

Washington Independent.

VOL. 4.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1876.

NO. 12.

THE INDEPENDENT

LEGAL ADVS.

One square per line, one cent per word.

Business Advs.

One square per line, one cent per word.

TIME.

1 month. 2 00 4 00 5 00 6 00 7 00 8 00 9 00 10 00 11 00 12 00

3 months. 4 00 5 00 6 00 7 00 8 00 9 00 10 00 11 00 12 00

6 months. 7 00 8 00 9 00 10 00 11 00 12 00

1 year. 12 00 13 00 14 00 15 00 16 00 17 00 18 00 19 00 20 00

Interesting Facts.

A blind boy had become thirteen years of age when his eyes were touched by a surgeon. He thought scarlet was the most beautiful color; black was painful. He fancied every object touched him, and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling. For instance, the cat and dog. When his second eye was touched he remarked that the objects were on a plane in appearance to this as to the one opened at first. Pictures he considered only partly colored surfaces, and a miniature absolutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bush into a plate.

Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians have been the best performers of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that the boys were playing in a distant corner of the room instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound. Prof. Sanderson, who was blind, could in a few minutes tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A French lady could dance in figure dances, sew, and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire has actually been a surveyor of roads, his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye to others. The late Justice Fielding was so blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said, "This room is twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of his ear. Yet these are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, is by far the most distinguished general in respect of title and dignity that the United States has ever entertained. He has not only the highest title known to the world, but he governs the largest empire except two or three, and that empire is capable of supporting the largest population probably of any country in the world, owing to its extraordinary fertility and wonderful river system of internal communication. The Emperor of Brazil has yet a higher title, however, to general respect. He may be called the "Father of the Nation," having abolished slavery in his dominions, so far as he could—all born of slave parents being free after twenty-one years' service as apprentices. Dom Pedro is, of course, a Roman Catholic, but he knows how to keep the Bishops of Rome in their place, having had a collision with them concerning their communication of Free Masons. The Emperor is a man of magnificent proportions and excellent private character, and his conduct since he came to the United States, has been distinguished for goodness. He is said to have learned already more about this country than the average Congressman.—N.Y. Witness.

LOVE HAIR.—Earl Marble, a Boston poet and art-writer, seems to differ in opinion from the Apostle Paul, who thought that Nature taught it to be a shame for a man to "have long hair." Mr. Marble wears his hair very long, and thereby gains a tale which no one tells more humorously than the subject of it. While passing up Beacon street a short time since, Mr. Marble was so unfortunate as to step on a lady's trailing dress, and in attempting to get off, only made matters worse, and was beginning to mutter loudly, when the subject of his turned, and with a scowl, snapped out, "Stupid! can't you keep off my dress?" The dash of her eyes soured the apology, and turned it into the curt reply: "I'm sorry, but I will keep your dress off the sidewalk."

"Sleeping grandly to one side, and waiting scornfully to allow the man of rhymes to pass," she exclaimed, as she caught sight of his lowering looks. "It is fortunate you were not in front of me, or I might have stepped on your hair."

His reply was lost in the rattle of an express wagon.

A SCOUNDRELLY PLOT EXPOSED.—The Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia have sent out a circular warning the public of a base letter which has been circulated broadcast over the country, advising young girls. It purports to come from a firm who profess to be "Agents for the Centennial Committee," and it offers remunerative situations in the Centennial Exhibition, besides expenses paid, and wages in advance. Girls are advised by this letter not to consult any lawyer, but to come to the subject of its knowledge. No such firm as that which signs the circular is connected in any way with the Centennial Commission, and the circular is in reality only a vile scheme to entrap the innocent into ruin.—Green Mountain Freeman.

MAGNESIA exists abundantly in the great forces of nature, in the waters of the sea, and most abundantly of all in the soil. It is known to have been used as a medicine early in the eighteenth century. A priest, of that period, offered it for sale in the streets of Rome as a certain cure for all diseases. For a time he kept his discovery a secret. But it was finally wrested from him by the march of science, which brought out his merits. It soon acquired high rank in pharmacy as an antacid, and for disturbed conditions of the stomach and bowels. Although it is used to a great extent in America as a corrective of stomachic derangements, its consumption is small compared to that of England.

OUR DUTY.—We are but faint-hearted crusaders; even the walkers, now-a-days, undertake no persevering, working enterprises. Our expeditions are but tours, and come around again at the old heart-stone from which we set out. Half of the walk is but retracing our footsteps. We should go forth on the short-cut walks, perchance, in the spirit of stirring adventure, never to return—prepared to send back our embalmers hearts only as relics to our desolate kingdoms. If you have settled your bills and made your will, and you have paid your bills and made your will, then you are ready for a walk.

My Song.

At my work I'm always singing,
Though the day be cold and long,
For my heart's so full of music
That I cannot stop the song.

I am singing of the sunshine,
Though the sky is dull and gray;
I am singing of the flowers
All the early winter day.

I am singing of the forest,
With a brooklet rippling through,
Where the tiny dew drops glitter
On the violet's petals blue.

I am singing of a farmhouse
On whose walls the roses bloom,
Of the daffodils in the garden
Flitting through the evening's gloom.

And beneath the song there's running
One sweet fancy unexpressed,
One dear name I do not utter,
Close I lock with my breast.

Remember, while I'm singing,
How we wandered hand in hand
In the forest where the brooklet
Ripples o'er the silver sand.

Remember, while I'm singing,
Of the roses on the wall,
How we stood amid their fragrance
Listening to the cuckoo's call.

Remember, too, the hillside,
Where beneath the poplar's shade
We trooped and sang and danced
Watching the sunset's glory fade.

Remember still the pressure
Of his lips upon my cheek,
And the music of his voice
Thrills my heart with rapture now.

Do you wonder then I'm singing
When the day is cold and long,
Why my heart's so full of love
That I cannot help the song.

Losing Them Both.

The dearest little rosebud of a girl,
With cheeks where a pink flush came and went,
And blue eyes, with long, golden
Brown lashes, and hair that waved without
The aid of pins or tress.

I always thought her name the most suitable
That could have been chosen for her, though
the only wonder is that her father, Budd,
did not name his only daughter Deborah,
or Rebecca or Sarah Jane.

Rosebud had fortunately been her
father's grandmother's name, however,
and so came a Rose Budd into the world;
for Mrs. Budd had named the Anna a mid-
dle name instead of a part of the first, and
dropped it.

When I began to like Rose Budd so
much that I seriously thought of propos-
ing to her, Hiram Roper liked her too.
He was five years older than I, a plain
man of twenty-nine, with faint scars on
his face, and a bald spot on the middle of
his head. A poor man, studying medicine
late in life, because he had not been
able to study in his youth, only hoping
for his diploma in a year, with the prac-
tice all in the future, and I, at twenty,
fourth the Mosswood estate for my own,
and money enough to live on comfortably.

There could be no comparison drawn
between us, I fondly hoped, that would not
be favorable to me; and I, coolly, though
politely, took my place before him and
cut him out on all occasions with Rose-
bud. I, young and rich and handsome, and
plain, poor and shabby, looking ten years
older than he really was. "What chance
had he against me?"

And so he slipped quietly into the
background, and I made love to Rosebud,
and one day kissed her on the cheek, and
told her life would be worth living
if she would let me win her; and she
said nothing, but cut his head all the roses,
and let me kiss her again. After that we
walked boldly arm-in-arm through the
village, and friends teased me, and the
other beaux dropped away, and one day I
gave her a ring to wear on her left-hand
finger.

Two weeks from that day I went to
London on business. I intended to stay
a week, but I was so successful that I re-
mained longer; finally I went into busi-
ness in the city, and began to know peo-
ple, I visited in the houses of wealthy
merchants, and met their wives and daugh-
ters, and by degrees began to understand
that, though my rosebud was very fair
and sweet, she was not a hot-house flower.

In other words, her dress was not like
the dress of a fashionable belle; her man-
ners were homely, her education poor. She
was very good—excessively good, but not
an elegant lady. Then, too, she sent me
notes in big buff envelopes, and used lit-
tle "S" for the personal pronoun, which
should have been honored by the capital-
"I."

And Farmer Budd, with his uncouth
coats and wonderful luts and long, strag-
gling beard and hair, was not the sort of
father-in-law that I should admire; and
there was Miss Hannover. Perhaps that
fact was the most powerful one of all the
workings of my disenchantment; for Miss
Hannover was beautiful, all millinery and
upholstery; and Papa Hannover was
called Prince Hannover by his friends,
and had his dinner table set for forty every
day, and wore a fortune in diamonds on
his bosom, and made friends wherever he
went by his lavish gifts, and was the
greatest stock gambler in London.

Papa Hannover had smiled on me, and
counselled me how to invest, and had
dined me with his daily fifty friends, and
had said, "Violette, love, this is Mr.
Markham, one of those country gentle-
men of whom we are trying to make city
men."

And Violette had smiled radiantly
upon me.

Since then how many tete-a-tetes had I
not had with her—how many rides? I
was learning to dance with her, and had
forgotten to write to Rosebud for two
weeks. Then came an anxious little note
on thin blue paper, beginning thus:

"Dear Henry—I take up my pen in hand
much troubled in my mind regarding you. I
know you would write if you were not sick—
O, Henry, if you are sick do telegraph and let
father come up and see you. Henry, I will
not write any more until I hear from you—
and do not trouble in my mind. We are well
and in the hope that you will enjoy the same
blessings I remain
Yours truly,
Rose Bud."

"P. S.—Do let pa come if you are sick. I
am so troubled in my mind."

I Hated to Reply.

I hated to reply, the awful dread of
Mr. Budd's fatherly care hanging over
me, so to speak, by a single hair. I wrote to
Rose, but how? I shall not copy that cow-
ardly letter here. When it was in the box
I did try to fish it out again, but it was
too late. It had gone, and its termina-
tion, "Thanks, Mr. Budd, for your friend-
ly anxiety concerning my health; I am
sure Mr. Budd does not share it," was
perhaps the worst of all the lines, by
which I told her, not in frank, honest
words, but in a manner that no woman
could fail to understand that I did not
choose to remember that we were be-
trothed.

After that no more letters in yellow en-
velopes came to trouble me, and I paid
attention to Miss Hannover, and invested
my money according to her advice. And
days and weeks and months rolled by,
and if a thought of my little Rosebud,
fading because the sunlight of my love
was withdrawn from it, crossed my
mind, I thrust it away as if it were a
noxious insect. I said it was fate. I
could not help it, I said; it was fate.
Fate meant me for Miss Hannover, for
Violette, and we had met—that was all.
No, not quite all; one day—I remember
it was the day after a splendid ball, and
I called on Violette, whose account I had
heard the night before—one day I made
this latter statement to Violette Hannover,
and she, having heard it, bestowed upon
me her most aristocratic stare, and asked
me if I did not know that she had been
engaged to Mr. Twentyfour for six long
months.

"And he married next week, Mr. Mark-
ham," advised she. "So you see, you must
be mistaken about fate."

"And you have only been flirting with
me," I said. "Do you know that you gave
me reason to hope everything from
you?"

"I know it is time for me to dress for a
drive," she said. "So you must say good-
night, and don't look so ridiculously
tragic. Mr. Markham, I hate scenes."

And I felt that I deserved it all as I went
for the last time down the steps of the
Hannover mansion.

In a fortnight Violette was Mrs. Twen-
tyfour. In a month Mr. Hannover was
a bankrupt, and of those who take a for-
eign trip with plenty of money in their
pockets, while others lie crushed beneath
the fragments of their broken branches
at home.

My money went with his. I had come
to London with a moderate competence,
and I had increased it by speculations until
I was absolutely wealthy. Now I found
myself suddenly almost poor.

There remained to me only the Moss-
wood property, which must be sold into
a farm, and I myself must leave my
hope of being one of the city millionaires
behind me, and become a plain farmer—
a man of the same social status as Rose-
bud's father, without his comfortable
knowledge of money in the bank to con-
sult.

However, with the bursting of the bubble
fortune, the circle which gathered
around Hannover had been seemingly scat-
tered to the winds, and people knew that
Miss Violette had jilted me, and also that
the old woman who had kept the house at
Mosswood for my father until his death,
to make it ready for my return. Then
selling the furniture of my bachelor
rooms, and packing my smaller belongings
in a few trunks, I started homeward.

I must go back to Mosswood and be-
come a farmer. I should find Rosebud
fading gradually away, of course, and yet
I knew she would be prettier than ever.
How she had loved me—how ungrateful
I had been to her! Now I would make
amends. I would write her many
repentant letters as were necessary, and
she would, of course, forgive me. No
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man she has ever loved, you know. Yes,
I had a little money left, and I would
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