

Hillsboro Independent.

Vol. XXX.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1902.

No. 25

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

W. N. BARETT, 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. B. 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. TAMESIE, A. J., S. P. R. SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE and Residence: corner Third and Main Streets. Office hours, 9:30 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone to residence from Block & Sole's 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 15. Residence, S. W. Cor. Base Line and Second streets. Both 'Phones.

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

A. B. BAILEY, D. D. S., DENTIST,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Rooms 10 and 11 Morgan-Bailey Bk.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 4 p. m.

R. NIXON, DENTIST,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
Best art. - vital teeth \$3.00 per set. Cement and Amalgam fillings 50 cents each. Gold fillings from \$1 up. Vitalized air for painless extraction.
Office: three doors north of Block store. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 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-barrier 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 George." 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, Rio Grande System, Portland, Pa.

BLACK ROCK

By RALPH CONNOR

"She has one request to make—that you will be true to the league and that you stand close about the man who did most to make it. She wishes me to say that, however far away she may have to go, she is leaving her heart in Black Rock and she can think of no greater joy than to come back to you again."

Then they had "The Sweet By and By," but the men would not join in the refrain, unwilling to lose a note of the glorious voice they loved to hear. Before the last verse she beckoned to me. I went to her standing by Craig's side as he played for her.

"Ask them to sing," she entreated. "I cannot bear it."

"Mrs. Mavor wishes you to sing in the refrain," I said, and at once the men sat up and cleared their throats.

The singing was not good, but at the first sound of the hoarse notes of the men Craig's head went down over the organ, for he was thinking, I suppose, of the days before them when they would long in vain for that thrilling voice that soared high over their own hoarse tones. And after the voices died away he kept on playing till, half turned toward him, she sang alone once more the refrain in a voice low and sweet and tender, as if for him alone, and so he took it, for he smiled up at her his old smile, full of courage and full of love.

Then for one whole hour she stood saying goodby to those rough, gentle hearted men whose inspiration to goodness she had been for five years. It was very wonderful and very quiet. It was understood that there was to be no nonsense, and Abe had been heard to declare that he would "throw out any cotton backed" who couldn't hold himself down, and, further, he had enjoined them to remember that her arm wasn't a pump handle.

At last they were all gone, all but her guard of honor—Shaw, Vernon, Winton, George, Nixon, Abe, Nelson, Craig and myself. This was the real farewell, for, though in the early light of the next morning 200 men stood silent about the stage and as it moved out waved their hats and yelled madly, this was the last touch they had of her hand. Her place was up on the driver's seat between Abe and Mr. Craig, who held little Marjorie on his knee. The rest of the guard of honor were to follow with Graeme's team. It was Winton's fine sense that kept Graeme from following them close. "Let her go out alone," he said, and so we held back and watched her go.

She stood with her back toward Abe's plunging four horse team, and, steady, herself with one hand on Abe's shoulder, gazed down upon us. Her head was bare, her hair parted in a smile, her eyes glowing with their own deep light, and so, facing us, erect and smiling, she drove away, waving us farewell till Abe swung his team into the canyon road and we saw her no more. A sigh shuddered through the crowd, and, with a sob in his voice, Winton said, "God help us all!"

I close my eyes and see it all again—the waving crowd of dark faced men, the plunging horses, and, high up above the driver, the swaying, smiling, waving figure, and about all the moonlight, framing the picture with their dark sides and white peaks tipped with the gold of the rising sun. It is a picture I love to look upon, albeit it calls up another that I can never see but through tears.

I look across a strip of ever widening water at a group of men upon the wharf, standing with heads uncovered, every man a hero, though not a man of them suspects it, least of all the man who stands in front, strong, resolute, self composed, and, gazing long, I think I see him turn again to his place among the men of the mountains, not forgetting, but every day remembering, the great love that came to him and remembering, too, that love is not all. It is then the tears come.

But for that picture two of us at least are better men today.

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH the long summer the mountains and the pines were with me, and through the winter, too, busy as I was filling in my Black Rock sketches for the railway people who would still persist in ordering them by the dozen, the memory of that stirring life would come over me, and once more I would be among the silent pines and the mighty snow peaked mountains, and before me would appear the red shirted shanty men or dark faced miners, great, free, bold fellows, driving me almost mad with the desire to seize and fix those swiftly changing groups of picturesque figures. At such times I would drop my sketch and with eager brush seize a group, a face, a figure, and that is how my studio comes to be filled with the men of Black Rock. There they are about me—Graeme and the men from the woods, Sandy, Baptiste, the Campbells and, in many attitudes and groups, old man Nelson, Craig, too, and his miners, Shaw, George, Nixon, poor old Billy and the keeper of the league saloon.

It seemed as if I lived among them, and the illusion was greatly helped by

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF MANCOS CANYON, COLORADO.

The Rio Manco river is the next tributary of the Rio San Juan west of the Rio de la Plata and from Mancos canyon came the wonderful collection of cliff-dwellers remains, which may be seen to day in the Capitol Building of Colorado. So valuable is it that a million dollars have been offered for it and not another like it is to be found in the whole world.

As to who the cliff-dwellers were, even tradition has little to say and fails to give more than a faint idea as to the pre-historic race which, ages ago peopled the cliffs of the various canyons throughout Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. The patient research of scientific men, alone, has given to the world the little knowledge possessed in regard to that ancient people. No man knows the cause which led them to forsake their homes on the plain and in the valley nor the number of years which have passed since desolation "marked them for her own." Ernest Ingersoll who accompanied the U. S. geological and geographical survey on an expedition to the Mancos canyon in 1874 has many interesting things to say about the cliff-dwellers of the Mancos in his little book called "The Crest of the Continent." Among other things he advances the theory that enemies from the mountains north probably devastated their fields and laid waste their town; and that they cultivated their fields between the times of attack, building temporary summer houses and spending the winters in their rocky fastnesses, or retreating to them when warned of an attack. Ruins of watch towers on every exposed point show that some foe made it necessary for them to keep many sentinels.

It seems that for a time they were left in peace and were enabled to return and re-build their old homes in the valleys. Certain houses built upon the substratum of older fallen structures indicates a new era of occupation. It is thought that the village Indians of New Mexico and Arizona are their lineal descendants. The houses of the Cliff-dwellers were built on ledges of the cliffs. In one place in Mancos Canyon where the bluff is a thousand feet or more in height was found a two story house, on a ledge seven hundred feet above the valley. It is made of finely cut sand-stone, each block about 14 by 6 inches accurately fit and set in mortar no harder than the stone itself. The floor of this house is the ledge upon which it is built and the roof—the over-hanging rock. There are three rooms upon the ground floor with partition walls of stone. Traces of a wooden floor between the stories still remains. Each of the stories is six feet in height nicely plastered and painted a dull brick red, with a white band along the floor. There are two door ways one above and one below showing that the former was entered from without. There are square holes for windows but no indications of glass or shutters, and they command a view of the valley for miles; a stone dropped from one of the windows will fall 600 feet. There are still the remains of many other buildings on this and other ledges. The buildings being formed of the rock upon which they are built make it nearly impossible to distinguish them at any great distance. They built reservoirs in which to store water, and the rocks bear traces of inscriptions. In the valley there are traces of a great many houses, while broken pottery is found in the greatest profusion. It seems that they never built houses on the eastern cliff of a canyon but always on the western that they might get the morning sunshine. The stones of which the cliff-houses were built are cut perfectly true and the houses well finished; and as far as is yet known they had only tools made of stone. There are many hundreds of these dwellings to be found throughout New Mexico and Arizona.

Nothing can be more interesting to the student in archaeology than the collection in Denver, and by far the most fascinating portion is the actual remains of the people themselves. In one case is the entire skeleton of a woman wrapped in a peculiar robe, of what is called feather-cloth, a cloth made of the soft feathers, taken very likely from the breasts of birds. The skin of the woman, instead of decaying, is left, like old yellow parchment, stretched tightly over the bones. With open mouth, exposed teeth and coarse tangled black hair she presents a very ghastly appearance. Nearly every person who glances at her

stands and gazes in mute horror upon what was once a living reasoning person, like themselves, and think that perhaps it has, at one time, rejoiced at God's sunshine; loved, hated, and experienced all the endless joys and sorrows that fall to the lot of all. And when one thinks that as it is we shall be, he exclaims "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him" and then, after all the body is but a cast off garment and the "soul has hung the dust aside, and naked on the air of heaven rides." There are other skeletons in the same case and among them two little mummified babies; one of them quite life-like and pretty; it was apparently about three months old, has a well shaped head and looks exactly the same as a dead baby of the white race. It, too, is wrapped in feather cloth.

In another case is a large number of skulls. One can spend hours before it; studying the different developments and speculating about the probable destiny of those who once had these skulls as caskets for their souls. Some of them are large and well-shaped having the part where phrenologists locate the seat of the higher faculties well developed. In others the frontal bone is retreating while the occipital bulges out. Another, the skull of a child, perhaps, has such a queer development that a phrenologist would unhesitatingly call it the skull of an idiot.

In front of this case the ever present tourist halted, gazed around a moment in breathless astonishment, then drawled "Why this buildings nearly as fine as ours at Home." When asked where that was, he said "Michigan." This confirms the story printed in the Oregonian once, about a man from Oregon who while walking through the streets of Paradise, noticed a man chained to a post and making a great effort to release himself. With the usual Oregonian curiosity he walked over and enquired the reason of this strange proceeding, and was told that the prisoner was from Kalamazoo, Michigan and wanted to go back.

In one case there is a large collection of bones, of the arms, fingers etc. While another contains a fine collection of pottery; some whole other pieces broken. There are too, many pieces of matting made very likely in the same way as that of the Yakima Indians of Washington, that is, by laying needy grasses side by side and sewing them together with a wooden needle. The matting of the Cliff-dwellers is very old of course, yet it looks not inferior to that manufactured by machinery today. They also made rope which looks like the stuff that formerly was used as binder twine, except that the latter is thicker and made from the Yucca plant where as the former was hemp. They had sandals made of the same material as the matting and shaped like the Japanese ones of today.

In the collection are bone needles and other implements for working in leather. Many of their implements made of stone are exactly the same as some found in Oregon. In fact there are three pieces in a collection in Hillsboro that are made of the same kind of stone, cut in the same way and evidently used for the same purpose.

An interesting piece in this collection is a breast-plate made of the bark of a young tree. It must have been made by drawing two circles around a tree a foot apart then drawing a straight line to connect the two, then taking hold of the bark and stripping it off. Then it could be put around the person and laced together with a strip of leather.

That, like the Indians of today, they were fond of decorating their persons, is proven by the chain made of small bones about two inches long and threaded together like beads with small nuts between.

There are many cases of stone implements, besides other things, to give the student in archaeology an opportunity of learning all that can be found out, by examining a collection of this kind, such as photographs of the dwellings; rafters from the buildings; and even a miniature dwelling made of sandstone on the ledge of a miniature cliff.

From Ingersoll's book is taken the following poem which is worth reading as it gives such a good picture of the total ruin that now exists. "No voice of spring,—no summer glories.

May wake the wardens from their sleep,
Their graves are made by the sad Dolores,
And the barren headlands of Hoven weep.
Their graves are nameless

Their race forgotten,
Of the Sun."

"Those castled cliffs they made their dwelling,
They lived and loved, they fought and fell
No faint, far voice comes to us telling
More than those crumbling walls can tell.
They lived their life, their fate full-filling
Then drew their last faint, faltering breath,
Their hearts congealed, clutched by the chilling
Hand of Death."

"Dismantled towers, and turrets broken
Like grim and war-worn braves who keep
A silent guard, with grief unspoken
Watch o'er the graves by the Hoven-weep."

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

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.

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 firms 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 McConnellsville, 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.

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.

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, boils, corns, felonies, ulcers, cuts, scalds, bruises and skin eruptions prove it's the best and cheapest. 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

The Best Remedy for Croup.

This is the season when the woman who knows the best remedies for croup is in demand in every neighborhood. One of the most terrible things in the world is to be awakened in the middle of the night by a whoop from one of the children. The croup remedies are almost as sure to be lost in case of burglars. There used to be an old-fashioned remedy for croup, known as hive syrup and tolu, but some modern mothers say that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better, and does not cost so much. It causes the patient to "throw up the phlegm" quicker, and gives relief in a shorter time. Give this remedy as soon as the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets at Delta Drug Store. They are easier to take and more pleasant in effect than pills. Then their use is not followed by constipation as is often the case with pills. Regular size; 25c per box.

For a Bad Cold.

If you have a bad cold you need a good reliable medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to loosen and relieve it, and to allay the irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

One thousand poles for piling at Salt Lake were shipped this week from Lane county.

McMinnville college has an enrollment of 145. This almost equals the listing for the whole of last year.

The enrollment at the public schools in Corvallis now is about 460. It is 30 greater than at the same time last year.

A large per cent of the eggs used in Medford, Jackson county, go there from the Portland market according to Success.

Another bridge gave away in Portland and five people besides a team of horses went down. No one seriously injured.

Benton county according to the Corvallis Times produced 400,000 bushels of wheat. Of this 320,000 has been bought by mill men and dealers.

Jackson county farmers raised about 30,000 bushels of corn this summer. The average yield was 40 to 60 bushels per acre.

The Eugene Register is to publish the associated press dispatches hereafter and to meet the addition demand on their mechanical department will install a new press. Their old machine, a Prouty, is for sale.

McMinnville proposes an amendment to its city charter by which all taxable property within the city limits shall be exempt from paying road tax. This is a departure from the modern trend that places a part of the burden of building good roads upon the cities and towns.

J. C. McElroy who did not get to his destination in Junction City, Lane county till after dark last week struck a stump with his buggy hub. The jar caused his spirited team to spring forward and break loose from the buggy. The horses ran about a hundred yards and collided with a tree, where one of the animals was killed.

E. P. Parker of Astoria has been bound over to answer in the Circuit Court to the charge of wife beating. The evidence is so voluminous and conclusive that the captain will have little chance of clearing himself. The laps were not prompted by love, since Dr. Fulton found two broken ribs.

Am. Shadden has a quartz ledge on his farm west of McMinnville in which he has always had lots of faith. Recently he took several specimens selected at random and sent them to a Portland assayer, who returned a certificate of assay showing a value of \$68.20 to the ton. This was mostly gold, the balance being silver. Mr. Shadden has men employed now, prospecting the ledge more fully.—Reporter.

A saloon keeper of Linn county has been convicted of selling liquors to minors. The case was carried to the supreme court and the verdict of the court below affirmed. The court holds that because the minor stated that he was 21 years of age when in fact he was but 19, and the bartender believed it was no defense. The saloon keeper now proposes to prosecute the boy for misrepresenting his age which he may do under the present law.

Encouraging reports come from the Portland Coal & Development Co's, property near North Yamhill. The seams of slate are disappearing as the face of the tunnel is advanced, and the entire coal formation assumes the form of a solid vein of excellent coal. Mr. Weeks was up from Portland Monday and took back with him some fine specimens.—Reporter.

Thirty-six Portland people paid \$100 each for a locator to show them timber lands in the Alsea country which were taken years ago, and were not at all the filings made by themselves. Their filings are in the burnt district, and devoid of commercial timber. There are frauds in the timber business also. These are they of whom the INDEPENDENT spoke as going to Corvallis to get a start into the timber.

Only \$500 in taxes is delinquent on the Benton county tax roll. It is believed that the Benton county sheriff has the smallest delinquent list in the state, says the Times. The totals of the sheriff's books show that \$55,000 in taxes was paid over the sheriff's counter between February 17th and March 15th that the total amount of rebate was about \$1,050; that the total amount of penalties was about \$150.

Continued on Fourth Page.