

Simonds Cross-cut saws.—C. A. Lamkin Co. Henry Haase, of South Tualatin, was in town Saturday.

Right goods—right prices.—C. A. Lamkin Co. Geo. Whitley, with Mays Bros., Glencoe, was in town Friday.

Wm. Batchelder, of beyond Glencoe, was in the city Tuesday. J. C. Wilson, of Bethany, was a county seat visitor Saturday.

David O'Donnell, of Buxton, was a county seat visitor Tuesday. C. J. Herb, of Greenville, was an Argue caller, Tuesday afternoon.

Thos. Madison, of near Farmington, was a county seat visitor, Saturday. All kinds of Christmas goods for the little folks and the grown-ups at Mrs. Pillsbury's.

J. G. Pellette, the West Union orchardist, was in town the last of the week. Michael Waesler Jr., of Helvetia section, was an Argue caller, Tuesday afternoon.

Schoolboys and girls will find everything in school supplies (except school books) at E. L. McCormick's school. The Galloway butcher shop has quit business, and its proprietor says it will not open again under his management.

H. L. Burchell, of near Farmington, was in Tuesday, and reports several fine juicy mudholes between his place and the city. Blasting powder constantly on hand at Herman Ostermann's store, Centerville. He also carries a complete line of general merchandise.

The surfacing gang on the P. R. & N. will be laid off until the weather is better, as it is impossible to accomplish anything while it is so wet. 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 value.

Engineer Atry, of the P. R. & N., has moved his camp from Buxton to the city and will remain here, in offices over the Schulmerich Store, until next Spring. Headquarters for all kinds of agricultural implements, wagons and buggies, shipped direct from the factory, and sold below Portland prices.—Schulmerich Bros.

Henry V. Howard, aged 60 years, died at his home in Wilbur, Wash., December 6. Deceased was a son-in-law of the late Rev. Wm. Jolly, one of Washington County's pioneers. Chas. Eames, of West Hillsboro, reports that he is getting a large number of furs this season, and the growth is of extra length, which means, of course, that we are going to have that "hard winter."

George Haase, who is setting ratchets at the Tanner sawmill, near Gaston, was in town Saturday, enroute to Portland. He says the Tanner people talk of adding a latch cutter to their mill. Speaking of groceries—if you want the finest staple and fancy groceries to be found in the market, try John Dennis. We is after your trade, and once a customer, always a customer.

John Rosclair, the fishman, was before Judge H. T. Bagley, Monday, having his hearing on the charge of threatening to kill his wife. The evidence seemed conclusive, so Judge Bagley set his bonds to keep the peace at \$1,000. In default of the bond Rosclair was again taken back to the county jail. Rosclair's property, consisting of timber land above Buxton, is tied up by an injunction, his wife having sued for divorce and alimony.

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 slash. Nine room new house; barn, 60x60; good orchard; two springs; branch of Dairy Creek runs through place. Inquire owner's name at Argus office.

Chris. Heise, of near Kinton, was in town Friday, and called on the Argus. He says that the weather has permitted but little Fall plowing and seeding, and that there are yet many potatoes in the ground down his way.

J. L. Banks, the father of the original town of Banks, was in the city Tuesday. He states that the people up there expect to get a postoffice there as soon as daily train service is established.

For sale: Pigs sired by a registered Berkshire boar—Wm. Schulmerich, Farmington. Address, Hillsboro, R. F. D. 2. Thos. Sain, of Seoggin Valley, was in town Saturday.

William A. Mills died. William A. Mills, a pioneer of 1843, and who settled near Greenville upon reaching this county, died at his home in Forest Grove, Monday, Dec. 10, aged 80 years. His widow, who is his second wife, and four children survive him. The children are: Mrs. Mary E. Ingles, of St. Johns; Mrs. Laura Phillips, of Buxton; John M. Mills, of above Banks; and Albert Mills, of Roy.

For a number of years he has resided at Forest Grove. Funeral services were held Wednesday, after which interment was in the Greenville cemetery. NOTICE TO PATRONS. Notice is hereby given that I have sold my Osteopathic practice to Dr. B. P. Shepherd, of Portland, who comes highly recommended in the profession. Any courtesy shown him by my patrons will be appreciated by the undersigned. Thanking you for past patronage I remain, Yours Truly, Dr. A. A. Burriss

NEW TIME TABLE. A new passenger train schedule is as follows: Leaves for Portland—Forest Grove local..... 6:56 a. m. Sheridan Flyer..... 9:03 a. m. Forest Grove local..... 11:42 p. m. Corvallis overland..... 4:31 p. m. Arrives from Portland—Corvallis overland..... 8:42 a. m. Forest Grove local..... 12:07 p. m. Sheridan Flyer..... 5:25 p. m. Forest Grove local..... 6:27 p. m. Leaving Portland—Corvallis overland..... 7:30 a. m. Forest Grove local..... 11:00 a. m. Sheridan Flyer..... 4:10 p. m. Forest Grove local..... 5:20 p. m. Arrival in Portland—Forest Grove local..... 8:00 a. m. Sheridan Flyer..... 10:20 a. m. Forest Grove local..... 2:59 p. m. Corvallis overland..... 5:50 p. m. The Forest Grove local does not carry baggage.

I have two matched teams, one team being red sorrel, horses, 5 years old, weigh about 2600; other team, roan horses, 6 years, about 1350 each. Sound, true and gentle. Also gray horse, 1050, will ride, drive single or double, seven years old. Inquire of George McGreer, Forest Grove, Long Distance Phone, 295.

CONTEST NOTICE. Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon, November 12, 1906. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Samuel Moulton, contestant, against Homestead Entry No. 1856, made April 28, 1863, for Lots 2 and 3, Sec. 29, and Lot 6, Section 30, Township 1 N., Range 4 W., by Hamilton C. Barclay, contestee, in which it is alleged that he is well acquainted with the tract of land embraced in the homestead entry and knows the present condition of the same; also that said entryman has never resided upon or cultivated or improved said claim since making entry thereof, or at all; that the only improvements on the claim are an old log shack and a small pile burned off, and that he has wholly abandoned the same, and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States as a private soldier, officer, seaman or marine, during the war with Spain or during any other war in which the United States may be engaged. Said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m., on Jan. 12, 1907, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Portland, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed Nov. 8, 1906, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication. ALGERNON S. DRESSLER, Register.

For Sale: Two full-blooded Chester White sows, for breeding purposes, 9 months old.—N. W. Chiloat, at south end of Seventh Street, across Railroad track, for mer Luque place.

Heredity Triumphant

By Alice Lovett Cannon. Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells.

A shrill whistle echoed along the sunny avenue. Mary Dexter jumped from her seat on the porch, scattering embroidery silks in all directions. She waved her handkerchief in response. Then she ran into the house calling: "Aunt Linda! Where are you? Here's Dave Green to see you!"

Without waiting for a reply she returned to the porch just in time to greet the young man who came up the steps. "Glad to see me, Mary?" he asked as with a hasty glance around she put up her face for a kiss. Then the two sat down on the top step in earnest, subdued conversation. Mary Dexter was a maid of nineteen with a fresh peachblow complexion. Today, wearing a simple white frock, she looked her best—and knew it.

In a few minutes an elderly woman came out the front door. Her hair, worn as a coronet, was silvery white, though she was only forty. Age had touched her face lightly, pressing in the wrinkles with loving fingers that left only sweetness in the expression. Rumor told a romantic tale of Linda Pennington's life, and for once rumor was right. A girlish engagement with a young army officer who fell in his first battle, a few years as a nurse in the war, interrupted by a marriage with Lyall Pennington, early widowhood and a subsequent life devoted to good work—these were among the incidents in her story. For many years all her plans had been for Mary, whom she had adopted long ago.

Mrs. Pennington had taken a great interest in Mary because she came from her own town, and the case of the child was particularly pitiful, for there were no near relatives to whom she could be sent. Fresh from the sadness caused by the death of her husband, Linda found the child's companionship a great comfort. Mary had passed serenely through the stages of childhood and youth and now, at nineteen, under the training of private tutors, was prepared to enter



"Isn't it a beauty, Aunt Linda?" Merton College in the fall. After graduation endless possibilities opened before her. This was the situation that July morning when Mrs. Pennington came out on the porch and greeted young David Green, one of Mary's admirers. He was a manly fellow of twenty-one, son of a prosperous farmer of the rural district. He had lately been given a good sized tract of land by his father, with the instruction to "see what he could do with it," and he was doing well.

"You've just come back from New York, haven't you, David?" asked Mrs. Pennington. "Yes," said Mary. "He's been away two whole days." The sigh with which this was said brought a laugh from the other two. Mrs. Pennington seated herself in the rocker. "Why, Mary," she said, "is this your embroidery on the door? Pick it up before it gets dirty." The girl leaned back comfortably against the railing. "You pick it up, Dave," she said indifferently. And the young man did so. But Linda bit her lip in vexation. It was a little thing, but characteristic of the way Mary made all her friends wait on her.

"Did you go away on business, David?" she asked hastily. "No—yes—well, I don't know as you'd call it exactly business." "I should," said Mary decidedly—"the most important business for you just now, Dave." The lad laughed, embarrassed. "Dear me, this sounds very mysterious," said Mrs. Pennington, smiling. "What is it all about?" "I went to get something for Mary," said David. "And here it is," said the girl, holding out her left hand. "Isn't it a beauty, Aunt Linda? A handsome solitaire flashed into view.

The significance of the stone did not enter Linda Pennington's mind, for it was many years since she had thought of such things. "Mary, you know you may not receive presents of jewelry from young men," she was beginning, but the words died on her lips. Mary and David, looking for some sign of approval, read in her face grief, disappointment and refusal. "Aren't you pleased?" went on the girl. "We've been engaged since Christmas. Before I visited Florrie Tucker, Dave asked me and I said, 'I'd see.' Then while I was away he kept writing to me—and I always did like him best of any of the boys—so I just had to say 'yes.' He's so obstinate, Dave is, he wouldn't take 'no.' "Of course I am very much surprised," Linda said when she could trust herself to speak. "I think you are both too young to talk of such things. Besides, you are going to college soon,

and I do not approve of indefinite engagements." "But there's nothing indefinite about our engagement," replied the girl airily, twisting the ring on her finger. "We are to be married in September." "What?" "Oh, yes, it's all settled," nodding her head. "I wrote this morning to Merton cancelling my application. I'm tired of study—what is the use of it? I know more now than any other girl—or boy almost—in Dorsettown. Just think, after September I'll never have to study any more!"

Mrs. Pennington rose in wrath from her chair. "Mary," she cried sharply, "you don't know what you're saying! You are giving up carelessly what I would give years of my life to have had when I was a girl—what you will always regret giving up. I don't often exercise my authority as your guardian, but when you act like a silly child I must. I ask you—no, I order you—to break this engagement!"

Mary sprang up and stamped her foot angrily. "Well, I won't!" she cried. "And you can't make me; I'm nineteen years old." Linda sank back in the chair with trembling lips. The mother who had eloped was speaking through her daughter. "Mary, if you love me," she pleaded, but she knew it would be no use. The girl's heredity was showing, and she must bow to the inevitable. Mary never would understand what a blow this was to her guardian's ambitious for her. College, then advanced work, or the life preferred, art study in Paris or music in Germany—these the plans she had made. And this mad whim must overturn them all!

The girl's storm of fury spent itself in floods of tears. "Aunt Linda, I can't. Don't ask me to," she sobbed. David drew his sweetheart toward him. He had been a silent, troubled witness of the scene. Now he spoke quietly. "It's like this, Mrs. Pennington, we love each other, and we don't see the use of waiting. If we wait four years by then we'll have grown apart perhaps, and it will be harder to give in to each other. We want to be married at once. I am making a good living; my people are pleased, and we only want your consent."

But she shook her head impatiently. "I have nothing against you, David, but it is impossible." "Oh, no, Mrs. Pennington!" he cried. "Think—think—when you were young and in love. Don't you remember how it was then?" How old memories can rise again! A vision of a boyish soldier, with pleading eyes and tender smile. And that parting—could she ever forget the sound of his voice, low and thrilling? She gave a shuddering sigh and opened her dimmed eyes. "I was only seventeen and he was twenty—and I never saw him again. His body could not be found. Ab? Steadying her voice, she went on. "You are right, David. It was foolish and wrong to try to control Mary's life. She must work it out for herself. My plans were far different from this, but I can give them up, as I have given up others."

"Dear Mrs. Pennington," said David, grasping her hand. Then, when Mary ran off to set the supper table and David followed, with awkward attempts to help, Linda Pennington drew forth an old locket and gazed long at the portrait within. "Once I thought that the shattering of my dreams would kill me," she murmured. "But I lived to thank God for other dreams and duties that came. So it will be now, I think."

"Supper is ready, Aunt Linda!" called Mary, and Mrs. Pennington turned from the sunset glow. A Welsh Rip. Every nation has a Rip Van Winkle of its own, but the Welsh story of Rip is unique. He is known as Taffy ap Sion. One morning Taffy heard a bird singing on a tree close by his path. Allured by the melody, he sat down under the music ceased. When he arose, what was his surprise at observing that the tree under which he had taken a seat had now become dead and withered! In the doorway of his home, which, to his amazement, had also suddenly grown older, he asked of a straggling old man for his parents, whom he had left there, as he said, a few minutes before. Upon learning his name the old man said: "Alas, Taffy, I have often heard my grandfather, your father, speak of you, and it was said you were under the power of the fairies and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore had dried up. Embrace me, my dear uncle—for you are my uncle—embrace your nephew."

Welshmen do not always perceive the humor of this somewhat novel situation of a youth—for Taffy was still merely a boy—being hailed as uncle by a gentleman perhaps forty years his senior. Fun For Him. Askum—Who was that man who stopped to talk to you? Dudley—That's my old barber. Askum—Does he usually stop you on the street? Dudley—No, but he knows I'm shaving myself now and he just wanted to look at my face and gloat over me.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Silver Anniversary. 'Twas just about six months or less since Jinks had wed his wife. She was a shrew—y' golly day, they lived an awful life! She'd be as nice as pie to him till she had got him enched. Yet they had scarcely left the church ere they fell out and clinched. From then until our tale begins was one unending scarp. Although in single life he'd been a quiet loving chap. He called her "vixen," "spinster," "cat," she called him "data's spawner." They jawed from dawn to set of sun, from sunset back to dawn. One day when half a year had passed and found them still at war. When Jinks had long been wondering what he was living for. He saw a friendly overture to her he was dreading. Suggesting that they issue cards anew their silver wedding. The shrew, wrath mingled with amazement, demanded what he meant. As but a poor half dozen months their fortunes had been bent. His answer came in accents keen: "For five years, you dear, I'd merely notched my walking stick each time it seemed a year." —Strickland W. Gillilan in Judge.

Christmas is coming and so is the Congregational sale.

The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery"—was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root. Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal plants the curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery," for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, torpid liver, or biliousness and kindred ailments, was first made, and it ever since has been without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on both wrapper and paper, will show that it is made from the valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients are of the highest quality, and are obtained from the leading medicinal plants of our country. A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Hialeah, N. Y., and will be mailed free to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, (infecting, or hang-pneumonia), and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated, are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and preserve in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if taken in time.

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 58 of section 5 of the act incorporating the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, filed in the office of the Secretary of State, February 27, 1906, and as amended by an act approved February 6, 1906, and as amended by an act approved February 6, 1906, and as further amended by an act in the office of the Secretary of State, on January 27, 1906, and

Whereas, said proposed amendment authorizes the City Council of Hillsboro, Oregon, to purchase a park for a sum not to exceed \$250, and to maintain the same and levy a special tax therefor, and create a fund known as the "Park Fund," and

Whereas, said petition was in due form as required by Ordinance No. 756 of the City of Hillsboro, Oregon, and was duly submitted to a vote of the legal voters of Hillsboro, Oregon, at the annual election held in said City on December 3, 1906, and the City Recorder having officially canvassed said votes and certified the result to me and it appearing that said proposed amendment received 188 affirmative votes and 47 negative votes and the total number of votes cast at said election was 235;

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 amendment received an affirmative majority of all effective votes cast at said election, and that said amendment shall take effect and be in full force next from and after the 14th day of December, 1906.

Done at Hillsboro, Oregon, this December 4th, 1906. (Seal) B. P. CORNELIUS, Mayor of Hillsboro, Oregon. Attest: H. T. Bagley, Recorder.

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

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Frank Clapham, 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: Situate in Washington County, Oregon, being particularly described as follows: Beginning at a post 9.30 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., Will. Mer., and running thence south 14.12 chains; thence east 10.00 chains; thence north 2.37 chains; thence west 3.00 chains; thence north 6.25 chains; thence west 30.00 chains to the place of beginning, containing twelve and 100/100 (12.10) acres, more or less.

Edison's Gold Moulded Records in Stock PRICE 35 CENTS E. L. McCORMICK HILLSBORO OREGON

CORWIN & HEIDEL Dealers in All kinds of Fresh Meats, Prices Reasonable. Will meet all competition. Chickens and Poultry always on hand upon order. Free delivery to all parts of the town. We buy fat stock. Both Phones Second Street, Hillsboro, Or

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC 3 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY FROM PORTLAND.

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

Table with columns: DEPART FOR DAILY, TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND, ARRIVE FROM DAILY. Lists routes to Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Milwaukee, and Spokane.

RIVER SCHEDULE

River boats on the lower Columbia and Willamette will depart Sunday. To and from all points in the East. Tickets via this route on sale at all depot offices of the Northern Pacific Co.

W. W. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent Portland, Oregon.

Central Meat Market.

EMMOTT BROS., Props. Successors to C. Tibbury. Keep constantly on hand a fine supply of fresh meats of all kinds. A Now Era in Progress. 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 Free Delivery Main Street, opposite Tualatin Hotel, Hillsboro, Oregon.

HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH For the Human System. Treats cuts, burns, bruises, swelling, abrasions, sprains, weak joints, swollen glands, straggled backs, all lameness, stiff neck, sore throat, quinsy, abscess in face and breast, toothache, rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, pneumonia, inflammation, influenza, colds, catarrhs, corns, bunions, piles, polypoid wounds like bites of dogs, ulcers, fever sores, all the wounds, and stops bleeding.

J. J. SMITH, Hillsboro, Ore. P. O. Address, Greenville, Route 2.