

# Washington Independent.

ADVERTISING AGENCY  
1000 Market Street  
San Francisco, Cal.

VOL. III.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1875.

NO. 21.

## 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 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.  
Low Notices, 20 cents per line for each insertion. No notice less than \$1 00.  
Sundays, 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. SAMUELS.

AGENT AT SAN FRANCISCO—L. P. FISHER, rooms 20 & 21, Merchant's Exchange California street.

AGENTS AT NEW YORK CITY—S. M. STEWART & Co., 37 Park Row, cor. Beekman st.—Geo. P. ROWELL & Co., 41 Park Row.

AGENTS AT ST. LOUIS—ROWELL & CO., CORNER 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 WITHYCOMBE,

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 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.

C. A. BALL, RALEIGH STOTT.

#### BALL & STOTT,

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

JOHN CATLIN, B. KILLEN.

#### Catlin & Killen,

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

### A KENTUCKY ROMANCE.

How Three Young Girls were Captured and Rescued Ninety-Nine Years Ago.

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

It was Sunday, July 14, 1775—just ninety-nine years ago to-day—and the rudely-constructed fort at Boonsboro lay in drowsy stillness on the bank of the Kentucky River. Daniel Boone and his friend and associate, Richard Callaway, had been absent since early in the morning, and the good wives, sharers in the toil of the early pioneer days, were enjoying the rest that the Sabbath brought even to the unbroken wilderness. In the grateful shade of a tree in one corner of the enclosure, sat three young girls, giving an unwonted charm to the rough evidence of civilization which had but recently forced themselves upon the primitive harmony of the surrounding scenery.

The eldest of these maidens was Elizabeth Callaway. The experiences of life rather than the observances of nature seem to have given turn to the thoughts and tastes of the early settlers, so, while the euphonious name of Bessie might have harmonized well with the murmuring river and the soft and languid aspect of nature in her Summer garb, the hard, every-day life of the adventurous dwellers in the dark and bloody ground seemed to comport best with the harsher name of Betsy. So Elizabeth was known simply as Betsy Callaway—not a name suggestive of romance, yet she was withal a gentle and loving girl, and had maiden fancies that gave the deep color of romance to one of the incidents of her life in the wilderness. She was just turned of sixteen. The other girls, younger by two years, were Fanny Callaway, fairer than her sister Betsy, and Jimima Boone. Though but fourteen years counted the lives of the two girls, each had a lover who was a hardy pioneer. An evening drew near, one of the girls proposed that they should go a short distance below the fort to where a canoe was lying, and drift out upon the river to catch the rising coolness of the evening.

Hardly were they seated and prepared to push from the shore, when they detected a slight rustling in the brush, and in a moment more five stalwart and hideously painted Indians leaped to the side of the canoe. What girl of sixteen could be equal to such an emergency? Betsy Callaway, without a moment's hesitation, determined to defend the honor and the lives of herself and her young companions, and wrote her name in the annals of Kentucky. Standing erect in the canoe, she seized the paddle, and at a single blow laid open to the bone the head of the foremost savage. The other Indians pressed on, but, still undaunted, the brave girl fought them. Finally exhausted, she sank to the bottom of the canoe, and with her trembling sister and friend was dragged ashore, and hurried off to meet whatever fate might be in store for them.

The fathers of the girls soon returned, and before the night closed in, Daniel Boone, at the head of a party on foot, and Richard Callaway, at the head of a party on horseback, were off in pursuit. In Boone's party were Samuel Henderson, John Holder, and Flanders Callaway. As Henderson strode along he was thinking of the olive-cheeked heroine, Betsy Callaway; and Holder clenched his hands and ground his teeth when he thought of poor, little, frightened Fanny; and Flanders Callaway almost forgot his kith and kin for thinking of his captured Jimima Boone. We can easily smile over it now, but let any man put himself in the place of these young men and ask himself how he would feel in such a pursuit.

When the Indians started with the girls they made the younger ones take off their shoes and put on moc-

casins, but Betsy refused to take off her shoes, and as she walked along she ground her heel into the soil to leave a trail. Noticing this, the Indians made the whole party walk apart and deviate from the course, so as to wade through the water and destroy the trail. Then the undaunted Betsy broke off twigs and dropped them along the road, and when the savages threatened her with uplifted tomahawk if she persisted in this, she secretly tore off portions of her dress and dropped them on the road.

Boone's party soon found the trail and followed it rapidly, fearing that the girls might grow weary and be put to death. All Sunday night and all Monday the pursuit was kept up. On Tuesday morning a slender column of smoke was seen in the distance, and the experienced eye of the hunter detected the camp of the Indians. A serious difficulty now presented itself. How were the captives to be rescued without giving the captors time to kill them? There was but little time for reflection, as the Indians must quickly discover their presence. The white men were sure shots, and they picked their men, fired upon them, and then rushed into the camp to the rescue.

At the moment of attack the girls were sitting at the foot of a tree; Betsy with a red bandanna handkerchief thrown over her head, while the heads of Fanny and Jimima were reclining in her lap. Betsy's olive complexion came near serving her a bad turn at this juncture, for one of the rescuing party coming suddenly upon her, mistook her for an Indian, and was about to knock her brains out with the butt of his rifle when a friendly hand intervened and saved the girl from meeting her death just at the moment when she saw liberty within her reach.

The fathers and gallants carried their loved ones home in triumph, and this romance of real life in Kentucky a century ago would not be complete without the information that the dreams of love and happiness that were so cruelly disturbed were subsequently all realized. Brave Betsy Callaway became Mrs. Samuel Henderson, and lived to tell the story of her capture to her children and her children's children. Little Fanny became Mrs. John Holder, and Flanders Callaway took to his home Miss Jimima Boone, and thus cemented the friendly ties of the Boones and Callaways. It is a long time ago, night on to a hundred years; and all the actors in the romance have long since departed, but their memory is green with many of us yet, and we can all well afford to give a few thoughts to the event that marked their characters and the times in which they live and loved.

### The Power of Conscience.

[Vicksburg Herald.]

A member of the colored church was the other evening conversing earnestly with an acquaintance, and claiming the good man. "I was dazed way myself once. Right in my year town I had a chance to steal a pair of boots—mighty nice ones, too. Nobody was dar to see me, an' I reached out my hand and de debble said take 'em; den a good spirit whispered for me to let dem boots alone." "An' you didn't take 'em?" "No, sah—not much. I took a pair o' cneap shoes off de shelf an' left dem boots alone.

The Walla Walla Spirit says: Messrs. Campbell, Jones and others have threshed their Fall wheat, and as far as threshed the average is about 42 bushels to the acre. Mr. C. Maier threshed a field of 21 acres, from which he realized 53 bushels and some pounds as an average per acre.

### A TERRIFIC STORM IN IOWA.

Fruit Trees and Corn Whipped Clean—Two Pound Hailstones—Hogs and Cattle killed—Shoveling Glass.

The Nonpariel, a paper published at Council Bluffs, Iowa, gives the following account of a storm which passed through Omaha and towns in Iowa on the 4th of this month:

This city, Omaha, suffered terribly by the storm and hail last night, and was the most terrifying and destructive this city has yet received. Even the alarm for personal safety was general, so immense were the size of the hailstones. Buildings without shutters had their windows riddled as with grape shot, and in the northern portion of the city the hail crashed through shutters, and even in some instances removed the sash. Fruit trees were whipped clean, says the Bee, and corn looks as though elephants had trod over it. The buildings facing north and east had, with rare exceptions, all their glass broken out, and the south sides of Farham and Douglass suffered remorselessly. The hail storm lasted three-quarters of an hour, and the stones were all the way from an ounce to two pounds in weight, some of them measuring from 7 to 11 and 12 inches. The gardens and fields as far north as Florence are completely ruined, and the city gardens likewise. Some cattle, pigs, and many fowls were killed. The greatest loss is in glass, amounting probably to \$30,000. The force of the stones can be imagined when we state that they went through French plate glass three-eighths of an inch thick, and through the five-eighths inch rolled plate glass on the roof of the Union Pacific depot, with the utmost ease. This latter glass is remarkably tough and it takes a sledge hammer blow to break it. Seven or eight panes, two by six feet, were broken. The churches suffered severely—all of them. The High School lost 270 medium sized panes, and the other schools panes amounting, in the aggregate, to \$200. Between fifty and seventy-five large windows in the Grand Central were demolished, at a rough estimate of \$1,000. The Western Union Telegraph Company lost their \$200 French plate glass. The Creighton Block lost several French plate panes, at a loss of not less than \$1,500. Stephens & Wilcox are out \$1,000 in the way of a plate glass, and Kurtz, Mohr & Co., and J. K. Ish figure up \$500 more. Max Meyer & Co., are out \$65; the Hillman Building, \$150; Milton Rogers, \$500; the Central Block 325 panes; Wirth's restaurant a \$150 French plate pane; Solomon a \$250 window; and the Union Pacific lost ten thousand lights of glass, large and small, plain, cut, colored and ornamented. The headquarters building is out 250 glass. The east end of the cars standing in the yards were all broken out, and those cars going west had to be entirely refitted. The shops came in for great damage, and the company's loss will be from \$4,000 to \$5,000.

Omaha received her share this time, and the shoveling of glass is going on clinkingly.

The Statesman says that S. J. Whitman who lives near Jefferson and who has been arrested for castrating a young man by the name of Watkins who Whitman asserted had had improper relations with his (Whitman's) wife, was bailed out of jail last evening. The following gentleman became his sureties in the sum of \$800: H. E. Ankeny, R. M. Wade, D. A. Wood and John Edwards. There is said to be good evidence that his victim is alive, and that the rumor that he has died or been killed is without foundation.

To show what the oak-grub land will render, the Yamhill Courier cites its readers to a forty-acre lot of this kind of land on the farm of Anson B. Henry. Five years ago this piece of land was as densely covered with oak and fir grubs as could be found. This land this year yielded 1,250 bushels of wheat, a little over thirty-four bushels to the acre.

### Flirtation.

No woman can carry on a flirtation with a married man that is not criminal. No woman can flirt innocently even with a young man. It is the first step toward unbalancing his character. Through her he sees other women and forms an estimate. The young woman who enters a family and wins the affections of the husband and father knowingly—and she can not do otherwise—has entered on the road to perdition. There is a punishment for the housebreaker, but none for the home-breaker, who steals and mars life's best treasures. Every woman has the best right to her husband. He is hers in sickness and hers in health, to love and cherish, as exclusively as she is his. He is to provide for her, honor and love her. He is her protector against all the adverse circumstances of life; no other woman has any right to his attentions and endearments, and a wife has a perfect right to resent such attentions. A man who saw another man's arms around his wife's waist would consider it a case of court, or an exercise for pistol shooting. Women, with keener sensibilities and finer nature, feel it deeper. It touches the heart.

A certain sensible woman says there are two things she will never allow anybody to meddle with—her husband and her sewing machine. Such flirtations are unworthy of true manhood or womanhood. They blight the lives that were created in the image of God, and make the innocent suffer for the guilty. All mothers will do well to see that their daughters are not mentally growing up on the morbid books in which somebody is always represented as falling in love with somebody else's husband or wife, and a "soul union" picture which is intended to veil the incarceration of lust. There are enough men and women to fall by the force of circumstances or the depravity of original sin, without educating any of it. It is well enough to pull our ox or ass out of the pit; but we do not want to dig pits for them to fall into.

Man's soul has gone blood-stained into the presence of his Maker, sent thither by a climax of dark circumstances brought about by a woman's flirtation. Don't flirt. It is unwomanly; it is untrue to your sex; it is wrong against the mother you revere. The man whom you are tempting will not respect you, and worse, you will not respect yourself.—Er.

### A Young Statesman.

The other day when a Vicksburg boy had trouble with his neighbor's boy and came out first best, he realized that something must be done at home, and he slid into the house and said:

"Mother, you know how good and kind you have been to Mrs. B—, next door?"

"Yes, I have tried to be a good neighbor to her."

"Well, do you know that she says you clean your teeth with a white-wash brush, and that father ought to have a pension for living with you?"

He slid out, and when Mrs. B. reached the gate, on her way to the house to ask why her boy must be pounded up in that way, she heard a shrill voice call out:

"Vile wretch, don't you enter that gate or you'll get scalded!"

She returned home, and the young statesman dropped down under a shade tree, kicked up his heels, and softly chuckled:

"That settles her, and now I want to catch her Tom again for just fourteen seconds!"

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but unfortunately the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a nindun after the car, "hould on, ye nauther!" could stame injin—we've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

### A Gentleman from Boston Meets With An Astonishing Reception in Arkansas.

[From the Baltimore American.]

A few weeks since a resident of Boston, who had been passing a year in Texas, started for home with his wife, to renew his business connections in Boston. He reached Little Rock a few days after the 17th of June, and, having recorded his name and residence, was shown to his room. He had scarcely dusted his coat and washed up when a rap at the door was given. Upon opening it he found three strangers.

"You are from Boston, I think?" said the spokesman.

"Boston is my native place, and Boston is my destination," replied the gentleman.

"Well, you are the gentleman we are after," continued the Little Rocker. "We want you to step down stairs a few minutes."

"Don't go," said his wife, who had unpleasant reminiscences of past unpleasantnesses.

"We want you to go, too," continued the gentleman.

"Well, what does all this mean?" said the Bostonian. Has anything broken, gentlemen?"

"Broken?" reiterated another member of the self-appointed committee. "Haven't you read the newspapers?"

"Have not seen a newspaper for three days," was the reply.

"Well, my friend," he continued, "Massachusetts and South Carolina have buried the hatchet on Bunker Hill, and Maryland and Virginia saw it accomplished. But come down stairs, for we've got something on ice, and as you are the first Bostonian that we have here got hold of, we propose to have the deed of reconciliation between Arkansas and old Massachusetts signed and witnessed right here and now."

The Bostonian was a little dazed but he went down stairs where he was received with cheers. He was interviewed by the local editor, he and his wife were shown the beauties of the place in the best turnout in the place, and he was sent on his way rejoicing, with his hat chinked and his hotel bill paid. He now states that he is prouder than ever of old Boston, and relates the incident as indicative of the effect of the greetings given to our visitors by the people of Boston on the occasion of the centennial of the battle of Bunker Hill.

### Capturing Ostriches.

The greatest feat of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. It is the largest of living birds, and probably the swiftest of all living animals. Being very shy and cautious, and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can only be captured by a well planned and long continued pursuit with the swiftest horses. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts off with outspread wings, against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of an enemy. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect a person at a great distance, long before one can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in a company. When discovered, part of the hunters, mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right angles to the course the ostriches have taken. When these hunters think they have gone far enough to cross the path the birds will be likely to take, they watch upon some rise of ground for their approach. If the hunters hit the right place and see the ostriches, they at once start in pursuit with fresh horses, and sometimes they overtake one or two of the birds, but often two or three of the fleet horses fall, completely tired out with so sharp a chase.

Subscribe for your local paper.