

THE INDEPENDENT.

HILLSBORO : : : THURSDAY.

NOTICE.—No certificate of publication will be given until the fees are paid. **WE SHALL MAKE NO DEVIATION FROM THIS RULE** in future.

NOTICE.—Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted without charge. Obituary notices will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

We assume no responsibility for views expressed by correspondents.

Local News.

RELIGIOUS DIRECTORY.

REV. J. F. ELLIS will preach every Sunday in the Congregational church at Forest Grove, at 11 a. m.

DR. G. H. ATKINSON of Portland will preach at the M. E. Church in this place every 5th Sunday in the month, at 11 a. m.

Met His Man.—About three weeks ago the Westside Railroad Company, expecting to be defeated in the suit then pending before Judge Spat-tuck, began to move the rolling stock of the road southward, and evidently in great perturbation for fear of some surprise by the new Board of Directors. When the train started for St. Joe on the 5th inst. the conductor seemed anxious to know whether the passengers had tickets or not and kept asking persons as they came in if they had tickets. Finally he put the question to a tall, slim stranger (who we afterward learned was Jos. G. Martin, lately discharged from military service in the U. S. Army in Nevada, whose home was formerly in Yamhill county), and "Joe" said he had no ticket. The conductor then told him he could not get on without one and "Joe" told him to go to a warm place, and that conductor had nothing more to say, and "Joe" stalked into the passenger car and took his seat.

LATE SPARKING.—One night last week two young men went to see two unmarried ladies not a thousand miles from this place, and sat up till such a late hour that when they wanted to go home, for fear of disturbing the old folks, they pulled off their boots and climbed out at the window in their stocking feet. A friendly wag who gave us this item discovered them slipping off. One of them slipped away in his stockings to his private lodgings while the other stopped out in the street near Mr. —'s place and hauled on his boots. Don't sit up so late, boys; it's an exhausting dissipation this warm weather. Twelve hours is long enough for a girl to be bound in corsets without adding four or five hours more and a gentleman's arms to help the corsets. Of course it is.

Mr. H. FICKEN's team started to run away Thursday. They broke the lines and cavorted around awhile but did not make a regular built old-fashioned smash-up. Mr. Ficken's stopped them in their mad career and stopped the fun and spoiled this item, for we don't take any interest in a runaway that does not smash the wagon into splinters and break a leg or two into the bargain.

Mr. DAILEY's team ran away while he was in the woods down on the Tualatin last week. His wife and Dr. Dodge were in the wagon at the time and Mrs. Dailey jumped out and the Dr. was thrown out. The team was caught—no serious damage done. Dailey shot at a grouse was what was the matter.

Rev. Ed CURTIS and his sister returned this week to Umpqua to resume the charge of the Wilbur Institute of which they have charge. They have been visiting their parents at the Grove and taking pleasure at the seaside during their summer vacation.

Showers of rain fell in this county on Saturday and Sunday nights laying the dust, refreshing the parched gardens and frightening the grangers, but doing no damage to the harvest.

The Oregonian says that 75,000 bushels of wheat changed hands at Hillsboro last week. There was not the half of 75,000 bushels of wheat threshed at that time in the county.

The Washington Co. Agricultural Society has ordered a sprinkler made for the use of their Fair grounds. The water will be hauled from the creek near Mr. Davis' place.

John H. HANSEN's field of fall wheat which he has just threshed produced 30 bushels to the acre.

HILLSBOROITES GO BLACKBERRYING

A Trip Into the Nehalem Mountains—Scenery and Sociability—Oceans of Fun.

Last Thursday, a week ago, about noon our excursion party got started for the Nehalem mountains. The party consisted of C. T. Tozier and family, A. Luelling and family, Frank Rice and family, Green Hale and wife, and Miss Flora Vite, and Mr. Simmon's and wife, and R. Malone, W. D. Pittenger and the writer—four teams. Mr. Simmon's team took the lead of the caravan and with the sun pouring down 90° in the shade and the dust pouring up about a peck to the square yard, away we went through green and shady woods—across winding streams—over rolling prairies, yellow with wheat and oats—with the racket and roar of reapers and threshers on every side. Away, leaving the white farm houses glistening in the sun-glow—fences stretching out of sight—lanes narrowing to a point in the distance—prairies disappearing in the skirting groves—with new vistas opening to our view. Away into dark canyons along the babbling streams—through dense forests of fir and cedar with an occasional opening made by a hardy pioneer—over rocks, roots and stumps, bumpy bump. Away up the mountains through a fire that spreads wide its sweep of smoke and flame, through barrens and thickets crimson with the "Willow Herb" or whitened with "Ocean Spray."

But now the sun sinks behind the hills. The dusk creeps up the canyons and wraps the evergreen palaces in gloom. Slowly the summer moon climbs the hills and the stars glimmer over the mountain sea.

Hurrah! we reach the summit, and find a camp fire with an old gentleman and son and two daughters eating supper. Mr. Simmon's team with its five passengers was all that reached the summit that night, the rest having camped by a creek at the foot of the mountain where certain perfumed bugs delighted their olfactory all night. None of the party knew where the sweet savor came from until in the night after all had gone to bed when Sheriff Tozier felt something crawling on his neck and he caught and smashed it when he smelt a smell, and recognized the pleasant odor of the previous evening. Simmon's party, breakfasted, and W. D. P. R. D. M. and H. B. L., went hunting raspberries and rasped their shins for several hours and got some berries. In the meantime the rest of the company came to camp and the men hunted berries and the women staid in camp. They were so delighted with it that they spent their time in hunting out its pleasant spots, its fountains, streams and birds, and sylvan shade—the soft carpet of mosses and tender grass—the young sweet flowers that embalm the breezes—the cheerful chirp of cricket and chatter of chipmunk—the velvet footed hare and the big-eyed fawn—all beautified this enchanting scene, now perfect by having women in it! Nor was the camp without a shade of the "Blue-Stocking" element—portfolios with writing material, papers, magazines, neatly bound volumes that for what we know might have been Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, or treatises on mathematics, physics or logic, were read, digged into, and may be digested.

The berry hunters came straggling back to camp in the afternoon tired and disgusted having generally filled their vessels and left acres of lone berry bushes in the woods. One of the berry hunters returned with his breeches leg sewed up with wooden pins. He was noticed soon after quietly going off into the woods with needle and thread and blanket under his arm for repairs.

Night came again. After supper all gathered around the big camp-fire, talked, sang songs, medleys, played "Scannal," "Consequences" and "Blackman," and watched the white swift fog clouds sailing under the moon. Then to bed and asleep. No sound save Pittenger and the girls a snoring "way up," a small boy howling, the horses stamping their feet on the stones, and the wind sighing in the trees. In the morning it was picturesque to see the beds scattered over the hillside with here a bald

head shining through the trees, and there silken tresses mingled with tea-vine floating over pillows among the grass and weeds.

After breakfast Simmon's party went home having all the fun and berries they wanted. There are just acres and acres of raspberries up there but they are a mile or two from the road and the brush and logs are so thick that it is difficult to get them, impossible for women where we camped. There was a good deal of deer sign there, also some elk and bear sign, and much better ground for hunting than is generally found in the Coast or Cascade ranges.

The rest of the party moved down to McCormick's ranch above Quick's mill where they staid over Sunday. All hands had a bath in the creek, having bathing clothes which they had prepared for their contemplated trip to the coast. One of the young ladies received a good ducking and everybody had oceans of fun. They all returned to Hillsboro on Monday. You could not purchase the pleasure we all had for a dollar an acre. Those were dear berries however. We couldn't afford to sell ours for less than \$2.50 a gallon.

N. B.—We wish to say to those parties who snored that we left home about the time this issue went to press.

WHITEWASH RECEIPT.—R. Porter gives us the following receipt for making whitewash, which he has used for many years and knows to be good. Dr. Geiger's old house at the Grove was whitewashed with the same kind of whitewash twenty years ago and it still looks as if it had been painted: Take a half bushel of un-slaked lime and break it up in pieces about the size of a hen's egg and put it in a barrel with five pounds of tallow in alternate layers. Then pour in at once twelve gallons of water, and cover the barrel with a blanket and let it stand until done slacking. Then put in five pounds of alum and salt. When ready for use reduce with water, making it quite thin, as it will fall off in scales if put on when too thick.

Cornelius Items:

ED. INDEPENDENT.—L. Kelso of this place has bought 50 cords of oak wood of D. T. Phillips for \$2 a cord in the woods.

The lively stable in Cornelius has no buggies to hire and our young men have to go to Hillsboro and Forest Grove to get their buggies. Two of them returned after taking their vehicle back at twelve o'clock Saturday night, soaking wet.

Scott Cornelius and Frank O'Connor lost about \$40 on their speculation in oats. The crop did not produce more than half what they expected.

WEBFOOT.

PAID IT.—Last week a young and very bashful man who lives in Hillsboro made an agreement with a chum that if he did not go home with a certain girl in Hillsboro that he would pay said chum a dollar. Now whether the bashful young fellow got the mitten or not we do not know, but we do know that the said chum paid a dollar for his last week's washing, and we cannot imagine how he got it if not on the presumption that the girl objected.

Rev. J. F. ELLIS preached an excellent discourse in the Congregational church at the Grove, Sunday evening. It was his first sermon after his summer vacation and was an interesting review of events that had transpired during his absence. We had intended to make an abstract of his sermon but space forbids. Next week, however, we shall publish his remarks on the result of the trial of H. W. Beecher.

Two little Hillsboro boys, one of whose names is contained in mown grass and the other has a daily application, stole into our garden last Sunday, while we were gone, and broke down one of our apple trees and did feloniously take and appropriate to their own use some of our pears, etc. If parents do not learn their children better morals we shall be compelled to give their children a public notice.

The Oregon Methodist Conference has appointed Rev. J. W. Miller late of this circuit to that of Sheridan, Yamhill Co. While this county was divided into three circuits, Rev. Chas. Sheppard being sent to the Hillsboro circuit, Rev. F. Elliott to Forest Grove, and Rev. E. A. Jenkins to East Tualatin.

Rev. J. W. MILLER and family moved this week to Sheridan in Yamhill county, the scene of his ministerial labors for the ensuing year. Mr. Miller is a hard and earnest worker in the Lord's vineyard and we wish him success in his new field of labor.

Locals scarce.

Forest Grove Items:

FOREST GROVE, Aug. 21st.
An excursion party consisting of A. S. Watt's family, Ben Cornelius' family, Thos. Roe's family, W. D. Hoxter's family, and others start for Siletz Monday.

W. D. Hoxter will begin to build a fine residence for himself on his property in this place Monday.

Smith & Buxton have just received a large stock of new furniture, and are doing a good business.

Mr. Parker while grubbing on his lot cut his foot severely with a grub-hoe this week, severing a small artery and nearly cutting a large one.

Al. Smith set out fire two miles south of this place this week and burned up a lot of Luke Hinshaw's cord wood, and wasn't Hinshaw hopping mad though? Luke was not Luke-warm you may bet, but hot as pepper. Pahaw! said Hinshaw, I'll make Smith smoke for this.

"Webfoot" is anxious to know who "Toots" is. We are disposed to be friendly, and if "Webfoot" will stretch his webs up this way we will Toot our horn and let him know who we are.

Wheat has declined to 90 cents here. Farmers are holding their wheat for a dollar and a dollar and a quarter.

There are about thirty cases of ague and fever in this neighborhood. Cucumbers, watermelons and pills are taking their course now in broken doses. Jack Welch, our barber, has the chills and feels decidedly barbarous. Jack's head shakes so hard now that his beard falls out and there is no necessity for him to shave. An ill wind that blows no one any good.

W. D. Hoxter has bought another horse to put in the place of the one that turned a summerset the other day. This one is a genial sort of a looking horse and it is thought he will not suicide.

"Property is looking up here," said a new arrival in Astoria from the Grove. "Yes," said a disgusted owner of lots on the mountain, "if you look up the hill."

Dr. Saylor has got a new set of wheels, new hounds, new bed, new axles, new tongue and coupling-pole for his buggy, and has painted it with "Rubber" paint. He says that he is sure of one thing—that the paint won't run off.

R. Stott and Buck Myers have sold the Farrel land claim near Judge Jackson's place for \$800, taking as part payment, three heifer calves, common stock, six steers, uncommon stock, two bull calves, full bloods, three Durham cows, and two Tyrolean goats.

Farmington Items:

August 18th, 1875.

ED. INDEPENDENT.—Last Thursday one of Mr. Wing's children, about 17 months old, cut the middle and index fingers of her left hand so that they were held only by the skin. Dr. Pryce amputated the middle finger and hopes to save the other one.

Recently **J. L. Thomas** who had just cut the lamps out of a horse's mouth sent a small lad to the house for salt to stop the bleeding, and the boy ran to the house and said, "Grandma, I want a handful of salt for Mr. Thomas. He has a horse at his shop that has the lanterns awl."

Last Sunday a mule bestrode by a traveler, bound for Portland got scared and backed off the apron of the bridge and fell on the rider hurting him so severely that it was some time before he could resume his journey.

Last Monday Jack's thresher threshed out 1,000 bushels of oats in ten hours.

Mr. Joseph Jack claims to be the champion grain stacker in the county. His father thought he was "some punkins" on the stack but he had to cave in to Joseph this season.

VULCAN.

Mr. A. H. GARRISON, in company with Mr. Young, will start to Seattle, W. T., next week to attend to business connected with his property there which is in litigation.

The Hillsboro district school will be resumed on the first Monday in September under the conduct of D. M. C. Gault, assisted by Miss Hattie Collier of the Grove.

"Thoughts," a tender and tuneful little poem by "Ditho" came too late for this week—it will appear next.

WOMAN'S YEARNING.

[BY MYL.]

Once in my girlhood's beautiful dream,
Dreams as bright as Fancy can paint,
I marked my way all fair and smooth;
But already I'm weary, weary and faint.

Tired of my path, so often trod
That it has bare and dusty grown,
Stripped of all green and beautiful flowers,
Full of the dust of pain alone.

My bright and cherished dreams of yore
Were of wealth and beauty and fame and love;
Love, last but not least, for to woman's heart,
'Tis the sweetest blessing sent from above.

But now with heavy heart I move
For the way I choose I could not tread,
And the path to fame has given place
To a wearing, grinding toil for bread.

Yet still I hope that my way may come
Into paths most beautifully bright;
So near the Eternal city of God
That through its gates, I may see the light.

That it may so illumine my path,
So change all things in its monster's might,
That my toil may seem no longer mean;
But as grand as the noblest, in that pure light.

All the rest I leave to Thee—
Father of mercies dwelling above;
Do Thou but grant me Thy sweet peace,
And to crown my joys, I ask Thy love.

JUNE 11TH, 1875.

OUR OPINION NOW.—When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve—butter!—We, the people of the United States, in order to form—butter!—Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as—butter!—

Whitney, Warren, Lane and Dimick are gentlemen all, and Lane is a good judge of—of wh—butter!

This week a friend learning of the dryness of our throat sent us a nice roll of butter and now we feel better.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH SCENE.—When Rev. J. W. Miller took his leave of Hillsboro a half dozen of our best looking town girls flung their snowy arms around his neck and covered his lips with paroxysmal kisses. Some Hillsboro young men watched the heart-rending performance from a distance with the water running out at the corners of their mouths. Ah! friends, what streams of pleasure, lakes and bays of happiness, and gulfs, seas and oceans of bliss, did we not all miss when we failed to enter the ministry!

The editor of the *Oregonian* claims to have convicted Enoch Turner of the *Temperance Star* of only eight falsehoods being, the eight several distinct assertions in an article accusing Hill of turning traitor to the Independent party.

We have been keeping bachelor's hall for the past week but, thank goodness, we have not been forgotten in our "widowhood." Fresh butter, roastings, watermelons and apples have been poured in on us and we have no intention of running away. We can stand good grub a long time—but the cooking and washing dishes, ah! there is the rub.

The *P. C. Advocate* say that Rev. E. Walker "has the pastoral charge of Forest Grove, Hillsboro and perhaps other places," which is news to the people of this county.

For several days the weather has threatened rain, but now it has the appearance of being fine for a while. The farmers are pushing their harvest early and late.

Two young women sat in a corner near the pulpit in the Congregational church at the Grove last Sabbath, and tittered and whispered and grinned during the whole discourse.

See the notice in another column announcing that the Dairy Creek bridge, will be impassable from the 30th of Aug. for five days.

Will somebody please lend us a shot gun a short time. We want to practice a little on a rat, a half dozen cats, some chickens and small boys, for a few days.

Tuesday morning Perkins' thresher sat down at George Morrow's place, but for some reason was removed to another man's arm leaving Mr. Morrow in a "fix."

Rev. CHAS. SHEPPARD, our new Methodist minister, preached his first sermon at this place last Sabbath, and his effort is well spoken of.

Hay goes begging at \$4.00 per ton and potatoes at 40 cents per bushel in Iowa.

Rev. ED. CURTIS preached a praiseworthy sermon in the Congregational church at the Grove last Sabbath in the forenoon.

T. H. TOXORIS, has returned from the Grand Masonic excursion to the Sound and Victoria.

"CITIZEN'S" letter will appear next week. County Fair five weeks from next Monday.

Farm hands are in demand here.

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\$2.50 PER YEAR.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET

WHEAT—\$2 25 @ 100 lbs.
FLOUR—Extra, \$3 25.
OATS—\$1 95 @ 2 25 @ 100 lbs.
POTATOES—\$1 40 @ 100 lbs.

PORTLAND MARKET.

Gold in New York, \$1.16 @ 1.16 1/2.
Legal Tenders in Portland—buying 86 1/2; selling 87 1/2.
Latest Liverpool wheat quotations
\$s 11d per cental ex-warehouse.
WHEAT—\$1 90 per cental.
OATS—\$30 @ 70c per bush.
FLOUR—\$6 @ bbl.
POTATOES—75c @ \$1 00 @ bush.
BUTTER—18 @ 30c @ lb.
EGGS—27 1/2 @ 30c @ doz.
POULTRY—Chickens, \$4 50 @ doz.
BACON—Sides 11 @ 11; shoulders 8 @ 9; hams 11 1/2 @ 12 1/2 @ lb.
LARD—13 1/2 @ 14c
WOOL—20 @ 25c @ lb.

Forest Grove Retail Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.
Wheat, @ bushel 1 00
Oats @ bushel 50
Flour, @ barrel 5
Corn Meal, @ bbl 4
Potatoes, @ bushel 1 00
Eggs, fresh @ doz 25
Butter, good fresh role @ lb 25
Chickens, @ doz 2 50 @ 25 50
Bacon, sides @ lb 12 @ 16
Cheese, @ lb 20 @ 25
Dried Plums, @ lb 12 @ 14
Dried Apples, @ lb 6 @ 8
Syrup, @ Keg, (retail) 4 50
Coffee, (retail) @ lb 25
Tea, Japan (retail) @ lb 87 1/2
Tea, Green, (retail) @ lb 1 25
Salmon, best @ 1/2 barrel 10 @ 12
Sugar, by the keg @ lb 14 @ 15
Lard, @ lb 5 @ 8
Beef, @ lb 9
Pork, @ lb 9
Fish, (salt) @ lb 9
White Beans 23 1/2
Wool @ lb 8
Strawberries @ lb 8

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

F. A. Bailey's

NEW DRUG STORE,

MAIN STREET, HILLSBORO.

—Keeps constantly on hand—

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DRUGS
MEDICINES and CHEMICALS

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF...

Patent Medicines

TOILET ARTICLES

SOAPS, SPONGES, PERFUMERY

etc. etc. etc.

Also a well selected stock of

CIGARS and TOBACCOS.

Pure WINES and LIQUORS, for

Medicinal purposes only.

Glass cut to any size desired.

Prescriptions carefully compounded and all

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CUSTOMERS WISHING ANY

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Montezuma Lodge No. 50, I.

O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday

evening, at Masonic Hall, in

Hillsboro.

Brethren in good standing are invited to

attend.

By order N. G.

35—H.

Kahn & Freidenrich.

Have just received a large and

elaborate stock of the very latest styles

of Ladies Dress Goods, Hats, Shoes, Hosiery

etc. Also a fine lot of clothing and every

thing else to complete a gent's attire. Gro-

ceries Crockery, Hardware, Notions, Tobac-

co and Cigars, and many more notions too nu-

merous to mention. Prices suit everybody.

KAHN & FREIDENRICH, Hillsboro

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Has the largest stock of goods in the Grove,

Consisting of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS,

FANCY ARTICLES, etc.

Family Groceries and Provisions,

HARDWARE, CROCKERY &c., &c.

PRICES LOW as the LOWEST

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