

# Hillsboro Independent.

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## Hillsboro Independent.

BY D. W. BATH.

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## HILLSBORO 26 YEARS AGO

OF INTEREST TO OLD-TIMERS

Culled from an Old Copy of The Hillsboro Independent—Very Many Deaths Noted.

We have before us a copy of The Hillsboro Independent of the date of February 26, 1880, twenty-six years ago. It was loaned us by James Lamkin, who was at that time a dealer in stoves, hardware, etc., on Main street. He has marked the names of the men who were doing business here at that time who have either gone away or laid down the burdens and cares of life and crossed to the other side. Counted by years, a quarter of a century is not so very long, but the change in the population of Hillsboro has been great, and when the fact is stated, and it is a fact known to Mr. Lamkin personally, that forty-eight persons who were active in the business affairs of this city at the time of which we write, are now dead.

The Independent was then published in the old court house building by H. B. Luce, and to his credit we wish to say that he gave this city and county a good newspaper and in return received a liberal share of public patronage.

The tax question was agitating the public mind at that time as it is now, and in a leader on the editorial page we find that "honest men, who return their property for assessment honestly, and who have no debts, and whose property cannot in any way escape taxation, are the men who have to support the burden of taxation." In another paragraph in the same article the editor says that "in this county, taxes have been steadily increasing until now the county and state tax have reached nineteen-ninths mills"; and that the supervisors' bills for their own individual services at the last term of county court, amounted to \$1,500.

Another item notes that the snow is three inches deep at McMinnville, nine at Portland and two to five feet in the "hills" and going off rapidly. A Union Greenback Labor party convention of Washington county is called to meet in the court house March 11, to nominate a full county ticket, and no proxies allowed. "Buck" Meyer says that "Wappato is to Washington county in the coming election what Oregon was to the Union in the presidential election." The editor adds, "We are informed by a prominent chief of the "reservation" that "Buck" won't know how he will stand politically until after the county convention. He says if the republicans don't make just the right kind of nominations 'we will beat them sure as —.' Whether the prophesy of "Buck's" came true or not will have to be left with people of the '80's.

The paper says that Gov. Thayer has just pardoned another batch of prisoners and it keeps Judge Caples working hard to put them in prison as fast as the governor pardons them out. At a meeting of the literary society Dr. F. A. Bailey read a paper on "Man," which is said to have been a very able article. The article takes strong grounds against Darwinism.

Mrs. Duniway of the New Northwest, is accused of misrepresenting the faculty of the Pacific University "when she says that they would not admit a certain boy into the school" because the lad's mother, who lived in Portland, had a shady reputation. The women suffragists were in evidence at that time and a half column is devoted to resolutions passed at a convention held in Portland the week before. A force of fifteen men, says the Oregonian, is employed at Tillamook rock, preparing the foundation for the new lighthouse. Some fire-bug had attempted to burn the West Union school house, and it is supposed the "bug" is a resident of that neighborhood. Hillsboro people

are solicited to contribute to the fund for the building of the Nehalem road by the way of Manning's mill, and the paper wants to know if they will respond.

"A pleasant party was held at G. N. Hale's last week," and "Sheriff Matthews has been confined to his house for some time with catarrh." "Providence permitting, Rev. Wm. Roberts will preach in the M. E. church Thursday afternoon," and the people of the Grove "will please read the notice about the graveyard in our advertising columns." Willie Brown, a composer in The Independent office left for the country east of the Cascades that week, accompanied by Wm. Wiley, and W. H. Bronson, of Uniontown, Pa., whose friends live in Washington Co., died in thalcity after a short illness. He was cared for and buried by good charitable people. A daughter was born to the wife of Alex. Chalmers on the 4th, a daughter came to the home of A. Gordon on the 12th, and on the 23rd the wife of Phillips Prakes was made the proud mother of a 11 pound son.

The paper grows sarcastic and under the head of "The Frightened Bachelors," says: "It is leap year and the bachelors of the county who have long worshipped lovely woman at a distance, are trembling in their boots," and to escape the wiles of the fair sex, a lot of the "boys" commit matrimony among themselves and went to living together, two and two "down on the Tualatin." Here's the way they are paired off: John McKernan and John McMahon; two bachelors by the name Weddings; Geo. Campbell and Al Williams; Lafayette McFadden and L. U. Ingraham; W. Ingraham and W. W. Carpenter. Also in Tualatin, "M. L. Nichols is badly scared." Among the personals it is noted that H. G. Guild, formerly editor of this paper, visited Hillsboro last week, and that he is traveling agent and correspondent of the Portland Daily Bee; W. D. Pittenger and family went on a visit to Astoria last week, and State Supt. Powell was in town visiting the schools.

In the Farmington items "Mr. J. Hume has reset his house which the storm blew off of its foundation; the Tualatin river is badly blocked with fallen timber, and it is hoped the county court will take some steps toward opening it; W. E. Ennis, who was thought to be improving has taken worse and is bleeding at the lungs again.

And so it goes through the fourteen columns of this paper devoted to Hillsboro and vicinity, all newsy and crisp to the readers of that time, but will be scanned over as an almost forgotten dream by those who were residents of Hillsboro before and since 1880. One of the advertisers in The Independent at that time were: Dr. G. L. Hord, F. Crang, M. D., E. Brown, physician and surgeon; T. B. Hadley, T. W. Pettinger, Thos. H. Tongue, and Shattuck & Killin, all attorneys; J. Withycombe, veterinary surgeon, F. A. Bailey, M. D.; F. B. Jolly, notary public; Wilson Bowlby, M. D.; Dr. R. Price; Siegrist & Haugg, meat market; R. B. Wiley, grocer and liquor dealer; Riley Cave, hardware; A. C. Archbold, clothing and general merchandise; Henry Wehrung, proprietor Hillsboro furniture emporium; John R. Potter & Son, nursery; G. W. Taylor harness shop; D. L. Turpin, proprietor St. Joseph hotel; Geo. W. Axell, house painter; L. L. William, proprietor "the bulletin board"; A. S. Dudley, proprietor Orient Mills; Chas. McKinney, livery stable; Thos. D. Humphrey, real estate; Mary A. Brown, post-mistress; Bowlby's drug and book store; Chas. T. Tozier, insurance agent; Guild & Weathered, insurance agents; Wm. Jolly and Wm. B. Jolly, pioneer lumber yard; Tualatin Hotel, D. L. Leathers, proprietor; W. D. Pittenger, clothing, dress goods, nails, rope soap and saleratus; J. C. Lamkin, hardware; E. M. Brown, drugs, Chas. H. Pio, boot and shoemaker; P. B. Southworth, cigars and cigarettes; Miller

(Continued on Last Page.)

## S. H. ELLIOTT FATALLY BURNED

WAS IN BED HELPLESS.

Fire Thought to Have Been Started by a Defective Flue—House a Total Loss.

S. H. Elliott, who lived with his aged wife and son Sherman on a farm about three miles north of Halvettia, met with a horrible death last Monday. Mr. Elliott was 78 years of age and was so paralyzed that he had no control of his limbs whatever, and was compelled to remain in bed. About 9:30 Monday morning his aged wife and son Sherman were working in a field near by when they discovered flames issuing from the house. They hurried to the scene of conflagration, but were unable to get in to the old gentleman, as the flames had enveloped the whole building, and the poor invalid was roasted to death.

A report reached this city that Mr. Elliott had set fire to the bed-clothing while smoking in bed, but this is said to be impossible, as the unfortunate man was unable to use his hands at all. It is thought the fire started from a defective flue.

Mr. Elliott was a native of Kentucky, coming to Oregon in 1850, and to Washington county in 1854. Seven children survive him, Thos. and Wm. Elliott, of Portland, the latter ex-city engineer; Samuel Elliott, Fisher Wash., Mrs. Mary Wirtz, Portland, Ladd Elliott, Dayton, Wash., Sherman Elliott, who lived with the old folks on the farm, and Mrs. C. W. Redmond of this city.

The funeral was held on Wednesday from the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Redmond, and the remains were taken to I. O. O. F. cemetery for interment, followed by a large number of relatives and friends. Rev. Kilpatrick, of the Congregational church, preached the funeral sermon and briefly told of the early life of the old pioneer, paying a worthy tribute to his memory. He had lived a long, eventful and useful life, and goes to the tomb honored by all men.

**The Marriage of Alice.**  
Charles B. Wolf, editor of the Alton, (Iowa) Democrat, writes off the following about the Roosevelt-Longworth wedding:

"Alice is married at last. The soil torn up in the scuffle has been replaced. The store teeth and suspender buttons and tufts of hair that marked the scene are gathered up. The storks that hovered over Washington homes have recovered from their fright and once more are perched upon the chimneytops. The earth has resumed its course around the sun and old Vesuvius has ceased to spout escalloped mud. The polar expeditions which have lain at anchor in the ocean calm—the while the moon hung motionless over Washington City—are moving north again and the Russian rebels have renewed their fight. Perhaps next week our brindle cat may have the kittens she postponed in honor of the great event. Ever since she debuted into society four years ago Alice has been hopping about like a sparrow on a hot tin roof. There has been constant danger that she would stampe the cabinet with her poodle and pet garter snake or demoralize the senate with one of her skirt dances and acrobatic stunts. With proposals enough to paper her bedroom and suitors so thick on the steps that guests had to crawl in and out of the pantry window, she was fast becoming a menace to the Mormon church. The sports who danced about with pockets full of salt while she played sparrow now will get some sleep. It rejoices me that Alice is wed. I trust it will settle her nerves. Her catch is a congressman from Ohio whose maiden name was Nic Longworth, and it is recorded that he proposed to Alice seven times—which leads us to suggest that he should be rebuilt with a throwoff lever at the back like a repeater alarm o'clock. Society has regarded Nic as merely a necessary adjunct to the ceremonies, like the

corpse at a funeral, and nobody has ever given him a present except the Apache Indians, who presented him a buffalo vest with the hair on after noting by his picture that he wears a horseshoe stickpin with the sang froid of old Geronimo himself.

The top of Nic's head is bald as a singed door-knob scalded in lye water and his square cut mustache resembles the flouces on a mule's tail.

Teddy insisted that everything connected with the wedding should be carried out with the simple taste of a Vanderbilt, to harmonize with his love for the common people. He and the hired man built a platform of planks and beer-keg in the east room and decorated the house in humble style with asparagus and four thousand dollars worth of cut flowers. There was a floral belt with doves on it over the platform and the beer-kegs were covered with cotton batting. Some of the guests tried to blow it off during the ceremony. In keeping with his dislike of ostentation Ted had intended the hired girl play a simple wedding march on the organ, but she dropped a flatiron on her toe and couldn't pedal, so he had to get a thousand dollar orchestra from New York. It was hid behind a bank of flowers, however, so the common folks wouldn't notice the change.

Alice and Nic dressed upstairs where it was less crowded and came down the elevator. It was feared to trust Alice on the stairs lest she get nervous and slide down the banister and tear her gown. Among the simple society folks of Ted's set gown means dress and not nightshirt as in the rural districts. Soldiers headed the procession and ushers brought up the rear with Alice in between leading her father, who was dressed in a new Buster Brown suit. Press reports say that the ushers were dressed in light trousers. They were probably made of chiffon. There is no mention of any other clothing, but it is probable they also wore neckties. The trousers may have been light merely in color. An aisle made of ropes covered with ribbon was constructed to keep Ted from bolting with a snort in case his plebeian soul revolted at the smell of society and also to prevent the Rockefeller and other common folks from hogging all the standing room. Nic's pajamas having shrunken in the wash he spent a restless night and was looking pale in the conventional black. Alice seated her father and led Nic to the altar and the preacher mumbled something and the simple souls in the audience whispered how nice they looked and the preacher wanted to know who gave Alice away and Ted said he done it and showed his teeth and Alice felt of her belt and it was over."

## THE OUTLAW FATALLY SHOT

BY HARRY DRAPER OF SPOKANE

Trailed by Bloodhounds--Killed Two Men While Attempting Escape--Buried at Oregon City.

Harry Draper, of Spokane, shot the outlaw, Frank Smith, in the neck while he was hiding behind a log near the town of New Era, Tuesday morning. Bloodhounds tracked the outlaw to his place of concealment, and Draper, after asking the poor wretch if his name was Smith, and being answered in the affirmative, fired a bullet into his neck, not waiting to give the desperado an opportunity to add another to his list of three murders within a week. On April 20, Smith robbed a store at Parkplace; on the 22nd he robbed the postoffice at Troutdale, was captured and put in jail at Portland, and on the 23rd escaped. April 24th he robbed a store at Oregon City and in an attempt to escape, he shot and killed Officer Hanlon. On the 25th he robbed a store at Canby; on the 28th shot Sheriff Shaver and Captain Henderson at Woodburn, from the effects of which both died shortly after, and on May 1, he was shot and killed by Draper.

Such in brief, is the history of a man whose record of crime is exceeded only by Tracy who defied the whole country, marked his trail with blood, and finally ended his miserable existence by committing suicide. No disposition has yet been made of the \$1,500 reward offered for Smith, dead or alive. By an understanding that existed between the authorities and Draper, owner of the bloodhounds, one-half of the reward money goes to him.

Field, Garden and Flower Seeds for sale at R. H. Greer's. All kinds and a full stock.

## Weather Report.

The weather last week was cloudy and showery up to Saturday, when clearing weather set in, and Sunday and Monday were warm, sunny days. The showers, although generally light, were well distributed and were very welcome on account of previous dryness, which had parched the soil and caused the roads to become very dusty. During the showery period very little sunshine prevailed, and the temperatures at night were about normal and in the afternoon they were slightly below normal. Light frosts occurred in the southern and eastern sections on the morning of the 26th. There were no high winds.

Buff Orpington eggs for setting, \$1.00 for 13. D. L. Shrode, Cornelius. 51  
Have you pains in the back, inflammation of any kind, rheumatism, fainting spells, indigestion or constipation? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes you well, keeps you well. 35 cents. Delta Drug Store.

## Public Road Not a Race Course.

Centerville, Or., April 26, 1906. Dear Editor:—Last Sunday afternoon the road north of Centerville seemed to have quite an attraction for some of our people, and under the circumstances, it is safe to say they were not the cream of society nor our best citizens, for the attraction was a horse race, and on the public highway. I do not know much of the particulars, but have heard that one of the horses belonged to a saloon keeper. This energetic fellow might be an example to us. His enthusiasm in serving the devil might well put to shame some of us who in a half-hearted way are trying to serve the Lord. This has been called the "wild and woolly west," and some of our people seem to be wild, woolly and lawless, but we are not all that way. Some of us lay claim to being just a little bit civilized, and are neither barbarians nor savages, (and we don't want those outside of the community to think so), but have some regard both for the laws of God and man. There are scores of decent and honorable farmers and others around here who are opposed to this kind of lawlessness. And we hope our county authorities are not yet dead to a sense of duty. It would seem that our county ought to be improving, but I cannot recall any of the settlers of thirty or forty years ago who would have debased themselves by countenancing anything of this kind.


Oh, yes, they had their good times, their races and scrub races, but at the county fair—not on the public road nor on Sunday. In the name of the law-abiding citizens of Centerville and vicinity, I am

Yours, etc.,

FRANCIS CHALMERS.

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The Weekly Oregonian and The Hillsboro Independent, both one year for \$2.



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