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LUCIUS A. LONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

LONG & McKINNEY

WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON

Population, 20,000. First county in dairying; 1100 cases condensed milk daily; two big condensers; billions of feet merchantable timber...

HILLSBORO

County seat; 2,000 people; Six churches, Protestant and Catholic; two banks; two telephone systems; big milk condenser; sawmill; two railroads; and electric line coming.

AND THERE YOU ARE!

Some of our two-by-fours are yelling about dollar wheat. They seem to forget that the stock market and gambling operations are responsible, more than anything else, for the quotations in Chicago.

Thos. C. Devlin refuses to meet Dr. Lane in open discussion of the municipal affairs of Portland and the people of the Rose City have missed a circus worth attending.

Big Bill Taft seem likely to land the republican nomination for the presidency. Jonathan Bourne, junior senator from Oregon, seems to be the only one yet holding Roosevelt up as a third term.

Argus and Oregonian, \$2.

Dr. J. P. Tammie and wife were Albany visitors yesterday.

Argus and Journal, \$1.75.

C. Rebe, of Farmington, was up to the city this morning.

Born to Martin Palmateer and wife, of Reedville, May 20, 1907, a son.

John Ennes, the South Tualatin sawmill man, was in town yesterday.

Maj. L. M. Hoyt, of the Uniform Rank, K. of P., was in attendance at Pythian Grand Lodge, Portland, this week.

Geo. Barrett, of Galen Creek, and a son of the late Friend Barrett, fractured one of the bones of his hand, the first of the week. Dr. Tammie attended the injury.

Strayed—From Cornelius, a bay mare, weight about 900; smooth shod all around; mane clipped.—Reward.—Notify C. B. Buchanan, Cornelius.

W. H. McElDowney, of Forest Grove, was in town yesterday afternoon. Mr. McElDowney formerly owned a portion of the Wilkins' claim, and sold it last season to the Oregon Nursery Co.

Mr. August Fishbok and Miss Eva Galbreath, of near Sherwood, were wedded May 23, 1907, by Judge H. T. Bagley, of this city. The bride is a daughter of Jos Galbreath, one of Sherwood's pioneers.

FOR SALE

Eighty acres of land, within three miles of Gaston. Twelve acres cleared, of which one acre is in fine bearing prunes. Forty acres of good timber. Will largely pay for place—perhaps pay all. Log house on place that one could occupy until he built. Half mile from school—fine for dairy ranch. Terms, \$2,000, half down, balance on time. Reasonable interest. Anyone wishing to look this place over can write a day or so before coming, and he will be met at station and taken to place.—E. Diet, Gaston, Ore.

Don't forget to make your calculations to spend your Fourth of July in Hillsboro. The citizens here have determined that no efforts will be spared to make this the greatest celebration ever held in the county.

Saturday Evening Telegram and Argus, \$2.00 per year.

CONDENSER EMPLOYEE IS UNDER ARREST

Charged With Roughly Handling Little Jake Kuhn

D. E. ROBINSON BEFORE COURT

Boys Say That he Also Uses Vile Language

A warrant of arrest was issued Tuesday evening against D. E. Robinson, employed at the condenser, the charge being assault and battery. Robinson had some trouble with the Jacob Kuhn, a small lad working at the condenser, and the arrest followed.

This is not the only complaint against Robinson, as the young lads at the factory claim that he frequently handles them roughly, pushing them around, and that he also uses vile language toward them.

Robinson's case will come before Judge H. T. Bagley. Several parents have been incensed at the manner in which the defendant has conducted himself and if he continues to put his hands on little fellows some father is likely to lay hands on him.

THE MARKETS

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

- Valley Wheat, 85c. Barley—feed, \$21.50@22 per ton; brewing, \$23; rolled, \$23.50@24.50 Oats, white, \$28.50@29. Oats, gray, \$28@29 per ton. Bran, \$17@18 per ton. Hay, valley timothy, \$17@18; clover, \$9; grain, \$9@10. Potatoes, jobbing price, \$2.00@2.15 per sack. Eggs, fancy ranch, 18@18 1/2c. Butter, Creamery, 22 1/2c.

What Do They Cure?

The above question is often asked concerning Dr. Pierce's leading medicine, Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription.

The answer is that "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most potent alterative or blood-purifier, and tonic or invigorator, and acts especially favorably in a curative way upon all the mucous lining surfaces, as of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder—curing a large per cent. of catarrhal cases whether the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder, or the chronic or ulcerative stages of these affections. It is often successful in affecting the cure.

Both medicines are non-alcoholic, non-acid, and contain no harmful habit-forming drugs, being composed of glyceric extracts of the roots of native, American medicinal forest plants. They are both sold by druggists in medicine. You can't afford to accept as a substitute for one of these medicines of known composition, any secret nostrum.

Another Office. An apt and witty retort was that made to the colonel of a regiment on one occasion by an old Quaker aunt, to whom he was complaining. He was an unpopular officer filled with a sense of his own importance and most overbearing in his manner to his inferior officers, who disliked him heartily in return and in consequence shirked their duties whenever opportunity offered.

"I have a most unsatisfactory set of men under me," complained the young man, standing before the little old Quaker lady in a pompous attitude. "I am practically forced to do all the work which should be done by them a great part of the time. I am my own major, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant."

He stopped and frowned down upon his listener. "And this is thine own trumpet also, William, I fear," said the old lady, with a twinkle in her eyes.

Marrying Hetty Off.

By Janet Lewis.

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Supper had been eaten, the dishes washed, and the cows milked, and the milk strained. Farmer Johnson and his wife sat on the piazza and looked up and down the dusty highway. They had sat for ten minutes without speaking, when the husband cleared his throat and said: "Ma, I've been thinking for the last three or four days."

"But I've been thinking about our Hetty. She's purty nigh twenty years old, ain't she?" "Yes." "She's purty good looking and purty smart?" "Yes; she takes after me in those things."



She could survet every foot of the board.

"But she don't get married. All the other gals around here are stepping off, but she don't seem to have no feelers. I did think up to a Lenth ago that she and that feller from town named Watterson was going to make a match of it, but it seems she's stuck up her nose at him. I'm kinder feeling that it's my duty to have a serious talk with her."

"Then you throw your feelings right over the fence," replied the wife in decisive tones. "Hetty ain't going to throw herself at no man's head. As for Mr. Watterson, he got miffed about something and quit coming here, and he can stay miffed for all we care. I don't see no great rush about her getting married."

The husband and father didn't want to say that her last hat cost \$4 and her fast dress \$18 and that in the fall she would want a cloak costing at least \$15, but his wife knew him to be a close man. What he remarked when he got ready to say anything further was: "There'd be room right here in the house for her and her husband if she had one. I'd give him his rent if he'd milk and chore around, and I'd make their board purty reasonable. If you told her so perhaps it would encourage her."

"Samuel, am I Hetty's mother or not?" asked the wife. "You are her mother, of course." "Then you leave things to me and don't worry yourself any more. When a girl's mother don't know what is best for her, her father needn't try."

He sighed and groaned and grunted and said the wind would probably change to the east by midnight and reluctantly dropped the subject. Two days later he came home from the village, where he had been to buy a grindstone, and his face wore a broad smile as he entered the house after putting up his team. He whispered to his wife:

"Say, now, but what d'ye s'pose has happened?" "Nothin' earthquake somethin'?" "Nope; I've found a husband for Hetty."

"Samuel Johnson, what did I tell you 'tother evening?" exclaimed the wife as she trimmed off the edge of a pie crust. "Waal, you see, it was this way: When I was buying that grindstone in the hardware store, there was a wire fence man there, and when he found out where I lived he said he was coming into this neighborhood to put up some fencing for Lester. He offered me \$4 for a week's board, and I told him to come along."

"Well, what's going to happen if he comes?" "Marriage, ma—love and marriage. Say, Hetty can't help but fall in love with him. He's got two watch chains, wears ten shoes and talks the biggest words you ever heard. He's a hero even if he ain't a millionaire. Don't say nothing to Hetty. I want to take her sudden like. I didn't say nothing to him about her, and he'll be taken suddenly. When you see 'em standing up to be married, you'll allow I know a thing or two after all."

"I'll allow just as I do now—that you ought to be sent to an idiot asylum." A day later the "hero" came. Hetty had been posted by her mother and wasn't a bit surprised. Besides having two watch chains, the stranger had a leap of nerve, and he wasn't astounded. Farmer Johnson made him one of the family at once, but the women folks were only barely civil. It transpired after a couple of days that Mr. Meeker, as the wire fence man called himself, was actually a hero. He had killed a mad dog and shot at a thief. As he slyly showed the farmer a fifty dollar bill there was no room to doubt that he was a millionaire as well. At the end of a week his job at Lester's was finished, but he said he thought he would take a rest from his tremendous struggles, so he paid another week's board.

"Didn't I tell you so?" whispered the farmer in his wife's ear. "I tell you he's stuck on our Hetty, and if she gives him half a chance he's going to propose to her within a week. Just think of having a millionaire and hero for a son-in-law! I could probably get the whole farm wire fenced at half cost. Can't we manage to leave him and Hetty together on the piazza in the evening?"

"Couldn't you manage to tend to your own affairs if you tried hard?" tartly replied the wife. "Samuel Johnson, I never saw you acting up as you are now. Are you going to break out with boils again?" "But you hadn't doing anything, and Hetty hadn't doing anything, and so you see?"

"I don't see nothing except that Hetty wouldn't wipe her old shoes on no such man as this Meeker!" "You don't say so!" groaned the father. "What on earth can the gal want?" "She wants to be let alone." Mr. Meeker stayed on for the third week. There was no doubt in any

mind that he was seeking to make a favorable impression, but at least two minds doubted his ability. It was near the end of the third week that Mrs. Johnson saw Mr. Watterson drive past the house for the first time since the "fit." She also saw that he took notice of things out of the corner of his eye and seemed in no hurry to get out of sight. She knew that Hetty hadn't seen him, and with a look of childish innocence on her face she waited ten minutes and then said to the girl:

"Hetty, you remember that Mrs. Bascomb borrowed my best fustian last week and hasn't brought it back. Don't you want to take a walk down there and bring it home? Tell her I didn't have a quinsy sore throat, as I thought I was going to have."

"Down there" was three-quarters of a mile down to the next farmhouse. Hetty had dressed for the afternoon and looked as sweet as a peach, and as she set out the mother ran upstairs to the gullet window, from whence she could survey every foot of the road. After one glance she hauled in her head and said:

"Mr. Watterson has turned around and is coming back, and they're around to meet at the crab apple tree. Providence will take care of the rest." She had not been downstairs ten minutes when things began to happen. The husband was working down in the turp field, and Mr. Meeker had gone there an hour ago. All of a sudden the farmer came clumping in over the clean floor to explain:

"Well, ma, what'd I tell you? The hero and the millionaire wants to become our son-in-law. He's in love with Hetty, and he wants to stay on and win her heart. He'll wire fence the farm for half price, and he thinks he can get me \$50 off the price of a windmill. I've given my consent to the marriage, but he wants to know what you think of it."

The wife had her mouth open to reply when the knocker sounded on the front door, and a woman was in waiting to ask if a Mr. Meeker was stopping there. The question had hardly been answered when a second and a third drove up, and the last announced that the wire fence man was skating for the woods. Each of the three claimed him for her hero and millionaire husband, and all were talking at once and berating each other when Hetty and Mr. Watterson quietly entered, and the latter as quietly said:

"Mr. Johnson, I have the honor of asking your consent to my marriage with your daughter." It was several hours later, when a calm had settled down and Farmer Johnson was doing the milking, that he muttered to himself:

"Ho, now, but what you about, you one horned critter! Dang it, but I can't help but think of that 'ere Meeker and that 'ere Watterson and the old woman and Hetty and the three wives! There's another, but he's too big a fool to think of, and that's me, and if this infernal old cow don't stop switching her tail I'll chop it off with an ax!"

What the Rolling Stone Does Get. After an absence of five or six years Ephraim returned to the little town in Maryland where he had been born and reared. From his brown derby hat to his patent leather shoes he was dressed in the tippet of fashion. His first call was made on his brother Bill, a slow, plodding kind of dorky, who had never been to Baltimore.

Ephraim told with great enthusiasm his experiences in Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and other places in which he had piled his calling of barber. He wound up rather softly with: "Say, Bill, kin you lem' me \$2?" Bill looked with just a touch of scorn at the fine clothes of the wanderer and drew a small roll of bills from his pocket. He peeled off two ones, handed them to his brother and said:

"It's the old story, I see, Eph. A rolling stone gathers no moss." Ephraim drew himself up, adjusted his coat by the lapels, decked an imaginary speck of dust from his sleeve and replied: "Yes, Bill, but he gits a mighty sight of polish."

A Freight. Actress—Did he really tell you I had a case of stage fright? Friend—No; he said you were.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ACKNOWLEDGE IT

Hillsboro Has to Bow to the Inevitable—Scores of Citizens Prove It

After reading the public statement of this party, given below, you must come to this conclusion: A remedy which cured years ago, which has kept the kidneys in good health since, can be relied upon to perform the same work in other cases. Read this:

G. S. Cooper, farmer, living three miles northeast of Salem, Ore., on R. F. D. No. 2, says: "I just as emphatically recommend Doan's Kidney Pills today as I did some three years ago. At that time I procured the remedy at a drugstore and used it with the result that the backache was banished and the other annoyances caused by a derangement of the kidneys disappeared. The troubles started from too heavy lifting, resulting in my back being strained and ever after there was a dull aching over my kidneys and through the loins. I got prompt relief from Doan's Kidney Pills. I also know of some of my neighbors who have used your remedy and found it most reliable."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

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.

Edison's Gold Moulded Records in Stock



PRICE 35 CENTS

E. L. McCORMICK HILLSBORO OREGON

Insure Your Stock

Insure your horses and livestock and when you lose one you will get cash. Don't take chances when it is not necessary. Take out a policy IN A RELIABLE COMPANY

I am agent for the National Livestock Association. Insures against death from any cause. Drop me a line. Terms reasonable. JOHN VANDERWAL, Beaverton, Or., R. F. D. No. 2.

Notice to Contractors

Sealed bids will be opened by the Commission Court, on Thursday, June 6, at 2:00 in the afternoon, for the construction of a 120 foot bridge at the Harmon place, between Tigardville and Reed Bend. Specifications may be seen after May 24 at the office of the county judge. J. W. GOODIN, County Judge. By order of the Commissioners' Court.

Are you a smoker? Then call for the Schiller or Excellencia—Oregon manufacture.

Hill & Grills PAINTERS and DECORATORS Successors to H. Gessner We do work in all lines of painting and decorating, and will guarantee our work. We also carry a full line of Wall Paper, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, etc., at prices that are right. Shop and store opposite Payne Bros. livery barn Main St., near Third, Hillsboro

Building Material We have just received a large shipment of Shingles, Lime, Cement, Brick, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Sand, Gravel, Fibered and Unfibered Clay. See our prices before buying elsewhere.

Climax Feed Store Both Phones

SAMSON The Handsome Coach Stallion Weight, 1400; 7 years old, black-brown, finely built. Just the horse for gets that make the most servicable horses for farm and driving purposes. Will Stand the Season of 1907: At the Jolly farm, four and one-half miles northwest of Hillsboro, near the Scotch church. TERMS:—Single service, \$5; Coll to stand and work, \$10. Care to prevent, but not responsible for accidents. Farmers should see this horse before breeding. He has the proportions that will please.

F. W. BELSMAN Address, Hillsboro, R. F. D. No. 3.

ARDLAMONT ARDLAMONT, the full-blooded Clydesdale Stallion, dark bay, three years old, weighing 1600, built on model lines, a sure foal-getter, and coming from the best stock ever imported from Scotland. Will Stand the Season of 1907 in Washington County stud at the farm of T. R. Davis, 3 1/2 miles northwest of Hillsboro. His sire by Kalamaz, he by Millionaire; his sire's dam got by Prince Livelihood. His first dam was by Bendigo, he by Master of Beavertoe. His grand dam was by Merry Mason, he by Prince Alfred, his dam by Prince Alton, got by Prince Charlie, taking first prize at Loughborough, got by Glancier, first prize at Glasgow, he by Broadfield Champion, got by Glancier Second, his dam Beauty by Prince of Wales, got by Sampson, he by Lolly, the Glasgow premium horse of 1895. These horses were all registered Clydesdales, some of them being imported from Scotland in the early days by the Chalmers. Single Service, \$5.00; To Insure, \$10. For further information call on or address, CHAS. DAVIS, Hillsboro, R. F. D. 3. Phone 314 Farmers' Line.

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

COQUET (50527) The Percheron Stallion, Imported From France in June, 1905. Color, black, with star in forehead; weight, 1950; 18 hands high. Foaled April 10, 1901. Owned by Cedar Mill Percheron Co. Is recorded by the Percheron Society of America as No. 44233. Will Stand Season of 1907 as Follows: Mondays, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., at Jon. Cunnell's, near Glencoe; Tuesdays, 10 to 4, at Ladd & Reed Farm, Reedville; Wednesdays, 10 to 4, at John Welch's, mile north of Beaverton, on Canyon Road; Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, at Sam Kutz's place, Bethany; Nights and mornings of Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, at the home barn. Terms:—Insurance, \$17.50; to Insure, \$15; Season, \$12; Single Service, \$8. HERMAN GLASKE, Manager

W. B. CATE & SONS Breeders and Growers of and Dealers in Registered Hereford Cattle, Clydesdale Horses, Poland China Hogs, Shropshire Sheep and Angora Goats Young things of both sexes, of all kinds, for sale at very reasonable prices. Our foundation stock is selected from the best families of their respective breeds in the U.S. and Europe, regardless of cost. The individuals we are selling are exceptionally useful to Pacific Coast trade, having been bred and raised in the Willamette Valley and are thoroughly acclimated. Bred by such ones as Beau Brummet for cattle; Millionaire (imported from Scotland) for horses; Willamette Chief, by Cheekman Chief, by Good F. Know for hogs, and equally good for sheep and goats. A Young Clydesdale Stallion In service to a few mares; \$10 to insure. Young Full Blood Black Spanish Jack; service, \$12 Horse and Jack for sale. Pasture for all stock for breeding, at reasonable prices.