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Vol. XXVII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23 1900. No. 40

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HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every first and third Friday evening each month.
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PHENIX LODGE, NO. 34, K. OF P., meets in Masonic Hall on Monday evening of each week. Sojourning brethren welcomed to lodge meetings.

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THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

ing sun on the stone wall behind his daub and wattle house. It was warm, but he was intently watching a small buggy that was being recklessly driven over the bushes in the direction of the farmhouse. Gregory never stirred till it had vanished. Then, finding the stones hot, he slipped down and walked into the house. He kicked the little pail that lay in the doorway and sent it into one corner. That did him good. Then he sat down on the box and began cutting letters out of a piece of newspaper. Finding that the snippings littered the floor, he picked them up and began scribbling on his blotting paper. He tried the effect of different initials before the name Rose—G. Rose, E. Rose, L. Rose, L. Rose, L. L. L. L. Rose. When he had covered the sheet, he looked at it discontentedly a little while, then suddenly began to write a letter:

Beloved Sister—It is a long while since I last wrote to you, but I have had no time. This is the first morning I have been at home since I don't know when. Em always expects me to go down to the farmhouse in the morning, but I didn't feel as though I could stand the ride to-day.

I have much news for you.

Tant' Sannie, Em's Boer stepmother, is to be married tomorrow. She is gone to town today, and the wedding feast is to be at her brother's farm. Em and I are going to ride over on horseback, but her cousin is going to ride in the buggy with that German. I don't think I've written to you since she came back from school. I don't think you would like her at all, Jemima; there's something so proud about her. She thinks just because she's handsome there's nobody good enough to talk to her and just as if there had nobody else but her been to boarding school before.

They are going to have a grand affair tomorrow. All the Boers about are coming, and they are going to dance all night, but I don't think I shall dance at all, for, as Em's cousin says, those Boer dances are low things. I am sure I only danced at the last to please Em. I don't know why she is fond of dancing. Em talked of our being married on the same day as Tant' Sannie, but I said it would be nicer for her if she waited till the shearing was over and I took her down to see you. I suppose she will have to live with us—Em's cousin, I mean—as she has not anything in the world but a poor £50. I don't like her at all, Jemima, and I don't think you would. She's got such queer ways. She's always driving about in a gig with that low German, and I don't think it's at all the thing for a woman to be going about with a man she's not engaged to, do you? If it was me, now, of course, who am a kind of connection, it would be different. The way she treats me, considering that I am so soon to be her cousin, is not at all nice. I took down my album the other day with your likenesses in it, and I told her she could look at it and put it down close to her, but she just said, "Thank you," and never even touched it, as much as to say, What are your relatives to me?

She gets the wildest horses in that buggy and a horrid snappish little cur belonging to the German sitting in front, and then she drives out alone. I don't think it's at all proper for a woman to drive out alone. I wouldn't allow it if she was my sister. The other morning—I don't know how it happened—I was going in the way from which she was coming, and that little beast—they call him Doss—began to bark when he saw me—he always does, the little wretch—and the horses began to spring and kicked the splash board all to pieces. It was a sight to see, Jemima! She has got the littlest hands I ever saw. I could hold them both in one of mine and not know that I'd got anything, except that they were so soft, but she held those horses in as though they were made of iron. When I wanted to help her, she said: "No, thank you; I can manage them myself. I've got a pair of bits that would break their jaws if I used them well," and she laughed and drove away. It's so unwomanly.

Tell father my hire of the ground will not be out for six months, and before that Em and I will be married. My pair of birds is breeding now, but I haven't been down to see them for three days. I don't seem to care about anything any more. I don't know what it is; I'm not well. If I go into town on Saturday, I will let the doctor examine me. But perhaps she'll go in herself. It's a very strange thing, Jemima, but she never will send her letters to post by me. If I ask her, she has none, and the very next day she goes in and posts them herself. You mustn't say anything about it, Jemima, but twice I've brought her letters from the post in a gentleman's hand, and I'm sure they were both from the same person, because I noticed every little mark, even the dotting of the i's. Of course it's nothing to me, but for Em's sake I can't help feeling an interest in her, however much I may dislike her myself, and I hope she's up to nothing. I pity the man who marries her. I wouldn't be him for anything. If I had a wife with pride, I'd make her give it up, sharp. I don't believe in a man who can't make a woman obey him. Now Em—I'm very fond of her, as you know—but if I tell her to put on a certain dress, that dress she puts on; and if I tell her to sit on a certain seat, on that seat she sits; and if I tell her not to speak to a certain individual she does not speak to him. If a man lets a woman do what he doesn't like, he's a muff.

Give my love to mother and the children. The "veld" here is looking pretty good, and the sheep are better since we washed them. Tell father the dip he recommended is very good.

Em sends her love to you. She is making me some woolen shirts, but they don't fit me so nicely as those mother made me. Write soon to your loving brother, GREGORY.

P. S.—She drove past just now. I was sitting on the kraal wall right before her eyes, and she never even bowed. G. N. R.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BOER WEDDING.

"I didn't know before you were so fond of riding hard," said Gregory to his little betrothed.

They were cantering slowly on the road to Oom Muller's on the morning of the wedding.

"Do you call this riding hard?" asked Em in some astonishment.

"Of course I do. It's enough to break the horses' necks and knock one up for the whole day besides," he added testily, then twisted his head to look at the buggy that came on behind. "I thought Waldo was such a mad driver. They are taking it easily enough today," said Gregory. "One would think the black stallions were lame."

"I suppose they want to keep out of the dust," said Em. "See; they stand still as soon as we do."

Perceiving this to be the case, Gregory rode on.

"It's all that horse of yours. She kicks up such a confounded dust I can't stand it myself," he said.

Meanwhile the cart came on slowly enough.

"Take the reins," said Lyndall, "and make them walk. I want to rest and watch their hoofs today—not to be exhilarated. I am so tired."

She leaned back in her corner, and Waldo drove on slowly in the gray dawn light along the level road. They passed the very milk bush behind which so many years before the old German had found the Kaffir woman. But their thoughts were not with him that morning. They were the thoughts of the young, that run out to meet the future and labor in the present. At last he touched her arm.

"What is it?"

"I feared you had gone to sleep and might be jolted out," he said. "You sat so quietly."

"No; do not talk to me. I am not asleep." But after a time she said suddenly, "It must be a terrible thing to bring a human being into the world."

Waldo looked round; she sat drawn into the corner, her blue cloud wound tightly about her, and she still watched the horses' feet. Having no comment to offer on her somewhat unexpected remark, he merely touched up his horses.

"I have no conscience, none," she added. "But I would not like to bring a soul into this world. When it sinned and when it suffered, something like a dead hand would fall on me: 'You did it, you; for your own pleasure you created this thing! See your work!' If it lived to be 80, it would always hang like a milistone round my neck, have the right to demand good from me and curse me for its sorrow. A parent is only like to God—if his work turns out bad, so much the worse for him; he dare not wash his hands of it. Time and years can never bring the day when you can say to your child, 'Soul, what have I to do with you?'"

Waldo said dreamily:

"It is a marvelous thing that one soul should have power to cause another."

She heard the words as she heard the beating of the horses' hoofs; her thoughts ran on in their own line.

"They say, 'God sends the little babies.' Of all the dastardly revolting lies men tell to suit themselves, I hate that most. I suppose my father said so when he knew he was dying of consumption, and my mother when she knew she had nothing to support me on, and they created me to feed like a dog from stranger hands. Men do not say God sends the books or the newspaper articles or the machines they make, and then sigh and shrug their shoulders and say they can't help it. Why do they say so about other things? Liars! 'God sends the little babies!'" She struck her foot fretfully against the splash board.

"The small children say so earnestly. They touch the little stranger reverently who has just come from God's far country, and they peep about the room to see if not one white feather has dropped from the wing of the angel that brought him. On their lips the phrase means much; on all others it is a deliberate lie. Noticeable, too," she said, dropping in an instant from the passionate into a low, mocking tone, "when people are married, though they should have 60 children, they throw the whole onus on God. When they are not, we hear nothing about God's having sent them. When there has been no legal contract between the parents, who sends the little children then? The devil, perhaps!" She laughed her little silvery, mocking laugh. "Odd that some men should come from hell and some from heaven and yet all look so much alike when they get here."

Waldo wondered at her. He had not the key to her thoughts and did not see the string on which they were strung. She drew her cloud tighter about her.

"It must be very nice to believe in the devil," she said. "I wish I did. If it would be of any use, I would pray three hours night and morning on my bare knees, 'God, let me believe in satan.' He is so useful to those people who do. They may be as selfish and as sensual as they please and, between God's will and the devil's action, always have some one to throw their sin on. But we, wretched unbelievers, we bear our own burdens. We must say: 'I myself did it, I. Not God, not satan; I myself!' That is the sting that strikes deep. Waldo," she said gently, with a sudden and complete change of manner, "I like you so much I love you." She rested her cheek softly against his shoulder. "When I am with you, I never know that I am a woman and you are a man. I only know that we are both things that think. Other men, when I am with them, whether I love them or not, they are mere bodies to me, but you are a spirit. I like you. Look," she said quickly, sinking back into her corner, "what a pretty pinkness there is on all the hilltops! The sun will rise in a moment."

Waldo lifted his eyes to look round over the circle of golden hills, and the horses, as the first sunbeams touched them, shook their heads and champed their bright bits till the brass settings in their harness glittered again.

It was 8 o'clock when they neared the farmhouse, a red brick building, with kraals to the right and a small orchard to the left. Already there were signs of unusual life and bustle. One cart, a wagon and a couple of saddles against the wall betokened the arrival of a few early guests, whose numbers would soon be largely increased. To a Dutch country wedding guests start up in numbers astonishing to one who has merely ridden through the plains of sparsely inhabited "karroo."

As the morning advances riders on many shades of steeds appear from all directions and add their saddles to the long rows against the walls, shake hands, drink coffee and stand about outside in groups to watch the arriving carts and ox wagons as they are unburdened of their heavy freight of massive Tantes and comely daughters, followed by swarms of children of all sizes, dressed in all manner of print and moleskin, who are taken care of by Hottentot, Kaffir and half caste nurses, whose many shaded complexions, ranging from light yellow up to ebony black, add variety to the animated scene. Everywhere are excitement and bustle, which gradually increase as the time for the return of the wedding party approaches. Preparations for the feast are actively ad-

Continued on Fourth Page.

AMERICAN WORK WANTED.

The statement of domestic exports from New York this week is only another link in the chain of evidence tending to establish the monetary independence of this country. If the word independence seems tame to those who would look for supremacy they can calculate for themselves how long the richest and most productive nation in the world can maintain independence, establishing each month increased indebtedness from other countries, without gaining a power which cannot be resisted. The last week has added about $1,057,000 to the excess of merchandise exports over imports, and the four weeks ending January 29 showed an excess of more than $3,300,000, or nearly 8 per cent. Yet this is in comparison with January last year, when the excess of exports over imports at all points was $57,351,000. The situation is the more remarkable because wheat exports have been little over half last year's from Atlantic ports, while corn exports also showed some decrease in January, and the exports of cotton from all the principal points were in that month 290,000 bales less than last year, though higher in price. Evidently there still continues the remarkable outward movement of manufactured products which placed last year above all others in the records of commercial conquest. As imports at New York were only $550,000 larger for the same weeks than last year, there is good reason to expect that the merchandise balance in favor of this country will be even larger than in January, 1899.

The charter of increase in exports is not difficult to define. The great staples are doing fairly well on the whole, although falling far behind the extraordinary movement of a year ago. But the exports of almost every kind of manufactured product are increasing, and so generally that in the items large enough to have especial mention only two exceptions are noticed, spirit and zinc, with its manufactures. If flour were included with manufactured products, though not so reckoned in official classification, it might be added because of reduced prices, in spite of larger exports in quantity than last year. But it is surprising to find with what uniformity the manufactured exports in the calender year 1899, which included during the last half the highest prices yet known since business improvement began, largely exceed those in the fiscal year ending with June, not merely in value, but in many cases also in quantity, although that year includes the last half of 1898, with prices from 20 to 50 per cent. lower in important lines. Thus it seems almost incomprehensible that more structual iron and steel went abroad during the half year at extreme high prices than during the last half of 1898 at very low prices, and more wire after prices were doubled, and more car wheels, although in steel rails the quantity was much reduced, but the value increased.

Tracing details of so singular a transformation has a peculiar fascination, and might be continued far if space would permit. But the aggregate value of machinery exported was about $9,000,000 greater in the calender than in the fiscal year, exceptional gains being noted in scientific and electric instruments, and in all products of iron and steel the increase is about $15,400,000. In cotton goods it is over $1,000,000, in wood manufactures over $4,000,000, in copper and manufactures thereof over $7,000,000, in leather and its products over $3,000,000, and though coal is not classed with manufactures its exports increased over $2,000,000 in value. In more than fifty items large enough to have some weight scarcely and manufactured products appears in which the exports during the calender year were not larger than during the fiscal year with its six months of lower prices, and quantities usually increase, as in cotton goods, sole leather and coal, in spite of the advance in prices. It is this frequently recurring facts which makes the returns peculiarly encouraging, because they show that American products of great variety are no longer bought abroad only because they are cheap, but even when they become dear because of superior excellence in quality.

In the aggregate the manufactured exports, according to the classification of official returns, were in value almost $199,000,000 in the last half of 1899, against $182,000,000 in the first half of that year, and $157,000,000 in the last half of 1898. Mining products, which include some partly manufactured, were in value $19,000,000 in the last half of 1899, against less than $15,000,000 in the last half of 1898, and forest products, which also include much that is really manufactured, were in value $25,000,000 against $20,000,000 in the last half of 1898. A difference of more than $50,000,000 in these items, though it be highly important, is after all of less real consequence than the great increase in exports of machinery, which now form over 60 per cent. of all products of iron and steel, and are by themselves larger in value than the exports of wheat separately, or of flour, or corn, or of all mineral oils. The cotton exports are of greater value, and breadstuffs when taken together, as well as provisions, but next in importance comes the exports of machinery, increasing nearly fourfold in the last ten years, as no other great class of exports except copper has, and amounting to nearly as much as the manufactures of wood and copper together. It is in this direction that the industries of the country appear to make their greatest gain without regard to the course of prices. Even though prices of materials have seemed almost prohibitive, the nations are now looking to the United States for armored vessels locomotives, mining machinery and machine tools for all sorts of works, and the demand grows as the world becomes better acquainted with American workmanship.—New York Tribune.

TONGUE'S PENSION BILL.

A month or more ago Congressman Tongue wrote the following letter to Mr. George W. Davis, of Salem, in which Mr. T. explains his pension bills and incidentally answers the criticisms that some have indulged touching those measures. The letter was published at the time in the Oregonian. There has been further enquiry since concerning the matters touched by that letter, wherefore its republication seems to be demanded at this time.

GEORGE W. DAVIS, Esq.,
Salem, Ore.,

MY DEAR SIR: I am just in receipt of yours of the 5th inst., inclosing a portion of an editorial from The Morning Oregonian, in reference to the introduction of bills removing charges of desertion now standing against soldiers of the civil war. This editorial had entirely escaped my attention. A portion of it is as follows:

"A most conspicuous introducer of bills to rehabilitate deserters at the last session of congress was Thomas H. Tongue, of the first district of Oregon. A resolution denouncing the legal rehabilitation of Union army deserters was recently voted down in an Oregon G. A. R. post on the ground that, while they did not believe in rehabilitating deserters. They could not afford to reflect upon Congressman Tongue. So much the worse for Congressman Tongue, but far worse for the G. A. R."

You suggest that this matter requires some explanation at my hands. The editorial is written upon an entire misapprehension of the facts. The editor would not have used this language, had he possessed a thorough understanding of the nature of the bills introduced. For this misapprehension on the part of The Oregonian and the public, I may be to blame. Public servants should keep the public informed as to the manner in which they are discharging their public duties. Permit me to say emphatically that I have not introduced—knowingly, at least—any bill designed to relieve from any disability any soldier who actually deserted from either the army or navy in time of war. I have no desire to remove from the shoulders of such a man the brand of cowardice that the records of the government have placed upon him. No such bill would stand the slightest chance of passing either house of congress. A member of the senate or house who would introduce it and expect it to pass would be strangely blind to the sentiment of his associates.

On the other hand; there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of instances where as brave, patriotic and faithful soldiers as ever enlisted, served their country faithfully and courageously during the entire term of their enlistment, and now, years afterward, find that they are wrongfully carried upon the records of the government as deserters. Such mistakes were unavoidable. In the discharge of such an immense army of men, it was impossible that there should not be mistakes. If a soldier could not be accounted for, in many instances he was entered as a deserter. An instance to illustrate this: Edward Hughes, a resident of Washington county, Oregon, enlisted in the Union army August 17, 1861, almost at the beginning of the war, to serve three years. During this service he was captured by the Confederate forces and made prisoner. He escaped from his captors, returned to the Union army, received an honorable discharge and full payment for the time he was held as prisoner. He re-enlisted in the Union army in the Fifth United States infantry, served until the close of the war, and received an honorable discharged October, 11, 1866. He now finds that, notwithstanding the fact that he served in the armies of the United States over five years, received two honorable discharges, which are now in my possession, he is carried upon the military records of the United States as a deserter. Colonel Ainsworth, chief of records, in writing to me with reference to this case, states:

"He was captured by the enemy in the Kenesaw mountains June 7 1864, and taken to Andersonville prison, Georgia, and was held as a prisoner until the following November. The muster-roll, dated June 30, 1864, reports him 'missing in action June 23, 1864.' The company's muster roll, dated March 20, 1866, shows him 'deserted June 21, 1864.'"

How the last entry came to be made passeth understanding. Hughes knew nothing of it. Years afterward, when ill health and old age compelled him to seek a pension, he is confronted with this record. I have introduced a bill to remove this unjust charge and to grant him the pension that he would otherwise be entitled to under the laws. The injustice of the clarge is apparent. The military authorities admit it, but are powerless to remedy it. I shall do everything I can to secure the passage of this bill.

In many instances the discharge of the soldier was informal. It was made by an officer who was not legally authorized to make it. Soldiers went home believing themselves properly discharged, and now discover that they are carried upon the military records as deserters. A case in illustration is that of John Fox, who died at Albany, Or., a short time ago. A committee of both the senate and the house have reported in favor of his relief. The report of both committees shows that "Fox was a member of a band of musicians, and while on the march about the 12th of June, 1862, the band was notified that their services were no longer required, and the foreman was furnished with a paper by the colonel of his regiment, which enabled the members of the band to obtain free transportation to their homes. The preparations to leave were made with the knowledge of the officers and the members of the company to which they belonged, and they marched away openly and embarked on a boat for Cannelton, Ind. On their arrival they were publicly greeted by their friends and relatives."

The discharge seems to have been informal, and Fox was entered as a deserter. He knew nothing about this charge until July 1, 1894. During his lifetime he desired to have this false charge removed, and now that he is dead his family justly seek to have this stain upon the character of the husband and father wiped out. I have introduced a bill for that purpose, and shall secure its passage if possible.

The case of J. K. Parker, of Roseburg, is another instance of injustice. He conceived the idea that in some way or other he had a right to change from one company to another. He therefore, left the company to which he belonged and immediately enlisted in another company and continued his services, and served during the war, and at the end of the war asked and obtained an honorable discharge. It now appears that he was entered upon the rolls of the first company as a deserter, notwithstanding all the time he was in actual service of the government.

Another case of injustice is that of John Cabler. He enlisted on July 15, 1861, for three years. He was wounded September 19, 1862. He was wounded again January 1, 1864. On April 8, 1864, when near the expiration of the three years, a furlough was granted him for 30 days. During his absence on this furlough he contracted first, measles, and then smallpox. He was unable to return to his regiment, or to communicate with them the reason of his failure to return. By the time that he had recovered, the term of his enlistment had expired, and he deemed it unnecessary to return. The entry against his name is that of desertion.

These cases sufficiently illustrate the class of bills that have evoked criticism. In most of these cases there is practically no dispute as to the facts. The military department of the gov-

Continued on Second Page.

A KNOCK OUT

There is more disability and helplessness from

LUMBAGO

than any other muscular ailment, but

St. Jacobs Oil

has found it the easiest and promptest to cure of any form of

LAME BACK

WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE WEEK

Items of General Interest from all parts of the state

SALEM TO HAVE CREAMERY

Benjamin Hendrickson, a farmer of Mt Pleasant Mysterously Disappeared and Probably insane.

Salem is satisfied she will have a creamery in operatson by April 1, handling the milk of several hundred cows.

Sixty head of cattle have been taken from the range near Pendleton and shipped to Tacoma. Though they have not been fed, they have held their own on the range, and are said to be prime beef.

Sheepmen of Enterprise are refusing $5 a head by the band for good ewes, says the Pendleton Tribune. One man refused $3.50 for spring lambs, and another paid $5.50 for 50 head of first-class sheep. Goats sell for $5 a head.

A sale of 170 bales of hops, by the growers' association, is reported to have been made at 5½ to 7 cents. The board of directors of the association held a meeting in Woodburn last Saturday to consider the matter of purchasing supplies.

Thomas Cooper, a member of the legislature of 1895, is enthusiastic over the creamery business. He tells the Salem Independent that he has a herd of a 10 cows and last month the Corvallis creamery paid him $6 for the milk of each cow during the month.

The Southern Pacific's pay-car made its monthly visit to this city, the evening of the 14th, says the Ashland Tidings, and was a most welcome arrival to the many employes of the company. This pay-car is one of the very fertile resources of Ashland, and quite a feature in the prosperity of the town. Over 125 men received their monthly wages, and the amount disbursed exceeded the sum of $15,000.

The Mohr Transportation Company has already commenced getting out timber for three large steamboat to be used on his transportation Company's line from the Upper Columbia to Astoria. Two boats will be built in Portland and one above the dalles of the Columbia. The barges are, too, under way. It will be remembered that the proposition of this new company is to carry freight from east of the Cascades by water. The dalles of the Columbia is to be passed by land. A railway is now building and will be ready for cars by the next harvest.

Benjamin Hendrickson, a farmer residing at Mount Peleasant, left his home at 7 o'clock last Thursday night, informing his wife that he would call on his brother, living a short distance from the house. Nothing has been seen of Mr. Hendrickson since, although the country has been scoured in every direction. The only trace discovered were some shoe tracks in the center of the muddy road leading toward Molalla, but these could be followed only a short distance. It is believed that Hendrickson has gone insane, although it was not suspected when he left the house. Mrs. Hendrickson says that her husband had not slept for two nights previons, and was very nervous. He is 53 years of age, of medium height, slender, has brown mustache, and wore a duck coat, blue overhalls and a slouch hat, when he left home. He is a native of Sweden.

The steamship St. Irene, of Dodwell & Co.'s Oriental line, from Tacoma, was due at Portland last Saturday. The steamer went into the Sound with a few hundred tons of inward cargo for shipment East by the Northern Pacific, but as she was unable to secure an outward cargo from any of the Sound cities, she was obliged to turn to the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest to find freight for the outward trip. Portland shippers are called upon for cargoes for nearly every line running between the Pacific coast and the Orient. The direct shipment of Oregon and Washington products by the Portland line are greater than they are from any other port on the coast, and, in addition to these, the overflow frequently goes by rail to Vancouver, Seattle and Tacoma to fill out cargoes for the lines running between those ports. The bulk of the flour shipments on the Pacific Mail steamers running out of San Francisco is supplied by Portland dealers, the California line absorbing the coast freight between Portland and San Francisco.—Oregonian.