

## W. B. DOLAN

Ventilators and Chimney Tops to order  
Metal and Composition Roofing  
Warm Air Heating Apparatus  
Cornices and Skylights  
General Jobbing

MAIN STREET HILLSBORO, OREGON

T. M. KERR

H. A. HUBBERT

## Are You Wanting a Home?

If you are looking for a home, either a farm, or a residence in town, call on the

## Webfoot Realty Company

If you have a farm to sell, or city property to put on the market, list it with us.

We buy and sell Timber Lands. Also make a Specialty of Business Chances.

OLD WELLS FARGO LOCATION.  
Independent Phone, 193

HILLSBORO - OREGON

## The Hillsboro Ice Cream and Confectionery Parlors

Desires to announce that the parlors are under entirely new management and that he is now prepared to furnish

SHORT ORDER LUNCHES WITH CUP OF GOOD COFFEE  
at all hours.—Fresh Oysters

in all styles on short notice. Sweetland's unrivalled Ice Cream and nice line of the finest candies in the market. The best brands of cigars and tobacco.

When in town call and see me and try my quick lunches. Home cooking. Remember that this house is under new management and will be conducted in an orderly manner and that we cater only to the best trade in the town and country.

HENRY LANE, Proprietor, Successor to Ed. Rolling  
East Side of Second Street, Hillsboro

## "Oregon Builders"

Are you doing what you can to populate your State?

OREGON NEEDS PEOPLE—Settlers, honest farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks, people with brains, strong hands and a willing heart—capital or no capital.

## Southern Pacific Co. (Lines in Oregon)

is sending tons of Oregon literature to the East for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this state? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about OREGON and its opportunities.

COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER from the East to all points in Oregon. The fare from a few principal cities are:

|                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| From Denver.....\$30.00 | From Louisville \$41.70 |
| " Omaha..... 30.00      | " Cincinnati 42.20      |
| " Kansas City 30.00     | " Cleveland 44.75       |
| " St. Louis..... 35.50  | " New York 55.00        |
| " Chicago..... 38.00    |                         |

### TICKETS CAN BE PREPAID

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph.

P. G. VICKERS, LOCAL AGENT, HILLSBORO

MR. McMURRAY, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,  
PORTLAND, 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

## F. H. MILLER

Third Street, Hillsboro  
Between Main and Lincoln  
Phone 092

SEPTIC TANKS MADE AND INSTALLED

## Plumbing

Steam Heating

If you are thinking of a septic tank that will take care of all waste from the house have a talk with me. All kinds of plumbing supplies kept on hand, from a bath tub to a lavatory.

All Work and all Goods Warranted

Remember, the Oregonian and Argus, only \$2.25.

## ACT QUICKLY

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Hillsboro

Do the right thing at the right time. Act quickly in times of danger. Backache is kidney danger. Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly. Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

Plenty of evidence to prove this. Mrs. A. S. Cummings, of 224 Clackamas st., Portland, Ore., says: "Kidney complaint and backache clung to me for a long time and often I suffered very severe attacks of it. Sometimes it was a dull heavy aching over the kidneys, and again sharp acute pain in the small of the back. The kidney secretions passed frequently and often with pain. I had tried several remedies with poor results and was finally induced to use Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me very quickly and continuing their use I soon found relief from the aches and pains. The action of the kidney secretions was also strengthened to a great extent. I recommended Doan's Kidney Pills in our papers three years ago. I am always pleased to say a good word for this remedy and am glad of this opportunity to confirm my former testimony."

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

John Schneider, of Phillips, was in town Monday.

C. L. Brown, of Banks, was an Argus caller, Tuesday.

John Seifert, of near Farmington, was in town Monday.

C. D. Clement, a postal inspector, with headquarters in Portland, was in town Monday.

Palmtree's confectionery for your choice confections, fruits, nuts, cigars and tobacco.

Mr. Wilkinson, the railroad engineer, arrived in town Wednesday. C. C. Jackson is the fireman—Tillamook Herald.

The ladies of the Christian church will serve lunches during the street carnival, in the big tent in the court yard. 26 9

J. C. Rafferty, of Mountaineer, was in town Monday, to meet his brother, Sam, of Portland, who will spend a few days at the old ranch.

The Hillsboro Prune dryer will be operated this season, at the corner of 4th and Jackson streets. Rates as usual. J. F. Kerr, proprietor. 27 30

A force of about 75 men are at work on the big fills, on either side of Dairy Creek, between Hillsboro and Forest Grove, on the electric line. The contractors put up false works, and are filling in with dirt. There are about 1,000 yards to fill, and the work will be completed this week.

While working at Orenco last Friday, a sledge became detached from some scaffolding, and fell striking John Carlson, a glancing blow on the head, inflicting a scalp wound about two inches deep, and knocking him down and out. Dr. Tamieste was called to attend to the wound.

Ed. Schulmerich bought a fine little 3 year old filley, of the Red Seal stock, at Salem, last week. The filley was owned by Sam Casto, and has a record as a pacer, of a mile in 2:25. A half brother of the filley paced a mile in 2:23 at 2 years old. Mr. Schulmerich bought the filley for use as a buggy horse.

Jas. J. Hill has bought big holdings on Coos Bay, including 5,000 acres of ground, the Libby coal mines and other properties. This makes it plain that he is behind one or both of the electric lines building into this county. It is now believed that the United will go to Tillamook, and thence down the Coast, carrying out Hill's long cherished plan of a Coast line to San Francisco.

H. A. Kuratli, of Phillips, was an Argus caller last Saturday. He reports that potato, tomato, pumpkin and squash vines are dead between Hillsboro and Phillips, and that grapevines and walnut tree leaves were scorched lifeless by the heavy frosts, which prevailed the latter part of last week. Old settlers say that this part of the Willamette valley has not experienced such an early and heavy frost, for a period of 33 years.

The following awards were made to Washington county exhibitors at the recent Live Stock Fair in Portland: Polled Angus: Senior yearling—Ladie Bell, J. M. Schaefer, Forest Grove, first (only entry) Bull, 3 years or over—Oregon Port, J. M. Schaefer, first (only entry) Angora goats: Buck, kid—E. L. Naylor, Forest Grove, second. Doe, 2 years old and over—Ed. L. Naylor, third. Best hocks—Ed. Naylor, second. Best four kids, set of one buck—Ed. Naylor, second. Best two kids, produce one doe—Ed. Naylor, first and second. Best three bucks, nine does, any age—Ed. Naylor, second.

Millionaire Jas. Clay Dunphy, of San Francisco, who is answering his wife's suit for divorce, alleging she was not divorced from a former husband, Julius Silveston, a Portland lawyer, has another guess coming. The Silvestons were divorced here in Hillsboro, April 18 1898. The wife sued for separation, and alleged that they were married at Stevenson, Skamania County, Wn., Jan. 30, 1898, and that after marriage the husband failed to conduct himself as a good husband; that he beat her several times and so abused her that she left him for personal safety. She alleged that Silveston was worth all of \$10,000, and she wanted alimony, and money to conduct her suit. The case was taken before Judge T. A. McBride, who decreed that Mrs. Silveston have her divorce; that Silveston pay the costs, and that plaintiff and defendant pay their own attorney fees. Whatever property there was the rights must have been settled out of court, as the court asserted in his findings of fact that the property, if any, was out of his jurisdiction. Dell Stuart, a Portland lawyer, was Mrs. Dunphy's counsel in the Circuit Court at this place, and S. B. Huston, now in the East, was attorney for Silveston. At the trial Silveston declined to introduce defensive evidence. A clerk from Judge Slack's San Francisco law office arrived last Friday to procure a transcript of the divorce proceedings in the case of Edith Silveston vs. Julius Silveston. He found the decree regular, and duly signed by Judge T. A. McBride, the papers being in the judgment docket.

Persons desiring to buy or sell horses or livestock of any kind will do well to communicate with Connell & Cornelius, at real estate office over Wehrungs' store. 26 9

## Fabian's Cure

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyright 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Fabian impatiently paced the piazza. It was 8:10 and the breakfast bell had not sounded. But not because he was hungry did Fabian anathematize the cook.

He had awakened with little appetite, but ever since he had begun to order his life he had had breakfast at 8. It had been the sole recommendation of this boarding place that they had breakfast at his accustomed hour instead of 7:30, as was usual to be the custom in most of the boarding houses in Carrville.

Because Fabian always took the first two weeks in August as his vacation he followed this custom, too, though the break in the even routine of the office annoyed him. But habit was Fabian's fetish. Habit decreed a two weeks' vacation in August, and so he continued to seek a resort where the orderly routine of his life would be the least interrupted.

This year he had rather fancied Glen farm, but they had breakfast at 7:15. Fabian had inquired irritably why not 7 or 7:30 and had decided in favor of Brook farm, where meals were served at about the hours to which he was accustomed in town, though it annoyed him to have to eat his dinner in the middle of the day and a cold supper at night.

Ever since he had reached his seventeenth year Fabian had been alone in the world and he had fallen in a rut of system. His orderly habit of mind made him a valuable man in the office, but his unwillingness to depart from custom drew few friends, and at twenty six he was still heart whole.

The delayed breakfast was a far greater annoyance than a more serious disappointment might have been, and he gnawed at his mustache as he strode up and down the piazza. He caught the first glimpse as the bell was lifted from the shelf and turned to enter the house, but just then there was a scream from the road, and he turned to see a girl endeavoring to beat off the farm dog, whose muddy paws had already left their imprint upon her dainty skirts.

Something in her pose caught Fabian's fancy, and he went racing down across the grass plot to her rescue.



CARLO PICKED OUT THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE BACK YARD.

whistling to the dog as he went. But Carlo was determined to make friends with the girl and paid no attention to the calls until Fabian's hand rested heavily upon his collar and the toe of Fabian's boot emphasized lightly the indiscretion of accepting strange young women on the public highway.

"He's a dear old thing," smiled the girl as Carlo picked out the shortest route to the back yard, his tail tucked indignantly between his legs. "I suppose it is more my fault than his. I walk down to the postoffice every morning, and he always barks his 'Good morning,' but today he seemed to want to shake hands, and he did not realize how dirty his paws were. You won't punish him, please."

"He's not mine to punish," said Fabian absently. He was thinking not of Carlo, but the girl. No woman had ever made strong appeal to him before, but he felt dazed in the presence of this radiant girl with the gentle eyes and the smile that made the whole landscape seem brighter. He was on his knees in the road now, trying to remove the worst of the muddy paw prints with his handkerchief. It was a clumsy effort, for he only made smudges worse, and with a laughing word of thanks the girl stopped him.

"It will be all right when it dries," she said, with her wonderful smile. "You are very kind, but it really does not matter. By the time I get back from the village it will be all right. It's just a little wash skirt anyway, and a trip to the laundry will remove all traces of the dog's impetuosity."

With a nod and another smile she started down the road, and presently Fabian pulled himself together and went in to his delayed breakfast. He sat in a trance through his brief meal and hurried back to the piazza. After breakfast it was his custom to read the morning paper, but he sat with it in his hand this morning and did not even scan the headlines. He was watching the road for the glint of a white dress, and when it came a slight far down the road he strode to the gate with an elaborate assumption of carelessness and was leaning against the fence as the girl came up. The dried mud had been shaken from her dress, and with a smile she called his attention to the fact. "You see it's all right," she declared.

"But I think you need a guard," he declared, with sudden bravery that startled him. "With your permission, I will form an escort to ward off dogs, dragons and other insects."

possible that she had been going past the farm every morning while he was at breakfast and without his knowledge. It seemed now as though he could feel her presence through stone walls. Never having been in love before, he was swinging the length of Carlo's pendulum, and he started himself to be entertaining. So well did he succeed that when he reached the gate of Glen farm, all to soon, Miss Semple agreed to go for a walk in the afternoon.

Fabian went into the house with her that Kerr, whom he had met the year before, might complete the introduction more formally, and even smiled when Kerr introduced him as "the human time table" with a laughing dissertation upon the exactness of his habits.

The rest of Fabian's morning schedule was completely upset, though he returned to Brook farm and there was nothing to interrupt the even tenor of his routine save his thoughts. He could only pace the piazza and think that Marcia Semple was to walk with him that afternoon. The hours dragged interminably, but at last he could with decency present himself, and together they started for the falls.

"How much time have we?" said Marcia as they started out. "Mr. Kerr warned me that you had probably allotted a certain time to our walk and that this must not be exceeded."

"Kerr," said Fabian viciously, "suffers from softening of the brain. We are going to make this walk just as long as we possibly can."

Marcia laughed her rippling laugh that seemed to Fabian the most divine music he had ever heard, but she returned to the subject again when they had reached the falls and were sitting on the mossy bank for a rest.

"Impulse is better than system," she declared. "Now, suppose that you had not followed impulse, but had gone in to breakfast. I should not have known you and should have lost a delightful walk."

"The argument is most potent," he said gravely. "Behold in me a backslider from system."

"Time will tell," she declared. "We shall see."

Big time told strongly in Fabian's favor. To hasten the cure he went to an opposite extreme. Instead of the most regular life he led the most erratic existence, aided and abetted by Marcia. The day before his return to town she declared his cure complete.

"You have not done a single thing today at the time you usually do it," she declared as they leaned over the bridge that spanned the tiny stream and let their eyes feast upon the moonlit landscape. "You did not even have dinner."

"Yes, the cure is complete," he said. "I think I rather like doing what I want to do instead of following a well ordered plan. But you have got me into worse trouble."

Marcia did not answer. Her eyes followed the ripple of moonlight across the water, and the hand that rested upon the railing gripped the wood more tightly.

"You should ask what the trouble is," he said after a moment. "Then I should tell you that instead of a schedule the most important thing in life is you. You have lifted me out of my humdrum existence into the new world of love, dear. Is there hope that some day my love will be returned?"

"I think I had better say yes," she said, with a happy little laugh. "It will insure the permanence of the cure."

"And do you love me a little?" he asked humbly.

A soft little hand stole into his. "Dick, dear," she said softly, "why else should I have worked so for your cure?"

### ASSESSOR'S NOTICE

(Equalization of 1908 Assessment)

To the tax payers of Washington county, Oregon:— Notice is hereby given that the Board of Equalization for Washington County, Oregon, will convene at the Clerk's office at the Court House, in Hillsboro, on the 15th day of October, 1908, the same being the third Monday in said month, and the time fixed by law for the meeting of said Board of Equalization, which will continue its sessions from day to day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, until the examination and correction and equalization of the assessment rolls for said year shall be completed, which said Board will continue in session for one month from said date, unless the labors thereof are sooner completed.

Petitions or applications for the reduction of a particular assessment shall be made in writing, verified by the oath of the applicant or his attorney and filed with the Board, during the first week it is by law required to be in session, and any petition or application not so made, verified, and filed shall not be considered or acted upon by the Board.

George H. Wilcox,  
Assessor for Washington County, Oregon.

### Notice of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the last will of N. Stoltz deceased, has filed in the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, his final account in said estate, and that said account has been set for hearing, before said court, at the County Court room, at Hillsboro, Oregon, on Monday, October 19, 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M.

STEPHENS STOLTZ,  
Executor of the last will and testament of N. Stoltz, Deceased.

W. N. Barrett, Attorney.

### A. M. Carlile

Desires to announce that he has just received a nice line of celebrated

### Conklin Gloves

embracing both the long and short wrists. These gloves have always given satisfaction, at least that is the verdict of buyers.

### Single Harness

all the way from \$11 up.

Call and See Them

A full line of Sweat Pads and Buggy Whips, in all styles and all prices.

Going to Market  
One has to be very particular about the purchase. The money is the best value for the money. In the matter of groceries of standard quality we suggest a visit here. We have the choicest selection of First Brand Oregon Coffee, the purest Sugar, the finest Tea, the best quality of all kinds of Canned Goods, that will be sure to attract economical housewives.

## Vaught's Grocery

## For a Deal

GO TO  
**ROWELL BROS. & CO.**  
SCHOLLS, OREGON

## BEAVERTON-REEDVILLE ACREAGE

### "The Pasadena of Oregon"

Well improved, and in a high state of cultivation, all rich soil, with no rock, white land nor gravel, all suitable for raising walnuts, apples or any other kinds of fruits; well watered; on well graded public roads; handy to schools, churches, stores, etc.; can be bought for \$150 per acre, on terms to suit the purchaser.

To intending purchasers of small acreage: Why go away a long distance from Portland when you can buy some of the richest land in the Willamette Valley, within a few minutes' ride of the best market on the Pacific Coast, at the above prices?

## Shaw-Fear Company

245 1-2 Stark St. Portland, Oregon

## Our Mt. Hood Beer

Has them all beaten when it comes to purity of water, which comes from the Sparkling fountains of "Old Mt. Hood"—no purer water in the world!

### Is a Hygienic Product

Call and see for yourselves. Constantly on draught and in bottles. It is the water and the quality of the brew. Try it. If you want a good smoke, we handle the

### CELEBRATED SCHILLER.

the finest smoke for the money that is made in the "Oregon Country."

### Try Our 'Grand Dad Whiskey'

Pronounced by experts to be the finest of blends. Come and see us when you are in the city—We'll treat you right. Main Street, across from the Farmers' Stables.

## A. Z. GRAGG, Prop.

HILLSBORO - OREGON.