

MRS. W. J. RAYMOND

Died: At St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, June 9, 1909, Daisy Nellie Raymond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Marsh, and wife of W. J. Raymond, of Buxton. Mrs. J. Raymond was born at Centerville, July 16, 1879, and received her education in the public schools of the county. She was an efficient teacher, holding a first grade certificate at her death. She was the mother of three children, one a girl, and two of whom were boys. Services were held at the home of her parents at Centerville, June 11, Rev. Davis, of Hillsboro, conducting the obsequies. Interment was in the Cornelius cemetery. The large concourse of friends and the beautiful floral tributes testified to the general esteem in which she was held at the home of her childhood. The family and bereaved parents have the sympathy of their many friends in Washington County.

Geo. Krebs, one of Helvetia's dairymen, and who knows how to make things go, was in the county seat Friday.

Wm. McQuillan has sold his ranch down below the Road Bridge to Ferdinand Greener, of Buxton, the price for the naked ranch being \$12,485. Some goats were included in the sale, running the deal up to \$12,560. There are 227 acres in the ranch, with 36 acres cleared. Mc intends taking it easy for awhile, and may take a notion to dabble in the law, as he is admitted to the bar.

C. F. Hesse, who owns one of the big Scholls farms, was up Tuesday. He says that he is surprised to see how well grain looks, considering the lack of moisture.

Ora Cook and "Old Hoss" Harry, both of whom have been in the baseball arena ever since the Argus reporter watched the game, were down from Cornelius, Tuesday.

Redville beat the Cornell road nine, Sunday, by a score of 23 to 5. The boys played an orderly game and the visitors won the praises of the crowd by their gentlemanly conduct.

W. A. Griffith, of near Laurel, was in yesterday, enroute to Portland.

THAT SKINNER BOY.

Humpy Comes Across a Dentist While on an Errand.

TAKES UP THE PROFESSION.

Distributes Fifty Circulars to People in Order to Advertise the Business, but Gets Little Encouragement—Licking Awaits Him at Home.

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"HUMPY," said Mrs. Skinner the other Saturday morning to her firstborn and only, "do you think your legs able to carry you as far as the grocery and back?"

"I'll try my best, dear mother," was the filial reply.

"Then you may go and get me three bars of soap. You are a dutiful son, but at the same time I want to say that if you are gone over half an hour I'll give you a licking to remember for a month to come."

Humpy started out on the run. He meant to be back in twenty minutes. He meant to show his mother that he was the most rapid boy in town. He kept up his pace for two whole blocks, though several boys called him to stop, and he would have arrived at the grocery ahead of schedule time but for a dentist on the third block. The dentist stood at the foot of his stairs and was waiting for a fast and ambitious lad to come along. He was pleased with the looks of Humpy's legs and face, and he held up his hand and said: "My son, I was looking for you. Come upstairs a minute."

"But I am going to the grocery after soap," replied Humpy.

"Never you mind the grocery and soap, I'll show you in about five minutes how you can buy out three or four groceries and their supply of soap. Come right up."

Humpy thought he could spare three minutes and run the faster to make up for it, and he followed the dentist up the stairs and into the office, where the tooth thumper waved his hand around and said:

"Young man, only one boy in ten thousand can ever hope to succeed at this profession. You are one of the

few. You have got the makings of a first class dentist in you. Take up the profession and fame and fortune are yours."

"Yes, sir, but I'm after soap, you know."

"Soap? Soap? Is there a choice between dentistry and soap?"

"But mother sent me, and I'll get a licking if I don't hurry."

"Not at all, my son—not at all. When you go home and tell your mother that you have gone into partnership with a dentist she will embrace you with many rejoicings. I know mothers better than you do."

"But what am I to do?" asked Humpy.

"I have just started here. There are a thousand circulars there to be distributed. I want you to take them out. That will make you a partner in the business. I shall be the inside and you the outside partner. You bring the people here, and I pull the teeth. Think of being a dentist at your age! Think of the money rolling in!"

"Yes, sir, but I have to think of the licking I'll get if I don't hurry with that soap."

"You'll get no licking. When I go and see your mother and explain to her that I have taken you into partnership she'll bless the day you failed to bring home the soap. Take half the circulars under your arm and start right out. Let no one get away from you. Remember that your whole future is at stake. Why, I could have found a thousand boys to jump at the chance you have got. He who hesitates is lost, therefore don't hesitate. Let's see, what is your name?"

"Humpy Skinner, sir."

"And mine is Briggs. The firm name will be Briggs & Skinner. Your first name is Humpy and mine is Hustle. With such names we can't help but win out. Don't lose another minute!"

Starts Out With Circulars.

Humpy was persuaded. He took the circulars and started out, and he felt proud and ambitious and determined to win. He had often seen boys distributing circulars and noticed how careless and indifferent they were. He would improve on their methods. Half a block from the office he saw an auto coming. He stepped to the curb and held up his hand, and the vehicle drew near and stopped, and the chauffeur wanted to know what was up.

"A circular for you," replied Humpy as he handed one out.

"The chauffeur took it, glanced at it and then began to climb down. He wasn't saying anything, but his looks warned the boy to flee from his wrath. A second and a third auto was stopped with the same result, and then Humpy gave them up. He could see that the chauffeurs had teeth, but it was evident that they were teeth that didn't need repairs. A little disappointed, he turned away to try a street car. He halted one loaded with about fifty passengers, and as it came to a

stop the conductor called out: "Step lively, bub! I'm behind time!"

"I want to give each passenger one of these circulars, sir," explained Humpy.

"W-h-a-t!"

"I've gone into dentistry." The conductor was in a hurry, but not so much of a hurry that he couldn't jump down and grab at the boy and swear as he missed him. Some boys would have felt discouraged then and there, but Humpy Skinner didn't. The firm of Briggs & Skinner was there to hold him up. He next tried two men on a loaded morning van. They looked just like men who wanted their teeth polished and filed, and as he called out the van came to a halt, and one of them got down and said:

"Do your folks want a van to move their furniture, sonny? All right. It's \$6 a load and nothing broken."

"No; we don't want to move, but I've gone into partnership with a dentist. Read what we say."

The van man read about twenty words; then he began rumbling in his throat and reaching out for Humpy. He was just a little too slow, and he had a game leg and couldn't keep up the pace. Humpy could have stopped a beer wagon on the next block, but he thought he had something better. He met an old woman, and at the first glance into her face he saw that she had but one tooth. She must certainly stand in need of thirty or forty more, and he held out a circular.

"What is it, boy?" she asked. "I've left my spectacles at home and can't see to read print."

"I've gone into partnership with a dentist, ma'am, and these are our circulars. You need more teeth, and"—

The woman reached out and grabbed him by the coat collar and shook him to and fro and exclaimed: "Gone into dentistry, have you? Want to furnish me teeth, do you? I'm glad to get my hands on you. It was a dentist who pulled out all my teeth but this one while I was asleep in his chair, and I've long wanted to meet him."

"But I didn't do it!" shouted Humpy as he struggled in her grasp. "It doesn't make any difference. I'm going to have a policeman arrest you. Just think! For twenty long years I've had only one tooth to eat with. Boy—boy—boy!"

Comes Across a Tramp.

But Humpy was too strong for an old woman and got away and turned the first corner as soon as possible. He would have given up after that but for a kind hearted tramp, who took the circular held out to him and read it and said:

"My son, I thank you for this circular. It's just what I have been looking for for years. Are you interested in this dental business?"

"I'm a partner," was the proud reply. "Gee whiz! Well, that's better yet. Let me give you a word of advice. You and your pard set out a free lunch every day as a draw. Nothing like it. Beer for the men and tea for the women, and you get both their custom and gratitude. The hint is worth ten thousand to your firm, but I won't charge you a cent."

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when Humpy got home. He had handed fifty circulars to people that glanced over them and tossed them aside, and the remainder of the 500 were in a sewer. His mother was waiting for him with a smile. It was a smile that he was well acquainted with, and he at once removed his coat and vest and walked into the woodshed and humped up his back for the licking.

M. QUAD.

A Doubtful Compliment.

More Warmth Needed. "Ah!" sighs the neglected wife. "You do not love me as once you did. My heart is cold within me."

"You shouldn't wear such low necked dresses," advised the unsympathetic husband. "No wonder you get chilled through and through."—Chicago Post.

More Remarkable.

Dr. Pilleu—You needn't worry about your wife. She has a remarkable constitution.

Henpeck—Say, doc, you ought to see her bylaws, rules and regulations.—New York Life.

In Our Boarding House.

"Why do the Newlyweds talk so much about going to housekeeping? If they want to go, why don't they go?"

"It's a scheme to scare the landlady. Notice how they now get the best sections of the chicken!"—Kansas City Journal.

Tit For Tat.

Mrs. Peck (contemptuously)—What are you, anyhow, a man or a mouse? Mr. Peck (bitingly)—A man, my dear. If I were only a mouse I'd have you up on the table yelling for dear life right now.—New York Life.

Always.

Bleeker—Do you believe there is room at the top? Houston—There is at the top of the tax list. The fellows there always seem to manage to get their names removed.—Puck.

Not So Sudden.

She (stamping)—I know you. If I should die tomorrow you'd marry again. He—Not tomorrow.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.



THE WOMAN REACHED OUT AND GRABBED HIM BY THE COAT COLLAR.



MRS. CHARRIE CHAPMAN CATT SAYS, 'HALF THE MEN I KNOW ARE LOBSTERS AND THE OTHER HALF OKRIMPS.'—MAYBE THAT'S A COMPLIMENT, AS MOST CATTS LIKE FISH.

—Boston Herald.

1776 - 1909



JULY 3-4-5,

Shute Park,

HILLSBORO, ORE.

Three Bands -- Three Bands -- Three Bands.

Hillsboro R. & C. Band, Bethany Band, Banks Band.

BIG CIVIC PARADE ON JULY FIFTH, 10.00 A. M.

Dr. A. F. Bailey, Orator of the Day.

BALLOON ASCENSION EACH DAY.

BASE BALL -- BASE BALL

Series of ball games between Hillsboro and leading amateur teams. Continuous vaudeville by best company on the coast. SLACK WIRE, TRAPEZE ARTISTS.

A \$4,000 Steam Merry-Go-Round for the Young Folks.

Geo. Gibson, Bronco Buster

Will ride two of the worst outlaw horses west of the Rockies.

Shute Park has plenty of Shade, plenty of Water, and Electric Lights.

Spectacular Fire Works.

Hillsboro's Fireworks always Elipse. Better in 1909 than ever.

Everybody invited to come and enjoy THREE DAYS of Patriotism and Jollification.

CHABROL

BELGIUM No. 22735. AMERIC'N, 2764

Age, 8 years; bred by Emmanuel Dumont, of LaBruyere, Chassart, and imported by A. C. Ruby & Co., of Portland. A splendidly built horse, and one that gets great draft and farm animals—horses that sell.



—WILL STAND THE SEASON OF 1909 AS FOLLOWS—

Mondays, at the H H Boge farm, Farmington; Tuesdays at the Henry Hogrefe place, Blooming; Wednesdays at Albert Banning's barn, Cornelius; Thursdays, Bagleys' Dudley Mill ranch; Fridays, Mays Brothers' barn, Glencoe; Saturdays, at the Connell-Redmond barn, Hillsboro.

TERMS: Single service, \$10.00; Season, \$15.00. To insure, \$20.00. Care to prevent but will not be responsible for accidents that may occur.

Hillsboro Horse Co.

H. Deutschman, Manager

G. M. Hunter

Architect CONTRACTOR, Builder

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

If you contemplate any building this season be sure and give me a call.

Pac. States Tel. No 389 Hillsboro, Oregon

Deep Sea FISH Market

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.

White Clover Ice Cream at the Pharmacy drug store. Try it. 614

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, Janus, 10838; Sire Lady Goyck 3524, Dam Marie 3661. Dam, Lise de Voorde, 4307. Sire Gaston de Ghoy 10820, Dam Pau line 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.

J. C. Miller, the Arcade prune grower, north of Glencoe, was in Saturday, and says he has a fair prune prospect, unless the continued dry weather should cause many to fall. Mr. Miller has his own drier and turns out a fine product.

Thos. Withycombe, real estate man and rancher, was out from Portland, Friday. He has been buying wool this season, but says the market has taken such a slump that purchase has practically ceased.

The six year old daughter of John A. Vandobey, on the Col. Cornelius' place, near Glencoe, fell from a back, Sunday, and dislocated an arm, and sustained a partial fracture. Dr. F. A. Bailey attended the child.