



SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W. - INDEPENDENCE
Lodge, No. 22, meets every Monday night in Masonic hall. All adjoining brothers are invited to attend. W. L. Wilkins, M. W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

VALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F.
Meets in V. Lodge's hall every Thursday evening. All Odd Fellows cordially invited to meet with us. Peter Cook, N. G. J. D. Irvine, Secretary.

LYON LODGE, NO. 29, A. F. & A. M.
Stated communications Saturday evening or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. G. W. Shinn, W. M. W. P. Conaway, Secy.

HOMER LODGE, NO. 45, K. of P.
Meets every Wednesday evening. All knights are cordially invited. W. H. Hawley, C. C. C. E. Clodfelter, K. R. S.

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surgeon. Secy U. S. Board of Medical Examiners. Office in Opera House block.

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E. R. CASE, PROPRIETOR OF
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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.

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NORSESHOEING,

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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.

RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor Line

Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth.
7:00	7:00
8:10	8:25
9:30	10:00
11:15	12:00
1:30	2:15
3:45	4:30
5:00	5:15

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Mrs. L. Campbell

[Late from Kansas City, Mo.]

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AN INTERESTING LETTER

Describing a Few of the Cities

in the East.

WRITTEN BY REV. J. R. N. BELL.

He Attended the Inauguration of President Cleveland—Visits the

Masonic Temple.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 4, 1888.

It is a source of great pleasure to communicate with your friends, especially when you are very far away and lonely in the midst of "surgings millions."

Better be in a forest alone, for you need not fear the trees "sandbagging" you. Chicago is in many respects the greatest city on earth. It is easily ahead of New York except in population. The Chicagoans boast a great deal, but they have that western dash, and a touch of recklessness about them, which pardons in some degree the blowing of their own horn. The world's fair buildings are like a beautiful city, "compact together," and their white-ness, and tall spires and domes, make, one, when seeing them in the distance, feel like exclaiming, "Behold the hall was not told me." All will be ready by the first of May for the grand opening. Chicago has the loftiest commercial building in the world. I thought that the New York World building was grand, and it is, but the magnificence of the Masonic temple here goes clear beyond anything ever attempted by man, except perhaps the tower of Babel. This building is 308 feet high from the mosaic pavement to the tessellated border surrounding the apex above. The building has a rotunda or inner court from base to turret. Besides the 308 feet or twenty-three stories, there is a basement of fifteen feet and a cupola and flag staff twenty feet, making the wonderful height of 343 feet from tip to bottom. It has a frontage of 170 feet by 114 deep. The first five stories are of stone and Pyrean marble, the remaining stories are of pressed fire-proof brick. The very top story is a conservatory, or the palm gardens. It so much resembles the imaginary garden of Eden, and so far on the road toward heaven, that it is said that a man not long since when having ascended to this point, knocked on the upper door and inquired "if the Lord was in, that he would like to see him." Without a doubt this is certainly the greatest building ever put up by man. The Odd Fellows became jealous of this Masonic temple a few years ago and began the foundation of a temple to be thirty stories high, and this likewise begat a spirit of rivalry in high buildings among the commercial men of Chicago, and the more level-headed citizens seeing the extent such folly might lead to, passed an ordinance against any building being over ten stories high. So this blasted the hopes of the Odd Fellows and leaves the Masonic temple the monarch of all. These high buildings are exceedingly dangerous, and persons having property near by cannot get good rents because of the danger of higher buildings falling on them in case of a cyclone or earthquake. Already three high buildings have fallen, and they did much damage in the way mentioned above. In case of fire there is absolutely no way of escape. Boston and New Orleans are two cities I do not like. The streets in New Orleans are narrow, some being not over forty feet wide, and some even narrower. The city is old and non-progressive, and their only attraction is their brutal prize fights. How glad all well-thinking people ought to be to know that our sister state, California, has wiped from her fair escutcheon the stains of her former prize fights. The world moves, and it moves in the right direction, and the Devil can't stop it. I should rather have West of the Rocky mountains than all on this side, even up. Boston is a stilted city. The people are bookish, because of Harvard being so close I suppose, but they are not practical. There is a great deal of ceremony and etiquette. There is a superciliousness and a superannationousness, and a long facedness about them that makes one dislike the customs or doubt their sincerity. I am truly sorry that Bunker Hill was never located in Boston. It was a great mistake, but circumstances made it unavoidable. If the Pilgrim Fathers had landed at the Golden Gate or at the confluence of the mighty Columbia, there never would have been any East in the United States of America. All this country would have been here, but its relation would have been like that of Alaska. The rigors of climate on the Atlantic slope are simply unbearable, unless the people get somewhat the nature of the Esquimaux.

Well the inauguration went off all right on schedule time. The day was simply — well, I have no language to tell it. Some say that the incandescent and electric lights burned (or seemed to) all day, when in fact the dynamos were not running. It was so cold the

flames had frozen and remained so all day. I will not vouch for the truth of this however. The opinion prevails among the democrats that when Bro. Cleveland gets through appointing republicans to office, that if there are any offices left, he will fill them with democrats who were not "active" in the last campaign, and who are not "newspaper men," and who "never held office under him before," and who "lives in his own community," etc. etc. etc. Well, my opinion is, Grover's head is level. I have always had some of those ideas myself, and for the life of me I could not tell where he got them unless he has been reading the West Side the last couple of years, or he may have read the Roseburg Review a few years ago when we were writing on that subject. It is very easy to be partisan, but it requires quite a little moral courage to be a patriot. The Tammany brains were at Washington in full force. The truth is, and was apparent, that the whole Tammany outfit, including David B. Hill, was compelled to come to time or show their colors. To tell the whole truth, I verily believe that the Tammany organization in New York city is the most corrupt organization on earth, politically, socially, and in every respect that goes to make up a body-politic. Grover Cleveland did not ask Tammany any odds, and is not entering that way now to buy anything. In other words, Mr. Cleveland knew just what he was doing, and Tammany knew just as well Mr. Cleveland, hence at Chicago at the convention in June 1892 New York's seventy-two votes were against Mr. Cleveland more than they were for David B. Hill.

Well I must quit for the present, notwithstanding it is real pleasant to write for your home paper. We must not trespass upon Bro. Putland too much and will ask indulgence for the publication of these few lines. We should have written a few lines earlier but we have been on the dead jump ever since we left, and hope to get home by the first of May or possibly earlier. Allow me to say in closing that I have heard some eminent divines and statesmen on this trip and I find that "distance lends wonderful enchantment," more than you would think for. The divines whom I heard were Wells, of South Carolina, Southern Methodist, Dr. Sunderland, who married Mr. Cleveland, Dr. Holmes, Oakes, in the Talmage tabernacle, Brooklyn, N. Y., Bishop Newman, Dr. Fredrick, in Dundee, N. Y., and yesterday the celebrated Prof. David Swing, who was removed from the Presbyterian ministry for his "progressive views," "but," he said to me yesterday at the close of the Easter service, "my Presbyterian brethren are now, some of them at least, ahead of me, and their progress is quite marked." This Prof. Swing is a very strong man and preached a most excellent sermon from the text, "He is risen, He is not here." The Central Music hall was crowded. We hope to have something more to say of these things when we see you face to face.

J. R. N. BELL.

Woman's Ovarian March.

There came a time in the history of my life when I suddenly realized that I can tell a brierwood from a meerschaum while it is being smoked. It was borne in upon me that by years of subtle training I had come to know a "Perfecto" from a "two-for-a-nickel." It flashed upon my mind that I, Sappho, the scorned of nicotine, was myself a connoisseur of the delicate and difficult art of distinguishing — even from the next room — the varying characteristics of differing kinds of Turkish tobacco. I found, to my amazement, that I knew the perfumed Turkish cigarettes loved their national characteristics coming over land and sea to Boston, and that a Richmond cigarette is more grateful (vicariously) to my nostrils.

I can smell this moment the peculiar pungent nuttiness of an old clay pipe and the almond nuttiness of a new Henry Clay cigar, and I can recall to a whiff the experimental odor of a corn cob brimming with rank plug. Yet I never smoked but once in my life. Then I choked on burning mullein leaves recommended for a cold! It is one of the results of the opening of modern occupations for women that I have become so learned in this way. I don't know yet whether or not I am proud of my wisdom, but it is certain that I have no vicarious amusement more charmingly altruistic than smoking.—A Woman in Boston Transcript.

The Use of Poetry.

Nearly all the other arts have an official standing. They are endowed, perpetuated, made part of the apparatus of life. But we are as incredulous of poetry as of the sea serpent, and the affidavits of those who have seen the thing itself do not convince a sceptical world. Poetry's killing foe is wealth, and wealth of late has grown beyond the dreams of avarice. Money, which can call into existence many of the arts, which can rear architectures, lay out gardens, give to household decoration a sumptuous beauty impossible to poor ages, which can even greatly help in the creation of music and painting—money has no potency over the proud and disdainful muse.

But the future of poetry is immense, because when actualities oppress, when utilities task, when, "tired of all these, for restless death

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

we cry, "all we need do is to open our

books and without struggle to par-take the strife, without effort to attain the ease, without putting off mortality to have part in the immortality of those sole things which show a semblance of eternal life—the creations of the divine poets. Ponce de Leon sailed far for his fabled fountain of youth, but the wiser man is he who takes down his Homer or his Shakespeare and discovers there in the spring the Spaniard failed to find.—Forum.

A Strange Selection.

It is an easy and very profitable business to smuggle rifles into Morocco. A weapon may be bought in Gibraltar for \$10 and sold in the interior for five or six times that sum. Smugglers are continually running over in feluccas and beaching these arms somewhere between Cape Sjar-tel and Tangier, and curious are the devices by which they accomplish their transport.

One smuggler told a traveler that he ran his cargo into Tangier after dark and unloaded the rifles on the beach not a quarter of a mile from the custom house.

"Who assists you in unloading?" asked the traveler.

"I generally employ the porters of the custom house," was the innocent reply.

Then, noting the surprise and amusement of his hearers, he added: "They are more skilled in unloading than other laborers."

It had evidently neither occurred to him nor to the porters that they might betray him.—Youth's Companion.

Hypnotism and Dentistry.

For a quarter of a century I have been hoping that the principles of hypnotism as now developed might be applied so as to bring relief to patients during dental operations. It is with pleasure that I am able today to report a pronounced success in that direction—a success that I believe will continue, and the methods will be so formulated that the art will be within the reach of every intelligent operator on the human teeth. I found that it was the opinion of writers on hypnotism that pain would always wake a patient from the hypnotic sleep unless such patient was in a somnambulistic condition. I felt it might be quite possible to derive distinct benefit in the lighter stages if they could be kept continuous. I soon believed it possible, and after a diligent study of Bernheim I commenced to hypnotize, and my first effort proved a success.—Thomas Filibrown, D. M. D., in Dental Review.

STOVES AND CHIMNEYS.

One of the advantages of the new tenement houses—

One reason for my preference for the large tenement is that it permits the elimination of the cooking stove from each household. "A home without a stove! Impossible!" I hear many exclaim. Not in the least impossible—and something for the very poor greatly to be desired. First, so far as heat is concerned, in a tenement house holding 50 or 60 families, heat may be supplied from a central source which would be far too expensive in a small tenement house of 8 or 10 families.

The poor usually buy fuel in small quantities at exceptionally high rates, and this amount, if added to their rent, would in a large tenement supply them with heat by steam or hot water, which would be far preferable to the following reasons: The storing of fuel and the carrying it up long flights of stairs by the household would be done away with, and the sending children out to gather kindling from wharves, streets and vacant lots, with the dirt and slovenliness and weariness which always attend such work, would be abolished.

No one who has not worked long among the poor can realize the serious drawback to good temper, comfort and cleanliness that the mere care of fuel, the cleaning of the stove, and the disposal of ashes involve with people who must eat, sleep, bathe and live around a coal stove three or four flights from the cellar or ash barrel, as is the case in the majority of our tenements. The waste in fuel is of ten appalling due largely to ignorance about drafts and to letting the fire go out during a morning's absence from home and then rebuilding it to cook the dinner.

I once saw a child of 10 in a room strewn with shavings and ashes try to make a fire by placing the coal on the bottom of the grate and lighting from the top the kindling and paper that were laid over it. In families that were receiving coal given in charity I have repeatedly seen red hot stoves packed full of coal, the drafts all open and the heat going up the chimney. The doing away with the heat of a stove in the living room

during the summer months is no small contribution to the health and good temper of the inmates.—Lucia True Ames in New England Magazine.

Pipe Smokers' Paradise.

In Washington a man may place his good old brier pipe in his shapely mouth and walk around town smoking according to the dictates of his own conscience, none daring to make him afraid. It is not so in all parts of the country. There are places where such conduct would bring him under police surveillance and cause him to be ostracized by society. There has long been a deep rooted prejudice against the pipe. A man might appear in public smoking a cigar that would cause horses to swoon three blocks away and nobody would say anything, but if he smoked a pipe on the streets his social doom was sealed. Reason, however, has resumed her majestic sway, leveled the barriers of superstition and conquered the armed hosts of prejudice, and as a result the man who smokes is happy.—Washington News.

A Conditional Marriage Fee.

The following is told by a pastor of a village church about eight miles from Boston. He was sitting in his library one evening recently when a knock on the door came. He answered and found a couple who desired to be united in matrimony. The pastor asked them into his parlor and performed the marriage ceremony, after which the groom handed him a sealed envelope supposed to have contained the usual compensation. The happy couple departed, and the reverend gentleman opened the envelope and found the following note:

"If she turns out as well as I think she will, I will come back and pay you for your services."—Boston Record.

Borrowing From Neighbors.

A little girl was sent into a neighbor's house the other evening to borrow a copy of the paper. She departed with the treasure, but returned a few minutes later with the request that the man of the house should loan her mother his spectacles. "Well, by George!" ejaculated the astonished citizen, "isn't that asking a little too much?" "No, indeed," answered the little girl, "mother says you won't need your glasses as long as she has your newspaper; you can spare them just as well as not." He spared them.—Richmond (Va.) Bee.

Hot Climates and Long Sightedness.

People who have lived long in hot climates like India become presbyopic four or five years earlier than they would otherwise have done, for life in a hot climate naturally means excessive wear and tear to a European. The ordinary age for the adoption of spectacles for reading used to be 50, while it is now nearer 45.—New York Tribune.

Babylon's Hanging Gardens.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were terraces on columns. The gardens were 400 feet square and over 400 feet high. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by flights of marble steps, and on the highest was a large reservoir.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Taste In Animals.

Many experiments have been made in order to find out what and where the organ of taste is in the lower creations; but it is easier to say where it is not. Crayfish and worms seem to have very decided preferences in the matter of food, though no special taste organ has been found. Lobsters like decaying food; the crab is more dainty in its diet. Snails and slugs show a decided preference for certain kinds of food, as garden lovers know to their cost; peas and cabbages, dahlias and sunflowers are great favorites, but they will not touch the white mustard. Some prefer animal food, especially if rather high. Spiders have only a slight sense of taste; flies soaked in paraffin seem quite palatable to them, though one species, the diadema, is somewhat more particular and refuses to touch alcohol in any form whatever.—Chambers's Journal.

Finding Their Way Home.

Who does not know that a cat, or even a half grown kitten, taken a long way from home in a bag, nearly always finds its way back? When living in northern Michigan, I had a cat we tired of. I took her in a boat directly across the lake, about two miles, and turned her loose. Although it was about six miles around the end of the lake, a circuitous course and certainly unknown to her by sight, the next morning she was back at the old place. Another case is that of a cat that was taken by rail fully 80 miles in southwest Missouri, and the next day he walked in all right at his former home.—Cor. Science.

—THE—

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C. G. GRIFFA, MANAGER

