

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.—INDEPENDENCE
Lodge, No. 23, meets every Monday night in J. O. F. hall. All adjoining brothers are invited to attend. W. F. Kennedy, M. W. W. O. Cook, Officers.

VALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Yandry's hall every Thursday evening. All Odd Fellows cordially invited to meet with us. J. E. Hubbard, N. G. W. H. Craven, Secy.

L. YON LODGE, NO. 30, A. F. & A. M.
Stated communications Saturday evening on or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. G. W. Shana, W. M. Lew 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. B. & S.

PHYSICIANS—DENTISTRY.

O. D. BUTLER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Sees U. B. 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. B. JOHNSON, RESIDENT DENTIST.
All work warranted to give the best of satisfaction. Independence, Or.

D. R. A. B. GILLIS, SPECIALIST
Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat. Office over Bush's bank, Salem, Or. 5-28

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.

ATTORNEYS.

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

DALY, SIBLEY & EAKIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
We have the only set of abstract books in Polk county. Real estate abstracts furnished. Money to loan; no commission charged on loans. Office, rooms 2 and 3 Wilson's block, Dalila, Oregon.

A. M. HUBLEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office next to Independence National Bank, Independence, Or.

BONHAM & HOLMES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office in Bush's block, between State and Court, on Commercial street, Salem, Or.

SASH AND DOORS.

MITCHELL & BOHANNON, MANUFACTURERS OF SASH AND DOORS.
Also, spruce 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. G. 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

SASH AND DOORS

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SCREEN DOORS.

BANKS.

THE INDEPENDENCE National Bank

Capital Stock, \$50,000.00.

A general banking and exchange business transacted; loans made, bills discounted, commercial credits granted; deposits received on interest account subject to check, interest paid in these deposits.

Commenced Business March 4, 1889
Established by National Authority.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

of Independence, Oregon.

Capital Stock \$50,000.00
Surplus \$14,000.00

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.

HARKINS & FENNEL
Main street, Independence

BLACKSMITHING

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 Horsehoer, Mr. Harkins
is Well Known Throughout
Polk County.

FIR and HARDWOOD.

Rough and Dressed LUMBER.

MONMOUTH DAIRY

Will deliver milk in Monmouth and Independence every morning for
5 Cents a Quart
Twenty tickets for one dollar.
Leave orders at Walker Bros., Independence, or Mulkey & Hale, Monmouth.

Choice Meats

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

Sperling Brothers Meat Market

OPEN SUNDAYS FROM 8 to 9 a. m.
Free Delivery to all parts of the City.

FINE JERSEY STOCK

Those persons who desire to have Jersey stock in their herds are invited to inspect the thoroughbred bull owned by T. B. HUNTLEY, two miles south of town, on Buena Vista road.

French Calf

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



Mrs. J. H. HOBENTYER, 113 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal., writes: "When a girl at school, in Reading, Ohio, had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself nearly blind, and, for a long time, I heard I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair began to grow, and I now have as fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown."

Began to Grow, and I now have as fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown.

"After a fit of sickness, my hair came out in combfalls. I used two bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair began to grow, and I now have as fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown."

Ayer's Hair Vigor

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

THE INDEPENDENCE TILE CO.



Has now in stock and is continually manufacturing tiling of all sizes for drains and drainage.

BRICK YARD.

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.

J. R. COOPER

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.

Fine Photographs

Pastels

Water Colors

D. H. CRAVEN'S Photograph Gallery

Choice Meats

FINE JERSEY STOCK

T. B. HUNTLEY

The Rector of Abernethy.

(Continued from last week.)

Well, I mastered German. The study was a pleasure and a recreation. I sought the inspiration from the very lips, as it were, of Goethe and Heine and Schiller. I learned, too, the truthfulness of Coleridge's definition of genius—that it consists in carrying on the feelings of the child into mature years. Men of true genius give themselves up to the first simple impressions of common things. They are content to wonder and marvel and admire, just as they did when they were children. It is the opening of the heart to all sweet influences.

We are not called upon to write poetry for angels or saints, but for men—for men who work and think and suffer. It is to photograph humanity itself at least as it stands on a common level with it and by his many sympathies enrich his special experience with all that is universal. Poetry is the music of truth, and let it come through what medium it is it is always musical while it is true.

But that literary feast also became a "Liebmann." To conjugate the verb "to love" in that rich, full, sonorous dialect was less easy than to give it reality, an active transitive. I learned to love the German, but Mr. Jackson, the rector, more.

Well, time brought with it its changes. The invalid Alice died. She is waiting for me beside those ever shining gates. Mr. Jackson became more and more endeared to his people and to me; his moodiness went away from him. Fred grew toward the stature of his manhood, a kind, sterling, tractable child, while the angel Carrie grew still more beautiful to me in that childish truthfulness which will light her to the grave. To couple her name, the memory of her virtues and the consciousness of the goodness of her life with the tomb was to rob the latter of all its shadowiness and dread!

At last it came as it was to be. Mr. Jackson spoke to me of love. It was on a cold, starry night in March. We were standing by one of the broad windows, looking out upon the landscape, which was beautiful still, though clothed in the dreariness of winter.

"Jenny," he commenced half sorrowfully, "I am about to say something that may lower me very much in your estimation, but I cannot help it. It has been in my heart for many weeks. It has wrapped itself like the landscape before us, in all the chilliness of winter. Whether what I may say will bring sunshine and spring, or leave me still standing an Ishmael in this desert of my life, I cannot tell."

He paused a moment, and I thought I heard my heart beat in that stillness. I had a consciousness of what was coming.

Suddenly the door opened, and there entered, preceded by a gust of wind almost visible in the mistiness, a young woman. She walked straight up to the grate and held her hands over it, neither speaking nor looking around her. It was this silence that made me feel so uncomfortable. A chilliness crept over me as I gazed upon her; it was not the chilliness of the rain, but the chilliness of dread.

She was scantily attired, though a heavy blanket carelessly thrown around her in a manner that protected her from the storm. Her hair was disheveled and very black. Her face was ghostly white, and her eyes dull and ghastly, like those of a drowned person when they are found open.

I cannot say that I was afraid of her. She seemed perfectly harmless, and there was an air of refinement about her that told of better days.

"It is cold," I said.

"No, not," he cried with considerable vehemence. "You must be more. You must be my Rebecca—my Leah!"

"I will be anything you wish," I said. I was surprised at the calmness with which I said that; I was not surprised that I was thoroughly happy. He took me in his arms and kissed me passionately.

"We love each other, Jenny," he said. "This said so slowly, so measuredly, that it caused me to look up into his face."

"We have loved each other for a long while, Leonard," I said. "I have loved you possibly lower yourself in my estimation by such an avowal! How I wish that words of mine could restore the summer in your heart."

"It may never be, dearest Jenny. I am like a blasted pine upon a dreary heath; a Parish, more of an outcast from his own soil than from the world without. In this hour you will curse me, Jenny, just as I shall curse myself. In this hour I may see your heart just as mine has been seared, turn it to stone, just as mine has been turned. It is the hour of my sin, and I shrink away from the consciousness I have of the purity of your inner life. Jenny, I have loved you long and well. The passion reveals my veins with fire while I speak. My companionship with you has taught me much—much of hope and faith and love."

"God does not create the intelligent with his powers and faculties fully formed at the beginning, with all the principles of truth apparent to thought, and all the elements of experience unfolded in its consciousness. He creates it infantile. He makes the very commencement of its being dependent upon others, and then he leaves the forces that are lodged in it and that are innately prophetic of a future to be unfolded, trained and matured by the action of other minds, manifested in speech or books, by the exercise of thought, by the ministry of experience—above all, by contact with effort and disappointment. I have learned more by my companionship with you, by the action of your mind, than by effort and suffering and experience combined. But why should I speak of this? I have told you that I love you. That is very sweet. What I have to add is very, very bitter. Jenny, you can never be my wife!"

His face was very white. There was a dull, icy glare in his eyes and a perceptible shudder passed over him. Perhaps we were alike affected and alike manifested it. I felt a sudden chilliness in the air, and I caught at the window hangings for support. I did not speak for a little while. Then taking both his hands in mine and looking steadily into his face I said: "Leonard, what does all this mean? Why can I not be your wife?"

He took my arms and made me yet then around his neck. Then he said, in a low, husky whisper, "Jenny, I am married!"

One quick, passionate embrace, one long, burning kiss, and I was alone. I seemed only conscious that the rector had staggered across the room, out of the door. Oh, the wretchedness of that hour! I never thought that one's heart could bear so much and yet not break. I felt that I had more wretchedness, more misery, more sick and tired of life and the world than I did when they laid a beloved mother in the grave and later still the invalid Alice. There were no tears in my eyes. It was a grief too deep for tears. I crept up to my chamber, frightened at my own ghastliness. I prayed for strength that I might endure, for patience that I might wait, for life that I might live!

"No, it is a strange woman who did shape into a crazy woman."

"Oh, how white his face grew! He caught at the table for support."

"Died where?" he asked hoarsely.

"Here, in the house," I replied wearily. "She is lying in the parlor, arrayed for the tomb."

He looked at me for a moment; his eyes grew very much like hers in their vacant stare; then he took up the lamp forgetting that he was leaving me in the darkness and passed down stairs. I followed him, impelled by a thought that made me shudder just then because it thrilled my veins with a sort of pleasure.

The rector was kneeling beside the corpse, hissing the cold lips and murmuring, "Oh, Elsie! my wife! my beautiful one!"

Again that thought flashed through my brain. She was indeed the rector's wife, and the thought would sooner shape into a certainty. There was a choking sensation in my throat, but ere I could turn away the rector saw me. He motioned me to his side, but without getting up from his knees.

The rector was kneeling beside the corpse.

"What did she tell you?" he asked.

"She told me nothing about herself or the past. I heard you say her wife."

"Yes, she was my wife. She is at rest now, and it is better for her and for me. No prayers need be offered up for a soul so kind and so good as hers was."

He said nothing more just then, which in a manner surprised me. He rose up, folded his arms and gazed steadfastly into the face of the dead. A scalding tear fell upon my hand. He seemed to have forgotten that I was near him, and I sat upon the floor, weeping. But in the pulpit, when he preached the funeral sermon of his own beautiful wife, he explained it all. Many eyes filled with tears then, and the hearts of the people went out further than ever toward their suffering pastor.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Inhumanity had been hereditary in the family of the rector's wife. She knew it, but had not dared to tell him of it. The dread superstition that she would eventually fall a victim to the horrid disease dragged many joyous ones to the blackness of night.

At last it came in the third year of her marriage, and the poor, almost heart-broken rector was compelled to send her to an insane asylum. He visited her often for her and leaving so means untried to restore her.

Sometimes she appeared perfectly sane, sometimes with all the pendency of yore and asking to be taken to his heart again; at other times she would be perfectly unrecognizable and charge him with the most violent abuses, and this lasted five years.

But she was dead now; she had gone to her home at last—a beautiful home decked with light and garlands in the neighborhood of the city.

"And you and the rector were married in the end?" I inquired.

"Yes, we were. My father is a cellar digger and wants it to wash his hands. Good-bye."

The Beautiful Isle of France.
Zanto, the earthquake shaker, the "Zanto" Zoyratous of Virgil, has been at all times famous as one of the loveliest of islands. It divides with Corfu the distinction of being the richest and most beautiful of the Ionian group, and while the ever green forests on its eastern shore are the admiration of every traveler the fertility of its vine growing plains has made the life island famous among the markets of the world. The vine is that dwarf variety which grows the current of commerce, and the value of the crop in Zanto alone has sometimes approached \$200,000 in this year. Flagging of this vine is the chief industry of the island but there are also other in greenhouses.

our strange visitor was sick. He returned on the evening before she was buried. I heard him coming up to the study. The crazy woman was lying in her shroud in the room below, with a calm serenity upon her face and with a few choice holocausts brewed among her dark curls. The kind hands of little Carrie had done that.

The rector was somewhat startled when he beheld me sitting in the study instead of Mr. Ashley. He, however, reached out his hand quite cordially.

"You seemed troubled," I said.

"I have much to trouble me, Jenny," he said sorrowfully. "Yet I am still thankful that God gives me strength to bear it all. You have been writing?"

"Yes, I was writing to you. It is not necessary now. You are wanted to officiate at a funeral."

"Is it possible? Any of the parishioners dead?"

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

New Blue Paper Was Discovered.
It was by the purest accident that the simple process of lining white paper was discovered. It was the result of sheer carelessness in a woman. The wife of an English paper maker named William East, accidentally dropped the "blue bag," a small bag full of bluing with which she was about to blise her washing, into a vat of pulp, where it lay long enough to give the entire mass a bluish tinge before, to her consternation, she discovered it. So terrified was she at the result of her gross carelessness and the disastrous result that she dared not mention the fact to her husband, whose dismay at what he considered the discoloration and destruction of the entire lot of paper made from the mass was his very months.

He considered the paper spoiled and an entire loss, but suffered it to remain in an out of the way place as unsaleable stock for four years, when, in order to get it out of the way and to make room for better stock, he sent it to his agent in London, asking him to get rid of it at any price. To the paper maker's utter surprise, in a short time he received from his agent an order for a great quantity of the bluish paper and found upon inquiry concerning the sanity of the agent that the bluish paper being a novelty had taken wonderfully with the public. But East was in a dilemma, for he had no idea as to how to give the bluish tinge to the paper ordered by his agent and wearily tried without result for many days and nights.

Mentioning his trouble to his wife one day she admitted her carelessness and told of the way in which the pulp happened to become spoiled by the bag of bluing. The paper maker was overjoyed at the revelation, found it an easy task to give the tinge to his white paper and until the time of his death, which occurred many years after, he was unable to supply the great demand for blue paper, so acceptable and relieving to the eye of the writer.—Boston Herald.

An Old Woman's Cure For Dyspepsia.
"The most remarkable thing that has ever occurred to me in my earthly career," said Hagen McKelvey, "occurred some years ago when I was afflicted with dyspepsia. I had a bad case, I suppose you. Oh, I was all broke up. Food was disgusting. I had no appetite, and I just walked around looking for some place to lay down and die. Some time passed, and I grew worse. I saw myself a physical wreck, and try as I might I simply couldn't revive appetite nor ambition. Finally I ran into an old woman, a kind of witch I guess—old women are always witches when they dress in faded garments and predict to you—who said that I would get well if I should go to a certain farm and three times a day cast an ear of corn to a white pig and then listen to it eat. I do not believe in such things but, dear me, I was so sick that I was willing to try anything.

"So I bought a white pig, secured a pen for it within the mentioned farm limits, and daily made three journeys with an ear of corn that I threw in and then watched the pig eat. Well, do you know the sound of that pig crunching and knocking those corn cobs nearly mad me hungry. Oh, I enjoyed the sensation so much. It made me ravenous. When I returned from my walk I wanted to eat. So I continued visiting the white pig and eating three good meals a day until I was myself again and as healthy as I am now. I don't care to understand the whyness of it now. I am only too glad to be well."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Getting a Dead Man Out of a Hotel.
"I was stopping at the United States hotel in New York several years ago," said Mr. William I. Montague, "and while there formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the chief clerk. We were chatting one afternoon when a bellboy came to him and stated the man in No. 88 was dead. He had been sitting for some time and had probably died of what doctors now call heart failure. The hotel was full of guests, and how to remove the man without causing their suspicions was a puzzling question. The deceased had a sister living on Tisbury street and I was decided to carry the body to her home. A hack was called, and two of the stoutest porters were called upon to dress the body in everyday costume, and with one on each side walk him down stairs as if he were in a maudlin state of intoxication. Everything worked to perfection, and in a half hour the dead body had been seated in the hack and driven away, none of the guests being the wiser for what had happened."—St. Louis Republic.

Invitations to Small Gatherings.
Invitations to very small parties or afternoon teas may be sent out on visiting cards or by a friendly note, and an answer is not always expected, as people must often be uncertain of their afternoon engagements until quite the last moment.—Gentlewoman.

Several species of tortoises can be hooked without a bait by lifting advantage of their mania for snapping at every floating object.

The largest tomb in the world is the pyramid of Cheops, 461 feet high and covering 18 acres of ground.

A Madcap Expression.
A friend was visiting Mr. Oscar Wilde one day recently and found him hard at work "cutting" superb dialogues from his new play. "Isn't it infamous?" he asked, looking up after a moment or two. "What right have I to do this thing? Who am I, that I should tamper with a classic?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Thousands of Million Dollars.
"It is not often that men have an opportunity to make themselves rich, especially when all they have to do is to stoop down and pocket the dollar," said Alfred Lewis, an old Mexican soldier. "I was a soldier under General Scott during the Mexican war, and after the battle of Buena Vista I found myself cut off from my command. Four boxes of my mess went with me, and a detour through the woods was taken in hopes of reaching our regiment, from which we had been cut off during the last charge. As we tramped through the thick brush and carefully avoided sleeping on Buena Vista I found myself cut off from my command. Four boxes of my mess went with me, and a detour through the woods was taken in hopes of reaching our regiment, from which we had been cut off during the last charge. As we tramped through the thick brush and carefully avoided sleeping on Buena Vista I found myself cut off from my command. 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