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Vol. XXVI. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 24 1899. No. 44

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POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:
Glencoe, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Mill, at 7 a. m.
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Going to Portland and way-offices, 6:55 a. m. and 4 p. m.
For Farmington and Laurel, daily at 12

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.
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A. O. U. W.

HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., Meets every first and third Friday evening each month.
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HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 54, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday evening.

P. of H.

HILLSBORO GRANGE, NO. 73, meets 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month.
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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.

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.
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Rathbone Sisters.

PHŒNICIA 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.
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Josie Schulmerich, M. of R. and C.

K. of P.

PHŒNIX LODGE, NO. 34, K. OF P., meets in Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings.
F. Keller

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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TUALATIN CHAPTER, NO. 31, O. E. S., meets at Masonic Temple on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month.

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.
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WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and third Tuesdays of each month.
C E Dickinson

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

MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL Hillsboro, on the 1st. 3rd and 5th. Fridays of each month at 2:30 p. m.
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At a banquet to Bryan, to be held in Chattanooga, the toasts to be spoken include "the democratic party and reform," "the constitution does not authorize imperialism" and "the national banking system not authorized by the constitution." These will be hard questions to deal with from the democratic side. What connection is there between the democratic party and reform? Where did the democratic party, in its hundred years of career, ever do any reforming? If the constitution does not authorize any "imperialism," or expansion, what becomes of Jefferson's Louisiana acquisition, in part of which Bryan lives? Assuming as the Chattanooga banqueters are bound to do, that the Louisiana cession is unconstitutional, to what nationality does Bryan belong? Is he Spaniard or a Frenchman? He cannot, on this anti-imperialist theory, be an American. The Supreme Court has declared that the national banking system—the old centralized plan of Hamilton's time, as well as the present plan, which originated in 1863—is agreeable to the constitution. Can the election of Bryan or a collection of Chattanooga democrats reverse the Supreme Court on a question of constitutional interpretation? The average democrat is what Artemus Ward would call "an amooseing cuss."

The public school at Joseph has been closed for two weeks, on account of a scarlet fever scare.

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting down." For sale by The Delta Drug store.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

While I sat absorbed in delightful conversation with the daughter of Colonel Fitzroy Mansley the servant announced that Hank Beyer, my double and one of the most unconscionable miscreants that ever breathed, was awaiting outside for permission to pay his respects to the young woman.

I rose with the intention of withdrawing, but she raised her hand in protest.

"I wish you to remain," she said, "until this interview is over."

"But—but," I replied in some embarrassment, "it will not be pleasant for any one of us."

"I do not mean for you to take part in it. Come with me."

She led the way to the alcove and parted the curtains.

"Sit there until he leaves."

"I have no wish to overhear your conversation."

"But I have reasons for wishing you to do so."

"It shall be so, then."

"Our interview will not be an extended one," was her significant comment as she drew the curtains together so as to shut me from sight.

My situation was peculiar. But for her command I could never have consented to play the cowan in that manner. The thought that possibly she might need my assistance helped to justify the breach of decorum on my part.

A minute later I heard a footfall on the carpet and the voice of my double:

"Ah, Esther, I'm delighted to meet you! You must have been worried over my absence, but really it couldn't be helped."

I judged that he advanced to take her hand, but if so she rejected it, and the two sat down near the window on the opposite side of the room beyond my sight, though not a syllable escaped me. As yet she had not spoken, but he gave her no rest.

"How do you like my looks without my mustache?"

"As well as with it," she coolly replied. "But why did you remove it?"

"Oh, just a fancy! I like a change now and then."

"You are sure there was no special reason?"

"Of course. What are you hinting at?"

"Do you know a gentleman named Mr. Edward Kenmore of New York city?"

The cool headed villain could not hide his confusion, though he made a strong effort at a rally.

"I judge you refer to that poor devil who stole your chestnut and was caught before he could get out of the country. He claimed that that was his name."

"While the others insisted, you among them, that he was Hank Beyer—that is, yourself."

"It was not I who did so, though I was present with the party who made a social call upon him, but suppose we let that business drop," added the young man, foreseeing the complications that were inevitable if the conversation went on as it had started.

"But I do not choose to let it drop," and there was now a ring in her voice that was new to me. "What do you think, Henry, of a man who commits a crime and then urges the punishment therefor upon a man whom he knows to be innocent?"

"I should say it was deuced shabby treatment, provided such a thing ever took place, but I have a better opinion of human nature than that."

"So had I until yesterday. I can imagine no villainy more debased than that, and yet, Henry, it is precisely what you have done."

"Have a care, Esther. Such words are unpardonable. You do not realize what you are saying."

"I realize every word and mean it. You stole our horse night before last from our stable. You took him home to Mapleton, or somewhere in that neighborhood. Yesterday afternoon you rode him down to the junction of the roads and sold him to a Mr. Kenmore, who mounted and rode him to Aldine. The horse was identified by several who had been out looking for him and who took the direction toward your home. The case appeared strong against him who had trusted your honor, and you helped along the impression of his guilt by every means in your power. You removed your mustache and dressed differently; not only that, but disguised your voice and went into the inn with the angered men who sought his life. He pointed you out and appealed to you in vain. You have visited this section so infrequently of late that very few know of the changes in your personal appearance. You were able to deceive them, and had you possessed the courage would have helped run down the man after his escape from custody."

She led the way to the alcove and parted the curtains.

This was a scathing arraignment, and I should have given a good deal for a look at the countenance of the man at whom the words were directed. But he had nerve, and I heard his light laugh.

"It is an interesting story which you have told; but, my dear girl, you have got things awfully mixed. The young man in whom you are so interested came up from New Orleans with me on the Bonnie Belle. He is a professional gambler whose name I have forgotten. We parted at the Southfield landing, and the next time I saw him was when I reached Aldine and found the mob hotfoot after him. I went into the inn with them, not dreaming whom they were hunting. Then I learned for the first time that he was supposed to be myself. Every one was referring to him as Hank Beyer, because it can't be denied that he bears a close resemblance to me. Since no one seemed to suspect my identity and the people were in a most dangerous mood, I let the fancy go, relying upon the future for its correction. If they expected the pleasure of lynching Hank Beyer, I was willing they should have it, and one of these days I should have the laugh on them. That's all there is to that story, dearest Esther."

This piece of fiction may be classified as of the daring order. It must have been that long immunity had rendered Beyer reckless, for when all the circumstances are remembered no yarn could have been more absurd. He must have known that its falsity was certain to be exposed very soon, but with the rash self confidence he had already shown he probably believed he could brazen it out, though how a child could have seriously entertained such a belief is beyond my comprehension.

"That story, Henry, would be interesting if it were true, but it is not, and both of us know it."

"You are ready to accept the word of any one in preference to mine?" he remarked in an aggrieved tone.

"Yes; I should accept that of a convict in the penitentiary above your affidavit. I repeat that it was you who stole the horse from Colonel Mansley, from me, and then cunningly made it appear that an innocent man was the criminal. You consented even that he should be supposed to be you for the sake of making your villainy successful, though it is beyond my understanding how you hoped to succeed. But heaven has prevented the success of your wickedness. The man is free, and you can only save yourself by flight. Accept my counsel and flee without an instant's delay."

A slight sound showed that the caller had risen to his feet. His voice had a mournful, pathetic tone as he said:

"Are you in earnest, Esther?"

"Never more so. Until I had received the proof I never believed it possible for a human being to be as base as you have proved yourself to be. Once I held you in some regard, and even pitied you, believing you were vilified and were innocent of the wrongdoing laid at your door, but now I know that great as have been the sins of which you were accused the half of them has not been told. I despise you beyond the power of language to express."

"Those are cruel words, Esther," he pleaded, taking a step toward her.

"But true. Stop! Do not come nearer or I shall call for help. I pray that I may never look upon your face again. Henceforward we are strangers to the end of life."

"But, Esther, dear Esther, will you not hear me?"

"Not a word! Out of my presence, and if you wish to save your worthless life you will not linger by the way. The whole truth will soon be known, and you will have to take the place of that man whom you so deeply wronged"—

But the caller had heard enough, and did not stand on the order of his going. Miss Mansley and I once more were alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It would be difficult to analyze my feelings during the remarkable interview between my double and Miss Mansley. Her words were too plain to be mistaken, and when Hank Beyer went forth from that southern home it was with the knowledge that everything was ended between him and the beauteous woman of whose love any man might feel proud.

Unto few indeed is given the privilege of making the acquaintance of a member of the other sex as had been mine in this case. Miss Mansley had been the means of saving me from a violent death, for it is beyond supposition that I could have effected my escape from the room in the inn without the help she gave at the critical moment. My gratitude was deep, and yet so perverse is male human nature that I was uncomfortable and restless over a point that I had no right or business to allow to intrude into my mind.

When she left her home on the previous evening and walked to the hamlet of Aldine for the purpose of helping the man in imminent peril, did she believe he was Hank Beyer, whom she had now just dismissed from her presence? My belief was that she did, and believing thus I was—miserable.

I waited in the alcove until she summoned me forth, when I resumed my old place directly in front of her and at one side of the room. I was amazed to observe scarcely any signs of agitation over what was certainly an extraordinary interview. She was a brilliant brunette, with hair and eyes of intense blackness and a complexion almost olive. There seemed to be a faint heightening of color and a brighter luster in the eyes that imbralled me.

"I am puzzled over one thing," she remarked with that quiet self possession which was one of her most admirable characteristics.

"Can I be of any help to you?"

"It is my anxiety regarding your safety. I do not know when father will return, and every hour of his absence increases your personal danger."

"How?"

"You have told me of your persistent pursuit, which up to this time has been fruitless, but you left the swamp in the daytime and came here as I wished you to do. Even if you were not seen while on the road it must become known that you are here."

"Unfortunately there can be no doubt on that point, for both your servant and myself observed a man some distance up the highway who was watching us. He saw me enter your grounds and knows I am here."

The information startled her, and she rose and went to each of the windows in turn, scanning all of the country in her field of vision.

"I see nothing to cause alarm," she said, coming back to her seat, "but there can be no question that it exists."

"Such being the fact, it is my duty to depart at once. I have no right to bring trouble upon the household from which I have received kindnesses that I can never repay or forget. I will leave."

"Stay a moment," she said as I rose to my feet. "We must make no mistake. If father returns and you are gone, he will be displeased with me."

"Why?"

"Because you were invited to our home, and a Mississippian defends the safety and honor of his guest to the death."

"A most chivalrous sentiment, but it renders my duty none the less urgent."

"Have you decided whither you will go and how you will reach that point?"

"I can walk to Southfield and there take the steamer up or down the river."

"And in trying to do so place yourself in the hands of the very ones whom you have been seeking to avoid. I should put my chestnut at your disposal were it not for one thing."

"What is that?"

"Your unpardonable insult."

"Heavens! Of what insult have I been guilty?"

"You bought him for $50."

I joined in her laugh, but the flash of mirth instantly passed, and she added, "Mounted upon him you need fear no pursuit."

She rose and went to each of the windows in turn.

"But if overtaken by accident, how shall I explain the possession of the animal which it is believed I have already once stolen?"

"Refer inquiring ones to me, or, better still, perhaps, I will give you a bill of sale that no one can question."

"You are fertile in resources, but it will be difficult for me to return your animal after riding him so far."

"I have not asked you to return him."

"Assuredly I shall do so."

"Have you not already purchased him?"

"But at a price that the rightful owner considers an insult. Besides, the one from whom I bought him was not the owner, and my title therefore is defective."

"Not if I confirm it."

"I cannot permit that."

"Will the chestnut not be an interesting souvenir of your first visit to Mississippi after you shall have reached your northern home?"

"I do not need him as a reminder of my experience in this state."

"I should suspect you would not."

"The memory of you will remain with me forever."

"Because I was associated with your fight for life," she instantly added, apparently without any suspicion of my meaning. "I do not wonder that you repel the idea of such a souvenir, but, all the same, I cannot permit you to pass from beneath this roof without being in possession of every possible safeguard. You have only one or two charges left in your revolver. I am sure there are cartridges in the house that will fit the weapon, and I will have Erastus search for them."

A gentle tap sounded on the door, and, asking me to excuse her, she walked thither without bidding the servant enter. A few whispered words were spoken, and then she passed into the hall, and the door was closed between her and me. She was gone for some minutes, and when she reappeared was unmistakably agitated.

"Erastus tells me," she explained, with wonderful self control, "that several men are watching our house from a distance. Hoping he was mistaken, I looked for myself, and found he was right."

"How many did you observe?"

"Three—one is up the road and another at the bend in the direction of Aldine. The third is on the edge of the swamp. I suspect he has several companions with him, but if so they are keeping within the screen of the trees and undergrowth. This complicates the situation," she added, "for if you ride away on a horse you must meet one of the armed men, while if you go afoot the swamp is the only place that has afforded you any kind of a refuge and you cannot make use of it now."

"Why not ride boldly toward Aldine, meet my challenger and refer him to you on the question of my right to the animal which I should ride away from your house when the sun was shining?"

"If you were dealing with ordinary men in their senses, there would not be a shadow of danger in the situation, but"—

She was standing in the middle of the room facing me. I was also on my feet. Hitherto her expression was one of perplexity and misgiving, but now she recovered herself like a flash. She straightened up defiantly, and, turning those marvelous black eyes upon me, said:

"We are talking like cowards! I am unworthy to be the daughter of Colonel Fitzroy Mansley. You will stay here in this house until it is your own good time you choose to leave, and then you shall do so unquestioned."

"It shall be as you say," I replied, catching her courageous spirit.

All the [illegible]

Continued on Fourth Page.

LET THE BLOOD FLOW TO THE UDDER.

Any excitement or disturbance of the animal system always affects the milch cow. In April, 1898, the Kansas Agricultural College purchased twelve head of cows from Lincoln Co. which had to be forwarded by rail for over 100 miles. Records were kept from each individual milking, and it was found that with the ride, homesickness and change of feed, it took nearly two weeks for these cows to return to their normal quantity and quality of milk. Observations since then have demonstrated that any unusual excitement or disturbance always influences the milk flow. A little knowledge of the structure of the udder will show why.

The udder is composed of cavities, or milk cisterns, and milk ducts, surrounded by muscular connective and fatty tissues. At the end of these milk ducts we find small cells which have the property of secreting and transforming nutrients from the blood into milk. These cells are most active at the time of milking, and, in fact, a large part of the milk is elaborated at this time. This necessitates a good supply of blood to the udder during the process of milking, for it is impossible for these cells to manufacture milk without fresh supplies of nutrients from the blood. Any excitement that tends to contract the muscles of the udder or turn the blood to other portions of the body will cause a decrease in the flow of milk. Beating a cow with a milk stool or speaking to her in harsh language may cause the blood to flow but not to the udder. Even feeding the cow while milking her is a bad practice, as it tends to divert the blood from the udder to the digestive tract. Every act of the milker and every surrounding of the cow should be such that the latter will give her whole attention to the secretion of milk at milking time. In other words, allow the blood to flow to the udder.—D. H. Otis in Farm, Field and Fireside.

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

Pres. McClelland visited Portland Tuesday evening returning Wednesday.

Rev. A. W. Ackerman pastor of the First Congregational church of Portland was a visitor at Pacific University Monday.

Mr William T. Fletcher has been unable to attend recitations for several days on account of sickness.

Miss Liberta Brown has returned to school after an illness of several weeks.

Rev. C. F. Clapp called at the college Tuesday and conducted the chapel exercises Tuesday morning.

Mr. Lynn Lancefield a prominent member of Pacific University's debating team, has accepted a position in Portland with the Portland Gas Company and left last Monday morning to take up his duties there.

Mr. Clarence Hartley has been compelled to abandon his school work for this year and returned to his home near Greenville last week.

The delegates from Pacific University to the State Oratorical contest at McMinnville report an excellent time. The orations delivered were of a high order and show a marked improvement over former years. Miss Winnifred Marsh of Pacific University was chosen secretary of the association in the election of officers for the coming year. President McClelland was one of the judges on delivery at the contest.

Mr. James Dummett travelling secretary for the Northwest Y. M. C. A. was to have delivered an illustrated lecture last Tuesday evening under the auspices of the college association, but was prevented from being present through sickness.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by Delta Drug store.

Last year the United States imported 2286 horses worth $290,000, and exported over 51,000 horses worth $6,000,000. In 1890 this country imported 38,248 horses and exported only 3500. The figures show a surprising development in one article of foreign trade.

An official of the War Department states that "enlistments for the new regular army are being made at an unprecedented rate." The bone and sinew of the country has no use for the copperhead view of American nationality.

EPITOME OF THE DISPATCHES

A Complete Review of the News of the past Seven days.

HORSE THIEVES AROUND

Charles Sweeney Drowned in Deschutes River last Week.

PRUNE TREES NOT FROZEN

So says M. M. Ellis of Polk County in a Letter to the Oregonian Last Week.

Martin Dillon, an old resident of Astoria, died at the Roseburg Soldiers Home the other day. He was 70 years old.

W. C. Washburn who lives near Junction City has a very sore arm, as the result of the bite of a black spider.

Machinery and supplies are expected from Chicago with which W. E. Thomas will begin the manufacture of brooms in Stayton.

The general merchandise store of J. W. Stewart at Springfield, was burglarized last Monday night. The burglars took groceries but got no money.

Chief of Police Lee, of Albany, declares that he will arrest the boys who make a practice of throwing pebbles at the windows of dwellings at night.

Crop prospects in Southern Oregon were never better says the Jacksonville Times. A larger area than usual has been sown in grain, and it is growing nicely.

Fruitgrowers on the bottom lands below Stayton are grubbing out many fine orchards of Petite and Italian prunes and substituting in place hardy varieties of winter apples.

Two horses stolen at Gates last week by escaped convicts from the penitentiary have been recovered by the owner. The animals had been turned loose in a public road a few miles north of Stayton.

The Braden mine, which was bonded by the Gold Key syndicate last fall is working a day and night shift. The ten-stamp mill is kept busy. The owners have advertised for bids to sink the shaft 50 feet deeper.

The Gold Hill miners are taking advantage of the water while it lasts. All are of the opinion that there is to be a very short season this year and it stands them in hand to take advantage of the weather and make every drop of water count.

Private R. C. Briggs, of company C. 2d regiment has been allowed $7.50 by Adjutant-General Tuttle for expenses for responding to the call for volunteers last spring. Briggs was rejected by the government mustering officer. He lives at Harrisburg.

M. M. Ellis of Polk county writes to the Oregonian these lines relative to the injury claimed to have been done by the February freeze: "I have as fine an Italian prune orchard of 60 acres as there is in Oregon. I do not think I have lost a tree by the freeze and the buds now give promise of being overloaded with fruit. I have been satisfied all the time that most of the cry about ruined fruit and orchards was borrowed trouble.

August Voight, who lives on the Tualatin was brought before County Judge Ryan last week to be examined for insanity. He did not succeed in convincing the court that he was insane, and was very indignant when the judge refused to issue a committment to the asylum. It subsequently transpired that Voight wanted to be sent to the asylum to receive free medical treatment. He and his wife own an unincumbered farm near the Tualatin.

Charles Sweeney was drowned in Deschutes river at White Horse rapids, 10 miles east of Wapinitia, Monday morning. He had a contract for driving logs down the river for the Sherman County Lumbering Co. and had taken two men with him in a small boat for the purpose of straightening out some logs that had lodged. The stream is very swift where the accident occurred and the two men were busy rowing the boat while Mr. Sweeney sat in the bow. The boat gave a lunge and on looking around one of the men discovered that Sweeney was gone. They could see him floating in the swift water some distance below them, but before they could reach him he sank.