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L. A. LONG, Editor.

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LONG & MCKINNEY

FOR THE DOG DAYS

Our verbose and erudite friend on the Independent should discard his glasses—throw away the blue ones, old man—and buy a pair with rose windows. That'll help your vision. Don't waste a column grousing because people, irrespective of politics, support the Argus. That'll help your liver. If the above prescription doesn't bring improvement, just dip your beak into some of the concoctions advertised on your liver pages and your jaundice may clear. Don't tell us all you know—unless you're "tolerable" sure you know it. That'll help your perspicuity. Keep cool during the dog days. That'll help your disposition. Follow this advice, and Dr. Argus will make a bang-up journalist out of you. The emetic in this should cause you dear patient, to throw up at least another column. If too violent, however, call us up by grapevine. Sig: Shake!

Solomon was the wisest man; Moses was the meekest man—but our intellectual Ajax on the Independent has Solomon skinned a furlong, and Moses so badly eclipsed for meekness, that Moses hasn't spoken for thousands of year. "Oh! You Kid!"

LOST HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL

A Chance Remark That Pointed Out Its Hiding Place.

By FRANCES COWLES.

Every one in the house was angry, and Miss Lavinia herself was "all on edge," as she graphically expressed it. The loss of a hundred dollar bill was not such a tremendously important affair in itself, for Miss Lavinia was quite wealthy, but there were some aspects of the matter which made the loss quite serious.



"I FEEL DREADFUL" SHE GASPED.

"Even if it were," she added inconsistently, "Dick never took it." "How could I possibly have mislaid it when I have not left this room or even that chair since the money was paid to me? I haven't read a thing the entire morning but a novel, and you have looked that through and through. Anyway, I tell you that I just put the bill on the table here. It was lying right on this spot, I tell you, Myra, and then when I got ready to take care of it the thing was gone—actually gone. I never was so stupefied in my life. It is awful."

stated of a servant. "You would never accuse Jane yourself, Myra. If you had not lost both your temper and your common sense. "If this thing lies between Dick and Jane, I shall certainly doubt Jane."

Myra's eyes flashed lightning. "Aunt Lavinia, I shall make no such promise," she cried indignantly. "We may never find out what became of that detestable bill. Do you suppose that I am going to let a small trifle like that spoil my life?"

"Well," Ainslie said lightly, "it behooves me to find that bill. I seem to have been the last person who saw it. If I don't unearth it I may be accused of the theft myself."

"Don't joke, Dick," Myra implored with such an odd intonation that Ainslie made a swift guess at the truth. He had a real motive now for solving the vexatious problem, but he met with no success, although he devoted the greater part of his time to it.

"It—it—" she stammered faintly. "I have not had a pocket before for twenty-five years—and—and—I forgot! I—I must have put the bill in it just after Richard left. I'm very, very sorry."

THE LAST ACT

Arriving at a Decision About Changing Its Ending.

"You must give it a happy ending," said Miss Atherton. Carruthers looked at her gloomily. "Not unless you say 'Yes.'"

"Yes. The heroine is a naughty princess who spurns her lover all through the play, and in the end he finds another woman more genteel, more kind, and the princess is left alone in her haughtiness. That is why I want you to wear a purple gown."



"Dear lady," Carruthers remonstrated, "perhaps you are not a judge of good things."

"Everything," succinctly. "I've got to give up my apartment for one thing. Aunt Sarah has to go back to Pine Point, and I can't live alone."

"But how?" questioned Carruthers. "Have another lover in the back-ground for the gentle maiden and let the princess relent at the last minute. You can still keep her in the purple twilight and the purple gown, but you can have her lover at her feet, with the golden moon flooding them with light."

"But the princess wouldn't relent—the kind of princess in the play."

"I like her part," he said. "It fits in with my ideal. I want the audience to realize what gentleness and sweetness may accomplish as against beauty and pride."

she stared, unseeing, into space. "Beautiful!" Carruthers told her when she came off. "Beautiful!" "But I don't like it," she sobbed. "It makes me miserable to play it."

"Dear heart," he whispered, "I will change the last act."

"I believe you have spent more time on her than on the other woman," Miss Atherton said jealously.

"What's wrong?" Carruthers asked solicitously. "Everything," succinctly. "I've got to give up my apartment for one thing. Aunt Sarah has to go back to Pine Point, and I can't live alone."

"But how?" questioned Carruthers. "Have another lover in the back-ground for the gentle maiden and let the princess relent at the last minute. You can still keep her in the purple twilight and the purple gown, but you can have her lover at her feet, with the golden moon flooding them with light."

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"I like her part," he said. "It fits in with my ideal. I want the audience to realize what gentleness and sweetness may accomplish as against beauty and pride."

Notice to Contractors. Sealed bids will be received up to July 24, 1909, for locating the proposed school house, District No. 28.

Notice of Final Account. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

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Administratrix's Sale of Real Property. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order and decree of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon,

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington.

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PROBATE. W. Franklin Jones appointed executor of the will of late Samuel B. Hillman upon bond filed in sum of \$500.

A Hillsboro auto owner and a public official went to Buxton last Sunday with the machine and upon reaching Crawford above Banks, on their return, were compelled to hire L. L. Crawford to tow them to the county seat.

Wm. Hughes picked up some strange looking bug, the other day, the variety having heads that were shaped like a miniature haystack, and with kernels like shagreened wheat.

Burr Cornelius and Miss Ellen White, of Cornelius, were married July 17, 1909, by Judge Bacon, of this city.

The Den of Sweets has installed some crypts in the room adjoining the parlors, and they will prove very popular with the young people.

The United Railways has brought condemnation proceedings against John Milne for right of way through the North Plains Farm.

Four foot fir wood delivered in any quantity in city. Per cord, \$3.25 and 3.50, as per quality. Also have a wood. Give your orders now.

EPPLY'S Perfection Baking Powder. Is Packed in JARS and jelly GLASSES. For sale by R. C. Vaught and Emmott Brothers. Manufactured by C. M. Eppley SALEM, OREGON.

Miss Ora Whitmore, one of the deputies in the postoffice, is ill with the measles and Miss Maude Brown is assisting during her absence.

"I don't believe that the money was stolen at all," she said obstinately. "Perhaps you only dreamed that it was paid." Miss Lavinia gave a contemptuous snarl.

"But even granted that it was paid and that you placed it on the table just where you said that you did, Dick was not the only person that came into the room while it was there."

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