

HEAT COURT HOUSE BY TRACTION ENGINE

Boiler Blows out Saturday
and Makeshift Used

COUNTY MUST BUY A NEW BOILER
Ingenious Method Used For Heating
Apparatus

The boiler used for heating the court house blew a hole in one end last Saturday morning, and as a result the building was without warmth all day. Machinist Weidewitz, of Cornelius, came down and examined the boiler and found that after fifteen years of service it was not worth repairing, the metal being so rusted that it would not hold rivets. Circuit court was to again convene Monday morning, and heat must be placed in the building at any event, and so the traction engine belonging to Hare & Grabel was drawn on. The engine was wheeled in late Sunday evening and Meers. Weidewitz and Ferd Hartman worked until midnight getting the pipes connected. By morning the building was heated up, but it kept a man busy sawing wood to keep the steam going.

The county court will put in a new boiler, the old one being worthless. It has lasted in the neighborhood of fifteen years, and has done very well. The piping is in good condition and the heating plant will be practically new after a boiler is installed.

Notice to Fruit Growers in Washington County

The Fruit Inspector of this County has found that almost all trees are infected with fruit pests, and the law requires the owners or persons having possession thereof to destroy or eradicate such orchards or pests; you are therefore notified that unless such orchards or pests are destroyed or eradicated before the first day of April, 1907, I will proceed under the law to either cut down or destroy such orchards, or have the trees sprayed and cleaned at the owners' expense.

W. R. HARRIS,
Washington Co. Fruit Inspector

Go to R. H. Greer for Olympic flour.

M. C. Lincoln, of Glencoe, was in the city Monday.

Simonds Cross-cut saws.—C. A. Lamkin Co.

Joseph Sanders, of Bethany, was in town Monday.

Christmas is coming and so is the Congregational sale.

Chas. Boy, of Bethany, was in the city the first of the week.

Right goods—right prices.—C. A. Lamkin Co.

George Hulseheimer, of near Beaverton, was in town Saturday.

Miss Letitia Jackson, of Glencoe, visited friends in town Monday.

Frederick Rockstroff, of Cornelius, was in the city Tuesday.

Ernest Haas, of Salem, was the guest of his home folks here Sunday.

Dr. W. F. Adkins and wife were out Monday, guests of Dr. J. E. Adkins.

J. H. Davis, of near Mountaine, was a county seat visitor, Tuesday.

Milk haulers to the condensers report that the roads are in very bad condition.

Frederick Johansen and son Oscar, were up from near Farmington, Friday.

Mr. Patton, of the Baseline Lumber Co., was in town from Cornelius, Tuesday.

All kinds of Christmas goods for the little folks and the grown ups at Mr. Pillsbury's.

C. J. Day, now cutting ties over near Estacada, was here Sunday, the guest of his family.

Ed. Ward, connected with the Hillsboro Lumber Co., was in town from Forest Grove Monday.

Blasting powder constantly on hand at Herman Ostermann's store, Centerville. He also carries a complete line of general merchandise.

For gentlemen's, ladies' and children's hose you can do no better than to buy of John Dennis. We have them for everybody, and at prices that are values.

Headquarters for all kinds of agricultural implements, wagons and buggies, shipped direct from the factory, and sold below Portland prices.—Schulmerich Bros.

Uncle Thos. Otchins, of First Street, and who is over 92 years of age, has been very ill for several days. Mr. Otchins is a pioneer of 1839, and came to the coast in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.

Speaking of groceries—if you want the finest staple and fancy groceries to be found in the market, try John Dennis. We are after your trade, and once a customer, always a customer.

For sale: Pigs sired by a registered Berkshire boar—Wm. Schulmerich, Farmington. Address, Hillsboro, R. F. D. 2.

FURS WANTED

Remember that I will pay cash for furs. I save you the trouble of shipping. Try me, I reside just north of the west end of the long bridge, one mile west of Hillsboro, Or., you can leave your furs at the Corwin & Heidel butcher shop.—Chas. Eames, Hillsboro, Ore.

Malcolm's Rescue

By Gordon Talbot

Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Caldwell

"I'm worried about Nancy," said Peyton gloomily.

"You've got to worry about something," was the counseling reply, as Nancy Westcott's brother Billy did not see anything to worry about in the situation.

"But," persisted Peyton, "she never acted this way until that fellow Malcolm came down."

"Possibly it's Miss Malcolm," chuckled Billy. "If you were not holding hands last night, it's because appearances are deceitful."

"Nothing of the sort," protested Peyton, reddening. "I was just trying to make Nan a little jealous."

"And it looks as if she might be trying to play the same game," laughed Billy. "See here, Tom, you've got a fair wind and a pipe full of tobacco. What more do you want? Worry about as when you get back to the island."

With a heavy sigh, Tom Peyton threw his leg over the tiller to hold it while he lit his pipe. They had gone over to the mainland for supplies, and after beating their way against a head wind it should have been enough to satisfy the heart of any yachtsman to have the wind right for a straight run home.

"It was five miles to the mainland, an absurd distance to go for butter, but the Westcott party liked the privacy of the island, and had not the launch broken down the matter of supplies would have been unimportant. Billy had volunteered to sail over and get the butter, and Tom had invited himself to go because he was so utterly miserable with Malcolm dancing attendance on Nancy."

For three years he had been trying to get her to say yes to the all important question, but she had evaded the issue with the skill of a diplomat, and in despair he had sought to force matters through arousing her jealousy by flirting with Miss Malcolm.

Unfortunately Nancy had seen through the plan and retaliated by engaging in a desperate flirtation with

Malcolm. This had been the last straw, and Tom was as miserable as it is given man to be.

For a while they were silent. Billy lay dreaming in the bottom of the boat, sending out great clouds of smoke as he stared up at the sky, and Peyton, his leg still thrown over the tiller, was engaged in devising torments to which Malcolm should be subjected if he had his way.

Neither noticed that a breeze seemed to be springing up from the west. They were under the lee of Catlin Island, with its steep bluffs, and spinning along slowly. Westcott island was only half a mile beyond the larger island, and already it seemed to Tom that he could make out Nancy and Malcolm sitting on the rocks at the point. He was just about to reach out from under the protection of the cliffs, and with a slap the strong wind struck the sail.

The next instant they were foundering in the water. Tom couldn't swim, but Billy grasped his collar and hoisted him on to the bottom of the upturned boat.

"Hold fast for a moment," he commanded as he slipped off again. He foundered in the water for a moment, then paddled toward the boat. "Here's the coffee," he called. "It's in an airtight tin, and I'll bet it's all right."

"Better than your pipe, too," suggested Tom, who for the first time saw that Billy's teeth were still clenched on the stem. "They have seen us and are coming out."

A rowboat had put out from the camp. In it Malcolm and one of the servants were pulling furiously, while on the shore Nancy could be seen waving frantically.

Malcolm bent his back to the task, and presently as they came out he began to shout messages of hope.

"Bet he thinks we're drowned and don't know it," laughed Billy, who had abandoned his quest for floating property to watch the little comedy.

Malcolm, still puffing, drew alongside the boat and helped Peyton in. Billy climbed in over the side, and with a hearty "I thought I'd be in time" Malcolm swung the boat's head about and

began to pull for the shore with the same puffing exertion. Billy shouted to him to ease up, that there was a chance for salvage, but Malcolm did not understand and kept on puffing and pulling.

The whole camp was on shore to greet them, and Malcolm pulled up in fine style. "Have you a barrel ready?" he puffed.

"What for?" demanded Billy. "A glass will do for me."

"To roll you on," explained Malcolm. "When they take people out of the water they roll them on a barrel, don't you know?"

"I'll murder the first man who tries it on me," threatened Nancy's brother. "Come on, Tom, let's get some dry clothes."

They went off toward the camp, while the others gathered on the beach and talked it over. Twenty minutes later Billy, appearing in the doorway, demanded to know whether they had brought in the yacht.

"They're out after it now," explained Nancy, pointing to where a little group on the sand was watching three of the men who were pulling for shore, towing the boat in. Billy went off to join them, and Tom sank into a piazza chair near Nancy.

"How did Billy come to upset?" she asked curiously.

"He didn't," he admitted. "It was all my fault. We were going along so nicely that I never noticed a squall blowing up behind Catlin. When it hit us I had my leg over the tiller, and before I could get it clear we were in the water."

"We were watching you from the point," she smiled. "Mr. Malcolm was so excited that for a moment I thought he was going to try to walk out to you."

"He certainly did work hard," admitted Tom. "There we were sitting high and dry on the keel and poor old Malcolm breaking his back to get out there before we drowned."

"You shouldn't laugh at Mr. Malcolm," she reproved. "I suppose that I must have been so anxious that I communicated my excitement to him."

"I suppose you're anxious about Billy a lot of times," he said idly. "That boy would love to live in a boat and never come ashore."

"I don't worry about Billy," she denied. "He can swim like a fish."

"Then why?" he began. "It is because I cannot swim that you were worried?" he demanded.

"It would break up the party," she explained, realizing what she had said. "But you do care?" he pleaded. "Say you do, dear?"

"Perhaps I do," she admitted. "A whole lot?" he persisted. Nancy hesitated. The incident had been enlightening. She knew her own heart better than she had that morning. She nodded her head.

It seemed to Tom only a moment before Billy came tramping up from the beach.

"It's all right, Billy," he cried. "It's not Malcolm, after all. It's I."

"I'm glad of it," growled Billy. "I'll keep you from being grouchy, and, anyhow, that infernal Malcolm made us lose the butter. I was just going to dive for it when he 'saved us.'"

Divorce Among the Burmese.

The marriage customs of the Burmese are simple in the extreme. A man and woman are married or are not married, according to whether they live as husband and wife or not. A man may have several wives, though in practice he rarely has more than one.

A woman may have only one husband. Divorce is a matter for the village elders. No court is necessary, no decree, no appeal to legal or ecclesiastical authority. Divorce is a matter of the breaking of a status. A wife retains control of all her property when married; she has a half share in all property acquired during marriage. If she is divorced she takes her own property and half that jointly acquired. There is no blending of her authority with that of her husband. She may do what she will with her own.

There is no rule of primogeniture and no power of bequeathing property by testament. All the children inherit equally. No Buddhist may make a will. Whatever a man or a woman dies possessed of must be divided according to the rules of consanguinity. There is no preference of either sex. All children are equal in this matter. The oldest son shares alike with the youngest daughter.—Laborer Tribune.

The Bishop Apologized.

Dr. Temple was wont to rule the diocese of Exeter with an iron hand, and a tale is told of a deacon meeting at which he presided, when the subject for discussion was "The Hindrances to the Spiritual Life of the Diocese."

After the discussion had proceeded for some time a vicar electrified his audience by declaring that the greatest hindrance to the full spiritual life was none other than the bishop himself. "I repeat it," said the speaker calmly, "our right reverend father in God is very far from being a father to any of us. Your manner toward us," he continued, turning to the bishop, "is harsh in the extreme, while your method of rule is this: You treat us all, old and young, as if we were a set of schoolboys." This bold statement drew from the bishop an apology, and he explained that beneath his brusqueness of manner was a very genuine sympathy with the work of all the clergy. This impeachment created the more sensation in the meeting because it came from a son of Dr. Temple's predecessor, the famous Henry of Exeter.—Westminster Gazette.

Out of Office and In.

A well known radical member coined this happy phrase: "It is a pity that the government has not as much courage in office as it had conscience in opposition."—London Truth.

Schoolboys and girls will find everything in school supplies (except school books) at E. L. McCormick's.

For sale:—160 acres, one mile west of Buxton; 40 acres under cultivation; 80 acres bottom land, and valuable timber on 80 acres; 20 acres slashed. Nine room new house; barn, 60x60; good orchard; two springs; branch of Dairy Creek runs through place. Inquire owner's name at Argus office.

The Tone of the Neighborhood

W. Crabford Sherlock

"It's simply outrageous," declared Mrs. Bagby emphatically. "To think that such people should have moved to West Park is just awful!"

"It's worse when you live opposite them," moaned Mrs. Pratt. "I saw that detestable man sitting on his porch last night in his shirt sleeves, smoking a miserable clay pipe."

"That isn't all," chimed in Mrs. Waters, who managed to gain more information about her neighbors' doings than any one else in West Park. "His wife actually scrubbed the porch this afternoon in full view of every one. I saw this Mr. Smith—I believe that's his name—grooming his own horse this morning. They're just common people, that's all they are, not to have servants to do such things."

"I wish Mr. Elder had not sold them his cottage," deplored Mrs. Bagby. "I

getting rid of the Smith family was greater than before."

"We will give you \$250 more than you paid for the property," offered Mrs. Pratt in a businesslike tone. "That will be a good profit in so short a time. Will you take it?"

"Couldn't think of it, mem," returned the affable Mr. Smith. "I wouldn't pay for the expenses of moving both ways."

"Will you take \$500?"

Mr. Smith had never moved in good society, but he was nevertheless a man of keen judgment. A faint smile appeared around the corners of his rather large mouth, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily.

"This place was for sale a long time before Mr. Elder sold it, wasn't it, mem?" he questioned, eyeing Mrs. Pratt closely. "It's a pity your folks didn't buy then."

"They didn't want the house then," replied Mrs. Pratt evasively. "Will you take the \$500, Mr. Smith?"

"Then there's two or three houses in West Park, just as good as this one, that can be bought for the price this 'ere cottage cost," continued Mr. Smith, not heeding Mrs. Pratt's question. "I can't quite make it out, mem, unless—"

"Unless what?" demanded Mrs. Pratt, not relishing the searching glance Mr. Smith fixed upon her.

"Unless, mem," continued Mr. Smith slowly, "you don't sorter think me and Marthy good enough for West Park and want to get rid of us."

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" demurred the three visitors in chorus, but the telltale flushes on their cheeks betrayed the consternation that had been wrought by the unexpected words. "What makes you think such a thing?"

"Well, ladies," returned Mr. Smith, without the slightest trace of ill feeling, "I saw one of you pass the other evening when I was a-dittin' here in my shirt sleeves, and that one's nose was turned up so far that I was 'fraid it would get out of 'fint. Then, when another of you folks saw Marthy a-washin' off this 'ere porch, that one's mouth got all puckered up as if she had been eatin' persimmons. I guess you think we ain't good enough for you, don't you?"

"We look at it this way, Mr. Smith," stammered Mrs. Pratt nervously, feeling devoutly sorry that she had undertaken the plan of purchasing the cottage, "we don't think you are—ahem—well, accustomed to such society as there is in West Park. We don't mean any disrespect, Mr. Smith, but every one likes to mingle with those who are congenial. You don't keep any servants, and you won't enjoy it down here, so we thought we'd make you this offer. What do you say?"

"It's very kind of you to think of me," returned Mr. Smith in no way offended. "I'm sorry, mem, but I must say that we're goin' to stay in West Park."

"Good evening," chorused the visitors, indignant at the failure of their plan and crestfallen at Mr. Smith's correct surmise of their view regarding him.

"One moment, ladies," called Mr. Smith as his visitors descended the steps. "Me and Marthy won't lower the tone of this neighborhood. We don't own this house—no more! Marthy she's the cook, and I'm the gardener. We just come down to fix up the place for Mr. Norwood, who's comin' down next week with his wife and children and three more servants."

The Gamy Bluefish.

Along the Atlantic shore the devastating bluefish has terrorized the menhaden schools and delighted the spray-swept yachtsmen for generations. His personal prowess "needs no bush." It has been the rollick and crowing touch of excitement to many a vacation. The peculiar charm of the churning waters, riotous gulls, swift trolling a contagious atmosphere of motion that seizes the veins aglow—has cast its spell upon many. But despite the thrill and exhilaration no form of handling can justify the method of the methods employed in strictly market fishing. The bluefish, taken from a stationary vessel on a light rod and fifteen strand line, furnishes magnificent sport, but this is often accompanied by the nauseating stench of "chumming" with menhaden. It is somewhat marred by the discomfort involved. The vast school of myriad individuals of this tribe have an indefinite migration and a wide distribution. In a general way they move north and south with the birds, though at all seasons they have been seen at many points along the West and Atlantic—Field and Stream.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, do you open your mouth like a pound bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

There is an intelligent thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true home remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration?

A list of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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DRINK
GAMBRINUS BEER
The Best of All Beers
SOLD BY
The LION SALOON
E. J. LYONS, Proprietor

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE

Of Sale of Real Estate at Private Sale

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 9th, 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:—

Situate in Washington County, Oregon, being particularly described as follows: Beginning at a post 10.30 chains east and 3.25 chains south of the quarter section corner to sections seven (7) and eight (8) in T. 1 N. R. 4 W. Mer., and running thence south 11.12 chains; thence east 10.00 chains; thence north 7.37 chains; thence west 3.00 chains; thence north 6.75 chains; thence west 7.00 chains to the place of beginning, containing twelve and 10-100 (12.10) acres, more or less.

Bids will be received by me at the Law Office of W. N. Barrett, in Hillsboro, Oregon. Said sale will be subject to confirmation by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon.

Dated this November 8, 1906.

IDA CLAPSHAW,
Administratrix of the estate of Frank Clapshaw, deceased.

W. N. Barrett, attorney for said estate.

PROPOSALS FOR TOLL ROAD

In the matter of the application for leasing of County Road No. 218, known as the Wilson river road:

Now at this time comes this matter on for hearing upon the petition of John M. Claran and John Heiler asking that this Court lease the following described road to-wit: Commencing at the southwest corner of the Parsons D. L. Co. No. 36 T. 1 N. R. 4 W. in Washington County, Oregon, and running thence in a westerly direction following the Wilson river road to the Tillamook County line, for the purpose of making said road a toll road and it appearing to the Court that the road now mentioned is so situated that there is little or no local labor along the line of said road, and that it is impossible for said road to be kept in proper condition for travel by local labor along the line of said road and that it is for the best interests of the said County of Washington and for the people living along the line of the said road and for every person interested therein for said road to be leased for a toll road. That said road is a public County road, and that it is expedient and lawful under the provisions of section 487 of B. & C. annotated codes and statutes of the State of Oregon, that said road be leased.

It is therefore ordered and adjudged that the road described as follows to-wit: Commencing at the Southwest corner of the Parsons D. L. Co. No. 36 T. 1 N. R. 4 W. in Washington County, Oregon, and running thence in a westerly direction following the Wilson river road to the Tillamook County line, be leased for the purpose of keeping the same open and in repair and improved for a period of 10 years with the right in consideration thereof to collect and receive tolls for travel thereon in the manner provided by law. That there shall be placed upon said road one toll gate, that the grade of the road shall be kept the same that it now is, and the materials used in the repair and construction of said road or any part thereof shall be same as is now used in such places. It is further ordered and adjudged that the Clerk of this Court be and hereby is ordered to cause this order to be published in a weekly newspaper of general circulation within this County and State for a period of four weeks, and in like manner to publish a notice to the effect that sealed bids will be received at the Clerk's office within Washington County, Oregon, for the leasing of said road, until Wednesday the 2nd day of Jan. 1907, until the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said date.

Now therefore, in pursuance of the foregoing order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, made by said Court on the 7th day of November, 1906, and entered in the records thereof,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that sealed bids