

Hillsboro Independent.

Vol. XXX

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1903.

No. 49.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

W. N. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY-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.

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HILLSBORO, OREGON.
OFFICE: at residence, east of Grand
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when not visiting patients.

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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

II.—The Mosquito.

NEARLY every one is familiar with the mosquito, though many have not extended their knowledge far beyond the fact that it is a malignant little creature, with apparently little to recommend the continuance of its existence. Man, could perhaps live and thrive without these pestiferous insects, though uncounted millions of them are daily consumed as food by other insects, birds and various other animals which do minister to our needs. Though we may almost be driven to distraction by the hum and the bite of the mosquito on warm summer evenings, especially after several rainy days, yet if the boys and girls who are looking for something to interest them will catch one of these little creatures and use their sharp eyes intelligently they will soon lose all thought of the pain and vexation it has caused them and become so much interested that father and mother will be led to look too. A little magnifier will aid much, though a great deal may be seen without this aid.

In the butterfly, grasshopper, bee, beetle and many other insects we have been used to seeing four wings, but now we find only two in the mosquito. Just behind the wings are what the books call the balances, two little stalks with a knob at the butt end of each. The balances are all that is left of what was once six naturalists tell us) the hinder parts of wings in the remote ancestry of the mosquito. Your magnifier will help you to see things which to those unacquainted with insect life may seem very strange.

The mosquito, like all true insects, has six legs. If you will look closely, you will see that the muscles which move the joints do not cover the skeleton, but are inside this framework, which is not made of bone, but a horn-like substance called chitin. The whole body is made up of joints, of which the abdomen contains ten. The two wings are very gauzy and have a very delicate framework of tubes. They are about the same length as the abdomen and are horizontal.

Besides the six long legs and other appendages, there are two plumed antennae, or feelers, on the head, projecting forward and outward, and a proboscis extending from two to six sharp lancets no finer than their combined points are smaller than that of a small needle. Like other insects, the mosquito does not grow after leaving the pupa case.

A gentleman once asked the writer why all mosquitoes appeared to be mature since all were about the same size. This is the reason: The mother mosquito when ready to lay her eggs flies away to the quiet fresh water and, supporting herself on her four front legs, uses her hind legs to arrange her nest for the eggs in the form of a little boat and then leaves them floating in the water. In a few days, if the weather is warm, the eggs hatch a minute grub (not a little mosquito), coming out of the bottom of each egg. These grubs eat ravenously, feeding on microscopic animals and plants, and in a few days we find our rainwater barrel swarming with "wigglers."

During the fortnight of existence in the larval state the little grub remains almost constantly with head downward near the surface of the water, so that it may reach the air by a little tube attached to the end of its tail. The air taken in through this tube circulates all through the body to purify the blood, for the mosquito, like most insects, has no lungs. Many of the males eat nothing except during this period, but the males are very short lived. Only the females suck our blood, and as comparatively few of them ever get blood to eat, the remainder of them live on the juices of plants, as do some of the males, which are a little longer lived than the others.

After about two weeks of the merry life of wiggle waggles, during which they shed their skins two or three times, these little grubs drop their heads down into the abdomen and partly roll themselves up and are soon

covered with a thin skin called the pupa case.

During this comparatively inactive period of their lives wonderful changes are wrought. The six long legs, the two membranous wings, the two beautiful feathery jointed antennae and the proboscis, with its minute lancets, grow out, and many internal changes take place. What an interesting sight it would be to see these changes go on! But the little fellow is now securely wrapped in his delicate covering, with two tubes projecting from his back to let in air. The future mosquito can be seen through this thin covering, but the view is not a very satisfactory one.

The pupa state lasts about a week. Finally, when the mosquito has fully matured in its fairylike home and become somewhat lighter than water, it rises so that it projects a little above the water.

The delicate covering bursts on the protruding back and forms a miniature boat, out of which the mosquito thrusts its head with its appendages, its wings and front pair of legs. It must now take time to straighten and dry its legs and wings. This is a critical time, for the slightest agitation of the water would capsize its little boat, and it would drown.

Now it places its front foot upon the surface of the water and with a slight struggle frees its long abdomen and the remaining pairs of legs from the pupa case and flies away, a fully developed mosquito.

It goes flying from flower to flower, and if a female and it succeeds in finding an exposed part of an animal body, so much the better for its start in life. But, as said above, comparatively few mosquitoes enjoy the luxury of human or other animal blood.

We sometimes think we have all the mosquitoes in existence in our immediate neighborhood, forgetting that there are countless millions of them which are never permitted to prey upon animal flesh.

The bite of a mosquito would be less troublesome were it not for the irritating poison injected by the insect.

In its mature state the life of a mosquito is very short, some of the males living only a few hours. As the female lays from 250 to 300 eggs and as the whole time for the development of the insect from the egg is only about twenty-five days, when the daughter may lay another group of eggs, a single female may have a progeny of millions in a single season.

Fortunately the greater part of them are destroyed before coming to maturity either by drowning or by being eaten as food by certain birds and fishes.

Down in Mexico in the swamps, where the mosquito is so prevalent, bulls and other animals are known to bury themselves in the mud to escape the bite of the insect. These animals leave only their noses protruding above the mud, so as to enable them to breathe. Birds that are fond of mosquitoes have been known to go and sit upon the noses of those animals and eat the offending mosquitoes as they attempted to enter the nostrils of the suffering beasts.

There are many species of mosquitoes, but each species very closely resembles the others. There is another insect called the tipula, which is sometimes designated as the grandfather of all mosquitoes, but it belongs to another genus, though it does resemble the mosquito in form. Mosquitoes are found in all habitable parts of the world. The gold seekers of the Klondike are very much annoyed by them. Dr. Bessels when on board the Polaris was so troubled by them in Davis' strait, 300 miles north of the arctic circle, that he was frequently obliged to cease his observations, and great numbers of them have been seen 650 miles farther north.

The stagnant waters of the tropical regions are sometimes literally alive with the larvae of this insect. In the cold regions the Eskimos and Lapps smear themselves with grease as protection against the bite; in tropical regions the natives half bury in the sand to keep them off; in wooded regions mosquito smokes are resorted to, and mosquito bars and gauze protect the homes of the more civilized in other regions of the world.

If my readers will take some water from the rain barrel—that containing wigglers—any time in August or July and put it into a bright tin or porcelain dish, where these sprightly little creatures may readily be seen, and watch them patiently during the warm part of the day, they will be well paid for their trouble.

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SILVER LAKE, COTTONWOOD CANYON, UTAH.

Board a Utah Central train at Salt Lake City some summer morning, travel up gorges of the grand old Wasatch Mountains and in three hours you will arrive at one of Utah's largest mining towns, Park City. Here you will leave the train and take a stage which will carry you the twenty-five or thirty miles east that one must travel before arriving at one's destination. If you are afflicted with nerves, this ride will prove anything but pleasurable as the roads are very rough and dangerous. On the other hand if you are not easily frightened and admire mountain scenery, you will thoroughly enjoy the trip.

You will hold to one side of the stage and peer over the side of a precipice hundreds of feet in depth, striving to obtain a better view of the stream that flows so placidly at its base—a stream that one finds upon a nearer approach, is bordered by ferns and bright hued flowers, while in the distance giant cotton-woods, pines and quaking asp intermingle their branches.

When you become dizzy and driver cautions you against longer holding your head outside of the vehicle, you strive to see from the inside of the stage what is on the other side of the road. Then if you are ever so brave you will be filled with fear as you behold a wall of solid rock as close to this side of the stage as the precipice is to the other side that you have just left. At this moment there is just one step between you and eternity. Were these horses to become frightened you would go down, down until you lay a mangled heap at the foot of the precipice.

While the horror of the prospect is still upon one, they leave this dizzy height and travel down hill until ere long you are by the side of the stream that you were viewing under such a disadvantage, a short time before. One finds that this stream which looked so placid is a foaming mountain torrent, making such a noise as it rushes madly over stones and pieces of fallen timber that one can scarcely hear his own voice when speaking.

After following the stream for several miles you again leave it—this time to ascend hill after hill until one feels that he is surely traveling toward "the mountain of the moon." Upon reaching an altitude of ten thousand feet above sea level, your driver tells you that yonder (pointing with his whip) is Brighton's Resort—Silver Lake.

A drive of about ten minutes brings you into a little valley that is entirely surrounded by mountains gloomy and grand. The hotel, a long two story building, built of pine logs, stands in the middle of the valley. On the east side of the hotel are ten rustic cottages. In the rear and on the west side of the building are giant pine trees—some of them two and three hundred feet high, while in front of the house, a level plain extends from its porch to Silver Lake, a distance of twenty rods or so. This plain is covered with fine grass, field daisies, wild violets, pansies, columbines and wild strawberries, the lake lying like a sheet of silver or a mirror at its terminus. On the eastern and western shores of the lake are beautiful flowers and pine trees. The mountains reach almost to its southern shore and huge trees extend from the water's brink, half way up their side.

One does not fully appreciate the beauty of Silver Lake until seen at its best, by moonlight. You sit at your window watching the shades of night slowly draw. Over head is a canopy of deepest azure gemmed with stars, with here and there a fleecy cloud to enhance its beauty. From behind the mountains guarding this peaceful vale, like grim sentinels, the "queen of night is slyly peeping." In the distance one can hear a gentle breeze sighing among the pines and the dip, dip, dip of the oars of a pleasure party, upon the lake. At first only the plain is bathed in moon-light. Then as the "fair lady" rears her head a trifle higher her rays are reflected upon the water. One thinks "is this a mirage? Surely this is not a lake? Water never looked as this does." Mountain, tree and sky with the stars and moon all pictured here. The moon's rays have now penetrated to the pines, where they cast fantastic shadows. The hotel and row of cottages stand out boldly in the light while back of them is the grove of pines and gloom, gloom impenetrable. The whole makes a picture not only grand but weird.—Grace Ingles Frost.

M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind. knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c. at Bailey's Pharmacy.

The best physic: Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take; pleasant in effect. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

AMERICA'S PLACE AS A NATION.

That our self respect may be increased the following estimate of the American people is reproduced. It is the opinion of the French nobleman, Marquis Carlo di Rudini, who was interviewed in Paris, France about April 11th: "Surprise expressed by some of my European friends on learning that next month I shall make another visit to the United States has inspired me with a wish to correct false impressions which numerous well-educated Frenchmen, Russians, Germans, and even Englishmen entertain respecting that delightful country and its people.

"It is astonishing how many well-informed Europeans consider the United States as a sort of semi-savage country, as yet unformed, and which needs the refining influence of European intercourse to complete its civilization. To be exact, the United States represents the highest civilization in the world of to-day, untrammelled by any of the weighty traditions which impede the progress of other nations. In the American civilization there is nothing useless, nothing superfluous. Profiting by the experience of older nations, and animated by an unquenchable desire for pre-eminence on all points, the American nation impresses one as a great power composed of all that is newest and best.

"I do not in the least agree with those old continental croakers who talk about signs of decadence in the United States, before it has, like European nations which are on the downward path, reached the greatest heights of power. To my mind such a condition of decadence as that which has preceded down the Latin civilization is impossible in America because of the quality which I have already mentioned in the American race of perpetual forwardness—the building up of something forever.

"Institutions, like houses, in America will never be allowed to get so old as to be dangerous. When they begin to show signs of shabbiness and no longer come up to the requirements of the times, they are done away with and something better takes its place.

"In business the American strikes me as devoid of that spirit of intrigue and personal sentimentality which animates the European under like circumstances. The American man is marvelously tempered for the battle he has to wage in the field of business, and inclined, I think, to be hard. But in his social relations, in his home and club life, I find him the most charming fellow, stanch and sincere, and absolutely childlike in his ingenuousness. It is delightful—an American man of 30 is more boyish than a European lad of 19, and more experienced than our men of 60.

"In the United States woman is the companion, the associate, the friend, the wife of man—she is never his plaything. I was struck by the wholesome contempt of the average American man for the woman of doubtful status. He realizes that if he is to hold his own in the strenuous existence about him he must keep a clear head and a sound pulse.

"The American woman is the most glorious production of the American civilization. No means are spared to perfect the American girl's education, no money lacking to purchase suitable adornment for her person. It is to be wondered at when she comes over here and takes her place like one to the manner born among the flowers of our old aristocracy?

"It is not necessary for an American woman to marry a tithe to be received among the aristocracy abroad. Her grace, her charm, her independence, her perfect poise and assurance will open any door for her, and I think that she is beginning to realize this. A duke or a prince may be proud to have an American girl for his wife, but it were better could he feel always that he had won her because he was a man and she loved him, than because he was a nobleman."

A Great Sensation. There was a big sensation in Leesville, Ind., when W. H. Brown of

that place, who was expected to die, had his life saved by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. He writes: "I endured insufferable agonies from asthma, but your New Discovery gave me immediate relief and soon thereafter effected a complete cure." Similar cures of consumption, pneumonia, bronchitis and grip are numerous. It's the peerless remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Bailey's Pharmacy. Trial bottles free.

How to Ward off an Attack of Rheumatism.

"For years when spring time came on and I went into gardening, I was sure to have an attack of rheumatism and every attack was more severe than the preceding one," says Josie McDonald, of Man, Logan county, West Va. "I tried everything with no relief whatever, until I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application gave me ease, and before the first bottle was used I felt like a new person. Now I feel that I am cured, but I always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house, and when I feel any symptoms of a return I soon drive it away with one or two applications of this liniment." For sale by Delta Drug Store.

Janitor Peter Nehren has an eye for business and is making good use of his prisoners, in the Oregon City jail. He keeps them busily engaged working in the court-house yard, and the appearance of things is materially improved by their efforts.—Enterprise.

A Thoughtful Man.

A disordered stomach may cause no end of trouble. When the stomach fails to perform its functions the bowels become deranged, the liver and kidneys congested, causing numerous diseases, the most fatal of which are painless and therefore the more to be dreaded. The important thing is to restore the stomach and liver to a healthy condition, and for this purpose no better preparation can be used than Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

Makes a Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures burns, sores, bruises, cuts, boils, ulcers, skin eruptions and piles. It's only 25c. and guaranteed to give satisfaction by Bailey's Pharmacy.

Citizens and taxpayers of Sherman county may justly feel proud of the condition of the county's finances. The financial exhibit of the officers published in the Observer, shows that on April 1, 1903, there was cash on hand applicable to the payment of county warrants \$35,880.98, and that the total amount of outstanding warrants was \$44,233, leaving a net balance of \$35,536.75. Thus Sherman county has cash on hand to pay its obligations as it goes for a year.

Warrent every bottle.

If troubled with rheumatism give Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. One application will relieve the pain. It also cures sprains and bruises in one-third the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, burns, frostbites, quinsy, pains in the side and chest, glandular and other swellings are quickly cured by applying it. Every bottle warranted. Price 25c. and 50c. Delta Drug Store.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident, is narrated by John Oliver of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and side, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c. guaranteed at Bailey's Pharmacy.

An Aggravating Cough Cured.

A customer of ours who had been suffering from a severe cough for six months, bought two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from us and was entirely cured by one and a half bottles of it. It gives perfect satisfaction with our trade.—Hayne-Parker & Co., Lineville, Ala. For sale by Delta Drug Store.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

A School District in Jackson County offers 70 one hundred dollar warrants bearing 5 per cent interest, seven payable in two years, seven in three and the last seven in 11 years.

T. D. Campbell thinks he has a prize hen. The bird in question is a brown Leghorn and during last year laid 293 eggs. Mr. Campbell kept strict account and says at the ruling price of eggs last season she brought in \$8.30. That hen is a pretty good investment.—Independence Enterprise.

Funds are being raised to continue the development of the Yamhill Coal and Oil Company. The prospects for finding oil are very bright and a number of our business men have investigated the management of the company and heartily indorse it.—Telephone Register.

Early Wednesday morning, just immediately after the season had opened, many fine salmon were on the docks along the river at Oregon City ready for shipment. The fish are of a high quality and will bring good money. Of course they were all caught after twelve o'clock Wednesday morning, as none of our good people ever violate a fish law.—Enterprise.

Wheat seeding in Sherman county is now on. The ground is in fine condition. The acreage to be sown is larger than last year incident to the unfavorable conditions for seeding last fall. The total of both winter and spring wheat acreage in the county will be about the same as it was last year.—More Observer.

Hon. M. A. Moody is coming home via the Canadian Pacific. Before leaving Washington city he arranged for the payment of the last dividend of his "bank-failure" (so called, in the Dalles, together with all interest, and accruing interest—an unprecedented turn of affairs.—More Observer.

E. E. Lyons, who murdered Sheriff Withers of Lane county was executed last Friday. His last words were "May God forgive you all for you know not what you do." In this last assertion Lyons gave utterance to erroneous judgement. The officials knew very well what they were doing. They were ridding society of a cowardly enemy.

A carload of lumber for the Benton County Lumber yard came in from Philomath Thursday. It was transported a part of the way from the saw mill to Philomath through the flume, now in course of construction, and is the first shipment of importance by that method. Another car passes over the railroad today, en route abroad. A carload of lath has also arrived at the yard.—Corvallis Times.

A nine-mile section of the Oregon Water Power & Railway line beyond Gresham will be ready for regular traffic in about ten days. This will reach to the new town of Borings, where the auxiliary power plant will be located. The big cut south of Gresham is completed and the work of laying the track across the level country beyond will not consume much time. Every mile of line opened yields paying traffic.

The Essex hotel at Lafayette was destroyed by fire Tuesday evening about eight o'clock. The fire originated from a defective flue, and when the alarm was given the entire upstairs was a mass of flames, and all the fire department could do was to confine the fire to the building (and save adjacent buildings. The house was occupied by Mrs. Green, whose household goods were saved. There was no insurance. This building was one of the old landmarks of the county, and was built in 1850.—McMinnville Telephone Register.

Harley Hill, the 14-year-old boy of Mr. and Mrs. Hill at Oregon City fell from a scaffold on the paper mill one day last week and sustained very painful injuries. The lad was playing around the building and became a little careless and fell down a distance of 25 feet. In falling he struck several obstructions and broke his leg close to his thigh, mashed his nose and broke two or three ribs; on being picked up the men thought boy was certainly killed but earnest work on the part of the surgeon revealed the fact that some life yet remained and the poor boy was taken to his home on the hill where he now is in a critical and very dangerous condition.—Enterprise.