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Vol. XXVII. HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1900. No. 45

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CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, corner Main and Fifth streets. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sab. bath 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.

Gregory sat down, trembling. His little ewe lamb—could they hurt her?

The doctor said of Gregory four days after, "She is the most experienced nurse I ever came in contact with."

Gregory, standing in the passage, heard it and laughed in his heart. What need had he of experience? Experience teaches us in a millennium what passion teaches us in an hour. A Kaffir studies all his life the discerning of distant sounds, but he will never hear my step when my love hears it coming to her window in the dark over the short grass.

In that quiet room Lyndall lay on the bed with the dog at her feet, and Gregory sat in his dark corner watching.

She seldom slept, and through those long, long days she would lie watching the round streak of sunlight that came through the knot in the shutter or the massive lion's paw on which the wardrobe rested. What thoughts were in those eyes? Gregory wondered. He dared not ask.

Gregory thought she had no pain. She never groaned. Only sometimes, when the light was near her, he thought he could see slight contractions about her lips and eyebrows.

He slept on the sofa outside her door.

One night he thought he heard a sound, and, opening it softly, looked in. She was crying out aloud, as if she and her pain were alone in the world. The light fell on the red quilt and the little hands that were clasped over the head. The wide open eyes were looking up, and the heavy drops fell slowly from them.

"I cannot bear any more, not any more," she said in a deep voice. "O God, God! Have I not borne in silence? Have I not endured these long, long months? But now, now, O God, I cannot!"

Gregory knelt in the doorway listening.

"I do not ask for wisdom, not human love, not work, not knowledge, not for all things I have longed for," she cried, "only a little freedom from pain, only one little hour without pain! Then I will suffer again."

She sat up and bit the little hand Gregory loved.

He crept away to the front door and stood looking out at the quiet starlight. When he came back, she was lying in her usual posture, the quiet eyes looking at the lion's paw. He came close to the bed.

"You have much pain tonight?" he asked her.

"No, not much."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No, nothing."

She still drew her lips together and motioned with her fingers toward the dog sleeping at her feet. Gregory lifted him and laid him at her side. She made Gregory turn open the bosom of her nightdress that the dog might put his black muzzle between her breasts. She crossed her arms over him. Gregory left them lying there together.

The next day, when they asked her how she was, she answered, "Better."

"Some one ought to tell her," said the landlady. "We can't let her soul go out into eternity not knowing, especially when I don't think it was all right about the child. You ought to go and tell her, doctor."

So the little doctor, egged on and on, went in at last. When he came out of the room, he shook his fist in the landlady's face.

"Next time you have any devil's work to do, do it yourself," he said and shook his fist in her face again and went away swearing.

When Gregory went into the bedroom, he only found her moved, her body curled up and drawn close to the wall. He dared not disturb her. At last after a long time she turned.

"Bring me food," she said. "I want to eat—two eggs and toast and meat—two large slices of toast, please."

Wondering, Gregory brought a tray with all that she had asked for.

"Sit me up and put it close to me," she said. "I am going to eat it all." She tried to draw the things near her with her fingers and rearrange the plates. She cut the toast into long strips, broke open both eggs, put a tiny morsel of bread into her own mouth and fed the dog with pieces of meat put into his jaws with her fingers.

"Is it 12 o'clock yet?" she said. "I think I do not generally eat so early. Put it away, please, carefully—no, do not take it away, only on the table. When the clock strikes 12, I will eat it."

She lay down, trembling. After a little while she said:

"Give me my clothes."

He looked at her.

"Yes; I am going to dress tomorrow. I should get up now, but it is rather late. Put them on that chair. My collars are in that little box, my boots behind the door."

Her eyes followed him intently as he collected the articles one by one and placed them on the chair as she directed.

"Put it nearer," she said. "I cannot see it." And she lay watching the clothes, with her hand under her cheek.

"Now open the shutter wide," she said. "I am going to read."

The old, old tone was again in the sweet voice. He obeyed her and opened the shutter and raised her up among the pillows.

"Now bring my books to me," she said, motioning eagerly with her fingers, "the large book and the reviews and the plays. I want them all."

He piled them round her on the bed. She drew them greedily closer, her eyes very bright, but her face as white as a mountain lily.

"Now the big one off the drawers. No; you need not help me to hold my book," she said. "I can hold it myself."

Gregory went back to his corner, and for a little time the restless turning over of leaves was to be heard.

"Will you open the window," she said, almost querulously, "and throw this book out? It is so utterly foolish. I thought it was a valuable book, but the words are merely strung together. They make no sense. Yes—so!" she said, with approval, seeing him fling it out into the street. "I must have been very foolish when I thought that book good."

Then she turned to read and leaned her little elbows resolutely on the great volume and knit her brows. This was Shakespeare. It must mean something.

"I wish you would take a handkerchief and tie it tight round my head. It aches so."

He had not been long in his seat when he saw drops fall from beneath the hands that shaded the eyes on to the page.

"I am not accustomed to so much light. It makes my head swim a little," she said. "Go out and close the shutter."

When he came back, she lay shriveled up among the pillows.

He heard no sound of weeping, but the shoulders shook. He darkened the room completely.

When Gregory went to his sofa that night, she told him to wake her early. She would be dressed before breakfast. Nevertheless, when morning came, she said it was a little cold and lay all day watching her clothes upon the chair. Still she sent for her oxen in the country. They would start on Monday and go down to the colony.

In the afternoon she told him to open the window wide and draw the bed near it.

It was a leaden afternoon. The dull raincloudsrested close to the roofs of the houses, and the little street was silent and deserted. Now and then a gust of wind eddying round caught up the dried leaves, whirled them hither and thither under the trees and dropped them again into the gutter. Then all was quiet. She lay looking out. Presently the bell of the church began to toll, and up the village street came a long procession. They were carrying an old man to his last resting place. She followed them with her eyes till they turned in among the trees at the gate.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"An old man," he answered, "a very old man. They say he was 94, but his name I do not know."

She mused awhile, looking out with fixed eyes.

"That is why the bell rang so cheerfully," she said. "When the old die, it is well. They have had their time. It is when the young die that the bells weep drops of blood."

"But the old love life?" he said, for it was sweet to hear her speak.

She raised herself on her elbow.

"They love life. They do not want to die," she answered. "But what of that? They have had their time. They knew that a man's life is threescore years and ten. They should have made their plans accordingly. But the young," she said, "the young, cut down cruelly when they have not seen, when they have not known, when they have not found—it is for them that the bells weep blood. I heard in the ringing it was an old man. When the old die—Listen to the bell! It is laughing: 'It is right, it is right! He has had his time.' They cannot ring so for the young."

She fell back exhausted. The hot light died from her eyes, and she lay looking out into the street. By and by stragglers from the funeral began to come back and disappear here and there among the houses. Then all was quiet, and the night began to settle down upon the village street. Afterward, when the room was almost dark, so that they could not see each other's face, she said, "It will rain tonight," and moved restlessly on the pillows. "How terrible when the rain falls down on you."

He wondered what she meant, and they sat on in the still darkening room. She moved again.

"Will you presently take my cloak—the new gray cloak from behind the door—and go out with it? You will find a little grave at the foot of the tall blue gum tree. The water drips off the long, pointed leaves. You must cover it up with that."

She moved restlessly, as though in pain.

Gregory assented, and there was silence again. It was the first time she had ever spoken of her child.

"It was so small," she said. "It lived such a little while—only three hours. They laid it close by me, but I never saw it. I could feel it by me." She waited. "Its feet were so cold. I took them in my hand to make them warm, and my hand closed right over them, they were so little." There was an uneven trembling in the voice. "It crept close to me. It wanted to drink; it wanted to be warm." She hardened herself. "I did not love it. Its father was not my prince. I did not care for it. But it was so little." She moved her hand. "They might have kissed it, one of them, before they put it in. It never did any one any harm in all its little life. They might have kissed it, one of them."

Gregory felt that some one was sobbing in the room.

Late on in the evening, when the shutter was closed and the lamp lighted and the raindrops beat on the roof, he took the cloak from behind the door and went away with it. On his way back he called at the village postoffice and brought back a letter. In the hall he stood reading the address. How could he fail to know whose hand had written it? Had he not long ago studied those characters on the torn fragments of paper in the old parlor? A burning pain was at Gregory's heart.

Continued on Fourth Page.

WASHINGTON'S VISION.

From a clipping from an old paper now in possession of Alice T. Lloyd of Kansas City, this curious story is taken. It is particularly apropos just now. As printed, it follows:

The following description is related by Anthony Sherman, a gentleman of 90 years of age, who had it from the general himself. The darkest period of the American revolution was in the year 1777 when Washington, after dreadful reverses, retired to Valley Forge, to encamp during the winter. Often did I see the tears of distress course down the cheeks of the loved commander, when he reflected on the sufferings of his brave soldiers. Washington had the habit of praying to God for help and prosperity. A certain day Washington spent by himself alone in his chamber, and when he came out he looked unusually pallid. Then he related as follows:

"As I sat this afternoon writing and my mind was deeply weighed down with trouble, I discovered opposite me a most beautiful female form. I was much surprised for I had given most peremptory orders not to be disturbed by anyone. I could not, on the moment find words to inquire of this unlooked for visitor. Three or four times I inquired without receiving an answer. She only elevated her eyes a little. I now felt a most extraordinary sensation throughout my whole body. I would have risen up, but the staring of my mysterious visitor made me displeased with her. I attempted again to address her, but my tongue was tied. A certain unknown mysterious, irresistible power overpowered me. I was unable to do anything more than to stare at the apparition. By degrees the room became filled with a remarkable light, the image herself became suddenly luminous and bright. I now had the feeling of a dying person. I could not think, reflect, or move. I am only conscious of this fact, that I looked sternly on the vision.

"Here I heard the voice saying, 'Son of the republic, look and learn,' at the same time the figure stretched out her arm and pointed with her finger eastward. Transparent clouds arose in the distance; and these lifting themselves there was formed a most astonishing figure. Before me there spread all the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Before Europe and America I saw tremendous waves brandishing; and also between America and Asia. Again the voice repeated, 'Son of the republic look and learn.' Instantly I beheld a darksome image, as of an angel, poising between Europe and America. He dipped water with both hands, and with his right hand he poured it on America, and with his left hand he poured it on Europe. In a moment black clouds arose from both countries, which met half way upon the Atlantic. Here they tarried awhile and then moved westward, and then covered the terra firme of America. Livid lightnings flashed through the dark clouds I heard the deep groanings of the American people.

"Again the angel dipped and sprinkled water as before, then the dark clouds receded and sank into the ocean. Now for the third time I heard the voice, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' I looked up and saw in America populous towns and cities and improvements spreading from the borders of the Atlantic to the coast of the Pacific. Upon this the dark angel turned toward the south; and I saw a horrid grizzly specter approaching from Africa to our towns and lands. The population now part one against the other. As I contemplated this scene, I discovered an angel of light, and on his head he had a glorious crown with the word 'Union' inscribed. In his hand he bore the American banner and cried out, 'Remember you are brethren.' Immediately the armed hosts threw down their weapons, became friends, and marshaled under the Star Spangled Banner.

"Again I heard the mysterious sound, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' The second danger has passed over. And now I saw cities and towns and fields increasing in numbers till the whole land was thickly covered, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the people were as the stars of the firmament and the sands of the sea innumerable.

"Again I heard 'Son of the republic, the end of the century is approaching, look up and learn.' Upon this the dark angel set a trumpet to his mouth and blasted thrice and dipped water with his hands and poured it on Asia, Europe, and Africa. Now my eyes beheld a most terrible scene. From each of these countries arose black and heavy clouds which united in one great mass; through these spread furid lightning, and I beheld immense legions of armed multitudes marching and sailing towards America, which soon were enveloped in the black clouds. And now I beheld how these immense armies wasted and burned our towns and cities. And now I heard the thunder of cannon the furious clash of the swords, and the war shouts of millions encountered in deadly strife.

"I again heard the mysterous sound, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' After this the dark angel gave another loud, long and fearful blast. Now suddenly broke forth and dispersed the black clouds from over the American country. After this I saw the angel with the glorious crown inscribed 'Union' descending from heaven accompanied by legions of glorified spirits, having in one hand a sword and in the other the Star Spangled Banner.

Now again, amid the din of battle I heard the voice, 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' After the report of his voice, the dark angel for the last time, dipped water and sprinkled it on the American continent, when the dark clouds with their armies rolled back instantly, leaving the glorious victory to the Americans. Then I saw villages, towns and cities and improvements arise like magic, while the angel of light planted the Star Spangled Banner amid the vast multitudes of people and cried, 'As long as the stars of heaven endure and the dew falls upon the earth, so long shall this republic endure.' And while he took and set it upon the Star Spangled Banner, the vast multitudes bending under it, unitedly cried out, 'Amen!'

"Now by degrees the vision vanished, leaving nothing but the mysterious and very beautiful female figure, who once more said, 'Son of the republic, what thou hast seen is thus to be expounded: Three great and dangerous calamities will come over this republic; the second is the greatest. When this event shall come, then the whole world cannot conquor it. Now let every citizen of this republic learn to serve God, his fatherland, and the blessed Union. With these words the image disappeared. I arose from my chair with the full conviction that this was a revelation to me of the birth of this republic, its progress and its varied destinies."

All this history, says Mr. Sherman I myself heard from the mouth of Gen. Washington.

THE TARIFF IN SAN JUAN.

The New York Tribune of March 16th prints this special repost of how the passage of the Porto Rican tariff bill was received:

The first news of the passage of the Porto Rican tariff bill was received and published in "The San Juan News" of March 2. On the following day there were published in the same newspaper interviews with a number of leading business men of San Juan on the bill. Some of them follow:

George S. Latimer, of the firm of Latimer & Fernandez, believes that 15 per cent of the Dingley tariff will be better than free trade. He said to a "News" reporter: "I am pleased to have this matter of customs tariffs so nearly settled. It will bring about a great change for the better in the welfare of the island. The great trouble has been that business men have felt the uncertainity which has been prevalent because of the trade question. Now that the policy of the American Government is definitely known the present tension will be relieved and business will begin to boom."

Andres Crosas said: "I have talked with a number of business men on the Tariff bill and I can tell that they are all delighted to have the question so nearly settled. The uncertainty which has recently prevailed has ruined the business of the island."

Mr. Towns, of the Porto Rican American Tobacco Company: "We have never shipped any tobacco because we could not afford to ship under the Dingley tariff. As soon as we get the new factory up we will ship under the new 15 per cent tariff."

A. Berg said: "The 15 per cent tariff is a good thing. It reduces the tax on beer, but it will be made up on the internal revenue tax, I suppose."

Mr. Arnold, of the Colonial Bank, said: "Personally I should rather have had 25 per cent of the Dingley tariff. Fifteen per cent will not be enough for the needs of the island. Still, the main thing is to have this tariff question settled, and I am pleased to have had Congress pass favorably on the bill. Goods have been held back all over the island waiting for this tariff question to be settled. Now there will be a great deal of sugar and tobacco shipped which has been stored up."

De Ford & Co. are also of the opinion that 25 per cent would have been better for the interests of the people at large. They are, however, pleased with the 15 per cent bill, and believe it will to some extent relieve the present hard times.

"The News" editorily says: "The feeling is general that the passage of the bill is the best thing that could happen for Porto Rico. The majority of the business men think that the 15 per cent of the Dingley tariff duty is preferable to free trade with a high internal revenue.',

ON THE SAME BASIS.

The idea that legislation for Porto Rico is in no way connected with legislation for the Philippines, and that the legal relations of these two dependencies to the United States are in some way different, seems to be widely prevalent. Statements to this effect have been made frequently in the last few weeks. We notice one in "The Atlanta Constitution" which is prehaps a typical but more than usually definite presentation of that view. It says:

The attempt to make out an excuse for the taxing of Porto Rico because it would save us from possible complications in the Philippines fiscal system is not well taken. We are in Cuba, Luzon and Porto Rico under absolutely different conditions. We are under obligation to give independence to Cuba, which justifies us in treating the island as foreign. We are in Luzon through the fortune of war, awaiting a Congressional solution of what we are to do there. But in the case of Porto Rico, it has been formally and forever taken under our own flag, subject to no future condition. It stands in the same relation to the Union as does New Mexico or Arizona."

A reference to the Treaty of Paris will show that the Philippines are territory of the United States in exactly the same sense, and quite as irrevocably, as Porto Rico. The treaty reads: "Spain cedes to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies"; and in the next article it says: "Spain cedes to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands." The cession is absolute in both cases, and the provision that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress" applies to one as much as to the other. The Senate of the United States ratified that treaty and made it the supreme law of the land, and by that law the Philippines are just as much a part of the United States as Porto Rico. Porto Rico has no more "been formally and forever taken under our flag, subject to no future condition," than the Philippines. The fact that there is a war on hand in the latter does not make the least difference in its legal status. If Porto Rico is under the Constitution the Philippines are. If Porto Rico stands in the same relation to the Union as does New Mexico or Arizona, the Philippines do.

As a matter of fact, neither of the new acquisitions stands in that relation. New Mexico and Arizona were acquired subject to the promise in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo that they should "be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and be admitted at the proper time (to be judged by the Congress of the United States) to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States, according to the principles of the Constitution." Porto Rico and the Philippines have no such guarantee, but are by treaty remanded to the entire discretion of congress. If congress had the right pending admission of New Mexico and Arizona to the Union to govern them outside the Constitution, or if it has such a right respecting any territory whatever concerning which it has made no promises as a condition of acquirement, it can govern Porto Rico outside the Constitution. If it has no such power it cannot govern the Philippines ontside the Constitution, but must establish its domestic tariff there. What must be done in Porto Rico must be done in the Philippines. The constitutional necessities of the one are an absolute precedent for the other.—New York Tribune.

We have saved many doctor bills since we began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our home. We keep a bottle open all the time and whenever any of my family or myself begin to catch cold we begin to use the Cough Remedy, and as a result we never have to send away for a doctor and incur a large doctor bill, for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never fails to cure. It is certainly a medicine of great merit and worth.—D. S. Mearkle, general merchant and farmer, Mattie, Bedford county, Pa. For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

A. R. De Fluent, editor of the Journal, Doylestown, Ohio, suffered for a number of years from rheumatism in his right shoulder and side. He says: "My right arm at times was entirely useless. I tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was surprised to receive relief almost immediately. The Pain Balm has been a constant companion of mine ever since and it never fails." For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED DURING THE WEEK

Items of General Interest from all parts of the state

THE NEW TOWN IS BOOMING

Mines in the Blue River Country are Active. Men and Material are Pouring into Shaniko.

A temple of Rathbone sisters was organized at Brownsville last Friday evening.

Over one-half of the Enger hop-yard near Brownsville will be plowed up, and the remainder will not be cultivated this season.

"Cattle-buyers are as thick as bees in this county," says the Tillamook Herald, "They are after yearlings and 2-year-olds principally, but will buy anything that wears hair."

March 19, P. L. Ham bought R. Campbell's ranch of about 1000 acres of fine land half way between Lone Rock and Condon, the consideration being $3,500. Mr. Ham expects to stock it with cattle.

A plan for digging an experimental artesian well is suggested in Lake county. Two hundred land owners are to contribute $3.00 each. The fund of $600 thus raised is estimated to be ample for prospecting for water on the desert plains.

The Hood River Fruitgrowers' Union announces that letters from market points indicate that strawberries will be in good demand, and conditions will be such that "selling on track" in carloads will be possible in the first part of the season.

A Marshfield schoolteacher requests that citizens, parents especially, visit the school during working days, and adds that "they would be much better able to form an opinion as to the merits of our work than they would on observing us in holiday attire."

Harney is one of the most prosperous counties of Oregon, or the entire west, says the Burns News. We have not exporting manufactories, and we have use for our own cereals. But our old cows and our sheep have eaten their fill of green grass in summer and of Harney hay in winter, and vast has been the result thereof.

It is rumored about Arlington, says the Ione Post that there is a move on foot to take off another slice from the south end of Gilliam county and add it to Wheeler, thus assuring Fossil sufficient strength to get the county seat of Wheeler county and hold it. This move will meet with strong opposition in Gilliam county, and deserves to be defeated.

W. H. Moore, of Moro, tells the Leader that 100 persons are employed on different works in progress in the new town of Shaniko. They all board and sleep in tents. There is only one wooden building yet erected, and that is a mere temporary shack which is used as a saloon. Men and materials are pouring into the new town every day.

P. G. Morris the defaulting treasurer of Linn county has been tried and convicted. He had held the office two terms but failed of a nomination for a third term in 1898. The singular thing about the matter is the convicted man does not know what became of the money. It appears to be a case of a public favorite getting office when he was not by education fitted for discharging the duties of the place.

A great deal of attention is attracted by a display of gold nuggets in the window of a Grants Pass bank from the Oscar creek mine, owned by Hayes, Jewell & Moore. The gold fills a pieplate to the rim, and is all coarse and bright in color. The largest nugget is worth $242, while at least a dozen others run $25 to $75 each. The total value is over $1,500 and it is only part of the clean up of this mine, which has always been known for its large gold.

Miners coming out from the Blue River country report activity increasing in the mines. A great deal of development work on a number of claims has already been announced and is finishing with energy. There seems to be a determination to open up these mines and get them in a paying condition as soon as possible. At least two new stamp mills will be put up soon as the roads shall be in condition for transporting heavy machinery. The mountains now are almost entirely free from snow, except on north slopes and in heavy timber, and prospectors find it little hindrance to them in their work.