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VOL. IX. $2.00 Per Year. INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1892. Five Cents Per Copy. NO. 32.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

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

VALLEY LODGE NO. 42, I. O. O. F., meets in Masonic hall every Thursday evening. All Odd Fellows cordially invited to attend. S. A. DOTY, N. G. W. H. CRAVES, Secretary.

LYON LODGE, No. 29, A. F. & A. M. Stated communications on Saturday evening on or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. G. W. Shinn, W. M. W. P. Connaway, Secretary.

HOMER LODGE NO. 46, K. of P. meets every Wednesday evening. All Knights visiting our city are cordially invited to attend. C. W. BUTLER, C. C. BLAIR MILLER K. of R. & S.

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Premium receipts since organization,	$217,268.60
Losses paid since organization,	96,085.89
Surplus as security to policy holders,	245,908.87

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A comparison of our styles and prices will convince you that you should trade with us.

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Our Jewelry Department, of which Mr. O. A. Kramer has charge, is full and complete.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Cutlery, Silverware, Canes, etc.

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NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.

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SPECIAL To introduce this wonderful and self saving discovery into their friends 88 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Malaria, We will product with a SILK DRESS, 10 yards best silk. Have 1,000 bottles and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good dalary or Commission to Agents.

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A full and complete line of Funeral goods Always on Hand.

O. A. KRAMER,

With Buster & Shelley, wants your watch repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Hardware, queensware, tinware, stoves, end other miscellaneous articles, calls the attention of the public to his fine stock of the above articles now on hand.

His prices will compare favorably with prices in any other locality. Come and see us and you will be satisfied with price, quantity, and quality.

MONMOUTH, OR.

$75 to $250 a month can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., 20th and Main sts., Richmond, Va.

$500,000 BEATTY'S Organs at bargains. For particulars and catalogue address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

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IF YOU HAVE — "WE ARE SEEN OR KNOWN BY OUR GOOD WORKS" — TRY THESE REMEDIES.

CURED

By using S.B. Headache and Liver cure, and S. B. Cough cure, as directed for colds. They were

SUCCESSFULLY

used two years ago during la grippe epidemic, and very flattering testimonials of their power over that disease are at hand. Price, 50c and 75c per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

BEATTY'S PIANOS —in use everywhere. For catalog address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey.

Two Bottles Cured Her. VI

CANSOLA, Ia., July, 1890.

I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but didn't get any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; the second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. S. W. PECK.

Healthier than Ever.

SAN MARCOS, Cal., October, 1890.

It is very ungrateful of me that I have not sooner written how much good Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me. I must say that every spoonful strengthened, and gave me refreshing sleep, and I feel better and healthier than ever before. Accept my heartfelt thanks. M. KERTZ.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5.

WANT A WELL?

We can drill you one that will be a "joy forever." We have the only

STEAM DRILL

In this section, and if you employ us your yard will not look like a deserted circus ring when we are through.

Wells of any size, through quicksand, gravel, or bedrock. Leave orders at J. F. O'Donnell's.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Ball & Sloper, Independence, Or.

MONMOUTH'S New Grocery!

W. J. MULKEY, Porp.

Satisfaction guaranteed in prices and goods. Stock fresh and bought for cash. Fair dealing and good bargains.

FREE DELIVERY at the hours of 9 to 11 a. m. and 3 to 5 p. m.

PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.

F. H. Morrison, ARCHITECT and SUPERINTENDENT. Charges reasonable, and first-class work guaranteed. DALLAS, - - OREGON.

Claggett's Ferry.

The public is hereby notified that the undersigned has bought the ferry at Independence and will be always on hand to accommodate the traveling public at the most reasonable rates. I. CLAGGETT.

—: THE :— Willamette Real Estate Co, Independence, - Oregon. Transacts a general Real Estate Business, buys and sells Property, effects Insurance and does a general Conveyance Business.

Parties having Lands for sale will find it to their advantage to

List Their Property

With this Company, as they are daily sending lists of land east, thus placing desirable property before the residents of the East.

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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.

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All kinds of fresh fish kept constantly on hand

OPPOSITE OPERA HOUSE. MAIN STREET, - INDEPENDENCE.

HEROES.

We hear it said that great men tread no more
The sod of this dull earth, and that the past
Entombs the heroic dead, whose deeds will last
When our poor country is dust. Such store
We set upon the ancients—they who bore
The honors of the fight. Still we hold fast
Traditions old, nor think our warriors cast
In the heroic mold of those of yore.
Yet this "degenerate age" has its great men;
As great as those illustrious Greeks of old;
But we unjust, withhold our praises when
We see about us valorous deeds and bold—
And so we wrong a brave age when we say
That "heroes do not tread the earth today."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE RUN OF 67.

It was in Colorado, one of the wildest and roughest railroads I know of.

At the bottom the roadbed was forced in against the opposite mountain by a noisy little river that ran some thirty feet below. There were three tracks on the mountain side, and standing on one of the three the other two could be seen.

The road was stocked with Baldwin engines, and to facilitate the climbing of the heavy grades they had small driving wheels.

I was fireman on 67, which was used in the passenger service. She had the largest drivers on the road, and they only measured forty-eight inches in diameter.

Matt Irwin was the engineer.

Sixty-seven had just been housed after a run. I was filling the oil cans, and Matt was hauling off his overalls, when Mr. Fox, the superintendent, climbed into the cab.

After a few commonplace remarks, he asked abruptly:

"Matt, how soon can 67 go out?"

"Just as soon as I can pull on my overalls," was the reply. "Her steam hasn't been blown out yet, and her fire hasn't been drawn."

The superintendent looked at both of us very hard, as though he was sizing us up, and then he said, awful solemn:

"Matt, you've been with us a long time. You've been tried and not found wanting. Tonight we call upon you to perform the most dangerous piece of work yet. Will you do it?"

Matt's eyes looked as large as saucers in the dim light of the cab. I confess I was trembling myself.

"What is it?" he asked.

"There's been a big mistake made in the higher offices—but that is not for us to criticise—and there is but one way to rectify it."

Here the superintendent's voice dropped to a whisper. "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold has got to be in B—— before midnight, to connect with the Eastern express, and you're the man selected to take it through."

Old Matt showed his astonishment with his eyes, but never opened his mouth.

The superintendent merely glanced at me, and turning to Matt continued:

"A lone engine might create suspicion, so we'll make up a wild freight. They'll all be empties. Back down to the offices before you couple on, and we'll put the safe under the coal in the tender."

That was all. He jumped off and disappeared.

For some time Matt and I sat staring at each other, then he slid off his seat and said:

"This won't do! Supper, Harry—supper! We haven't much time to lose. It only lacks a few minutes of 6. Be back before the quarter."

The wind was whistling among the cars, whisking the dust and papers about, while in the south a big black cloud was coming up, resplendent with chain lightning. Altogether the night promised to be unusually bad.

I was back on time, but Matt was there before me. He had lighted the shaded steam gauge lamp and stood scanning a small piece of pasteboard.

"What do you make of this, Harry?" he asked, as I climbed up beside him. "I found it pinned to my cushion."

On it was scrawled, with a lead pencil, the words:

Danger! Don't pull the wild freight tonight if you value your lives. A TRUE FRIEND.

"I make it that some one beside the superintendent and us knows of it," I replied, the cold shivers beginning to chase each other up my spinal column. "There's danger ahead!"

"Ay, there is danger ahead, my boy," and old Matt spoke softer than I had ever heard him before. "If you want to"——

"I'll go where you lead," I replied quickly, knowing what he was going to say.

"Then we'll go through if it takes the wheels out from under! Ring up the wipers!"

And without waiting for the hostler to run the engine out, old Matt backed her on to the turn table, where the wipers swung her around, and then we backed down to the offices, where four trusty men soon had the square safe under the coal.

A few minutes later we were coupled onto a half dozen empty freight cars and a caboose.

"There's your orders!" cried Jimmy O'Connor, the conductor, shoving up the yellow sheets of tissue paper.

Old Matt looked them over, and we began to move out of town.

"We've got a clear track," he said, looking across at me, and then he drew up the corners of his mouth, and I looked for a quick run.

Before we reached the outskirts of the town the rain began to come down in a perfect deluge.

Great drops, mixed with hail, and in such quantity that the dry drains were soon transformed into raging creeks.

The wind howled and shrieked above the rumble of the train and threatened to lift 67 off the rails. When the telegraph poles began to snap off Matt's face began to lengthen.

"Good night for washovers," he said, "and washovers are as bad as washouts!"

It was all down grade, and all the steam used was to run the air pump. I had only to keep the fire alive.

Eight miles down we ran past a small station where a freight train was side tracked. It had perhaps a dozen cars.

Just before we reached it I saw a man dart in between two of the cars to escape the headlight.

I thought him either a trainman or a tramp, but have since changed my mind.

We were half way down the Haversack grade, with a straight stretch of track and a long curve before us, when Matt looked across and said:

"I'm afraid the little pasteboard was only a scare. If"——

There was a flash of light behind, the rattle of coal, and Bob Duncan, the forward brakeman, stood in the cab.

His face was as white as a sheet.

"Shut her down—shut her down, for heaven's sake!" he shouted. "A freight's broke loose, and is coming down the grade two miles a minute!"

Before you could snap your fingers my face was as pale as Bob's.

Matt Irwin never lost his head, and with a coolness that comes to few men in time of danger, he asked, "How do you know?"

Seen her by a flash of lightning. O'Connor and Billy have jumped!

And then he swung out on the step and disappeared.

"Jump if you want to, Harry," called old Matt. "I'm going to stick to her."

I gave one look out at the Egyptian darkness and concluded that I would stay with old Matt.

"Keep your eye peeled for her," he cried, and commenced to let 67 out.

"There she is!" I shouted.

And there it was, sure enough. It had just come out of a cut. One of the boxes was on fire, the flame streaming back half a car length, and cutting through the air like a meteor.

"She's four miles behind," said old Matt, "and coming four feet to our one. If we can get around the curve there's a show of her jumping."

And then began that terrible ride.

He hooked 67 up to the first notch and then opened the throttle.

With seven cars behind us we shot down the grade of 175 feet to the mile.

Sixty-seven set low in her frame, but every low joint rung her bell for an eighth of a mile. She jumped and swayed and threatened to leave the rails. The wind shrieked around us like a thousand demons and the rain poured against the windows in a perfect stream.

"There's danger ahead and death behind," shouted the old engineer. "If the rain loosens a bowlder and drops it on the track"——

I shuddered. There was the blasted pine that marked the curve. The next second we reached it. For a moment I thought it was all over. Then 67 righted. There was a sharp jerk. We forged ahead faster, and our seven cars cleared the road bed and went down the bluff with a crash that was heard high above the storm, leaving a clean track for the runaway behind that was coming as swift and sure as death.

If the runaway got around the curve, the probabilities were that we would be knocked from the track into the river.

We were very near to the bottom now, where the roadbed followed the river, and the engineers were cautioned not to run over fifteen miles per hour.

But orders were not respected that night. We were making thirty miles per hour when a flash of lightning showed me that dark string of cars coming around the curve. The blazing box was on the opposite side and invisible.

Old Matt gave 67 the steam so suddenly she seemed to jump from under us, but the runaway was not more than half a mile behind and coming with the speed of a tornado.

There was no getting out of the way. In a moment it would be on us. I imagined I could see the black mass coming down on us in the darkness, when a heavy rumble was heard, followed by a tremendous crash.

The rain had loosened the rock and dirt overhanging the track, and it only needed the jar of 67 to set it in motion.

Something like 1,000 tons of debris rolled onto the track directly behind us, and into this those runaway cars plunged.

We did not find this out until afterward. Matt kept 67 up to what was a tremendous speed on that track. She plunged and rolled and rang her bell continually. A dozen times I thought we were going into river.

We pulled through all right, but that was my last trip. When I got off the engine my hair was streaked with gray, and now it is white as snow.

For some time it was thought that the runaway cars had broke loose, but the company became suspicious and had the case looked into, with the result of running down some tough characters, who finally confessed to cutting them loose with the intention of ditching us between Haversack grade and the bottom, and securing the treasure.

Old Matt has retired from the road, but I do not think that either he or I shall ever forget the run of 67.—W. F. Bruns in Express-Gazette.

Cheaper in the End.

Boutton—So you are not going to housekeeping when you get married?

De Boarder—No. We shall take board for a year.

"Isn't that rather an extravagant way to begin?"

"Not at all. I desire my wife to study economy of my landlady. Then we will start housekeeping, and I will make her an allowance of as much a week as we paid for board."

"What do you think will be the result?"

"Well, by the time we are old she ought to have about a million."—New York Weekly.

Tree Toads in Demand.

Tree toads are in big demand by young doctors and chemists, who are anxious to learn something of the circulation of the blood. The tree toad has legs that are almost transparent. The young doctor takes the leg, spreads it out under a microscope and can see the blood corpuscles chasing each other here and there in the veins of the leg of the toad. We sell hundreds of tree toads for this purpose every month.—Interview in New York World.

Not to Be Taken Literally.

"Is it your opinion," said the theological professor, "that the portion of the parable which represents the prodigal son as feeding among swine is to be taken literally?"

"Perhaps not," the thoughtful young man replied; "maybe it is a reference to the meals he ate at a railway lunch counter."—Washington Star.

Beatty's Pianos and Organs.

Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, the great organ and piano manufacturer, is building and shipping more organs and pianos than ever. In 1870 Mr. Beatty left home a penniless plow-boy, and by his indomitable will he has worked his way up so as to sell so far, nearly 100,000 of Beatty's organs and pianos since 1870. Nothing seems to dishearten him; obstacles laid in his way that would have wrecked any ordinary man forever, he turns to an advertisement and comes out of it brighter than ever. His instruments, as is well known, are very popular and are to be found in all parts of the world. We are informed that during the next ten years he intends to sell 200,000 more of his make. That means a business of $20,000,000 if we average them at $100 each. It is already the largest business of the kind in existence.—Send to Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey, for catalogue

A Notable Conquest.

"Do you love him, Mabel?"

There was an unmistakable ring of triumph in the proud father's voice as he addressed the question to the beautiful, queenly girl who stood with downcast eyes before him.

"Yes," she answered softly, the rich blood mantling her cheek and brow.

"I have told him," rejoined the father, "that I shall interpose no obstacle in his way. If he can win your affections he has my full and free consent. I may say to you further, my daughter," he continued, "that in gaining the love of a young man like Harold Billmore you have made a conquest that gratifies my pride as a father and commends itself to my judgment as a man. He is of good family, upright, honorable, high minded, the possessor of a competence, and in all respects the one whom above all others I should have chosen as the guardian of my only daughter's happiness."

"Yes, papa," she replied, her face lighting up with a proud and happy smile, "he's a corker!"—Chicago Tribune.

Not Much!

Mrs. Callahan—I want to get a pair of shoes for the little bye.

Clerk—French kid?

Mrs. C. (indignantly)—Indade not. He's me own son—born an' bred in America.

Set Upon by the Gang.

One of the Italian exhibitors of performing birds lost a green parrakeet out of his cage the other afternoon on Park street. The bird flew up into an elm and chattered at the distracted Italian. "Seenyore, seenyore, climba ze tree," he cried. But no one in the big crowd volunteered to "climba ze tree." It was the English sparrow that finally settled the business both for the parrakeet and the Italian. A solitary English sparrow spied the green bird, and set up a loud "cheep." In three minutes' time fifty sparrows were mobbing the parrakeet. He took wing with the noisy pack in hot pursuit.—Boston News.

Exercise and Sport.

A new device in Paris for healthful recreation is called "the hygienic horse." A wooden horse is set on a truck to which it is connected by means of a rocker and a spring. The truck runs on rails, one of which is formed of flat iron and the corresponding wheels have channels which fit into it. The other rail is V shaped and the wheels that engage with it are simply rollers. As a consequence of the rocking motion which the rider gives to the horse the truck rolls a short distance upon the rails, carrying along a ratchet which slides along a rack between the rails.

If the impetus is sufficient to make the ratchet advance the distance comprised between two teeth, its extremity, engaging with another tooth, prevents the system from moving backward. If this result fails the horse returns to the starting point.

Several sets of the trucks being placed in parallel courses it is possible to get up races in which it will be the rider alone and not the horse and his rider that shall win, and a new opportunity to win and lose gloves and candy will be presented.—Boston Transcript.

Preservation of Flowers in their Natural Form and Color.

A "Constant Reader" asks the *Scientific American* how flowers can be preserved in their natural form and color. The following are some of the processes that have been recommended:

1. Take a wooden box of any convenient length and width, but at least five inches in height, and provide it with a sliding bottom. About a quarter of an inch above the latter, fasten to the interior sides of the box a piece of wire gauze having wide meshes. Now procure some fine white sand, pass it through a hair sieve, and wash it thoroughly in water, in order to remove every particle of foreign matter. Place the washed sand in an iron pot and raise it to a temperature of about 200 deg. in a stove or oven. Add to the sand, while hot, a melted mixture of stearic acid and spermaceti in the proportions of six grains of each to one pound of sand. Stir thoroughly, and when the sand is cool enough rub it between the hands, in order that every grain may be coated with the fatty matter.

Place a layer of the prepared sand in the bottom of the box and carefully arrange there on the plant to be dried. Then carefully cover the plant with a thin layer of sand, and, having placed a sheet of paper on top of the box, place the latter in a stove or oven heated to a temperature of about 120 degrees. The desiccation takes place very rapidly. When it is supposed that it is finished, remove the bottom of the box, when the sand will pass through the wire gauze, and the plant will remain upon the latter. Brush the plant with a badger and preserve it as will be directed below. The prepared sand adheres but slightly to the plants and is always easily removed. It suffices in most cases to give the stem a few fillips to get rid of all the sand, provided the plants have not been moist.

It must be added that sand, prepared or otherwise, cannot be used for preserving plants that have a clammy or viscous coating. In this case it is absolutely necessary to use grains of millet or rice.

As the dried plants, when left in contact with the air, absorbs a little moisture, and fades, it must be arranged in a jar or wide-mouthed bottle on the bottom of which has been placed a piece of quicklime wrapped in tissue paper and covered with moss. The jar must be sealed hermetically with a cement of gum lac or rubber.

2. Mr. James L. English's method consists in embedding the plants in a mixture of equal quantities of plaster of Paris and lime, gradually heating them up to a temperature of 100 degrees.

On removing a flower from the absorbent, it presents a very dusty appearance, and is also somewhat brittle if it has been left in the plaster too long. It is best to lay the plant aside for an hour, during which time it will absorb sufficient moisture to prevent it from breaking when subjected to the necessary dusting to rid it of the superfluous plaster. After being dusted, the plants still have somewhat of a hoary appearance, and, for this reason, they should be coated with a varnish made as follows:

Powdered gum dammar, 5 ounces; turpentine, 16 ounces.

Dissolve the gum in the turpentine and add 16 ounces of benzoline. Strain through fine muslin.

The plants may receive a second coat of varnish if need be.

3. The *Revue de Chimie Industrielle* recommends the following varnish for the preservation of flowers.

Ether, 500 parts; transparent copal, 20 parts; sand, 20 parts.

The flowers are to be immersed in this varnish for a couple of minutes, then allowed to dry for ten minutes, and be submitted to this treatment five or six times.

4. M. Jules Poissan, of the Paris Museum of Natural History, recommends a solution of 30 grains of salicylic acid in one quart of water for the preservation of plants in their natural form and color.

FROM THE EFFETE EAST.

Will Dawson Gives Interesting Particulars of His Trip.

I recently visited the national museum, where are collected specimens from all over the world. In this building is a collection of articles which were used by Geo. Washington; also, a very fine collection of articles which were the property of Gen. Grant, many of them being articles given to him by foreign kings and rulers while on his trip around the world. We also went through the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, which contains a collection of rocks and minerals from the different states and also from foreign countries. At twelve o'clock we returned to the capitol building, where we spent the rest of the day listening to speeches by the members of the house. We took dinner with a congressman from Michigan. There is a restaurant in the building for the use of the members.

The next day we left Washington by boat for the home of George Washington. We had a very delightful ride down the river for sixteen miles. On the way down we passed Fort Washington, which was used during the Revolutionary War. As we reached the home of Washington, the bell on the boat began tolling. We first visited the house and were shown the various rooms. The one where he died still contains the old bedstead and covers used by him, as also does the room in which Mrs. Washington died. From the house we visited the flower garden, which contains some very choice plants. From here we went to the vault in which his body was laid to rest. Looking in the vault could be seen the marble caskets of Mrs. and Mr. Washington. We endeavored to get a stone from the inside of the vault, but the old negro would not allow it. We picked up a few stones and shells from the farm of Washington as souvenirs of the trip. There is a most beautiful view from this place, as it is on a hill overlooking the Potomac river. One can see for miles up and down the river. I purchased a picture of the house, one of the room in which he died, and one of the tomb. On returning from Mt. Vernon we went to the monument erected in honor of Washington. It is built of the finest stone, and is 555 feet high. We were taken to the top by an elevator. From here we had a fine view of the city. We left Washington last night at 6:20, and stopped over night at Baltimore, Md. After reaching Baltimore, and finding a hotel to stop at, we took a walk up the business street. We passed through several markets that beat any market I ever saw in San Francisco. We were almost unable to find our way back to the hotel, as we got confused in the directions. We left Baltimore this morning and reached Philadephia at half-past one. We will visit old Independence Hall this morning, and then go on to New York city. We expect to be in New York city, and see the corner stone for the Grant monument laid. President Harrison and several of his cabinet will be there.

WILL.

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