

VOL. VIII.

\$2.00 Per Year.

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1891.

Five Cents Per Copy.

NO. 16.

THE WEST SIDE

Polk County Publishing Company

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A RAILROAD TO FALLS CITY!

It is needed. We must have it. We can build it. Who will make a start?

The lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

Get in and Swim! The Water is not very cold, nor deep.

Don't stand on the bank and shiver. You will never learn to swim in that way.

Let us have the survey within four weeks. The grading done within four months and trains running by December 1st, 1891.

A Long Pull! A Strong Pull! A Pull All Together!

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

The Great Composite Novel.

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

XII.—CONCLUSION.

By BILL NYE Illustrated by W. H. SPAUGH.

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Across the peaceful bosom of the great plains no sound disturbed the night save the low and then when at long intervals the shadowy figure of a coyote crossed the plain in the sage brush, and opening his snapping, drooping jaws gave forth that justly celebrated diatonic scale of his which is so well calculated to call out the goose pimples even on the death mask of Methuselah.

Even the wind tread softly over the scorched and withered grass, and the well lubricated moon stole in and out among the clouds without a creak, with the exception of Bitter creek, of course, which lavied its alkali shores in the eternal saltitudes, and bleached still whiter, as the years went by, the snowy bones of those who had sought to trade this great undertaking establishment of nature—this petrified lusk of centuries.

But what sound is this that gently beats upon the tense drum of the listener's ear? The distant jar and gentle palpitations of a coming train from the west! Scarcely do we hear this and catch the yellow twinkle of a headlight when another muffled roar from the east and a little crawling light growing rapidly out of the dusk and distance swallow the intervening miles, and in a flash the two screaming, scolding, panting monsters have met like small card giants in a mighty tournament.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death! Come to the heart where life is dead, For the first time her first-born's breath; Come when the heart beats high, and warm, Which close the postures are broken, And crowded cities wait its stroke.

Come in Consumption's ghastly form! The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm; Come when the heart beats high, and warm, With banquet, song and dance and wine, And thus art terrible, The tear, The groan, the heave, the pain, the shiver, And all we know of dream or fear, Of agony art things.

But to the heart, where life is dead, And hope is knocking over its head, The face with joy overcast, And so lights it with bounding tread The soul that only sorrowed here.

When Lena awoke with this dull pain in her head she felt certain that she was dead, and was almost tickled to death to think that her sad heart would sorrow no more and that Harry was free; but almost at once came the smell of hot varnish and the slight suspicion of an overdone porter who ought to be turned over.

"Great Gawd," she said, as her breath came in brief pants, "the car is on fire. I must go away."

To a spectator who might have seen the collision it would have seemed impossible that a living thing could come out of this terrible wreck and holocaust. Scarcely do we hear this and catch the yellow twinkle of a headlight when another muffled roar from the east and a little crawling light growing rapidly out of the dusk and distance swallow the intervening miles, and in a flash the two screaming, scolding, panting monsters have met like small card giants in a mighty tournament.

Soon the cheerful car stove begins to get in its work, and the chaos of broken woodwork begins to burn, at first slowly, then, as the swift winds of the plains catch it, the red blaze leaps out and greets the frightened night with a cackling laugh.

To go back to Mr. Crawford, at Chicago, with the author is but the work of an instant.

When Dr. Watson returned after sending his lying telegram to Edna he found the shutters drawn and everything deserted. The reader will ask how he knew that every one was gone when the door was locked and he could not get in, but we must remember that he was in the hypnotist business, and could do things that other people might consider difficult. Many a time as a boy he had hypnotized a watermelon dog and then helped himself to the succulent fruit.

He soon learned that Mr. Crawford had taken his whole household, and with light baggage had fled to the depot. He followed rapidly, and fortunately caught up with the carriage containing the party, for they were "bridged," and had been for nearly an hour. He tried to hypnotize Mr. Crawford, but the old man had shrewdly had himself vaccinated, and so he was safe.

There was nothing for the doctor to do but to follow the procession, for Crawford had evidently heard that his daughter was in California, and had resolved to go to her.

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