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L. A. LONG, Editor.

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Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

LONG & McKINNEY

The mass meeting ticket nominated for the city election should and will prevail. It cost some thing to get the mass meeting idea established in the city and the consequence of doing away of back alley nominations. Not a man was named last Friday evening, nominated or not who was not a representative citizen. The gentlemen named have every qualification for good, substantial public officers, and the gentlemen nominated should, on the same ground, have the public support at the polls.

Hillsboro should make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, for the establishment of some large sawmill next Spring. Manufacturing institutions will give our business and grow an impetus and send us to the five thousand mark in a short time. Pull, and pull hard, and let your hammer rest in retirement.

MODEL MR. BOWSER

Peace Descends Like a Dove on His Household.

HIS QUIET DAY AT HOME.

In Fear and Trembling Mrs. Bowser and the Cook Wait For the Explosion That Never Comes—Even a Tramp Gets a Smile and a Dime.

By M. QUAD.

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As a rule Mr. Bowser comes down to breakfast to do more or less growing. He has had trouble in finding his collar button, necktie and cuffs, and after a long hunt his missing hairbrush has been discovered under the bed. He sits down at table to mutter over the rolls, jaw about the coffee and declare that his poached egg is a year old. When he departs for the office it is with the feeling that he is a martyr and that the world owes him a debt of gratitude for suffering as he does without becoming desperate and murdering somebody.

The other morning Mrs. Bowser received a surprise. There was no row heard upstairs after she came down, and when Mr. Bowser appeared he was calm and placid. He even had a smile on his face. The coffee and rolls and egg were all right. Not a threat to cripple the baker for life or slaughter the grocer on sight. After several furtive looks at him and after noticing that the cook was scared and puzzled, Mrs. Bowser asked: "Didn't you sleep well last night?" "Never better," was the reply. "Haven't got a headache this morning?" "Not a sign of one."

Bowser Real Obliging. She couldn't make it out and was wondering over it when he said: "I'm not going to the office today. There's little doing, and there's a few things around the house I want to see to. You spoke about having a bureau moved into the back bedroom."



BOWSER SURPRISES A TRAMP.

"But—but let it go for now. You—you might strain your back." "Oh, it will not take five minutes. The front steps should have a coat of paint before the autumn rains come on." "But there's a painter working in the house next door." "He wouldn't want to break off for a little job like that. There are also a few places in the cellar I want to touch up with whitewash, and I notice that the kitchen door sags and should be planed off."

Mrs. Bowser thought of the days when Mr. Bowser had stayed home to play the handy man and the awful consequences that had followed, and tears came to her eyes and her heart was like lead. She had a dollar and a half in her purse that she had saved up, and she was about to offer it to him to go along to the office as usual when she looked into his face, and it seemed to her that it had somehow changed. It was soft and gentle and confiding, and she determined to take the risks. The first thing after breakfast Mr.

Bowser went out and bought paint and a brush and got into his old clothes and began work on the steps. There was no undue haste and no row. In an hour he had almost finished. Then he went into the back yard for a stick to stir his paint, and during his brief absence a delegation of five Salvation Army lassies called to solicit a cash contribution. They were standing about on the freshly painted steps in picturesque attitudes when he returned.

Heavy Weather Predicted.

Last spring, when Mr. Bowser had just finished the steps and found Mrs. Bowser's minister walking up them, he yelled at the good man in a way that blew his hat off and jumped him over the fence. Here, now, were five young women wandering over the painted surface, and yet when he saw them he raised his hat, made a contribution of \$2 and gallantly opened the gate for them to pass out. Both Mrs. Bowser and the cook witnessed the sight from a window, and the latter turned to her mistress and whispered: "If I were you I'd telegraph your mother to come as soon as a flying machine would get her here. There's going to be reactions before this day ends."

Mr. Bowser repaired damages, let the street peddlers yell at him without getting mad over it and by and by was ready for the bureau. Mrs. Bowser had every reason in the world to believe that he would walk upstairs and jump at that article of furniture and seize it by the neck and yank and haul and pull and bang until it was a wreck beyond repair. She followed him to make appeals, but they were not necessary. He reached out with gentle hand and benign countenance, shoved the bureau out of one room and down the hall into another, and lo, it came to rest as a humming bird alights on a hollyhock. She wanted to give him a word of praise, but her throat choked up and she could not speak.

Even a Tramp Cashes.

The noon lunch was a picked up affair, and cook had predicted a cyclone, but none followed. Mr. Bowser meekly and cheerfully ate what was set before him, and when a tramp called at the door he was given 10 cents in cash instead of being fung over the fence and chased down the street.

There was a whitewash outfit down cellar, and after lunch Mr. Bowser hauled it out and began touching up the walls. Almost at the first go-off he got a splash in his eye. He gave a jump, but caught himself. He did not yell for Mrs. Bowser—not a swear word, not a threat to tear the house from limb to limb. Mrs. Bowser was listening at the stair door, and she turned pale with apprehension. The cook saw it and said: "You'd have better taken my advice. When the change comes it will be sudden and awful!"

Before the whitewashing was finished Mr. Bowser fell into the coal bin and over the ax, but he placidly rose up, and nothing occurred to cause the walls of the house to tremble to their foundations. If he even thought he'd belabor the furnace with his brush he dismissed the idea as soon as formed.

Model Mr. Bowser!

The kitchen door was the next thing taken in hand. It had to be taken off to be planed. Ordinarily Mr. Bowser would have loosened a screw or two and then put forth a tremendous effort and wrenched the door away, but now he was patience itself. He spent ten minutes looking for the screw-driver, another in finding a plane, and the door was handled as carefully as a peachblow vase. It was planed off, rebung, and it opened and shut as softly and as joyously as a clam—not a kick, not a wrench, not a yell. No wonder Mrs. Bowser's voice trembled as she viewed the completed work and asked: "Do you feel a roaring in the ears or anything of that kind?" "No, dear. My ears are all right."

A leg of the deal table in the kitchen had been wabbly for two months. Mrs. Bowser had intended to call in a carpenter, but had procrastinated. Now Mr. Bowser's eyes fell upon it, and he went after glue and hammer and nails. The cook stepped outdoors to be clear of the flying splinters, and Mrs. Bowser made an excuse to go upstairs, but it was a false alarm. Not a splinter flew; not a table leg went burling through the air; no one rushed for the ax and chopped and smashed and chopped. The wabble was cared for as a nurse handles a fevered babe, and after half an hour the table stood on its four solid legs and took on a new dignity.

The clothesline posts in the backyard had been pulled from a perpendicular by the tension. They were leaning toward each other in a friendly but ungraceful way. Mr. Bowser went out with the spade and reset them. Every moment it was expected to see him tear those posts out by their roots and leave them in the alley and then raise the neighborhood with blood curdling whoops, but there wasn't a tear or a whoop. He even hummed the air of a gospel hymn as he worked.

The Cook Gives Notice.

Everything was finished now, and dinner was ready. Not a kick or complaint; not a word against the mother-in-law or any talk of divorce and alimony. When the meal was finished the cook beckoned Mrs. Bowser into the kitchen and whispered: "My trunk is all packed, and I leave tonight." "But why?" "It's him. He's changed all over, and it's this blessed night you'll be chopped into fine pieces with the ax if you want me to I'll stop at the station and have four policemen come up and take him away to the crazy house."

Half an hour later Mr. Bowser was looked for at the front door. He sat on the step with his arm around the cat he had tried so often to kill, and both of them were sound asleep.

The Remnant of a Man.

The speaker said, "Lend me your ears. I lent 'em, though I had my fears. Oh, such a world of wicked men! I never get 'em back again. The ears he had seemed very fine. Why should the rascal care for mine?" I riveted my eyes on him. And then my sight grew very dim. The rivets he could not undo.

Although he tried a week or two. I'm sure you will not feel surprised when I remark I miss those eyes.

Soon after a dinner gay I gave my arm to young Miss May. She thought it was a souvenir. You see I haven't got it here. She took my arm, but left my sleeve. It's hollow, as you will perceive.

For young Miss May I ceased to care and fell in love with Rose, so fair. I lost my heart with courtly gravity. An old tin can now fills the cavity. I put some beads inside the can. I'm sure that was a hearty plan.

I married Rose. It must be told. She proved to be an awful scold. She took my head off. That was sad. It was the only one I had. Oh, I'm a remnant of a man! Deary R. reader, if you can.—Frank R. Walton in Judge's Library.

ANTIPATHIES.

THERE are things that do not please me. Do not gladden me a bit. From their thrall, should fate release me.

She would make a three base hit. Monthly statements, curt and snappy. Bills for steaks exceeding high. Make me frightfully unhappy. For my cash is always shy.

There's the man who comes a-prowling in his stolen way and slow. Always looking back and scowling. Saying: "Humph! I told you so!" Him I'd pass up blithely, gayly. Without sorrow or regret. He's annoyed me nightly, daily. Him I gladly would forget.

Girls who sing or vainly try to. Men who always talk baseball—These I'd rather not get nigh to; I would gladly miss them all. Foolish talk concerning Peary. Greatly worries me; but, then, Cook is not a subject cheery. Let him find the pole again.

Still I have a faint suspicion To shed sunshine on the throng Is not my own daily mission. Crowds do not burst forth in song When they see me mumping, mumping. Dodging bores and looking grim. The confession's rather humbling. But my liver's out of plumb.—Chicago News.

A Fair Proposition.

"Look here, uncle," said the impetuous young man, "you've promised to give me all your money when you die, haven't you?" "Yes."

"Well, why wait? Give me a little of it now, and I'll pray every night that you may live long and be happy."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. You pray every night for six months that you may develop a liking for work, and if at the end of that time it appears that your prayers are being bargained for, I'll take your proposition under consideration."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pipe Dream Reflections.

To get the wild oats out of a boy thrash him. It's the young man with sand who wins the girl with the rocks.

Dishwashing is hard on wedding rings. There's no doubt about the man in the honeymoon.

Some people look as if they were walking around to save funeral expenses. Life's a great battlefield, where there are more retreats than victories.

Cupid nowadays is a cupidity.—Judge.

Fantasy in a Flat.

"Bridget, I sincerely hope you like living with us."

"Faith an' I do. I'd not lave yes-no, not even if yez were bankrupt!" "I just came out here in the kitchen to announce that after this month your salary will be \$50 instead of \$25."

"Glory be! An' me just goin' to come in an' tell yez I want no more afternoons out!"—Puck.

Something Worse.



"They say that crouching the knees is likely to cause appendicitis. I wonder if that is true?" "It causes something worse than appendicitis, dear boy."

"What?" "It causes trousers to bag at the knees."

Chesapeake a Luxury.

"Yes; he continues to show his enmity to the rich."

"What's he doing now?" "Promoting a company that will cheapen the cost of divorces and put them within the reach of even the poorest applicants."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Real Rude.

"Ah, it is, at this season that nature's face is painted," said the poetical girl as she gazed away at the variegated foliage. "How I love nature!"

"Is that why you imitate her?" asked the rude man in black suspenders as he lit another stogy.—Chicago News.

His Dilemma.

Visitor—Have you bought all your new furniture yet? Flat Dweller—No; I can't decide whether to get a folding bed that looks like a refrigerator or a refrigerator that looks like a folding bed.—Cleveland Leader.

A Way It Has.

"De truth," said Brother Williams, "is lak a rubber band—de mo' you stretch it de mo' it comes back ter de place whar it started fum."—Atlanta Constitution.

Daily Health Hint.

A New York scientist has discovered that wienewursts are dangerous to one's health. Beware of the 40g-Princeton Tiger.

SUMMONS

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

Marcellus I. Wagner, plaintiff, vs Grace M. Wagner, defendant.

To Grace M. Wagner, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and Cause on or before the 25th day of November, 1909, which is six weeks after Oct. 14th, 1909, the date ordered for the first publication of this notice, and if you fail to appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the above named plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the Court seems just and equitable. This summons is published by the order of the Hon. J. W. Goodin, Judge of the County Court for Washington County. H. O. Lake, attorney for plaintiff. Date of first publication, Oct. 14, 1909. Date of last publication, Nov. 25, 1909.

SUMMONS.

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

John Becker, Jr., Plaintiff, vs Absolon T. Hodges, Frank Partonico, Elizabeth Partonico, his wife, W. J. Rice, Sallie Rice, his wife, S. M. Rice, Annie Rice, his wife, Norma Linko, Sarah Dehman, Robert Dehman, her husband, John Beauchamp, Jr., William E. Beauchamp, Alice Beauchamp, his wife, Ellen Northrup, John Northrup, her husband, John Zimmerman, H. E. Behrens, Frederick T. Behrens, Paul Behrens, his wife, thirteen of the above named defendants.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby commanded and required to be and appear in the above entitled court and answer the complaint in the above entitled cause, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: the 14th day of Dec., 1909, and on or before the 14th day of Dec., 1909, and you and each of you will please take notice, that if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, that the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for a decree dissolving and decreasing the plaintiff's title to the real property, lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

All of Lots Nine (9), Ten (10), Eleven (11), Twelve (12), Thirteen (13), Fourteen (14), Fifteen (15), and Sixteen (16), of and in block numbered One (1) and in North Side Addition to the town (now known as Hillsboro, Oregon, as the same appears upon the duly recorded Plat thereof of record and on file in the office of the Recorder of Conveyances of Washington County, Oregon.

And that you and each of you and all persons claiming by, through or under you, or either of you, be forever barred and precluded from asserting, or attempting to assert, any right, title, or interest in or claim of lien upon the real property hereinbefore described, or any part or parcel thereof, adverse to the title of the plaintiff therein, and that the plaintiff's title to said real property be quieted as against each and all of the defendants hereinbefore named, and for such other and further decree as may be necessary and proper in the premises. This summons is served upon you by publication in the Hillsboro Argus, a newspaper published in Hillsboro, Oregon, by an order of Honorable J. W. Goodin, County Judge of Washington County, Oregon, made and dated Oct. 26th, 1909. Bagley & Haro, attorneys for plaintiff.

Opening Sale

:- HIGH GRADE :- Ladies' Tailored Suits

OWING

To the numerous delays in the completion of our building and fixtures, we are late with our fall arrival of goods, and in order to dispose of same to make room for the

Spring Stock

we are placing all fall goods on a SPECIAL SALE at manufacturers prices.

100 Ladies' Tailored Suits 100

These suits are of the latest styles and fabrics made by the best manufacturers in the United States. All our fall garments ranging in value from \$15 to \$25, will be placed on special sale at \$10, \$12.50, \$15.

Besides the above we will have open and ready for sale a complete stock of Dry Goods, Furnishings, Hosiery, Gloves, Comforters, Blankets, Linens, Etc.

Special Notice

Our big opening will take place with the arrival of our spring goods. Tamiesie Block, cor. 3rd and Main

A. GROSS, Hillsboro

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Royal Bakery & Confectionery Incorporation, sole manufacturers of Royal Table Queen Bread, have made arrangements with the enterprising firm of

WYATT & CO.

whereby, the said firm of Wyatt & Co. will be exclusive agents for

ROYAL TABLE QUEEN BREAD

The best bread on the market. Delivered fresh every day. Appetisingly delicious, wholesomely good.

LANDESS CONFECTIONERY

Second Street opposite postoffice

FOR FRESHEST OYSTERS

For Sandwiches and Coffee
Confectionery the Choicest
Fine Line of Cigars and Tobacco
Splendid Line of Post Cards
Quality and Cleanliness Our Motto.
Give Us a Trial!

REMOVAL NOTICE

Our Patrons will please take notice that we have removed our

Sporting Goods Store

To Third street, at the Garage, where we have more room and are better able to take care of our trade.

Guns and Ammunition

Winchester and Savage Rifles, the best hunting rifles ever made.
Remington Shot Guns. Latest models, Hammerless, Repeaters. Buy no other.
Revolvers of all kinds.
Bicycle Supplies. Repairing a Specialty.
R. LEE SEARS

Smoke just half as much, and when you do smoke, buy a Schiller, and you'll never be accused of being "grouchy." Argus and Oregonian, \$2.25.

CONDENSER OPEN AND OPERATING

Means Employment for Quite a Number of People

RUN AS LONG AS SUPPLY HOLDS

Milk Flow Will Increase After First of the Year

Manager Kiser, of Forest Grove, came down Monday morning and witnessed the opening of the Hillsboro condenser, which has been closed for several weeks, in order to permit of repairs. The Pacific Coast people were in doubt as to whether the factory would operate any more, but upon reflection concluded to give the plant a trial. The milk supply was not what was considered sufficient when the factory closed last Fall, and owing to the encroachment of the Portland market the outlook was not very bright.

Two weeks ago, however, the condenser people concluded to give the plant another trial. The last half of November, \$1.80 was paid for four per cent milk, and the price to be paid will be all that the market can stand.

GEORGE HARRIS

George Harris, of Shady Brook, and who was 78 years of age, died December 1, 1909, at the family home, after an extended illness from Bright's disease. Deceased was a native of Canada, coming to the United States when a boy. He was a veteran of the Civil War. He settled in Oregon in the 60's, and for many years has lived in the Shady Brook section. He leaves a wife and two daughters, Mrs. Marcus Trumbo, of Albina, and Mrs. Fred Northrup, of Shady Brook.

Henry Kamoa, of Blooming, was in the city this morning.

F. F. Knight, of Forest Grove, and S. F. Van Meter, of Dilley, were in town yesterday.

Glen Shaner, the North Plains rancher and horseman, was in the city today.

Peter Bowser is taking the census of the school children between the ages of 4 and 20, and intimates that there will be a surprise in the nature of a big increase over the enumeration of last year.

ENGINEER O. R. BRACHAM



Washington County boy who was killed in a wreck, near Missoula, Montana, Nov. 23, 1909, and buried here last Sunday.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Leaves for Portland—
Forest Grove Local..... 6:51 a. m.
Sheridan Flyer..... 9:18 a. m.
Forest Grove Local..... 10:43 a. m.
Forest Grove Local..... 3:34 p. m.
Corvallis Overland..... 4:56 p. m.
Leaves Portland for Hillsboro
Corvallis Overland..... 7:30 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 ARRIVES FROM
PORTLAND PORTLAND
No. 32.....6:55 a. m. No. 31.....7:40 a. m.
" 34.....8:40 " " 33.....9:25 " "
" 36.....10:30 " " 35.....11:05 " "
" 38.....12:35 p. m. " 37.....1:10 p. m.
" 40.....2:00 " " 39.....3:10 " "
" 42.....3:40 " " 41.....4:30 " "
" 44.....4:30 " " 43.....6:30 " "
" 46.....7:15 " " 45.....9:20 " "
" 48.....10:05 " " 47.....12:10 a. m.

Notice of Administratrix' Sale of Real Property.

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order and decree of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, made and entered herein on November 23, 1909, authorizing me, the undersigned administratrix of the Estate of J. T. Killin, deceased, to sell, at private sale, all the real property, belonging to said estate, I will, from and after Monday, January 11, 1910, proceed to sell, at private sale, the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the following described real estate, situate in Washington County, Oregon, to-wit: All of the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section 31, T. 2 N., R. 1 W., Willamette Meridian, containing 40 acres. Bids will be received by me at the law office of W. N. Barrett in Hillsboro, Oregon, and said sale will be subject to confirmation by said court. ROSE E. BRADLEY, Administratrix of the Estate of J. T. Killin, deceased. Formerly Rose E. Killin, administratrix of the estate of J. T. Killin, deceased. W. N. Barrett, Attorney for said estate.