

INDEPENDENCE
CLASSIFIED
Business Directory.

Directory is corrected monthly, and is a very valuable merchant in Portland. Merchants will see the advantage of advertising under appropriate headings. Advertisements are placed at a low rate and are not given as a home for publication.

BANKS.

Commercial, Cor. Main and Monmouth Sts.
National, Cor. Main and C Sts.

BROKERS, GRAIN AND HOPS.

Brook, Office First National Bank.

BILLIARD HALL.

Patterson, Main street.

BLACKSMITHS.

Fuller, C Street.

BOOKS & STATIONERY.

Walter Bros., Main street.

BRICK.

Cooper, corner C Street.

PENTERS & CONTRACTORS.

Claggett, Office B Street.

Shell & Son—orders at Dooty's Paddock's.

CITY OFFICIALS.

Hurley, Mayor.

W. Reed, Recorder.

Fupper, Marshal.

CHURCHES & PASTORS.

St. J. Fred Jenkins.

St. J. A. Townsend.

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S. P. SMITH, of Towanda, Pa., whose constitution was completely broken down, is cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes:

"For eight years, I was, most of the time, a great sufferer from constipation, kidney trouble, and indigestion, 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 condition, 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 before 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."

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, Salem 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, Holman block, Salem, Or.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES

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-fifth one-way fare.

OUR CONTINUED STORY.

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE.

A Thrilling Tale Which Illustrates the Fate of Villainy.

(Published only in the WEST SIDE)
CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The more formal introduction came, and in a few minutes Mortimer and Dr. Leland were engaged in conversation. There was something about the



He went walking around the room, physician that attracted him. Not so keen as his sister, Mortimer could not associate the face with that of Isabel Le Clair, but he did connect the name with that of the client of his old preceptor in law.

"I knew a man of your name, a George Leland, who was killed in Denver, but he was old enough to be your father."

"And he was my father."

"He was?"

"Yes. What did you know of him?"

"Nothing."

"You must have heard something."

"I was a student in the office of the lawyer that transacted his business."

"You were? Then maybe you can explain what my father meant when he said, 'Telegraph my death end.' He left no papers. His attorney in Denver had only the deeds of recent purchases here. An eastern lawyer had other papers and a will. I have frequently advertised for claims against my father, thinking that creditors would be most likely to turn up and give a clue. But no responses were received. Now fate has sent you here to unravel the mystery. The public administrator appointed an executor, and I, as the only living relative, own the property that was once beyond civilization, it seemed, but on which this hotel and the blocks around have been erected."

Mortimer listened and said nothing. He picked up a paper, the one he had been reading and had dropped when the doctor entered. He read over the paragraph again and said:

"I may be wrong. But there is one man who can straighten things out. I shall write to him tonight, or better, why not come home with me?"

"You are not able yet to stand the journey, however much I might like to go."

He said this emphatically. It attracted the attention of Inez, who had just taken leave of the housekeeper. Inez's anxious, inquisitive look, noticed by the doctor, awakened his interest.

"Your brother wants to go back," he said. "I'm sure, Miss Mortimer, you will join with me in urging him to remain here a little longer."

"He ought to be guided by medical counsel," was her reply. "He promised me he would."

"Dr. Leland understands me," said Mortimer. "I'll obey his wishes. He should be more impatient than I."

"Why?" queried Inez.

"Never mind," said her brother.

Dr. Leland had been so completely unmoved by the unexpected revelation that he felt it would be wiser to turn to other subjects until he could regain his equanimity. Inez was not blind to his agitation. She ascribed it to some reflection of her brother upon his profession. Philip was liable, in some fit of peevishness, to forget the courtesies required by social law. Inez regretted that she had been the means of bringing any one into a disagreeable situation. Her sympathy went out to Dr. Leland.

Cultivation may reserve the more forceful of the feelings that seek expression in look and gesture, but where the outburst is restrained more gentle indications unconsciously assert themselves. Dr. Leland felt a strange thrill under the intense solicitude her eyes betrayed. A physician, skilled in the ways of human nature, the loveliness of this girl's character had at once impressed him. He was not a man to be touched with personal beauty alone, but somehow he felt himself envying Mortimer the care and affection of which he was the recipient.

"With your permission," said the doctor, "your brother and I will retire to his chamber. Perhaps I may soon strengthen him. You mustn't be discouraged, Miss Mortimer. Our air here is good, but like medicine itself to strange lungs, it must be taken under instructions. We will leave you for awhile."

"As you will, doctor."

The two men went back to Mortimer's room. There the uselessness of the physician first turned to the physical discomfort of the patient. In words that had a subtle influence upon Mortimer, impelling him to cheerful acquiescence, he made him move as he pleased until the basis for diagnosis had been obtained.

"I will bring you some medicine later," said Dr. Leland, when the examination had been finished.

"But about that other thing, doctor—your father's case?"

"Oh, yes. You spoke about a man whom you could write to. Who is he? The lawyer?"

"No; he is dead. That's the trouble."

"Who is the man?"

"Laurence Mangan, a newspaper man. He is on the track of a discovery. I will write him a letter now. You mail it, and it will bring him on surely."

Mortimer walked over to a secretary, unlocked it, arranged the desk board and wrote:

DR. JAMES H. LELAND, Denver, April 25, 1894.
DEAR MR. MANGAN:—The secret of the commission bill and more startling revelations will be given you, if you pay me a visit here. I am too weak to go home. I will defray your expenses. You are needed to hunt down fraud. Do not fail. Yours truly, Philip Mortimer.

"What does this mean?" asked Dr. Leland.

"It means that you and your sister are."

"My sister?"

"Yes."

"I never had one."

"There must be some mistake. I understood your father left a boy and a girl. I heard the old lawyer once refer to a will of George Leland, your father. My partner took the papers and later said to me that you were both dead."

"Why not go to him?"

"No use. He has reasons for deception. You cannot prove that the two George Lelands are the same."

"But my sister, what of her? Let him restore her to me, and I care not about the will."

"I know nothing about her. I tell you, we must wait for Mangan."

"What can he do?"

"What can't he do? We must consult him."

The doctor took leave of Mortimer and said a few encouraging words to Inez as he passed out, promising to return later.

"Inez! Inez!" her brother called. She obeyed the summons. There was evidently something annoying her as she entered.

"What is it, Phil?"

"Bring me in the Bugles."

"I've been reading them."

"Then you know what Raymond has done?" he asked, peering into her face from the lounge where he sat. "I see you do."

He laid back resignedly, turning his eyes upward, as if imploring strength from God, and Inez considered it best not to disturb him.

CHAPTER IX.
RAYMOND KILLS MORTIMER OFFICIALLY.

And what had Francis Raymond been doing?

He returned home the day after he had received word that the Mortimers had gone to Denver. His plot was progressing favorably. His mind was eased of worry, and his step had an elasticity that distinguished him among the pedestrians who rushed by the public buildings in the forenoon.

It was Raymond's rule, as it was with other political leaders less cautious even than he, to exact from every appointee a resignation with a blank date. When that official gets refractory, the date is filled out on his resignation and sent in by the leader to the proper officer.

With it goes a recommendation of an other man for the office. This is an appointment practically. It only requires the form of an announcement through the legitimate authority, who acknowledges, without protest or murmur, the power behind the throne.

Raymond held Mortimer's resignation. The time had arrived to use it. He walked into the office of the registrar of arrais, now acting registrar, was effusive in his greetings. Raymond smiled significantly at the deputy, who followed him into the private case, where Raymond acted as if it was his own.

He sat down at the desk, pulled out his wallet and extracted Mortimer's resignation. He unfolded it on the desk, took a pen out of the rack backing the inkstand and filled in the date. On the back of one of his own cards he made a memorandum. "E. R. Black to succeed Philip Mortimer." He inclosed the resignation and the card in an envelope and addressed it to the mayor.

Here, Black, "handing the deputy the letter," said that over by special messenger. You are the new registrar of arrais. Tomorrow, when you receive the appointment from the mayor, I will suggest the man whom I would like you to name as your deputy."

A suggestion, but it meant a command! The deputy simply bowed assent. There was no sentiment in the matter. Each knew what was required of the other. Words were superfluous. They shook hands. It was the only expression of congratulation from the one, of thanks from the other. Black knew that tomorrow Raymond would name the deputy, and ere the official's appointment was handed over ask his own resignation for use in an emergency—that is, Raymond would ask it, if Black was so obtuse as not to save Raymond the trouble and himself abatement by having it ready when Raymond called.

The evening papers announced the promotion of Black. Politicians read the news and were surprised. What new deal was on? The people—the dear people—saw nothing in it calling for particular comment. One official stepped down and out, another assumed the duties of the position, advanced according to the exalted rules of civil service. The mayor was an aristocrat. He had wealth and social distinction. There could be no degrading appliances to any class of politicians.

So reasoned the people, if they pondered the paragraph long enough to bring their minds into the byways of politics. Possibly not one out of a thousand of them knew that the glances of public life had dazzled the mayor and that he carefully avoided running counter to the party machine over which his respectability was thrown.

He was not committing political suicide. During his term he had signed but one resolution of the common council, that for the renovation of a contagious disease hospital during a smallpox scare. The popular outcry was for promptitude, and he was for popularity. Every other resolution passed he had permitted to become a law in the operation of time without his signature. That was a practice that enabled him to justify himself and to declare, if wrong or fraud were ever charged, that he had not sanctioned it. It was the policy of his predecessors, and will continue to prevail as long as there is a premium on hypocrisy and the people are quiescent.

"Black," said Raymond, after reading of the appointment in the first edition of the papers, for which he had waited at the office of the registrar, "I want you to hunt up the files in relation to the property assessed to George Leland. My memory is that the time in which it can be redeemed is about to expire. A friend of mine is interested—do you understand? Hunt up the date and have it for me tomorrow."

"It expires on July 24 next. It is now April 13. Something over three months yet."

"How do you know?"

"I went over the books today."

"Why did you take particular notice of those books assessed to Leland? They extend into several wards, and you must have overhauled as many books."

"I did," in an apologetic tone. "I couldn't help it. I'm a man, explain yourself!" demanded Raymond, beginning to be nettled.

"You don't think I was inquisitive, Mr. Raymond, do you?" was the cringing query as his promotion appeared gliding beyond his reach. "Indeed I wasn't. It was Mangan of The Bugle who made me do it."

"Mangan?"

"Yes, you know him. That fellow who is always making a fuss in the city and county offices. I know he was after something. I used every endeavor to put him out, threatened him with arrest, but he only laughed at me."

"And then?"

"Why, he said he would go over to the supreme court and get a mandamus; that it would make a fine story! The books were public property, he said, and he was going to examine them. It would avert a scandal to let him see them, and I handed them to him."

"That's it, eh? Well, you were wise, Black."

Black had been bent forward. He straightened, quick as a Jack-in-the-box when released, jumps up to the limit of the spiral spring that propels him. It was but for a moment. The cheerless left his face, he doubled up as if his muscles had been contracted and he was in agony. But the pain was more mental than physical.

"I forgot to tell you," he whinnily said, "that Mangan knows who holds the certificates."

"The devil he does!"

"He insisted on looking over the private minutes of the office," continued Black. "I didn't know you were interested in that section of the city, it has been so recently annexed. He soon discovered in the minutes of the date of sale, as shown in the books, that you were the certificate holder. It couldn't be helped, sir; indeed, it couldn't."

"Well, never mind, Black. There's nothing wrong in that. I have equal rights with other citizens to bid for the property."

"I told him so, sir."

"What did Mangan say?"

"He said you had the same rights. Our two favors were more partially distributed."

"He did, eh?"

"Yes. He said that there was a big political ring in town that bought those lands for the taxes at auction sales surreptitiously held."

"Mangan didn't stop at that surely. Go on, I'm amused."

"Well, he declared he would break up the ring by publishing the enormity of its crime, and he had the impudence, sir, the great impudence, to ask me to convey his compliments to you and assure you that the rightful owner would redeem the Leland estates ere the time came that would make you the owner of millions who had bought for hundreds."

"That's a way he has to scare people into admissions," and Raymond smiled ironically. "He doesn't know me evidently."

"He knows the law, though," interjected Black, "and will be cautious."

"I forgot to tell you," he whinnily said, about Isabel. As he said it was a pity you could not be indicted and sent to Sing Sing for these transactions."

"The second!"

"Why, second? No name, Mr. Raymond," said the deputy, with an indignation meant to impress his loyalty.

"He's an infernal villain to offer such insults and interfere with matters that do not concern him."

"Say, Black," queried Raymond, ignoring Black's criticism, "is Mangan going to print all this tomorrow? Did he say anything about that?"

"No. He intimated, however, that he had much more investigation to make."

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The fire and police board of Denver dispute promises to adjust itself in the courts within a week. The militia, however, is ordered to recruit to its fullest extent.

Judge Wilde of Chicago, in a recent decision, held that a lie told by an employee to his employer annulled a contract, and the employee cannot recover damages for his discharge.

Internal Revenue Collector Mize, up to date, has been able to register but 833 Chinese under the Geary law in Chicago. There remain 2,000 yet to be registered in his district before May 3.

President Tracy of the National Republican league has called a special meeting of the league's executive committee to meet at the Arlington hotel, Washington, Monday, April 23.

Plans for the spring "round-up" of range cattle in Wyoming have been completed. The state officials expect no trouble, as the rustlers have been compelled to cease their operations.

There is trouble on