

1500 Acres Added to

Beaverton-Reedville Acreage

The last tract in this locality now cut into acreage lots and offered for sale. Rapid development of entire community now assured. Select a choice location in this large new addition.

We have sold more than 2,500 acres adjoining this new platting, which is rapidly developing in fruit and intensive farming.

Only 10 miles out, good stream and electric car service; all community conveniences established.

Timbered land, with running water, \$125 to \$500 per acre.

All cleared land, ready for crop, \$500 per acre and up.

Some tracts with home buildings and some with orchards.

Small cash payment and balance to suit.

Call at our office, 245 1/2 Stark street, arrange to go with us, without expense to you, and verify the above.

Shaw-Fear Company

245 1-2 Stark St. Portland, Oregon



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.

The BEST OF THE GOOD ONES

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.

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

HILLSBORO SCHOOLS OPEN SEPTEMBER 19

Will Have the Usual Nine Months of Open School Work

SUCCESSFUL TERM IS PREDICTED

Supt. B. W. Barnes Asks High School Students to Report at Noon

The Hillsboro public schools will open on Monday, September 19, for a nine months session. B. W. Barnes, for several years in charge, will have the superintendency of the grades and High School, and asks that all students of the various grades report on the morning of the 19th, while he requests the high school students not to arrive until after the noon intermission. He states that it will take all forenoon to register and start the classes in the grades and he can not proceed with the high school pupils until all else is finished. Nothing will be done the first day except to register and start the classes on their next days work. This will be late enough that hop picking will be over, and thus give all a chance for the annual hop festival and vacation. The teachers have all been employed and all have sent in their acceptances. The corps is as follows:

B. W. Barnes, superintendent.
Miss Smith, Salem, High School.
Miss Sarah Boldrick, Forest Grove, High School.
Miss Ava Buckingham, Portland, High School.
8th Grade—Mrs. Josephine Case, Hillsboro.
7th Grade—Miss Tennessee Weathered, Hillsboro.
6th Grade—Miss Jennie Beamish, Cedar Mill.
5th Grade—Miss Ruth Jones, Hillsboro.
4th Grade—Cecelia R. Greer, Hillsboro.
3rd Grade—Miss Dell Young, North Hillsboro.
2nd and 3rd—Miss Walker.
2nd Grade—Miss Mayfield, Hillsboro.
Primary—Miss Yard and Mrs. Brown.

W. O. Donelson returned the last of the week from a few days at Newport.

Money to loan on real estate terms reasonable. Apply to Kurathi Bros., Hillsboro, Or. 21st

Henry Huhmann, of Blooming, was in the city Monday, and called on the Argus.

J. N. Loudon, of Iowa Hill, was over to the city Monday afternoon.

I. H. Maxwell, who has 12 acres in hops above Mountindale, was in the city Monday, and states that he will begin hop harvest about September 1.

F. M. Crabtree, the hop and prune grower of Laurel, was in town Monday. He has contracted with a Portland firm to pick his hops this season.

J. F. Wood, one-time editor of the Washington County News, was in the county Sunday, visiting relatives at Forest Grove. He is now with the American Type Founders' Co., of Portland, in their ready print department.

Fred Vrooman, Adolph Siegrist, Thos. Bailey and Carl Heide, of this city and Dr. Kline and Dr. Yates, of Portland, who have been keeping bachelor's hall in the Vrooman cottage at Newport, returned the past week, after three weeks at the beach at Nye Creek.

The Adolph Siegrist bungalow near the city park is rapidly approaching completion and will be ready for occupancy this fall. Mr. Siegrist has a five acre tract and expects to plant it all to orchard and small fruit, and will run a hedge around the entire tract.

Jessie V. Kerr has sued Joseph L. Kerr for divorce. They were married in Multnomah County April 13, 1908—an unlucky date, evidently—and she swears in her complaint that he was very cruel to her and that he once chastised her, physically. They have been residents of this county for some time.

Kate Thomas sues William Thomas for divorce, alleging desertion. The wife swears that the husband was last in Louisiana, and she says he deserted her and has failed to provide for her and her little son, now 12 years of age. She wants the marriage annulled and the custody of the lad.

M. M. Mead, A. E. Mead and Lee Mead left Wednesday morning for fourteen miles below Seaside, where the Meads have a contract to build two miles of road for Clatsop County. They will take a grading outfit with them and hire more teams as soon as they establish camp. The contract covers much cut and fill and will amount to \$6,000 worth of work. It will take them several months to complete the work.

THE STORE OF QUALITY



Hillsboro, Ore.

Second St. Both Phones

August 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

SUMMONS

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

Kate Thomas, Plaintiff,

vs.

William Thomas, Defendant.

To William Thomas 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 expiration of six weeks from and after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or about Friday, the 7th day of October, 1910; and if you fail to answer the plaintiff for want thereof, will take judgment against you for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and just and equitable and as prayed for in said Complaint.

This summons is published by Order of the Honorable J. Wesley Goodin, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, and said Order was made and dated on the 22nd day of August, 1910, in the absence of the Circuit Judge from Washington County, and the date of the first publication of this summons is Thursday the 25th day of August, 1910, and the date of the last publication of this summons is Thursday the 6th day of October, 1910. Clyde Richardson, atty. for Plaintiff, 518 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

SUMMONS

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

George Tonkin, Plaintiff,

vs.

Ella Craft Tonkin, Defendant.

To Ella Craft Tonkin, 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 expiration of six weeks from and after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or about Friday, the 7th day of October, 1910; and if you fail to answer the plaintiff for want thereof, will take judgment against you for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and just and equitable and as prayed for in said Complaint.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. Wesley Goodin, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, and said Order was made and dated on the 19th day of August, 1910, in the absence of the Circuit Judge from Washington County, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 25th day of August, 1910, and the date of the last publication of this summons is Thursday the 6th day of October, 1910. Clyde Richardson, Attorney for Plaintiff, 518 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

FOR THE

Best Fire Insurance

AND PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES SEE

JOHN VANDERWAL

Agent London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co.

Pacific States Phone 374 HILLSBORO

NOTICE

The firm of Mays and Conover having dissolved partnership, it is hereby requested that all accounts due said firm be paid to E. C. Mays, and all outstanding bills will be paid by him.

Respectfully,
F. F. Conover.
Argus and Oregonian, \$2.25.

There was one in the fort who suffered as much, doubtless far more, than Ray himself. That was his mother. She looked through a loophole, where she could see him lying in his perilous position, and she could see each spurt of smoke as it left an Indian rifle, knowing that it marked the scolding of a bullet to kill her boy. And Ray could not only hear the bullet sing by him and feel the dust sprinkling over him, but saw his danger reflected in his mother's face.

Hour after hour passed without any change in the situation. When it seemed impossible for him to be any longer in one position and he attempted to change it, the consequent exposure of some portion of his body would draw more fire, admonishing him to endure the constrained attitude rather than risk a wound by trying to relieve it. The ground on each side of him was torn up in furrows by the bullets that had been shot through it, and he was covered by dust they had thrown upon him.

Night was coming on and the Indians were drawing nearer. When it became dark there could be nothing to prevent the savages from coming near enough to take him or to shoot him from a position where the stump would not protect him. For four hours he had laid in view of those in the fort, his mother trying to encourage him, yet herself needing encouragement, when a sudden thought occurred to him.

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "dig a hole under the esplanade wall and take me in."

All wondered why they hadn't thought of the plan before. Pick and spade were brought, and a hole was sunk in the ground. Then when it was of a depth sufficient to excavate under the wall, a channel was run out to the young hunter and he was drawn within the fort.

Ray had no sooner emerged from the hole than he found himself bogged in his mother's arms, and the others crowded round to congratulate him. The redskins heard the shout of triumph that was raised in the fort and knew that the man they were firing at had escaped. But how? It was still light enough for them to keep in view the stump behind which he had taken refuge, and had he got up and been assisted over the stockade he would have been in their full view. The gate had not been opened. Surely the paleface had been translated into the fort by the Great Spirit.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

By CARL SARGENT CHACE

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If there's one thing I'd rather do than all other things it's mind my own business. If there's one thing my Mandy'd rather do it's to mind somebody else's business. I allow her that the principal troubles we get into in this world is pokin' our noses into other people's affairs.

When Rogers and his wife come to occupy the farm adjoining ours I told Mandy to let 'em alone. Maybe she could 'a' done it if it hadn't bin that we could hear 'em quarrelin' clean across the fields a quarter of a mile away. That started Mandy. She was continually a-sittin' and a-watchin' and a-spyin' to see if she couldn't find out somep'n.

It was about the middle of summer when Mandy's mother that lived in the adjacent county tuk sick. She kep' a-sittin' for Mandy, but Mandy wouldn't go without me. I got in the early crops and was gittin' ready for the later ones. Then one day a letter come sayin' Mandy's mother was a-dyin'. That settled it; Mandy had to go, and I had to go with her.

One mornin' I a-ry to put the gray mare in the buggy to drive Mandy over to say good-bye to her mother. We hadn't sleep' more'n half the night from hearin' the quarrelin' goin' on between the Rogerses. Just as we got on to the road, Mandy, who couldn't keep her eyes off our neighbor's house, saw Rogers go outen his house carryin' the limp figure of a woman in his arms.

"Law sakes!" says Mandy. "He's killed her."

"Supposin' he has," says I. "Tain't none of our business." And, whippin' up the gray mare, I dray along in a hurry so's Mandy couldn't see any more of it.

Waal, Mandy's mother was a consarned long time dyin'. Mandy wouldn't stay there without me, she wouldn't let me come home without her. Consequence was we was gone a long while. After Mandy's mother died, knowin' the crops was sufferin', I got home as soon as possible. As we was a drivin' along Mandy says, says she, "Wonder of they've discovered the murder," and I says, says I, "Jest you keep your mouth shut."

I was mighty busy after that and didn't think about nothin' but gittin' in my corn, but Mandy she went noopin' round to find out what was known about the murder. All she could find out was that Mrs. Rogers had gone away. She asked where Mrs. Rogers had gone, but no one knowed anything 'bout it.

Fearin' she'd get us into trouble, I tried to stop her questionin', but it wasn't no use. She jest talked and talked till the women suspected somethin', then they turned in and did a lot of questionin' on their side.

I stopped her jest in time to prevent her tellin' the whole story; but, consarnin' she'd talked so much and nobody knowed where Mrs. Rogers had gone, people began to suspect that was somethin' 'bout it.

at the house, somebody else had Mandy as witness.

"There you be," I says to her. "You'd 'a' kep' yer tongue in yer head; you wouldn't 'a' been bothered to tell these somp'n as don't concern you."

"I'm perfectly willing," she answered, "to tell what I know—its my duty. That's what you want to shirk. Didn't you don't appear to reckon you've got any responsibility in the goin' out yer country?"

"A man," says I, "hasn't got no head about his share of goin' out yer country of men, women and children."

This she't her up for a few minutes. "I don't see no real evidence agin' nothin' but I didn't hev to say nothin' about nothin' but the truth, she said with a grin."

The murdered woman walked in. "Judge," she says, "I even in a pipe that my husband was a-goin' to be tried fur killin' me. I jest come out to say that if they had 'a' been my killin' I'd 'a' done it myself."

The court adjourned and the prisoner was set free.

"I'd like to know," says Mandy to Rogers, "whose body you carried out that mornin'?"

"The crows was with the corn and wanted to stop 'em." That body you seen was a scarecrow."

The Sting of a Bee.

An eastern fable tells of a potentia who demanded that there should be brought to him the wings of a thousand bees killed because one of the colony had dared commit some injury by stinging the hand of royalty. Was they were brought in a tiny pile, thinkable the king was so amazed to find that a thousand of the little points made such a little mass that he issued a manifesto to the effect that thereafter no person with the bounds of the kingdom should complain at the sting of a bee. The lesson of the fable is that petty annoyances hurt because they are exaggerated in the mind; that when they are seen in their actual proportion they are so slight as to merit only contempt. How much comfort would come to the majority of persons if they could but see the tiny size of the bee stings that seal them to acts of petulance, words of anger, expressions of reproach. The bee sting annoyances have caused lifelong breaches of friendship. They have broken up families and caused anger and resentment to take the place of love and fully-Baltimore American.

The Mississippi of Streets.

A street is like a river, with its main current carrying all masses of drift between its banks of numbers or shops on either side. And if its simile be appropriate then New York Broadway is the Mississippi of streets. Probably no other avenue in the world presents so many contrasts in its form and its character. Every type of humanity—uprooted spriglings from farms and orchards, proud hatted men in silks and satins—may be described in the surging mass. Banker and not black, the swaggering walk and the dragged derelict, swell shoulder to shoulder—rush, rather, for Broadway is a main street, the embodiment of New York's bustle and hurry, the place where nothing can stand still. Leonard Harding Davis once said that everybody "seems to be trying to reach the bank to have a check cashed before 3 o'clock."—George Selig in Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Queen Collateral.

"Here is a fact as strange as it is true," said an Egyptologist. "Mummies in ancient Egypt were used chiefly as collateral."

"When an Egyptian wanted to borrow he gave his father's or grandfather's mummy as security. Sometimes, if he required a large sum, he gave his father and both grandfathers, and he would even throw in the mummy of his mother-in-law if she fortunately happened to be in a mummified state."

"Joking aside," the Egyptologist continued, "what I tell you is the truth. An Egyptian was not permitted to borrow without pledging the mummy of some near relative. It was deemed in Egypt both impious and infamous not to redeem so sacred a pledge as that, and he who died with a family mummy still in pawn was himself buried in unconsecrated ground."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Postage Stamp.

Consider the postage stamp. It sets nothing regarding the difficulty of the task assigned to it, but by dint of close application it usually gets there; also it delivers the goods.

Again, if one isn't enough to carry the thing through, two or more by working harmoniously together see the thing to a finish.

No matter if the (mum) matter be weighty, it puts a good face to the thing on it and goes directly to the point. It gets licked and stamped upon, and men besmirch its face for tires and ofttimes give it more to carry than the postman union allows. But, in spite of all this, it sticks up flinchingly to the matter in hand by virtue of the fact that it knows that it has good backing.

Its stick-to-it-ivity is worthy of emulation by you.—Judge's Library.

Customs and Habits.

Our customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life are let into them, and we jog along through the mire because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

Why She Didn't.

New Employer—But why did you leave your last mistress? New Maid—Haven't! Did you expect me to bring her along wid me?—Cleveland Leader.