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L. A. L'ONG, Editor.

County Official Paper

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Issued Every Thursday

—BY—

LONG & MCKINNEY

If half the energy used in knocking were utilized in helping the old town forward we soon would have a greater Hillsboro and a grander Washington County.

The Argus has asked for a rest room for many years. It is also advocated, and helped to get, a city park. And that watering trough—although not a beauty—was the result of Argus "inquiries." Just smile when some recent one comes in and pompously claims credit for these bewhiskered ideas.

Miss Neva Palmateer is enjoying a vacation at the home of Mrs. Jas. Sewell Jr., during the warm spell.

Notice to Contractors

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of Washington County will receive sealed bids up to 2:00 p. m. August 21, 1909, and then opened for the construction of bridges as follows: For a bridge east of Gaston at outlet of Wapato Lake. For a bridge across Dairy Creek, at Banks, Ore. Specifications may be seen at the office of the County Judge.

The court reserves the right to reject any or all bids and successful bidders must execute a bond for the faithful performance of his contract.

J. W. Goodin, County Judge.

By order Commissioners' Court this August 5, 1909.

PAINTING THE MEETING HOUSE.

By M. QUAD.

The village of Hicksville contained 300 inhabitants, and yet there was only one place to worship. In the early days the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians had clubbed together, and as time went on the three denominations had agreed so well that no more had been made for the erection of another building.

From time immemorial it has been the privilege of the farmer's dog to accompany his master to church and take up his station on the front steps until time to go home again.

The question as to whether this had made better dogs of them is not to be debated here. It is sufficient to say that on this particular Sabbath day there were seven dogs occupying seven different wagons and that when a lightning rod man's dog came along he was looked upon as an intruder and promptly attacked. Seven dogs pitching into one must soon confuse things.

In this case after a moment it became a battle royal, and the racket stopped the sermon and was heard to the limits of the village. The worshippers came out of the church to see and to interfere and to take sides, and the affair broke up the services for the morning and left a good deal of acrimony floating around. Most of the blame was laid on the man of lightning rods, who was stopping in the town over Sunday. He repudiated it and had hot words and on Monday was arrested for using profane language and fined \$7. Up to the moment he was fined he was defiant. Then he changed to humility, paid his fine and apologized all around.

There was no one in the town of Hicksville who really knew a lightning rod man's other side or who even suspected that he had a second side. If there had been, a note of warning would have been sounded when this man changed to humility. They accepted his attitude and his expressions, and some of them even shook hands with him and forgave him for having such a dog. He went away and then returned to say that he felt like doing something for the church people to show that no hard feelings rankled in his soul. There was the old meeting house. It needed painting badly. Under its shadow his dog had raised a row and created temporary hard feelings and he would give the privilege of paying for two fresh coats.

The proposition fell like a thunderclap on the town. It beat the coming of a circus all hollow. All the church folks had to do, said the donor, was to get together and decide on the color and he would furnish the paints and the painters—simple as A B C.

A meeting of the church people was called for a certain night, and they were there to the last man and woman. All knew the issue, and all had come prepared. The question to be decided was one of color, and it was a dead easy one. The minister presided, and was eminently proper, and he arose to say that of course there could be but one color for a frame meeting house. That was white, to represent purity. The lightning rod man could be notified to have his painter on hand next day. Was there anything further before the meeting?

To the good man's surprise, there was. Deacon Tompkins arose to say that while art was in its infancy in this country a plain white meeting house did very well, but art had advanced. Meeting houses should also advance. Speaking for the Methodist contingent, his choice was chrome yellow for the body of the building, with dark brown for the steeple and the doors and window casings. He would move that those colors be adopted.

Deacon Williams arose to hope that no one would second the motion.

Speaking for the Baptists, he would say that a pea green color for the body, with trimmings of darker green, would be in harmony with the surrounding landscape and prevent strangers from taking the older mill for the meeting house. It didn't advance pea green as symbolic of the Baptist faith alone, but of all faiths. It even took in the Adventists. He would move pea green as an amendment for chrome yellow. Deacon Jones said that he represented the Presbyterians in the congregation and that the Presbyterians had decided on lead color for the body of the building and dark blue for doors, casings and steeple. He would move his colors as an amendment to the last amendment and he hoped that no further time would be wasted over the matter.

But his hopes were disappointed. The lightning rod man was appealed to, but he replied that it was a question to be left entirely to the congregation.

It was left to them. Meeting after meeting was held, but no one gave way—the more meetings the more acrimony, the more acrimony the less neighborly feeling. When it had reached that stage, which it did in about four months, that not a Methodist would lend a Baptist his wheelbarrow and not a Baptist would borrow a Methodist's of a Presbyterian the good minister sent in his resignation. The meeting house was closed, and only last summer it was unroofed by a cyclone and left a wreck. The lightning rod man was about the only man that had nothing to say. He could afford to be silent.

THE CORPSE THAT KNEW THE LAW.

By F. A. MITCHELL.

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David Wakefield was known in that far westerly region he inhabited for having as many lives as a cat. Three he was left for dead after altercations, and four times in illness the doctors gave him up. Once he tumbled off a cliff a hundred feet high, was caught on the limbs of a tree and landed on his feet without a scratch. But now Wakefield was dead. There had been altogether too much shooting in Paradise, and the people resolved to stop it. Wakefield was the next man to shoot some one, and the committee, wishing to make an example of him and fearing that if they looked into the matter they might run against a case of self defense or something of the kind, though they gave him a trial, did not take the trouble to summon witnesses for the defense.

But, being law abiding men, they were very particular that the court routine should be observed even to asking the culprit if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. He replied that he had been a lawyer in the better days and could clear himself, but what he wanted was rest in the grave.

And so he passed out. He was "changed by the neck until he was dead," and papers were on file to show that he was physically and legally a corpse. The case would have been forever closed had not a young doctor who had reversed the usual course by beginning practice and studying afterward stolen him from his grave. Wakefield came to life in a warm room, espied a bottle, stimulated himself and when the doctor came back to cut him up was just setting the glass down on a table.

Wakefield, being "dat broke," offered for \$100 to refrain from informing of the doctor's breach of the law. The doctor refused the offer, and Wakefield sued him for interfering with his lawful sepulcher. Since Wakefield was legally dead the committee did not see how they could deprive him of life. But they granted him a trial of his suit against the doctor, in which the claimant laid the damages at \$1,000. About that time a lawyer came from an eastern law school and hung out his shingle. The doctor retained him. Wakefield stated his case in court thus:

"Your honor, I am legally a corpse, and this case must be tried on such grounds. Death, according to the law, separates a man from all his earthly possessions except h. body. It is a maxim of common law—that there can be no property in a corpse—that is, no one living can own it. My corpse is my own property."

"I claim," interrupted the opposing counsel, "that the plaintiff is Wakefield's ghost. Since he places his case on technicalities I will do the same. Let him prove that he is not a disembodied spirit."

"It is not necessary," replied the plaintiff. "The law takes no cognizance of ghosts. When a man is dead the law says that he shall stay dead. His apparition has no standing in court, though his body has."

"It is the duty of the common law," the claimant went on, "to protect the repose of the dead." The law holds that the corpse, being the owner of itself before death, possesses certain rights over itself after it becomes dead. Every corpse has the inalienable right to six feet of ground to be buried in and the right of being buried. The law holds the owner of the premises on which a man dies responsible for his burial. This corpse died on grounds under the jurisdiction of the courts. The courts buried it, and the courts are responsible for its being left untouched in its grave."

"Your honor," interrupted opposing counsel, "the law gives no civil remedy for the stealing of a body, for there is no property right in a corpse to give any one a right to recover in a court for violation of sepulcher."

"The learned counsel," pursued the claimant, "should insert the word 'living.' I admit that no living person has a right to recover for violation of sepulcher. That right is vested in the corpse. But in previous cases the corpse has not come into court to claim its rights. A civil action may be brought for breaking and entering a place where the body is buried, the same constituting a trespass, for which damages can be recovered. The law has often interfered to protect the rights of us corpses. And as no one can own a body except his own no one can remove a body without the

coroner's permission, which can only be granted in behalf of the body itself.

"Having shown your honor that the defendant is only accountable to me, a corpse, and that he has willfully interfered with my rest in the grave, has brought me back to a life that is irksome to me. I ask that he be commanded by the court to pay me the damages claimed."

The judge looked at the defendant's counsel, but he was so dazed by the remarkable legal knowledge on the part of a corpse that he could not think of a single argument in rebuttal. He collapsed.

At this point a stranger in those parts arose and said to his honor:

"I am Judge Tatterton of the supreme court of — and traveling in your county. Permit me to say that the points stated by the plaintiff are legally correct in every particular."

"Judgment for the plaintiff," said the judge, "and be sure to enter it in favor of the corpse of David Wakefield, together with costs."

A Romance Spoiled.

A Chicago paper says that Jim Hellso, who is himself, won the Arizona Kicker on a hand at poker. We are sorry to spoil the romance, but at the time we founded the Kicker we didn't know the ace of spades from the jack of clubs. It was only when we were absorbed by the west that we began to draw on a four flush and bluff it out. Poker as played in Arizona is not demoralizing. The players constantly think of home and mother, and when a game breaks up it is not unusual to see tears in the eyes of several men. We have had tears in our own eyes and empty pockets to match.

Netting Unnecessary.

A friend from the north had gone to visit the colonel, who lives in the swampy Mississippi river bottoms of Louisiana. There was no mosquito netting over the bed, and in the morning when the negro came with the water and towels the tortured visitor asked: "Sam, why is it that you have no mosquito netting over the bed? Doesn't the colonel have any in his room?"

"No, sah," replied Sam.

"I don't see how he stands it."

"Well, sah," said Sam, "I reckon it jes' dis way: In de fo' part uv de night, sah, de colonel's mos' generally so 'toxicated dat he don't pay no 'tention to de 'skeeters, an' in de last' part uv de night, sah, de 'skeeters is mos' 'generally so 'toxicated dat dey don't pay no 'tention to de colonel.'"—Everybody's.

Mathematics Made Easy.

Little Doris could not count beyond four. One day, when she was showing me five berries that she had picked, I asked, "How many have you, Doris?"

Her brows puckered a moment. Then, dimpling with smiles, she answered, "Wait till I eat one; then I'll tell you."—Woman's Home Companion.

Ballade of Desolation.

Back to the closed up house at night I wend my way, from labor free. The windows, boarded firm and tight, In utter blankness stare at me. Departed is the family. Yet of the many things I lack Missed most of all these seem to be: Those gowns that button up the back.

Strange though the notion, silly quite, Gowns of high and of low degree. These were the victims of scorn and spite.

Butts of the winter's brutality, "Can't you hold still for a second? Gee! Hire a maid! I can't get the knack!" Now I could treat them with sympathy— Those gowns that button up the back.

Now could I struggle with mien contrite, Strong in a husband's kind courtesy, Dravely tiling to get them right— Horrible buttons! One, two, three. Seven, nine, ten—almost done, you see! Wait! I've skipped—we are off the track! Queer how they surge through my memory— Those gowns that button up the back!

L'ENVOI.

Wife, repent me my penalty. Call the porter for my trunks to pack. Say you are coming—and bring to me. Those gowns that button up the back! —Arthur Judd Ryan in Pack.

WORKED PRETTY WELL.

The Young Man and the Girl Who Refused to Be Kissed.

"AND now," said the young man whom she had met but that evening and who had been kind enough to escort her to her home—"and now give me a kiss."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, with freezing dignity.

"Give me a kiss."

"Upon my word, I never before met such effrontery."

"That is quite possible. Nevertheless give me a kiss, please."

"Of all the— You meet me only this evening! I hardly know your name! And yet you have the conceit to ask me—"

"For a kiss. Yes."

"Why, I am amazed!"

"There is no occasion for amazement."

"I am astounded. I am offended."

"I thought perhaps you would feel that way for a moment, but it will pass over soon."

"I never was so presumptuously addressed in all my life."

"I have no doubt of that. But do I get the kiss?"

"For goodness' sake! I should think you would have understood my position when you first asked me."

"But you could have changed your mind by this time."

"Well, I am simply speechless! Do you ask every girl you meet for a kiss?"

"Yes."

"Every girl?"

"To be sure."

"And do you never meet with a rebuff?"

"Oh, yes. But you'd rarely be surprised at the number of kisses I get." —New York Life.

PETITION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, Fred Pattee, Plaintiff, vs. J. M. Miller for license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, in and about the city of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

To the Honorable County Court of Washington County, Oregon: The undersigned petitioner, legal voters of Banks Precinct, Washington County, Oregon, and having actually resided in said precinct and having actually resided in said precinct thirty days immediately preceding the date of this petition, would, respectfully petition and ask that a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, in and about the city of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, be granted and issued to J. M. Miller, for a period of one year.

Dated this 11th day of May, 1909.

H. H. Helstad, J. E. Kirtz, W. H. West, W. S. Longworth, Geo. Barber, J. P. Helstad, Fred Smith, Patsy E. Looney, B. B. Hickey, Harry Yarnall, Herman Nelson, John Priddy, Vinona Duff, A. Vanderanden, D. J. Kalhan, F. W. Berry, F. R. Street, Thomas Tomlinson, Fred Hunter, J. M. Miller, J. S. Vanderanden, Chester Roberts, M. Reilly, Jack Wood, Albert Springer, J. J. Baker, E. M. Baker, John Gilmore, R. E. Todd, Theo. Vanderanden, W. Scholer, A. Kraft, Henry Volt, E. Shambley, G. W. Hines, J. H. Dooley, A. O. Kiffin, C. Vanderanden, Fred Hunter, J. M. Miller, J. S. Vanderanden, R. B. Frost, Fred Narup, Fred John, Stephen, Earl F. Lorenz, P. S. Vanderanden, H. J. Mader, Wm. Smith, Martin Vanderanden, M. H. Parker, H. Sussauer, Henry Narup, John B. Reynolds, E. E. Dugan, John E. Ryan, J. P. Vanderanden, F. H. Herby, D. C. Huatt, A. O. Rappette, I. R. Yates, W. B. Phillips, Fred Helstad, E. M. Baker, J. M. Miller, James Lane, J. J. Meacham, Wm. Vanderanden, A. W. Poland, Chas. J. Herb, John Goodwell, T. Turk, Martin Kern, H. C. Dooley, H. H. Helstad, E. J. Helstad, C. Reiben, Louis Pranger, Henry Cox, Henry Vandomelin, Joe Narup, Herman Cox, L. E. Dugan, Frank Bradley, George Herb, J. F. Helstad, E. M. Baker, J. M. Miller, J. F. Willis, O. E. Mills, E. K. Kirtz, Wm. Mann, Jacob Angus, E. A. Kirtz, Wm. Kalhan, L. H. Innes, Geo. K. Fahrig, Geo. A. Anderson, C. Jensen, J. M. Miller, S. J. Thompson, G. H. Hamilton, M. Kalhan, Jacob C. Vohs, Wm. F. Beard, Geo. Laemlein, A. W. Miller, E. C. Helstad, J. M. Miller, W. B. Armentrout, H. M. Vanderanden, P. J. Krueger.

TO WHICH IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned resident of Banks Precinct, Washington County, Oregon, will on Wednesday, August 11, 1909, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, present the foregoing petition for license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in and about the city of Hillsboro, Oregon, in less quantities than one gallon, for a period of one year, from the date of the issuance of this license.

Dated this 22nd day of July, 1909.

J. M. MILLER, Applicant.

BAGLEY & HARE, Attorneys for Applicant.

Notice of Final Account.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHINGTON.

In the Matter of the Estate of John D. McDonald, deceased. Notice of Final Account.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of John D. McDonald, deceased, has filed her final account in the above entitled court and that Saturday, the 14th day of July, 1909, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the Court Room of said Court, has been fixed by the court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published July 1, 1909.

ISABELLE McDONALD, Administratrix.

Caldwell & Reeder, Attorneys, Portland, Ore.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, on this 10th day of June, 1909, Ordinance No. 299 of the City of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, was passed, filed and approved for the proposed amendment of sub-division 54 of section 5, of the Act incorporating the City of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, filed in the office of the Secretary of State on February 20, 1893, as amended by an Act approved February 6, 1895, and as further amended by an Act approved February 6, 1899, and further amended by an Act filed in the office of the Secretary of State on January 27, 1905, and as further amended by initiative petition December 3, 1906, and ordering a special election and fixing the date thereof, and

Whereas said proposed amendment authorizes the city council to give notice of proposed sidewalk or street improvements by publication or posting, and

Whereas a special election has been ordered by said ordinance to be held on Monday, the 16th day of August, 1909:

Now Therefore, I, J. W. Connell, Mayor of the City of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, in obedience to and by virtue of the power vested in me by the ordinances of said city, do hereby make and issue this proclamation to the people of the city of Hillsboro, Oregon, and do hereby announce and declare that said ordinance No. 299 and said proposed amendment are in due form and that said proposed amendment will be submitted to a vote of the people of the city of Hillsboro, Oregon, on the 16th day of August, 1909.

Done at Hillsboro, Oregon, this June 13, 1909.

J. W. CONNELL, Mayor.

H. T. BAGLEY, City Attorney.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Leaves for Portland—

Forest Grove Local, 6:51 a. m.

Sheridan Flyer, 9:12 a. m.

Forest Grove Local, 10:42 a. m.

Forest Grove Local, 3:32 p. m.

Corvallis Overland, 4:14 p. m.

Leaves Portland for Hillsboro

Corvallis Overland, 7:20 a. m.

Forest Grove Local, 8:50 a. m.

Forest Grove Local, 1:00 p. m.

Sheridan Flyer, 4:00 p. m.

Forest Grove Local, 5:40 p. m.

OREGON ELECTRIC TIME

LEAVES FOR PORTLAND

No. 32, 6:55 a. m.

No. 31, 7:40 a. m.

No. 34, 8:40 a. m.

Vacuum House Cleaning Co.

On Main St. East of Third, opp Stable

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH

This has been a dry dusty season. Your carpets get full of dust. Don't tear them up—but when September comes call us up and our Vacuum Cleaner will do the Work

sucks out the dust; sucks out the germs, and leaves your rooms nice and clean. Will go to the country where several houses group together. Cheaper than hiring help.

OUR UPHOLSTERING

Is as good as can be done in Portland. We make mattresses scientifically and make durability a feature. We make old furniture as good as new. We can upholster that couch or chair you are about to throw away. Come in and get terms. Our reasonably prices will surprise you.

A. F. TINGSTROM

Valley wheat, per bu. \$1.00

New crop oats, per ton \$10.00

Timothy hay, per ton \$10.00

Potatoes, per sack \$1.50

Country butter, per lb. \$1.50

Outside Creamery, per lb. \$1.50

Eggs, per dozen \$1.50

Hens, per lb. \$1.50

Springs, per lb. \$1.50

REMINGTON Shot Guns, Latest Models, Hammerless Repeaters.

Buy no Other. Revolvers of all Kinds. Bicycle Supplies, Repairing a Specialty. Second street opposite Tualatin Hotel.

R. LEE SEARS.

EPPLEY'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.

OUR BREAD IS PERFECTION ITSELF

If you want good bread made by a baker who has had years of experience on both continents—come to our BAKERY.

Bread fresh every day. All kinds of pastries. Save your wife's health, and save her work, by buying bread at the

CITY BAKERY.

JOS. TRUTTMAN, Prop.

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF WASHINGTON.

Walter S. Nash, Plaintiff, vs. Jennie R. Nash, Defendant.

To Jennie R. Nash, defendant above named: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint or file some appearance therein on or before the last day prescribed by the order of publication thereof, to-wit: The 12th day of August, 1909; and if you fail so to appear and answer the complaint or file some appearance therein, the plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and noted and will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in said complaint, to-wit: A decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and plaintiff and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem meet.

The date of the first publication of this summons is Thursday, the seventeenth day of July, 1909, and this summons is to be published on every Thursday of each week for a period of six successive weeks between said dates.

This summons is published by order of Hon. J. A. Kakin, Judge of the above entitled court, made in Chambers this seventeenth day of June, A. D. 1909.

CHAS. J. SCHNABEL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, September 1st, 1909 at 1 o'clock P. M. pursuant to decree of partition in the case of Sellwood vs. Bunnell et al. in and about the city of Hillsboro, Oregon, the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the Westernly line of the D. L. C. of John I. Hicklin 16 ft. 8 in. S. 24 deg. 45 min. E. from the S. E. corner of said D. L. C. thence north 86 deg. 11 min. E. 12.75 chains, thence north 83 deg. 28 min. W. 15.35 chains; thence S. 83 deg. 14 min. W. 12.43 chains to the place of beginning. Containing 72.82 acres.

Terms of sale cash.

Geo. G. Hancock, Sheriff.

MO