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# West Side.

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THE WEST SIDE.

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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 1000 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.



PHYSICIANS—DENTISTRY.



SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.—INDEPENDENCE LODGE NO. 22, meets every Monday night in Masonic hall. All sojourning brothers invited to attend. JAMES GIBSON, M. W. E. V. DALTON, Recorder.

VALLEY LODGE NO. 42, I. O. O. F., meets in Masonic hall every Thursday evening. All Odd Fellows cordially invited to attend. T. G. FRYER, N. G. F. A. DOUTY, Secretary.

LYON LODGE, No. 29, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications on or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. J. W. Buster, W. M. E. L. Ketchum, Sec.

ATTORNEYS.



### A GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are 'most worn out.
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never have more than three;
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And sheils and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that's all!
You can see for yourself 'tisn't much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long;
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at;
And I should be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy rig like that."
—Eudora S. Bumstead in St. Nicholas.

### JIM.

"I've lost my pepper pot," said Deborah, looking sharply about the kitchen. "I wonder if you've been up to any of your tricks, Jim?"

Jim gave no answer except a toss of the head as he slowly walked across the kitchen, but Deborah's quick ears caught a little chuckle as he went out the door.

"I'll give it to you some day, you young rascal, if you carry away my things!" went on Deborah, shaking her fist at the little fellow.

"What's the matter, Deborah?" asked her mistress, coming into the kitchen.

"Oh, it's that Jim! He's always up to mischief. It comes nateral to that gypsyish sort to be tricky and sneaky, and there's no such thing as gettin' 'em out of it."

"If it's natural to them we ought to make some allowance for it," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, as she helped Deborah to hunt for the missing pepper pot.

"No use a-harborin' such, seems to me," said Deborah.

"May be so," said Mrs. Graham, "but none of us somehow seems to have the heart to drive him away."

"I have," said Deborah very decidedly. "Look-a-there now—a everlastin' tease!"

The two watched Jim as with a roguish twinkle in his small black eyes he made his way to where old Carlo was taking his morning nap under the lilac bush and gave him a sudden poke. The dog raised his head with a growl, but Jim stood at a little distance, with a grave and innocent look at something on the ground.

Carlo settled down again, and quick as lightning Jim gave him another poke. Up jumped Carlo, with a savage look at his tormentor, but Jim stood in the same place, half asleep, and Carlo lay down with a long drawn sigh. Jim kept it up until the poor dog went to find a quieter place.

"I've seen him do that a dozen times," said Deborah laughing, "and I know he's hidden my pepper pot. Why, it ain't so long since I read a story about one o' that set—must 'a' been first cousin to Jim I reckon—that stole a elegant breastpin, and it was laid to a poor young girl that worked in the family. She was disgraced and turned off, and ever so long after it was found out that that creetur'd been the thief. I've no use for such!"

And so every member of the family could have declared, but no one would be the one to say that Jim must go. In the course of a long drive over country roads through a heavy storm the farmer had found Jim drenched and half starved. Of course he brought him home, and after being warmed, fed and made comfortable the wild eyed, dark looking little vagabond had wisely settled himself in such good quarters, and had since showed no desire to leave them.

* * * * * * *

"You can come and help me peel the peaches now, Marian!" called Mrs. Graham to her daughter.

Marian came, looking admiringly at the baskets of rosy cheeked, downy fruit on the great table, all of which was waiting to be made into peach butter.

"Is that your pearl ring?" asked her mother.

"Oh—yes. I was clearing my drawer and put it on to see how pretty it looks and forgot it. I'll take it off."

The pretty lassie worked for hours over the peaches, paring, stoning, measuring out sugar, stirring and tasting. At length she skipped up to her room to dress, but soon came running back with an anxious face.

"My ring, Deborah! I left it on the corner of the table—back here. Have you seen it?"

"The land, Miss Marian! No, I ain't. And I've just this blessed minute scraped up all the peelin's and flung 'em out to the pigs."

With tears in her eyes Marian ran out to the lot in which the pigs were kept, and searched eagerly. But the grunters had made quick work of their luscious meal, and no ring was to be found. More slowly she went back, and looked about the kitchen with a forlorn hope that the ring might have escaped. But Deborah's scraping had been vigorous, and she went up stairs again with a woebegone look.

"She's a dreadful careless little piece," said Deborah, looking after her, "always a-leavin' her things 'round. But I ain't a-goin' to say it to her now she's a-feelin' so bad."

* * * * * * *

"Ha, ha—you thievin' rascal! I've caught you at last, ain't I?"

Mrs. Graham and Marian hurried out at sound of Deborah's excited voice to see Jim struggling in her grasp. He was uttering short, angry cries and doing his best to free himself.

"I was just a-washin' my dishes," cried Deborah, "when this limb comes a-peekin' and a-pryin' 'round. I mistrusted he was up to somethin', an' I kep' my eye on him and seen him pick up one o' my teaspoons and sneak off with it. I took after him, and just got hold o' him right here—see? He was just a-slippin' that spoon into that hole fer to hide it!"

Mrs. Graham looked curiously at the hole, a small one near the ground in the weather boarding of the spring house.

"Bring an ax and knock that off, Deborah," she said.

Deborah did so, and the three bent over what they saw.

"I'm blessed if there ain't my pepper pot!" exclaimed Deborah.

More than the pepper pot was there. Keys, nails, screws, a button hook, a gimlet, and as they turned them over Marian gave a scream of delight and snatched up her pearl ring.

Then she made a quick rush for Jim, and hugged and fondled him until he bit her to make her let him go, when he flew to the top of the spring house, and stood there chattering his discontent at such rough handling.

"You dear old crow!" exclaimed Marian. "If you hadn't stolen my ring off the table that day I never should have seen it again. Oh, Deborah, you have pulled out half his tail feathers!"

"Never mind," said Deborah; "they'll grow again."—Sydney Dayre in Youth's Companion.

#### Costly War Implements.

Tens of thousands of pounds of capital have to be sunk ere a single 111 ton gun can be manufactured. A particular reason for its being costly to make is that its production consumes a great amount of time. To build such a gun takes as long as to build a first class cruiser. Yet another reason lies in the fact that the are many and inevitable failures, which entail great waste of labor, if not of material.

The 111 ton guns, without their mountings, cannot be produced or sold to the government for much less than £15,000 apiece, the 67 ton guns for less than about £10,800 or the 45 ton guns for less than £6,300, and the expense of firing these guns, apart from the wear and tear of the weapons, mountings and ships, may be judged from the amount of powder and the weight of projectile used. In the case of the 111 ton gun the full powder charge is 960 pounds of slow burning cocoa or 850 pounds of Westphalian brown prism, and the projectile weighs 1,800 pounds.

In the case of the 67 ton gun the full powder charge of slow burning cocoa is 620 pounds, while the projectile is of 1,250 pounds weight. In the case of the 45 ton gun the full charge of brown prismatic powder is 295 pounds, and the projectile weighs 714 pounds. The estimated cost of one round from the largest gun is about £80, from the second about £50 and from the smallest about £30; but this is the cost of powder, cartridge and projectile only.—London Tit-Bits.

#### A Singular Dental Operation.

Anson Washburn, the 14-year-old son of Austin Washburn, of the Bee line, sat in Dr. J. B. Morrison's office reading a paper and fanning himself unconcernedly. He has passed through one of the most remarkable operations known in dental surgery. When he was about 5 years of age he had an attack of scarlet fever that caused the retention of four teeth on the right side of the upper jaw. Dr. Morrison made an exploration and found the teeth and drew two of them down. One of them did not require much attention, except careful watching.

When exploring for the eye tooth he found it between the hard palate and the floor of the nose, pointing toward the left jaw. The tooth was imbedded in a sack of pus, and the most careful treatment was needed in removing the pus and to prevent it from aggravating the cut parts and causing blood poison. The tooth and its bony attachments were cut loose, carefully cleaned of all foreign substances and placed in their proper position. The central incisor was kept out of the boy's mouth for two and a half hours. The teeth that were changed about are growing nicely, and young Washburn said that he is suffering no pain, no inflammation has set in and his teeth are in good condition. He was thoroughly under the influence of ether during the operation. The operation is out of the ordinary.—Indianapolis News.

#### Perfumes.

Sweet odors for the bath and the toilet are of three kinds—the floral, the aromal and the balsamic. The first includes those derived from sweet smelling flowers and plants, the second those derived from musks and resins, the third those derived from leaves and gums. The otto, or essential oil, of perfumes is obtained in three several ways—distillation, maceration and enflourage.—New York Ledger.

#### The Bible of the Buddhists.

The bible of the sect is not without beauty and high moral as well as poetic conceptions. There is much in it of the nature of mythology and mysticism, which Buddhists do not pretend to understand themselves, yet there is much to admire. From a book of extracts and translations from the Buddhist bible I give a few examples:

"The perfect man is like the lily, unsoiled by the mud in which it grows." Another: "The perfect man will not be angry with him who brings him evil reports of himself, lest he be not able to judge truthfully of the matter whereof he is accused." Its moral code contains such rules as "Do not steal;" "Do not lie;" "Do not kill;" "Do not be a drunkard;" "Do not to another what you would not wish done to yourself." From these examples it may be observed how nearly their moral law runs parallel with our own; and that this has exerted a potent influence in forming the Chinese character is evident. Also, that they cover the cardinal rules of right living in good society none will question.

The system offers motives in the way of rewards for right living and punishments of evil doing. It develops sympathy, the source of many virtues. It teaches the equality of all men. One man is better or worse than another only as he observes the laws of good society or breaks them.—W. G. Benton in Popular Science.

#### All Mail Matter Is Counted.

Persons who read the reports of the number of pieces of mail matter handled at the New York postoffice may have wondered how the figures were obtained. The explanation is simple: Every piece was actually counted. Every employer who stamps mail matter must keep an accurate account of the number of pieces he handles and must make a daily report of the amount of work he has done. He must not only give the grand total, but tell what part was in each of the four classes of mail matter, and also how the pieces reached the postoffice.

The letters, etc., are mailed at the postoffice, in which case they are known as "drops," collected by carriers, arrive by trains, or, in the case of foreign matter, are brought by steamers. A report must be made of every piece that comes in by any one of these ways.

When one considers that an average of about 600,000 letters alone reach the general postoffice here every day, it will be seen that the task of counting them is a big one. Let a person count 1,000 and then try to get some idea of the labor involved in keeping a record of 1,000 times that many, and his head will swim at the thought. As the counting is done by a number of men, and the letters are subdivided into batches, the labor is not so enormous as might at first be supposed.—New York Tribune.

#### Semi-Respectable.

Friend—Why don't you give up this business for something that is semi-respectable?

Bunco Man—I'm going to. I intend to study law as soon as I get a little money laid by.—New York Ledger.

### A LOST BATTLE.

As they had been fighting for two days and had passed the preceding night with their knapsacks on their backs beneath the drenching rain, the soldiers were exhausted. Nevertheless, for three mortal hours they had been kept waiting, with grounded arms, in the puddles of the highways and the mud of the soaked fields.

Overcome with fatigue and loss of sleep, their uniforms heavy with water, they huddled together to keep warm, to sustain themselves. There were some who slept as they stood leaning on their neighbor's knapsacks, and weariness and privation were best pictured on those unbent faces abandoned to slumber. Rain, mud, no fire, no soup, a black and threatening sky, and the enemy on all sides. It was wretched.

What were they doing there? What was taking place?

The cannon, their muzzles pointed toward the woods, had the air of watching something. The masked mitrailleuses stared fixedly at the horizon. Everything seemed ready for an attack. Why did they not attack? For what were they waiting?

They were waiting for orders, and the headquarters did not send them.

The headquarters, however, were not far distant. They were at a handsome chateau in the style of Louis XIII, the red bricks of which, washed by the rain, glistened on the hillside among the trees. It was truly a princely dwelling, and well worthy of bearing the banner of a marshal of France. Behind a great ditch and a stone railing which separated them from the highway the grassplats ran straight up to the steps of the mansion, even and green, and bordered with vases of flowers.

On the other side, the private side of the chateau, the hedge was full of luminous gaps; the pond in which swans were swimming stretched out like a mirror; and beneath the pagoda shaped roof of an immense aviary, sending forth shrill cries into the foliage, peacocks and golden pheasants beat their wings and spread their tails.

Although the proprietors had departed, nothing there indicated the recklessness, the overwhelming desolation of war. The oriflamme of the chief of the army had preserved everything, even to the meanest flowers of the grass plats, and it was something impressive to find so near the field of battle the opulent calmness which arises from orderly arrangements, from straight rows of trees and from the silent depths of avenues.

The rain, which filled the highways with such wretched mud and plowed such deep furrows, was there but an elegant, aristocratic shower, brightening the red bricks and the green of the grass plats, adding gloss to the leaves of the orange trees and the white plumage of the swans. Everything shone—everything was still. Verily, without the flag which was flying from the peak of the roof, without the two soldiers on guard before the grating, never could one have believed it the military headquarters. The horses were reposing in the stables. Here and there one met grooms, orderlies in undress uniform lounging in the vicinity of the kitchens, or some gardener in red pantaloons tranquilly drawing his rake through the gravel of the principal walks.

The dining hall, the windows of which opened upon the steps, displaying a table half cleared away, uncorked bottles, soiled and empty drinking vessels, looking wan on the rumpled cloth—all the fag end of a dinner deserted by the guests. In an adjoining apartment was heard the sound of voices, of laughter, of rolling billiard balls, of clinking glasses. The marshal was playing his game, and that was why the army was awaiting orders. When the marshal had once commenced his game the heavens might fall, but nothing on earth could prevent him from finishing it.

Billiards!

The game was this great warrior's weakness. He stood there, as grave as in battle, in full uniform, his breast covered with decorations, his eyes sparkling and his eyeballs inflamed by the dinner, the game and his potations. His aids-de-camp surrounded him, eager and respectful, uttering exclamations of admiration at each of his shots. When the marshal made a point they all precipitated themselves toward the marker. When the marshal was thirsty they all wished to prepare his grog. 'Twas a crush of epaulets and plumes, a clash of crosses and metal tipped shoulder knots, and the sight of all the agreeable smiles, the fawning, courtier like reverences of so much embroidery and so many new uniforms in that lofty oak wainscoted hall, looking out upon parks and courts of honor, recalled the autumns of Compiegne and contrasted strangely with the weather stained overcoats vainly waiting along the highways and forming each somber groups beneath the rain.

The marshal's opponent was a captain on the staff, belted, with curled hair and light colored gloves, who was an expert at billiards and capable of vanquishing all the marshals in the world, but he knew how to keep at a respectful distance from his chief, and while he strove not to win endeavored not to be beaten too easily. He was, as they say, an officer with a future before him.

It was truly an interesting game. The balls sped, kissed and crossed their colors. Suddenly a cannon flash shot across the sky and a hollow report made the window panes rattle. The officers started and looked at each other uneasily. The marshal alone had seen nothing, had heard nothing. Bent over the billiard table he was combining a magnificent draw shot. Draw shots were his forte.

But another flash came, then another. The cannon reports multiplied. The aids-de-camp ran to the windows. Were the Prussians going to attack?

"Well, let them attack!" said the marshal, chalking his cue. "Your turn to play, captain."

The staff fluttered with admiration. Turenne asleep upon a gun carriage was nothing compared to this marshal, standing so calmly before the billiard table at the very moment of action. Meanwhile, the uproar redoubled. With the cannon shots were mingled the roar of the mitrailleuses and the roll of the platoon musketry. A red smoke, black at the edges, mounted from the extremity of the grass plats. All the lower part of the park was in flames. The frightened peacocks and pheasants clamored in the aviary. The Arab horses, scenting the powder, pranced in the stables. The headquarters commenced to grow excited. Dispatch followed dispatch. Couriers arrived in hot haste. They demanded the marshal.

The marshal was inaccessible. Nothing could prevent him from finishing the game.

"Your turn to play, captain."

But the captain's mind was elsewhere. So much for being young! He became confused, forgot his caution, and made two shots which nearly gave his opponent the game. This time the marshal grew furious. Surprise and indignation burst forth on his manly visage. Just at this moment a horse tore into the court yard at a terrible pace and dropped dead. And aid-de-camp covered with mud forced the guard and leaped up the steps at a bound. "Marshal! Marshal!" he shouted. He met with a rough reception. Swelling with rage and purple in the face the marshal appeared at the window, his billiard cue in his hand.

"What is the matter?" he said. "What is it? Is there no sentinel on duty?"

"But, marshal!"—

"Very good—presently. Let them await my orders!"

And he closed the window violently.

Let them await his orders.

They were doing that, the poor men. The wind drove the rain and shot full in their faces. Whole battalions were exterminated, while others stood useless, their weapons in their hands, unable to comprehend the reason of their inactivity. There was nothing for them to do. They were awaiting orders. But as one can die without orders, the men fell dead by hundreds, behind the bushes, in the ditches, before the silent grand chateau. Even when fallen shot tore them still, and from their gaping wounds the generous blood of France flowed noiselessly.

Above in the billiard hall things were coming to terribly close quarters, also. The marshal had resumed his advance, but the captain defended himself like a lion. "Seventeen! eighteen! nineteen!" Scarcely had they time to mark the points. The noise of the battle came nearer. The marshal had but one more to make. Already bombs had reached the park. One exploded over the pond. The mirrorlike surface was convulsed, and a terrified swan swam about in a whirlpool of bloody feathers. It was the last shot.

Then an oppressive silence. Nothing but the rain falling upon the hedges, a confused roll at the base of the hillock and on the soaked highways something like the patter of a hurried flock of sheep. The army was in full flight, but the marshal had won his game.—Alphonse Daudet.

#### Pittsburg's Favorite "Smokers."

"Talking about that apology for a smoke the Pittsburg stogie reminds me of a peculiar experience I had with that article some years ago," said an old time cigar drummer at the Continental hotel. "I was traveling for a Philadelphia house that made a fine line of goods only, and had met only with indifferent success. I was looking forward to Pittsburg as a kind of El Dorado, and imagined sales of great magnitude in the Smoky City.

"I arrived in the evening and immediately started out to interview the trade. About the first place I struck was a prosperous looking cigar store, but I noticed that among the stock the stogie seemed to predominate. I presented my card to the proprietor, talked up my stock and firm to him in great shape, but did not seem to be making any great headway.

The proprietor assured me that he was full up, but said he would look over my samples the following morning if I would step in. While I was talking to him and endeavoring to prolong the conversation, a gentleman walked in who immediately impressed me as being one of the solidmen of the town. He had that unmistakable sleek and well fed air of fortune's favorite. Walking up to the counter he selected four stogies and lighted one, laid down a five cent piece and walked out.

"'Do you know who that is?' asked the proprietor of me. I replied in the negative. 'Why, that's Phipps, Andrew Carnegie's partner,' was the astounding assertion. I was completely flabbergasted. That was the mutest and yet the most convincing argument I ever had to withstand. Without a word I closed up my grips and took the next train out of town. I had come to the very natural conclusion that if men worth $20,000,000 took their smokes at four for five I did not stand much show with the plebeian smokers."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

#### Much Virtue in Gulf Water.

Probably you never heard of it before, but the water of the Gulf stream is confidently believed by certain old people on Staten Island to be a sovereign remedy for disorders of the stomach. They drink half a glassful after each meal, smack their lips, and in about three days they get well. So they say. So pilots and other seafaring men who get out to the Gulf stream are frequently importuned to bring in jugs of the gulf water for the invalids. There is a saloon keeper down there whose faith in this sort of thing is unlimited, and he has been besieging for about three years a certain pilot of his acquaintance to bring him in some of the water. But the pilot always forgot.

The other day, however, he tickled the old man almost to death by bringing him three jugs of the precious liquid. The saloon keeper began to brace up at once, and three days later he chased the pilot half way around the island to overwhelm him with gratitude.

"So it did you good, did it?" says the pilot.

"Good?" says the old man. "Why, bless you, my boy, it has added ten years to my life. I feel like a youngster again. I'll bet I can beat you in a foot race right here."

And the pilot did not smile nor jibe nor jeer. But when the flood tide had been running about an hour that evening he went softly down to the end of Stapleton pier, drew out a tin bucket and dipped up about a gallon of the limpid stream. And the next morning the saloon keeper was overjoyed to get two more jugs of Gulf stream water from his thoughtful friend.

"It's kind of a shabby trick," says the pilot apologetically, "but as long as there are buckets handy around Stapleton I guess Uncle Josh needn't go without Gulf stream water."—New York Herald.