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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

LONG & MCKINNEY

That Walla Walla captain who forced a girl off the military reserves because she declined to work for his wife, and took service with the wife of a subordinate officer, evidently is confident that "peace hath its victories."

If Secretary Shaw has six toes on each foot he shouldn't be blamed for being a "stand-patter."

A few weeks more and the prude ministers will have to put their "peek-a-boo" sermon back in the barrel for a year of rest.

Tom Watson has gone back to the Democratic party—and this will mean that the party of the mule coat of arms is not yet dead, for Tom is a wonderful galvanizer.

STALLION FOR SALE

Graded Percheron stallion, Young Bouncer, 7 years old; weighs, 1750; sound; will work anywhere. Known as one of the greatest sires in this section; gets fine, well built colts; blood-bay; breeds true to color. A bargain for cash. Remember you can both work him and place him in stud.—Bert Funda, Scholls, address, Hillsboro, Ore., R. F. D. 2.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Belle Milne to Minnie Milne, Part Lot 3 Bk 37, Forest Grove..... 2000
Josephine Case to W. T. Shearer, 20 acres Sec 32 T 3 N R 4 W..... 900
J. F. Schoch to W. G. Gosselin, 160 a Section 16 T 2 N R 2 W..... 1
C. F. Hayes to J. T. Gerrish, 17 acres Section 25 T 1 N R 2 W..... 850
G. H. Kepp to J. W. Rouch, Lots 1 & 2 Block 19 S P ad Forest Grove..... 1
Bertha Weidewich to City Foundry Co., Lot to Bk 20 Cornelius..... 800
C. V. Thomas to F. W. Emerson lot 2 Bk 1 Taylor's add F Grove..... 300
Anna Olson to Thomas Kidd 59-99 a Win Porter d l c..... 3000
Herman Krause to Anna L. Olson tr Wm Melina d l c..... 2100
Frank Collett to Ella V. Brown tract near Sherwood..... 800
Judy Gray to W. W. Espey 75 a sec 21 T 2 N R 2 W..... 1500
John Egger to John Egger Jr, D G Olds d l c..... 4000
Margaret Down to Henry Erickson 28-09 a D C Graham d l c..... 1151
B. P. Caldwell to S. T. Packwood tract in Bk 2 F Grove..... 6000
D. Alexander to W. G. Gosselin, 20 a sec 10 T 2 N R 2 W..... 400
Wm Toelke to E. M. Ward et al timber on 40 a above Banks..... 1000
Wash Co to W. Wiley, quickclaim Hocken to Bk 1 Beaverton..... 16

FARM AND HOPVARD FOR SALE

I will sell my farm and hopyard, 2 miles north of Hillsboro, at \$65 per acre. The place consists of 280 acres, 210 acres of which are under cultivation, inclusive of 35 acres in hops. House, hophouse, barn, and outbuildings. This place is situated on Wooley Donation Land Claim, and the land is in excellent condition. JOHN MILNE, Hillsboro, Oregon.

WOMAN PROPOSES

For the first two years after she entered Stuart Lee's office as stenographer Miss Atherton's desk was placed so that every time she glanced up she saw the back of his head. This oft recurring incident, coupled with the fact that it was a very good looking head, well set on a pair of stalwart shoulders, probably had much to do with the state of affairs at the end of six months. Even in that time she had learned to distinguish his step from the dozens of others that traversed the same hall, to watch for his smile of greeting and to listen to his cheery "Good morning" as he took off his hat and rolled up the cover of his desk. Then she would take a good look at the smoothly brushed yellow hair and turn again to her work, which consisted of copying out long contracts and other tiresome legal forms.

Stuart Lee was a lawyer and had bent all his young efforts so hard toward success that it was beginning to come his way. At the end of two years he took larger offices, allowing himself the luxurious necessity of a private room. Miss Atherton then had charge of the large outside room, the second stenographer and the office boy. She saw more people and received more salary, but she missed the closer comradeship of the old days and the familiar sight of a blond head rising firmly above the blue serge shoulders.

She kept on loving him, though, for the simple feminine reason that she couldn't help it. Sometimes Lee gave her dictations that would take up an hour or more, and then he would make her rest a bit and chat with him before she started to work again. At other times he would ask her advice in the matter of an office boy or as to the choice of two samples for a summer suit or whether he looked fit to make a call without getting his hair cut, and he would sometimes lay a case before her to get another point of view.

To all of these friendly manifestations she responded gladly, with an inward thrill at the pleasingly intimate basis on which it seemed to place their relations.

Then this friendly glow would be suddenly chilled by a sweeping realization of the fact that she was only his stenographer and that he probably

was not during the day because there was no one else at hand. Still, there had been times when he impulsively called her into his room to watch a thunderstorm or an unusually beautiful sunset across the Hudson, and, standing close beside him at the window, she wondered if he had not felt some of the emotion that thrilled in her own pulses. If he did, however, he never spoke, and so the most gorgeous sunset was veiled in a gray mist for her, and it was a long time before a gold lined cloud appeared on her own horizon.

That was when she overheard a fragmentary conversation between Lee and one of his friends. In reply to some remark Lee had said, "I don't know what I would do without her."

The other laughed and responded: "Well, she's too pretty a girl to spend her life in an office. Somebody will be carrying her off some day."

Lee's reply ended indistinctly in "stop it some way" as he closed his desk with a bang, and as they passed out the door she heard the friend laugh again and say, "Do it yourself, eh?"

From that day she was a changed girl. She moved as one with a purpose, and yet there was a dreamy softness in her face and manner that seemed to envelop her as an atmosphere. Lee, looking at her closely, wondered that he had not realized how creamy was her skin, how deep her dark eyes and how fascinating the gold and copper lights in her brown hair. Gradually she told him about herself; that it was her grandfather who had won a certain gallant fight for the Confederacy, her father who had held an honorable office in a southern state and her brother who had won recognition for bravery in the Philippines; how she had been suddenly obliged to work after her father's death and stenography was the most immediate thing, but that she had no intention of being a stenographer all her life.

When he asked her what she would do or what she wanted to do she first looked at him and then blushed deeply, looking out of his window toward the Palisades, and he felt strangely disturbed. He had accepted her in his office as a matter of course. Companionship with her on that basis seemed natural and easy, but he was a man of reserve, and a departure from the conservative routine disquieted his phlegmatic nature. Their conversation kept the old friendly tone of everyday badinage and comprehension, but there was a subtle difference, and he began to feel her presence more and more.

Finally one spring afternoon when the sun was flooding his office with a primrose yellow glow she looked in and asked if she might talk with him. "Why, certainly," he responded, with a smile, "and I wish you would sit in that yellow light. It just suits you in that brown dress."

She sat down, but did not speak at first. Her lips trembled, and she seemed to be seeking courage from the yellow sky. Suddenly she turned to him. "Mr. Lee," she said, "I have been with you four years."

"Is it as long as that?" he questioned. "Four years this day."

"They have been busy years," he said, "and, I hope, happy ones."

"Yes, they were happy," she answered slowly as a pink flush spread over her face. "But now I must go away."

"Go away? Leave me? Why, Helen, you won't!"

"I can't spare you. Where would you go?"

In his surprise he had called her Helen for the first time, and his heart leaped. She turned to him tremulously and said, almost timidly, "I am going to get married."

"Married!" He brought out the word incredulously. "Why, I thought—"

Here he broke off and walked to the window, where he stood, his hands in his pockets, gazing moodily across the river.

She sat silent until he turned to her again. "Why do you do this?" he questioned.

Womanlike, she began with the reason she felt least. "Because I want a home. I am all by myself, and I am tired of living in a boarding house. It is nothing but a travesty on life for a domestic woman to divide her time between an office and a boarding house. Besides, I have worked for four years, and I want to stop for awhile."

"Just for awhile?"

"Yes, for I mean to study law and keep my other work in practice so I can help."

"Help? Whom?"

"Help—him."

"He is a lawyer, then?" Lee almost choked over the question.

"Yes."

"What is he like? Is he all right? Is he worthy of you?"

She looked at him, he thought, a little sadly. "Like? He is the finest man in the whole world."

He walked swiftly to her. "But, Helen, Helen!" he exclaimed, "I don't understand it at all. I thought you were happy here, and I supposed, of course, you understood things. I'm lonely too. I haven't had a home for six years, and I thought that some day—Helen, don't you mind leaving me? Won't you miss me at all? Haven't you seen, girl, what you are to me?"

He took her hands and drew her up beside him. "Didn't you know, Helen?"

"Know what?" She lifted her brown eyes to his.

"That I love you and want you to be mine?"

"You never said so," she answered.

"That's because I thought you knew and because I always blunder. I need somebody with me all the time. I need you, Helen. You're the biggest part of my life. Come and make a home for me."

"The one you were—were going to marry?"

She raised on her tiptoes and kissed him. "There's only one," she whispered, "and it's you."

Then she fled into the other office.

Everybody says that Lee's wife is the better lawyer of the two.

POLLY'S MASQUERADE

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1906, by Beatrix Roads

"Hillman! Hillman!" lustily called the brakeman, thrusting open the car door as the train slackened.

Two of the passengers were roused from a state of passivity by this announcement and, gathering their belongings, hastened out into the cold night. One was a young girl with a city bred air and appointments; the other, a man distinguished in appearance. They both looked bewilderingly about them as the train slowly pulled out.

"This doesn't look like my recollections of Hillman," said the girl, looking about the small, deserted station. "It isn't Hillman," said the man decidedly. "What station is this?" he asked as a railroad employee came out of the depot.

"This? This is Rollins. Hillman is six miles beyond—next stop, except the siding."

The two passengers looked at each other in mutual dismay. The girl spoke first. She spoke one word, and that a man's word. The railroad employee looked shocked, but the other man appeared relieved.

"Thank you very much," he said. "You voice my sentiments exactly. Our common misfortune should allow us to waive all ceremony and conventionality. My name is John Winters. I have recently taken up my abode in Hillman."

"Mine is Polly Lester," she said frankly, "and I am only going to Hillman to visit. I trust I will never take up my abode there."

"It isn't an enticing spot," he admitted, laughing. "When can we get a train to Hillman?" he asked of the railroad employee.

"Not till tomorrow morning."

"Then we must drive there. I presume there is no livery here, but there must be some one who will drive us over."

"I guess Hank Innis, the barkeep, would take you over in his automobile. I'll see."

He returned shortly with the barkeep and a runabout. John Winters made a bargain with him for the trip, and as Polly climbed to the seat beside him he said:

"I have some good news for you. It seems our train meets the western express three miles from here, and that train is reported late, so we can overtake our train and continue our way as we started."

Polly quite enjoyed this little adventure. She always did have a weakness and a tendency for adventures. She chatted freely with her new acquaintance. She was almost sorry when they overtook and boarded the sidetracked train, receiving apologies from the brakeman and grins from the passengers. Polly and John Winters continued their chatter until they approached Hillman. Then she said abruptly:

"Hillman is a small place, and people have narrow views regarding proprieties. It would be as well if we got off singly and separately and meeting, as we doubtless will, as strangers."

"Certainly. You are right," agreed Winters, going forward to the smoking car.

Polly was met and whisked away to the one back by a splinter aunt.

"Has Hillman changed much—any new people moved in since I was last here, Aunt Cornelia?" asked Polly demurely as they were unpacking her baggage.

"Oh, yes. Hillman is growing fast. Lots of people, and we've got a new minister, a city fellow."

"What's his name?" demanded Polly, looking up interestedly.

"The Rev. Mr. Winters."

"Oh!" gasped Polly feebly, bending over a refractory box cover. "What does he look like?"

"I am ashamed to say I haven't seen him," replied her aunt. "First Sunday he was here I had a cold. The next Sunday it just poured. He has called, but I was not at home."

"Well, I presume he will call again," remarked Polly.

Later, when she was alone and reposing comfortably in the billowy feather bed, she laughed wickedly and delightedly.

"Oh, what would Aunt Cornelia do if she knew I swore right before the new minister! She'd leave town, I do believe. I thought I liked him very well, but I don't know. I like a minister to live up to his calling, and he should not have been amused. It was frivolous in him to know so much about the world. If he weren't a minister I know I'd like him, but as he is a minister I'd like him to be different."

The next afternoon her aunt announced that she had to attend a club meeting from which she regretted to say, outsiders were excluded. Polly appeared resigned, however, and after her aunt's departure she wandered about the house seeking diversion. She found it in her aunt's bedroom in the shape of a wig, for her aunt had resorted to a false headgear, having lost her hair through illness.

Polly promptly donned it and surveyed herself.

"I don't look unlike aunt," she thought, "only I am younger and plumper. We look like the advertisements for 'before and after taking.'"

In pursuance of the resemblance she tried on a black silk gown of her aunt's. She had just plumed on a long, pointed lace collar and fastened it with a huge cameo pin when she looked out of the window and saw her fellow traveler coming up the steps.

"Coming for a ministerial call. He won't recognize me in this outfit, and he has never seen aunt. I shall persuade her."

She hastened to admit the caller.

"How do you do—Mr. Winters. Is it

The Deacon's Medley in August

Of August's here, and Fall is comin',
The flowers and roses soon will fade away;
The katydid is in the rye-stalk strummin',
While the blue haze seems to thicken every day.

The season's slowly, surely dyin',
The grain is yellier with the touch of time;
This is the year that I jes' feel like sighin',
Each time a grain sack's bought I'm out a dime!

The trust keeps gettin' mean an' meaner,
A-takin' all the dough that we can make—
While the farmer seems to get a little leaner,
A-payin' toll for corporations' sake.

But let the Summer close the blaze of glory,
For crops is yieldin' fine, and I am glad;
For there's nothin' yet in old time song or story
That beat Sue's punkin pies—so why be sad?

We allus have enough fer Winter's keepin',
When rains and frosty weather have their sway,
So what's the use of settin' 'round and weepin',
Smile on trouble, as it comes, from day to day!

Life's only jes' a marker for the seasons,
That allus roll around—its fer the best;
But joy is plenty if a feller reasons
That after climbing hills there comes a rest.

FACTS THAT TALK

THIS space has been purchased by Pacific University. This same matter will appear in each issue until the expiration of the advertising contract. It is an advertisement that is intended to convey to Washington county citizens a few facts about an educational institution with which they are not unfamiliar. That they, as well as others, may become more familiar with Pacific's present standing, within and without Oregon, illustrated literature, fresh from the press, may be had for the asking. This literature is replete with facts that tell and figures which convince. The articles are written by alumni and students of Pacific. They are all well worth the reading. Those contributed by students set forth present conditions in the institution, and are convincing because they are true. Of special interest are the articles written by alumni, Hon. H. W. Scott, Editor-in-Chief of The Oregonian and Rev. Horace M. Ramsey, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Portland.

Pacific University has the largest endowment of all the private colleges in the Northwest. In buildings, laboratories and library it is the best equipped Christian college in Oregon. Not only does the amount of its productive funds very far exceed that of any of these institutions in the State, but it is greater than that of all combined. For this reason Pacific has always been able to secure superior instructors and has never had to depend upon the enrollment of students for its income.

Pacific University in the past has been rather conservative in the matter of advertising. And it makes public these statements now, only because there are reasons why it seems advisable. Pacific still adheres to its policy of desiring students rather than numbers; of maintaining creditable scholarship rather than crowded enrollment.

THE FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 19

SUMMONS

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

L. R. Wilhoit, Plaintiff,

vs.

E. L. Wilhoit, Defendant.

To E. L. Wilhoit, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby notified 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 25th day of June, 1906, to-wit: On or before the 16th 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.

The summons is served upon you by publication by order of Honorable L. A. Root, 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, now, therefore, 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 the 9th day of August, 1906.

H. M. PITMAN,
Administrator Estate of Simon L. Lilly, deceased.

H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed Executor of the estate of David Furmer, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, 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 the 9th day of August, 1906.

H. M. PITMAN,
Administrator Estate of Simon L. Lilly, deceased.

H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Administrator.

Headquarters for all kinds of agricultural implements, wagons and buggies, shipped direct from the factory, and sold below Portland prices.—Schulmerich Bros.

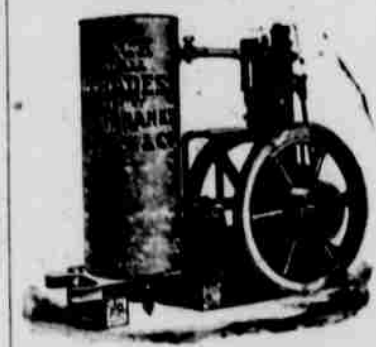
We can not afford to sacrifice reputation for temporary gain

None succeed only those who are worthy of public confidence. We have acquired a share of experience which we think entitles us to your patronage. A few of our best sellers will be an eye-opener. Mason, the oldest and best fruit jar in the market, we sell this season, 1/2 gal, 85c per doz.; quarts, 65c per doz.; pints, 55c per doz., and a further reduction of 2 1-2c per doz. where two or more dozens are purchased at one time. Sugar is still 20 lbs for \$1. 8 bars Star soap, full weight guaranteed, 25c—33 bars for \$1. Eggs 23 1-2c, Butter 42 1-2c.

Reeves & Reeves, Cedar Mill, Or.

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. Gardiner's blacksmith shop, at Jos. Connell's, Glencoe; Ferd Groner's, Scholls; a big one at the O. C. M. Co's pumping station on the Tualatin; or one at the Argus office. For particulars see or write

L. W. HOUSE,

Hillsboro Oregon

THE Massachusetts MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Co.

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Insurance in the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company gives Unrivalled Advantages.

- 1st. Because of the Famous Non-forfeiture Insurance Laws.
- 2d. Because of Superior Economy.
- 3d. " " Annual Dividends.
- 4th. " Everything Participates.
- 5th. " Its past record is clean.
- 6th. " Its contracts are the best.

Before you insure see us

H. G. COLTON, Manager, Chamber of Commerce

JAMES SHITT, 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 with the will annexed of the estate of Cynthia B. 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 with the will annexed of the estate of Cynthia B. 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 Furmer, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Therefore, 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 Furmer, deceased.

H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Estate.

HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH

For the Human System

Heals cuts, burns, bruises, swellings, strains, sprains, weak joints, sprained ankles, strained backs, all lameness, stiff neck, sore throat, quinsy, ague in face and breast, toothache, earache, rheumatism, neuralgia, clearing pneumonia, inflamed sore eyes, frostbites, chilblains, corns, bunions, piles, poisonous wounds like bites of dogs and stings of insects, old sores, ulcers, fever sores, all flesh wounds, and stops bleeding.

FOR DOMESTIC ANIMALS

Heals gail sores, wire cuts, nail wounds, colic, sore breasts, bruises, swellings, sprains, strained struts, inflammation, inflamed wounds, puffy bunches, scabs, ringworms, scratches, mud fever, grease heel, thrush, pipe sores, fistula, poll evil, gangrenous wounds, foot rot, festered, caked, sore teats, and every kind of flesh wound.

This is guaranteed. Money back if not as represented. Bring your bottle back and get your refund.

J. J. SMITH

Banks, Ore.

P. O. Address, Greenville, Route 2

Central Meat Market..

EMMOTT BROS., Props., Successors to O. H. Hurlay

Keep constantly on hand a fine supply of fresh meats of all kinds.

A New Era in Prices

We are going to sell meats at prices lower than those which have prevailed in the past. Call in and see us. We mean business. Phone and Free Delivery

Main Street, opposite Tualatin Hotel, Hillsboro, Oregon.

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY FROM PORTLAND.

Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping-cars (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago, Kansas City, reaching chair cars (seats free) to