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Vol. XXIII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1896. No. 36.

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday at 6:30 p. m. All services will be short, bright, interesting and helpful. Everyone cordially welcome.
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EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Corner Fifth and Fir. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 p. m.; second and fourth Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m.; prayer meeting every Wednesday evening; teachers meeting every Sunday evening. H. L. Pratt, pastor.

FIRST Christian Church, R. L. Shelley, pastor, Baseline and Fifth. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 8:00 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., Sunday, 7:00 p. m.

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HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every first and third Friday evening in the month.
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HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 17, I. O. G. T. meets in Grange Hall every Saturday evening. All sojourning members in good standing are invited to visit with the lodge. JAMES ADAMS, C. T.
W. H. GAULT, Secretary.

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HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.
MRS. MAY GREER, N. G.
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P. of H.

HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month.
BENJ. SCHOFIELD, Master,
ANNIE IMBRIE, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, NO. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, in I.O. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.
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MEETS every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Christian church. You are cordially invited to attend its meetings.
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Rathbone Sisters.

PHOENICIA TEMPLE NO. 10, R. S., meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. SUSIE STANLEY, M. E. C.
MRS. M. A. HOUSE, M. of R. and C.

K. of P.

PHOENIX LODGE, NO. 34, K. OF P., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings.
J. M. WALL, C. C.
L. A. LONG, K. of R. & S.

A. F. and A. M.

TUALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M., meets every Saturday night on or after full moon of each month.
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R. CRANDALL, Secretary.

O. E. S.

TUALATIN CHAPTER, NO. 31, O. E. S., meets at Masonic Temple on he 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.
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TUALATIN PLAINS PRESBYTERIAN Church.—Regular preaching, Sundays 11 o'clock A. M; Sunday school, 10 o'clock A. M. W. H. DIERDORFF, Pastor.

K. O. T. M.

VIOLA TENT, NO. 18, K. O. T. M., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month
L. A. LONG, Com.
BENTON BOWMAN, R. K.

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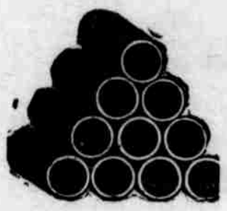

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SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE.

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 Isaac Gratton, administrator of the estate of Paul Fuhr, deceased, plaintiff, and against William McLeod and Mary McLeod, defendants, for the sum of $15.00, costs, and for the further sum of $441.00, U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, from the 10th day of December, 1895, and for the costs and expenses of sale and of said writ,

Now, therefore, by virtue and in pursuance of said judgment, decree and order of sale, I will, on Monday, the 24 day of February, 1896, 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, the following-described real property, to-wit:

All of that piece, parce and tract of land lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and being more particularly known and designated as all of the north half of the northeast quarter of section 30, township one, south range three west, Willamette meridian, containing 80 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 2d day of January, 1896.
H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Or.
By W. D. BRADFORD, Deputy.
Thos. H. Tongue, Attorney for Plaintiff.
22-30

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, and never fails to give immediate relief. W E. Brock.

NOBLE LADS OF CANADA.

(Published by request.)

Come all ye British heroes, I pray you lend an ear,
Draw up your British forces, and then your volunteers;
We're going to fight the Yankee boys, by water and by land,
We will never return till we conquer, sword in hand.
We're the noble lads of Canada—come to arms, boys, come!

O, now, the time has come, my boys, to cross the Yankee line—
We remember they were rebels once and conquered John Burgoyne.
We'll subdue those haughty democrats, and pull their dwellings down.
And we'll have the States inhabited with subjects to the crown.

We're the noble lads of Canada—come to arms, boys, come!
We're as choice a British army as ever crossed the seas;
We'll burn both town and city, and with smoke beclouds the skies.
We'll subdue the old Green Mountain boys—their Washington is gone—
And we'll play them Yankee Doodle, as the Yankees did Burgoyne,
When he got too far from Canada, etc.

Now we've reached the Pittsburg banks, my boys, and here we'll make a stand,
Until we take the Yankee ships McDonough doth command;
We're the Growler and the Eagle that from Smith we took away,
And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchored in the bay.
We're the noble lads, etc.

O, our fleet is hove in view, my boys, the cannon loudly roar,
With death upon our cannon-balls we'll drench their decks with gore;
We've water-craft sufficient to sink them in an hour,
But our order is to board, and the Yankee's flag destroy.
We're the noble lads, etc.

Now the battle is growing hot, my boys, I don't know how 'twill turn;
While McDonough's boats on swivels hung continually do burn.
We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds the day.
And our larger boats they've struck, and our smaller run away!
O, we've got too far from Canada—run for life, boys, run!

O, Provost he sighed aloud, and to his officers he said,
I wish the devil and those Yankees could but sail alongside;
For the tars of France and England can't stand before them well,
For I think they'd flog the devil and drive him back to hell!
O, we've got too far, etc.

Now prepare for your retreat, my boys, make all the haste you can;
The Yankees are surrounding us, we'll surely be Burgoyn'd;
Behind the hedges, and the ditches, and the trees, and every stump,
You can see the —— ——, and the cursed Yankees jump!
O, we've got too far, etc.

Now we've reached the Chazy Heights, my boys, we'll make short delay,
For to rest our weary limbs and to feed our beasts on hay.
Soon McDonough's cocks began to crow, was heard at Stark's barn,
And a report throughout the camp was the general alarm.
O, we've got too far, etc.

O, Provost sighed aloud, and to his officers did say,
The Yankee troops are hove in sight, and hell will be to pay!
Shall we fight like men of courage and do the best we can,
When we know they will flog us two to one?
I think we'd better run!
O, we've got too far, etc.

Now if I ever reach Quebec alive, I'll surely stay at home,
For McDonough's gained a victory, the devil fight Macombe.
I had rather fight a thousand troops as good as ever crossed the seas
Than fifty of those Yankees behind the stumps and trees!
O, we've got too far, etc.

They told us that the Federalists were friendly to the crown,
That they'd join the royal army, and the democrats pull down;
But they all unite together, as a band of brothers joined,
They will fight for independence till they die upon the ground!
O, we've got too far, etc.

The old Seventy-Six's have sallied forth, upon their crutches they do lean,
With their rifles leveled on us, with their specs on, take good aim:
For there's no retreat in those, boys, who'd rather die than run.
And we make no doubt that these are those that conquered John Burgoyne!
When he got too far, etc.

Now we've reached the British grounds, my boys, we'll have a day of rest,
And I wish my soul I could say 'twould be a day of mirth;
But I've left so many troops behind, it causes me to mourn,
O, if ever I fight the Yankees more, I'll surely stay at home.
Now we've got back to Canada, stay at home, boys, stay!

Here's a health to all the British troops, likewise to George Provost,
To our respective families and the girls we love the most,
To McDonough and Macombe, and every Yankee boy;
Now fill up your tumblers full, for I never was so dry.
Now we've got back to Canada, etc.

FREED BY A FIDDLE.

One of the most remarkable political contests of modern days was that between Bob and Alf Taylor over the governorship of Tennessee some years ago. The brothers are both violinists—in Tennessee they are known as fiddlers. Alf is the superior performer. Bob plays left-handed. Neither one is a finished master of the instrument, but they both play the mountain melodies to the queen's taste. During their unique race for governor, Bob and Alf did not actually carry their fiddles with them, but in almost every town the people would hunt up a couple of violins and insist on hearing them play.

When the election was over, and Bob was occupying the highest office in the gift of Tennesseeans, a convict in the penitentiary one day sent him a fiddle. It was a home-made instrument, the convict being its author and finisher. He had made it while serving out his sentence in the "pen," and designed touching a tender chord in the governor's heart by the presentation. The story is best told in Governor Bob's own way.

"One day just before Christmas a state official entered my office and said: 'I have been implored by a poor, miserable wretch in the penitentiary to bring you this rude fiddle. It was made by his own hands with a penknife during the hours allotted to him for rest. It is absolutely valueless, it is true, but it is his petition for mercy. He begged me to say that he has neither attorney nor influential friends to plead for him; he is poor, and all that he asks is, when the governor shall sit at his own fireside on Christmas Eve with his own happy children around him, he will play one tune on this rough fiddle and think of a cabin far away in the mountains in which is a family crying for bread and listening for the returning footsteps of their convict father.'"

Who would not have been touched by such an appeal? When Christmas Eve came the governor sat at his own fireside, surrounded by his own happy family, and, sitting there, he played one tune on the rough fiddle. Far up in the mountains there was another hearthstone bright and warm, the pardoned convict was there with his children on his knee and his heart re-echoing the strains which the governor played on the home-made fiddle:

Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

THE MEANING OF MONROEISM.

One of the most lucid and satisfactory of the many definitions of the Monroe doctrine is that furnished by Prof. McMaster, the well-known American historian. He draws an analogy between this doctrine and other declarations which our country had previously made, such as that government derives its power from the consent of the governed, etc. These declarations were once denied and condemned, but they are now accepted, and the Monroe doctrine rightly stands with them. The immediate impetus of President Monroe's declaration was England's opposition to the Holy Alliance, but it was not intended simply for that occasion. It was the expression of a general and continuous policy with regard to European interference in the affairs of the New World. The doctrine of non-intervention, which declared that no government in Europe should be allowed in any way to control the destinies of the republics on this side of the Atlantic, was perfectly plain and rested upon the same basis as the Declaration of Independence, to-wit: the necessity of defending republicanism on this continent against the attacks and machinations of European nations. That was what it means now. It has not forfeited its vitality or its applicability with the lapse of years, but is still a living and very important part of our policy of self-protection.

As for England's contention that territory once settled by her subjects belongs to her, even if the boundary line be disputable, Prof. McMaster declares it to be illogical and inequitable, and shows that she has not herself insisted upon it in previous and similar instances. He points out that in the case of Maine, England had declared that the watershed between the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence should be the boundary, and though a watershed is comparatively easy to find, she located it away down in the Maine lakes; but she subsequently withdrew the claim. In the case of Oregon, the settlement of her subjects in the disputed territory was asserted as her right to said territory; but she receded from that position, if not entirely, at least to an extent that implied its practical relinquishment. These conditions both obtain in the Venezuela controversy. That is to say, England seeks in the first place to extend a boundary according to her own interests and wishes, as in the case of Maine; and if that will not answer, then she claims that the disputed territory is hers on the ground that it is occupied by her subjects, as in the case of Oregon. The Monroe doctrine is a protest against claims of that kind on this hemisphere, and a warning that any attempt to enforce them will be resisted by the United States. It was a good and timely doctrine when it was originally promulgated, and it is just as good and timely under present circumstances, not in a narrow interpretation, but in its broadest sense.—Globe-Democrat.

JIM'S CHARGE.

"What! another patient," exclaimed Jim's mother, looking up from her sewing as her lame son hobbled into the room, a crutch under one arm and an ugly mongrel under the other.

"Yes, mother; but this one won't trouble us long; I can cure him in no time. See, his poor little foot has been badly hurt." And Jim put forward the cut paw of the whining little creature that licked his hands and seemed as grateful for attention as a dumb creature could be.

"I found him in an alley where some bad boys had left him. See the ugly wounds on his side, too. The wretches! There are some boys I'd like to be able to lick—I'd just make 'em howl with pain!" finished Jim savagely as he examined the puppy.

"Well, Jim," returned his mother, "you are a small humane society all by yourself. That makes the fourth dog this winter, and I don't know how many cats and kittens; and now the bird season is upon us, I suppose we shall have to enlarge the infirmary. Lucky, isn't it, that we can afford to board them!"

She spoke cheerfully, even with a gleam of fun in her eyes, but she sighed and looked careworn as Jim went out with his burden.

After awhile he reappeared with, "Mother, if you haven't anything for me to do, I believe I'll go out to the ball-ground and watch the game."

"Very well, Jamie; only be back about five o'clock, as I shall want you to carry this dress home."

Although Jim was very lame he was active, and never thought of letting his mother bring in wood or water. He was always ready to do anything for her, and was proud when he could take her a few cents that he had earned by doing errands for others. There was one thing, though, he could not do—he could not play ball like his schoolmates or join in any of the sports in which boys with two good legs indulged.

"Oh," he thought, as he wistfully looked on the game, "if I could only run like Smith! I wonder if he knows what a beautiful thing it is! And then if I could run I could do other things; I could some day be able to support poor mother, and, oh, I'd like to go about so much and do good to people!"

The tears sprang to his eyes; wicked, rebellious thoughts came too. He looked with envy upon the lads who laughed and raced with such reckless freedom.

Mothers and sisters sat in carriages at a little distance, watching the game, and ready to take a son or brother home when he was ready. Why should they have everything and he have so little? mused Jim. If his mother only had time to sit at leisure that way!

"A fine day, sonny, and a fine game," remarked a young man, coming up to the absorbed lad.

Jamie glanced up, but made no answer; he was not in a mood to talk.

"You'd like to play ball, too, wouldn't you?" was the next comment.

That was too much, and poor little Jim's eyes brimmed over.

"I knew it by the way you looked," continued the stranger in pleasant tones. "Now, look here, my little man, here's something you hadn't thought of; God has given them two good strong legs and some other things he has not given you." He paused, and Jim looked up in his face wonderingly.

"Yes, he knew that very well," he thought, but he said nothing.

"And," continued the young man, with emphasis, "He has given you lameness."

Jim looked puzzled. He knew that, too, but was not that a hindrance—a curse? What did that young man mean?

After a moment's pause, in which the kind eyes looked earnestly into Jim's pale face, the speaker went on. "Many of these boys care for nothing but fun and play; they fritter their lives away, some of them. They will never become earnest and useful men."

"Oh, I see," cried Jim, in a burst of enthusiasm, "a feller don't need two legs to be that?"

"No, and sometimes good things are our actual hindrance, while your lame leg may be the very thing to make a man of you; God doesn't make mistakes, my boy. He has been good to you, and will be if you let him." And the young man passed on, leaving Jim with his new thoughts.

He stood for a time absorbed, unconscious of everything about, then suddenly calling his crutch into action, he hobbled homeward as fast as he could go.

His mother glanced anxiously at the clock as he entered, then turned to her son with a question she did not ask. Her eyes were fixed on his face. There was something in it she had never seen there before—a light, a joy far beyond the vacant expression to which she was accustomed.

"Oh! mother," he exclaimed rapturously, "I've got my charge!"

"Your charge, Jimmie?"

"Yes, mother, I don't know what else to call it, and you know we sing 'A charge to keep I have.' Well, mother, I've got mine. Oh, I've got mine, and it makes me so happy."

This happiness was reflected in his mother's face. When he was able to tell her intelligently of what the young man had said, he added: "And as I was thinking about it, and being so glad that God really did want me for something in the world, I thought. And now, what can I do when I'm a man? And it came to me as sudden as that," snapping his fingers. "I'll be a doctor, mother, dont you see that was what I was cut out for?"

"You'd make a good one, I'm sure, Jimmie, but——"

"Now, mother, don't; I know you're thinking how I'm going to get my education and all that, but you see just now I have only to study hard at school and practice on my dumb patients, then, after awhile, there's Professor Lanton, he'd help me night and day, I know he would, and I could do chores or writing for him. As for the rest, God will open the way. He will, never you fear, mother."

And God did open the way. From the day in which Jim received his "charge," he seemed imbued with new life.

He is now an eminent physician, and no man of his profession is more welcome in the sick room, more helpful and happy everywhere, than the once poor, disconsolate, crippled Jim.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. W. E. Brock.

The Telephone in the Fruit Industry.

Farmers are generally looked upon as slow thinkers, but there can hardly be a better piece of testimony as to the intelligence of the agricultural communities of this country than the fact that they are largely adopting the telephone, not only for communication with adjacent or distant villages and between themselves, but for receiving weather warnings and keeping in touch with the markets. In Michigan, for instance, in the center of the peach-growing district, a telephone company has been organized by the farmers, and forty miles of wire is now in operation, with thirteen stations. The fruit growers find the service of immense value. Formerly, if the state of the market had to be ascertained, for the guidance of shippers, the fruit grower had to harness up, and ride into Hart, the central town, many miles away. Now, the farmer goes to his telephone, and in a few minutes knows what prices are ruling. In fact, much of the business which heretofore has required a trip to town is now transacted over the wire. The cost of the installation is said to have been small, and the system is to be extended within the next few months.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

A New Boiler Compound.

Some very satisfactory results have been tried with a new boiler compound. This substance, in the form of a powder, is placed in a cup attached to the top of the boiler. The steam entering the cup condenses, and the moisture is quickly absorbed by the powder, which then gradually dissolves and passes into the boiler. The basis of the compound is metallic mercury, which, being set free in a finely divided state, impinges upon the surface of the tubes and plate, where it works its way under the scale. By the combined action of heat and pressure it mechanically breaks away the scale and forms on the clean iron or steel an oxide, which forms a very thin coating similar to enamel. It is claimed that this enamel coating in a short time so fortifies the surface of the tubes and shell that corrosion and scale become impossible.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. W. E. Brock.

Mayor Pingree, having succeeded in giving Detroit the benefit of three-cent fares on the street railroads, proposes now to turn his attention to the reduction of the exorbitant charges of the telephone company. Mayor Pingree is the kind of a reformer who reforms.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for constipation. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

PROPOSAL OF A GOLD MINER FOR MAINTENANCE OF THE RESERVE.

"If the secretary of the treasury will put himself in communication with owners of gold mines throughout the country, he can cause the entire gold production of the United States to be placed at the disposal of the government in exchange for silver coin. So far, at any rate, as the mines which I personally possess, or direct, are concerned, I am willing to undertake that their output of gold—a very considerable amount—shall thus be dealt with, and there can not be any doubt of any other American gold mining corporations being ready to do the same.

"The assistance thus obtained by the government will not involve any bond issue and will not saddle the nation interest, charge or remuneration. It will add to the volume of home currency, and at the same time it will equally increase the amount of international currency in the treasury.—Stephen H. Emmons."

NEW ARMS FOR THE NATIONAL GUARD.

The development of the national guard is a subject to which the military authorities are giving a good deal of attention in these days of war clouds. Out of the present state of feeling will come a new national militia law, the arming of the citizen soldiery with more efficient arms and the establishment of closer relations between the national guard and the establishmemt of closer relations between the national guard and the general government. It isn't likely, if peace continues, that congress will consent to much increase of the regular army, but sentiment at both ends of the capitol favors legislation for the national guard. The arms which militiamen in most of the states are now carrying are about as worthless as the old flintlocks. They are either of ancient patterns or so nearly worn out as to be more dangerous to those behind than those in front of them. A bill before congress, and one that is likely to go through promptly, will put in the hands of every national guardsman a brand-new Springfield rifle of 45 caliber. Much has been said about the want of preparation for hostilities. It is a fact not generally known that the United States is prepared to-day to arm as large an army as would probably be needed with new Springfield rifles. The proposition is to draw at once on this stock of rifles for the complete equipment of the national guard. When such a distribution is made there will still remain in the armories of the government several hundred thousand rifles. The 45-caliber Springfield is not the new magazine rifle which is being introduced in the regular army. About this new rifle which shoots so far and so hard there is still a controversy. Its efficiency is questioned by some army men. If the United States was called upon tomorrow to go to war a second thought would not be given to the new invention, but the army raised would be equipped with the Springfield.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

THE WHY OF IT.

The dillatoriness in recognizing belligerent rights, to the Cuban insurgents, has been remarked upon quite emphatically. Perhaps the Chronicle gives a correct solution in the following:

The chief obstacle that stands in the way of the United States according belligerent rights to the Cuban insurgents is not the opposition of the Spanish government, for that would cut no special figure, but an influence more potent and nearer home, that of the sugar trust. This combination has contracts with the Cuban sugar-makers for their product, and it requires only a moment's reflection to see why it should oppose the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents by the United States.

If the Cubans should be successful and obtain their independence by force of arms and without recognition or assistance of any kind from the United States, the sugar trust might demand reclamation and damages from Spain for injury to their business, destruction of property in which they were directly interested, loss of profits, etc., and would be in position to ask the intervention of the United States government on behalf of their claims. On the other hand, should the United States recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents the claims of the sugar trust in Cuba would be subject to the fortunes of war, and in case of the success of the insurgents there would be no ground for the recovery of damages.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results, better try it. W. E. Brock.

The nervous system is weakened by the
Neuralgia Torture.
Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by
SAINT JACOBS OIL
TRY IT