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BY D. W. BATH.

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## A TRIP TO THE SILETZ COUNTRY

### A WASHINGTON COUNTY MAN

Spends His Vacation in the Siletz Country Fishing, Boating and Digging for Clams.

The writer, in company with a friend, has been breathing the dust and the mountain air incident to a trip to the Siletz country for the past ten days, and as this resort is one that is somewhat new in comparison to those in Tillamook county, a few remarks regarding there might be of interest to pleasure seekers hunting a cool locality for recreation. This section of the country is reached via the Grand Round Indian reservation, the road branching at Dave Leno's place on Agency creek, the Tillamook road following up the stream while the Salmon river and Siletz road crosses a bridge at this point and ascends a mountain, and quite abrupt at that, but after gaining the summit, about one mile the descent is gradual down to the water level, some three miles. The road over this portion being dry and in good condition.

Two or three small ranches along the course of a small stream, principally abandoned, are found. At one of them a sign "U. S." Postoffice indicated the head of the household was serving the government—salary no object—to the best of his ability. By the way, those latter day "Nasby's" over in that country take particular pride in branding their establishments with the cabalistics, "U. S." very conspicuously.

A "dugout" or Indian canoe, about ten feet in length was observed on the bay with "U. S. M." scrawled on both bow and stern by a poor painter. This craft was supposed to be a component part of the government, probably the latest rural delivery system on water routes. At the toll gate, further on or about eight miles from Leno's, Salmon river is reached, the finest trout stream on the coast. One young man reported catching 180 of them in two hours' fishing, but we learned from experience that it was a "fish story" pure and simple.

However, great quantities are taken along that stream daily, and camps abound at various places as far as Salmon river bay where trout fishermen are enjoying life to their heart's content. The road from the toll gate to the last crossing of Salmon river is in fairly good condition, with a few exceptions where small springs soften up the ground and mud is the consequence. Four good bridges span the river now, at various places whereas, but recently, the river had to be forded instead. Towards the coast from this point numerous fine stock ranches are found, with good houses and out buildings, hay and oats being the principal productions while garden vegetables are a fair quality and grow abundantly.

About two miles from the last crossing one comes out of the timber into an open country, several miles in width and extending coastwise, the road following canyons and low hills to the outlet of "Devil's Lake" where the beach is reached three miles from the Siletz bay, which at low tide can be traveled with ease and comfort, but at other times a heavy pull over a sandy hill for about half a mile is necessary in order to reach camp at "Taft" U. S. Postoffice and the general merchandise store of J. W. Botes, proprietor, postmaster, and mine host of the campers in general. This camp (there are others) is situated at the mouth of the bay where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours, (else there would be no bay there), has unlimited quantities of fine wood—lacking in some other resorts—a spring of excellent mountain water, quite freely impregnated with chloride of sodium, yet, as one is not boarding at the Palace hotel such little peculiarities of nature are condoned. Siletz bay is a beautiful body of water—that is only at high tide—and is navigable to the salmon cannery, about four

miles up the Siletz river for small ocean trading vessels which arrive at the cannery at intervals to remove the products of that concern, and also bring in supplies for the merchants. No surf bathing was observed, but it is possible on the beach. Campers are too busy probably, in boat riding, digging clams, chopping out rock oysters, fishing for flounders and whipping several fine trout streams that empty into the bay. The salmon season will open about the middle of September, however, a few are now taken by seine and sold at war prices to the helpless campers desiring the royal Chinook in varying their bill of fare.

The Siletz Indian reservation was thrown open for settlement and the red men granted lands in severality, some eight years ago, and as is the usual custom the latter quickly disposed of his holdings, so the pale-faced individual has quietly absorbed the finest and best tide lands on the bay and surrounding open hills and devoted the same to the purpose of stock-raising. A number of original Americans were seen driving around in hacks and wagons with their families, and many are owners of very fair houses and very good farms, for Indians that are constitutionally opposed to work in any form. They all dress a-la-Americano, and one grossly insults him by addressing him in the Chinook language at the present time. Devil's Lake is a large body of fresh water paralleling the coast near the bay, and is accounted an excellent place for a trout fisherman to satiate his appetite for sport of this nature.

While Salmon river, Devil's Lake and Siletz Bay are all accessible to one making this trip, and the influx of campers are less and a greater variety of the ocean's bill of fare is obtained here than elsewhere at other resorts, makes this, in our estimation, an ideal place for those desiring an outing down by the sounding sea.

### "Tourist."

When the silver trowel which now is in the possession of the Mystic Star Lodge of Eaglewood, Chicago, again reaches New York it probably will be the most traveled article in the world. It will have encircled the globe many miles, visiting every corner of the world where Masons can be found. Twelve years will be consumed in the travels of the Masonic emblem, and in the big book which accompanies it will be placed a record of its wanderings.

The trowel began its travels in New York last October. It is a belief of the secret order that he who holds the emblem will receive an inspiration. The trowel was placed in the hands of each member of the New York lodge, and each man, with bowed head, told the inspiration which came to him with the touch of the handle of the trowel.

Then it was decided that every Mason in the world should receive the benefits conferred upon the members of this lodge. As there is not a country in the world and scarcely a city in any country where there are no Masons, the distance to be traversed by the emblem can scarcely be estimated. Its first visit was to Washington. Then it was to Quebec, Canada, then back to Washington, Detroit, Toledo, Elkhart and Chicago.—Oregonian.

A few days ago a rather bashful young woman went into a Milton store carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter. The clerk didn't know that the chickens' feet were tied, and asked if they would lay there. She bit her handkerchief and said, "No, sir, they are roosters."—Milton Eagle.

Newspaper and periodical publishers must look after their interests before the Congressional Commission, which is to begin to investigate the second-class postal rate on October 1.

Sherbert! Sherbert! Sherbert! Delta! Delta! Delta!

## GRINDS HARD AND VERY FINE

### LAND THIEVES GET NO REST

Barnard Found Guilty—Evidence in His Trial That Shows Up the Watson Testimony.

In the land fraud trials in the cases now going on in the United States court at Portland, no one of defendants seem to stand a ghost of a chance to escape the pen. Chas. A. Watson was found guilty last week and Coe D. Barnard received the same verdict last Saturday. The case against Clarence B. Zachary was called Monday morning and the trial will probably consume all the week. The following testimony of John M. Morgan was given in the Barnard trial and is taken from Saturday evening's Journal. It has much to do with Watson, who is well known here:

As a sensational climax to the close of the government's case at a night session of the Federal court, wherein Coe D. Barnard is charged with perjury in connection with his testimony as a witness to the final proof of Charles A. Watson, John M. Morgan, one of the Government's witnesses, confessed on the stand last night that he had likewise made a homestead entry for the Butte Creek Land, Livestock & Lumber Company, and that he had sworn falsely when he made affidavit in his final proof that he had lived upon the claim and had cultivated it continuously during the fourteen months antecedent to the commutation of the entry.

Judge Bennett, council for Defendant Barnard, interposed a vigorous objection to the introduction of Morgan's testimony, but upon the statement of United States District Attorney Bristol that it was offered for the purpose of showing that Barnard was one of Morgan's witnesses also, and had sworn to the bonafides of his claim in the same manner as in relation to the Watson claim, Judge Hunt overruled the objection.

Morgan testified that about the time Watson had filed his homestead claim, Clarence B. Zachary, manager of the Butte Creek Land, Livestock & Lumber Company, induced him to make homestead entry No. 12,762, covering lot 4, section 30, and lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, section 31, township 5 south, range 20 east, Willamette meridian. At the expiration of fourteen months the entry was commuted, and when Morgan appeared before the United States Commissioner James S. Stewart for the purpose of proving up, Barnard was one of his witnesses, and had sworn to a statement that Morgan had cultivated thirty-five acres of the land, had built a house thereon and had resided continuously upon the claim for the full period indicated.

Morgan admitted that he was lying when he swore to the final proof, and that he had taken up the claim in the expectancy of being paid for it by the corporation, also that he had only been on the claim once during the fourteen months.

Judge Bennett subjected him to grueling cross-examination, during which there were several sharp passages between the attorneys for the opposing sides. Morgan admitted that he gambled to make a living while he was in Fossil, but occasionally did housepainting to soften the asperities of poker playing.

"When I couldn't make any money gambling," testified the witness with the utmost nonchalance, "I went out and painted a house. I took up the claim for the Butte Creek Land, Livestock & Lumber Company," he continued, "because Clarence B. Zachary asked me to do so."

Judge Bennett—You claim now that you lied when you proved up on your land?

Witness Morgan—Yes, I lied, all right.

Judge Bennett—Is it not a fact that you are telling a lie now, just to get out of the other?

Witness—No, it is not any use to tell another lie to get out of the other.

Judge Bennett—Then you have reformed, have you had a change of heart; as it were?

Witness—I have had a change of something; I don't know what.

Judge Bennett—You want to be believed now rather than in your testimony, where you made oath on final proof that there were thirty-five acres cultivated, and that you had built a cabin on the land and was living on it, don't you? Was Mr. Barnard present and did not hear you give this testimony before the commissioners?

Witness—There might have been thirty-five acres plowed on the land; I think there was, although I did not cultivate it. I don't whether Mr. Barnard heard me or not when I so testified. If he did he might have formed the conclusion that I was telling the truth. I don't know whether he was even present or not, but guess he was, and that I swore first. I think it is true that there were some crops raised on the place. My wife went down to the claim with me once, and that was all I ever visited it. I proved up at the end of fourteen months, having commuted the entry, I never asked Mr. Barnard to become a witness for me. Somebody else must have done so. It was advertised that I was going to prove up. The Butte Creek Land, Livestock & Lumber Company must have inserted the advertisement, as it wasn't I. I intended to go away from Fossil to California, and wanted to square up before leaving. I had a contract with the company, and I wanted the money. I was lying so the company could get the land, and it must have been done as a sort of accommodation. What lying I did was at the request and solicitation of someone else for whom I was being used to take up this claim. Everybody else has been lying up there for the past twenty years, and I thought I might as well do it as anybody.

The testimony of Morgan produced a profound sensation in the courtroom, and especially among the jurymen trying the case. Just what effect it will have upon them in establishing the guilt or innocence of the accused, remains to be seen, but at all events every member of the body regarded Morgan with contemptuous expressions and scowling faces, while the witness was the cynosure of all eyes from other sources. This was especially noticeable in the case of Clarence B. Zachary, who was an interested spectator, and who glared at the witness all through his testimony from a distant part of the courtroom.

The most unconcerned person present was the defendant himself. He smiled at Morgan while he was deliberately telling of the deception that had been practiced while he was making final proof, and seemed to enjoy the narrative as if listening to some pleasing recital.

It is evident the government is leaving no stone unturned in its efforts to convict Barnard, ten new witnesses, besides several of those who had given evidence at the Watson trial, having been placed on the stand yesterday afternoon and last night.

The list includes, in addition to Morgan, Ira E. Bradley, of Forest Grove; William L. Moore, postmaster of Greenville; Willis Ireland, of Hillsboro; C. T. Scoggins, of Fossil; G. O. Butler, of Wheeler county; E. J. Godman, county clerk of Washington county; Elbridge Clyde, postmaster of Fossil, and Dr. M. H. Parker, of Greenville, who described himself as a physician and surgeon and dealer in general merchandise, and who testified that, while not officiating as Watson's physician, he was selling ammunition with which to hunt China pheasants; Clyde Brown, of Handricks case notorious, completed the list of new faces in the witness chair.

There was nothing sensational, or even particularly interesting, in the character of the new evidence adduced at the trial yesterday outside of the Morgan episode.

Ira E. Bradley, of Forest Grove, but formerly a resident of Greenville, corroborated other witnesses relative to Watson keeping a saloon at Greenville; William L. Moore, Postmaster of Greenville and member of the general merchandise firm of Moore & Son, detailed from his cash accounts the various transactions the firm had had with Watson, extending through a period of years, and covering the time when he should have been residing on his homestead, about

(Continued on Last Page.)

## FOREST FIRES ARE RAGING

### VALUABLE TIMBER DESTROYED

Flames Have Reached the Summit of the Cascade Range—People Fleeing for Their Lives.

Albany, Or., Aug. 13.—The fire in the Santiam Mountains, after the rains this morning, was checked somewhat, but this evening is burning as fiercely as ever. The flames have crossed the river into Linn County, and are burning a fine stretch of timber. The fire is now ten miles from the point where it crossed the stream. This fire now threatens Hoover's sawmill, above Detroit, and tonight is traveling toward the summit of the Cascade Mountains.

Another fire has traveled up the Breitenbush River in the direction of Breitenbush Springs. It has covered ten miles and burned over a wide area. Up to tonight fully seventy square miles of timber has been destroyed, and the fire is again absolutely beyond control. Many camping parties in the mountains are returning in haste, and others are believed to be cut off for the time being.

The fire has reached the Breitenbush trail, and campers at Hot Springs are reported to be cut off and in some danger. The town of Detroit is in no immediate danger from the fire. The Corvallis & Eastern Railroad is not damaged materially and trains are running through as usual.

People coming down from the burning district tonight report that the fire is raging again, both up the Breitenbush Canyon and up the Santiam above Detroit. Its extent cannot be determined, they say, owing to the dense smoke hanging over the canyons.

Dom J. Zan and wife returned to Albany on today's train and report that the rest of their camping party came down to Niagara, below the fire belt, and pitched camp anew. Many people who have been camped around Detroit came out today.

One of the important financial losses sustained on account of the fire will be felt by the tanning industry. Six hundred cords of tanbark that was piled beside the railroad track near the Breitenbush River were destroyed. This bark was to have been used by the Sternberg tannery in Albany, one of the most important concerns in the city. The loss is not so much in the intrinsic value of the bark itself as in the fact that the tannery will be crippled and forced to operate under difficulties. Bark cannot be peeled again until next year, and most of

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Secretary Shaw says we need more \$5 bills. Secretary Shaw is the most brainy, wisest and most brilliant man we ever knew. Now tell us how to get them.

You cannot always judge the abilities of a newspaper man by the "front" he puts on. Some of the newspapermen who are making good haven't any "front" to speak of.

Hillsboro may oil its streets, and especially those near the depot, and has asked the Southern Pacific to oil its track for some distance within the city limits. This is a practicable move and Forest Grove cannot afford to be left behind.—Forest Grove News.

William Matthews, editor of the Newbort News (Ore.) was the victim of a thrashing at the hands of Ted McElwain Deputy Town Marshall of Newport, one afternoon last week. McElwain received what he considered an unjust criticism in the columns of the News, and asked for an explanation. The explanation was not satisfactory, and McElwain proceeded to get satisfaction by "taking it out of the editor's hide". Matthews was not seriously injured, although considerably disfigured.—Newspaperdom.

Odd Fellows in every part of the United States, but especially in New Jersey, are deeply interested in the crusade which has been begun by Wesley B. Stout, grand master of the grand lodge of New Jersey, against all saloon-keepers, bartenders and gamblers who are members of the order.

The grand master has started in to drive all such members out of the craft. This means, if carried out, the expulsion of about 3,500 men in New Jersey. Stout is acting under the law passed by the sovereign lodge of Odd Fellows in 1895, but which has never heretofore been enforced.

Each lodge is given until August 20 to notify all saloon-keepers, bartenders and gamblers to abandon such pursuits. The failure of the men to quit such business will be followed by their dismissal from the lodge. Many saloon-keepers are threatening suit against the lodges if they are expelled.

The saloon element in the New Jersey Odd Fellows has been growing so rapidly as to threaten the interests of the order.

Other and older states have a \$300 household tax exemption. Let us not be foolish and wipe away a feature that is one of the greatest inducements for homeseekers to settle in Oregon. Let us be hospitable. Don't put up this strong bar to the front door, nor in such manner invite good men to leave and cross the border. Do not let us get so much excited as to lose our equilibrium.—Woodburn Independent.

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