

Hillsboro Independent.

Vol. XXIX.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1902.

No. 44

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

W. N. BARRETT,
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.

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

S. T. LINKLATER, M. D., C. C. M.
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, M. D., J.
S. P. R. R. SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, REG. N.
Office and residence: corner Third and Main streets. Office hours, 9:30 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone to residence from "Block & Bell" drugstore at all hours. All calls promptly attended, night or day.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Office: Morgan-Bailey block, up stairs, rooms 12, 13 and 14. Residence, S. W. Cor. First 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. SIXON,
DENTIST,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
Dental art, dental teeth \$3.00 per set. Cement and amalgam fillings 50 cents each. Gold fillings from \$1.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction.
Office: three doors north of brick store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

THE GRAND CANON OF THE ARIZONA.

Easiest of access among all the canyons of Colorado, being situated on the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande between Canon City and Salida in the front range of the Rockies, is the most spectacular, awe-inspiring and magnificent. Down this mighty cleft in the heart of the granite rock-barrier rush the raging waters of the Arkansas River, lashed into foaming fury and dashed into spuming spray by its swift descent through the tortuous defile. So narrow is the passage at one point that there was no room for both the road and river, and therefore a curiously constructed bridge of steel had to be thrown lengthwise of the stream, suspended from iron supports mortised into the canon walls on each side to the right and left. And right here can be seen the climax of all the canon's grandeur, that which has been aptly called "The Royal Gorge." For two thousand six hundred feet the solid monoliths soar upward—five times as lofty as the Washington Monument, the highest permanent structure reared by the hand of man. No words can adequately describe the magnificence of the scene. Only those who have beheld its glories can appreciate them.

This is but one of the many wonders of nature revealed to the traveler on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, "The Scenic Line of the World."

For detailed information about this most delightful trip to the East, Address J. D. Mansfield, Gen'l Agt, Rio Grande System, Portland, Oregon.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

Ten Years' Trial

By Brig. General Charles King

CHAPTER I.

The sunshine of a glorious autumn morning was slanting along the valley of the Pawnee, throwing bold shadows into the flats and lighting the landscape for miles with crimson and gold. The dew sparkling on the wild "bull" berry bushes, on tufted buffalo grass and tiny flowerets mantled the bluffs with diamonds and was still so strong as to defy its one enemy, the sun god. The frost had smitten the scant foliage on the banks of the winding stream, and the leaves had donned their glorious hues, setting forth their richest colors as the swan reserves its song to meet the universal conqueror. The mist rose slowly from the silent, shallow pools, and from distant village and from the neighboring heights the smoke of chimneys or campfires soared straight to the sky. It was a morning to send the blood leaping through young veins and to brighten the eye of age, a morning in which all nature seemed to rejoice and all mankind to thank God for the joy of living. Yet in the midst of a scene of such peace and health and hope there stood alone a man, still young, from whose face hope, peace, even health, apparently, had fled and whose attitude was one of utter grief and dejection. He was leaning against a branching willow, gazing into the depths of the broad pool of the Pawnee just above the rapids with God alone knows what thoughts seething through his brain, when the silence of the morning was broken by sudden, stirring sound. Close at hand from the willows across the stream there rang out loud and clear the call of a cavalry trumpet, followed almost instantly by the appearance of half a dozen horsemen moving at steady walk from a break in the timber and descending the gentle slope to the ford. Foremost rode a powerfully built soldier in the field uniform of the United States horse, behind, side by side, came two young soldiers, all three evidently officers. Then followed a brace of troopers—orderlies or groomsmen—and a jaunty lad with the yellow braids and glittering trumpet slung through the saddle. Straight through the ford the leader splashed, looking neither to right nor left, the sunlight peering under his hat brim and cresting with gold his bushy eyebrows and gleaming mustache. Straight at his heels followed his little party, and then from the same opening in the willows there burst into view the head of a column of cavalry, moving at the same measured pace and with the same erect and martial bearing.

At the first sound of the trumpet the lonely figure at the edge of the pool dashed back out of view and, bending low, stood where by peering through the bushes the column could be kept in sight, but when a moment later the fluttering guidon of the foremost troop came suddenly flouting into the sunshine, all its brilliant color instantly dulled, some intense emotion seemed to seize upon the lonely watcher, rising to his full height, with his clinched hands thrown above his head, he whirled about and, with an inarticulate cry, sank like a stricken bull to earth and lay face downward and buried in his arms, his whole form shaken with sobs.

Troop after troop, until the fourth had passed, the squadron crossed the ford and moved steadily up the southward slope, following a winding road that led to the group of buildings crowning the height, and still the young man lay there. Over beyond the low line of bluff to the west a cloud of dust began to rise, and there was sound of martial music. A tall figure, looking like a slim white arrow, pierced the sky line from that westward crest, and the little bit of bunting fluttering at its summit was suddenly seized, only to be replaced a moment later by a symbol that told it was some unusual occasion at the post, the arrival perhaps of some dignitary of superior rank, and in confirmation of this view, as the great garrison flag swung up to the head of the staff, the earth trembled and the boom of a battery salute thrummed on the ear. Even then there was no change in the attitude of the sufferer unless it were that he buried his face still deeper in his arms, but all of a sudden he started, half raised his head and listened.

Somewhere up stream a clear, powerful voice was shouting:

"Langdon! Eric, old chap! For God's sake, where are you?"

Hurriedly the listener drew his handkerchief hard across his eyes, shaking

his head in the effort to pull himself together. But he gave no answer. Presently the call was repeated, louder, nearer, and now bounding hoof beats could be heard.

"Eric, I say! Eric!"

There was something almost commanding in the cry, and still no answer came from the man, who evidently recognized both voice and name, to whom indeed the former seemed to bring a bit of hope or help or comfort, for the utter despair in his pale, and face was lightened the very next trifle. Yet he turned again toward the river, as though resolute to ignore the summons.

The next instant, glad and winsome in the sunshine at the edge of the timber, there galloped into sight a young officer whose brave blue eyes and ruddy cheeks and fair, crisply curling hair would have favored more than a single glance, while the grace of his strong yet slender form and his capital seat in saddle would have made him marked even among a score of his fellows. He rode with utter abandon, leaping his mettlesome, excited horse over the few obstacles along the fringe of willows as though he and his steed had wings and this was easy as flying.

"Eric! Eric! Langdon, I say!" rang out the brave young voice once more, and then, as the gleam of the sunshine shot through the willows, his eagerly searching eyes caught sight of the lone figure, the object of his morning quest.

In an instant he had sprung from saddle.

"Eric—you—you"—he began in almost boyish eagerness. "Stand where you are, Ronald!" he commandingly spoke to his beautiful horse and then, unhesitatingly leaping him, without fastening of any kind, fairly leaped into the timber and to the side of his friend. Whipping off his gauntlet, he held forth his bare hand.

"Remember Old Spot's story, Eric; what we used to hear from those cavalry fellows—never give a gloved hand if you want to talk business with Indian or friend? Old man, you—you," and for a moment he paused partly for breath, partly for words, and the bright blue eyes seemed suspiciously near brimming, "you've given me a bad night and a awful morning. If it hadn't been for Melville, God bless him, I don't know what I'd done. I saw I was just all upset. He said, 'You may find him down by the river.' He said there'd be half an hour before review and for me to tell you for him, by heaven!"—and here the young soldier's emotion was too much for his eyes—"that you mustn't think of going until he had a chance to say a word of friendship. Eric, what more do you need to keep you from giving us all the slip?"

Almost impulsively the older turned, tears starting into his own haggard eyes.

"Did Melville say that, Rodney? Do you—you're not making it better than he did—God bless him anyhow—in your loyal effort to comfort me?"

"Swear to it, Eric, if need be, and I know it's what you deserve to hear." Then, with careful smile: "Even if you did try to pull out without giving any fellow a chance, I missed you just after I—just after the Brocktons' function broke up. Woodrow and I scooted over to your room the moment we could get away, and there was your luggage all packed, but no sign of you, only old Hurricane brooding at the back. Listen! I may tell Melville's call. Eric, I may tell Melville you'll come? Steady there, Ronald!" he interjected, for the spirited charger, well knowing the call, had whirled about and was pawing and snorting in manifest impatience. His owner moved to his side, but his eyes never left the form of his friend.

It was a moment before the latter could speak. Alighting the young lieutenant vaulted into saddle and was



A brilliant spectacle lay before the eyes of Eric Langdon.

at once careening and controlling his pet, who was fretting and plunging in his eagerness to gallop to his place "in battery."

"May, tell the major I thank him with all my heart. I shall be there."

And now Ronald sprang away like a deer, shooting up the slope toward the west as though life had no higher joy than a hand gallop. Lieutenant May turned in the saddle to wave a friendly hand to the figure standing at the edge of the willows. Then horse and rider, in long, easy curve rounded the shoulder of the bluff and skinned out of sight.

Half an hour later a brilliant specta-

WHY A SOCIALIST.

(To the Editor.)—Will you permit me to say to the farmers and readers of your paper why I am a socialist, and why I think every man who tills the land should do all in his power to inaugurate socialism?

I trust I have not labored and struggled for an existence for more than 60 years and to enrich those who produce nothing without becoming conscious of the fact, yet I must admit that I was 40 years old before I perceived that, under our present method of production and distribution, the producers of wealth must, under our present economic system, forever struggle in poverty. Here I must digress a moment. History shows too plainly that the laws enacted by all nations have been in the interest of the few, and against the many; also that the governing power never lets go its hold upon the governed until they have arisen and united their power and broken the hold of their oppressors, nor can it be expected that they ever will, for the surface is all quiet until there is an uprising beneath. Those who produce the most wealth of nations have but a meagre subsistence. They must, if they would have better conditions, make the laws. Those who know that there is a debt of forty-five billion against the people of the United States, drawing at least two billions interest per annum, do not need to be told that there is something radically wrong in our exchange system. There are but few that are struggling now with small farms without the necessary machinery to enable them to compete with the large land owner that can make more than a bare subsistence. It is claimed that those who can command the necessary machinery can produce a bushel of wheat at a cost of three cents, while it costs the average farmer three cents to thresh a bushel. It is impossible for the ordinary farmer to compete with the large farmer, hence his interest must be sacrificed. If we continue our present method of competition it will only be a short time until there will be a wheat raising trust, and a potato raising trust, in fact, a trust in every field of production, while the great free and wealth producing millions will be serfs. When that time arrives we will be deprived of even the privilege of voting, hence the necessity of immediate and independent action on the part of those who produce the wealth of the world. There is not the slightest hope of help from either of the old parties, for those who own the wealth and hold the bonds of the people, control both the old parties, and they will never give up their hold on the laborer of the country until forced to do so. We remember the Southern slave holder, if the e. had ever been a time in the history of nations when the rulers of men, of their own free will, took a step forward there might be hope in trusting to them, but you, Mr. Editor, must be aware that rulers are immensely practical. They are not dreamers, hence there can be no reform in them unless it be to combine their interests, avoid competition and thereby secure greater profits and more wealth with less risk. That, I must admit, is commendable, but they do not propose by so doing to lighten the burden of the toiler who produces the wealth. They can, with the aid of machinery, produce a wagon at a cost of \$12 or \$14, or a pair of shoes in twenty minutes. They have no idea of making a corresponding reduction in the length of time it takes the consumer to pay for them. No, that is the consumer's business. It is their business to use the power of the government to open new fields for exploitation, while the toilers of their own nation go to the gallies, fill poor houses, prisons and insane asylums.

All this has no terrors for the practical man. The dreamer must find the remedy for all the evils that afflict humanity. The socialists are the dreamers now. They propose that if it takes but twenty minutes to make a pair of shoes, or six days' labor to build a wagon that the consumer shall only be required to give the same amount of time in exchange for it, and thereby do away with the necessity for debt, jails and poor houses.

It is time that the producers of wealth do his own thinking and not be misled longer by the sophistries of the hired politicians, of those who think it no crime to rob labor of its earnings, and I would kindly ask every farmer to investigate the demands of the socialists. The popu-

list demands were good and socialist, but they did not cover sufficient ground. I supported them with all my power until the democratic party got control, then I had no further hope for the success of the demands, and left the party immediately.

A. O. BROWN.

Can't Keep It Secret.

The splendid work of Dr. King's New Life Pills is daily coming to light. No such grand remedy for Liver and Bowel troubles was ever known before. Thousands bleed from curing Constipation, Sick-Headache, Biliousness, Jaundice and Indigestion. Try them. 25c at Delta Drug Store.

Practically Starving.

"After using a few bottles of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure my wife received perfect and permanent relief from a severe and chronic case of stomach trouble," says J. R. Holly, real estate insurance and loan agent, of Macomb, Ill. "Before using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure she could not eat an ordinary meal without intense suffering. She is now entirely cured. Several physicians and many remedies had failed to give relief." You don't have to diet. Eat any good food you want, but don't overload the stomach. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will always digest it for you. Delta Drug Store.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

H Hamilton to Amelia Sherwood 160 a sec 8 1 r n 5.....\$ 850
D C Miller to J R Rehr 4 a Eruddale ad Forest Grove..... 250
John M Wall to Chris Peters 1 a 10 blk 40 Cornelius..... 800
D K Halpruner to T W Thompson tract 35 a sec 32 1 r 3..... 350
Jacob Womelsdorf to Anna E Hagey 12 blk 5 Sherwood..... 60
Chas Caulfield to B Ellis 4 1/2 a in Reids ad Hillsboro..... 200
Myrtle J Porter to Mary J Porter pt blk 10 Forest Grove..... 400
A Nickerson to Lott M Hoffmann tract R S Tupper d 1 e..... 503
Polly A Brunson to Kate Wheeler 2 a blk K Fairview ad Hillsboro..... 400
R S Bullock to John and Willis Ireland 60 a sec 3 2 n 4 w..... 500
W A Scott to H Bishop 2 a sec 16 1 r 1 w..... 30
Geo Weidner to Mary Austin 1/2 27, 35 and 40 Cornelius Environments..... 2400
Oregon Iron and Steel Co to L Galbreath 1988 a on the Tualatin..... 497
J E Bailey to J W Brown 6 a Firwood farm..... 300
J W Brown to Oscar Baldwin 6 a Firwood farm..... 300
Geo Zetman to L A Road 1/2 5 and 6 blk 1 O G ad Hillsboro Catherine Reynolds to P B Southworth 1/2 a Simmon's ad Hillsboro..... 600
Sue Laughlin to Jno Fuqua 1/2 1 and 4 blk 40 and other land Forest Grove..... 1500
F B Morgan to A Full tract in Morgan's ad Hillsboro..... 1
E P Hughes to Mary A Ruhl tract in Simmon's ad Hillsboro..... 600
Pieter Mairrac to M Velter tracts C and D and n 1/2 E Jones ad Beaver..... 1925
J Smith to L H Hughes 5 a pt sec 22 1 r 1 w..... 250
Oregon Mortgage Co 1/2 to Sarah Paget 253 86 a sec 31 and 32 1 r 3 w..... 3000
Mary E Lystrop to Ida Moss-grove 1/2 1/2 1 and 2 blk 10 Hillsboro..... 300
Carl Meier to Wm Smith tract sec 7 1 1 r 3 w..... 350
Andrew Johnson to Aug and Sophia Johnson 30 a tract sec 28 1 r 1 w..... 1000
Mary E Johnson to W Bremer 20 a sec 3 2 s r 1 w and other lands..... 1525
J F Allen to A Belmeh 2 a sec 7 and 8 1 1 r 3 w..... 250
J Guild to R Harris 60 a sec 5 and 8 1 r 2 w..... 2000
O F Husey to J D Rode 80 a sec 35 1 s r 5 w..... 1
Emily Pisman to Chas Bowby 1/2 in tract sec 11 1 r 3 w..... 500
U S to Stephen Blank 164 a sec 31 2 n 4 w..... Pat

Surgeon's Knife Not Needed.

Surgey is no longer necessary to cure piles. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cures such cases at once, removing the necessity for dangerous, painful and expensive operations. For scalds, cuts, burns, wounds, bruises, sores and skin diseases it is unequalled. Beware of counterfeits. Delta Drug Store.

The Vice of Sagging.

Clouds the happiness of the home, but a sagging woman often needs help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters, the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, backache and weak kidneys have used it, and become healthy and happy. Try it. Only 50c. Delta Drug Store guarantees satisfaction.

Hon. Henry J. Altnow, author of the primary election law which has been in use in Minnesota, is now a resident of Woodburn, Marion county.

Would Smash the Club.

If members of the "Hay Fever Association" would use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the club would go to pieces, for it always cures this malady, and Asthma, the kind that baffles the doctors—it wholly drives from the system. Thousands of once-hopeless sufferers from Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis owe their lives and health to it. It conquers Grip, saves little ones from Croup and Whooping Cough and is positively guaranteed for all Throat and Lung troubles. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Delta Drug Store.

If you want to sell or buy, rent or lease, any kind of property, country or city, come and see us. We will treat you just as we would wish to be treated. Hoyt & Barnes, next door to the Argus, over Delta Drug Store.

Lockjaw From Cobwebs.

Cobwebs put on a cut lately gave a woman lockjaw. Millions know that the best thing to put on a cut is Backen's Arnica Salve, the infallible healer of Wounds, Ulcers, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Burns, Scalds and piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at Delta Drug Store.

Wm Mohr makes boots at his shop on Second street, Hillsboro, for \$5.50 per pair, sewed shoes for \$5 and gives special attention to repairing. He uses only first-grade stock which enables him to guarantee his work.

Could Not Breathe.

Coughs, colds, croup, grip, bronchitis, other throat and lung troubles are quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure. One Minute Cough Cure is not a mere expectorant, which gives only temporary relief. It softens and liquefies the mucus, draws out the inflammation and removes the cause of the disease. Absolutely safe. Acts at once. "One Minute Cough Cure will do all that is claimed for it," says, Justice of the Peace, J. H. Hood, Crosby, Miss. "My wife could not get her breath and was relieved by the first dose. It has been a benefit to all my family." Delta Drug Store.

W. L. Davis, proprietor of the well known Black Percheron horse, Oregon, will, after March 15th, during the season, be at John Kanna's, Farmington, from Monday morning to Tuesday noon; at Arthur Flint's, Scholls, from Tuesday afternoon to Thursday morning; at Lystrop's, Reedville, from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., Thursday; at Forest Grove, Friday, and at home barn, Hillsboro, Saturday.

For The Complexion.

The complexion always suffers from biliousness or constipation. Unless the bowels are kept open the impurities from the body appear in the form of unsightly eruptions. DeWitt's Little Early Risers keep the liver and bowels in healthy condition and remove the cause of such troubles. C. E. Hooper, Albany, Ga., says: "I took De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness. They were just what I needed. I am feeling better now than in years." Never gripe or distress. Safe thorough and gentle. The very best pills. Delta Drug Store.

E. L. McCormick has received his new stock of matting, carpets and wall paper. His prices are the lowest in town. He can save you from 10 to 20 per cent. Prices on wall paper are 4c per roll and up, matting 12c; carpets 35c. The stock is right from the mill and is first-class. You will miss it if you do not call and get prices and quality of goods. Second street, three doors south of postoffice, Hillsboro.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Have you registered? Remember the books close May 15th.

A woolen mill at Selwood, a few miles above Portland, is about ready to be started. It is now proposed to operate in connection with it a clothing factory. This latter will probably be installed in the city.

During the past year, from March 1, 1901, to March 1, 1902, the United States granted patents to 19,600 acres of land in Wasco county. This land was patented to residents of the county in homesteads, timber cultures, etc.—Wasco papers.

The Whitfield, Stinchfield Co., of Tillamook, has paid no taxes for two years. There is now due \$7000. The company offers to pay all taxes owing except road tax. They will pay even that part if the authorities would consent to use the money in the district where lies the taxed property.

John John, a well known pioneer of Williams creek mining district, in Josephine county, died last Saturday, aged 60 years. John was a blacksmith, and highly skilled in working steel. His gold mining picks were the best used in the mines of Southern Oregon in the 60's. No Eastern factory could compete with the product of the Weichman's forge. His brother, Dave, a few years younger, survives.

Corvallis people are, by petition, asking congress to grant a pension to Mrs. Cornelia Kelsay, widow of Judge John Kelsay, deceased. Besides being supreme judge of the state of Oregon, John Kelsay was colonel of a regiment of volunteers in the Rogue River Indian war, and it is for his military service that the petitioners ask recognition. Mrs. Kelsay now lives in Southern California and is in need of the \$2 per month, which is asked by the petitioners.

The Oregon City flouring mills have been closed down. The reason is lack of wheat. Short runs may be made as wheat can be secured. The company owns two mills there—one of 300 and the other of 600 barrels capacity. The smaller mill has been dismantled and the machinery removed to Washington, but the house is a good one, built of brick, and the water power valuable and improved only last year at a cost of \$5000, hence it is supposed that the company has some other enterprise in mind.

Marshal Wood had an experience with a fellow that was rather laughable. The victim was a hobo of the pronounced type, and was endeavoring to play the deaf and dumb racket, soliciting assistance on the grounds that he could neither speak nor hear. Mr. Wood recognized him as a party whom he had in jail about a week ago, and leading him to his office gave him a few cuffs on the ear, and restored both his speech and hearing. After the fellow came to his senses he could talk as glibly as anybody.—The Dalles Mountaineer.

A Bandon man swallowed a needle. After a day or two when he laughed or exerted himself there were severe pricking pains in his stomach. Then his appetite failed and he lost fourteen pounds in seven days. With a physician he started to Marshfield to consult other physicians, when his appetite suddenly returned and the pain left. The proposed surgical operation for removal of the needle was given up for the present, and he is now waiting further developments. Needles usually travel under such circumstances, and there is no guessing where or when it will next be heard from.—Corvallis Times.

Mat Jarvi, a Russian Fin, shot and killed his father at Astoria last Saturday morning. The elder Jarvi went home at 12:15 a. m. drunk. He kicked at his door. Mat got out of his bed, partly dressed, took his pistol and went to the front door, which he opened, and shot the old man without further ceremony. He then returned to his bedroom, finished dressing, and went to the police station, where he told what he had done. He was locked up. The family came to America 11 years ago and consists of the old man, aged 50, his wife, the son Mat, 32, and a younger brother, 16. Mat was in the Colorado mines last year. The others fished at Astoria. The mother tells the police that the old man threatened to kill the whole family, but it will be hard to convince the public that Mat, a strong man, shot in self-defense.