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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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OFFICE: at residence, east of court house, where he will be found at all hours when not visiting patients.

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Best work, latest methods, 250 per cent. Cement and Amalgam fillings 50 cents each. Gold fillings from \$1 up. X-rayed and for painless extraction.
Office: three doors north of brick store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Easiest 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-barricade rush the raging waters of the Arkansas River, lashed into foaming fury and dashed into spanning 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. B. Mansfield, P. O. Rio Grande System, Portland.

BLACK ROCK

By RALPH CONNOR

"Three! There are 200 miners and 150 lumbermen. Three!" And Graeme looked at him in amazement. "You think it worth while to organize three?"

"Well," replied Craig, smiling for the first time, "the organization won't be elaborate, but it will be effective, and, besides, loyalty demands obedience." We sat long that afternoon talking, shirking from the breaking up, for we knew that we were about to turn down a chapter in our lives which we should delight to linger over in after days, and in my life there is but one brighter. At last we said goodby and drove away, and though many farewells have come in between that day and this, none is so vividly present to me as that between us three men. Craig's manner with me was solemn enough.

"He that loveth his life," goodby, Don't fool with this," was what he said to me, but when he turned to Graeme his whole face lighted up. He took him by the shoulders and gave him a little shake, looking into his eyes and saying over and over in a low, sweet tone:

"You'll come, old chap, you'll come, you'll come. Tell me you'll come." And Graeme could say nothing in reply, but only looked at him. Then they silently shook hands, and we drove off, but long after we had got over the mountain and into the winding forest road on the way to the lumber camp the voice kept vibrating in my heart, "You'll come, you'll come," and there was a hot pain in my throat. We said little during the drive to the camp. Graeme was thinking hard and made no answer when I spoke to him two or three times till we came to the deep shadows of the pine forest, when, with a little shiver, he said:

"It is all a tangle, a hopeless tangle."

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"This business of religion, what quaint variations—Nelson's, Goodrich's, Billy Breen's—if he has any—then Mrs. Mayor's—she is a saint, of course—and that fellow Craig? What a trump he is! And without his religion he'd be pretty much like the rest of us. It is too much for me."

His mystery was not mine. Black Rock varieties of religion were certainly startling, but there was undoubtedly the streak of reality through them all, and that discovery I felt to be a distinct gain.

CHAPTER VII.
THE FIRST BLACK ROCK COMMUNION.

THE gleam of the great fire through the windows of the great camp gave a kindly welcome as we drove into the clearing in which the shanties stood. Graeme was greatly touched at his enthusiastic welcome by the men. At the supper table he made a little speech of thanks for their faithfulness during his absence, specially commending the care and efficiency of Mr. Nelson, who had had charge of the camp. The men cheered wildly. Baptiste's shrill voice leading all. Nelson, being called upon, expressed in a few words his pleasure at seeing the boys back and thanked the men for their support while he had been in charge.

The men were for making a night of it; but, fearing the effect upon Graeme, I spoke to Nelson, who passed the word, and in a short time the camp was quiet. As we sauntered from the grub camp to the office, where was our bed, we paused to take in the beauty of the night. The moon rode high over the peaks of the mountains, flooding the narrow valley with light. Under her magic the fungal peaks softened their harsh lines and seemed to lean lovingly toward us. The dark pine masses stood silent, as in breathless adoration. The dazzling snow lay like a garment over all the open spaces in soft, waving folds and crowded every stump with a quantity of lighted up. Above the camps the smoke curled up from the campfires, standing like pillars of cloud that kept watch while men slept, and high over all the deep blue night sky, with its star jewels, sprang like the roof of a great cathedral from range to range, covering us in its kindly shelter. How homelike and safe seemed the valley, with its mountain sides, its sentinel trees and arching roof of jeweled sky! Even the night seemed kindly, and friendly the stars, and the lone cry of the wolf from the deep forest seemed like the voice of a comrade.

"How beautiful! Too beautiful!" said Graeme, stretching out his arms. "A night like this takes the heart out of me."

I stood silent, drinking in at every sense the night, with its wealth of loveliness.

"What is it I want?" he went on. "Why does the night make my heart ache? There are things to see and things to hear just beyond me. I can't get to them."

The gray, careless moon was gone from his face. His dark eyes were wistful with yearning.

"I often wonder if life has nothing better for me," he continued with his heartache voice.

I said no word, but put my arm with in his. A light appeared in the stable. Glad of attention, I said:

"What is the light? Let us go and see."

"Sandy, taking a last look at his team, like enough."

We walked slowly toward the stable, speaking no word. As we neared the door we heard the sound of a voice in the monotone of one reading. I stepped forward and looked through a chink between the logs. Graeme was about to open the door, but I held up my hand and beckoned him to me. In a vacant stall, where was a pile of straw, a number of men were grouped. Sandy, leaning against the spring post, upon which the stable lantern hung, was reading; Nelson, was kneeling in front of him and gazing into the gloom before; Baptiste lay upon his stomach, his chin in his hands and his upturned eyes fastened upon Sandy's face; Lachlan Campbell sat with his hands clasped about his knees, and two other men sat near him. Sandy was reading the unending story of the prodigious Nelson now, and then stopping him to make a remark. It was a scene I have never been able to forget. Today I pause in my tale and see it as clearly as when I looked through the chink upon it years ago—the long low stable, with log walls and upright hitching poles; the dim outlines of the horses in the group of the background; and the little group of rough, almost savage-looking men, with faces wondering and reverent, lighted by the misty light of the stable lantern.

After the reading Sandy handed the book to Nelson, who put it in his pocket, saying:

"That's for us, boys, ain't it?"

"Aye," said Lachlan. "It is often that has been read in my hearing, but I am afraid it will be for me what ever." And he swayed himself slightly as he spoke, and his voice was full of pain.

"The minister said I might come," said old Nelson earnestly and hopefully.

"Aye, but you are not Lachlan Campbell, and you have not had his privileges. My father was a godly elder in the Free Church of Scotland, and one of a night or morning but we took the looks."

"Yes, but he said 'any man,'" persisted Nelson, putting his hand on Lachlan's knee, but Lachlan shook his head.

"Dat young feller," said Baptiste—"wha's hees name, heh?"

"He has no name. It is just a parasite," explained Sandy.

"It's not no name? He's just a parasite?" And he young feller?" asked Baptiste anxiously. "Das mean nothing?"

Then Nelson took him in hand and explained to him the meaning, while Baptiste listened even more eagerly, ejaculating softly: "Ah, volla! Bon! By gar!" When Nelson had finished, he broke out: "Dat young feller—his name Baptiste, heh? And de old Fad-der—his hee name Dier? Bon! Das good story for me. How you go back? You go to de priest?"

"The book doesn't say priest or any one else," said Nelson. "You go back in yourself, you see?"

"Nay; das so, sure nuff. Ah!" As if a light broke in upon him. "You go in your own self. You make one leafs prayer. You say, 'Le bon Fadder, oh, I want come back, I see tire so long, to sorrow!' He say, 'Come right long. Ah, das fusa rate! Nelson, you make one leafs prayer for Sandy and me.'"

Nelson lifted up his face and said: "Father, we're all gone far away; we have spent all; we are poor; we are tired of it all; we want to feel different; to be different; we want to come back. Jesus came to save us from our sins, and he said if we came he wouldn't cast us out, no matter how bad we were, if we only came to him. O Jesus Christ, and his old iron face began to work, and two big tears slowly came from under his eyelids. "We are a poor lot, and I'm the worst of the lot, and we are trying to find the way. Show us how to get back. Amen."

"Bon!" said Baptiste. "Das fetch him sure!"

Graeme pulled me away, and without a word we went into the office and drew up to the little store. Graeme was greatly annoyed.

"Did you ever see anything like that?" he asked—"old Nelson, the hard set, savagest, toughest old sinner in the camp, on his knees before a lot of men?"

"Before God, I could not help saying, for the thing seemed very real to me. The old man evidently felt himself talking to some one."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," said Graeme doubtfully, "but there's a lot of stuff I can't swallow."

"When you take medicine, you don't swallow the bottle," I replied, for his trouble was not mine.

"If I were sure of the medicine, I wouldn't mind the bottle, and yet it acts well enough," he went on. "I don't mind Lachlan. He's a bighearted mystic and has visions. And Sandy's almost as bad, and Baptiste is an impulsive little chap. Those don't count much. But old man Nelson is a cool blooded, level headed old fellow; has seen a lot of life too. And then there's Craig. He has a better head than I have and is as hot blooded, and yet he is living and

Continued on Fourth Page.

The Worst Form.

Multitudes are singing the praises of Kodol, the new discovery which is making so many sick people well and weak people strong by digesting what they eat, by cleansing and sweetening the stomach and by transforming their food into the kind of pure, rich, red blood that makes you feel good all over. Mrs. Cranfill, of Troy, I. T., writes: For a number of years I was troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia which grew into the worst form. Finally I was induced to use Kodol and after using four bottles I am entirely cured. I heartily recommend Kodol to all sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. Take a dose after meals. It digests what you eat. Sold at Delta Drug Store.

A SUNSET PICTURE.

One of the sublimest pictures ever seen is that hung for the beholder when at sunset he climbs the hill on First street, Salt Lake, Utah, east of the temple and north of Brigham Young's grave.

The beholder should see it in October when the trees and shrubs are tinted with the bright reds and yellows of Autumn. The sun going down leaves the west ablaze with its crimson glory while all the gorgeous clouds of Heaven gather to give the earth one parting glimpse of their golden brightness ere "darkness falls from the wings of night." And this forms but a fitting background for the grand old Mormon Temple which stands in its massive grayness, alone, amidst this busy haunt of man.

Lightly poised on its top-most pinnacle is the golden angel, Maroni, who seems to have paused just a moment in his flight thro' the heavens to proclaim the glad tidings of a new gospel. With flying drapery wrapped in the glory of sunset, and with trumpet held far aloft he seems so much the personification of all you have learned of this people, that the picture slowly fades, and you see in its place the beginning—the boy Joseph; Nauvoo, the beautiful; the flight from city to city; the suffering; the hardships; the loss of homes; family; friends—all that men hold most dear. Then you see the long weary march across mountains, rivers and plains. First you see long trains of wagons and again men and women painfully dragging rickety hand carts loaded with their few earthly possessions. Some of them are nearly frozen, others sick and starving. Again you see men, women and children standing around an empty grave making ready to leave some one of their number alone on the road-side—graves, to mark the miles of their weary journey. At last you see them enter this desert land; nothing but sand and sagebrush as far as the eye can see. Now again you see them working bravely to build themselves homes and to "make the desert blossom as the rose."

Then you see them hauling large stones from the distant mountains, one at a time. Day after day the patient oxen drag their heavy burdens. Now you see the gray walls of the temple creeping higher and higher. It is being built thro' love. Not one thought of money enters into the hearts of these who are building this house of God thro' willing sacrifice. Picture after picture passes in rapid succession across your inward vision. At last you awake to find the shades of night gathering fast, and the temple even more majestic now, causes you to cry in your heart, "Thou O, God art God of Gods and Lord of Lords." "And thy ways past finding out."

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Look Out For Fever.

Biliousness and liver disorders at this season may be prevented by cleansing the system with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These famous little pills do not gripe. They move the bowels gently, but copiously, and by reason of the tonic properties, give tone and strength to the glands. At Delta Drug Store.

Forty Years' Torture.

To be relieved from a torturing disease after 40 years' torture might well cause the gratitude of anyone. That is what DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve did for C. Haney, Geneva, O. He says: "DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of piles after I had suffered 40 years." Cures cuts, burns, wounds, skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Sold at Delta Drug Store.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Butter that Will Keep.

It may be laid down as a given rule that the longer you churn the more water will be retained in the butter. On this question the Wisconsin station reports that in trials, stopping the churn when the granules were from the size of grains of clover seed to the size of granules of corn, the average water content of the butter churned to large granules was 13.89 per. ct. and of the butter churned to small granules was 12.15 per. ct.—with, of course, similar working and salting.

The old style of churning until all the butter formed in one large lump put the greatest quantity of water in it, which had to be worked out at the peril of its grain. Conclusion: To make dry, long-keeping, well-flavored butter stop the churn when the butter breaks to the size of clover seeds and wash the milk out with cold water; then press that water out with as light-working as possible.—L. S. Hardin, in Jersey Bulletin.

Natural Anxiety.

Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little lives than croup. It's attack is so sudden that the sufferer is often beyond human aid before the doctor arrives. Such cases yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure. Liquifies the mucus, allays inflammation, removes danger. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Cures coughs, colds, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble. F. S. McMahon, Hampton, Ga.: "A bad cold rendered me voiceless just before an oratorical contest. I intended to withdraw but took One Minute Cough Cure. It restored my voice in time to win the medal." Sold at Delta Drug Store.

If a Man Lie to You

And say some other salve, ointment, 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, felon, ulcers, cuts, scalds, bruises and skin eruptions prove it's the best and cheapest. 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

The Designer for November sets forth a tempting array of fashions and millinery for early winter and late autumn wear. Coats of all kinds for ladies, misses and juveniles are prominent in the display. "Stylish Shirt Waists for Winter Wear" and "ladies' outing costumes are also given marked attention. "Old-Fashioned Quilt Piecing," by Jessie de Forest, is a quaint and interesting contribution to the literary part of the magazine. "American Cooking Schools," by Waldo Fawcett, is of equal interest but in different vein. "The babes in the Woods," by Imogen A. Storey, is a charming little play and drill for small children, while "Selections for the Recitationist" offers several excellent Thanksgiving poems culled from various sources. "What Women Are Doing," edited by the women readers of The Designer, increases in interest, the paragraphs this month recounting several odd and original ways by which some women make a living. The short stories are "Cinderella & Co., Limited," by Ida Preston Robinson, and "How Nina Earned Her Camera," by L. B. Ayers. "A Thanksgiving Turkey Party," by Mary Dawson, furnishes hints for entertaining on that holiday, and Mary Kilsyth tells how to fit up "Stairways and Halls." "Novelties in Knitting" supplies directions for making several useful and acceptable articles, and a half-page is devoted to the fashionable dress decoration known as "French Knots." Under "Millinery" are given directions for making an autumn bonnet, and "Points on Dressmaking" treats of fur trimming, "Book Notes," "Toilet Table Chat," "Etiquette Hints," "In Motherland," "Floriculture" and other helpful and entertaining departments which always are given place in this magazine for the household.

Fortune Favors a Texan.

"Having distressing pains in the head, back and stomach, and being without appetite, I began to use Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes W. P. Whitehead, of Kennedale, Tex., "and soon felt like a new man." Infallible on stomach and liver troubles. Only 25 cents at Bailey's Pharmacy.

CASTORIA.
The Kidney and Bowel Regulator
Sears & Roebuck & Co.
Castor Oil

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

LOOK AT THIS.

Have you looked at those iron beds, those beautiful couches, that fine line of rockers and bed room suites, at prices that defy competition? Portiers, lace curtains, trunks and wall paper. Will give you lowest possible prices. If there is anything in the furniture line or in carpets I do not carry in stock, will give you an order on firm in Portland and pay freight and put it in your house at Portland prices, saving you freight.

Donelson's Furniture Store.

Not Doomed For Life.

"I was treated for three years by good doctors," writes W. A. Greer McCannellsville, O., "for piles and fistula, but, when all failed, Bucklin's Arnica Salve cured me in two weeks." Cures burns, bruises, cuts, sores, eruptions, salt rheum, piles or no pay. 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

A party of 30 bankers and capitalists are visiting Portland and Oregon City and the country between. Doubtless it is they who are furnishing the money to build the network of electric railroads in Multnomah and Clackamas counties on the east side of the Willamette.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS BEAUTIES.

Look with horror on skin eruptions, blotches, sores, pimples. They don't have them, nor will anyone, who uses Bucklin's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face, eczema or salt rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains. Infallible for piles. 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

Last summer, W. A. Henry, Dean and Director of the University of Wisconsin visited Oregon with the National Pure Food Association. After his return he wrote his impressions of the Willamette valley to M. D. Wisdom of the Rural Spirit. His observations and criticism appear to be, in the main, just and their perusal will be to the profit of our farmers and land owners. His letter appears below.

In the Willamette Valley, Oregon has a region of great wealth, and its possibilities are only beginning to show themselves. I was greatly interested in observing the character of the soil, which ranged from fair in fertility to excellent. I was disappointed in finding that your farmers have persisted in growing grain too continuously on the same land. Many do not seem to have adopted a rotation, but to have followed wheat with wheat, or at least to have planted cereals so continuously that wild oats and weeds are all too common. It seems nothing short of wickedness itself to abuse their farms as some of your people have unfortunately done. Is it not time these farmers change their system, or rather lack of system, or went out of business and gave way to a better set? There surely can be no money in such slipshod methods.

Your great Valley needs to take up live-stock farming in dead earnest. I saw a good many sheep, Cotswold generally, in little flocks scattered about the valley. It seems to me there could be a good many more of these with profit, for I never saw a poor looking animal in my travels, all seemed fat and contented. It must, indeed, be a great sheep country.

I saw some excellent cattle also; not nearly enough of them. There is need of much larger numbers of both cattle and sheep. Hogs seem to do well and should prove very profitable, for you have an unusually good bill-of-fare to provide for them. I was pleased to note that red clover and timothy grew so finely with you. It is true the velvet grass was making trouble, but this pest was generally prevalent I think because the farmer does not follow rotation of crops. If a rotation were practiced they could rid themselves of all weed pests, and almost if not quite double the yields that many are now receiving. I was interested to observe the

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NEWS OF THE STATE.

The Union Street and Suburban Railway Company of Union county, plan to extend the line to the timber belt on Catherine creek next year.

Wm. R. Scott, son of Richard Scott, Milwaukie, Oregon, is to coach the Ashland Normal school football team. Scott learned to play football with the O. A. C. and U. of O. teams.

Salem is enjoying the sensation of having a burglar at large. The prowler entered a house, but before he could get any plunder he tipped over a flower pot and made such a racket that the family was aroused and he had to skip.

Thomas L. Brophy, the mining expert, has returned to Pendleton, from the Heppner coal fields, after spending a fortnight viewing the work in progress. He says this is the greatest discovery that has been made of late years in the world. The opening up of transportation and getting the coal on the market means much to Morrow and Umatilla counties.

The Portland Journal reports that Superintendent Nowlin, of Pendleton county school fund to the several districts in his county. The apportionment carries a total of \$13,867.09. The last apportionment was over \$20,000, making a total of between \$33,000 and \$34,000 expended for county schools in Umatilla county this year.

Two men, Bush Taylor and Billy Roseberry, of Jackson county, one day last week fought a duel near the state line. The body of Taylor has been found with a bullet hole in his head. Near by was a pool of blood and a path that appeared as if made by dragging a body over the ground. It is believed that Roseberry was badly wounded and had crawled off into the thick chaparral to die.

Speaking of the loss of timber by the forest fires of September, President Bradley of the Bridal Veil Lumber Company states that the loss was slight. The fire swept through places which had been logged, burning worthless hemlock and dry timber. The planing mill has been running most of the time. The new mill will be erected about two miles south of the one that was destroyed by fire.

Corvallis has hit upon an excellent way to treat "expert" witnesses when they are associated with the principals. A town youngster was arrested the other day for disturbing a Salvation Army meeting, relates the Times. He stood trial in the police court, and a jury of six men listened to the testimony. Two of his young friends testified in his behalf, and in their efforts to clear him testified that they made as much racket at the meeting as did he. Then the officials arrested them and on their own evidence the jury pronounced them guilty. The jury pronounced the first one guilty also, and fines of \$10 each were assessed against all.

The three assistant engineers of the O. R. & N's. ocean steamship Elder flying between Portland and San Francisco have struck and the ship is laid up until other men can be secured. The company has commenced proceedings to annul the engineer's license which each man must hold before he can ply his trade. The U. S. law requires that a licensed engineer must have a good and valid reason for deserting his post and it may be that the inspectors who issue the license will not consider a sympathetic strike "good and sufficient." It is learned later that the licenses of these men have been revoked.

A petition has been presented to Gov. Geer asking for a full pardon for Henry Schroeder, convicted in Baker county of forgery and sent to the penitentiary for two years. He has served his term and has been a free man for some years, and during this time has worked in Salem where he has led an exemplary life, and the pardon is asked for the purpose of restoring him to citizenship. It is said that the crime for which Schroeder has suffered was not an aggravated one. It appears that he and his employer were drinking when their money ran low, and Schroeder drew a check for \$2, signing his employer's name to it, with the latter's consent, so it is said, and the money paid them on the check by the bartender of a Baker City saloon, was promptly spent over the bar by the two men. It was for this alleged forgery that Schroeder served two years.