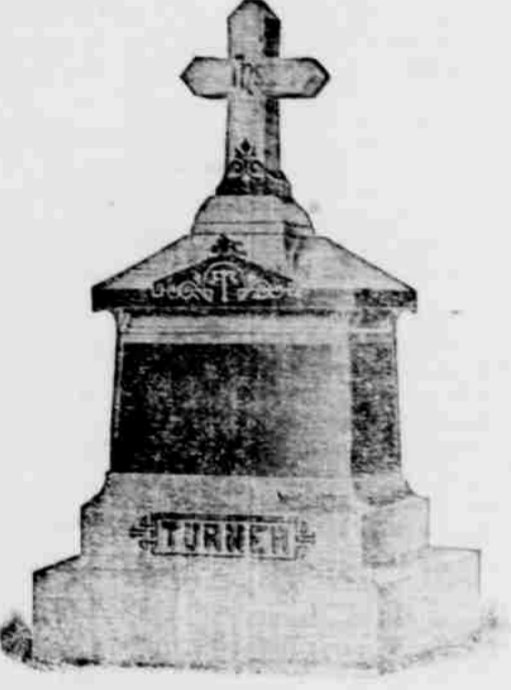


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Shaw-Fear Company
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Monuments

Forest Grove Monumental Works can Save Money for You.

Designs and stock, none better. Quality and workmanship unexcelled. Prices lowest on coast. All work guaranteed. Orders and all communications promptly attended to. Will call and show designs and samples at any distance.

Main street, N. of P. O. Block.
GEE & JONES
Box 343 Forest Grove, Oregon.

If You are Going to Clean Out That Old Fence Row Call and Ask J. E. BORWICK

For Prices on **American Royal and Pittsburg Electric Fencing**

I am still selling Dougherty Fithian Shoe Co. Shoes.

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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.

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General Merchandise, Reedville, Oregon.

McCumsey Sawmill

Dimension Lumber and Timbers

Rough and Dressed Lumber of all Kinds.

Mill 1 1/4 miles from B. P. Cornelius' Place.

Will Deliver.

A. E. McCUMSEY
Cornelius, Ore., Route 1

Continued from page 1
Mann, Cornelius; Fred Hanel, Washington; Geo. Thym, Beaverton; H. L. Russell, Gaston; W. W. Hostetler, Reedville; Paul Beck, Dilley; N. H. Johnson, Beaverton; B. W. Barnes, N. Hillsboro; T. R. Perkins, Buxton; J. E. Fletcher, N. Forest Grove; Chas. Roe, South Forest Grove.

Platform and Resolutions—Judge Kindt, E. W. Haines, Dr. J. P. Tamsie, Harry Russell, James Churchill.

Tellers—Prof. Gardner, Dr. Wood, Geo. Thym, J. W. Corey, John W. Cornelius.

THE BALLOTING
Marsh was nominated for county judge by Mr. Buchanan, and Dr. Tamsie named Mr. Goodin. There were 155 votes cast, Marsh receiving 85 and Mr. Goodin, 70. Miller, of Beaverton, seconded Goodin, as did Judge Kindt. J. W. Connell seconded Mr. Marsh. John Nyberg received 103 votes for commissioner and G. A. Pfieth, 50.

For representatives—the first ballot was held, 118; Chapman, 124; S. A. D. Meek, 87; Tigard, 110. The rules were suspended and Hollis and Chapman declared named. A vote was then taken on Tigard and Meek, Tigard getting 89 and Meek 56. Tigard was declared the nominee and this completed the three nominations.

Dr. W. D. Wood named J. W. Bailey to succeed himself as clerk and he was elected by acclamation.

Redford Laughlin, of Forest Grove, was named for sheriff by J. W. Connell, who said that Mr. Hancock did not come into the assembly, and that his staying out was an indirect slap at the party. Mr. Ahlstrom named Hancock in a rousing speech, and after the smoke cleared away Mr. Laughlin withdrew and left the field to Hancock, who was named by acclamation.

J. W. Connell named for recorder, Leo Perkins, who went the unanimous route.

Mr. Buxton named H. G. King, for county treasurer and he also went in by acclamation, no other name being presented.

T. H. Tongue Jr., named A. A. Morrill for surveyor and there being no other nomination it was given him unanimously.

E. C. Brown, present incumbent, was named for the office of coroner.

THE DELEGATES
Banks—Wm. Moore, Henry Christen, Otto Galloway, Noah Baker, Thos. Hamilton, Chaney Benedict, Ezra Kirtz, Wm. Baker, Chris Risten Jr., Lester Ireland, Harry Davies, E. F. Willis, P. Vandenberg, J. P.; Harry Davis, com.; Jno. Ireland, com.
Beaverton—C H Fry, A Rossi, W J Barber, C C Hoops, Mr. Hoops, C L Rossander.
Beaverton—N H Johnson, Nels Johnson, Chas Hickethier, Erwin Ritter, H H Rasmussen, Otto J Wisner.
Buxton—R T Simpson, H S Rogers, T B Perkins, Samuel Paisley, Riley Thomas, Frank Peterzell, J T Lucas, J. P.; Fred Caldwell, com.; J R Thomas, com.

Columbia—J C Corey, S A D Meek, M C Lincoln, Geo Hellaire, Edingham Schiefelin, C B Wunderlich, S A D Meek, com.; Geo Hellaire, J. P.; Stanley Hahn, com.
Cornelius—G W Marsh, Grant Mann, C B Buchanan, J W Cornelius, Albert Banning, Henry Scheenremant, Jacob Buchele, J C Buchanan, R B Porter, V H Massey, J. P.; F L Geizer, com.; J C Buchanan, com.
Dilley—J M Hyatt, Paul Beck, H Hubbard, J W Hughes, Paul Beck, J. P.; J W Hughes, com.
East Butte—G A Pfieth, J M Overholzer, F X Fisher, H B Tigard, Sidney Miller, F Elsner, H B Tigard, J. P.; C F Tigard, com.
East Cedar—Julius Martnazie, John Nyberg, E Savage, W J Davis, Ed Mulloy, Hirschel Clutter, Gen Galbreath, Geo Galbreath, J. P.; E A Eady, com.; H Clutter, com.
Gales Creek—Charles Wilson, Joseph McRoberts, Walter Sargent, James Churchill, John Parsons, Jas Churchill, com.
Gaston—B F Purdy, Charles Westcott, W K Newell, E X Harding, Rodell Matteson, E X Harding, J. P.; A J Hamrick, com.; H Russell, com.
North Forest Grove—B H Laughlin, L J Corl, John Fletcher, E J Bonsha, E W Haines, J C Clark, H G King, O S Higby, H T Buxton, L J Corl, com.; R Peterson, com.
North Hillsboro—B W Barnes, S C Killen, R H Greer, J P Tamsie, T P Goodin, W J Gregg, W O Donelson, T H Tongue, Jr., Wm Nelson, W D Wood, John Boeker, A A Morrill, (Both Precincts) W D Smith, J. P.; w McQuillan, com.; Dr. J P Tamsie, com.
Reedville—W W Hostetler, Oswald Frank, John Borwick, W Weidenheimer, Norman Anderson, John York, J Miller, Mart Palmateer.
South Hillsboro—J W Connell, Wm McQuillan, F E Cornelius,

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Hillsboro, Ore.

Second St. Both Phones

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Start the NEW YEAR by opening an account with the

Hillsboro Commercial Bank

EDW. SCHULMERICH, President
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We do a general banking business, and the strength of our institution is unquestioned. Courteous treatment to all.

Be One of Our Patrons

Pays You 4 Per Cent Interest on Savings and Time Deposits

JULY GREETINGS

Rice and beans and cupboard catches
Overalls and shirts galore,
With many clerks to wait upon you,
Ever ready to sell you more,
Little care we what your wants are
Let us fill them anyway.

Bring your whole and happy family
Ready for you any day.
Only first-class goods are carried;
Say, come look our prices o'er
& we're sure you'll keep on coming,

Coming, coming to our store.
"Only this and nothing more."

Yours for a Deal always
ROWELL BROS. & CO.
SCHOLLS, OREGON, Phone 51 x 16

Base - Ball - Goods

Our Store carries the best assortment in the city, and Our Prices are the cheapest.

Fishing Tackle

We keep the line DeLuxe. Come in and let us show you.

Bicycles

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

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

J W Masters, J J Krebs, Andrew Jack, Calvin Jack, Jr., John Vanderwal, Thos Wilkes, G W Barnes, Max Crandall, Frank Kelsay, Chas Bradley, Leo Perkins.
South Forest Grove—C O Roe, Chas Hines, A G Hoffman, John Templeton, O W Humphreys, M B Bump, A B Todd, Byron Lamont, O M Gardner, Oscar Ahlstrom, W J R Beach, E B Sappington, J A Thornburgh, R U Peterson, com.; W H Hollis, com.
South Tualatin—J H Collier, T C Johnson, C R Adams, W H McCormick, John Howard, Leslie Moore, W N Haythorne, Fred Schmidt, W Hathorn, J. P.; J Smith, com.; H C Collier, com.
Washington—Jasper Kaffer, Fred Hamel, Wm Josse, Wm Batchelder, Thos Connell, A C Winney, Jos Connell, alternate, Fred Hamel, com.
West Butte—L M Hesse, A B Flint, H L Flint, Ernest D Hite, C Christenson, J J Van Kleek, C E Kindt, C Christenson, com.; C E Kindt, J. P.
West Cedar—Chas True, Wm True, Geo Counzelman, Thos Matteson, Grover Hagey, Miles Haynes, Chris Hinnecke, M E Buck, J S Chapman, August Meibus, J. P.; E G Hagey, com.; J Chapman, com.

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Uncle John's Tavern
By M. QUAD
Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

Two Prisoners
By ANNA WOODBRIDGE
Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

Uncle John White had traded a pretty good farm for a pretty good tavern. He had got to be fifty years old and tired of hard work, and he thought tavern keeping easy and profitable. It wasn't six weeks before he learned to the contrary. It was easy enough for he had nothing to do, but he looked in vain for the profits.

One summer's day Uncle John sat doing and thinking. It was a hot day, and the town was dead. Nothing buzzed but the flies. Uncle John would have been asleep in five minutes more but for the arrival of a stranger on foot. The arrival was dusty and ragged. If he wasn't a tramp then Uncle John never saw one. He was motioned to go around to the kitchen for a cold bite, but he sat down and said:

"A little business talk with you first, and then I'll take the best room in the house and set my meals in the dining room."

"I can't hire no tramps," said Uncle John.

"But it may be that I shall hire you, Lead the way."

The fellow had a compelling way with him. Uncle John led the way upstairs, and he picked up his bundle and followed. As they entered a room he locked the door on them and then sat down for a talk.

When the talk was finished he brought sheets and razor and cut the stranger's hair and shaved him. Then the old bundle was opened and a fairly decent suit brought out. What it lacked was supplied by mine host. Result—a decent looking guest instead of a disreputable tramp. He appeared downstairs just after the train came in, and Mrs. White thought he came by it. So did the villagers who straggled in after supper for a glass of beer and a bit of gossip. John Taylor had arrived—best room in the house—paid a week in advance—no doubt a man of means—was mum as to his business—probably had some big enterprise on hand. It was two weeks before the nature of that enterprise was learned. Uncle John had to sell a horse first, and advertisements had to be written and placed. It was also necessary for the editor of the local paper to make a writeup. The advertisement inserted in various newspapers read:

"A would-be philanthropist stands ready to make a gift of \$100,000 for the best interests of society, but would like personal advice. No letters. Shall it be colleges, schools, asylums, hospitals, homes or gifts to widows?"

Then the name of Mr. Taylor and the village were given. Uncle John was running a ten room tavern—that is, only ten out of the forty rooms were furnished. He bought, hired and borrowed furniture for the other thirty rooms. He bought crockery and cutlery and hired a cook and a waiter. He ordered extra kegs of beer and raised his rates from \$1 a day to just double. It took sand to do it. Mrs. White was not let into the secret, and she almost went crazy.

One day ten strangers got off at the depot and asked for Taylor. The next day there were twenty. On the third day Uncle John had to distribute his guests around among the villagers. He was here, there and everywhere, looking for judgment day. As for Mr. Taylor, he was cool—cool and smiling. He had office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. He gave each "patient" one hour. That made eight per day. The rule was rigid, and the others must wait. Therefore a corner night had to wait five or six days for his interview. Meanwhile he had to eat and sleep and pay \$2 per day.

Strangers who knew just how that million ought to be expended to do the world the most good kept coming by every train. There was no other tavern; there was no other Mr. Taylor; there was no other place in town where beer and cigars were sold. Colleges, hospitals, asylums and every sort of public institution sent representatives. Politicians came to get that million to start reform. Men came who wanted to found new religions. Widows wanted cash, and townships and counties wanted highway improvements. For two months they came and went. They slept where they could and ate what was set before them. Then the tide began to thin out, and there was more advertising. This time the advertisement read:

"Any inventor having a good thing or any person having an idea that can be turned into cash will find man and money ready."

And then it was the rush all over again. Inventors brought their models, and there was a barn full of them. Others brought their ideas, and they were too numerous to be listed. For five long months Uncle John's tavern hadn't a room or a place at the table to spare. Then along came a man to buy him out.

"Sell and get out," advised Mr. Taylor.

The advice was followed.

"Now we will figure up and whack up."

It was done. Mrs. White smiled. Uncle John rubbed his hands, and the stranger grinned. Uncle John's tavern has a new name and a new proprietor now. It is not a forty room tavern any more. It is a five room one, and the new man sits on the veranda looking for tramps, but looking in vain.

There is a factory in Hondo, St. rather, in Siberia, where the government manufactures certain articles. It is not known what they are—by a secret process. The method of keeping this secret is to receive only workmen who must remain there all their lives. Once having entered the factory, around which is a wall so high that no one has ever escaped over it, the workman becomes a prisoner and stays there well forever to the curable world.

"Paula," said a young Hondoan one day, "I am going to enter the factory."

"Oh, Peter?" gasped the girl to whom he spoke.

"Yes, we can never marry—we are too poor. There is suffering enough for us as peasants without bringing children into the world to suffer. I can get no work elsewhere, and I am starving. There time may obliterate you from my memory, and though I shall be deprived of my liberty, I shall suffer less than to be free and a prey to a hapless love."

The girl begged him to take a different view of the matter. With streaming eyes she clung to him, beseeching him to wait in the hope that some good fortune would come to them. But he refused to be encouraged. Turning himself away from her, he went to the factory, its gates closed upon him, and he knew that they would never open to him.

At the end of the first year of his imprisonment he found that he had not forgotten his sweetheart. Each close embrace as he sweetly took. While there is life there is hope, and it is this hope that keeps warm the slavers in the heart. Two, three years passed, and still he could not forget his Paula. Then he wept bitter tears at the decision he had made when he entered the factory. He had taken on a lifelong imprisonment without having been cured of his passion.

One day he entered the office of the factory, and what was his surprise to see Paula sitting at a desk writing. He was about to rush toward her when she looked up. Their eyes met, and she cast hers again down upon her work. In a moment he understood, she had come for a purpose that would be defeated were their knowledge of each other betrayed.

When Peter left the office it was as a new man. His beloved had come to him and had come for him or she would not have come at all. True, they were now both prisoners for life, but she had some plan to view for their mutual good she would not have given up her liberty. Then he was tortured with the fear that she, too, having been on the brink of starvation, had come there for a living and that possibly she might occasionally see him.

Months passed before these two found an opportunity to speak to each other without being noticed. An accident happened in the factory by which several workmen were placed under a heavy weight. The managers were all busy endeavoring to release those who had not been killed outright and whose cries for relief were pitiable. The office force rushed into the factory, and workmen and clerks mingled indiscriminately. Paul and Peter met and withdrew to a corner.

"My father," said Paula hurriedly, "became a soldier in the war with Japan. He saved the life of a general. The general took a diamond from his shirt front and gave it to his preserver. My father, who loves me better than all the world, gave it to me. I turned it into money, and it produced 20,000 rubles. We planned to use it to transport us to America, but I would not go without you. My father and I have dug a tunnel under the wall. The entrance is between the wall and a wooden out-house, the house in the southeast angle. The opening is covered with lumber. We must plan an escape through it. You will hear from me."

She darted away, leaving Peter with a great joy, a great hope, swelling within him.

After that whenever Paula found an opportunity to pass Peter she slipped a bit of paper into his hand on which was written an appointment. It usually read "Tonight at 12" or "Tomorrow night" or "Sunday night at 11." Five or six of these slips passed between them before they found a night when they could meet and two or three more before they met and could make the attempt. They did not dare escape separately, expecting that after the first escape a search would be made that would reveal the tunnel.

Finally they came together when the night was dark and stormy. The sentries were glad to keep in their boxes, and there was no one loitering outside the building. Going behind the out-house, Peter removed the lumber. Paula got down into the tunnel, and Peter got down after her, pulling the lumber back in its place.

They were obliged to crawl for some distance, but as they proceeded and the tunnel drew away from the proximity of the wall it had been dug larger. They passed through safely. Peter pushed aside some boards covered with earth, and they found themselves in the midst of low brush.

Paula knew very well which way to go. The winds blew, the rain fell upon them and soaked their clothing, but never had either experienced such hardship as this.

Three months later a family of Russian emigrants settled on their own farm in North Dakota.

The High Fliers.

The aviators are after the goods, but they are not to be confounded with a certain "higher up" class.—Atlanta Constitution.

Anyway, the aeroplane has put an end to the plaint of the mollycoddle who was always sighing for the wings of a dove.—Chicago News.

The aeroplane lacks one important ornithological feature—it can't float. When it stops it has to seek a roost.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.