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# Weekly Argus

### FOR SALE

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## We Want Everybody to Know

That we will, beginning at once, give Cash Register receipts with every cash sale, showing amount of sale, date and who made the sale. We will ask you to keep these receipts as we are going to give back to our cash customers one day's cash sales each month. We will select one day each month and will announce in our window on the 5th day of each month the date we have selected, and then all you will have to do is look over your Cash Register receipts from us and see if you have any bearing that date, if you have just bring them to us and we will refund your money. There is no trick to this proposition.

## Vaught Grocery Co.

Second Street Main 125 Hillsboro, Oregon

## EIGHT ROCK CRUSHERS AT WORK IN THE COUNTY

New One at Jackson Falls Will Soon be Started, Making Nine  
**GOODEN QUARRY HAS GOOD RECORD**  
Turns out Sixty-Eight Carloads for Hillsboro Shipment

Washington County is turning out more crushed rock this year than in any year of its history, eight crushers being engaged in making road material. The new crusher at Jackson Falls will soon be ready to operate, and when it commences eating rock nine crushers will be at work.

The Gooden quarry has been busy for several weeks, and sixty-eight carloads have been shipped to the Hillsboro station. This quarry will be operated all Summer, and supply rock along the line of railway.

Rock work is progressing rapidly in all districts that voted special taxes, and the court wants to see this work completed earlier than it was last season.

The need is for more crushers, but no more will be installed this year. It costs about \$150 to move a crusher, and then a like amount to move it back to its old position, and this soon runs into money where two or three shiftings are made annually.

Again, the machine is not where it is wanted when it is wanted, and districts are put to the annoyance of long waits.

Rock crushers are now established at Gooden, Mountaineale, Jackson Falls, Laurel, Beaverton, Scholls, Tigard, Dilley and Tualatin. With two or three more machines the county would be able to handle the crushing with satisfaction.

### REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

- L. V. Grim to A. E. Barnickel, 1/2 int. in a sec. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- J. E. Brunton to F. M. Ryan, 7 a sec. 34 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- Jas. Inglis to E. W. Maxwell, of Kan. sec. 147 65 a near Gaston..... 14000
- G. L. Huston to R. N. Brown, lots 19, 20, 21, 24, Oak Park sub-div..... 10
- Beaverton City to Wash-Ore Corp, right of way in city..... 1
- J. H. Kroeger to J. C. Kuratli, 5 1/2 lot 6 blk 17 Hoo..... 10
- C. J. Hartzworth to F. A. Mathews & E. C. Hillis, 30.85 a less road, sec 21 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- Frank Calfeit to Wm. F. Smith, 2 1/2 a sec 33 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- R. L. Durham to Geo. Frainey, lot 59 Durham Acres..... 800
- Geo. Hess to Ernest Luedemann, lot 3 Brugger Tract..... 10
- Richard Knuth to Chancy Barney, 10 a Brugger Tract lot 33..... 2000
- Oregon Bond & Mfg Co to Pacific Land Co, lot 9 Borwick Acres; 40 a sec 16 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- Wm. McClain d 1 c; lot 19, blk 6, Oakhurst; lots 19 and 23, blk 2, Redendale; part 12 blk 69, Irvington Park & 40 a Clackamas Co. .. 10
- W. E. Wells to Luella Walsh, 40 a sec 17 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- C. C. Hargrove to F. L. Coykendall, 12.69 a sec 10 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- W. E. Urgan to D. A. Pattallo, 12 1/2 a Wm. Graham d 1 c..... 10
- H. B. Dauchy to Roy Lynn, 100x150 feet at Banks..... 10
- E. J. Moore to John Greber, right to quarry rock, for county..... 50
- Anna May Young to Adolphus Bissler, 8 1/2 a sec 21 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- Bessie Behm to H. L. Robinson, 5 a & other land sec 34 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- Same to Osa Sylvester, 37.18 a sec 34 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- H. L. Robinson to Bessie Behm, 1/2 int. sec 27 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100
- Pierre Mengelbier to Richard Knuth lot 33 Brugger Tract..... 1100
- J. L. Miller to Geo. B. McAdams, 35 a Almon Hill d 1 c—follow up deed 1
- W. H. Warren to L. L. Gilbert, 9 945 a T. D. Humphreys d 1 c below B. S. V. 2000
- Stephen Michael to Mary Gannon, 40 a sec 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Dancing Friday night, Saturday afternoon and night, and Monday all day and evening, at the celebration grounds. Do not forget.

Glen Payne and little niece, Dorothy Applegate, returned Tuesday from the Payne cottage at Newport.

Basket Social at the United Brethren Church, Leisyville, near school house, Saturday evening, July 10, for the benefit of the school house and grounds fund. A fine program has been arranged, and all are cordially invited.

H. R. Emmott returned Saturday evening from his trip to the Siletz and Newport sections. He says that everything looks fine over that way, but old Washington County has beaten all that he saw on his trip.

Do not forget to ask for a Schiller when you want a good 10 cent smoke—no "cough dust" in the Schiller. 126f

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## Concealing a Gem

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

When I was a youngster casting about for something to do for a living I spent a good deal of time groping in the dark. I was of an adventurous disposition and longed for new fields. Finally I settled on a career.

I went out to India to seek my fortune and found—well, for three years I found poverty. Walking on a street in Calcutta, I saw at my feet a brilliant spot emitting the colors of the spectrum. I stooped and picked up, to my surprise, a diamond. It was not one of enormous proportions, nor yet was it small. It was worth not less than \$10,000 nor more than \$20,000, but as I was no judge of diamonds, I did not know. It was surely of sufficient value to take me home to America and give me a new start.

Nevertheless, I was sufficiently honest to look in such mediums as would serve to advertise its loss. I did not advertise it myself because there is so much rascality in that benighted country that had I done so I would have been beset by persons whose object would have been to get possession of it surreptitiously. I did not see any advertisement of a lost diamond, so I considered myself its owner. My theory of its loss was this: There had been a gathering of Indian potentates in Calcutta, and some one of them had dropped it. These fellows have so many jewels that the loser may not have missed it, or perhaps if he did miss it he may have considered it beneath his dignity to issue any public notice of the fact.

One liekhat in its finding troubled me. Upon picking it up, while I was examining it I looked up suddenly to learn if any one saw me and encountered the gaze of an Indian. There was a diabolical expression on his face that told me if he had a chance he would murder me to relieve me of my find. I put the gem in my vest pocket and walked away, not looking at the man to see what became of him.

I had a room in a low grade hostelry—I could afford nothing better—and that night in order to make sure of my gem I tied it to the palm of my hand and slept with it in my grip. During the night I heard some one rummaging in my room. I lay perfectly still, and by and by whoever was there went out. I had not told any one of my find and could not understand who could have had a motive for robbing one whose very appearance indicated poverty.

I had a friend in Calcutta who was in good circumstances. I went to him, told him of my find and that I wished to go home. He loaned me the money to pay my fare, and I sailed for San Francisco. I had not been out twelve hours before I recognized in one of the passengers the man who had seen me pick up the diamond.

It is a very uncomfortable feeling to know that you are cooped up with one who is determined to relieve you of a valuable article. It seemed to me that, whatever I did to conceal my diamond, this Indian would get it from me. I was sure that he had come on board for it, and the natives of India are so stealthy, have so many hidden ways of securing their ends, that I considered my property as good as lost.

On the forward lower deck was a coop containing chickens. They were of a rare variety and were going to some American chicken fancier. One morning, standing before the coop, a singular plan of concealing my diamond occurred to me. It was to let one of the chickens swallow it. He would hold it in his crop, and I could shadow him as the Indian was shadowing me and in time get it away from him. From my next meal I took away with me some crusts of bread and, going to the chicken coop as soon as I was sure I was unobserved, began feeding a stately rooster. He took down one piece of crust after another, and among them I fed him my diamond. It was rather large for him, but he got it down, and I congratulated myself that if it was lost to me that rascally Indian would not get it.

I visited the bird, that was now worth a small fortune, the same evening and went again to the coop the next morning. He was there in the evening, but at my morning visit I was horrified to see that he was missing from the coop. I knew that the Indian had got him, but did not trouble myself to discover how. Not a word did I say to any one on the subject. I met the Indian later walking the deck and fancied that there was a look of triumph in his eye. As for me, I endeavored to conceal any evidence of knowing that he had secured possession of my property. If he was obliged to kill the rooster for the diamond I was resolved to kill him before I would permit him to leave the ship with my property.

Where did he keep the bird? I was not long in finding out. My stateroom was in the stern of the ship directly over the steerage. In the middle of the night I heard a crow. Jumping from my berth, I threw on some clothes, ran below and hunted for the crower. I found him in possession of the Indian. I drew a long knife, with which I made a pass at the man, seized the rooster and ran with him to my room and locked the door.

I never left the room, nor did the bird till after reaching port. I killed him in my stateroom and was delighted to find the diamond in his crop. I got it safely ashore and sold it to a jeweler for \$18,000.

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**An Incident of the Boxer Movement in China**  
By JOHN Y. LARNED

Some years ago Hugh Worthington, a young man of fortune, desiring to enter the field of diplomacy, secured an appointment in the service of the United States government at Peking. Worthington was more interested in seeing the country than in his official duties, which were nominal, and he traveled over such parts of China as were open to foreigners. One day he fell in with a mandarin who had been a good deal in England and spoke the language. The mandarin traveled in style, being carried in a chair, common in Europe until near the beginning of the nineteenth century, by two men and attended by several other servants.

Worthington, who traveled on horseback, on joining the mandarin rode beside the chair, chatting with him. The American knew enough of China to understand that it was infested with robbers and was armed to the teeth. The mandarin was an elderly person, unused to arms, but his servants were prepared to defend him. They were armed with pikes, short swords and other weapons, which Worthington considered next to useless in a fight with an enemy properly accoutered.

Suddenly while passing through a narrow cut in the road the party was attacked by a dozen men bent on robbery. They were not much better armed than the mandarin's servants, but they outnumbered the latter, who immediately took to flight, leaving their master in the hands of the enemy.

Worthington drew a revolver from under his coat at each hip and began a fusillade that put the robbers to flight. Upon this the servants returned and humbly begged the master's forgiveness for having deserted him. He was profuse in his thanks to the Americans, who had not only saved a considerable amount of money for the Chinaman, but his life as well. He begged Worthington to name some favor that he could do him, but the latter said that he wanted for nothing in the world. Then the mandarin took up a bamboo umbrella and opened it. Calling for a writing stick, he wrote on it something as unintelligible to his preserver as the receipt of a Chinese laundryman in America. Handling it to Worthington, he said in a voice so low as not to be heard by his servants:

"A time is coming when there will be a movement on the part of our ignorant and superstitious people to rid China of all foreigners. Keep this umbrella and if attacked open it in the face of your would be murderer."

Worthington paid no attention to the man's warning. Every one knew that foreigners were hated by the Chinese, and there had always been talk about the latter being massacred. The American was young, and the young take little thought of danger. But he was too polite not to assure the mandarin that he would keep his gift as a remembrance of him and the episode.

An American named Preston lived in Peking, who operated a banking house which was a branch of one in New York. Worthington spent a good deal of time at his house, attracted by the banker's daughter, Emma Preston. When the Boxer trouble broke out a month after the foregoing episode Worthington was at Preston's house. It was without the regions of the embassies and entirely unprotected. Worthington on the first sign of danger returned to the embassy for leave to absent himself for the protection of the family in which he was interested. Having attained it, he was about to start back when he noticed the umbrella given him by the mandarin. The day was very hot and it occurred to him to take it for protection against the sun's rays. As to the words spoken concerning it if attacked by an enemy, he had forgotten them, but he did not forget to take with him a couple of revolvers and a supply of cartridges.

As Worthington approached the Preston home he noticed knots of Chinamen talking together excitedly. Some of them scowled at him, but since they had as much dread as hatred of a "foreign devil," they did not attack him. He reached the Preston home safely, but found the family in great trepidation, expecting that at any time a mob would attack and murder them.

The anticipated trouble occurred the next day. The banker's residence was well known, and a crowd of Chinamen armed with all sorts of implements from a scythe to a razor came down for murder. Worthington knew that, though armed, he could not withstand so large a force; nevertheless he stationed himself at a window over the front door, ready to use up his cartridges.

The howling mass came, stopped before the house and were about to make an onslaught upon it when suddenly all their eyes were cast to a window directly beneath the one Worthington occupied. Then every weapon was lowered, every knife was sheathed and the Chinamen moved on.

Worthington was at a loss to account for this sudden change, but it was soon explained to him. One of the family had caught up his umbrella, as a drowning person will catch at a straw, opened it and held it at a window on the ground floor as a protection against stones that were being thrown in. On it was a message signed by a man to whom the Boxers looked as a commander:

Respect this man and his family and his property.

# PARTISAN

Imported Registered Percheron Stallion Black, family built, one of the best sires in the county, will make the 1915 season:  
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**GEO. H. CHAMBERS, Owner.**

(Copy)  
Stallion Registration Board, State of Oregon.  
License Certificate of Pure Bred Stallion No. 1379.  
Dated at Corvallis, Oregon, March 10, 1913

The pedigree of the stallion Partisan, No. 42618 (shown) registered in the studbook of the American Percheron Horse Breeders and Importers Assn. Owned by Joe Otto, of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon. Bred by M. Barbe, Department of Sarthe, France. Described as follows: Black; Star. Pedigree: Brutus (34739) sire; Suzon (23041) Dam; Germanicus (7000) Sire of Sire; Lisette (25008) Dam of Sire; Sultan (1400) Sire of Dam; Suzon (5774) Dam of Dam. Bred Percheron; Foaled in the year 1903, on May 8, and has been examined by the Stallion Registration Board of Oregon, and is hereby certified that the said stallion is of Pure Breeding, is registered in the studbook that is recognized by the associations named in section nine of an Act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon providing for the licensing of stallions, etc., filed in the office of the Secretary of State, February 23, 1911, and that the above named stallion has been examined by the veterinarian appointed by the Stallion Registration Board and is hereby reported free from infectious, contagious or transmissible diseases or unsoundness and is hereby licensed to stand for public service in the State of Oregon.

Ermine L. Potter,  
Secretary Stallion Registration Board

Note:—This license must be recorded in the office of the Recorder of Conveyances of the County in which such stallion is to be used for public service, and must be renewed March 10, 1914.  
(Horse sold by Joe Otto to Geo. H. Chambers)

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