

SECRET SOCIETIES. A. O. U. W.—INDEPENDENCE LODGE No. 23 meets every Monday night in Masonic hall. All reporting members invited to attend. W. A. COOK, Recorder.

VALLEY LODGE No. 42, I. O. O. F., meets in Masonic hall every Thursday evening. All Old Fellows cordially invited to attend. W. W. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

LAON LODGE, No. 26, A. F. & A. M., stated communication on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. All members cordially invited to attend. G. W. SALTON, W. M. F. Cannonway, Secretary.

HOMER LODGE, No. 8, K. of P., meets every Wednesday evening. All Knights visiting our city are cordially invited to attend. H. H. MILLER, K. of R. S.

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

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

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FREE. A valuable book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address. This quantity has been prepared by the inventor and is now prepared under his direction by the KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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T. L. BUTLER, County Surveyor and Civil Engineer. All calls promptly answered. Address me at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

A 6-foot Yankee, seated upon a load of brooms, drove his team up before the door of an establishment where he expected to find a purchaser. Jumping from his seat he entered the store and the following colloquy took place: Yankee—Can't I sell you a load of brooms today, mister? Dealer—No, don't want any. Yankee—Better take 'em—sell 'em dog cheap. Dealer—Don't want 'em; got enough brooms. Yankee—I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll take the lot I'll let 'em go for one dollar a dozen. You know they're worth double that. The dealer stroked his chin for a moment, as if in deep thought, and then replied: "Well, I don't want any brooms, as I told you, but I don't mind making a trade with you."

Yankee—What sort of a trade? Dealer—Well, I'll take your whole load at one dollar a dozen and pay you one-half cash, you to take the other half in trade. Yankee—No you don't mister! You'll charge me no such all-fired profit on the other half that I might come out at the little end of the horn. Dealer—Oh no, mister; promise you that you shall have the goods just at what they cost me. Yankee—Well, mister, that's what I call square dealing. It's a bargain. And he commenced to unload the brooms in a pile on the sidewalk. When he got through he walked into the store. "There you are, mister; fourteen dozen, which I calculate makes just seven dollars come to me." Dealer—Yes, that's right; there's the money. Now what goods do you want for the other seven dollars? Yankee—Well, I dunno. You see mister, I ain't much posted in your other trade, so I guess I'll take brooms.—House Furnishing Review.

Unpleasantly Affectionate. An English traveler in Persia had arrived at Abadeh, where European telegraph official, Mr. G., welcomed him hospitably and invited him to remain for the night. He says: "An hour later I was comfortably settled on the sofa when my rest was suddenly disturbed by a loud bang at the sitting room door, which, flying open, admitted two enormous animals, which I at first took for dogs. Both of them made at once for my sofa, and while the larger one curled comfortably around my feet and composed itself to sleep, the smaller one, evidently of a more affectionate disposition, seated itself on the floor and commenced licking my face and hands, an operation which I had dared, I should strongly have resented. But the white, gleaming teeth and cruel looking green eyes inspired me with respect, to use no stronger term; for I had by this time discovered that these domestic pets were panthers! To my great relief, Mr. G. entered at this juncture. "Making friends with the panthers, I see," he remarked pleasantly. "They are nice, companionable beasts." That may have been true at the time. The fact remains, however, that three months afterward the "affectionate one" half devoured a native child! The neighborhood of Abadeh, Mr. G. informed me, swarms with these animals.

Fete of English Regiment. It may not be generally known that there is a special reason why the Royal Welch Fusiliers should have a goat. They are a very ancient corps, and at an early period of their existence it was the custom to have a goat with a shield and gaidal on its horns to march at the head of the drums. Every 1st of March being the anniversary of their tutelary saint, David, the officers used to give an entertainment, and after the cloth was taken away a bumper was filled around to the Prince of Wales, and the goat, richly caparisoned for the occasion, was led to dance around the table in procession by the drum major.

MONMOUTH NOTES. W. H. Staats and family, of Crook county, arrived here Tuesday. They came over the mountains with a four horse team, and came in dust-covered and weary. They will remain several weeks among relatives, and will then return well laden with valley products for consumption on the Deschutes. Sam Collins and wife are now on a visit to relatives south of the Luckiamute. Charlie Syers, of Portland, was in the city this week. A letter from Charlie Staats yesterday says he will soon be here to remain over winter, and probably may make his permanent home here. Claude Hubbard, only son of J. E. Hubbard, of Independence, left his parents at the bay, and came to the residence of his grandfather. His parents may remain a couple of weeks yet. Miss Ola, daughter of W. W. Waterhouse, has been seriously indisposed with an attack of typhoid malarial fever, but at present writing is improving. Miss O. "Do you suppose Mr. C. gave Daisy that new ring?" "No, I guess she bought it with vegetables from her garden, for I heard her say it was an 18-carrot ring." Mr. Hallock will have the roads entering Monmouth in a fine condition ere he concludes his work upon them. What has become of the broad supervisor? The bridge on Monmouth street is sadly in need of repair. J. J. Russel raised this year 3,700 bushels of wheat. His crop averaged about 30 bushels per acre. Mrs. McElvane has returned from Oring, Wash. She is an assistant in the photograph gallery here. Henry Portwood, of Bethel, was in town Wednesday looking around for a house in which to winter. No vacant

houses to be found. You moneyed men invest some of your capital in the erection of houses, which will soon find renters. Miss Alice Temple, who has been here on a visit, returned to her home in Plain View, Linn county, this week. A new guide board has been put up here. Now the benighted traveler can steer his course direct to Corvallis and Dallas. John E. Miller is erecting a good substantial storehouse adjoining the drug store of Alexander & Son. It is 20x40 feet, two stories high, and when completed will be occupied by C. F. Wheeler as a confectionery store and ice-cream parlor. The first thing that does after the puts you on the back is to turn his own back to be patted. Cumtux, John? REPORTER.

A JAUNT INTO THE COUNTRY. Early Monday morning we left the noise and hubbub of the city, and wended our way toward the Luckiamute, to visit farmers and take some observation of their harvesting operations. We first called at the residence of Mr. Lemmon, who came to Oregon in 1845, settled with his father in Marion county, and afterwards removed to Polk, where for years he has been engaged in farming, and at times in the butchering business. He raised a fair crop of grain this year, and has generally been successful in his labors. He has a nice home near Monmouth, and his future prospects appear encouraging.

The next person we interviewed was Mr. John Burns, one of the proprietors of the flouring mill on the Luckiamute. The mill is in continuous operation, its flour standing fair in the market; in fact, there is a demand for all the output of the mill. Mr. Burns has a large tract of land, from which he derives considerable revenue. He is a gentleman with whom it is a pleasure to meet and exchange views. At their residence we met Mr. Amos Holman and his wife, who received us with due consideration. Amos is a son of Hon. James Holman, now deceased, who served several terms as sheriff of Polk county, and we think was twice elected representative of Polk in our legislature. Amos Holman is an industrious farmer, cultivates his land well, and is generally well rewarded for his labors. His yield of wheat this year was thirty-three bushels per acre.

At the farm of Samuel Tetherow we found the threshers at work finishing up the threshing of this year's crop. Samuel is living on the farm, which was originally the donation land claim of his father, Solomon Tetherow, who came to Oregon in 1845, and who died several years ago. Solomon Tetherow was well known in Polk county as a man of generous impulses, and a worthy and highly respected neighbor. His several children and grandchildren are respected members of society.

We were heartily invited to partake of the delicacies of the season at the hospitable home of G. B. Tedro. Mr. Tedro has a beautiful farm of 320 acres, is living contentedly and peacefully in his now advancing years, and is apparently free from care as to future wants. His yield of wheat this year was about thirty bushels per acre.

We pursued our travel, crossed the Luckiamute, and called at the residence of Mrs. Smith, who, with her son Marion, is enjoying a happy old age. The health of Mrs. Smith had been somewhat impaired for some weeks past, but at the time of our visit she was slowly recovering her usual health. Mrs. Smith is now on the eve of her eightieth year, has a remarkably retentive memory, and can recall many reminiscences connected with the early settlement of the Luckiamute valley.

About one-fourth of a mile from Mrs. Smith resides H. D. Staats, who owns a rich and productive farm, which, under his system of cultivation, brings him in yearly a handsome income. Henry was not at home when we called, but we met him on the road on his return from Airlie, where he is storing his grain. His yield of wheat this year was forty-three bushels per acre. It is predicted by his neighbors that Henry is to become one of the wealthy men of Polk county. His son Tracy is a student at the Monmouth normal school, and will graduate this year.

A couple of miles' drive brought us to Airlie, which presented a scene of unusual activity. Wagons loaded with grain were coming in, and at the warehouse everything was life and activity. The Hastings Bros. were doing a fair business in the mercantile line. They had let 30,000 grain sacks, and were content of receiving at least one-third more grain this year than during any preceding year. The coal mine, not far from here, was attracting considerable attention, and should it prove as rich as anticipated we may soon look for an extension of the railroad from here to the coast. Our little Myrtle was toddling around lively and active, and greeted us with smiles dimpling her rosy cheeks. We wish Airlie a prosperous future.

Night was now near at hand, so, driving to the residence of J. O. Staats, our newly elected representative, we were received cordially by himself and wife, and bade us to enter the domicile. Their daughter Bertha is an accomplished young lady, and we had the pleasure of affixing our autograph to a few lines traced in her album. The memory of the nights passed at the residence of J. O. Staats will not soon be obliterated.

We called upon our friend Paul Hiltbrand, with whom we crossed the plains in 1845. We found him and his wife at home, and enjoying themselves as well as circumstances would permit. Mrs. Hiltbrand was suffering some from a slight affection of her eyes, while Paul was just recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. They have a fine farm, and a beautiful residence location. They have the most extensive and thrifty looking orchard we have seen in our rounds. Mr. Hilt-

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

brand's wheat turned out well, and he has twelve acres in hops which promise a bountiful yield, as at present they are thrifty and free from insects. Paul is a son-in-law of the old pioneer Solomon Tetherow, with whom he crossed the plains in 1845.

In the evening we called upon William Williams, living near by upon the donation land of his father and mother, who came to Oregon in 1845. William, or Bill, as he is generally called, is the owner of 640 acres of land as fine as "lays out of doors," and that land of itself is almost a princely fortune. Jas. Williams, his father, was one of the first territorial legislators, and we need not assure old settlers that he was a Democrat well founded in the faith.

We visited B. F. Smith, our friend "Doc," and found him busily engaged in baling out straw. Doc always looks out for a coming winter, and provides bountifully for the stock under his care, so that when storms come they do not appeal to him in vain for food and shelter. "Doc" is a model farmer, and all his surroundings indicate a home where peace and plenty prevail.

The Simpson farm was our next stopping place, where we found our county commissioner busily engaged with his threshing, gleaning up his wheat. His yield of grain averaged about thirty-three bushels per acre. He had one small field yielding fifty. This land has been in continuous cultivation for forty-six years, and produces as bountifully as at the first. Oregon soil never becomes barren, and needs no fertilizers so long as nature yields her generous supply of rain, or in the expressive language of the aborigines, "smash."

We called on Alex Collins and his brother, W. W. Collins, but found them absent from home. We continued on to the residence of Joseph Hubbard, near Suver. He also was from home, but when a kindly invitation was extended to us by Mrs. Hubbard to slight and partake of dinner, of course we accepted. In due course of time, we with Mrs. Hubbard and her accomplished daughters, sat ourselves around the family board and partook of viands such as only the farmer's wife and daughter can provide for the weary traveler. After dinner all retired to the handsomely adorned parlor, where the Misses Hubbard most pleasantly entertained us with both vocal and instrumental music in a most enchanting manner. "I was a most enjoyable time, and we here tender our acknowledgments for the favors extended to us. We called upon James Wheeler, and found him, as usual superintending his farming operations. His crop of grain yielded well. He contemplates ceasing from active farming.

The day was now drawing to a close, and we headed for the city, which we reached about sundown, having spent two days traveling over the best farming land on "God's green earth." We were accompanied on our rounds by Mr. Esler, of California, who, in viewing the country traveled over, expressed himself in rather eloquent terms regarding our happy land.

REPORTER. A QUESTION OF LAW. In the Statesman's local columns on Monday last appeared the following item: IGNORANCE EXCUSES HIM.—The Democrat man kicks because the preliminary examination of the boat burners was held in Marion county, because the boat was on the Polk county side when she was destroyed. Of course the fellow would have made no objection had he known that when a crime is committed on a river or lake that forms the boundary line between two counties, the jurisdiction of either county extends a mile on either side. But sections No. 1216 and 1217 of the code will enlighten him on the subject.

The item that called forth this ebullition was as follows: The steamer Young was burned at her landing in Polk county, but the preliminary examination occurred in Salem. Does Marion county have a stake in the case? This is nothing more than a mild inquiry as to the facts. We fail to see that there is any kick in it. As to ignorance, before we are through with this matter we believe we will be able to demonstrate that the Statesman has a corner on that article. Sections 1216 and 1217 of the code read as follows: Sec. 1216. When a crime is committed on or within one mile of the boundary line of two or more counties, or when the boundary line between two or more counties is unknown or uncertain, and it is doubtful in which county such crime was committed, an action therefor may be commenced and tried in any county bordering on such bay, lake, river, or other water, and opposite to the place where the crime was committed.

The boundary lines between some of the counties of Oregon are very indefinite, in some instances being the summit of a mountain range, and no one can tell exactly where the summit is. It was to cover cases of crime committed in such localities that section 1216 of the code was adopted. It applies only to cases where there is a doubt as to what county the crime was committed in; but the all-wise Statesman has construed it to mean that a peace officer from Polk county could arrest a resident of Salem in Salem for a crime committed here and forcibly take him to Polk county for trial. The idea is absurd and contrary to Art. VI of the constitution of the United States, which reads: In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law.

But this question has been passed upon by an Oregon court. In the case of State vs. Huber, charged with shooting a man named Johnson, near the boundary line between Columbia and Washington counties, Huber was brought to Hillsboro for trial, and Judge Taylor, on becoming satisfied that the crime was committed in Columbia county, sent the case there for trial.

Sec. 1217 applies only where the crime is committed "on the water," but we assume that even the Statesman is aware that when a boat is tied up to a wharf or a pier, it becomes a part of the shore so far as jurisdiction is concerned. For fear, however, that the Statesman may still be in doubt as to the correctness of our position, we cite section 11 of the constitution of the state of Oregon: Sec. 11. In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall have the right to public trial by an impartial jury in the county in which the offense shall have been committed.

It may be as well to state for the benefit of the ignorant who wrote the local item in the Statesman that we have consulted four of the leading attorneys of this city and they all agree that the Democrat is right. We are glad the matter has been brought up, as it is of considerable importance to Marion county, and we advise Judge Hubbard to carefully investigate the question before allowing any fees hereafter in such cases.—Marion county Democrat.

SMILE A SMILE. The Corning Journal advertises for "an honest boy to make a devil of." The "champion" reaper which secures the largest harvest—Advertising. "New maid and old maid's" clothing always on hand," says a country advertiser. "We make men" is the heading of a Connecticut schoolmaster's advertisement. Advertising is the long pole that knocks the pessimists.—Afton Journal.

The man who does not hang out his shingle and advertise dies and leaves no sign. The best advertising medium—An old maid's sewing circle.—Norristown Herald. Some one out west advertises for "a house girl to assist in the washing of a small family." Many editors are of so peaceful a nature that they will not even put a head on their editorials.

Train wrote to the Detroit Tribune: "Abuse me all you want to, but for God's sake do not forget me." When the public has faith in a writer's name, it is a faith which must be backed up by good works.—Puck. "At the Cape of Good Hope," writes a traveler, "people die very fast; but the sheep have remarkably long tails." For "two thousand car-loads of cats gone East," as stated in our last week's issue, please read out instead cats.

A Tennessee merchant, being asked how large his advertisement should be, replied: "Well, put in about three plants of type." From the advertising rate-card of a religious weekly: "Nothing admitted which would lead men to sin. Locals 15 cents; terms cash." If the New York Sun and World were ninety-five million miles apart, like their namesakes, a big share of the fun of this nation would be eclipsed.—Puck. An Iowa publisher acknowledges the receipt of an egg which "was laid on our table by the Rev. Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith seems to be a layman as well as a minister. What is the difference between editorial and matrimonial experience? In the former the devil cries for copy; in the latter the copy cries like the devil.—Advertiser's Gazette. Differences—"I can't work without inspiration," said the poet. "And I," observed the undertaker, "am quite as badly off. I cannot work without expiration." The Indiana editor who took his mother-in-law on an editorial excursion is requested to announce through the columns of his paper whether he was attacked by generous impulses or by fear.—Chicago Tribune. A young country editor fell in love with the clergyman's daughter. The next time he went to church he was rather taken aback when the preacher announced his text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil." The comma is very useful in its place, but it should be used with judgment. In the last number of an exchange there appears an advertisement in which the firm announces that they kept "check Mozambique corset laces, figured muslin hairpins, and embroidered grenadine skirts."—Savannah Republican.