Hillsboro Independent

D. W. BATH, PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Union Down.

A Fourth of July Story by OLIVE HARPER.

ON this particular Fourth of July a gay party from San Francisco gathered at San Bruno with music and fireworks. They dined among the trees on the slope of the coast line of hills.

On the lower and level side of the road were a marshy place bordering on a small branch of the bay and a house belonging to the firm of Miller & Lux, the cattle kings of that day. This house was occupied by the herders. The great ranch lay to the southward, and there were kept the cattle on their way to the place where all good and some bad cattle go.

This picnic was to be great as picnics go, with music, dancing on the sward after the dinner, and reading of the Declaration of Ipdepeudence, and then fireworks. There would be a full moon.

Everybody was happy save Mildred Lovejoy, and she was in a very fever of suspense. She was pretty and knew her scarlet dress and parasol were both becoming. But Malcolm Burchard did not come, and he was to read the Declaration, maybe make one.

At last there was a cloud of dust and he was there, but with another girl beside him. No wonder the sun was eclipsed. Mildred went away as soon as they were introduced, to hate this Boston girl. Her head ached and her dinner tasted like Dead sea apples. And Malcolm did not miss her!

Mildred had brought the silken flag that was to ornament the wagon where

MILDRED SEIZED THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS.

he was to stand to read and forgot she had it. She knew only that she was the most unhappy girl in the world as she wandered to the gate to the ranch which was even with the head of the little bay.

Before she knew it she had turned the point of the small bay and was walking along on the eastern side of it. The point of land that made this tiny harbor was some sixty feet above the level on the eastern side, but on the west it sloped gently to the beach, which faced the picnic grounds. There was an abandoned hut near the water, and beyond it she noticed a line of sharply pointed, jagged rocks at the end of the point of land. What if she were to throw herself into the seething water there?

While she stood thus, a scarlet point against the green of the grass, kept fresh by the fogs of afternoon, a trembling shook the very earth, and a sound was heard that struck terror into her soul. Coming on toward her in a bellowing mass was the whole herd of cattle, led by a great red steer with branching horns.

There was nothing to do but to run for the old house and hope she could reach it, and hope again that the impact of the onrushing cattle would not dash it down. The door was on the side farthest from the cattle, and Mildred flew around so that the big leader missed her for a moment. This gave her time to open the door, which hung on one hinge, and get her back against it. The halyards of the old flag pole that had been used once for signaling hung within her reach. Some persons grow stupid and dazed under danger, while others find their mind clear and every faculty alive. Mildred was one of the latter kind, so she thought of the flag and actually remembered to tie a regular sailor instead of a granny knot; then she raised it union down. The herd was now within ten yards of the hut, and she knew it would not withstand much battering, so she thrust her red parasol out the window and suddenly opening it allowed the freshening trade wind to seize it, and one friendly puff rolled the scarlet sunshade along up the slope. The leader saw red and followed it, with the whole herd bellowing after him.

No one on the other shore had noticed the stampede of the herd nor had even observed the absence of Mildred except Malcolm, who was seeking her everywhere. He had loved her so long, and there was a pretty ring in his pocket that he intended to ask her to wear, but he wished first to cover himself with glory by reading the Declaration. Then when they were all applauding him he would slip away to Mildred and tell her. With a double sense of defeat he mounted the flagless wagon.

Miss Aldrich had wandered around gathering flowers and slowly walked across the road. Lifting her eyes she saw the flag as it was hoisted opposite. She dropped every flower, gasping:

"It is union down! Danger, distress, appeal for aid! I must go. Oh, what is that? Cattle, thousands of them! Oh, thank Providence, here is a skiff."

The girl, reared by old Marblehead, knew the signal, knew how to row a boat, too, and she quickly cast the painter loose and in a moment was pulling with long even strokes toward the other shore.

In the general excitement of the music, the reading and oration none saw the girl in the boat as she pulled bravely for the little house, but her heart sank as she saw that the cold trade wind was sucking her down between the hills and carrying her toward the entrance faster than she could row across. She had the wind and tide against her, as the tide was now ebbing fast, and the flat bottomed boat offered no resistance. She saw herself drifting toward the jagged rocks in spite of her frantic efforts. Then one of the thole pins broke off short. The shock jerked the oar from her hand, and it went floating off. Before she could make an attempt to scull the boat with the other oar she was on the rocks.

In the meantime, and in a very short time altogether, Mildred had seen the young woman coming and knew that rescue was at hand. But why was it not Malcolm?

She saw the thole pin break and oar go floating away. The cattle were bumping against the old house, making it tremble now. Then she saw the frail boat heading toward the rocks helplessly. She forgot the bellowing of the cattle and squeezed through the door, which opened facing the beach, while the hurtling mass of beef was against the side. Down to the beach in three fleet steps, and along to the end of the point of rocks, a hundred yards away, and into the foaming water up to her shoulders, braced against the rocks behind her, went Mildred, while the helpless boat came swiftly along broadside. Mildred seized the outstretched arms of the rescuer while the empty boat went whirling away.

The two girls struggled up toward the safer beach, but they dared not go completely out of the shelter of the rocks, as the cattle were still crowding up against the house and then, bellowing, plunging on up the hill to the bluff, where they were pushed over by those behind.

"How dared you try to cross in that little boat?" chattered Mildred as she tried to talk.

"I understand boats; but it is different where you know the shore and winds and tides. Was it you who raised that flag?"

"Yes," replied Mildred. "Was there no man to take your place?"

"I know no one but Malcolm Burchard, and he was away looking for you."

"Oh," said Mildred, and the water grew less chilly. The two girls held each other closely. Mabel continued:

"I am a teacher, and came out here to rest. I am going to be married in the fall to Malcolm's brother."

"I am so glad," said Mildred, melting completely. "I am so glad for you. But what is the matter over there?"

"Somebody is coming to save us," said Mildred, while Miss Aldrich replied that there was no other boat.

"See!" cried Mildred. "That's Malcolm, and he is going to swim! He will be drowned!"

"He is strong and swims well."

And then they held to each other and watched with strained eyes for Malcolm until he reached the shore. Just then three herders came galloping like mad, trying to save the rest of the cattle, and in a few minutes they had turned the herd. What Miller & Lux's herdsmen said would fill a volume, but as soon as they saw the two girls they became all gentleness and invited them to the ranch to get some dry clothes.

One of them confided to Miss Aldrich that it was tempting Providence to wear a red dress among Texas steers.

While he was saying this Malcolm, the dripping hero, whispered:

"Mildred, why did you go off and get into such danger? You need some one to take care of you, and, dear, I want to be that one. See, here is the ring which will make you my wife."

"I will think it over."

"You'll say yes right now. I've been reading the Declaration of Independence today and find I've a right to the pursuit of happiness, and that is what you mean for me."

Then he took the cold hand, tasting yet of salt water, and put the ring on, and Mildred did not look angry as he kissed it.

The three herders after looking over the cliff held a consultation. One said that he had always had a hankering after Australia and guessed he'd go, and the second said he thought he would do well in the mines. The third said:

"I guess I'll stop. What the main guys will say to us I don't know, but I do know they won't stop swearing from this Fourth of July till Christmas. I can stand it if they can. Say, beef will be awful cheap for a week or two in Frisco, eh?"

Our Flag.

The flag of our country is not simply a piece of bunting, which can be purchased for a few dimes in the nearest shop; it is not a mere cluster of brilliant colors; it is the emblem of dignity, authority, power. Insult it and millions will spring to its defense. In this free land there is no sovereign, no crown; our sole emblem of fidelity to country is the flag.—General Horace Porter.

The Goat.

In monkeying with the old tin can
A foolish thing thou didst;
It makes thee sick to find, poor Nan,
The cracker in thy midst.

—Judge.

Be your own taskmaster your boss has other responsibilities than looking after you.

We do more good by being good than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

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A MEMORABLE FOURTH.

The Surrender of Vicksburg as Seen by General Frederick D. Grant.

My greatest celebration of Independence day occurred when a boy of thirteen at the surrender of Vicksburg. I had gone with father, who on the afternoon of July 3 held a conference with General Pemberton within a few hundred feet of the rebel lines, and I was deeply impressed with the solemnity of it all. But the spectacle of the surrender on the following day was a scene that cannot be adequately described.

During the siege there had been a good deal of friendly sparring between the soldiers of the two armies on picket and where the lines were close together. All rebels were dubbed "Johnnies," all Union troops called "Yanks." Often "Johnny" would call, "Well, Yank, when are you coming into town?" The reply was sometimes, "We propose to celebrate the Fourth of July there." Sometimes it would be, "We always treat our prisoners with kindness and do not want to hurt them," or "We are holding you as prisoners of war while you are feeding yourselves."

The Vicksburg paper, which we received regularly through the courtesy of the rebel pickets, said prior to the Fourth, in speaking of the "Yankee" boast that they would take dinner in Vicksburg that day, that the best recipe for cooking a rabbit was "First catch your rabbit." The paper was printed on the plain side of wall paper and the last number was issued on the Fourth, announcing that we had "caught our rabbit."

According to agreement, white flags were displayed along the lines to prevent unnotified troops from firing. At the appointed hour the garrison of Vicksburg, colors flying, marched out of their works and formed line in front, stacked arms and marched back in good order. Our whole army present witnessed this scene without cheering. Logan's division was the first to march in, and the flag of one of the regiments of his division was the first to float over the courthouse. Our soldiers were no sooner inside the lines than the two armies began to fraternize. Our men had had full rations from the time the siege began to the close. The enemy had been suffering toward the last, and I saw our men taking bread from their haversacks and giving it to the enemy they had so recently been engaged in starving out. It was certainly the most impressive Fourth of July I ever spent, although it was not the most joyous one. —Major General Frederick D. Grant in New York Herald.

AMERICAN FLAG NO TOY.

Patriotic Decision of Customs Board Against Japanese Importers.

Under no circumstances is the American flag to be regarded as a toy, according to the board of United States general appraisers. The board decided on Jan. 31 last that Takito & Co. of Chicago and other Japanese importers cannot bring in the stars and stripes under the toy schedule of the Dingley tariff.

The flags in the test case were made of silk and were not over an inch and one-half in length. The collector of customs at Chicago exacted duty on the flags at the rate of 50 per cent ad valorem under the provision in the tariff for "manufactures of silk." The importers asserted that the flags should be admitted at 35 per cent as toys.

In his decision General Appraiser Sharretts says, "We do not think that the American flag, however diminutive, is commercially, commonly or nationally regarded as a plaything for children, and we find that the flags in dispute are not toys."

Pyrotechnicology.

"They're off in a bunch," said the sporty red light as he saw a little fellow light a pack of firecrackers at once.

"It's all up with us!" said the skyrockets as they went whizzing into the air.

"Go chase yourself!" said the pistol to the nigger chaser.

"One good turn deserves another," chirped the pinwheel.

"You carry a big wad with you," smilingly spoke the giant firecracker to the old musket.

"I can't kick," rejoined the broken musket.

"I don't care much for that roman candle. He's too sporty. He's got too many high balls in him," said another.

"He's no match for me," whistled the piece of punk as he noticed the boy hopelessly searching through his pockets for a sulphur stick.

"You're full of hot air," slangily said some one to the balloon.—Sunday Magazine.

The Declaration at Ticonderoga.

At Ticonderoga, N. Y., the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the portion of the army stationed there. Says a contemporaneous writer: "On Sunday, July 28, 1776, immediately after divine worship, the Declaration of Independence was read by Colonel St. Clair, and, having said, 'God save the free and independent states of America,' the army manifested their joy with three cheers. 'It was remarkably pleasant,' adds the narrator, 'to see the spirits of the soldiers so raised after all their calamities. The language of every man's countenance was, "Now we are a people; we have a name among the states of this world."'"

Declaration Day.

"Adolphus," said Dorinda,
Leaning on his shoulder,
"Dost know tomorrow is the time
For lovers to grow bolder
And to declare their passion deep in
words or tuneful lay?
For 'tis Declaration day, Adolphus,
Declaration day."

—Life.

$1,900 Buys a choice home in Hillsboro; corner, ½ block, large nearly new house; fenced, and will make an ideal home; three-minutes walk to the postoffice, one to the depot; $1,000 down, balance on time. This place is worth $2,500; owner non-resident. For particulars inquire at The Independent office.

Found:—Purse containing a sum of money. Owner can have the same by calling at this office, proving property, and paying for this notice.

The Flag That Made the Song.

Story of the Original "Star Spangled Banner."

MRS. GEORGIANA HUNTER granddaughter of the Colonel George Armistead who commanded Fort McHenry when the British bombarded it during the war of 1812 and when Francis Scott Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," recently told a New York Sun reporter what she knew about the history of the original flag.

This banner, she says, was the private property of her grandfather, Colonel Armistead, and has descended to her only brother, Eben Appleton of New York. He has placed it in a Broadway trust company's vaults, but refuses to disclose his address or to

ONE STAR HAS BEEN SHOT AWAY.

talk about the flag, having been much annoyed on account of his heirloom all his life.

When the fort was being bombarded, Key went to the British frigate Minden, one of the bombarding fleet, under a flag of truce. On his way back to Baltimore the next morning he saw the starry flag still flying over the fort. That sight inspired him to write the national ode.

Mrs. Hunter has a picture of the original flag, which shows it to have been an unusually large garrison flag, about thirty feet by forty. It has fifteen stripes, as all the national flags had at that time, one stripe for each state.

The stars are well pointed, being fifteen in number, except that one has been shot away by a shell. Aside from this rent and another at one corner, also made by a shell, the flag is in excellent condition.

Mrs. Hunter differs with her sister, Mrs. George Livingston Baker of New Brighton, N. Y., somewhat as to details in the history of the flag.

Some surprise has been expressed at different times that the flag is not now and has not always been in the possession of the national government. Mrs. Baker explained this by saying that the flag was presented to Colonel Armistead by the government after the fight. Mrs. Hunter says that the flag was the private property of Colonel Armistead, being presented to him by a committee of fifty Baltimore citizens a few days before the conflict. When he saw the British fleet approaching, he threw it to the breeze.

"Colonel Armistead was a brilliant officer," Mrs. Hunter said. "He was graduated at West Point as a second lieutenant in 1799, became a captain in 1806, major in 1813, brevet lieutenant colonel in 1814. After his defense of the fort on Sept. 12, 1814, he was made a colonel.

"My mother was born in the fort some time before the death of the colonel, which occurred on April 25, 1818. She was named for him Georgiana.

"I remember playing under the flag as a girl. Its history since the fight is one mainly of the occasions when it was exhibited. The last of these was at the sesquicentennial celebration of the city of Baltimore in 1880.

"It was also exhibited at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 and I think at some celebration connected with the Old South church in about 1875 under the auspices of Commodore Preble. But I forget the raising of the flag at Fort McHenry in 1825 in honor of the visit of General Lafayette.

"The disposition of the flag at my brother's death is problematical. He may leave it to the Peabody institute in Baltimore or to a museum in Washington.

Neither Mrs. Hunter nor her brother nor her sister is connected with any Revolutionary society, although they all take interest in patriotic affairs. Eben Appleton, the owner of the flag, lives in Manhattan borough and is well to do. He keeps his address a complete secret, however, and is regarded as something of a recluse by his friends.

De Tocqueville's Vision.

The Americans will become one of the greatest people of the world. They will cover all North America. The continent which they inhabit is their domain. It cannot escape them. So in the midst of the uncertainty of the future there is at least one event which is certain. At an epoch which we can call near the Anglo-Americans will spread from the polar ice to the south seas.—Alexis de Tocqueville, 1835.

Hamilton's Home Marked by D. A. R.

To identify to the present and future generations the New York city home of Alexander Hamilton while he was secretary of the treasury under General Washington the Daughters of the American Revolution of the Washington Heights chapter have placed a bronze memorial tablet on the pillared porch.

A Wonderful Happening.

Port Byron, N. Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded. Amos F. King, of that place says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 80 years. I am now eighty five." Guaranteed to cure all sores, by all druggists. 25c.

The parade is due to leave Main street at 10 a. m. sharp.

Ladies' Attention!

I shall move into my new location on Friday, July 5 and immediately put in a full and complete stock of Ladies Furnishings. Thanking one and all for their very liberial patronage in the past, I hope to recive a continuance of the same. • • •

MRS. IMOGENE BATH

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A quantity of clover hay for sale in the field in Hillsboro. Inquire of F. M. Heidel.

Try one of those 1907 New Morrow Coasters at R. Lee Sears' Bicycle Shop. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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I have just put in a stock of carbon paper and ribbons for typewriters, and when in need call and see us.

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Stop at the WHITE HOUSE, 32 miles west of Forest Grove on Wilson River Road. Rates: Meals, 25c; lodging, 25c; board with room per week, $6.00. Horses: Team over night, hay and grain, $1.00; hay alone, 50c.

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Wanted.—A Cream Separator; state capacity, make, length of time used and price. Address, Box 48, Route 1, Laurel, Oregon.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Annie S. Caldwell, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, her final account in said estate, and that the same has been set for hearing and settlement before said court, on Monday July 22, 1907, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Dated this June 20, 1907.

ELSIE CALDWELL,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Annie S. Caldwell, Deceased.

Benton Bowman,
Attorney for Executrix.

Reduced Round Trip Excursion Rates to Pacific Coast in 1907.

During the summer season of 1907, reduced round trip excursion rates will be in effect from the East to the Pacific Coast, Montana, British Columbia and Arizona points.

Rates from Chicago via direct lines to North Pacific Coast points will be $75, and from Missouri river common points (Council Bluffs to Kansas City inclusive) also St. Paul and Minneapolis, rates will be $60. St. Louis $60 and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo $50. Rates to Spokane and points effected will be $5 less than to the coast. Rates one way via California will be $13.50 higher than those above mentioned. Tickets will be on sale daily, June 1st to September 15, 1907, with final return limit of October 31, 1907.

Account of Twenty-third International Christian Endeavor Convention at Seattle, Wash., July 10th to 15th, 1907; Convention of Baptist Young People's Union, Spokane, Wash., July 4th to 7th, 1907; Grand Lodge Independent Order of Good Templars, Seattle, Wash., July 16th to 22nd, 1907, rate of one lowest normal first class limited fare for round trip for direct routing with $12.50 additional one way through California, has been named to North Pacific Coast points and Spokane from Chicago, St. Louis, Missouri River and Colorado points. Sale dates east of Colorado points, June 20th to July 12th, 1907, west, June 21st to July 13th, 1907, final return limit September 15th, 1907.

Account of Mystic Shrine Convention, Los Angeles, May 9th to 11th, 1907, and Conference of German Baptist Bretheren, Los Angeles or Long Beach, Calif., May 16th to 23rd, 1907, and National Eclectic Medical Association, Long Beach, Calif., June 18th to 23rd, 1907, one lowest first class fare for the round trip has been authorized to Los Angeles and San Francisco with $12.50 additional for tickets routed one way via Portland. Sale dates, Mystic Shrine and German Baptists, April 25th to May 19th, 1907; final return limit July 31st, 1907, and for the M. E. M. association, sales dates June 8th to 15th, with final return limit August 21st, 1907.

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The Pacific Monthly, one year (12 copies)	1.00
Publishers' Price for the Three	$3.50

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The Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal (published at Portland, Oregon) is a farm newspaper published Tuesday and Friday of each week. It has its own leased wires, and its reports of events are always the latest and without bias or prejudice. Its market reports are corrected up for each issue by one whose business it is to do that and nothing else. They are reliable. Its story page and page of comics are always interesting, and its farm department, soon to be a feature, will contain original articles by special paid writers.

The Pacific Monthly (published at Portland, Oregon) is the leading magazine of the West. It is beautifully illustrated. Its stories are clean, wholesome and intensely interesting.

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