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Vol. XXVII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1900. No. 34

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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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THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XII.

HE BITES.

Bonaparte Blenkins was riding home on the gray mare. He had ridden out that afternoon partly for the benefit of his health, partly to maintain his character as overseer of the farm. As he rode on slowly he thoughtfully touched the ears of the gray mare with his whip.

"No, Bon, my boy," he addressed himself, "don't propose. You can't marry for four years, on account of the will. Then why propose? Wheedle her, tweedle her, teedle her, but don't let her make sure of you. When a woman," said Bonaparte, sagely resting his finger against the side of his nose—"when a woman is sure of you, she does what she likes with you, but when she isn't you do what you like with her. And I"— said Bonaparte.

Here he drew the horse up suddenly and looked. He was now close to the house, and leaning over the pigsty wall, in company with Em, who was showing her the pigs, was a strange female figure. It was the first visitor that had appeared on the farm since his arrival, and he looked at her with interest. She was a tall, podgy girl of 15, weighing 150 pounds, with baggy, pendulous cheeks and upturned nose. She strikingly resembled Tant' Sannie in form and feature, but her sleepy good eyes lacked the twinkle that dwelt in the Boer woman's small orbs. She was attired in a bright green print, wore brass rings in her ears and glass beads round her neck and was sucking the tip of her large finger as she looked at the pigs.

"Who is it that has come?" asked Bonaparte when he stood drinking his coffee in the front room.

"Why, my niece, to be sure," said Tant' Sannie, the Hottentot maid translating. "She's the only daughter of my only brother Paul, and she's come to visit me. She'll be a nice mouthful to the man that can get her," added Tant' Sannie. "Her father's got £2,000 in the green wagon box under his bed and a farm and 5,000 sheep and God Almighty knows how many goats and horses. They milk ten cows in midwinter, and the young men are after her like flies about a bowl of milk. She says she means to get married in four months, but she doesn't yet know to whom. It was so with me when I was young," said Tant' Sannie. "I've sat up with the young men four and five nights a week, and they will come riding again as soon as ever they know that the time's up that the Englishman made me agree not to marry in."

The Boer woman smirked complacently.

"Where are you going to?" asked Tant' Sannie presently, seeing that Bonaparte rose.

"Ha! I'm just going to the kraals. I'll be in to supper," said Bonaparte.

Nevertheless when he reached his own door he stopped and turned in there. Soon after he stood before the little glass arrayed in his best white shirt with the little tucks and shaving himself. He had on his very best trousers and had heavily oiled the little fringe at the back of his head, which, however, refused to become darker. But what distressed him most was his nose. It was very red. He rubbed his finger and thumb on the wall and put a little whitewash on it; but, finding it rather made matters worse, he rubbed it off again. Then he looked carefully into his own eyes. They certainly were a little pulled down at the outer corners, which gave them the appearance of looking crosswise, but then they were a nice blue. So he put on his best coat, took up his stick and went out to supper, feeling on the whole well satisfied.

"Aunt," said Trana to Tant' Sannie when that night they lay together in the great wooden bed, "why does the Englishman sigh so when he looks at me?"

"Ha!" said Tant' Sannie, who was half asleep, but suddenly started, wide awake. "It's because he thinks you look like me. I tell you, Trana," said Tant' Sannie, "the man is mad with love of me. I told him the other night I couldn't marry till Em was 16 or I'd lose all the sheep her father left me. And he talked about Jacob working seven years and seven years again for his wife, and of course he meant me," said Tant' Sannie pompously. "But he won't get me so easily as he thinks. He'll have to ask more than once."

"Oh!" said Trana, who was a lumpish girl and not much given to talking, but presently she added, "Aunt, why does the Englishman always knock against a person when he passes them?"

"That's because you are always in the way," said Tant' Sannie.

"But, aunt," said Trana presently, "I think he is very ugly."

"Phugh!" said Tant' Sannie. "It's only because we're not accustomed to such noses in this country. In his country, he says, all the people have such noses, and the redder your nose is the higher you are. He's of the family of the Queen Victoria, you know," said Tant' Sannie, wakening up with her subject, "and he doesn't think anything of governors and church elders and such people. They are nothing to him. When his aunt with the dropsy dies, he'll have money enough to buy all the farms in this district!"

"Oh!" said Trana. That certainly made a difference.

"Yes," said Tant' Sannie, "and he's only 41, though you'd take him to be 60, and he told me last night the real reason of his baldness."

Tant' Sannie then proceeded to relate how, at 18 years of age, Bonaparte had courted a fair young lady; how a deadly rival, jealous of his verdant locks, his golden flowing hair, had, with a damnable and insinuating deception, made him a present of a pot of pomatum; how, applying it in the evening, on rising in the morning he found his pillow strewn with the golden locks and, looking into the glass, beheld the shining and smooth expanse which henceforth he must bear. The few remaining hairs were turned to a silvery whiteness, and the young lady married his rival.

"And," said Tant' Sannie solemnly, "if it had not been for the grace of God and reading of the Psalms, he says, he would have killed himself. He says he could kill himself quite easily if he wants to marry a woman and she won't."

"A le wereld," said Trana, and then they went to sleep.

Every one was lost in sleep soon, but from the window of the cabin the light streamed forth. It came from a dung fire over which Waldo sat brooding. Hour after hour he sat there, now and again throwing a fresh lump of fuel on to the fire, which burned up bravely and then sank into a great bed of red coals, which reflected themselves in the boy's eyes as he sat there brooding, brooding, brooding. At last, when the fire was blazing at its brightest, he rose suddenly and walked slowly to a beam from which an ox "riem" hung. Loosening it, he ran a noose in one end and then doubled it round his arm.

"Mine, mine! I have a right," he muttered, and then something louder, "If I fall and am killed, so much the better!"

He opened the door and went out into the starlight.

He walked with his eyes bent upon the ground, but overhead it was one of those brilliant southern nights when every space so small that your hand might cover it shows 50 cold white points, and the Milky Way is a belt of sharp frosted silver. He passed the door where Bonaparte lay dreaming of Trana and her wealth, and he mounted the ladder steps. From those he clambered with some difficulty on to the roof of the house. It was of old rotton thatch with a ridge of white plaster, and it crumbled away under his feet at every step. He trod as heavily as he could. So much the better if he fell.

He knelt down when he got to the far gable and began to fasten his "riem" to the crumbling bricks. Below was the little window of the loft. With one end of the "riem" tied round the gable, the other end round his waist, how easy to slide down to it, and to open it through one of the broken panes, and to go in, and to fill his arms with books, and to clamber up again! They had burned one book. He would have 20. Every man's hand was against his. His should be against every man's. No one would help him. He would help himself.

He lifted the black, damp hair from his knit forehead and looked round to cool his hot face. Then he saw what a regal night it was. He knelt silently and looked up. A thousand eyes were looking down at him, bright and so cold. There was a laughing irony in them.

"So hot, so bitter, so angry! Poor little mortal!"

He was ashamed. He folded his arms and sat on the ridge of the roof looking up at them.

"So hot, so bitter, so angry!"

It was as though a cold hand had been laid upon his throbbing forehead, and slowly they began to fade and grow dim. Tant' Sannie and the burned book, Bonaparte and the broken machine, the box in the loft, he himself sitting there—how small they all became, even the grave over yonder! Those stars that shone on up above so quietly, they had seen a thousand such little existences, a thousand such little existences fight just so fiercely, flare up just so brightly and go out, and they, the old, old stars, shone on forever.

"So hot, so angry, poor little soul!" they said.

The "riem" slipped from his fingers. He sat with his arms folded looking up.

"We," said the stars, "have seen the earth when it was young. We have seen small things creep out upon its surface—small things that prayed and loved and cried very loudly and then crept under it again. But we," said the stars, "are as old as the unknown."

He leaned his chin against the palm of his hand and looked up at them. So long he sat there that bright stars set and new ones rose, and yet he sat on.

Then at last he stood up and began to loosen the "riem" from the gable.

What did it matter about the books? The lust and the desire for them had died out. If they pleased to keep them from him, they might. What matter? It was a very little thing. Why hate and struggle and fight? Let it be as it would.

He twisted the "riem" round his arm and walked back along the ridge of the house.

By this time Bonaparte Blenkins had finished his dream of Trana, and as he turned himself round for a fresh doze he heard the steps descending the ladder. His first impulse was to draw the blanket over his head and his legs under him and to shout; but, recollecting that the door was locked and the window carefully bolted, he allowed his head slowly to crop out among the blankets and listened intently. Whosoever it might be, there was no danger of their getting at him, so he clambered out of bed and, going on tiptoe to the door, applied his eye to the keyhole. There was nothing to be seen; so, walking to the window, he brought his face as close to the glass as his nose would allow. There was a figure just discernible. The lad was not trying to walk softly, and the heavy shuffling of the well known "vel-schoens" could

Continued on Fourth Page.

FRUITGROWERS SHOULD PRACTICE HONESTY.

H. E. Dosch secretary of the State Board of Horticulture writes the Portland Telegram using these words:

"Honesty is the only policy by which Oregon fruitgrowers can build up a foreign trade." In speaking of other things, Colonel Dosch said that orchards were making extremely heavy "settings" for the coming year; that last year's apples would soon be worth $2 a box, and that an opening wedge had been inserted in the Oriental market which would make room for a great deal of Oregon fruit.

"But one thing must always be borne in mind," continued Colonel Dosch. "The growers must deal honestly with their patrons. Japan and the Phillippines especially will furnish an excellent market for many grades of Oregon fruit. The main thing to be considered is the packing. We cannot pack fruit our way, but must pack it their way. The humidity of the climate makes it necessary that the fruit be packed very carefully, or else it will be mostly spoiled before reaching the consumer. We cannot dump 'any old thing' upon those markets and take chances, if we would foster a growing trade, but must deal fairly by them.

"China also affords an excellent market, and there is no reason why a pound of Oregon fruit or berries should be allowed to go to waste.

"By preserving all of the fruit we cannot sell fresh, we will be the gainers, and orchardists who devote themselves solely to fruitraising and work it on a scientific plan will find themselves possessors of valuable industries, which means a steady income the same as manufacturing or any other paying industry.

"Unfair dealings tend to give the whole country a black eye. A few unfair dealers can ruin a big trade. The consul at Berlin scored California dealers for laying good fruit over bad fruit. It may pass muster with the dealer, but the consumer discovers the fraud, and as the dealer must depend upon the consumer, the displeasure of the latter cuts off his revenue. As the consul remarked, that people will not be fooled more than once.

"'If we get such goods from reliable dealers,' remarked a Berlin dealer to the consul, 'what are we to expect from commission men, who buy here, there and everywhere?"

In speaking about the apple market, Col. Dosch said that apples are plentiful enough now, because they do not hold up as well as expected in cold storage, and because a big quantity from Coos bay has just been dumped on the market. However, the market will be firmer soon, and inside of a couple of weeks dealers will be getting $2 a box for good apples. He said the Hood River growers and Eastern Oregon men are now holding off for $1.50 a box, and he believes they were justified in doing so.

In touching upon another subject, Col. Dosch said orchardists are setting out a great number of trees, owing to the scarcity last year. More attention, he said, should be paid to quality than quantity. The time is at hand when it will pay fruitraisers to raise the very finest grades of fruit, and to cut down and burn up all common trees.

AMERICA IN EARNEST.

The London Times in a recent editorial dealing with the action of the United States government with regard to the open door in China says:

"In this matter America has shown her customary shrewdness. Nowhere will the result be hailed with greater satisfaction than in Great Britain. Nowhere will the particulars of the arrangement made be awaited with deeper interest than here.

"Our cousins are a wide-awake race. They perceived that the trade privileges they enjoyed in Manchuria and the orders given by Russia for railway material and the like were, for obvious reasons, of a temporary nature. They recognized that the powers averse to the 'open door' encouraged American trade only because they could not themselves supply the commodities needed.

"The position of the United States was clearly precarious, and she sagaciously resolved to render it secure, or as secure as assurances could make it. America is the last power in the world to have gone to the trouble of getting paper assurances and then allowing them to remain paper assurances only. If she has obtained them she will see that they are observed, and in this she will get the unfailing support of the country which initiated the 'open door' policy."

Having a Great Run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson drug store, informs us that he is having a great run on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sells five bottles of that medicine to one of any other kind, and it gives great satisfaction. In these days of la grippe there is nothing like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to stop the cough, heal up the sore throat and lungs and give relief within a very short time. The sales are growing, and all who try it are pleased with its prompt action.—South Chicago Daily Calumet. For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

It has been demonstrated repeatedly in every state in the Union and in many foreign countries that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a certain preventive and cure for croup. It has become the universal remedy for that disease. M. V. Fisher of Liberty, W. Va. only repeats what has been said around the globe when he writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family for several years and always with perfect success. We believe that it is not only the best cough remedy, but that it is a sure cure for croup. It has saved the lives of our children a number of times." This remedy is for sale by the Delta Drug Store.

From the St. Helens Mist: "A. B. Hammond and his associates are still purchasing large tracts of timber land along the line of the proposed railway extension from Astoria to Tillamook. It is stated that parties recently desired to erect a mill in that vicinity, but were informed by Mr. Hammond that nothing looking to the construction of the road would be commenced before 1902.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J. A. Dodgen, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

England's national debt will probably be increased $100,000,000 by the war with the Boers. The debt at present is nearly $3,000,000,000. In the year 1816 it was $4,500,000,000. Since 1883 the reduction has been $640,000,000. If the British win the gold mines will furnish an indemnity.

The party-afraid-of-its-legislature has been located in Missouri. An extra session will not be called because the regular session from first to last was a scandal and an outrage.

"SUMMER TIME IN DIXIE."

BY HATTIE NEVADA.

(Coppyrighted, 1899.)

O I'se wandered far away from home, an' de ole folks loved so true,
Lef' my dear ole Mammy weeping, lef' my dear ole Daddy too,
But I'se nebber seed a spot on earth whar I would rather stay,
Than my happy home in Dixie whar the birds sing all the day.

CHORUS—When de blue birds swing up high in de willers,
An' de roses bloom again around de door,
Den I know dat it's summer time in Dixie,
Yes it's summer 'long de Louisiana shore.

At de Quarters many a night we'd dance till de chickens crow'd fer day;
Dar was good ole uncle Sambo an' he made us mighty gay,
When he'd fiddle up an ole-time tune an' den we'd hear him sing,
O it's summer time in Dixie an' de blue birds on de wing.

CHO.—

O I'se dreaming of de cabin ole, an' dem happy days of yore,
Ob de scrapin' on de fiddles an' de dancin' on de shore.
Tho' I'm feeble now, I longs to go an' hear dem darkies sing:
O it's summer time in Dixie an' de blue birds on de wing.

CHO.—

The INDEPENDENT is permitted to print the above copyrighted words, which have been taken from the 1899-1900 season Minstrel Song, composed and written by Hattie Nevada, known to the musical world as "The Queen of Song Writers." The songs: "The Letter Edged in Black," "While the Leaves Came Drifting Down," "On the Old Missouri Shore," "I'll Come Back When the Hawthorn Blooms Again," and "Just the Picture of a girl I Used to Know," by the same Author, are being sung in every country of the Globe, and this song bids fair to outshing them all. It is set to a negro melody of exceptional sweetness as well as simplicity.

This song it published by the Kansas City Talking Machine Co., of Kansas City, Mo., who are also manufacturers of original records for Graphophones and Phonographs and issue the largest catalogue in the world. Their list will be sent to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp to cover postage.

"Summer Time in Dixie" can be had of any up-to-date music dealer, and if your dealer has not the song, and will not get it for you, it can be had of the publishers at half price, by remitting them 25 cents in coin or stamps.

THE OPEN DOOR IN CHINA.

Some of the Washington officials are calling the victory which the United States has just gained in the Chinese matter one of the greatest of the diplomatic triumphs of the age. They are unquestionably correct in this judgment. The United States recently asked the great powers which have spheres of influence in China, or which have been endeavoring to create such spheres, to give assurances that all citizens of the United States should continue to have the same privileges in Chinese trade that the citizens of those particular nations possess. Verbal promises were at once given by all those countries that the rights of Americans would not be disturbed. These were not deemed to be sufficient, and written pledges were asked for. The government has been informed by representatives of all those nations that the United States' terms will be complied with. When these guarantees are received—and it is probable that all of them will be on hand soon—the American government will have achieved a diplomatic victory which will make the year 1899 notable in our annals.

There were some vague reports which were circulated rather industriously by the political enemies of the administration, that Russia had refused, or would refuse, to furnish the written guarantee. These reports, happily, have now been shown to be erroneous. The Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini, recently told Secretary Hay that the St Petersburg government would comply with the request of our authorities, and one of the other officials of the Russian embassy has just stated the position of his political superiors with more fullness and circumstantiality. He declares that "as to China, or any part of it, Russia is ready to guarantee to the merchants of the United States the same commercial rights as she may obtain for her own people. Russia will go as far as any other nation in this guarantee to the United States." This is decisive on the point in question. Russia will take sides with Germany and France in according to Americans in that part of the Chinese trade which may be within their own sphere of influence the same rights as are enjoyed by the Russians, Germans and French respectively. Of course, England could promptly make a pledge of this sort, for England asks no special trade privileges for her own citizens anywhere.

This diplomatic victory of the United States will have beneficent physical as well as moral consequences for China and the rest of the world. It was the apparition of Vasco da Gama, in the service of Portugal, rounding the Cape of Good Hope to India in 1497, and of Magellan, in the service of Spain, crossing the Pacific from the American continent in 1521 for the same goal, that frightened Japan, China and other Asiatic countries, and closed them to "outside barbarians." Forty-five years ago Commodore Matthew Galbraithe Perry, on the deck of a United States ship-of-war, dictated to Japan, still a hermit nation, a treaty of amity and commerce which was followed in later years by like conventions with other nations, opened Japan to intercourse with the rest of mankind and started her on the road to that moral and material advancement which in 1899 has placed her in the list of the world's great states. To-day America, standing at the open-swinging portals of the new age, has in relation in China, achieved a triumph of vastly greater service to itself and to civilization, and will give an opportunity to the Chinese to ultimately have a share with the Japanese in the designation of the "Yankees of the east."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is intimated that the census of Cuba will show a larger population in the island than was expected. Estimates from careful authorities on the ground put the number of inhabitants at about 1,500,000, which is 200,000 or 300,000 more than has been commonly supposed. Another fact which will cause general surprise is that the proportion of negroes in the island is found to be much smaller than has been imagined. The ratio, it is now believed, will be found much below that in Mississippi, South Carolina and Louisiana. The race problem in Cuba, it is clear will never be as serious as many persons have anticipated.

Uncle Sam's new refrigerator at Manila will be a building 250 feet square and 45 feet high. In addition to preserving rations it will produce daily fifty tons of ice and 6000 gallons of distilled water. Our soldiers on earth are treated as well as those of the United States, and they deserve all they get.

Commodore Watson will open at Manila a naval school for sixty likely young Filipinos. The Malays have an aptitude for the sea that can be turned to good account.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE WEEK

Items of General Interest from all parts of the state

LARGE SHIPMENT OF HOGS

Medals for Volunteers Have Been Designed—Aged Woman Burned to Death

W. H. Dolman, on his 70th birthday presented a Sunday school at St. Helens with a library of 54 volumnes.

Lebanon is promised a lecture by ex Governor "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, when he comes to Oregon in the spring.

About 250,000 acres are annually in wheat in Umatilla county, according to the Pendleton East Oregonian, and the yield is 5,000,000 bushels or more.

The Drain Watchman has entered its third year. Miss Jones is naturally pleased with her success in a field "where other papers had sickened and died."

A shipment of large hogs from Albany is reported by the Herald. There were three carloads. Several of the hogs weighed 700 pounds each and one carload averaged 600 lbs in weight.

Horsebuyers advertise that they will be at various places in the counties of Eastern and Southern Oregon during the present month, with a view to buying animals suitable for the cavalry service.

A vandal has been throwing down fences and upsetting gravestones in the Catholic cemetery at Oregon City. Rev. H. Hillebrand offers $50 reward for information that will lead to the punishment of the desecrator.

A crew of ice harvesters, working on a pond near La Grande received a very cold bath, on the 2nd. The horse pulling the plow broke through and all hands went into water three or four feet deep. That accident could not have happened in the Willamette valley since there has been no ice yet, strong enough to bear the weight of a rabbit.

The Southern Pacific wood preserving plant a few days ago was brought north to Latham where it will be operated this winter. The Eugene Register reports that nine car loads of bridge timber passed through from Willamette valley mills to Latham. The timber will be burnatized before it is used in the bridges. This treatment is said to increase the life of a beam about 100 per cent.

Mrs. Malone aged 85 years who lived with her son, Captain Malone in Alsea valley, Benton county was burned to death last week. Contrary to her custom she had got up and built a fire while the Captain remained in bed. Soon he heard a scream. He hastened down stairs and found the person of his aged mother enveloped in flames. She was badly burned before the fire could be extinguished and died a few hours later.

Men in touch with the sheep industry of Umatilla county report that wool-growers very generally refuse to make contracts for the sale of the 1900 clip. The same is true of Morrow county. In Wallowa county, many growers have entered into contracts at 15 and 16 cents per pound. Unless severe weather comes later next spring's clip will be of very fine quality. The sheep have been in the best of condition, and the growth of the wool has been regular, making a good fiber.

A committee of which Gov. Geer and Gen. Somers were members have adopted a design for the medal to be given to the state volunteers who took part in the late Spanish war. The design is a disc, about the size of a silver dollar, bearing on one side the seal of the state, and on the other the relief of a soldier in field uniform, carrying a Springfield rifle. Above the disc will be two bars to which it will be connected. The inscription used for those who went to the Philippines will differ from that for that members of the batteries who were called out but were so unfortunate as not to cross the water. For the former the inscription will specify, "For gallant services in the Philippine Islands, from the state of Oregon," and for the latter the service will be changed simply to the Spanish war. This difference arose from the desire on the part of the governor to give the regiment in the field something specifying their service, as is being done by most all other states of the West who had volunteer regiments in the Eighth army corps.