. . $2.00 . .
DO YOU WANT
THE WORTH OF
YOUR MONEY?

West Side.

. . $2.00 . .
THEN SUBSCRIBE FOR
The West Side.
JOB PRINTING.

VOL. VIII. $2.00 Per Year. INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1891. Five Cents Per Copy. NO. 42.

THE WEST SIDE

ISSUED BY

West Side Publishing 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

All marriage and death notices not exceeding five lines will be inserted free. All over five lines will be charged five cents per line. Society obituary resolutions will be charged for at the rate of five cents per line.

Address all communications for publication to THE WEST SIDE, and make all remittances payable to the Polk County Publishing Company.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

President	Benjamin Harrison
Vice President	Levi P. Morton
Sec. of State	James G. Blaine
Sec. of Treasury	Chas Foster
Postmaster General	John Wanamaker
Sec. of Interior	John W. Noble
Sec. of War	Redfield Proctor
Sec. of Navy	Benjamin F. Tracy
Attorney General	W. H. H. Miller
Sec. of Agriculture	Jeremiah Rusk
Com. of Education	W. T. Harris
Com. of Pensions	G. B Raum

STATE OF OREGON.

Governor	Sylvester Pennoyer
Sec. of State	Geo. W. McBride
Treasurer	Phil Metchan
Supt. of Pub. Ins.	E. B. McElroy
Atty. General	Geo. E. Chamberlain
State Printer	Frank Baker
U. S. Senators	John H. Mitchell; J. N. Dolph
Congressman	Binger Hermann
Supreme Court	R. S. Strahn; W. P. Lord; R. S. Bean
Supt. of Penitentiary	G. S. Downing
Supt. of Asylum	L. L. Rowland
R. R. Coms.	G. W. Colvig; Robert Clow; A. N. Hamilton
Clerk	Frank Miller
Fish Coms.	F. C. Reed, Pres.; R. C. Campbell; Geo. T. Myers.
Food Com	W. W. Baker
Circuit Judge	R. P. Boise
District Atty.	Geo. G. Bingham

POLK COUNTY.

Representatives	N. L. Butler; G. W. Myers
County Judge	J. Stouffer
County Commissioner	Isaac Simpson
Sheriff	W. L. Wells
Clerk	C. G. Coad
Treasurer	R R. Turner
School Superintendent	W. I. Reynolds
Assessor	N Gardner
Surveyor	T. Butler
Coroner	E. L. Ketchum

INDEPENDENCE.

Mayor	W. P. Connaway
Recorder	J. T. Ford
Marshal	T. Fennell
Treasurer	E. T. Henkle

CITY COUNCIL.

First Ward	J. A Wheeler; E. E. Krengel
Second Ward	E. C. Peutland; James Gibson
Third Ward	M. Merwin; G. W. Shinn

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

District No. 29	L. C. Gilmore; G. W. Shinn; W. E. Cressey
Clerk	M. L White

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

FIRST BAPTIST.—Sunday School at 10 o'clock A. M. Preaching every Sunday at 11 excepting the first, (which service is given to Oak View,) and every Sundy evening. Young people's meeting one hour before service in the evening. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. All cordially invited to attend.

REV. A. J. HUNSAKER, Pastor.

CALVERY PRESBYTERIAN.—Preaching service every Sunday morning at 11 and also in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sunday School at 12 o'clock, immediately after preaching. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. A cordial invitation extended to all, especially strangers visiting the city.

REV. A. F. LOTT, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.—Preaching every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday School at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. All invited.

REV. E. E. PRIPPS, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL.—Sunday School at 10 o'clock A. M. Preaching every second an fourth Sundays of the month at 11 A. M. and every Sunday evening at 8 P. M. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evening. All respectfully invited to attend.

REV. A. S. COPELY, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN.—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock. Preaching the first and second Sundays of the month morning and evening. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening.

REV. R. L. SHELLEY, Pastor.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.—INDEPENDENCE LODGE NO. 22, meets every Monday night in Masonic hall. All sojourning brothers invited to attend.

L. DAMON, M. W.
GEO. W. SHINN, Recorder.

VALLEY LODGE NO. 42, I. O. O. F., meets in Masonic hall every Thursday evening. All Odd Fellows cordially invited to attend.

L. DAMON, N. G.
W. H. WHEELER, 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.

H. L. HATCH, HOUSEMOVER, 95 Winter street, Salem, Or. All kinds of buildings moved at lowest rates.

MCCROW & WILLARD, SALEM, OREGON Dealer in FRESH AND SALT MEATS No. 316 and 308 Commercial Street. Leading butcher of Salem. Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of meats and sausage.

I. S. KIMBER, SALEM, OREGON. Dealer in WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY. All Silver ware sold by him is engraved free of charge. Silver Knives, Forks and Spoons at his prices are cheaper than steel. Repairing done at eastern prices. Get

PHYSICIANS—DENTISTRY.

LEE & BUTLER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
—ALSO—
U. S. EXAMINING SURGEONS.
Office, West side of Main St.,
INDEPENDENCE, - - - OREGON.

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

J. M. CROWLEY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
MONMOUTH, OR.

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

ATTORNEYS.

A. M. HURLEY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office: Next to Independence Nat'l Bank.
Independence, Or.

B. F. Bonham. B. N. Hayden. W. H. Holmes
BONHAM, HOLMES & HAYDEN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
OFFICE IN BUSH'S BLOCK,
Between State and Court, on Commercial St. SALEM, OR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. S. McNALLY,
ARCHITECT AND DRAUGHTSMAN
ROOMS 6 & 7 BUSH-BREYMAN BLOCK,
COMMERCIAL ST., SALEM, OR.

BANKS.

Established by National Authority,
—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
of Independence, Oregon.
Capital Stock, - $50,000.00
Surplus, - - $10,000.00
J. S. COOPER, President. L. W. ROBERTSON, Vice President.
W. H HAWLEY, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
J. S. Cooper, L. W. Robertson, Lewis Helmick
G. W. Whiteaker, W. W. Collins.
A general banking business transacted. Buys and sells exchange on all important points.
Deposits received subject to check or on certificate of deposit. Collections made.
Office hours; 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

THE INDEPENDENCE
National Bank!
Capital Stock, $50,000.00.
H. HIRSCHBERG, - - President.
ABRAM NELSON, - Vice President.
W. P. CONNAWAY - - - Cashier.
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.
DIRECTORS:
Joshua McDaniel, H. H. Jasperson, A. J. Goodman, H. Hirschberg, A. Nelson, T. J. Lee, I. A. Allen.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF OREGON.
POLK COUNTY BANK.
MONMOUTH, OR.
I. A. MACRUM, President
P. L. CAMPBELL, Vice-Pres.
IRA C. POWELL, Cashier
PAID CAPITAL, $25,000.
DIRECTORS.
I. A. Macrum, P. L. Campbell, I. M. Simpson
J. R. V. Butler, J. B. Stump, F. S. Powell
Joseph Craven.
A general banking and exchange business transacted; loans made; deposits received subject to check or on certificate of deposit; interest paid on time deposits.
Fire proof vault and burglar proof safe, secured by Yale time lock.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

(Established by National Authority.)
—THE—
Capital National Bank
OF SALEM OREGON.
Capital paid up, $50,000.00.
Surplus, $15,000.
R. S. WALLACE, President. W. W. MARTIN, Vice President.
J. H. ALBERT, Cashier.
LOANS MADE
To Farmers on wheat and other merchantable produce, consigned or in store, either in private graneries or public warehouses.
Drafts drawn direct on New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, London, Paris, Berlin, Hong Kong and Calcutta.

OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
MONMOUTH, OREGON.

Board of Regents: State Board of Education, ex-officio; His Excellency, Governor Sylvester Pennoyer, Governor; Hon. Geo. W. McBride, secretary of state; Hon. E. B. McElroy, Superintendent public instruction; Benjamin Schonfield, president; J. R. V. Butler, secretary; Executive committee, Hon. J. J. Daly, Hon. F. W. Haley, J. R. V. Butler, Jacob Vosburg, J. C. White, Alfred Lacey, A. Noltner, W. H. Holmes.

The leading Normal School of the Northwest. Beautiful and healthful location. No saloons, new buildings, New apparatus, full faculty, light expenses and large attendance.

Normal, Advanced Normal, Business, Art and Music departments. Special attention given to physical training. Volunteer military organization.

Those receiving diplomas are authorized to teach in any county in the state without further examination.

Tuition in the Normal and business department has been reduced from $40 to $25 per year, and in the Sub-Normal, from $30 to $20.

A year at school for $150. Normal and Business, $6.25 per term of ten weeks. Sub-Normal $5 per term. Board at Normal dining hall $1 50 per week. Furnished rooms, with light and fire, $1 per week. Board and lodging in private families, $3.50.

First term opens Sept. 22, 1891. Students can enter at any time.

For catalogue, address,
P. L. CAMPBELL, A. B., Pres.
J. M. POWELL, A. M. V. Pres.

STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF GOING,
BUT GO
TO
HENKLE & WALKER,
The People's Grocers, who keep a first class stock of Groceries and Provisions, Cigars and Tobaccos, Crockery and Glassware. Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

C. PRESCOTT. J. A. VENESS
Prescott & Veness,
—PROPRIETORS OF—
Independence Saw Mill.
MANUFACTURER AND DEALERS IN
FIR AND HARD WOOD, ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER
J. A. WHEELER, Manager. Independence, Oregon.

BROOKS & HARRITT,
94 STATE ST., SALEM, OREGON.
Guns, Fishing Tackle, Sporting Goods, Doll Carriages
VELOCIPEDES, BASE BALL GOODS, LAWN TENNIS, CROQUET, FLAGS, FIRE CRACKERS and FIRE WORKS.
Only complete stock of Guns and Sporting Goods in the state south of Portland. Good goods and low prices.

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

—READ—
And be Convinced.
72 Steel tooth iron harrow, $20.
5 and 7 tooth cultivators.
The best horse shoeing.
The best in
Iron
Steel
or Wood
--AT--
E. E. Krengel's.
Best price paid for Old Iron and Castings.
Main St., - Independence.

G. W. SHINN,
HOUSE, SIGN and ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER.
Paper Hanging, Frescoing, Etc. Paint rooms opposite Jones' Stables, Independence.

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

Mitchell & Bohannon
Manufacturers of
SASH AND DOORS
ALSO SCROLL SAWING.
Main street - - - - Independence.

WANTED!
Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Gooseberries, Cherries AND Good Fruits of All Kinds AT THE
SALEM CANNERY.

HO! FOR THE HARVEST!
OF 1891.
SVARVERUD & CO.
Who have recently located in Independence, and are here to stay, have on hand a large stock of the light running
PLANO
BINDERS
AND JONES'
CHAIN DRIVE MOWERS
We are prepared to supply all with TWINE at a very low figure. Call and get prices before purchasing elsewhere. Next door to O'Donnell's.
MAIN ST., INDEPENDENCE

BRICK YARD.
J. R. COOPER
Of Independence, having a steam engine, a brick machine and several acres of finest clay, is now prepared to keep on hand a fine quality of Brick, which will be sold at reasonable prices.

HARNESS | Good and CHEAP.
We have the largest and BEST Stock of Harness ever brought to this Section.
All Our Own Manufacture.
Our Whips are direct from the Factory and are the best out of 150 Styles.
Trimming at reasonable Prices.
Beamer & Craven.

DAMON & HUBBARD
Successors to
ELKINS & CO.,
PROPRIETORS OF
City Truck and Transfer Co.
Hauling of all Kinds Done at Reasonable Rates.
Mill Feed, Oak, and Ash Wood FOR SALE.
Collections Made Monthly
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

WISTAR'S BALSAM WILD CHERRY
CURES Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Asthma, and every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, including Consumption. Speedy and permanent. Genuine signed "I. Butts."

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

Wagon Making
—AND—
Carriage Repairing
W. A. WENGENROTH Of this city has opened a Wagon shop in the same building with E. E. Krengel's blacksmith shop. He is an experienced workman having learned his trade in Europe. He solicits a share of the patronage and guarantees satisfaction.

S. A. PARKER,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Sash, : Doors, : Mouldings, : Etc.
Full stock of Glass, all sizes, kept constantly on hand. Special rates on contracts.
Factory on R. R. street near depot.

CITY HOTEL,
C St., Independence.
JAMES GIBSON, Prop.
First-class in every respect Special attention given transient customers. A sample room for commercial travelers.

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.

Tutt's Pills
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

MUNN & CO. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY for PATENTS
A pamphlet of information and abstract of the laws, showing How to Obtain Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, sent free. Address MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York.

WORLD-FAMOUS SING SING

"Broadbrim" Writes Entertainingly of It and a Few of Its Best Known Inmates.

LIFE IN "FLATS."

A Picture of Life in These Popular Modern Substitutes for Homes.

"All out for Sing Sing," rang out sharp and clear, and we stepped down from the cars to the straggling little hamlet, which is the most famous of New York's penal colonies, and the name of which is known as the Mecca of crime and sin from the rising to the going down of the sun. Far away to the north rises bold against the sky the grim outlines of the Shango mountains, and in the dim perspective the grand old Catskills tower toward the clouds. In front of you, to the west, the green hills rise bluff from the shining river; at your rear, to the east, the hills rise sharp and abrupt, their summits being crowned with the costly country houses of our city millionaires, who here seek repose and recuperation from the turmoil and excitement of trade and 'change.

But it is not with them that we have to do to-day; for nearly to the south rises a straggling mass of granite and brick, harsh and forbidding. This is the prison of the state. A sharp turn up the hill, and the *Via Dolorosa*, or the way of sorrow, begins; it leads to the prison gate. Sorrowful way, indeed. How many thousands of weary feet have trodden it for the last time, as they toiled sorrowfully on toward the gate which led to living death—a gate they were doomed never to repass till the silver cord was loosened and the golden bowl was broken. What gloomy chronicle can ever tell of the bitter agony, the sorrow, and the scalding tears with which every step of the path was consecrated. Over this road, on the way to their doom, have traveled men of every degree. Generals who stood in the battle's front and won immortal renown; ministers of Christ who preached the word acceptably to admiring thousands; railroad presidents whose names were known throughout the land; bank cashiers who have handled millions, and who in an evil moment fell—all have trodden this sorrowful way. Arriving at the brow of the hill, the portals of the prison opened before us. A slight descent past an iron door, and we are sharing the shelter of hundreds of the most notorious and daring criminals that the world has ever seen. Previous to entering the doomed enclosure I stepped into the office to obtain permission of the warden for my visit. A wait of a few minutes, and a pleasant-faced gentleman clad in white flannel, and touching the fifties, advanced towards me. This was the warden, W. R. Brown, the hero of the late successful electrocution, and a few weeks ago the best abused man in the state of New York. It needed but a moment to make known my request, which was to see the prison. It was granted at once, and consigning me to the charge of his son, whom he directed to see that I was put upon my way, I was ushered into the prison yard. The granite building where most of the convicts are confined is strong and substantial enough, but most of the workshops where the convicts are employed have an old, worn, dilapidated appearance, an absence of all modern conveniences, and, in brief, are a disgrace to a great state like New York, which has laid out between fifteen and twenty millions of dollars on the most ill-contrived capitol to be found in the United States. But it was not the building I went to see, but many of those whose criminal history has been told in these letters for several years back. Just as I entered the jail, Ferdinand Ward flitted by with a paper in his hand, apparently as unconcerned as when he occupied his elegant offices in New York and was the chosen friend and companion of the foremost general of his age. What a change from the society of the richest and most exclusive set in this great metropolis to the base companionship of murderers and thieves; from his elegant home, rich in costly furnishing and gems of art, to this narrow prison cell with its bare walls of stone; and instead of a rare company in his magnificent dining room, with its retinue of servants and its service of silver and gold, marching to the lock step between a negro thief and a white murderer to his tin cup and his tin plate, but with an appetite for his food that perchance he never knew in his more prosperous days. The convicts are on their way to dinner; down they come, file after file, their striped clothes making them look like a huge snake, as with slow waving they sweep along. Who is that fourth from the head of the line? The face is changed, but I am sure that I have seen it before. God of mercy, it is Jaehne! I have not seen him since he was president of the Board of Aldermen, holding power potential over a million and a half of people, and having at his mercy property valued at three thousand millions of dollars. Not far behind him in the line comes DeBaun, once the cashier of the Park bank, who, if it had not been for the discovery of his crime, would have been president of one of the most reliable financial institutions in the country; but the man was an ingrained thief, and he has but found his level.

But here comes another band; the man in advance, who gives the step, waves his head to and fro and almost dances as he moves along; it is a brutal face, marked and scarred with the heredity of crime. Here they come, white and black; sin has reduced them to one common level. Here is the negro murderer George Foster, who slew his paramour on Thompson street, and behind him marches the Rev. Mr.—. No, I will not tell his name. Wicked as his crime was, to tell his name now can do no good. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Once he ministered to one of the most fashionable congregations in the city; he had a lovely wife and family; he had the love and respect of all who knew him; a happy home, brilliant prospects, everything to make life desirable. But the devil lured him and he fell. The lovely young wife of a member of his congregation infatuated him, and in an evil hour he forgot wife, children, home, and God. Then came the discovery and flight. Stranded in a strange city with her who had led him down to ruin, he added forgery to his other crimes. Detection and swift retribution soon followed, and now he toils sorrowfully on, eagerly waiting for the day which shall be "The be-all and the end-all here." But what of her who shared his sin? "Found dead," is the brief chronicle that closes this sorrowful history. Who is the ninth in the line, in the fourth company, that files in? He keeps his face well averted, for he evidently does not care to recognize his old friends. There can be no mistaking that villainous profile, for in the assemblage of criminals in front and behind him, there is nothing meaner or more despicable than he. This is the famous Lawyer Dunn, who robbed the friend who trusted him, Scott, the thieving bank cashier, who stole a quarter of a million from his bank and trusted two hundred thousand to Dunn, who robbed the thief. It is an old saying that there is honor among thieves. Dunn broke the record; and notwithstanding all his legal lore and all his smartness, here he is, for some years to come at least.

There were many more in that line whose history I could sketch, and may, at some future time.

A prison at best is not a very pleasant place. It is not suggestive of enjoyment; but rigid discipline has made it as bearable as any place of punishment can possibly be. Down back in a sequestered corner is the fatal chamber where stands the electric chair, and near by, the cells of those who are condemned to die. Flanking them to the east is a lovely little garden, and a broad swath of green sweeps up towards the hill. On this side is the warden's pleasant house, covered with creeping vines and surrounded by fragrant flowers. It is indeed a pleasant and delightful home, and it is hard to recognize in the kindly and hospitable gentleman who resides there, the terrible ogre of the New York *Press*, who stood the boys up at the muzzle of a Winchester on the dead line, and served up a reporter every morning raw for breakfast. Four more criminals await the stroke of Jove's swift messenger, and it is safe to say that when the time comes, undeterred by paper bullets, or the terrible thunderings of the press, Warden Brown will be found at his post of duty, ready to carry out the law as he understands it.

Usually the grave covers all, and secures beyond recall the secrets of the past; but this week death has made disclosures more startling than the wildest romance.

The Percival Flats, on 42d street, are among the swellest in town. The prices are high and the occupants are supposed to be rich. It is not everyone who is admitted there. You must have good references to secure apartments. On opposite sides of the same floor resided two very nice gentlemen and their wives. One had two children, girls; the other couple were childless. They were handsome, fashionable people, unknown to each other to all appearances. One of the gentlemen was a broker, the other a merchant. The merchant's wife went west with their children. In the absence of his neighbor on the other side of the floor, the young merchant attempted to enter his wife's apartment, and, it is said, insulted her. The outraged young wife, on her husband's return, told him with tears in her eyes the indignity to which she had been subjected, and he, to vindicate his wife's honor, killed the man who had insulted her.

That story reads well; but hold on. Ten years ago, not far from the spot where the murder took place, flourished a very beautiful young girl, whose wild and wayward conduct made her the talk of the town. It was not long till the police knew her, and she might be seen nights in a disreputable dan on the west side known as Bohemia. She did not lack admirers, and among them one of the most ardent was the man who was killed this week. They were together a few years ago at a fashionable watering place called Larchmont, on the sound. While there he fell desperately in love with the wife of a bank cashier who was spending the summer there, and he induced her to leave her husband and live with him, and as man and wife they took apartments in the swell Percival flats. The beautiful girl, maddened at being abandoned for a rival, hung on his track like an avenging Nemesis, and finding a rich gambler who was smitten with her charms, induced him to take a flat immediately opposite her rival. These people, whose lives were so inseparably linked, were to all appearance strangers, and this chain of crime has led at last to murder. What a fraud—what a cheat—what a sham—were the lives of these two fine gentlemen and their elegant wives in this fashionable up-town flat!—one a low gambler, and his so-called wife a disreputable adventuress; the other man the meanest kind of a thief, who, under the sacred shelter of hospitality, entered his friend's house and robbed him of his wife and children. He has paid the penalty with his life, but got no more than he deserved. He was not slain by the man he had wronged, but he fell by the hand of a gambler in a miserable squabble for a wanton. Unfortunately, New York is full of these double lives. The dark portals of the tomb does not hide them. Death seems to turn on the searchlight.

BROADBRIM.

Biography of a Politician.

The following "Patagonia" by the Denver *Sun* very lucidly describes the beginning and end of a ward politician:

Weight, ten pounds.
Cootsey-Tootsey.
Baby boy.
Mamma's darling.
Papa's little man.
Jimmy.
James.
Jimmy the Kid.
Young Mr. Jones.
James Jones.
Mr. J. Jones.
Clerk of Election Jones.
Committeeman Jones.
Alderman Jones.
The Hon. James M. Jones.
Ex-Alderman Jones.
James Martin Jones.
Jones.
Jim Jones.
Jimmie Jones.
'Steenth Ward Jimmy.
Jimmie the Bum.
Jim.
Whiskey Jim.
Old Soak.
Cell 99.
Coroner's office—"Unidentified."

The WEST SIDE learns that the churches of Indiana are now paying off debts by "hugging societies." For fifteen cents one can hug a sixteen-year-old girl two minutes, ten cents for a short squeeze. Old maids, three cents a piece or two for five. Editors pay in advertising, but can't hug anything but old maids and school-marms.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.