

Washington Independent.

VOL. III.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST, 12, 1875.

NO. 19.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED AT
Hillsboro, Oregon

H. B. LUCE,

Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Coin):

One year, \$2 50
Six months, 1 50
Three months, 1 00
Single copies, 10

RATES OF ADVERTISING (Coin):

Regular Advertisers.
TIME 1 sq. 2 sq. 1/2 col. 1/4 col. 1 col.
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 12 00 20 00
3 MOS., 4 50 6 00 9 00 20 00 30 00
6 MOS., 6 00 10 00 18 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.
Low 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.

AGENTS AT PORTLAND, OREGON—L. S. SMITH.
AGENT AT SAN FRANCISCO—L. P. FISHER, rooms 20 & 21, Merchant's Exchange, California street.
AGENTS AT NEW YORK CITY—S. M. JEFFERSON & Co., 37 Park Row, cor. Beekman st.—Geo. P. ROWELL & Co., 41 Park Row.
AGENTS AT ST. LOUIS—ROWELL & CHESSMAN, 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 WITHCOMBE,
Veterinary Surgeon,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Will be at the Oregon Livery stables, 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 Planing 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.

BALL & STOTT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
PATENTS OBTAINED.
No. 6 Dekum's Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Catlin & Killin,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Lekum'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.

MARK TWAIN'S BIG FRIGHT.

A Story of Old Times on the Mississippi not in the "Atlantic Monthly."

While sitting in front of the Southern Hotel, talking to a future great citizen about the old steamboat days of St. Louis, when captains, clerks and pilots ran the town, and ran it under a full head of steam, an ancient mariner let up on whittling the arm of the next chair, turned toward us, and remarked, "You were speaking of the old river days?" "We were," I replied. "Perhaps, now, you have been reading some of Sam Clemens's yarns?" I held up a copy of the *Atlantic*, opened at Mark Twain's article, which had really brought about the conversation. "Yes, I thought so; well, he don't tell all he knows," said the social riverman, reaching over for a tobacco-pouch which a gentleman was passing to a friend. "There's one little affair he aint worked into print yet, and it aint likely he will."

The social stranger quit off on his reminiscence at this point and talked generally about the bad outlook of the crops and the universal disadvantage of dryness. Seeing that nothing but gin and sugar would start him anew, he was persuaded in a convenient bar-room, and hoisting in three fingers (held vertically), a handful of crackers and several chunks of cheese, he proceeded with his anecdote, interrupting himself a number of times to remark to the barkeeper, "The same, pard."

"I was first engineer of the Alexander Scott when Sam Clemens (Mark Twain) was a cub in her pilot-house. He was a chipper young chap, with legs no bigger'n a casting line, and fuller of tricks than a mule colt. He worked off jokes on everybody aboard, from the skipper down to the roosters (darkey deck hands), but they were all taken in good part, but I lay by two or three to pay back. About the time Sam got the run of the river enough to stand alone at the wheel, the Scott went into the lower river trade, carrying cotton from Memphis to New Orleans. Perhaps now, you never see a boat in the cotton trade burn. Well, you may cover your cotton from stem to stern with tar-paulins, and keep your donkey engine steamed up, but if a spark of fire touches cotton, enough to fill a tooth, your boat's a corpse. It's quicker'n than gunpowder to burn, and no pilot can reach the lower deck from the texas in time to save himself, let alone his Saratoga. So you see everybody in that trade is on the watch, and an alarm of fire in a boat loaded with cotton will turn a man's hair gray quicker'n an alligator can swallow a nigger."

"Sam, being a young pilot, and new to the cotton trade, was told over again how the profession would lose a promising cub if ever a fire broke out on the Scott, and the boy got nervous. My striker and me always managed to be in the lunch-room when Sam came off watch, and as he came in we would talk about the number of cotton boats that burned in such a year, and how such a cub would have made a lightning pilot, if he hadn't got burnt up in the cotton trade; and we always noticed that Sam's appetite failed him after that, and instead of going to bed he would go prowling around the lower deck and peering about the hatchways, smelling at every opening like a pup that had lost its master."

"One day when we backed out of Memphis with a big cargo of cotton, I complained, in Sam's hearing, that the mate had loaded the boat too near the engines. The boy followed me into the engine room, and, without seeming to notice him, I told my striker I would do my level best to keep that cotton from catching fire, but that it was a slim chance with bales piled right up before the furnace doors. Sam got whiter'n a bulkhead, and went up to the texas,

where he packed his Saratoga, ready for any business that might come before the meeting. When he went on watch I posted the second clerk to keep an eye on him. He hid behind a smokestack and saw Sam alone in the pilot-house, his hair on end, his face like a corpse's, and his eyes sticking out so far you could have knocked them off with a stick. He danced around the pilot house, turned up his nose like he was smelling for a pole-cat, pulled every bell, turned the boat's nose for the bank, and yelled 'Fire!' like a Cherokee Indian on the war path. We had a big cargo of passengers, and the woman screeched, the men rushed for cork pillows, and the crew yanked the doors off their hinges and rushed to the guards, ready to go overboard at the first moderation of the weather. The skipper had hard work to make the crazy passengers believe that there wasn't any fire, but he brought them to reason finally. I paid no attention to Sam's frantic yells, so the boat didn't run her nose against the bank he aimed for."

"The captain and pilot and a lot of passengers, after hunting all over the boat, couldn't find a sign of fire anywhere outside the furnaces, and then they went for Sam. He swore up and down that he smelt cotton burning; no use talking to him—he knew the smell of burning cotton, and, by thunder, he had smelt it. The first pilot said, kind of soft and pitying to Sam, 'My boy, if you'd told me you was so near the jinnams I'd stood double watch for you. Now, you go and soak your head in a bucket of water and take a good sleep and you'll be all right by to-morrow.' Sam just biled over at this, and when a pretty young woman passenger said to the skipper, loud enough for Sam to hear, 'So young and nice looking, too—how sad it would make his poor mother feel to hear how he drinks,' he fairly frothed at the mouth. You never see a fellow so toned down as Sam was after that, and though the boys never quit running him, he never talked back, but looked kind of puzzled—as though he was trying to account for that smell of cotton smoke."

"And what was the cause of the smell?" I asked emine Ancient. He chuckled a full minute and then said, 'You see there's a speaking tube running from the engine room to the pilot house. I had in mind the tricks Sam had played on me, and having worked him to a nervous state about fire, I waited till he was alone in the pilot house, and then set fire to a little wad of cotton, stuffed it into the speaking tube, and the smell came out right under his nose. A little more sugar in it, pard.'—*St. Louis Corr. of the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Hearsay Evidence.

"I say, Mr. Smithers," said Mrs. Smithers to her husband; "didn't I hear you down in the kitchen kissing the cook?" "My dear," replied Smithers, blandly, "permit me to insist upon my right to be reasonably ignorant. I really cannot say what you may have heard." "But wasn't you down there kissing the cook?" "My dear, I really cannot recollect. I only remember going into the kitchen and coming out again. I may have been there, and from what you say I infer I was. But I cannot recollect just what occurred." "But," persisted the ruthless cross-examiner, "what did Jane mean when she said: 'Oh! Smithers, don't kiss so loud, or that old she-dragon up stairs will hear us!'" "Well," said Smithers, in his blindest tones, "I cannot remember the interpretation I did put on the words at the time. They are not my words, you must remember."

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feeling and affectionate manners.

A FIGHT FOR SUPREMACY.

An Authentic Incident of Travel in the Southwest.

[From the Vicksburg Herald.]

A gentleman residing in this city had occasion, a few days since, to make a journey down the river and several miles back from it, using a saddle-horse. Darkness overtook him in a sparsely settled district, and as the roads were in a bad condition and the evening looked threatening, he halted before a forlorn-looking hut, and asked if he could find lodgings.

"I reckon ye mought," replied the long-haired, sorrowful-eyed squatter, after hesitating for a moment. The Vicksburger found little to eat, and his horse found still less. The squatter and his wife were all alone, and they had but few words for the stranger, and scarcely spoke to each other. When the evening grew old the traveller camped down on the floor on a blanket, and being very tired he fell asleep while host and hostess were smoking their black clay pipes at the other end of the room. He had slept about two hours when the squatter shook him by the shoulder and said:

"Stranger, I'm powerful sorry to disturb ye, but I want to ax a favor."

"Yes—yes—what is it?" inquired the Vicksburger, as he rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"Ye like to see fair play, don't ye, stranger?"

"Yes, of course."

"Wall, me'n the old woman can't agree; somehow she's cross and tetchy, and I guess I'm a trife ugly. Leastwise, we don't hug up worth ole boots. We've fit and fit; I'm old and she's chuck full of grit, and it's about an even thing!"

"Well, I'm sorry," put in the Vicksburger, as the squatter hesitated.

"We've been a-talkin' since ye cum, stranger, and we've made up to ask ye to hold the candle and let us go in for an old rouser of a fight—a reg'lar old sockdolager, which shall settle our fuss! If I lick, she'll go; if she licks, I'll travel!"

"I'm sorry if there's any trouble, and I hope you won't fight."

"We've got to do it, stranger," replied the old woman. "I won't live with a man who kin lick me, and he's just as high-born. Sam's as good as the run o' men, but he's lazy and sassy and wants to wear his hat on his ear!"

"She's right, stranger," said the squatter, "and this cabin can't hold both of us any longer! It's to be a squar' fight—no kicking or clubbing, and we wont go back on yer decision."

The Vicksburger protested, but the woman placed a lighted candle on his hand, and posted him in the door, and the man and wife stepped out on the ground.

"Suke, I'm going to wallop ye right smart in just four hoots and a holler!" said the squatter as he pushed up his sleeves.

ROMANCE IN KANSAS.

A Cheyenne Indian Attempts to Abduct a Farmer's Daughter.

One of the main tributaries of the Little Arkansas river is called Running Turkey creek, at the mouth of which is Jim Geary's ranche, an old and somewhat notorious stopping-place in the days when Government provisions were hauled from Fort Harker to the Indian Territory by means of bull and mule teams. Among the early settlers was a family from Ohio named Falconer, which consisted of Robert Falconer, his wife Sarah, and an only daughter Bessie, at this time about seventeen years old. The young girl was engaged to a young farmer, and had nothing happened would have been married on last Friday evening. The time for the marriage arrived, so did the bridegroom and invited guests, but, strange, no bride appeared. Her parents supposing she was in her room, went to the door to warn her that the time for the performance of the ceremony had arrived, when they found the room empty. It was early evening, and not yet dusk; so they walked to the window to endeavor to discover the truant. Their horror may be imagined when they saw, rapidly disappearing through the timber on the creek bank, a man, carrying in his arms the form of a young girl, which, from the dress, they immediately recognized as that of their daughter. In an instant the alarm was given, and the whole party, well armed, started in pursuit. Within a few minutes they were within gunshot of the fugitive, but were unable to use their weapons in consequence of his shielding his body with the loved form of the bride elect. The young lover was almost frantic, and in his frenzy appeared to have gained the footness of the antelope, overtaking the almost breathless abductor, he seized him, and after a brief struggle wrested the girl from him; at the same time discovering that the abductor was a Cheyenne Indian who had been around the neighborhood for a year or two. At the same time that the farmer regained his sweetheart, the savage with cool-like wriggle, escaped from his hold and started on a keen run down the creek. The pursuers, however, were too much for him, and one of their number brought him to the ground by means of a well-aimed bullet from a needle-gun. It was soon ascertained that the red man was only wounded in the thigh. He was then taken prisoner and lodged in a neighboring dug-out, from which by some means he escaped during the night, carrying the needle-gun ball in his thigh, and has not since been heard of, although diligent search has been made by the friends of the young lady, whose wedding has been indefinitely postponed in consequence of an attack of brain fever, the result of the fright she received. *St. Joseph, Mo., Herald, July 1st.*

SSAY.

Sarah Smith stands sorrowfully alone; she sees splendid spruces surrounding shady spots she sees summer's sun shining; she smells sweet savors; sweet songsters singing silvery strains serenade Sarah. Still she sighs. Sunset's soft shades settle silently, still she stands sadly sighing. Suddenly she started. She saw some stranger strolling silently southward. "Stop!" she shouted. "Stop, stranger! Sarah Smith says so!" Stately she stood, sternly she shouted "Stop!" Samuel Slocum, successful statesman, smooth speaker, started, saw Sarah, seemed surprised said soliloquizingly, "Strange; seemingly scarce sixteen; so sweet; so simple; still so singularly suspicious! She seems strangely sad. Say something sweeter, Sarah." She, stopping some silent struggle, said, "Surely some stranger seeing sights. Shall Sarah Smith shun such; scarcely." So strolling silently strangerward, she said: "Sarah Smith scorns suspicious scandals, she seeks sympathy; seeks she successfully?" Still shone silvery streams slanting southward. Samuel Slocum sat sweetly smiling. Sarah Smith sat suspiciously somewhere. Sunset's serene splendor suggested supper. Still she sat. She sought sympathy successfully; supper seemed superfluous. Some six Sunday's succeeding she signed some sketches Sarah Smith Slocum. R. K.

Fashionable Life.

If there is any environment which can degrade a human being or harden a young heart, it is the atmosphere of fashionable life without that home culture which should be its natural accompaniment. You may take the tenderest and most beautiful and lovely girl, the one that is kindest at home, and loves her father and mother most, and put her in the highest circle of fashionable life, with plenty of money and full scope to do as she pleases; let her dress herself as she will—cover herself with diamonds and pearls; let the love of admiration become the ruling passion; and soon all the tenderness of that young nature passes away; her thoughts concentrate upon herself—what figure she is cutting, who her admirers are, what conquests she can make.—By and by the youthful, beautiful modesty is gone, and the way is open for vice, that, in the beginning, would not have been dreamed of, or, if thought of, put away as utterly impossible.

Owing to the recent spell of warm weather in Douglas county, the grain has matured very fast, and on account of a scarcity of machinery to harvest the crop immediately there will be quite a loss to the farmers.

We understand that Benton county failed in raising \$100,000, to insure the completion of the proposed Yaquina railroad. Linn county is going to try and raise this amount. Hay in Roseburg is \$12 a ton.

REV. ADDISON JONES, PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SALEM, IS LYING DANGEROUSLY ILL, WITH LITTLE HOPES ENTERTAINED OF HIS RECOVERY.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.

Rev. Addison Jones, pastor of the Baptist church, Salem, is lying dangerously ill, with little hopes entertained of his recovery.