

Hillsboro Independent.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1901.

No. 12

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.
Governor.....T. T. Gresham
Secretary of State.....F. L. Dunbar
Supr. Public Instruction.....J. H. Ackerman
State Printer.....W. H. Leeds
Supreme Court.....Chas. E. W. W. W. W.
Judge 11th District.....T. A. McRae
Attorney Fifth District.....Harrison Allen

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge.....L. A. Hood
Commissioners.....J. Q. A. Young
.....E. J. Ward
.....Geo. A. Morgan
Recorder.....John W. Newell
Treasurer.....Ralph L. Wann
Assessor.....Geo. H. Willcox
School Superintendent.....H. A. Ross
Surveyor.....T. A. McRae
Coroner.....W. P. Via

OREGON CITY LAND OFFICE.

Chas. H. Moore.....Register
Wm. Galloway.....Receiver

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor.....F. A. Bailey
John Northrup
Board of Trustees.....J. P. Tamm
.....John Dennis
.....E. C. Brown
.....Wm. H. Mann
Recorder.....Benton Bowman
Treasurer.....Sam'l Everett
Marshal.....W. T. Atkinson
Justice of Peace.....J. P. Randall

POST OFFICE INFORMATION.

The mails close at the Hillsboro Post Office, daily:
Glenwood, West Union, Bathary and Cedar Hill, at 7:30 a. m.
Going to Portland and way-offices, 8:55 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. O. K. Sunday at 8:30 p. m. All services will be short, bright, interesting and helpful. Everyone cordially welcome.
EVAN P. HUGHES, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.—Corner Fifth and First streets. Preaching every Sunday at 8 p. m.; every Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. G. H. Phelps, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH. S. H. Greenlee, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening. Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 a. m. General prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Leaders and stewards meeting the third Tuesday evening of each month.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching 1st and 4th Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.
K. H. SIC KAPOSE, Pastor.

Daughters of Rebekah.
HILLSBORO REBEKAH LODGE NO. 54, I. O. O. F. meetings in Odd Fellows' Hall every Friday evening.

M. W. A.
HILLSBORO CAMP NO. 840, MEETS every 2nd and 4th Saturday night, at Wehrung's hall.

A. O. U. W.
HILLSBORO LODGE NO. 61, A. O. U. W. Meets every first and third Friday evening each month.

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

I. O. O. F.
MONTICUMA LODGE, NO. 60, meets Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, I. O. F. Hall. Visitors made welcome.

Degree of Honor.
THE DEGREE OF HONOR A. O. U. W. Meets in Wehrung's hall every first and third Friday evening of each month.

Rathbone Sisters.
PHOENIX TEMPLE NO. 16, R. S. Meets every 2nd and 4th Friday in each month at 7:30 o'clock in Wehrung's hall.

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.
TRIALITY LODGE NO. 6, A. F. & A. M. Meets every Saturday night on or after 1st moon of each month.

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

GEN. RANSOM.
MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL ON the first and third Fridays of each month, at 8 o'clock, p. m.

GEN. RANSOM POST, NO. 69, G. A. R.
MEETS IN ODD FELLOWS HALL ON the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 2:30 o'clock, p. m.

Mounts for stamp pictures at the Independent office, 1 doz and a half for 5 cts.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOS. H. & E. B. TONGUE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Rooms 3, 4, & 5, Morgan Block.

W. N. HARRETT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Central Block, Rooms 6 and 7.

BENTON BOWMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Rooms 6 and 7, Morgan block.

H. T. HAGLEY,
ATTORNEY AND
COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Over Delta Drug Store.

JOHN M. WALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Bailey-Morgan Block, Rooms 1 & 2.

S. T. LINKLATER, M. D. C. S.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: at residence, east of court house, where he will be found at all hours when not visiting patients.

J. P. TAMMIE, D. D.,
S. P. R. SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: corner Third and Main Streets. Office hours, 8:30 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone residence from "Block & Sale" Druggists at all hours. All calls promptly attended, night or day.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Office Morgan-Haley Block, over stairs, rooms 12, 13 and 15. Residence, S. W. Cor. Base Line and Second streets. Both 'Phones.

J. E. ADKINS,
DENTIST,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
Office in Union block over Pharmacy.

R. NIXON,
DENTIST,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
Rest. art. x-ray teeth \$3.50 per set. Cement and Amalgam fillings 50 cents each. Gold fillings from \$1 up. Vitalized air for painless extraction.
Office: Three doors north of Brick store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

THROUGH UTAH AND COLORADO.
The ideal trip to the east during the heat of summer is via the Rio Grande Western and Denver & Rio Grande Railroads, the far-famed "Scenic Line of the World." The extremes of temperature are never met, and passengers are sure of having a delightfully cool ride through the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and a view by daylight of scenery which is nowhere surpassed.

If desired, a stop enroute may be made at quaint and picturesque Salt Lake City, the "City of the Saints," Glenwood Springs, Leadville, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Denver, or any intermediate point.

There are three daily trains leaving Salt Lake City for all points east, which have close connections from the Northwest via either O. R. & N. Co., or the Southern Pacific Co. These trains are equipped with Through Sleepers (Standard and Tourist), Free Reclining Chair Cars and a perfect Dining Car Service.

Personally Conducted Excursions, in charge of competent and courteous managers, are run several times a week without change of cars to Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all intermediate cities.

Tickets are on sale at all Railroad Ticket offices. For further information and cheapest rates, apply to

J. D. MANSFIELD,
General Agent,
124 Third St., Portland, Oregon.

Base ball players should use The Delta Liniment, as it cures sprains and bruises, toughens the hands and keeps the fingers supple.

The Gunmaker Of Moscow

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"I don't know,"
"Ah, you still forget, eh?"
"I never knew."

"A most strange forgetfulness, I must confess. Let the interpreters be adjusted!"

"Oh, mercy! Don't murder me!"

But no notice was taken of his cries. The straps and conical cups were adjusted and the chain drawn tight. At the first turn of the self-acting screw the fellow shrieked. It was not so much with the present pain as with the fear of what was to come. The very presence of the effect upon his mind than it had upon his companion.

At a second pull of the chain he groaned and begged for mercy. He had heard of this dark place, and he fancied that men who came there seldom went away alive.

"Hark ye, base wretch," the monk said, "if you do not tell me where the young gunmaker is I'll have you torn limb from limb. Another pull, there!"

As the wrench came again the villain fairly shouted with pain.

"Oh, let me go! Let me go! I'll tell all!"

"Then tell. You leave not this place alive until you have told."

"He is—O God! He is—in the old bath!"

"Where?"

"The duke's bath, on the pass of Tula!"

"Whereabouts there?"

"In the lowest, farthest vault. Oh, spare!"

Vladimir waved his hand, and the quaking wretch was freed from his torture.

"Now conduct them both to the dungeons and lock them up. They must not run at large for the present. Let them be secure."

"No, no," cried Viska, who had been brought back. "You were to let me go if I told you."

"Not free, sir," said Vladimir.

"But you have no right to hold me thus. I am nearly dead with pain now where you have torn my hands in pieces. By the—"

"Silence, dog! My authority here is my power. My right is my might. I have you, and I will keep you. Were I to let you go I might not have the power to catch you again, as legal officers could. Lead them off, and then we'll turn our attention to the duke's bath!"

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE DUKE'S BATH.

Ruric Nevel could keep no account of time. Darkness, and darkness only, dwelt with him in his prison house—darkness so utter that the only effect of opening the eyes was the nervous reality of the motion. In fact, 'twas lighter with the eyes closed than with them opened, for when tightly closed

there were peculiar fantastic shapes floating in the imagination, and even this was a relief. And then there was a sort of kaleidoscopic succession of colors when the lids were tightly pressed that seemed grateful to the nerves and gave variety to the mind. But when the eyes were open only a cold, impenetrable blackness was present, within which there were no shapes, no forms, save the one form of utter chaos.

Ruric felt sure he had been there four days, and at times it appeared longer than that. Food and drink had been brought to him thrice, and he was now without both. His strength had not yet left him, though there were pains in his limbs and a chilling sensation about the heart. He had broken the rope from his arms on the first day of his confinement, and he had hoped to overcome the man who brought him food and drink and thus make his escape, but no human being had yet come in to him. His food had been passed in through a small wicket.

"And this is the end of life!" he murmured to himself as he paced slowly to and fro across the dungeon. "Thus ends all the hopes of youth, and here the prayers of a lifetime must close in one last hope—one hope of heaven when earth has passed away! My mother, no farewell can reach thee from the lips of thy son. He will lie down in the dark slumber of death, and thou shalt not know his resting place! And thou, loved one—oh, thou fondly cherished, wildly worshipped—thy smiles can shine no more for me! Oh, Rosalind, would that I could see thee but once—that once more I might press thee to my bos-

om and bid thee remember me when I am gone! Had I never seen thee I might not be here now! And yet, O God, for life itself I would not wipe away the written story of that holy love from my heart!"

The thought of Rosalind came heavily upon him. All else he could give up in a higher hope than that of earth, but for her he held a strange fear. She would be another.

"And must it be so?" he continued after some minutes of painful reflection. "Alas, she will be nothing to me hereafter! My mother will know her son, but Rosalind will know another! And yet she may carry the old love with her always. She may never forget it. Oh, could I but once!"

He stopped suddenly, for he heard a footfall in the low passage close by the dungeon. He listened, and he heard more. There were several feet, and soon he heard voices. He moved back to the extremity of the vault and listened. The feet stopped, and the sound of grating iron, like the drawing of a bolt, was heard. Soon afterward the door was opened, and the light from a lantern flashed into the place. For a few moments the prisoner was blind by the sudden transition, but by degrees he overcame the difficulty and was able to look up.

The first object upon which his eyes fell was the humpbacked priest, Savotano. There were four others behind him, but Ruric noticed them not yet. He saw before him the man whom he believed to be the instrument of his suffering, and with one bound he reached him and felled him to the floor.

"Hold!" cried one of the others, who held the lantern. "We have come to conduct thee out from here."

"Hail! Say ye so?"

"Most surely we have."

"Then stand aside and let me go."

"Just as you say. The doors are open, and you may go. You may follow us, or you may go in advance."

"Then lead on," returned Ruric, "and I will follow."

"As you say."

Thus speaking, the man assisted the priest to his feet and led him out from the cell. In a few moments more the others went out also, and Ruric prepared to follow. He heard the priest cursing, but he noticed that one of the others led him off. The youth stepped forth into the passage, but he did not place the fullest confidence in what he had heard. He reached the foot of the stairs, and the others were nearly up. He started to follow them and had nearly gained the top when a quick, lightninglike shadow flitted before him. He would have started back, but 'twas too late. There came a blow upon his head, and with a dull, crashing sensation, he sank down. He realized that he was turned over and that a rope was being lashed about his arms.

But the prisoner had not been fully stunned. He returned to consciousness as they lifted him to his feet, and his first impulse was to try to force his bonds asunder, but this he could not do. He gazed up at them, and he found only two men with him, and they wore masks upon their faces. They were stout, powerful men, and their very bearing was murderous, and his heart sank within him.

"Come," said one of them. "You'll go with us. We won't force you if you'll walk."

"But where?" asked the youth.

"What mean you?"

"You'll see when you get there. But there's no time to waste, so come."

What could the prisoner do? His hands were firmly bound behind him, and his great strength availed not a bit. He knew that he could not resist, so he simply bowed his head in token of submission and prepared to follow his conductors.

They left him not to follow at will. They took him by either arm and thus led him off. He remembered the room into which he had been first conducted on the evening of his capture, but he was not detained there. From here a long corridor led off to where a wing of the building had been partly torn away, and they soon came to a large circular apartment, in the center of which was a deep basin where in years gone by people had been wont to bathe. The walls looked grim and ragged by the feeble rays of the

VALUE OF PERSONALITY.

It is not often that a man so wrapped up in the business affairs of this world as James J. Hill, the great railway magnet, takes time to offer advice to young men and women on how to succeed in life especially upon so broad and commonsense lines as laid down in a recent interview where he put stress upon the importance of getting a good personality.

"Always remember that, next to honor, the quality that counts the most is personality," says Mr. Hill. "Many will tell you that personality is a gift just as surely as is the art of composing music. Let me assure you that nothing else can be acquired so easily as personality, if one has the mind and the inclination to acquire it. A bad temper, sour disposition—becoming cross and petulant when denied your way, speaking with sharpness when a kind word can just as easily be uttered, and letting anger have its way—are faults that may be overcome if one earnestly and persistently tries to do so. They hinder the acquirement of a desirable personality, and so lessen one's advancement, and, more than all besides, they shorten life. Personality is nothing if it is not the companion of politeness."

"No man wants to keep a person in his employ who is not polite. Never let a harsh or impolite personality be the weak link in the chain of your qualities. If it is you can rest assured that it is the easiest link to strengthen. I do not mean to infer that one should be maudlin and putty-like in order to produce personality, or that he should assume politeness. Such a position or attempt never exalts a man; it simply makes him appear false in the eyes of his employer. Nature made all of us to act naturally. A bad temper can be expurgated the same as any other vice. Don't confound anger and firmness. We admire a man who can assert his rights and stand by them, and we more than respect a man who can say 'No' with vigor and purpose, when 'No' should be said; but we rightly despise a person who scolds and vociferates."

EXCLUSION MARE'S NEST.

It is apparent there will be some opposition to Chinese exclusion on business grounds. Already in New York City a movement is on foot to secure more liberal treatment of Chinese merchants and others visiting this country. It is claimed that the cotton industry of the South depends on China for a market for half the output of cloth and in case China should retaliate because of our restrictions the South and the New England States would enter into vigorous competition for control of the home market which now belongs to the New England states. It is further asserted that our iron and steel industries are gaining a strong foothold in China and that for this country to ask for China's trade and at the same time bar their people from our shores will not sit well on China's commercial stomach.

There is more noise than danger in these assertions. We want China's silks and satins, teas and products. China is now and always will be just as anxious to get our cotton goods as our iron and steel which they can buy cheaper in the United States than anywhere else. The Chinaman is one of the shrewdest business men and bargain drivers and no condition will arise through enactment of stringent exclusion laws by this country that could persuade him to not buy of us provided we offered him the best bargain for his money.

The fears of New York capital are groundless.

There are some Oregon papers that continually harp on the "unfairness" and "dangers" of the present tariff policy and make us exceedingly weary. They remind us of several republican papers and republican orators of this state becoming suddenly enthusiastic and hurrahing for free silver in the early '90s, and then as suddenly crawling-shin. They sneer at President Roosevelt because he advances the opinion that the creation of great corporate fortunes is not due to tariff nor to any other governmental action, but to natural causes in the business world. The thinking people believe as does the president and are not anxious to enter into radical changes in the present tariff system and break the even tenor of business. Theoretical newspapers do not voice the sentiment of the masses on this subject. Republican papers now demanding

sweeping reductions will soon be heard vociferously declaring that the republican party, the true friend of labor, the deadly foe of the advocate of patches, is not a free trade organization.—Woodburn Independent.

The \$10,000 subsidy has been raised and the Dallas-Lackiamute railroad will be built. If the Salem-Silverton line is made to go, surely the gap between Dallas and Salem can also be provided with a track. A continuous line from Falls City to Silverton via Salem would be a splendid achievement, and the prospects are fair that it will be accomplished.

Food Changed to Poison.

Putrefying food in the intestines produces effect like those of arsenic, but Dr. King's New Life Pills cures, gently, easily but surely, curing constipation, biliousness, sick headache, fevers, all liver, kidney and bowel troubles. Only 25c at Delta Drug Store.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

Something New Under The Sun.

All Doctors have tried to cure catarrh by the use of powders, acid gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of catarrh, has at last perfected a treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures catarrh, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "Snuffles," the guaranteed catarrh cure, and is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"Snuffles" is the only perfect catarrh cure ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve hay fever or cold in the head.

Catarrh when neglected often leads to consumption—"Snuffles" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure catarrh in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once and write full particulars as to your condition and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "Snuffles" the "guaranteed catarrh cure."

Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of one dollar. Address Dept. E 750, Edwin B. Giles & Company, 2530 and 2532 Market Street, Philadelphia.

An Evangelist's Story.

"I suffered for years with a bronchial or lung trouble and tried various remedies but did not obtain permanent relief until I commenced using One Minute Cough Cure" writes Rev. James Kirkman, an evangelist of Belle River, Ill. "I have no hesitation in recommending it to all sufferers from maladies of this kind."

One Minute Cough Cure affords immediate relief for cough, colds and all kinds of throat and lung troubles. For croup it is unequalled. Absolutely safe. Very pleasant to take, never fails and is really a favorite with the children. They like it.

Of Benefit to You.

D. S. Mitchell, of Fulford, Md., "During a long illness I was troubled with bed sores, was advised to try DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and did so with wonderful results. I was perfectly cured. It is the best salve on the market. Delta Drug Store.

Saved His Life.

Geo. W. Lane, Pawamio, Mich., writes: "Your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the best remedy for indigestion and stomach trouble that I ever used. For years I suffered from dyspepsia, at times compelling me to stay in bed and causing me untold agony. I am completely cured by Kodol Dyspepsia cure. In recommending it to friends who suffer from indigestion, I always offer to pay for it if it fails. Thus far I have never paid." Delta Drug Store.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Elder J. A. Campbell, who has been pastor for several years of the North Yamhill Christian church has resigned. The Record does not state where he is going.

Johnathan Bourne of Portland is buying mining property in Siskiyou county California. That is the first county in the state after A-hand, Jackson county is passed.

The city of Portland is negotiating for the purchase of the Albina Water plant. The price named by the owner is \$200,000. The city has not yet been able to think of more than \$150,000.

There are more coyotes in Baker County than in any other county of the state. Bonuses are paid on 100 scalps per month. One boy last spring took 16 scalps in one day. Idaho joins Baker and does not pay a bounty on scalps.

North Yamhill is soon to be lighted with electricity. The generating dynamo will be located at Trullinger's mill, which is on the North Yamhill river, about two and one-half miles out of town. The "juice" goes to the town on wires.

The Albany Herald has this lumber item: "The investment of about \$200,000 in timber lands adjacent to Albany by the Curtis Lumber Co. and Wright, Blodgett & Kelly, of Michigan, is an indication that a big lumbering industry will be built up in this part of Oregon in the near future."

The Willamette steamboat "Ruth" struck a snag while going from one landing place to another at Corvallis last week and sunk in three minutes. The water was not deep enough to cover the craft when resting on the bottom but the cargo, flour and dried prunes, were wet and will be a total loss. The passengers got off without a wetting.

Mr. C. Gazley, the well-known prune buyer, is in Corvallis and purchased the entire output of Benton County Prune Co. for the present year, amounting to about a quarter of a million pounds. Shipments to the eastern markets will begin at once. This is perhaps the largest prune sale of the season in Oregon.—Roseburg Review.

A queer spasm of reform has struck Portland. Along in the fall the gambling houses were closed. A week or ten days ago the "fraternity" heard a whisper that the police were blind. The hint was sufficient and the dens were opened. Gambling lasted for three days and was then prohibited. After a time the games were again spread, then closed. Some one is monkeying with the tiger.

The mechanical building at the State Reform School was burned last week. The fire was lighted in paint room as a result of spontaneous combustion of oil saturated rags. Loss \$30,000, which may be total because of a defect in writing the insurance policy. The policy reads "on the main building and adjoining structures." While the mechanical building was near, it did not join the main house. A loop hole. See it?

An action at law has been commenced against W. L. Warren, ex-sheriff of Yamhill county, to recover \$1,758.97 shown by Clark & Buchanan to be due from tax collections made between 1890 and 1894. Those "experts" reported that the total delinquency of Henderson is \$4,144.45.

The defendant does not know why the whole amount was not sued for. He says he has paid nothing and claims that he owes nothing. He will vigorously defend the action.

The Eugene Guard states that the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company's mills in Linn county are all running to their full capacity, filling orders, which are very plentiful. There are plenty of cars on hand now and thousands of feet of the finest lumber in the world is being shipped by the company every day. One day this week the big Wendling mill, which has a rated capacity of 150,000 feet per day, turned out 180,000 feet in ten hours, which is the best run ever made at the mill. Coburg mill is sawing 1,000,000 feet every eight days. The Springfield and Saginaw mills are also doing their share of the work. Tom Gilliam's big drive of 7,500,000 feet of logs for the Coburg mill was yesterday let out of the boom at the mouth of the McKenzie river into the McKenzie. Some of the logs are already in the race at the mill and it is expected that within five days from the time they left the boom they will all have reached their destination ready for the saw.

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