

Hillsboro Independent.

D. W. BATH, Editor and Proprietor.

"A Greater Oregon State Fair" is the motto for this year's exposition at Salem—September 16 to 21, inclusive.

The Secretary of the Interior has restored to entry 40,000 acres of land heretofore withdrawn for the Umatilla irrigation project in Oregon.

The Amalgamated Sugar Company of La Grande, has begun harvesting the hay and grain on its different farms. They have 225 men and 75 teams at work. The crop yields are heavy.

The big premium list for the Greater Oregon State Fair (Sept. 16-21) is ready for distribution, and will be mailed on application to all persons interested. Prospective exhibitors should secure this book at once.

Hickory Bark Cough Remedy, made by The Hickory Bark Remedy Co., of Salem, Ore., guaranteed to be pure; guaranteed to cure your cough, or money refunded. Guaranteed to make a friend of you. For sale by the Hillsboro Pharmacy and first class dealers everywhere.

The Milton Fruitgrowers' Union has made a big coup in the prune business. A sale has been made to Riggs Saxton, of Boise, of 300 tons of prunes at the rate of 52 1/2 cents per crate, netting, the growers about \$24 per ton. The prunes have already been contracted for.

The Forest Grove authorities are still following up their effort to put the lid on. W. A. Bellinger, who was arrested, first, for selling liquor without license, was fined \$25 and costs on a plea of guilty. This was paid. Another suit was at once instituted against C. L. Large, and it came to trial Wednesday. When in court Bellinger stated that he was merely agent for Large in running the place and this led to the later arrest.

Attorney-General Crawford has given an opinion to the State Board of Normal School Regents that the appropriations for normals could only be expended for maintenance and repairs, and no part of the money could be utilized for the construction of new buildings. This is for the special benefit of President Mulkey, of the Ashland normal, who urged the immediate need of some new buildings to accommodate the growth and demands of that institution.

The grandmothers of the old Dutch Dunkard families of Western Pennsylvania have made and used "Hickory Bark Cough Remedy" and reared their families on it for a hundred years. Now you can buy it of your dealers. Ask for it, and use it, because it is pure; because it will stop your cough; because it is the best cough remedy made today. Try it. For sale by the Hillsboro Pharmacy and all dealers everywhere.

W. B. Dillard, of St. Helens, sustained a loss which he estimates as at least \$1000 as a result of an attempt to destroy a nest of yellow jackets that infested his orchard. The nest was in a stump and Mr. Dillard set fire to it in full faith that he would accomplish the destruction of the pests. He, as he thought, put the fire out, but found the yellow jackets as busy as ever. It appears the fire was not entirely extinguished and a brisk breeze fanned it into a flame, destroying 25 bearing apple trees, a number of English walnut and a few tons of hay.

The jury has acquitted William D. Hayward for the murder of ex-Governor Frank Steunberger. The verdict is a surprise to most persons who have followed the trial closely but as the case has been decided by twelve Idaho men who for forty days listened to the evidence, the people will accept the verdict without question. It is certain however that the judge's charge had much to do with the decision and the verdict of "not guilty" is a genuine surprise to both the plaintiff and defendant.

What appears to be a remarkable physical experience has just been undergone by the Rev. Henry Rollings, now taking a special course in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, in that he saw as in a vision the death of his father, although 3000 miles separated father

and son at the time. Moreover, the death bed scene as the young clergyman saw it in his mind's eye was corroborated in every detail in a letter two weeks later.

Where to spend the summer vacation is a problem not easily solved. The seashore and mountain resorts, special conventions and excursions, all furnish means for an outing. Many persons in this section of the state are planning to attend the Oregon state fair (September 16-21) at Salem, where the greatest pleasure and profit can be obtained at the lowest cost. Camping sites are free and pleasure seekers say that the out door life in the oak grove with all modern utilities accessible, and the fair as a special attraction, exceeds any other form of outing to be found anywhere.

Tea Cents A Spool.

There is nothing too mean for a trust monopoly to do. It steals dimes, nickles, pennies. It steals from the poor principally and from the poorest as greedily and remorselessly as from the well-to-do. If when Tom Hood wrote "The Song of the Shirt" the modern trust had been in existence, he might have given the world a complementary song, one as eloquent in wrath as this was in pity.

Spool cotton, as the commercial term is, that is, cotton thread on spools, is to be advanced to 6 or 7 cents in price to merchants, so that it will have to be retailed at 10 cents a spool. If car fare were to be raised from 5 to 10 or even 7 cents, or if beer per glass were raised to the same amount, we should hear a great deal about it, the people would not stand it—that is the only reason it is not done; but the thread trust thinks it can sneak in a raise of spool cotton that will double the price to the consumers, sweatshop women included, and nobody will notice or say much about it. Pennies pilfered by millions are good money to the trusts.

The women can't vote, but they can influence many votes, and we should think they would begin to rise in warfare against the trusts. The thread case is only a little one, to most women, but it is only one of many. The trusts are robbing them with every breath they draw, and in almost every thing they see, touch, taste, or handle.

The cotton thread industry is practically monopolized by a single concern. It raises the price, without any justification, so that retail merchants will have to double the price of the spools, the trust getting whatever share of the raise it claims, and tempting the merchants with the chance of a cent or two more profit per spool. If only rich women were concerned it would not be worth mentioning, except as to the principle involved, but to thousands of garment-working slaves an increase of 5 cents a spool is really serious. That is as much as some of them can afford for a meal. Think of those hollow-cheeked, sad-eyed, hopeless women, and then form an opinion of the spool cotton trust.—Portland Journal.

Luck Came His Way.

An automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve it came suddenly upon a young man and a weak, sick looking dog beside him. The dog was directly in front of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until it was struck. After that it did not move.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer \$10 for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer. This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"
"Yes."
"Looks as if we'd killed him."
"Certainly looks so."
"Very valuable dog?"
"Well not so very."
"Will \$5 satisfy you?"
"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are."
He handed a \$5 bill to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly: "I am sorry to have broken up your hunt."
"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, as he pocketed the bill.
"Not going hunting?" Then what are you doing with the dog and gun?"
"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."

If the farmer isn't a prince, then it's his own fault. He has his own cream fresh from the cow, his strawberries from the patch, his eggs from the coop, his water from the stream, his vegetables from his garden, his own meat, his own flour, wood and home. If it came to a pinch he could make his own clothes and shoes. In what other walk of life could this be done? He is the only man upon whom the world depends, and of all men, he is the man who should carry a heart of contentment, and a face as radiant as the noonday sun.—Princeton Review.

Progress.

Regular Correspondent.
The people of this community extend their sympathy to Mrs. L. H. Nichols of Garden Home, whose house and contents were destroyed by fire last week. It was caused by the exploding of a coal oil stove. They are living in a tent at present.

Robt. Stephens who is working on the bridge across the Willamette river at Wilsonville and his two daughters, Gladys and Ada, Miss Alma Oleson and Miss Reva Morelock spent several days in Portland last week.

Miss Flora Erickson is home for the summer while her sister Mary has gone to Portland for the summer.

Geo. Blavier and wife spent Sunday in Portland. Uncle John.

Beaverton.

Regular Correspondent.
A. N. Davies and family have gone to Tillamook county on a hunting and fishing trip.

E. G. Anderson and wife have returned from Seaside.

Mrs. Della McCauley, nee Barbank, is visiting with Mrs. W. H. Boyd.

Miss Reva Morelock and Miss Alma Olson visited friends in Portland last Saturday and Sunday.

W. W. Wiley and wife of Tillamook are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity. Mr. Wiley is superintendent of schools of Tillamook county.

J. T. Melloy has returned from Guernsey, Wyoming, where he has been during the past month.

A very enjoyable time is reported from the League ice cream social which was held on Fisher's lawn last Saturday evening. However as the evening air was not very tropical there was not a very great demand for ice cream.

T. C. Livermore, father of F. W. and E. W. Livermore of this city, died at the home of F. W. Livermore last Wednesday evening July 24 at 10 o'clock. The body was shipped to Roseburg for interment.

Aunt Sally.

Just received. A fine line of glass, water and berry sets at R. H. Greer's.

A writer in an exchange touches upon a delicate subject when he says: "If some day the newspaper man should print the contents of his waste basket there would probably be a riot. There would certainly be trouble in many homes, arrests in some directions, shot guns in others, trouble all around. But the patron never sees the waste basket. He only glances at the beautifully printed pages, complains if one letter in fifty is upside down, grows his disappointment if one name in five hundred has happened to go wrong, kicks because his communication, signed 'Taxpayer,' has been condensed into respectable English, frowns because the editor didn't take his advice about publicly warning his neighbor against throwing more melon in the alley, and is generally disgruntled, not so much at what he finds as at what he fails to find. He knows his share of the waste basket, but if he could have one look at the contributions made to that receptacle by his neighbors and friends he would thank God for the existence of a man with sufficient intelligence and courage not to print that which he knows, and to temper even that which he does print."

The Moro Observer asks: "Why is it that people shun Jamestown? One small tomato 80 cents; one moderate luncheon for two, \$10; a shave and face massage, \$1.25; one trunk hauled to exposition grounds \$7.00. These are the last prices at Jamestown exposition. Seattle set the pace for its death knell at the Christian Endeavor convention. No more fakes like these, say the 'peepul'."

Several years ago I was a passenger on the Steamship Columbia, the same that was wrecked last week. The ship one dark night sailed in a dense fog and sounded the whistle seemingly every half minute. It was a weird, ghostly blast without echo. I could not sleep, wherefore I dressed and went on deck. Alone, a restless pace was undertaken. No moon, no stars, just the wash of waves and the uncanny blasts from that whistle. Then from out the mist came the boom of a bell, and before the tremble of the brass had settled to silence there was a black bulk, not twenty feet away, then it was gone. We had passed danger, and was again safe. The sleeping passengers never knew that death had been hovering over them.—D. M. C. Gault in the Western Oregon.

A persistent weed called "Jim Hill" mustard, has been causing untold trouble in several sections of the Inland Empire. It grows in spherical form and in the fall is torn up by the winds and carried for miles, scattering seeds as it goes. In several sections it has overrun public highways and has even seriously threatened traffic by hindering trains. Crops are so threatened that a law has been passed in one state, requiring its destruction by property owners. Several ways of destroying the weed have been tried. The 10 per cent iron sulphate solution, used so successfully on dandelions, is said to be effective on this mustard weed also. The Union Pacific kills it by means of an engine equipped in front with gasoline burners. These burners are fed from tanks on the engine. It has a speed of 25 miles an hour when in operation and burns the weeds as it progresses. Unless the pest is destroyed it is feared that some sections of rich and productive wheat land will become worthless.—Ex.

Have R. Lee Sears fix that broken umbrella. At the Cyclery.

Last Friday there occurred in Seattle, an incident that certainly will bring the most severe condemnation of all the people on the criminal workings of a trust—a heartless and grasping set of men. The ice trust of Seattle require that \$5 worth of tickets be purchased before any amount will be sold. A lady, a stranger in that city, tried to buy some ice to cool the fevered brow of her baby, she was graciously informed that it would be necessary for her to buy a book of tickets costing \$5, before she could make a purchase of any amount. She only had \$1, until the arrival of her husband. In desperation, she went to a grocer and later to a meat market and at these places met with a refusal of ice, on the ground that if they either sold or gave any away, they would be put on the blacklist, by the trust. So an innocent baby suffered on, while a fond mother tried in vain to carry out the physician's order, to procure ice to cool the fevered brow of her baby, and this all in free America! What punishment is severe enough for such men? Shall we call them men? No, they are not men, they are not worthy the respect of their fellows. It always makes us shudder to think of the reward that such creatures will fall heir to, when the Judge sits on the great white Throne, at the last day.—Mount Scott News.

The Ground is Alive.
We are so used to thinking of the soil as mere mineral matter that it comes quite as a shock to find this is a mistake. As a matter of fact, the layer of soft mold which clothes the ground in all cultivable districts and from which vegetation springs is actually in great part a living layer of tiny plants and animals. Interacting threads of molds and fungi, worms and grubs, creeping insects, tiny root parasites, decaying leaves and the millions of bacteria which spring from them—all these are mixed and mingled together for many miles down below our feet in a confused mass of life. Germs of all sorts swarm in countless millions. Indeed, all the plants that grow and life that exists on the face of the earth owe their being to the fact that the ground is alive. You take a shovelful of the finest soil in the world and sterilize it—that is, beat it till all the life in it is destroyed—and then plant seeds in it. No amount of care or watering will make those seeds grow. Their life depends on the life in the soil around them.—London Answers.

Elephant Life in the Jungles.
Without elephants jungles would be virtually impassable. The great beasts are a mixture of strength and weakness, of craft and simplicity. The paths through the jungle from village to village are merely tracks from which the interlacing foliage has been cut and thrust aside and the virgin soil trodden into a black mud. After a rain this mud is many feet deep, and no living creature except an elephant, a buffalo or a rhinoceros could labor through it. The elephant makes his way by lifting his foot at a time and inserting it deep into the sough in front, withdrawing another with a sound like the popping of a huge cork. Nothing but a ride on an earthquake could be compared with the sensation of being run away with by an elephant. As for stopping him, some one has well said that you might as well try to stop a runaway locomotive by pulling with your walking stick on the funnel as seek to check an elephant at such a moment with a goad.

The Questions They Ask.
The capacity of the average small boy for asking questions is practically unlimited, but it is doubtful whether more searching inquiries have ever been made by a boy than those propounded by a youngster to his father, who had taken him for a steamer trip. Here is a partial list:
"Is that water down there any wetter than the water in the Atlantic ocean?"
"What makes the water wet?"
"How many men could be drowned in water as deep as that?"
"Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the father of all those men who do whatever he tells them to?"
"Where do all those soapuds behind the boat come from?"
"Could a train go as fast on the water as this boat?"—Chums.

Mad Dogs.
Mad dogs do not attack people. "When a dog has the rabies," says a physician, "he has lost control of his body, and what he does is mechanical. His jaws snap involuntarily, and if he encounters any object, whether animate or inanimate, he is likely to bite it. But a mad dog does not attack as does an angry dog. He does not pick out a victim or use any strategy. For this reason dogs suffering from rabies are less dangerous than is supposed. No grown person need fear them, for all he has to do is to get out of the way. The dog will not chase him. Of course, young children are in danger, as they do not know how to dodge the brute."

Sawing Out a Segment.
This rule is given by the Woodworker for sawing out a segment—a piece straight on one edge and curved on the other: Suppose the segment is to be 48 inches long and 4 inches wide at the central or widest place. Square one-half the length (24 inches), which gives 576; square the width (4 inches), which gives 16; add 576 and 16, obtaining 592; divide 592 by twice the width (8x4=8), which gives 74 inches, the radius. This rule will apply to any case.

When Stevenson Was Poor.
Robert Louis Stevenson was in poor circumstances in San Francisco before he made his hit with the world. During the time that he used to loaf, penniless, upon the lawn where afterward they put up a bronze and marble statue to him, he picked up a few quarters acting as a miser in the old California theater, in F'ish street.

There will be services in the Christian church next Sunday morning.

To the Ladies.

I have something new this week in Ladies' White Waists, Aprons, Muslin and Knit Underwear, Hosiery, Hose Supporters and Corsets. The R. & G. Corset in all sizes, white and drab.

I still have a few TRIMMED HATS, which will be sold VERY CHEAP.

Mrs. I. Bath,
Independent Building, 2nd St.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that more than six months ago I wove a carpet for some person, who said they lived in Buxton, and whose address is unknown to me. The same has never been called for, and if not taken away within thirty days from date of this notice, the carpet will be sold to pay for weaving, warp and advertising.

Dated at Hillsboro, Ore., this 5th day of July, 1907.

JACOB ASCHBACHER,
Carpet Weaver.

Farm for Sale

113 1/2 acres, situated 3 miles south of Scholls Ferry; 53 acres under plow, balance in pasture and timber. Good No. 1 farm with living water, good frame house of 8 rooms, good frame barn, granary and other necessary buildings, good No. 1 fence. Good 7-acre orchard with all varieties of fruit; 1/2 mile from school; church at corner of land.

For further particulars inquire of
A. F. KRUGER,
Hillsdale, R. No. 2,
Washington County.

To Contractors.

Bids will be received by the County Court of Washington Co., Oregon, until 2 o'clock p. m., on the 8th day of August, 1907, for the construction of a bridge across Scoggin creek, near the residence of Thomas Sain. Specifications may be seen at the office of the county clerk. Right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

By order of the County Court.
J. W. GOODIN,
County Judge.

\$1,900 Buys a choice home in Hillsboro; corner, 1/2 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.

WANTED.

Organizers, either sex, on salary of \$100.00 a month and expenses for an up-to-date Association, paying weekly sick and accident benefits and furnishing free medical attendants to all its members. Liberal contract will be made with producers of business.
American Sick and Accident Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Your Credit is Good For
Any of our 250 styles of buggies, surreys, phaetons, spring, farm and lumber wagons, and etc. \$5 per month or 5 per cent discount for cash. Address Century Mfg. Co., Hillsboro and get a large catalogue of styles and prices. Every vehicle warranted for three years from any defect whatever.

Be Wise! DON'T CARRY water in a bucket any longer. Have an experienced Hydraulic Engineer deliver the water to any part of your farm, home or barn. You have no idea how little it will cost when the right solution is made. Call between 7 and 8:30 a. m. and 4 to 5:30 p. m. Hillsboro Hotel. FREDERIC H. MILLER.

The Law Department of the UNIVERSITY OF OREGON offers a splendid opportunity for young men to acquire a thorough legal training. All students can be self-supporting as evening classes do not interfere with their regular work. 17 instructors including Judges of the Federal and State courts. Library of 10,000 volumes open to students. For free catalogue and address, call on WALTER H. EVANS, Secretary, 722 Chamber of Commerce, PORTLAND. 15-17

When You Go to Tillamook

Stop at the WHITE HORSE, 22 miles west of Forest Grove on Wilson River Road. Rates: Meals, 25c; lodging, 35c; board with room per week, \$6.00. Horse Team over night, hay and water piped through house; modern bath, etc. Telephone or write the proprietor,
J. F. REEHER, Wilson, Ore.

Typewriters Attention!
I have just put in a stock of carbon paper and ribbons for typewriters, and when in need call and see us.
E. I. McCORMICK,
Hillsboro, Ore.

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Shingles, Lime, Brick, Fire Brick, Cement, Gravel, Fibred and Unfibred Plaster. Sand.
Will meet Portland prices At all times.
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Free Delivery
Of the best Fish, Game and Meats. Our delivery is prompt and in all parts of Hillsboro. We have inaugurated a
New Schedule in Prices
and this together with our delivery system makes this Hillsboro's popular market.
Corwin & Heidel.

(First publication Aug. 2—Last Sept. 2.)
Administratrix Notice.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned last been by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, appointed administratrix of the estate of J. W. Ratcliffe, deceased, with the will of said deceased annexed, and has duly qualified as such administratrix, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to me, with proper vouchers, at the law office of W. N. Barrett and Benton Bowman, at Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.
Dated this August 1, 1907.
GRACE A. RATCLIFFE,
Administratrix, with the Will annexed, of J. W. Ratcliffe, deceased.
W. N. BARRETT and BENTON BOWMAN, Attorneys for Administratrix.