



VOL. VIII.

\$2.00 Per Year.

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1891.

Five Cents Per Copy.

NO. 47.

### THE WEST SIDE

West Side Publishing Company

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

Subscription Rates: One Year \$2.00, Six Months \$1.25, Three Months \$0.75.

General Directory listing various professions and businesses.

President: Benjamin Harrison; Vice-President: Levi P. Morton; Sec. of State: James G. Blaine.

Attorneys: A. M. Hurley, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Physicians and Surgeons: Lee & Butler, Physicians and Surgeons.

Banking: First National Bank, Capital Stock \$50,000.

Church Directory: First Baptist, Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Secret Societies: A. O. U. W., Independence Lodge No. 22.

Valley Lodge No. 42, I. O. O. F., meets in Masonic hall.

Homer Lodge No. 46, K. of P., meets every Wednesday evening.

H. L. Hatch, House-Mover, All kinds of buildings moved.

McGowan & Willard, Sausage, Fresh and Salt Meats.

Physicians-Dentistry: Lee & Butler, Physicians and Surgeons.

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.

Attorneys: A. M. Hurley, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Miscellaneous: C. S. McNally, Architect and Draughtsman.

Banks: First National Bank, Capital Stock \$50,000.

The Independence National Bank, Capital Stock \$50,000.

Polk County Bank, Monmouth, Or., Capital \$25,000.

Capital National Bank, Capital Paid up \$50,000.

Loans Made: To Farmers on wheat and other merchantable produce.

## Farmers and Merchants Insurance Co.

Capital Stock, \$500,000.

W. F. Brad, President; J. L. Cowan, Treasurer; G. F. Simpson, Vice President.

Directors: Hon. R. S. Strahan, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Stand Not Upon the Order of Going, But Go.

Henkle & Walker, The People's Grocers, who keep a first class stock of Groceries and Provisions.

Prescott & Veness, Independent Saw Mill, Manufacturers of Fir and Hard Wood.

Brooks & Harritt, 94 State St., Salem, Oregon, Guns, Fishing Tackle, Sporting Goods.

Patterson Bros., Druggist, Dealers in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Wanted! Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Gooseberries, Cherries.

Salem Cannery, The City Meat Market, Pork, Beef, and Mutton always on hand.

E. E. Krengel's, Next Week, L. Lemons, Prop., J. A. Bowman, Blacksmithing of all kinds.

Horse Shoeing, Wood Working and Carriage Painting Done in First-class order.

Patents, C. A. Snow & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Deafness, Its Causes and Cure, Dr. A. Fontaine, Tacoma, Wash.

Resident Dentist, Dr. J. B. Johnson, All work warranted to give the best of satisfaction.

Brick Yard, J. R. Cooper, Of Independence, having a steam engine, a brick machine and several acres of finest clay.

Good and Cheap, Harness, We have the largest and best stock of harness ever brought to this section.

Deafness, Its Causes and Cure, Dr. A. Fontaine, Tacoma, Wash.

Resident Dentist, Dr. J. B. Johnson, All work warranted to give the best of satisfaction.

Brick Yard, J. R. Cooper, Of Independence, having a steam engine, a brick machine and several acres of finest clay.

Good and Cheap, Harness, 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.

Beamer & Craven, Successors to Elkens & Co., Proprietors of City Truck and Transfer Co.

Mill Feed, Oak and Ash Wood for Sale, 207 Collection Made Monthly.

Wishart's Balsam, Cures Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.

S. A. Parker, Manufacturer and Dealer in Sash, Doors, Mouldings, etc.

City Hotel, C St., Independence, James Gibson, Prop.

H. M. Lines, Funeral Director and Undertaker, Independence, Oregon.

Patents, C. A. Snow & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Patents, C. A. Snow & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Patents, C. A. Snow & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Patents, C. A. Snow & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Patents, C. A. Snow & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Patents, C. A. Snow & Co., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

By Telegraph, Whole Cities Shaken, Severe Earthquake Shocks Reported From Several Points.

St. Louis, Sept. 26.—An earthquake occurred at 10:50 to-night. The vibrations were distinctly felt passing south, lasting about ten seconds.

Washington, Sept. 19.—The president has appointed William W. Morrow, of California, United States district judge for the northern district of California, vice Hoffman, deceased.

Artemisia is the old name for it. Chrysanthemum is the new. Our grandmothers always called them artemisias, and the old people in this community when speaking of chrysanthemums use the favorite name of years ago.

The flower called Mrs. Alpheus Hardy is white and is covered with a fine frosting. The Mrs. Carnegie is a terra cotta chrysanthemum of great size, and when grown with but one flower on a plant this comes very large and is considered exceedingly beautiful.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 26.—Slight earthquake shocks were felt at 10:55 to-night. There were two vibrations, one of which caused the city hall clock to strike.

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 26.—Late to-night a severe earthquake shock was felt all along the bluffs and back from the river.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27.—At 2:30 p. m. an alarm was turned in from the enormous establishment of the Plant Milling company, foot of Chateau street.

Thousands of Dollars go Up in Smoke. St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27.—At 2:30 p. m. an alarm was turned in from the enormous establishment of the Plant Milling company.

Ah, these are gay times up in the country, for the song of the thrasher will soon be heard in the farmyard, and the women folk will be hard pressed indeed to make pie and doughnuts enough to satisfy those hungry men.

Thrashing time is always welcome on the farm where I have been. It seems like a touch of winter gaily injected into the midst of summer.

Rev. D. O. Ghorumley, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of East Portland, preached his one thousandth sermon last Sunday morning.

Miss Jenny (gaily)—"Don't you think that's rather far fetched?" Smithers (gaily)—"I'd bring it from farther than that to please you."

She Wouldn't Waste the Money. She—These flowers are just lovely, but I—mamma thinks it is not right for me to accept such gifts unless—unless we were engaged.

At a fire in Georgia, there being no water at hand, some little colored boys pelted it with water-melons which were growing in a neighboring field, and the melons bursting soon quenched the flames.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE COTTON BLOSSOM CLUB. Brother St. Claire Williams is called Down.

When the regular Saturday night meeting had been opened in due and ancient form, and the janitor had signaled that the thermometer showed 60 degrees, all over the hall, Brother Gardner looked around and inquired:

"Brother Williams, is known as the Sunday of the club. He uses real bear's oil for his hair, wears patent leather shoes and has been known to change clothes twice a day since the year was made.

"How long has you bin out of a job?" "Bout' months, sah."

"Is de suit of clothes paid for?" "Not quite, sah. You walk like a gunner, but yer shoemaker done you almost every day."

"Y—yes, sah," stammered the victim. "I am gwine to give yer a show. If durin' de cotin' week yer kin find a job, git into some common clothes, arrange to pay yer debts an' git rid of dat bar on our rolls of membership. If not, you needn't come here agin."

The pretty member returned to his chair in a state of great mental excitement, but after cooling off and thinking the matter over he told Judge Cabell that he had decided to stop being sweet and pretty and become one of the pillars of the club.—M. Quad in New York World.

Necessity the Mother of Invention. "Same old story of starvation, and that sort of thing," exclaimed the cook as she answered a knock at the kitchen door and found a forlorn looking tramp on the step.

"No, cookey, old girl," he said, with a debonair manner, "you're off your stoveld this time."

"Well, what do you want?" she inquired, bracing herself against the door. "Something to buy liquor with?"

"Off again, cookey, thou queen of the stary firmament," he warbled, and tried to chuck her under the chin.

"Get out," she screamed, "or I'll throw a kettle of hot water on you."

"Prithes, Empress of the Range," he murmured, "don't do that and destroy my usefulness."

"Well, tell me what you want, then, or leave the place."

"You won't tell any of the boys, Pearl of Pearl river?" he asked smilingly.

Rev. D. O. Ghorumley, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of East Portland, preached his one thousandth sermon last Sunday morning.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When the regular Saturday night meeting had been opened in due and ancient form, and the janitor had signaled that the thermometer showed 60 degrees, all over the hall, Brother Gardner looked around and inquired:

"Brother Williams, is known as the Sunday of the club. He uses real bear's oil for his hair, wears patent leather shoes and has been known to change clothes twice a day since the year was made.

"How long has you bin out of a job?" "Bout' months, sah."

"Is de suit of clothes paid for?" "Not quite, sah. You walk like a gunner, but yer shoemaker done you almost every day."

"Y—yes, sah," stammered the victim. "I am gwine to give yer a show. If durin' de cotin' week yer kin find a job, git into some common clothes, arrange to pay yer debts an' git rid of dat bar on our rolls of membership. If not, you needn't come here agin."

The pretty member returned to his chair in a state of great mental excitement, but after cooling off and thinking the matter over he told Judge Cabell that he had decided to stop being sweet and pretty and become one of the pillars of the club.—M. Quad in New York World.

Necessity the Mother of Invention. "Same old story of starvation, and that sort of thing," exclaimed the cook as she answered a knock at the kitchen door and found a forlorn looking tramp on the step.

"No, cookey, old girl," he said, with a debonair manner, "you're off your stoveld this time."

"Well, what do you want?" she inquired, bracing herself against the door. "Something to buy liquor with?"

"Off again, cookey, thou queen of the stary firmament," he warbled, and tried to chuck her under the chin.

"Get out," she screamed, "or I'll throw a kettle of hot water on you."

"Prithes, Empress of the Range," he murmured, "don't do that and destroy my usefulness."

"Well, tell me what you want, then, or leave the place."

"You won't tell any of the boys, Pearl of Pearl river?" he asked smilingly.

Rev. D. O. Ghorumley, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of East Portland, preached his one thousandth sermon last Sunday morning.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.