THE PUBLIC
Is Outspoken in favor of the Excellence of the
WEST SIDE
as a Family and General Newspaper.

THE INDEPENDENCE West Side.

THIS PAPER
Is the best advertising medium in Polk county, and constantly growing better.
TRY IT.

VOL. VIII. $2.00 Per Year. INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1891. Five Cents Per Copy. NO. 8

THE WEST SIDE.

—ISSUED BY—

Polk County Pulishing Company

Registered at the Post-office in Independence, Oregon, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	50
When not paid in advance	2.50

TO ADVERTISERS.

Independence is located at the head of navigation (the most of the year), on the Willamette river, and on the main line of the Oregon and California Railroad; contains a population of 1200 people; is the principal shipping point for the county, which is one of the largest, most wealthy and thickly populated in the Willamette valley.

The steadily increasing circulation the WEST SIDE is enjoying enables it to be one of the best of Advertising Mediums.

JOB PRINTING!
IN THE
Latest and Best Styles,
AND AT THE
LOWEST : LIVING : RATES.

PHYSICIANS—DENTISTRY.

LEE & BUTLER,
Physicians & Surgeons.
—ALSO—
U. S. Examining Surgeons.
Office: east side of Main St.,
INDEPENDENCE, - - - OREGON

Physician and Surgeon.
Office: Opposite First National Bank,
INDEPENDENCE, - OREGON

DR. J. K. LOCKE,
Physician and Surgeon.
Buena Vista, Oregon.

J. E. DAVIDSON, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,
Independence, - - Oregon.

DR. J. B. JOHNSON,
Resident Dentist,
All work warranted to give the best of Satisfaction.
INDEPENDENCE, - - OREGON.

ATTORNEYS.

W. L. WILKIN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
All Legal Business entrusted to me will receive Prompt Attention.
COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY
Office in Opera House. Independence, O

A. M. HURLEY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office: Cor. Main and Monmouth Sts.,
INDEPENDENCE, - - OREGON

MRS. A. M. HURLEY,
Millinery : Fancy Goods
Next to Independence National Bank.
INDEPENDENCE, - - OREGON

Durham Bros.
CITY - MEAT - MARKET.
Choice Beef, Mutton, Pork and Veal always on hand.
—Sausage in season.—
Rendered tallow
Main St., - Independence

Jasperson & Parker,
INDEPENDENCE, OR.
Architects, Builders and Cont'rs.
Always in their Sash and Door Factory, and will try to please all. Give them a trial and be convinced that they are worthy of your patronage.

DR. JORDAN'S & CO'S.
MUSEUM OF ANATOMY.
751 Market St., San Francisco.
Admission 25 cents.
Go and learn how to avoid disease. Consultation and treatment personally or by letter on spermatorhea or genital weakness and all diseases of men. Send for book. Private office 211 Geary St. Consultation free.

WE VOTE YES!

Yes what?

Why, HENKLE & WALKER, are the leading Grocers in Polk Co. and don't you forget it.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.
Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

BANKS.

First National Bank
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.
President.....J. S. COOPER.
Vice President, L. W. ROBERTSON.
Cashier.....W. H. HAWLEY.
DIRECTORS:
D. P. Thompson, J. S. Cooper,
L. W. Robertson, W. W. Collins,
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Transacts a general banking business. Buys and sells exchange on all important points.
Deposits received subject to check or on certificate of deposit. Collections made on all points on favorable terms.
Office hours: 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
Hall's burglar proof safe secured by Yale Time Lock.

THE INDEPENDENCE
National : Bank!
CAPITAL STOCK, $50,000.
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A general banking and exchange business transacted; loans made; bills discounted; commercial credits granted; deposits received on current account subject to check; interest paid on time deposits.
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(Established by National authority.)
—: THE :—
Capital : National : Bank!
OF SALEM, OREGON,
CAPITAL, PAID UP, $50,000.00.
SURPLUS, $15,000.
E. S. WALLACE, President. W. W. MARTIN, Vice President.
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LOANS MADE.
To Farmers on wheat and other merchantable produce, consigned or in store, either in private granaries or public warehouses.
Drafts drawn direct on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, London, Paris, Berlin, Hong Kong and Calcutta.

THE POLK COUNTY BANK,
MONMOUTH, OREGON.
Pres't'ent, (Portland).....I. A. MACRUM
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A general banking business transacted. Deposits received subject to check, or on certificate of deposit. Loans made, bills discounted, exchange bought and sold. Interest paid on time deposits.
Fireproof vault and burglar proof safe, secured by Yale time lock.
Office hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

The Celebrated French Cure,
Warranted to cure "APHRODITINE" or money refunded.

Is Sold on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex whether arising from the excessive use of Stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, &c., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration Nocturnal Emissions, Leucorrhœa, Dizziness, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price $1.00 a box, 6 boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every $5.00 order, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, permanently cured by APHRODITINE. Circular free. Address
THE APHRO MEDICINE CO.
WESTERN BRANCH,
BOX 27, PORTLAND, OR.
For sale by Buster & Locke.

TAYLOR'S
Cash Grocery & Bakery
—ON C STREET.—
Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes on hand every day except Sunday.
Full and fresh stock of canned goods, flour, teas, coffee, sugar, candies, cigars and tobaccos.
D. B. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

H. R. PATTERSON,
DRUGGIST
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY.
INDEPENDENCE, - OREGON.

W. G. SHARMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Suits Made to Order and fit Guaranteed.
Custom Goods for Merchants and others Re cut and Pressed. I will open monthly accounts with Merchants at Independence and Monmouth for Recutting.
C. Street - - - Opposite P. O.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

The Great Composite Novel.

The Joint Work of P. T. BARNUM, JOHN L. SULLIVAN, BILL NYE, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, Maj. ALFRED C. CALHOUN, HOWE & HUMMEL, INSPECTOR BYRNES, PAULINE HALL, Miss EASTLAKE, W. H. BALLOU, NELL NELSON and ALAN DALE.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—By W. H. Ballou.—Henry Henshall, a young artist, while traveling in a parlor car, mentally sketches the personnel of his ideal wife. To his astonishment he sees his ideal reflected in the mirror, she being one of a party of four, consisting of an old man, presumably her father, a governess and a man with a villainous countenance. He makes a sketch of the party. During the night the girl plays entrancingly on her violin. He determines to make her acquaintance, but upon arising in the morning he finds that the train has been in the Grand Central depot some hours, and that the party of four has disappeared.

CHAPTER 2.—By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.—Mr. Crawford, his daughter Edna, Miss Brown, a governess, and Dr. Watson occupy a flat on West Thirty-eighth street. Their names are all assumed to hide some secret. Edna tells her father that she hates Dr. Watson and objects to his presence in the house, but Mr. Crawford insists that the doctor's presence is necessary to him. Watson possesses hypnotic influence over Edna, and is leagued with Miss Brown in a secret compact. As predicted by him, Edna plays on her violin at night. A month later Henshall recognizes Watson at a hypnotic exhibition. By means of the sketch made in the car a detective locates the doctor at the Thirty-eighth street flat, but upon calling finds the party has moved. The same day a strange woman calls at the flat seeking a Dr. Henshaw, and leaves muttering threats against Dr. Watson or Henshaw.

CHAPTER 3.—By Maj. Alfred C. Calhoun.—Tom Wogly, a detective, calls at Henshall's studio and says that he saw Dr. Watson talking to a woman on Union square. He shadowed the woman to a boarding house on Second avenue. Henshall's father calls and tells the young artist that he is in the power of Banker Hartman, who can ruin him. He implores his son to marry the banker's daughter and thus save him. Henry promises reluctantly to do so. Meanwhile the Crawfords have moved further up town. Edna's hatred of Dr. Watson increases, and finally packing up her violin and some effects she leaves the house. While writing an advertisement in The World office a man asks her to read his advertisement to see if it is spelled correctly. The advertisement is for a female violinist.

IV—ONE PURPOSE AND TWO ENDS.

By ALAN DALE. Illustrated by WALTER H. M'DOUGALL.

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Lena Hartman, the banker's daughter, was one of those matter of fact maidens who seem to have been created as a useful foil to the sentimental gushfulness of the romantic damsel.

Miss Hartman was more than delicately plump. Her appearance suggested an intense regard for meals. Like the German fraulein, who is not at all disinclined to talk love over a steaming dish of Frankfurter sausages, supplemented by sauerkraut, Miss Hartman was eminently healthy.

As for her amiability, it was simply without limit. Miss Hartman was impervious to the petty worries of life. One of her friends always declared that nothing less than an earthquake would ever cause her the least agitation.

Henry Henshall called upon this portly maiden in due time, and her appearance filled him with a vague affright.

His artistic instincts told him at once that he need never expect from her either sympathy or even interest in his plans and his aspirations.

But his promise to his father dwelt in his mind sacredly intact. He would be a martyr and he must feel some consolation in that. Most men do.

It is well to reflect that one is a martyr, even though too late to be included in Fox's book.

The face of his unknown ideal blotted from his mind the large, immobile features of Miss Hartman the instant he left her, and he felt that as a reward for his sacrifice he could at least indulge in the luxury of thinking of this strangely met, strangely lost woman.

Lena Hartman was motherless, and had recently engaged as companion a woman whom Henshall regarded with undefined mistrust. She was a light haired, blue eyed woman, who years ago must have been extremely handsome, but her features were now livid with care. Her movements were furtive and catlike, and she seemed to regard the life she was living as unreal.

"What induced you to engage her, Lena?" asked Henshall one day, with the privilege of a newly made fiancee. He had glided into this position in such an unutterably commonplace manner that the chains so easily forged were hardly galling.

"Because she interests me," declared Miss Hartman. "I feel that she has a history. You always tell me, Harry, that I am the most unromantic being on earth. I know it. I can, however, appreciate romance in others, though I am aware that you think even that impossible."

Mr. Henshall sighed. He wondered stupidly if Lena would feel interested in his own brief, pointless romance.

He dimly saw the jealous demon rapping for admittance at the smooth doors of Miss Hartman's placidity. He saw the baffled retreat of this demon. He declined to admit even the possibility of Miss Hartman's jealousy.

His acquaintance with women was very slight. He imagined that the passionless affection evinced for him by his promised wife was one of those airy trifles, the presence or absence of which was but of slight significance to the welfare of the woman.

One morning Mr. Henshall called at Mr. Hartman's house, more with the object of "reporting for duty," as he styled it in mental irony, than with any well defined object in view.

Mr. and Miss Hartman were out, he was informed. Mrs. Smith, the chaperon, was at present the only member of the family now at home. She was in the drawing room, ventured the domestic, discreetly.

Henshall never knew afterward what it was that prompted him to enter instead of leaving the conventional card to indicate his unsatisfied visit.

He told the servant he would stay for a time and wait the arrival of the father and daughter. Then leaving his hat and cane in the hall he walked to the door of the drawing room, and with a slight, premonitory knock entered.

The room was unlighted save by a full, red shaded lamp that cast a pink effulgence on objects in its immediate neighborhood.

The young man saw seated on a low chair close to the lamp the apathetic form of Mrs. Smith, the chaperon. She had not heard his knock and remained seated, her hands folded listlessly in front of her, her head bent slightly forward, until the sound of his light footfall reached her ear. Then with a start she rose and placed her hand upon the region of her heart.

"You alarmed me, Mr. Henshall," she declared, with an attempt at a smile that was a signal failure. "I did not expect anybody, because Mr. Hartman and Lena have gone out. Let me see," hesitatingly. "I think they went to a reception at Mrs. Van Anken's house on the avenue. Did—you—wish"——

"Nothing," interrupted the young man with a reassuring smile. "I thought I would come in for a few minutes and rest myself."

The absence of Miss Hartman was by no means regrettable. In fact Mr. Henshall felt a distinct relief at the respite from bald platitudes that her visit on the avenue afforded him.

He looked at Mrs. Smith's face. She had evidently been weeping. He had undoubtedly interrupted a painful meditation.

Well, he reflected, she ought to thank him for that at any rate. That she was not inclined to express any gratitude either by words or by looks was very apparent. It was clear that she did not consider herself bound to entertain Miss Hartman's guest.

After a few uninteresting remarks, uttered uninterestingly, she rose and announced her intention of retiring to her room.

"I leave you," she said, "provided with a couple of readable books, and am sure that you will find them capital entertainers. Of course you will wait to see Lena and Mr. Hartman. I know it would be a great disappointment to you if you failed to meet them."

She accompanied these with a faint, significant smile that was irritatingly visible to Mr. Henshall. He colored slightly, and bit the end of his mustache to restrain the rather impatient retort that rose to his lips.

Mrs. Smith moved noiselessly about. There was the same feline suggestions about her walk that he had noticed before.

"Good night," she said indifferently. As she passed him something fell at his feet. He saw it there before him, but made no effort to pick it up for a few seconds. Then he stooped and raised it from the floor. It was an old fashioned gold brooch, one of those trinkets that we have seen our grandmothers and great-aunts wear, and have admired in the days of our childhood.

On the back of the brooch was a portrait, beautifully colored, standing out conspicuously from the dull gold frame.

As he looked at it Henry Henshall was conscious of a mental shock such as he had rarely received. The picture conjured up a whole train of reminiscences that for the last few weeks he had hardly ventured to disturb; for in the startling eyes and uncanny expression of the photographed face he had no difficulty in recognizing the man whom he had seen in the Wagner palace car, and whom he had mentally dubbed the heavy villain of the episode.

In an instant he was on his feet; his hand was upon the bell; his intention was instantly to send a servant to Mrs. Smith, summoning her to his presence.

He was spared the trouble. The door was noiselessly opened and the lady herself entered the room.

"I dropped my brooch," she said apologetically. "No, do not trouble," she added as he made a movement. "I think I know where to find it."

The young man's heart was beating violently. He wanted to tell her that he had picked it up, but was unable to find the words.

He held it up and tried to speak. In an instant she had snatched it from his hand.

He held it up and tried to speak.

"I would not lose it for the world," she said.

Henry Henshall struggled with his emotion for a moment and overcame it.

"You know that man?" he asked harshly.

She looked at him for a moment, then burst into a loud, unmusical laugh.

"If I know that man? Ha! ha! ha! Do I know him? Ah, it is too good! Ha! ha! ha!"

She sat down and laughed hysterically, he looking at her in mute amazement. Suddenly she seemed to secure control of herself. Her laughter ceased. The expression on her face became one of uneasiness. She advanced quietly to Henshall and said, with an indifference which was unconvincing even to the young man:

"Do you know him?"

He answered at once: "I do not know him. I wish I did, for I believe he is a—a"——

He paused in embarrassment.

"Go on," she said.

"I was going to say," he resumed, "that I believe he is a villain."

"You are right," she said deliberately, fixing her blue eyes on Henshall's white face. "He is a villain, and it is his wife that says so."

Henshall recoiled. Intense surprise momentarily bewildered him; then came, like a ray of sunshine, the knowledge that here was a clew to the recovery of his ideal. Not a thought of Lena Hartman entered his mind to thwart his plans.

"You know his wife?" he asked.

Again she laughed mirthlessly. "I am the woman unfortunate enough to bear that relation to him," she said. Then in alarm: "Mr. Henshall, I do not wish to acquaint you with my past life. You have come into possession of a secret through no fault of mine. I beg of you not to betray my confidence."

Her evident sincerity overcame his animosity to the woman.

"Mrs. Smith," he said, "your secret is safe. Tell me, I implore of you, as much about this man as you conscientiously can. To show you how much in earnest I am I will tell you my reasons for asking this."

He then related to her the story of his journey in the Wagner palace car, omitting no detail likely to interest her.

He then told her (and strange to say, he really believed it himself) that his object was to find the girl, although engaged to Miss Hartman. He would be perfectly loyal to Lena, but he felt that he could not go through life without having met his ideal, if only to speak with her briefly, to study her beauty for one hour.

He must see her. He would perhaps forget her if his curiosity were satisfied.

Ah! how easy it is to "talk one's self in," as the saying is. What a delightful thing an eased conscience!

Mrs. Smith was a woman of the world, and she understood the complexion of the case far more thoroughly than did young Henshall. But apparently it served her purpose to gratify him.

"Do you know the names of the people with whom you saw him?" she asked.

"Crawford," he answered.

"Did you learn that they stopped at No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street?"

"Yes," in intense surprise, "I called there."

"So did I," she said quietly, "but the bird had flown."

"Have you any idea who the Crawfords were?" It was his turn to question.

"None at all," she replied bitterly. "I need hardly say that Watson is not my husband's name. He has assumed many aliases, but the name to which he was born is Leopardi. He is an Italian by birth. He has called himself Rimaldi, Duval, Schimmerlein, Henshaw and Watson, as far as I can remember. I met him two years ago. I knew him as Dr. Henshaw, the mind reader.

"Hypnotism was a subject in which I was deeply interested. I attended all the lectures on the subject that I could possibly find. I met Dr. Henshaw at his house. I was rich. I had money and jewels.

"How it came about I can never thoroughly understand, but we were married. Two months later he left me penniless. I waited for his return, and waited in vain. A child was born to me. Thank goodness it died. I took this position temporarily. I live for revenge, and," fiercely, "I will have it."

Grave fears for the safety of his ideal surged up forcefully in the bosom of Henry Henshall as he listened to this story. That she was in danger was now very evident. His mind was made up.

"A man and a woman, both in earnest, and working together in unison, ought to be able to accomplish a great deal. I want to find this man for chivalry's sake," he said, again furnishing excuses to himself. "You want to find him as a wronged woman. Shall we join forces?"

She hesitated for one moment. Then her mind was made up.

"Willingly," she said.

(Continued next week.)

NEW YEAR MORNIMG.

'Twas early in the morning,
The dark and the night had fled,
And a New Year's sun was dawning
On our darling's golden head.
The stockings hung on the chamber wall,
With their precious weight of toys,
The dolls and dishes and books and tops
Kriss brings to girls and boys
When we suddenly heard sweet laughter,
A childish, musical ring,
And there sounded upon the morning air,
A curious ting-a-ling.
And "Happy New Year" there shouted out
In the wildest, merriest glee
"A happy New Year," oh, happy new world
To you, and all and me.
And we peeped in the nursery softly;
There our pet was shouting to all
Through the voice of the mighty telephone
A Happy New Year call;
The youngest had seized the latest gift
By science and art to man,
And over the magical mystical wires,
The current of good will.
And we thought, "And a child shall lead them,"
As we echoed the greeting fair,
That rang through the wonderful new-voiced toy
Of our century's new and rare,
And "Happy New Year, oh happy world,"
We, too, shout one and all
From North to South, from East to West,
Our Happy New Year call.

S. S.

Throughout the County.

Mrs. Jos. Hastings, of Airlie, is quite ill.

Falls City now rejoices in having a cornet band.

Mrs. Kinsey, near Dallas, died on the 24th inst., aged 80 years.

Supt. W. I. Reynolds has a new democratic boy at his house.

H. Lackey, of Mill creek, killed a panther the other day.

Mrs. Buchanan is lying very low at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lawens of Dallas.

Perry Smith and wife, of Colfax, Wash., are visiting friends and relatives on the Luckiamute.

Revs. N. Shupp and W. N. O'Kelley will commence a protracted meeting at Airlie last Sunday.

The discontinuance of the mail route between Airlie and Lewisville is not popular in that region.

150 of the State Normal school students are spending the holidays with friends and relatives at home.

The Oak Grove school does not propose to adjourn for the Christmas holidays. This school has a well organized lyceum.

Wm. Miller has sold to J. B. Nunn, recently from Mo., 18 acres of land just southeast of Dallas. The price paid was $65 der acre, and a good portion of it will at once be set out in fruit trees.

Jim Hong, an intelligent Chinaman, with his queue removed, and a resident of Catlow valley, Lake county, reputed to be worth between $5000 and $6000 of the world's goods, last week applied to the county clerk for license to marry Lucy Billings, of the same valley. The parents of the young lady gave their written consent, but the clerk was not allowed, says the Lakeview *Examiner*, under the laws of Oregon, to issue the license.

The Fossil *Journal* has this pitiful story: "Died, at Dutch Flat, Monday, Dec. 15, 1890, Dolores Davis, wife of Chas N. Davis. About two months ago she gave birth to a child, which lived only a couple of days. The mother, who was but little more than a child herself in years, (aged about 13) never fully recovered, and took cold after getting up. She was the daughter of Elisha Swift. Her untimely death is borne grievously by her husband and parents."

A SONG OF FLEETING TIME.

When love was rich and young, my dear,
And all the world was fair,
What music beautiful and clear
Made summer in the air.
The roses blushed around your door,
The sunshine trembled o'er your floor
And blessed you unaware—
From dawn till eve, from fall till spring
Life offered you each royal thing:
Yes, you, who did not care
When love was rich and young, my dear,
And all the world was fair.

When love was rich and young, my dear,
And all the world was fair,
It was a heavenly thing to hear
Your laughter bless the air.
To note your dainty ways, and mark
Your eyes make starlight of the dark,
To know that everywhere
Men's hearts went with you, every one,
Like Aztecs following the sun
Whose fleeting left heaven bare—
When love was rich and young, my dear,
And all the world was fair.

Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray.
There is no music left to cheer
The curfew time of day.
About your lonely door I see
The shadows falling silently,
Like brown leaves from the spray;
Flown are the roses and the light.
Gay hearts have bidden you good night
And gone upon their way.
Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray.

Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray.
Heart breaking is it but to hear
The laughter once so gay;
To mark your faded charms and know
The rose has had its time to blow,
And joy to pass away.
One thing, one only, of the past
Abideth with you to the last,
Your poet's song still holds you fast
And keeps you fair alway.
Now love is poor and old, my dear,
And all the world grows gray.

—Elvira S. Miller in Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE MAD LOCOMOTIVE.

"A story of railroad adventure, eh?"

"If you please," I answered the veteran engineer, as we sat in the cool shade to the east of a big Providence roundhouse. I may say that Peter Hank, the narrator of this exciting incident, is well known by me and esteemed as a man of truth by everybody who knows him.

"I never had but one son. All my boys were girls. But when little Burnside was born I tell you we were happy. Yet I never supposed that chap would save my own life and lots of other people's. That's just what he did, however. You know I always run the express. We got a big engine some years ago on the road. She weighs more than any machine we ever used before. I never liked her when I saw her in the shop, that giantess, No. 643. She never had any name. And that machine never liked me. All because of this." The engineer took his pipe from his mouth to look me squarely in the eye. "I was in the shop one afternoon just to look her over. That's when they were painting her up. The painters and varnishers were crawling all over her.

"Of course she wasn't fired up. Another engineer and I just were walking round her huge body. I said: 'Jake, that critter will beat the first trip, and a hot box on her will mean lots of work. I hope I may never be asked to run her.' Well, sir, believe it or not, I know she heard it and was mad. When I climbed into her cab, just to look at her there, I naturally enough took hold of her reverse lever. She threw that lever over, sir, quicker'n lightning, and caught my leg just under the knee, taking out a bite as big as a walnut. My! How she pained me! It was weeks before my stiff leg was all right."

Then he resumed his pipe while that soaked into me.

"Now, you newspaper men do not take any stock in such things, I know. But no railroad man would say I was a fool if I thought hard of the machine. And all railroad men have seen engines act just as if they had spirits in them. There ain't an engine on our road or any other which will work as well for one man as she will for another. Every engine has her favorites, for whom she will do anything, and her enemies, to whom she acts like a she demon."

A fact, by the way, which the writer has since verified on considerable inquiry among locomotive engineers.

"Well, sir, if you believe me, that No. 643 hadn't been out o' shop a week before the master mechanic sent for me one night to take her. I remember I was eating supper. It was my two days' lay off. Little Burnside was sitting in his chair beside me. He was just 8 years old the Thursday before. It was a very hot August night. I was asked to put the big engine through for a special. There was a party of big fellows from Washington who were returning from the White Mountains. I was to drive 'em down to Wickford Junction for Newport.

"'God help me, Susie!' I said to my wife, pushing back my chair. 'I don't know why, but I'd rather be killed by a pistol shot here at home than to go.'

"'You foolish fellow!' she replied. 'What ails you?'

"'I don't know,' I said. 'But that machine hain't been run a dozen times. Besides she hates me. This is to be a show off run, like lightning, and I know she'll kill us all.'

"My wife she just rose up then. Being a good Christian church member as I ain't, she exploded on me.

"'Pete, I'm ashamed of you! You're the best runner on the road, and this is an honor. Do you want to get discharged and lose our daily bread? God will take care o' my husband. Here! It's a hot night, and you'll be back by 11 o'clock. Take the boy. He's always wanted a night ride.'

"That got me. I just rose up. She put on the boy's little cap and gave me his coat, and I went off, taking the boy. I remember how he laughed. I carried him over the rails in the dark yard on my shoulder, and he kept patting my cheek and kissing me till I boosted him into the cab of No. 643. How proud he sat up there on my box between my legs!

"Well, again," continued Pete, rubbing a fresh match on his overalls, "nothing occurred as we coupled on and ran quite a while. We drew four Pullmans besides the baggage car. It was hot and dark. We had the right of way, but were to approach Wickford cautious, for there we should find the regular New York express, which we should overtake. No. 643 worked stiff, as I knew she would, but she was so big that when she got started nothing could trouble her much, and she just tossed the load along as light as a feather.

"I noticed that the throttle valve worked hard when I had to shut off steam once or twice slowing through a station. Still I could jerk her in and out well enough with one hand. An ugly throttle is a terrible thing, sir, though. For, you see, a man can't be sure. Suppose you couldn't shut off. Suppose your throttle got stuck, full head on, going at fifty miles an hour, and you a-coming into a station, for instance, even if there was nothing standing there, I tell you, you'd feel about as the Almighty would if the earth got loose and he couldn't stop her."

Then Hank puffed smokeless whiffs.

"Well, again," he resumed presently. The excitement of his own memory had brought the sweat drops to his forehead; his pipe had gone out the third time. "That throttle valve did stick on me! That's just what did happen. We were, I calculated, about eight miles from Wickford. Somehow, though, there wasn't any station to slow me up, yet I had a feeling, an awful feeling, too, that I could not if I would shut her off. 'Pshaw!' I said to myself, and I played with the boy's curly head with my right hand. But my left hand kept pressing and trying that throttle harder and harder. I couldn't stir her! I reached over and put my right hand on the lever. I could not move her! I got off my box. I seemed to be in a perfect frenzy. I sprang at the valve with both hands and all my weight. She didn't move a hair! And the way we were kiting! Probably we were flying over fifty miles an hour. I yelled at the fireman:

"'Give us a hand, George!'

"He knew it all in a second, and tumbled in from the tender to put both his hands beside mine.

"'Now!' I shouted.

"We threw our weight against it. But that old beast just shook herself and jumped and jumped, as much as to say, 'You can't shut off my wind!'

"'Pete!' cried the fireman, 'there's the Wickford on the switch! We've only two miles more to live!'

"Then we struggled like two mad bulls. We pulled. Then we shoved. We planted our feet and pulled and shoved. We had no air brakes in them days. But if we had, I vow I b'lieve to have put 'em on would have knocked out the cylinder heads or broke a driving rod, and sent us all to eternity.

"All this while there sat my pretty boy, as calm, as laughing, because he thought this was all play. But I knew we'd all got to die, and I caught up the boy. I held him, kissing him. It all took but a moment. There, less'n a mile ahead, stood the rear of the 'New York' on our track at the station. I could see her red light. You better b'lieve I forgot all about the big men behind. I was thinking, should I throw out my boy into the darkness?

"'Papa,' said Burnside, 'what makes you look so?'

"'Because, boy, we can't stop the engine. We're all going to be killed in a minute, unless I toss you out there.'

"'No, papa,' said he, reaching out his pretty hand. 'Let me try it.'

"Well, I did. I don't know why. I was holding him, you understand. And sir, the moment that child's hand struck that throttle valve, she shut off as easy as drawing your breath!"

The engineer said he actually tumbled over on his seat as if he had seen a miracle. The train slowed up in answer to the brake whistle, and stopped just in front of the station. The matter may or may not have had any miraculous element. The good mother urged the boy's going. The behavior of the metal, one moment binding by heat or other expansion, the next moment releasing itself helped by the tremendous steam pressure in the dome, is one of the many well known curiosities of metal action.

"Would you really have thrown that boy from the cab if she had not stopped?" I asked.

"Certainly. It would have been the only chance of saving his life. I should have chosen a bunch of green, growing brush and landed him safely up against the bending branches. Then I should have jumped myself. We always jump when we can do no more good here. My fireman has three times saved his life so. I have once, of which I'll tell you some day. Good-by. Here's my machine, just out of the yard."—Rev. Emory J. Haynes in New York Ledger.

Over the Dessert.

Freddy (carefully rubbing the pretty bloom from his bunch of grapes)—Say, Mr. Youngbee, do these grapes powder?

Mr. Youngbee (fiance of Freddy's auntie)—Why, no, my boy. What made you think of that?

Freddy—'Cause this rubs off just as the pink does from auntie's cheeks.—Judge.

The president has signed the bill providing for the maintenance of discipline among the customs officers; also the joint resolution for the printing of decisions of the land department of the interior regarding public lands and pensions.

Thomas Duffy, a newspaper carrier, who shot at one of the Italian prisoners charged with the murder of Chief of Police Hennessey of New Orleans, has been convicted of "wounding less than mayhem," the maximum penalty for which is two years' imprisonment.

Political affairs in Ireland are in a bad condition. In every city, town, village and house there is a fight and Parnell is the cause of it. During a fight between the two factions someone threw lime in Parnell's face. He narrowly escaped being blinded for life. As it is his sight may be permanently injured. The pope has commended the action of the Irish bishops, but will not issue a denunciation of Parnell.

$1,484,200.

Charles A. Bond, his wife and five children of Clarksburg, W. Va., were poisoned by the colored domestic, who put arsenic in their food. Bond is dead and the rest of the family are not expected to recover.

Three wildcats attracted by blood from a deer killed by two hunters in McLean county, N. D., attacked the hunters and terribly lacerated them before the cats were killed. The men were unable to move when found.

J. G. Day, Esq., of Lane county, Oregon, is spending the Christmas holidays at Mr. G. W. Whiteaker's in this city. Mr. Day is an old pioneer, having emigrated to this country in 1852. He lived in the vicinity of Scio the first year of his arrival in Oregon, and in the summer of 1853 located a farm near Eugene, where he has since lived. He was the third person in Oregon to begin the culture of hops, having planted his first crop in 1873, and has engaged in the business ever since. Mr. and Mrs. Day are the foster parents of Mrs. G. W. Whiteaker, having raised her from infancy to womanhood. Mrs. W's, mother died on the plains in 1852 while en-route to this country.

Excitement
Runs high at the drug stores in this place over System Builder as everybody is using it for catarrh, of stomach, dyspepsia, constipation and impure blood, and to build up the system it certainly possesses wonderful merit when all speak so well of it.

LOCALS.

Sheriff Wells was in town last Saturday.

Supt. W. I. Reynolds was in town Saturday.

Wm. G. Nesmith, of Derry, was in town, Monday.

Don't forget the Arlington Dramatic company Jan 5th.

Mrs. L. Bently, of Monmouth, is in very feeble health.

John C. White, of Oak Grove, was doing our city, Monday.

"Fun in a Boarding School," at the opera house Jan. 5th. Secure an early seat.

Henry Hayden, Esq. of Eola, was in town Saturday looking after the sale of hops.

Hons. J. H. Hawley and D. W. Sears, of McCoy, were in town Monday of this week.

Mr. Ezra Poppleton left here Friday afternoon en route for his home in Tacoma.

The Arlingtons are away ahead of anything that has yet appeared in Independence.

Mrs. J. W. Nesmith, of Derry, is lying very low and there is no hope of her recovery.

A brilliant combination of theatrical talent at the opera house, Monday night, Jan. 5th.

Sparkling, bright and witty is the public verdict in regard to the Arlington dramatic troup.

Mrs Preston Holman and family spent the Christmas holidays among friends and relatives at Dallas.

Miss Manning, of this office, reports a pleasant visit to Corvallis where she Christmassed during the holidays.

Mr. Jay Deming, who has been spending the Christmas holidays here, returned to his home in St. Helens last Saturday.

Jas. E. Davis, of Suver, has purchased 182 acres, including the buildings, of the Riddle and Ray farm. Consideration $7280.

The Arlington Dramatic company is the brightest combination now before the foothights. Come early and secure your seat.

Acy Burbank was brought up before Recorder Lines for drunken and disorderly conduct on the 24th instant, fined $5 and costs.

Several young folks from his place and Monmouth attended a party at W. H. Hawley's, near McCoy on Friday, the 26th instant.

Frank Blanchard was arrested on Christmas day for drunken and indecent conduct, arraigned before Recorder Lines and fined $5 and costs.

Mr. G. W. Claggett and wife, and Mr. Eli Young and wife, returned to their respective homes in Portland and Albina on Saturday afternoon's train.

Mr. Ezra Meeker, of Puyallup, Wash. returned, home on Saturday's train, Mr. M. is the leading hop dealer of the Puyallup valley, and was here for the purpose of buying hops.

Hon. W. M. Hilleary, secretary of the State Grange, and Hon. R. P. Boise addressed the meeting held by the Patrons of Husbandry in this city last Friday, the 26th instant.

Mr. A. J. Whiteaker tells us that South Bend on Shoal Water Bay had only about 300 inhabitants last spring, but that its population is now 1200 or more. That's the way towns grow over in Washington.

Mr. Beriah Deming, of Elmira, Lane county, is visiting friends and relatives in this city. Mr. Deming was a former resident of Independence and has many friends in this community. He will remain during the New Year Holidays.

Mrs. Amanda Eddy, wife of the late Hiram Eddy, died at her residence in North Salem, Monday, Dec. 15th, aged 83 years. Mrs. Eddy came to this county in 1851, and was for a number of years a resident of Polk county. Thus the old pioneers one by one are joining the Silent Majority.

The installation of officers at the Masonic lodge, Saturday evening was largely attended. Miss Alice Williams, Rev. D. V. Poling and M. L. White and family entertained the company with some excellent instrumental and vocal music. Remarks appropriate to the occasion were made by Rev. Quimby. The entertainment was a very pleasant affair.

Hon. D. H. Vanderpool and wife, who live near Wells, Benton county, spent the Christmas holidays in this city as guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Douty. The old people are the grandparents of Mrs. Douty's. Mr. Vanderpool is an old pioneer of Benton county, and has represented that county in the state legislature. He is democratic in politics and his personal worth is recognized by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

George Bunn, of Emigrant Springs, says the Wasco *Observer*, has a son, Peter, 11 years old, who began plowing at the age of 8, when he plowed 200 acres with three horses. Between the ages of 8 and 10 he ran a gang plow with five horses, and during his eleventh year he ran a four-horse drill and drove a four-horse header wagon all through harvest. Few boys of the same age can beat that record.

Holmes Business College
Of Portland, Oregon will open Sept. 1st. J. A. Wesco, the leading penman of the coast, has become a partner in this school and will make it the leading Business College. Send for Catalogue.

"The Jeresy Lily."
ANGLESEA COTTAGE, L. B., July 2.
Gentlemen: Altho' it is very unusual for me to use any lotions or washes, still, in answer to your request, I have