

# Hillsboro Street Fair And Live Stock Show

WEDNESDAY SEPT. 22      THURSDAY SEPT. 23      FRIDAY SEPT. 24      SATURDAY SEPT. 25

## 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!

6 Horse Races Daily  
National Live Stock Exhibits  
Balloon Racing  
Chariot Racing  
Fascinating Midway Attractions

Sept. 20-25  
1909  
Admission 25 cents.

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.

## McNUTT REAL ESTATE CO.

I have city and county property in all sizes, from 1 acre to 1,000. Excellent city property in both West Grove and Cornelia. Farm lands from 10 per acre to as good as you want.

W. McNutt, Mgr.

## RESTAURANT

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

J. Palmateer, wife and daughter, are now at Coldwater, visiting with relatives. Palmateer has been sending friends some great postals, in view of the different productions of localities he visits. One sent Argus was an ear of corn so large that it appeared to be a horse load on a wagon—all the four equines could pull. W. Bath was down from Col. Grove, Tuesday, and states he has sold the Western Oregon paper published by him and son, Irvine.

S. A. D. Meek, of Glenora, was in Tuesday. His 12 year old son Robt, had a narrow escape last Saturday, a bull having attacked him while he was riding through the yard. The horse was bowled over and the lad sent to the ground. By this time the bull was enraged and started in to do execution, when the two dogs engaged him, permitting the boy to get away.

Rev. L. F. Belknap will preach his farewell sermons at the M. E. Church, Sunday, holding services as usual. He and his family will leave for Medford next week. Rev. Belknap and family have made many friends while here, and all regret their departure.

Edward Benson, who ran the conf-ottonery now conducted by Mr. Koeber, and whose wife was killed by an electric shock July 4, was here the first of the week, accompanied by a brother Mr. Benson has been in Southern California, and says the weather down there is very warm.

G. Vickers, of Cornelius, Wednesday sent to the Argus a box of Dunlap strawberries, the flavor of which was something great. They were raised on the Lone Fir fruit farm, in Cornelius. What do you know about Oregon—strawberries practically the first of October?

Widower living 11 miles out from town, wants middle-aged woman, who wants home. To care for four small children and keep house, housekeeper to have full charge. Address, giving full name, and wages expected—wages must be nominal. "x-26, Argus, Hillsboro."

W. W. Williams, Mountaineer, and Hiram Smith, of below Orenoco were in town Tuesday.

L. M. Herron, of b-low Tustlatin, was a county seat car Tuesday.

L. F. Carstens and wife, of Greenville, were in the city Saturday.

J. L. Barngrover, of west of town, and who has one of the neat places of the Baseline section, was in town Tuesday.

Wanted: Girl to assist in light housework in exchange for board and room while attending Hillsboro school. Address Argus, Hillsboro. 28 f

Mrs. Jane Beck, of Fontana, Kas., is the guest of a week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. L. Barngrover, of west of town. She leaves for her Kansas home in October.

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 Paites, and one cent per pound for Italian. 27 9

John McCallen, of near Cedar Mill, was in town yesterday, accompanied by his wife. He is getting out sale bills for an auction of his personal property.

W. E. Pruyn, who has charge of the G. E. water and light plant at Heppner, is down for a few days visit, and is a guest at the H. V. Gates home. He is accompanied by his wife.

J. H. Collier, wife and daughter, Lucille, returned Tuesday from a 3 weeks trip to Seattle. Herman says this country looks better than ever to him, but admits that Seattle has it on Portland for bustle and big things. He was glad to get home to look after that 1500 sacks of an onion crop.

## BANK REPORT

Report of the condition of the Bank of Sherwood, at Sherwood, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business Sept. 1, 1909.

Resources table with columns for item and amount. Total: \$53,581.89

## Liabilities

Liabilities table with columns for item and amount. Total: \$53,581.89

State of Oregon, County of Washington, ss. I, Fred J. Epler, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Correct—Attest: John Conzmann, L. S. McConnell, Directors. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of September, 1909. A. W. Hall, Notary Public.

The Schiller and the G and Merca 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 goods.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Hale and daughter, Miss Alice, leave the first of the week for Portland, after a Summer's stay at Hale's Mineral Spring, west of town.

Will pay \$50 per acre for grub big and burning 20 acres—ready for plow—John Freudenthal Hillsboro, Or., R. 5, box 90. 28 80

J. H. Peugh, of Mountaineer, was in Saturday, having just returned from a 60 days harvest trip with his team, up in the Condon country, where they run big combines along with their threshing outfit. He came in to meet his parents, Mr and Mrs W. H. Peugh, of Hod River, who will stay a week or so at Mountaineer.

Carlo Hensley, who has been staying in the famous Eureka Flat wheat belt, on the Snake River, above its confluence with the Columbia, is here for a visit with his parents, S. Hensley and wife, of East Hillsboro. He is a brother of J. H. Hensley, who operated one of the transfer wagons here for several months. He says that Eureka Flat is developed finally the past ten years, and that Walla Walla is now the finest city in the Inland Empire outside of Spokane.

## OLD PAP PINKHAM.

He Has His Troubles, but Stands Firm, as Usual.

### GETS A BLACK HAND LETTER.

Life In Danger if He Doesn't Leave Jericho—Refuses Trip in Flying Machine Named in His Honor—Six of His Hens Poisoned.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

MY Dear William—Things have occurred here in Jericho during the past week that I feel I ought to write you about. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and we have got to have vigilance by the carload to beat the machinations of the insidious enemy.

Last Monday afternoon, as I was drawing a gallon of kerosene in my grocery for old Mrs. Backbont, whose sorrowful history I will write you out at length on some other occasion, a stranger entered the place and the following conversation occurred:

"Do I address the Hon. Pap Pinkham?"

"You do."

"The father of Jericho, if not of his country?"

"The same."

"Formerly postmaster of this town, but bounced out by Roosevelt because he looked like another Pinkham?"

"That is mostly the case."

"Well, Mr. Pinkham, my business here is to buy your grocery and house and lot, in case they are for sale, and



A SALARY OF \$20,000 A YEAR.

permit you to go west and grow up with the country. Such men as you are wanted west of the Mississippi. It is there you will be fully appreciated. Please name the price for your real estate and business."

William, your old pap has got something besides bran in his noodle. I was on to the game. It was a move on the part of our political enemies to separate us—to get me out of Jericho and then turn her over body and soul to those who want to down us. With me you off west they would jump on to you like a rooster on a tater bug. I did not do personal violence to the man. I simply took him by the ear and led him to the door and jumped him over a barrel of salt and told him to beat it.

### Offered \$10,000 Job.

On Tuesday, as I was gathering a lot of garden peas to send you, that you might keep your family expenses down and know what you were eating at the same time, a stranger called me to the fence and after talking about buck-wheat, spring lambs and other things for a few minutes he wanted to know if I would go to Mexico and superintend a big silver mine for him at a salary of \$10,000 a year. He said he had heard of my honesty and general integrity and must have me at any price. I hung off until he offered me a salary of \$20,000 a year, and then I closed with him. That is I grabbed him to pull him over the fence, and in his struggles to get away he left most of his coat in my hands.

Do you twig, William? Wanted me off in Mexico in a hole in the ground, where you might call on me in vain and Jericho breaking out in open rebellion before I had been gone two days! I've got a sneaking idea that Senator Tillman put the job up, but don't know for certain. Don't give him a hint that you suspect anything, but keep your eye on him.

On Wednesday Silas Goodheart of this town, who is the champion trouble raiser, came to me and said:

"Pap, there's been hard feelings between us, and I don't want it that way any longer. Let's make up and be friends."

"But you are down on the president," says I.

"Yes, I thought he ought to have given me an office for the way I yelled for him, but let that go. Maybe he'll fix things right bimby. Let's you'n me go fishing this afternoon to show folks here in town that we've made up."

I said I'd go, and I went home to dig some bait. When I told Mrs. Pinkham what was up she threw up her hands and called out:

"Pap, if you go you will never come back alive! It's a plot of the enemy. They can't hire you to leave Jericho, and they are going to assassinate you! Deprived of your support, what's the president going to do?"

William, Mrs. Pinkham cannot only tell you what ails you over the long distance telephons, but she reads the future when the moon is full. It was full last week. I listened to her and then put up a job on Silas. I went fishing with him, but when he was about to elbow me off the bank into a deep hole I turned on him. When I had made him boller for mercy I took from his person a slingshot, a black-jack, a knife and a pistol. He had meant to make sure of your pap. I also took from his pocket a letter he had received from Washington. There was no name signed to it, but I have my suspicions. One paragraph of the letter read:

"The president and Old Pap have got to be separated at any cost of blood and treasure or all our schemes must fail. Find out if Old Pap can swim. If he can't your way is clear. They will think he was pulled into the river by a sucker. If your plan succeeds telephone me in these words: 'His mutton is cooked!'"

### Suspects Political Plot.

In the mail on Thursday morning I received a letter signed "Black Hand." It notified me that if I did not leave Jericho within one week I was doomed. The letter was postmarked Baltimore, but was doubtless written in Washington. Have you any specimens of the handwriting of Senator Bailey or Dolliver or that Michigan fellow? The Black Hand orders your Old Pap to pull his freight within seven days. Does he pull? Not if he is a bounced out postmaster, and they say he is! William, you can see to what straits the enemy is driven. Wouldn't it be a wise move on your part to get a shirt of mail and wear it tight and day? Don't let them make you believe that the dollar shirt is just as good. It looks to me as if the time would soon be here when both of us will have to carry a gun. Wouldn't it be well for us to begin to practice on the draw?

On Friday afternoon I was stopped on the street by a stranger who wanted to know if I would make a trip in a flying machine he had invented and named "The Pinkham" in my honor. In other words, I was to be taken up about three miles high and dumped out to strike the earth a dead ruler. I simply winked at the man and passed on. He saw that I twigged and bothered me no more. William, don't let no one cajole you into getting your feet off the solid earth. They are after us for sure.

Saturday wound up a week of excitement by finding that some one had poisoned six of my hens. More of the insidious enemy. He fails to bribe, bluff or scare me, and he wreaks vengeance on innocent hearted hens. The idea, William, is to strike us a fell blow and get the country to saying that our policies are all wrong and that Teddy must return four years hence. It's all as clear to me as a gallon of N. O. molasses. We have got to beat the game, and we have got to keep our eyes open to do it. I am holding Jericho between my thumb and finger, and I don't care a darn how much she wriggles. You hold Washington the same way.

Mrs. Pinkham says keep on with the root beer I sent you. It may bring out a rash, but you will feel better for it. If the sugar trust solicits my good offices to get a let-up it will be in vain. I am not to be sugared.

### OLD PAP PINKHAM, One Time Postmaster.

Mr. Bowser leaned back and looked at her for half a minute and then with a "Humph!" went on with his meal and asked no more questions. It was not until they reached the sitting room that he said:

"Now, madam, tell me all about it. You have had a confidence game worked on you today, and I want the particulars."

"But he talked like an honest man," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Oh, certainly. He made you believe black was white."

"And his wife is ill."

"The usual tale. What did he have to sell?"

"This gold breastpin. He said it was worth \$5 or \$6, and he let me have it for two."

"For two? For two?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he reached for it. "Two?"

"Isn't it gold?"

"Gold nothing! It's pure and unadulterated brass, and is worth about 10 cents. By George, but you must have softening of the brain! Taken in and done for as slick as grease!"

"I—I thought it was gold."

"And you think the moon is made of green cheese. He said it was gold, of course, but you needn't have been ninety enough to believe it. Two big dollars for 10 cents' worth of brass! Don't talk any more about my buying chickens."

"I wish you would take it to a jeweler and see what he says," observed Mrs. Bowser after a moment.

"What! Don't you believe what I—said?"

"But he seemed so honest—I can't somehow believe he stood and looked me in the eye and lied to me. And the pin seems like gold to me."

"Taken in and done for by a game that wouldn't fool a baby, and yet you hate to admit it," he laughed. "Why, woman, I was on to that game before I was out of knickerbockers. It's one of a dozen well known con games."

"And weren't you ever fooled?"

"Me taken in—me, Bowser? Not on your life. I have never come within forty rods of it. Gold? Why a child could smell the brass. And he said he had a sick wife—ha! ha! ha!"

"If a jeweler says it's brass?"

"How can he say anything else? Why don't you own up that you've been played? Yes, I'll take it even, and I'll also tell him what a bewitched wife I have. Gold! A sick wife!"

Makes an Arrest. Mr. Bowser had headed for a jewelry store when a pedestrian stopped and accosted him with:

"Mister, here's a diamond ring belonging to my wife. There's two small diamonds, and the ring cost \$60. I'll take \$20 for it."

"Um, um. Maybe you are the man that sold my wife a breastpin for \$2 today."

"I sold one to a lady somewhere around here. She was very kind to help me out, but I must have more money."

"You are just the chap I want to see. Take a walk with me."

"I will."

"It was a gold breastpin, was it?"

"For sure."

"And this is a diamond ring?"

"It is, sir."

Mr. Bowser walked the man into a police station and up to the desk and said to the sergeant:

"Officer, here is a man I want to give in charge. He's a swindler."

"Aren't you mistaken?" asked the officer. "I have known the man two or three years. He's a hard worker and out of luck. He was asking me to buy a breastpin this forenoon."

"But he sold it to my wife, and it's brass. The diamonds in his ring are only glass."

The sergeant sent for a jeweler across the street, and when the man had made his examination and report, Mr. Bowser stood with open mouth and might have remained an hour longer had he not been told:

"Better run home, now, and try to lose some of your sharpness on the way."

"Well?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as he arrived.

"Fools and jackasses, the whole pack of 'em," he replied as he set down with a grunt. "And that's all she got out of him."

Mere Nonsense. "I wish," she complained, "that you wouldn't talk so much nonsense to me."

"I didn't know that I talked nonsense to you."

"You're always telling me about yourself and what you have been doing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Poor Papa! Tommy—Mamma, why have you got papa's hair in a locket?

His Mother—To remind me that he once had some, Tommy.—Jeweler's Weekly.

She Never Caught On. "Dearest," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change."

"Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me."—The Sun.

Another Bell. Bill—I have just taken something which was indorsed by my doctor.

Jill—What was it?

"A check."—Yonkers Statesman.

incident. He had repeatedly warned Mrs. Bowser about such transactions. When he arrived and got seated at the dinner table she innocently asked:

"Do men ever go around with brass jewelry trying to sell it for gold?"

"Do they?" he exclaimed as he looked up. "Well, I should remark that they did! It's a regular business with lots of them."

"And what stories do they tell?"

"Oh, they generally get off something about a sick wife or starving children. It's what the police call the sympathy dodge."

"And not one of them is honest?"

"Not a living one. The whole gang ought to be in prison."

"But there must be cases where honest ones are hard up," persisted Mrs. Bowser.

"All nonsense. If any of the fellows call here you don't want to be taken in by any of their stories. How does it happen that you are asking me about this matter all of a sudden?"

"Why—why, I just happened to think of it, you see."

He Wants Particulars. Mr. Bowser leaned back and looked at her for half a minute and then with a "Humph!" went on with his meal and asked no more questions. It was not until they reached the sitting room that he said:

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