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THE UNSUCCESSFUL FAMILY.

They were all unsuccessful, as the word goes. Neither in their lives nor in their deaths, in their marriages or in their business, were they generally fortunate or happy. They had not inherited that Yankee elasticity which recovers instantly from every strain and misfortune. Whenever they entered upon a struggle they surrendered beforehand by expecting defeat, and thus they grew painfully familiar with the word "fail." One son promised to be an exception to this rule. A hardworking and honorable lawyer, he gathered together in early life a practice of which most veteran lawyers would have been proud, and made a new fortune as soon as he lost the old in unfortunate investments. But his brothers and sisters never enjoyed in their homes even a glimpse of his transient prosperity. The other son, a modest Methodist clergyman, had no clearer idea of prosperity than distant perspective could give him. Privation of luxuries had been so long his lot that he ceased to think of them as a tainable. He even suffered privation of things necessary almost to life itself, and knew what hunger and thirst and heat and cold were, as few men know them. His income never exceeded that of a "smart" boy in a New York banking-house, though he was one of the best scholars his college—through which he worked his way—ever sent out, and his mind was stored richly with knowledge which he never displayed to dazzle the simple people about him. The sum total of the earnings of his lifetime a shrewd stock broker would make and lose five times a day. He never wrote any books or received any degrees; he did not live where there was a newspaper to report his sermons, and it is safe to say they were never advertised in advance. His life was a plodding and painful one, full of care and anxiety, unbroken by any pleasure save that which he drew from the love of his wife and children, and uncheered by the society of any but dull villagers. The eldest of the sisters married young and foolishly. But of the story of the labors, the trials, the heart-breaks and sufferings of the woman who learns too late that the treasure of her heart has been poured out in vain, who shall write? The long years of hope that are without hope; the constant struggles which are foreordained to defeat; the slow and reluctant transfer of love and watchfulness from a drunken husband to heedless and thoughtless children; the constant outpouring of affection where there is no return; the work of the worn fingers, stitching under the midnight lamp; the hunger for education and for bread for her children that denies her either—these are to be read in more than one white and weary face you whirl carelessly past in the street. The other sister was the happiest of all, for she had no history. The kind fates sent her quiet and obscure. As a school-teacher, she lived a sheltered life, save when one or two great storms broke over the barriers of her retreat. She never did anything remarkable or achieved even in her limited sphere anything more than the half-success that seemed to be the family characteristic. They are all dead now, and the earth that so seldom seemed to have a resting place for them lies green and peaceful above their dust. They were gone, and their places were filled, as one wave follows another; they were gone, and there was no more trace of them than of the lives in the sand the wave washes away. They left no fortunes behind them, or fractions of fortunes; nor any fame; their very names were known only to a few score people. They had not even the happiness of a quiet decline. The lawyer lost his mind and his fortune at one blow, and died uncomfoted by a heartless wife and no less heartless children. The clergyman suffered in the body the

THOSE CIRCUS BILLS.

[From the Detroit Free Press.] She had one in her hand as she came up-stairs, and she didn't say a word until after she had wiped her spectacles, placed them on her nose, unfolded the bill, and read a few of the head-lines. She was old-fashioned in her look. There were strings to her bonnet, she had no bustle, her grey hair was combed down smoothly, and there were only eleven yards in her black alpaca dress. "Young man, don't you know that circuses are awful liars and humbugs?" she faintly inquired. The man at the table leaned back in his chair, and refused to express an opinion. "Well, I know it," she continued in a positive tone, "and I believe they get wuss every day. Now see here—listen to this: 'A gorgeous panorama of amazing wonders—a gigantic combination of astonishing acrobatic talent.' That's all right on the poster, but hev they got 'em? I'd like to see one o' them animals." "You are laboring under a mistake, madam. It means a grand display of natural curiosities, and informs the public that the proprietor has secured many first-class acrobats—the claps who stand on their heads, turn head over heels, and cut up so many monkey shincs." "It does, eh?" she mused; "waal, do you believe it take a smart person to keel over?" "Well, one has to have a good deal of training." "They do, eh?" she remarked, as she put her umbrella in the corner and spit on her hands; "I'll show you that you are deceived! I'm an old woman, but if I can't—" "Madam, hold on—don't do it!" exclaimed the man behind the table. "I can flop right over there and never shake my bonnet!" she said as she rose up. "I know you can, madam, but don't. I am here alone, and I-I don't want you to. I'd rather you wouldn't. If you are determined on it, I shall leave the room." "Well, you know I can do it, and that's enough. 'You may be right about what that means, but see here—hear this: 'The highways ab blaze with resplendent chariots—the grandest pageant on earth.' I've bin to lots of circuses, young man, and I never saw a pageant yet. If they had one, the door of his cage wasn't open." "You are also in error there. The bill refers to the fact that the great number of wagons, chariots, etc., make up a sight worth seeing as they pass along the street." "Um-m-m," she muttered, as she folded the bill over; "I don't see why they couldn't have said so then. And now see here—read that: 'Sig Govinoff, in his aerial flights.' Now, then, is that a boa-constrictor or a condurango?" "It is a man, madam—one of the performers. His real name is probably Jones, but that isn't grand enough, and so they put him down as 'Govinoff.' He is the man who jumps off a rope, turns over twice, and comes down all right." "He is, eh? Well, if he's got an idea that he's the smartest man alive I want to disappoint him. I never did try to turn over twice, but I'll do it right here and now or break my neck! Git the things off'n that table!" "Stay, madam—don't, I wouldn't have you do it for fifty dollars." "Just once!" "For heaven's sake madam, get down off'n this table—here—here's a dollar if you won't do it!" "I don't want your money, and I won't try it if your so scart, but I don't want no circus going around talking about aryal fights and deceiving t'e people!" She sat down, the young man wiped the sweat off his brow, and presently she remarked: "And here's another thing, right here. 'A sparkling asterisk, flashing

THE OLD STORY.

[From the Cleveland Herald.] On Thursday evening of this week there occurred at the Workhouse in this city a little episode in the shape of a wedding between a Chicago girl by the name of Philomena Orb and a prisoner in that institution by the name of William Boyer alias August Muller. Williams is a butcher by trade, and he used to be the chief engineer of a butcher shop in the same square Philomena resides in Chicago. William being a kind hearted young man used to carry the purchases Philomena had made at his market to the house where she lived, and in course of their frequent meetings in that way, she soon learned to love him, "not wisely, but too well." But "the course of true love never did run smooth," and William thought a change of climate would be beneficial to his constitution, so he wended his way to Cleveland where he worked at his trade for a short time, but as his early training had been sadly neglected, or he had forgotten one of the ten commandments, he found himself one afternoon in May last at the Hotel de Patterson for thirty days and \$50 fine. Philomena, after writing several times and receiving no answer from her truant lover, resolved to know "why was this thus," and on coming to Cleveland she obtained legal counsel in the case and repaired immediately to the Workhouse, where she found the wayward object of her search, and quietly informed him that she meant business, and if he would marry her forthwith she would do her best to pay his fine and have him released, but if he refused, she would make it warm for him as soon as he did get out. William thinking that "discretion was the better part of valor," consented to marry her, and that evening, about 9 o'clock, Philomena appeared, "armed and equipped" with the necessary documents for the marriage, and with Justice Kolbe to perform the ceremony. William was brought from the cell to the office, where they were soon pronounced "husband and wife." William was then returned to his cell and Philomena went to her hotel, and from thence she returns to Chicago where she will endeavor to obtain the necessary amount of "lucre" to liquidate the balance of his fine, and when he is released he promises to be a faithful husband and provide a home. A True Wife. Daniel Webster once said: There is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature who, for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and die. Under the most depressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes a mighty power, her timidity becomes fearless courage, all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness—when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affection. It is the bubbling stream which flows gently, the rivulet which runs a long day and night by the farm house that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as it pours from the hollow of His hand. But one Niagara is enough for a continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and ten thousands of silver fountains and flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow and garden, and that shall flow on every day and night with their gentle quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like the waters, that good is to be done, but the daily and quiet virtue of our life, the Christian's temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends.

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across the gold of the cloth of gold—Mons. Gomerique in his great delineations of human character. 'I'd like to know who she is.' "Madam, that is a man—a man who delineates character." "How?" "Why, he makes up faces—expresses mirth, sorrow, joy and so forth." "He does, eh? Well, what's that to blow about? make up faces—see here!" And she shut her eyes, run her tongue out, and looked like the bottom of a brass kettle which had been kicked in by a mule. "They are humbugs, sir!" she said, as she drew her tongue in, "and d'ye s'pose I'd pay fifty cents to go to one?" "They are quite entertaining as a general thing." "They are, eh? Entertaining, eh? Well, if I can't do more entertaining in five minutes than a circus can in all day I'll leave my bonnet up here! Here hold to this chair!" "Madam, I earnestly hope you are not going to perform any tricks." "I hain't eh? You just hold on to the legs of this chair!" "I can't madam—I wouldn't do it for all the diamond pins in Syracuse! Go away, madam—go home I'm in an awful hurry!" "Well, I won't then, but when I say circuses are humbugs I can prove it. I don't keer two cents for their big words and their panoplies, pageant, asterisks, giraffes, aryals, georgouses and orang-outangs—I can beat 'em all holler myself!" And she took off her spectacles, lifted her umbrella and went down stairs. Frightening Children. Nothing can be worse for a child than to be frightened. The effect of the scare it is slow to recover from; it remains sometimes until after maturity, as is shown by many instances of morbid sensitiveness and excessive nervousness. Not unfrequently, fear is employed as a means of discipline. Children are controlled by being made to believe that something terrible will happen to them and punished by being shut up in dark rooms, or by being put in places they stand in dread of. No one, without a vivid memory of his own childhood, can comprehend how entirely cruel such things are. We have often heard grown persons tell of the suffering they have endured, as children, under like circumstances and recount the irreparable injury which they then received. No parent, no nurse, capable of alarming the young, is fitted for her position. Children as nearly as possible should be trained to not know the sense of fear, which above everything else is to be feared in their education early and late. Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity fleeting. To act is easy, to think is difficult; to act according to our thoughts is troublesome. Every beginning is agreeable, the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy is astonished, his impression guide him, he learns as he plays, earnestness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us, but what we ought to imitate is not easily discovered. The excellent is seldom found, more seldom prized. The summit charms us, the steps to it do not; with the heights before our eyes, we like to linger in the plain.—Goethe. Fears of Failure of the Corn Crop. SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 19.—The State Register publishes the following: "We learn that grave fears are entertained as to the corn crop, owing to the cold, cloudy weather. Corn is growing rank, but not filling as it should. Rain and sunshine is needed. The crop is not ripening and it is feared frost will catch it. There is much anxiety as to this matter among leading producers, and it is hoped a more favorable season will soon set in and put all to rights before it is too late."