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THE INDEPENDENT.

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H. B. LUCE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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1 WEEK	1 50	2 00	3 50	6 00	10 00
2 WEEKS	2 00	2 50	4 50	8 50	15 00
1 MONTH	2 50	3 00	5 00	10 00	20 00
3 MOS.	4 50	6 00	9 00	20 00	30 00
6 MOS.	6 00	10 00	16 00	30 00	50 00
1 YEAR	10 00	15 00	30 00	50 00	90 00

Transient advertisements, \$2 00 1st insertion; each additional insertion, \$1 00.
Local Notices, 20 cents per line for each insertion. No notice less than \$1 00.
Summons, Sheriff's Sales, and all other legal notices, \$1 50 per square, 1st insertion; each additional insertion, 75 cents.
A Square is one inch up or down these columns.

AGENT AT PORTLAND, OREGON—L. SAMUELS.
AGENT AT SAN FRANCISCO—L. P. FISHER, rooms 20 & 21, Merchants' Exchange California street.
AGENTS AT NEW YORK CITY—S. M. STENGILL & Co., 37 Park Row, cor. Bookman st.—Geo. F. ROWELL & Co., 41 Park Row.
AGENTS AT ST. LOUIS—ROWELL & CHESMAN, Cor. Third and Chestnut Sts.
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications intended for insertion in THE INDEPENDENT must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.
OFFICE—In Hillsboro in the old Court-House building on the Public Square.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WITCOMBE,
Veterinary Surgeon,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Office will be at the Oregon Livery stable, Corner of Morrison and First Streets, Portland, every Friday.

JOHN VITE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Special attention given to DEFORMITIES; also CHRONIC ULCERS.
OFFICE—Main street Hillsboro, Oregon.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE—at the Drug Store.
RESIDENCE—Three blocks South of Drug Store.

WILSON BOWLBY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
OFFICE—at his Residence, West of Johnson's Planning Mills.

W. H. SAYLOR, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
OFFICE—At the Drug Store.
RESIDENCE—Corner Second Block south of the Drug Store.

T. B. HANDLEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Hillsboro, Oregon, my13-tf

C. A. BALL, BALEIGH STOTT.
BALL & STOTT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
PATENTS OBTAINED.
No. 6 Dekum's Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON. ns 1y

Catlin & Killin,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Dekum's Building, First Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

THOMAS H. TONGUE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

THOS. D. HUMPHREYS,
NOTARY PUBLIC and CONVEYANCER.
LEGAL papers drawn and collections made. Business entrusted to his care attended to promptly.
OFFICE—New Court House

THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS.

What a Well Known Western Editor and Publisher Has to Say About It.

Col. Aikens, editor of the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin, in referring to the newspaper business, says: The Average newspaper reader thinks he could improve the newspaper he reads, if he were the editor. It is very common for editors of long experience—men who have devoted a lifetime to the profession—to get letters from subscribers offering advice. No doubt the editor needs advice; but as a rule an editor, fit to be in position, knows better than any one reader what should go into his paper. The readers of a newspaper are a community, and their wants and tastes are broader than those of one man, hence the acute editor will find his way to the satisfaction of the greatest number. In this course he will circumscribe himself only by a regard for truth, right, and public good. He is, however, constantly tempted by the large sale of purely nasty and immoral papers, to increase his at the expense of decency. But only on the ground that the devil is the best paymaster can this course be justified. Edit a paper within the bounds of decency and right, and the best test of the editor's work is the sale of his wares—the number of his readers. Edited upon any other principle the paper becomes a tract, and people don't buy tracts—the benevolent societies give them away.

Another popular fallacy with regard to newspapers is the very general belief that fabulous fortunes are made by publishing them. Of course everybody knows that not much money can be made in printing a small paper in a country town; but we speak of prominent papers in great cities. It is a common remark that we hear with regard to Chicago newspaper fortunes. There are five principal newspapers in Chicago and we understand from most excellent authority that there has been no money made by them for the past year. We know the newspapers have not paid expenses the past year. The difficulty has not been with the papers, for they have been good. It is the loss of advertising. Business has been dull and merchants and manufacturers have not attempted to expand by advertising. In the United States are printed some six thousand publications. We do not call to mind twenty men who have made fortunes in the business. So we repeat, it is not a money-making business.

Perhaps the worst popular fallacy with regard to newspapers is that generally entertained that newspapers ought to be printed and published in the interest of the community—particularly the indigent portion of the community. Churches, poor-houses, asylums and all sorts of charitable enterprises run to the newspapers for gratuities, as a child runs to its mother for help. Politicians, office-seekers and scalla vags, generally count on the unpaid support of newspapers. Now a newspaper, to be worth anything as a business, should be printed in the interest of its proprietor—just as much as a merchant should run his business in his own interest alone. This popular fallacy has been largely bred by the establishment of party and personal organs, that live by begging for support, and other newspaper mendicancy.

Another very common fallacy that has possession of the average mind—is that an advertisement of one's wants and business inserted in a newspaper, is patronage, in a sort of generous sense. The fact is that the publisher of a first-class newspaper usually charges less than the cost of the white paper covered, for the insertion of an advertisement. So, if there is any patronage in the transaction, it is on the part of the publisher. A stranger picking up a paper from an unknown city, judges of its business and general reputation for enterprise more by the advertisements than by the editorials.

THE HORRIBLE HOPPERS.

Another Letter from the Devastated Districts of Kansas.

It may interest you to learn how we Kansas sufferers are getting along, or whether it is as bad as reported in the papers. Let me tell you that anything you have read, would only give you a faint idea of the reality. The month past has been one of hard fighting every day. To-day we have concluded to yield, and lay down our war implements. I wish you could have been here for the last week, not that I wished you to suffer on the battle field, but to learn some of the tactics of a grasshopper war. Neighbor Pardee, next south to me, has 20 acres to small fruit and garden, his only dependence for a living. The enemy has completely riddled him to-day. He has caught many bushels with a sort of net, one end stretched over a barrel hoop, which he swings in his hands, taking from one to two quarts at a swing, till it gets too heavy. He the pounds his captives with a board paddle until they yield. Most every family have different modes of slaughter. They commence traveling about 10 o'clock a. m., if the sun shines, and go along the side of the fence or ledge. I have four pits dug, 2x6, and two feet deep. I then bore two holes in the bottom from 3 to 4 feet deep, with an 8-inch post auger, put up a board on the back side, and a 16-foot board, one foot wide, for a wing, with one end to the pitch. These holes will fill about twice each day, without any effort of ours; but if we desire to drive them, two or three hands, with bushes, or anything to swing in the hand, can catch all we desire to handle. At first we poured in hot water and killed them, then bored them out, but the odor was very unpleasant, so now we jam them with the auger, then bore them out without cooking. Some large farmers have done business on a more extensive scale, and taken from 10 to 25 bushels per day. But it's of no use; we can go back six or eight rods from the pit and drive them in, and before you can dispose of them, the ground will be covered the same as before, and all the satisfaction you get is in knowing that there are so many dead.

The people are almost panic-stricken. They have used every means to get seed, and the prospect never was brighter for good crops. They have generally worked hard, and lived poorly. There are but few families that have any meat, but by selling a little butter, get some once a week, but now some of the prairies are as bare as in winter, and as the crops are nearly all destroyed of every kind, the prospect is that there will be nothing for cattle to eat in ten days. They have eaten the corn off so many times, that it is killed. Some of the neighbors said they have corn that they can see the rows in the morning, but none at night. If the hopper should go away as soon as the 15th or 20th of next month, we might get corn after that, if we had seed, but there is none in this country, and nothing to buy any with. But, you know, it is an old adage that "it is always darkest just before day." So we will hope for the best, and trust in that Power that has brought us thus far safely through life, for the future.

Jones gave a lawyer a bill to be collected to the amount of \$30. Call for it, after a while, he inquired if it had been collected. "Oh yes," said the lawyer, "I have it all for you." What charge for collecting? "Oh," said the lawyer laughing, "I'm not going to charge you—why I have known you ever since you were a baby, and your father before you; \$20 will be about right," handing over \$10. "Well," said Jones, as he meditated upon the transaction, "its darned lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything."

HELPLESSNESS VS. STRENGTH.

The constant experiences and observations of every-day life so completely refute the theory that woman should be educated to dependence and helplessness, that it is incredible how it finds favor even with the most stupid.

The superficial gallantry of which we hear so much, and which we are solemnly told that women will forfeit when they are generally disappears in the hour of extremity. If this is not the fact, why is it that the large number of victims in marine and other disasters are women? But one woman was saved from the wreck of the "Schiller," while a number of men escaped. When the "Atlantic" was wrecked last year upon the rocks of Nova Scotia, not a single woman escaped. When the Catholic Church at Holyoke, Mass., was burned, we are told that among the sixty-six victims, there were but seven men. So it is in every case. "Yes; but the strong bore down the weak," you would say. True; but we thought your theory was that the strong protected the weak. The little commonplace gallantries—very pleasant it may be—which women can live without, most men are ready and willing to grant. But in stern emergencies, the first and last thought is for self. So it is in all transactions of life. There is not the slightest discrimination in favor of women which they cannot very well afford to do without. Traveling fees, hotel charges, butchers' and grocers' bills are the same, whether paid by man or woman. The landlord charges the same rent, and the woodman a little more for his wood, if a woman is so "helpless" as not to know the difference between a cord and a half-cord; and so it is in all things else. The law of the world is self-protection, and it were as easy to escape from the laws of gravitation as from the necessity of intelligent self-reliance. This false gospel of feminine helplessness is one of the strongest allies of human misery; and women should banish it from their lives and in its place substitute that of independent self-reliance, and they will have that which will fill them not.

"The gods help those who help themselves;" those who will learn to manage their own affairs can have what is better than gallantries—competence, or at least independence—and while dependent ones are helpless giving vent to unavailing sorrow, or appealing to others for aid in the hour of calamity, those who are able to help themselves will quietly place their own hands upon the helm and direct their barks into smooth channels. "To be weak is to be miserable," and this without remedy or qualification. Strength of men is a thing to be desired above all things, to be proud of, to be prayed for as a guide through the rough places in life. A foolish fling of words from the weak-minded may perhaps serve to annoy, but they cannot daunt one who knows full well the invaluable aid which strength of mind furnishes. What we want is more strong-minded men who do not seek to make women believe that their chief charm lies in their helplessness; more strong-minded women who prefer strength of purpose and independence to clinging dependence.—Mrs. C. A. Coburn in the New Northwest.

Definition of Bible Terms.
A shekel of gold was \$8 00.
A talent of silver was \$538 32.
A talent of gold was \$13,809.
A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.
A farthing was three cents.
A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.
A gerald was one cent.
A eyba, or path contains seven gallons and five pints.
A bin was one gallon and two pints.
A firkin was seven pints.
An omer was six pints.
A tab was three pints.

He Knew His Age.

In the times when the political warfare between Whigs and Democrats waxed hot and relentless there was a town out West in which the two parties were so equal in numbers that the variation of a single vote, one way or the other might be a matter of most serious consequence. Of course on both sides sharp eyes were open and watchful. A young man came to the polling place on election day and offered his vote. It was his first appearance in the character of an elector, and he had the independence, or audacity, to differ politically with his father. His father challenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the presiding officer.
"He ain't twenty-one."
"I am twenty-one," asserted the youth.
"No you ain't," persisted the father; "you won't be twenty-one till tomorrow."
"I say I will" cried the youth.
"I was born on the 12th day of November. It is down so in the old Bible."
"Then it's a dod-rotted mistake," said the old man. "You weren't born till the mornin' of the 13th of November, I can swear."
"How can you swear?"
"How?" repeated the father, indignantly. "Goodness gracious! wasn't I there?"
"Well," returned the son, with proud defiance, "wasn't I there too?"
The young man voted.—Boston Courier.

Female Society.

All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is as uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another, but, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well-regulated, kindly woman about her daughter Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man can derive from woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—Thackeray.

Another Cancer Cure.

Another man has discovered an "infallible cure" for cancer. His name is Charles Yardley, and he lives at Pittsburgh. We know nothing about Mr. Yardley or his plant, the virtues of which he so highly extols, but there may be something in it. He writes as follows: "I want to tell you how I cured my cancer last summer without pain or money. Eight years ago a cancer came on my nose. It grew slowly at first, for several years, but the last two years it grew very fast and it finally began to eat my left eye. I had spent hundreds of dollars and tried doctors far and near without any relief. Last summer I drank Wild Tea, putting the tea grounds on my cancer every night, as a poultice, and in six weeks my cancer was cured. I am sixty-two years old. I have given this remedy to several persons having cancers, and know two that have been cured since. Wild Tea grows over the States generally, always on high land.—Exchange.

"Lemme die now," gasped an Ohio farmer. "I've lived to see a woman git thirty-one yards of cloth into one dress, and I'm ready to pull up stakes now."

SAVE THE SLOP.

Let every one who owns a garden, whether in town or country, bear in mind that the waste water, highly impregnated with ammonia and other valuable fertilizers, that annually goes to the gutter, would make many a man rich. Now that every well arranged kitchen has a sink, with a waste water-pipe attached, the latter should in every instance have its outlet in some portion of the vegetable garden. A tank, not necessarily large, should be the reservoir for receiving all the contents, and if no higher than the surface of the surrounding ground, and covered with a neat board floor, it will not prove unsightly. The center of the garden is the proper place for its location, and a small force-pump will at all times enable us to use the liquid portion of the contents. The sediment, which will mostly settle to the bottom, should be taken out as often as it interferes with the working of the pump, and immediately composed of an incomparable manure for vines. After a reasonable length of time it becomes as mellow and rich as any one could desire, and causes the richest tint of green to spread over the melon and cucumber leaves. Indeed, for Lima beans there is no fertilizer so well adapted as this. The liquid portion of the contents of the tank may be pumped up, and by the aid of inexpensive wooden troughs, can be conveyed to any portion of the garden where it is needed. The celery, treated to an occasional dressing of this, will outgrow any plants ever seen in the garden.

In early Spring, however, is the season when its virtues are most needed. A sprinkling over the seed-beds of cabbage, celery, &c., will prove equal to the best "home-made" liquid manure. The overflow pipe (for there must be such an arrangement) should lead into a neatly-kept gutter, and on either side of this, if one or two rows of strawberry plants should be set, there will be an astonishing growth of foliage followed by a surprising crop of fruit.

The best arrangement of this kind is where there are two tanks, connected near the top by a short pipe. The waste water, sediment and all, runs into the first of these, when the solid portion sinks to the bottom, while the liquid fills the tank, and, passing through the communicating pipe, is held by the second tank. Over the latter should be fastened the pump for the convenience of using the stimulating fluid; but in the first tank will accumulate all the solid matter, which may retain therein for some time, or until it should fill the vessel and retard the passage of the water in the communicating pipe. As this contrivance has been successfully tested by some of the most practical gardeners of my acquaintance, it should come into more general use, as the idea of a person purchasing several dollars' worth of manure for his garden when he has an almost inexhaustible supply, without cost, at his very door, is simply ridiculous.—Chester.

Sneer, if you will like a fool, at the suggestion of reform, morals, religion; every man knows that all there is of true life is personal virtue and rectitude of character.

If I were suddenly asked to give a proof of the goodness of God to us, I think I should say that it is most manifested in the exquisite difference He has made between the souls of women and men, so as to create the possibility of the most charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine.—Arthur Helps.

Who says angels must all be young and splendid? Will there not be some comforting ones shabby and tender; whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder; whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a gentle, tremulous light, more soothing to our aching, earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits?—Miss Thackeray.