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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

—BY— LONG & McKINNEY

Wisconsin has elected a negro to the legislature. That's nothing. A state that will turn down a man like LaFollette will do almost anything.

President Roosevelt is at Panama, and the dirt is likely to fly, say his admirers. As a matter of fact there has been a great deal of "dirt" flying down there, already.

The Argus would suggest that Inspector Harris do his advertising a little earlier in the game and he then would get better crowds. The newspapers of Washington county do not charge for notices of public nature and if people are apprised of horticultural meetings they will attend.

The East Oregonian thinks that Heart suffered a terrible defeat. This is amusing in face of fact that Heart was fought by the corporations and by the administration, as well, and even then succeeded in winning all but a little over one per cent. of half the total vote of New York. Some minds are so small that they would rattle in a walnut shell.

From the government investigation it appears that Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, has grafted thousands of dollars sent by money order for the relief of sufferers after the earthquake. It is always bad business management to send money in cases of this kind. It is infinitely better to do as Hillsboro did last Spring—send provisions and supplies. It is hard for a committee to put a few carloads of shipments in their pockets, while it is easy to cash drafts or money orders.

For a number of years the Argus has dwelt upon the necessity of a city park for public as well as ornamental purposes. At the coming city election the people will have an opportunity to say whether or not they want to be progressive in this matter. If the people of the town have pride in the place and want it to grow and have that attractiveness that should characterize cities of our standing they should by all means vote to have a city park. If on the other hand they want the old town to still sleep in its bed of moss they should vote against it. It is a business proposition, pure and simple, and should be treated as such.

Puritan oil heaters—Chas. A. Lamkin Co.

Dr. Williams has sold The Delta Drug Store to Drs. Linklater and Tamiesie and J. P. Magruder has taken charge of the business. Another business change is the sale of the Messenger grocery to G. J. Palmateer.

Dance at Witch Hazel Hop Farm, Saturday evening, Nov. 17. Good music, good management, no liquor allowed. All who will be have themselves are cordially invited to attend. Tickets 50 cents. Refreshments will be served in the hall, extra.—Tony Gassner, floor manager.

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. Oats, gray, \$23.50@24 per ton. Bran, city, \$14.50 per ton; country, \$15.50. Hay, Valley timothy, \$11.00 and \$12.00; grain, \$7. Hay, Clover, \$6.50 and \$7. Potatoes, buying prices: River Burbanks, \$1.05@1.10. Eggs, fancy ranch, 52¢. Butter, Extra Creamery, 31. Hops, 1906 contracts, 15c.

Trans Mississippi Commercial Congress

For above occasion round-trip tickets will be sold to Kansas City, Mo., on account of Seventeenth Annual Session Trans Mississippi Commercial Congress, to be held at Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 20 to 23. Sale dates, Nov. 14 and 15. From Hillsboro, both ways through Portland, \$80.65. One way through Portland and one way through California, \$74.15. Stop-overs granted either direction within the transit limits, except that no stop-over will be permitted in California on going trip.

What the Prominent Specialist Assumed

A SHORT, nervous man, holding in his hand a paper, entered the office of the prominent specialist. "Ah, good morning, sir. You remember me. I was one of your patients." "Perfectly, sir. Be seated." "I have just received your bill." "Yes, sir." "The patient waved the paper excitedly. "I have come to ask you for an explanation. This bill, sir, is four times as much as it ought to be. It's twice as much as I can pay."

The great specialist looked sympathetic. "Is it possible," he muttered, "that I have made a mistake? No. That is correct. It's all right." "Now, sir," exclaimed the other man, "let me tell you something. I knew you charged high. I knew you also went by appearances. And so, when I came to you, I made a point of wearing my oldest and shabbiest clothes. I did it on purpose. How, sir, can you, in view of this fact, dare to present me with such a whopping bill?" "That's why I did it."

The great specialist smiled. "The great specialist smiled. "Certainly, sir," he replied. "I assumed that no one but a millionaire could afford to wear such poor clothes as that."—New York Life. Case For a Solomon. A suburban resident unfeignedly detested his neighbor, a doctor, for keeping roving and destructive chickens. One night the man was taken suddenly ill and, against his wish, had to call in the hated physician. The doctor prescribed some very powerful pills and warned his patient that as soon as relief was obtained to throw away the medicine, as it endangered the lives of curious and meddling children. Next morning the physician again called, and the patient exclaimed gratefully, "Doctor, I'm feeling much better and have thrown away the pills."

"Yes, confound you," grunted the doctor sorrowfully, "you threw them out of the window and killed two of my Plymouth Rocks and one prize winning Wyandotte."—Philadelphia Ledger. The Kind of Money. "I believe from the way you talk about money in your sleep that you have been gambling again."

"My dear, that's only a kind of mineral I'm interested in." "Nonsense. You keep talking all the time about 'ante' and 'money.'" "That's just it, you see—antimony, my darling, antimony."—Baltimore American. One Way to Find Out. The Lover—I'm afraid I can't live without her. The Cynic—Why don't you marry her and see?—Philadelphia Press. Terms Explained. "Which is the starboard side of a ship?" "Why, don't you know? That's the side where the star boarder has his room."

"Then why do they call the other side the port side?" "Because that's where the porter sleeps."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Willing Enough. "What!" exclaimed old Roxley. "Before you think of marrying my daughter you should be making at least \$5,000 a year." "Well," replied Nery, "if you can make a position for me at that figure I'll take it."—Detroit Free Press. Told in a Sentence. "I'd hate to do business with that judge."

"Why?" "Because nobody seems to like his terms."—Puck. The Dog Trainer. Talkin' o' fam'ly and stock on the avenue. Founded on millions or made by a king. Look at this dog, for I'd like to be havin' you. Watch for a minute the joke o' the thing. Better than most of 'em, good as the best of 'em. Snob from his head to the tips of his toes. Tad has a pedigree just like the rest of 'em. Look at the style of his ears and his nose! Then he's affectionate, knows every parlor trick. House broke, obedient, good to the kid. I'd never part with him short of a double quick. Need o' the money. Now what'll you bid? Why don't you ask me to give him away to you? Why do you think I've been bringin' him up? Here! Wait a minute! I've something to put down the cash, and I'll hand you the pup. —Wittier Byrner in Metropolitan Magazine.

Two murders for the week disgrace the state's history. Victor D'Anna, a civil engineer working for the Salem electric line, shot and killed a stable employee at Salem while in a drunken frenzy. A young man by the name of Murray killed a Hubbard young man by the name of Whitney, in Portland, the other morning, because the murdered man refused to wed the sister of Murray, who claimed she had been seduced under the promise of marriage. Victor D'Anna, the Salem murderer, killed himself a few hours after the tragedy, while the young Murray gave himself up to the Multnomah sheriff. It is not likely that Murray will suffer the penalty of the law for his crime, as the unwritten law will likely prevail.

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Bowser Again An Easy Mark

Fraudulent Mendicant Gets Money to Take Him to Home of a Relative.

SYMPATHY IS MISPLACED

Philosopher Deceived by the Tears of a Man Disguised to Look Old.

MR. BOWSER was within a hundred feet of his gate as he came from his office the other evening when he noticed an old man coming out of the gate. He was evidently a vagrant by his looks and dress, but as he was asked what he did there he choked up and could not answer for a moment. Then he replied: "Sir, I want to get to my daughter's in Troy. I asked for 5 cents at the door, but the lady sent me away. If a few people would only help a poor old man along he'd—be'd—"

"Here he was overcome again, and to cut it short Mr. Bowser gave him half a dollar and did not wait to hear the thanks poured out. The incident was not advertised to until dinner was ended, though Mrs. Bowser saw that something had occurred and that there would be an explosion later on. It came when they returned to the sitting room. When Mr. Bowser had paced up and down for five minutes he halted and turned to say: "Mrs. Bowser, when I reached home this evening there was a poor old man at the gate."

"Yes?" "He had been here asking for alms." "Yes?" "He wanted to get enough money together to pay his fare up to Troy."



THAT MAN IS NO MORE OF A FRAUD THAN I AM.

where he has a daughter. He explained the matter to you, did he not?" "He did." "And how much did you give him?" "Not a blessed cent, Mr. Bowser. I told him to take himself off or I'd have him arrested."

"What woman—what! You used such brutal language to him! No wonder he was so choked up that he could not speak to me for a minute! By thunder, but if anybody had told me there was such a stony hearted woman in all this world I wouldn't have believed it!"

"You know the old fellow, do you?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "No, I don't know him, and I can't remember ever having seen him before, but it is enough for me to know that he is old and homeless and friendless. My sympathies were touched at once, and I gave him half a dollar."

"Then he went off taking you for a soft mark. The old fraud has called here at least ten times. I gave him money the first time, but I have turned him down since. He is known all along the street as the weeping fraud."

"Then the people around here ought to be kicked. That man is no more of a fraud than I am. He is a simple, gentle old man, and if he is poor through misfortune that is no fault of his. He wasn't asking money for lodgings, but to get up to Troy with."

make out that I was a soft mark. You have gone too far with it. I believe the old man can be found. If so I will bring him home with me. We will hear his story, and when it has been told you will go down on your knees and beg his pardon."

"I will cheerfully do so if I have wronged him." Mr. Bowser put on his hat and left the house. He knew that there was a community ten blocks away where many mendicants made their headquarters, and he headed for it, meanwhile keeping a lookout for the old man as he went. Nothing was seen of him, but Mr. Bowser had the luck to run across the young man who supplied his house with kindling wood and had occasionally been given the job of beating the rugs. When he had been hailed he halted and asked: "I suppose you know many of the people to be found around here?"

"For sure." "A good many of the street beggars lodge here, don't they?" "Yes, most of them." "Knew the Man. "Well, I am looking for an old man. His hair is white and his face wrinkled, and he speaks in a husky voice."

"He ought to speak that way," grinned the young man. "What do you mean?" "Why, his name is Husky Jim. You mean the old fellow who wants to get up to Troy to live with his daughter?" "Yes."

"He lodges right over there at No. 97, and is drinking a highball at this minute. I heard him telling Sleepy Sam that he had struck an old bloke who came down handsomely."

"What—what did he mean by that?" asked Mr. Bowser as he began to feel weak in the knees. "Oh, he cried to some one and told his Troy story and got a quarter or 50 cents. Husky is a slick one for a young man."

"Young? Why, he must be seventy years old." "He isn't a day over twenty-five, Mr. Bowser. He goes about in disguise, you know. He can make up like an actor. I put Mrs. Bowser up to his life the game long ago. Don't you ever give him a cent. If you want to see him, come across the street and look into the window. Want to hire him to beat the rugs?"

"No-o. Some one was telling me about him, and I just wanted to know." "Would Steal Anything. "Well, don't you put any rugs into his hands. If you do he'll make a skate. Say, he has stolen more doors than any ten other men. If he's left in the hall half a minute the spare hats and umbrellas are his. You leave it with Mrs. Bowser to turn him and the other frauds down. Shall I call Husky out?"

"Oh, no. I happened to be passing through this quarter, you know." "I see. Well, if Husky ever stops you and begins choking up and shedding tears and telling that Troy story you take him by his venerable whiskers and they will come off his chin at a yank. Good night, Mr. Bowser." During that walk of ten blocks back home Mr. Bowser had seventeen thoughts. The thought that gave him the most pain was that he must meet Mrs. Bowser on his return. He walked at a slow pace and finally decided on his course. He entered the house with a swagger and stamped along to the sitting room, and of course she looked up and asked: "Well, is the weeping old man on the doorsteps?"

"What weeping old man?" "Why, the one I am to get down on my knees to?" "I noticed you had a queer look around your eyes at dinner time. I hope you are not getting wheels in your head." With that he sat down and began to read the evening paper, and nothing further was said. It was the kindling wood boy who told her all about it two days later, but in the goodness of her heart she didn't make use of the knowledge. M. QUAD.

A Sense of Proportion.



The Lady—Ain't seen your young brother Jim about lately. The Gentleman—No; 'e got ten days for knocking down a pieceman. The Lady—Ten days for one pieceman?—Punch.

Impossibility. Mrs. Stubbs—Yes, John, if the woman's suffrage party ever gets into power we may see women on battleships. Mr. Stubbs—It will be a bad day for the navy when that comes to pass. Mrs. Stubbs—In what way? Mr. Stubbs—Why, how in the world could the ships sail under secret orders with a woman on board?—Chicago News.

Commercialized Proposal. "And is your decision final, Mr. Smithers?" "Absolutely, Mr. Jenkins. I hope it will cause you no unhappiness." "Quite the contrary, I assure you. I'll be ahead a new hat and a box of cigars. The fellows I bet with said you'd accept me."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Fierceness of Debate. "You think your next speech will make an impression?" said the campaign adviser. "No," answered the candidate. "Have you any new arguments to place before your opponent?" "No, but I have a lot of new names to call him."—Washington Star.

An Essay on a Cow. A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is no longer than the legs, but it is not to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wiggle on hinges, as does her tail. A cow is bigger than a calf, but not as big as an elephant. She is made small so she can go in a barn when no one is looking. Some cows are black, and some can look. A dog got hooked. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that ate the rat that lay in the house that Jack built. Black cows give white milk, so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy little girls dresses, which they put water in and chink. Cows chew ends, and each cow furnishes her own chew. This is all there is about cows.—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

Security. Jenks—You're been giving Borrowoughs more money, haven't you? Markley—Why do you say "giving"? Jenks—Oh, I suppose he considers it merely a loan. What security did you get? Markley—Well, he gave me a mortgage on one of his castles in the air.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Her Purpose. "She strikes me as a woman of constant singleness of purpose. She's so—"

After a Taste. "Why won't you let your little brother kiss you? You should encourage such affection." "Aw, g'wan! De foxy kid knows I bin eatin' 'lasses."—Washington Herald.



The Silver Lining. Giraffe—Hard luck, old fellow, to get a man with only one drumstick. Lion—Oh, not so bad after all. He made—

THE PRICES OF ALL STANDARD TALKING MACHINES Are the Same Here as in the East

You can buy on installments if you choose. If you wish to hear the natural toned instrument, call at the store of

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And hear one. It Shall Not Cost You a Cent.

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.

If You Want A first-class workman to do your Painting Give me a call, or drop me a letter. I am the pioneer in painting

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W. J. MULLER (Centerville) Cornelius, Or., R. F. D. 1

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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New and Fashionable Hats at sale prices. This offer holds good until the 10th of November.

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