpin and was disabled that a storm drove its occupants to the shelter of the nearest house, a pretty villa, spacious, but unpretentious, with gay autumn flowers all about it and thrifty trees throwing up its red roof and gray walls. There was a rocking horse upon the piazza, a baby's cap lying limp on the rail. And the woman who answered Mrs. Merton's impetuous knock held the baby itself in the hollow of her arm as she swung the door hospitably open and said: "So the storm is to blow me good—in the sight of old friends. Don't you remember Etta Bruce, Mrs. Merton? I'm Mrs. Bemis now and very glad to see you. Come in. I shall keep you all night. Ned will not be home until almost 9. He went to see the governor today, and I know he would never forgive me if I let you go away without seeing him."

Then she shook hands with Merton as calmly as though they never had been more than casual acquaintances. He found himself catching his breath as he looked at her. She was less fresh than of old, but so wonderfully, spiritually beautiful, with the beauty of mother love, mother happiness. "I needn't ask you how you are, Etta," said Mrs. Merton. "No wonder you're happy, though, with two children," as a sturdy little lad came shyly through the inner door to ambush himself in his mother's skirts.

"It's five years old and going to be a man when I drops up," he volunteered when Mrs. Merton had coaxed him into flapping his tongue. Merton winced as he heard the prattling voice. The old love was dead, with so much else that was best in him, but still there were some faint stirrings of ambition. He was wondering if indeed the woman he had loved so long might not have made him, too, a man.

"Hi, there!" shouted the policeman. "You got off them steps. You don't belong there." "I know we don't," pleaded a pretty girl in blue silk, but won't you please let us stay here long enough to get our pictures taken? We won't hurt anything." "Possibly you won't," rejoined the policeman, "but that is not the question. The folks that own this house have got so tired of seeing a bunch of strangers perched upon their steps getting their pictures taken that they've given me orders to show off every party that I see making preparations."

"You see, the trouble is you sight-seers have run the business into the ground. Most of the millionaires in this street are pretty good natured, but when it comes to accommodating a whole lot of strangers at their homes a dozen times a day so that the different members of the party can send a photograph home showing how they looked standing on Mr. Richman's steps they show fight. At any rate, they won't let you stay here."

"You are just as penny pinching as this one. You can do down there and be taken if you like. His folks are not at home."—New York Post.

A City Directory Puzzle. City directories contain many items of interest. Some of them are in the nature of revelations; others are puzzles. Among the latter class may be mentioned the queer case of the man whose Christian name was withheld from the publishers. His surname is there, all right, and a good, respectable name it is, too, of two syllables and a German prefix, but the name bestowed upon him at the baptismal font he refused to make public.

The directory says that he refused. It is there in big letters, inclosed in parentheses (Refused). Then follows the honorable patronymic. That reticence in regard to the Christian name is the source of many of the riddles on the part of the reader. Why was the name refused? Was it unpronounceable, unspellable or was it—? But these suppositions lead one into a maze of conjecture that is positively bewildering; so, although the subject is fraught with interest, it is perhaps best to leave to his own consciousness the reason why that man's Christian name was "Refused."—New York Press.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. James Smith, Plaintiff, vs. Jessie Smith, Defendant. To Jessie Smith, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day prescribed in the order for publication of summons, to-wit, the 9th day of November, 1905, said day being the expiration of six weeks from the first publication of this summons and if you fail so to appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit, a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and the defendant here in and for such other and further relief as may seem equitable.

The time prescribed for the publication of this summons is six weeks and the day set for the appearance of the defendant is the 9th day of November, 1905. This summons is published by order of Hon. T. A. McHride, Judge of the above entitled court, which order was given and entered in the above entitled court on the 14th day of September, 1905. The date of the first publication of this summons is the 28th day of September, 1905. C. A. BELL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Wife's Secret Was Kind Of Rough on Poor Hubby

PETER STOKES, who has been married only two weeks, has left his wife. Stokes is a little man, and his wife weighs 240 pounds and was the relict of the late Seth Thompson. About ten days after marriage Stokes was surprised, on waking in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in bed crying as if her heart would break.

After considerable coaxing he elicited the following from her: "Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well lighted street I came to a shop where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale. Thinking it curious, I entered, and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to them—such beautiful men—some for \$1,000, some \$500, and so on to \$150, and as I had not that amount, I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her, Stokes pined his arm lovingly around her and asked, "And did you see any men like me there?" "Oh, yes," she replied; "lots like us. They were tied up in bunches like asparagus and sold for 10 shillings per bunch." Stokes got up and went to ask his lawyer if he had sufficient ground for a divorce.—Tit-Bits.

May Be the Reason. "Did you ever stop to think how unsatisfactory things are arranged in this world?" asked the "sporty" young man. "In what way?" inquired the prosaic old gentleman. "Why, I was thinking of appetites especially," answered the youth. "Here am I, a comparatively poor man, with a seven course dinner appetite all the time, while most of the rich men I know have just a plain ten cent bread and milk appetite."



She—Was Mrs. Swellington's reception an enjoyable affair? He—Well, there was one enjoyable feature in connection with it. She—And what was that? He—Miss Screamer, who was expected to sing, failed to appear.

Truth Will Out. Mrs. Place—You say that your husband and yourself occupy different apartments? Mrs. Acid—Yes. Mrs. Place—Which side of the house does he occupy? Mrs. Acid—The outside principally.—Richmond Dispatch.

Horrid, Mean Man. Wife—Oh, pahaw! How stupid of me to forget that! Husband—What's the matter, dear? Wife—Oh, something I saw today I wanted to buy. Husband—Good! You're improving. It used to be "everything you saw."—Philadelphia Press.

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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.

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SUMMONS. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY. Gus Kempfer, Plaintiff, vs. Jay P. Mead, Fritz Huguenin, Louise Huguenin and Ed Nimmo, Defendants. To Jay P. Mead, one of the above named defendants: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby commanded and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Cause and answer the complaint therein filed against you on or before the expiration of six weeks from the publication of this summons in the Hillsboro Argus, the first publication thereof being on the 5th day of October, 1905, and the last publication thereof being on November 23, 1905, to-wit: On or before the 23rd day of November, 1905, and you will please take notice that if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for and demanded in his complaint, to-wit: For a judgment against you for the sum of \$275 and interest thereon from Feb. 15, 1903, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, and the sum of \$75 Attorney's fees and for the costs and disbursements of this suit; and for a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage executed by you in favor of Iridna Bohart and John Bohart, her husband, to secure the payment of said sum of money on lot No. (15) Twelve and in Bohart Subdivision of the D. L. C. of Geo. W. Ebberts, in Township 1 North Range 2 West of the Will. Mer., containing 16 acres, and for a decree of sale of said premises, and that the proceeds thereof be applied in satisfaction of the claim of the plaintiff, and for a decree forever barring and precluding you from every right, title and interest in and to said premises and the whole thereof and for such other decree as may be necessary and proper in the premises. This summons is served upon you by publication, by order of Hon. L. A. Hood, County Judge of Washington County, made and dated October 4th, 1905, and which order requires you to appear and answer said complaint on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of said publication, to-wit: On or before November 23, 1905, the first publication thereof being October 5, 1905. G. H. BAGLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE MARKETS.

This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are: Valley Wheat, new, 71 and 72. Barley—feed, \$20.50; brewing, \$22; rolled, \$22 and \$23. Oats, White, \$23 and \$24 per ton. Oats, Gray, \$23 1/2 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, new, 60c @ \$7.50. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 27 and 27 1/2. Butter, Extra Creamery, 30 @ 32 1/2. Hops choice 1905, 12 cts.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

D T Phillips to Emma J Patton 1/4 near Cornelius 900. Alonzo R Fanno et ux to Mary C Summers part of blk A Beaverton W J Wall et ux to J B Wilkes lot 7 blk 4 Thorn's add, Hillsboro 1. Cary Peterson et ux to Henry Vandenberg 1 acre Michael Wren d c. John A Krieger et ux to John Vandenberg 1 acre Michael Wren d c. John J Kurall to Samuel Kurall 4 1/2 sec 12 1 1/2 r 2 w. Emil Stark to Fred Stark et al 1 1/8 a sec 12 r 2 w. 1000. Mary E Crowder et al to CF Hesse 100 a in Peter Scholla d c. 7500. George Delano to Otis L. Fribble lots 4 and 5 blk 10 Cornelius. 105. Otis L. Fribble et ux to John W Fribble lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 block 10 Cornelius. 190. John Schmidt et ux to Louise R Garrow 30 a in sec 12 r 2 s r 3 w. 800. S W Seelye et ux to Simon P Taylor 7.22 a in James Howell d c. 1. Williamses Real Estate Co to Otis L. Fribble lots 1, 2 and 3 blk 10 Cornelius. 75. Geo B Robinson et ux to James D Adams 1/4 a in Felix Landen d c. 50. Margaret Blatter et al to H L Kocher tract near Sherwood. 3000. E D Montague et al to Carl C Her 9 a sec 14 r 3 s r 5 w. 1000. Clifford B Harris et ux to Wm Robinson 60 a sec 13 r 2 w. 1500. W McElldowney to C L Love one foot strip, 100 feet long, F Grove. 400. T A Lewis to Wm Smith tract near Forest Grove. 2500. Lena Brunner et al to H W Hoehle 32 a sec 23 1 1/2 r 1 w. 4000.

Wm. Bishop who is associated with his brother, Herman, in the Shady Brook sawmill, was in town today, on his return from Portland.

Miss Lyda Burlingame, of North Yakima, is the guest of G. J. Palmateer and family, and of A. P. Luther and wife.

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

Ernest Lyons, who will have a public sale on the 21st, was a caller at this office, this afternoon.

Heavy Jones was up from Beaverton yesterday, interested in probate business.

E. P. Cornelius, of beyond Glenoee, was in town Saturday, scattering bills for his sale. Preaching at Reedville at 7:30, Sunday evening, by Rev. A. Robinson.

Probate. Estate of Chas C and Al Harris, minors, valued at \$1400. Julius Colfelt appointed guardian Edward, Ida Herman and Fred Colfelt, bonds at \$500; Herman Smith, Hans Jorgenson and Thos Mathieson, appraisers.

Objections to final account of administration estate Margaret Jones, deceased, heard and under advisement.

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

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.

Argus and Oregonian, \$2.00.