

Hillsboro Independent.

Vol. XXXI.

HILLSBORO, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1903.

No. 2.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. B. TONGUE,
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 & 7.

BENTON BOWMAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

OFFICE: Rooms 6 & 7, Morgan block.

JOHN M. WALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Bayley-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, D. D.,
S. P. R. 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 9 p. m. Telephone to residence from Brock & Bell'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. Corner 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 blk. Office hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 4 p. m.

R. NIXON,
DENTIST,
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

Best art. dental teeth \$3.50 per set. Cement and Amalgam fillings 50 cents each. Gold fillings from \$1 up. X-rayed for patients. Work extra. Office: three doors north of Brock street. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

RURY ASSEMBLY NO. 26, UNITED ARTISANS,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.

REGULAR meeting on Monday evening of each week at Oddfellows' Hall, Hillsboro. Members please attend.

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description will receive a free estimate. We have a full department of scientific and mechanical work. Patent attorneys, inventors, and engineers. Special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ORDER No. 160

A Memorial Day Story

By ROBERT C. V. MEYERS

TOMORROW would be Memorial day, and Mrs. Grand was not entirely pleased as she made her way into the station crowded with people to meet her expected visitor. She wondered if Carolina Hemperley were as gray as herself. She scarcely expected her to be so stout, the Hemperleys being the thin side of the family and Carolina having been decidedly plump thirty years ago. Thirty years ago! That was an age. In those thirty years she herself had gone through a lifetime—a wife, a mother, a widow whose only child had married a foreigner and now wished her mother to take up her residence with her in Paris. In those thirty years Cal had stood still—an unmarried woman, living in a secluded southern village and upon the pitiful income that had been hers after the war had taken her former possessions from her. It was just like her to live near the place where all her misery had been seen, her father shot down in battle, his property confiscated, her friends scattered.

Here the ten minutes were exhausted, and Mrs. Grand became impatient. She was not used to waiting for any one. A servant might have come in her place, but how could she have described "Calline" to a servant? Besides, Cal had written that she would come if her cousin would be at the train to receive her. The letter detailing as much had seemed very humorous to Mrs. Grand, and she had entered into the spirit of the thing. "But I doubt if there is much humor in it, after all," she thought as she restlessly trod the platform. "It all comes of finding that trunk of hers now that the house is being inventoried. Another of her lapses to leave that trunk with me for thirty odd years. Why couldn't she have stayed with me that time she brought it? But, no! she must go back and see if the poor liberated slaves had any place to go to. As though she had homes to offer them! And why couldn't I have sent the trunk to her instead of writing her that I had found it? Of course she thought of old times and must see me for the last time, as though I went to Paris to occupy a slab in the morgue, and 'Here it is at last!'"

For the train puffed into the shed. The people poured out. There was not a woman she recognized. "Madam!"

For a lady had stopped in front of her, a pretty woman, with great eyes and much brown hair rolled back from a low white forehead, a woman with a girlish figure and jaunty, carrying a tiny umbrella with a bunch of violets tied to its handle. "There!" she said, her eyes sufficed. "This is never you, Cal!" almost gasped Mrs. Grand. "Why, you are almost young!"

But her cousin had thrown her arms around her and was kissing her. "I knew you at once, There!" she gasped. "There's nothing of you left. You've changed, but I know you. You're the same as ever," returned the other, with a soft little burr in her voice. "And, oh, I am so glad we go in the ferry, for I do so want to see the statue of Liberty. I read so much about it in the papers some years ago. And she went on, disseminating information learned from the newspapers regarding New York city, breathlessly skipping from architecture to politics, hopping away to crime and incidentally touching upon the fashions. Mrs. Grand considerably engaged her in conversation on topics calculated to be of general interest and sincerely hoped that the magnificence of her house would not awe her visitor, the details of whose got up she had had time to note and found very sketchy. She wondered if she might not offer Cal a new gown or two without giving offense. Later on, when she saw Carolina come down to dinner in a much worn black silk with magnificent old lace at the throat and wrists, she concluded to say nothing about new fashions, especially as Carolina took the appointments of the establishment as a matter of course and passed over the majestic butler as she would have passed over one of the dusky servants in her father's old home, though Carolina admired her hostess vastly as that lady, with bare neck and adorned with jewels, faced her at table.

"Now for the trunk," she thought. "I'll find it at a strap."

"By the way, Cal," Mrs. Grand went on, "I've met Colonel Trask several times lately. He came from Europe last month after he gave up the consulship and is in New York. We have spoken of you. He brought up the old times very vividly."

"Yes?" Carolina said. She was on her knees in front of the trunk. She had brought the key with her and was busy with it. "How rusty this lock is!" She had the lid open and disclosed the contents of the box, all neatly folded and laid carefully, as though a more peaceful light than that made by her burning home had served her in their arrangement.

"What sleeves those old frocks must have in them!" Miss Hemperley went on, helping herself to gloves. "Go, dear; go to your reception. You'll be the finest woman there. Just have the trunk brought to my room, and I'll look it over. First you must show me the marquis's picture. You know I never saw her. Oh, there is so much for you to show me and tell me, for you know I am going back day after tomorrow! It was so sweet of you to ask me to come. I'll always love that old trunk for it. And, oh, There, you'll be late for the reception! It is 9 o'clock."

"I shall not go till 11," Mrs. Grand told her and took her to the drawing room and showed her the portrait of her daughter, the marquis. Miss Hemperley looked at it long and silently. "She resembles her father." Then she said softly, "She has his eyes."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Grand. "Here is Tom's picture."

She indicated a portrait on the opposite wall, the portrait of a young man in all the glory of epaulettes, a sword in his hand. Her cousin slowly turned her eyes toward it. Mrs. Grand, looking at her, thought she grew suddenly old. "Does it bring back your young days, Cal?" she smiled. "We were all such good friends in spite of differences of opinion as to the war. This was painted in 1862, just after our marriage. And I have been a widow twenty years."

And Andre met to betray Washington." She laughed. "Surely I ought to see such points of historical interest. Let us go."

There was nothing to do but to let her have her way, though Mrs. Grand was not a woman to rush to a crowded boat at 9 o'clock in the morning and cast her fortunes with plunkers out for the day.

"I might have known," she told herself in the privacy of her own room, "that this visit would not do. She is positively silly. The vanity of the woman refusing to meet an old acquaintance for fear he should see the change time had made in her! It is on a par with the white man. It was certainly foolish to write to her."

At 8 o'clock in the morning Carolina was in her room waking her. "We'll be sure to be late, There!" she said.

Mrs. Grand groaned. Nor was she better pleased that her cousin stood by while Marker helped her mistress make her toilet.

"Carolina," she said at one point, "I am not used to being seen in the forenoon. Look at the lines—how they show in this raw light. Nobody would believe that that is your own complexion."

"I've always used butter-milk," Miss Hemperley replied. "Ma used it before me. However, I never think of my skin. The truth is, There, I never think of time. I seem to be the same as I always have been."



THERE SAT CAROLINA BESIDE THE OPEN TRUNK.

"Now," interrupted her cousin, "don't ask me what building that is. You know you don't care. I repeat, if we had not come here we might have received Colonel Trask."

"Yes," she said; "that is why I wanted to get away."

"You used to see a great deal of him," pursued her cousin. "Yes," laconically replied Carolina. "The wonder is," persisted Mrs. Grand, "that you did not get to be fond of him."

"For a moment Carolina's lips tightened. Then she edged a little closer to her companion.

"There," she said, "I want to tell you something. This boat will take us near to the place, won't it, where Benedict Arnold met Major Andre? I am as great a traitor as Arnold ever was."

"In paying a visit to me," asked Mrs. Grand, "who did not agree with you during the great unpleasantness?"

"Don't laugh at me," pleaded Carolina. "Please don't."

"I never was more serious in my life," asserted Mrs. Grand, "though I was a bit and you were a gray."

"You know you are laughing at me," insisted her cousin, "and you will laugh more when you hear the rest. It is about Colonel Trask."

Mrs. Grand opened her eyes.

"Go on," she said dryly. "Go on."

"It was false to the cause," went on Carolina—"the lost cause."

"But Colonel Trask?" asked Mrs. Grand.

"I betrayed him!" Carolina said.

"You did what?" cried her cousin.

Miss Hemperley's head went down.

"It is very foolish for a woman of my age to make such a confession," she said, "but he was fond of me—he told me so—and I separated myself from any kind feeling he might have had for me."

She put her hand into the front of her gown and took out a crumpled paper. "Look at this!"

Mrs. Grand took the paper from her, lost in wonder.

"Well?" she said.

"I found it last night in the pocket of that old frock in the trunk," Miss Hemperley answered. "I wore that frock the night Colonel Trask stopped at my place. Now do you understand?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Grand answered.

In a sort of agony her cousin went on: "It is order No. 160. It is the order which if carried out would have annihilated your husband and his company."

Mrs. Grand caught her arm.

"Colonel Trask gave you this paper because he loved you," she said, "and because he knew that you loved me."

"I stole it," Carolina answered drearily. "I crept into his room late at night and stole it."

"You did this for me?" tremulously said Mrs. Grand. "You saved Tom because you knew I loved him?"

Carolina pulled her arm free.

"No," she said. "I stole it because the execution of it would have made John Trask the murderer of his friend. Now do you understand?"

Mrs. Grand gasped.

"You loved John Trask?" she said.

"I betrayed him!" Miss Hemperley returned. "I brought the censure of his general upon him. But he was not a murderer. He did not kill his friend. It is all so long ago, There, but last night when I went to look for that lace, when you spoke of Colonel Trask—her voice trailed into silence.

"You loved the man?" demanded Mrs. Grand, quite trembling with excitement. "Tell me, Calline, dear."

"You have no right to ask me that," Carolina answered. "Give me that paper. I will tear it up and scatter it on the water that brought Arnold and Andre together."

Mrs. Grand was greatly agitated.

"Why, child," she said, as though she spoke to a very young woman indeed, "you threw away your life's happiness."

"Would I have been happy if Tom Grand had been killed by John Trask?" Carolina asked. "But I might as well tell you all. I read in the newspaper that Colonel Trask was in New York. Just then I got your letter. I thought I might get a glimpse of him, just for memory's sake, so I accepted your invitation. But when I found that army order all the old wretchedness came over me, and I knew that I could not meet him."

"And," cried Mrs. Grand, "he is on this boat! I saw him coming aboard soon after we got on."

Carolina rose to her feet, her face stormy. "How dared you?" she said. "You have done a miserable thing. You forget that I am a lady."

She turned away from her cousin and found herself face to face with a white haired man. How much he had heard she dared not think. "Will you let me pass?" she said.

He held out his hand, his eyes bright as stars.

"Calline," he said, using the old loving paraphrase of her name.

She fell back.

"I caught a glimpse of you and Mrs. Grand hurrying toward this boat. I knew you at once. You have changed very little." He came closer to her. "As though I did not know who took that order! Only at the time I thought it was done for the sake of your cousin and Tom. Never till this day did I know it was because— He stopped, then went on hastily, "The night that order was stolen I had stopped at your father's house to ask you to be my wife." His hand was still out. "You were the one that night. You saved my friend from me, the gray. This Memorial day is for blue and gray alike, a union and a reunion for— Calline, Calline!"

The violets at her waist quivered. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"John," she murmured. "John!" and placed her hand in his.