

\$2.00 \$2.00 \$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, MAY 21, 1897.

### GENERAL DIRECTORY.

#### STATE OFFICERS.

Governor Wm. P. Lord  
Secretary of State Harrison B. Kinison  
Treasurer Phillip Metchum  
Supt. Public Instruction G. M. Lewis  
State Printer W. E. Leeds  
Supreme Court Chas. E. W. Werten  
Judge Fifth District T. A. Melville  
Attorney General C. G. Weston

#### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge D. R. Bondson  
Commissioners T. G. Todd  
Clerk J. M. Greer  
Recorder E. L. McCormick  
Treasurer A. B. Galy  
Assessor W. T. Lane  
School Superintendent Austin Grand  
Surveyor L. F. Wilkes  
Coroner C. L. Lange

#### OREGON CITY LAND OFFICE.

Robert A. Miller Register  
Wm. Galway Receiver

#### CITY OFFICERS.

W. N. Barrett, Mayor  
Thos. Tucker, City Clerk  
Board of Trustees W. H. Wetling, J. H. Stanley, R. H. Greer, F. J. Tamiesie, W. T. Lane, W. D. Smith, J. P. Hicks

#### POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:  
Glencoe, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Hill, at 11:30 a. m.  
Going South, 8:30 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 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. Fraht, pastor.

##### EVANGELICAL CHURCH,

 corner Fifth and Fir. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 p. m. and Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening; teachers meeting every Sunday evening. H. L. Fraht, pastor.

##### FIRST Christian Church,

 R. L. Shelley pastor, Baseline and Third. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school, 10 a. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday, 8:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. Sunday, 7:30 p. m.

##### M. E. CHURCH,

 G. E. U'ma pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 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 Masonic hall.

##### J. O. S. LINEMAN,

 M. F. H. BAUGHMAN, Recorder.

#### Daughters of Rebekah.

HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 24, 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. Hens. Schmieder, Master.

##### ASSIST. MASTER, Sec.

#### I. O. O. F.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, No. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.

##### RICHARD J. REMISE, N. G., D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y.

#### Y. P. S. C. E.

MEETS every Sunday evening at 10 o'clock in the Christian church. You are cordially invited to attend meetings.

##### E. A. JAMES, Pres't.

#### Degree of Honor.

THE DEGREE OF HONOR, A. O. U. W., meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the Masonic hall. M. M. Pittenger, G. of H. Mrs. Belle Brown, Recorder.

#### Rathbone Sisters.

PHOENIX 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. W. S. STANLEY, M. E. C. Mrs. M. A. HOGG, M. E. C. M. of R. and C.

#### K. of P.

PHOENIX LODGE, No. 24, K. of P., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings.

##### L. A. LANG, E. of H. & S.

#### A. F. & A. M.

QUALITY LODGE NO. 5, A. F. & A. M., meets every Saturday night or after full moon of each month.

##### W. D. WOOD, W. M. R. CHANDLER, 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 CHORNETT, 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. DIERDORF, Pastor.K. O. T. M. VIOLA TENT, No. 18, K. O. T. M., meets every Saturday night on 2nd and fourth Thursdays evening of each month. BENTON BOWMAN, Com. R. K.WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month.D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y.GEN. RANSOM POST, No. 69, G. A. R. MEETS in ODD FELLOWS HALL on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 8:30 o'clock P. M. J. P. HICKS, A. M., H. L. LOCKE, P. C. Admittant.GEN. RANSOM CORPS, No. 47, W. R. C. MEETS in ODD FELLOWS HALL, Hillsboro, on the 1st, 3rd & 5th Fridays of each month at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. Orpha Carlisle, Sec.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

**W. N. BARRETT,** L. S. ADAMS,  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
HILLSBORO, OREGON.  
Office: Central Block, Rooms 6 and 7.

**DENTON BOWMAN,** W. D. SMITH,  
NOTARY PUBLIC,  
**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.

**S. N. BROWN,** GEO. B. BAGLEY,  
**BAGLEY & BROWN,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,  
HILLSBORO, OREGON.  
Resident agent for Royal Insurance Co. Rooms: 1, 2, and 3, Shute Building.

**N. 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.,**  
S. P. R. R. SURGEON,  
HILLSBORO, OREGON.  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: corner Third and Main streets. Office hours, 9:30 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone to residence from Brook & Sel's Drugstore at all hours. All calls promptly attended, night or day.

**W. D. WOOD, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
HILLSBORO, OREGON.  
Office: in Chenoweth 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 complete 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.  
Agent for Bar Lock Type Writer. Two doors West 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 promptness 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, Saws, Setaors 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.

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.

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.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure  
Celebrated for its great leavening strength and its purity. Analyzed by the Food and Drug Administration and found to contain no alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.  
Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

### THE SIN OF IRREVERENCE.

The American Church Sunday School Magazine, is publishing a series of articles on the "Ten Commandments," from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Wilberforce Newton, of Pittsfield, Mass., which furnishes admirable reading for all classes of people. The article on the third commandment in the April number of the Magazine thus concludes:

"The sin of irreverence is the sign of moral degeneration. 'I go at times into hospitals and reformatory institutions, where I am conscious of an evil I do not see with my eyes by the odor of the disinfectant which I perceive with my nostrils. I enter smoking cars and hotel corridors, where the heavy fetid atmosphere of the place, surcharged as it is with the stale aroma of old cigars, impress upon my mind the fact that the men are gone and the odor of their vices remains. So it is with the sin of blasphemy. I may not see the sin of it but I perceive its injurious effect by the moral odor, that inheres in the environment after the sin and the sinner have departed. I recognize with certain people the signs of moral degeneration on every hand, even though I may not see or hear the actual transgression. They have become degenerated deteriorated. They are of their father, the devil, and the truth is not in him. The cancer of wayward sin has eaten into their very lives—and now they are lower than the beasts that perish because they have thrown their moral responsibility and freedom to the winds of heaven."

"These, then, it seems to me are the two vital thoughts of this subject:

"By the name of God, we mean the moral character of God; and it is our duty not to lower or degrade this character, because—

"It destroys our standard.

"It deludes our conscience.

"It is the sign of moral degeneration, and thus recognizing the commands involved in the warning not to deal irreverently with the name or character of God, we lift our hands in prayer and say, 'Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep Thy law.'"

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

Mr. James Rowland in this village states that for twenty-five years his wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism. A few nights ago she was in such pain that she was nearly crazy. She sent Mr. Rowland for the doctor, but he had read of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and instead of going for the physician he went into the store and secured a bottle of it. His wife did not approve of Mr. Rowland's purchase at first, but nevertheless applied the Balm thoroughly and in an hour's time was able to go to sleep. She now applies it whenever she feels an ache or a pain and finds that it always gives relief. He says that no medicine which she had used ever did her as much good. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by The Delta Drug Store.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Only Cathartic, cure constipation forever. No. 26. C. C. Ings, Druggists, retail and money.

"It is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by The Delta Drug Store.

### A SAVAGE HERO.

Some fifteen or sixteen miles south of Red River Station there is a peak standing out on the open prairie and commonly known to all the country round as Jim Ned Lookout. It is merely an elevation forming the northern end of a long bluff that stretches away to the south. The ascent is quite gradual and easy on the southern side, but on the northern it is abrupt and precipitous. In most countries it would not be considered much of an elevation but standing as it does on the level prairies of Texas, it is considered quite a mountain. It stands perhaps only about 200 feet above the surrounding plain but that much is sufficient to give one, standing on the summit, a view of all the country on three sides for miles around. On the south the view is curtailed by the bluffs, but in other directions it is all that could be desired.

Perhaps not one person in twenty of those now living in Montague county knows that this point of land perpetuates the name of one who, for resolute fidelity to his friends, pathetic faithfulness to his loved ones and self-abnegating heroism in the hour of final trial, had few equals, even in this land of frontier romance and heroism. Human he was, and hence not free from faults by any means but a few mountain peaks of grandeur stand out so prominently in his character that at this distance they serve to throw all the low ground of his faults into the obscurity of their shade.

Jim Ned was an Indian, and a Comanche at that. The first was ever heard of him in this country was one hot afternoon in August, '65, when two cowboys happened to be riding by the peak which now bears his name. Those were troublous times. This part of the state was still rent and torn with the concluding struggles of the great war. There was as yet no government here sufficiently strong to hold in check the restless tribes just across Red river, and hence troubles from that source were frequent. The Indians made frequent incursions into the state, and the story of each successive raid was told in a series of smoking houses and saloons human beings. Hence it is no wonder that Jim Parker and Ned Harris the two cowboys referred to, were startled when they noticed the motionless form of a man with a gun in his hand stretched at full length on a ledge of rocks barely below the summit of the peak. Parker was the first to discover it, and he reined in his pony at the discovery.

"Hello!" he cried, "What's all this?"

Sure enough, what was it? One at that distance could barely tell that it was a man rather than a wild beast, and the decision as to whether it was a white man or an Indian was uttered out of the question.

After a parley of a few minutes Harris and Parker agreed to separate one approaching the peak from the northeast and one from the northwest. Each had his Winchester unslung and ready for action, so that if the mysterious figure had opened fire on them, the other could have slensed him in short order. Hardly had the two approached within fair rifle range when the figure leaped to its feet, dropped the gun and waved its empty hands over its head. This was correctly interpreted as a gesture of peace and the two riders lowered their guns and rode up for a conference. On closer view it was evident that the man was an Indian, and that he was not over 24 or 25 years of age. He was powerfully built, straight as an arrow and with an air of determined independence uncommon even among his own race.

"What's your name?" was the question first propounded by Parker. The Indian told him.

"Who-e-e-w!" whistled the questioner, "I've heard lots of long-tailed, hyafiatin' Indian names before, but darned if that don't beat 'em all. There ain't no Christian man in Texas as could keep track of it. I'll call you Jim for short, after myself."

The long-named son of nature received the announcement of this wholesale sacrifice of syllables without protest and without moving a muscle.

"What you doing here?" was his next question.

"Me watch—me on lookout."

"Who're you on the lookout for?"

"Injun gal—yous see um?"

There was a path about his inflection as he asked this question that proved conclusively that an Indian is not all stoic. Little by little, by dint of much questioning and after laying a severe strain on his scanty knowledge of English, the whole story was brought out. Until only a few days before he had lived with his people in the Comanche country and had been perhaps as good an Indian as a Comanche ever gets to be. According to his statement he had seen very little of the white people, and had never had any trouble with any of them, but only a few days before a section of his tribe had run off to make an incursion into Texas, and

had taken with them his only sister. He was sure they had taken her by force, and that she would return as soon as she could regain her liberty. He felt sure her captors had taken her down toward Clear Creek canyon, and that in coming back to the territory they would be compelled to pass near this peak. Hence he had taken his stand here, and proposed to keep it until his lost sister was restored. If at any time he happened to fall in with her captors, then—

A grunt and a significant shake of the head were the only indications of what he would do in that desirable contingency, but they were sufficient to impress the white men with the desirability of letting him stay where he was.

"Go it, old fellow," shouted Parker. "Them devils needs thinking out, any way, and I'd just as lief you'd help do it as anybody."

"That night Parker and Harris rode into Red River station, a bustling little frontier town only a few miles away, and reported what they had seen and heard. The general verdict was that the Indian must be let alone in his benevolent design as to finding his sister, and exterminating some of his fellow-tribesmen. Red river station was a lively place in those days. It was where the Chisholm cattle trail crossed Red river, and at certain seasons of the year there was a perfect stream of cattle and cattlemen going from Southern Texas toward the Northern markets. The strictly permanent portion of its population was small but extremely lively. In this instance they immediately took a deep interest in the newly arrived Indian and made him frequent visits. With characteristic Western impartiality, though they decided it would not be fair to name him after one of his discoverers to the exclusion of the other, and hence they rechristened him "Jim Ned," thus honoring both Harris and Parker alike. By this name he went ever afterward, and his real name was forgotten. It was too long to remember. His sisters name likewise failed to suit the fastidious ears of the station people, and hence they rechristened her as Sal. By some unexplainable process of evolution this developed into Sal Soda, and so she was called. Jim Ned took no offense at this piece of pleasantry and as he had no idea what sal soda was, the name probably suited him better than a shorter one would.

After awhile the rumbulent figure on the ledge of rocks got to be a familiar one to all the neighboring country. Day after day, no matter how hot the sun might be, there was the same motionless form grasping the same ominous Winchester and keeping the same grim outlook. And after the winter came, no matter how fierce the north wind, it was the same old sight. A pony was always picketed in a cleft in a bluff near at hand. Frequently Jim Ned, when he saw strangers coming, would ride out to them and inquire as best he could for his sister, but no word of her ever came. Before the winter came, though, the white settlers found out that, though Jim Ned's signals might not be helping him any, they were helping them. Not a solitary Indian horseman could pass that way without being seen by the grim sentinel on the peak. More than once during the fall the white men were saved from massacre by being forewarned by that lonely watcher. Gradually he came to be regarded as more of a protection against savages than the whole garrison of United States regulars at the fort at the station. He was regarded as a kind of benevolent genius, and the mothers of Montague county rocked their babies to sleep at night with a feeling of great security. They knew that Jim Ned was still keeping lookout over them.

Summer changed to fall, fall to winter and winter to spring, and still no reliable news. One time he had disappeared from his post for a whole week, and when he re-appeared at the end of that time pony and rider seemed well high exhausted. He had heard of a woman 200 miles to the southwest and had gone to see if it were not his sister. It proved another woman, and he returned to his old post.

"Me find um ur trust!" was his only comment.

Another time two toughs and would-be humorists from a neighboring ranch told the station people of a joke they intended to play on Jim Ned. They were going to fix up a plausible tale and by it decoy him some ten miles down the river to where a woman of very bad repute kept an establishment. It would doubtless be very funny to see the poor fellow's disappointment. The station people tried to dissuade them, but to no purpose. How the experiment worked nobody ever knew, for the jokers never returned to tell. It was commonly supposed that Jim Ned killed them both, and the better element of society hoped he had. Nothing was done about it.

Jim Ned occasionally came to the station to see if any one there had gotten any of the news he had missed. On one such occasion a soldier, rather more brutal than the rest, remarked to him.

"Jim Ned, a new woman struck town last night. Go size her up and see if she looks like Sal Soda."

"Hold yer lip!" retorted a comrade. "Ain't you got more sense. He's just guying you, Jim Ned."

This was said in a spirit of genuine good nature, but the Indian had already turned in the direction pointed out. There, under a tree, lay a woman. Ned strode over to her with eager steps and looked down into her eyes. The crowd had followed him, but when they saw the look of mute agony that suffused his face most of them turned away. The woman seemed of the lowest stratum of humanity, and was evidently in the last stages of a loathsome disease. The long, black hair was matted around the staring, hollow, eyes, and the flesh was putrid and black with the rottenness of disease and the work of bruises inflicted upon her. Jim Ned clasped her hand, bent over her and gazed down into her eyes in the agony of his grief. A filthier, more disgusting sight than the woman could not have been imagined, and one young fellow turned up his nose at the scene.

"Boys," said a grizzled old stockman, fingering his six-shooter, "she's his sister, and I say hang a man as wouldn't cross hell for his sister."

That seemed the prevailing sentiment, and the young fellow let his nose turn down again. Brother and sister were talking away in some unknown tongue, presumably their native Comanche.

"Boys," continued the last speaker, "she's tellin' him all about it. If any of you fellows is mixed up any ways in this business, you'd better make your wills and say your prayers, for there's goin' to be hell to pay somewhere."

Every man looked at his neighbor, but nobody moved. The woman had been brought to town that morning by a party of cattlemen, and had been left there to die. There had been five men in the party, and they were all newcomers and strangers to the men at the station. Next day news was brought to town that all five of the men had been found dead in camp, each with a Winchester ball lodged somewhere about him. Nobody knew whether Jim Ned had been absent from the station the night before or not, but all were afraid to inquire. The general verdict was that it was an awful vengeance, but a just one.

"He hadn't order lied about it like he did," remarked one of the soldiers. "I 'spose, though, he knew if he told us it was white men he wuz after we wouldn't 'ajet him stand."

Two days after the strangers were found dead Sal Soda died, and when Jim Ned laid her to rest under the cottonwoods that fringe Red River there were many moist eyes among those who stood by and looked on.

Perhaps it would be better for Jim Ned's reputation if the narrative should stop here. So far I have told only of his strong points; it now becomes necessary to tell of his downfall.

After his sister's death the whole mainspring of his life seemed to be gone. No more keeping tiresome vigils on the peak for him! No more work of any kind, in fact, when there was any possible chance in the world to get out of it. He spent all his time loafing around the fort, depending for a living on the popularity his previous record had won him. Then he began to develop an unsuspected capacity for drinking whisky. Drink has caused the ruin of many other great men, and there is no wonder that it overthrew him. I apply the term "great" to him advisedly, for if a man who can take a great purpose and stick to it is not a great man, who is? Jim Ned had done this, but whisky was too strong for him and he fell. As he took to drinking he took to lying, swearing and, unless the indications were far wrong, to stealing as well. Things began to disappear very mysteriously around the station, and suspicion pointed to Jim Ned. So rapid was this downfall that the course of six short months sufficed to bring him from the position of almost a patron saint to that of the most despised character around the town. There was only one friend left for him, and that was Charlie Hall, the young son of Capt. Hall, who commanded the garrison at the fort. However, no actual threat was positively proven on him until one day a shotgun belonging to this boy disappeared and was found in the Indian's possession. Then a council of war was held and it was decided that the fellow should be whipped. When the time selected for the punishment arrived he begged that he might be left unbound, promising to make no resistance and no attempt to escape. On the strength of this promise his hands were unbound, but no sooner had it been done than, with a yell, he broke for the bluff

overlooking the river, plunged over it, and by his skill in swimming and diving managed to escape to the other side.

Some weeks after this Charlie Hall was up the river shooting ducks when a band of some five or six Comanches got in pursuit of him. He succeeded in hiding for the time among the trees on the river's bank, and while there Jim Ned put in his appearance. It was the first time he had been seen since his escape. It was evident from his looks that he still wished well for the boy.

"Why haven't you got clear out of this country?" asked the boy.

"Me no want leave Sal Soda," was the response.

The river at this place consisted of a wide reach of red sand, with the water flowing along a little channel on the opposite side of it. The dry sand seemed firm enough, but was in reality full of dangerous quicksand. The voices of the pursuers were heard near at hand, making it evident that there was no time to lose.

"You no go straight down river; quicksand there," said the Indian. "Go straight 'cross to big tree there—then turn down."

Charlie acted on the advice, and in doing so of course lost some valuable time. Hardly had he gotten started down when he saw Jim Ned at the head of the Comanches galloping straight across the sand he had just told him contained quicksand. The boy gave up in despair, but, hearing a yell, looked back and saw the whole group struggling in the death clasp of the awful quicksand. To save his life Jim Ned had led the Comanches knowingly into the quagmire and had perished with them. It was done of his own free will, to save the life of a boy who had been his friend.

A liar? Yes. Jim Ned would lie like a dog. Drunkard? Yes, he drank like a fish. Thief? Yes, he even stole; but he lived for another and he died for another, and that is more than can be said of most of us. Jim Ned is no imaginary fellow. He was as real a historical character as was Napoleon Bonaparte. Ah, Jim Ned! You were an unlettered and untutored savage, and your sense of right and wrong was very slightly developed. You did not even know how to distinguish between another's property and your own. You knew how to give up your life for your friend, though; and perhaps in that day when the sea gives up its dead and the quicksands of Red River give up theirs, it shall be found that he who knows this, even if he knows no more, shall be accounted wise.—P. W. Horn, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### CLEARING AWAY THE RUBBISH.

Shortly after the inauguration of the Columbia S. C. state, commented on Pres. McKinley's inaugural address in this editorial paragraph:

"The concluding sentences of the address are full of the sentiment of fraternity, and the effacement of sectional issues. We are quite sure that President McKinley is sincere in his wish and promise to promote the complete reunion of the American people, North and South. We have not feared a revival of force-bill legislation, because we have not believed that the republican party would cast itself into a quicksand, open-eyed. The great issues now to be settled have no relation to the former sectionalism, and the interests of all the parties require that the arena for their determination be cleared of all the rubbish of old conflicts."

Similar praises of the president's inaugural have been published in other Southern papers. The legislation of Congress will confirm the impression made by the inaugural address and give to the Southern people a new proof that President Lincoln, in the closing words of his first inaugural—we are not, we cannot be enemies—spoke a profound truth that they did not heed then, but that they are prepared to recognize now.

Mr. Allen, of Crook county, has just come over the mountains by the Lebanon road, and reports seven or eight feet of snow on Sand hill, and that traveling was decidedly rough. He thinks by the middle of next week it will be safe to make the trip.

Tillamook city now has the benefit of mountain water, pure and fresh, in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of the town and to check any ordinary fire which might break out. No dam or reservoir has been constructed at the head of the water system. When this is done Tillamook city will have as efficient a gravity water system as any city in the state.

Lemuel Melson who murdered Charles Perry in the Coast range of mountains, Josephine county, March 23, 1896 is to hang July 24. This is the case where the jurisdiction of the court was in question so long, the crime being committed at a point near the boundary line between Josephine and Curry county.

### OVER THE STATE.

The Harrisburg Review says a labor exchange will soon be organized in that town.

P. French sold a band of 500 head of steers in Burns, Harney county last week, for \$35 a head.

The scouring mill at Pendleton is running night and day. Fifty-five men are employed at the mill.

George Burch of Newport killed a bear and captured two cubs near Otter rocks, Lincoln county last week.

"Why haven't you got clear out of this country?" asked the boy.

"Me no want leave Sal Soda," was the response.

The river at this place consisted of a wide reach of red sand, with the water flowing along a little channel on the opposite side of it. The dry sand seemed firm enough, but was in reality full of dangerous quicksand. The voices of the pursuers were heard near at hand, making it evident that there was no time to lose.

"You no go straight down river; quicksand there," said the Indian. "Go straight 'cross to big tree there—then turn down."

Charlie acted on the advice, and in doing so of course lost some valuable time. Hardly had he gotten started down when he saw Jim Ned at the head of the Comanches galloping straight across the sand he had just told him contained quicksand. The boy gave up in despair, but, hearing a yell, looked back and saw the whole group struggling in the death clasp of the awful quicksand. To save his life Jim Ned had led the Comanches knowingly into the quagmire and had perished with them. It was done of his own free will, to save the life of a boy who had been his friend.

A liar? Yes. Jim Ned would lie like a dog. Drunkard? Yes, he drank like a fish. Thief? Yes, he even stole; but he lived for another and he died for another, and that is more than can be said of most of us. Jim Ned is no imaginary fellow. He was as real a historical character as was Napoleon Bonaparte. Ah, Jim Ned! You were an unlettered and untutored savage, and your sense of right and wrong was very slightly developed. You did not even know how to distinguish between another's property and your own. You knew how to give up your life for your friend, though; and perhaps in that day when the sea gives up its dead and the quicksands of Red River give up theirs, it shall be found that he who knows this, even if he knows no more, shall be accounted wise.—P. W. Horn, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Several carloads of baled hay were shipped from Junction City last week by Maurice Allen. Sixteen dollars per ton was paid for the hay. That is far enough away to be beyond the suspicion of a local market control, and it is a prosperity price, too.

Cattle buyers are now working Klamath county. For good 2 and 3-year-old beef steers they are offering \$25, but are making few if any purchases, says the Klamath Republican. Some of the cattle owners are reported to be holding out for \$30 per head.

Asa Gilbert lost a wagon-load of oats, hay and flour, and a pair of horses, while attempting to ford Salmon creek last Wednesday, 50 miles southeast of Eugene on the military road. The wagon was overturned, and the horses were swept off of their feet and drowned.

William Brenner, of Seio, and D. Wheeler, of Lebanon, are buying feed hogs near Seio for shipment to Nebraska. They have bought about 600 head, for which they paid from 2 to 2 1/2 cents a pound gross. Seio was a squalling center of industry last Monday, as wagon load after wagon load of pigs were brought in.

The construction of the Baker City-Harney county road through Steeple's gulch and around the Dooley mountain, the winter barrier to travel from south to Baker City, has been commenced under the auspices of the Baker City Commercial Club, and the amount of money that will be expended will be between \$700 and \$1000.

Last Tuesday Peter Harris, an old man who has followed sheepherding in the southern part of Wasco county for several years, died very suddenly at Cross Hollows, from heart failure, produced from drinking alcohol. After taking a number of drinks of the liquor in quick succession, he was seized with fainting spells, and died before the doctor summoned from Antelope arrived.

A farmer named Offutt, living on Trout Creek, Crook county was found dead in his pasture recently where he had probably been killed by his horse dragging him on the ground. He lived alone and remote from neighbors hence was not found till he had been dead some days. Three horses that he had shut in a corral presumably on the day of his death, had perished from starvation and thirst.

Recently I. F. Eddy, of Newport, tied his cow with a long rope to an apple tree in his orchard over night. In the morning, seeing the cow loose he went to investigate, and found that a thief had untied the rope from the cow and tree and carried it off. All of his buckwheat, oats and chest seed were stolen from his granary. When he wanted to shave, he discovered that someone had entered his house and had taken his razor.

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. WT. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO DOUBT, THEY ARE SOLD FACTS FIELD IN PROOF.

30