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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

Subscription: One Dollar per Annum.

Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

LONG & MCKINNEY

OUR OPPORTUNITY

Washington county is leading in dairy production, every county in the state of Oregon. Six years ago she was in the eighth place. Two condensers have been established and these have encouraged milk production and raising of dairy stock. Washington county is one of the best-watered in the Northwest and is especially adapted to dairying. We are close to the Portland market. Our farmers can sell milk to the condensers or sell their cream in Portland, and the market for this sort of product is unlimited. Portland will grow immensely in the future, thus enlarging the local market; our timber resources to the north and west are to be exploited as never before. This will contribute to demand of dairy products. All these things should be considered by Washington county farmers, and they should also realize that dairying does not rob soil fertility like other branches of agriculture.

Our opportunity for improvements lays along the line of dairying, and we should take advantage of it.

Butter, cream and milk are always staple. Dairy farms are always more fertile than grain farms, because a larger percentage of elemental fertilizer goes back to the soil.

Ten years from now Portland's suburbs will extend into Washington county. Many Portland people will live here and at Forest Grove. Portland will have double its present population—and the sons of toil should prepare to meet conditions that mean wealth—and this means more dairying.

With a popular demand all over the U. S. for tariff revision as a trust curber we find but one state-an agricultural state—with republicans declaring in a platform that we should have this kind of legislation. Strangers to say, this comes from a state that is servilely republican. Anent this declaration we find that the campaign steers have submitted a campaign book for the coming Fall elections, and it is full of stand-patnism, and their obedience to the trusts has secured the endorsement of the president himself. This was done because they went to the president and told him that any surrender to the demand of progressive republicans, on the tariff question, would mean democratic success at the elections. By the time the next presidential election we may see "things doing," but it is hardly probable. The party that stays with the big corporations at critical times is a power in the land. And, if by chance, the democrats show that they are right we will go back to the cry of the "bloody shirt" and beat them on that platform.

A Milwaukee Avenue banker steals over a million from his institution and leaves for parts unknown. He leaves a lot of poor depositors and many families will be reduced to want through his theft. If we had a law for hanging such men we would have less bank looting.

When Tillamook is connected with the outside world you will see another famous Summer resort built on the Pacific. The beauty of Tillamook beaches will be extolled all over the Northwest—and it will be the most quickly reached of any of our watering places.

Joe Cannon's presidential boom seems to have blown out at the breach and lost the firing pin. Joe is now coveting around Indiana, telling the farmers that it is good to be bound, gagged and robbed. Uncle Joe is actually one of the most servilest corporation tools in either house of Congress, and, at the same time, he poses successfully as a statesman of the Lincoln type. Honest Old Abe would turn in his grave if he thought people were taking the twaddle about Joe seriously.

Special Prosecutor Heney has returned from California, and will again take up the land fraud cases, District Attorney Bristol having prosecuted with fidelity and success during his absence. One prominent politician recently said there was no use for lengthy trials—"Just call them up, state the indictment, and let the jury turn in its verdict of guilty."

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

TED'S GHOST PARTY

By CHARLES FREEMAN

Copyright, 1904, by E. C. Purcell

John Ellison slowly descended from the carriage and turned toward the house. He walked slowly and with the bearing of a man utterly dejected. Nettie, watching him from the veranda, dropped her work and ran toward him.

"Was it any better today?" she asked anxiously. Her father shook his head.

"The day force went out when they came to work," he said. "The night force stopped work about 2 o'clock this morning."

"Don't you think that Ted could help?" she pleaded. "He knows the men so well."

"I told Raymond that I would not have him about the works again," said the old man bitterly. "Have you broken your pledge?"

"I have not seen him since that night," she declared, "but I do think he could do you so much good, father."

Ellison pushed her aside with gentle roughness and passed on up the walk. Nettie looked after him for a moment, then, with a sigh, followed the bowed figure into the house.

When the big contract had come, there had been much jubilation. It was not alone that the completion of the contract meant a large sum of money; it was the work that the successful termination of this job would bring.

Then Ted Raymond, head draftsman in the pattern room, had asked for Nettie's hand and had been refused her father's consent. He had been dismissed, and since then everything had seemed to go wrong.

There had been a strike of the workmen, and when the strikers had been



IN THE WREATHS OF SMOKE FLOATED THE DEAD ENGINEER'S IMAGE.

replaced with new men the newcomers had refused to remain in the plant, declaring it to be haunted.

The engineer employed to replace the striker had disappeared after the first night's work, and it was declared that he had been thrown into the furnace.

Night after night his phantom form could be seen hovering in the smoke and steam from the stack and exhaust pipes, and no man dared remain, the fear of the night shift communicating itself to the day force.

Raymond always had a good influence over the men, and Nettie felt certain that he would be able to adjust matters, but she had given her pledge not even to speak to him, and she could not urge him to take up the work.

It was late that night and Nettie was combing her hair when there came a gentle tap on the door, and she opened it to admit her father. She was shocked at the change that had come over him in the few hours since dinner. His face was seamed with furrows and his form stooped with care.

"I have been thinking over what you said," he began without preface as she assisted him to a chair. "I do not want to see you in the morning."

"Are things as bad as that?" she asked. Ellison nodded.

"Unless I can obtain a permanent force by the end of the week," he said, "it will be impossible to complete this contract in time."

"And this is only Tuesday," she mused. "Ted can do it."

Ellison went away comforted. Apart from what he termed his presumption, he liked the man with his clean cut incisive manner and quick comprehension. Somehow he felt that herein lay his solution.

The next day there was consternation in the strikers' camp. The pickets reported that Ted had been made superintendent of the works. They liked him, but also they feared him.

That night gave Ted his first view of the specter. He remained with the night shift, and shortly after midnight there was a cry of alarm in the yard, and he rushed out to find the men all staring at the huge smokestack.

There in the swirling wreaths of smoke floated the dead engineer's image. Once or twice the specter vanished, only to reappear again, and for twenty minutes the men stared. Then, as if moved by a single impulse, they went to their lockers, and an hour later Ted and the old watchman were left alone in the yard.

The day shift went to work, as usual, but it was not long before the men grew uneasy. There were no apparitions in the daytime, but they felt nervous at the thought that the spirit of the murdered man hovered over the works.

At the noon hour they talked it over, and when the whistle blew for the return to work they went to the office in

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NOW READY

We have just received our stock of

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We have one of the most Complete lines ever shown in Hillsboro. New Shapes. New Colors. No old stock. Every hat is new and in styles that are up-to-the-minute. See our line before buying.

THE L. M. HOYT CO.

Hillsboro, Oregon

a body. They found Ted busy with some bits of glass covered with red paint. He looked up as the spokesman entered.

"Better make it short," he said quietly. "I suppose you do not want to keep on working in a haunted foundry."

"That's right," declared the leader. "We can't stand it."

"Think you can hold out through the afternoon?" he asked. "We are going to give a little ghost party tonight. Keep at it until knock-off time comes, and the two shifts will have supper together."

"Won't that ghost be around to-night?" demanded the leader suspiciously. "It may be all foolishness, but you saw it yourself last night."

"I hope to again this evening," he said. "That is where the fun will come. Like to be a ghost yourself to-night?"

Something in Ted's manner convinced the committee. The members went out into the yard and advised a return to work. All the afternoon there was an evident dislike of going into dark corners alone, and the engineer shivered every time the draft made the furnace roar, but they all stuck to the work and shared in the party at 6 o'clock.

"It will be dark enough by 9 to have the party," declared Ted. "When the whistle blows come into the yard and don't be afraid."

Just before 9 Nettie and her father came later the whistle blew its summons. The men trooped into the yard and gathered about in little knots, whispering to themselves. Presently from the stack there arose a dense white smoke, and almost immediately the ghost of the dead engineer appeared. With a cry the men drew together, and a moment later Madison, the spokesman of the morning, came toward Ted.

"The boys want to know if you are going to keep your word," he said roughly. "You said you were going to fix that ghost."

"So I am," said Ted evenly. "I said, too, that I was going to make a ghost of you. Look up."

With a shriek Madison fell to the ground, writhing in terror. There in the smoke wreaths was his own face. Ted's face followed and in turn a dozen of the others. Then the light died away and Ted mounted the steps of the office.

"Boys," he said in a voice that penetrated every part of the yard, "I promised you that I would lay that ghost. I think I have done so. It was a clever stage trick. The strikers are using Jones' hall across the street for their meetings. You can see that the tower is about level with the stack. When fresh coal was put on and the smoke was heavy it acted as a screen for a magic lantern in the tower. That was all there was to it. When they went up to work the lantern tonight I had the police there to catch them, and my own man worked the lantern for the night session. One of the men they caught was the engineer himself. He is no more dead than I am. Are you satisfied to go back to work? We have a big contract, and I want to know that you boys will stick."

"You bet we will!" came the chorus, and Ted turned to Nettie.

"Let's go over to the house and have our own celebration," he suggested.

A Curious Epitaph.

One frequently comes across curious epitaphs, but we have never before heard of that useful and necessary kitchen requisite, the "dripping pan," figuring upon a tombstone. The following curious lines, however, are to be found in Woodliff churchyard, near Newmarket, and let into the head of the stone is a dripping pan:

To the Memory of William Simonds, who died March 1, 1753. Aged eighty years. Here lies my corpse who was the man That loved a sop in dripping pan But now believe me I am dead See here the pan stands at my head Still for sop to the last I cried But could not eat and so I died My neighbors they perhaps may laugh Now they do read my epitaph.

—Westminster Gazette.

Why John Henry Stuck A Pin Into Mr. Molar.

"JOHN HENRY," said Mr. Sterling, worth seventy to his son as he led him by the right ear into a room in the rear of the house, "your mother tells me that you stuck a pin into Mr. Molar when he was here this afternoon calling upon your sister and that he jumped up and left the house, declaring that he would never call here again."

John Henry nodded.

"You seem to have the facts, papa," he said.

"Before I thrash you within an inch of your life, my son," Mr. Sterling, worth went on as he reached for his cane, "let me say that this whipling will hurt you considerably more than it will hurt me."

"I know that," said John Henry, with heroic fortitude.

"I also wish to know," Mr. Sterling, worth said, "before I begin what possessed you to act in so shameful a manner and to drive away the only beau that Ethel has had in two years. Now, tell me."

"Well, Mr. Molar is a dentist, and—"

"Go on, sir."

"I will, papa. I—"

"You—"

"I asked him if he was a painless dentist, and he said he was, but I wasn't sure, and so I thought I'd experiment. I don't believe he's painless at all, papa, for he yelled."

"That will do, my son," interrupted Mr. Sterling, worth. "This won't be a painless thrashing either."

Then he went to work, and there is reason to believe that it wasn't—Tit-Bits.

She Knew Better.

After the performance it was one of those rattling roof garden shows—the pretty new recruit went up to the manager for his verdict.

"Well, what do you think of me?" she asked.

"Great!" cried the manager. "You made a hit."

"And how did I look?" she ventured, aglow with inward triumph.

"Stunning! You were the prettiest girl in the chorus. Come out and have supper with me."

The fair recruit blushed. "I know better," she said.

"What! You deny that you're the prettiest?"

"No, no," she broke in. "I mean that I know better than to take supper with you. But I'll go just the same."—Young's Magazine.

Overlooked One Part of It.

The rector's little daughter did not appear to be wholly satisfied.

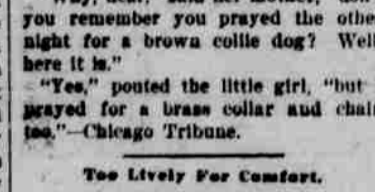
"Why, dear," said her mother, "don't you remember you prayed the other night for a brown collie dog? Well, here it is."

"Yes," pointed the little girl, "but I prayed for a brass collar and chain too."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Lively For Comfort.

Deacon Lucas—What for did they dun discharged Pabson Shouter? Wasn't his sermons lively enough?

Deacon Smith—Dat's de trouble. Day was too lively. Pabson dun pound de pulpit an yell so dat nobody could get er wink ob sleep de whole time.—Pueblo Chieftain.



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SUMMONS

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

L. E. WILBORN, Plaintiff, vs. E. L. WILBORN, Defendant.

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

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby commanded 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.

This summons is served upon you by publication, by order of Honorable L. A. Hood, 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 and successive weeks, beginning with the issue thereof dated June 25th, 1906, and ending with the issue thereof August 16th, 1906, and that you appear and answer on or before August 16th, 1906.

Geo. R. Bagley, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of G. W. Shaver, deceased, for the county of Washington, duly appointed as Administrator of the estate of Sina L. Lilly, at all, 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 and successive weeks, beginning with the issue thereof dated June 25th, 1906, and ending with the issue thereof August 16th, 1906, and that you appear and answer on or before August 16th, 1906.

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

H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Administrator.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of G. W. Shaver, deceased, has filed his final account as such administrator with the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, and that the said Court has appointed, September 11, 1906, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, as the time, and the court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the place, for hearing objections, if any there be, to said final account, and for the final settlement of said administration.

E. A. KNOTT, Administrator of the Estate of G. W. Shaver, deceased.

Alex Sweek, Attorney for Administrator.

Dated at Hillsboro, Ore., August 15, 1906.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Henrietta Holtz, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County his final account in the name of said estate, and said Court has appointed Monday, September 24, 1906, at 10 a. m., at the Court Room in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.

EDWARD SCHULMERICH, Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Holtz, deceased.

Geo. R. Bagley, Atty. for Adm'r.

Notice to the Public.

Notice is hereby given that I, F. W. King, being unable to longer live with my wife, so long as she lives in the same house with her brother, and the said wife refusing to go with me, I hereby warn all persons to extend no credit to her on any account, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

F. W. KING, Beaverton, Ore., Aug. 14, 1906.

COQUETTE

The Fine Percheron Stallion of the Cedar Mill Horse Company.

The Cedar Mill Percheron Horse Company has a fine, new Percheron stallion, and he will stand the season at Herman Glaske's home place, one-fourth mile east of Bethany, all week, except Tuesday afternoons and Friday afternoons. TERMS: Single service, \$5; season, \$12; to insure with foal, \$14; colt to stand and suck, \$16.

Coquette is a handsome coal black, with star in forehead. He weighs 1900, and is finely built.

P. H. Vandebey, Manager.

Feed Store Removed

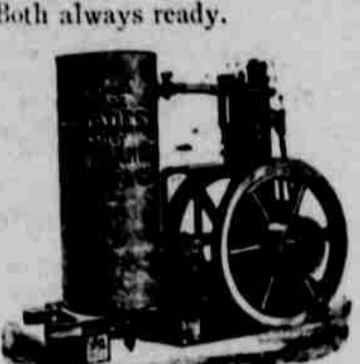
We have removed our Feed Store to the new brick, on Second Street

Flour and Feed of all kinds, Baled Hay, Poultry Food, Hop Baskets, Sulphur, Hop Supplies, on hand at prices that will save you money. Give us a call

Climax Mill Feed Store

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.

L. W. HOUSE, Hillsboro, Oregon

THE Massachusetts MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Co.

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

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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 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 with 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.

MARY A. HARE, Administratrix with 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 Farmer, 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 Farmer, deceased.

H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Estate.

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FROM PORTLAND

Steamships between Portland and San Francisco every five days.

River boats on the Lower Columbia and Willamette daily except Sunday.

LOW RATES

To and from all points in the East. Tickets via this route on sale at all depot offices of the Southern Pacific Co.

WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent Portland, Oregon.

ATRUS and Oregonian, \$2.

AN Eye-Opener

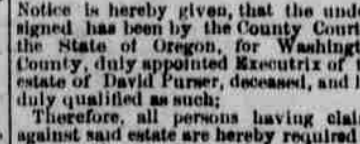
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GYRUS NOBLE BOURBON AND RYE

are whiskeys of the finest quality. They are palatable, effective, of exquisite bouquet—in fact, par excellence. All that goes to make a perfect whiskey has entered into the perfecting of the Noble brands. Have you tried them?

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