

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W. - INDEPENDENCE Lodge, No. 22, meets every Monday night in J. O. F. hall. All ex-communicated members are invited to attend. J. E. Hubbard, M. W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

VALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F. - Meets in V. Lodge hall every Thursday evening. All Old Fellows cordially invited to meet with us. J. E. Hubbard, M. W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

LYON LODGE, NO. 22, A. F. & A. M. - Stated communication Saturday evening on or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. G. W. Shaw, W. M. L. C. Bell, Secy.

HOMER LODGE, NO. 45, K. of P. - Meets every Wednesday evening. All knights are cordially invited. W. H. Hawley, C. C. M. O. Potter, K. R. & S.

PHYSICIANS-DENTISTRY.

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H. MICHENER, President. A. BRAMMEL, Vice President. W. F. CONWAY, 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, J. A. Allen, H. H. Jamerson, E. J. Goodman, D. W. Sears, H. H. Hester.

Commenced Business March 4, 1889

Established by National Authority.

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Main street, Independence.

At the old stand of E. E. Krengel,

where you can get your

Wagon or Plow Repaired + +

or other iron work done.

HORSESHOEING

done in the most approved manner.

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Is Well Known Throughout

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Twenty tickets for one dollar.

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Meat Market

DEALER IN

Choice Meats

Highest market price paid for fat stock, beef, mutton, veal, pork, etc. All bills must be settled monthly.

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Free Delivery to all parts of the City.

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P. H. Murphy, Practical Shoemaker, Main Street, Independence, opposite the opera house. The finest of

French Calf

used in all the better grades of shoes. Every pair warranted.



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J. O. WILSON, Contractor and Builder, Sulphur Springs, Texas, thus speaks of Ayer's Pills:

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine I ever tried; and, in my judgment, no better general remedy could be devised. I have used them in my family and recommended them to my friends and employees for more than twenty years. To my certain knowledge, many cases of the following complaints have been completely and

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by the use of Ayer's Pills alone: Third day chills, dumb ague, bilious fever, sick headache, rheumatism, flux, dyspepsia, constipation, and hard stools. I know that a moderate use of Ayer's Pills, continued for a few days or weeks, as the nature of the complaint required, would be found an absolute cure for the disorders I have named above."

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BEYOND THE CITY.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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CHAPTER X.

FROM THAT DAY the doctor's peace was gone. Never was a quiet and orderly household transformed so suddenly into a scene of confusion and disorder.

He had never realized before how entirely his daughters had absorbed him from the first of his life. Now that they had not only ceased to protect him, but had themselves become a source of trouble to him, he began to understand how great the blessing was which he had enjoyed and to sigh for the happy days before his girls had come under the influence of his father.

"You don't look happy," Mrs. Westmacott had remarked to him one morning. "You are pale and a little off color. You should come with me for a 10-mile spin upon the tandem."

"I am troubled about my girls," they were walking up and down in the garden. From time to time there sounded from the house behind them the long and wail of a French horn.

"That is Ida," said he. "She has taken to practicing on that dreadful instrument in the intervals of her chemistry. And Clara is quite as bad. I declare it is getting quite insupportable."

"Ah, doctor, doctor," she cried, shaking her forefinger with a gleam of her white teeth. "You must live up to your principles: you must give your daughters the same liberty as you advocate for other women."

"Liberty, madam, certainly! But this approach to license."

"The same law for all, my friend," she tapped him reprovingly on the arm with her sunshade. "When you were 20, your father did not, I presume, object to your learning chemistry or playing a musical instrument. You would have thought it tyranny if he had."

"But there is such a sudden change in them both."

"Yes, I have noticed that they have been very enthusiastic lately in the cause of liberty. Of all my disciples I think that they promise to be the most devoted and consistent, which is the more natural since their father is one of our most trusted champions."

"The doctor gave a twitch of impatience. "I seem to have lost all authority," he cried.

"No, no, my dear friend. They are a little exuberant at having broken the trammels of custom. That is all."

"You cannot think what I have had to put up with, madam. It has been a dreadful experience. Last night, after I had extinguished the candle in my bedroom, I placed my foot upon something smooth and hard, which scuttled from under me. Imagine my horror! I lit the gas and came upon a well known tortoise which Clara has thought fit to introduce into the house. I call it a filthy custom to have such pets."

Mrs. Westmacott dropped him a little courtesy. "Thank you, sir," said she. "That is a nice little side hit at my poor Elias."

"I give you my word that I had forgotten about her," cried the doctor, flushing. "One such pet may no doubt be endured, but two are more than I can bear. Ida has a monkey which lives on the curtain rod. It is a most dreadful creature. It will remain absolutely motionless until it sees that you have forgotten its presence, and then it will suddenly bound from picture to picture all round the walls and end by swinging down on the bellows and jumping onto the top of your head. At breakfast I stole a poached egg and dined it all over the door handle. Ida calls these outrageous amusing tricks."

"What, then?"

"Well, now we must put it in practice. We are receiving all the other views to practice, and we must not shrink this one."

"But what would you do? Oh, don't look so wicked, Ida! You look like some evil little fairy, with your golden hair and mischievous eyes. I know that you are going to propose something dreadful!"

"We must give a little supper tonight."

"Why not? Young gentlemen give suppers. Why not young ladies?"

"But how shall we invite?"

"Why, Harold and Charles, of course."

"And the admiral and Mrs. Hay Denver?"

"Oh, no. That would be very old fashioned. We must keep up with the times, Clara."

"But what can we give them for supper?"

"Oh, something with a nice, fast, rollicking, late at night kind of flavor to it. Let me see! Champagne, of course—and oysters. Oysters will do. In the novels all the naughty people take champagne and oysters. Besides, they won't need any cooking. How is your pocket money, Clara?"

"I have three pounds."

"I have one. Four pounds. I have no idea how much champagne costs. Have you?"

"Not the slightest."

"How many oysters does a man eat?"

"Oh, all will come right," said the widow reassuringly.

"And Clara is as bad—Clara, who used to be so good and sweet, the very image of her poor mother. She insists upon this preposterous scheme of being a pilot and will talk of nothing but revolving lights and hidden rocks, and codes of signals, and nonsense of the kind."

"But why preposterous?" asked his companion. "What nobler occupation can there be than that of stimulating commerce and aiding the mariner to steer safely into port? I should think your daughter admirably adapted for such duties."

"Then I must beg to differ from you, madam."

"Excuse me, madam. I do not see the matter in the least. And I should be obliged to you if you would use your influence with my daughter to dissuade her."

"You wish to make me inconsistent too?"

lamentation upon the front of her skirt. "My dear Clara," he cried, "you have torn your skirt!"

His daughter laughed and smoothed out her frock. To his horror he saw the red plush of the chair where the dress caught to have been.

"It is all torn," he cried. "What have you done?"

"My dear papa," said she, "what do you know about the mysteries of ladies' dress? This is a divided skirt."

Then he saw that it was indeed so arranged, and that his daughter was clad in a sort of loose, extremely long kind of frock.

"It will be too convenient for my sea boots," she explained.

Her father shook his head sadly. "Your dear mother would not have liked it, Clara," said he.

For a moment the conspiracy was upon the point of collapsing. There was something in the gentleness of his rebuke and in his appeal to her mother which brought her tears to her eyes, and in another instant she would have been kneeling beside him with everything confessed, when the door flew open and her sister Ida came bounding into the room. She wore a short gray skirt, like that of Mrs. Westmacott, and she held it up in each hand and danced about among the furniture.

"I feel quite the Gaiety girl!" she cried. "How delicious it must be to be upon the stage! You can't think how nice this dress is, papa. One feels free in it. And isn't Clara charming?"

"Go to your room this instant and take it off!" thundered the doctor. "I call it highly improper, and no daughter of mine shall wear it."

"Papa! improper! Why it is the exact model of Mrs. Westmacott's!"

"And say it is improper. And you also, Clara. Your conduct is really outrageous. You drive me out of the house. I am going to my club in town. I have no comfort or peace of mind in my own home. I will stand it no longer. I may be late tonight. I shall go to the British medical meeting. But when I return I shall hope to find that you have reconsidered your conduct, and that you have shaken yourself clear of the pernicious influences which have recently made such an alteration in your conduct."

He seized his hat, slammed the dining room door, and a few minutes later they heard the crash of the big front gate.

"Victory, Clara, victory!" cried Ida, still promiscuous around the furniture. "Did you hear what he said? Perish the influence! Don't you understand, Clara? Why do you sit there so pale and glum? Why don't you get up and dance?"

"Oh, I shall be so glad when it is over, Ida. I do hate to give him pain. Surely he has learned now that it is very unpleasant to spend one's life with reformers."

"He has almost learned it, Clara. Just now he is a little less so. We must not risk all at this last moment."

"What would you do, Ida? Oh, don't do anything too dreadful. I feel that we have gone too far already."

"Oh, we can do it very nicely. You see we are both engaged, and that makes it very easy. Harold will do what you ask him, especially as you have told him the reason why, and my Charles will do it without even wanting to know the reason. Now you know what Mrs. Westmacott thinks about the reserve of young ladies. More prudery, affectation and a relic of the dark ages of the sixteenth century. Those were her words, were they not?"

"What, then?"

"Well, now we must put it in practice. We are receiving all the other views to practice, and we must not shrink this one."

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"Good gracious! So it is! Now for our little tableau!" Ida pushed the champagne bottles obtrusively forward in the direction of the door and scattered oyster shells over the cloth.

"Have you your pipe, Charles?"

"My pipe, yes."

"Then please smoke it. Now, don't argue about it, but do it, for you will ruin the effect otherwise."

The large man drew out a red case and extracted a great yellow meerschaum, out of which a moment later he was puffing thick wreaths of smoke. Harold had lit a cigar, and both the girls had cigarettes.

"That looks very nice and elegant," said Ida, glancing round. "Now I shall lie on this sofa. But now Charles, just sit here and throw your arm carelessly over the back of the sofa. No, don't stop smoking. I like it. Clara, dear, put your feet upon the coal scuttle and do try to look a little despondent. I wish we could drown ourselves with flowers. There are some lettuce leaves in the sideboard. Oh, dear, here he is! I hear his key."

She began to sing in her high fresh voice a little snatched from a French song, with a swinging tra-la-chora.

The doctor had walked home from the station in a peaceable and contented frame of mind, feeling that perhaps he had said too much in the morning, that his daughters had for years been models in every way, and that if there had been any change of late it was as they said themselves, on account of their anxiety to follow his advice and to imitate Mrs. Westmacott. He could see clearly enough now that that advice was unwise and that a world peopled with Mrs. Westmacotts would not be a happy or a soothing one. It was he who was himself to blame, and he was grieved by the thought that perhaps his hot words had troubled and saddened his two girls.

This fear, however, was soon dissipated. As he entered his hall he heard the voice of Ida uplifted in a rollicking ditty, and a very strong smell of tobacco came from the dining room door.

The room was full of the blue wreaths of smoke, and the lamp-light shone through the thin haze upon gold topped bottles, plates, napkins and a litter of oyster shells and cigarettes. Ida, flushed and excited, was reclining upon the settee, a wineglass at her elbow and a cigarette between her fingers, while Charles Westmacott sat beside her with his arm thrown over the head of the sofa with the suggestion of a caress. On the other side of the room Clara was lounging in an armchair, with Harold beside her both smoking and both with wineglasses beside them. The doctor stood speechless in the doorway, staring at the bacchanalian scene.

"Come in, papa, do!" cried Ida. "Won't you have a glass of champagne?"

"Pray excuse me," said her father coldly. "I feel that I am intruding. I did not know that you were entertaining. Perhaps you will kindly let me know when you have finished. You will find me in my study."

He ignored the two young men completely, and closing the door retired, deeply hurt and mortified. He heard the door slam, and his two daughters came to announce that the guests were gone.

"Guests! What guests?" he cried angrily. "What is the meaning of this exhibition?"

"We have been giving a little supper, papa. They were our guests."

"Oh, indeed?" the doctor laughed sarcastically. "You think it right, then, to entertain young bachelors late at night, to smoke and drink with them, to—oh, that I should ever have lived to blush for my own daughters! I thank God that your dear mother never saw the day."