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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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-BY-

LONG & McKINNEY

Just why other than railway capitalists should object so strenuously to government ownership of railways while they accept government control (with a wry face) is indeed curious to the average understanding; and why men in the ordinary walks of life, and who generally accept their party's dictum, take blindly to the railway view of the situation, is beyond comprehension. If government control is a good thing, then government ownership will be better; if the government can make a success out of government control, then it can make a success out of government ownership. Too many think that the government is incapable. Yet, there are others who think the government is already too strong.

Banker John W. Shute has made the city a generous offer in the matter of a city park, and now is the opportunity. Mr. Shute has shown a commendable public spirit in this matter—and if the council wants to do the city a beneficial turn they will accept the proffer. A few hundred dollars spent annually on a feature of this kind will bankrupt no one. Hillsboro needs the park and there is no time like the present.

It was expected that one W. J. Bryan would have the opposition of the corporation democrats. He would not be a Bryan beloved by those in the common walks of life unless a wall were occasionally heard from the Wall Street clique and the papers of their class.

Bob LaPollette has lost out in Wisconsin. Before Bob gets through with politics he will be able to tell us more about corporations. Bob should have made the acquaintance of one W. J. B., of Lincoln, Nebraska, and he might have learned something about the "inward cussedness" of corporations when they get mixed up in politics.

The North now has a touch of the race question—Joe Gans has kicked Batting Nelson and the Caucasian race has received a solar plexus. "Bat" never lived in the South or he would have discovered the way to kick a negro is to kick him on the shins or shoot with a blunderbuss.

Many have wondered why Grover Cleveland has been silent on the question of Bryan. That's easy. Cleveland always waits until the Wall Street democrats declare themselves—and then it is easy for the old gentleman to decide.

President Roosevelt's son was at the prize fight at Goldfield and Lorenz Sullivan held him out for the hold-knock—which was surely a sham. (With apologies to the administration copyright on phonics.)

President Roosevelt's endorsement of the phonetic spelling idea is said to be very unpopular among those who write dialect verse—they think he is infringing.

The Deacon Suspects a Change

The cricket sings his cheerful note To neighbors, pipin' near, An' I opine, that it's a sign That Fall is drawin' near;

The blue smoke hangs aroun' the hills, The sun is sinkin' red, As if its eyes were red from cries Like children's, sent to bed—

The China hen has left her brood; They've grown as large as she, An' fly as strong as full as long, An' taste as good to me!

The little flock of quails we saw Las' Summer in the swales, Now fly so swift—jes' like a rift— You scarce can see their tails!

The days is short'nin' mighty fast, The leaves will soon be brown; All these are signs, wife Sue opines, That Fall is comin' 'roun'!

SALEM STATE FAIR CAMPERS

There is every indication of fine weather for Oregon State Fair week, September 10-15. This kind of weather means that these camp grounds will be crowded and that the late comers will have to go to the old grounds northeast of there. Tell your friends to go early and have their tents in position. Space can not be reserved after Tuesday of Fair week, if that long. The crowds are going. If you can not get there before Tuesday of Fair week, have your tent there and up. It will save you trouble and annoyance. Remember, that fine weather means over 1600 tents on this camp ground. Come early.

Get the annual dividend habit. Insure in the Massachusetts Mutual Life.—James Stitt, District Agent.

Winning Lois

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1906, by Charles H. Seltzer

"What's that? How did I come to give my consent? Well, I don't know as I ever did. It was one of the things that just came about—happen, you know, as if 'twas made to be so. I never did have much use for white hands and store clothes and a soft voice. Seemed to me they went mostly with card sharps and men who wa'n't willing to work, and Lois felt the same. Her great idea in a man was courage, ready to risk life and all for anything that seemed right, especially if a woman was in it, and to us that kind of a man had big brown hands and broad back and loud voice, and he always



"HE JUST CAME AND TOOK HIS SCORN AND JOKED AND LAUGHED."

were rough clothes, which showed he wa'n't afraid to work and never thought about how he looked.

"So when Jim Furness saw her from a parlor car window one day and threw his baggage off and lost his ticket just through a crazy idea of winning her Lois turned him down so quick that I didn't have a chance to say a word, mad as I was. You know how Lois is when she's stirred up like this. She just looks and turns away, and there's no need for her nor anybody else to say a word.

"Well, with other folks that would have ended it, but Jim he just turned round and got a job from a local engine that helped pull freight up our side of the divide. You see, he seemed to understand by instinct that Lois and I believed in work and didn't care for dressed up effect. But, psaw! You know how it is with Jim. Put him on the dirtiest job going and his hands will stay white and soft like a girl's, and the roughest clothes ever was have a way of hanging on him like they were tailor made, and, as to his voice, if you turned his engine end over and down the mountain, when it got to the bottom Jim's voice, if he had any left, would be as soft and drawing as ever.

"We saw a good deal of Jim now, for, with me as station agent and our living rooms upstairs, Lois and I were sort of chums with everything on the railroad. Maybe that was what started Jim to getting his job so quick and having it to see his quick back and forth in front of the station every few hours and stay in our town over night. Maybe he figured that just being a railroad man would be a sort of recommendation.

"But if so it didn't seem to help him much. There were big, strapping engineers on the road who had done things, risked life and looked square at death without winking, and there were conductors and section bosses and one local superintendent and a passenger agent who liked Lois and who would have been glad for her to have liked them, and nearly all had done things. You see, our section right along here is a tough piece of road, and all the employees who have been on it a few years are not killed have stories to tell. Now I—but Lois hates personal talk that touches on brag, so it doesn't matter.

"But, as I was saying, pretty much the whole road liked Lois, and Lois she liked the whole road as a whole, but wouldn't single out any one in particular. And, as for Jim, she scorned him openly, and he knew it.

"Now, I didn't like Jim myself, so of course I couldn't feel the pity for him that I would for anybody else. But, psaw! If he felt it he never showed by any signs. He just came and took his scorn and joked and laughed and made us laugh and then came back for more scorn the very next time his engine pulled in. Now, I ask candidly what can you do with a fellow like that? The others laughed at him, and he laughed with them. Then after a while some of the more rough ones, thinking him soft and good natured and without backbone, went a little too far, and his white fingers closed together like steel springs, and more than one of them had to lay off for repairs. But Jim didn't seem to hold any grudges. He laughed and talked to those who treated him the worst until they had to laugh and talk back, and then the first anybody knew they were all the best of friends.

"But the strangest part, of course, was about Lois. Jim never did a single brave thing so far as I know, risk his life in saving a train of passengers or anything like that, and he spent a lot of money in helping people in one way and another—a good deal more than his salary could possibly amount to—and either of these things was enough to keep Lois scornful. She had no use at all for a man unless he was brave and no use for one who wasn't absolutely honest, and of course spending more than one earned would seem to have only one meaning.

MILLINERY OPENING

I will show my first fall Hats

MONDAY AND TUESDAY
SEPTEMBER 10 AND 11

The Hats shown at present are new and up-to-date, mostly Street Hats. A few Dress Hats will be out, but I will show more of those and also more Street Hats later. All are invited

Gertrude Kirkwood

Above L. M. Hoyt's Store Hillsboro

"However, Jim kept right on in his quiet, good natured way until he had made the railroad men his friends, and even Lois and I began to look forward to his spending an evening, things went off so swinging and pleasant-like.

"No, I don't know as he ever did ask me in so many words for my consent or even if he asked Lois. It all came about as if 'twas made to be so, minister and all, and it wa'n't until after they were married and gone to his home that we found out he was one of the biggest owners of the railroad, with more money than he could throw away. That first time he saw Lois he was just from college and gone into partnership with his father and was taking an observation trip over their road.

"His father like it? Seemed so. Any way he's never said or looked a word against it when I've been there, and he's just as proud of Lois as Jim himself. And Lois, why, up there the city is just full of society queens, as they call them, and Lois leads the whole lot—takes it all naturally, they say, just like she's always took to everything. I go up once a year, and they all treat me like a king and Jim, especially if he's got some big nabob visiting, as he generally has, button-holes me and tells that story about—but Lois hates personal talk that touches on brag, so it doesn't matter. You see, she might hear."

How She Cured Him.

An impetuous young lawyer whose lack of clients, says a writer in the New York Sun, has sometimes caused him to visit a pawnshop told the following story, in which the joke was on himself.

My mother gave me a gold watch, which was often of more service to me as a pledge on which to borrow money in a pawnshop than as a time-piece. It grieved her to know that I made such use of her gift, and several times she furnished the means of redeeming it.

One day, when I had gone a particularly long time without my watch, mother demanded the pawn ticket. Within a week she landed me my watch, and I promised, as usual, not to pawn it again. But the necessity returned, and I had recourse to the loan office.

The pawnbroker glanced at the time-piece and opened the inner case. His manner became formal. "Where did you get this watch?" he inquired.

"It was a present," I replied.

"Well, I'm going to hold it until you can prove it's yours," he declared, and then, by way of explanation, "I suppose you think that watch is engraved on the case?"

"No," I said faintly.

"I'll read it to you: If this watch is offered for sale or pawn notify Mrs. Street, Newark."

There was nothing to do but go home and make a clean breast of it.

A Universal Language Exists.

"A universal language has existed since man's birth, the language of the gesture."

The speaker, an ethnologist, sharpened his left forefinger with his right forefinger as one sharpens a pencil.

"That gesture means 'Shame!' Hiss for shame!" he said. "It means that the world over. Use it on a savage woman in New Guinea or on the king of England, and both alike will understand you."

He shook his fist.

"That is a threat," he said. "The world over it is a threat."

Holding his forefinger a little to the right of his face, he shook it.

"A warning," he said. "Wherever man exists, there the shaken forefinger means a warning."

"So," he concluded, "I could go on indefinitely, giving you one by one the signs that compose our universal gesture language. Since this language exists and since everybody understands it, I see no reason why new universal languages should be continually invented, particularly since these new ones are very difficult to learn."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Not All In the Air.

The incident below—which Daniel C. Gilman, LL. D., late president of Johns Hopkins University, incorporated in his short of remembrances, "The Launching of a University and Other Papers"—could not happen at the present time, when each new institution of learning has its millionaire sponsor. It belongs to the pioneer period of education, when starting a college meant breaking the wilderness.

A gentleman, President Gilman says, once introduced himself to Dr. Day, then president of Yale, as chancellor of a western state university.

"How large a faculty have you?" President Day inquired, with genuine interest.

"Not any," answered the western gentleman.

"Have you any library or buildings?"

"Not yet."

"Any endowment?"

"None."

"What have you, then?" persisted President Day.

The visitor's countenance brightened. "We have a very good charter," said he.

Dream Fishing.

I DO not go to fish for fish; I go to catch the day. When up the dawn he comes to swim The river mist away.

I do not go because I know The fish are sure to bite; I go to catch the songs that flow, The dreams that greet my sight.

I do not go to fish for fish; I go to fish for news. Along the shore a mile or more To visit Mrs. Muse.

I often find her daughters nine Upon the beach at play, And then the pleasure all is mine To hear the things they say.

I do not go to fish for fish; I go to like one Who joys to sit awhile and smile Just with the chatter of the breeze Upon the rippling tide, Just with the friendship of the trees And of the birds beside.

I do not go to fish for fish; I have no time for that. I go to stray away a day, Beneath my wide-brimmed hat. I go to drift, or slow or swift, However wilds my boat, Where something comes to cleanse and lift.

The dust that's in my throat, I do not go to fish for fish; I hardly care at all. If any fish come at my wish, Good luck or ill befall. I go to fish with merry bait Upon the singing stream, And generally it is my fate, Instead of fish, to dream—

To dream and drift and swing and float, To loaf the lonely hours Along the shore where glides my boat, Where bloom the fragrant flowers; To lunch and smoke and dream again, The day's long golden span; To paddle home at night and feel— Just like another man!

—Baltimore Sun.

Brother Dickey's Philosophy.

It don't make no difference ter me whether de worl' is round or flat. De leadin' question wid me is how ter stan' steady 'pon top of it.

Many a time when a politician feels lak de officer is a seekin' of him it's des a twitch of de rheumatism or a sign dat de co'nfidee needs hosin'.

Dar's one thing ter say in favor of Satan. When he go ter church he keep his eye wide open whilst de res' of dem is sleepin' 'thoo de sermon.

De only way you kin gift some folks ter travel de road ter heaven is ter tell 'em dat milk en honey's free en dey won't hatter tipoe ter serape gold dust off de stars.

It's de early riser dat wins in de life race. Adam gone ter sleep once en sleep too long, en you sees what trouble we been in ever since!

Refo' dis century over I wouldn't be 'tall surprised of dey raised de dead. But I don't want ter be in de mile er de place whar dey rise at.—Atlanta Constitution.

More Trouble.

Captain of Liner (good naturedly)—Waiting for the moon to come up, eh? Sufferer—Oh, dear me! Has that got to come up, too?

Severe Test.

He had been courting the girl for a long time. It happened on Sunday night after church. They were sitting on the sofa, and she looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"Tom," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Mary, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I."

"Well, Tom, I want you to do something really heroic for me."

"Speak, darling! What is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."—London Tit-Bits.

A Wonder.

"My husband is a man who has wonderful self control," said Mrs. Suggsley.

"Has he? I'm surprised to hear you say so. Somebody told me that he lost his temper completely while he was playing golf the other day."

"Oh, that may be, but he can sit in church and keep from either coughing or sneezing all through the sermon."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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 said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the law office of H. T. Bagley, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof, properly verified.

Dated this July 3, 1906.
MARY A. HARR,
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 the County of Washington, duly appointed Executrix of the estate of David Purser, 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 Purser, deceased.

H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Estate.

Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Syna L. Lilly, deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby required and requested to present them, duly verified, to me at the law office of H. T. Bagley, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

Dated the 18th day of August, 1906.
H. M. PITMAN,
Administrator Estate of Syna 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 Tuesday, 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. Sweet, 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 the County of Washington, his final account in the matter 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 the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this August 16, 1906.
EDWARD SCHULMERICH,
Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Holtz, deceased.

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

Dissolution of Partnership

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between A. Mizner and W. E. Beard, doing business as the Banks Commercial Club, has been dissolved. A. Mizner retiring from the firm. All bills due and owing to the old firm must be paid to Beard & Galloway, and all bills owed by the old firm will be paid by Beard & Galloway.

Dated at Banks, Ore., Aug. 22, 1906.
W. E. BEARD.

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 my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

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

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 the East daily.

DEPART FOR DAILY FROM PORTLAND

Chicago Portland Special 9:30 a. m. via Hunt-ington

Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. via Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East

St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 p. m. via Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Walla Walla, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East

For all local points between Biggs and Portland 8:15 a. m.

Arrive FROM DAILY

Chicago Portland Special 9:30 a. m. via Hunt-ington

Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. via Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East

St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 p. m. via Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Walla Walla, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East

For all local points between Biggs and Portland 8:15 a. m.

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FOR DOMESTIC ANIMALS

Heals gail sores, wire cuts, nail wounds, colic, sore breasts, bruises, swellings, sprains, inflamed strains, inflammation, inflamed wounds, puffs, hunches, sprain, ringbone, scratches, mud fever, grease heel, thrush, pipe sores, fistula, pollell, gangrenous wounds, footrot, foul, saked ridler, 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.

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P. O. Address, Greenville, Route 2

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