

Peter Evers, of Verboort, visited the county seat, Monday.

John Hoesacker, of Verboort, was in town Saturday.

## The Miller Sawmill

Located nine Miles North of Hillsboro, on the Ridge, a half mile above the B. P. Cornelius' ranch is now sawing

## Rough Lumber

Long Timbers is Our Specialty.

Give them a call. Post office Address, Cornelius, Ore., R. F. D. 1. Pacific States Telephone Glencoe 147. We saw on Orders.

Miller Sawmill, Cornelius, R. 1.

## ALI, NO. 50401

An Imported Percheron Stallion Formerly Owned by Reeves and Merrill.

Foaled in France and imported by A. C. Ruby & Co., Portland. SIRE, BRUTUS, (No. 34,739.)

Will make season of 1909

Monday noon at Wm. Bagley Sr. place, Leisyville; Monday eve until Tuesday eve, at W. W. Paine's, Glencoe; Tuesday eve, until Wednesday morning, at Jos. Connell's, East of Glencoe; Wednesday at noon until Thursday morning, at Fred Hamel's, West Union; Thursday noon until Friday noon, at Hillsboro; Friday evening to Saturday noon, at Cornelius; Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, at Anton Hermen's place, Verboort.

Terms: single service, \$10; insurance, \$15; foal to stand and suck, \$20.

Hillsboro Shire Horse Co.,

Anton Hermen, Mgr. - W. F. Hoffman, Groom.

## Cordie Lace Pacing Stallion

Sire, LOVELACE; Dam, Bonnev, by Coeur d'Wood. Bas. wght over 1200; 3 yrs old

Season as follows: Mondays, Fred Lyda's Thatcher. Tuesdays and Thursdays on call; Wednesdays, Ora Gardner's at Mountaidale; Fri. afternoon & Sat., Hannan's Livery, Buxton.

TERMS: Fifteen Dollars to insure, payable when mare is known to be in foal.

Due care to prevent accidents, but not responsible should they occur.

A. W. MILLS, OWNER.

## Making a Bridal Gown.

By LITTELL M'CLUNG.

Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

When Mamie Wilson's aunt, the seamstress, passed away to happier realms, leaving Mamie and her ten-year-old sister well nigh penniless, everybody in Christiansburg was sympathetic.

Dry eyed, a sigh of distress buried deep in her heart, Mamie left the secondary six months before diploma day and took up the urgent task of supporting herself and keeping her sister at school.

Acting against the advice of her friends, she wasted no time in trying to find a place as teacher, stenographer or governess. Such positions were scarce in Christiansburg, and delay meant the acceptance of charity.

So the weather worn sign that had served for many years from the lattice-work of the little fry covered veranda disappeared, and in its place appeared a fresh, new board on which was painted, "Miss Mamie Wilson, Dressmaker."

Mamie knew that she could sew as fine a seam as ever went into a gown, and she hoped that her more fortunate girl friends in Christiansburg would give her lots of work to do.

But she was doomed to disappointment. After the sympathetic stage had passed friends became politely critical. "What an ordinary vocation for such a bright girl," commented one. "I doubt if she can sew, any way," said another. Thus Mamie got only piecework to do, and this netted her hardly enough to pay expenses.

But there was at least one person in the town who took enough interest in the brave struggle of Mamie Wilson to express himself without restraint. Harold Randolph, the only son of the richest man in Christiansburg, had known and liked Mamie ever since they were boy and girl together.

"It's an outrage," he declared, "that every woman in this burg doesn't give Mamie something to do. Why, I bet she could make a Parisian gown if it came to it!"

"If that's the case, Harold, why don't

you drum up some work for her among your fashionable friends?" queried one of his girl chums banteringly, a flash of jealousy in her eyes. The young man didn't take the query in a joking mood. "You can wager your precious life that I will whenever I see the chance!" he responded. His opportunity did come, but in a way he least expected. A few mornings later his father announced at the breakfast table that his sister Lella was going to marry the leading lawyer and politician of the place, who was on the eve of being nominated for congress.

Lella said nothing, but looked fixedly at her plate. Harold gasped several times and then entered a protest against such a sudden decision. But Randolph senior was a man of immense determination. He had decided, and that settled it. They began preparations for the wedding, which, he said, would take place within a month.

"Where do you expect to have your bridal robes constructed?" demanded Harold Randolph of his sister the moment the premarital bustle began.

"Why, I shall telegraph to New York for my dressmaker to come at once," she answered without showing much interest.

"Well, as one final favor you'll do nothing of the kind, sis," he supplicated. "Lella, for the sake of the family, don't go through the agony of having a New York tailor down here. Why not let Mamie Wilson make your costume?"

"Mamie Wilson?" exclaimed Lella Randolph, a suspicious light in her eye. "The idea, Harold! You surely don't think Miss Wilson could fashion the kind of gown that I want?" "I don't think anything about it," declared Harold, with emphasis. "I know she can make any sort of dress to a queen's satisfaction. She's an expert with the needle, and she has excellent taste. Besides, if I'm any judge, she's exactly your height, and she doesn't weigh five pounds more or less than you do. Why, she could model a dress over her own figure and give you a perfect fit! Then, Lella, she is a brave, hardworking girl who is having an uphill time of it. We've got a dandy chance to help her, and it will be a downright shame if we don't do it."

Lella Randolph put her arms about her handsome brother's neck. "All right, old fellow," she acquiesced. "There'll be no tailor from New York. Miss Wilson shall make my wedding gown."

When she learned that she was to fashion Miss Randolph's bridal robes Mamie was the happiest girl in town. She knew the stroke of fortune meant for her other valuable orders, and she concentrated her efforts to produce the finest costume ever seen at a Christiansburg marriage.

Two weeks later a shiny glory of silk and lace was evolving rapidly from under the deft fingers. The bride to be was delighted, and her brother was as happy as the prospective bridegroom.

He stopped frequently to inquire as to the progress of the gown. Each time he was met by smiling eyes that held genuine gratitude in their dark depths, for the little dressmaker could not help suspecting that Harold had been directly instrumental in her being given the piece de resistance of the trousseau.

But all Mamie's bright hopes were doomed to sudden blight. One morning Christiansburg awoke to hear the startling news that Lella Randolph had eloped with a penniless though talented young mining engineer who had been prospecting in the neighborhood. The town was aghast, and consternation stalked through the Randolph household. Harold was the only one who didn't look calamity stricken.

"Cheer up, all of you!" he said to his frightened mother and sisters. "This fellow sis has chosen is all right. I'm glad, I can tell you, that she had the good sense to favor him over the other chap and the courage



"A SLIGHT CHANGE IS NECESSARY, HAROLD," SHE SAID.

to take him! Lella will bring him back in a few days, and father will deed them a house, you'll see! Dad will roar for a while, but in the end he will give him a good job with a good salary attached, and everything will work out O. K. Don't you see it will?"

This optimism finally cleared the atmosphere of some of its gloom. When calm reigned once more Harold got down to business. He made out a check payable to Miss Mamie Wilson for the full amount that was to be paid for his sister's wedding outfit. His mother signed it without a word.

Then the young man made a bee-line for the dressmaker's. Mamie answered his ring and smiled as she invited him in, but there was a suspicious mist in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry it's happened," she ventured sympathetically. "Don't let it worry you, Mamie," replied Harold lightly. "It'll turn out all right. I came down to pay for the dress; here's mamma's check."

She took the slip of paper, glanced at it and then handed it back.

"A slight change is necessary, Harold," she said. "I couldn't take the full amount, for the gown isn't finished, you know."

"Yes, but you're going to finish it," he protested kindly.

"Certainly, if you wish it," she answered. "Then your sister will have use for it in some other way, after all?"

"Lella have use for it?" he repeated. "Certainly not. It's for another girl now!"

"Another girl?" she echoed, her eyes sparkling. "Why, it wouldn't fit just any girl, I fear."

"Yes, there is one girl it will fit," said Harold slowly, "for she's just Lella's size. I do hope she would like to wear it for me. Do you think she would?"

He was looking steadily into Mamie's eyes now, and his lips were compressed. She returned his gaze, and as she divined that he was in earnest her heart beat joyously.

"I'm afraid she would, very much," she whispered weakly as she nestled in his arms.

Thomas' Discouragement.

Financially music rarely pays for itself, and its producers often do their work even at a sacrifice. In a book entitled "Musical Memories" G. P. Pinton tells an anecdote of Theodore Thomas, the German American orchestra leader. It was during the Sunday night concerts in Chicago, while the city was in a disturbed state, owing to the great railroad strike.

The concerts were thinly attended. At one end of the huge exposition building was the concert hall. The other end was occupied by military companies, waiting for an emergency call. I reached the building one evening some time before the hour of opening and saw Mr. Thomas sitting at a table with his head upon his hands.

He beckoned to me to come to him. I inquired if he was ill.

"In a bit blue tonight, old friend," he replied. "I have been thinking as I sat here that I have been swinging a baton fifteen years, and I do not see that the people are any further ahead from where I began, and as far as my pockets are concerned I am not so well off."

He paused a minute and then added, "But I am going on if it takes another fifteen years."

Argus and Oregonian, \$2.25.

A. M. Carlile, the harness maker, put up a fine new awning in front of his shop, this week.

A marriage license was issued to Richard Keenan and Adella Schaefer on the 10th inst.

The crack Oswego ball team was shut out by the White Sox at Sherwood, Sunday. Baker, the Sox pitcher, continued to be insolvable. He allowed but three dinky hits. The Oswego lads put up a splendid fielding game, but being unable to hit, they could draw nothing but goose eggs.

Will Merrill, of Cornelius, lost a span of horses last Thursday night. After searching the neighborhood diligently, he came to the conclusion that the animals had been stolen and notified Sheriff Hancock, who wired in several directions, and went to Portland to look for them. The animals were later found by N. C. Christenson on the Barnes road, headed for Portland, and no life! the Sheriff.

Anton Falts has filed a suit in circuit court, asking for a divorce from his wife, Paula Falts. Mattie R. Gilbert has filed a like suit against her husband, Melvin E. Gilbert, now a resident of Napa, Cal. Plaintiff alleges that Gilbert has a wife in Melbourne, Australia, and that when she became aware of the fact, she separated from him, and therefore asks for a decree against him.

The Portland Academy boys were defeated by the Pacific athletes Saturday on the college grounds. It was a pretty meet and both schools put up good work in the different events. Morris was Portland Academy's best man, winning 19 points, and for Pacific University A. Robinson and Harry Humphreys were the star men, the former winning 15 points and the latter 12 points. In the relay race Pacific's team, composed of C. F. Koch, R. Robinson, B. H. Mayfield and Harry Humphreys, was victorious. The course was one-half mile and the time 1:37.

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To see this Stallion is to see the finest in County

Season of 1909: Monday, Gordon & Misner barn, Forest Grove; Tuesday, Hillsboro; Wednesday, Mountaidale; Thursday, Glencoe, Friday noon, H. M. Vanderzanden's; Friday night, Banks; Saturday Henry Peterson's barn, Manning; Saturday evening to Monday a. m. at John Herb's, Greenville.

TERMS: Single Service, \$12.50; Season, \$18; when mare is known to be in foal, \$22.50; Insurance, \$25. Care to prevent, but not responsible for accidents.

The Banks Belgian Horse Company.

## McNUTT REAL ESTATE CO.

I have city and country property in all sizes, from 1 acre to 1,000. Elegant city property in both Forest Grove and Cornelius. Farm lands from \$10 per acre to as good as you want.

R. W. McNutt, Mgr. Argus and Journal, \$2.25.

A note from B. Leis, of Beaver-ton, this week, gives the following in relation to spraying: "In your article on spraying last week, you omitted to give the quantity of lime and sulphur to be used in combination with Arsenate of lead. Here is what Prof. Cordley, of the Oregon Experiment Station, says about it: 'Three gallons of lime and sulphur solution to 50 gallons of water, for apple orch. The lime and sulphur solution should be standard, that is, it should test 30 per cent.' I used it last year, and had much better results than with the Bordeaux mixture, as the latter mixture 'russets' the apples. In order to get the best results, one must spray right after the bloom falls."

Ferd Groner, of Scholls, was in town Monday, in his speedy little runabout.

John Freudenthal, on the old Sigler place, below Newton, was a caller Tuesday. He says a big soaking rain is badly needed to give the crops a boost.

Annie Vandenberg, of Verboort while playing in the school room last Friday, accidentally fell against a desk in such a manner as to cut a gash in her forehead, which penetrated to the skull. The injured child was brought to Hillsboro, where Dr. A. B. Bailey stitched up the wound.

L. Schwanks, of Columbia precinct, was in the county seat Monday.

Henry Johnson, of near Glencoe, was a county seat caller Tuesday.

Wm. Basford, of the Farmington section, was a county seat visitor Monday.

Adrian Harper, a stockman and farmer of the Gales Creek section, was in town Monday.

Alfred Beasley and Miss Hazel Reed, of Portland, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kurath, last Sunday.

A. F. Cemons, of this city, will leave soon for his new home in Canyon County, Idaho, where he has bought a 40 acre tract under irrigation.

Rev H. W. Spiess preached at the Farmington M. E. church last Sunday. He will preach at the same place May 23, at 2:30 p. m. Epworth League Anniversary Day and program at this church, May 16, at 2:30 p. m.

Rufus Waggener, formerly owner of the Tualatin hotel, and wife, of Newport, are in the city, guests of Deputy Sheriff Geo. Wilcox and wife. Mr. Waggener has been drawn on the U. S. Grand Jury at Portland, and Mrs. Waggener will remain here until the term is over.

## G. M. Hunter

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Estimates on all classes of work. Dealer in Builders' Supplies

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