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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

LONG & McKINNEY

The Farmington case, where two women were found suffering from mental disease, invites the study of all classes of people. It is extraordinary what a blind following of faith will do. Here were two women, reasonably devout, each having a physical affliction. Attending meetings where the efficacy of prayer was preached they became imbued with the idea that all that was necessary for health was to pray to the Lord. Continual devotional religious services unbalanced the mind of one and the younger woman became a subject of the elder. It is to be hoped that both will recover—and that the incident will be a lesson to those who believe physical ailment is a matter of so prime importance that the First Cause will listen to supplication. Were there anything in this theory it is patent that the Lord would minister to the mind clouded from the first—and this without prayer from the subject. People who advise the unfortunate in health to pray away their afflictions have no place in a sane civilization. No one would complain were they only to advise prayer for fortitude, but in case of disease one had better follow the injunction, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," by the use of a surgeon's instruments, and not by bended knee. Our insane asylums are sufficiently filled without permitting candidates to be trained by people who want to make an easy living by teaching ridiculous absurdities.

THE MARKETS.

This morning's market reports, compiled from Portland quotations, are:

Valley Wheat, new, 67c.
Barley—feed, \$20.50 per ton; brewing, \$21.50; rolled, \$23.
Oats, white, \$24@24.50.
Oats, gray, \$23@23.50 per ton.
Bran, city, \$14.50 per ton; country, \$15.50.
Hay, Valley timothy, \$10.00 and \$11.00; grain, \$7.
Hay, Clover, \$6.50 and \$7.
Potatoes, buying prices: Oregon Burbanks, fancy, \$7@11.10; common, 75@90c.
Eggs, Oregon ranch, 31@32.
Butter, Extra Creamery, 30@32.
Hops, 1906 contracts, 15@17c.

W. C. Darity, of Glencoe, was in town yesterday.

Sam Crow was down from Forest Grove yesterday.

F. S. Miller, of Scholla, was a county seat visitor yesterday.

Cheat seed and tare seed for sale by W. J. Vanderveiden, of Roy.

Albert Keehn, of this side of Cedar Mill, was in the city yesterday.

Eli Howell, of Mountaineale, was an Argus caller this afternoon.

R. H. Walker, of near Cedar Mill, was up to the county seat yesterday.

The ladies of the Cong. church will give a Halloween social and supper at the Wehrung Hall on the evening of October 31.

For sale: 40 acres of brush land, easily cleared, near Kalama, Wash. Running water on place. Three miles from county seat. Goes at \$10 per acre.—A. Pautmeier, Hillsboro, Ore., R. F. D. 2.

Prof. Ringler, of Portland, expects to organize a dancing class in this city in the near future if enough will express their willingness to join to make it worth while. He already has the largest dancing academy in Portland and has a reputation second to none in teaching his delightful amusement. All new steps and ball room etiquette will be taught, the class to meet once a week, the terms being \$5 for a course of ten lessons. If thirty-five conclude to join the class, Mr. Ringler will come. Leave your name with G. A. Wehrung.

The March of Progress.
"I flatter myself that my latest story does something toward bringing the art of fiction up to date."
"How so?"
"It begins with the divorce of the hero and heroine."—Judge.

A Feminine Discrepancy.
"How time flies! Who would think my little Emily was almost ten years old?"
"Yes, I can remember when she was born, just fourteen years ago."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Remarkable Work.
"My husband is quite a bright fellow isn't he?"
"He's nothing less than a genius. Why, he made her people like him from the very start."—Punch.

Breezy Paragraphs From the Kicker

A Political Discussion That Came Near Ending in Murder.

(Copyright, 1906, by Eugene Parcells.)
R. JIM HELISO (who is ourself) wishes the Kicker to deny in the most vigorous language that he is thinking of resigning his position as postmaster of this gulch. He dies now and then, but he never resigns.

Mr. Jim Heliso (who is ourself) paid a short visit to Denver last week and did not blow out the gas.

Mr. Jim Heliso (who is ourself) blew down the barrel of a new shotgun on exhibition at Kramer's the other day. It wasn't loaded.

Mr. Jim Heliso (who is ourself) informs us that alterations and improvements to the Heliso Opera House will cost \$2,000. One hundred pounds of lead was dug out of the ceiling last week.

Mr. Jim Heliso (who is ourself) has asked the Kicker to deny in thunderous tones that he contemplates organizing a wild west show and taking the road next summer in opposition to Buffalo William. His show has been right here in Givendad Gulch for the last eight years.

It is quite true that the editor of the Kicker and the governor of the territory met at Florence the other day and had a long and confidential talk, but there is not a grain of truth in the statement that they played poker for ten hours on a stretch and that the result was bad for the governor. We and the governor were on our dignity all the time. Had he suggested poker we should have discouraged the idea.

Colonel Joe Skelly of the Big 4 ranch informs us that he felt and counted ninety-eight distinct shocks of an earthquake last Sunday. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing Colonel Joe a liar. If he was sober enough to feel or hear anything it was one of his old mules rolling on the grass.

Edward Jones and Peter Howard, both of this town, met on the street last Sunday and resumed a political discussion, with the result that guns were drawn and ten shots fired. No one was killed, no one wounded. The



TEN SHOTS FIRED.
men stood and looked at each other in astonishment for a moment after the firing and then each ran in the opposite direction. Oh, yes; Arizona will be admitted to the Union, when the robins nest again!

There is neither law nor ordinance in this whole territory against speeding automobiles. They can skip along at a rate of 100 miles an hour. On the contrary, there is no law against any citizen taking a pop at a chauffeur with his gun if he feels so minded, and he is pretty sure to feel that way. If you own an auto and are looking for a paradise, come this way and get a free burial.

A Chicago man who was looking for real estate in this locality went over to Lone Jack the other day to buy a large block of town lots. On visiting the graveyard he found that only twenty-one people had died in three years. He did not buy. He realized that a town that couldn't do better than that was a slow town and had no future.

We understand that certain members of the only church choir in Givendad Gulch object to our leading the singing because we play poker, own a race horse and a fighting dog and take a nip with the boys occasionally. We don't suppose it is exactly according to the eternal fitness of things, but until society has safely passed through the chaotic state and can stand alone we shall stick to our singing job and back it up with two guns. Meanwhile we shall sing with ardor and with as much reverence as we can.

At the last meeting of the common council Alderman Adams offered a resolution that the name Givendad Gulch be changed to Crescent City. Such names as Roost High, Last Stop, Angel's Rest and Hell Bent were substituted, but all were voted down, and the alderman finally withdrew his motion. Givendad Gulch it was and always will be. There is nothing euphonious or lingering about the names Denver, Omaha, Buffalo, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, but when you come to Givendad Gulch you pause and think and remember.

The editor of the Utah Weekly Monitor, wishing to emulate us and become famous at Tuberan and other places, drew a gun on a stranger the other day and made arrangements to start a private graveyard. His machinery skipped a cog, however. He received two bullets in the body, and the doctor says he may not pull through. The imitator seldom succeeds.

The seventh city marshal that Givendad Gulch has had in the last six years sent in his resignation at the last meeting of the common council. The objection to the place seems to be that the incumbent is shot from two to five times a month and by and by gets tired of carrying bullets around. The place is open to some good man. Hours, all the time; pay, \$12 a week. When not otherwise engaged the marshal will be expected to put in his time picking lead out of the doors of the city hall.

Last Tuesday evening, by special invitation of the leading citizens of Wolf Creek, we rode over to that town and delivered our lecture on "Great Editors of the Present Day." We had scarcely mentioned our name as leading the list when several bad men began making demonstrations of disapproval, and in the end we had to retire. We believe that a number of citizens followed us for a mile or two. We have cut off every subscriber we had in the town and want nothing more to do with it.

Our esteemed contemporary did not issue any paper at all last week. We understand that his cheese press broke down and he was out of ink. It was just as well. No one noticed the absence of his sheet. He is again telling around that he means to shoot us on sight, and it is to laugh. He has shot at us over 600 times and we have never even heard the whiz of one of his bullets. He may hit us with his old hat some day, but never with a bullet.

The Blue Hills Banner calls us the Caesar of Arizona. Thanks! We have seized about everything in sight that promised to be a good thing, and have let go of nothing. We started out to take care of ourself, and the editors now in the poorhouse needn't walk down to the gate to look for our coming. M. QUAD.

According to the Rules.

An Irishman was walking by golf links one day and was struck on the shoulder by a golf ball. The player hurried to him, saying:

"Are you hurt? Why didn't you look out?"

"And what did I know about lookin' out?" replied Pat. "How did I know the ball was comin'?"

"Why, I called 'fore,'" explained the player, "which is a signal for you to get out of the way."

"Sure. That's it, is it? Well, when I say 'fore' it's a sign you're goin' to get hit in the eye. 'Fore!'—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

Had to Be.

Deacon Hardesty (to waiter)—Young man, if I didn't know that everything that happens is foreordained I should feel like blaming you for having given me the worst dinner I have had for twenty-five years.

Waiter—Yes, sir. As soon as I took a look at you I saw that it was foreordained that I wasn't going to get any tip.—Chicago Tribune.

An Excuse.

"Karl, aren't you ashamed to sleep so late?"
Karl—Very sorry, mother, dear, but I dreamt I had lost my cap and I was such a long time finding it.—Meggendorfer Blätter.

What Could She Have Meant?



He—What a number of parties your sister must go to. She's always out when I call.
She—Yes. She's the lucky one.—Knicker.

Under the Table Manners.

It's very hard to be polite if you're a cat.
When other folks are up at table Eating all that they are able, You are down upon the mat If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit If you're a cat.
Not to let them know you're there By scratching at the chair Or a light, respectful pat, If you're a cat.
You are not to make a fuss If you're a cat.
Though there's fish upon the plate, You're expected just to wait, Wait politely on the mat, If you're a cat.
—Stochester Post-Express.

So He Rang Off.

"And you didn't propose to her?"
"No."
"Why?"
"I was leading up to it, but suddenly noted that her voice had a sort of previous engagement ring."—Smart Set.

A Genius.

Leslie—That bald headed Thompson is simply great at training animals.
Stewart—Oh, he is a wonder. He has actually taught a couple of spiders to keep the flies off his head.—Judge.

An Old Time Remedy.

When the world seems full of trouble And you feel you'd like to swear; When you see no silver lining To your black cloud of despair; When you look and feel disheartened, When you're full of bluest blues, Beat it home and hunt the feathers—Take a good old snore.

When you feel that you've been handed A big lemon all around; When your throat gives forth a grumble Every time it makes a sound; When with discontent you're teeming From your hat down to your shoes, Beat it home and hunt the feathers—Take a good old snore.
—Denver Post.

Millinery Sale

I put my goods on sale for the first time this season. Now is the time to buy. I will have out a lot of

New and Fashionable Hats

at sale prices. This offer holds good until the 10th of November.

GERTRUDE KIRKWOOD

Above L. M. Hoyt's Store

Pessimism.

(Rondeau redouble.)
'T's pretty hard to get along today;
The world is getting rotten, don't you think?
I've heard a lot of people lately say
That everything is going on the blink.
And so it's up to me to spill some ink
On pessimism. That's the proper lay.
For themes are scarce. I say it with a wink—
It's pretty hard to get along today.

"It didn't always seem to be that way.
Life used to be a radiant, rosy pink,
And now it looks to me like dappled gray.
The world is getting rotten, don't you think?"
"Dame Fortune's given me the risky drink.
It's twenty-three for mine; me to the sink.
Now, honest, wouldn't that drive you to drink?"
I've heard a lot of people lately say
They've said it; yes. But is it true?
Nay, nay!
To Fortune! Come and let your glasses clink!
Why, what a shine idea to convey—
That everything is going on the blink!
This is the last time that I'll ever tink—
Er with a rhyme like this. Hoorsay!
Hoorsay!
It's done—except this last—this missing link—
Hast ever done a rondeau redouble?
—Franklin P. Adams in Judge.

Anticipated Pleasure.



Chappell—I have just bought a spirited horse and I'm going for a long ride tomorrow.
Miss Guyer—How nice. I shall come and see you off.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What He Needed to Know.
As the ocean liner was entering the narrow channel the president of the steamship company, a nervous, fussy individual, came up to the pilot, a whiskered old salt who had spent most of his many years on the sea.

"I suppose you know all the dangerous places in this channel," suggested the resident.

The pilot, looking straight out into the night, gruffly replied, "None."
"You don't?" said the magnate. "Then why on earth are you in charge of that wheel? What do you know?"
"I know where the bad places ain't," replied the old pilot.—Woman's Home Companion.

Practical Man.

The country clergyman was in his garden attending to his creepers when he noticed that a boy standing in the road was watching his every movement with great interest.

"Well, my boy," he said, "you'd no doubt like to learn gardening. You seem so interested in what I am doing."

"Tain't that," replied the boy. "I am waiting to hear what a clergyman says when he hits his finger with the hammer."—Pele Mele.

Words Versus Actions.

DeForest (time, 11 p. m.)—I believe in the chap who has plenty of push and go in his makeup.
Miss Cuttings (yawning)—So do I. But I'm afraid I'll have to get papa to give you a push in order to start you going.—Town Topics.

Her Desire.

"John, is it true that money talks?"
"That's what they say, dear."
"Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I'm getting mighty lonesome for some of that conversation."—Houston Post.

Found Out.

"Young man, what's this sediment at the bottom of the milk jar?"
"That's the cream, ma'am. Our cream is so rich and heavy that it won't float. It sinks. How many quarts this morning, ma'am?"—Chicago Tribune.

His Thoughts Were of Her.

She—Father consents to our marriage, but he wishes us to wait four years. Oh, Carlo, don't look like that. You will be still young at that time!

He—My treasure, I was not thinking of myself.—Il Motto per Ridere.

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Hillsboro

Reduced Rates to East

The Southern Pacific Company will place on sale on September 8 and 10, round trip tickets to eastern points, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets will be good for 90 days from date of sale. The following will be the rates from Portland and return:

To Chicago, \$71.50; to St. Louis, \$67.50; to Milwaukee, \$69.75; to St. Paul, \$69.75; to Omaha and Kansas City, \$60.

Above rates apply when going and returning via the O. R. & N. If going or returning via California, the following rates will be charged:

To Chicago, \$85; to St. Louis, \$81; to Milwaukee, \$83.25; to St. Paul, \$81.40; to Omaha and Kansas City, \$73.50.

Do You Want a Perfect Coffee?

Then buy the M. J. B. brand in cans, for 35 cents and \$1.00.

Try Our Tree Tea

Splendid bouquet; uncolored Japan; 25 and 50 cent packages.

R. C. Vaught Grocery Company

Apples Wanted

The Knight Packing Company's Cider Plant, at Cornelius, is now in the market for Cider Apples.

Pay cash or press on shares.



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A Night Cap?

Certainly. It's just the thing for tired nerves, sleeplessness and fatigue of mind or body.

CYRUS NOBLE BOURBON AND RYE

Whisky makes the ideal "night cap." It soothes the wrinkles of care, and brings a refreshing, peaceful slumber that lasts the night through. If you value sleep, you will value the Noble whiskeys for their health-giving qualities.

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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, abscess in face and breast, toothache, earache, rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, 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, shoulder strains, inflammation, inflamed wounds, puffs, bunions, sprain, ringbone, scratches, mud fever, grassy heel, thrush, pipe sores, fistula, pollevis, gangrenous wounds, footrot, foul, caked udder, 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

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

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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 Price Delivery

Main Street, opposite Tualatin Hotel, Hillsboro, Oregon.

FARM FOR SALE

I wish to sell my farm containing 152 acres. 110 acres under cultivation; good house and barn; good orchard. Three and one-half miles south of Hillsboro and one mile west of Farmington. For further information apply to E. Burkhalter, Hillsboro, Ore., R. F. D. 2.

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H. G. COLTON, Manager, Chamber of Commerce

JAMES STITT, District Agent, Portland, Ore.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Michael Welch, Deceased, and has duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of his duties as such. Now therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of Michael Welch, deceased, are hereby required to present the same to the undersigned, at the law office of Buckley & Hare, at Hillsboro, Oregon, together with proper vouchers, within six (6) months from the date hereof. Dated this 3rd day of October, 1906. JOHN WELCH, Administrator of the Estate of Michael Welch, deceased. Buckley & Hare, Attys. for Administrator.