No Match

~1910

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All kinds of Fir, Oak and Ash Wood, four foot, or 16 inch. First class Mountain Fir and A1 pole Oak. Prices reasonable.

All fir wood sold by me will be sawed for 50c per cord for fir, 60c per cord for outside wood; 60c per cord for hardwood, Three-cut sawing, rocextra.

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CHARTER NO. So36 CONDENSED REPORT OF

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

At the Close of Business June 30, 1910.

LIABILITES ASSETS Capital and Surplus \$ 30,000.00 Loans and Discounts ... \$ 95,214.00 Undivided Profits 1,672.21 U. S. and Other Bonds ... 46,875,00 Circulation 25,000.00 Banking House Fixtures 10,710.49 Deposits 146,437.31 Cash and Exchange ... 50,310.03 Total\$203,109.52 Total \$203,109 52

Directors; L. J. CORL, JOHN TEMPLETON, T. W. SAIN, H. J. GOFF, E. W. HAINES, GEORGE MIZNER, LEVI SMITH, W. H. HOLLIS, W. K. NEWELL, H. T. BUXTON.

We appreciate your paronage and hope to merit a continuance of same.

Deposits: Official statement January 31, 1910, \$108,635.91 Deposits: Official statement June 30, 1910, \$203,109.52. Increase in Deposits 35 per cent.

DROUTH OF 52 DAYS WAS BROKEN MONDAY

Painfall, However, Was Very Slight, in Many Places

BARELY ENOUGH TO LAY THE DUST

Bry Spell Exceeded by Only One Season don't piace faith in those people." Since Records Started

Oregon's drouth of fifty two days was broken Monday morning by a slight drizzle and sprinkle, which commenced about | men 8:30 and fell at intervals until about three o'clock. This is noted for being the second longest dry spell since the government bureau has kept records.

Notwithstanding the fact that posed to me.' the crops in Washington County to gain her ends resort to any trickery are uniformly good, although in to dispossess the other. You are a sections yields have not reached the total of last year. In places, afraid of him." however, they are better. The This was in 1879, when the Prussians one thing that is suffering for were marching into France. One day best results. In the hills, though, Down this way there was barely enough to allay the dust, which Prussians. has been very annoying to tray-Down at Scholls, and in the Bull mountain section, there was enough rain to help both crops and comfort.

It has been 52 days since Washington County had its last rain, wood near by. It was fired by a line and this was so slight that only in a few places were the thresher- rived just in time to save poor Jaques' men delayed. Eugene Dant, who life. His French guards took to their was threshing at the Boscow place, at the edge of town, was held up a short time only, but was stopped for an hour or so next morning owing to the heavy dew which fell in the extreme the end of the war occupied by the cool of the night. The moisture came with a north wind something quite uncommon in this There section of the valley. were genuine "thunderheads" all along the horizon Monday afternoon and evening, and this, it might be her busband's friend, Pierre too, was quite out of the general order, as these generally come her for intimating such a thing. with extreme warmth and south or southwest winds.

AN AGED PIONEER

Mrs. Julia Wilcox, one of Hillsboro's early pioneers, and who toward the Prussian picket line. Then now resides in Portland, cele- be began to lament and to curse and brated her 87th birthday at the to swear, saying that no man could be home of her daughter, Mrs. A. sufficiently guarded against the duplic-Archbold, in this city, Aug. 16, 1910. Among her pioneer friends who were in attendance were: Mrs. Mary Moore, widow



of the late Michael Moore, Mrs. Susan Brown, Miss Mary Brown and Mrs. Robert Walker, the lat- long regretted that I had not married present were: Miss Lauretta that we go within the French lines Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Archbold, Miss Minta Wilcox, Mrs. John Archbold, Miss Bessie Archbold, Hugh and Con Arch-

new and up-to-date Utz & Dunn ruse had succeeded we could have ladies' shoes.

joying an outing at Newport this

Albert Foord went to Umatilla, Saturday, and will take a position with the O, R. & N., as fireman.

George W. Kelly, of Buxton, came down Monday and went out to his Vinelands ranch for a

Geo, Cypher, of above Glencoe, was in Monday, to meet his son, Henry Cypher, who came out with wife and child, for a vacation and visit, with home folks.

E. H. Baird and family have returned from their vacation at Ridgefield, Wash., the first of the week.

Conductor Long, formerly on the Roseburg division, has been on the Forest Grove local for a few days, on the S. P. run.

Jacob Reichen, of West Union, was over to the county seat Tuesday, and brought in some fine Swiss cheese,

For a Woman time?

By SADIE OLCOTT Copyright, 1912 by American Press

'Jaques," said the wife of Jaques Chuboullez, "I wish you would not be so intimate with Pierre Fabri. He has Italian blood in his veins, and I

"Plerre is my best friend." "And you will not be on your guard against him?"

"No. You women take sudden dis-Ten to one Plerre has not treated you with that deference or consideration a woman craves from all

"He has treated me with the utmost onsideration."

"What do you mean by that?" "Well, since I must either tell you or leave you to stupidly put yourself in his power I will do so. Know then that before I married you Pierre pro-

"Ah! Well, if a woman loves a man that another woman loves she will. woman, and you look upon Pierre through a woman's eye. I am not

moisture is the late potato crop a party of French soldiers stepped up and the rainfall of Monday was to Jaques Chaboullez and arrested him. barely sufficient to bring the They took him to headquarters, and the general ordered them to search him. In one of his pockets was found the precipitation was heavier a tiny ball no bigger than a pill. It than in the valley and along the was carefully pulled apart and proved rim of mountains the rainfall was to be usue paper. On it was written enough to help late vegetables. the position and strength of the different French army corps opposing the

> "That is sufficient," said the general "Take him out and shoot him."

There was no formality of a trial. Jaques, who was at a loss how to account for the paper being in his pocket, was taken out and was about to suffer death when a volley came from a of Prussian skirmishers, who had arheels. Jaques was a true Frenchman, but he would rather live among his country's enemies than die among his country's defenders.

The territory in which Jaques Chaboullez lived was from that time till Prussians, so that he had no cause for fear that he would be shot for a spy. Both he and his wife knew that the paper which had convicted him had longer." been put into his pocket by some one who was anxious to get him out of the way. Mme. Chabouliez suggested that Fabri. Jaques was very wroth with

One evening when Jaques came home be found no supper, nor did he find his wife. There was not even a fire in the stove. Astonished he went out and inquired of the neighbors if they had seen Mme. Chabouliez. After many inquiries he learned that she, in company with Fabri, had been seen going ity of women. His wife had been endeavoring to prejudice him against his best friend, and now she had gone off with that friend.

Nothing was seen or heard of Mme. Chabouliez or Pierre Fabri, and the deserted husband assumed that to get rid of him or to be where he could not get at them to punish them they had gone within the French lines. As the days passed and he heard nothing of them he made up his mind that his wife, in order that he might be shot, thus rendering her a widow and enabling her to marry her lover, had put the paper in his pocket that had so nearly cost him his life. This falling, she had gone off with Pierre.

One evening when he was almost ready to kill himself through grief and anger at the treatment he had received his wife walked into their home. His first impulse was to order her away. Then it occurred to him that if she had gone away with Fabri she would not have returned. But he had not long to wait for an explanation. She threw a piece of paper on the table. He picked it up and read on it a confession from Fabri that he had put the paper in her husband's pocket and then informed on him. Amazed, he asked her how she had obtained it. "I told Pierre," she replied, "I had

find us. So we went through the Prussian outposts and on into the French lines. On the way I told Pierre that I knew be had placed the paper in the pocket that was found there, that I forgave him because he T. W. Wyatt & Co. carry the did it for love of me and that if his been married instead of living together filicitly. He denied that he had done Miss Bessie Schomburg is en- this, so I refused to go any further with him until he admitted it. He did so, and I had little trouble later in get-

ting that written confession." "Where is Pierre now? I shall kill him!" exclaimed Chabouliez.

"Pierre is dead." "Dead!" "Yes. I served him as he served you. I put information in his pocket

for the Prussians and then informed on him for a spy." "Pouf! No man can be so big a devil as a woman." And he embraced her.

'AfterYou,Sir''

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

While sauntering leisurely along a thoroughfare, smoking, largely for the purpose of killing time, I was accosted by a gentlemanly, well dressed man who doffed his hat before speaking to

"I beg pardon, str." he said, "but could you spare me a little of your

"For what purpose, sir? "That is not easy to explain on the street. If you will step inside I will show you rather than tell you."

"Inside where?" "Right here." He pointed to an open door, and I could see a staircase. The building seemed to be unused.

There are people who seem to have a power to make other people obey them, not by force, not always by insistence. In this case the man was so gentlemanly in his request that I did not like to refuse him. At any rate, before I realized what I was doing I had gone to the upper floor of an unoc cupied building with a person who had accosted me on the street and asked me to go with him, for what purpose he had not explained. This seems to me now absurd on the face of it, and at the time I knew that I should do

no such thing, but I couldn't help it, He took me into a room on the second floor. In its center was what looked to me to be a hot air furnace. only it was neither round nor square, but oblong. He closed the door bebind us, and I heard a click. I didn't like it, for it sounded as though it came from a lock that closed automatically. I was about to turn and get out of the place, but my pride held me, and I waited to be informed further as to this strange proceeding. The gentleman led me to a corner of the room railed off apparently for an office, where there were chairs, and invited me to be scated. "Do you see that oven?" he said.

"Well, that has cost me a great deal of labor. Perhaps you think it is a crematory, but it is not. It is an oven for baking bread. A hundred loaves can be baked at once and in three minutes. That's 2,000 loaves an bour, and by working day and night three reliefs we have 28,000 loaves a day. Six working days give us 168,000 loaves a week. Fifty-two weeks produce 8,736,000 loaves a year.

"So much for what my oven will do. Now for my object. It is to feed the world. You see, my single oven is not Suppose there are ten of them in this building alone. That gives 87.300,000 loaves a year, only about 4,000,000 miles less than the distance of the earth from the sun."

Since I could see no relationship between loaves of bread and the earth's distance from the sun I began to feel a bit uncertain about the gentleman's upper story. So I said to him, rising: "You'll have to excuse me, sir. It is not possible for me to remain any

"But you have not examined my invention. Besides, I told you I wanted you for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Come: I will show you."

He led me to the oven. He seemed so harmless that I followed him. He threw open the door, displaying a number of iron shelves .: I was somewhat relieved that there was no heat in the

"My arrangement for heat is by chemical process. There are many substances that produce heat in combining chemically. Why should we burn coal? I turn this cock and my substances run together. In a short time I shall have my oven quite hot enough to do my baking."

"I wouldn't turn it on if I were you," I remarked, "since you have no bread ready for baking."

"I have something else. My desire

is to bake a human being." This was getting warm, as the children say when hunting for things in games. And, as the strange gentleman looked at me, indicating that I was the human being he proposed to bake. I felt not only warm, but a cold perspiration stood out on me, especially when he drew a long sharp knife with which to enforce his demands. I knew I had to deal with a lunatic and kept

my head. "I shall be happy," I said, "to have you bake me. On which shelf am I to take position?"

"Step in and I will show you." "After you," I said deferentially,

bowing and raising my hat. He stepped into the furnace. I closed the door with a bang, and the big fron latch fell into position. Then the room swam, and I fell on the floor. But I did not remain there long. Fearful that the lunatic might smother, I ran to the door of the room, found it locked and could not open it. I tried a win flow, and that served a call through In a few minutes a policeman came up the stairs, broke down the door ter of near Cedar Mill. Others him instead of you. Then I proposed and let the gentleman baker out. He was nearly suffocated and gave no and live together where you would not trouble. He had employed men to build his oven without their having the slightest suspicion as to his sanity. I learned that he was a scientific man and had been an inventive genius as well. On my testimony he was committed to an asylum.

It makes me crawl when I think that by a mere act of politeness I was saved from death.

THE PRIZE **CUCUMBER**

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Lit-

On the 15th day of June of a certain year, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he was hoeing in his garden, Deacon Amos Gray straightened up to rest his back and then and there decided that he would marry the Widow Speoner. He had been a widower and she a widow for three years. She lived near him in the village, and they had known each other before marriage.

Her garden needed boeing. He set about it. It gave him a sort of sense of proprietorship. It was her garden now, but after awhile it would be his. He had been at work for a quarter of an hour when the widow came to the open kitchen door and discoverd him and called out:

"Why, deacon, this is truly good of you. I was just wondering who I could get to hoe my garden." When he had been at work an

the deacon uttered a few grunts and sighs and came to anchor on the step. The widow was looking fine for a weman of forty. She was robust and in good health. The services of a doctor wouldn't be needed for many a long day unless she fell down the cellar stairs. And she looked like a woman

who would esteem it a privilege to build the kitchen fire every morning for four weeks after the groundhog had come out and seen his shadow. Yes, she was all right, and the deucon opened his mouth and said;

"Widder Spooner, me an' you have known each other a long time." "Yes, deacon,"

"Long before either one of us was married. "Yes."

"And I guess we allus sorter liked each other?

Why shouldn't we"-

"And now Abe is dead and Martha is dead and we are lonesome, widder.

She waited, but he stopped right there. There was Sister Nancy. Hadn't he better sound her and see how she was going to take it? Yes, that would be the wisest way. He therefore began to talk about the drought and other things, and after working for another hour he went home. He didn't speak to Nancy-not on that subject. She was trying to get supper with green wood, and she was hopping mad. He split up a dry board for her and blew up the fire, but he had lived long enough to know that when a woman gets real mad she must have at least a day to get over it. Next morning Nancy was so chipper that he decided to take his chances without speaking to her on the subject.

in the afternoon the deacon did some more hoeing, and there was another talk on the steps. Yes, the Widow Spooner well remembered his taking her to spelling school in the old days. She remembered their sliding hills together; she could recall the red apples he used to give her.

"Happy days them was, widderhappy days," he sighed. "Yes, they were." "But now you are a widder and I am

a widower." "Yes." "And both of us goldurned lone-

some. "I am sometimes very, very lone

"But we needn't be, widder-we needn't be. S'posin' "-

He couldn't go ahead. The thought had just struck him that she might have a wooden leg or a stiff knee and would make that an excuse for not doing the washing and ironing. He could dimly remember hearing that she had fallen from an apple tree and broken a bone somewhere. He would wait and make inquiries. It thus came about that he went home again with nothing decided. Now, the deacon was a great county fair man. He always had an exhibit of chickens, eggs or vegetables. He believed that if anything could save this world from the fate of Sodom it was the Methodist religion and a county fair held-every October. At that very moment he was raising a prize cucumber to exhibit. It was only a foot long now, but it would be a rod in length before time for pull-

Deacon Gray let a week go past without seeing the Widow Spool up one morning and stepped outdoors to inhale the fragrance of the air before sitting down to breakfast. About the first thing his eyes lighted on was a woman standing over his prize cucumber. It was the Widow Spooner. She had an ax on her shoulder, and her jaw was set.

"Why, widder, what does this mean?" asked the deacon as he sauntered out

"You have the same as asked me to marry you," she replied as she spat on her hands and flourished the ax.

"But not right out." "But near enough. Deacon, when is It to be?"

What are you doing "I can't say. with the ax?" "In two weeks, deacon, or I chop your prize cucumber in two!"

"Lordy, woman!" "Do I chop?" "You wouldn't go to chop that cu"-"Two weeks, deacon, or three or

four? Speak quick!" "Waal, say about three!" And three it was, and, though Nancy raised a fuss and had to be carried out and dumped over the fence, the couple have lived happily together for years.

Natural Inference.

Wireless Operator (on Atlantic ship) -Yes, it did blow pretty hard last night, but our service wasn't interrupted in the least.

Mrs. Lowbrow-But surely there must have been whitecaps on the sound waves! - Illustrated Sunday

Deceivers. Seed catalogues deceive us all, No rose is quite as fair, When blooming by the garden wall As those they show us there.

But now I swear that no hotel, Although it struggles hard, Is ever really quite as swell As on a postal card.

-Detroit Free Press.

A Cautious Groom. Pater (anxiously to bride)-Why, Mollie, where is that \$1,000 check I gave you to place among your wedding presents? I don't see it anywhere. Bride (cheerfully)-Oh, I gave it to James yesterday, daddy dear, and be

cashed it this morning. (Pater faints).-Harper's Weekly.

Friends. Our friends are three-

First, those we cross the street to see; Second, the people whom to meet We really would not cross the street. The third and tast? We cross the street when they go past!
-Puck.

A Heavyweight. Harrigan-Oi hear that big Sandy

McGilligan knocked an enemy down and out wid one blow. Corrigan-Wid one blow! B'gorry, Sandy must have an awful strong breath!-Widow.

Joy For a Dead One.

of just one fatal accident we'd gladly make a note;
"Tis when the only victim was the fool "Seattle Wash.

Registration of Land Title

STATE OF OREGON FOR WASH INGTON COUNTY

In the matter of the application of John Wood and Ellen Wood, husband and wife, for the registration of the Title to the following described real property, situate in the County of Washington and State of Oregon, and particularly described as follows, to wit Beginning at the North west corner of section eight [8] township one (1) North, range three (1) west. Will Mer running east 44 ebs, and of links; thence west 41 chains and of links; the new north 11 chains and 91 links, there west 41 chains and 91 links to the place of beginning, containing eighty (80 acres, more or less, being a part of the North 12 of section 8, township I merth, range 3 west, Will, Mer.

To Isaac Dayld Brazilton, and to the

To Isaac David Brazilton, and to the neirs at law of Creighton Kuder and Jack-son Kuder and all others whom it may

1910, an application was filed by John Wood and Kilen Wood, husbend and wife, in the Circuit Court of Washington onnty Oregon, for initial registration of he title to the land above described.

New unless you appear on or before he 25th day of Aug. 1910 and show cause why such application shall not be grant-ed, the same will be taken as confessed and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of the applicants and you will be foreser barred from disputing the

J. W. Bailey. Herk of the Circuit Court of the State of Pregon for Washington County. Bagley & Hare, attorneys for applicants

SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASH INGTON COUNTY Louisa Jones, Plaintiff,

Martin A. Jones, Defendant, To Martin A. Jones the above named defendant:

In the Name of the State of Oregon You are hereby required and command-ed to appear in the above emitted court and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause, on or beyou in the above entitled cause, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the
date of the first publication of this symmens in the Fillsboro Argus, the date of
the first publication thereof being June
20th, 1910, and the last publication thereof
being Aug. 11th, 1910, to-wit: On or before Aug. 11, 1910, and you will please
take notice that if you fail so to answer
said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to
the court for the relief praved for and demanded in her complaint, to-wit: for a
decree dissolving the marriage and marriage contract existing between you, upon
the grounds of desertion and for such
other relief as may be deemed proper and other relief as may be deemed proper and

quitable.
This summons is served upon yo This summons is served upon you by outlieation by order of Honorabie J. U. Campbell, judge of the above entitled ourt made and dated June 27th, 1910, and which order rewhich order requires that you appear and answer on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication, to wit; on or before Aug. 11, 1910. Bagiey & Hare, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

REPAIRING AND TUNING

Twenty-five years experience at making, repairing and tuning pianos is a sufficient guarantee that Venen, the tuner, can satisfy any and all who wish their instruments attended. Recommends from every firm that has operated in Portland for the past 20 years, besides the nastern factories of Kimball, Estey, Steinway and others Country work always welcome. Leave or telephone orders to McCormick, or to the Patterson Furni-

A. P. VENEN, Piano Tuner.

Call for Bids

Sealed bids will be received up to Saturday, August 13, 1910, for the construction of a school house in School District No. 78, of Washington County, Oregon, and then opened and contract awarded to the lowest responsible bidder. Plans and specifications may be seen at the re-dence of C. M. Schofield, Buxton, Orego The Board reserves the right to reject

W. H. Luster, Chairman of School Board,

Buxton, Ore., July 26, 1910.

Wise Dental Co.

Painless Dentists Failing Suitiding, Third & Washington, PORTLAND, OREGON Office Hours: S A. M. to S P. M. Sundays, 9 to 1

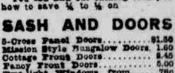
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trial will please you. JAMES ANDERSON, Pythian Bldg, Hillsboro.





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