

Argus and Pacific Monthly, \$1 50
Ora Cook, of Cornelius, was down Saturday.
Simmons Cross-cut saws.—C. A. Lamkin Co.
J. B. Tamsieie, of North Plains, was in town Saturday.
John Boge, of Farmington, was in the city Saturday.
N. C. J. Christenson, of Laurel, was in the city Saturday.
J. C. Miller brought Mr. Gill in from the Atocade Grange Saturday.
Francis Cota, of near Laurel, was a county seat visitor, Saturday.
H. L. Buroh, of below Rood's, was in the city the last of the week.
Thos. Madison, of near Farmington, was a county seat visitor Saturday.
John Siegenthaler, of Beaverton, was in town Saturday, and called on the Argus.
J. J. Krebs, of Farmington, was up Monday, conferring with the County Judge.
Hon. G. W. Marsh, of Centerville, was in the city Monday, greeting his many friends.
Schoolboys and girls will find everything in school supplies (except school books) at E. L. McCormick's.
J. S. Loring has finished clearing the tract between the poor house and the railroad for the county authorities.
Our line of spring dress goods have commenced to arrive from New York. Come and see them.—Schulmerich Bros.
Sunday was the most beautiful day of the winter period. The air was balmy, and it was a regular May day, minus the enervation. Hundreds were out enjoying the sunshine.
Frank Sholes, present cashier of the Cornelius State Bank, has a \$20 gold-piece, coinage of 1849. These pieces are very scarce these days and coin dealers are said to offer a premium for them.
A. G. Hotchkiss, of above Bacon, over in the Nehalem, has been spending a few days here, receiving medical treatment. Mr. Hotchkiss has coal on his place, and is about to sell out to a fuel company.
F. M. Gill, of Clackamas County, and who is deputy inspector of the state Granges, was in town Saturday, coming in from Washington Grange No. 313. He inspected the local Grange before leaving the city.
A. S. Vaughn, of Middleton, recently bought the resident property of Calvin Long, near the old water works, and will take possession in the early spring. He is an uncle of Mrs. T. D. Henderson. As Mr. Vaughn is a worthy citizen we hope he will decide to remain with us.—McMinville Telephone Register.
Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Barrett and wife, a son, on Feb 12. Due notice is served on Hon. W. N. Barrett, at the legislature; W. N. Barrett Jr., at the Annapolis Navy Yard, and Ira E. Barrett, of the Corvallis Agricultural College. The father and two sons were at their posts away from home when the son and brother arrived.
If you want to tile your place, get figures from the Groner & Rowell Company, of Scholls. We are the largest manufacturers of drain tile in the county, and have sold our product far and wide. If you are going to build in the Spring, get our figures of brick, building blocks etc. We also furnish lumber, rough and dressed, of all kinds, and deliver if required, in sufficient quantities. Address us at Hillsboro, R. F. D. No. 2.
Chester and Victor Bump, aged 6 and 4 years, and sons of C. L. Bump, of South Forest Grove, saved the little daughter of H. Villiger, of the hotel at that point, from drowning, the other day. The three little ones were playing about the basement of the hotel, when the girl fell in water over her head. The elder boy grabbed her clothing and held her until the younger lad called help from the hotel.
To Hop Growers
We are prepared to take orders for hop supplies for the coming season. Write us or call for quotations before placing your order.
C. B. Buchanan & Co.
Cornelius, Ore.
WILLIAMS—MATTESON
Mr. Joseph L. Williams, of Yamhill County, and Miss Stella A. Matteson, of near Gaston, were united in marriage in the court chambers at the court house, Feb. 11, 1907. Judge J. W. Goodin officiating. The groom is a son of the well known hopman, of above Gaston, and the bride is a daughter of Herbert Matteson, a prominent farmer of the Gaston section.

The Governor's Daughter

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay
Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

She stood on the porch of the great colonial house, the wind ruffling her light hair, one hand toying with her riding whip. Around a corner of the driveway she caught a glimpse of the stable boy bringing her saddle horse, but it was not at him that she looked. Her gaze was concentrated on a tall figure coming up the drive, a young man in a dark suit very much the worse for wear. Neatness could not hide the fact that his coat was much worn at the edges. Nevertheless he carried himself with a certain assurance, which the sight of Juliet Arlington, standing erect and expectant by the door, did not in the least diminish. He mounted the steps. Juliet stopped



A CALLER TO SEE YOU, FATHER.

playing with her riding whip and looked at him inquiringly. He raised his hat.

"Governor Arlington is at home, is he not?" he queried. His tones, like his eyes, were very direct.

"I really don't know," said Juliet, with polite indifference.

Nothing daunted, the young man reached forward a thin, determined brown hand and rang the bell.

Juliet gave him a sidelong glance. "He looks," she thought, "as if he would stride up to the house of fate itself, knock on the door and demand if opportunity were within."

She turned suddenly. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I believe I made a mistake just now. My father went for a short ride before breakfast. Yet I remember that he came back by a side entrance. I think he is in his study. Do you wish to see him?"

She waved aside the servant who had come in answer to the bell and led the way herself, her trim heels tapping noisily on the bare polished floor, now sinking into rugs so soft that they made no sound. At the door on the right of the hall she paused, touched it lightly with her knuckles and in response to the deep voice within inquired: "What is it, Juliet?" answered, "A caller to see you, father," and swung wide the door. The young man thanked her and entered.

When she returned at luncheon, eyes and cheeks glowing brightly from exercise, she found her father in a very happy mood.

"You look," said Juliet, bending over him, "as if you had found a gold mine."

"Better than that," he replied. "I've found just the young man I want for my private secretary."

Juliet laughed. "Don't you mean," she said, slipping into her chair, "that the young man found you?"

The governor chuckled. "I guess you're right," he answered, "and he did it without a misdeed of pull." He looked past his daughter through the window, where a stretch of woodland could be seen, mellowing toward autumn.

"Most people find you that way, father, dear," said Juliet, with an appreciative glance.

"The best ones do," he mused, a light on his rugged New England face. The Arlingtons, father and son, had been governors of that state, whose granite hills are not more firm than the hearts of its people. And the wives of the governors had been women of tact and breeding, who lived quietly and frugally in the great colonial house, but who rose to state occasions with a hospitality that was as lavish as it was brilliant.

"And you're very like them, Juliet," the governor was fond of saying. "If your mother was alive, she would be proud of the resemblance. The way you rule this house and preside over it shows you have a steady heart and head, and your discernment of character is really wonderful in a girl of twenty-two."

"What is the young man's name, father?" went on Juliet, breaking in on his reverie.

"Eh? Oh, you mean my private secretary? Faxon's his name—John Faxon. Comes of a good family, but very poor. Worked his way through college, and now he's ready for a job."

"I see," said the girl slowly.

The house was very gay that winter with guests coming and going, and Juliet came to rely on John Faxon almost as much as her father did. He was always ready to smooth away obstacles, to make the most of difficult situations. He was courteous, clever and reserved.

The governor's daughter was surrounded by suitors. She was the belle of every dance and dinner and driving party; but, though rumor engaged her first to this one and then to that, she made no sign.

"When do you intend to give away that cool young heart of yours?" her father questioned. "And to whom?"

"To the right man at the right time," answered Juliet serenely and tripped away to see the floral decorations of

the dinner table, for she was entertaining a large house party, and it was not her custom to leave the details to servants. She was the last to retire that evening, and as she stood in the great hall at the foot of the wide staircase John Faxon lit her candle for her. Then he lingered, watching her as she went up the stairs, the candle's glow making a soft halo for the pale gold of her hair and the delicate beauty of her face. Halfway up she paused and looked over the balusters. Her lips were smiling, her eyes dazlingly tender.

"Good night," said Faxon, half beneath his breath, still watching her. "John Faxon," she said quietly, "haven't you anything else to say to me?"

His face showed a battle between pride and love, and pride assumed the mastery. He shook his head.

"Nothing else," he answered coldly, but the look of adoration that he gave her haunted her dreams that night and for many nights after.

Outwardly their life went on exactly the same. Faxon neither sought nor avoided her. Both went quietly about their duties. The incident that had so stirred them seemed utterly forgotten.

Winter melted into spring, and late one evening Juliet came in from a long ramble in her garden. The essence of the flowers seemed still to cling to her, dewy and fresh and ineffable. Moonlight streamed in the windows of the great hall as she entered it. She went to the quaint mahogany table for her silver candlestick and was aware of John Faxon standing in the shadow. Mutely she held out the candle toward him, and he essayed to light it for her. His hand trembled, and three matches went out before he could accomplish it. He was very pale, but the governor's daughter was quite cool and undismayed.

"Thank you," she said as he handed it to her. She looked adorable in the half light.

"Good night," said John Faxon, bowing. Juliet paused.

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked him.

"Nothing else," John answered. He spoke with difficulty.

Juliet dimpled bewitchingly, set down the candlestick and leaned toward him. "Don't you think it's time you had?" she queried, laughing.

"Juliet," he cried, "you know that I worship you—that I adore you! And you know, too, what has held me silent all this time. I have nothing on earth to offer you but a poor man's love."

"Is love so cheap a thing that you speak of it bitterly?" said Juliet Arlington. "And as for poverty—your life is not lived yet, John Faxon. My grandfather was a governor, my father is a governor, and unless I am the first Arlington woman to be mistaken in a man my husband will some day be a governor too."

"With your help, Juliet," laughed Faxon brokenly. She was in his arms now, her head against his breast.

"Bless me, what's this?" cried her father, entering and peering through the gloom.

"It means," flashed Juliet before Faxon could speak—"it means that a candidate for my heart has been elected after a most exciting campaign."

"The right man at the right time," quoted the governor softly and held out his hands to them both.

Rose Eyttinge and C. R. Thorne, Jr. When Rose Eyttinge was leading woman at A. M. Palmer's Union Square theater, New York, with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as her vis-a-vis in the cast, she was a handsome woman and a fine actress. Owing to their different temperaments, Miss Eyttinge and Thorne were frequently at odds behind the curtain. One evening after a trifling spat Thorne sought to restore amicable relations with the irate actress while in the greenroom waiting for their cues to go on together. To achieve his purpose Thorne began to tell Miss Eyttinge some interesting bits of gossip, but the actress leaned back in her chair and yawned, especially often as the actor neared the climax of his story. This so exasperated him that he exclaimed, with much temper, "For heaven's sake, Rose, don't swallow me!"

Miss Eyttinge rose with marked dignity and quietly responded, "You forget, Mr. Thorne, that I am a Jewess."

Two Kinds of Corn That Once Grew in Georgia

JUDGE JOHN M. DOOLY of Georgia was noted for his wit and the ability of always having a better story ready than any "whopper" he might be told by a friend. The year 1818 was an exceptionally dry season in Georgia, and corn did not mature at all in many portions of the state.

"I have got the corn, Judge Dooly, that will stand this drought or any other one," said Austin Edwards one day while they were discussing the poor crops. "I got it from a Tennessee gentleman and planted a piece of it in my garden. It came up in about a week, and every stalk had six large ears, and hanging to the tassels was a nice little gourd full of shelled corn. It beats the Dutch, Judge. Did you ever hear of anything like that?"

The judge listened with great gravity and when he had finished said: "Why, Mr. Austin, that isn't a shade to the corn made by Tom Haynes of Hancock county. I was at that court last week and stayed with Tom. He had just finished gathering in a piece of low swamp land which he cleared last year. Do you know it never failed to produce a crop of corn, and Tom didn't expect there was going to be any corn, so he turned his hogs in to eat up the dry stalks. The hogs did not come back as usual the next morning, so he went to look after them. What was his surprise to find one of them with a large ear of corn in her mouth. He could not imagine where it came from, but on examination found that she had rooted it up from the foot of a dried cornstalk. He looked at other cornstalks and found that on the roots of all of them there were from five to ten large ears of corn. Then he had his field dug up and gathered the best crop he ever had."

"Well, well," said Austin. "That beats my corn. I must have some of that seed."—St. Louis Republic.

Penalty of Politeness.

The "tradesman" has his troubles as well as his next door neighbor, the "business man." One day last week a wholesale fish dealer in Fulton market was approached by a fashionably dressed woman, who, after asking the price, decided to buy a pound of smelts. Although it was not customary to cater to retail trade, to be congenial he decided to oblige her.

"I would like to have them cleaned, if you please," she said.

The fishman cleaned them.

"Oh, yes," the woman considerably remarked after looking them over, "will you kindly take all the bones out?"

"Certainly," said the man. But he said things to himself as he went behind the icebox and extracted the bones.

After fifteen minutes' labor he wrapped the smelts in a neat parcel, which he handed the woman.

"I am so much obliged to you," she said. "You see, my cat absolutely refuses to eat fish if they are bony."

As the fashionably gowned woman walked out the fishman said some more things.—New York Press.

Gave Her a Good Chance. She—The thing that surprises me is that I didn't discover how hopeless a fool you were before we were married. He—Well, you have only yourself to blame for it. I asked you in plain English to be my wife.

Took the Mark. Pater—Well, my boy, so you have interviewed your girl's father, eh? Did you make the old codger toe the mark? Son—Yes, dad. I was the mark.—Boston Transcript.

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..... 1:44 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..... 2:50 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..... 6:20 p. m.

Arrival in Portland—Forest Grove local..... 8:00 a. m. Sheridan Flyer..... 10:02 a. m. Forest Grove local..... 2:50 p. m. Corvallis overland..... 5:50 p. m.

The Forest Grove local does not carry baggage.

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.

Administratrix' Notice

Notice is hereby given, that I, the undersigned, have been by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of Samuel Everett, deceased, with the will of said deceased annexed, and have duly qualified as such. Now therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me with proper vouchers at the law office of W. N. Barrett, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 17th day of January, 1907. JOHN M. BROWN, Administrator with the will annexed of Samuel Everett, deceased.

REGISTRATION OF LAND TITLE

In the Matter of the Application of Wallace McCannant for the Registration of the title to the following described real property situate in the County of Washington and State of Oregon, to-wit: The southeast quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, the east half of the northwest quarter and the northwest quarter of section 24 in Township 2 south, of Range 1 west of the Willamette Meridian; also, the north half of the northeast quarter of section 5, in Township 3 south, of Range 1 west of the Willamette Meridian, excepting therefrom the right of way of the Oregon Electric Railway Company.

To E. L. Cole and all others whom it may concern: Take notice that on the 4th day of January, 1907, an application was filed by said Wallace McCannant in the Circuit Court of Washington County, for initial registration of the title to the land above described.

Now unless you appear on or before the 10th day of February, A. D. 1907, and show cause why such application shall not be granted, the same will be taken as confessed and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of the application and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

E. J. GODMAN, Clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the estate of Charles W. Rosa, deceased, has filed his final account as said executor, and that the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, has fixed Monday, March 4, 1907, at ten a. m., in the county court room, in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, if any there be, and for the final settlement of said estate.

JOHN W. ROSA, Executor of the Estate of Chas. W. Rosa, deceased.

Dated at Hillsboro, Ore., this 25th day of January, 1907. H. T. Bagley, Attorney for Executor.

Executrix' Notice

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been, by the county court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed executrix of the estate of Charles Leich, deceased, and have duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me, with proper vouchers, at the law office of W. N. Barrett, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six (6) months from the date hereof.

Dated this December 9th 1906. LOUISA LEICH, Executrix of the estate of Charles Leich, deceased.

W. N. Barrett, Attorney for Estate, Argus and Oregonian, \$2.00.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

Dora M. Newman, Plaintiff, vs. William Newman, Defendant.

To William Newman, the above named Defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, said time being six weeks from the first publication of this summons; and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for relief demanded in the complaint in said suit, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony and marriage contract existing between the Plaintiff and yourself.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. W. Goodin, County Judge of said Washington County, State of Oregon, which order was duly made and filed on the 4th day of February, 1907, and the date of the first publication hereof is the 7th day of February, 1907.

V. K. STRODE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Guardian Sale for Real Property

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of order of sale of real property made and entered by the County Court of Washington County, State of Oregon, on the 24th day of December, 1906, in the matter of the guardianship estate of John C. Hataca, Mable Bretherton, formerly Mable Hatch, Charles F. Hatch, Fred M. Hatch, and Edwin H. Hatch, minors, the undersigned, duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the persons and estates of said minors, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to confirmation by said Court, the following described real property, situate in Washington County, Oregon, and being more particularly described as follows, to-wit: The East 1/2 of Lot 2 in Block 29 in the town of Forest Grove, Oregon. That said sale will be made on the 18th day of February, 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day in the South door of the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

Turns to be cash in hand, and the conveyance at the expense of the purchaser. E. T. HATCH, Guardian.

F. F. Freeman and E. B. Tongue, Attorneys for Guardian.

SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

Christ E. K. von Ladiges, Plaintiff, vs. Annie Alfrida von Ladiges, Defendant.

To Annie Alfrida von Ladiges, defendant above named: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby notified that the Plaintiff herein has filed a complaint against you in the above entitled Court and cause, and you are hereby required to appear and answer the said complaint or file some appearance thereto on or before the last day prescribed by the order of publication hereof, to-wit: On or before the fifteenth day of March, 1907, and if you fail so to appear and answer the complaint or file some appearance herein, the Plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and noted and will apply to the court for relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: A decree forever dissolving the bond of matrimony now existing between you and the Plaintiff, and for such other relief as to the Court may seem proper.

The date of the first publication of this summons is the 24th day of January, 1907 and this summons is to be published on every Thursday of each week for a period of six successive weeks between said dates.

This summons is published by order of the Hon. Thomas A. McBride, Judge of the above entitled Court, made in Chambers this 22nd day of January, 1907.

Chas. J. Schuabel, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executrix, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, her final account in the matter of the last will and testament of David Purser, deceased, and said Court has fixed Monday, March 18, 1907, at ten a. m., and the court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, if any there be, and for the final settlement of said estate.

HANNAH PURSER, Executrix of the last will and testament of David Purser, deceased.

Dated at Hillsboro, this 28th day of January, 1907. H. T. Bagley, attorney for the executrix.

O. D. & 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, TIME SCHEDULES, ARRIVE FROM. Rows for Chicago, Portland, Special, Hunt-ington, Atlantic Express, St. Paul, Portland.

RIVER SCHEDULE

River boats on the lower Columbia and Willamette daly except 8th day.

LOW RATES

To and from all points in the East Tickets via this route on sale at all depot offices of the Southern Pacific Co.

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

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

HOP GOLD BEER

ON DRAUGHT W. E. McCOURT'S Second Street, Opposite Courthouse, Hillsboro

When You Buy Shoes Buy Good Shoes

A Fine Line of Fancy Slippers for Men. The best shoe in the market is the Till-Kinney shoe for men. Also a fine line for boys, also school shoes. The best heavy work shoes for men. Rubbers for men and boys, at

J. C. GREER'S

DO YOU WANT GOOD ROADS?

Do you desire good rock roads in your County? If so, cut out this petition, sign it, have your neighbors sign it, and send to the Hillsboro Argus. YOU MUST HELP IN THIS WAY. DO IT NOW. DO YOUR PART. DO IT NOW.

TO THE HONORABLE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Your undersigned Petitioners would respectfully represent:

That we are resident taxpayers of the County of Washington; That we desire the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, out of any moneys in the County Treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to purchase machinery and material necessary to initiate PERMANENT ROCK ROAD building in Washington County, and for the construction during the year 1907, of as much PERMANENT ROCK ROAD as possible, and we hereby expressly sanction the expenditure of moneys derived from taxation for that purpose and suggest that in the building of such roads, the County Court should employ a competent Engineer or expert to superintend the construction thereof.

Table with columns: NAMES, POST OFFICE ADDRESS

Found, at depot. Watch fob with locket on bottom, containing photo of young man. Owner will please call, prove property and pay for advertisement, and get same.

For rent: Farm of 145 acres adjoining Hillsboro; good for grain or dairy; 80 acres of pasture, with running water, and with little brush.—Notice of R. D. ...