

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

VOL. VIII. \$2.00 Per Year.

THE WEST SIDE

ISSUED BY
Polk County Polishing 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

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 100 people; is the principal shipping point for the country, which is one of the largest and wealthiest and thickly populated in the Willamette valley.

The steadily increasing circulation of the West Side is a fact which enables it to be one of the best advertising mediums.

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LEE & BUTLER,
Physicians and Surgeons.

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INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

DR. J. K. LOCKE,
Physician and Surgeon.

Buena Vista, Oregon.

DR. J. B. JOHNSON,
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All work warranted to give the best of Satisfaction.

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W. L. WILKIN,
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All Legal Business entrusted to me will receive Prompt Attention.

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Office: Cor. Main and Menomoth Sts.,
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Sausage in season.

Battered Frying.

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Jasperson & Parker,
Architects, Builders and Contractors.

Always in their Shop and Door Factory, and will try to please all. Give them a trial and you will find that they are worthy of your patronage.

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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 all ailments of men, women, children, old and young, chronic and acute diseases of all organs. Send for book. Private office 211 Geary St., San Francisco.

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Cash Grocery & Bakery

—ON C STREET—
Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes on hand every day
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Suits Made to Order and fit Guaranteed.

Custom Goods for Merchants and others. He will open monthly accounts with Merchants at Independence and Courts with Reputable.
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THE INDEPENDENCE

West Side.

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1891.

Five Cents Per Copy. NO. 9.

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

BANKS.

First National Bank

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

President, J. S. COOPER.
Vice President, L. W. ROBERTSON.
Cashier, L. W. HOWARD.

DIRECTORS:
D. P. Thompson, J. A. Cooper,
S. W. Robertson, W. F. O'Brien,
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HIS FLEETING DEAL.

The Great Composite Novel.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, BILL NIX,
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, MAJ.
ALFRED C. CALHOUN, HOWE &
HUMMEL, INSPECTOR BYRNES,
PAULINE HALL, MISS EASTLAKE,
W. R. BALLOU, NELL NELSON
AND ALAN DALE.

of the dinner at one of the Italian restaurants in that portion of the city. After his meal he enjoyed a good cigar, and then started to walk leisurely over toward Union Square, along the north side of Fourteenth street. Before he had taken many steps his artistic eye was attracted by the well rounded figure of a girl just ahead of him, who carried a leather music roll in her hand. There was something familiar in her appearance, and he quickened his pace to get a better look at her.

where he saw the announcement that Miss Louise Neville, a talented young artist, would make her first public appearance in the United States.

"Louise Neville may be Edna Lewis," he thought. "It is not probable that she would appear under her own name under the alias adopted by her father."

CAPTURING AN EARL.

"La met!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins to her daughter Matilda, "who do you think has arrived at the hotel?"

"Any of our friends?" inquired the daughter.

"I wish I could say he was," said Mrs. Jenkins. "No, Matilda, it is no less than a member of the British nobility."

"How do you know, mother?"

"Because I happened to be in the post-office a few minutes since, and with my own eyes I saw a letter upon the wheel directed Earl Spencer, Jonesboro hotel. So I went right over to the hotel and found that it was so. The landlady pointed out the young man to me. Oh, Matilda, he is such an elegant young man, and all that air of high breeding and so on which you only find in the nobility."

departure, as he sat in his room smoking a cigar. "I really think they have taken quite a fancy to me. My good looks, I think it must be, for I haven't a single recommendation besides on earth. Well, if I find the girl has money I may improve my advantage and offer myself in matrimony. Money would be very acceptable just at present."

BRIEF MENTION.

W. D. Simpson, chief justice of the supreme court of South Carolina, is dead. The Chickasaw have sent to Washington a list of 60,000 intruders upon their lands.

The supreme court of Michigan has established the validity of the graded railway fare act.

A farmer in Mahaska, Ia., found a solid gold nugget on his farm that weighed seventy ounces.

Christ Knelling, a Dayton, O., tailor, put \$3,000 in a cigar box and buried it for safety, and someone stole it.

A fight in a negro church at Oxnord, Ala., resulted in one death, two fatally wounded and several slightly injured.

A Venezuela man with New York said that grain was rotting in that country for the want of laborers to harvest it.

A fruit grower at Brocton, N. Y., has picked nearly 1,300 pounds of grapes from half an acre of ground this year.

Lorin Fletcher of Minneapolis has just sold for \$124,000 a corner lot in that city which cost him \$3,500 twenty years ago.

Although Cuba has offered \$100,000 for the bandit, Manuel Garcia, dead or alive, he continues to hold undisputed sway in his territory.

The Lexington Transcript wants Kentucky to appropriate \$1,500,000 for a display of the resources and products of the state at the world's fair.

George E. Sims, the Chicago attorney, who advertised in Western papers to get a decree of divorce for \$50, has been sentenced to the penitentiary.

A movement has been begun in New York to have the municipal election in that city on a separate day from the state election—about a month thereafter.

Miss Patricia Whitcomb, an actress has been a suit at Chicago against A. P. Blakeslee, a young board of trade man, for \$20,000 a breach of promise.

At Scranton, Pa., a jury was kept out for a week by the obstinacy of one man, and at the end of that time the counsel agreed to accept the verdict of eleven men.

At Pittsburg an electric car and a cable car collided with terrific force. Both cars were filled with passengers and a panic ensued. One man was killed.

A test of steel at the Carpenter Works at Reading, Pa., was made. A 1-inch bar broke on a strain of 233,333 pounds, 20,000 pounds in excess of any record known.

An Indianapolis paper asserts that the new reaper and binder trust will soon discharge several thousand men from the factories and offices throughout the country.

The decennial census of Austro-Hungary is taken in one day—the last of the year—and in two days following the schedules must be in the hands of the authorities.

Very Rev. Benedict Murnane, C. P. (provincial) of St. Michael's Passionist monastery at Broken, N. J., and head of that order in the United States, died at Dunkirk, N. Y.

Laquette, one of Bonlinger's leaders, said in the chamber of deputies that Bonlinger was dead politically, and the sooner that fact was recognized the better it would be for France.

An Albany letter to the New York Tribune says that Governor Hill has apparently decided to transfer the office of senator to Smith H. Weed and run for governor again next fall.

The muster rolls show that 21,000 Union veterans died last year. In a few years death will relieve the burden of pensions. From year to year the ex-soldiers will go more rapidly.

No less than a dozen states, says the Detroit Free Press, are making ready to follow in the footsteps of Minnesota and enact a law to close the upper berth of sleeping cars when not occupied.

There were 408 Italian and 100 New York by the Hindostan, and they will all be returned. They are simply the lazzaroni of Italy. There was not one box of clothing in the whole party.

The steamer Lisard of London, from New York for Lisbon, with 90,000 bushels of wheat, put in at Boston in distress with her engine broken down, lifeboats gone, decks swept and twenty-one inches of water her hold.

Hannibal, Mo., has a married men's club, the object of which is to induce married men to spend their evenings at home. A druggist is president, a doctor is secretary, and they meet about every night in the drug store of the president.

Senator Paddock of Nebraska was in earnest when he warned the senate that he would move to lay the elections bill aside. He has done so.

The hundreds of patients and attendants at the Cook County hospital, Chicago, were given a decided scare by a fire that started in the drying room and threatened the entire building.

The house of Samuel Malone at Holden, Mo., was burned. Malone and his brother-in-law, John Hicks, perished. Foul play is suspected, as Malone kept considerable money in the house.

The Vienna mother of pearl workers, who were thrown out of work by the McKinley bill, are desperate. They held a meeting and demanded work or bread from the authorities. Thirty of them were arrested.

Two medical students at Ann Arbor, Frank E. Dickinson of Dubuque, Ia., and Minnie Brundage of Long Island, when picked up by a patrolman, were taken to a hospital and died. They did not return and a searching party found their bodies under the ice.

Three Kane brothers went into Hinckley, and after getting drunk proceeded to make trouble. Marshal Booth arrested them but two of them escaped and set upon him. He shot and killed both of them. The men were tough characters.

A St. Petersburg dispatch says that a Jewish woman whose home was about to be sold by the authorities to meet fines imposed by reason of her son's avoidance of conscription, in her despair lay down in the kitchen fire and allowed herself to be burned to death.

A peculiar and fatal accident occurred at New York. An unknown elderly woman slipped and fell to the sidewalk. When picked up she was dead. An examination disclosed the fact that a long hat pin had been driven into her brain when her head struck the sidewalk.

Mrs. Francis Burke-Roche, daughter of Frank Work, the well known broker and turfman of New York, has been granted an absolute divorce from her husband, the Hon. James Burke-Roche, of Baltimore, who Roche sued on the ground of non-support. She tired of supporting him for the privilege of living with him.

CHAPTER I.—By Edna Lewis. Henry Hen, a young artist, while traveling in a party of six, including his father, who was his usual refuge, was attracted by the well rounded figure of a girl just ahead of him, who carried a leather music roll in her hand. There was something familiar in her appearance, and he quickened his pace to get a better look at her.

The next moment he knew that she was the ideal with whom his brain had been struggling since he first caught a glimpse of her in the Wagner car.

His first impulse was to lift his hat and address her, but he restrained himself, knowing that she would undoubtedly resent his impertinence.

He resolved to find out where she went, however, and permitted her to get several feet in advance, but not very far, as he feared to lose sight of her in the crowd that was hurrying along the thoroughfare toward the places of amusement.

As the girl reached the corner of Irving place she came suddenly face to face with a man in whom Henshall recognized the manager of the two men who had been traveling with her on the New York Central railroad. She looked down and tried to pass him.

"I am very glad to meet you thus unexpectedly, Miss Crawford," sarcastically remarked the doctor, detaining her with his hand.

"Let me go. I have nothing to say to you," she exclaimed, looking up at him appealingly and shrinking from his grasp.

For a moment Henshall stood irresolute. He saw that the girl wished to escape from the man, who seemed determined not to let her go; but he could not tell what her relations had been or how his interference should be taken.

Again he heard her plead to be let alone, and she turned her eyes toward him as if to appeal for help. He saw that great, dewy tears were stealing out upon her long eyelashes, and he hesitated no longer.

"What do you mean, sir, by insulting an unprotected lady?" he cried, jumping forward and giving the doctor a shove with such violence that he was thrown from the iron fence around the Academy of Music. He pushed forward in front of the girl, who immediately left, and he shook his fist in the face of her astonished acquaintance.

"You deserve to be thrashed within an inch of your life," he continued, "and I feel very much inclined to give you a severe chastisement to teach you better manners."

"Come, get away from here. I will not stand any more of this nonsense," returned the physician. "I shall call a policeman if you interfere with me."

"I shall not allow any one to insult a lady in my presence," said the artist, who felt that he had to offer some justification for his conduct. "The thing that had already collected around them."

"This is ridiculous! I spoke to an old friend of mine," was the final reply vouchsafed to the girl's champion, who allowed himself to be put aside as the furious doctor moved away.

Henshall followed, thinking that he might again have the opportunity of stepping between her ideal and one from whom she was evidently anxious to escape.

He was crossing Irving place when a carriage drove past. He recognized it immediately as Edward Hartman's. He hoped that the occupants would not notice him, but he was disappointed. He saw and heard the doctor, who was familiar voice calling his name. He turned and saw Mr. Hartman confronting him. The carriage had stopped in front of the academy and the banker and his daughter were alighting.

"Lena thought she would like to go to the theatre this evening," said Mr. Hartman, after shaking hands with him. "So, I have brought her here. I have a box, and I want you to come in with us, unless you have some special engagement."

"I want to see a friend," said Henshall.

"You can go out between the acts and see him. I may want to see a man myself, and I know that Lena will excuse us, said the banker with a sardonic wink to the young man.

The artist came to the conclusion that the young lady, in whom he felt a much more lively interest than he did in Lena Hartman, had probably gone too far for him to undertake her. He had, however, his fiancée to persuade him to enter the academy. "I really have some business on hand, though," he remarked, "and I shall be obliged to leave before the end of the performance."

He had seen Denman Thompson's play before, and he was far too much engaged in his own thoughts to take any interest in the quiet music scene on the stage.

In the meantime Dr. Watson, as the evil eye upon chose to style himself for the time being, had gone along Fourteenth street as quickly as his legs could walk.

When he reached Union square he looked around in the vain hope that he might catch sight of Miss Crawford. She had disappeared, and he did not know which way to turn. People surged around in every direction, and he knew that if the girl had tried to escape she might have taken a horse car, as long as he had reached the corner ahead of him.

"Curse the luck," he muttered; "if it hadn't been for that young idiot, the block above I should have had her in safe keeping before now."

He went over to the Morton house, called, sat down at one of the tables and ordered a glass of absinthe.

"I thought I had time to catch her again before she reached Union square," he said, "but I wonder if she really walked that whole block. She couldn't have taken one of the green cars, or any car as I did not notice any pass there. Let's see, where could she have gone? Not to any of the places on the south side of the street, that's very sure. She might have entered Steinhay hall. By jove she must have done it."

This idea impressed him as being very good, and he told the waiter to bring him some more absinthe. As he sipped the liqueur his mind was active.

"Of course that old Steinhay is bringing out a new fiddler, and she would naturally want to attend the concert. Supposing—no, it is not possible—yes, it is, though—she might have sought work there here. I do not know but that she is the new Capella. Or herself. I'll find out."

He did not dream of going to the hall himself and seeing his old friends Steinmetz and Neuberger. He left the cafe, as a first move bought an Evening World from a newsboy and turned immediately to the amusement column.

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Again he heard her plead to be let alone, and she turned her eyes toward him as if to appeal for help. He saw that great, dewy tears were stealing out upon her long eyelashes, and he hesitated no longer.

"What do you mean, sir, by insulting an unprotected lady?" he cried, jumping forward and giving the doctor a shove with such violence that he was thrown from the iron fence around the Academy of Music. He pushed forward in front of the girl, who immediately left, and he shook his fist in the face of her astonished acquaintance.

"You deserve to be thrashed within an inch of your life," he continued, "and I feel very much inclined to give you a severe chastisement to teach you better manners."

"Come, get away from here. I will not stand any more of this nonsense," returned the physician. "I shall call a policeman if you interfere with me."

"I shall not allow any one to insult a lady in my presence," said the artist, who felt that he had to offer some justification for his conduct. "The thing that had already collected around them."

"This is ridiculous! I spoke to an old friend of mine," was the final reply vouchsafed to the girl's champion, who allowed himself to be put aside as the furious doctor moved away.

Henshall followed, thinking that he might again have the opportunity of stepping between her ideal and one from whom she was evidently anxious to escape.

He was crossing Irving place when a carriage drove past. He recognized it immediately as Edward Hartman's. He hoped that the occupants would not notice him, but he was disappointed. He saw and heard the doctor, who was familiar voice calling his name. He turned and saw Mr. Hartman confronting him. The carriage had stopped in front of the academy and the banker and his daughter were alighting.

"Lena thought she would like to go to the theatre this evening," said Mr. Hartman, after shaking hands with him. "So, I have brought her here. I have a box, and I want you to come in with us, unless you have some special engagement."

"I want to see a friend," said Henshall.

"You can go out between the acts and see him. I may want to see a man myself, and I know that Lena will excuse us, said the banker with a sardonic wink to the young man.

The artist came to the conclusion that the young lady, in whom he felt a much more lively interest than he did in Lena Hartman, had probably gone too far for him to undertake her. He had, however, his fiancée to persuade him to enter the academy. "I really have some business on hand, though," he remarked, "and I shall be obliged to leave before the end of the performance."

He had seen Denman Thompson's play before, and he was far too much engaged in his own thoughts to take any interest in the quiet music scene on the stage.

In the meantime Dr. Watson, as the evil eye upon chose to style himself for the time being, had gone along Fourteenth street as quickly as his legs could walk.

When he reached Union square he looked around in the vain hope that he might catch sight of Miss Crawford. She had disappeared, and he did not know which way to turn. People surged around in every direction, and he knew that if the girl had tried to escape she might have taken a horse car, as long as he had reached the corner ahead of him.

"Curse the luck," he muttered; "if it hadn't been for that young idiot, the block above I should have had her in safe keeping before now."

He went over to the Morton house, called, sat down at one of the tables and ordered a glass of absinthe.

"I thought I had time to catch her again before she reached Union square," he said, "but I wonder if she really walked that whole block. She couldn't have taken one of the green cars, or any car as I did not notice any pass there. Let's see, where could she have gone? Not to any of the places on the south side of the street, that's very sure. She might have entered Steinhay hall. By jove she must have done it."

This idea impressed him as being very good, and he told the waiter to bring him some more absinthe. As he sipped the liqueur his mind was active.

"Of course that old Steinhay is bringing out a new fiddler, and she would naturally want to attend the concert. Supposing—no, it is not possible—yes, it is, though—she might have sought work there here. I do not know but that she is the new Capella. Or herself. I'll find out."

He did not dream of going to the hall himself and seeing his old friends Steinmetz and Neuberger. He left the cafe, as a first move bought an Evening World from a newsboy and turned immediately to the amusement column.

CHAPTER V.—By Edna Lewis. Henshall, who was traveling with her on the New York Central railroad. She looked down and tried to pass him.

"I am very glad to meet you thus unexpectedly, Miss Crawford," sarcastically remarked the doctor, detaining her with his hand.

"Let me go. I have nothing to say to you," she exclaimed, looking up at him appealingly and shrinking from his grasp.

For a moment Henshall stood irresolute. He saw that the girl wished to escape from the man, who seemed determined not to let her go; but he could not tell what her relations had been or how his interference should be taken.

Again he heard her plead to be let alone, and she turned her eyes toward him as if to appeal for help. He saw that great, dewy tears were stealing out upon her long eyelashes, and he hesitated no longer.

"What do you mean, sir, by insulting an unprotected lady?" he cried, jumping forward and giving the doctor a shove with such violence that he was thrown from the iron fence around the Academy of Music. He pushed forward in front of the girl, who immediately left, and he shook his fist in the face of her astonished acquaintance.

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