

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.

Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

LONG & McKINNEY

It is no uncommon thing to hear Republicans say, day in and day out: "Well, if Roosevelt does not run, I would like to see W. J. Bryan the next president of the United States." This sentiment has been fostered by several conditions, two of which are: First, they think Bryan is absolutely honest; second, they think that a vast sum of money was used to defeat Bryan in 1896, 1900 and 1904. This expression comes from men of all ages, from the young man just entering into National politics, and from the elders, who have seen years and years of National history, written on the checkboard of American politics. It conclusively shows that the great commoner has the confidence of the American public, whether or not he has its sympathies on economic questions. Bryan has had an experience that has rarely befell Americans who have been candidates for high office. He has always shown the strictest of integrity, and his ideals have always been of the highest. It is generally accepted that he is incorruptible, and that he is the soul of honor. For this reason many Americans, even of the Republican persuasion, have an abiding faith in the Nebraskan, for they do not think that under any circumstances would he betray American citizenship. Bryan is a great man and nothing but partisan politics, and the fact that a great depression preceded his first candidacy, caused his defeat. He is the coming man, and if he shall be nominated and defeated, it will be because the vested interests fear his action should be elected.

President Roosevelt is not the first man with good and proper instincts who has sacrificed desires of legislation to party organization. When the rate bill was about to pass in accordance to presidential desire, smooth old man Allison went to him and remarked that such a measure would jeopardize party success, as it would array the entire railroad world against the Republican party. "This would be unfortunate," said Allison, "for it would virtually mean that you would crush the party that has made you president." Allison suggested that the railroads would be satisfied if an unlimited court review clause were put in the bill, making it possible for the railroads to carry cases brought by small shippers clear to the Supreme Court. "This would satisfy the railroads, and at the same time you can go before the country as the author of a measure that stands between the corporations and the people, and the republican people will get the glory." Roosevelt listened, and acquiesced. Here is a case of where party has overruled better judgment—but the president is not the first man to surrender to the fetch of machine politics.

Cummins, of Iowa, leading tariff reform, has won out in Iowa, and the "old man" will carry the state without any trouble. Cummins is a fighter of no mean ability, and had to fight the administration policy in order to win out.

When the Harvest Days Are Here

In the golden days of harvest, When the sun is shining clear, And a case of heartless sunstroke Is heard of, there, or here, While the sweat is boiling from you, Standing out like childhood's tear— 'Tis then you feel like drinking A great, big glass of beer!

Be anster or soaked with sinning, Drunk, or Prohibition man, When the sun comes down a-boiling, And you're blistered with the tan, And you dream of cooling breezes From a whizzing electric fan, 'Tis then you feel like, if ever, That you'd like to "rush the can!"

When the bulb runs up to ninety, And you think it sure will burst, And the dog days still are running, While you feel like one accursed, For the ice and irrigation, Wreck the bank account you're nursed— 'Tis then you feel like slaking With some beer, that Summer thirst.

I feel sorry for the precincts That all voted dry last June, For like high-water trousers, They are all cut off 'too soon, They now are shrunken and withered, And a drink would be a boon, But they can't get back to lager For two years of sun and moon!

Cream coupons with Washington Ice cream at The Delta.

Poor Bowser The Martyr

He Suffers and Suffers and Declares It's All the Fault of His Wife.

MIND IS SLIGHTLY OFF

Philosopher Seems to Be Afflicted With an Unusual Attack of Absentmindedness.

[Copyright, 1906, by R. Douglas.]

MRS. BOWSER and the cat were looking out of the front window the other evening when Mr. Bowser came home from the office. They saw him drop off the street car at the corner, and they knew that something had occurred to put him out. He came along down the walk with a scuff, scuff, scuff, his head down and his back humped up, and Mrs. Bowser sighed and the cat uttered a meow. He scuffed up the steps, unlocked the door in an uncertain way, and there was no longer any doubt of what would happen.

Mrs. Bowser greeted him pleasantly, but he had nothing to say. She led the way down to the dining room, and he followed without a word. She had a few little extras for dinner, but he hardly tasted of the meal. He would sit at his coffee and sigh; then he would take a mouthful of potato and sigh some more; then he would look fixedly at the beefsteak and the tears almost started from his eyes.

What Was Coming. Mrs. Bowser was not alarmed. She had seen just such fits before. She knew what would happen as soon as they reached the sitting room, but she did not let it interfere with her appearance.



FOUND THE OTHER DANGLED DOWN HIS BACK.

Although he gazed at her with reproaches in his looks, she chatted away about trifles until the meal was finished and didn't seem to notice that he wasn't enjoying himself. It was only when they had got seated for the evening that she asked:

"Has anything gone wrong with you today, Mr. Bowser?"

"You are the one who ought to know," he sternly replied as he turned on her.

"Why, how should I know, dear?"

"Perhaps you will tell me what you call that," he said as he produced a hairbrush and slammed it down on the table at her elbow.

"It's a hairbrush, and it looks like the one you've had for the last six months."

"So it is, but where did I find it this morning when I took the car and went to get out my handkerchief? I ask you where I found it. I ask you to imagine the smiles and giggles of the passengers as I drew it from my pocket."

"That is just like you. After brushing your hair this morning you put the brush in your pocket. Mr. Bowser, you must brush yourself of being so absentminded."

Did Not Look After Him. "And yet you, my wife—the woman who should look after me—let me go away with that brush in my pocket! You didn't care a tinker's tunk, Mrs. Bowser, whether I went away with a hairbrush or a handkerchief in my pocket. That's your wifely love and care for me! If you had been on the street car when I pulled it out and wiped my mouth on the back of it you'd have probably giggled the same as the other fool women did."

"Well, what else?" she asked, smiling spite of herself.

"Look at this blamed old collar!" he roared, as he rose up. "Do you see how it's raveled out on the edges? Do you see three paint spots on it? Do you see that even a longshoreman would be ashamed to wear it?"

"I see it, Mr. Bowser. Yesterday I hunted up a lot of your old collars and put them in a bag to give away to tramps. With two dozen new collars in your dresser you went to the bag and got this one out. Why do you do such things?"

"It didn't do 'em," he shouted. "But I did it's your business as a loving wife to notice them before I go away. All day long the bottoms of my trousers have been under my feet. Maybe you will tell me that I slipped out of the house last night and stole a pair belonging to a giant?"

She rose and walked over to him and unbuttoned his vest and threw it open. Only one suspender was in sight. She pulled off his coat and found the other dangling down his back. For a moment he was beaten. Then he flushed up and exclaimed:

"Yes, but why in thunder didn't you discover it this morning? I heard some fellows guffing me on the street at noon, and I'll bet it was about that dangling suspender, Mrs. Bowser!"

"What else has happened?" she interrupted.

"Take a look at this necktie, will you? Is it a necktie or a piece of tarred rope?"

"There you are again. You couldn't be satisfied to drag out an old collar."

out you must get a necktie to match. What do you do such things for?" "Don't lay it on me, and don't think to bluff me!" he sternly exclaimed. "Woman, there is such a thing as divorce, thank heaven!" "But if you'd apply for one it would turn out to be a mortgage on the house. Now, then, what else?"

"My socks!" he hoarsely whispered. Mr. Bowser as he pointed at his feet. "What about them?"

His Eyesight Poor. "Full of holes, crevices, chasms, ravines. They have hurt my feet all day. Look at them, guilty woman, and let the blush of shame mantle your cheek!"

He sat down and took off his shoes. There were holes in the toes and heels of his socks. They were not holes which a yearling calf could have passed through, but yet they were of respectable size and only waiting for warm showers to grow larger. Mr. Bowser looked at Mrs. Bowser with accusing looks, and she ran upstairs and returned after a moment with eight pairs of socks as fresh as new pins.

"They were right there in front of your nose, but you scrubbed around and got that pair somewhere," she said. "Are the complaints ended?"

"I left my eyeglasses on the table this morning. You knew I did. The cook knew I did. The blamed old yaller cat knew I did, and yet the whole cascade of you saw me start out without them and never said a word. I had to go out and buy a pair before I could do any work. My John, but when I think of these things!"

Mrs. Bowser passed down the hall to where his spring overcoat was hanging on the rack and, after feeling in the pockets, came back with the lost glasses in her hand and observed:

"You'll put them in the letter box some day if you don't look out. What else?"

Mr. Bowser stood back and fixed her with his eye for a time and then pointed down to his shoes and tensely demanded:

"What do you call these?"

"Shoes," she replied—"shoes with holes in the toes and the heels all run over. You put them on last evening when you were cleaning up the back yard, and this morning you forgot to change to the others. It was my fault. I ought to go around looking at your feet. Will you please forgive me?"

The cook missed a fork and a napkin after you left the table this morning. Will you look through your pockets for them? I was going to give you an old corset today, but I couldn't find it. Have you got it out? One of my night-dresses is strangely missing. Can you account for it? My belt with the rhinestone buckle can't be found. I don't think you could buckle it around you, but you may be using it for a stocking supporter. My last new shirt waist!"

No One Loved Him. Mr. Bowser turned on his heel and walked down the hall to his overcoat and hat and then left the house. That house was no place for a martyr. Mrs. Bowser was no wife for a martyr. No one loved him; no one sympathized with him. He instinctively turned his face toward the river, but he had hardly cleared the gate when the weather got her sprinkling pot to work, and down came a shower that drove him under the nearest shade tree. He was a martyr no more.

He stood there with his back humped up and the water running down his spine, and Mrs. Bowser never came to the door to call him in and beg his pardon. Indeed, as the rain came down harder and a policeman across the street yelled to him to move on he heard the guilty woman singing:

"I would not live away; I ask not to stay!"

M. QUAD.

Mixed Path to Happiness. "How nice and fit you look this morning! You always look so fresh after a shave," said Myers to his wife as he entered the breakfast room.

"How pretty that little house dress is that you have out!" she answered, with a smile.

"What on earth are you two people talking about?" inquired the friend who was visiting them.

"You see, we read an article in a magazine supplement once, entitled 'Recipe for a Continuous Honey-moon,'" said Mrs. Myers. "It gave a list of the phrases that husband and wife should say to each other every morning before breakfast. George was so tickled with the idea that he cut them out and pasted them on the doors of our respective bedrooms. We were to use one of the phrases every morning. But it happened that he pasted the two sections exactly wrong, so that the husband's list was on my door and the wife's on his. And now when he comes in and says to me, 'You don't know how well that waistcoat sets off your great deep chest,' I answer, 'What a dear, lovable little thing you are!' That's the answer. We have a lot of fun out of it. Great scheme, isn't it?"—New York Press.

Chinese Wedding Superstitions. No other country has so many superstitions about marriage as China. The Chinese never marry within a hundred days after a death has taken place in the family of either the bride or groom, for if they do they believe domestic troubles are sure to follow. There seems to be no reason for this belief, and the Chinese do not attempt to explain it, but are willing to let it go as an undisputed fact. A Chinese bride may be brought to the house of the groom while there is a coffin in the house, but not within a hundred days after it has been taken out. If a bride breaks the heel of her shoe while she is going from her father's to her husband's home it is ominous of unhappiness for her new relations. A side of bacon and a piece of sugar are hung on the back of a bride's sedan chair as a peace offering to evil spirits, and when she is dressing for the wedding ceremony she stands all the while in a round wicker basket. When a bride is eating her last meal at the table of her father before going to live with her husband she is allowed to consume only half a bowl of rice, lest she be followed by continual scarcity in her new abode.

Diplomacy. The Friend—Was Mrs. Hewlitt pleased with her portrait?

The Artist—Oh, yes. I managed to make it resemble what she thinks she used to look like.—Brooklyn Life.

On a Pontoon

By NORA BRYANT

Copyright, 1906, by Beatrix Reade

For the first time in five years Whitcomb admitted to himself that he was tired, that he had at last wearied of throwing impossible troubles across his possible canyons, of climbing the unclimbable and accomplishing that which neither nature nor man ever had meant to be accomplished.

He leaned against the rope which served for a railing on the old pontoon bridge and looked up the canyon, where the massive iron structure that was the work of his brain was silhouetted against the sky. It was an April afternoon in the mountains, a Sunday afternoon, so that the ring of steel, the pulling of engines, the shouts of workmen, were stifled. The gulch was as peaceful as it would be six months hence, when the army of laborers would depart, leaving only the great, silent bridge to mark their occupancy.

Whitcomb was frank with himself. He did not deny to face that this restlessness had appeared because of the presence of the camping party at the Bide-a-Wee hunting lodge up in Smith's creek. Not that he had not met the party as a whole. The men had wandered down to the bridge, had asked many "fool" questions and wandered back to the camp. At a distance he had seen women in well made riding habits and cutting gowns who had given him a horseback thrill. Suddenly he wanted to get back to the land of swat-tailed coats and shimmering frocks.

Whitcomb sighed and looked down at his corset and hunting boots disconcertingly. The pontoon rocked, and a horse's head suddenly appeared at the end of the bridge. "Coming toward him was a girl leading a sturdy little mountain pony with a bare head, where the sun glared and glistened."

Whitcomb had lifted her with one arm. The girl looked at him and spoke with lips and voice that trembled. "That's twice that you have saved me."

Whitcomb was holding both hands in his, but neither of them seemed conscious of the fact. There was a doleful expression in his gray eyes. "I'm going to say something. You needn't mind, as this will be the last time that you will ever see me."

The girl seemed about to interrupt, but Whitcomb gave her no opportunity. "If—if I were free I'd do my best to make you love me. You are my ideal of what a girl should be. That knowledge can do you no harm, can it? And as I can't feel feeling I, I am no more disloyal to that other girl in telling than in feeling it. Come, we must set for your camp."

But the girl stood still. The lowering sun glinted on her beauty until Whitcomb turned away with firm pressed lips.

"Perhaps—if only she has forgotten?" Whitcomb turned to her curiously.

"Would there be no, I've no right to ask now."

The sweet mouth dimpled. "If that little girl had lived out of doors for five years would you recognize her, John Whitcomb?"

Whitcomb put out a trembling hand and turned her face full into the sun. A great conviction flared in his face.

"Margaret!" he cried. "Margaret, do you love me still?"

"Yes," said Margaret. And there was no sound on the river bank but the rippling of the water.

Lifting With the Fingers. Did you ever see a man lifted from the floor with the index fingers of four or five persons? It is not hard to do if the effort is made with perfect unanimity. Five persons can very easily raise a man with only seven fingers. Let two persons stooping down place their index fingers under the feet. Two others, with one finger each, will raise the elbows. A fifth will raise the chin with one finger—total, seven fingers. When all are in readiness let each take a long, full breath, and all together, "One, two, three, raise!" When the effort is to be put forth is only of short duration there is considerable muscular force in the fingers, and it is not strange that the united power of seven fingers should overcome the dead weight of a person of 150 to 180 pounds.

Raised the Price. Applicant—You say you want \$14 for your pet goat today? Why, you were willing to sell it for \$10 yesterday.

Lady—I know it, but since then he has eaten up \$4 worth of my monogram stationery.—Detroit Free Press.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

L. E. Whitcomb, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. Whitcomb, Defendant.

To E. L. Whitcomb, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby summoned to appear in the above entitled cause, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, the first publication thereof being on the 28th day of June, 1906, to-wit: On or before the 10th day of August, 1906, and answer the complaint therein filed against you. And you will please take notice that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the marriage and marriage contract existing between you and the plaintiff, upon the grounds of desertion, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit, and such other and further relief as may be equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication by order of Honorable L. A. Bagley, County Judge of Washington County, made and dated on the 28th day of June, 1906, and which order requires publication thereof in the Hillsboro Argus, once a week for six consecutive weeks, commencing with the issue thereof dated June 28th, 1906, and ending with the issue thereof August 10th, 1906, and that you appear and answer on or before August 10th, 1906.

Geo. R. Bagley, Attorney for Plaintiff.

I'll be these ropes together. She watched his finger fingers in silence, and Whitcomb was moved with a strange desire to talk of his self.

"Do you know, you are the first cast-iron girl I've spoken to in five years?" Surprise on the rose tinted face beside him.

"I haven't been back east since I finished college. At first I wrote often, especially to—well, I wrote often, but—"

"But," smiled the girl, "you both began to lose enthusiasm?" Whitcomb looked at her gratefully.

"Yes, something like that at least. I'm afraid she did. She was a pale little girl, not eighteen, when I saw her last. She had hair something like yours, but without those rich, dark shades. I was mighty fond of the little girl, but I'm afraid I've grown away from the clinging vine type."

The violet eyes were monomaniacal. "A little hard on her if she really cares?"

Whitcomb sighed, with firm lines showing under his lips. "I know it, and I'm going back there this summer to find her."

"But, then, perhaps she has forgotten long ago. Salvation is very young."

A dull red showed under Whitcomb's tan. "Perhaps she has. I—I've been hoping since this afternoon that she has."

The eyes were scornful now. "Do you think you're any right to say that to me?"

"No," meekly, "but—but you are everything I've grown to admire in a woman, so fine and strong, and—"

"Look! Look!" she interrupted. The pontoon was nearing a sudden bend in the river, and they were being swept nearer to the shore. But a few feet ahead of them a great tree leaned far out over the water, its branches almost touching the surface. There was no time for deliberation, no time to stop the pontoon, for the force of the current here was terrific.

Before the girl could spring to her feet Whitcomb had lifted her with one arm, while with the other he clung desperately to a great branch. The pontoon was swept away, and for one awful moment it seemed that they must be drawn into the swirling depths beneath. But somehow, with the aid of the little strength of the girl and the powerful shoulders of the man, they found themselves up on the trunk of the tree. A moment later they were safe ashore.

The girl looked at him and spoke with lips and voice that trembled. "That's twice that you have saved me."

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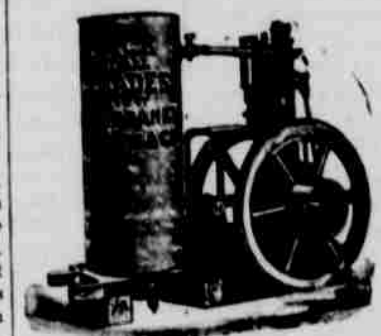
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JAMES STITT, District Agent, Portland, Ore.

Administratrix' Notice

Notice is hereby given that the Honorable County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, has appointed the undersigned administratrix of the will annexed of the estate of Cynthia S. Hamilton, deceased, and all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the law office of Geo. R. Bagley, in Hillsboro, within six months from the date hereof, properly verified. Dated this July 5, 1906.

MARY A. HARE, Administratrix of the will annexed of the estate of Cynthia S. Hamilton, deceased.

W. D. Hare and Geo. R. Bagley, Attorneys for Administratrix.

Executrix' Notice

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed executrix of the estate of David Purser, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present them to me together with proper vouchers at the law office of H. T. Bagley, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this July 17, 1906.

HANNAH PURSER, Executrix of the Estate of David Purser, deceased.

H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Estate.



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