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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

—BY—

LONG & MCKINNEY

DIVIDED INTERESTS

To use a homely simile, the stomach of the laborers is the market of the producers, and what is good for the laborer is good, as a rule, for the producer.

The Deacon on Cooking

I've been allus fond of cookin', An' so is every man, To tell the truth there's a sort of kin

THE MARKETS

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

- Valley Wheat, new, 66c. Barley—feed, \$21.50 per ton; brewing, \$22; rolled, \$23. Oats, white, \$24.50@25.50.

COWS FOR SALE

Four cows in milk, testing from 4.6 per cent. to 6 per cent butter fat.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Frank Clapshaw, deceased, by virtue of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, duly made and entered in the matter of said estate on November 6th, 1906, I will from and after the 10th day of December, 1906, sell at private sale, for cash in hand, to the highest bidder therefor, the following described real estate, to-wit:

PROBATE

Estate of J. F. Lafferty, late of Gale Creek, appraised at \$243. Oretta S. Finney filed report as guardian of Sarah Holcomb, a minor, from June 1, 1904, to Nov. 1, 1906, approved.

Sale of real estate Cynthia Burris estate confirmed, also sale in estate Martin L. Donahue: G. L. Neuman allowed \$42 as follows, from estate D. Purser, deceased; labor and services, \$35; cash loaned, \$2; \$6 formerly allowed by executrix; balance of \$204 disallowed.

Benton Bowman appointed guardian ad litem minor heir, pending sale of realty of estate Frank Clapshaw, deceased.

Sale real estate Niermann heirs confirmed and C. F. Tignard allowed \$8.75 commission.

Inventory estate of Seidler minor heirs approved at \$131.

Argus and Journal, \$1.75. Cheat seed and tare seed for sale by W. J. Vanderveiden, of Roy.

John U. Marty and Miss Rose Trachsel, of near Bethany, were granted license to wed, today.

T. W. Bain, of Gaston, is in town this evening.

C. K. Henry has sold his handsome Hillsboro home, Fair Acres, to a Montana party.

Have a 16-horse power traction engine. Want job running it on stationary work. W. D. Baker, Buxton, Ore.

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.

EN MASQUE

By William Henry Eader Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

It was the first night of "The Maverick" week at the Denver Opera House, and, despite the white coat of snow that was being sifted over the city, the theater was filling rapidly.

Among the later arrivals was a young woman of the upper world, exquisitely gowned, breathing cultivation, yet with the frank air and lively eye of a nice boy.

The young woman had come alone and had sat alone till the orchestra was nearly through its overture. Then the vacant seat found an occupant.

He came striding down the aisle, a splendid specimen of man. Hundreds of amused, interested eyes took in his magnificent, picturesque bulk, breathed deeper at the outdoor atmosphere of big spaces he radiated and warmed to the untamed, fearless spirit of the vanishing west that looked out of his face of beached walnut.

The click of the high heeled, dusty riding boots into which corsetry trousers fitted snugly, the worn felt hat held negligently in a great leather cuffied hand, the handkerchief knotted loosely around the tanned throat, proclaimed more loudly than words that he was a denizen of the cow country.

The blond giant from the desert followed the usher to the vacant seat beside the daughter of civilization. The girl hastily gathered the skirt of her gown out of danger and devoted herself to studying the cast. Presently she fished a silver case from her pocket and wrote a line on the edge of the programme. The direct, impulsive side of her was just then in dominance.

"Sir, this seat is taken," he read after she had with apparent carelessness maneuvered the paper into his line of vision.

"You're right; it is, ma'am," his pencil answered on his programme. "I mean by a friend of mine."

"Thank you, ma'am. That's real kind and friendly."

A hot wave of color swept over her boyish face. She stanted a covert glance at him to discover whether it was innocence or audacity with which she had to contend. He was cheerfully continuing the correspondence and did not notice the start of surprise in her eye.

The rise of the curtain relieved the situation, and the girl abandoned herself to the play with an excited interest, due to the fact that her lover, Robert Messiter, had written it, with herself as the heroine.

A wide mesa was disclosed, bounded by a range of blue, snow streaked mountains. In the foreground were a couple of stunted cottonwoods, a bunch or two of cactus and a matting of dull range grass.

Presently "Sorreltop" Flanders wandered into view, dusty and hatless, spluttering range epithets at himself for his folly in allowing the ponies to have escaped. He finds time to explain to the audience that he and Miss Rhoda Esterly are lost on the desert before that dashing young woman comes limping across the stage.

That "The Maverick" is a love drama, full of the humorous extravagance and exuberance of the west, is at once apparent. The cow puncher and the colonel, the Indian and the Mexican, are all very much in evidence.

This seemed to demand an answer, and the young woman gave it promptly. "I've met him."

"You don't say?" Then a light appeared to penetrate. His hand came down with a resounding slap on his knee.

"The young woman regretted without enthusiasm that she could not remember Mr. Robins just as the curtain rang up for the second act.

It was at the next intermission that the gentleman from Cattledale delivered a monologue to his new find in twentieth century maidens.

"Yes, sir. Me and Messiter was parls two or three years back. We rode the range together and bunked together and sat at the tail end of the same chuck wagon. How I come to know him was some comical. Bob had just come out of Harvard and was watter hearted.

Consequence is he went around rubbing soothin' salve on the calves after we had branded them. Ouzet he got his salve bottle out and was getting ready to do the doctor act when Sorreltop Jones—the one I reckon on whose name Messiter chose as his hero of this here play—heard something buzz about a foot from Bob's hand. The bullet out of Sorreltop's six shooter arrived a short fraction of a wink before that rattler's poison."

The man stooped and found the dusty hat under his seat. "I reckon, ma'am, I got to be going. You see, one of them actor fellows is sick, and I got to stand around in his place this next act."

"Then I suppose that explains, Bob Messiter, why you are all rigged out like this," said the girl coolly.

He laughed. "That explains it, Elsie. But I didn't know you would recognize me after my taking all the trouble to mislead you. I fancy I'm not such a good actor as I have been thinking."

"My dear boy," she mocked. "Bob Messiter was to sit in this seat if his train arrive in time. Naturally I was looking for him. It did not take me long to discover that you were a wig. Besides, I've seen too many of his letters not to recognize his writing when I see it. You'll have to do better than that before you can deceive me."

"I see I shall. Well, I'll have to take it out on the audience. All my friends are here. Watch me fool them."

"Perhaps you can," she laughed, blushing. "They're not engaged to you."

Alexander Selkirk. "Robinson Crusoe" was published in April, 1719. A few years before, about 1712, Woodes Rogers, in his "Voyage Round the World," had given an account of his calling at the island of Juan Fernandez in 1709 and bringing away a man clothed in goats' skins, "who looked wilder than the first owners of them."

His name was Alexander Selkirk, and he had been on the island four years and four months, having been left there—"on account of a difference"—by Captain Stradling of the Cinque Ports. Selkirk was born at Largo, in Fife, in 1676. All the time he was on Juan Fernandez he was in perfect solitude until discovered by Captain Rogers. Selkirk died in 1722 on board a king's ship, the Weymouth, of which he was mate, leaving his effects by will to sundry "loving female friends."

His chest, his gun and his drinking cup, the last made of a cocoon shell, are—or were till lately—the property of his descendants at Largo. Selkirk has been generally accredited as the original of Robinson Crusoe. Defoe, besides reading the account of him, may even have seen him person ally.

The British Song Thrush. The song thrush is almost the best known and most widely distributed of all British birds, and if we take into account its persistence in singing as well as the beauty of its song it perhaps deserves the first place among British songsters. The only time when it does not sing, in fact, is for a few weeks after about the middle of July. In September it may be heard beginning again in a weak and undecided fashion, the performers being usually the young birds of the year, and in mild, open weather in November it is often in brilliant song, continuing more or less frequently, except in hard frost, until the time, late in January or so, when it considers that spring and the singing season have come in good earnest. Though somewhat studied in manner and marked by repetitions in its phrases, the song of no bird is more full of spirit and vigor, and in the darkening days of November it is particularly beautiful to hear it proclaiming, as it were, the sure return of spring with almost as much force and ardor as it exhibits in its true spring song.—London Express.

Criticism. Criticisms never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character, and if true they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure.

Reasons Enough. Jack—Why do you girls spend so much time and money on dress? Jill—To interest the men and worry other girls.—Town Topics.

Not Horsepower Enough. "He thinks he's quite a lady killer." "Pooh! He couldn't kill a chicken with that machine."—Pack.

The Willie Boys. Compiled for the Baltimore American by Ralph A. Lyon. WILLIE to the circus went. He thought it was immense. His little heart went sifter pat. For the excitement was in tents.—Harvard Lampoon.

Willie put his stocking on. Wrong side out and thought it fun. Mother didn't like his whim. So she turned the hose on him.—Philadelphia Record.

Load the baby screamed and louder. Willie felt her insect powder. Scolded, answered, with a shrug. "Little sister acted bug!"—Anonymous.

She sits in sorrow, her refined. And still unwrinkled face to grave. Though time to her has been most kind. Her Willie has begun to shave.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willie saw some dynamite. Didn't understand it quite. Faked it with his little stick. Hushed little Willie for a week.—Anonymous.

Little Willie, in the best of sashes. Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes. By and by the coons grew chilly. But no one liked to poke up Willie.—Harry Graham.

Willie ate a tablet. The family doctor gave. Now he's got a big one. On his little grave.—Anonymous.

Willie on the railroad track. Failed to hear the engine squeal. Now the engine's coming back. Scraping Willie off the wheel.—Anonymous.

With green apples little Willie. His interior predilected. For the first time since he toddled. Willie's now an angel child.—Baltimore American.

An Argument. "How silly!" exclaimed the daughter of the plutocrat. "The idea of my marrying you, who have absolutely nothing, even though I do like you immensely! Why, I spend \$100,000 a year on dresses alone. Goodness only knows how much money I actually waste."

"Yes," argued the earnest youth. "I had thought of that. The way I figure it, you throw away enough money right along to support a husband in good style."—Judge.

Such Impudence! "Cards to tell yer kerrect age, a penny, lily."—Tattler.

Prepared. "Does your husband let you attend bargain sale jams?" "Of course he does. He comes with me."

"Comes with you?" "As far as the door. Then he sits on the curb with a 'first aid to the injured' box on his knees and waits for me to come out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Couldn't Go Far. Ascum—Hello, old man! What are you walking so fast for? Skorker—Bellow just stole my auto and went off down this road.

Guest-Waiter, look here! I don't want the bill served with each course; bring it when I've finished.

Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, but those are not bills, sir; those are certificates the law requires, sir, so you may be sure you are eating exactly what you ordered, sir.—Brooklyn Life.

Then the Coward Man. "Did any man ever tell you," asked Mr. Honpeck as he edged toward the door, "that you were the sweetest and most beautiful woman in the world?" "No," replied his wife.

"Gee! Men are honestner than I thought they were."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Simple. "How do you manage to get so much paths into your acting?" said the admiring friend.

"It's very simple," answered the player, who has not yet made his reputation; "I think of my salary."—Washington Star.

His Reason. The Owner—Why are you arresting us? The Country Constable—Waal, I need th' money. I'm trying ter git enough from fees ter buy an automobile myself.—New York Life.

No. 16. Humourist—I've just written fifteen jokes on the man who doesn't advertise.

Poet—That's wrong. You shouldn't jest about the dead.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wasn't Sure. Windig—Miggles formerly opposed my views, but now he agrees with me in everything.

Marks—How do you account for it? Windig—Give it up. I'm not sure whether I convince him or only make him tired.—Detroit Tribune.

Pretty Near. "Did the college authorities relinstate young Hilline after he was expelled?" "Almost."

"Almost?" "Yes; I heard his folks say he was half back."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

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.

Hotel New Belmont. 193 1-2 First St., Corner Taylor, Portland. Phone Pacific 1332.

The Kitchen's Queen. Knows that fine old whisky is indispensable as a culinary help. CYRUS NOBLE BOURBON AND RYE.

Proclamation. Whereas, on the 26th day of October, 1906, an initiative petition was filed in the office of the City recorder of Hillsboro, Oregon, for the proposed amendment of subdivision 57 of section 5 of the act incorporating said City of Hillsboro, Oregon, filed in the office of the Secretary of State February 20, 1893, as amended by an act approved February 6, 1895, and as amended by an act approved February 6, 1899, and as further amended by an act filed in the office of the Secretary of State January 27, 1905, and

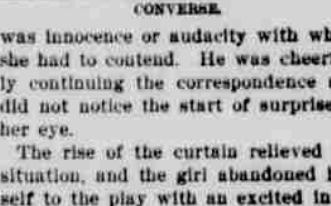
Proclamation. Whereas, said petition is in due form as required by Ordinance No. 256 of the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, and has been certified to me by the recorder of the City of Hillsboro. Now Therefore, I, B. P. CORNELIUS, as Mayor of the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, in obedience to and by virtue of the power and authority vested in me by the ordinance of said City, do hereby make and issue this proclamation to the people of the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, and do hereby announce and declare that said petition and proposed amendment are in due form and that said proposed amendment will be submitted to a vote of the people of said City at the annual City election of said City to be held on Monday, December 3, 1906. Done at Hillsboro, Oregon, this November 6, 1906. (Seal) B. P. CORNELIUS, Mayor of Hillsboro, Oregon. Attest: H. T. BAGLEY, Recorder.

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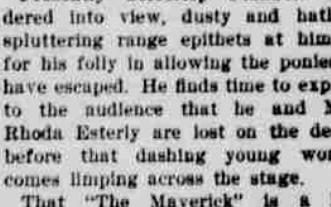
NEW MEAT MARKET. Opposite I. O. O. F. Hall, Main Street. Fresh Beef, Pork and Mutton. S. J. GALLOWAY, Hillsboro. For sale:—Forty acres land, all timber, two miles north of Hillsboro. Price, \$50 per acre. For further particulars see or address L. Manning, Hillsboro, Ore., R. F. D. 1, Box 4.



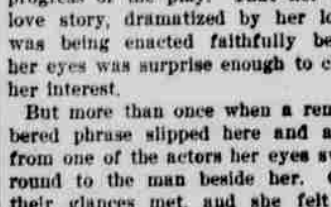
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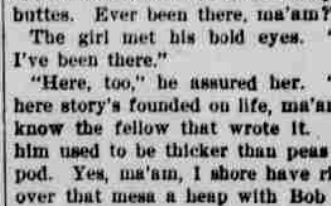
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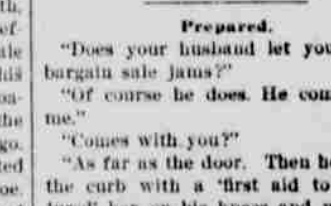
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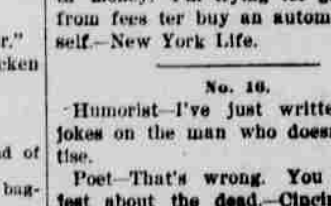
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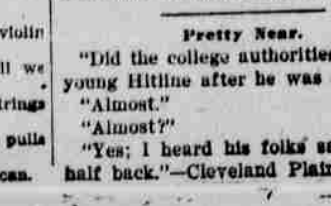
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