

SECRET SOCIETIES.
A. O. U. W. - INDEPENDENCE.
Lodge, No. 22, meets every Monday night in Masonic hall. All journeymen 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 hall every Thursday evening. All Odd fellows cordially invited to meet with us. Pater Cook, N. G. J. D. Irvine, Secretary.

LYON LODGE, NO. 28, A. F. & A. M.
Stated communications Saturday evening on 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.

PHYSICIANS—DENTISTRY.

O. D. BUTLER, PHYSICIAN AND
Surgeon. Secy U. S. Board of Medical Examiners. Office in Opera House block.

E. L. KETCHUM, M. D. OFFICE
and residence, corner Railroad and Monmouth sts., Independence, Or.

D. R. J. R. JOHNSON, RESIDENT
Dentist. Office in Opera House block, Independence, Or.

D. R. A. B. GILLIS, SPECIALIST
Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat. Office over Bush's bank, Salem, Or. 5-26

D. R. LEE & HARRITT, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Special attention paid to diseases of women. Office over Independence National Bank. T. J. Lee, M. D. W. Harritt, M. D. C. M., Fellow Trinity Medical College.

D. R. W. TATUM, DENTIST, IN-
dependence, Oregon. Office in Whitaker building on "C" street (up stairs). Gold work a specialty.

ATTORNEYS.

GEO. A. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT
Law. Will practice in all state and federal courts. Abstracts of title furnished. Office over Independence National Bank.

DAILY, SIBLEY & EAKIN, AT-
torneys at Law. We have the only set of abstract books in Polk county. Reliable abstracts furnished. Money to loan; no commission charged on loans. Office, rooms 2 and 3 Wilson's block, Dallas, Oregon.

A. M. HURLEY, ATTORNEY AND
Counselor at Law. Office, next to Independence National Bank, Independence, Or.

BONHAM & HOLMES, ATTOR-
neys at Law. Office in Bush's block, between State and Court, on Commercial street, Salem, Or.

SASH AND DOORS.

MITCHELL & BOHANNON, MAN-
ufacturers of sash and doors. Also, scroll sawing. Main street, Independence, Or.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

D. R. E. G. YOUNG, late of Nebraska,
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist has moved to Independence, and opened an office over the Independence National bank.

TAILORS.

W. O. SHARMAN, MERCHANT
Tailor, C street, near postoffice. Suits in any style made to order at reasonable rates.

-Learn Telegraphy-
A TRADE
It Pays :: Success Sure.

Address—J. C. SEYMOUR,
Oregonian Building, Portland, Oregon.

HOME BUILDERS
Will consult their best interests by purchasing their

SASH AND DOORS
of the reliable manufacturer,

M. T. CROW,
Independence, Or., successor to Ferguson & Van Meter.

Single pine and cedar doors, all sizes, on hand.

SCREEN DOORS.

FARM FOR SALE.

Well improved farm of 33 acres, more or less, two miles north of Independence, on the Salem road, for sale cheap. Terms—part in cash and part on time. For further particulars apply to M. A. Rice, Independence, Or.

BANKS.

THE INDEPENDENCE

National Bank

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00.

H. HIRSCHBERG, President.
ABRAHAM NELSON, Vice President.
W. P. CONNORWAY, 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.

DIRECTORS.

R. F. Smith, A. Nelson, L. A. Allen, H. H. Hirschberg, E. J. Goodman, D. W. Sears, H. Hirschberg.

Commenced Business March 4, 1889

Established by National Authority.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

of Independence, Oregon.

Capital Stock - \$50,000.00

Surplus - \$14,000.00

J. S. COOPER, L. W. ROBERTSON,

President, Vice President.

W. H. HAWLEY, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

J. S. Cooper, L. W. Robertson, Lewis Helmick

G. W. Whitaker, W. W. Collins.

A general banking business transacted

deposits received subject to check or on certificate of deposit, collections made.

Office hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

J. J. HARKINS, THOS. PENNELL

Harkins & Fennell

BLACKSMITHING

Main street, Independence

At the old stand of E. E. Kregel,

where you can get your

Wagon or Plow Repaired + +

or other iron work done.

HORSESHOEING

done in the most approved manner.

As a Horseshoer, Mr. Harkins

Is Well Known Throughout

Polk County.

A. PRESCOTT, J. A. VENESS

PERSCOTT & VENESS,

Proprietors of—

INDEPENDENCE SAW MILL.

Manufacturers of saw Dials in

FIR and HARDWOOD,

—AND—

Rough and Dressed

LUMBER.

J. A. WHEELER, - Manager.

MONMOUTH DAIRY

B. F. CHURCH, Prop.

Will deliver milk in Monmouth and

Independence every morning for

5 Cents a Quart

Twenty tickets for one dollar.

Leave orders at Walker Bros., Inde-

pendence, or Mulkey & Hale, Monmouth

for the present.

HUBBARD & STAATS,

Independence Freight Collectors.

AL. HERRIN, B. F. HOLMAN,

Salem Agents.

Sperling Brothers

Meat Market

DEALER IN

Highest market price paid

for fat stock, beef, mutton, veal,

pork, etc. All bills must be settled

monthly.

OPEN SUNDAYS FROM 8 to 9 a. m.

Free Delivery to all parts of the City.

Main street - Independence

Shoemaker

P. H. Murphy, Practical Shoe-

maker, Main street, Inde-

pendence, opposite the opera house.

The finest of

French Calf

used in all the better grades

of shoes. Every pair warranted.

Whiteaker's Old Stand.

Independence Oregon.

BEYOND THE CITY.

By A. O'HAN DOYLE

(Copyright, 1893, by Authors' Alliance. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER IV.

A SISTER'S SECRET.

"Tell me, Miss Walker, you know how things should be. What would you say was a good profession for a young man of 24 who has had no education worth speaking about and who is not very quick by nature?"

The speaker was Charles Westmacott, and the time this same summer evening in the tennis ground, though the shadows had fallen now and the game been abandoned.

The girl glanced up at him, amused and surprised.

"Do you mean yourself?"

"Precisely."

"But how could I tell?"

"I have no one to advise me. I believe that you could do it better than any one. I feel confidence in your opinion."

"It is very flattering," she glanced up again at his earnest, questioning face, with its brown eyes and drooping flaxen mustache, in some doubt as to whether he might be joking. On the contrary, all his attention seemed to be concentrated upon her answer.

"It depends so much upon what you can do, you know. I do not know you sufficiently to be able to say what, and what gifts you have." They were walking slowly across the lawn in the direction of the house.

"I have none—that is to say, none worth mentioning. I have no memory, and I am very slow."

"But you are very strong?"

"Oh, that goes for anything. I can put up a hundred-pound bar till further orders, but what sort of a calling is that?"

Some little joke about being called to the bar flickered up in Miss Walker's mind, but her companion was in such obvious earnest that she stifled down her inclination to laugh.

"I can do a little on the cinder track in 450 and across country in 520, but how is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified position. Not that I care a straw about dignity, you know, but I should not like to hurt the old lady's feelings."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes, my aunt. My parents were killed in the mining, you know, when I was a baby, and she has looked after me ever since. She has been very good to me. I'm sorry to leave her."

"But why should you leave her?"

They had reached the garden gate, and the girl leaned her racket upon the top of it, looking up with grave interest at her big, white flannelled companion.

"It's Browning," said he.

"What?"

"Don't tell my aunt that I said it," he sank his voice to a whisper—"I hate Browning."

Clara Walker ripped off into such a merry peal of laughter that he forgot the evil things which he had suffered from the poet and burst out laughing too.

"I can't make him out," said he. "I try, but he is one too many. No doubt it is very stupid of me. I don't deny it. But as long as I cannot there is no use pretending that I can. And then of course she feels hurt, for she is very fond of him and likes to read him aloud in the evenings. She is reading a piece now, 'Pippa Passes,' and I assure you, Miss Walker, that I don't even know what the title means. You must think me a dreadful fool."

"But surely he is not so incomprehensible as all that?" she said as an attempt at encouragement.

"He is very bad. There are some things you know which are fine. That ride of the three Dutchmen, and 'Herve Riel' and others, they are all right. But there was a piece we read last week. The first line stumped my aunt, and it takes a good deal to do that, for she rides very straight. 'Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.' That was the line."

"It sounds like a charm."

"No, it is a gentleman's name. Three gentlemen, I thought at first, but my aunt says one. Then he goes on, 'Thinketh he dwelleth in the light of the moon.' It was a very trying piece."

Clara Walker laughed again.

"You must not think of leaving your aunt," she said. "Think how lonely she would be without you."

"Well, yes, I had thought of that. But you must remember that my aunt is not a very eligible person. I don't think that her dislike to mankind extends to individuals. She might form new ties, and then I should be a third wheel in the coach. It was all very well as long as I was only a boy, when her first husband was alive."

"But, good gracious, you don't mean that Mrs. Westmacott is going to marry again?"

The young man glanced down at her with a question in his eyes. "Oh, it is only a remote possibility, you know," said he. "Still, of course it might happen, and I should like to know what I ought to turn my hand to."

"I wish I could help you," said Clara.

"But I really know very little about such things. However, I could talk to my father, who knows a very great deal of the world."

"I wish you would. I should be so glad if you would."

"Then I certainly will. And now I must say good night, Mr. Westmacott, for papa will be wondering where I am."

"Good night, Miss Walker. He pulled off his flannel cap and stalked away through the gathering darkness."

Clara had imagined that they had been the last on the lawn, but looking back from the steps which led up to the French windows she saw two dark figures moving across toward the house. As they came nearer she could distinguish that they were Harold Denver and her sister Ida. The murmur of their voices rose up to her ears, and then the musical little childlike laugh which she knew so well. "I am so delighted," she heard her sister say. "So pleased and proud. I had no idea of it. Your words were such a surprise and a joy to me. Oh, I am so glad!"

"Is that you, Ida?"

"Oh, there is Clara. I must go in, Mr. Denver. Good night!"

There were a few whispered words, a laugh from Ida and a "Good night, Miss Walker" out of the darkness. Clara took her sister's hand, and they passed together through the long, folding window. The doctor had gone into his study, and the dining room was empty. A single small red lamp upon the sideboard was reflected tenfold by the plate about it and the mahogany beneath it, though its single weak cast but a feeble light into the large, dimly shadowed

BEYOND THE CITY.

By A. O'HAN DOYLE

(Copyright, 1893, by Authors' Alliance. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER IV.

A SISTER'S SECRET.

"Tell me, Miss Walker, you know how things should be. What would you say was a good profession for a young man of 24 who has had no education worth speaking about and who is not very quick by nature?"

The speaker was Charles Westmacott, and the time this same summer evening in the tennis ground, though the shadows had fallen now and the game been abandoned.

The girl glanced up at him, amused and surprised.

"Do you mean yourself?"

"Precisely."

"But how could I tell?"

"I have no one to advise me. I believe that you could do it better than any one. I feel confidence in your opinion."

"It is very flattering," she glanced up again at his earnest, questioning face, with its brown eyes and drooping flaxen mustache, in some doubt as to whether he might be joking. On the contrary, all his attention seemed to be concentrated upon her answer.

"It depends so much upon what you can do, you know. I do not know you sufficiently to be able to say what, and what gifts you have." They were walking slowly across the lawn in the direction of the house.

"I have none—that is to say, none worth mentioning. I have no memory, and I am very slow."

"But you are very strong?"

"Oh, that goes for anything. I can put up a hundred-pound bar till further orders, but what sort of a calling is that?"

Some little joke about being called to the bar flickered up in Miss Walker's mind, but her companion was in such obvious earnest that she stifled down her inclination to laugh.

"I can do a little on the cinder track in 450 and across country in 520, but how is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified position. Not that I care a straw about dignity, you know, but I should not like to hurt the old lady's feelings."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes, my aunt. My parents were killed in the mining, you know, when I was a baby, and she has looked after me ever since. She has been very good to me. I'm sorry to leave her."

"But why should you leave her?"

They had reached the garden gate, and the girl leaned her racket upon the top of it, looking up with grave interest at her big, white flannelled companion.

"It's Browning," said he.

"What?"

"Don't tell my aunt that I said it," he sank his voice to a whisper—"I hate Browning."

Clara Walker ripped off into such a merry peal of laughter that he forgot the evil things which he had suffered from the poet and burst out laughing too.

"I can't make him out," said he. "I try, but he is one too many. No doubt it is very stupid of me. I don't deny it. But as long as I cannot there is no use pretending that I can. And then of course she feels hurt, for she is very fond of him and likes to read him aloud in the evenings. She is reading a piece now, 'Pippa Passes,' and I assure you, Miss Walker, that I don't even know what the title means. You must think me a dreadful fool."

"But surely he is not so incomprehensible as all that?" she said as an attempt at encouragement.

"He is very bad. There are some things you know which are fine. That ride of the three Dutchmen, and 'Herve Riel' and others, they are all right. But there was a piece we read last week. The first line stumped my aunt, and it takes a good deal to do that, for she rides very straight. 'Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.' That was the line."

"It sounds like a charm."

"No, it is a gentleman's name. Three gentlemen, I thought at first, but my aunt says one. Then he goes on, 'Thinketh he dwelleth in the light of the moon.' It was a very trying piece."

Clara Walker laughed again.

"You must not think of leaving your aunt," she said. "Think how lonely she would be without you."

"Well, yes, I had thought of that. But you must remember that my aunt is not a very eligible person. I don't think that her dislike to mankind extends to individuals. She might form new ties, and then I should be a third wheel in the coach. It was all very well as long as I was only a boy, when her first husband was alive."

"But, good gracious, you don't mean that Mrs. Westmacott is going to marry again?"

The young man glanced down at her with a question in his eyes. "Oh, it is only a remote possibility, you know," said he. "Still, of course it might happen, and I should like to know what I ought to turn my hand to."

"I wish I could help you," said Clara.

"But I really know very little about such things. However, I could talk to my father, who knows a very great deal of the world."

"I wish you would. I should be so glad if you would."

"Then I certainly will. And now I must say good night, Mr. Westmacott, for papa will be wondering where I am."

"Good night, Miss Walker. He pulled off his flannel cap and stalked away through the gathering darkness."

Clara had imagined that they had been the last on the lawn, but looking back from the steps which led up to the French windows she saw two dark figures moving across toward the house. As they came nearer she could distinguish that they were Harold Denver and her sister Ida. The murmur of their voices rose up to her ears, and then the musical little childlike laugh which she knew so well. "I am so delighted," she heard her sister say. "So pleased and proud. I had no idea of it. Your words were such a surprise and a joy to me. Oh, I am so glad!"

"Is that you, Ida?"

"Oh, there is Clara. I must go in, Mr. Denver. Good night!"

There were a few whispered words, a laugh from Ida and a "Good night, Miss Walker" out of the darkness. Clara took her sister's hand, and they passed together through the long, folding window. The doctor had gone into his study, and the dining room was empty. A single small red lamp upon the sideboard was reflected tenfold by the plate about it and the mahogany beneath it, though its single weak cast but a feeble light into the large, dimly shadowed

BEYOND THE CITY.

By A. O'HAN DOYLE

(Copyright, 1893, by Authors' Alliance. All rights reserved.)

CHAPTER IV.

A SISTER'S SECRET.

"Tell me, Miss Walker, you know how things should be. What would you say was a good profession for a young man of 24 who has had no education worth speaking about and who is not very quick by nature?"

The speaker was Charles Westmacott, and the time this same summer evening in the tennis ground, though the shadows had fallen now and the game been abandoned.

The girl glanced up at him, amused and surprised.

"Do you mean yourself?"

"Precisely."

"But how could I tell?"

"I have no one to advise me. I believe that you could do it better than any one. I feel confidence in your opinion."

"It is very flattering," she glanced up again at his earnest, questioning face, with its brown eyes and drooping flaxen mustache, in some doubt as to whether he might be joking. On the contrary, all his attention seemed to be concentrated upon her answer.

"It depends so much upon what you can do, you know. I do not know you sufficiently to be able to say what, and what gifts you have." They were walking slowly across the lawn in the direction of the house.

"I have none—that is to say, none worth mentioning. I have no memory, and I am very slow."

"But you are very strong?"

"Oh, that goes for anything. I can put up a hundred-pound bar till further orders, but what sort of a calling is that?"

Some little joke about being called to the bar flickered up in Miss Walker's mind, but her companion was in such obvious earnest that she stifled down her inclination to laugh.

"I can do a little on the cinder track in 450 and across country in 520, but how is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified position.