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BY D. W. BATH.

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TROUBLE IN THE FLOCK

PASTOR RUINED HIS HOME

Says Rev. C. M. Smythe of Rev. F. J. Warren, and Denounces Him From the Pulpit.

Monday morning's Oregonian contains the following regarding the sensation at St. Johns: Rev. F. J. Warren, pastor of the St. Johns congregational church, was denounced yesterday morning in his own pulpit by Rev. Mr. Smythe, formerly of the Mississippi Avenue church, of Portland, as a traitor and despoiler of the home of his fellow minister. Rev. Mr. Smythe had been invited by Pastor Warren to address the congregation, which had assembled for the customary Sunday morning service. Mr. Smythe took advantage of his opportunity to deliver a dramatic and sensational denunciation of his enemy, describing him as a villain and scoundrel of the deepest dye. When Rev. Mr. Smythe had concluded and had taken a seat in the back of the church he broke down, and his sobbings could be heard by the entire congregation. Rev. Mr. Warren calmly proceeded to preach the morning sermon, although every one present was fairly gasping with astonishment.

"I have waited long for this opportunity and I hereby denounce you, Fred J. Warren, as a traitor and the despoiler of my home. You entered my home and won the love of my wife and I denounce you as a traitor—a traitor."

His voice charged with emotion which he could not suppress and his finger pointed dramatically at the minister whose pulpit he occupied. Rev. Mr. Smythe thus delivered what is probably the most sensational declaration ever heard in a house of worship in the Northwest. The congregation was dumbfounded. The only cool and collected person in the whole church was Rev. Mr. Warren, who never for a single instant lost his composure.

If a flash of lightning from the clear sky had cleft the air, or snowflakes had fallen from the ceiling, those in the church could not possibly have been more startled. Those present had expected Rev. Mr. Smythe to say only a few words, as is generally the case when one minister invites another to his pulpit out of courtesy. But he had begun when his voice choked and he was unable to enunciate further. Trembling and so weak from his emotions and impulsive outburst that he could hardly stand upon his feet, he staggered from the pulpit down the aisle, where he practically collapsed in a rear seat. There he remained until the end of the service, his face buried in a handkerchief wet with bitter tears.

Insane jealousy, according to those who are in a position to know, led to the sensational scene of yesterday morning. It is no secret that there was a time when Rev. Mr. Warren and Mrs. Smythe were lovers, when the former was visiting at the home of his friend about a year ago, but it is said that everything was broken off between them long ago.

The tale of this love of a minister and another minister's wife is tinged with romance, as Rev. Mr. Warren once gallantly, and at imminent danger of his own life, saved Mrs. Smythe from a watery grave.

Under the head of "His Wife's Affections," the Oregonian says:

Perhaps the Rev. Mr. Smythe reads too many novels. He has allowed his mind to dwell with fascinated envy upon scenes where the wronged maiden denounces her betrayer at the nuptial altar and deprives him at one stroke of a wealthy bride and an exalted social position. He was delighted to fancy himself playing the part of the avenger who destroys his hated rival amidst the cheers of a great audience. Very likely Mr. Smythe has in his soul something of the passion which thrills the country maiden who seeks fame and fortune on the stage; the craving for self-advertisement, the longing for notoriety which stops at nothing to attain its end. In his dreams he had doubtless imagined the audience of St. Johns congregational church rising as one man to applaud him and join in his denunciation of their pastor; and when they did nothing of the sort he must have been woefully disappointed. His little drama fell flat.

In fact, a man who undertakes to gratify his spite by attacking the reputation of his own wife seldom finds his audience sympathetic. There are circumstances which might justify such a proceeding, but they are very rare. The mere fact that one's wife has been on terms of friendship—even of intimate friendship—with another man falls very far short of justification for such a public exhibition of malignity. To play the part of revenger with brilliancy and credit, one must have something definite to avenge. Mr. Smythe, so far as the evidence shows, had nothing of the sort. His wife and Mr. Warren had become friends; perhaps their feeling for each other went something beyond what is commonly called friendship, but the instant it began to assume a shade of intimacy they resolutely separated and saw one another no more. Who could have done better? The best of men and women too, may be led unawares into temptation. The weak fall and remain in the net; the strong flee and escape the tempter.

If Mrs. Smythe preferred Warren to her husband, it was doubtless with good reason. It is greatly to her credit that she kept the preference within the bounds of religion and duty. It is not Warren's fault that he is a more amiable and attractive man than Smythe, nor was Mrs. Smythe to blame for perceiving the superiority. It is to be inferred that the circumstances of her married life made the contrast only too apparent to her. Most men who lose the affections of their wives have only themselves to blame for it. A woman who is treated with decent affection will generally respond in kind. The pride of women often leads them to pretend to love and admire their husbands long after all good reason for it has ceased. They do not wish to admit that they have made shipwreck of their affections and utterly lost in the game of life. Everybody knows of women whose attempts to maintain the show of wifely affection against indifference, neglect, and even cruelty, are pathetic. It is one of the most common and most heartbreaking of the many woful exhibits in the circus of the world.

When a woman's love finally deserts her husband, it is for the most part because he has made constancy impossible. There is an old story of a girl whose exemplary neatness of person and attire had excited the envy of her companions and finally won the husband whom they had all competed for. Soon after the wedding she changed amazingly. Her hair went into snarls; her gown was torn and soiled; her house was never swept. Naturally her friends inquired why she had dropped all her old habits. "Why should I trouble myself to keep them up?" she replied. "My fortune's made." Many men are like this objectionable girl. Their matrimonial fortune once made, they take no further pains to keep it from dwindling. A wife is to them a wife, one of the inevitable institutions of existence. She ranks with the hitching post and the concrete pavement among things which take care of themselves. Once in a while she demands attention by falling out of repair, but very seldom. Then one day a man comes along and treats the poor creature with some shadow of that kindness which her husband lavished so abundantly before the wedding, and behold her affections are found to be alienated. Who alienated them?

The man who loses his wife's affection has in most cases done nothing to keep it. He lives for himself alone and takes no thought for the happiness of the woman who is dependent upon him for every pleasure she has in the world. Had Mr. Smythe been in the habit of giving a thought to his wife's feelings he never would have made the exhibition he did in the church at St. Johns. Had he been capable of devoting to her one-tenth part of the deep solicitude which he shows for himself, he never would have had to complain of her falling love for him. A man who thinks only of himself cannot expect anybody else to love him. Judged by the standards of the world, Smythe's performance was a piece of foolish spitefulness. Judged from the Christian standpoint, it was stultically malicious. From the marital point of view it was a shameful outrage upon the good name of an innocent woman.

The laws recently enacted in France and Canada aim at a more general recognition of Sunday, at least as a day of rest. In France it is made a rule for all commercial and industrial establishments to close for this weekly day of rest, and when in any case such closing would be prejudicial to the interests of the public the law requires that an equal amount of rest be accorded to all workers on some other day, or by shifts in rotation. Canada's new Sunday law is far more drastic. All trading or remunerative service is forbidden, except in works of actual necessity or mercy. Railroads may not run excursions or handle any traffic which can be attended to on any other day. But, most remarkable of all, there are to be no Sunday newspapers either published at home or imported from abroad. All public amusements are banished. Heavy penalties for violations are to be imposed on employers or corporations as well as on employees.

The fruit crop of the United States this year will probably pass all previous records. Oregon is doing her share, not only as to quantity but quality too.

Men who don't wish to be found out are careful not to be found in.

LAWSON A MENTAL WRECK

MOURNING FOR HIS DEAD WIFE

Beside Whose Unburied Body He Keeps Lonely Vigil—His Health Rapidly Giving Way.

The statement from Boston that Thomas W. Lawson is in a state of mental and physical collapse in consequence of his wife's death is supported by detailed statements of the extravagant forms in which his grief has been manifested and is given verisimilitude by his prolonged absence from his office and abstention from all business. The story has been quietly whispered about State street during the last two weeks and has gained wide credence.

Mrs. Lawson died August 5. Since the funeral service at Dreamworld the body of Mrs. Lawson, encased in a steel casket, has remained in a quaint little English cottage on the estate, which she herself several years ago called "The Nest." At this cottage Lawson spends his whole time, day and night, brooding over his bereavement.

Shortly after the funeral he had a lounge placed near the burial casket. Lawson then began a ceaseless vigil, and since then he has spent the greater part of each day and night there. He is oblivious of his surroundings, and it is said his prolonged vigil has affected him mentally and physically.

The autumn season is coming more and more to be recognized as a most suitable time for housepainting. There is no frost deep in the wood to make trouble for even the best job of painting, and the general seasoning of the summer has put the wood into good condition in every way. The weather, moreover, is more likely to be settled for the necessary length of time to allow all the coats to be thoroughly dry, a very important precaution. An old and successful painter said to the writer the other day: "House owners would get more for their money if they would allow their painters to take more time, especially between coats. Instead of allowing barely time for the surface to get dry enough not to be 'tacky,' several days (weeks would not be too much) should be allowed so that the coat might set through and through. It is inconvenient, of course, but if one would suffer this slight inconvenience, it would add two or three years to the life of the paint." All this is assuming, of course, that the paint used is the very best to be had. The purest of white lead and the purest of linseed oil unadmixed with any cheaper of the cheap mixtures often known as "White Lead," and oil which has been doctored with fish oil, benzine, corn oil or some other of the adulterants known to the trade are used, all the precautions of the skilled painter are useless to prevent the cracking and peeling which make houses unsightly in a year or so and therefore, make painting bills too frequent and too costly. House owner should have his painter bring the ingredients to the premises separately, white lead of some well known reliable brand and linseed oil of equal quality and mix the paint just before applying it. Paint need not be so expensive and unsatisfactory if the old painter's suggestions are followed.

I. L. Cole, of Cornelius, who says he is 70 years old, the fastest runner on the coast, the best police officer San Francisco ever had, a doctor by profession and a chemist who makes his own medicines, last night lost his wife and children in the mazes of the city. The doctor had come to town with his wife in a large covered wagon to make a few purchases for use on the farm. Leaving his spouse he set out to visit the drug store of Woodard, Clarke & Co. This he found without difficulty, but for the life of him he could not retrace his steps. For an hour or more he wandered the streets of the city, covering all the territory from the heights to the waterfront and from Lovejoy street to the Plaza block. Naturally on his continued pilgrimage he grew thirsty and stopped many times "just to wet his whistle." With each drink he grew more confused, and at last his wandering footsteps took him to the police station. Here as he was telling his tale the phone rang and the faithful Mrs. Cole was on the other end, seeking information of her misguided hubby. The doctor and Mrs. Cole were happily reunited by Officer Wanless at Third and Yamhill streets, where the wagon had been standing all the time.—Portland Oregonian.

Some houses refuse to advertise because they say they have all the business they can handle. Will they always have more than they can handle? No. The time will come when they will claim that they cannot afford to advertise. The day for success to the house that does not advertise has gone by.

The Willamette Construction Company, which is building the Portland-Salem electric line, is rushing its work in Salem streets. The city of Salem granted the company a franchise on certain streets upon condition that the company shall be running cars from Trade street to Chemawa by September 10, on which day the State Fair opens. Failure to run cars by that time means forfeiture of the franchise, and the members of the city council have indicated their intention to hold the company strictly to the provisions of the grant. The company has all the men employed that can be procured at \$2.25 a day and is working all the teams that can be employed to advantage. About 150 men are at work. A large traction engine plows up the streets to loosen earth for the shovellers.

Men are queer. Wouldn't there be a roar when they went home to their meals if they had to climb up on a high stool in front of a table on which there was no cloth and eat their meals in that fashion? Yet a majority of men, when they go to a restaurant to eat, will pick out the high stool and the feed board with no cloth on it in preference to a comfortable chair and a cloth-covered table. A man will borrow a chew of tobacco and most of them will set their teeth into the plug right over where some other man has gnawed out a chew. Offer him a piece of pie at home from which his wife or one of the children had taken a bite and he would holler his head off. At home he will not drink out of a glass or cup from which some one of the family has been drinking. Call him into the back stall of a livery barn, and he will stick the neck of the bottle half way down his throat in order to get a swig after a half dozen other fellows have had the neck of the bottle in their mouths. A man is a queer duck.—Atkinson (Kan.) Globe.

Having her hearing restored as the result of injuries sustained by being thrown from an automobile was the remarkable experience of Eva Towles, the little daughter of a prominent resident of Siseston, South Dakota. The girl had been a deaf mute from birth. While out riding in her father's touring car Reva was thrown from the machine and one of the wheels passed over her body. She was quite badly bruised, and while she yet is in a serious condition it is expected she will recover. Since the accident she has been able to hear as well as any one.

The highest wages ever paid and the largest employment of labor ever known make 1906 a stand-pat year.

The majority of American voters, wage earners, mechanics, laboring men, merchants, farmers, are not going to turn this government over to the democrats under Bryan or any other democrat, and try that experiment over again.—Freeport (Ill.) "Journal."

SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN

ANCIENT EGGS MADE OVER.

Chicago Factory Extracts the Smell and Puts Them on the Market—Sold in Portland.

Chicago, Aug. 27.—Health officials today brought to light a factory where eggs which antedate even the oldest chorus girls are "reprocessed," mixed, deodorized, ground, pulverized and sifted and finally sold to bakers all over the land, and even to one great trans-Atlantic steamship line for cooking purposes. To keep out the inquisitive and to keep in the smells, which are something fierce, the factory is a vast system of trapdoors, secret passages, and the business is such that goods are never shipped in the name of the purchaser, but to his initials only.

Admission to the third floor shows two small girls at work breaking evil-smelling eggs into cans. The stench is powerful, from this point to the end of the investigation. The eggs which are used for food are supposed to have been carefully culled by a "candler." Those which are called beyond eating go into another receptacle to make tanning oil. The mess of broken eggs, which the "inspectors" have labeled unwholesome, is dumped into a separator and the shells are extracted. The liquid goes to the fourth floor.

The loft is fitted up with a condenser. Right rolls, three feet by

four or five, and each cut so as to give all the surface possible, are in constant motion. Vats of eggs are raised so that the rolls are covered, and air at a temperature of 104 degrees is forced over the mass. The eggs stick to the rolls and are dried out. This product is scraped loose, sifted and sold to bakers.

The man in charge of the rolls never calls for an egg shampoo at the barber shop. It is not necessary. Today he carefully rubbed his fingers through his hair shortly after reaching into the liquid to prevent its clogging the rolls.

Goods have been shipped to "N. B., St. Joseph, Mo.," "F. Schmid, Atlanta, Ga.," and "H. M. R., Philadelphia." Other goods have been shipped to Texas and Portland, Or., as well as to a trans-Atlantic steamship line. It takes four dozen eggs to make a pound of the "reprocessed" material. Chief Murray has other plants under surveillance. The product of the one found today will be soaked in kerosene tomorrow.

The official Canadian spring wheat crop report forwarded by Consul J. H. Worman of Three Rivers shows the wheat acreage increased by 500,000 over last year's record. This raises Manitoba over the 300,000,000 mark for that cereal alone. The land sown to oats is 1,155,961 acres, an increase of 124,722, while the barley acreage has nearly reached 500,000, being, in fact, 474,242. The total increase in the grain acreage over last year is 655,836. The other crops also show an increased acreage.

A judge has decided that a woman need not tell her age on the witness stand. This will be sadly disappointing to the women who are not subpoenaed.

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\$10,000 Premium Fund

Excellent Water

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Your friends will be there

Various Special Premiums

Encourage and Aid Agriculture by Attending

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SPECIAL RAILROAD RATES

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—your children—
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School Shoes

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Our line of
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Everything usually carried by an up-to-date Grocery House. Our immense sales make it possible for us to carry strictly fresh goods. Not a shop-worn article in the establishment.

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