Portland Library

$2.00! $2.0 ! $2.00!
THE
Independent and Oregonian
ONE YEAR FOR
Two Dollars.

Hillsboro Independent.

$2.00! $2.00! $2.00!
THE
Independent and Oregonian
ONE YEAR FOR
Two Dollars.

Vol. XXIV. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1897. No. 49.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor ..... Wm. P. Lord
Secretary of State ..... Harrison R. Kincaid
Treasurer ..... Phillip Metschan
Supt. Public Instruction ..... G. M. Irwin
State Printer ..... W. H. Leeds
Supreme Court ..... Chas. E. Wolverton, R. S. Bean, F. A. Moore
Judge Fifth District ..... T. A. McBride
Attorney Fifth District ..... T. J. Cleeton

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge ..... B. F. Cornelius
Commissioners ..... D. B. Reasoner, T. G. Todd, A. Imbrie
Clerk ..... W. D. Bradford
Sheriff ..... E. L. McCornack
Recorder ..... A. B. Cady
Treasurer ..... George H. Wilcox
Assessor ..... Austin Craig
School Superintendent ..... L. E. Wilkes
Surveyor ..... C. L. Large
Coroner ..... C. L. Large

OREGON CITY LAND OFFICE.

Robert A. Miller ..... Register
Wm. Galloway ..... Receiver

CITY OFFICERS.

Board of Trustees ..... R. B. Goodin, Mayor; E. C. Brown; Jos. Downs; W. H. Wehrung; J. H. Stanley; R. H. Greer; J. P. Tamiesie
Recorder ..... Benton Bowman
Treasurer ..... F. G. Mitchell
Marshal ..... W. W. Annand
Justice of Peace ..... W. D. Smith; J. P. Hicks

POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:

Glencoe, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Mill, at 11:20 a. m.

Going South, 3:20 a. m.

Going to Portland and way-offices, 6:55 a. m. and 4 p. m.

For Farmington and Laurel, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10:30 a. m.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

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.
EVAN P. HUGHES, Pastor.

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 Third. 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.

M. E. CHURCH, C. E. Cline pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 10 a. m. Preaching every Sunday at 8:30 p. m. General prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Leaders' and Steward's meeting the second Tuesday evening of each month.

A. O. U. W.

HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every first and third Friday evening in the month.
JOS. KLINEMAN, M. W.
P. H. BAUGHMAN, Recorder.

Daughters of Rebekah.

HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.
SARAH WILLIAMS, N. G.

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.
RICHARD BEMISH, N. G.
D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y.

Y. P. S. C.

MEETS every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock in the Christian church. You are cordially invited to attend its meetings.
EDA ADAMS, Pres't.

Degree of Honor.

THE DEGREE OF HONOR, A. O. U. W., meets in Odd Fellows' hall every first and third Friday evening of each month.
M. M. Pittenger, C. of H.
Mrs. Belle Brown, Recorder.

Bathsheba Sisters.

PHENICIA 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. Hogan, 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.
W. D. WOOD, W. M.
R. CRANDALL, Secretary.

O. E. S.

TUALATIN CHAPTER, NO. 31, O. E. S., meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.
Mrs. W. D. HARE, W. M.
GRACE CRONKITE, Secretary.

W. C. T. U.

HILLSBORO, W. C. T. U. MEETS IN the Congregational Church on the 4th Friday in each month at 3 o'clock P. M.

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.

WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month.
D. M. C. GAULT, Scribe.

GEN. RANSOM POST, NO. 69, G. A. R.

MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL ON the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 1:30 o'clock, P. M.
J. P. Hicks, A. M. H. L. Locke, P. C.
Adjutant.

GEN. RANSOM CORPS NO. 47, W. R. C.

MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL, Hillsboro, on the 1st, 2nd 3d, Fridays of each month at 2:30 p. m.
Mrs. Crandall, Pres.
Mrs. Orpha Carlile, Sec.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS H. TONGUE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Morgan Block.

W. N. BARRETT, L. E. ADAMS
BARRETT & ADAMS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON
OFFICE: Central Block, Rooms 6 and 7.

BENTON BOWMAN, Notary Public. W. D. SMITH.
SMITH & BOWMAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Rooms 6 and 7, Morgan block.

C. E. KINDT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
PORTLAND, OREGON
ROOM: No. 3, Portland Savings Bank Building, Second and Washington Streets.

GEO. R. BAGLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Resident agent for Royal Insurance Co.
ROOM: No. 13, Morgan Block.

S. T. LINKLATER, M. B. C. M.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: at residence, east of Court House, where he will be found at all times when not visiting patients.

J. P. TAMIESIE, M. D.,
P. R. R. SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: corner Third and Main Streets. Office hours, 8:30 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone to residence from Brock & Sels' Drugstore at all hours. All calls promptly attended, night or day.

W. D. WOOD, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: in Chenette Row. RESIDENCE corner First and Main streets.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR.
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: in Pharmacy, Union Block. Calls attended to, night or day. Residence, S. W. Cor. Base Line and Second streets.

R. NIXON,
DENTIST,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON
Now making teeth for $5.00 and $7.50 per set; best of material and workmanship. Will compare with sets costing $25. Teeth extracted without pain. Fillings at the lowest prices. All work warranted.
OFFICE: three doors north of Brick store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

A. B. BAILEY, D. D. S.
DENTIST,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Rooms 1 and 2, Morgan & Bailey Block.

WILKES BROS.
ABSTRACTORS AND SURVEYORS.
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Agents for Bar Lock Type Writer. Two doors of Postoffice.

THOS. D. HUMPHREYS.
CONVEYANCING AND ABSTRACTING OF TITLES.
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Legal papers drawn and Loans on Real Estate negotiated. Business attended to with prompt ss and dispatch.
OFFICE: Main Street, opposite Court House.

WM. BENSON,
PRACTICAL MACHINIST
HILLSBORO OREGON.
All kinds of repairing on Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Work, Threshing Machines Mowers, Feed Cutters, Sewing Machines Washing Machines, Wringers, Pumps, Scales, Scissors ground, Gun and Locks smithing, Saws ground and filed; and have a large number of second-hand engines and boilers for sale. All work warranted.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Award.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
Royal Baking Powder Co., New York

The United States government has recently experienced difficulties in securing bids from the big steel works of the country for armor plates within the rates specified by congress $300 per ton, and Senator Chandler has introduced a bill empowering the secretary of the navy to take possession of the Bethleham and Carnegie plants, and use them in making the necessary plates for our battle-ships in course of construction. Senator Chandler's bill provides for making due compensation for the use of the plants, and also for turning them back to their owners after the government is through using them. While this is a bold proposition and will probably not be followed out, it is a reminder of the power the government can use in cases of emergency. If the big works which have been employed by the government to build battle ships refuse to do the work or insist upon exacting outrageous prices for it, the government might do the very thing Senator Chandler proposes.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Americans are the most inventive people on earth. To them have been issued nearly 600,000 patents, or more than one-third of all the patents issued in the world. No discovery of modern years has been of greater benefit to mankind than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or has done more to relieve pain and suffering. J. W. Vaughn, of Oakton, Ky., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy in my family for several years, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for cramps in the stomach and bowels. For sale at Delta Drug store.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; today Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Where ever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy becomes known the people will have nothing else. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

The best Cough Cure is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Mrs. A. Inveen, residing at 720 Henry St., Alton, Ill., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for over eight months. She doctered for it nearly the whole of this time, using various remedie recommended by friends and was treated by the physicians, but received no relief. She then used one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which effected a complete cure. This is published at her request, as she wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured her. The 25 and 50 cent sizes are for sale by The Delta Drug Store.

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

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

THE MAIN MUSCULAR SUPPORTS OF THE BODY WEAKEN AND LET GO UNDER
BACKACHE
OR LUMBAGO. TO RESTORE, STRENGTHEN, AND STRAIGHTEN UP, USE
ST. JACOBS OIL

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN BY RAIL.

The novelist Kipling contributes a serial to McClure's under the title "Captains Courageous" that for description is strong. This is especially true in Chapter IX where he takes a fast railroad train across the continent from Los Angelos to Boston. The previous chapters informed the reader that Cheyne is a railroad king owning miles and miles of track and private cars sumptously furnished. His wife and son, a lad of 14 or 15 years, have no employment save amusment. Trips to Europe and return help to consume time. Going over one May Harvey Cheyne, the spoiled boy, was sea-sick as the big passenger steamer was crossing the banks among a fleet of cod fishing schooners. The boy stretched himself under an awning on the deck and at a launch of the ship dropped overboard into the sea. No one on board saw him fall, but a fisherman in a small boat belonging to a yankee sloop found the struggling youngster and took him aboard his fishing boat. By that time the big Cunarder was out of sight and there was nothing to do but keep the boy. The Yankee skipper could not believe the boy's story of wealth, but set him to work to earn his keep. The boy was well bred and had spirit in him but indulgence had badly spoiled him. His seeming mistortunes bring out the latent manhood. He is on the banks all summer but in autum the "We're Here" with a full load is the first to stick her prow into the Gloucester harbor. As soon as Harvey strikes land he makes for the telegraph office.

With this explanation the reader is ready for chapter 9 which is as fine a description of high life on rail as has been written:

Whatever his private sorrows may be, a multi-millionaire, like any other workingman, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, senior, had gone east late in June to meet a woman broken down half mad, who dreamed day and night of her son drowning in the gray seas. He had surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, massage-women, and even faith-cure companions, but they were useless. Mrs. Cheyne lay still and moaned, or talked of her boy by the hour together to any one who would listen. Hope she had none, and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow, he spoke little—hardly realized the depth of it till he caught himself asking the calendar on his writing desk, "What's the use of going on?"

There had always lain a pleasant notion at the back of his head that, some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner, and alley, and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together—the old head backing the young fire. Now his boy was dead—lost at sea, as it might have been a Swede sailor from one of Cheyne's big ships; the wife was dying, or worse; he himself was trodden down by platoons of women and doctors and maids and attendants; worried almost beyond endurance by the shift and change of her poor restless whims; hopeless, with no heart to meet his many enemies.

He had taken the wife to his raw new home in San Diego, where her and her people occupied a wing of great price, and Cheyne, in a veranda room, between a secretary and a typewriter, who was also a telegraphist, toiled along wearily from day to day. There was a war of rates among four Western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber-camps in Oregon, and the legislature of the state of California, which has no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarly he would have accepted battle ere it was offered, and have waged a pleasent and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed forward on to his nose, his big body shrunk in side his loose clothes, stareing at his boots or the Chinese junks in the bay, and assenting absently to the secretary's questions as he opened the Saturday's mail.

Cheyne was wondering how much it would cost to drop everything and pull out. He carried huge insurances, could buy himself royal annuities, and between one of his places in Colorado, and a little society that would do the wife good, say in Wash ington and South Carolina, a man might forget plans that had come to nothing. On the other hand——

The click of the typewriter stopped the girl was looking at the secretary, who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram, repeated from San Francisco:

Picked up by fishing schooner "We'er Here," having fallen off boat Great time on Banks fishing. All well. Waiting Gloucester, Mass., care Disco Troop, for money or orders. Wire what shall do; and how is mamma.—Harvey N. Cheyne.

The father let it fall, laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Cheyne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

"What—what d'you think of it? Is it possible? Is there any meaning to it? I cant quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I loose seven thousand a year—that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her? May be a fraud?"

"What's the motive?" said the doctor, cooly. "Detection's too certain. It's the boy, sure enough."

Enter a French maid, impudently, as an indispensible one who is kept on only by large wages.

"Mrs. Cheyne, she says you must come at once. She thinks you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the great white wood square staircase cried: "What is it, what has happened?"

No doors could keep out the shriek that rung through the echoing house a moment later, when her husband blurted out the news.

"And that's all right," said the doctor, serenely, to the typewriter. "About the only medical statement in novels with any truth to it, is that joy don't kill, Miss Kinzey."

"I know it; but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, somewhat direct of speech, and as her fancy leaned toward the secretary, she divined there was work at hands. He was looking earnestly at the vast roller-map of America on the wall.

"Milsom, we're going right across. Private car—straight through—Boston. Fix the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so."

The secretary turned to the typewriter and their eyes met (out of that was born a story—nothing to do with this story.) She looked inquiringly, doubtful of his resources. He signed to her to move to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarding the ceiling, and set to work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up the Continent of America.

"K. H. Wade, Los Angeles—The 'Constance' is at Los Angeles, isn't she, Miss Kinzey?"

"Yep!" Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready? Send 'Constance,' a private car, here, and arrange for special to leave here Sunday in time to connect with New York Limited at Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Tuesday next."

Click—Click—Click! "Couldn't you better that?"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em sixty hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready? "Also arrang with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take 'Constance' on New York Central and Hudson River Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents. Have also wired Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes.—Sign, Cheyene."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secretary went on.

"Now then. Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes, of course. Ready? "Canniff, Chicago. Please take my private car "Constance" from Santa Fe at Sixteenth Street next Tuesday p. m. on N. W. Limited through to Buffalo and deliver N. Y. C. for Albany.—Ever bin to N'York Miss Kinzey? We'll go some day.—Ready? Take car Bugalo to Albany on Limited Tuesday p. m. That's for Toucey."

"Haven't bin to Noo York, but I know that!" With a toss of the head.

"Beg parlon. Now, Boston and Albany, Barnes, same instructions from Albany through to Boston. Leave three five p. m., (you needn't wire that) arrive nine-five p. m. Wednesday. That covers everything Wade will do, but it pays to shake up the managers."

"It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a look of admiration. This was the kind of man she understood and appreciated.

"Tisn't bad," said Milsom, modestly. "Now, anyone but me would have lost thirty hours and spent a week working out the run, instead of handing him over to Santa Fe straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that Noo York limited. Chauncey Depew couldn't hitch his car to her," Miss Kinzey suggested, recovering herself.

"Yes, but this isn't Chauncey, it's Cheyne—lightning. It goes."

"Even so. Guess we'd better wire the boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"That's so. I'll ask."

When he returned with the fathers message, bidding Harvey meet them in Boston, at an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinzey laughing over the keys. Then Milson laughed too, for the frantic clicks from Los Angeles ran: "We want to know why—why—why? General uneasiness developed and spreading."

Ten minutes later Chicago appeaded to Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of century is maturing please warn friends in time. We are all getting to cover here."

This was capped by a message from Topeka (and wherein Topeka was concerned even Milsom could not guess): "Don't shoot, Colonel. We'll come down."

Cheyne smiled grimly at the consternation of his enemies when the telegrams were laid before him. "They think we're on the war path. Tell 'em we don't feel like fighting just now, Milsom. Tell 'em what we're going for. I guess you and Miss Kinzey had better come along, though it isn't likely I shall do any business on the road. Tell 'em the truth—for once."

So the truth was told. Miss Kinzey clicked in the sentiment while the secretary added the memorable quotation, "Let us have peace," and in board-rooms two thousand miles away, the representative of sixty-three million dollars' worth of various manipulated railroad interests, breathed more freely. Cheyne was flying to meet his only son, so miraculously restored to him. The bear was seeking his cub, not the bulls. Hard men who had their knives drawn to fight for their financial lives put away the weapons and wished him God speed, while half a dozen panic-smitten tinpot railroads perked up their heads and spoke of the wonderful things they would have done had not Cheyne burried the hatchet.

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in theia lonaly round houses; Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic and Pacific, and Albuquerque flung in the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe management, even into Chicago. An engine, combination car with crew, and the great and gilded 'Constance' private car were to be 'expedited' over those two thousand three hundred and fifty miles. The train would take precedence of one hundred and seventy-seven others meeting and passing; despatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, sixteen engineers, and sixteen firemen would be needed—each and every one the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines; three for watering and two for coaling. warn the men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordingly; for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division suprintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Digeo to Sixteenth Street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh hurry.

"It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mother, just as fast as we ever can; but I realy don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game of dominoes, but you know that it is Sunday.

I'll be good. Oh, I will be good. Only—taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we would never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mother, and we'll be in Chicago before you know it."

"But it's Boston father. Tell them to hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado river. The car cracked in the utter drouth and glare. and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck, and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed indicator flicked and waged to and frow; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly, the great fire-horse was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintended protested.

But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir stateroom, where the French maid, sallow-white with fear, clung to the silver door-handle, only moaned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry hills and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind then, and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the break-hose told them they were at Coolidge by the Continental Divide.

Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great dips and falls from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the State line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw, and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by the plate-glass observatian-window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth, and the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy, and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swich of a water-tank and the gutteral voice of a Chinaman the clinkclink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out one half the stairs. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed from Boston. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for a while. Her one word "hurry" was conveyed by the crews to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka, and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the Continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

"The very best we can, mother. There's no sense in getting in before the Limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the miles."

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles at eighty-two), but the seventy foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock hands would not move, and when, oh, when would they be in Chicago?

It is not true that, as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his bank knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that the last crew took entire charge of switching operations at Sixteenth Street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help any one who bumped her.

Now the highly paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Limited from Chicago to Elkheart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up a car. None the less he handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite, and when the crew rebuked him they did it in whispers and dumb show.

"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe men, discussing life later, "we weren't running for a record. Harvey Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we diden't want to jounce her. Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.51. You can tell that to them Eastern way-trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the western man (though this would not please either city), Chicago and Boston are cheek jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The Limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central and Hudson river (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch-chains came on here to talk a little business to Harvey), who slid her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tide-water to tide-water—total time, eighty-seven and thirty-five minutes, or three days fifteen hours and one-half. Harvey was waiting for them.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PARIS GREEN.

Prof. Kedzie of the Michigan Agricultural college has discovered a spraying compound which he believes to be more effective and less costly than Paris green and which does not burn the foliage of the trees. The following are his directions for making it:

Boil two pounds of white arsenic and four pounds sal soda for fifteen minutes in two gallons of water. Put in a jug label "poison" and lock it up. When you wish to spray, slack two pounds of lime and stir into forty gallons of water, adding a pint of the mixture from the jug.

The mixture in the jug will cost forty-five cents, and this is enough for 800 gallons or twenty barrels of spray. This will require forty pounds of lime which will cost twenty cents more, making the cost sixty-five cents for twenty barrels—three and one-fourth cents per barrel.

It is cheaper than Paris green and the ingredients can be found in any village drugstore; it can be easily prepared and easily kept ready; it will keep for any length of time; it is uniform in strength; it does not injure the leaves of trees or of plants; it colors the leaves white showing how evenly it is distributed.

Commenting on the above it may be said that Paris green has for its base arsenic, and it is that poison that kills, hence any other form of the poison that is more convenient to apply is that much better.

It appears that there is a larger demand for horses than has been known for a number of years, and an apparent activity in that line promising remunerative prices. The San Francisco Chronicle says that "all of our exchanges agree that the price of good, serviceable horses, whether for farm or city use, is improving. The demand is for horses that can do some particular work and do it well. For the little trotting horses that farmers' boys like to raise there is no demand whatever. Nobody wants them at any price. Handsome, well-trained roadsters are as much in demand as any other class of horses, in spite of the hard times and the bicycle. The value of these is in appearance and endurance rather than speed although the more speed, they can develop without injury to other qualities of course the better. But high prices for roadsters are only obtained by well set up animals, with a certain style which few farmers are able to impart. The best horses for farmers to raise are such as they themselves find most economical and useful. There is more profit in them to one not a professional horseman than in any other class of horses, partly because they are or should be hardy and easy keepers, and partly because their dams pay for their living by work, and add the colt as a present. Substantial, fairly bred animals of from 1100 to 1300 pounds, well broken and true, will even now sell at prices showing a small profit in raising. And they will be higher. The greatest market for horses is the farm itself, and this has not been interfered with and will not be." The remarks of the Chronical are pertinent and in a measure true, but it goes too far when it says that farm market for horses has not been interfered with. The use of steam threshers has interfered with the horse use on the farm and other innovations will follow.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy Mrs. E. B. Worden. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

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.