

Hillsboro Independent.

Vol. XXX.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1903.

No. 42

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 N. WALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Office: Morgan-Bailey Block, Rooms 1 & 2.

S. T. LENKATER, M. D., C. M.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Office: at residence, east of town.

J. P. TAMESIE, M. D.,
S. P. R. SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Office and Residence: corner Third and Main Streets.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Office: Morgan-Bailey Block, up stairs.

J. E. ADKINS,
DENTIST,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

A. B. BAILEY, D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Rooms 10 and 11 Morgan-Bailey blk.

R. SIXON,
DENTIST,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

Best art. and teeth \$5.00 per set.

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HOME STUDY COURSE

Self Education Through the Medium of Specially Prepared Articles by Prominent Instructors

Little Creatures About Our Homes

By LE ROY WELD

Honey Makers and Their Kindred.

The order hymenoptera, or membrane winged insects, includes the most intelligent of all the class insects. Although there are more than 20,000 species included in this order, we shall speak of but very few of the best known. The ant, the most intelligent of all, has been given a separate article. The honeybee is probably the best known and the most useful. Some moderately warm day, about 10 a. m., place a few drops of honey on a clean blue dish, as bees are attracted most by that color, and carry it near the hive. Some bees will find your honey in a short time and fill their crop. She will then fly away to the hive, but will return for more honey as soon as she has deposited her first supply in the comb. She will make a trip every fifteen or twenty minutes, and you will have plenty of time to study her and other bees which may fly the honey through her assistance. There is little danger of being stung. Bees seldom sting those who feed them. They soon learn to know you, and when they find that you intend no harm you are safe from their stings. The worker, or undeveloped female, is the only bee which leaves the hive in search of food and other necessities, has four transparent wings, with no wing covers, as in bees. The front pair of wings is the larger, and all of them move with great rapidity in flight—100 times a second. The eyes are large and compound, being composed of a great number of simple eyes, but these compound eyes seem to be fitted for long vision only.

When laden with material for the hive, they fly with great rapidity in a straight line toward home; hence the saying "straight as a bee line." At the hive, however, they are obliged to feel their way in. Two jointed antennae, or feelers, project from the head. These seem to guide them about the hive, and some writers claim that they communicate with each other by means of these appendages. The body is made up of three distinct parts, head, thorax and abdomen. Two pairs of wings and three pairs of legs are attached to the thorax, while

the abdomen has no appendages. In the middle portion of the hind legs is a nearly triangular cavity, surrounded by thickly set stiff hairs, forming a sort of basket, in which live material is carried. The ends of the feet are supplied with little hooks. The other four feet are furnished with little hair-brushes used in collecting pollen, etc., and the end of the abdomen is armed with a sting. The insect has no stings. The mouth has a tongue-like process for lapping up the nectar of flowers. The bee has two stomachs; the first being a sort of crop in which the honey undergoes a chemical change not well understood. Digestion takes place in the second stomach.

In a swarm there are three classes of bees—workers, females and workers. The workers were formerly known as drones, but they are now known to be undeveloped females. There is but one perfect female in a swarm, and she is called the queen. The number of workers varies from a few hundreds to 40,000. The number of bees is usually one to about thirty workers during the fore part of the summer. Later every male is either driven out of the hive or killed.

The queen lays all of the eggs and is frequently the mother of nearly all of the swarm. She is much larger than the workers and somewhat longer than the males or drones. The drones do no work, but are cared for by the workers. They have no use, but to perpetuate the species. The workers clean out the hive, collect the food and other material, feed and nurse the

young, build the comb, stock the hive with honey, ventilate the hive, guard against intruders, fight all the battles and do everything that is done about their well ordered home.

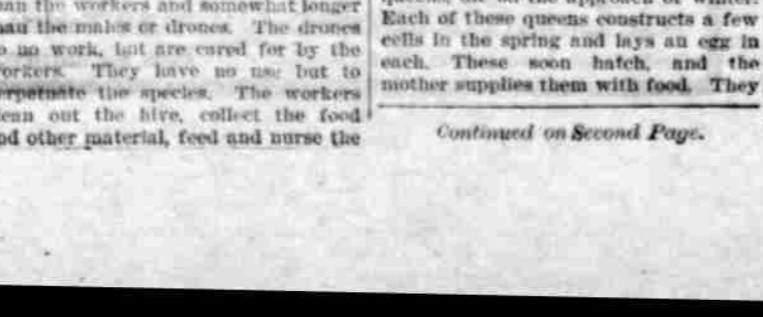
Upon entering a new hive the bees carefully examine its interior, and if any cracks are found they secure material for cementing them so that cold winds and marauding insects may be kept out. The workers go to the sticky buds of the poplar and various plants, gather the gum and fill every crack. If you put in a glass window, they will cover that, too, with this same waxy substance, called propolis, for they do not like the light. During the first twenty-four hours in this new home the bees that had a plentiful supply of honey in their crops are busy making wax of which to form the comb. The wax is formed within the body of the bees. Then a number of them suspend themselves from the top of the hive, hanging by the hooks on their hind feet. Others attach themselves to these and hang in the same way, and so on until a cluster of bees is formed some times weighing three or four pounds. Here they remain for about twenty-four hours, when the wax begins to ooze out from under the scales between the segments of the abdomen. One bee detaches herself from the cluster, climbs to the top of the hive, turns herself around several times to crowd the bees out of the way and begins to pick the wax off her abdomen and form it into a little lump. Another bee soon takes her place, then another and another until a large, thin plate of wax hangs where the bees were. Cells for brood and honey are next begun on both sides of this plate. A few bees are detailed to feed and care for the queen. A few more ventilate the hive by fixing themselves with their heads toward and near the entrance and moving their wings in flight. In this manner they create a current of pure air throughout the hive. Still another detachment is engaged in guarding the entrance against marauders.

When the bees have finished a large brood comb, the queen begins to lay eggs at the rate of about 200 a day, placing one egg in each cell. All these eggs will produce workers. After continuing this process for about a month or six weeks she begins to lay male eggs in the larger cells, stopping once in two or three days to place a female egg in one of the royal cells. If from any cause the queen should be removed from the hive when there are no eggs or larvae in the royal cells, the bees at once enlarge a worker cell and feed the larva on royal jelly instead of the pollen, etc., given to the worker larvae. The larva develops into a queen, and the life of the colony is again insured. Should there be no worker eggs or very young larvae in the comb the bees become distracted, quit work, wander about aimlessly and soon die or are destroyed by their enemies. If things move on normally, the first egg placed in a royal cell is hatched, passes through the larval and pupal stages and becomes fully developed and ready for liberation in sixteen days. The old queen then becomes restless and wanders about in search of the young queen. The bees stand guard over her and close up the cell so that she cannot escape. They keep the old queen away from the royal cells or her sting would soon put an end to all life there. On the first fine day the old queen, with a large number of the bees, leaves the hive and seeks a new home. The young queen is now allowed to come forth from her cell, and if the swarm is too weak to send off another swarm she is allowed to kill the remaining princesses in their cells. After a few days she leaves the hive and, with the drones, takes a flight in the air, returning in about half an hour to repeat the life of her mother.

The common bumblebee is also social in its habits, but the number in a single colony is very small, usually from ten to thirty. Their mission seems to be to carry pollen from male to female flowers like their more aristocratic cousins, the honeybees. Their nests are built in the ground, and all drones and workers die in the fall, only the queen hibernating or living over to the following season. There may be more than one queen in a colony.

There are several species of solitary bees. These bees are of two or three classes, males and females, the latter doing all the work. The female constructs from one to a dozen cells, according to the species, in earth, clay or wood, and deposits in each an egg and a supply of pollen and sometimes a little honey for food for the grub.

There are two groups of wasps, the solitary and the social. Of the social group the common hornet is a good example. The social wasp lives in colonies of from 100 to 500 members and consist of males, females and workers, as do the bees. The females and workers all have powerful stings, which they use on the least provocation. All, except a few young queens, die on the approach of winter. Each of these queens constructs a few cells in the spring and lays an egg in each. These soon hatch, and the mother supplies them with food. They



Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved" writes Mrs. W. Watkins of Pleasant City, Ohio. Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound, and well." Everybody ought to know, it's the only sure cure for coughs, colds and all lung diseases. Guaranteed by Bailey's Pharmacy. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Wakeful Children.

For a long time the two year old child of Mr. P. L. McPherson, 59 N. Tenth St., Harrisburg, Pa., would sleep but two or three hours in the early part of the night, which made it very hard for her parents. Her mother concluded that the child had stomach trouble, and gave her half of one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which quieted her stomach and she slept the whole night through. Two boxes of these tablets have effected a permanent cure and she is now well and strong. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

More Riots.

Disturbances of strikers are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension will be followed by utter collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There's nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the liver or kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful tonic, and effective medicine for run down systems. It dispels nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia and expels malarial germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by Bailey's Pharmacy.

Read It Through.

'Twould spoil this story to tell it in the headlines. To use an eighteen century phrase, this is an "older true tale." Having happened in a small Virginia town in the winter of 1902, it is a story very much of the present. Up to a short time ago Mrs. John E. Harmon, of Melfs Station, Va., had no personal knowledge of the rare curative properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. "Last January," she says, "my baby took a dreadful cold and at one time I feared she would have pneumonia, but one of my neighbors told me how this remedy had cured her little boy and I began giving it to my baby at once and it soon cured her. I heartily thank the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for placing so great a cure within my reach. I cannot recommend it too highly or say too much in its favor. I hope all who read this will try it and be convinced as I was." For sale by Delta Drug Store.

It Saved His Leg.

P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For Ulcers, wounds, piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Bailey's Pharmacy.

Well Again.

The many friends of John Blount will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from his attack of rheumatism. Chamberlain's Pain Balm cured him after the best doctors in the town (Monro, Ind.) had failed to give relief. The prompt relief from pain which this liniment affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

Working Overtime.

Eight hour laws are ignored by those tireless little workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always at work, night and day, curing indigestion, biliousness, constipation, sick headache and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Easy, pleasant, safe, sure. Only 25c at Bailey's Pharmacy.

Colds Are Dangerous.

How often you hear it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is of such common occurrence that it is cold, however slight, should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Sold by Delta Drug Store.

If it's a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick recovery is certain. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

EULOGIZED TONGUE.

Mr. Speaker, this Congress has furnished an unprecedented record in the number of its members who have been taken away. Their departure has brought death very near to every one of us. It is hardly a poetic exaggeration to say: Men drop so fast, ere life's mid-stage we tread, Few know so many friends alive as dead.

Yet in their loss there is a priceless heritage for us. It teaches, in the first place, how fleeting must be a legislative career at best; and in that broader aspect of its influence upon the country, death smooths adversities, it buries forever sectional distrust. It teaches us to think less of party and of state and more of country and of humanity.

No death was more sudden or unexpected than that of Thomas H. Tongue. In the evening he was conversing pleasantly with his son and with his daughter. On the morrow he was cold in death. Swiftly following constant messages of love and of hope to his father and mother, his wife and children, on the far-off Pacific Coast came the telegraphic message like a black cloud in the clear sky, announcing his death.

His life was essentially that of a pioneer. He went to Oregon before its admission as a state, 12 years before a railway had been constructed within its borders, at a time when that great commonwealth, now numbering more than 400,000 people, had less than 50,000; when Portland, now a prosperous and growing metropolis, was little more than a struggling village.

His early surroundings inured him to toil and adversity. There was no royal road to success in any promise that was held out to him; but the very obstacles with which he had to contend stimulated those mighty hopes that make men great.

He was essentially a product of the country; and, just as rural surroundings furnish a clearer moral atmosphere, and they exercised a very prominent influence upon his life work. He was a lawyer, but he was interested as well in farming and in public affairs; one who was in touch with a great multitude of people and a great variety of interests, where the simpler phases of life mingle with those enterprises and interests which are regarded as greater and more important. He came to Washington all untried and unknown. It was necessary for him to learn the rules and to find out something of the complicated methods in which business is transacted. But as far as regarded honesty and patriotism he had no need of any lessons. Those were implanted in him in the beginning, and he furnished an illustration of the fact that for a career in Congress that equipment which is most needed, and which in the long run must tell most powerfully, is conscience and regard for duty. His legislative career, though not long nevertheless has its monuments. He was chairman of the committee on arid lands at the time when that very important innovation was adopted by which the central government undertakes the reclamation of vast tracts of desert lands. His name will be inseparably linked with this measure, under which millions of acres will be added to the National domain of arid lands, and it is hoped will furnish additional opportunity and additional prosperity to our common country.

As a member of the committee on rivers and harbors, his first solicitude was for his state and for the Pacific Coast; but, like all others, he came with time to realize the importance of those broader responsibilities and duties which cause a man to lay hold upon all the interests of his great country. He recognized the importance of improved methods of internal communication, recognized how much the growth of the country depends upon the development of our ports; and, while conservative and careful, he adopted that liberal policy which made him an advocate of improvements in this direction, gave him a new comprehension and qualities for leadership in this great department.

We can say of him that he was our friend, faithful and just to us; but if our personal loss is great, how much greater must be the loss and how much keener the sorrow of the father and mother, each more than four-score, whose hope he was; of the wife, who was prostrated by the sudden news of his death; of the sons and daughters, to whom he gave his

constant solicitude and affection. Our words cannot be adequate to express our sympathy for them or to duly describe their great bereavement.

With this poor tribute we must bid him farewell. We leave his mortal remains in the cemetery of the little village where he always loved to dwell. There let the low winds over mountain and valley die down to a requiem in his memory. In his life work, although he was cut off before his career had reached its full fruition of accomplishment, there is nevertheless an inspiration and an example which will be like a flower of perennial bloom to all those who knew and all those who will come after him, because of his faithful, conscientious, brave service for his state and for his country.

Representative Roswell P. Bishop, of Ohio, member of the rivers and harbors committee, gave the following account of Mr. Tongue's last homecoming:

It was my sad duty, as one of the members of a committee, to accompany his remains from the City of Washington to their last resting place, in the state he so dearly loved. The love and veneration in which he was held was most amply testified to by the people of the entire state as soon as we had entered within its borders. Every town and hamlet contributed its entire quota of citizens, who stood along the track with bowed and uncovered heads and with sad faces, to watch the passing of our train, bearing all that was left of the friend they loved and the statesman they had lost.

In his own town, on the day of the funeral, thousands gathered from all parts of the state. The Governor, all of the state officers, both branches of the Legislature, the Supreme Court, and the Judges of the various courts, together with other distinguished citizens of the state, were all there to testify to their love and esteem and their realization of their bereavement. As many as could gathered in the little church which he made his christian home almost from boyhood, while the sorrowing multitude stood along the street on the outside, heedless of the inclement weather, anxious only to show how keenly they felt the loss of their friend and their representative.

Inside the little church, amidst a wealth of flowers, the old pastor, with trembling voice and faltering words, spoke the echo of all who had known Mr. Tongue during his lifetime. It was a touching scene, and one might well say that three best in the man who can thus live in a community and die, retaining always the respect, love and esteem of all.

We followed him to his last resting place in the little grove of pine trees outside of town and consigned him to mother earth in the Valley of the Willamette, whose very soil he had enriched by his toil among the people who had watched his growth from boyhood; who had watched him in his rising career; who had rejoiced with his success, and who had sorrowed with his family at the loss of their friend.

The path he had trod from his young manhood to the last hour of his life was not one of ease and worldly pleasure. He courted contact with the stern realities and matched his great abilities, his sturdy will and tireless endeavor against the obstacles that might appear one less reliant. But all along that pathway are planted the flowers of friendship, of kindly and generous deeds, which have given out their sweet perfume to bless and gladden the lives of others, and which will continue to grow and shed their fragrance in the years to come.

Representative Stephen M. Sparkman (democrat) of Florida, told of Mr. Tongue's committee work as follows:

It was in the committee-room perhaps, where his best work was done as a National Legislator. It was my good fortune to be with him on the rivers and harbors committee whose labors touch more intimately the development of this country than all others. There projects are devised and appropriations recommended for the improvements of those rivers and harbors over which and through which our vast and growing commerce is carried by water, whether interstate or inland or outward bound. In dealing, as members of that committee have to deal, with the necessities of all sections of the country Mr. Tongue showed a breadth of view and a profound comprehension of the commercial needs of the country that

qualified him in every way for this great work. True he never lost sight of his own state and people, but he labored likewise for the entire country, foresting and ignoring state and district lines in his service in the committee-room and on the floor of the House.

He and I differed in our political views, he belonging to one and I to the other of the two great parties of the country; but if I had wanted to find out from social intercourse with him or from work in committees that this difference existed I should have ever remained in ignorance, perhaps, of his political opinions and sentiments, for he is not what is usually called a bitter partisan.

But he has gone from among us, Mr. Speaker, and others from time to time as the years go by will take the place occupied by him here, but the great State of Oregon will not find another more devoted to her interests or the country at large, one more earnest in his labors for her up-building, than was he upon whose grave we lay these tributes of love and esteem today.

Representative Francis W. Cushman, a colleague of Mr. Tongue from the Pacific Northwest, said in part: Mr. Speaker, on this sad occasion, when his colleagues are paying worthy tribute to the memory of our deceased brother, it was not my original intention to speak.

There is, however, a peculiar propriety in my adding a few words today to the volume of testimony that attests the esteem in which he was held by his associates in this body.

He and I both came to this chamber from the mighty Northwest, from that region that was originally the Territory of Oregon. Of that region and its vast resources and possibilities no one had a clearer conception than the deceased. His beloved State of Oregon was the center of his universe. Not that I mean to say that he had not a broad and clear vision, for we all know to the contrary. But his credentials to this body charged him especially with the interest of that region and the welfare of that people. To him it was alike, a sacred trust and a duty of love; and to its accomplishment he devoted himself with a singleness of purpose and with unflinching energy.

The members of this body who represent Eastern constituencies who reside in old and settled communities whose legislative wants are few, have little or no conception of the labors of the man who represents a comparatively new region, filled with mighty and diverse interests, with many vexed and unsettled problems, and with a restless, energetic, patriotic people. Their wants are as numberless as the sands of the seashore.

Such a region and such a constituency my friend represented in his lifetime, and we can all of us bear testimony to the willing way in which he bent his tired shoulders to that load. The cost of arms of his beloved state he seemed to have emblazoned on his heart. Whatever was for her best interests, whatever was for the great welfare of his commonwealth or the glory of her citizens, that he felt his self-appointed task to do.

I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion it was in a large measure his arduous labors that shortened his life.

Addicks of Delaware wanted to be U. S. Senator. He had devoted friends—enough to prevent an election. That little eastern state has had no representative in the senate for almost three years. The deadlock was broken this week when the two republican factions compromised and elected two senators. One is said to be an Addicks man, while the other is an opponent. Addicks is quite wealthy and is said to carry on money campaigns. His opponents are not poor men by any manner of means, only they are too good to associate with the common herd and condemn Addicks because he does.

Otis Patterson receiver of the Dalles land office, whose term had expired, has been succeeded by Miss Anna Lang. Miss Lang has held the position of clerk in the Dalles office for several years, and being on the civil service list was taken. She is, according to present information, a daughter of Mr. Lang, the receiver in the same office, previous to the appointment of Patterson.

Free traders who declared that the removal of the duty on foreign coal would bring the fuel monopoly to terms as at a loss for something to say next.