CLEAR

SKIN

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

S. P. SMITH, of Towards, Pa.

whose constitution was completely

broken down, is cured by Ayer's

"For eight years, I was, most of the

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tion, kidney trouble, and indigen-

tion, so that my constitution seemed to be completely broken down. I was

induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and took nearly seven bottles, with such

excellent results that my stomach,

bowels, and kidneys are in perfect con-

dition, and, in all their functions, as

regular as clock-work. At the time

I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my

weight was only 120 pounds; I now can brag of 150 pounds, and was never in so

good health. If you could see me be-

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Propared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

fore and after using, you would want me for a traveling advertisement. I believe this preparation of Sarsaparilla to be the best in the market to-day." *

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By A. CONAN DOYLE.

SLEEP

LIFE

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 26 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 glan up again at his earnest, questioning face, with its Saxon eyes and drooping flaxer mustache, in some doubt as to whether he might be jol.ng. On the contrary, all his attention seemed to be concen-

trated 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 nataral 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, if 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 nclination to laugh.

"I can do a mile on the cinder track in is that to help me? I might be a cricket is that to help me? I might be a cricket professional, but it is not a very dignified what do you think of Mr. Denver? Do position. Not that I care a straw about dignity, you know, but I should not like him? Honestly now? "I like him very much indeed. I think to hurt the old lady's feelings."

"Your sunt's?" "Yes, my aunt's. My parents were

"It's Browning," said he.

"Don't tell my aunt that I said it"-he Clara Walker rippled off into such a

"I can't make him out," said he. 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

what the title means. You must think me a dreadful fool." "But surely he is not so incomprehe

sible 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 to all intents hardly middle aged and 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?" gasped Clara. 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 hap pen, 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." from hin "Good night, Miss Walker." He pulled tell her.

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 figares moving across toward the house lunch. As they came nearer she could distin-guish 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," sh heard her sister say. "So pleased and proud. I had no idea of it. Your words

"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, Mis-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 side-board was reflected tenfold by the plate

room. Ida danced off to the big central lamp, but Clara put her hand upon her arm. "I rather like this quiet light," said she. "Why should we not have a chat?" Bhe sat in the doctor's large red plush chair, and her sister enddled down upon the footstool at her feet, glanging up at her elder with a smile upon her lips and a mischievous gleam in her eyes. There was a shade of anxiety in Clara's face, which cleared away as she gazed into her

sister's frank blue eyes.
"Have you anything to tell me, dear?"



Have you anything to tell me, dearf" Ida gave a little pout and shrug to her houlders. "The solicitor general then she. "You are going to cross examine me, Clara, so don't deny it. I do wish you would have that gray satin foulard of yours done up. With a little trim-ming and a new white vest it would sok as good as new, and it is really very

said the inexerable Clara. "Yes I was, rather. So were you. Have you anything to tell me?" She broke away into her merry, musical

laugh. "I was chatting with Mr. Westma

that he is one of the most gentlemanly. modest manly young men that I have "Yes, my aunt's. My parents were ever known. So now, dear, have you killed in the mutiny, you know, when I nothing to tell me?" Clara smoothed was a baby, and she has looked after me down her sister's golden hair with a 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 the words which she had overheard as the words which she had overheard as the words which she had overheard as of it, looking up with grave interest at they left the lawn that evening she could not doubt that there was some under-

standing between them. But there came no confession from ank his voice to a whisper-"I hate Ida, only the same mischievous smile and amuse I gleam in her deep blue eyes "That gray foulard dress"-she began "Oh, you little tease! Come now, I merry peal of laughter that he forgot "Oh, you little tease! Come now, I the evil things which he had suffered will ask you what you have just asked

from the poet and burst out laughing use. Do you like Harold Denver?"

"Ida!" "Well, you asked me. That's what think of him. And now, you dear old inquisitive, you will get nothing more out of me, so you must just wait and 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 gone. A chorus from "Olivette," sung gone. A chorus from "Olivette," sung in her clear contralto, grew fainter and fainter until it ended in the slam of a

But Clara Walker will sat in the dim lit room with her chin upon her hands and her dreamy eyes looking out into the gathering gloom. It was the duty of her, a maiden, to play the part of a mother—to guide another in paths which her own steps had not yet trodden. Since her mother died not a thought had been given to herself; all was for her father

and her sister. In her own eyes she was herself very plain, and she knew that her manner was often ungracious when she would most wish to be gracious. She saw her face as the glass reflected it, but she did not see the changing play of expression which gave it its charm—the infinite pity, the sympathy, the sweet woman-liness which drew toward her all who were in doubt and in trouble, even as poor, slow moving Charles Westmacott had been drawn to her that night. She was herself, she thought, outside the pale of love. But it was very different pule of love. But it was very different with Ida, merry, little, quick witted, bright faced Ida. She was born for love.

he was ciutching in his right hand one posed to it. Is that right with Ida, merry, little, quick witted, bright faced Ida. She was born for love.

"I'll be hanged if I go, Walker," said very awkward for the gall

allowed to venture too far without help whether by woman or man. in those dangerous waters. Some understanding there was between her and Harold Denver. In her heart of bearts Clara, like every good woman, was a matchmaker, and already she had chosen Denver of all men as the one to whom she could most safely confide Ida. He had talked to her more than once on the serious topics of life, on his aspirations, on what a man could do to leave the world better for his presence. She knew that he was a man of a poble naclination upon the part of one so frank and honest as Ida to tell her what was passing. She would wait, and if she got the opportunity next day she would lead Harold Denver himself on to this topic. It was possible that she might learn from him what her sister had refused to

CHAPTER V.

A NAVAL CONQUEST. It was the babit of the doctor and the admiral to accompany each other upon a morning ramble between breakfast and The dwellers in those quiet tree lined roads were accustomed to see the two figures-the long, thin, anstere seaman and the short, bustling, tweed clad physician—pass and repass with such regularity that a stopped clock has been reset by them. The admiral took two steps to his companion's three, but the younger man was the quicker, and both

were equal to a good 4 miles an hour.

It was a lovely summer day which followed the events which have been described. The sky was of the deepest blue, with a few white fleecy clouds drifting lazily across it, and the air was filled with the low drone of insects or with a sudden sharper note as bee or blue fly shot past with its quivering long drawn hum, like an insect tuning fork. As the friends topped each rise which leads up to the Crystal palace they could see the dun clouds of London board was reflected tenfold by the plate about it and the mahogany beneath it, though its single wick cast but a feeble light into the large, dimly shadowed

ner, you know, and my boy the ju Pearson & Denver the firm. Cr old dog is Pearson, as cute and as greed as a Rio shark. Yet he goes off for fortnight's leave and puts my boy in full charge, with all that immense business in his hands, and a free hand to do what he likes with it. How's that for confi-

dence, and he only three years upo face is a surety," said the doctor.
"Go on, Walker." The admiral du

side. Still it's truth all the same. I was a more been blessed with a good wife and a good son, and maybe I relish them the more for having been cut off from them so long. I have much to be thankful for."

"And so have I. The list have much to be thankful for."

"And so have I. The list have much to be thankful for."

"And so have I. The list have much to be thankful for."

"And so have I. The list have much to be thankful for."

"And so have I. The list have much to be thankful for."

"And so have I. The list have make have, and what a curve to her howa! The list have a make abound the proposal in the manual file."

"That is the Andromeda. I was a mate abound of her—sublicutement they call it now, though I like the old name best."

"What a lovely rake her masts have, and what a curve to her howa! The list have a mate abound of her—sublicutement they call it now, though I like the old name best." And so have I. The best two girls that ever stepped. There's Clara, who has learned as much medicine as would give her the L. S. A., simply in order that she may sympathize with me in my work. But, hullo, what is this coming

streamed round the curve of the road, and from the heart of it had emerged a and from the heart of it had emerged a high tandem tricycle flying along at a breakneck pace. In front sat Mrs. Westmacott clad in a heather tweed pen jacket, a skirt which just passed her knees and a pair of thick gaiters of the same material. She had a great bundle of red papers under her arm, while Charles, who sat behind her clad in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, bore a similar role protruding from either pocket. lar role protruding from either pocket. Even as they watched, the pair eased up, the lady sprang off, impaled one of her bills upon the garden railing of an empty house, and then jumping on to her seat again was about to hurry onward when her nephew called her attention to the two gentlemen upon the footpath.

"Oh, now, really I didn't notice you, mid she, taking a few turns of the trendle and steering the machine across to them. 'Is it not a beautiful morning?" "Lovely," answered the doctor.

"I am very busy."
"I am very busy." She pointed to the colored paper which still fluttered from "We have been pushing our the railing propaganda, you see. Charles and I have en at it since 7 o'clock. It is about eeting. I wish it to be a great success. See!" She smoothed out one of the bills, and the doctor read his own name in great black letters across the

"We don't forget our chairman see. Everybody is coming. Those two dear little old maids opposite, the Willamses, held out some time, but I have their promise now. Admiral, I am sure that you wish us well."



"Hum! I wish you no harm, ma'am." "You will come on the platform?" "I'll be -. No, I don't think I can do

"To our meeting, then?"

"No, ma'am. I don't go out after din-"Oh, yes, you will come. I will call in if I may and chat it over with you that the women are a majority in themselver you come borne. We have not tion. Yet if there was a question of leg when you come home. We have not breakfasted yet. Goodby!" There was a whir of wheels, and the yellow cloud agreed upon one side and all the morolled away down the road again. By some legerdemain the admiral found that

are in favor of your going."

The admiral had hardly got home and had just seated himself in his dining room when the attack upon him was re-newed. He was slowly and lovingly unhad even got so far as to fasten his golden pince-nez on to his thin, high bridged paper saw Mrs. Westmacott coming up the garden walk. She was still dressed in the singular costume which offended the sailor's old fashioned notions of prosome face, nor a more erect, supple it over.

his collar. "Try this garden chair. What is there that I can do for you? Shall I ring and let Mrs. Denver know that you

"Pray do not trouble, admiral. I only

looked in with reference to our little chat

this morning. I wish that you would

give us your powerful support at our coming meeting for the improvement of the condition of woman. "No, ma'am. I can't do that." He pursed up his lips and shook his grizzled

"And why not?" "Against my principles, ma'am."
"But why?" Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't R

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Channel fleet next."

"That is one of the few professions which cannot be improved," said Mrs. Westmacott, with her sweetest smile. "Poor woman must still look to man for protection."

The old sailor robbed his hands, and eyes glistened. His old ships bordered close upon his wife and his son in his affection.

that she may sympathize with me in my work But, hullo, what is this coming along?"

"All drawing and the wind astern!" cried the admiral. "Fourteen knots is it's one. Why, by George, it is that woman!"

A rolling cloud of yellow dust had streamed round the curve of the road, and they would rest contented. What more streamed round the curve of the road.

"You are a sailor, and sailors are always chivalrous. If you could see how
things really, are you would change your
opinion. What are the poor things to
do? There are so many of them and so
few things to which they can turn their
hands. Governesses? But there are
hardly any situations. Music and drawhardly any situations. Music and drawhard They talk of riding—indeed I am fond of
horses, too—but what is there to compare with the swoop of a little craft as
the pitches down the long, steep side of
a wave, and then the quiver and spring and any situations. Music and drawing? There is not one in fifty who has any special talent in that direction. Medicine? It is still surrounded with difficulties for women, and it takes many years and a small fortune to qualify.

The old sailor was too transported with Nursing? It is hard work ill raid and rears and a small fortune to qualify. Nursing? It is hard work ill paid, and

none but the strongest can stand it. What would you have them do then, admiral? Sit down and starve?" "Tut, tut! It is not so bad as that." "The pressure is terrible. Advertise

for a lady companion at 10 shillings a week, which is less than a cool a wage, and see how many answers you get. There is no hope, no outlook, for their struggling thousands. Life is a dull, sordid struggle, leading down to a cheerless old age. Yet when we try to bring some little ray of hope, some chance, however distant, of something better we are told by chivalrous gentlemen that it is against their principles to help."

The admiral winced, but shook his

head in dissent. "There are banking, the law, veterinary surgery, government offices, the civil service, all these at least should be thrown freely open to women if they have brains enough so compete successfully for them. Then if woman were unsuccessful it would be her own fault, and the majority of the population of this country could no longer complain that they live under a different law from the minority. and that they are held down in poverty and serfdom, with every road to inde-pendence sealed to them."

"What would you propose to do,

right, and so to pave the way for a re-form. Now, look at that man digging in the field. I know him. He can neither read nor write, he is steeped in whisky, and he has as much intelligence as the potatoes that he is digging. Yet the man has a vote, can possibly turn the scale of an election and may help to decide the policy of this empire. Now, to take the nearest example, here am I, a woman who has had every constitution who has the institutions of many countries. I and cattlehold considerable property, and I pay
more in imperial taxes than that man
in the Independence National Bank

spends in whisky, which is saying a great deal, and yet I have no more direct influence upon the disposal of the money which I pay than that fly which creeps along the wall. Is that right? Is it in the Independence National Bank building.—

Dr. E. L. Ketchum has his office in his own building, on Monmouth street near Railread.—

chair. "Yours is an exceptional case." said he "But no woman has a voice. Conside islation upon which all the women wer upon the other, it would appear that the

The admiral moved uneasily in his

Again the admiral volumest. It ve bright faced Ida. She was born for love.

It was her inheritance. But she was young and innocent. She must not be allowed to venture too far without help. him bombarding him with questions to none of which he could find an answer. "I'm not a betting man," answered the doctor, "but I rather think that the olds his guns," as he explained the matter to

the doctor that evening.

"Now, those are really the points that we shall lay stress upon at the meeting. The free and complete opening of the pro-fessions, the final abolition of the zenana, I call it, and the franchise to all womer folding The Times preparatory to the long read which led up to luncheon, and who pay queen's taxes above a certain sum. Surely there is nothing unreasonable in that—nothing which could offend your principles. We shall have mediture, high minded and earnest. And yet she did not like this secrecy, this disinthat night for the protection of woman. Is the navy to be the one profession ab-

The admiral jumped out of his chair with an evil word in his throat, "There, priety, but he could not deny as he looked at her that she was a very fine there, ma'am," he cried. "Drop it for a woman. In many climes he had looked time, I have heard enough. You've upon women of all shades and ages, turned me a point or two. I won't deny but never upon a more clear cut, hand—it. But let it stand at that. I will think

and womanly figure. He ceased to glower as he gazed upon her, and the frown was smoothed away from his hope to see you on our platform." She "Certainly, admiral. We would not rose and moved about in her lounging

rugged brow.

"May I come in?" said she, framing herself in the open window, with a background of greensward and blue sky. "I feel like an invader deep in an enemy's voyages.

"Hullo!" said she. "Surely this ship would have furled all her lower canvas and reefed her topsails if she found her self on a lee shore with the wind on her quarter.

"Of course she would. The artist was never past Gravesend, I swear. It's the Penelope as she was on the 14th of June. 1857, in the throat of the straits of Banca, with the island of Banca on the starca, with the island of Banca on the star-board bow and Sumatra on the port. He painted from description, but of course, as you very sensibly say, all was snug below, and she carried stormsails and deable reefed topsails, for it was blow-ing a cyclone from the sou'cast. I com-pliment you, ma'am, I do indeed!"

"Oh. Lava done a little sailoring my-

"Oh, I have done a little sailoring myself—as much as a woman can aspire to, you know. This is the bay of Funchal. What a lovely frigate!"

"Lovely, you say! Ah, she was lovely! "Because woman has her duties, and man has his. I may be old fashioned, but that is my view. Why, what is the

"You, ma'am, in a 7-tonner?"
"With a couple of Cornish lads for a crew. Oh, it was glorious! A fortnight can they want?"
"You are a sailor, and sailors are always chivalrous. If you could see how things really, are you would change your topinion. What are the poor things to opinion. What are the poor things to opinion. What are the poor things to opinion. They are so many of them and so cross too.—but what is there to com-

The old sailor was too transported with sympathy to say a word. He could only shake her broad muscular hand. She was half way down the garden path before she heard him calling her and saw his grizzled head and weather stained face looking out from behind the curtains.

"You may put me down for the platform," he cried and vanished abashed

shind the curtain of his Times, where his wife found him at lur

"I hear that you have had quite a long chat with Mrs. Westmacott," said she. "Yes, and I think that she is one of "Except on the woman's rights que tion, of course."
"Oh, I don't know. She has a good

deal to say for herself on that also, fact, mother, I have taken a platfo sicket for her meeting.

[Continued next week.]

Among Live Business Men. Geo, A. Smith, the attorney, has his office in the Independence National Bank building-

Daly Sibley & Eakin, at Dallas, have complete set of abstracts J. R. Cooper has plenly of brick on hand at low prices-

The Little Palace Hotel is recognized by business men to be the proper place Mitchell & Bohannon have a very complete planing mill on Main street— Dr. J. B. Johnson, the dentist, has

his office on the corner of Railroad and Monmouth streets- . who has had some education, who has Dr. E. G. Young, veterinary sur-traveled, and who has seen and studied geon, attends to the diseases of horses Dr. E. G. Young, veterinary sur-

in the Independence National Bank

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ticking, and has new ones for sale-

Lumber of best quality and from mountain logs is sold by Prescott & Veness.-D. H. Craven still turns out those beautiful photographs, rain or shine-Hubbard & Staats are busy doing

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Interview M. T. Crow when you

occasion to dine in Salem .-Dr. Wm. Tatom, dentist, has neatly fitted offices in the Whiteaker building on C street, up stairs-

the headquarters of everyone who has

A. M. Hurley, the attorney, has his office adjoining the Independence National Bank building-Shelley Alexander & Co, the drugg-

ists, have a complete stock of drugs, paints, oils and glass; also a full line of school books and stationary-J. F. O'Donnell carries a large stock of agricultural machinery, and his

shelves are laden with the best grades of hardware; a tin store and tinning lepartment adds to the advantages of