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No. 9

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Rooms 3, 4, & 5, Morgan Block.

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OFFICE: Central Block, Rooms 6 and 7.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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OFFICE: at residence, east of corner
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Best art. dental work at low prices. Current
and amalgam fillings to cost extra. Gold
fillings from \$1 up. Vitalized air for pain-
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OFFICE: three doors north of Brook
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East of access among all the
Canons 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
spraying spray by its swift descent
through the tortuous defile. So nar-
row is the passage at one point
that there was no room for both the
road and river, and therefore a curi-
ously constructed bridge of steel had
to be thrown lengthwise of the
stream, suspended from iron sup-
ports mortised into the canon walls
on each side to the right and left.
And right here can be seen the cli-
max of all the canons 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 won-
ders of nature revealed to the travel-
er 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,
c/o Agt, Rio Grande System, Port
land, Oregon.

Neglect Means Danger.

Don't neglect biliousness and con-
stipation. Your health will suffer
permanently if you do. De Witt's
Little Early Risers cure such cases.
M. B. Smith, Butternut, 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 Mintern Peck

"No," said Layburn; "we must have
the cotton at all costs."
"Marse Alf, sinner him an' he'll run
lak a turkey," said old Ben.

"Yes, Jack; we'll fire our revolvers
and raise a yell, and Brown will think
we are a detachment from the garri-
son."

"Dat's it; dat's it, Marse Alf! Ye
shoot, an' I'll help holier, an' dey'll
break their necks to git out ob de
swamp an' never come back no mo' to
night."

After a brief whispered colloquy
Ben's idea was adopted. Both of the
white men believed Brown to be an ar-
rant coward, and the issue proved the
correctness of the surmise. At the in-
port of the pistols and the triple yell,
which, quickly repeated by echo, re-
sembled the voices of a dozen men,
Brown and the negro drivers deserted
the teams and broke through the cane
and lumber as if the devil were after
them. At the same time, stampeded by
the frightful hubbalooboo, the horses
wheeled and, plunging through the un-
dergrowth, upset the cotton bales and
wrecked the wagons, strewn the
swamp with broken wheels and shat-
tered woodwork in their wild flight.

The army of the fleet was overjoyed
by the bloodless victory, but what de-
lighted it most was the certainty which
each felt that Brown would never dare
to tell of his discomfiture.

Old Ben viewed the wrecked wagon
with malicious glee.

"Black Jake gwine have trouble
litchin' up tomorrow," said the old
negro, chuckling.

But little time was wasted in unprof-
itable talk. A hard night's work was
before the three. By exerting every

muscle two voyages were made before
dawn, and when the sun rose fifty
bales of cotton, the entire contents of
the swamp shack, were snugly stowed
away in the Layburn ginhouse.

As Ben had predicted, Brown did not
dare to return to the shack on Black-
berry creek that night. When he
reached his home at a late hour, bris-
tened and weary, he went to bed, but
his sleep, brief and unrefreshing, was
haunted by bad dreams. Waking at an
early hour, he dressed himself in an
ever vengeful mood and went to seek
some one on whom to vent his ill hu-
mors. After hunting every one in the
store and out of it whose time he hired
he summoned Black Jake and started
for the swamp to ascertain the fate of
his wagons and mules. The return of
two of the latter at the stables with
only fragments of harness attached to
them, as reported by Jake, prepared
him for the worst wreck that greeted
his eyes on the banks of the creek.

When he had collected the debris of
his valuable wagons and recovered the
missing mules, which were almost dis-
abled by the mud bolt they had made
the previous night, Brown estimated
mentally the amount he was out. Not
to mention the cotton which he had

failed to secure, the destruction of his
wagons and the injury of his mules
would cost him between five and six
hundred dollars.

The result of his calculations started
Brown to swearing. He damned the
Federal garrison from its prenatal hour
to the remotest period of time. His
profanity was almost enough to shrivel
the green leaves and set the swamp
reeks quaking. When he had exhaust-
ed his oaths and his breath at the same
time and paused to wipe his perspiring
forehead, Black Jake, with a shortsighted
desire to avert vicious anger, and
also from a love of gossip, seized the
moment while his employer's state of
wrath was willing to give him some
information.

It was Jake's idea that by turning
Brown's anger in a new direction and
giving him an opening for revenge he
would make home life more agreeable
to himself and his fellow servants.

"Marse Jim, I got some'n' to tell
you."

"What in the devil is it?" asked
Brown crossly.

"Marse Jim, I was dat skinned last
night I mighty nigh los' my senses, but
after I reached home an' got to thinkin'
an' puttin' dis an' dat together I come
to de 'cclusion we're all mistaken, an'
when I 'riv' at dat 'cclusion I went to
spytin' round, an' now I know we're all

mistaken."

"Mistaken about what, you black
scoundrel?"

"Gimme time an' don't swear at me,
an' I'll tell you, Marse Jim."

"Well, go on."

"Den wasn't no Yankee what run
on us last night."

"How do you know?"

"In de fus' place, dey didn't holier
halt lak soldiers does, but dey holier
an' shoot at de same time. Dey done
lak folks does what wants to sheer
somebody."

"That's so," said Brown.

"Yes, Marse Jim, an' dat ain't all.
When I got over my skere I membered
dat I heerd ole Ben Layburn's holler.
Den I 'spioned some'n' in. I got dat
cure's I lef' my bed an' crep over to
Marse Alf Layburn's ginhouse by de
river an', bless Gawd, dar was Marse
Alf an' Marse Jack Meriwether an'
ole Ben a-rollin' cotton from de flat
an' stavin' it away in de house."

The negro went on to give numerous
details and surmises, but Brown paid
no further attention. He had heard
enough. "The scoundrel has failed from
his face, his breathing became slow
and regular, and, sitting down upon a
log, he remained for ten minutes ab-
sorbed in thought. Only his eyes,
which glittered like those of a snake,
gave token of the activity of his mind.
The negro's story had suggested a plan
by which he might not only revenge
himself upon Layburn and Meri-
wether, but also pay off a score of
spite that he owed to Mary Edgewood,
to whom he had had the assurance to
pay his addresses during her lover's ab-
sence, and in gloating over the misfor-
tunes which he hoped to bring upon
those whom it pleased him to term his
enemies he forgot the pangs of mortifi-
cation caused by his ignominious and
disastrous flight of the night before.
When he had mused his nefarious
scheme, he turned abruptly to Black
Jake, who, finally perceiving that he
was talking to deaf ears, had retired to
rest among the splintered remains of
the shattered wagons.

"Jake!"

"Yes, Marse Jim," answered the ne-
gro, coming briskly forward.

"Jake!" repeated Brown, eyeing him
keenly. "do you want to make \$5?"

At the mention of \$5 Jake in imagina-
tion pictured himself the possessor of
many pipes of tobacco and imbibing
numerous drinks of whiskey.

"Come I does, Marse Jim."

"Well, I'll give you \$5 if you will
do me a favor. Now, listen. I want
you to go with me to the captain of
the Yankee garrison, Captain Adams,
and tell him what you have told me."

"Yes, Marse Jim; I'll do dat. Dat's
easy. I'll des tell de cap'n de whole
business—how we come down hyer wid
de wagons."

"Stop, you scoundrel!" interrupted
Brown. "If you tell him anything
about the wagons or mention my name
in connection with the matter, I'll cut
your liver out!"

"Lawsd, Marse Jim, what I gwine tell
de cap'n?" asked Jake in dismay, be-
ginning to perceive that the acqui-
sition of the \$5 was not to be as easy as
he thought.

"Listen to me, you thick headed
thief, and I'll tell you what to say. I
am going to Captain Adams and in-
form him that Layburn and Meri-
wether have stolen this government
cotton; that you saw them do it and
told me of it. Then I'll call you in to
give testimony. Do you understand?"

"Yo' wants me to be a witness," said
Jake, growing pale. "Lawsd, Marse
Jim, I'm skered!"

"What are you scared of, you black
rascal?" exclaimed Brown, waxing
bent.

"I've been to de courthouse, Marse
Jim, an' I've see a nigger in de wit-
ness stan'." He told what he knewed,
an' den de lawyer tuck him an' ax him
dis an' ax him dat, an' he bulygarded
dat nigger till he made him say he seed
through a brick wall. Bless Gawd,
when de lawyer got done wid dat nigger
he didn't know de way home!"

"You infernal fool, you are not going
to court. No one will be present but
the captain and me. When I call you
in, I'll say, 'Now, Jake, tell the captain
all about it.' But you must not tell
him all. You are only to repeat to him
a part of what you know."

"For de Lawsd sake, Marse Jim, let
me tell de truth or let me tell a lie.
Pere Gawd, I can't tak 'em. It takes
a white man to do dat," said Jake, in
a nervous perspiration.

"Here is all you've got to tell," said
Brown, with an oath. "Say to the cap-
tain that you were in the swamp at
night hunting possums and that you
ran upon some men moving cotton from
an old shack to a flatboat. You crept
through the bushes without being seen
and found that the men were Mr. Lay-
burn, Mr. Meriwether and a negro.
When they had removed all the cotton
to the flatboat, you saw them pole up
the river. Then you followed the boat
along the bank, and when you reached
the Layburn plantation the men un-
loaded the flat and stowed the cotton
in the ginhouse, and you came and told
me. There. Can't you tell the captain
that? It is simple enough. The cap-
tain will ask you a few questions. If

Continued on Fourth Page.

THE FIRST OREGON INFANTRY.

We who lived at the time, are fair-
ly well acquainted with the story of
the Second Oregon Infantry Volun-
teers. Indeed we almost forgot
that there was a First Oregon, num-
bering as gallant a thousand as ever
carried Old Glory. Dr. Saylor of
Sherwood this county, is publishing
a history of the regiment, incidents
in recruiting Co. B, a part of which
went from this county, are thus told
by the doctor:

No more loyal and patriotic people
according to the population, could be
found than in the state of Oregon in
the sixties when the federal govern-
ment in the East was struggling to
put down the great rebellion, and
when an official demand was made
upon the state to place one regiment
each of cavalry and infantry in the
field to serve from one to three years
or more as volunteers. The young
men of all sections of the country,
dressed with patriotism, rallied to the
call, and within sixty days from the
promulgation of the order by the
state officials, Oregon's quota of vol-
unteers was completed and ready for
orders.

Some of the most densely populated
counties raised one, and others even
two companies, while in Yamhill
and Washington counties conjointly
one company was allotted, which
when fully recruited enrolled one
hundred and three men and was as-
signed the title of Company B. The
writer, then a lad of but fifteen years
of age, after having in faced the re-
cruits of other families, called out and
became a member of what was known
as the "infantry squad" of the
company. Early in the winter of
1864 an announcement was made that a
public meeting would be held in the
lower class room of the old college
building on a certain evening, the
object of which was the enlistment
of recruits under the call for volun-
teers. The citizens of McMinnville
and vicinity were present in full
force on the appointed date, the room
being filled to its utmost capacity.
An impromptu stage was erected
and gorgeously decorated with paint-
ing and patriotic emblems suitable
for the occasion.

Patriotic speeches by a United
States army officer and local resi-
dents, among them being Hon. Henry
Warren, ex-sheriff, Judge Cowles,
ex-county judge, and Colonel H. H.
Hawkins, the latter an imported
speaker from the East, followed in
rapid succession, interspersed with
martial music by the "Hollidge
Cornet Band" from Dayton prairie,
whose services were always in de-
mand on important public occasions
being the only band in the county at
the time. The consensus of the ar-
gument produced portrayed the du-
ties all loyal men owed to their
country in the hour of its extreme
peril and danger, both by enlisting
or of exposing the cause of right and
justice in upholding a united form of
government. One speaker alluded
to the sensible plan of developing
one's leisure hours in studying an-
cient history such as "Gibson's
Rome," "Plutarch's Lives" and oth-
er similar works while serving in the
army, but the various attractions of
being found in garrison overcame
this timely advice and not a single
instance occurred where any mem-
ber of the company troubled himself
with ancient or other special kind of
history; however, in after years, ap-
on investigation, the writer found
that the speaker's advice was particu-
larly appropriate and timely and
without mistake. The enlistment
roll was signed by the following
young men on this occasion, pri-
ncipally college students: Charles War-
ren, Logan Story, Marion Roberts,
Marcus Talmage, Lewis Shortridge,
William Matkey, Henry Baker,
Dwight and Elery Rogers, Wm. H.
and A. L. Saylor, John W. Gault,
James Hampton, Charles Hendley
and Henry H. Burton. The with-
drawal of so many college students
in a body produced a small cyclone
in that institution greatly to the re-
gret of the principal, Prof. John W.
Johnson, and his assistants.

In the meantime active recruiting
was going on in the towns of Sheri-
dan, Amity, Dayton, Lafayette and
North Yamhill, so that little time
was consumed before the full comple-
ment of men expected from Yamhill
county had signed the enlistment
books and were ready for concen-
tration at some point in the county
where all could be united in one
company. Dayton was designated
as a notification sent out for all re-
cruits to appear there on a certain
date, when Dr. H. V. V. Johnson of

McMinnville would be present and
conduct the medical examinations on
behalf of the state. Those examina-
tions were not required to be so rigid
and exacting as these of the present
time when one enters the regular
army; however, the doctor used his
own discretion in the matter, as some
of the boys decided in their own
minds after passing his system of
procedure.

All old residents will remember
the jolly, jovial and humorous dis-
position of Dr. Johnson, and can
draw their own conclusions in re-
gard to the amount of fun combined
with business he would be able to
extract out of a proposition of this
nature. Raw and bashful recruits
were asked irrelevant and non-sen-
sical questions galore with a purpose
to embarrass them; however, the doc-
tor's manner and address did not dis-
close it always. The "ghost dances"
and "acrobatic performances" he
caused them to submit to, as was
afterwards ascertained, was not au-
thorized by the "articles of war," the
law department, or, in fact, by
anyone in particular, unless it was
by the examiner, and by him only
for his own amusement and diver-
sion; but the tide turned when ex-
hibiting one Jim Beaton, a roll fel-
low, equal to the emergency, who
settled the doctor with his own kind
of ammunition on the first round
greatly to his own amusement.

After the completion of the ex-
aminations at Dayton of the full
company, the Washington county
contingent having arrived and under-
gone the same process, the line of
march was taken for Salem, or rather
the state fair grounds near by, which
had been designated by the state de-
partment as a general rendezvous
temporarily, for all the infantry re-
giments then forming. The pavilion
had been hastily fitted up with
benches sufficient to accommodate the
almost daily arrival of recruits from
different counties with company
quarters, while other out-buildings
were utilized for various purposes of
the camp, as cook, drill and commu-
nity quarters. As an emergency
barracks of a temporary character,
"Camp Russell," as the place had
been named, would answer, but for
the purpose of soldiers' quarters
where comfort and conveniences are
required and necessary for the health
and well-being of the command it
was a lamentable failure, owing to
the immense size and uncared and
unfinished condition of the buildings
poor heat and ventilation and non-
sanitary state of the place generally.
However, as the state had only tem-
porary jurisdiction no better accom-
modations could have been expect-
ed, but to the raw recruit without
discernment who waded in the mud
and suffered with the cold at Camp
Russell during the winter of 1861,
the proposition assumed another
light altogether, not particularly en-
ticing or rosy in hue. Good,
bad and indifferent conditions con-
front one in all walks of life and a
soldier's life is no exception when
once experienced. Camp Russell,
with all its discomforts, abounded
with recreations and amusements
that cheered as well as depressed the
young recruit in his induction to a
soldier's life and was soon forgotten
when orders came to change to a
new locality (real soldier's quarters)
where comfort reigned supreme.

The Washington county boys
were recruited principally in the
towns of Forest Grove, Gaston, Cor-
puelus and Hillsboro, the county
seat, and composed about one-half of
the company, a remarkably bright
and intelligent collection of young
men, many students, farmers and
business men forming the contingent,
which immediately harmonized
with Yamhill's soldiers on forming
the joint partnership of company B.

The commission of first lieutenant
was obtained by a Washington man,
while that of captain and second
lieutenant went to Yamhill men.

The non-commissioned staff and com-
pany musicians were about equally
divided and no sectional strife ever
existed during the existence of the
company, that was known.

Soon after our arrival at Camp
Russell the regulation government
clothing was issued to the company
and afterwards a United States mus-
tering officer was detailed by the war
department to muster the company
into the volunteer service, which at
this time was designated for one,
two or three years, as stated in one's
enlistment or "during the war," so
the term of service demanded by the
government was indefinite and de-
pendent upon the termination of the
rebellion. Each man was required
to march singly past the officer and

a surgeon, and if any defect in his
gait or carriage was detected by
their critical eyes, with other defi-
ciencies, one was liable to fail to pass
muster, be rejected and dismissed.
All of the company passed with the
single exception of Henry Baker, a
good honest fellow and a general fa-
vorite with the boys who extremely
regretted his failure to pass. To
Henry, however, it was a different
proposition, for becoming homesick
and disgusted with army life, he did
not regret the flat of dismissal at all,
but was pleased with the result, re-
marking ere he left us that he never
would have enlisted had it not been
for that "darned brass band."

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 Dis-
covery for consumption and was
completely cured." Sufferers from
coughs, colds, throat and lung trou-
ble need this grand remedy, for it
never disappoints. Cure is guaran-
teed by Bailey's Pharmacy. Price
50c and \$1. Trial bottles free.

Need More Help.

Often the over taxed organs of di-
gestion cry out for help by dispepsia,
pains, 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.

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. Elec-
tric Bitters positively cures kidney
and liver troubles, stomach disorders,
nervousness, sleeplessness, rheuma-
tism, neuralgia and expels malaria.
Satisfaction guaranteed by Bailey's
Pharmacy. Only 50c.

If a Man Lie to You

And say some other salvo, oint-
ment, lotion, oil or alleged healer is
as good as Bucklin's Arnica Salve,
tell him thirty years of marvelous
cures of piles, burns, boils, corns, fel-
ons, ulcers, cuts, scalds, bruises and
skin eruptions prove it's the best
and cheapest. 25c at Bailey's Phar-
macy.

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

**Samuel Mintern
Peck**
is a charming writer.

We will publish in a few days
one of his delightful short
stories.

Nobody's Property

This is a story of the difficul-
ties experienced by two Con-
federate soldiers in their at-
tempt to beat their swords
into plowshares when they re-
turned to their homes at the
close of the war. The loyalty
of an old slave, the devotion
of a beautiful girl to the man
she loved and the gratitude of
a Federal officer conflicting
with his duty are skillfully
portrayed.

In addition to this we have
secured for early publication
seven stories running from
three to eight columns in
length. All of them are good
and will be appreciated by our
readers.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

The employees at Patton & Holsch
mill struck for an increase in wages
from \$1.15 to \$1.40 per day, and as a
result the mill closed down. The
mill is situated 5 miles west of Gas-
ton.

The foundation for the new Clat-
sop mill has been completed and
work begun on the buildings. It is
reported that the mill will be in run-
ning order inside of 60 days.—Astoria
Herald.

There is certainly money in Hood
River dirt. A gentleman stated to
a Dallas paper that a 20 acre tract
seven miles from town sold for \$60
per acre. It is wild brush land with-
out improvements except being
fenced.

A good many tons of cherries have
been shipped from The Dalles dur-
ing the past few weeks. They have
gone principally to the Sound cities,
Spokane, Bulte, Helena, Omaha and
Denver. They have netted the grow-
ers from six to seven cents per pound.
—Mountaineer.

N. K. Sitton, a pioneer of 1843,
died at his home three miles west of
McMinnville, Friday morning, after
a lingering illness of several years.
"Doc" Sitton, as he was familiarly
called, was one of the best known
pioneers in the state. He is the
father of sheriff Sitton of Yamhill
county.

Wallace Chamberlain, a rugged
mountaineer of this vicinity, has
gone to the scene of Tracy's exploits.
If Chamberlain gets a chance at the
deporado, "something will be done,"
for he is a man totally devoid of
physical fear and is a dead shot.—
Eugene Register.

Geo. O. Goodall, the popular State
University student, son of Hon. O.
P. Goodall, of Holley, who was tak-
en to a Portland hospital several
weeks ago to be operated on for an
injury to his knee, sustained nearly a
year ago while playing football, has
lost his leg, the amputation taking
place last Saturday.

Quite a number of farmers near
Astoria are making preparations to
build silos on their farms during the
present summer. They have learn-
ed from experience that the best re-
sults can be secured from feeding
their stock on ensilage, and are pre-
paring to engage in the business
more extensively than ever before.

Geo. W. Hume has purchased a
mill site at Tongue Point and will
begin immediate construction of a
mill with a capacity of 100,000 feet
per 12 hours. The mill will employ
about 150 men. The site was pur-
chased from the Van Dusen estate
and one of those much coveted for
manufacturing purposes.—Astoria
Herald.

Charles Sandford, a logger, at-
tempted to commit suicide at South
Prairie on Tuesday, but not properly
understanding the business, failed to
sever the windpipe after making
three nasty gashes in his neck with a
razor. Dr. Wiley fixed him by sew-
ing up the wounds and the sight of
the loss of so much blood may have
a good effect on the would-be-suicide.
Query: Is it not an offence against
the state for a man to use a danger-
ous weapon and do bodily harm?
—Tillamook Headlight.

Where is Washington's boasted
greatness of timber, when the figures
show that the average stand of board
measure lumber, per square mile, for
the wooded area is 4,300,000 in Ore-
gon, and 2,400,000 in Washington,
and that the total wooded area of
Oregon is 54,300 square miles, and of
Washington 47,700, with a total
stand of timber in Oregon of 234,653-
000,900 feet and in Washington
114,775,000,000? Has Washington
been giving the world some hot air?
—Mountaineer.

C. W. Ament, president of the
Golden Drift Mining Company, left
on Wednesday for Chicago. He will
be absent the remainder of this
month. About the 8th of August he
will return with a train load of ex-
cursionists for this city. The excu-
sion will be composed principally of
Chicago people and stockholders in
the Golden Drift Company. Grants
Pass will be their objective point.
They will remain here several days.
This Golden Drift Company is the
organization that is damming Rogue
river for the purpose of developing
power to operate pumps. Water
will thus be elevated to a place
mile on the hillside, that, though
rich, could never be worked for lack
of water.