

INDEPENDENCE CLASSIFIED Business Directory.

Directory is corrected monthly, and a...

BANKS. National, Cor. Main and Monmouth Sts.

WALERS, GRAIN AND HOPS. Office First National Bank.

BILLIARD HALL. Patterson, Main street.

BLACKSMITHS. Fuller, C street.

BOOKS & STATIONERY. Ter Bros, Main street.

BRICK. Paper, corner Cartrot.

PAINTERS & CONTRACTORS. C. Claggett, office B street.

CITY OFFICIALS. Turley, Mayor.

CHURCHES & PASTORS. J. Fred Jenkins.

DAIRIES. Anderson, off. B street.

DENTISTS. Bailey, O. Donnell brick, up stairs.

DOCTORS. Babbutt, Ind. Nat'l Bank, up stairs.

DRAY COMPANIES. Chas. & Staats, Railroad Str.

DRESSMAKERS. Whittaker, at residence, Railroad st.

DRUGGISTS. Alexander & Co., Main Str.

FLOUR MILLS. J. Co., Geo. Skinner & Co.

FURNITURE. Ferguson, cor. C and Main street.

GEN'L MDSE. Hirschberg, Main street.

GROCERIES. Baldwin & Co., South side C street.

HAIRDRESSING. Hirschberg, Main street.

IRONWARE & AGL. IMPTS. Bennett, Cor. Main & Monmouth Sts.

JOB PRINTER. Moore Office, Main street.

LAUNDRY. Mann Laundry, A. J. Achison.

LAWYERS. Hurley, Main street.

LIVERY STABLES. Cook, Main street.

LUMBER. Holt & Venzes, saw mill.

MARBLE WORKS. Hawkins, cor. Railroad and E streets.

MEAT MARKETS. Miller, C street.

MERCHANT TAILORS. S. Shorman, C street.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Craven, C street, north side.

RESTAURANTS. Restaurant, C. D. Campbell, Prop.

SECRET SOCIETIES. Lodge No. 22, A. O. U. W.

SALOONS. Gen. J. R. Cooper, prop.

SASH & DOORS. Bell & Bohannon, Main street.

GEO. E. BREY, DEALER IN

Oil, Soap, Wood, Potatoes, Etc.

Independence, Oregon. 43



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I have sold Ayer's Family Medicines for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them.

Wonderful Cures performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, on a particular case of a little daughter of a Church of England minister.

The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years.

In spite of the best medical treatment available, her father was in great distress about the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Two bottles of which effected a complete cure, much to her relief and her father's delight.

I am sure, were he here today, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merits of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Cures others, will cure you

CHAS. STAATS, (SUCCESSOR TO HUBBARD & STAATS.) PROPRIETOR OF

City Truck and Transfer Co. Hauling of all kinds done at reasonable rates.

Agents for the O. P. Boats. All bills must be settled by the 10th of each month.

Independence, Oregon. Steamer Altona! Salem and Independence

TO PORTLAND Leaves Independence and Salem Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leaving Independence at 6:45, leaving at 7:30 a. m., and arriving at Portland at 2:15 p. m.

Leaves Portland Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:45 a. m., Salem for Independence at 4 p. m.

Excellent meals served on boat at 25 cents per meal.

Passengers save time and money by taking this line to Portland.

Steamer will carry fast through freight and offers special rates on large lots.

Unexcelled passenger accommodations. Mitchell, Wright & Co., General agents, Hoffman block, Salem, Or.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES Made by the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY FOR THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER FAIR

ROUND TRIP TICKETS GOOD FOR 30 DAYS Portland to San Francisco AND RETURN. \$27.50 Including FIVE Gate Tickets TO THE FAIR.

EXCURSION TRIPS From San Francisco to other points in California will be allowed purchasers of special Midwinter Fair tickets at the following round-trip rates:

To Stations under 150 miles from San Francisco, One and one-third one-way fare.

To Stations 150 miles or more from San Francisco, one and one-half one-way fare.

For exact rates and full information, inquire of J. B. KIRKLAND, District Passenger Agent, 134 First St., Portland, Or., or address the undersigned. T. H. GOODMAN, RICHARD GRAY, Gen. Passenger Agt. Gen. Traffic Manager, San Francisco, Cal. Aug. 94

OUR CONTINUED STORY.

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE. A Thrilling Tale Which Illustrates the Fate of Villany.

(Published only in the West Side)

CHAPTER II. SCHEMES IN THE LEGISLATURE.

"Another stroke and the heritage of Isabel Le Clair is mine, and not a single soul in the world shall ever know it. The governor of the state of New York signs the bills, and I become a millionaire. A millionaire! What an I say! A multimillionaire I will be! And she will never dream that my millions are hers by right."

So spoke Francis Raymond, lawyer and politician, leader of his party in the county of Kings, which embraces Brooklyn.

We find him a visitor at Albany, the capital of the state. He is not there many hours before he is surrounded by his suit of rooms in the Delavan by senators, assemblymen and others whose influence is potent for good or bad in state and municipal government.

He seldom visits Albany, except when more than usually interested in some legislation, and his word goes a great way, for he is a man of power. Hence the number and the character of his guests.

A man about 40 years of age, his commanding position has been won by shrewdness that has allowed him to pose as a public spirited citizen, while selfishness has really dominated all his actions.

He is the controlling power behind one of the leading daily newspapers in his city—the *Trumpet*—and is secured for it, through special legislation, a large income for publication of corporation and other legal notices that guaranteed it support from the start.

The rival papers—there were three of them—could find no fault with this, for he very generously included them in his scheme at the expense of the taxpayers. This was a trick learned from the Tweed ring in New York, which paid over \$3,000,000 for work that \$70,000 covers now in the publication of the *The City Record*.

In this way public opinion, as represented in the press, was at a low ebb and, as a result, the people were not disinclined of the idea that the new order of things was anything but an honest, eye-magnanimous deed of public officers who wanted to keep their constituents posted on their actions.

"Our city has grown rapidly," said Raymond to the legislators around him. "Our buildings are scattered over an area of 82 square miles and our population is close to 800,000. We have neglected the creation of parks, 'the lungs of the city' some one has styled them, and the people demand these improvements. I am up here to have a bill presented appointing a commission of three to outline a system of parks connected by a boulevard, to appraise and condemn property, with another measure giving the city officials authority to issue bonds to meet the expenditures. I have here the reports of public meetings suggesting and approving this, and as our county alone has to stand the cost there should be no objections."

He knew there would be none. A state convention of unusual importance would meet shortly after the close of the legislative session. His own delegation, by virtue of its numerical strength, would be much sought after and courted. Francis Raymond was known to be very modest at conventions. He never sought a state nomination for himself or his county, except when it was expedient to have a candidate for other purposes than nominating. In other words, he would invariably withdraw his name on assurances of legislative favor that would increase his patronage in his own district and strengthen his hold upon the local government and the party machine.

Thus are dictators made, clothing themselves with powers that only a revolution can set aside.

Next morning the bills were introduced in the senate and assembly. They were reported from the cities committee at the evening session, again read and passed, and were well on their way to the executive chamber to receive the signature that would make them the law of the land, before Francis Raymond thought of leaving Albany.

What wonder that he looked in the mirror and surveyed himself with pride!

Away off in the farther corner of the room is a boxlike arrangement formed by running two sides of a half partition up against the walls, completing the quadrangle that makes a private office for the managing editor. At a desk near the door of this little office is seated the night city editor. Two gas jets light a long table in the center of the room, where a number of reporters are seated, turning out stories of murder, suicide, fire, romance and intrigue that, after a few touches of the blue pencil, will read tomorrow like the classic productions of a feuilletonist who, unlike the reporter, is not hampered by facts nor hastened by time.

Against the walls are a few common desks of rude construction, and each has a gas jet to itself. At one sits the telegraph editor. The others are reserved for those who have risen to the distinction of department men, or specialists, to whom some particular feature of the paper, from religion to sports and politics, has been assigned. At one of these is Laurence Mangan. There has been a rush of big stories, the finishing paragraphs are awaited in the composing room, some articles must be cut down, the facts compressed into lesser space, for newspaper columns are not elastic. Mangan is pressed into duty as a copy reader.

"What do you think of that, Mangan?" asked the night editor, as he

handed him a telegram from Albany renouncing the passage at the evening session of the legislature of the bill appointing a commission to plan a system of city parks for Brooklyn and another to bond the city for the amount required.

"Think of it," he replied, "why, it is a conspiracy. It can be converted into a public benefit, but it is most likely to become a public swindle. These commissioners are Francis Raymond's men, and you can depend upon it he owns some property he wants to dispose of at a big price, or he knows people who own such and will pay him handsomely to get rid of it, if they themselves can get an advance above the current market value. However, it will not do to say that now."

"Let us have a good story," he said, for every article is called a story in newspaper circles.

"Mangan," called out the managing editor, who had overheard Laurence's criticism, "when you finish that, I want to see you."

erect carriage and general bearing repelled the suspicion that he was anything but a prince of good fellows.

"And Inez Mortimer," he mused, "expects me to make her my wife. What nonsense! I have millions in my hands. I need assume no burdens and throw aside the admiration and regard of many pretty girls for the love of one. I will not do it either! Her brother Phil I have made registrar of arrests, where he can enrich himself under my counsel. He will not complain, and I guess will resent me. I ought to make love to Isabel Le Clair, though, and marry her, just to ease my conscience! My conscience, I'm afraid it's gone! Ha! Ha! That fellow, Mangan, confound him, is favored in that quarter! But time will tell whether he stands a show with me!"

He laughed. It was a hearty outburst, so sudden that it startled himself. He stood silent a few minutes, thinking whether or not his utterances had been as clear as his musical exclamation—it was musical, for his vocal chords had been tuned by elocutionary art, and they sounded in harmony at all times, even in moments of greatest excitement.

"It is all right," he said to himself reassuringly. "No one will ever catch me telling how I know Isabel's history and acquired wealth that should be hers. All the papers are destroyed, she has not a living relative, and her property is all mine, and all mine by law. Just to think that her father's \$50,000 investment in farm lands 21 years ago is worth millions today! Well, maybe I ought to marry Isabel, after all."

There are many men in public life today who think nothing of appropriating public funds to their own uses, and yet in private matters they are scrupulously honest. They would put their arms, metaphorically speaking, elbow deep into the city treasury, but wrong an individual they would not.

Raymond was not so sensitive as this, but the enormity of his injustice to the girl had touched him. He was never likely to relinquish his design, but he was moved by the beauty, the accomplishments and the utter helplessness of his victim. He had unconsciously been driven into a new field of philosophical speculation. Money, in his eyes, atoned for everything. Others could have placed; he sought profit. As he himself lived, he judged his neighbors, and gold was to him a magic talisman to avert the way all pain. It must be such to others? Would he share his wealth with Isabel and in this way make atonement? Such a thought, possibly, prompted him to conclude his soliloquy with the remark:

"I'll think it over."

CHAPTER III. A STIR IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE. The loud voiced gong that rang the alarms of fire in the office of the Brooklyn Daily Bugle had struck 12—the hour of midnight. The office is not what the readers of the paper have sanctified it—the traditional title of sanctum sanctorum lifting it to a dignity in public imagination that it could not claim even under the latitudinous license of journalistic pretension.

The plate glass windows of the building facing the city hall are covered with gilt letters. The handles on the massive front doors are oxidized. The counters in the business office are of polished mahogany, and the railings from the cashier's desk to that of the advertising clerk are of heavy brass, of beautiful design, and shining almost like gold. Round the walls are elegant lithographs, so artistically framed and so neatly arranged that they seem to be the original masterpieces of which they are but copies.

Let us look behind the partition, running from floor to ceiling, that separates the richly decorated business office from the editorial and reportorial rooms, and shut out from them light and air. The rich dress of the newspaper Cinderella turns into rags; not even the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp could work a stranger metamorphosis. The entrance is by a narrow hallway, such a hallway as you would find in a tenement where travel has worn the softer wood and the knots, referring to sink beneath sole leather, stand up in gnarled determination to upset the doorway.

Entering a side door, the uninitiated is staggered by the sudden transition from the business palace to a miserable, stuffy, dingy apartment, where the intellectual force of the paper is both annihilating and analyzing the history of a day and molding the policy of decades, as the great presses in the basement below are about to awaken to breakfast on tons of paper while all the world is asleep.

What wonder that he looked in the mirror and surveyed himself with pride!

What's the matter, old man?" asked the managing editor.

"I'm going west on private business. It is imperative."

"We've always treated you squarely," said the managing editor. "It was due you, of course, but here, in a matter of great importance, right in

"What's the matter, old man?" asked the managing editor, observing that Mangan acted like a man who was taking a long farewell of old scenes and old friends.

Mangan was certainly affected. He had decided to inquire into Isabel's antecedents, go west to discover, if possible, her father or some account of him that would clear up the mystery. He felt that if he failed he might never return, unless Isabel relented. A number of weird thoughts were whirling through his mind.

"I'm all right," he said to his chief, "I was a little put out to think that you accused me of not being fair."

"Fair! Everybody knows you're fair," was the editor's conciliatory answer. "Now, I'll show you I'm fair, too. I'll put another man on your department, and you just stick to this story until you have it all in hand."

"Thank you; good night," said Laurence.

"Good night. Take care of yourself," was the parting salutation.

"No fear of that." Mangan stepped out into the dimly lighted hall and made his way to the street, bound for his lodgings. He looked up at the city hall clock. It was after 1. The morning was cold and a biting breeze was sweeping the thoroughfares. He buttoned his overcoat about him and glancing again at the time remarked:

"Well, I'll get up an early, and if I don't give Raymond a shakeup before I leave town it is because he is a more

honest man than I give him credit for, even if he is not as high minded and pure a citizen as the ring organ paints him!"

(To be continued.)

The Price of Wool.

The Cannonsburg Herald of Washington county, Pa., states that "one of our farmers recently sold his unwashed wool at 14 cents per pound. Unwashed wool was then quoted at 15 cents per pound in the London market. The duty on wool was 11 cents. Add a cent for carriage, and foreign wool would cost 27 cents laid down in New York. Our friend got 14 cents. We would like to know where the protection comes in."

Such wool as brings 15 cents in the London market is twice as valuable as the 14 cent unwashed Pennsylvania wool. The former is skirted Australian and is so clean that in any market it would command a higher price than the cleanest fleece washed wools of Washington county, to say nothing of unwashed. We might as well compare gold and silver, because they are precious metals, as to compare Washington county unwashed with Australian washed. They are neither in the same condition. The wool which this Washington county farmer sold in Washington county at 14 cents is worth only 8 cents in London, and with free wool the London price would be the American price in New York, and on the farm it would be at least 2 cents per pound less than the price in New York, or 64 cents, because it would cost over 2 cents per pound to get wool from the farm in Washington county to the eastern market.

In confirmation of the free trade value of Washington county wool we refer to the following table procured by the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers, giving the cost in London of certain lots of Australian unwashed wools competing with Washington county wools. The average price was 19 cents in London for unwashed skirted wool, the average shrinkage of which was 48 per cent, and the average clean scored cost was 364 cents:

COST IN LONDON OF AUSTRALIAN UNWASHED WOOL COMPETING WITH WASHINGTON COUNTY WOOL.

Table with columns: T C in square, Bale, Cents, Shrink, Per cent, Clean scored, Cents.

"I don't care to do it," said Mangan.

"I was going to ask leave of absence tomorrow for an indefinite period, and failing to receive it to tender my resignation."

If Laurence Mangan had had the least idea of Raymond's design and its inspiration, that assignment would have been accepted with alacrity. As it was, he knew nothing of its possibilities to him.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

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get it to the eastern market without any profit to local middlemen. The outside free trade price on the farm for unwashed fleece would be not over 64 cents for such wool as our friend sold there recently at 14 cents, and this wool that was worth 14 cents under the free wool administration of Grover Cleveland was worth 20 cents on the day that General Harrison left the White House, March, 1869.

Now, there has been no change in the tariff law since then, but the reason that this Pennsylvania farmer got 14 cents this year instead of 20 cents last year was because its free trade value is only 84 cents, and the fall from 20 cents to 14 cents was discounting the effect of a free wool bill. The nearer we come to the passage of that bill the nearer will be the price on the farm in Washington county to the London price of 84 cents for such unwashed as was worth 20 cents last March.

On page 290 of The American Economist of Nov. 3 is a table showing the price in London and also in the United States for the same grade of Ohio wool and Australian wool from the time of the passage of the tariff law of 1867 up to 1891. The average difference in the price of wool of the same shrinkage, of the same blood and of the same diameter of fiber was over 51 per cent lower in free trade London than in the United States under protection, and but for this American protection the London price would have been the American price, and the American woolgrower would have received less than half of the price which he did receive under 24 years of protection. Or, in other words, if the American farmer had sold his wool in London instead of in America, he would have received less than half of the prices actually obtained here.

JUSTICE BATEMAN & Co. Philadelphia, Jan. 31.

Protect All or None. It is proposed by the advocates of free trade to reduce the revenue of the government by \$75,000,000 by lowering the barriers between the cheap labor of Europe and the well paid labor of the United States. Labor has made America and owns it. Any changes in our fiscal policy should be made with a view to protecting and stimulating the labor of this country.

The removal of \$75,000,000 of customs duties would have an opposite effect. It cannot be done without reducing the wages of labor to the low level of foreign wages, and without the destruction of flourishing industries, which now give plenty of comfort to millions of households. It would make the millions of men now employed in the manufacturing competing producers instead of buyers of food and thus bring ruin upon our farmers.

The American policy of protection must either be sustained or abolished. There can be no compromise. A part of the protective labor of the country cannot be selected for destruction and a part left. The policy which has protected our metal industries and given us cheap iron and steel and thus established textile mills and given us cheap clothing has likewise developed our mines and increased our flocks. It has also, in the words of Jefferson, "placed manufacture by the side of our farmers and given them the incalculable benefits of home markets."

Transfer the mining of coal to Nova Scotia and of iron away to Spain and Cuba, and hundreds of thousands of American miners would be compelled to crowd into other occupations or starve. Under protection the output of all our products has largely increased, and the price of our product has been greatly cheapened.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Where Is the Screw Applied? Tariff Tinker Wilson has insinuated that wage earners are being "forced" to sign the petitions that are pouring into congress against his bill of destruction. We are afraid that the coercion screw applied from the White House to the chairman of the ways and means committee may have affected that gentleman's ideas of fair play. This is a free country, and people are not generally "forced" to do things against their will.

There are more than 60,000,000 of people who now see things differently to the smaller number of less than 5,000,000 with whom the worthy chairman is in the minority. But there are exceptions to every rule, as the president has fully proved during the last nine months, when he "forced" congress and his executive officials to do his bidding. These are the only instances of "force" that have been used under the present administration, except in the later effort to thrust upon the country a "force" bill.

AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS WORLD'S FAIR.