

Hillsboro Independent.

Hillsboro Independent.

BY D. W. BATH.

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Republican in Politics

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With glasses that are absolutely correct. He don't have to experiment on you, as his modern instruments detect the smallest error. No pain, no medicine or "drops" used. He does not charge fancy prices. Call and see him at 135 Fifth street Corner Alder, Portland Or

A RIDE ON THE FAST MAIL

OVER THE C., M. & ST. PAUL.

A Reporter Takes a Ride in the Cab Between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

It is significant that the one train which makes the Chicago-St. Paul run in ten hours, carries no passengers.

To ride on it is a privilege acquired by few. Yet a journey on this train, which carries none but government clerks and its crew, is an experience, especially if the journey be made on the "fireman's side" of the huge locomotive which pulls it. It is a revelation of what fast passenger service means and a liberal education in appreciation of the cool nerve and absolute competency of the men who run fast trains.

The fast mail over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway leaves Chicago every night of the year with from twenty to fifty tons of mail aboard and reaches St. Paul every morning with its burden of letters and packages in time for transfer to other trains to the Pacific coast to connect with the mail boats, north into the Dominion, east and west into adjacent states and radiating over a dozen lines of railway into every nook and cranny of the Northwest.

If one asks why the fast mail carries no passengers he is answered that there are other trains which do that work. Another reason is apparent after a journey on the "head end" with the two cinder-marked and grease-smudged gods of the machine that pulls it.

Ten-hour service means speed. On a glorious night not long ago the fast mail pulled out of Milwaukee on time, swinging along at an easy gait through the maze of green, white and red switchlights until the last tall semaphore arm signaled "all clear," then Engineer Sullivan's long right arm shot forward through the dark suddenly, the hoarse cyncopation of the exhaust changed instantly to a long wailing roar and the tremendous locomotive seemed to lurch up in every joint as she swung forward into the night.

"He trun her in compound," the fireman, Woodland, explained. His father in his early life had apprenticed him to a jeweler. He had a back like an ox and an arm like an oak tree.

Mile posts began to fade in regular succession and telegraph poles flew by so fast it was hardly possible to count. The track ahead took on an uncanny grayish haze, but the speed constantly increased. The big locomotive slowed down for nothing. She took sharp curves like a race horse and lunged into the long tangents like a singed cat. Engineer Sullivan didn't talk much. He was pretty busy watching the track. When he did talk it was to the point.

"Forty-five miles out of Milwaukee, including the trip through the yards and suburbs, where we had to slow down, in forty-six minutes," he said.

He dropped to the ground and oiled up almost on the run. Two minutes elapsed, the big machine was ready to go again, but the conductor appeared out of the gloom and remarked that a journal on a mail car had run hot.

Hot journals are not serious in themselves, but six minutes clipped from the schedule of a train which must run while in motion at a rate of slightly more than 55 miles an hour for 408 miles, is a very important matter. Engineer Sullivan swore softly and drowned his wrath in copious applications of more oil to the big engine's stuffing boxes. Then he mounted the towering cab again and the race was on for the second time.

Woodland grinned.

"We'll run like a pup with a tin can tied to his tail now," he confided.

We did. Mile posts and tele-

graph poles became one long procession, with scarcely perceptible distances between them. The air rushed through the open cab windows like a cyclone, and the mail cars, trailing along behind, rocked and swung on their springs like so many drunken men. The pace was tremendous.

One's sensation was much like those when the horses enter the last eighth on a fast track and 40,000 people in the grand stand begin to cheer. The speed gradually increased from 51 to 58, then to 62, 66, 71, 74 and 76 miles an hour; then, on the crest of a "hill," the summit of an up and down grade, it suddenly jumped to 84 and then to 92 miles an hour—a mile and a half a minute, and one felt an insane desire to yank the throttle away out and see if it were not possible to make three miles a minute.

It was a pace that made the government officials grin, but it was no pace for sedate burghers and business men.

At Rio the pace suddenly fell off. Engineer Sullivan looked at his watch.

"On time," he said briefly. The Fast Mail covered the remaining few miles at a handy clip, stopped for a minute at a crossing and swung into Watertown, 93.1 miles from Milwaukee, on time to a second.

Ninety-three miles in a trifle more than two minutes actual running time.

Reeling off the miles at a speed of practically a mile a minute, Engineer Sullivan passed the yard limits at Sparta on time, only to find the signals out against him, and train No. 2, which had the right of way because it was a south bound train, losing time and late. The heavy mail train pulled into clear on a siding and twelve minutes elapsed before the bright, white headlight of the southbound passenger showed around the curve.

Twelve minutes lost was a handicap, but it did not mean much after the other things that happened. The big A2 locomotive, with driving wheels seven feet in diameter, swung out on the main line again, and after a few strokes of her pistons sent the speed rate climbing.

Eighty-eight miles an hour was interesting, but not sensational, after having made 92 miles an hour. The heavy train pulled into North LaCrosse on time—26 miles in 23½ minutes.

The regular passenger trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway make speed records sometimes. Their schedules are moderate, yet their engine drivers are in constant danger of minor delays and small losses of time, every minute of which means a faster actual running schedule and more speed in order to cover the remaining mileage on time. To handle a big train requires several qualities most men value—absolute self-confidence and self-reliance on the part of the engine driver, conservative nerve and daring, resourcefulness and lightning quickness of judgment which must not be nearly right, but absolutely unerring.

On a big locomotive of the Milwaukee's Pioneer Limited a few nights ago, Engineer Sullivan and Fireman Hultane covered the greater part of the run from Lake City to LaCrosse at a speed averaging for actual running time between 55 and 58 miles an hour. On another night, with Engineer Patrick Doyle and Fireman John Youngquist, many minor delays and handicap of "slow orders," on one long section of track, were overcome by added speed, and the Pioneer Limited, an unusually heavy train on that night, pulled into LaCrosse on time.

Men like Sullivan, Weaver, Doyle, Smith—who is no longer a working engineer—Homer Williams and their ilk come but seldom to public notice, yet their nerve and resourcefulness nightly guard the lives of hundreds, and their complete mastery of their profession enables them to cover long distances without loss of time and without disagreeable incident.—Curtis L. Mosher, in the St. Paul Dispatch.

John Ledahl, a Norwegian about 23 years of age, was run over by a westbound Corvallis & Eastern train one day last week and instantly killed, his head being completely severed and his body crushed to a pulp. He was intoxicated and was walking on the track when struck by the train. His home was at Toledo, where he leaves a wife only 17 years old and a 6-month-old baby.

AWFUL DEATH OF FARMHAND

ANOTHER POSTOFFICE ROBBED

News of General Interest to Busy Readers--Grand Lodge Meeting Boy Killed--Peace Wanted.

Forest L. Webster lost his life in a most shocking manner near Kalispell, Mont. He was engaged in feeding a threshing machine on a ranch about nine miles from Kalispell, when he accidentally stepped through the opening of the cylinder, which was revolving at the rate of 2,000 times a minute. He was drawn down and literally chewed to pieces by the teeth of the cylinder and concave before the machine could be stopped. His left leg and thigh were shredded and clawed to a pulp, and his right leg torn off.

Peculiar Death.

Idaho Falls, Ida., Sept. 26.—Word comes from Ionia of the peculiar death of James Stanger, the 6-year-old son of Joseph Stanger. A rock thrown by the boy's elder brother struck him squarely in the temple, death resulting almost instantly. No inquest was deemed necessary, as the throwing of the stone was wholly accidental.

Postoffice Robbed.

St. Helens, Or., Sept. 26.—The postoffice and store at Goble, kept by T. C. Watt, was entered by burglars last night and robbed of a considerable amount of merchandise, \$20 in coin and a few dollars' worth of postage stamps. There is no clue to the perpetrator of the robbery.

K. P. Grand Lodge.

Astoria Herald: The next grand lodge of the Knights of Pythias of Oregon will be held at Seaside commencing October 11th and will probably last three days. The people of Seaside are making great preparations to entertain them. Three halls have been engaged for their use. The Eagles' hall will be used by the grand lodge; the town hall by the Rathbone Sisters and the Shellroad pavilion by the uniform rank. It is estimated that fully 500 people will be in attendance. There will be a competitive drill by the uniform rank, of which 200 will be in attendance. A dance will be given at the Shellrock pavilion on October 12. Nekanakum lodge of Seaside has appointed committees to entertain the visitors and the hospital people will assist in making their visit a pleasant one.

Women's Clubs.

The State Federation of Women's clubs will convene in Baker City October 12, 13 and 14. Delegates are expected from all over the state to the number of 100 or more. Women of the local club are making extensive preparations for entertaining the visitors.

Oldest in Oregon.

Rev. C. A. Huntington, the oldest Congregational clergyman in Oregon, if not on the Pacific coast, died at the residence of his daughter in Portland last week. He was born near Vergennes, Vt., April 25, 1812, thus being 92 years and five months old at the time of his death.

Killed by Lightning.

Albany, Or., Sept. 24.—Lightning caused considerable damage in this vicinity during a severe thunder storm last night. Telephone wires in different parts of the county were damaged. On the farm of W. H. Caldwell, near this city, the lightning struck a pine tree, delimiting it and killing seven large hogs which were lying beneath it. Lightning also struck a tree a few miles from Albany on the Independence road and left it in flames. The storm was a severe one, the rain falling in torrents.

Schulmerich Bros. sell the Rushford wagon, the best farm wagon offered, at the lowest price.

\$2,500 to the Good.

While the business for the year of the State Board of Agriculture is not completed, Secretary Moore announces that the state fair this year will come out about \$2,500 to the good. The total receipts were \$30,000, of which \$10,000 came from the state appropriation for agricultural premiums. The board paid premiums to the amount of \$10,500, the additional \$500 being taken from miscellaneous receipts. In every department receipts were less this year than last, the gate receipts falling off \$600, of which decrease \$300 was on Portland day.

Wichita Must Be Tough.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 26.—Carrie Nation has issued a long appeal to the mothers, wives and daughters of Kansas to join her in a crusade. In part she says:

"I have frequent appeals from poor heart-broken mothers all over the country to come and help them save their sons, but from no place have I had as many as from Wichita. Last week, two agonizing appeals came to me that I cannot turn a deaf ear to, and I am now resolved to cancel my dates and by the help of Almighty God go to that awful city of death and murder. I now ask all women over the state and elsewhere to meet me there. Bring your hatchets with you. I will pay the railroad fare of those not able and see that there is a place provided for them to stay while there."

Thirteen of the leading milliners and proprietors of millinery establishments in Spokane were arrested Tuesday and made to answer to a charge of selling the plumage of birds, not of the game variety. The arrests were at the instance of the League of American Sportsmen.

A man near Independence who has been experimenting with English walnuts is so well pleased with the results that he will put out an orchard of 100 acres. English walnuts thrive in many counties in Oregon, and it is a wonder that not more bearing trees are in evidence.

Ida Allsop, the 15-year old girl who was injured while looping the loop last month in Tacoma, died at her home in San Francisco last Monday.

Delta Pink Liver Pill is a splendid remedy for indigestion and biliousness. Better than the best cascarae ever made. For general use there is nothing better. Twenty-five cents at Delta Drug Store.

EXCITED MARKET IN HOPS

EVERYBODY AFTER THE CROP

Price Goes Above 28 Cents and May Go Higher--8,000 to 10,000 Bales Change Hands.

Tuesday was a wild day in the Portland hop market, says the Oregonian. Everybody was trying to buy, prices soared and the enthusiasm on the part of growers and holders was intense. No such flurry as has prevailed in the Valley in the past forty eight hours has been witnessed in the hop market in Portland for years. The course of the market verified all of the predictions that have been made by growers of higher values. The top price reached was 28 cents, an advance of from 1 to 3 cents over former quotations.

It is estimated that from 8,000 to 10,000 bales have changed hands in the last two days in Oregon, Washington and California. Fully 5,000 bales were sold in Oregon in that time.

Thomas Brown in the Toils.

Thomas Brown, a former resident of Hillsboro, is under arrest in Portland on a very serious charge. The Oregonian of Tuesday morning says:

"Thomas Brown, who is alleged to have fired his residence in Sunnyside in order to collect the insurance, was arraigned on a charge of arson in the municipal court yesterday morning. He was held under \$2,500. In the evening he was removed to the county jail. On the night of the fire a week ago, after the firemen had extinguished the flames, they heard a noise in the attic of the house, and upon investigation discovered Brown, who had with him three jars filled with kerosene. The firemen had previously formed the opinion that the house had been fired, as kerosene was found throughout the building, which was not badly damaged owing to the fact that too much kerosene had been applied. He was arrested by the firemen, who held him until the arrival of the patrol wagon."

A message from Forest Grove says that Thomas Brown is well known there, where he lived for ten years, going to Portland from that city. He is a plasterer by trade and comes from a good family, was sober, industrious and honest, and if guilty of the crime, his friends believe he was insane when he committed it. He suffered a sunstroke some years ago.

est, and if guilty of the crime, his friends believe he was insane when he committed it. He suffered a sunstroke some years ago.

Parker's Letter of Acceptance.

New York, Sept. 27.—Speaking editorially, the Tribune says: "Judge Parker's letter of acceptance goes far toward demolishing his reputation as a great jurist capable of sustaining a logical thought. It is a lot of disjointed paragraphs seemingly produced without any plan of arrangement, without any clear-cut conception of problems discussed and without any definite policy to expound. Judge Parker traverses familiar ground of his earlier speech and of democratic editorials without saying anything new or noteworthy except in one particular."

On pensions, Judge Parker does become specific and astounding. After insinuating that the president's pension order, with its trifling addition to the pension roll, was a bid for votes and promising, if elected, to revoke it. Judge Parker proceeds to make a higher bid. He promises what is practically a service pension, a thing which has been violently opposed by the leaders and editors of his own party for years, and indeed advocated by few persons outside of radical Grand Army circles. It is not too much to say that this bid for votes is positively indecent."

Reports say that the forest fires that were beginning to rage near LaGrande above Mount Emily have subsided on account of the heavy rains that have been falling for a few days. Ranchers in that vicinity were beginning to be alarmed, as it was necessary for them to watch their property, and hundreds of acres of valuable timber would have been destroyed.

A carrier pigeon service will soon be established between Bellingham and the Mount Baker mining district in Washington. It is believed by the mining men that the pigeons will be useful in carrying messages, especially in the winter, when it is difficult to travel through the district on account of the deep snow. It often becomes necessary to send to Bellingham and Maple Falls for material and supplies, and in cases of accident or any other emergency, the carrier service will be much appreciated.

The Independent and The Pacific Monthly, the best monthly publication in the West, one year to new subscribers for \$1.25. Old subscribers to The Independent who will pay up to date and one year in advance, gets both publications one year for \$1.25.

Pianos and Organs.

For Cash or on Installment Plan.



The accompanying cut shows a Hamilton Piano that is now on sale at the McCormick Music Store, for \$300. This piano is a beautiful instrument and is fully warranted for a term of ten years. Let us place one of these in your house on trial. Sold on installment plan or for cash. Other makes of Pianos and Organs that we handle are: The Knabe, Packard, Ludwig, Vose, Steck, Everett, Hardman, Fischer, Smith and Barnes.

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HILLSBORO, OREGON