

CONNELL & Co

Still continue to give their customers good values. We cordially invite everybody to visit our store and examine our goods. OUR NEW GOODS are arriving every day, and our store will soon be stocked up.

We have had a very successful sale, and we cleaned up all of our old stock. Following are a few prices that will appeal to buyers looking for bargains:--

- Men's Best Bibb Overalls \$1.00 value cut 90c
- Men's Best Bibb Hip Overalls 85c value cut 75c
- Men's Best Jumpers \$1.00 value cut 90c
- Horse Hide Gloves \$1.75 " " \$1.50
- " " " 1.50 " " 1.25
- " " " 1.25 " " 1.00
- " " " 1.00 " " 85c

About 100 pr of ladies, men's and boys' shoes at half price.

25 suits for men and boys at cost. Call and examine.

- 150 Remnants.
- Mason jars 60c, 75c, 90c per dozen.
- Everlasting jars 60c, 75c, 90c " "
- Economy " \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 " "
- Schram " 60c, 75c, 90c " "

Deering Binders and Mowers—The best on Earth. Osborne Mowers and Hayrakes. Largest stock of wagons and buggies in the county and our prices are money savers—You can't beat them. Come and get our prices.

Monuments

Forest Grove Monumental Works CAN SAVE MONEY FOR YOU

Designs and Stock, none better. Quality and Workmanship unexcelled. PRICES LOWEST on the coast. All work guaranteed. Orders and all communications promptly attended to. Will call and show designs and samples at any distance. Main Street, N. of P. O. Block.

GEE & JONES

Box 343 FOREST GROVE, ORE

A. E. McCumsey

Can furnish you with Rough and Dressed Lumber of all kinds, cut from Al Timber

Now is a good time to get that fencing, and a good time to get your lumber on the ground for building. We deliver if order is sufficiently large. Mill located one mile above the B. P. Cornelius ranch, and three miles from Glencoe. Postoffice Address, Cornelius, Oregon, R. F. D. 1. Pacific States Telephone, Glencoe 9x.

Deep Sea FISH Market

Have Always on Hand 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.

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.

JOEL T. KILLIN.

Joel T. Killin, notice of whose death was published in The Argus of June 17, was born in Yamhill County, Ore., February 9, 1879, and was a son of A. J. and Pelua Irena Killin. Deceased was married seven years ago to Miss Rose Bradley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradley, of Banks. His father and a mother survive, and he leaves the widow and one child, six years of age. He had not been well for a number of years, but was not confined to his room until a few days prior to his death, which took place June 15. Interment was in Crown Point cemetery, Banks. The following brothers and sisters survive him: Mrs. Emma Hayes, Rickreal, Ore.; Alvin Killin, Banks, Ore.; Chas. Killin, Gaston, Ore.; Mrs. Ezra Kirts, Greenville, and Mrs. Eva Lyda, wife of Elmer Lyda, Gales Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Everitt, of North Bend, Ore., are here for an extended visit with relatives and friends. Mrs. Everitt is well known here as a teacher in the public schools, as Miss May Clark. Miles says he sees much improvement up here, but states the weather is warmer in the valley than down on the coast line.

Rev. Abraham L. Shute, a brother of Banker John W. Shute, is here from Maline, Ill., and will remain in this section for some time. He goes to Seattle this week, and will return to Hillsboro about the 14th inst. Mr. Shute is a M. E. minister, and occupies one of Chicago's most prominent pulpits. He will preach in this city before he leaves for the East. This is his first trip to the Coast.

James O'Meara and James O'Meara, Jr., of Kalamazoo, Mich., returned home the first of the week, after a two weeks' visit with the O'Mearas, of north of Reedsville. They return via Seattle. Father and son think that Oregon is the nicest country they have seen in all their Western travels, and the climate is ideal as compared with that of the East. The father is a retired capitalist of his city and the son is cashier of a leading Kalamazoo bank.

EMMEL-LEWIS.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of the Rev. Mr. Lewis, at Oak Grove, Oregon, June 23, 1909, at eight o'clock in the evening, when Miss Zella Lewis was united in marriage to Dr. V. E. Emmel, a former resident of Scholls, Washington County. The bride's father performed the nuptial ceremony in the presence of about fifty guests. Miss Georgia Lewis was bridesmaid, and Mr. Winfield Emmel was best man. The presents were many and beautiful, showing the appreciation in which the contracting parties were held. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon at Seaside. In the Autumn they will go to St. Louis, Mo., where Dr. Emmel holds a position in the medical department of Washington University.

The groom is well known here and at Forest Grove, at which place he graduated out of Pacific University, and where he was an honored student and well known in debating circles.

POST NUMBER EIGHT

By BEATRICE TUCKER. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

During the Spanish-American war my regiment of United States Infantry occupied a single position in Cuba for quite awhile. We were not very near an enemy and kept out no vedettes or pickets, the colonel being satisfied with the usual chain of sentinels. There was one sentry beat overlooking a valley from which every man posted at the evening relief disappeared. No cry, no sound of any kind, was heard at post No. 8, but the sentry placed there was not found when the corporal of the guard took a man to relieve him, nor was he ever heard of afterward. Some concluded that an enemy crawled up from below, stabbed him and took his body away. Some concluded that the post was haunted and the sentry was carried away by a ghost.

When the first man disappeared the officer of the guard reported the matter to the colonel, who, thinking that it would be better that the next man to stand post on No. 8 should not know of the occurrence, ordered the officer to keep the matter a secret and if there were inquiries about the missing man among his comrades to give out that he had been ordered away on a special service. So the second man did not know of the mystery of the first, nor the third of the second, nor the fourth of the third. The fourth man was the last to vanish, for after he had gone the regiment was ordered to the front.

I was a member of Company C, and we knew more about the disappearance than the officers thought we did, but we didn't know what had become of the sentries. It was the prevailing opinion that the men were murdered by hostile Spanish citizens, but with what object we were ignorant. After the war closed I came north with the rest of the command, but eight years later went to Cuba on business, and there one day, while passing a sugar

Washington County Court House



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These tracts should appeal to all wanting small homes; are especially attractive to city business men who want outside property, and to professional men and retired farmers who want suburban homes right at town, but free of city taxes. Bound to raise soon in valuation.

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.

plantation, who should I see sitting before a workman's cabin but John Henderson, the last man who had disappeared from sentry post No. 8. At first he pretended not to know me, but I looked him square in the eye and told him he couldn't fool me. Then he owned up and told me the following story:

"When placed on post and left by the retreating relief I stood for awhile uncertain whether to risk death by some unearthly means or by being shot for deserting my beat. I knew that three men had attempted to hold it against natural or supernatural enemies and failed. While I was deliberating I heard a girl's laugh and, looking down, saw a merry face and two black eyes peering up at me. The girl had a basket on her arm full of flowers and began to pelt me with them. I supposed she was simply passing that way and didn't connect her with the ghost who had spirited away the other sentries. I seized one or two of the posies and threw them back at her. She was too pretty to keep at a distance, and I invited her to come up and sit with me on the slope. It wasn't long before I had my arm around her and stole a kiss.

"She spoke some English and, pointing to a house below, told me she was on her way to a dance to take place there. We soon heard the sound of music, and the girl begged me to go down with her, have a dance and get back before the relief came. I was tempted and fell. I went with her, danced several times and was thinking of returning when I was surrounded by the men in the room and made a prisoner.

"They were about to take me out to shoot me when the girl who had arranged for my capture stood in the door and jabbered Spanish at them with constantly growing irritation. I didn't know then what she said, but learned afterward that, having given them three victims, she wished the fourth to be spared. Finally she prevailed, partly by threats to expose them to our troops above and partly by her influence over them. I was released and, accompanied by the girl, started up to camp. I had plenty of time to get there, but was dallying with her, she showing plainly enough that she had gone daft on me. I tried to tear myself away from her, but couldn't. I knew she had betrayed three other men, but her preference for me caught me, and while I was trying to get away from her I heard the relief visit my post. Then I knew I was too late, for if I went to camp I would be shot for being absent on my post.

"That threw the whole matter into the hands of the girl. It was the same as having sold my soul to the devil. I deserted, and we went away together. She deserted, too, for she never went back home. Her people were Spaniards, and the men who had been sent on shooting me were Spaniards. They lived about there with their families, and had the girl told on them, as she threatened to do, our colonel would have arrested and shot them. They had only consented to let me go on her promise that she would keep me from getting back to the command. Of course, not understanding Spanish, I didn't know this at the time or I

Mind. I have never seen her so quiet. Once she had her arms around me asked me to forgive her, and when I asked for what she ran away. What d'ye 'spose ails her?"

"Can't tell, but Zeke has also been acting up and astonishing me. This afternoon as we were heading corn side and side he suddenly stopped and looked at me and almost shouted: 'No; I will not give her up! I will defy you to the end!' When I asked him what he meant by such durned nonsense he actually chanked his teeth."

It was that romance was bubbling, and by the following Tuesday Zed had made himself believe that a stern father had stepped between him and the object of his love and would brutally blast his future, and Hattie composed a note to be left behind for her mother asking forgiveness and saying that it almost broke her heart to do the thing contemplated.

The farmer's bedtime was 9 o'clock. By 10 he and his good wife were snoring. Even the cat slept. Not so with Hattie and Zed, however. The young woman sat in her room, dressed for the elopement and feeling thrills of romance, and Zed had made a sneak for the barn to hitch up a horse and wagon.

At 11 o'clock the rig was driven to the front gate, and Zed jumped down and hid beside the rosebush. Three minutes later Hattie was with him. There were whispers and hand squeezes, and the elopement had started. It had progressed just forty rods when there came a flash of lightning. At fifty rods the thunder belowed. At a hundred the rain began to fall. Zed had been crafty, but he hadn't noticed the gathering storm. Romance and a soaking shower do not go well together, but there must be no turning back. There was an old open shed in a field a mile away, and as the rain began to fall Zed put on the gad to reach its shelter. The old horse fell down three times and had to be helped up again each time before the shed was reached, but they drove under it at last. Just as they did so a flash of lightning showed an old bull at the rear end. He had also got in out of the wet, and, being the first comer, he naturally resented any intrusion. He got up and began to paw and bellow, and when the brave lover got down to shoo him forth he charged the wagon and broke one wheel off and scattered the horse around. This brought about a pretty plain conversation between Hattie and Zed.

"Zed Green, I'm going home," finally declared the girl. You are the biggest fool on earth, and nothing could induce me to marry you!"

And the romance seeking girl as she stepped forth into the still pouring rain to sash her way homeward through the puddles couldn't help but bear the retort:

"I know of another fool just as big, and I'm glad I've found her out!"

There was no marriage till six months later, and then Zed and Hattie clasped hands and stood up before a justice of the peace and were married for a dollar. Zed didn't even walk around the yard for a wedding tour.

MY LADY'S BRACELET

By GRACE ETHEL WEEKS. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Zeke Jenks, a native of Missouri, at twenty years of age lost his father and gained thereby a farm. Not finding the state big enough for him, he sold his farm and went to Texas, where he invested the proceeds in oil territory, of which the Octopus Oil company kindly relieved him for a consideration. Zeke took the consideration to New York, where he became a great stock and cotton speculator and by the time he was thirty was worth so many millions that he didn't know what to do with them.

Meanwhile Zeke, having determined to see something beside his own country, went to London, where he kept house in fine style. Having made the acquaintance of several impetuous noblemen who gave him introductions (for consideration), it was not long before he found himself a member of the celebrated smart set headed by the king of England. Certain professional beauties of the British capital, without stopping to consider the origin of his accumulations, proceeded to lay plans to transfer as much of them as possible to themselves. A few preliminary efforts in the way of moderate amounts were so successful as to encourage them to strike for something higher.

Among the reigning belles of that season—married belles, not young ladies; the belles of London usually are encumbered with husbands—was Lady Arabella Richmond. Twenty years before her mother had been so favorably noticed by the king as to be unfavourably noticed by some of the puritanical families of England. Lady Arabella had inherited a number of splendid jewels and when she wished to crush a rising rival would put them all on at some aristocratic function.

But unfortunately, the beauty's expenditures being greater than her income, she was obliged now and again to sacrifice a gem, and at the time Zeke Jenks appeared on the London social stage she had reached a point where her stock of jewels needed replenishing. Indeed, without certain additions her supremacy was in danger. She was among the first to take up "that unique American, Mr. Jenks," who by this time was the talk of the town. Furthermore, a rival had appeared from the American colony in the person of Miss Lillian Lee, a native of Maryland, whose beauty, delightful manners and naturally amiable disposition was slowly making her a favorite. Notwithstanding these ad-

Continued Page Five.

Rooms to Let. Board and Lodging. When Hungry call on the

Home Style RESTAURANT

for a good square meal. Main St. Hillsboro - - - Oregon

SPOILING A ROMANCE

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.)

Miss Hattie Cowper, daughter of a farmer, had arrived at the age of thirty-five, and no one, not even her mother, had suspected her of romance. She had cooked and washed and baked and put up pickles and made her own dresses and seemed content. Even when Zed Green, hired man to her father, had fallen in love with her and asked her to be his she had successfully concealed any evidence that it was other than the banal program of existence and had replied that she guessed she would have him, and that settled the matter for a while. Zed didn't want to marry for a year or two, and Hattie was content. At least no one suspected her of discontent, and yet romance was fairly bubbling in her soul. She wanted to be abducted; she wanted to elope; she wanted to be lost in the sugar bush and found by a cavalier.

She kept hoping and expecting and sewing carpet rags and helping her mother make pickled lily, and time ran on, and one evening Zed announced that he was ready to marry. Then an idea came to her like a flash of lightning, and after turning it over in her mind for five minutes she answered: "Zed, I will never, never marry you unless we have some romance about it."

"Do you mean going to the circus or something of that kind?" he asked.

"No, I don't. I mean that I don't propose to stand up in the parlor and be married by a justice of the peace."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to run away to get married."

"Shoo! I don't see the need of that when everybody's willing."

"But I do. I want folks to have something to talk about, and I want something to think of afterward."

"I'm willing to do all I can, Hattie. Seems kinder foolish to me, but if you look at it 'tother way it's all right. It's to be what they call an elopement, eh?"

"Yes."

"All right. I never eloped, but I guess we can manage it somehow. This is Thursday. Shall we bring it off next Tuesday night?"

The date suited the young woman, and next morning both got up to act rather queerly. They were absent-minded and preoccupied and had so little to say to each other that before the day was over Mrs. Cowper said to her husband:

"Henry, I'm afraid Hattie is coming down with some sickness or other, or else she's got some awful thing on her