

BIGGEST BUSIEST BEST

Washington County News

An Up-to-Date Country Newspaper--Republican in Politics.

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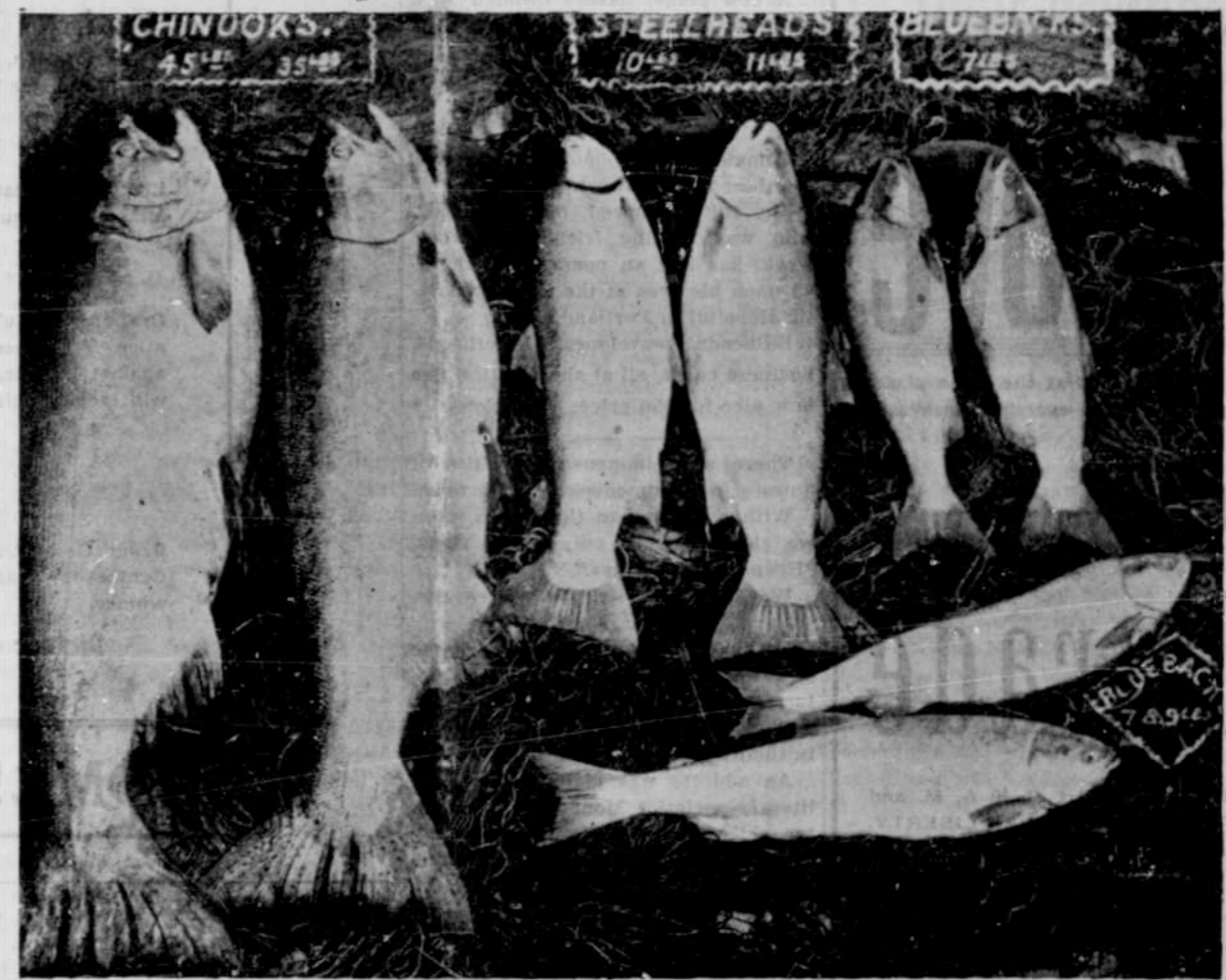
WASHINGTON COUNTY.

The field of The News is the first agricultural county of Oregon. First for clover, for onions, for grapes, and in dairying; it also leads in diversified farming and is famous for fine horses, good cattle and blooded sheep and goats. Its hay is being bought, thousands of tons of it, by the government to feed cavalry horses in the Philippines; its wines took gold medals over California's exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. Its prunes and hops get the top prices in the market, and sugar beets, flax, tobacco, sweet potatoes, horse ranch, and mushrooms show the variety of its production. Its 18,000 people live in 3,500 houses, of which 2,500 are on farms, and the great majority own their own homes. Six wagon roads and two lines of railway connect the county with Portland, metropolis of the Pacific Northwest, from 4 to 32 miles distant, and here is found ready sale for its products. Good schools, good roads, a network of farm telephones and many rural delivery routes affording daily mail make Washington county a prosperous country region with all the conveniences of the city.

Lutheran Church Dedication.

The dedication of the new German Lutheran church building at Sheerwood occurred Sunday. A large delegation of church members came out from Portland on a special excursion train in the morning and returned the same evening. The new building was

handsomely decorated for the occasion, while the capacity was wanting to accommodate all in attendance. Rev. Carl Brecher, of Portland, the local pastor, preached the dedication sermon in the morning. Afternoon services closed the meeting. A very liberal collection was received toward paying the indebtedness.



Rudyard Kipling thought he had never really lived until he went fishing in Oregon rivers and brought back such a string as is shown in the illustration.

has been visiting her son.—Miss Edna Hibbs left last Friday for Corvallis, to attend the Commencement exercises.—Mr. Fred Neill, of Ashland, Or., was in town a few days, the guest of his uncle, A. A. Russell.—The I. O. O. F. lodge and the W. O. W. had memorial services at the church Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Curran preached the memorial sermon.—Arthur Matteson and Mrs. Bert Porter have gone to Monmouth to attend the Commencement exercises.—Mr. Frank Harding, of McMinnville, visited his brother, E. X. Harding, of this place, for a short time.

The quickest way to turn second-hand household goods, furniture, or anything of which you want to dispose, into money is to send it to the Auction House.

TIGARDVILLE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

On last Sunday the Catholics of the little mission church at Tigardville rejoiced at the return of their pastor, after six weeks' absence on a mission trip through Southeastern Oregon.

For two years past this mission has had uninterrupted service every other Sunday, and during the absence of Father Le Miller, on his trip through Lake and Klamath counties, it was intended that it should be visited as before, but the dearth of priests in the diocese rendered it impossible. So that these people, so used to regularly congregating at stated times, had to meet with disappointment for the two intervening Sundays.

Father Le Miller's work is very much appreciated at Tigardville. Two years ago the congregation was practically unorganized, but under his care it had been developed into a successful parish. Two fruitful missions have been given and these, combined with Father Le Miller's untiring work, have built up a zealous congregation.—Catholic Sentinel, June 12.

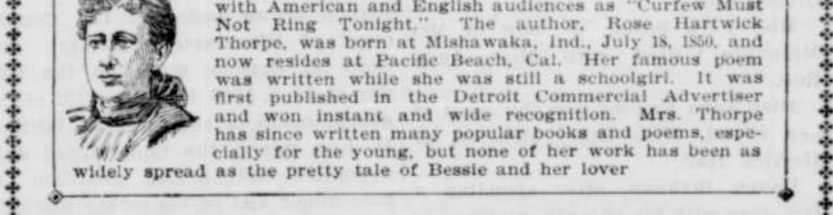
A new line of wall paper. Nothing freshens up a home and gives so much lasting pleasure for so little money as tastefully decorated walls and ceiling. No excuse for dingy rooms now; variety to suit every taste. Prices that will harmonize with any pocket book. Roe & Buxton.

Now and second-hand Organs and Pianos for sale at a bargain at The Bazaar, Forest Grove, Or.

An Old Favorite

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT

By Rose Hartwick Thorpe



PROBABLY no other recitation has been so popular with American and English audiences as "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight." The author, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, was born at Mishawaka, Ind., July 18, 1860, and now resides at Pacific Beach, Cal. Her famous poem was written while she was still a schoolgirl. It was first published in the Detroit Commercial Advertiser and won instant and wide recognition. Mrs. Thorpe has since written many popular books and poems, especially for the young, but none of her work has been as widely spread as the pretty tale of Bessie and her lover.

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark and damp and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."
"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly-poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed
tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"
Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful
brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die,"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and
bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-night!"
She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."
She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and pale her
brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"
Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring
to-night."
It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.
O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;
At his foot she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Country Correspondence

Hickory Knob (Banks), June 17.—School in district No. 75 closed with the usual exercises and the teacher returned to her home in Forest Grove. —J. Garrigus and son killed a large wild cat on the 13th inst.—B. T. West lost one of his horses last Sunday.—School meeting went off quietly Monday afternoon. Mr. Frank Sell was elected director, and Mr. H. V. Whitney, clerk.—Sunday and Monday were the most protracted thunder storms in Oregon, and we had quite a hail storm Monday evening.—Messrs. Philmore, Parmley and Miss Mary Garrigus returned home from Philomath, Tuesday, where they have been attending college, the past winter and spring.—Mrs. Garrigus is able to be around the house again, after an illness of over

two months.—Mr. N. S. Prickett, being sick, could not attend school meeting.

June 17.—Messrs. Parky and Crocker, of Canby, are looking for a location for a saw mill. They have bought timber land of I. J. Tompkins and have leased the timber on Samuel Johnson's place.—As Mr. and Mrs. C. S. White, Miss Pauline Joss and Rev. M. MacLin were going home from church in Shady Brook last Sunday evening some mischievous boys gave them a shower of rotten eggs.—Mrs. Jacob Newman is suffering from a severe stroke of paralysis.—Mr. Alexander Donaldson, of San Francisco, Cal., is visiting with his cousin, Mrs. J. W. Connell.—Mr. W. C. Davety is suffering with rheumatism.—Mr. and Mrs. Ray Weld are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. White.—Miss Cornelius and Miss Bouby visited Miss Cornelius' sister,

Mrs. W. E. Mays, last week.—Miss Winnie Turney, of California, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schomburg.—Mr. W. W. Palm has been having trouble with his eyes since his return from the East, and he is now in Portland having them treated by Dr. E. DeWitt Connell.—Mrs. and Mrs. J. J. Fowler, with two of their children, Nora and Frank, passed through town Saturday.—Dr. and Mrs. Richard Sandford have gone to visit Mrs. Sandford's sister, Mrs. A. G. Walling, of Oswego. They will also attend the Indian War Veterans' and the Pioneers' meeting in Portland. Their daughter, Mrs. Thos. Connell, is staying at their home during their absence.—Mrs. Nancy Johnson is just recovering from a slight attack of la grippe.

Gaston, June 17.—Mrs. Martha Woodruff returned home from McMinnville Monday evening, where she



AN OREGON PLACER MINING SCENE.

Oregon's first boom was the overflow from a California mining disappointment half a century ago, and during the stampedes of late years to Alaska and the British territory many who have failed to find riches in the North have been contented to remain in Oregon, where Nature seemed to give more abundant return for their toil than in their Eastern homes. But Oregon has gold of its own, and the farmers of Webfoot, recalling their early experiences on inheriting a taste for the excitement, have many of them become interested in Southern and Eastern Oregon, and invested some of the surplus from the farm in trying to wash wealth from gravel.