

THE PUBLIC

Is Outspoken in favor of the Excellence of the

WEST SIDE

as a Family and General Newspaper.



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, FEBRUARY 6, 1891. Five Cents Per Copy. NO. 13.

THE WEST SIDE

ISSUED BY
Polk County Publishing Company

Registered at the Postoffice in Independence, Oregon, as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
FAVORABLE IN ADVANCE.

One Year	\$5.00
Six Months	3.00
Three Months	1.50
When not paid in advance	.50

TO ADVERTISERS.

Independence is located at the head of navigation (the mouth of the river), on the Willamette river, and on the main line of the Oregon and California Railroad, contains a population of 2000 people, is the principal shipping point for the country, and has the largest teaming and shipping facilities in the Willamette valley.

JOB PRINTING!

Latest and Best Styles,
LOWEST & LIVING RATES.

PHYSICIANS-DENTISTRY.

LEE & BUTLER,
Physicians & Surgeons.

U. S. Examining Surgeons.

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

DR. J. B. JOHNSON,
Resident Dentist.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

W. L. WILKIN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

MRS. A. M. HURLEY,
Millinery; Fancy Goods.

Durham Bros.
CITY FISH MARKET.

DR. JORDAN & CO'S
MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

PATENTS

ASK FOR
THE SELF-THREAT

ELDREDGE

"B"

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THE SELF-THREAT

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BANKS.

First National Bank
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.
President.....J. S. COOPER.
Vice President, L. W. ROBERTSON.
Cashier.....W. H. MAWLEY.
DIRECTORS:
D. P. Thompson, J. A. Cooper,
E. F. Robertson, W. F. Gillson,
G. W. Whitaker.

THE INDEPENDENCE

National Bank
CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.
H. HIRSCHBERG, President.
ABRAM NELSON, Vice President.
W. P. CONNORWAY, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Joshua McDaniel, H. M. Jaspersen,
A. J. Goodman, H. Hirschberg,
Abram Nelson, W. P. Connorway,
T. J. Lee,
I. A. Allen.

Capital: National Bank

OF SALEM, OREGON,
CAPITAL PAID UP, \$50,000.00,
SURPLUS, \$18,000.

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

DR. J. B. JOHNSON,
Resident Dentist.

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WAKE UP!!!

Polk County TO THE FRONT.

The Coming Year to be One of GREAT PROGRESS in

-INDEPENDENCE-

Prepare for the Rush!
Prepare to Help Pull!
Prepare to Help Push!

Scrape the Moss off your Back. Pull the Wool out of your Eyes. And the Cotton out of your Ears.

Within Six Months the rush will begin It will continue for Months until Polk County has a population of

25,000.

Keep Your EYE on

INDEPENDENCE

A d your hand out of your Pocket or you will be sure to Invest here

NOW while property is

CHEAP.

Keep Your EYE on

INDEPENDENCE

A d your hand out of your Pocket or you will be sure to Invest here

NOW while property is

CHEAP.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

The Great Composite Novel.

The Jolif 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. BALLGOW, NELL NELSON AND ALAN DALE.

CHAPTER I—By W. H. Ballou.—Henry Hen-

shall, a young artist, while traveling in a car for sea, incidentally sketches the portrait of his ideal wife. By his astonished brother-in-law he is introduced to the beautiful and aristocratic Miss Eastlake, who is one of a party of four, consisting of an uncle, presumably her father, a governess, and a maid, who have just arrived from Europe to make a sketch of the party. During the afternoon she plays a beautiful piano solo, and in the evening she gives her acquaintance, but not on any one of the evening, she has had the opportunity to see the grand Central Palace in New York, and that the party of four has been disappointed.

"And so you are disappointed with married life already?"

"Now let me advise you not to be unreasonable; don't tell me you expected to marry an angel. You are a mortal and married to a man, one of the queerest brutes that tread the earth. Yes, men are queer brutes," she repeated, crossing her eyes in fancy; "enthusiastic and deferential enough before marriage, but an entirely different sort of brute afterwards."

"But Henry isn't; he's the same now that he was a year ago. He scarcely notices me, and never speaks unless I ask him a question. There's something on his mind. It isn't his work, for he hasn't finished a canvas this long time; and it isn't I, that's certain."

"Now, Lena, don't be foolish. You get an angry petting, the average woman has a right to expect."

"Right! Am I not married to him, his lawful wife, and shouldn't I expect some evidence of his affection?"

"No, expect nothing; you can drive a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Let him get thirsty; let him alone."

"But I don't want to let him alone."

"And there's just where you make a mistake. When you get your third husband you'll know how to manage him. The trouble with you is this, you have too many feelings and too much heart. It is a bother to have feelings, and my advice is to get rid of your heart if you want to have good digestion and keep your youth."

"A woman with a heart is in the power of her husband; a wife who has none can do as she pleases. Take all eye nothing in return—that's the true philosophy of matrimonial peace if you can't find contentment, and you needn't hunt for happiness, for it is not to be found on this planet in quantities to speak about."

This sort of advice was gall and wormwood to the honest, innocent young woman, but she knew well enough that her companion spoke from her bitter experience, and nauseous as the dose was she took it, dried her eyes and went to dress for the evening.

They had been in the Palace hotel in San Francisco for a week, and the painter had sought in vain to meet his ideal.

The amusement boards were placarded with bills for his concert engagement, every performance of which he had attended. He had cultivated the acquaintance of the theatre manager, and through him secured an introduction to Herr Rudolph Oppen, when he had smoked and dined at the hotel. He had smoked, walked and driven with him, and as a last resort to win his confidence begged the impresario to sit for a portrait.

"Now, I would like very much to have you and Mrs. Henshall meet my little star, but I have nothing to say about it. It rests entirely with her, and she has positively refused to make any acquaintance. These professional women, you know, have to be honored, but Miss Neville, I am convinced, has a reason for wishing to avoid people, and as she is not well, I feel compelled to respect her wishes."

Henshall was pretending to portray the musician one morning when this conversation took place, and at this rebuff his brows knitted, his heart sank and his brush fell from his hand.

"Well, of course, Herr Oppen. I don't wish to seem impudent, but I met Miss Neville the several times in New York. You did" interjected the musician.

"That is, I saw her—heard her play, and I have seen her every night during this engagement. My reason for asking to be presented is that I wish to make a picture of her for the next Academy. She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen or dreamed of, and if I could only paint her I believe the picture would make me famous."

The model, who was playfully detaching his fingers, offering no answer further than a mild indorsement of the compliment to the girl's beauty, it suddenly occurred to Henry that it might be policy to get the assistance of Lena, and excusing himself he went to call her.

While he was away Oppen got up to stretch his legs, and in the circuit of the improvised studio came upon a small fellow, who carelessly opened revealed a sketch done on a business card that fairly took his breath away.

"Miss Neville!" he muttered to himself. "This is the very girl I met in New York! My God! and I have been telling him about her. Another! Three! Two more! As I live, there is nothing else. And I was seriously thinking to have this man paint her from life. Well, well, this is great luck. I must go; this is something remarkable!"

A few moments later when Henshall returned with his wife to propose an invitation for a supper party, he was surprised to find the room vacant.

There was no sign of Herr Oppen in the hall, and as the elevator was at the bottom of the shaft he wisely concluded that his visitor had gone. The next thing was to send a playfully reluctant note after him by messenger, and urge the importance of an early sitting for the next morning. The reply dumfounded him.

He had eyes for nothing but the soft brown of her hair, lashes, complexion and dress. He thought of her through the day and dreamed of her in the night, and could they have been realized every sigh would have uttered, "I will find her."

As he followed this small woman with his thoughts and his soul his bride Lena first became moody, then tearful, and finally so despondent that she threw herself in the arms of her companion and begged her to tell her what to do.

There was not any too much tact in the make up of Mrs. Smith, and no danger of her sharpening the edge of Mrs. Henshall's sensibilities. Instead of putting her arm about her neck, and electrifying her medulla spinalis with the magic of her touch, she took a hairpin from her coiffure and proceeded to loosen the curl of the girl's finger nail.

"And so you are disappointed with married life already?"

married life already? Well, my dear, you have only made the common error of expecting too much. You have foolishly invested the field of wedlock with the conifer, and studied your hero through the magnifying lens when you should have reversed the glass.



"And so you are disappointed with married life already?"

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"Curse the luck!" he thought to himself. "There are four sleepers in the train, but only one dining car, and no matter how I calculated it would be awkward. There's no use figuring. I can't do it." And he instantly became solicitous for his patient.

"My dear sir, what is it? Speak," putting one hand on the old man's shoulder and taking his pulse with the other. "You are pale, your eyes are glassy and you're chilled. Forgive me, dear Mr. Crawford, the run from New York has been too much for you. We should have had off at Detroit. But we'll make amends here."

And before the astonished old gentleman could recover his senses at this unexpected burst of interest Dr. Watson signalled a porter to conduct him to the waiting room while he went to overtake Miss Brown, who had already arranged her section for the journey.