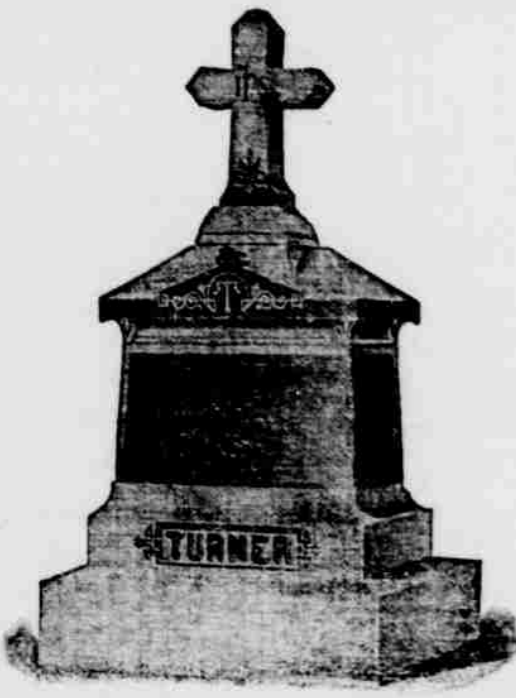


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TERMS:—Fifteen dollars to insure, payable when mare is known to be in foal; service due or collectable at once when mare is traded or sold. Care to prevent but not responsible for accidents.

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My Groceries are up-to-date, clean and fresh. Have recently added the Schilling Line of Extracts and Spices. "The Money Back Goods."

I Will Give a coupon with every purchase which when presented at my store will be exchanged on a \$3.00 Framed Picture.

J. E. BORWICK
General Merchandise, Reedville, Oregon.

H. C. Pearson, of Iowa Hill, was over to the city Monday.

A. V. Bergen, of Hillsdale, was in town Monday, straightening up some land matters.

Geo. Campbell and family, of Laurel, were over to the city Monday morning.

John Seifert, of Centerville, was a county seat visitor Monday morning.

John Ireland, of Greenville, was an Argus caller Saturday afternoon.

Grant Mann, of near Cornelius, was in the city Saturday, and called at the Argus office.

J. H. Dorland, of above Glencoe, was in Monday, and called on the Argus.

Fred Berger and Chris Schindler, of the Bethany section, were in town Saturday.

Geo. Reese, of near Blooming, was a county seat visitor Monday afternoon.

J. W. Hughes, the rancher and auctioneer of above Forest Grove, was in the city Saturday.

Logan berries have been in the market for several days and they are attaining fine growth this year.

Thos. Meacham was in from near Mountindale, Monday, and took out a load of campers for the warm season.

Mrs. F. Bockmann, of the Beaverton-Reedville section, was in the city Monday, and called on the Argus office.

Chas. A. Skoog, of Cornelius, and who is intending to return East, was in the city Monday afternoon.

Alec Todd, of above Forest Grove, was down Monday, and went out to West Union with Surveyor, and Thos. Connell, of Glencoe, to view a roadway.

William Schulmerich, who has farmed in Washington County for many years, was in Monday, and says that in all his experience here he has never seen prospects for a better grain yield.

James H. Sewell is cutting up some of his big holdings on the East Plains into small tracts, and Surveyor Morrill went out Tuesday morning to run some lines.

State Senator Wm. Scholfield, of Astoria, was a Washington County visitor, the last of the week, he and his family being guests of Benj. Scholfield and wife, of Cornelius.

Miss Bertha Fowles, who has been teaching at Washougal, Wash., was in town Monday. She is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Fowles, of above Mountindale.

David Houston and T. R. Imbrie went over to Newport Saturday morning, and returned Monday evening. They accompanied Mrs. Houston and Miss Lucille over to the summer resort to get them domiciled in the Wehrung cottage for the season.

Chief Engineer Geo. L. Davis and his assistant, Mr. Abry, passed through the city Saturday afternoon, enroute to Portland, after a few days on the line between here and the Nehalem.

Chas. True, of near Middleton, was up Saturday. Mr. True says that Chas. Barrett lost a \$6,000 sawmill and yard at West Middleton last week, and there was no insurance. The blaze took place on Tuesday night, July 12.

I wish to announce that I will operate a first class hay baler this season, and parties wishing baling done may apply to me by letter at Cornelius, Route 2, or by phone (Pacific States) Farmers' 275, Forest Grove.—F. A. Hohman.

The Huntmanns have installed their gasoline engine on a concrete foundation and are now pumping water a half mile back from the river, on their splendid little ranch. The flow is a miniature little river and they have found Summer irrigation very profitable.

The assembly last Saturday reminded one of the old convention days, before the primary law went into effect. There were many of the old warhorses in evidence and the old familiar faces took one back to the days when the direct primary and the direct legislation measures were in the propoganda chrysalis.

J. S. Robinson, of Farmington, was up Monday, and says that the apple crop is looking fine in his section, but that he does not think the quality will equal that of last year, which was especially fine. The Westberg orchard, he states, is very fine, however, and will have some fine prize winners in it.

"The best crop for many years" is the general report heard from all sections of Washington County. Nearly all the hay crop has been housed without a particle of rain, and haying will in a day or so be a thing of the past. Last week many new binders left the city, as harvest is already entered.

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Only first-class goods are carried;
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We keep the line DeLuxe. Come in and let us show you.

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Best manufactures of bicycles always in stock. Our bicycle repairing is the kind that "Stays Repaired."

R. LEE SEARS, - Hillsboro.
Garage, Third Street.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County
C. H. T. Atwood, Plaintiff,
vs.
Margaret Atwood, Defendant.
To Margaret Atwood, defendant above named:
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 on or before the expiration of six weeks from and after the date of first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 15th day of July, 1910, and if you fail so to appear or answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for a decree of divorce from you, and for such other and further relief as may to the court seem just and equitable.
This summons is served upon you by

order of the Hon. J. W. Goodie, Judge of the county court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, which order was made and entered the 24th day of May, 1910, and the date of the first publication being the 2nd day of June, 1910.
M. B. MEACHAM,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

We manufacture rough and dressed lumber of all kinds, and out of fine timber. If you are going to build, give us a chance to figure on your bill. Will figure at yard, or deliver. We are now sawing from the best timber cut in our section for years.—Groner & Rowell Co., Scholls, Hillsboro, Ore., Route 2.
71f
Argus and Oregonian, \$2.25.

HIS STUPID LITTLE WIFE

By ESTELLE MARSH
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

They were walking together on the riverside.

Both were young, and one was beautiful.

The crown of her hat was big enough to fit the head of the colossal statue of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens.

They were talking of love and marriage. Most young couples while dawdling talk either of love and marriage or platonic friendship, the man taking the ground that it is impossible, the girl that it is the most desirable form of affection between the sexes.

"As for me," he said, "when I marry I prefer a girl whom I can love with my whole heart and soul."

"Then you must get one with a strong personality, good judgment and an excellent mind."

"I wish nothing of the kind. Give me a girl with a pink and white complexion, a pretty pair of rose lips and not too much brain."

"Well, I declare!"

"She must not only be stupid, but must prove herself stupid. No; I will not even trust her to do that. I will prove her stupid myself."

"You don't mean what you say. How could you love such a girl?"

"I love her already."

She cast a quick glance at him, then bent her eyes to the ground. She had been under the impression that he had been falling in love with her. She was at a loss to know what this meant. Had she a rival?

"A man doesn't wish the counterpart of himself in a woman. Her intellectual gifts repel him; her feminine stupidity delights him. If she is strong he looks upon her as he would a man. If she is weak he longs to protect and comfort her."

"This dunce that you love, is she?"

"She is not a dunce judged by a proper standard. There must be one standard for men and another for women. A man—a real man—wouldn't know how to take care of a baby—at least he wouldn't do it the right way. When I was a boy my mother left me one afternoon to mind my little sister, eight months old. I wished to go and play. If I could put the baby to sleep I would be free. I blew in the little thing's eyes, forcing her to shut them. I kept up this process till she went to sleep. You see, I didn't know anything about babies."

"She thought awhile before saying, 'It seems to me that was rather clever—for a boy.'"

"But you couldn't try it down as a recipe for putting babies to sleep?"

"No. I suppose it wouldn't do always."

"Will you kindly tell me," he asked, breaking away from the topic of conversation, "how you women make those big crowned hats stay on the tops of your heads? I don't understand why they don't slip down over your eyes. If I wore one of them I'd have to cut holes to see through."

"Well, you see, we women have a lot of hair and all that to fill them up."

"Oh, I supposed there was some patent contrivance for the purpose."

"We have hairpins, you know."

"You mean those rapiers with coachman's buttons for hilts?"

"They must be long to go through the large crowns."

"I see. Would you mind unsheathing yours and letting me see the inside of your hat?"

She removed the hairpins and, talking off her hat, showed him the inner crown.

"Why, the diameter is two or three inches less than that it is without!"

"I don't understand you."

"This part inside is smaller than any man's hat. There is a false inner crown."

"There is a difference, isn't there?"

"I should say so."

"I didn't know that."

"Better put it on again and the swords through. It might fall down over your eyes."

"I dare say," pouting, "you consider me very stupid."

"I have not left it to you to prove yourself so. I have done it myself. You know I said I would."

"In the case of the creature you wished to marry."

"There is a method in my madness."

"Will you kindly explain wherein the method lies?"

"I told you I wished a stupid girl for a wife. Could there be anything more stupid than a girl wearing one of these hats on her head and not knowing how it is kept on the top of her head?"

There was a slip with one hand, a caress with the other. She may have been stupid about the hat, but she was bright enough to catch his "method" and, catching it, held her tongue. Indeed, from this point she felt him to do all the talking. He took her hand and whispered a number of lovely things in her ear.

They had been married long enough for the problems of life to loom up such as winter coal bills, gas bills, doctor's fees and other items that will always be coming up without being expected. Notwithstanding her stupidity she proved a good manager. But at the end of the first year one day her husband received a bill for a new hat the amount of which astonished him. He remonstrated.

"I thought it very cheap," she said. "Cheap? Are you so stupid as to buy a thing merely because it is cheap?"

"I thought you loved me for my stupidity," she replied, hanging her head.

She Proposed

By F. A. MITCHEL.
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

To give the name of the heroine of this story would take all the romance out of it. She was Welsh, and some fifteen or twenty letters are required

to spell her name, and after it has been spelled it could only be pronounced by one who had had the combination of a prodigious nose. I will therefore call her Anne.

If Anne's name was not attractive, Anne herself was very attractive. She had been born and bred in the was fifteen in Wales and possessed the rose and ivory complexion common among the girls of the British Isles. She was plump as a partridge and had a pair of white shoulders and an exquisitely rounded neck. Her lips—well, they are best described as kissable. In other words, Anne was a pretty Welsh girl who had come to America with her father to live on a farm of his own in Minnesota.

Anne had lost her mother before leaving Wales, and her father had married again. Not all stepmothers make life miserable, but Anne's stepmother did. At any rate Anne always felt that the long the her known had passed away with her mother; that there was some different home with a new crop of children of which she was not a part and in which she had no place. It seemed to her that if she were out of it there would be an advantage to it and to her.

Anne had a friend whom she had met in Minnesota. The friend's true name was Martha. She too, was the daughter of a farmer and lived a short distance down the road, the evening Anne after a wrig with her stepmother went out and stood at the gate to nurse her wrath again. While she was standing there along came her bosom friend. Anne found a long catalogue of troubles in Martha's ear. Martha talked the same came and then said:

"This is no place for you, Anne. You should be married and have a home of your own."

"I know it," said Anne "but when am I to marry? All the young men as soon as they are grown go to Minneapolis or St. Paul or Chicago or St. Louis. They all seem eager to get away from the farm as much as possible. I can't follow them to the city, and if I could it would do no good. I am country born and bred and entirely unfitted for the city."

"Nevertheless you must marry."

"I will! I'll stop waiting for a proposal. I'll ask the first man I see to marry me."

At that moment a man appeared some distance down the road. He was carrying a bundle done up in a handkerchief at the end of a pole, the pole resting on his shoulder.

"Here comes your opportunity," said Martha.

Anne gave a gasp. "I wish I had the courage to do it," she said.

"I dare you."

"You dare me?"

"Yes; you said just now you would ask the first man that came along to marry you, and here comes a young fellow of suitable age. Ask him."

"But suppose he should hold me in I might jump from the trying pass into the fire."

"Marriage is a lottery even if you have known the one you marry a long while and consider him perfect."

"He's good looking," whispered Anne, stealing a glance at the man.

"Quick!" snapped Martha. "You will be too late."

Suddenly it occurred to Anne to do as she had threatened, speaking in a language he would not understand. She had not forgotten the language of her childhood. She called out in Welsh:

"A oes cislan gwrsg arnoch chiwl? (Do you want a wife?)"

"Oes" (Yes) came the reply quick as a flash.

The young man turned to see a pretty girl looking at him in consternation, her face all aflame. He started toward her, but Anne ran into the house and slammed the door in his face.

If she had thus rudely treated any young man of her acquaintance doubtless he would have gone off in high dudgeon. But she had called on Cupid to help her, and the little god once interested it is no easy matter to ally that interest. Indeed, he is impatient and persistent. The young man went to the closed door and tried to open it. Anne was holding it from the inside. Cupid proved the stronger, and the door was forced. When Cupid entered, Anne had buried her face in the pillow of a hall settle. The young man stood by and said:

"I perceive that you are Welsh. I am just come from Wales and am looking for a place to settle in this great country. Will you tell me what county in Wales you are from?"

A smothered sound came from between Anne's face and the pillow. "Carmarthen."

"Carmarthen! Why, that's my county too."

Well, that was a beginning. Anne's father had known the young man's father in the old country, and he was asked to stay where he was till he had found a place to settle. Around his waist was a money belt in which there were enough gold pieces to buy a small farm. By the time he had selected the farm he had accepted Anne's proposition, and her father gave them enough additional to stock it.

So it was that a Welsh girl got a husband for the asking.

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LOOK

Just arrived from Old Kentucky Distillery and will be on sale every Saturday, regular \$4.00 whiskey reduced to \$3.00 a gallon. Regular \$1.50 port wine at \$1.00 a gallon.—C. Schilling, Cornelius.