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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday -BY- LONG & MCKINNEY

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, has won out in the state convention, and he took occasion, although a republican, to sneeringly refer to the president. This does not come with good grace from Mr. Foraker, considering that the fight in Ohio will be made on the matter of administration. Without Roosevelt's intervention—meddling, some of his republican friends call it—we should have had no rate bill, such as it is. Every step that has been taken forward, even were it the merest totter, has been forced by the president, and every stump speaker—even here in Oregon—out for votes for the republican ticket uses the name of Roosevelt to get the sympathies of his auditors. Foraker is a regular soldier of the trusts, and he knows where his money comes from, speaking from a campaign standpoint. That such men as he should sneer at both Roosevelt and Bryan is expected—and it will not be many years until the voters of Ohio will retire men of his class and elect senators who are closer to the people.

Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, was re-elected to the House by a little over a thousand majority where two years ago he received over 5,000 plurality. Littlefield is one of the stand patters, and he says that the prohibition fight injured him, and that Gompers did not materially hurt his candidacy. The Maine democracy turned out the largest vote in years and democratic papers are looking at the returns favorably, while republicans claim the result was because Maine wants to get back to the old times when a man could buy a drink of booze without going through seventeen backdoors to get it.

A federal jury at 1:45 this morning found E. P. Mays, a prominent Portland attorney and politician; W. N. Jones and George Sorenson, guilty of conspiracy to defraud the government, thus closing another chapter in the famous Oregon land fraud cases. Of course, the cases will be appealed, as a matter of gain of time. The jury was out but a short time, and the defendants can rest assured that as they had an eminent counsel as could be found in the Pacific Northwest, there must have been some evidence of crookedness.

Senator Bob LaFollett has lost out in Wisconsin, his man for the governor's chair losing the contest by over forty thousand votes. The corporations are after Bob's scalp and they are liable to get it. It is hardly probable that he can win re-election five years hence if money and powerful influence can defeat him. Bob is a good fighter, however, but the big fellows seem bound to drive him out of the party if it is possible so to do.

BRAND-LANDESS

Mr. Oliver Brand and Miss Mamie Landess were united in marriage at the parlors of the Hotel Edmond, Portland, September 12, 1906, Judge Reid officiating. Mr. Brand is well known in this city, where he has resided for a number of years, and the bride is a daughter of Mrs. John Landess, one of Washington County's respected pioneers, residing in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Brand will depart the first of the week for Stella, Wash., where they will begin housekeeping, and be at home to their friends.

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 1500 tents on this camp ground. Come early.

FARM FOR SALE

I wish to sell my home farm of 150 acres, 2 1/2 miles from Hillsboro; 80

acres cleared and 24 acres slashed; 2 houses, barns, etc. Will sell for \$80 per acre. Also will sell 50 acres, 2 1/2 miles from town, 30 acres under cultivation; balance slashed; 2 miles from Hillsboro, at \$65 per acre.—Isaac Leisy, Hillsboro, R. F. D. 3.

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 Fonda, Scholls, address, Hillsboro, Ore., R. F. D. 2.

PRINCE HENRY

Farmers desiring to have service of Prince Henry should write H. D. Schmeltzer, Hillsboro, Ore., as the horse will hereafter be kept at the home barn. If not too far out will drive to farm, but otherwise mares can be brought here. Both Pacific States and Independent phones. H. D. Schmeltzer, Hillsboro.

THE MARKETS

This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are: Valley Wheat, new, 64@67c. Barley—feed, \$20 and \$21; brew, \$21.50@22; rolled, \$22. Oats, White, \$22.50@24. Oats, gray, \$21.50@23 per ton. Bran, city, \$15 per ton; country, \$6. Hay, Valley timothy, \$10.00 and \$11.00; grain, \$7. Hay, Clover, \$7 and \$7.50. Potatoes, new, 50c. Eggs, Oregon ranch, 26 1/2 and 27. Butter, Extra Creamery, 27 1/2@30. Hops, 1906 contracts, 17@20c.

Reward

The Oregon Iron & Steel Company will pay a reward of Five Hundred Dollars for the arrest and conviction of the person who, on or about the 16th day of August, 1906, destroyed by dynamite or other explosive, a portion of the dam of said Oregon Iron & Steel Company, across the Tualatin-River, in Clackamas County, State of Oregon. Dated at Portland, Oregon, August 23d, 1906. THE OREGON IRON & STEEL CO. By A. S. Pattallo, Secretary.

A Dry Clean.



All prisoners, on admission, shall be compelled to take a bath.—Prison Regulation. New Arrival—I say, gov'nor, I don't want no bath. Couldn't you do me with one of these 'ere vacuum cleaners?—Sketch.

Ambition. When Margaret Green was about seventeen. Her plans and her specifications. Of the man who should share all her joy and her care. Were accurate, nice calculations. Miss Margaret said, "The man that I wed must be tall and aesthetically and curing. The popular rage on the matinee stage. With a name like Montgomery Irving."

When Margaret grew to about twenty. A sweet, sentimental-like strain—She yearned for the fame of an author whose name Was Tennyson Keats Shelley-Byron. In a year or so more—she was then twenty-four. It was Margaret's dearest ambition To marry a Pole with less money than soul—Basculefsky, the famous musician.

Ten years—how they fly!—went glimmering by. And Margaret came to be thirty. She still was a miss in her singular blies. But no longer coquetish and flirt. Three more years of her life, and Margaret was a wife. After all of her parents' and guests', Nor does she repine that the name on the sign. Of the store says "Schmidt, Delicatessen."—Franklin P. Adams in Woman's Home Companion.

An Old Master.

The Rev. Russell Day, an Eton master of the last century, was very strict, and to gain his approval in "saying lesson" was almost an impossibility, at least the author of "Memories of Eton and Etonians" says he found it so. "Little Day," or "Parva Dies," as he was generally called, never prompted a boy, and at the very first mistake, or if the boy forgot a word, he was dismissed at once with: "Write it out, my friend." As this same writing out took twenty minutes at least, most of the boys were in the habit of writing it out beforehand in preference to spending a long time trying to learn it and then being called upon by "my friend" to write it out at the first breakdown. Mr. Day used to suffer from gout or neuralgic pains, and there is a story that once having ordered a boy to "write it out," and then having a sudden twinge he followed it up with "twice, my friend," and when the boy showed some surprise he continued, as another twinge came on, "and once in the Greek character!"

Mr. Bowser Buys a Cow

He Expects to Save Money on Milk and Butter and to Avoid Sickness.

DISAPPOINTED IN BEAST

Mrs. Bowser Pokes Fun at Him, and He Meets Unpleasant Fate in His Own Milkery.

(Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment.)

A man leading a cow stopped in front of the Bowser residence, and the man turned in at the gate and rang the doorbell. Mrs. Bowser happened to be conveniently handy, and she answered it. "I suppose you want this cow around in the alley shed?" queried the man as she appeared.

"What cow, and what have I to do with it?" "That cow out in the street. I sold her to your husband about an hour ago if your name is Bowser."

"There must be some mistake. What sort of a looking man is your husband?"

"He's what they call a one story man—short and fat and baldheaded. Oh, there's no mistake about it. He wrote his name and number down on this slip of paper, as you see. He's got the



A MAN LEADING A COW.

biggest bargain of any man who's bought a cow this year. I let him have her for \$45."

"He was a dunce to pay you half that," replied Mrs. Bowser as she stepped out to get a better view of the animal.

"I had refused good offer."

"I could have sold her for \$50 last week."

"Then some one must have wanted to start a bone yard pretty bad. Look at the condition she's in! That cow won't give two quarts of milk a day. You'd better drive her right down to the river and dump her in."

"But don't take that cow on her looks, ma'am," protested the man. "She had twin calves, and she's lost 'em both within a month. She's grieving for them and has lost her appetite. Give her a little show to get her spirits back, and if she doesn't fill a pail twice a day I'll drive her around and put her in the shed, and when Mr. Bowser comes he'll explain everything."

"It had been long years since Mr. Bowser had mentioned the name cow, and he had gone and invested in a skeleton without a hint of his intentions. Mrs. Bowser was thoroughly put out, but as she could not bawdy words with the cow dealer she retired into the house and left him to put the animal in the shed. As soon as he had done so he got out of the neighborhood as fast as he could. Ten minutes after the man's coat tails had disappeared Mr. Bowser came home. He had meant to break the news himself and in his own way, but he saw that it was too late.

"Well, what do you think of the investment?" he carelessly asked as he hung up his hat.

"I think you might have got a bundle of bones at the slaughter house for a good deal less money," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Now, then, my dear, wait until you have heard the whole story. When I started for the office this morning I had no more thought of buying a cow than I had of jumping down a well. At the office I found Professor Duggan, the germ and microbe expert. Knowing how interested I am in such matters, he had called to give me the results of some recent experiments. How many bacteria do you suppose he found in a pound of butter bought at a grocery?"

"Not a single one."

"Over a million, my dear woman, and every one of them capable of starting a case of typhoid fever. How many germs do you guess he found in a quart of milk?"

"I don't care how many he found. Your bacteria and germs and microbes are all nonsense. No one ever heard of such things until a few years ago."

"Don't be a donkey, Mrs. Bowser. Nine-tenths of the sickness and death of today are caused by those very things. If you want to run the risk, then go ahead, but I want no microbes in a nut. The professor estimated that with a cow of our own we would both live ten years longer."

"And he probably got \$10 of the money."

"Mrs. Bowser, don't go too far!" cautioned Mr. Bowser as he flushed up. "No living man or woman can impugn the honesty of Professor Duggan. It was his friendship for me that brought him to the office. He is not a man to stand by and see a friend of his swallow microbes by the cart load."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say in reply, and after gazing at the cow shed from a back window for two or three minutes Mr. Bowser continued:

"Of course I was chiefly actuated by

the question of death, but there is another side to it. What do you suppose our milk and butter have cost us the last year—milk and butter full of bacteria and microbes?"

"I have no interest in the matter. You have bought a cow and are going to do great things with her."

He gazed at her, not being on to himself. He wanted a straighten the cow question out before picking up any stale issues.

"Save Money and Health."

"I have figured it up, and we shall save something like a hundred dollars a year—just a microbe, not a bacterium, not a germ, and a clean saving of a hundred dollars! I don't see why you need feet put out about it. Name me a man who could have done a better thing all around."

"How can we make butter out of two or three quarts of milk a day?" demanded Mrs. Bowser as she arose.

"Two or three quarts of milk a day? Why, woman, your head must have got screwed on the wrong way. There will be all of ten quarts at a milking. We shall use about two quarts a day, and the rest will go into butter and cheese. Yes, I forgot about the cheese. We will make our own and have it every day."

"You can't squeeze four quarts a day out of that bundle of bones, and there won't be cream enough for the cat. Mr. Bowser, you have been hounded again, done up, made a guy of. That cow is so old that she has both front feet in the grave."

"Woman, I deny it!" he shouted at the top of his voice, breaking loose at last. "I wanted a cow to save both our lives and to make a profit of \$100 a year. Because you didn't think of it first you are mad and jealous. It won't do you any good. The cow has been bought and paid for. Here she will remain. If you don't want any of the milk, butter and cheese, you can eat raw turnips."

Settled Mrs. Bowser.

That settled Mrs. Bowser. They went down to dinner at the ringing of the bell, but neither spoke during the meal. When it was ended Mr. Bowser went upstairs and slipped on an old coat, and then, coming down, he took a tin pail from the kitchen and went out to milk the new cow. She was expecting him. He fetched a pail of water and some hay from a barn across the alley, and before proceeding to milk he looked her over. She looked old and decrepit. She looked mournful and disconsolate. The thought came stealing over him that he had been done up, but he shut his lips and forced it back. Never in this living world would he admit the fact to Mrs. Bowser after what she had said.

By and by Mr. Bowser sat down to milk. He sat down on the wrong side, but in this case it made no difference. There was less than a pint of milk in the udder, and the cow had made up her mind not to part with that without a struggle. As the milker began to hunt for milk the animal drew a long breath and threw all her strength into one kick, and as Mr. Bowser went over backward she took advantage of "the open door," and got into the alley and disappeared.

Scene in the Shed.

After three-quarters of an hour had passed Mrs. Bowser strolled across the back yard to see what had happened.

The cow shed was as quiet as a grave. She looked in to find the cow gone and Mr. Bowser lying there as if sweetly sleeping. The hostler from the barn joined her, and after a look he said:

"He was kicked in the stomach, ma'am, and is waiting to get his second wind. Shall I run after the cow?"

"No. If she returns chase her away."

Ten minutes later, as the canphor bottle was held to Mr. Bowser's nose, he opened his eyes and faintly inquired where he was.

"In your own milkery and cheesery and safe from germs and microbes and bacteria," softly replied Mrs. Bowser, and he heaved a great sigh of contentment as he dropped his head back on the hay.

M. QUAD.

She Giggles.

SWEET Mary is a charming girl. Or so Augustus thinks.

She wears her golden hair a-curl in fascinating kinks.

But oh, will some one tell me why, While still with life she giggles.

And all its solemn moments fly, She giggles?

It matters not how dread the hour, How grave its moments be; While others' tears fall like a shower, Sweet Mary says "Te he!"

And there are others of her kind—For instance, young Miss Giggles, Who when she needs to air her mind Just giggles.

I sat with Hamlet but last week, The melancholy Dane Brought tears to my unwonted cheek, So sore his woe and pain.

"To be or not to be?" he cried, While Mary squirmed and wriggled, And when at last poor Hamlet died She giggled.

Within the solemn house of prayer, At function or pink tea, Where Mary goes wet, everywhere—She takes her "te he."

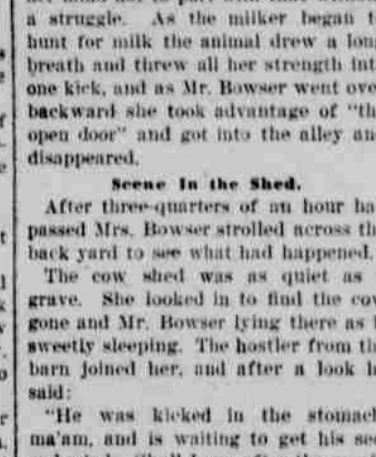
If laughter's due or laughter's not, Her golden head she wriggles, And, though there's pathos in the plot, She giggles.

I've thought full oft of Mary's case, Along life's thorny road, Why is her giggle out of place, And why does it explode?

Is it because her thoughts won't flow The while she writhes and wriggles? I dare not say; I only know She giggles.

—San Francisco Call.

As Far as Possible.



Colonel Brown—And so you quarreled with young Jones because he put his arm round your waist? Miss Ongonpongwong—He didn't put his arm round my waist, but he tried. Colonel Brown—Yes, of course; that's what I mean.

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. Dated this July 5, 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 the 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 the date hereof. Dated the 9th 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 set Tuesday, September 11, 1906, at ten o'clock a. m., of that 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 Swock, 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 Holz, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, 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 SCHILLMERICH, Administrator of the Estate of Henrietta Holz, 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 Clothing Club, has been dissolved. A. Mizner retiring from the firm. All bills due and owing to the old firm must be paid to Beard & Galaway, and all bills owed by the old firm will be paid by Beard & Galaway. 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.

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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, reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

DEPART FOR DAILY PORTLAND FROM DAILY

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

Atlantic Express 8:15 p. m. via Hunt-ington

St. Paul Fast Mail 6:15 p. m. via Spokane

Portland Biggs Local 8:15 a. m.

Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East

5:00 p. m.

Wallia Wallia, Lewiston, Spokane, Wallaco, Pullman, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East

8:00 a. m.

For all local points between Biggs and Portland

6:00 p. m.

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