od. "I found them in my room. Your

"To the blue room," she repeated in

ing impulsively into the hall, Miss An-

struther seized a girl standing by the billiard room door, and before either

you he means not me," breathless! The next moment she had vanishe

"It's it's true," he murmured inco

herently. "I've been trying all the evening to tell you, only you wouldn't

"What made Patricia think you were

making love to her, then?" demanded

the girl, still resentful. Carrollton shook

"I don't know," he grouned bewilder

ingly. "She she began talking about some rot that I had said at dinner, and

then burst out that she was engaged to.

You are in the blue room, aren't you?

Mrs. Mortimer said you were to be,"

doggedly. "I-I brought them down from the city myself." But Mise

Wheatley's soft laugh had rippled out.

room," she explained, "but it had no

dreplace and Patricia, who doesn't

mind the cold, insisted on changing

with me. And then, when she came in

wearing those flowers and saying that

pout. Carrollton, whose face had clear-ed, joined in her laughter.

"There seems to have been a mixug all around," he declared. "Now, see

here, Ethel, that was a pretty narrow

escape, and the next time the girl

night not be engaged. Don't you think

that you could do something toward

claiming your own property? It isn't

much good, perhaps, but still hadn't I better tell Patricia that we have been

engaged for some time too? That would remove finally from her mind

any lingering idea that I was in love

with her, and, besides, I'd hate to have her think you second choice," artfully. "What do you say, dear." There was a

pause a long pause—then Carrollton thrust his head from between the cur-

Among the stories which were told

by certain aged physicians at a reun-

ion of medical men of the times when

surgical operations were conducted

without anaesthetics none was more

A little girl not more than eight years

old was injured in such a way that it

was necessary to amputate one of her

legs. She proved to be of wonderful

pluck, and instead of binding her, as

was customary in such cases, she was

given ber most cherished doll to hold.

Pressing it in her arms, she submitted

to the amputation without a single cry.

charge, seeking to brighten matters up

with pleasantry, said, "And now, my

dear, we will amputate your doll's leg."

Then the little girl burst loto tears.

"No, no!" she gasped between her

sobs. "You shall not; it would hurt her

Some very fine binding was exe-cuted for King James I., who during

his entire life was an enthusiastic

patron of letters and art. In some of

with heavy corner pieces and the arms

in the center. One fine piece of work

now in the British museum is in bright brown calf powdered with fleur-de-lis.

Another folio in crimson velvet has the

arms of England embroidered on both

sides with gold thread on a ground-

are worked above. The lettering is in

leather, and the boards are tied to

gether by red ribbon, constituting a

regal book in every particular. John Gibson, in Scotland, and the Barkers,

in England, were appointed to be the

of their work now extant.- Chambers

Russing Amuck.

A Malay is intolerant of insult or

slight; it is something that to him

should be wiped out in blood. He

will brood over a real or fancled stain

on his honor until he is possessed by

the desire for revenge. If he cannot wreak it on the offender he will strike

out at the first human being that come

in his way, male or female, old or

young. It is this state of blind fury.

this vision of blood, that produces the

amuck. 'The Malay has often been

called treacherous. I question whether

be deserves the reproach more than

other men. He is courteous and ex-

personal insults.-"Malay Sketches."

"Don't you think that Miss Spriggs

plays the plane beautifully?"
"Well," answered the musician who

is both conscientious and polite, "let

us rather say that Miss Spriggs is

beautiful when she plays the plano."-

at that farm where you go, Alice?"

"Yes. Arthur says be will bring a big

hasketful every night."-Detroit Free

Difficult All Around.

"This is a hard world. I can't please

"Tes, and nobody pleases me."- Chi-cago Record-Herald.

Striving to Please.

Waiter-Monsieur, we permit him to eat everything on the bill of fare. We

can do no more, monsieur.-New York

Guest-What can you do, Alpho

or a man who has no appetite?

Argus and Journal, \$1.75.

Washington Star.

tains. "Patricia," he called.

touching than the following:

"Why, I was to have had the blue

the curtain.

let me.

LUCIUS A. LONG. Editor

#### County Official Paper

Subscription: One Dollar per Annur Six Months, 60 ets.; Three Months, 35 ets.

loaned Every Thursday -BY-LONG & MCKINNEY

#### DO BUSINESS RIGHT

Hillsboro needs a big potato wareuse-one that will insure against freezing, and one that will hold enough so that farmers generally can store their crop, and have it here so that growers can take advantage of a good market. We raise a big acreage of tubers, and the highlands both north and south of town supply a big portion of the market. If the farmers will get together they can each contribute something towards the building and keeping up of such a warehouse, and their product can always be ready for shipment Buyers will come here and take the various crops, where they now find it impossible to visit each individual grower. Mr. Mechan, of Farmington, says that such a feature paid well in a Clackamas county town, and the same proposition would have merit here.

The idea that Oregon's convicted Congressman should resign is farfetched, and contrary to good government-and besides, their devilment has taken them to a pass where they "need the money." As long as the state's best interests, for years, have been subordinate to those in power, why fret about a few more dollars. Just turn over the state's business to our neighbore and ask Congress to merge us into Washington. Resignations at this time would burt the feelings of the 2x4 country press, which "sure" has saved the country, at lo, these many elections.

#### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

CS Miller to Gilbert & Bellrood Henry Edigar to Christian Allen-back 14.61 a H B Bones d 1 k ... 1166 Leopold Linder to J L Washburn 160 a sec 13 t 2 n r 5 w...... R W Haines to J P Forbes, 160 a sec 11 t 2 n r 5 w..... Issac Ball to C Mort, 68 acres in sec 23 t 2 s f 1 W ..... 2330 TR Imbrie to Thos & J W Con-Carl Boy to Chas Boy, 20 acres at Bethany. White d l c ........ James Burgess to Fred Sommers, 158 a sec 9 t 2 n r 3 w...... Carl Boy to Joe Sausders, tract in J S White d 1 c..... Wm Menefee to Allen Rogers, 3 lots in Gaston ..... Ered Emerson to E W Haines, 100 sq ft in Forest Grove..... C M Johnson to D M McInnis, 30. H F Carstens to A Carstens, 31 lts in W Portland Heights..... E W Haines to J A Thornburgh, lot 4 blk 31 Forest Grove..... Theo Johnson to R McCracken, 0.37 acres on Dairy Creek..... L Lindsey to Hattie Lockman, Geo A Kirkland to M C McGregor 160 a sec 35 t 3 n r 4 w ...... O& CRR to NY Union Trust Co So a sec 1 t 1 s r 5 w ...... Harry Cline to Henry Matthes, 40 acres sec 11 t 2 s r 3 w ...... Wm Reidt to S J Woodman 5 lots W Portland Heights.... Geo Rason to Geo D Rason 14.89 a Tupper d 1 c ..... Z B Drum to S H French 160 a sec

Lena Dixon to M B Westcott 35 a sec 24 t 2 n r 5 W ..... Chas Reinemer to Jacob Oehler tr in blk 33 Forest Grove...... Jacob Oehler to Chas Reinemer 48.58 a Donald McLeod d l c ... 2500 Jos Turk to Ludwig Gesse, 80 a sec James Churchill to B N Thomas X David Purser to M Anderson block 

I L Kirts to F A Waldron 30 a on Rifie Powell to Wilson Whitmore lot in Humphrey's add Hillsboro

J. W. Copeland, of the Hare mill, was in town this morning.

Arthur Bacon was down from Mountaindale today.

J. A. Messinger, of Laurel, was Born, October 19, 1905, to C. W.

ey and wife, Banks, a son. Thos. Meacham, of above Moundale, was in the city this morn-

resbyterian services at the West ion Church next Sunday after-

E P. Tobin, with the Pacific Pa-er Company, was in town this

Mary A. Pratt, of below Peaverton, aged 82, was here yesterday, a visitor at the court house. She visited the old court house here, 45 years ago: Her mother, residing at McMinnville, is aged 102 and still hearty.

E. A. Knotte, the Tualatin hop rower and contractor, was in town his afternoon, interested as a side issue, in the railroad progress.

David Harper and Miss Mamie Smith, of near Raleigh, were grant- fingers ed license to wed yesterday.

Mrs. Emily Hankins and daugh-ter, Miss Ethel, are here, guests of Mrs. Geo. R. Bagley.

Born, Obtober 21, 1905, to Edwin C. Allen and wife, of Forest Grove, a daughter. J. B. Tamiesie, of North Plains,

this morning. Thos. Williams, of Vinelands, was in town today, nursing a bad

#### The Sad Case of Percival

DERCIVAL PETERKIN PTOLEMY

was his mamma's price and nonly son

And, as she suggested in dulcet tones,
Was really a most remarkable one.
So when he yelled
His mamma would trot,
And she also ran
If to yell he forgot.
And she kept him in cotton batting, too
As an anxious mamma, of course, managements.

do. Oh, he was a lulu, as everyone owns, This Percival Peterkin Ptolemy Jones.

Now, Percival Peterkin Ptolemy Jones Was called by his mamma "My ownty

phones
By terming him through them "That
underbred scrub!"
At six feet high
He were knee pants.
He had but to yell

And his mamma would dance. And she wore herself both frail and slim By running and jumping and waiting of

know.

And they did not hang
His mamma's hope,
For they felt that he
Wasn't worth the rope. "Just give it a name and the whole thing

Just note the moral-it's tacked right Of Percival Peterkin Ptolemy Jones.

Of Percival Peterkin Ptolemy Jones.
There is many a lad, oh, far and near,
Who a fool mamma to his sorrow owns.
He is coddled and nursed,
He's his "mamma's hope,"
But at the end of it all
He is not worth rope.
You can't nurse a youth into being a man.
If you will not whip, why, the great
world can.
The mamma may call him "My ownty na may call him "My ownty

Says the world, as it kicks him, "The so -San Francisco Call.

Recognised the Description

The man with the pessimistic hair ns to overhear the conversation of the gentlemen on the seat ahead of him. The one who was doing the most of the talking is saying:

"And so there is a constant curren This is distributed over the house by pipes, which lead to whatever point you desire. But always it will produce a sufficient supply of cold air

with the pessimistic hair, "aren't you Mr. Glithers, the hardware and stove "Yes, sir.

"And may I ask what contrivance you are describing?" "A cold air plant for a meat storage

"Pardon me again. I thought per haps you were telling your friend about the furnace you sold me last wister."-Chicago Tribune.



Mr. Wise-Then, doc, you'll find the baby in the next room.-Chicago Jour-

A Possible Explanation. "Why is it that young people often have so little regard for the feelings of

their parents?" "it is due to a certain resentment at the way in which parents dress helpless little ones in foolish clothes and have their photographs taken."

"Nothing would please that woman better than a chance to gossip with her neighbors," remarked Jokeley. "Really?" replied Pokely. "She does "Really?" replied Pokely.

"Fact, though. She's deaf and dumb."
-Philadelphia Press.

Wise Cantd. When the man and his wife

# **IOLETS**

A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Miss Anstruther touched the purple blossoms at her breast with caressing

Cappright, 1965, by .d. M. Davies Onde

fresh and fragrant. I think them the fresh and fragrant. I think them the she or Carrollton could realize what only flower for a man to send a wom- was intended had whirled her behind

Carrollton laughed. The dinner had reached the stage where general conversation gildes imperceptibly into monologues or duets. The soft shaded lights, the odor of flowers, tempted to and a little indignant, turned to folwas a caller at the Argus office,

"Then you agree with a friend of hand. mine who declares it is deceitful for a girl to buy violets for herself, thus creating a false impression of owning a 'young man,' " he answered lightly. Miss Austruther's lips curved into a slow smile.

"Well, perhaps not. And yet"-Carrollton's voice grew more serious—"I suppose the sending of violets does mean more than the gift of other flowers. When a man begins to associate

Miss Anstruther, a faint hint of disquietude creeping into her dark eyes, gianced quickly around. "But-but couldn't he have sent

them for any other reason-because he knew she liked them-for congratulations?" she asked in a troubled tone. Carroliton shook his head. "Oh, no; he would send roses in such a case," he answered with conviction.

"And-and if she wears them?" "I think the man would be justified in construing it as a hopeful sign. Don't you?"

Miss Anstruther flushed painfully and dropped her eyes.

"Duck, siz?" interposed the butler at Carrollton's shoulder. When he again turned toward Miss Anstruther she was talking gayly with her left hand



"ETHEL," SHE GASPED, "IT'S TOU HE

neighbor. Carroliton, free to let his eye wander, fell to watching the eager, beautiful face of a girl across the table-a face that sparkled and changed with every varying thought. mused a bit ruefully.

Miss Anstruther finished her dinner with the consciousness of having in all probability answered the greater part of her companion's remarks with utter irrelevance. She could only trust that Mr. Morris, a fluent talker himself, might not have noticed. The girl's thoughts were hopelessly tangled. Carrollton's words about violets had ly attach such significance to the little lower? She had never dreamed of such a thing and pinned on the odorous cluster before dinner with enjoyment of their beauty, indeed, but with out any idea of occult meaning to the act. But now her eyes sought him doubtfully, a little wistfully. Did other men feel that way about violets too? She must speak to him again, but

After dinner, however, the house party scattered. Miss Anstruther felt erself borne along to the billiard room, while Carrollton sat down for a rub ber of bridge. It was not until some time later that Carrollton, walking down the hall, absorbed in worrying as to why Ethel Wheatley had so persist-ently avoided him all the evening, beard his name being called softly. Turning, be found Miss Anstruther facing him within a curtained window embrasure, ber cheeks scarlet, her eyes

"Forgive me for stopping you," she said. "But—but I wanted to tell you something," avoiding his glance as she "It-it isn't announced yet, I-I felt that I must tell you," she ended half beseechingly. Carroliton, conscious of a vague expectancy in her at-

"It's awfully good for you to let me you both most heartily. Joe's a buily chap, and mighty lucky too," he added a little awkwardly. "Of course I am to be an usher." What was it the girl

wanted, Carrollton wondered. He noticed that she had grown quite white. "You-you and Joe are such friends that I was sure you knew," she struggied. Why was he making it so hard for her? "It was only at dinner that i began to suspect—when you spoke about the meaning of violets." Her voice was unsteady. "I—I never dreamed that you cared; I thought you had sent me them because"— She stopped, startled by the change in his face. Carrollton jumped.

"I-I sent you!" he stammered, staring. Miss Anstruther stared in turn.

Little Dorothy and Her Pretty Headgear

card was in the box. To be sure, it was not addressed. Tell me," with a quick inspiration; "there was some mis-take, then?" THREE-YEAR-OLD Dorothy seen Carrollton, taken aback, was striving to regain his wits. to appreciate her own charms and "I-I sent them to the blue room," be ilso displays a truly feminine muttered stupidly, then bit his lip. love of pretty clothes, traits which a What a brutal speech! A sudden flash fond the ngh discreet mother endeavors comprehension lighted the girl's to discourage.

But alas for discretion where maternal admiration of a beautiful child undisguised relief. "Why-oh!" Dartis concerned!

hopping expedition the mother placed on the child's head a dainty hat of fluffy whitem a. Turning to the nurse, she exclaimed:

Doesn't she look bove-ly?" dis "Ethel," she gasped, "here's Mr. Carcreetly spelling the hillective. rollton proposing to the wrong girl. It's "That she do, mum!" was the equally discreet reply.

Nothing more was said, and down the hall. Miss Wheatley, startled retty headgear was laid away for fulow, but Carrollton caught her by the

The following day Dorothy happened to be left alone for a time, and on the return of the nurse the vain little tot was found arrayed in the new hat and mounted on a chair before the mirror. into which she was gazing with lively admiration. Turning to the astonish nurse, she enthusiastically exclaimed "Don't I look A-B-C?" - Lippincott's Magazine.

The Wrong Flavor.

A traveling man who sells flavoring extracts registered at one of the large hotels vesterday and told the clerk that he wanted a bath. The city water was exceedingly muddy, but the clerk forgot that. He assigned the guest to a room with a private bath attached. Fifteen minutes later the clerk was called to the house telephone. It was the new arrival who wanted him.

"Hey!" called the traveling man. "You've given me the wrong flavor!" "What do you mean?" asked the puzzied cierk.

"I've got a chocolate bath here," was the reply; "I wanted vanilla."-Kansas

Pa's Little Joke "Pa," said Willie, "an equine means a horse, doesn't it?"

"And an ox is a kind of a cow, isn't

"Well, what kind of a blamed thing is this equine ox everybody's talking

Pa thought a minute, looked sheepish, and then said as he backed out of the room, "Oh, that's a wether!"-Kansas City Telegram.



a man who stole a head of lettuce and then went back and got another, be-Benham-I'll bet you can't make that

fellow believe that two heads are better than one Philadelphia Bulletin.

Kindly Parson-Cheer up, my man; his books the thistle is introduced cheer up! If at first you don't succeed, try again, you know.

Prisoner (savagely) - Well, I guess

rou don't know what brought me here. Kindly Parson - No, but the motto applies just the same-try, try again. Prisoner-Well, that's what I done, an' here I be-for bigamy.-Judge

Friend-I should think your daugh ter's four hours' practice on the plane would drive you crazy.

Hostess—Oh, not at all. She opens all the windows, and most of the sound goes outdoors. New York Weekly.

"How do you know there is nothing important in this letter from my sis ter?" said she. "You haven't read it." "No," answered he, "but I glanced

over your shoulder and saw there was

no postscript."-Washington Star. Explained. "My goodness?" exclaimed the feather "Your stick is covered with coal dust and ashes. What have you

"I've been playing poker," explained the broom.-Columbus Dispatch. Manifest Error. Molly-He is a student at one of the

pects courtesy in return, and he unerstands only one method of avenging Polly-Nonsense! He talked with us for an hour when he was here yesterday and never used a bit of slang.-Somerville Journal.

> The bees have forsaken the clover, The birds are more seldem in song; So we now know that summer is ever— It did not last long. Hotels all close up in short order. While winds through deserted room

roam;
The boat carries off the last boarder,
All chilled to the bone. No more ice cream soda we go for; Even fruit does not tempting appear; So we know now that summer is over, And cysters are here.

He Didn't Look It. Editor-Do you mean to tell me that oke is original with you? Jokesmith-Certainly.

Editor-Well, perhaps you are 400 years old, but you don't look it.-Chi-Hard and Ensy. "I should think Skinner would be on

his good behavior occasionally. He's

certainly got a hard reputation to live "Yes, but an easy one to live down to."-Detroit Free Bress.

## 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 cheaperreally 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.

THE PERSON NAMED AND ADDRESS OF THE PERSON NAMED AND ADDRESS O

## WEINHARD'S (On drawnhy)

The best of all Beers. Bottled for Medicinal Use

At W. V. WILEY'S

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of C. M. Johnson, deceased, have filed in the Coun'y Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, my final account as such administratrix, and that said Court has set Monday, December 4, 1905, at the hour of 16 o'clock a, m. of said day 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.

LUCINDA JOHNSON,
Administratrix of the estate of C. M. Johnson, deceased.

W. N. Barrett, Attorney for estate.

Notice of Final Settlement,

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator has filed in the
County Court of Washington County, Oregon, his final account as such administrator, and the same has been set for final
hearing and settlement before said Court
on Monday, December 4, 1905, at the hour
of 10 o'clock a m.

Dated this November 1, 1905,
FRANK S, MYERS,
Administrat of the Estate of Charlotte
Grace Myers, deceased.
Benton Bowman, Attorney for Estate.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the under-signed administrator of the estate of Martha J. Parrett, deceased, has filed his final account as administrator of said estate, in the County Court of Washing-ton County, Oregon, and that said Court has appointed Monday, December 4, 1900,

thereof.

Now, therefore all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at the County Court room, at Hillsboro, said County and State, at said time, to then and there show cause if any there be, why said account should not be sett! ", allowed and approved, and said administrator discharged, and said estate forever and finally settled.

Dated November 1, 1835.

W. F. BRISTOW,
Administrator of the estate of Martha J. Parrett, deceased.

Parrett, deceased.
Clarence butt and H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Estate.

#### He Still Had Hopes of Collecting His Loan

MR. TYTE-PHIST had scraped as acquaintance with another pas-senger on the train.

"Yes, sir." "In business there?" "Yes."

"Long?"

"Do you know a man named Hurdle

"Rasselas Hurdlestone. He has harelip, and he's cross eyed. You'd know him in a minute if you saw him

Walks with a kind of stoop. He went to Cincinnati twenty-seven years ago,

before he went away from our town and I'd kind of like to get on track of him, that's all."-Chicago Tribune.

A Law Torm.



## 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

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR

SUMMONS

WASHINGTON COUNTY John G. Butts, Minnie Butts.

Defendant In the name of the State of Oregon: In the name of the State of Oregon:

To Minnie Butts the above named defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint flied against you in the above entitled court at d suit on or before the expiration of six weeks from and after the first publication of this summons, to-wit, on or before the 20th day of November, A. D. 1965, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his complaint on file berein, to-wit, that the bonds of matrinony existing between yourself and the plaintiff be dissolved, set aside and held for naught upon the grounds that the de-

plaintiff be dissolved, set aside and held for naught upon the grounds that the defendant wilfully and without cause or provocation deserted the plaintiff at Portland, Oregon, on the 15th day of December, 1925, and ever since has remained away from him, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and proper.

This summons is published by order of Honorablo T. A. McBride judge of the Climit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, and said order was made and dated the 4th day of October, A. D. 1905, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 5th day of October, 1905.

T. G. THORNTON.

T. G. THORNTON.
Attorney for Plaintiff.

### Administrator's Notice.

to Cincinnati twenty-seven years ago, and I reckon be is there yet. Had a short, stubby mustache the last time I saw him. Can't you seem to remember him now?"

"No," said the other passenger; "I have no recollection of him. Is he a relative?"

"Gosh, no!" said Mr. Tyte-Phist. "I lent the measly cuss 25 cents the day last rough the same to me, with most rough the same to me, with most rough the same to me, with proper vouchers, at the law office of W. N. Barrett, in a lishoro, Gregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated October 19, 1905.

GEORGE DUERST,

THE MARKETS,

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

Valley Wheat, new, 73 and 75.

Barley—feed, \$21.00; brewing, \$21½; rolled, \$21½ and \$22.

Oats, White, \$25 and \$26 per ton. Oats, Gray, \$24 and 244 per ton. Bran, \$18 per ton. Hay, Timethy, old, \$14 @ \$15 new, \$11 @ \$12; grain, \$8 @ \$9. Hay, Clover, \$8 and \$9.

Potatoes, new, 70cas.75. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 29 and 30. Butter, Extra Creamery, 30@324 Hops choice 1905, 11 cts.

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

'From Cincinnati, are you?" he said

Administrator of the estate of Jost uerst, deceased. W. N. Barrett, Attorney for Estate.

Argus and Pacific Monthly, \$1.50,