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No. 8

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
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Office: Central block, Rooms 6 and 7.

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Best art. 3d teeth 15c per set. Current and amalgam fillings 25c each. Gold fillings from \$1 up. Vitalized air for painless extraction.
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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 peculiar, awe-inspiring and magnificent. Down this mighty cleft in the heart of the granite rock-barrier rush the raging waters of the Arkansas River, tashed into foaming fury and dashed into spinning spray by its swift descent through the tortuous defile. So far row 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.

Neglect Means Danger.

Don't neglect biliousness and constipation. Your health will suffer permanently if you do. De Witt's Little Early Risers cure such cases. M. B. Smith, Rutherford, Mich., says "De Witt's Little Early Risers are the most satisfactory pills I ever took. Never gripe or cause nausea." Delta drug store.

NOBODY'S PROPERTY

By Samuel Minturn Peck

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Alfred Layburn returned from the war to his home in Oak county, Ala., he was confronted with a painful fact. Had he escaped Yankee bullets and cannon for four years to perish ingloriously of starvation? From the outlook it was a possibility to be reckoned with, and, though possessing a modicum of Mr. Micawber's happy disposition, a touch of which is to be desired in every temperament, the grimness of the future forbade the ex-Confederate to follow Mr. Micawber's policy and wait for something to turn up.

"Plying times of peace," soliloquized Layburn in disgust, feeling about in his pocket for a few crumbs of tobacco to fill his old clay pipe. "The blundered fool who wrote that surely never came home in ruin after an unsuccessful war."

During the first few hours following the soldier's return the evening before he had found it impossible to tear the joy of his mother by untimely inquiry into the condition of home affairs, for Mrs. Layburn had given him the welcome of the prodigal son minus the purple robe and the fattened calf. But as soon as breakfast was over the next morning he made a circuit of the plantation, and the dismal prospect filled his soul with gloom.

His mother in her great joy at having him back again and being freed from days of fear and nights of anguished wakefulness had spoken cheerfully of beating the sword into the plow, etc. Facing the general dilapidation, the recollection of her words brought a smile to his face. It was very well in poetry to speak of transforming weapons into agricultural implements, but small profit would ensue in the world of reality unless one had something to draw the wagon or pull the plow, and there was neither horse nor mule upon the entire Layburn plantation, nor was there any one save the proprietor to guide a beast of burden, for all the colored peasantry had availed themselves of emancipation excepting old Ben, the lame carriage driver, and Nancy, his laundress wife.

"De Confederates leveled on de carriage horses, an' de raiders tuck de mules," said old Ben, who accompanied Layburn on his reluctantly comul.

"But de law's all here," continued the old man, "an' we mought make a crap of we jes' had de mules."

"Uncle Ben, who would plow the mules if we had them? You wouldn't, for you are lame," replied Layburn.

"Lord bless yo', Marse Alf, dar 'll be plenty to plow. Dem fool niggers 'll all come drappling in lak hungry chickens at noon 'n' time when dey line out dat freedom ain't play an' nobody's gwine feed 'em."

"It's too late to plant cotton."

"Tain't too late for corn, Marse Alf. We'll plant de whole place in corn an' "



Layburn left old Ben in a state of mental collapse.

next year put it all in cotton. Ain't yo' hien dat cotton's fifty cents a pound, two hundred an' fifty dollars a bag? de plantation 'll bring three hundred bags. How much 'll dat be in money, Marse Alf?"

Layburn made a hasty mental calculation.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars, Ben."

"What's dat yo' say?" gasped old Ben in astonishment. "Seventy-five thousand dollars? Why, Marse Alf, bless Gawe, yo' gwine be rich, an' ole miself ride in her carriage again."

And the old conjurman rolled his eyes in blissful anticipation. In imagination he saw himself perched on the box and driving a span of gleaming bays, while all the negro quarter gazed at him with envious eyes.

Layburn viewed the faithful old servant for a moment with sorrowful amusement.

"Ben," said he, "how much corn is there in the barn?"

"Bout fifteen bushels."

"That wouldn't feed the hands two weeks, not to mention the mules, if I had any."

"Marse Alf, yo' could buy western corn hede sack."

"Money would be needed to do that," said Layburn, with a sigh.

"Ain't yo' got no money, Marse Alf?" asked the old man apprehensively.

Layburn reached down in his trousers and abstracted a shabbied pocketbook.

"How much money do you reckon there is in this, Uncle Ben?"

"A gentleman ob de quality, Marse Alf, ought to tote fifty or seventy-five dollars. Ole marse allers did."

"Uncle Ben, there is \$5 in this pocketbook, and it is all the money I have in the world."

With this conversational stunner Layburn left old Ben in a state of mental collapse and returned to the house.

Before meeting his mother, the young man with an effort forced his features to assume something that resembled cheerfulness or at least resignation, and the remaining traces of low spirits passed with Mrs. Layburn as ineffectual sorrow for the "lost cause."

But it is difficult to wear a mask for any length of time, and, feeling the need of a wider outlook, after a few minutes spent with his mother Layburn took his way to the town. Misery loves company, and it seemed to the soldier that to meet and talk over the present ills with some of his comrades might not only clarify his views of the present, but also might suggest some plan for the future.

As he went along his mind reverted to his conversation with old Ben. The single wand of fifty-cent cotton fired the young man's fancy. He had thousands of broad acres, the clouds would scatter down their crystal store, and the southern sun layish its golden and fruitifying rays. The homicidal forces of war might furnish the sky and crimson the soil, but their power was only spasmodic. Mother Nature, with her tears and smiles and divine forgiveness, stood ready to bless the war-torn veteran and crown his peaceful labor with every fruit of the soil.

"If I had only \$500," sighed Layburn. He could not keep old Ben's dream of wealth out of his head. With \$500 he could at least sustain himself and his mother till the autumn and make the beginning of a successful struggle, if not for riches, certainly for a competence.

Besides filial affection and the instinct of self preservation, there was another cause not less strong that actuated him in Layburn's eagerness at the present juncture.

Who ever knew a soldier who was not a husband or a lover? As the hope for success in the civil war grew less and less toward the close of the fearful struggle the future would have appeared much darker to the southern soldiers but for the thought of their sweethearts and wives. The lamp of love and constancy could burn but the brighter for the gloom.

"Business before pleasure" runs the adage, but love takes precedence of all. It will not excite surprise that Layburn on his homeward way stopped to spend an hour with his betrothed, Mary Edgewood.

"Oh, Mary," said he after the first greetings were over, "this isn't the cry that my imagination pictured when I went to the front four years ago."

Layburn had put off his tattered uniform of Confederate gray and donned a castoff suit that he had thrown aside before he enlisted. Under other circumstances the effect would have been decidedly humorous, and the seriocomic glance which the young man gave his clothes brought an answering smile to his sweetheart's face.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the girl. "If you were a woman, you would see that I am quite as far from the mode."

Layburn gazed upon her apple blossom face, with its dimple, and her soft gray eyes and noted nothing else save that her gown was of a neutral tint and fitted her slender figure.

"I don't know anything about the mode," replied the maid, with admiration in his glance. "I only know that you are ten times prettier than ever you were. But as for me, Mary, my clothing is most appropriate. I am a pauper, of very near it. I have come home to find the plantation destitute of mules and supplies and my mother almost lacking the necessities of life, and I have but \$5 between heaven and earth."

Then the young man gave a detailed account of old Ben's scheme for reimbursement and of his own despair at being unable to obtain the necessary capital to carry it out. To all of which the young girl listened sympathetically.

Meantime her woman's shrewdness had discovered the weakest point, which Layburn had forgotten to mention. In the fact that his poverty forbade him, after four years of war and waiting, to ask her to set the day of their wedding.

With the facile tact of a loving woman she endeavored to cheer Layburn by changing the theme of conversation and telling him some of the hardships endured by herself and mother and giving them in the relation so humorous a setting that the man almost unconsciously came to regard his own troubles from a more lighthearted point of view.

Continued on Fourth Page.

FLINT AND ITS MARKET VALUE.

The production of flint or quartz in the United States in 1901, say Dr. Heinrich Ries in Mineral Resources, 1901, now in press, U. S. Geological Survey, amounted to 34,420 short tons, valued at \$149,997, an increase of 1,925 short tons in quantity, and of \$62,946 in value over 1900. This difference in value as compared with the comparatively small increase in quantity, was due chiefly to the higher price per ton for flint, resulting from the greater market demand for it. The output, 51.3 per cent was ground by the producer. This production came almost entirely from the states of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New York.

Flint is used chiefly for pottery manufacture and other high branches of the clay-working industry, but some is used also in the manufacture of scouring sands and wood fillers. Mr. S. G. Burr, in a paper in the third volume of the Transactions of the American Ceramic Society, entitled "Fineness of Flint and its Relation to the Manufacture of Pottery Bodies," concludes that there is little, if any, difference in the effect produced by the use of French flint, silica sand or rock flint. The variation of the degree of fineness to which they are ground may, however, cause trouble.

NO NEW WOMEN.

But the truth is we are not new. We are that old, old Teutonic womanhood which twenty centuries ago plowed its march through European forests and morasses beside its fellow male, which marched with the Cimbari to Italy and with the Franks across the Rhine, with the Varangians into Russia and the Alamanni into Switzerland, which peopled Scandinavia and penetrated to Britain, whose priestesses had their shrines in German forests, and gave the oracle for peace or war. We are women of a breed whose radical ideal was no Helen of Troy, passed passively from male hand to hand, as men pass gold or dust, but that Brynhild whom Sigurd found, clad in helmet and bryne, the warrior maid who gave him counsel, "the deepest that ever yet was given to living man," and "brought on him to the performing of great deeds," who, when he died, raised high the funeral pyre and laid down on it beside him, crying, "Nor shall the door swing at the heel of him as I go beside him!" We are women of a race that of old knew no fear, and feared no death; and if today we have fallen on evil and degenerate times, there moves in many of us still the throbs of the old blood. If it be on no physical battlefield that we stand beside our men, and on the march through no external forest or morass that we have today to lead, it is yet the old spirit that, after 2000 years, stirs within us; it is yet the cry of the old, free, Teutonic woman which sounds across the world today. Though the battle be now in the laboratory or in the workshop, in the forum or the study, in the assembly and in the mart, with the pen and not the sword, of the head and not the arm, we still stand side by side with the men we love, to dare with them in war, and to suffer with them in peace," as the Roman wrote of our old Teutonic mothers.—Olive Schreiner.

Shot In His Leg.

For all kinds of sores, burns, bruises or other wounds, De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is a sure cure. Skin diseases yield to it at once. Never fails in cases of piles. Cooling and healing. None genuine but De Witt's. Beware of counterfeits. "I suffered for many years from a sore caused by a gun shot wound in my left leg," says A. S. Fuller, Engle, Ind. "It would not heal and gave me much trouble. I used all kinds of remedies to no purpose until I tried De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. A few boxes completely cured me." Delta drug store.

It's A Man Lie To You

And say some other salve, ointment, lotion, oil or alleged healer is as good as Backlin's Arnica Salve, tell him thirty years of marvelous cures of piles, burns, boils, corns, fells, ulcers, cuts, scalds, bruises and skin eruptions prove it's the best and cheapest. 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SHIP BUILDING.

The recent tremendous growth of the American ship building industry is described by Mr. John R. Spears in the July monthly illustrated number of the Outlook. Among the most important devices is the electric lift.

The handling of materials in a ship yard is, in a way, like the handling of coal in the stoke-hole of a steamship. It is a dead lift work for human muscles. The most readily seen improvements made recently in our ship yards have had in view the relief of this class of laboring men. Railroads have been laid from the shops where plates are shaped and frames bent to the ways where frames and plates are assembled. That was an improvement but another followed. Beside the growing hull or hulls was erected an elevated railroad to which a movable steam crane traveled to and fro the whole length of the hulls. This crane picked plate or frame from the railroad car and carried it forward or aft as needed. Last of all was invented the overhead trolley for carrying parts of the ship to the ways, and the electric lift for distributing them about the hull. The electric lift is a simple matter. Huge masts were erected at intervals between the growing hulls. On each mast is a yard that reaches out across the hulls. Then from yard to yard, four heavy steel ropes are stretched above each hull, and on each rope is a stout trolley driven to and fro along the rope by electric power. From each trolley hangs a grasping tackle and so each trolley works independently of the others, all may be working at once, carrying four pieces of metal to four points in the hull, and that, too, at a speed unknown to steam cranes; not to mention the hand work common to European yards.

Last year a German expert was sent here to make a tour of our shipyards. When he had finished the round, he told a reporter of the Saturday Evening Post that the best American ship-yard was the best in the world.

Wants To Help Oth rs.

"I had stomach trouble all my life," says Edw. Mehler, proprietor of the Union Bottling Works, Erie, Pa., "and tried all kinds of remedies, went to several doctors and spent considerable money trying to get a moment's peace. Finally I read of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and I have been taking it to my great satisfaction. I never found its equal for stomach trouble and gladly recommend it in hope that I may help other sufferers." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures all stomach troubles. You don't have to diet. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat. Delta drug store.

From BLACK ROCK OUR NEXT SERIAL.

By this time Craig was standing before her, his face deathly pale. When she came to the end of her words, he said in a low, sweet and thrilling voice with emotion:

"Ah, if you only knew! Do not make me forget myself. You do not guess what you are doing."

"What am I doing? What is there to know but that you tell me easily to do?"

She was struggling with the tears she was too proud to let him see.

He put his hands resolutely behind him, looking at her as if studying her face for the first time. Under his searching look she dropped her eyes, and the warm color came slowly up into her neck and face.

Then, as if with a sudden resolve, she lifted her eyes to his and looked back at him unflinchingly.

He started, surprised, drew slowly near, put his hands up on her shoulders, surprise giving place to wild joy. She never moved her eyes. They drew him toward her. He took her face between his hands, smiled into her eyes, kissed her lips. She did not move. He stood back from her, threw up his head and laughed aloud. She came to him, put her head up on his breast and, lifting up her face, said, "Kiss me."

He put his arms about her, bent down and kissed her lips again and then reverently her brow.

Then, putting her back from him, but still holding both her hands, he cried:

"No, you shall not go! I shall never let you go!"

All gambling houses in Portland have been closed by the new city administration.

Saves a Woman's Life.

To have given up would have meant death for Mrs. Lois Cragg of Dorchester, Mass. For years she had suffered untold misery from a severe lung trouble and obstinate cough. "Often," she writes, "I could scarcely breathe and sometimes could not speak. All doctors and remedies failed till I used Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and was completely cured." Sufferers from coughs, colds, throat and lung trouble need this grand remedy, for it never disappoints. Cure is guaranteed by Bailey's Pharmacy. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free.

The Astoria Herald claims that the cost of living, housekeeping, has advanced 25 per cent, and that families in that town are breaking up their establishments and going to boarding because of the economy of that way of living.

Need More Help.

Often the over taxed organs of digestion cry out for help by dyspepsia, pain, nausea, dizziness, headaches, liver complaint, bowel disorders. Such troubles call for prompt use of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are gentle, thorough and guaranteed to cure. 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

There are four particularly notable illustrated articles in the Outlook magazine number for July. One of these is an appreciation or characterization of the newly crowned King of England, under the title "His Britannic Majesty." The writer is Mr. George W. Smalley, now the American correspondent of the London Times, and for many years the London correspondent of the New York Tribune. Another is called "A Hundred Years of West Point," and is written by Mr. James Barnes, the author of "Admiral Farragut" and other well-known books. It is devoted not so much to the history of the century the close of which has just been commemorated at West Point, as with the spirit and tradition of the place and the life of the students. The third article referred to is "A Talk on Birds," by Mr. W. E. D. Scott, the curator of Ornithology of Princeton University; Mr. Scott has a remarkable collection of live birds at Princeton (some five hundred in all) and probably no other living American knows so much about the life and habits of song birds. There are several pictures by Mr. Bruce Hosiell, whose speciality is bird portraiture. Finally, of great industrial interest is the paper called "Our Ships of the Sea," by Mr. John R. Spears; it describes the immense advance made in ship building in this country lately, and is illustrated by many fine pictures, mostly photographs taken for this express purpose.

Bryan, of course, was wise in refusing the Nebraska fustian nomination for governor. He knew his party would be defeated in any case, and a defeat for him at the head of the state ticket would hit his prestige pretty hard. The fact, however, that both elements of the coalition wanted Bryan to except, and the further fact that the conventions of the democracy and the populists in Kansas were overwhelmingly Bryanite in sentiment, show a situation which will give some trouble to the reorganizers. Bryan will never be president, but he can and will throw obstacles in the way of any anti-Bryan democrat who attempts to reach that office in the next few years.

Don't Fail To Try This.

Whenever an honest trial is given to Electric Bitters for any trouble it is recommended for a permanent cure will surely be effected. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. It's a wonderful tonic for run-down systems. Electric Bitters positively cures kidney and liver troubles, stomach disorders, nervousness, sleeplessness, rheumatism, neuralgia and expels malaria. Satisfaction guaranteed by Bailey's Pharmacy. Only 60c.

E. W. H. H.
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Wm. Hill, a buggy thief, at LaGrande, was shot and killed last Saturday while resisting the officer having him in custody.

The run of fish has increased and the fish are larger. Nearly all the fishermen have made money this year, the run being better than it has been for a number of years.—Astoria Herald.

The Walla Walla states prison has a convict named Rogers that has escaped and come to Oregon perhaps in place of Tracy whom we have lost. Last known of Roberts was in the Blue Mountains between Milton and LaGrande.

The new saw and door factory was closed down the fore part of the week on account of a breakdown in the machinery. About 12 men are employed at present but the number will be increased as soon as the factory is in running order.—Astoria Herald.

An electric motor line is building from Pendleton through Adams, Milton and Walla Walla to Dayton, Washington. The length of the line when completed will be about 80 miles. A power plant is to be located on the Walla Walla river at Milton where a 6000-horsepower plant is to be installed.

An invoice of Crabs from Yaquina Bay was delivered at Philomath, Benton county, cooked and eaten the same day. All except one was made sick, the symptoms being those of ptomaine poison. One crab had been bruised and the meat around the wound had commenced to decay. It is thought to have been the guilty crab.

In the first two days of the rains, the rainfall was 1.16 inches. The first day was .69 of an inch, and the second .47. The reports are that a large amount of new mown hay is on the ground waiting for the clouds to roll by. Some say that the percentage of hay cut and in the shock or winrow is not less than half.—Corvallis Times.

Farmers about Corvallis were paid \$1,700 by the creamery for butter fat during June, 1901. They received \$4,000 this year. On the same basis they should receive for June next year \$6,000 to \$8,000. That they will do so is likely. Farmers who have been patrons of the creamery from the beginning are increasing their herds. They have found that the business pays. None are retiring from it. Those who began with ten cows now milk twenty or twenty-five. Many expect ultimately to increase the number to fifty or sixty.—Times.

Out at the college the work of filling silos has been suspended on account of rain. The operations so far have been mostly on clover, with which several small experimental silos have been filled. In all cases so far, the clover has been treated by the steaming process, involved at the college last year for the first time in the history of the country. After the clover is put in, the silos are tightly closed and a jet of steam is introduced. The process lasts for several hours with the effect that the silage is practically cooked. Cuts thus treated last year came out almost as free from acidity as when it went in, and was accounted far better feed than silage treated by the old method. The experiments last year were entirely with corn in small silos. Whether or not they will be equally successful with clover in small and larger silos remains to be seen.—Corvallis Times.

A curious character has just died at Union, Oregon. He owned a railroad, but never accepted a pass on it, it is said, had never ridden on it, preferring a cayuse to his steam horse. He also possessed a fine residence, which his family occupied, but the greater portion of his time was spent in a cabin near Drewsey. He had three large general stores in Eastern Oregon filled with clothing yet he only wore overalls, a cheap cotton shirt, a pair of cowskin boots and an old wool hat. He owned a \$10,000 flaring mill at Drewsey, but he had never been inside of it, though he passed it almost daily. With every reasonable luxury on earth at his command, a splendid home, and a devoted wife always pleading for him to come and remain at home, he preferred a rude cabin in the alkali desert, a board bed and bacon and beans, and the companionship of cowboys and sheep-herders.