

YES.  
Eyes of black—what do you look  
like? You are not the man's knock  
that lovers never shall be black.  
Oh, eyes of black!  
Eyes of gray—what do you look  
like? In your still, eyes and moist way  
You are too clear to ever betray.  
Oh, eyes of gray!  
Eyes of blue—well, how are you  
Sometimes you're false, sometimes you're  
true.  
How oft you win when you do win.  
Oh, eyes of blue!  
Eyes of brown—why look you down?  
When did I ever see you so lowly  
And you are still my true love's crown  
—Brown's Overman in Yankee Blade.

### AN IDYL UPON CRUTCHES.

It is to be seen often enough in Cen-  
tral park.  
He, pale, emaciated, one of those men  
who carry a ticket for Charon's ferry-  
boat in his pocket, and is only waiting  
a little by the way. She, as full of life  
as the lilacs near which they sit, grate-  
ful to the eye in her beauty as they to  
the senses in their fragrance. He the  
weakness, she the strength, of the part-  
nership. She as upright as a tall lily  
stem, with health to pay Time full rent  
through long life, he, stooped and pale,  
over the two sticks that prop up his  
rheumatic body. Those are the crutches.  
Now for the idyl.

There was a feverishness of life in  
New York city. North and south had  
grappled by the throat. War was whip-  
ping the tops of commerce until they  
hummed again. The government cried,  
"Give! give!" and merchant, manufac-  
turer and artisan tottered and tottered.  
Even man as man had a value in the  
market; flesh and blood was dear.

A youth and a girl met at a church  
door, and strolled away together. In the  
course of the service—for it was the  
Sabbath day—the minister had asked  
the divine blessing upon the Federal  
army, and made a passionate appeal to  
the congregation to aid with purse and  
person to keep intact the grand old flag,  
that not a single star should be rent  
from the union, not one stripe from its  
field. And hearts had throbbled and  
eyes had welled over with tears that  
morning. There were dollars for the  
wounded and volunteers for the war in  
that sermon.

"Is it true that you have bought a sub-  
stitute, Edgar?"  
It was the girl who spoke as the pair  
turned up Lexington avenue.  
"Um" and Edgar nodded his head  
affirmatively. "A German, who thought  
his body and bones worth \$1,000."  
She looked straight before her, kicking  
the point of her parasol with her boot  
tips as she walked.

"The last steamer brought 500 emi-  
grants, Georgia. The price of substitutes  
will go down for a bit. It is a pity I did  
not wait a little."  
"Yes, it is."  
She said this quite seriously, and stop-  
ped before the door of the house she lived  
in.

"Well, don't look so serious about it,"  
he added cheerfully. "I have put \$1,000  
to a worse use before now, Georgia."  
"Never in your life, Edgar."  
"Ed!"  
"Never in your life, I say, Edgar." She  
jumped up two steps, and then turned to  
confront him. "All the substitutes will  
be gone after awhile, and then they'll  
have to call upon us girls to go to the  
war. If I were drafted I'd not buy a sub-  
stitute; I'd go."

"I understand you," said he slowly,  
and leaned against the plaster. "You  
love your country more than all besides—  
eh, Georgia?"  
She looked down at him with a half  
perplexed expression in her hazel colored  
eyes; and just then some leaves from the  
creeper that clambered the front of the  
house came fluttering to the ground be-  
tween them. She stooped, she picked a rose  
up and held it up to him by way of  
diversion. "Is not that a beautiful  
color?"

"It is red—a very suggestive one just  
now, and quite apropos of our conversa-  
tion, Georgia. Give it to me. That will  
be a love token, won't it?"  
There was a tone of bitterness in his  
voice; it was not hard to see that he was  
angry.

"You understand me in part, Edgar.  
It is the worst part that you understand:  
the better escapes you."  
"No, I think not, Georgia." He push-  
ed his hat back from his face and gazed  
steadily at her. "You believe honestly  
that it is on my account, for my good  
name, that you are solicited. Come,  
now, some of your girl friends have  
been twitting you with my inglorious  
proclivities for a whole skin, contrast-  
ing the patriotic nobleness of their  
vesthearts with the selfish peevishness  
of yours. The thought has grown  
up in your brain that by and by it will  
be said to you, 'Your husband bought a  
substitute when he was drafted; you  
married a man who, when old and young  
were going to the war, sheltered himself  
behind his dollars.' Well, now, Georgia,  
listen to me."  
"Stop a moment, Edgar. Tell me,  
have you never felt any of this for your-  
self? No one has ever twitted me as  
you say, but I have thought, not in my  
brain but in my heart, where all my  
thoughts of you grow, Edgar—her  
check flushed, but she spoke resolutely  
—that hereafter men may twit you,  
and you in turn may twit me, because  
when our country cried out loudly, and  
fathers and brothers, ay, even to the  
very school lads, took their lives in their  
hands and answered the cry, I perverted  
love to selfishness, and so stopped your  
ears that I left you to be one that men  
could point at and say, 'He stopped at  
home.'"  
"Edgar B—," The hospital aid read  
the name from a pass presented to him  
by a lady who applied to see a patient.  
"Edgar B—," No. 5 ward, madam; sixth  
bed on the right."

And so he got home at last to New  
York—all that his omnivorous country  
could spare of him as he expressed  
it and that a live fever attacked  
him and the medical men assigned  
all that remained of him by antiseptic  
to another earth. There was no  
pain life would burn out gently, but  
there was no hope, and Georgia would  
not believe them. She pitched her tent  
against the shadowy fog, and drew out  
the spear and banner to fight for her  
love. She conquered, too, and when she  
had saved him the doctors declared he  
had a constitution of cast steel, and con-  
descended to take the credit of his re-  
covery. It was not much of a recovery  
after all. Only a tottering from the  
couch to the window, a lifting from the  
carriage to a bench in the park, but that  
was a very great deal to her.

With a faint touch of irony all over-  
wrapped by a smile of good humor, he  
had said to her:  
"Never mind, Georgia; you will have  
to get a substitute now."  
And she, brave with a true woman's  
courage, wise with a true woman's tact,  
made reply:  
"My wedding dress is ready, Edgar.  
When shall we be married?"

She knelt, and he propped himself  
upright upon his crutches before the altar.  
He will never kneel again; the patri-  
ot was exonerated—God knows where  
his bones are—and they went away.  
The bride and her crippled? Not a bit of  
it—the wife and her hero.

He likes that seat by the lilacs on the  
north side of the lake. The sunlight  
glitters on the water fringe that trickles  
from under the foot of the angel of the  
fountain, and he says it is a figure of his  
own life, which is running away over  
the bank watched over by an angel.  
The shadows of the lilacs lengthen out  
across the path and touch the grass  
plot, so she lifts the softly padded  
crutches and smiles her meaning. "Time  
to go home, Edgar." Sweet, serious  
face. Verily the martyr has his consolation.

That is the idyl.—Percy Robinson  
in Harper's Bazar.

A Model Free Library.  
The Boston free library, which was  
established thirty-eight years ago with  
a collection of only 9,000 books and  
about 1,000 pamphlets, now contains  
330,508 bound volumes and 368,169 pam-  
phlets. With the exception of the Con-  
gressional library, it is the largest in-  
stitution of the United States, and prob-  
ably superior to it in actual library ex-  
cellence. Besides the main libraries on  
Boylston street and in Bates Hall, it  
has nine branches in the suburbs of the  
city, and the way in which it is appre-  
ciated is best shown by the fact that 1,  
772,487 books and periodicals have been  
loaned to its patrons during the past  
year. The annual expenses of mainte-  
nance and distribution amount annual-  
ly to less than \$150,000, for which the  
city council makes the appropriation.  
Of the vast number of books that go  
out of the library every year, it is men-  
tioned as the most remarkable circum-  
stance that in the past twelve months  
only forty-four have failed to be re-  
turned or accounted for, which in itself  
speaks well not only for the manage-  
ment of the library, but for the good  
faith of those who profit by its privi-  
leges. The influence of such an insti-  
tution can not be overestimated. It  
extends to thousands of homes, produces  
happiness and contentment, elevates  
the moral and intellectual tone of the  
people, and keeps them fully abreast of  
the age in all the stages of its progress.  
A free library supplies, in great mea-  
sure, a liberal education to those whose  
means do not admit of their acquiring  
it through the usual college and univer-  
sity courses.—Washington Post.

Flower's Election Expenses.  
The most important act on the  
part of Gov. elect Roswell P. Flower  
Nov. 7th, was to prepare his state-  
ment of election expenses as re-  
quired by law. The statement was  
forwarded to Albany and will be  
filed in the office of the Secretary of  
State. It was sworn to before R. P.  
Grant, a Jefferson County notary  
public, and reads as follows:

"The following is an itemized  
statement showing in detail all the  
moneys contributed or expended by  
me directly or indirectly by myself  
or through any other person in aid  
of my election to the office of gov-  
ernor of the state of New York:  
"The seventh day of October,  
1891, I paid to Daniel G. Griffin,  
Chairman of the Democratic State  
Executive Committee, the sum of  
\$5,000 in my check upon Flower &  
Co., to be disbursed by him towards  
defraying the expenses of making  
a canvass of the voters of the state  
of New York, and, on examination  
of the books kept by said Chairman,  
and from statements made by him  
to me, I am satisfied that the money  
thus contributed by me was expended  
by him in accordance with the  
terms of his contribution.

"ROSWELL P. FLOWER."  
—N. Y. World.

The Boston Fad.  
In Boston, one problem is no "somer  
settled than another pops up. It  
is what makes life in that town so full  
of mental excitement. The supply of  
problems waiting to be solved is prac-  
tically inexhaustible, so that the true  
Bostonian is always sure of having an  
intellectual tournament ready at his  
hand. There are, indeed, a few Boston-  
ians who have no desire to tackle prob-  
lems, just as there are a few degenerate  
Americans who do not read the base-  
ball column in the papers. To such  
the worship of some nice fad comes as  
a vocation and avocation. A Boston  
fad is like a mathematical point—it has  
position, but neither length, breadth,  
nor thickness. And yet by skillful ex-  
ploiting it can be so distended that it  
will look bigger to the eye than all the  
rest of creation.

Something for the New Year.  
The world renowned success of Hos-  
tetter's Stomach Bitters, and their con-  
tinued popularity for over a third of a  
century as a stomachic, is scarcely  
more wonderful than the welcome that  
greets the annual appearance of Hos-  
tetter's Almanac. This valuable medi-  
cal treatise is published by the Hostet-  
ter Company, Pittsburg, Pa., under  
their own immediate supervision, em-  
ploying sixty hands in that depart-

ment. They are running about eleven  
months in the year on this work, and  
the issue of same for 1892 will be more  
than ten millions, printed in the Eng-  
lish, German, French, Welsh, Norwe-  
gian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian,  
and Spanish languages. Refer to a  
copy of it for valuable and interesting  
reading concerning health, and numer-  
ous testimonials as to the efficacy of  
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amuse-  
ment, varied information, astronomical  
calculations and chronological items,  
etc., which can be depended on for cor-  
rectness. The Almanac for 1892 can be  
obtained free of cost, from druggists  
and general country dealers in all parts  
of the country.

Already a Giant and Still Growing.  
Alleghany can boast of perhaps one of  
the largest boys of his age to be found in  
the state. His name is William M.  
Wittig, and he resides with his parents  
in Froberg. He is a little over sixteen  
years and eight months old. For the  
past two years he has been growing at  
the rate of one-half an inch per month.  
His height is 6 feet 4 inches and he  
weighs 186 pounds. He wears a No. 7  
hat and No. 11 shoe. His hand meas-  
ure is 13 inches across the knuckles  
when closed. His chest measure is 44,  
and his waist 41 inches. He has al-  
ways enjoyed excellent health, and  
possesses an appetite which would  
alarm most people, as it calls for about  
what would satisfy three ordinary la-  
boring men at each meal. He lifts 350  
pounds with ease. The young giant is  
still growing.—Maryland Cor. Balti-  
more Sun.

The "Daily Tom Cat" is the name of  
a Hot Springs, Ark., paper which has  
for its motto, "God help the rich, the  
poor can beg." It states that the paper  
is of the people, for the people and to be  
paid for by the people, and that its ob-  
ject is to live in pomp and oriental  
splendor. It advocates Susan B. An-  
thony for president, and Dr. Mary  
Walker for vice-president. It is con-  
fidential in character and claims like other  
cats to have nine lives.

She—Ah, Jack, I'm afraid I'll make  
you a sorry wife. He—I've no doubt.  
Any one who marries me will be sorry.

W. G. SHARMAN,  
Merchant Tailor!  
C STREET, OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.  
Suits in Any Style Made to Order  
AT REASONABLE RATES.  
Mitchell & Bohannon  
Manufacturers of  
SASH AND DOORS  
ALSO SCROLL SAWING.  
Main street Independence, OREGON.

### Emil Freese's HAMBURG TEA

Purifies the BLOOD, Cures CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION,  
BILIOUSNESS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, NICK HEADACHE, COLDS,  
PIMPLES, ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS, AND DISEASES ARISING FROM  
A DISORDERED STOMACH.  
The Genuine HAMBURG TEA is put up in YELLOW WRAPPERS  
with Facsimile Signatures of EMIL FREESE,  
REDINGTON & CO. AGENTS, SAN FRANCISCO.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

### Shelley & Vanudyn

Are the leaders, and their Fall Stock is ready  
for inspection. They are still in the front  
rank with the most complete stock of

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE

In Polk county. This house has the oldest  
record of any house in the city, and their facili-  
ties for doing business are unequalled by  
any firm in the valley. Their large facilities  
for doing business, together with the fact that  
their purchases are mostly made direct from  
the factories, taking advantage of all the dis-  
counts there are in sight, enables them to  
speak with confidence as to their place being  
a safe one to place an account or to

### DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY,

Feeling sure that you are getting value re-  
ceived. In the future, as in the past, kind  
and courteous attention will be given to their  
customers. Their stock is so large and varied  
that to mention articles would be an impossi-  
ble task. And they respectfully invite the  
public to take a look before purchasing their  
fall stock.

### Shelley & Vanduyn.

### A Great Offer

Read Very Carefully  
ONLY \$2.00 FOR ALL.  
A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

To all subscribers who may be in ar-  
rears, and will pay to date, and one year  
in advance for the *WEEKLY*, or to all  
new subscribers who pay in advance one  
year, we will send the *Rural Northwest*  
one year free of charge. The *WEEKLY*  
is known to all, and we propose to  
place it among the very foremost papers  
of the state, and the *Rural Northwest*  
is a semi-monthly, sixteen page journal  
for the Farmer, Fruit Grower and  
Stockman. It is published at Portland,  
Oregon, by one of our well known citi-  
zens, H. M. Williamson, who is giving  
his best endeavor for the promotion of  
farmers', fruit growers' and stockman's  
interests. Of these he makes a special-  
ty, hence you will have good reading  
and much information. The price of  
the *Rural Northwest* is \$1.00 per year.  
The price of the *WEEKLY* is \$2.00 per  
year. Now for \$2.00 in advance you  
can have both papers for one year. Re-  
member the terms.

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customers. Their stock is so large and varied  
that to mention articles would be an impossi-  
ble task. And they respectfully invite the  
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fall stock.

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Come to this establishment for it.  
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And the usual variety of fresh  
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A full line of fresh groceries and  
canned meats and fruits of every  
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for Petrie's Curline, and take no substitutes or  
imitations.

### Notice of Final Settlement.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. The un-  
signed executor of the estate of Dr. J. E.  
Dawson, late of the County of Polk, State of  
Oregon, have filed their final account as such  
executor, and Monday the 10th day of Decem-  
ber, 1891, has been set by Hon. J. Stouffer,  
County Judge of said County for hearing ob-  
jections to the same. All persons interested in  
said account will take notice of said pro-  
posed final settlement and be governed accord-  
ingly.  
JAMES O. DAVIDSON  
JOHN ATLAN DAYTON,  
Executors of said estate.  
Independence, Or. Dec. 2, 1891.

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OYER LITTLE  
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funniest and most laughable trick out. All  
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NEW BUGGIES  
GOOD  
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First-Class Turnouts for Commercial Travelers. Prices reasonable and Satisfaction  
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Nicely trimmed loin steaks.....	12c
Plum steaks.....	10c
Nicely trimmed roasts.....	8c
Beef-steak breast.....	5c
Beef-steak rump.....	5c
Mutton leg.....	12c
Mutton roast.....	10c
Mutton-steak breast.....	5c
Pork chops.....	10c
Veal steaks.....	12c
Veal roasts.....	8c
Veal stew.....	5c

Nothing but first-class stock slaughtered at  
the "Pioneer Market" slaughter yard.  
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**The NORTHERN PACIFIC ROAD**  
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To all Points East and West.  
It is the DINING CAR ROUTE.  
It runs through vestibule trains  
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**SAINT PAUL AND CHICAGO**  
(No change of Cars)  
Composed of Dining Cars Unassisted  
**PULLMAN**  
DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS  
of Latest Equipment  
**TOURIST SLEEPING BARS**  
Best that can be constructed, and  
in which accommodations are both  
FREE and furnished for holders of  
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**ELEGANT DAY COACHS.**  
A continuous line connecting all  
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Pullman-sleeper reservations can  
be secured in advance through an agent  
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Through tickets to and from all points  
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Full information concerning rates,  
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or to A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant  
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Local Agent,  
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**MONMOUTH'S**  
**New Grocery!**  
W. J. MULKEY, Prop.  
Satisfaction guaranteed in prices  
and goods. Stock fresh and bought  
for cash. Fair dealing and good  
service.  
FREE DELIVERY at the hours  
of 10 to 11 a. m. and 3 to 5 p. m.

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

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MRS. G. A. STARK, Proprietor.  
First-class in every respect. Special  
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Leave, Portland, 8:05 a. m. Arrive, Roseburg, 5:30 p. m.  
Roseburg, 6:20 a. m. Portland, 4:50 a. m.  
Albany Local, Daily except Sunday.  
Leave, Portland, 8:00 a. m. Arrive, Albany, 8:00 p. m.  
Albany, 8:00 a. m. Portland, 4:50 a. m.  
Pullman Buffet Sleepers.  
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MAIL TRAIN DAILY (Except Sunday).  
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