

Hillsboro Street Fair And Live Stock Show

WEDNESDAY SEPT. 22	THURSDAY SEPT. 23	FRIDAY SEPT. 24	SATURDAY SEPT. 25
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CASH AND OTHER PREMIUMS
For First and Second Awards for Dairy Animals and other Livestock. Committee will buy Feed and have men care for all Exhibit Animals.
This will be the Best STREET FAIR ever Held in

Hillsboro, Ore.

Agricultural and Horticultural Display
Come in and see what Old Washington County can produce.

Arnold's Shows
Arnold's shows will be here and every amusing feature possible will be furnished the public. Watch local notices in this PAPER.

Everybody Will Be Here
Come and Make it Unanimous

The Second Annual Portland Fair Oregon's Biggest Show!

Sept. 20-25
1909
Admission 25 cents.

6 Horse Races Daily
National Live Stock Exhibits
Balloon Racing
Chariot Racing
Fascinating Midway Attractions
FIREWORKS will be the most gorgeous and magnificent pyrotechnic display ever seen on this Coast. This will interest the whole family.
Reduced Rates On All Roads.

For Sale MOORE'S

Laundry

Hillsboro, Oregon
Equipped with the best machinery, doing a profitable business and everything in first-class condition. Will teach any inexperienced purchaser the business or will sell 1/4 interest. Good reasons for selling. Apply to
E. L. MOORE,
Hillsboro, Ore.

BANK REPORT

Report of the condition of the Hillsboro Commercial Bank, at Hillsboro, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, September 1, 1909:

Resources	
Loans and discounts	\$192,832 30
Bonds, securities, etc.	13,451 45
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	9,000 00
Due from approved reserve banks	84,921 01
Checks and other cash items	684 70
Cash on hand	8,482 29
Total	\$309,371 75
Liabilities	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 25,000 00
Surplus fund	12,500 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,830 73
Individual deposits subject to check	141,384 84
Demand certificates of deposit	6,285 73
Time certificates of deposit	6,745 73
Savings Deposits	115,924 73
Total	\$309,371 75

State of Oregon,)
County of Washington,)
I, Geo. Schulmerich, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Geo. Schulmerich, Cashier.
Correct—Attest:
J. W. Bailey, W. N. Barrett, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of September, 1909.
Benton Bowman, Notary Public.

Mrs. Powell, widow of the late Steuben Powell, a pioneer of 1846, was in town Tuesday, between trains, enroute to San Francisco. Mrs. Powell is a sister-in-law of S. D. Powell.

Remnants by the hundreds—and they are to go at half price. Come so as to get an early selection
—Connell & Co.

Joseph Robinson, of Farmington, was in Tuesday, and brought in some fine Gravensteins for the market. Out of 12 boxes sold to George the apples are all perfect. Mr. Robinson will bring a fine horticultural and vegetable exhibit for the Fair, and show the people what Washington County can do in these lines with a little husbandry and care. He has 40 acres that he can irrigate without pumping, but he says his produce grows sufficiently rank without water, although he may later irrigate. He and two brothers own about 100 acres of beaverdam that could be used fine for onion culture. R. S. Robinson, who joins him, raised oats this season which were put in late, and yet yielded 100 bushels to the acre. J. S. captured nine ribbons at the Fair last year, and he will be an active competitor again this season.

Henry Pieper, aged 90 years, and who is the father of Mrs. C. Rehs, is in the city for an extended visit. He is under the care of a physician, and this is his first indisposition for many years. There's nothing like the Oregon climate. Mr. Pieper is one of California's early pioneers.

Dan Bailey, of Blooming, was in town Monday. Daniel is using his auto buggy going to and from the hopfields, this season, and each morning this week he has been carrying a load of pickers to the Crabtree yard, above Laurel.

N. W. Chilcott, at the foot of Seventh street, across the S. P. Railway, has prunes for sale. When you furnish your own boxes and pick them yourself he charges a half cent for postage, and one cent per pound for Italian. 27 9

Peter Retehweis, of Orenco, was in the city Monday.

Thos. Madison, of below Farmington, was in the city Tuesday.

Oscar Carlisle, of below Farmington, was in the city Tuesday.

Found: B. P. O. E. golf cuff button. Call at Argus, identify, and pay adv. 27

Mrs. Julia Fickel Wilcox, of Portland, and who is in her 86th year, was out this week, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Archbold.

J. W. Marsh, of Centerville, was in Tuesday, and says that harvesting and threshing is now completed in his action. Ben Marsh had oats that went over 100 bushels to the acre, and had an average of about 80 to the acre.

Mrs. Frank Wallace has returned from a three months' stay at Hammond, Ore., where Mr. Wallace is employed by the government. Mrs. Burrhus and Miss Hazel Purlington, who spent the week at Hammond, returned with Mrs. Wallace.

The Schiller and the Grand Merc are two Oregon made cigars. When you want a smoke, just call for one or the other. They fill the bill, and are cheaper smokes in the long run, than nickel ones.

The following vital statistics were reported for Washington county during August: Returns on marriages, 17; contagious diseases—measles, 19 cases; diphtheria, 2 cases; deaths—males 11, females 3; births—males 11; females 4—W. D. Wood, county health officer.

Wanted—Three or four carloads of Angora goats, for shipment. Will buy small flock if enough can be procured to warrant shipment. See or write to J. J. Krebs, Lion Saloon, Hillsboro, Ore. 24 7

Geo. A. Cable, traveling for the C. R. Winslow Rubber house, will soon move his family on his ranch, the Chas. Stewart place, and which until recently has been occupied by A. E. Cameron. Mr. Cable will stay on the road for a year and then hopes to settle down with Hillsboro as his home.

Young folks—don't forget the dances at the Jolly hoppyard every Wednesday and Saturday evening until after hop picking closes. Good music and a fine time. Be one of us.—Committee.

F. Z. Miltenberger, of South Bend, Indiana, arrived in town last Saturday, for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Miltenberger, of North Hillsboro. He was accompanied by his little son, Gordon. Mr. Miltenberger is a printer and pressman, and expects to make Oregon his future home.

B. C. and D. C. Hollenbeck, husband and wife, who recently left here for St. John, Florida, write from St. Louis, Mo., under date of Sept. 6. They spent one day at Edgemont, Sept. 1, after passing through the Yellowstone Valley. They report the Yellowstone full of alfalfa, and that harvesting was in progress when they passed through. They saw one train of 46 cars of livestock pass through Edgemont. They passed by Custer's battlefield and saw that intrepid but unfortunate commander's tomb. In Nebraska they passed through thousands of acres of fine corn, but saw no fruit until they got into the lower Missouri River valley, worth mentioning. They are well, and send their regards to their Washington County friends.

C. D. Dreerson, of California, and who was prior to that a resident of Nebraska, was here the first of the week. He says that where there is no water in California it is too dry for good results, and where there is water there are too many mosquitoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Imbris, who are making extensive improvements on the Imbris Homestead, and who will take possession October 1, were in town Tuesday.

J. Johnson, of north of Glencoe was a county seat visitor Monday.

Geo. Z. Zeman, of North Plains was in Monday.

Victor Crop, of North Plains was in town Monday.

ONE AUGUST NIGHT.

She Was Told the Story of the Lady of Shalott.

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

It had been an unusually oppressive day even for August. Every one seemed sleepy or sleeping. Cobblers slept with half mended boots in their laps; Italian women slept at their fruit stands with sleeping babies at their breasts; horses trotted conscientiously along in front of sleeping drivers.

In the department store where Antonia Wheaton worked the day had been difficult, especially behind the stuffy corner where she measured out ribbons. And, oh, what a godsend the loud sounding bell at 4 had been! Most of the girls in the store were city bred, and they accepted the conditions of August philosophically, but Antonia Wheaton had come from a fresh little country town in the west, and as she leaned from her boarding house window—the third floor hall room, back—a few minutes before going down to dinner it seemed to her that she was locked in a place of torment from which no escape was possible.

They dined at 7 in Mrs. Brown's boarding house. In the half hour that Antonia had been home she had taken a sponge bath, brushed her silky, faxen hair and changed her black alpaca dress for a simple white muslin. As she leaned out of the window from the open space beside the storage house in the rear she could see the dust carts roll down the streets. The whirling of their big rotary brooms reminded the country bred girl of large turkey gobblers sweeping the earth with disdainful, proud wings. The open space faced the west, and, resting her little oval cheeks in her hands, Antonia could see that the sun was doing its best to set with some sort of rightful beauty, even in this homely downtown section.

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles!"

Antonia was speaking to herself in a reprehensible fashion that was growing on her, trying to recall some verses which Francis Logan had quoted to her one sunset time down on the Battery. She had fancied she could remember them, they were so simple and lovely.

Just then Mrs. Brown's cracked dinner bell rang.

Across the long, narrow table Francis Logan glanced at Antonia with something like a lump born of a big, protective instinct rising in his throat. Every vestige of fresh country rose bloom had fled from the girl's sweet face, and in the intervals when she fancied she was not observed the young fellow's alert eye noticed that black lashes rested heavily against her cheek as would those of one who is overweary.

Antonia's weariness struck home perhaps because of contrast. Francis himself was more than usually happy that night.

The big importing house where he was employed had that very morning sent a note to his desk informing him that his salary had been increased some \$10 a month. His dear mother, over in Devonshire, had just written him that a relative had left her an unexpected little legacy. Altogether the world was going well with Francis Logan.

"You look pleased, Mr. Logan," observed Mrs. Brown from her accustomed seat at the head of the table. "Ah, I remember—this is your favorite soup!"

For five years now young Logan had been an inmate of Mrs. Brown's establishment without having ever changed his seat at table or his room. Naturally Mrs. Brown sought to ingratiate herself with him.

"Why, my dear," she had exclaimed once to Antonia in a burst of enthusiasm, "he knows all the poets by heart. He sees only the best plays, even though it may be from gallery seats. He knows all the finest pictures up in the Metropolitan. He has what they call an 'artistic' taste too. My lands, you should hear him notice the sunset at the end of a narrow city street or a tiny flower out in the park or—"

"Yes, I know," said Antonia impulsively, for once coming out of her reserve. "He's pure gold—that's what he is!"

"Huh! Gold?" Mrs. Brown had re-

orted disdainfully. "None of your pretty, soft yellow stuff for him. He's good, solid, practical steel, if any one asked me. Don't you forget it, Miss Wheaton. And if you could be fortunate enough to tie up to him—"

Mrs. Brown had broken off abruptly at a flash from Miss Wheaton's eye. One dared not presume too far with Miss Wheaton, in spite of the silky, faxen hair and the childish dimples, as many of the young men in the department store had found out.

"If only they could be a little more like Mr. Logan!" Antonia had more than once found herself commenting as she pinned up her colored bolts. "He is the soul of honor, and I—I don't know what I'd do without him!"

"Had a stroke of luck today, little girl," Logan wistfully Antonia as she was going upstairs after the scanty saucer of raspberries, made purple with milk, had been eaten. "I want you to come out tonight and help me celebrate—if you'll do me the honor."

A little later, from the basement dining room window, Mrs. Brown, who was arranging her cloth for the next morning's breakfast, watched them go up the street together. Antonia, in her simple white muslin, wore a nodding spray of pink roses at her waist. As they walked toward the west the young fellow's eyes were fastened adoringly upon her.

"Guess they'll hit it off all right," commented Mrs. Brown as she went on refilling the porcelain saltcellars.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Francis as they walked toward the cars. "We'll go out to Riverside drive and sit there for a while till the night gets cooler; then we'll go to some big uptown restaurant and order some ice cold chicken salad."

"Oh," broke in Antonia in economic defense, "I'd just as lief go to a drug store and have some nice soda."

"Now, don't you bother about the expense, little one," said Francis gaily. "As I said, I've had a rare stroke of luck today, and when we get out on one of those cool benches on the drive I'm going to tell you about it." Also he determined resolutely to himself he would tell her something else. She needed to be petted and taken care of.

The car ride to the river was long. The sun glow had faded entirely out of the west and the gray veil that spread between the night and day was already beginning to be pricked by the city's innumerable lights when finally they reached the drive and leaned over the stone wall that edged it. The Palisades on the opposite shore cast huge black shadows upon the water. Near by a yacht or two were at anchor. Silently, mysteriously, their lights came up, one by one. Over on the Jersey shore a big building which by day showed itself to be an unsightly factory now took on the majesty of a mediæval castle.

"See the turrets and spires," said Francis, calling Antonia's attention to it. "Do you know the story of the Lady of Shalott?" he added. "She lived in a grand castle—we'll pretend that's it," he nodded toward the factory—"and from the highest window she watched her lover, Sir Lancelot, going by, and she drifted down the river to find him. We'll pretend this is the river, and—dear little Lady of Shalott, will you let me be your Sir Lancelot? I love you and want you to marry me and let me take care of you. Surely, little one, you are so fragile and sweet you need to be taken care of. Will you?"

The girl's eyes as he spoke were distant. All the yellow lights on the yachts seemed to be swinging themselves together.

"Just look at my hair, Francis," Antonia was saying twenty minutes later, with a shy note of laughter.

"I'm looking at it, dear," said Francis oddly, with something like a catch in his rich young voice. "And just to think I'm going to have it to look at all my life!"

moment later they were standing together in an angle of the roof, sheltered from the view of their companions. The noise of the city below them seemed far away.

Raymond broke the spell by a downward gesture. "I wish it were all mine."

"You mean the whole town? What greediness!" she laughed.

"So that I could give it all to you."

"Thank you, but I'm not ambitious to be a plutocrat. Of course one must have the things one is used to. Poverty is the worst of all."

"Is it?" His eyes challenged her.

"Oh, don't! You make it so hard for me!"

"You make it hard for yourself when you fight against your heart."

"Oh, you don't understand, Phil. It isn't as if I had only myself to think of."

"Do you ever give a thought to me?" She put her hands over her eyes in sudden tremor. If she listened longer she was lost. "I must go," she said hurriedly. "I've stayed longer than I should, but it was so pleasant." She turned in a panic and fled across the roof, and he followed slowly. When he overtook her her eyes were dilated.

"They're gone!" she gasped.

"Who?"

"Why, Leonard and Bessie. What could have induced them to go without us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But they will be waiting for us below without doubt."

He tried the door, rattled the knob sharply and met questioning her gaze with a blank stare. "We're locked up here," he exclaimed. Then as Viola laughed hysterically he added in haste: "Don't be frightened. It will be very easy to attract some one's attention."

Half an hour later, flushed and dripping with perspiration as a result of his fruitless exertion, he acknowledged his mistake. "Your cousins must have thought we had gone down before them. But after they get home and we fail to make our appearance it will of course occur to somebody that we're still up here. And the only thing to do is to resign ourselves to wait with what patience we can muster."

She looked at him reproachfully, but he did not meet her eyes. He sat some distance from her, staring moodily at the roof. Furtively Viola put back her veil and smoothed her hair. Apparently her appearance was to him a matter of complete indifference. He never turned his eyes.

Her sense of resentment found voice at last. "Are you going to sit here in absolute silence? Haven't you anything to say?"

"I have plenty to say, but I can't say it without taking advantage of the situation."

A long silence; then Raymond felt the slipping of a small hand down his sleeve. "I rather think, Phil," said a tremulous voice, "that I want you to take advantage of the situation."

Help was long in coming. As the darkness fell Viola drew closer, and her hand stole into his of its own accord.

It was a night without a star, and for that reason it was the more startling when suddenly a blinding flood of light lit up the space where they sat. Viola shrieked and hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Only a searchlight, dearest. Nothing startling on this pitch black night, wasn't it?"

Viola blushed in his arms. "Phil, do you suppose anybody saw?"

The young man smiled. "Perhaps," he acknowledged. "In fact, little girl, I rather hope somebody did."

Fifteen or twenty minutes later the sound of approaching footsteps told them that release was at hand. Raymond shouted. There was a sound of a key turning in the lock. A grinning policeman and the watchman of the building confronted them. Explanations were exchanged. The elevator had stopped running at 6 o'clock, and the two young people descended the endless flights of stairs as blithely as if they were walking on air.

Viola's home was in an uproar. The story brought by the country cousin had aroused grave suspicions, which Viola's mother explained as she clung to her daughter.

"It couldn't have happened at a more unfortunate time. To begin with, Mr. Pickering was annoyed. He makes such a hobby of punctuality, you know. And then when Leonard and Bessie came in—"

She raised her head from Viola's shoulder and looked sharply at the young man who had escorted her daughter home. Raymond bore her scrutiny in silence. It was Viola who prompted her impatiently.

"Go on, mamma. When Leonard and Bessie came in—"

"It was, of course, entirely absurd," declared Viola's mother peremptorily, addressing herself to Raymond, "but one must make allowances for a lover's natural jealousy. When Leonard and Bessie said that you had been with them all afternoon and that yet and Viola had suddenly disappeared the poor man jumped to the conclusion that you had eloped."

"There was an impressive silence, which Viola improved by removing her hat."

"Of course we must explain at once," Viola's mother continued. "Would it be better for you to phone him, Viola, or will you send him a note? Perhaps you had better phone him and say you are sending the note. You see, it is important that the matter should be cleared up without delay."

"I don't know that it's worth while to make explanations, mamma," she said. "It is true I didn't have any intention of eloping; but, just the same, I'm going to marry Phil."

The Argument of the Future.

"Good gracious, isn't that your husband across the street there quarreling with the man on the opposite porch?"

"Oh, they're not really quarreling. They dispute that way every night. George is a monopolist, and Mr. Stiggins is a biplanist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Social Mistake.

"Bliggins seems unpopular in his neighborhood."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He was so anxious to make people like him that they concluded he couldn't amount to much and was trying to butt in."—Washington Star.

ON THE ROOF.

He Didn't Want to Seize the Opportunity, but She Did.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"We've time enough yet to take a look at the city from the top of the Securities building. It's worth seeing, you know."

Prudence should have vetoed the suggestion. For the longer half of the blissful afternoon Viola had been aware that Raymond's eyes were saying more than they should and that their mute eloquence was singularly sweet and satisfying. Considering the fact that she was as good as engaged to another man, discretion counseled flight. A voice within, an authoritative voice, cried out that at the best the day would soon be over and urged her to make the most of it.

Viola compromised. "Mr. Raymond suggests our getting a view of the city from the top of one of the skyscrapers," she said, turning to her out of town guest. "If you are not too tired"—And her heart leaped at the promptness of their protest.

She walked beside Raymond silently, glad that he, too, seemed to have nothing to say. She was frightened to find herself clinging so fiercely to the joy of that afternoon together. He had come upon them quite by accident, but Viola knew that but for her he would have lifted his hat and gone his way. The gladness that leaped to her eyes at the sight of him, the tremor in her voice as she spoke his name, had been leached and taken a drive along the boulevards. Viola's country cousin had had the time of their lives. And now the western sky was red, and the time for saying goodby was near.

They stood looking down upon the city. Raymond, as in duty bound, pointed out the objects of interest. The country cousin hung upon his words and declared that they would not have missed the sight for anything. As for Viola, she had no eyes for the crawling streets between the steep cliffs of brick and stone nor for the crawling creatures far below. Bravely she feasted her eyes upon him.

He turned suddenly and looked into her eyes, and his own caught fire. A