<u>ORDER</u> SHORT HOUSE

I have opened a Short Order Restaurant next door to the Shute Bank and have engaged a competent Chef.

Oysters in all styles

When you are in the city, give us a call. We buy the best the market affords. For good steaks, and an excellent service, in short orders, drop in and see us.

Tables for Ladies. Open until 1.00 A. M.

JOS. H. WILLIAMS

NEW GROCERY

The undersigned has opened a new grocery store in the

- Building Pythian And solicits a share of your pat-

ronage. A splendid assortment of

Staple and Fancy

Groceries. I buy the best and sell at the closest possible margin.

New Store—New Goods Give Me a Trial E. W. MOORE, 2nd St.

MAYS @ CONOVER

To the People of Scholls and vicinity,

We have invoiced our General Merchandise Stock and find that we are carrying a heavier stock in some lines then we need, and as it is one of our Strong Points in business to cater to the wants of our cusfomers, it is necessary to continually change some lines of goods, therefore we have decided to make

A Big Reduction Sale

IN SOME LINES

And A Closing Out Sale

in other lines, to make room for our new, and up-to date spring stock which will soon be here. We will start this sale FEBR'JARY 1st by giving a 20 per cent discount on all shoes, hats, caps, ladies' and gents' furnishing goods, flannel overshirts, hosiery, etc.

Our shoe stock consists of the famous Stillson, Kellogg, Capon, Gotzean and various other brands, while our underwear line is mainly Munsing, Cooper's, and the reliable Morris Mills goods, all of these goods are clean goods, no dead

STOCK IN OUR STORE

We will also include in this sale about 60 gallons of A 1, harness oil, regular price \$1.00 per gallon, as long as it lasts it goes for 75c, less sale discount, 2 per cent. This sale will continue until our aim is accomplished. WATCH this SPACE for we will add other lines from week to week. Remember we save you one-fifth off regular price on all goods placed on sale this week.

We make one price to all. We aim to please. MAYS & CONOVER, Scholls, Ore.



things to eat.

Insist upon Olympic

AT YOUR GROCER'S

"there isn't any just as good."

DRAINAGE QUESTION BLFORE COUNCIL

Surface Water Problem is Discussed by Fathers

SURVEY ORD, RED FOR N.EILLSBORG

Will Ascertain if Water can be Taken Westwird

May r Bailey presided at the city hall, Tuesday night, with all six councilmen present-Ed. Schulmerich, A. M. Carlile, J. B. Trul linger, C. Heim, W. W. Boscow and Robt. Hartrampf. The q estion of drainage was taken up, and Surveyor T. S. Wilkes reported that he was not yet ready to report on the out y from the Cong. Church, eastward, to drain that portion of tle city, out through the Doughty place, and he was directed to survey lines for drainage of North Hilleb ro and see what outlet could be made through the Connell farm to the westward. He will report at the next meeting. City Attorney f. H. Tongue will draw a new or dinance, rale ng the salary of the marshal to \$50 mon hly, ins end of \$50. The following claims were

The state of the s		
Carl Larson, marshal's sal	50	00
Independent, printing		
C Larson, work city hell		
Commercial Hotel, bd pris	4	50
Connell & Co, natis, streets	10	20
Grant Landess, street work	- 6	DH
Ray Rhodes, street work	y	EM.
Wm Emrick, "	18	3
A P Luther, street cleaning	-	-01
John Johanson, street work		0
Edward Benson, " "		0
(7 W Barnes, sal treasurer	35567	0
Johnson Bros, lumber streets		
I Findst and Downs Co.		

Y. P. M. Society.

The young people connected with Frace United Evangelical church have a new organization, which was formed by the Branch Presilent, Mrs Myra Miller-Stauffer, for the purpose of studying mission ery topics. The name chosen is in honor of the missionary nurse of heir denomination in Siting China, -The Addie Curry-Munord Young Pe ple Missionary Soiety. Dr and Mrs. Munford paid s visit to this congregation ere th y sailed for the fore gn field and delivered interesting addresses Great interest is manifested in ever ing of every month.

way; Vice Pres , Lucy Frank; Rec | or the other, and since the manuscript Sec, Ethel Brandow; Cor Sec. was sent in by a woman he concluded Nellie Frank; Treas., Harry Light

For Sale

A registered Guernsey Bull, past 3 years old, has excellent record, and s well marked for dairy purposes At Oreenberg station, on Salem

At Oreento, or write T. Delano, Bave ton, Ore., Route 1.

STEWART-HULSE

Mr. Jesse Stawart and Miss Berths Hulse were united in marriage at North Yakima, Wash , January 26 1910 Mr. Stewart is an oldtime Hillsboro boy, and the bride is one of North Yakima's popular and talented young ladies. The groom is in business at Mabton, and is postmaster at that place-a thriving little city on the Yakima, above

Mr Stewart has many friends here, where he spent his boyhood days, and the Argus joins them in tion and, finding it within limits, laid tendering congratulations.

HELEN MEADE

Miss Helen Jeanette Meade, eldes daughter of Mr. and Mrs H V Meade, died at Medford, January 28, 1910, after a week's illness with enteric typhoid. She was born in Portland, April 11, 1895 She was a bright young lady and well ad vanced in her studies in the Med son of N B. Meade, who lived here loves, but "a heart as big as Table years ago

FIREMEN'S DANCE

Hillsboro Hall, Monday evening, February 14. The fire boys sacrifice a great deal of 1 no and combetterment of the department Business men, also, are requested to purchase tickets and help swell eplendid idrill under the leader ship and direction of C. S. Park ment

Eli Pee and daughter, of Cornelius, were in the city Tuesday.

in town Tuesday.

was a caller Tuesday afternoon.



trely describes the brilliancy of this

new It against lamp for electric light. Waletho ratio amount of electric curre the wie filament radiates from two to there times as much light as the ordinary carbon incandescent.

Use Tungsten Lamps in Your Home

They will cut your light bill in two, or, double your illumination without extra cost. Try a G.E. 40-watt lamp at first. It consumes one-fifth less electric current and is twice as belliant as the 16 candle power carbon lamp you now use.

Hillsboro Water, Light & Power Co.



By PERCY G. HALL. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-

The editor of the Excelsior Magazine sat at his desk opening envelopes containing contributions. Running over their work. The society will (00 the sheets of one to discover if it came duct its meetings the third Friday within the prescribed length, he found between two of them a hair. It was The following efficars were elect too long for a man's hair and too short ed: President, Miss Ruby Gallo for a woman's. But it must be one that it had belonged to the latter. It was not black or brown or red; it was golden. And the name of the girl on whose head it had doubtless grown was Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. But

perhaps this was fictitious. The Excelsior Magazine was published in the far west, where women, being comparatively scarce, are appreclated. Possibly it was this that led the editor to dream over the golden hair and Nathalle Rose Arrowsmith. He was a young man of ideal tastes. 47 8 He was not the owner of the periodical, but an employee whose business it was to select such contributions as would fit in between certain other staple matter. He possessed literary discrimination, but was aware that this delicate faculty was not considered in fixing his salary. What was expected of him was to read the manuscripts that came in to see that there was nothing in them calculated to offend any of the magazine's patrons, selecting those that would fit the empty

That a good name for Miss Arrot smith would be "the fair one with the golden locks" gradually insinuated itself into the young editor's mind. He estimated the length of her producit aside for acceptance in case it contained nothing objectionable. Meanwhile his operative mentality was on his work, but his ideal faculties-those akin to soul-were on "the fair one with the golden locks." By the time he had read her manuscript he had conjured up a poetic, aesthetic condition that enabled him to see in it the highest degree of literary merit. The language was "plains" or gulch language, and the author had succeeded in giv-ing it as correctly as if she had kept a cowboy's boarding house. There were ford High School Her mother is Rattlesnake Bill and Mexican Pete, as a sister of W. V. Wiley, of this "bad men as ever fanned a 45 or city, and was well known here as twisted a bowie." Then there was

The story was available, but when the editor contemplated offering the management's limit of compensation Young people are regrested not to ideal nature sickened. Yet what could torget the Firemen's Danc at the he do? Any suggestion to pay an adonly meet with a snarl from his chief and the remark that "we ain't in this yere business to edecate authors, but fort for the protection of property, for dust." He concluded to soften the and here is an opportunity for blow for the fair one with the golden you to help them to a fund for the locks by writing her a letter of apology for offering her so pitiful a sum for

her production. If he had stopped at this there need have been no harm done. All editors the fund. The lads will give a kindly insert feather beds under struggling authors before knocking them down. It's a feature of the business. er, and a valentine box will be a But the gold strand had stuck in his feature of the evening's entertain- head, and he added some "soft stuff." He inclosed the proprietor's check for the price to be paid and sent the whole

away with a fluttering heart. A few days later the young editor heard a stentorian voice in the man-C. Viohl, of Jobe Crossing, was ager's private room debating some J. C. Smith, of near Greenville, Pete in the story. Then the manager called the editor into his office. There

stood a strapping cowboy whose yellow hair hung down under his som-There were pistols and cartridges in his belt and spure big enough for buzz saws on his heels. He was flushed with anger; but, on seeing the editor, who was a delicate fellow of five feet two inches and a hundred pounds weight, he stood astonished for a moment then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Be you the kid as writ that?" he asked, holding forth the editor's apologetic message

The editor stood stupefied. "Waal, waal, I aln't on the blow about seein' big wonders, but this is the blarstedest observation I ever made. So y' took me for a gal. And the hair en strand. And y' daubed in some soft soap on me. I sure never see nothin' like this before."

"Did you write the stuff?" asked the proprietor of Nathalie Rose Arrow-

"Sartin. I read it to the boys, and they 'lowed it was fine."

"What made you choose that name?" "Why, pard, I was called sudden on roundup and lef the stuff with a young feller ez jist come out to the Peters ranch from the east to send to your magazine. He put on the name. He said he'd give it a nom der plum." "It is a plum," remarked the proprietor contemptuously.

"Waal, little one, I come up yere to to see what kind of a galoot took me for a gal. I thort as if there was ary insult intended, though I ain't much on gun suddenness, I'd jist bore a hole in the man as did it. But you ain't big enough target for my guns. Goodby, Mr. Proprietor; goodby, little one. And he walked out to the music of Then the manager turned to his edi-

"I reckon," he said, "this ain't no

pasture for a moon calf like you? Y' better go east to some o' them college magazines. Here's your salary to 00000000000

Humor and Philosophy By DVNCAN M. SMITH

00000000000

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

OH, love is such a tender plant! You handle it with care;
You cannot treat it with a club
And still its blessings share.
Once patient women had to stand
For all such kind of sport.
But now they grab a man like that
And hale him into court.

Serenely as the final act Of some old fashioned play. Without a ripple or a jar, It slides along the way Until fer hats and lovely gowns The man declines to cough, And then in few well chosen words He learns where he gets off. Before had fawned the suffragette

Upon his startled gaze Man didn't know he had a snap In those old fashloned days.
He crooked his finger; that was all
He had to do for years,
And if she ventured to get gay Perhaps he boxed her ears. But now a different morn has dawned.

The woman's day is here, And she must have her little say, And, oh, she makes it clear! Once, as perhaps you are awars, She couldn't speak in church. But now she lets her master know Who's ruler of the perch.

Naturally the Kind. Little Johnny couldn't get through his head some great fact that it was necessary for him to know in order to round out his education finely and comquestion with all the intensity of lan- pietely and make him a credit to the guage of Rattlesnake Bill or Mexican public school system. His teacher was trying her best to explain, and finally he said that he understood.

Well, Johnny, it was like pulling teeth, wasn't it?" said the teacher with

a sigh of relief. "Wisdom teeth," commented Willie

Too Deep For Her. A small boy who was picking his

up to his mother. "Ma, what is the difference between the fiscal year and one of these com-

mon, ordinary years?" "I used to know, but really I have forgotten. You can't expect me to keep up on these prizefighting affairs. Your pa can tell you what a fiscal year is when he gets home."

Couldn't Please Her. "Have you perfectly fresh vegeta-

"Yes, ma'am. These here vegetables came just five minutes ago and you

never saw anything fresher." "Yes, ma'am, these same." "Well, you see, I run a boarding house, and I always like mine a little seasoned by time, so I think I don't

Force of Habit. "You have read the autobiography of

the great pugilist?" "Yes; I had that great pleasure."

care for these."

"And how was it?" "Oh, brilliant, as you might imagine. There was hardly a page in the entire book in which the English language did not receive a knockout blow."

RETRIBUTION.

By PHILIP ATTERBURY. [Copyright, 1910, by American Press Asso-ciation.]

I was at work at my easel one morning when I received a visit from a lady who was a perfect stranger to me. I arose to receive her and was about to ask her how I could serve her when she said eagerly:

"Where is Edward Borland?" "Edward Borland!"

"Yes. Do you know where I can find him?"

"I never heard of the gentleman." "You painted the picture 'Retribution,' didn't you, on exhibition at Mar-

"I did." "From what did you take my like-

ness? I never sat for you." "My good lady, will you explain?" "Explain! Why harrow my feelings by forcing me to tell the distressing story when you must know it already.

Else how could you have painted that awful scene?"

"What awful scene?" "Do cease the pretense of ignorance. suppose it was he who told you."

My bewilderment was increasing rather than subsiding, for I noticed a resemblance, though a very faint ope, between the lady before me and a figure in the picture to which she referred. In fact, I was dumfounded. I dld nothing but stare at her. She went on speaking in her quick, excited way,

her eyes filling with tears: "It was all my fault. I urged him to take the money and speculate for days after the loss was reported to me by the brokers he had learned of it and made it good out of his own pocket. Indeed, he wrote me that there was a profit. The stupid brokers called on me for margin during his absence, at the height of the panic. He had distinctly told them to look to him and by no means communicate with me. But why did you call your picture 'Retribution?' At the moment I reproached him he had ordered a check sent me for \$6,000. I received it after he had gone.

A light was beginning to break in upon my brain. I had read of cases where persons had fancied themselves the subjects of artists' work, and it struck me that I had met with an instance. I was interested in the lady's story. Might I not be of service in restoring to her a person she had wronged? The picture, too, corresponded with the scene to which she referred. A woman was reproaching a man who had wronged her, while he stood with bowed head, receiving his chastisement. The woman was the principal figure; the man was in shadow and his face not distinctly visible. I concluded to temporize with her. "And did he not defend himself?" I

sked "No; he simply stood and looked at me in astonishment. His figure in your picture doesn't show his demeanor

"He left you with no explanation?" "None whatever. Ten minutes after his departure the postman left his letter containing his check for what I had given him-the profit. Profit, indeed! The transaction cost him \$7,500." I pondered, while she went on incoherently in the same manner as be-

fore. Finally I said to her, "If you will leave me your address I will see if I can do anything for you." "There! I knew all the while you were acquainted with him and that he gave you the information which led to your painting that picture. Oh, please do tell him how sorry I am for

what I did." "Yes, if I find him." The lady departed somewhat comforted, but by no means confident that I would succeed in gaining for her the forgiveness of the man she had

wronged. How I found Edward Borland is a matter between me and a man I paid for doing the work. When I met Mr. Borland he supposed the meeting was casual. I pursued the acquaintance and invited him to my studio, where I had the picture from Martine's conspicuously displayed on an easel.

watched him as he looked at it. The woman's face evidently interested him. "Where did you get your model for that figure?" he asked. This was a beginning. Before he left my studio I had told him the story of my visitor and her illusion. When his wonder at the singular occurrence had given place to thinking on the situation between himself and the lady I saw his face harden. If I ef-

fected a reconciliation I must use the utmost adroltness. "She was very bitter," he said, "when she supposed I had lost her money." "Naturally." I remarked.

"She gave me carte blanche to de as I thought best for her, to win lose as the market rose or fell, and

when it fell she reproached me." "As was to be expected from any woman and as would be the result tu the case of most men. Women don't way through the family newspaper possess the poise to stand that sort of came on a puzzler and put the same thing. Granting that you were excusable for accepting such a commiss you could only expect that it would be heads you win, tails you lose."

Before he left I secured his prom to meet the lady in question in my studio the next morning. I notified her to come, and she no sooner www her former lover there than I, as an artist, caught the penitent, pleading look on her face for my next picture I marked the first "Retribution I." and the second "Retribution II."

When my friend Mrs. Borland gots betreperous her husband tells me that had better paint a third picture with him in the foreground and call it "Retribution III." His wife falls to understand why.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SNITH 00000000000000

RECOMPENSE.

WE have to pay for what we get-That's plain and sad and true-For if we buy it at the store, All fresh and bright and new. Or get it at the counter free Where linch to tempt is set The bill in some old form come On that it's safe to bet,

Some things that seem to be a gift, Some things that seem to be a sur-Gilt edged and free as air. Without a single hitch or string To mar their outline fair. We find before the deal is through And settlement comes round

That they have cost us more than We'd bought them by the pound. And if it is a dog, a book, A ticket to the play.
The cost is there, though it may not Be seen as plain as day.

The bill collector may not come

With his insulting leer,

But all the same we have to pay

For this same sort of cheer.

No wonder as we older get
And have grown gray and wise
We look a gift horse in the mouth
To guard against surprise.
No wonder that we shy and try
When we are asked to share
The fortunes of another man
To find the comeback there.

Noncommittal.

The patient was tossing restlessly on a bed of pain. The doctor had made a thorough examination of the case had timed the pulse beats of the sufferer with his watch, had listened to his heart throbbings and had asked many questions as to the history of the case and as to recent symptoms. He shook his head gravely as be

came from the room. "Oh, doctor," said the wife anxious ly, "do you know what is the matter

with him?" "Yes," said the doctor firmly. "Oh, what is it?"

"He is sick." Just a Fit. "I wish I knew what to give t for a birthday present." "Something useful, I suppose?"

"Certainly." "And Inexpensive?"

"You might give him a bath ticket. You can get a nice one for a quarter."

"I thought you said Wilkins is an

Englishman. "He is." "Impossible." "Why?" "He saw the point of my joke in .

Free Advice. The man who is wise is on to said guys Who hand out advice that is free He knows that the lot Of this tommyrot

Is stale to the final degree

For goods that cut ice Are marked with a price As on through life's journey you pas And things that are worth A place on the earth not in the free sample class

The man with advice, Right once and wrong twice.

Should keep for home uses his junk
To use on himself.
So put on the shelf His offering of moth eaten bunk.

A word to the wise Is not a surprise,
But when it comes in by the ske
Just give him the wink And say that you think We may have a bit of a rain.

Accommodating



"Then you should like me." "Because I am strong for you."

Monumental.

"I don't like to fish." "Don't you?" "Not a bit." "Why?"

"I always catch such blg ones." "I should think you would like that." "No; they are so big that if I were to lie about them nobody would believe

me at all." Real Head. "I am looking for the head of the louse," said the canvasser.

wife. "Man wants to see you." "Yes; he called for the head of the

"Here Jane," called the man to his

"Oh, he is looking for the baby." "Why don't you get out and do some thing for yourself?"

"Me?" "Yes." "I haven't any opportunity."

"Oh, pshaw! Call up a dep

store and have them send you cut