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Hillsboro Independent.

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CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

K. of P.

PHENIX LODGE, NO. 24, K. of P., meets in Odd Fellows Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings. W. L. LORIAN, K. of P. Sec'y.

M. of W.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, NO. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome. D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y, W. H. WARDMAN, Per. Sec'y.

A. F. and A. M.

QUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. and A. M., meets every Saturday night on or after full moon of each month. J. E. ADKINS, Master, R. CRANDALL, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

COURT TUBALATIN, NO. 724, A. O. U. W., meets every Tuesday evening in Odd Fellows Hall at 8 o'clock. W. W. McKENNEY, Sec'y, A. MILLER, C. R. H.

A. O. U. W.

HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening in the month. JOSEPH KLEINMAN, Recorder.

WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT NO. 24, I. O. O. F.

Daughters of Rebekah. HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows Hall every first and third Tuesday of each month. Mrs. MARY WARDMAN, N. G. Mrs. ELA HUSTON, Sec'y.

P. of H.

HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month. H. SCORPACIO, Master, ANSEL IDEMAY, Sec'y.

M. E. S. C. E.

MEETS every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Christian church. You are cordially invited to attend. A. G. LORIAN, Pres't.

WASHINGTON COUNTY ROD AND GUN CLUB

Meets every second Thursday of each month, at 8 p. m. J. E. LANG, Pres't. A. H. ROUNDEY, Sec'y.

HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 17, I. O. O. F.

meets in Grange Hall every Saturday evening. All local brethren in good standing are invited to visit with us in good standing at 8 o'clock. W. B. CRAIG, C. T. Q. N. ALLISON, Secretary.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. Y. F. S. C. E. meeting Thursday evening, 7 p. m. Sunday at 10:30 p. m.

UNITED CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Pastor, Baseline and Fifth. Preaching every Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Pray 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 p. m. K. L. C. E. every Sunday at 7 p. m. Y. F. S. C. E. Sunday, 7:30 p. m.

M. E. CHURCH

Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. League meeting every Sunday at 4 p. m. General conference every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Steward's meeting the second Tuesday evening of each month.

WANGELICAL CHURCH

Corner Fifth and First. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 p. m.; second and fourth Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 10:30 p. m. K. L. C. E. every Sunday at 7 p. m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday evening, F. J. Strayer, pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

CORNELIUS CHURCH

Services first and third Sunday at 7 p. m.; second and fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Preaching at Glencoe on first and third Sunday of each month at 11 a. m. D. S. WOODRUP, Pastor.

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Second street in Grange hall, is open daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, from 12 m. to 5 p. m.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, HILLSBORO, OREGON. Office in Hillsboro Pharmacy. Residence: east of Court House. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. at Pharmacy, when not visiting; before and after that time at residence.

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SURVEYOR. All parties wishing surveying done will call upon me, as I have had sixteen years experience in surveying in the county, and will make my charges as light as possible consistent with the times.

God wastes no history. In every age and every land He is working for the elucidation of some moral truth, some riper culture for the character of man.—Phillips Brooks



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A good story of M. Casimir-Perier, the new French president, is told by Zeim, the well-known painter of Venice. M. Perier was great friends with Corot in the early days of 1875. Going one to Barbizon to visit him, he found him putting the finishing touches to some nymphs of the wood peep in the glory of a dying sun. M. Perier, enthusiastic, wished to buy the canvas.

"I'll sell it—on one condition," said Corot. "Pay my friend Miller's butcher and baker's bills!" "Done!" replied M. Perier, a trifle surprised and greatly pleased. When the bills were hunted up they amounted to 46,000 francs. They had been owing 12 years! M. Perier paid them without a sigh. His Corot cost him 46,000 francs; today it is worth three times the amount.

Since the McKinley tariff went into effect our imports of foreign goods, free of duty, increased from 33.66 to 57.98 per cent of all our imports. Thus protection diminished the "burden of taxation" upon the people.

Everything has gone Democratic during the last eighteen months. But November elections will not.

ON CRATER MOUNTAIN.

Crater mountain is one of the Umatilla Indians' great spook depots from ancient times. Bucks that are now white with the hoary frosts of many winters recollect to hanging in trees tightly strapped to their nursing boards while their mothers roamed the forests in search of game for the lords of creation or wood for the lords of the bow and arrow. Many are the stories and legends of Indian lore told of Crater mountain. One of the favorite ones is told of a great war between the Shoshones and Umatillas. When the Umatillas had conquered their foes they proceeded to slaughter old and young, regardless of sex. One beautiful Shoshone maiden, seeing that death was inevitable from her pursuing foes, plunged headlong into the burning crater, and instantly the volcanic eruption ceased, much to the consternation of her pursuers, who, on the following day found on looking down the chasm of inky darkness a resplendent light with the form of the Shoshone maiden in the midst of the apparition. They told it to their dusky warriors, and to this day Crater mountain is looked upon with a reverence from an Indian point of view that almost passes the bounds of credulity. Many other stories are extant of this volcanic wonder. However, sufficient is in light to make the explorer pause and reflect on the mighty power of nature and the puny of mankind when weighed in the scales of power. The following, says the Baker City Democrat, is from the diary of Hon. J. A. Wright, who is a careful scientist, ever on the alert for something new and always ready to look into the deep mysteries of nature:

Crater mountain is located some eleven miles from the camp of Cornucopia, on the south side of the range whose peaks are tipped with eternal snow. Many chasms and fissures have in the misty past left the mountains and left them in the most fantastic shapes. Vegetation ceases to grow after a certain height is reached and close under the base of one of the great peaks is the famous extinct volcano. Ashes and lava are found in great profusion and in such indescribable masses that it makes the ascent one of peril and great difficulty. However, once at the top, a peep down into the blank, fathomless abyss supplies the most morbid minds with all the sensationalism necessary for a lifetime. A favorite amusement was to throw rocks down and listen to the sounds as they struck on the projecting sides of the dark chimney until the sounds died away leaving nothing but for the explorer to guess it had reached the bottom. Many have been the stories circulated of the wonderful cavern that extended from the sides of the great chimney. A stout cable was provided and a basket swung from a pulley. The Hon. Joseph with camera and note book was carefully lowered some 375 feet when he noticed an apparatus in the side of the chimney, and by signals agreed upon a halt was called in his downward career, and he crawled through a cleft in the great chimney, and the work of exploration begun. The first sight that met his astonished gaze was a most stupendous chamber from whose mighty dome hung stalactites of great beauty, which was enhanced by the light of the candle, and fairly struck terror to his heart, as the flickering candle seemed to possess the power of some unseen hand that made millions of the brilliant stalactites dance in resplendent beauty. A great snowy owl blinked his two balls of fire at the astonished Joseph, and with such a persistency he thought surely this is the "witches' cauldron" and expected to find perched on some point of rock one of the imps from the unfathomable hereafter. However, nothing of the kind came in view and the explorer groped his way to the far end of the chamber, where he thought he heard sounds of falling water, nor was he mistaken, for, squeezing himself through an opening he found himself in another chamber of great beauty with a stream of hot sulphur water running into the earth or rocks. The incrustation from the sulphur water had transformed the cavern into a corallike substance and left it in such fantastic shapes. He found in the water some lively little lizards and some frogs that change color on the slightest provocation, two large rats, who eyed the explorer with a curiosity that seemed to bode no good and he longed for his little gun.

HIGH COST CREAMERIES.

Strange how slow people are to accept that which is for their good, and how easily persuaded into some swindling scheme by a glib-tongued agent. A neighborhood not a thousand miles from this office was recently visited by a representative of a creamery supply house of Chicago.

SEARCHING THE VAULTS.

The result is that the farmers of the said neighborhood are having a big creamery plant put up where it is not needed and never will be. In another town, where a co-operative creamery would be a "God-send," and where the business people of the town are anxious to have a creamery organized and are willing to help get it started, the farmers shake their heads fearing that the business men of the village will take advantage of them. The whole matter has been presented to them in the true light, showing them what other neighborhoods under similar conditions are doing, yet they have doubts on the subject and fear to give the local bank a note for \$2,000, with every guarantee that all shall be satisfactory. But the glib-tongued agent quickly secured through the assistance of "influential farmers" in the neighborhood notes for \$4,700. He will furnish them a plant worth not over \$2,400, and walks off with a couple of thousand dollars in his pocket while the "influential" farmers have in their pockets a few hundred dollars of worthless stock.—Stock Farm and Home.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

Abraham Lincoln had a great memory. A writer in the Chicago Herald gives an incident in point. When he was comparatively a young man and a candidate for the Illinois legislature, he took dinner with a Sangamon county farmer, and after the meal they stood at the barnyard gate, talking and whittling. Lincoln's knife needed sharpening, and the Yankee in him prompted him to sharpen it. He walked to a tool box, took from it a whetstone and came back to the great gate where he stood again and began sharpening his knife. One post of the gate was very high. A man came along the road in a wagon, going in the direction Lincoln wanted to travel, and he bade his host good-bye and clambered into the vehicle—intent, no doubt, on getting another vote.

Years afterward, when he was president, a soldier came to call upon him at the White House, and at the first sight the gaunt chief executive said: "Yes, I remember you. You used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you one time when I was running for the legislature. Recollect we stood together out at the barn-yard gate and I sharpened my knife?"

"Ya-as," drawled the farmer-soldier, "and wherever did you put it in whetstone? We showed meby you had took it along with you."

"No," said Lincoln, "no, I put it on top of the gate post—the high one."

"Well!" exclaimed the visitor, "meby you did. Nobody else could have put it there, and none of us ever thought to look there for it."

He went on home, and when he got there one of the first things he did was to climb up on the gate and look for the whetstone. It was there, right where it had lain for 15 years. The honest fellow, adoring his chief, wrote a letter before his furlough expired, telling the president the whetstone was found and never would be lost again.

Very reassuring are the statistics just issued by the war department at Berlin, giving an account of the number of shells thrown into the French fortresses and cities which had the misfortune to undergo bombardment in the war of 1870. Paris, which succumbed to famine, not to bombardment, received 110,000; Belfort, 112,000, while Strasburg absorbed no less than 200,000 before it was finally driven by starvation to surrender. From this it would appear that we have little to fear from the bombardment of the cities and towns along our coast, no matter whether they are fortified or not. It looks as if a cruiser might fire away every projectile in her magazine without doing any serious injury. Moreover, 100 rounds per gun is a large allowance, and the heavy cannon with which most cruisers are equipped nowadays could not probably fire half that number before being placed hors de combat.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents. Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian exposition. The regular price is 50c, but as we want you to have one we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it after you get it, we will refund the stamp and let you keep the book. Address: H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Ill.

The description of Secretary Carlisle's visit to the officers of the Sugar trust on Wall street, as given by the New York Times, forms very interesting reading in view of events that transpired subsequently.

THE CRUISE FOOT-BINDING PRACTICE.

According to Dr. Haslep (China Med. Missionary Journal, June, 1893) the ordinary method of binding the feet is as follows: While the great toe is left straight, the other toes are folded on the plantar surface of the foot, often until the tips of the toes are on a line with the edge of the inner side of the foot, and then the foot is bound "snugly." Gradually the bandage is made tighter and tighter. When the metatarsal bones begin to curve, making the characteristic lump on the dorsum of the foot, the bandages are tightened more rapidly than before. If swelling takes place above the ankle, the foot is bandaged more tightly. Ulceration is greeted with joy, for it is usually a sign that the foot is yielding gracefully to the inevitable.

"Lan sau kiah" (ulcer, small foot) is a common saying. To make the smallest foot with the minimum of suffering and produce no outward results is the desideratum; this process should take about ten years. Patience will then show her perfect work; that which foreigners call a deformity and restricted locomotion are necessary sequels, not untoward results. They begin to bandage the feet of a child when she is between three and four years of age. Generally the services of a professional bandager are obtained. This woman carries with her a stock of small wooden shoes of various sizes. These are the patterns. Her patrons choose the size desired. A contract is then made to have the foot of this size in a certain length of time—three years or more or less as the case may be. The professional bandagers, for the most part, fulfill their contracts with superb indifference to the children's sufferings, and sometimes with such results as the death of the child, gangrene of the feet, necrosis of bones, etc.

A recent French paper contains the following particularly Parisian bits: "The flying assassin of M. Carnot was caught and held until apprehended by M. L., a good citizen of Lyons. Two evenings later he was visited at his home by a pair of well-dressed young men, who announced themselves as Parisian journalists, whose visit was for the purpose of honoring the brave M. L. and to beg a photograph for illustration of a just article upon his admirable action. The good M. L.—compelled with pleasure. As soon as the visitors had the gift fairly in their possession they withdrew, only stopping at the door long enough to say calmly: "Sir, we are not journalists, but anarchists. We have your head—look out for it—it is already lost!"

The cost of moving wheat from the Palouse country to Portland is 14 cents per bushel, and the market price of wheat is from 24 to 25 cents. The cost from here is 6 cents a bushel, and the price is 30 cents. If the wheat is as good, which it is presumed to be, why should not the price be 8 cents more than in the Palouse, since there is that difference in the freight? Again, wheat is selling at 70 cents per hundred in Portland, or 42 cents per bushel, and the freight is 6 cents, leaving 36 cents, with 3 cents for warehouse dues and commissions, why should not the price here be at least 33 cents?—The Dalles Chronicle.

When the McKinley bill passed its author was much the worst-hated American that the Europeans could imagine. He was personally denounced by many of the leading papers. On the other hand, Prof. Wilson is very popular in Europe, especially in England; has received a number of flattering invitations to visit, and has accepted enough of them to occupy his entire vacation. Trust the keen-witted foreigners for recognizing their friends and allies. The English manufacturers could well afford to present Mr. Wilson with a dual estate.

In 1867 only 44 per cent of all our imports were free of duty, customs duties being paid on 93 per cent. But in 1892, after a quarter of a century of protection, 56 per cent of our imports were free of duty, a customs tariff being paid only on 43 per cent. That is the way that protection decreased "the burden of taxation." A year later only 52.35 per cent of our imports were free of duty, an increase in dutiable imports of 3.7-10 per cent in a single year. That is the way that the threat of free trade increased "the burden of taxation."

Visitor—"How does the land lie out there this way?" Native—"It isn't the land that lies; it's the land agents."—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Testy?" asked McQuary. "Yes, when I get any!" snapped the old dyspeptic.

OVER THE STATE.

There are fifty-one inmates at the soldiers' home, at Roseburg, and the institution is crowded. The board of managers will ask for an appropriation sufficient to build addition room.

Ripe strawberries in September, though not altogether new or unknown in Oregon, are rare enough to attract attention. There were some shown in Albany yesterday.—Herald.

The Tillamook Headlight thinks the state ought to print its own school books, which is an opinion expressed without mature thought. A school book printing office would be a worse investment than a jute mill or a beet sugar factory.

The berry patch near Crater lake is alive now with pickers, mostly ladies from Lake, Klamath, Jackson, Josephine, and Douglas counties, whose double purpose is to lay in a store of berry preserves for winter and then behold the combination of the sublime view on the Cascades, says the Klamath Falls Star.

A correspondent in the McMinnville Reporter thinks that the wheat fields that surround that city on all sides are, from some standpoints, very detrimental. As long as the big fields of wheat remain there can be no small ones of vegetables, hops and fruits. Land producing these things calls for an occupancy of seven or eight times that which the wheat farms have. The land brings more money to the owners, gives more laborers and comes much nearer keeping plenty of money in circulation all the year round. Take the hop fields for example. Adjacent to North Yamhill are several hundred acres of hops. The present time is the busiest and thickest of the year with that town. The hop pickers are there in great numbers and business is immense. Independence is another town where the hop picking season is the best in the year. How about McMinnville at this season? Deserted and dead—everybody gone off hop picking. Newberg has both fruit and hops, and Newberg is one of the most prosperous towns in the valley.

The McMinnville Reporter says C. Loder, of Carlton, will send samples of the broomcorn raised by himself to the state fair. It will make an interesting item in the agricultural exhibit, as not much has been done with broomcorn in Oregon and there has been some discussion as to whether it could be grown as a crop in this state. Mr. Loder's experiment and his statements in connection therewith are worth more than passing mention. He planted a small patch last spring, perhaps a quarter of an acre in extent, giving it the proper cultivation. The result is as thrifty a crop as one could wish to see. There is no question but that the plant will thrive. There are a few minor problems to be settled, such as the best varieties, the choice of soils, time to plant, etc. Mr. Loder knows broomcorn in Missouri, and knows something about both the handling and manufacture. He thinks the earliest maturing varieties probably the Japanese, should be selected. As a general thing broomcorn is a profitable crop, but it is subject to wide fluctuations, a good deal the same as hops. One year with another it pays well.

A DAY OFF FOR EDITORS. The eighth annual session of the Oregon Press Association is hereby called to meet in the city of Pendleton, Tuesday, October 2, 1894, at 2 o'clock p. m. This will be a very important meeting of this body, and all members are requested to attend. Those wishing to learn about transportation, etc., will please write to E. L. E. White, chairman of the executive committee, Portland, Or., on or before September 25. All papers belonging to the association will please publish this notice.

Secretary Carlisle wrote the original sugar trust schedule. The democrats of the senate and the house very nearly unanimously voted for it, and the president makes it a law by a cowardly method. It has the democratic brand all over, and the sooner the bosses jump in and defend it the better. It is their child, born in wedlock, and in need of nourishment. Don't try to pass it off as an orphan.—Yamhill Reporter.

There are certain little duties which we owe to those who reside near us, and certain little daily services which we may render them which add much to the sweetness and smoothness of life. Neighborliness is oftenest seen, perhaps, among the poor, who are usually more familiar with each other, and are not kept apart by an elaborate etiquette.

The whisky trust did not get all of its whisky out of bond while Cleveland was delaying the tariff bill, and will now try to avoid the increased tax on the remainder. A trust never gets all it wants, even under democratic rule.