

100 PAIRS SHOES LIGHTER PRICES!

The room for other Stock I am making a big reduction on the prices of all of my shoes. These are absolutely the lowest values in Footwear ever offered in Hillsboro. Just read the following prices:

Ladies	FOR MEN
Reg. now \$1 35	In men's shoes we are making the same quotations, dollar for dollar, as in the opposite column. Good, durable shoes, and in style and money savers.
Reg. now 1 65	
Reg. now 2 45	
Reg. now 2 05	
Reg. now 2 65	
Reg. now 2 95	
Reg. now 3 45	
Reg. now \$3 85	

Baby shoes in Price 50 to 75 cts. now on sale at 40c

& Children	Sale on Boys' and Youths' Shoes
Shoe for 60 cts	\$1 50 shoe for \$1 20
Shoe for 75 cts	1 75 shoe for 1 40
Shoe for 95 cts	2 00 shoe for 1 55
Shoe for \$1 15	2 25 shoe for 1 70
Shoe for 1 35	2 50 shoe for 2 05
Shoe for 1 45	3 00 shoe for 2 35
Shoe for 1 60	
Shoe for 1 70	

J. DENNIS, HILLSBORO

HABROL

GIUM No. 22735. AMERIC'N. 2764

Bred by Emmanuel Dumont, of LaBruyere, Chassart, and by A. C. Ruby & Co., of Portland. A speedily built horse, that gets great draft and farm animals—horses that sell.



WILL STAND THE SEASON OF 1909 AS FOLLOWS—
 at the H H Boge farm, Farmington; Tuesdays at the Henry place, Blooming; Wednesdays at Albert Bunning's barn, Cornsdays, Bagleys' Dudley Mill ranch; Fridays, Mays Brothers, Glencoe; Saturdays, at the Connell-Redmond barn, Hillsboro.
 Single service, \$10.00; Season, \$15.00. To insure, \$20.00. I will not be responsible for accidents that may occur.

Hillsboro Horse Co.
 H. Deutschman, Manager

Hunter

TRACTOR, Builder

Dealers in all class-
 er's Supplies
 contemplate any
 this season be
 give me a call.
 ates Tel. No 389
 Hillsboro, Oregon

COUNTY COURT

Board audited the
 the county last week,
 ted other routine busi-

4 60.
 Examining board—Grace Reverman 9, Ernest Webb, Josephine Case, O B Kraus, each 9.
 J K Gill, surveyor's office, 1 45, Juror, J A Moore, 1, Fruit Inspector, W H Stratton, 63 65, B S Spitts 12, Argus, printing 25, J P Kershaw, court house, 17, Joe Presidential, poor farm, 7 50, W M Jackson, treasurer, 50, L W House, gasoline for road roller, 22 25, Ray Rhodes, sheet cleaning, 5 25, M C Case, sch supt at night, 21, 26 27, Washington Co News, 10 B, C R Bradley, power, 5 99, Forest Grove Times, printing, 4 15, F H Tongue exp, 20, Boring Bros, livery, 9 50, Hillsboro Independent, printing, 13 75, Pacific States Tel, 6 55, P S Chase, court house, 9 60, Wm Tupper, janitor, 45, Willis Iceland, recorder salary, 158 07, J W Bailey, clerk and dep, 229 50, witness on request, Geo Olson, 1 40, Peter Bergeson, 1 40, Wm Roberts, 1 40, James Turk, 1 70, E C Brown, coroner fees, 23 20, W I Raymond, juror request, 1 40, W O Duncanson and C W Redmond, same, 1 each, Henry Huber, coroner juror, 1 40, T F Goodin, rock work, 418 78, B F Purdy, work at quarry, 31 38, Geo Alexander, work at quarry, 17 50, J W Goodin, rock road, 114 38, Johnson Bros, bridges, 108 50, Joe Barry, circuit court, 3 20, E H Hagey, shift office, 5 50, Geo G Hamcock, shift and expenses of all kinds, 229 35, work at sheriff's office—Thos Wilkes, 1, Jess Applegate, 3, Ed Shute 9, E Quick 6, J W Sewell 3, J D With 8, Connel & Co 22 50, Hillsboro Livery Co, livery hire Roslar case etc, 29 75, Wash Co Telephone Co, telephone service, 10 40, Refund—A Rigert, 10 50, John Templeton, 2 90, Anna Little, 14 84.

BOWSER TELLS STORY

Concerns Housecleaning His Wife Had Cunningly Arranged.

WAS TO BE BIG SURPRISE.

He Recognized the Signs, but Let Her Have Her Way, Much to Her Own Discomfort—The Kind of Man Samuel Is.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

ONE of the reasons, and the principal one, why Mrs. Bowser and I have so many little disagreements that find their way into the newspapers is because she doesn't size me up right. She looks upon me as an old duffer; she insists that I'm eccentric; she claims that I'm not an observing man; she says that I'm too impulsive. In all this Mrs. Bowser is wrong, radically wrong. There isn't a more level-headed man in the state than I am. The trouble is all with Mrs. Bowser. When I came home to dinner the other evening I had no sooner entered the hall than I observed certain signs. I don't say that nine out of ten husbands wouldn't have noticed them, but I do say that I was on to them bigger 'n a house in less 'n a minute. They were signs that housecleaning was at hand. I had been expecting them for a week. I wasn't such an idiot as not to know that housecleaning follows the advent of spring. If Mrs. Bowser were writing this story she'd say that I hadn't the slightest suspicion, even when I bumped against a stepladder and found the hatrack moved to a new place, but you take my word for it. That's the impulsive man I am. Not a word did I say, however. She hurried me down to dinner and began to talk about a visit to her mother, and I had to smile to myself. She didn't think I noticed the absence of some of the pictures and the window curtains, but I was right there with both eyes, only I said nothing. I just waited for her little game to develop itself. In about a quarter of an hour she made an excuse to pass into the kitchen, and I heard the cook ask her in a hoarse whisper: "Do you think he suspects anything, mum?" "Not a thing—not a blessed thing," replied Mrs. Bowser. When we finished dinner and went up to the sitting room I saw more signs, but still I said nothing. Mrs.



ALSO SAW THE SUN RISE.

Bowser would have it, if she were writing this, that I stamped and stormed around and shouted "Woman!" at her; but, thank heaven, it's my turn at last! I was reading and smoking when I noticed her hitching around uneasily, and pretty soon she softly said: "Spring has come for sure, Mr. Bowser, but I do not think I shall clean house." "No, I wouldn't." "We had the carpets up last fall, you know." "Yes, dear." "You won't mind if I let the cleaning go, will you?" "Not at all. In fact, I think that the more sensible plan." "I am glad you agree with me." I looked over the edge of my paper and saw her smiling at herself. She just thought she had Bowser on a string, and I let her continue to think so. I want you to take notice, however, how deceptive women are. I knew her little game. She didn't want me to take a day or two off to move bedsteads and bureau and rip up and beat carpets. I have always done it before, and she has always contended that I brought about calamities. That's

Mrs. Bowser. If a bedstead tumbled me down in moving it or a bureau followed me downstairs, she called it a calamity. When we were ready to retire for the night Mrs. Bowser innocently inquired if I had seen the sun rise this spring. I replied in the negative, and she suggested that I get up two hours earlier than usual to witness the performance. I expressed myself as delighted. She wanted to work me out of the house two hours sooner in order to make a long day of it. Plain as the nose on your face, and yet I never let on that I saw it. I was routed out at daylight and saw the milk wagons; also saw the sun rise. Very interesting. He rose as easily as if he had been used to it all his life. Had a scratch breakfast. All of Mrs. Bowser's talk was far, far away from housecleaning. So was mine. She talked about the Italian earthquake and I about Roosevelt in Africa. Mrs. B.'s Cunning Scheme. She was all in a flutter as to how she could work me out of the house, but I solved the problem by saying that I would walk to the office for a change and smoke my morning cigar on the way. As she closed the front door on my heels she seemed to be a very, very happy woman. All this, and yet she has said in the papers that I was a bulldozer! I hadn't been out of the house ten minutes when carpets were being ripped up and run into the back yard for beating. During this rush Mrs. Bowser ran a tack into her foot and another into her thumb, but I did not mention it in a revengeful spirit. If it had been me she would have had a great deal to say about my swearing, but I wasn't there. In using the stepladder to take down pictures Mrs. Bowser took a spread eagle fly and landed on the head of the cook and took her down with her. On each and every occasion when I have fallen from the stepladder Mrs. Bowser has hushed me up so that the neighbors shouldn't hear, but she had to hush herself this time. I don't chuckle over it. She is a very nice woman, and she couldn't swear to get even. While waiting for the colored man to come to beat the carpets Mrs. Bowser and the cook started in to move the dining room sideboard ten feet. Had I been there that piece of furniture would have gone a-kiting with a whoop. As it was the pair managed to tip it over and break \$30 worth of glassware and crockery. They then tackled the big brass bed in the spare room. There wasn't the slightest reason why it should be moved, but if I had been there it would have come down as lightly as a feather and within two minutes. I doze upon taking down bedsteads. As it was the headpiece fell on Mrs. Bowser and the footpiece on the cook, and when they recovered consciousness spring had advanced by twenty rods. I do not smile as I write of the calamity. I could have laid there and talked in six different languages, while poor Mrs. Bowser could only talk in one. When noon came the colored carpet beater had not yet appeared. Had I been there the carpets would have been ready at 10 o'clock. While waiting for him Mrs. Bowser and the cook decided to move the dresser out of my room and kill a few moths nesting behind it. Lord, but how I do love to move dressers! I take them by the scruff and slack and away they go like a boy on roller skates. Mrs. Bowser and the cook weren't two minutes standing the dresser on its head and smashing the glass and wrenching the drawers. Had I done that the howl that would have followed would have been heard half a mile away. Everything Goes Wrong. Still no carpet beater. Mrs. Bowser went to the telephone and called up his boss, but it was with a soft, low voice and a "please" to it. The result was that she was told she must wait another week or two. Lands alive, but if Bowser had been there at that phone! That darkey would have come up on the wire, and his face would have looked as white as snow when he landed. The man engaged to put down the carpets didn't show up. Mrs. Bowser goes to the telephone to ask "please" again. She was informed that he had gone to Niagara Falls on his wedding trip. If I had been there! If Bowser had only been there!

Mrs. Bowser and the cook soiced themselves by starting in to take up the front stairs carpet. I have taken a stair carpet by the upper end and ripped it off the stairs in sixty seconds, but Mrs. Bowser thought she knew a better way. The result was that both women took a tumble from top to bottom, and one of the cook's feet struck the hatrack and broke two of the pegs short off, while Mrs. Bowser had a front tooth knocked out.

I purposely delayed getting home that evening until an hour beyond the usual time. Then it was to find the house a barrack and both women in bed with camphor bottles to their noses. Did I grin and sneer and chuckle and say I was glad of it? Not any. I kissed Mrs. Bowser, patted the cook and said that I would have the house all settled by noon next day. And I did have, and that's the sort of a man who signs himself, SAMUEL BOWSER, Champion Housecleaner of the Universe. Per M. Quad.

Was Barred. "What's up, Zebe? Wouldn't they enter yew?" "Nope. Told me I was barred."—Harper's Weekly.

The Swiftest Kind. "So Jenks' riches took to themselves wings?" "Yes; I rather think they were the star wings."—Baltimore American.

White Clover Ice Cream at the Pharmacy drug store. Try it. 6c Argus, only \$2.25.

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

Introducing our new Line of Steel Ranges

"THE STANDARD" "THE IDEAL" "THE MERIT"

We are offering for a limited time special buying inducements—ask us about our special Exchange arrangement allowing you to turn in your old range on a new one



Realizing the constantly increasing demand for a range that embraces the most modern features, and especially to meet local conditions, and after careful investigation and study as to the merit of the most modern ranges, stove buyers find assembled in these three ranges a combination of superior material, workmanship, design and finish, together with many special constructive features. In introducing these ranges it is with the assurance that we offer the best that it is possible to buy anywhere for the money. The liberal buying and exchange inducements which we offer for a limited time should prove of interest to every intending range buyer.

Patterson

A Beautiful BELGIAN STALLION. **MENTOR** Has Splendid Disposition Superb action.

3295-46596. Imported 1908. Dark Chestnut.

Coming 4 years; weighs 1900; Best Conformation for Draft Gets. Pedigree—Sire, Jarnac, 10838; Sire Lady Goyck 3524, Dam Marie 3661. Dam, Lise de Voorde, 43-07, Sire Gaston de Ghoy 10820, Dam Pauline Hauterne 32807.



To see this Stallion is to see the finest in County

Season of 1909: Monday, Gordon & Misner barn, Forest Grove; Tuesday, Hillsboro; Wednesday, Mountindale; 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. W. F. Hoffman, Groom.

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.

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North Hillsboro Acres comprises a number of very fine FIVE ACRE TRACTS NORTH OF TOWN

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Sale Price, cleared tracts, per acre, \$200 10 per cent. down and \$10 Monthly. Deferred payments carry but seven per cent. interest.

A splendid chance, also, for a speculation. Address J. B. SCHAEFER, LINNTON, OR., or call on Imbrie Land Co., Hillsboro.

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Have Always on Hand a Large Supply of Fresh & Salt Fish

Crabs, Oysters, & Clams Our fish are kept in Freezing tanks and are always fresh.

Main, Op. Odd Fellows HILLSBORO, ORE.

NOTICE Burbank seed potatoes for sale at \$1 per cwt., at my farm, at Glencoe. Address W. W. Paine, Hillsboro, Or., R. 3. Pacific Phone 76, Glencoe. 10-11

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