

Hillsboro Independent.

Vol. XXX.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1902.

No. 26

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

W. N. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Central Block, Rooms 6 and 7.

BENTON BOWMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: Rooms 6 and 7, Morgan block.

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

S. T. LINKLATER, M. 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.

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S. P. R. E. SURGEON,
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OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: corner Third and Main streets. Office hours, 9:30 to 12 and 2 to 5 p. m. Telephone to residence from Block & Bell Drugstore at all hours. All calls promptly attended, night or day.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.,
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HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Office: Morgan Bailey Block, up stairs, rooms 12, 13 and 14. Residence, S. W. Cor. Base Line and Second streets. Both Phones.

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

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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 spinning spray by its swift descent through the tortuous defile. So narrow is the passage at one point that there was no room for both the road and river, and therefore a curiously constructed bridge of steel had to be thrown lengthwise of the stream, suspended from iron supports mortised into the canon walls on each side to the right and left. And right here can be seen the climax of all the canon's grandeur, that which has been aptly called "The Royal Gorge." For two thousand six hundred feet the solid monoliths soar upward—five times as lofty as the Washington Monument, the highest permanent structure reared by the hand of man. No words can adequately describe the magnificence of the scene. Only those who have beheld its glories can appreciate them.

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

For detailed information about this most delightful trip to the East, Address J. D. Mansfield, V. Rio Grande System, Portland.

BLACK ROCK

By RALPH CONNOR

CHAPTER XV.
COMING TO HIS OWN.

MAN with a conscience is often provoking, sometimes impossible. Persuasion is lost upon him. He will not get angry, and he looks at one with such a faraway expression in his face that he is striving to persuade him one feels earthly and even foolish. At least he spent a week with me just before he sailed for the old land for the purpose, as he said, of getting some of the coal dust and other grime out of him.

He made me angry the last night of his stay and all the more that he remained quite unmoved. It was a strange mistake of mine to tell him how Nelson came home to us and how Graeme stood up before the variety chaps at my supper and made his confession and confused Rattray's easy stepping profanity and started his own five year league, for all this stirred in Craig the hero, and he was ready for all sorts of heroic nonsense. As I called it. We talked of everything but the one thing, and about that we said not a word till, bending low to pick my fire and to hide my face, I plunged:

"You will see her, of course?"
He made no pretense of not understanding, but answered:
"Of course."

"There's really no sense in her staying over there," I suggested.
"And yet she is a wise woman," he said, as if carefully considering the question.
"Heaps of landlords never see their tenants, and they are none the worse." "The landlords?"
"No, the tenants."

"Probably having such landlords." "And, as for the old lady, there must be some one in the connection to whom it would be a godsend to care for her." "Now, Connor," he said quietly, "don't. We have gone over all this before to be said. Nothing new has come. Don't turn it all up again."

Then I played the heathen and raged, as Graeme would have said, till Craig smiled a little wearily and said:
"You exhaust yourself, old chap. Have a pipe—oh." And after a pause he added in his own way: "What would you have? The path lies straight from my feet. Should I quit it? I could not so disappoint you—and all of them."

And I knew he was thinking of Graeme and the lady in the mountains he had taught to be true men. It did not help my rage, but it checked my speech, so I smoked in silence till he was moved to say:
"And after all, you know, old chap, there are great compensations for all losses, but for the loss of a good conscience toward God what can make up?"

But, all the same, I hoped for some better result from his visit to Britain. It seemed to me that something must turn up to change such an unbearable situation.
The year passed, however, and when I looked into Craig's face again I knew that nothing had been changed and that he had come back to take up again his life alone, more resolutely hopeful than ever.

But the year had left its mark upon him too. He was a broader and deeper man. He had been living and thinking with men of larger ideas and richer culture, and he was far too quick in sympathy with life to remain untouched by his surroundings. He was more tolerant of opinions other than his own, but more unrelenting in his fidelity to conscience and more impatient of half heartedness and self indulgence. He was full of reverence for the great scholars and the great leaders of men he had come to know.

"Grown noble fellows they are and extraordinarily modest," he said—"There is, the really great are modest. There are plenty of the other sort, neither great nor modest. And the books to be read! I am quite hopeless about my reading. It gave me a queer sensation to shake hands with a man who had written a great book. To hear him make commonplace remarks, to witness a faltering in knowledge—one expects these men to know everything—and to experience respectful kindness at his hands!"

"What of the younger men?" I asked.
"Bright, keen, generous fellows—in things theoretical omniscient, but in things practical quite helpless. They are lost about great ideas as the miners' lumps of coal. They can call them by their book names easily enough, but I often wonder whether they could put them into English. Some of them I coveted for the mountains, men with clear heads and big hearts and built after Sandy McNaughton's model. It does seem a sinful waste of God's good human stuff to see these fellows potter away their lives among theories, living and dead, and end up by producing a book. They are all either making or going to make a book. A good thing we haven't to read them. But here and there among them is some quiet chap who will make a book that men will tumble over each other to read."

Then we paused and looked at each other.
"Well?" I asked.
He understood me.
"Yes," he answered slowly, "doing great work. Every one worships her just as we do, and she is making them all do something worth while, as she used to make us."

two years, and of her intention to spend some months in her old home in Edinburgh, and this letter it is that accounts for my presence in a miserable, dingy, dirty little hall running off a close in the historic Cowgate, redolent of the glories of the splendid past and of the various odors of the evil smelling present. I was there to hear Mrs. Mavor sing to the crowd of gamins that thronged the closes in the neighborhood and that had been gathered into a club by "a fine fiddle frae the west end" for the love of Christ and his lost. This was an "at home" night, and the mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, of all ages and sizes, were present. Of all the sad faces I had ever seen those mothers carried the saddest and most woe stricken. "Heaven pity us!" I found myself saying. "Is this the beautiful, the cultured, the heaven exalted city of Edinburgh? Will it not for this be called a vivid picture of that face, sweet, sad, beautiful, alight with the deep glow of her eyes, as she stood and sang to that dingy crowd. As I sat upon the window ledge listening to the voice with its flowing song my thoughts were far away, and I was looking down once more upon the eager, coal grimed faces in the rude little church in Black Rock. I was brought back to find myself swallowing hard by an audible whisper from a wee lassie to her mother:

"Mither! See till yon man. He's greetin'!"
When I came to myself, she was singing "The Land of the Leal," the Scotch "Jerusalem, the Golden," immortal, perfect. It needed experience of the hunched hunched Cowgate closes, chill with the black mist of an eastern hour, to feel the full bliss of the vision of the words:

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
The day is aye fair in
The Land of the Leal."

A land of fair, warm days, untouched by sorrow and care, would be heaven indeed to the dwellers of the Cowgate. The rest of that evening is hazy enough to me now till I find myself opposite Mrs. Mavor at her fire, reading Graeme's letter. Then all is vivid again.

I could not keep the truth from her. I knew it would be folly to try. So I read straight on till I came to the words: "He has had mountain fever, whatever that may be, and he will not pull up again. If I can, I shall take him home to my mother," when she suddenly stretched out her hand, saying, "Oh, let me read!" and I gave her the letter. In a minute she had read it and began almost breathlessly:

"Listen. My life is much changed. My mother-in-law is gone. She needs me no longer. My solicitor tells me, too, that, owing to unfortunate investments, there is need of money, so great need that it is possible that either the estates or the works must go. My cousin has his all in the works—iron works, you know. It would be wrong to have him suffer. I shall give up the estates. That is best."

"And come with me!" I cried.
"When do you sail?"
"Next week," I answered eagerly.
She looked at me a few moments, and into her eyes there came a light soft and tender as she said:

"I shall go with you."
And so she did, and no old Roman in all the glory of a triumph carried a prouder banner than I as I bore her and her little one from the train to Graeme's carriage, crying:

"I've got her!"
But his was the better sense, for he stood waving his hat and shouting, "He's all right!" at which Mrs. Mavor grew white, but when she shook hands with him the red was in her cheek again.

"It was the cable did it," went on Graeme. "Connor's a great doctor. His first case will make him famous. Good prescription—after mountain fever try a cablegram!"
And the red grew deeper in the beautiful face beside us.

Never did the country look so lovely. The woods were in their gayest autumn dress; the brown fields were bathed in a purple haze; the air was sweet and fresh with a suspicion of the coming frosts of winter. But in spite of all the road seemed long, and it was as if hours had gone before our eyes fell upon the white manse standing among the golden leaves.
"Let them go!" I cried as Graeme paused to take in the view, and down the sloping dusty road we flew on the dead run.

"Reminds one a little of Abe's curves," said Graeme as we drew up at the gate, but I answered him not, for I was introducing to each other the best two women in the world. As I was about to rush into the house Graeme seized me by the collar, saying:
"Hold on, Connor! You forget your place. You're next."
"Why, certainly!" I cried, thankfully enough. "What an ass I am!"
"Quite true," said Graeme solemnly. "Where is he?" I asked.
"At this present moment?" he asked in a shocked voice. "Why, Connor, you surprise me!"
"Oh, I see!"
"Yes," he went on gravely: "you may trust my mother to be discreetly attending to her domestic duties. She is a great woman, my mother."

Continued on Fourth Page.

CALAMITY CRY UNREALIZED.

A special correspondent of the St. Louis Globe Democrat writing under date of Nov. 2 from Washington D. C. says:

There are strong indications now that when the government's fiscal year closes, on the last day of next June, there will be nothing on the books of the treasury department to show that Uncle Sam lost anything by the repeal of the war revenue taxes. When the bill taking that burden from the shoulders of the people was under consideration in congress, treasury experts estimated that its passage would cause a loss of \$75,000,000 to \$80,000,000 in the nation's revenues for the fiscal year. Congressman Cannon, chairman of the committee on appropriations, warned the members of congress against heavy appropriation, calling attention to the loss from internal revenue sources. Democratic orators predicted a depleted treasury and a possibility of the government having to issue bonds to raise money with which to meet the appropriation bills. Four months of the fiscal year have passed, and the total receipts show an increase of nearly \$2,000,000 over the corresponding period of last year, and give an assurance that the surplus next June will be nearly if not quite as large as it was for the last fiscal year. The figures will show that business is so good in the United States today that the government can drop a revenue getter that is worth \$40,000,000 and never miss it.

An examination of the government's business for the four months of the present fiscal year shows that the receipts are in excess of those for the same months of 1901 nearly \$6,000,000. Of this increase \$4,000,000 came from miscellaneous sources, and was made up mainly of payments from the Pacific railroads and increased coinage. Eliminating the receipts from these sources of revenue, customs and internal, were \$183,390,566, against \$181,021,998 for the four months of last year.

The treasury statement for October shows marked changes compared with that issued one month ago. October 1, the cash balance was upward of \$221,000,000. Now it is \$206,421,878 a reduction of \$14,571,516. This is explained by the amount disbursed on account of bonds purchased, premium and accumulated interest. The bonded debt shows a reduction for the month of nearly \$16,000,000, the greater portion of which was in the purchase of 4 percent of 1925, for which the treasury paid out upward of \$88,000,000. That amount, together with the increase of deposits with national banks, which is nearly \$13,000,000 represents the measure of relief extended by the treasury during the month to the business interests of the country.

These transactions are reflected in the gold holdings, and in the amount of government paper outstanding, compared with October 1. On that date there was outstanding \$790,695,322, and there is now outstanding \$831,674,910, a difference of nearly \$41,000,000, nearly all of which was disbursed in gold certificates in the redemption of bonds. The annexed table shows the changes since October 1 in the paper currency outstanding:

	Oct. 1.	Nov. 1.
Gold certificates	\$203,382,064	\$242,756,194
Silver	459,571,478	463,170,438
Treasury notes	26,744,740	25,748,278
Totals	\$790,695,322	\$831,674,910

The customs receipts continue to increase. For October there was received from that source \$26,741,700, an increase of more than \$3,000,000 over October, 1901. The receipts from internal revenue continue on the descending scale, the falling off for the month being about equal to the increase from customs. The miscellaneous receipts for the month show an increase of about \$1,250,000, and with the aid of this increase the Oct. receipts were pushed up to \$51,391,262, against \$49,831,953, for last Oct. The expenditures for the month show an increase over the corresponding month of last year of more than \$6,000,000, notwithstanding which the excess of receipts over expenditures was in round numbers \$4,500,000.

OT KEEPING THE SPIRIT OF THE TREATY

State department officials who have been giving the deepest attention to the Colombian situation on account of the Panama canal treaty negotiations are becoming more concerned as to the fate of the document than they are willing to admit publicly. The latest intimation received from Colombia is that there is some evidence of concerted action on the part of the South American republics against the United States. This hostility, which is clearly being encouraged by foreign diplomats who are seeking South American trade, has not taken any pronounced form, although the state department officials have been advised that it will probably appear in the shape of a notice from Colombia terminating the treaty of 1846, by which the United States assumed the duty of keeping the isthmus of Panama open to traffic. It is not generally known, but the treaty, which was originally drawn to run for twenty years, was finally amended so as to run, by common consent, to be terminated by a twelve months' notice by either party. A pretty strong hint has been received by state department officials that Colombia is preparing to serve such notice.

The termination of the treaty might upset the plans of this country for the construction of the canal for an indefinite period. Under the terms of its peculiar obligations to guarantee the sovereignty of Colombia on the isthmus, gains some marked advantages from this treaty. It gets practical control of transit on the isthmus by its terms, Colombia granting to us what she has accorded to no other power in the world. Colombia asked the United States in 1882 to send troops there to help keep traffic open across the isthmus. The feeling has evidently changed radically since that time, as the Colombians are now openly resentful because this government has used marines to enforce its treaty obligations. In 1882, in the first Cleveland administration the United States sent a thousand men to the isthmus to keep the transit open and to maintain Colombian sovereignty under the terms of the treaty of 1846. It appears to have done this spontaneously, at the instance, doubtless, of the New York interests in the Panama railroad company. When the Colombian minister called on Secretary Bayard and learned the purpose of the movement, he was entirely satisfied, and wrote out a memorandum the next day of his understanding of the conversation. This appears among the published documents of the state department. In it the minister lays great stress upon the "limits" of the authority and purposes of the United States in the isthmus. A few days later he began a communication to Secretary Bayard, saying: "With regretful expression and a feeling of indignation, I have read in the morning papers a telegram," etc., after which he proceeded to explain that this was nothing less than an insult to his government. He blamed the state department for giving official sanction to its author in making the communication public. It was simply a message from the commander of the Galea saying that he had captured two of the most prominent insurgents who had assisted in firing Aspinwall, but that he did not think it safe to turn them over to the Colombian authorities, who would permit them to escape.

Secretary Bayard, in a long communication, smoothed the South American diplomat by calling attention to the hasty way in which such messages are prepared, and, also, by showing something of the difficulties that our officers had in finding out who the real Colombian authorities were. A few weeks later our minister at Colombia cabled that that government wanted our assistance, in putting down the insurrection, under the treaty of 1843.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

Frank Needham of the Salem public school broke his leg above the knee while playing foot ball one day last week.

The assessment of the taxable property of Tillamook Co which was raised by Assessor J. S. Stephens to over three million dollars, and ordered reduced by the board of equalization 40 per cent, has just been completed, making the assessment \$2,304,269. It was \$3,412,575.

The Chief of Engineers, in his annual report, states that the money appropriated for Tillamook Bay will be expended in completing the present project and making surveys of the bar with a view of making estimates of the cost of securing channels of 15 and 20 feet depth, respectively.

Benton County has bought an 8-ton road roller at a cost of \$100 per ton, total \$800. The machine will be drawn by horses. It is arranged so that the tongue can be changed from side to side without turning around. It is planned to thoroughly roll the road when graded before graveling and again after the gravel has been spread.

The Corvallis Times tells a funny story at the expense of Attorney Yates of that town, who shot nearly all the feathers off a dummy Chinese pheasant that a farmer had planted in his stubble field. The Times does not state whether the wooden bird was to attract pheasants or city sportsmen. In this instance the farmer and his family had the sport.

The president of the Marine Engineers Union, whose home is in Philadelphia, is in Portland. He does not tell his errand, but it is supposed that he comes to settle the strike of the engineers who left the O. R. & N. ships. The company is doing nothing looking to a settlement. Their boats are laid up in Portland and business with San Francisco is done over the S. P. road.

The name of the timber cruiser who located the Portland party of 36 in the burned woods of Benton County a few weeks ago is Oscar Stone. The timber people are investigating Stone's responsibility with a view of bringing an action to recover the money paid him and damages. They have a criminal action in mind, but find they are short on written testimony so that procedure may be dropped. The other, to if Stone has no property that an execution can reach.

It has become apparent that more mail carriers will be required for the free delivery system at Eugene and Postmaster McCormack has taken the matter up with the department at Washington to provide an increase in the number of carriers. During the recent visit of Congressman Tongue here the matter was laid before him, and he took the opportunity to look carefully into the needs of the office in this particular. Only two carriers are provided.

W. H. Wescott, of Salem was accidentally shot and seriously injured by the explosion of a shotgun in the hands of Clifford Glover. The lad was running with the gun toward the river with the intention of shooting a duck, and Wescott started toward the boy to warn him not to shoot in that locality, as there was a large number of children at play who were likely to be injured. The boy slipped and fell and the gun was discharged, the entire load of No. 4 shot lodging in Wescott's right leg just below the thigh. The injury is considered a serious one, for at the time of the accident Wescott was only a few yards distant from the gun. The injured man is about 40 years old and has a family of five small children.

A. J. Nielson, ex-Sheriff and Tax-collector of Lake County, who was found guilty of defalcation in office by a jury at the May term of court, has been sentenced to four years in the penitentiary, and ordered to pay a \$5000 fine, to cover the amount of defalcation. At the hour for passing sentence the court room was crowded as this was a case of extreme interest to the people of Lake County. Nielson was a Democratic Sheriff, and his case was deftly handled by counsel. Much sympathy is felt for the accused, as he was well liked, and his family is one of the most prominent in the county. Judge Benson passed sentence. Attorneys for Nielson appealed to the Supreme Court on a certificate of probable cause. Pending the action of the Supreme Court, Nielson is in charge of the Sheriff.