

-1910-

Start the NEW YEAR by opening an account with the
Hillsboro Commercial Bank

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GEO. SCHULMERICH, Cashier

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

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.

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

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

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ON SALE DAILY

Oregon Electric Railway

And Choice of Route
Beyond Portland

LOW ROUND TRIP EXCURSION FARES

ST. PAUL DENVER
ST. LOUIS NEW YORK
CHICAGO BOSTON

On Sale Sept. 8, 1910.

For rates—Sleeping reservation and full information address,
A. L. RUEF, A G F & P A H. CRONISE, Agent

Oregon Electric Ry. Hillsboro, Ore.
Portland Ore.

PIONEER WOOD YARD

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, 10c extra.

BOTH TELEPHONES.

John W. Masters.

CHARTER NO. 8036

CONDENSED REPORT OF

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

At the Close of Business June 30, 1910.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 95,214.00	Capital and Surplus	\$ 30,000.00
U. S. and Other Bonds	46,875.00	Undivided Profits	1,672.21
Banking House Fixtures	10,710.49	Circulation	25,000.00
Cash and Exchange	50,310.03	Deposits	146,437.31
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 patronage 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.

POSTMASTER CORNELIUS IS A BORN DIPLOMAT

How He Guessed the Name of a Post Office in China

YOUNG CHINESE FORGOT ADDRESS

Went Through Tortuous Explanation and Ben Guessed it

Postmaster B. P. Cornelius had an experience the other day that proves him a born diplomat, and just why he is postmaster instead of Ambassador to Siam is not explained on the ground of lack of intuition. There are some Chinese picking hops under contract out south of town, amongst whom are a father and son. It is customary for Chinese letters to be addressed in person in Chinese characters and then have the post office written in English. A Chinaman sent in his sixteen year old son with a letter to a relative in China, and the boy wanted the postmaster to write in the post office address. He had forgotten the name of the city, but had a hazy recollection. When asked by Mr. Cornelius to pronounce something like the name, he answered: "Me no remember. Muchee likee heap look in clackee, no see heap good, likee hayyard." "Come here," said Ben, to his assistant, "address this letter to Pekin."

Notice to Contractors

Sealed bids will be received by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, until 2 p. m. of the 8th day of Sept., 1910, and then opened for the construction of a fill and bridge to replace the bridge on the Armentrout place, near Roy station.

A certified check for 5 per cent of the amount of bid will be required and the court reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Specifications may be seen at the office of the County Judge.

By order of the County Court.
J. W. GOODIN,
County Judge.
August 22, 1910. 24-6

SEEN 76 YEARS

The G. A. R. and Woman's Relief Corps met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Haines, Sixth and Fir, a week ago Saturday, to celebrate Mr. Haines' 76th birthday. Thirty-six were present and dainty refreshments were served. Mrs. Jas. Magruder and Mrs. Wm. Finney dispensing punch, and ice cream and cake. Little Ella Magruder sang a German prayer which received much applause. After wishing the veteran host many happy returns of the day the visitors dispersed.

Commissioner's court will convene next Wednesday.

Walter Robinson, of Farmington, was in the city Tuesday.

Julius Christensen, of near Laurel, was over to the city Tuesday.

Wm. M. Hughes, of beyond Jobe's, was over to the city Tuesday.

John Koch, of Iowa Hill, was a county seat visitor Tuesday morning.

C. H. Freer, who farms at West Union, was over to the city Tuesday afternoon.

J. S. Watson, of Route 3, was in town Tuesday morning, and called on the Argus.

Mrs. John Gfeller, of above Mountindale, was in the city the last of the week, and called at the Argus office.

Ernest Koontz, in the harness business in Portland, was in town Sunday, the guest of his brother, C. E. Koontz.

Mrs. Mahlon Malone, visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Balra, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Clark, of Portland.

Jos. and Robt. Robinson, of Farmington, and both of whom grow some of the best fruit in that section, were in town Tuesday morning.

J. L. Simpson, of South Tualatin, was in town Tuesday. He is preparing to ship apples and pears to his Idaho customers again this season.

A. E. Peat, who owns the Varley orchard of over 600 young apple trees, was in town Tuesday morning. Mr. Peat cut back his orchard considerably, but still has a nice lot of Spitzenbergs.

Ed. Waite, son of the late Mr. Waite who died near Garden Home some days ago, is in a Portland hospital, suffering from a fall of fifty feet while working at Goble, this side of Kalama. Waite struck in a bed of wet sand and this saved his life. Had the earth been solid he would have been instantly killed.



The only way we know to keep a good store and hold our trade, is to offer only reliable goods. That's the reason why we sell only good clothes. So we can vouch for every Suit and Overcoat. Our garments will come up to your ideas of good clothes. And, we know they will wear better than some which cost twice as much.

We have just received a large shipment of strictly hand-tailored Suits and Overcoats in browns, blues and grays. This shipment contains a wide variety of styles for young men in 2 and 3 button cuts. Snappy Suits and Prices within reach—\$15 to \$30.

A. GROSS

Third & Main Streets. HILLSBORO

Her Brother

By ROBERT L. JAYNES

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When I was keepin' store in Arizona a young woman come in on the stage one evenin' and put up at the tavern. The next mornin' she come into my store and tole me she'd come out from the east to find employment. She couldn't stenograph or typewrite. If she could she needn't have come away from home, but she could keep a wash account, sell goods and do any ordinary work about the store. She was a mighty trim little body, and I tole her she'd better git married and let the other feller do the work; but she larked and said it tuk two to make a match. I tuk her in for help, thinkin' if she turned out as well as she looked I wouldn't mind makin' the other one of the two. But it soon appeared that she wasn't goin' to turn out as well as she looked. First thing I knowed a feller come into the store to see her that looked like a road agent. They seemed to be mighty familiar and did a lot o' talkin' in the back o' the store while I was engaged waitin' on a customer in the front. When the feller went out I said to the young woman, says I: "Rosy"—that was her name—"if you're cahoots with a gang o' robbers the sooner you git out the better."

"Oh, that feller was all right!" she said.
"Who is he?"
"Why, he's my brother."
"Your brother?" I says, turnin' away from her contemptuously. "If that's the kind of family 'e belong to I don't think much of yer stock."
There was nothin' more said about it at the time, but I done up a lot o' thinkin'. First off I thort I'd better give the young woman the grand bounce, but I didn't know whether she was up to anything or not, and if she wasn't I didn't want to lose her. She wasn't no much use about the store—I didn't have so very much for her to do—but I'd got a hankerin' after her.
Well, the next thing that happened looked kind o' suspicious. I was layin' one night on a seckle in the back o' the store when I heerd somethin' rattlin' at the front door. I jist reached back under a pillar, tuk my weepion and let drive through the panel I heerd a yell an', goin' to the door, listened. Don't hearin' anything more, I opened the door and by the light of a match I struck saw drops o' blood leedin' away. I calculated I'd hit some un' who was goin' to rob the store.
Wal, this thing couin' so soon after the visit of Rosy's brother, I didn't know what to think about it. I noticed when I tole her about it she looked kinder quar.
"Hope he warn't yer brother," I said to her, an' I thort she was goin' to faint. Seem'd it bothered her to talk about it I didn't say nothin' more, and after awhile she righted, though for a few days she didn't look very cheerful. But one day the feller that she said was her brother come in. He looked kind o' white in the face. He talked with Rosy awhile an' went out.
"Reckon yer brother's been sick?" I says, a-sympathizin' with her.
"Yes," she says, "he has."
"What's he do for a livin'?"
"He ain't doin' nothin' jist now. I'm tryin' to git a place for him. Trade's mighty brisk lately. Don't yer think 'e need a shippin' clerk?"
"I don't think I do."
I wondered if she thort I was soft enough to believe the feller was her brother and out of employment. I reckoned he wasn't employed, except when he was holdin' up a coach or somepin' like that. And I reckoned she'd have to do a lot o' coaxin' to git me to take in a man to work who'd tried to rob me and I'd winged when he was startin' in to do it.
But we men are kind o' quar 's well as the wimmen. One day the feller come into the store in a hurry. Rosy was there and turned pale. He said somepin' to her quick, and she plinted under the counter. He ducked jist in time to dodge the sheriff, who come runnin' in with a weepion in one hand and a pa' o' bracelets in t'other. Rosy she stood up agin the counter right where the feller wor hid.
"Enny one come in here?" asked the sheriff.
Now, I'm a-goin' to explain why we men is quar as well as the wimmen. Rosy she give me jist one look. She might as well have sent a few ounces o' lead at me, so far as my doin' enny interference was concerned.
"Hinin' seen no one," I says, talkin' parrot-like, jist as Rosy wanted me to.
"Singular; I thort I had him cornered."
He was out in a jiffy, and when the danger was past Rosy put the feller in a back office I had my boots in and called me in too.
"You're a trump!" she says.
"And yer brother's the knave," I says, replyin'.

A Curious Courtship

By SARA TREAT BINGHAM

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I was recently entertained by a gentleman and his wife, living in their handsome country place on one of the most beautiful of American lakes, whose courtship was certainly the most strange I ever heard of. They were both Russians by birth and both of the higher class. The husband told me the story one evening while we were smoking on his piazza overlooking the water. It was this:
I am now a man of seventy, and during my long life there has been a great change in the political condition of my native country. Were it not for this change instead of telling you my experience I would be deathly afraid of your knowing it. Indeed, I should be living, as it were, in oblivion. I was one of the original nihilists. The word is no longer used in speaking of Russians who oppose the government, for there is nothing it stands for. It is the Latin word nihil, which means nothing, the nihilists believing that nothing, governmental or social, that exists should exist—all should be destroyed. Today there is a process of building up Russia, and even the term revolutionist there is at present confined to a few.
The belief of the circle that I belonged to was, among other things, that all property should be held in common. I was then but twenty years of age and was caught by this idea. Indeed, young as I was, I became a leader among the nihilists. But my principles underwent a sudden change. A brother of my father had emigrated to America and had made a fortune. He died a bachelor when I was twenty-five years old and left me his property, amounting to more than half a million dollars.
This acquisition of wealth will turn the head of any communist from his principles. I no sooner learned that I was heir to a fortune than I saw all the social problems I had studied in a different light. But one object took possession of me—to conceal the news of my fortune from my associates, hiding myself from them that I might enjoy it. One night I left one of their meetings to disappear from them forever. Disguised, I left at midnight for America, and in a few months my property was turned over to me.
In time the cause of my absence would be known. I should be tried and condemned to death. I turned over my property and the collection of my income to an agent, with instructions to send the latter to an another name than my own, which I assumed, and attempted to lose my identity in traveling from place to place. I never dared stop anywhere more than a month at a time, and before long I began to experience that tired feeling which induces criminals who know the police are hunting them to give themselves up and suffer the penalty of their crimes.
Especially did I suffer from being cut off from my own countrymen. I dared not associate with a Russian lest through him my identity and whereabouts should be communicated to those who were looking for me. For ten years I lived a life in death. I have often since wondered how the czar, knowing all the while that there are many persons seeking to kill him, can live without breaking down with nervous prostration.
As time passed and I still lived if I did not feel easier I at least took fewer precautions against being found by one sent to kill me. In fact, I felt that I would rather die than suffer myself to constantly fear death.
One day I was introduced to a lady from Russia, who on learning from something I inadvertently dropped to reveal the land of my nativity that I was a Russian took an interest in me. Hounded as I felt sure I had been for many years, I gave myself up to the companionship of this woman, who seemed to have been sent to me in my banishment to comfort me. Indeed, I was falling into that condition we call love when one moonlight evening at a house where we were entertained she suggested that we walk in the garden. When out of sight of the house she suddenly faced me, drew a dagger and, with the words "Forgive me," attempted to plunge it into my heart. I was too quick for her, springing backward. Then I said to her:
"Try again. Another time I will not oppose you. I have lived so long in this dread that I welcome death."
I threw open my coat and presented my breast to her.
For a moment she stood irresolute, then handed her dagger to me.
"I cannot do it," she said. "But if I don't I will be killed. Do the work yourself; it will be a mercy to me."
What had prevented me from following the work I had taken upon myself was a fortune; what prevented this woman from obeying the commands she had received and taking upon herself the blight of an overhanging death was love. From this time the arrow of the little god, instead of the assassin's knife, was between us. The former united us, preventing the latter from separating us. For ten years as man and wife we hid ourselves as best we could, making the second decade for me of such a life. Then gradually the social upheaval in Russia took on another form—the form of revolution—and now we are contributing our means toward it.
Politeness pays, but the conductor won't accept it instead of a nickel.
Often there is not any difference between a fool and a liar.
The poetry we like best is the kind that brings in a good sized check every month so none dare accuse us of being unpoetical.
The man who boasts that he makes a specialty of being unteky should be invited to make himself scarce about the premises.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County
Minnie Canfield, Plaintiff,
vs.
J. E. Canfield, Defendant.
To J. E. Canfield 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 six weeks from and after the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit: on or about Friday the 16th day of September, 1910; and if you fail to answer the plaintiff for want thereof, will take judgment against you for a decree declaring the marriage entered into between you and the plaintiff at Portland, Oregon on the second day of February, 1908, to be null and void, and of no legal effect from the beginning, and not binding on the plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem meet and just.
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 2nd day of August, 1910, in the absence of the Circuit Judge for Washington County, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 4th day of August, 1910, and the date of the last publication of this summons is Thursday the 15th day of September, 1910.
Clyde Richardson, Attorney for plaintiff, 518 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Margaret Jane McElidowney, deceased has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County his Final Account in the matter of said estate and said court has fixed Monday, the 12th day of Sept., 1910 at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account and for the final settlement of said estate.
Dated this 29th day of August, 1910.
Frank E. McElidowney, Administrator of the estate of Margaret Jane McElidowney, deceased.
Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Administrator.

FOR SALE

A good dairy and stock ranch of 380 acres; about 125 acres of good bottom land; about 65 acres in cultivation; balance of bottom in good pasture; about 100 acres good timber; plenty of running water; 3 barns; five room house; about 100 fruit trees; county road and telephone line runs through place. Two and one-half miles from railway station. \$30 per acre, on easy terms.—J. M. Greear, Corvallis, Or. 21-4

READ AUGUST SUNSET

Read "The Philippines as I saw Them" by General James F. Smith, Ex-Governor of the Philippines, and "California Black Gold, the Romance of the Oil Wells," by Walter F. Woehle, in Sunset for August now on sale, at all new stands, fifteen cents.

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 25 years, besides the eastern factories of Kimball, Estey, Steinway and others. Country work always welcome. Leave or telephone orders to McCormick, or to the Patterson Furniture Store.
A. P. VENEN, Piano Tuner.

NOW IS THE TIME

of the year to have your teeth out and plates and bridges work done. For out-of-the-way places, we can send you a mail order for a full set of teeth in one day if necessary.
Molar Crowns \$5.00
22s Bridge Teeth 3.50
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Enamel Fillings 1.00
Silver Fillings .50
Good Rubber 5.00
Best Rubber 7.50
Plates Extra 1.50

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