

Polk County.

WEST SIDE.

...ishing Company

MARCH 23, 1894.

Beat This?

- Heads, .50
Tails, .50
Heads, 1.00
Tails, 1.00
Heads, 2.75
Tails, 2.75
Cash Cards, 1.00
Cash Cards, 1.35
Cash Cards, 2.50

...ST SIDE OFFICE
...UNDERSOLD.
...are not LOW
...where you
...Prices are + +
...STRICTLY CASH.

...ATHERING AT OAK VIEW
...surprise was given to Mr.
...at Oak View south of In-
...the 20th inst., it being his
...the party was entertained
...interesting games, and guitar
...ered by Mrs. Ellis David-
...Burnett, Miss Nelly Haley
...Connett, Miss Nelly Haley
...County. Some of the latest
...well rendered by John
...lately from Portland. At
...the young people heartily
...of delicious cakes, especially
...prepared by Pearl Alexander
...Haley. Those present were
...Mrs. Ellis Davidson, Mr. and
...Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. B.
...Mrs. R. Burnett, Misses Flor-
...Minerva Alexander, Iva, Eula
...Haley, Rena, Bessie, Rosa
...Connett, Jessie Damon, Sa-
...Grace Damon, Lula Ma-
...thel Scott; Messrs. J. Bowler,
...E. Cocker, John Alexan-
...Scott, Dave Stapleton, P.
...nder, Frank Masterson, James
...D. W. Haley and George

...THE CAT—When the wife of
...ate editor of the Enterprise,
...came in the other morning
...are breakfast, her husband
...built a roaring hot fire, and
...the mewling of a cat. Dill-
...dreh finally located the sounds,
...opening the oven door, out
...a white cat, badly scorched
...band learning of the incident
...knew times were hard, wife,
...think we had come to eat
...There John, now we are even
...little item you had about us
...me ago.

...AD PARTY TICKET—Last week
...ple's party state convention at
...City placed the following ticket
...field: Congressman, first district
...Miller; second district, Joseph
...governor, Nathan Pierce;
...y of state, Ira Wakefield; sup-
...ment of public instruction, T. C.
...attorney general, M. L. Olin-
...state printer, Geo. M. Orton;
...me judge, H. P. Boke.

...OTHER NEWSPAPER MAN—The
...dent has again broken his report-
...determination to appoint no news-
...men to office; the latest being
...old friend Robert Johnson of Cor-
...as postmaster there. The office
...thly bestowed, and although we
...losing a trenchant writer from the
...paper field, our loss is, we hope, his
...We extend congratulations Bob.

...CHILDREN'S PARTY.—Last Satur-
...afternoon Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Pol-
...had twenty-six little folks to enter-
...in being in honor of the 7th birth-
...of their little daughter Nita. The
...le folks enjoyed the afternoon and
...a number of presents were be-
...wed on Nita by her friends.

...Hon. George C. Brownell of Oregon
...ty, an eloquent speaker, who is so
...well able to give the public a clear un-
...derstanding of the deplorable conse-
...quences of the democratic policy, will
...address the Republican club of this
...city next Tuesday evening and at Dal-
...las Wednesday afternoon and McCoy
...Thursday evening. We also under-
...stand Hon. T. T. Geer, a republican
...candidate for governor, will be here at
...the same time.

...What's in a name? Well, that de-
...pends. For instance, the name of
...Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine, scien-
...tific, blood-purifier, and not a sham,
...like so much that goes by the name of
..."sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is
...the standard.

...The trouble with most cough medi-
...cines is that they spoil the appetite,
...weaken digestion, and create bile.
...Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the con-
...trary, while it gives immediate relief,
...assists rather than impairs the assimi-
...lative process.

...J. P. Irvine, the cash grocer, has
...another car of sugar coming, and has a
...small lot of the other car-load yet to
...sell, which he will sell to you at a bar-
...gain to make room for the other car.

...Mrs. E. G. Guse, of Portland, is
...spending a few days with her brother
...F. G. Kertson, in this city.

...Mr. G. W. Pierce's son Georgie is
...still very sick with pneumonia; also
...Mr. Hart is quite ill.

Rev. H. J. Borthwick, of Morden,
Canada, was visiting Rev. J. A. Town-
send this week, being an old friend.
The WEST SIDE acknowledges a social
call from brother Borthwick, publisher
of the Morden Herald, a weekly paper
in a town about the size of Independence.
He left last Monday to return
home by the Northern Pacific railroad.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Easter cards at Clodfelter Bros.
Horse bills, cheap at this office.
Get your Easter cards at Clodfelter
Bros.

Mrs. M. C. Robertson is again very
sick.

Polk county taxes are delinquent the
first of May.

You can get the latest periodicals at
Clodfelter Bros.

Dress trappings in endless lines at
Stockton & Henkle's.

Teachers' institute at Riekreahl one
week from Saturday.

Fresh garden seeds, in packages and
in bulk, at J. P. Irvine's.

25 cases of that fine canned corn just
received at J. P. Irvine's.

Don't forget to try that fine Gun-
powder tea at J. P. Irvine's.

Have you seen those seven-button
Alma kid gloves at Vanduy's?

Those fine ties at Stockton & Hen-
kle's are selling by the dozens.

Buy a lawn mower at O'Donnell's;
you can get a new one for \$4.50.

There was born recently to the wife
of Ford Potter at Portland, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clodfelter have
returned from visiting at Eugene.

Shaving 15 cents; hair cutting and
bath 25 cents each at Henkle's barber
shop.

Take your blacksmithing to Fuller,
on C street, and get a good job at low
prices.

Wanted—to rent an organ or piano—
piano preferred—enquire at the Racket
store, Independence.

W. O. Landreth is one of the best all-
round barbers in the city; he is in the
employ of Henkle, the barber.

Three cents will buy a spool of thread
and 5 cents will buy two spools. Take
your pennies to the Racket store.

Why pay full price for light-weight
soap when you can buy full-weight for
the same price at J. P. Irvine's.

Miss Hattie Jones and Mrs. F. M.
Stiver are learning telegraphy, under
Agent Sitler, of the S. P. R. R.

The father of Oscar Bennie and Mrs.
Ashenfelter, of the Luckiamute, died
suddenly last Monday at Salem.

One set of Chambers Encyclopedia
cheap at Clodfelter Bros.

Summer is coming and you will
want a cool oil stove to do summer
cooking. J. F. O'Donnell has the latest
and cheapest.

Stockton & Henkle are the only people
in the city that have a full line of
dry goods, notions, clothing, shoes and
hats.

The Alexander Cooper Drug Co. has
just received a supply of the James G.
Blaine Ideal American Key West cigar
which has had a large sale.

J. P. Irvine, the cash grocer, is sell-
ing lots of groceries. Why? Because
he is selling everything way down at
hard time prices.

What is one cent good for? It is good
for two yards of light terebinth lace, two
lead pencils, or a pair of shoe laces, at
the Racket store.

Bishop Hamon of the Evangelical
church, from Reading, Pennsylvania,
will preach in the South M. E. church
this (Friday) evening.

Oh say! do you want anything in the
grocery line? If so, go to J. P. Ir-
vine's and get your supply at bedrock
prices, as he has a large order coming,
and must make room for it.

If you wish to buy clothing at prices
that double-discount free wool, and
have an elegant line to select from, you
can find them at Stockton & Henkle's.

Pink Patterson, in his new quarters,
is more accommodating, if possible,
than ever. Drop in and have a quiet
game of billiards or a sociable game
of "solo" with Mike and Uncle Dave.

Stockton & Henkle are showing the
finest line of neckwear ever displayed
in this city.

The following letters remain un-
called for at the Independence post-
office March 15, 1894: Dunn W. E.,
Aesley George, Learmont Thomas,
Nies Color, Carr Mrs. Martha.—E. G.
Robertson, P. M.

Second-hand sewing machine for sale
cheap at Clodfelter Bros.

Ladies, if you wish a pair of shoes
that are elegant in style, perfect in fit,
and of the best make, call and see the
Royal Blue line at Stockton & Henkle's.

Every child under 10 years of age
that will call next Saturday, afternoon
or evening, at the store of the Alexan-
der-Cooper Drug Co. will receive a col-
ored Easter egg free. Only one egg
given to a child.

If you wish an eighteen-dollar suit
for thirteen dollars you can find it at
Stockton & Henkle's.

Grandma Irvine is getting along
nicely since the surgical operation of
last week, and is always glad to see her
friends again.

J. M. Vanduy has just received the
latest style stiff hat for men, also a
large stock of very neat French calf
shoes for ladies. Latest styles at low
prices.

Rain, snow, high water and sun-
shine, all in one week. The last we
bid a cordial welcome.

Have you tried some of those delicious
fruit candies at the Alexander-cooper
Drug Co.'s? They are very healthful.

T. J. Buford, of Newport, was visiting
J. S. Cooper last week.

Frank Davey manager of the Koeley
Institute, addressed his A. O. U. W.
brethren and the public on Thursday
evening at the opera house.

I. I. Patterson, of Salem, son of F. A.
Patterson of this city, has been nomi-
nated for the state senate in Marion Co.
on the republican ticket.

Remember the S. S. concert at the
Christian church next Sunday evening
at half past seven o'clock. Collection
taken for benefit of the library fund.

Berg, the furniture man, is turning
out some neat repairing, and very cheap
too. His wall-paper has arrived.

Now the bright sunshine is here every-
body of taste will want a pair of those
four button suede kid gloves for sale at
Vanduy's. They were imported from
France, direct, and are meeting with
the approval of his patrons.

Chet Van Meer arrived home Sun-
day, from the mines in Southern Ore-
gon. He reports crossing snow from
10 to 20 feet deep in coming into
Grants Pass from the mountains.

A. S. Locke leaves today for San Di-
ego to rejoin his family.

Rev. A. J. Hunsaker, of McMinnville
was here on business Thursday.

Is not this lovely weather?

B. N. Tharp has purchased the resi-
dence property of W. S. Ferguson, on
7th streets paying \$700.

BORN.

GOOD—Sunday, March 18, '94, to the
wife of Bud Good, north of Independ-
ence, a ten pound son.

Miss Patsy Cooper returned from
Texas and other points last Monday.

Frank Davey, the candidate for state
printer, was in town Monday and
Thursday.

MARRIED.

CHURCH BRUCE—Tuesday, March
20th, at the residence of Sam'l Tet-
low, on the Luckiamute, Mrs. Nora
Bruce, to Benjamin Church, both
living near Monmouth.

DIED.

KAYS—Saturday, March 18, 1894, Mr.
A. E. Kays, wife of Wm. Kays of In-
dependence, aged 60 years, 8 months,
and 10 days. Funeral services were
conducted by Rev. Sinafoss, and re-
mains were taken to the I. O. O. F.
cemetery for interment.

Mrs. Wm. Kays was born in Jackson
county, Missouri, in 1834, coming to
Oregon in 1852, marrying Wm. Kays
Jan. 1, 1854. She was stricken with
paralysis on March 8th. She leaves a
husband and four children to mourn
her loss. Mrs. Kays was a member of
15-years standing in the Christian
church.

HOBBS—Monday, March 19, 1894, at
the home of her daughter, Mrs. Cas-
tator, Mrs. Susan Hobbs, aged 73
years, 3 months, and 14 days.

Mrs. Hobbs was born near Memphis,
Tennessee, December 5, 1821. She had
been a member of the Christian church
for more than forty years. The funeral
services were conducted by Rev. Sinaf-
foss, and interment was made in the
old fellow's cemetery.

CONNOWAY—At Whitson, Tuesday,
March 20, 1894, Dr. James M. Con-
noway, brother of W. P. Connaway
of this city, aged 45 years, of con-
sumption.

The remains were taken charge of by
the masons and A. O. U. W. brethren,
and taken to Dallas for burial on Wed-
nesday. Dr. Connaway was a member
of the Christian church. He leaves a
wife, two sons and a stepdaughter.

MCCABE—Friday, March 16, '94,
Mrs. Rhoda McCabe, mother of P. H.
McCabe, of the Independence Title
Co., aged seventy-seven years, eight
months and twenty-nine days, of
paralysis. Remains were interred in
I. O. O. F. cemetery; Rev. J. A.
Townsend officiating.

Mrs. McCabe was born in New York
state, her maiden name being Knapp.
She was married in Indiana to Alexan-
der McCabe, with whom she lived hap-
pily for sixty years—until the hour of
her death. Fifteen weeks ago she was
stricken with paralysis, rendering her
helpless. Two weeks before her death
while setting before the fireplace her
clothes caught fire and she was badly
burned, being unable to assist herself.
Her last hours were free from pain and
she passed quietly away Friday morn-
ing at 12:45. She was a member of the
Baptist church.

Falls City.

Friday four of our young men were
arrested by Deputy Farley, and taken
to Dallas, and brought here by Justice
Smith. The charge brought against
them is disturbing religious services,
held in the Free Methodist church last
Sunday night. Their trial will be held
some time during the week.

L. M. Murray has returned from Ta-
coma, Wash., where he has been for
the past six weeks visiting his son, who
is a railway conductor on the Northern
Pacific.

Mr. Rhodebarger who came to Ore-
gon with Mr. Travis several years ago,
but not finding anything to suit him
settled in Washington, has returned to
Old Polk and rented the Moyer place;
his family will join him as soon as the
weather permits.

The saw mills belonging to Mr. Teal
and R. Sultor will soon begin sawing
and by so doing give employment to
many of our Falls City boys who have
been idle during the winter.

J. N. Hart seems to be one of the
most popular men in the county, at

though young; many of the leading
politicians think he would be a suit-
able person to represent Polk in the
next legislature. If he receives the
nomination (as he probably will from
the republicans) he without doubt
will be elected.

Mitchell & Flynn have started their
sawmill and are now able to supply the
market with a choice quality of lumber
at low prices. ZENO.

Saver Items.

Clear sunshine and frosty nights.

Grain looks well in this section, con-
sidering the unusually hard winter.

Farmers are busy preparing for spring
work.

Rev. L. S. Fisher, of Albany, com-
mences a protracted meeting here next
Saturday. He is an excellent speaker
and everybody should come out to hear
him.

B. F. Tharp and wife were visiting in
Lincoln county last week.

School commenced here last Monday
with Miss Mary Northrup as teacher.

C. N. Tharp went to Albany this
week on business. He reports the
roads in bad condition, and a good
many washouts caused by the recent
high water.

The estimated output of prunes for
the Pacific coast is 200,000,000 pounds
annually.

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE.

A Thrilling Tale Which Illustrates the
Fate of Villany.

(Published only in the WEST SIDE.)

CHAPTER I.

EBBING CONVENT WALLS.

On the outskirts of the city of Brooklyn
stands a convent of one of the Catholic
sisterhoods. The building, or series of
buildings, shoots upward from an em-
bankment that gives the monastic structure
a conspicuity strangely in contrast with
the lives of its gentle inmates—some of
whom daily visit the city to teach in
the parochial schools assigned to their
order; others who care for the orphan,
making their liabilities—even more ten-
der than a mother's—a soothing, pray-
erful song of heavenly praise and ap-
peal in reparation for the manifold sins
of humanity.

In the convent reception room, in
the first year of the last decade of the
present century, two lovers sit opposite
the superior, Mother St. Gertrude, the
three engaged in a conversation which
deals with the two young people, and
yet the nun takes more than a passing
interest in it. She stands in the rela-
tion of a mother to the girl.

Mother St. Gertrude is a woman of
medium height. She is nearing the
half century mark, but the happiness
enjoyed in her community has kept the
furrows of time from touching the face
that looks out from her hood like a
Raphaelite picture of the Madonna in
sunshine, and not dolorous. The man-
agement of the large institution over
which she presides, embracing branch
establishments calling for much judg-
ment and knowledge of financing, nec-
essarily gives her a deeper insight
into the ways of the world than the
average nun can ever gain.

The greatest saints in the calendar
have had the most buoyant of dispo-
sitions; the deeds that earned their can-
onization—acts of startling miracle and
surprising mortification—having been
drawn from the catacombs of asceticism,
where they had been preserved with
the embalming of what? Fear, and
mor, sweet and subtle; fancy, free and
florid; humanity, broad and blessed,
all exercised in exercising evil by ex-
citing joy and awakening the people
into a new life that leads to the eternal;
the holiest of men and women who
have walked in the shadow of asceticism,
disseminated in their wake the light
and incentive to pleasure that kept
their memories hallowed until the
church placed upon them the aureole
of benediction.

Of this type is Mother St. Gertrude,
a pleasant woman, with a mind as sus-
ceptible to mirth as her heart is to suf-
fering, her interest in all her friends,
worldly and religious, not ignoring any
feature of their lives.

"Laurence, you know your own
mind, don't you?" she asked, address-
ing the young man. "Isabel thinks
you may change, if her ancestry turns
out to have been plebeian."

"Nonsense," said the young man.
"The aristocrat of today was a barba-
rian yesterday. The old aristocrat was
dethroned and the title confiscated by
the savage conqueror who assumed,
generally with poor grace, an air of
gentility he fancied was in keeping
with his stolen grandeur. The rank
is but the guinea's stamp, you know."

Laurence Mangan was about 26 years
of age, tall, athletic, manly. He was
a newspaper man whose caustic articles
had made him feared as his honesty
had made him respected by the politi-
cians whom he had often thwarted in
their designs upon the city and county
treasuries. His bearing indicated self-
dependence—never vanity nor offensive
pride. His features were handsome;
his character chivalric. A Byronic
brow, surmounted by curls that distin-
guish the sculpture typical of the Greek
gods, rose above eyes whose sparkle—or
fire, if you will—gave you no better
idea of his mental strength than of his
physical energy.

Isabel Le Clair, aglow with the
health and beauty of 20 summers, look-
ed at him archly, gratified with his sen-
timents, but apparently still mistrust-
ful, as if something hidden in the future
were yet to come between them.

"Laurence," she asked, "are you sure
Mother St. Gertrude has told you all?"

"Of course," interjected the nun. "I
will repeat it, because I know it will
give you more satisfaction."

"You needn't," said Laurence. "Let
me assure Isabel that it is herself, not
her ancestry, I am in love with. Circum-
stances may undermine the romance
I have built around her birth, but it
cannot change her character. The sins
of our ancestors, by commission or
omission, mar not us, unless we brood
upon them, and the false social spirit
rejects us through fear of their ebullition
in ourselves. But, I believe"—and in
the enthusiasm of the moment he stepped
forward, lifted Isabel from her
chair, and pressing her to his bosom
kissed the upturned face—"I believe
with the poet Moore:

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the
same
Through joy and through torment, through
grief and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if gull's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou
art."

He lifted his eyes to Mother St. Ger-
trude, who had herself arisen. She had
meant to chide one or the other, prob-
ably both, but as she looked at the wil-
lowy form of her fair protégée, heaving
with delight, a blush of maidenly
fervor making Isabel more beautiful
than ever, her chidings failed to find
voice, and it was Laurence's words that
broke the silence:

"Don't mind what I do, mother; tell
your story."

"It isn't very long," resumed the
sister. "Isabel evidently came of a
good family. She was brought to this
institution nearly 20 years ago by her
father, George Leland. I was assistant
superior then. Mr. Leland said he had
a boy, some years older, being cared
for elsewhere. We never heard from
him but once after. As she grew up,
Isabel, not knowing or seeing any rela-
tive, took a fancy to the name by which
I was known in the world—Le Clair.
It was a child's whim. I humored it,
just as I have humored her in other
things, but she isn't spoiled yet, is she?"

"This was intended to rally the girl,
who was a little disconcerted and look-
ed from the sister to the lover as the
story was being told. In her restless
conspicuousness a shrewd eye would detect
that she was wondering if Mother St.
Gertrude's love for her hadn't conjured
before her vision a lineage which the
girl could not claim. It could be seen,
too, that Isabel was doubting whether
Laurence would remain unchanged by
the story.

"Mr. Leland said he was going west."
The nun added, "Isabel was an infant.
Her mother had died a few weeks be-
fore her father brought her to us. He
would not trust the child, he said, to
other hands. Mr. Leland left a few
hundred dollars with Mother Xavier,
then in charge of this institution, tell-
ing her she would hear from him fre-
quently. We got one letter from Den-
ver including a money order. Since
then not a line has reached us. I can-
not understand it, for his parting from
the child was most affecting."

"How long since he wrote last?"
asked Laurence, his newspaper tuition
involuntarily suggesting the query.

"About 18 years. His letter we have
still."

"Did he talk of his plans or purpose,
or give any clue that could be follow-
ed?"

"No, I take it," said the nun, "that
he was not a man who cared to discuss
his personal affairs with anybody. His
letter was very brief."

"Did he write of Isabel?"

"No."

"Nor of her brother?"

"Not a word."

"Have you ever tried to locate him?"

"We had no way to, without going
into print. That we disliked. A few
years ago, however, when we felt it
was time to make known to Isabel ev-
erything, we freely gave her permission
to use whatever means she herself
would choose, after counsel with us, to
get information of her father. Our re-
sources were offered to her. She pro-
posed, or did propose before she and you
became such good friends"—and the
nun smiled as the two blushed—"that
she would go out to the convent of our
order in Denver and from that point
make her inquiries."

"What do you think of the plan?"
queried Isabel, addressing Mangan.

"Not a bad one. But one used to
the tranquillity of a convent is hardly
qualified to put it into execution."

"That's a reflection on my sex," re-
plied Isabel impetuously. "Have you
forgotten history? From the days of
Deborah and Judith down to the pres-
ent, whenever great deeds demand ac-
complishment, the women of peaceful
hours and restful habits have been call-
ed upon to bear the brunt of battle, not
the men and women reared in a biting
atmosphere and inured to hardship.
My sex would not be against me, nor
would my training be."

"Ask her, Laurence, if she will go to
Denver now," jokingly suggested the
sister, "since she has been so severe
upon you."

"Not unless I go with her," answer-
ed Mangan. "I'm lucky that she didn't
go there before I fell in—in—"

"In love with her," suggested Mother
St. Gertrude, ere he recovered from his
hesitancy.

"Well that, if you please to have it
so. But I was thinking of other words."

"That would mean the same?"

"Go ahead, mother; don't spare me.
You are teasing Isabel as well as me."

Isabel didn't appear as indifferent as
Laurence to the raillery of the mother
superior. Each sally heightened the
carmine of her cheeks and added to her
embarrassment. For want of ought
else to say or do, she again turned to
her lover:

"What would you do under the cir-
cumstances?"

"I know what I'm glad you didn't
do."

"And that is?"

"That you didn't go to Denver."

"Why?" interrogated Mother St.
Gertrude.

"Because she might have been disap-
pointed and in despair drift into anoth-
er mood—one that might ultimately
have enveloped her with the veil of the
sisterhood. Sometimes, sister, I'm
afraid that you'll yet steal her from
me."

"There are reasons why you should
have no fear," said Mother St. Gertrude,
smiling. "First, our order is unusu-
ally strict in regard to its postulants.
Now, the acceptance of Isabel could
turn out to be a great sorrow to us and
a disappointment to her. A few years
hence her father may return from the
west with one of those immense for-
tunes people make there almost in a
day, by some accidental stroke. He
would come here and find his daughter
a nun. Yearning for affection from his
child, he would rush into print, and
what a story you newspaper men would
weave around those incidents! Yes,
you would actually say that we had
coerced Isabel into taking the vows
and veil of our community, and that
we had conspired to get control of her
wealth, if it came to pass that such
would be hers by inheritance."

"I don't mind him, child," said
Mother St. Gertrude. "Laurence has
been a friend to this institution. He
has been the one newspaper man who
has pictured the work of our convent,
asylum and schools in words that have
inspired public generosity to our aid
and made possible legislation relieving
us of many little burdens, giving us
greater opportunities to make our in-
come fruitful of good. I ought to put
up with something from him."

"You forget, mother," said Isabel,
"to say how kind you have been to me.
I have staid here"—turning to Lau-
rence—"because I wanted to pay as
teacher some of the debt I owe for the
education and support I have had.
Then, again, you know my ambition to
find out something about my parentage,
fearful sometimes that it may not be
all I desire."

"An angel so fair need not worry
about that."

"I wanted to tell something else,
Mother St. Gertrude," she resumed,
turning to the sister, "I would like to
enter another state—you know what

"I refer to—until I was certain that
there was nothing—nothing"—and
she was searching