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Hillsboro Independent.

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Vol. XXVII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2 1900. No. 37

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POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:
Glencoe, West Union, Bethany and Cedar Mill, at 7:30 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, 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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EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Corner Fifth and Fir. Preaching every Sunday evening at 8 p. m.; every Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. prayer meeting every Wednesday evening; teachers meeting every Sunday evening. M J Ballantyne, pastor.

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CHRISTIAN CHTRCH. Preaching 2d and 4 h Sundays in each month at 11 a m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Christian Endeavor at 7 p m.
K. H. SICKAFOOSE Pastor.

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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W. H. Wehrung, Recorder.

Daughters of Rebekah.

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.
CHOFIELD, Master.

I. O. O. F.

MONTEZUMA LODGE, NO. 50, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, in I.O. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.
D. M. C. GAULT, Sec'y.

Degree of Honor.

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

Rathbone Sisters.

PHENICIA TEMPLE NO. 10, R. S., meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30 o'clock in Wehrung's Hall.
Mrs S Sappington, M. E. C.
Mrs Nellie Hare, M. of R. and C.

K. of P.

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

A. F. and A. M.

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

O. E. S.

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

K. O. T. M.

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

WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT No. 24, I. O. O. F., meets on first and 3rd Tuesdays of each month.
C E Deichman

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

MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL Hillsboro, on the 1st. tnd 3d. Fridays of each month month at 2:30 p. m.
Mrs. E. Mrs. H. V. Gates.
Elizabeth O'Crandall, Secretary.

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THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

The man silently returned the note to his pocketbook and gave the carving to the boy and, drawing his hat over his eyes, composed himself to sleep. Not being able to do so, after awhile he glanced over the fellow's shoulder to watch him work. The boy carved letters into the back.

"If," said the stranger, with his melodious voice, rich with a sweetness that never showed itself in the clouded eyes, for sweetness will linger on in the voice after it has died out in the eyes—"if for such a purpose, why write that upon it?"

The boy glanced at him, but made no answer. He had almost forgotten his presence.

"You surely believe," said the stranger, "that some day, sooner or later, these graves will open and those Boer uncles with their wives walk about here in the red sand with the very fleshly legs with which they went to sleep? Then why say, 'He sleeps forever?' You believe he will stand up again?"

"Do you?" asked the boy, lifting for an instant his heavy eyes to the stranger's face.

Half taken aback, the stranger laughed. It was as though a curious little tadpole which he held under his glass should suddenly lift its tail and begin to question him.

"I? No." He laughed his short, thick laugh. "I am a man who believes nothing, hopes nothing, fears nothing, feels nothing. I am beyond the pale of humanity, no criterion of what you should be who live here among your ostriches and bushes."

The next moment the stranger was surprised by a sudden movement on the part of the fellow, which brought him close to the stranger's feet. Soon after he raised his carving and laid it across the man's knee.

"Yes, I will tell you," he muttered; "I will tell you all about it."

He put his finger on the grotesque little manikin at the bottom (ah, that man who believed nothing, hoped nothing, felt nothing—how he loved him!), and with eager finger the fellow moved upward, explaining over fantastic figures and mountains, to the crowning bird from whose wing dropped a feather. At the end he spoke with broken breath—short words, like one who utters things of mighty import.

The stranger watched more the face than the carving, and there was now and then a show of white teeth beneath the mustaches as he listened.

"I think," he said blandly when the boy had done, "that I partly understand you. It is something after this fashion, is it not?" He smiled. "In certain valleys there was a hunter."

He touched the grotesque little figure at the bottom. "Day by day he went to hunt for wild fowl in the woods, and it chanced that once he stood on the shores of a large lake. While he stood waiting in the rushes for the coming of the birds a great shadow fell on him, and in the water he saw a reflection. He looked up to the sky, but the thing was gone. Then a burning desire came over him to see once again that reflection in the water, and all day he watched and waited, but night came, and it had not returned. Then he went home with his empty bag, moody and silent. His comrades came questioning about him to know the reason, but he answered them nothing. He sat alone and brooded. Then his friend came to him, and to him he spoke.

"'I have seen today,' he said, 'that which I never saw before—a vast white bird, with silver wings outstretched, sailing in the everlasting blue. And now it is as though a great fire burned within my breast. It was but a sheen, a shimmer, a reflection in the water, but now I desire nothing more on earth than to hold her.'

"His friend laughed.

"'It was but a beam playing on the water or the shadow of your own head. Tomorrow you will forget her,' he said.

"But tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow the hunter walked alone. He sought in the forest and in the woods, by the lakes and among the rushes, but he could not find her. He shot no more wild fowl. What were they to him?

"'What ails him?' said his comrades.

"'He is mad,' said one.

"'No; but he is worse,' said another. 'He would see that which none of us have seen and make himself a wonder.'

"'Come, let us forswear his company,' said all.

"So the hunter walked alone.

"One night, as he wandered in the shade, very heartsore and weeping, an old man stood before him, grander and taller than the sons of men.

"'Who are you?' asked the hunter.

"'I am Wisdom,' answered the old man, 'but some men called me Knowledge. All my life I have grown in these valleys, but no man sees me till he has sorrowed much. The eyes must be washed with tears that are to behold me, and, according as a man has suffered, I speak.'

"And the hunter cried:

"'Oh, you who have lived here so long, tell me, what is that great wild bird I have seen sailing in the blue? They would have me believe she is a dream, the shadow of my own head.'

"The old man smiled.

"'Her name is Truth. He who has once seen her never rests again. Till death he desires her.'

"And the hunter cried:

"'Oh, tell me where I may find her?'

"But the man said:

"'You have not suffered enough,' and went.

"Then the hunter took from his breast the shuttle of Imagination and wound on it the thread of his Wishes, and all night he sat and wove a net.

"In the morning he spread the golden net open on the ground, and into it he put a few grains of credulity, which his father had left him and which he kept in his breast pocket. They were like white puffballs, and when you trod on them a brown dust flew out. Then he sat by to see what would happen. The first that came into the net was a snow white bird, with dove's eyes, and he sang a beautiful song. 'A human God, a human God, a human God!' it sang. The second that came was black and mystical, with dark, lovely eyes, that looked into the depths of your soul, and he sang only this—'Immortality!'

"And the hunter took them both in his arms, for he said:

"'They are surely of the beautiful family of Truth.'

"Then came another, green and gold, who sang in a shrill voice, like one crying in the market place, 'Reward after death, reward after death!'

"And he said:

"'You are not so fair, but you are fair, too,' and he took it.

"And others came, brightly colored, singing pleasant songs till all the grains were finished, and the hunter gathered all his birds together and built a strong iron cage, called a new creed, and put all his birds in it.

"Then the people came about, dancing and singing.

"'Oh, happy hunter!' they cried. 'Oh, wonderful man! Oh, delightful birds! Oh, lovely songs!'

"No one asked where the birds had come from nor how they had been caught, but they danced and sang before them. And the hunter, too, was glad, for he said:

"'Surely Truth is among them. In time she will molt her feathers, and I shall see her snow white form.'

"But the time passed, and the people sang and danced, but the hunter's heart grew heavy. He crept alone, as of old, to weep. The terrible desire had awakened again in his breast. One day, as he sat alone weeping, it chanced that Wisdom met him. He told the old man what he had done.

"And Wisdom smiled sadly.

"'Many men,' he said, 'have spread that net for Truth, but they have never found her. On the grains of credulity she will not feed; in the net of wishes her feet cannot be held; in the air of these valleys she will not breathe. The birds you have caught are of the brood of Lies—lovely and beautiful, but still lies. Truth knows them not.'

"And the hunter cried out in bitterness:

"'And must I, then, sit still, to be devoured of this great burning?'

"And the old man said:

"'Listen, and in that you have suffered much and wept much I will tell you what I know. He who sets out to search for Truth must leave these valleys of superstition forever, taking with him not one shred that has belonged to them. Alone he must wander down into the Land of Absolute Negation and Denial. He must abide there. He must resist temptation. When the light breaks, he must arise and follow it into the country of dry sunshine. The mountains of stern reality will rise before him. He must climb them. Beyond them lies Truth.'

"'And he will hold her fast! He will hold her in his hands!' the hunter cried.

"Wisdom shook his head.

"'He will never see her, never hold her. The time is not yet.'

"'Then there is no hope?' cried the hunter.

"'There is this,' said Wisdom. 'Some men have climbed on those mountains—circle above circle of bare rock they have scaled—and, wandering there in those high regions, some have chanced to pick up on the ground one white, silver feather dropped from the wing of Truth. And it shall come to pass,' said the old man, raising himself prophetically and pointing with his finger to the sky—'it shall come to pass, when enough of those silver feathers shall have been gathered by the hands of men and shall have been woven into a cord, and the cord into a net, that in that net Truth may be captured. Nothing but Truth can hold Truth.'

"The hunter arose. 'I will go,' he said.

"But Wisdom detained him.

"'Mark you well—who leaves these valleys never returns to them. Though he should weep tears of blood seven days and nights upon the confines, he can never put his foot across them. Left, they are left forever. Upon the road which you would travel there is no reward offered. Who goes, goes freely, for the great love that is in him. The work is his reward.'

"'I go,' said the hunter, 'but upon the mountains, tell me, which path shall I take?'

"'I am the child of the Accumulated Knowledge of Ages,' said the man. 'I can walk only where many men have trodden. On those mountains few feet have passed. Each man strikes out a path for himself. He goes at his own peril. My voice he hears no more. I may follow after him, but I cannot go before him.'

"Then Knowledge vanished.

"And the hunter turned. He went to his cage and with his hands broke down the bars, and the jagged iron tore his flesh. It is sometimes easier to build than to break.

"One by one he took his plumed birds and let them fly. But when he came to his dark plumed bird he held it and looked into its beautiful eyes, and the bird uttered its low, deep cry—'Immortality!'

"And he said quickly: 'I cannot part with it. It is not heavy. It eats no food. I will hide it in my breast. I will take it with me.' And he buried it there and covered it over with his cloak.

"But the thing he had hidden grew heavier, heavier, heavier, till it lay on his breast like lead. He could not

Continued on Fourth Page.

JURY LIST.

Beaverdam.

John Berger jr. ..... Farmer
R M Kyle ..... "
E C Moore ..... "
R Thompson ..... "
Chas Hicketheir ..... "
Andrew Heckman ..... "
John Keini ..... "
J J Wismer ..... "

Beaverton.

John Henry ..... Farmer
W J Buttner ..... "
Aug Rossi ..... "
L Nichols ..... "
M S Barnes ..... "
A R Fanno ..... "
S A Howell ..... "
Geo Thomas ..... "
Andy Kennedy ..... "
Geo Stitt ..... "
Fred Durig ..... "
C L Rosander ..... "
James Barnes ..... "

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Jos Hingley ..... "
Larkin Ball ..... Farmer
W E Shaver ..... "
James McGowan ..... "
C B Bunnell ..... "
Jos Sax ..... "
J M Burroughs ..... "
E J Godman ..... "

West Butte.

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John Algesheimer ..... "
P Penne ..... "
A Gasner, sr ..... "
N G McDonald ..... "
Fred Groner ..... "
F E Rowell ..... "
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Saml Galbreath ..... "
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J U Henry ..... "
John Clear ..... "

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T W Williams ..... "
J C Beach ..... "
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Sam Moon ..... "
J H Davis ..... "

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D B Emrick ..... "
A Sutton ..... "
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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.

"The Southern states especially," says the Atlanta Constitution, "are interested in the speedy construction of the Nicaragua Canal, because by it the trade of the world can be controlled in our ports." No doubt the South will be greatly benefited by the great ocean highway, but there is no corner of the earth that will not derive some advantage from its completion.

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.

Wisconsin has a new law requiring the public registration of the names of lobbyists, a list of the bills they oppose or promote, and of the corporations or individuals by whom they are employed. A good regulation.

THEY ARE CONSISTENT.

Fusion papers are attempting to make capitol of a speech of Congressman McKinley in 1888, criticising Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild for depositing money of the United States in the banks. If these critics will read carefully the extracts of the speech which are published, they will see that the conditions were different then than now, and that Mr. McKinley's remarks were based upon action by Secretary Fairchild which was entirely different than that of Secretary Gage.

Mr. McKinley's opening sentence contains the text for his remarks, that the secretary had "refused to pay out the money to government creditors."

Secretary Gage has made every effort to pay out the surplus money to government creditors, but they prefer the bonds of the government to cash, and decline to sell their securities to the government at a reasonable price. Under these circumstances Secretary Gage did the next best thing and is depositing the surplus funds of the government with such banks as can give proper security, so that the business of the country may not be crippled by the immense segregation of money in the treasury.

Mr. Gage attempted to do just what Mr. McKinley advocated in 1888, following the way blazed for him by the republican party." President McKinley is not found approving in his own secretary what he condemned in Mr. Cleveland's secretary,' for Mr. Gage has pursued a different course than did Secretary Fairchild or Secretary Carlisle, and has attempted to pay government creditors and reduce the government interest obligations. He intends to go further by asking congress to allow the treasury to exact interest on such government deposits as may be made.—Tacoma Ledger.

It is a curious fact that war—which as every one concedes, is a remnant of barbarism and which is in itself so horrible and unworthy of our advanced civilization—should bring out the best in our natures, both individually and as a nation. Every one now living has seen how (when the country is called to arms) ignoble interests and aims lose their ascendency. The love of money, which, we are told in Holy Writ, is the root of all evil, and which certainly is the besetting sin of our generation, is for once in abeyance. Social distinctions are forgotten, immense sacrifices are made by both men and women, and greatest and most wonderful transformation of all—the selfish, lugubrious club lounger becomes a hero—patient in suffering, heroic in danger and self-sacrificing in privation.

Prehaps the reason why war arouses the heroic that is latent in our humanity is that in our everyday practical life it is stifled by the absurd modern idea that it is bad form to have any enthusiasm about anything; the self-sufficent, self-satisfied generation of today abhors sentiment and considers romance as melodramatic. We have lost our ideals and in consequence become, if not grossly material, at least decidedly carnal and worldly minded. Still, the germ of better things remains undestroyed within us, and great national upheavals which cause us to be self-forgetting brings it forth. Perhaps, viewed in this light, war is not an unmitigated evil.

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.

Gen. Wood is a continual surprise to the Cubans. He has actually subscribed for the Havana papers, and has directed that the bills shall be sent to him personally. "This is the first time in the history of the island," exclaims the Diario de la Marina, "that a Governor General has paid, or has offered to pay, a newspaper subscription." The Cuban editors, like the rest of their fellow-citizens, are beginning to grasp some of the benefits of the American connection.

Yes, shoes have advanced, but the $26 which a good yearling calf now brings will pay for the family supply for one year, but the $5 or $6 which the aforesaid yearling would leave the family barefooted, and with good old democratic stone bruises on the children' feet, with shoes at calamity prices. And, laying all jokes aside, the whole situation, and difference, is practically summed up and illustrated [illegible] it [illegible] nt.—Carmi, Ill. "Times."

WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE WEEK

Items of General Interest from all parts of the state

A rich quartz vein has been found within a mile of Lakeview, Lake county.

Marshfield has unanimously voted a 5 mill tax levy for school purposes, which insures a nine months' school.

Christopher Mustrala, one of the men was arrested for disturbing a religious meeting in Milton, was fined $40, and in default of payment was placed in jail.

The unusual winter in Sherman county brings this notice to the Moro Observer: 'Angus Kuks would be glad to pasture all of his neighbors' cattle free now, his wheat is so rank."

A hunter in the blue mountains east of Weston, while hunting pheasants with a 32-caliber rifle, stumbled upon a full-grown cougar, which he was fortunate enough to kill at the first shot.

Woodburn bids fair to have a contest over licensing saloons at the coming election. The charter requires that the matter shall be submitted to the electors when 50 freeholders petition for it.

This is probably the mildest winter Southern Oregon has known for years, says the Jacksonville Times. There has been little frost, and hardly any snow so far, which bodes ill for the fruit and mining interests later on.

At Cottage Grove a number of people who had been bilked by a fake electric belt doctor undertook to punish him at the railway depot with stale eggs, but as he drew a revolver and kept them off. As the train drew away he put his head out the window and shouted: "Good-bye suckers."

The Albany Democrat says that T. C. Anderson, aged 86, who was granted a divorce from his second wife about five weeks ago, applied for a license Wednesday, to marry Mrs. Mary Bracket, aged 56, and was refused, as the requisite six months had not passed. He said he would wait five months and then call for it.

The tax-payers of Baker City last week voted on a proposition to issue bonds for $100,000 to purchase the Elk-creek water right and to pipe water 10 miles to the city. Out of 2500 men and women of legal age there, about 600 were entitled to vote. The total votes cast was 456. 384 voted for the bonds and 72 against it.

In Morrow county the O. R. & N. Co pays taxes on $265,000. The largest individual taxpayer is William Penland, who is assessed at $57,000. Other prominent assessments are: Henry Heppner, $31,540; Antone Vey, $21,000; Joseph Vey, $18,000; Hugh Fields, $21,865; Thos Quaid, $16,200; A. E. Wright, $13,400; J. W. Morrow, $12,000; James McHaley, $10,650.

Hood river papers report so much trouble from big boys in the Franklin school that Prin. S. C. Sherrill resigned. It seemed that there was a preconcerted plan to worry the teachers and break up the school. The directors have engaged Rev. H. K. Benson as principal. He is said to belong to the church militant, and to "correct unruly pupils in several languages."

The Copper Queen has succeeded in navigating the waters of Rogue river to the junction of that stream and the Illinois, says the Port Orford Tribune. Mr. Burns has another boat under course of construction, which will be of less draught than the Queen, and which is intended to navigate the river at any stage of water. The new boat will be about 25 feet in length, and fitted with a four-horsepower engine and propeller.

S. B. Adams and F. H. Wakefield, who have for a long time past been following up gold prospects on the eastern slope of the Cascade mountains, have at last come upon ledges which are supposed to be the origin of the rich ore specimens which have been shown by the Indians in recent years. The discovery was made about 30 miles southeast of The Dalles. The vein is reported to be about 10 feet in width. The walls are very well defined; in fact, it is a true fissure vein. It is a contact between porphyry and granite, and assays evenly across the entire vein, with a uniform value of about $40 per ton. The gap rock showed $4 per ton, but a force of men were at once put to work developing and the rich strike is the result.