AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.

The story of how Aaron Burr's only child, beautiful young Theodosia, met her death at the hands of ocean pirates years ago, and how that fact was only recently established by the discovery of a portrait of her, rescued from the schooner from whence she was thrown into the sea, is told in print herewith for the first time. Involving, as it does, the death-bed confession of one of the pirates who drowned the young woman, the tale seems more like fiction than verified history; but there are persons living hereabouts who have verified it in detail, and who will vouch for its accuracy.

Theodosia Burr, a young woman of unusual mental attainments, was married to the son of Judge Alston, of South Carolina, a relative of Washington Alston, the celebrated historical portrait painter. Mr. and Mrs. Alston resided on their plantation near Charleston. When Aaron Burr contemplated returning from the extended visit he made to Europe after his trial, he wrote Mrs. Alston, to whom he was devotedly attached, asking her to meet him in New York on his arrival there. Mr. Alston, engrossed with the business of his plantation, found it impossible to accompany his wife. There being no railroads in those days, and Mr. Alston, deeming that a summer trip from Charleston to New York by sea would be less irksome to his wife than a stage journey by land, chartered a coasting schooner. In this Mrs. Alston set out. She took with her, as a present to her father, a beautiful painting of herself. But she never reached New York, and to the present day the fate of Aaron Burr's only child has been a matter of speculation among historians, some contending that the vessel and all on board were lost at sea, others asserting that Mrs. Alston fell into the hands of some of the pirates, who in those days infested the Atlantic coast.

But the mystery has at last been cleared up. Its accuracy is vouched for by the former rector of Trinity Episcopal church, Elkton, a clergyman well-known throughout Maryland and the middle states.

About five years ago this clergyman was visiting in his native state, North Carolina, and for several days was the guest of the widow of the late Dr. William Poole, near Elizabeth City. Above the mantel-piece in Mrs. Poole's parlor was an old-fashioned painting, exquisitely executed, of a beautiful young woman, dressed in white. It so greatly interested the clergyman that he asked Mrs. Poole whom it was intended to represent. She then gave the following story of it:

Eight years previously, she said, Dr. Poole had taken his family to pass the summer at the little coast town of Nag's Head, N. C., where the United States man-of-war Huron came to grief. The place is largely populated by "bankers"—generally a rough class of men, who mainly earn a livelihood by picking up all species of flotsam and jetsam along the coast. One of these "bankers," however, was a very respectable and very old fellow, named Mann. His wife was suffering from a complication of diseases, and Dr. Poole took great interest in her case. Under his treatment she recovered, and as a token of gratitude to the doctor presented him with the painting which so greatly interested the clergyman. Mrs. Mann said her husband had recovered it from a wreck. When quite a young man he was walking along the shore one morning. His attention was then called to a coasting schooner under full sail, bearing swiftly down upon the dangerous bar, which, in later years, occasioned the loss of the Huron. With other "bankers" Mann put out to her assistance.

They boarded the schooner, but found that the only living thing aboard was a little black and tan dog. Careful inspection of the schooner proved nothing as to her antecedents. Even her name was not ascertainable. But one of the cabins had evidently been very recently occupied by a woman, and in this cabin was the painting which Mrs. Mann gave Dr. Poole, and which Mann appropriated as his share of the salvage. The schooner shortly afterward went to pieces.

Dr. Poole was an enthusiastic student of national matters. He felt certain that the picture had a very valuable history, and formed a suspicion that it might have represented the mysteriously lost daughter of Aaron Burr. He put himself in communication with several historical societies on the matter, but his theory found little weight, in spite of a family likeness being admitted.

As the clergyman upon whose authority this story is given was returning from a recent visit to Mrs. Poole, while driving from that lady's house to Elizabeth City to take the cars home, he met a young man, whom he knew to be very bashful and much afraid of the gentler sex, driving a strange woman in a buggy toward Mrs. Poole's residence. In a letter written to Mrs. Poole shortly afterward he good-naturedly referred to the incident and the young fellow's evident embarrassment.

This brought from Mrs. Poole another chapter in the story of the beautiful picture. The strange woman was a descendant of the Burr family, who resides in Detroit, Mich. Her name has temporarily escaped the clergyman's memory. She had been visiting at Virginia Beach, Va., where she had heard of Mrs. Poole's mysterious painting from a North Carolina gentleman. Her visit to Elizabeth City was solely for the purpose of seeing the painting, and no sooner had she set eyes on it than she offered Mrs. Poole $300 spot cash for the same. Besides any other addition sum she might require. Mrs. Poole refused to part with the treasure. She told the visitor that there was a strong family likeness between the latter and the subject of the picture, whoever that subject might have been; and further informed her of the facts, already given here, as to how the painting came into her possession.

This elicited from the Detroit woman another remarkable reminiscence, and one which, taken in connection with the foregoing facts, proves that the painting is that of Aaron Burr's daughter—the one destined as a present to her father—and that the unfortunate young woman was drowned by pirates. This, in substance, is the Detroit woman's story:

With her mother in Detroit formerly resided her mother's aged aunt, a humane woman, who gave up much time to visiting the poor and sick. One evening, in one of the Marine hospitals of that city was a dying sailor, who seemed terribly startled as the aunt, in company with others, approached his bedside. He beckoned her to him, however, and after begging that she alone might hear what he had to say—a request which the others granted by retiring to the next ward—he stated that as a young man he had one summer been on a pirate vessel off the North Carolina coast. He then went on to say that he had then helped to overhaul a north-bound coasting schooner.

On the vessel was a beautiful young feminine passenger, dressed all in white. He had assisted in dragging her from her cabin, in which was hanging up a painting of herself. While the pirates were engaged in throwing the crew overboard he stated that this beautiful young lady paced the deck, with magnificent courage and dignity, her hands folded on her breast and her eyes raised to heaven. She made no remonstrance whatever, and he steadied the plank upon which she walked to the vessel's side, thence to be plunged headlong into the ocean. He wanted to take away her picture and her dog—a little black and tan fellow—but dreaded to touch either. After the pirates had plundered the schooner of money and other treasures they abandoned the vessel, having set it under full sail, to drift to its doom with the picture and the dog aboard. The dying sailor said that the young woman's sweet face had haunted him throughout life, and his confession was prompted by a striking resemblance between her and his elderly listener.

Mrs. Poole's visitor stated that the sailor's story had been for years a current tradition of the descendants of Burr's family, though they had hitherto paid very little attention to it. Its extraordinary corroboration by the accidental meeting of these two women appears to settle forever the recent mystery as to the death of Mrs. Alston. The Detroit woman says that the subject of the painting is beyond doubt Aaron Burr's daughter—a statement corroborated by other pictures of that unfortunate woman in her possession, as also by still others belonging to the Alston family.

The fact about the democratic split on the currency question appears to be that if the free silverites carry the national convention, the sound money men will have to join the republicans; and if the sound money men control the convention, the free silverites will have to join the populists.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

The following is the report of joint district No. 62, for month ending May 29th: No. pupils enrolled, 28; boys, 19; girls, 9; No. days attendance, 456; No. days absence, 54; No. days taught, 19; average No. belonging, 27; average daily attendance, 24. Roll of honor: Sophia Baumann, Ernest Dix, Rhoda Dix, Emma Duerst, Ernest Everson, Norman Walters, Mabel Young. EVA A. MILLAR, Teacher.

The most pleasant little pills for regulating the bowels are De Witt's Little Early Risers. Cures sick headache and constipation. Small pills, small doses. W. E. Brock.

HUXLEY AND THE SCISSORS.

A story is told about Prof. Huxley when he was delivering a lecture to the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle-on-Tyne, about twenty years ago. The subject was "The Geographical Distribution of Fossil Remains of Animals," consequently numerous diagrams were required. Old Alexander, the porter of the institution, and quite a distinguished character among the members of the society, was assisting the professor to hang the diagrams. The screen on which the diagrams were hung was not very large, and Huxley, do as he would, could not prevent the blank corner of one diagram overlaping the illustration of another one on which the professor placed great importance.

What was to be done? The professor asked Alexander to bring a pair of scissors. Lord Armstrong (then Sir William), Dr. Watson and several others were present at the time. The scissors were brought, but as the joint was somewhat lose, the professor was not able to cut the paper, and threw the scissors down in disgust—adding that they were useless. "Vera guid shears, professor," said Alexander. "I tell you they won't cut," said Huxley. "Try again," said Alexander; "they will cut." The professor tried again, and not succeeding, said somewhat angrily, "Bring me a pair of scissors."

Sir William Armstrong then stepped forward and ordered Alexander to go and buy a new pair. "Vera guid shears, Sir William," persisted Alexander, and, picking up the scissors from the table, and placing his thumb and forefinger into the handles, he stepped forward and asked Huxley how he wanted the paper cut. "I tell you they won't cut," said the professor. "Bring me a new pair, instantly," said Sir William. "A tell'ee, ther-r vera guid shears, only the professor canna cut wi' them," replied Alexander. "Well, then, cut it there," said Huxley, somewhat tartly, at the same time indicating the place with his forefinger. Alexander took hold of the paper, and, inserting the scissors, pressed the blades together and cut off the required portion as neatly as if he had used a straight-edge; then, turning to the professor with a rather significant leer and twinkle of the eye, said, "Seeance an' sirt dinna ay gang thegither, professor!"

The professor and all present collapsed. Huxley put his hand into his pocket, and, taking out a sovereign, gave it to Alexander, adding at the same time, "You have done me." The same evening Alexander related the story with great gusto, over a glass of whisky, to a friend. When asked how he dared to make so free with such a distinguished man, he replied with great emphasis, "Lord, mon, there are bits o' professor bodies ken naething more except their bulks!"—Westminster Gazette.

SHE WAS GLAD TO GET HOME.

We didn't have any rough weather coming over, and we couldn't have been seasick if we tried, so you can understand how pleasant it was. The passengers were a jolly lot, although there was one unreasonable Englishman who insisted that all Americans pronounce the word "Amurrican," and he said we didn't understand English. I just told him that we understood English all right, but that we spoke American, and that I had never in my life heard a countryman or countrywoman of mine say "Amurrican." Yet that critical Englishman, in telling me the latest London concert hall song, said:

"A running brook,
A little dell;
A cozy dell,
A lovely gell."

That's the way the average Englishman says girl, and if "gell" is English, "girl" is American, and that's one of the reasons why I told him that I understood English, but spoke American. It would be pure affectation for me to say that I'm delighted to get back in New York in such weather as this, and no one would believe me if I did. I'm not. The change from the cool Paris evenings is too much, and I'm nearly dead with the heat to-day. But I do love New York and I do love America, and I wouldn't change countries with anybody. When I was driving up to the Waldorf last night I was horribly tempted to order the cabman to drive to the first ice-cream soda place he came to. There's an American weakness. I felt as though I must have some ice-cream soda, but I conquered the desire and waited until to-day, when I had all I wanted. By the way, they have ice-cream soda in London now, and the English women have taken very kindly to it, though how they can is more than I can understand, for the English ice-cream soda is simply awful. The efforts of the confectioners to make it is worse than the efforts of French cooks to make Boston baked beans.—An Actress in the New York Sun.

LAWYER COUDERT SEES GHOSTS.

Frederic R. Coudert, of New York, is a good lawyer, but he is a poor observer of political and social conditions. "The populistic spirit," he says, "which is abroad throughout the West and South is such that it cannot be ignored, and if the fact becomes evident that the nations of Europe intend to refuse any relief (by restoring silver coinage) the storm will break. The result would undoubtedly be financial revolution and loss to the United States, but it would be ruin to Europe." Then he says that the European nations are beginning to find out that though they can not get along without us, we can get along without them.

This "populistic spirit" in the "West and South" which has frightened Coudert, who is far away from the scene, is not scaring anybody who is on the ground. The "populistic spirit" which Coudert talks about started the Coxey irruption twelve or fourteen months ago, which the enforcement of the vagrancy laws at a few points suppressed. Then the "spirit" stampeded the democrats into passing an income tax which the supreme court made very short work of. Subsequently the "spirit" called a democratic silver convention in Illinois, which was a fizzle, foreshowed from the start. Then the "spirit" tried to get up conventions of democrats in other states and was beaten everywhere. In Missouri, where the "spirit" is supposed by men of the Coudert class to pervade, envelop and control everything, it was beaten by a vote of two to one when the contest took place.

As has been shown, the "populistic spirit" has taken many shapes in the "west and south," but it is harmless in all of them. A few timid and fanciful persons here and there like Coudert see "storms" and "revolutions," but the average level-headed person passes the same length of time as he always did in working, eating and sleeping. Probably the Illinois convention will call a "national" assemblage, and possibly some Tooley street gathering will be held somewhere or other, but it will not alter the center of social or financial gravity. For all serious political purposes that silver movement in the democratic party has collapsed. There will be threats and boasts from the Altgelds, Bryans and Henrichsens right onward to the meeting of the national convention a year hence, but that element will be disregarded in the platform and in the ticket as usual, and as usual it will sneak into line and accept the one and support the other.—Globe-Democrat.

Travelers find a safe companion in De Witt's Colic and Cholera cure. A change in drinking water and in diet often causes severe and dangerous complaints. This medicine always cures them. W. E. Brock.

A resent annual report of the Mexican Central railroad contained the statement that the company was using the product of Mexican labor to the greatest extent possible, because Mexico's silver standard had made that labor relatively cheaper than the labor of the United States, which is paid for in gold or gold values. This statement does not harmonize very well with Governor Stone's assertion that the adoption of a silver standard would improve the condition of the United States workingman.

There is one medicine that will cure immediately. We refer to De Witt's Colic and Cholera cure for all summer complaints. No delay, no disappointment, no failure. W. E. Brock.

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for Infants and Children.

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L. P. FISHER, newspaper advertising agent, 21 Merchant's Exchange San Francisco, is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office

SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION, decree and order of sale, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington county, in favor of William B. Jolly, plaintiff, and against Frank B. Jolly and Lillisaan Jolly, defendants, for the sum of $38.00, costs, and for the further sum of $2,000.00, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, from the 5th day of May, 1895, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ.

Now, therefore, by virtue of and in pursuance of said judgment, decree and order of sale, I will, on Monday, the 24th day of June, 1895, at the south door of the Court House, in Hillsboro, Washington County Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all of the right, title and interest of the above named defendants, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

All of that piece, parcel and tract of land lying, being and situate within Washington County, Oregon, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point south 1o west 32.76 chains from the northeast corner of said donation land claim of William J. Jolly and wife, in section 13, town 1 north, range 3 west, thence south 1° west 11.43 chains, thence south 87° 45' east 40.50 chains to the center of Mckay creek, thence south 31° west 2 chains south down said creek, thence south 15°, east 4.25 chains, thence south 76° 30' west 3.40 chains, thence south 38° 30' west 1.40 chains, thence north 31° west 4 chains, thence south 19° west 8.50 chains, thence south 2½° east 14.50 chains, thence south 87° 45' east 25 chains to the east boundary of William Jolly's land bought by him from Carlos Wilcox and wife, by deed recorded on page 15, of book "D," of records of deeds of Washington County Oregon, to which deed reference is hereby made; thence north 1o east 30.28 chains to the southeast corner of Martha R. Jolly's land, thence north 87° 45' west 74.34 chains to the place of beginning, containing 160 acres, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums, and for the costs and expenses of said sale.

Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Witness my hand this 23d day of May, 1895. 52-4 H. P. FORD, Sheriff of Washington County, Or.

NOTICE.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ACT PASSED by the fifteenth regular session of the legislative assembly of the State of Oregon, entitled an act "to require County Warrants to be cancelled after seven years from the date of issuance," notice is hereby given that if the following named warrants are not called for and presented for payment within sixty days from the first day of July, 1895, they will be cancelled, and payment thereof will be refused:

Date of issuance.	To whom issued	Amt.
September 7, 1881	Geo H Bonny	$1 00
" 8, "	Margaret Vedder	1 50
" 8, "	Jane Belinger	1 50
February 9, 1882	W M Morrison	2 00
March 9, "	Dan Keating	2 00
May 3, "	C Meier	8 20
June 7, "	H Hughey	1 50
" 8, "	Jos Haywood	4 00
July 8, "	H T Hodson	1 50
September 6, "	Wm Lawrence	1 50
October 4, "	John Valaro	1 50
November 8, "	Louise Josse	2 00
" 8, "	H Rasmer	3 40
" 8, "	Frank Smitley	1 50
" 8, "	Caleb Wilkins	2 10
" 8, "	Albert Bledsoe	1 50
December 7, "	Henry Cap	1 20
" 7, "	Hubert Barnard	1 50
March 8, 1883	T J Knighton	6 00
April 5, "	M Haskell	15 00
June 7, "	Albert Ogg	2 10
" 7, "	Jacob Wonderli	1 80
July 5, "	J S Robinson	1 50
September 6, "	C H Pierce	1 50
November 8, "	J Doughty	3 30
January 9, 1884	Joseph Mason	1 70
" 9, "	David Williams	1 70
" 9, "	J D Spencer	1 70
March 6, "	A R Fanno	2 00
July 10, "	Josephine Brady	4 00
" 11, "	A R Fanno	2 00
" 11, "	H E Mayer	3 10
" 11, "	M Segar	3 10
November 6, "	Annie C Hansen	1 50
" 6, "	"	2 70
May 7, 1885	James Heaston	2 00
July 9, "	Geo W Beal	4 80
" 9, "	M P Snelling	3 20
August 6, "	W F Chapman	4 50
" 6, "	W Hamilton	4 50
" 6, "	W S Chapman	4 80
September 10, "	John Kanzo	8 00
December 10, "	A R Fanno	2 00
January 6, 1886	R Nixon	2 70
" 11, "	A L Kaufman	1 50
" 12, "	Carl Pfander	2 00
March 8, "	J C Moreland	13 70
" 8, "	C Riesen	1 80
June 10, "	I N Edmanston	6 00
July 7, "	Charles King	4 00
August 5, "	M P Snelling	1 60
" 5, "	Mattie A Hiatt	1 50
September 8, "	Niels Anderson	3 00
October 7, "	M J Smith	2 00
" 7, "	M Charlton	2 00
December 9, "	Chas Montgomery	3 10
March 11, 1887	W C Johnson	2 00
April 8, "	B Anderson	4 00
May 4, "	Geo Landess	3 20
" 4, "	P M Edwards	3 00
June 9, "	D L Edwards	2 70
" 9, "	Fred Raemer	1 80
" 9, "	Winnie Raemer	1 80
" 9, "	H I Bowen	1 50
January 5, 1888	H Harris	1 50
March 7, "	A Rasmussen	1 00
" 7, "	C S Peterson	1 00
" 7, "	Mary Fernstrup	1 50
" 7, "	Chas S Peterson	1 50
" 7, "	E Coursdi	1 00
" 7, "	Agnes Wilhelm	1 50
April 7, "	Stephen Sell	2 00
June 7, "	J B Shearward	3 10

By order of the County Court.
R. B. GOODIN, County Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF AN ATTACHMENT, execution and order of sale, issued out of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson county, in favor of J. C. Bare, plaintiff, and against Andrew Phillips, defendant, for the sum of $7.50, costs, and for the further sum of $99.55, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, from the 6th day of May, 1895, and the sum of $20.00, attorney's fees, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ.

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgment, execution and order of sale, I will, on Monday, the 8th day of July, 1895, at the south door of the Court House, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all of the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

Certificate No. 50, in T. 1 N. R. 3 west of Willamette meridian, in Washington County, Oregon, described as follows

Commencing at the south west corner of that tract of land heretofore conveyed by J. W. and Martha Powers to Mary F. Trapp, by deed, dated March 8, 1893, and recorded on page 486 of Book Z, Records of Deeds for Washington County, Oregon, which is 13.60 chains south of the northwest corner of the east half of said donation claim, and running thence north on the west line of the east half of said claim 3.60 chains, thence east 6.62½ chains to the west edge of the road running from Cornelius to North Plains; thence southerly with the west edge of said road 3.60 chains to the south line of said Mary F. Trapp's tract of land; thence west 5.62½ chains to the place of beginning, containing 2¼ acres, more or less, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums, and for the costs and expenses of said sale.

Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Witness my hand this 5th day of June, 1895. H. P. FORD, Sheriff of Washington County, Or. 2-6

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10:45 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv 7:00 A M

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5:50 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Lv 7:00 A M

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8:30 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv 4:05 P M
12:15 P M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv 1:00 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Pacific Railroad.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

1:40 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar 8:05 A M
6:00 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv 3:45 P M
7:25 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv 2:30 P M

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JULY ... 3d, 4th and 5th

PROGRAM FOR THE FOURTH .....

ORATOR, HON. JOSHUA WALTON, of Lane.

READER OF DECLARATION, MISS LENA PARKER, of Forest Grove.

GAMES! PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN TO THE SUCCESSFUL Competitors in the Following SPORTS!

Bicycle race,	$10.00	$5.00	Base ball,	$20.00
Sack race,		2.50		
Fat man's race---60 yards,		5 00	Climbing greased pole,	5.00
Girl's egg race,		2.50	Greased pig,	The Pig

UNRIVALED DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS IN THE EVENING!