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INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1294

SECRET SOCIETIES.

O. U. W. - INDEPENDENCE Lodge, No 22, meets every Mou-light in 1...O.F. hall. All sojourn-rothers are invited to attend. A. J. ott, M. W. W.O. Cook. Recorder.

ALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F. – Meets in Vandoyn's hall every wday evening. All Odd fellows cor-y invited to meet with us. W. H. en, N. G. Zed Rosendorf, Secy.

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onal Bank.

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performed by Ayer's Barsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minister. The child was literally covered from head to foot with a red and exreedingly troublesome rash, from which you had suffered for two or three years, the had suffered for two or three years, in cpits of the best medical treatment scalinble. Her father was in great clutress shout the case, and, at my recommendation, at last began to ad-robulater Ayer's Samaparilla, two bot-the of which effected a complete cure,

much to her relief and her father's delight. I am sure, were he here to-day, he would testify in the strongest terms as to the merits of

Aver's Sarcaparilla Propered by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mess. Cures othors, will oure you

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A REPORTER'S ROMANCE AN INTERENTING STORY IN TWEN-TY CHAPTERS. A Thrilling Tale Which Illustrates the Pate of Villiany—A Fight for Wealth. Published only to the West Stars

[Published only in the WEST SIDE] CHAPTER XI.-CONTINUED.

Mangan stepped backward. The teepers understood his action to be that of a suit. It was and is the practice of justices to run off on pleasure trips and sign a number of papers for their chief clerks to fill. Naturally, the justices, if ever called upon, accept the decision of their clerks as their own. If Man-gan brought suit, the evidence would be all against him. If he said he had never anoward in computer for trial he of fear. That he was subdued they did not doubt, and their arms went back with his movement mechanically. Saddenly they felt his muncles swell with the tide of temper, his arms twisted, in a second he had hold of each man, in snother he had knocked both their never appeared in court for trial, he would be set down as demented, a fit heads together, and quick as a ball from a catapult he had sent them rushing against Raymond, and the three fell in

would be set down as demented, a fit subject for a lunatic anyium. Raymond had resolved to ascertain whether anything was known at the convent of Mangan's location. He had concluded that Mangan had gone to Denver. He had also reasoned to im-self that Mother St. Gertrude must have known of his discovery. The letter ad-dressed to her predecessor satisfied him of that. If Mangan had gone to Den-ver, he must circumvent him. How? That he could determine only by learn-ing how much Mother St. Gertrude knew and then by deceiving her and a heap. . The warden stood aghast. Ere

had time to recover his senses and be-fore Raymond and the keepors could scramble to their feet, Mangan was be-bind the rail and hud in his bands a big bloc the rail and had in his bands a oig revolver that had bung upon the wall. The hands of all went up. He walked to the telephone, keeping his enomies under cover, rang up central, asked for the office of The Bugle, and hung up the receiver to await the tintinnabulaknew and then by deceiving her and Isabel. It was a dangerous move to visit the convent, but it was the safest. tions of the connected currents.

Raymond was the first to regain his He was playing for millions, and his nerve must not fail. Over a week had "What are you going to do?" he asked.

elapsed since Mangan disappeared, and "Bring up the editor of The Bugle and his legal adviser. I'll stay in here after that until I am released on a writ

of habeas corpus, and the proceedings will proclaim your villainy." "Mangan, I'll compromise. I'll sign a quit claim to the Leiand estate if you

do not ruin me!" Ting-aling-aling-aling!

The connection was made. The Bugle office was as near to Mangan as Raymond was. Newspaper men make lightninglike conclusions in emergen-

Mangan was behind the rall.

that Raymond would be bold enough to

repudiate the deed if signed then and

there, on the ground that duress had

been used. The keepers would perjure

Walk out into the corridor, all of

you, and you open the doors, warden."

not

could dictate.

be commanded

opened the doors.

your heads.

Mangan knew Raymond would

keep his word, and he knew also

"But where is he now?"

"I cannot usy." "I know he has been pushed during the past few days and is likely to be arrested. He is so high minded and sensitive that he might resort to means we would deplore. He strikes me as one who would prefer death to dishon-

"He would never shun danger by courting discredit." "I hope you are right, mother, but is absence and his silence are signifi-

de at

Just then isabel posed in from the porridor. She wanted to see Mother St. Gertrade and had been directed to the reception room. Raymond had seen her, and she could not withdraw before the

and she could not withdraw before the mother superior said: "Come in, Isabel." Bise obeyed. Sier face told of the nights of worry she had passed through. The change did not encape Raymond-He attributed it to the secret that she was hiding from Mangan and that she had imparted to Mether St. Gertrade. "You are looking ill," he said to her. "I am not feeling well," was her only senior.

"I am not feeling well," was her only reply. "I hope." he continued, "that you are not fretting over things that will ultimately lead to happiness, though a little perplexing now." "I wish it would end quickly. Why cannot you tell Laurence now?" "I would like to please you," he an-swered, "but I cannot find him. He was persecuted by the people of whom I spoke and has probably gone away to some other city. I will take steps to find him. In fact, that's what brought me here today."

me here today." "Oh, how good of you!" exclaimed isabel, and the sparkle of her eyes spoke

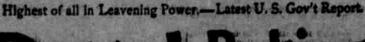
her appreciation. "There are a few matters that must be attended to inside," said Mother St. Gertrude. "I will be away but a few momenta. Meanwhile try to devise some scheme to reach Laurence." "What would you suggest?" queried

Baymond. "We must trust to you. But I'll go over the matter when I return."

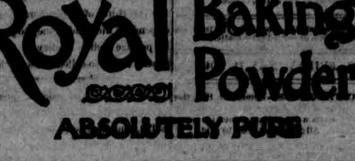
"What is your opinion?" Raymond asked of Isabel when the nun had gone. "It is as Mother St. Gertrude says.

We must trust to you." "I have an idea," he said. "It must not be mentioned to the sister unless it is acceptable to you." "What is it?"

"Laurence will never settle down. He will fy from place to place until the presecution ceases. You know that 1 love you. I know that in time my de-votion will awaken reciprocal feelings in you. Let your love for Laurence guide you. I have discovered property both of you may claim. I have taken steps to hold it for you, as Mother St.



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m, just as he had paced the office of the registrar of arrears some days be-fore when he took the first step in the daring plot he was now carrying out. "I'll marry her," he said. "She will turn over the management to me, sign her rights away, and she'll not be the burden on me she thinks. She can take the veil then if she wants to. Mangan? the veil then if she wants to. Mangan? Oh, I'll have a judge appoint a com-mission that will incarcerate him in the county asylum, and it isn't likely be'll escape from there antil I am politically dead. And how are they going to kill me? It will set Mangan crazy anyhow, and the commission will not have to be "

These and kindred ideas were surging through his brain as he walked up and down, his head bowed, his brow corrugated, his fists clinched as a man's



He reached the main thoroug and stood for awhile awaiting the car. His introspection, deep as a trance, was not disturbed by the bells of the cars or the noise of the passing vehicles. It was some minutes before he came back to the world around him.

25

"It is an easy thing," he muttered. "Mangan must diel" And the heartlens, cruel sternness that twitched his lips and made fero-city dance in the pupils of his eyes showed how earnest he was in his re-solve.

(To be continued

NO LONGER DEMOCRATS.

A Chicago View of the Giass and Building Trades as Affecting Labor. Mr.George F. Kimball, the well known

jobber of window and plate gines at Chicago, has submitted for publication the following discouraging views re garding the trade: "It is difficult to speak of the condi-

tions in the glass trade without seemin to be a prophet of hard times. The tariff agitation, pointing to a revision that ap-parently means disaster to the manufacturing and jobbing branches of the glass trade, has affected sales until it hurts every one engaged in the business from the laborer up and down. Speaking in general terms, I should say the volume of business in glass has been decreased fully 20 per cent as compared with last year, and if it had not been for the World's fair and the business which followed as a result—or its presence—Chi-cago's glass trade would have been at least 28 per cent less than it was a year

"Studying the situation as carefully as may be, there seems to be no important factor in the trade disturbance outside ministration. The glass trade has suf-fered over since Mr. Cleveland came into power from the knowledge that the tariff schedule would be lowered and other-wise disturbed. The result has been a decrease in purchases by jobbers, a con-sequent reduction of manufacture, fol-lowed by the discharge of large numbers of workingmen and the shutting down of many large plants. Today only two plate glass factories are running, and less than 85 per cent of the window glass factories are at work. "The jobber who has any stock at all is glad to dispose of it at cost, and the man who has no stock is waiting to see what congress is going to do before he purchases "Another factor in the business is the absence of the men who intend to build. Ordinarily permits are taken out in the fall for buildings so the foundation may be laid and everything put in condition for completion early in the spring. So the fall permits indicate in a measure what is to be done in the way of buildwhat is to be done in the way of build-ing during the ensuing year. The per-mits issued this fall show that very little construction is contemplated during the winter and coming spring. Taking all the indications, I cannot see where the glass manufacturers and jobbers are to get any business in the immediate future, and I do not look for anything like a resumption of favorable co fore late in the summer of 1894 or early in the fall. "This is bound to affect labor in the class manufacturing and kindred trades. glass manufacturing and kindred trades. If the duty on glass is reduced 50 per cent, it must, in my opinion, come off the laborers' wages. The material in a pane of glass does not amount to any-thing as compared with the cost of la-bor in that pane-for instance, a pane of glass selling for \$100 in Chicago has raw material in it worth perhaps \$8. Any reduction in the selling price must come from the cost of labor. Take our polish-ers in this country, and they are naid ers in this country, and they are paid \$2.50. In Belgium women are employed to do the same kind of work and are paid O cents a day for it. If the duty on Belgium glass is taken off, the American blisher can expect to see 1. wages cut down just to the extent of the reduction in the tariff. It is practically determined already by the large manufacturers that they will have to cut wages 50 per cent to the tariff proposed by the Wilson bill in put into effect. "I am a Democrat myself, and most of my men voted for the Democratic candi-date at the last election, but in the face of the situation not one of them would do it again if the opportunity offered." When you We going to buy a new hat, ee that it has been made in an American factory by American labor. Honest Americans do not want their hats made in "Lunnon, you know."

etapsed since Mangan disappeared, and it was time to act. "Surprised to see me, mother?" he said as he passed inside the convent portals, determined not to be ushered out or take hints to go until he had gained the knowledge he was seeking. "I am at a loss to account for your what?" she said visit," she said. "I am interested in a friend of yours and a friend of Isabel-Laurence Mangan. "Well?" "Do you know where he is?" "I do not."

He scanned her features and had no doubt that she was answering truly and would answer truly if she did not resort to evasions. Prevaricate or equiv-

ocate she would not. "You know of his mission?"

"What mission?" "Well, he was writing

"What has become of him?" That was the question Raymond was pus-aling about. Raymond was not afraid of a suit. It was and is the practice of

federal conrts. Abstracts of title shed. Office over Independence ONHAM & HOLMES, ATTOR-neys at Law. Office in Bush's k, between State and Court, on Com-Independence, al street, Salem, Or.

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Aug. 94

went off at a tangent. He was too hot-headed to give explanations. Did he say what his suspicions were of my conduct?

"I am not at liberty to say anything.

Well, from your reply I should say he was indulging in his usual trade. I discovered some days before he did the coincidence of name in the deeds of certain lands, and attracted by it took steps to protect her and secure the property by paying the taxes and getting a

certificate. There was no record that I could find that would show it was any relative of hers who had made this investment. Isabel is the heiress, the property is hers, and we have the time to search into the past for evidence.

"And Laurence was going to Denver to investigate. Just think of it. I was themselves to strengthen their claims on Raymond. There was no way to restore to label her rights except on evisurprised at his conclusions. I wish dence acceptable to the supreme court. he was here now. Mangau would gain nothing by enter-

'So do 1. But, mother, my interes was in Isabel long before this. Even ing into legal complications now, but would lose time-and time was everynow it is difficult to prove her right to thing. Three months more and Raythe property. I confess I cannot see mond would be absolute master. He how it can be done. I'm a wealthy must postpone quarrels. All this flashman. You know that. There can be ed across his mind while the telephone no charge of selfishness in my regard bell was ringing. He saw he had the for her. Do you know what that reman before bim scared and that he gard is?

'Isabel has told me, but is Lauren really her brother?"

Raymond was not dealing with

simple girl now. He was talking with

a woman of a judicial temperament

"Didn't Isabel tell you?" he asked,

"He is. "Then if you can prove that why

They obeyed. As he followed them cannot you prove whether isabel has a he took his letters off the warden's desk right to this estate or not?"

lationship?"

"I can only prove that there was a George Leland, that Laurence is his and put them in his overcoat pocket, still covering the four. The warden son and Isabel his daughter. The fam-Every one of you stand up against, ily tradition will do that, but of Mr. the wall in the rear of the corridor. Be Leland's investments there are no particular to keep your bands above, proofs. The lawyer who searched the titles and arranged the purchase is dead.

He was my patron, and I have fruitlesaly They marched back. 'What are you going to do about this, Mangan?' asked Raymond. examined his papers for any clew." "But how did you trace isabel's re-

'You'll hear too soon for your own comfort," was all that was vouchsafed

When they had reached the rear wall, Mangan passed out through the door-ways and ran to catch a passing car. It's getting hot," he said to himself as he allowed his mind to wander

Denver in the morning before 1 get entangled in other plots."

CHAPTER XIL. ISABEL YIELDS TO THE SCHEMER.

When Mangan walked out of the penitentiary, Raymond, the warden and the keepers dropped their hands. Raymond felt like berating the keepers sonndly. He was not a man to allow his feelings to interfere with his schemes. It would never do to suspend the keepers: it would be bad to abuse them; it might awaken enmity even to

criticise them. He was at their mercy. In his fruitless endeavors to confine Mangan until he had millions secured he had simply succeeded in giving three men a power over him that he would

have to conciliate for all time, Therefore he said nothing concerning the experience of the evening, but bade the warden and keepers good night and walked down the stoop, a much more

dejected man than when he entered the grim portals of the state's stronghold a few hours before.

Gertrade will explain. Surely there is in all this something that must give you an assurance that nothing I can do will be left undone to make you and him happy i have told you how and why his character can be vindicated, reconciliation effected, and your lives. with mine, enter a vista more propi

ious, prosperous and peaceful." "Mr. Raymond, I must say that I have earkening attitudes Mother St. Gerthought this matter over; that I cannot give you the love a wife should have for her husband, and that, while I might set aside my personal wishes to further my brother's welfare, I have no

right to be a burden upon you." "It is no burden. If you never change toward me, there will be solace in your friendship that will atone for

"You have that already."

"But the companionship I have not. I cannot proceed until you are my wife. The very mention of this in the press, bringing you and the convent into pub ligity, would create a sensation painful to Mother St. Gertrude. How can I explain my interest in this case of his. risk my personal and political standing, if I fail and scandal ensue, without something to fortify me? Let me be candid. I am not doing this for Lau rence so much as for you. You can hardly appreciate what it means to me, and it is not likely that Laurence would resent my interference. But if you say so, if you ask me to make the sacrifice, I will do so. I will give up all

for the hope of winning your love." "Love is dead with me," she an-swered. "Affection survives, the affection that springs from gratitude, will consult with Mother St. Gertrude. Raymond was gaining his point at every turn. He saw that the deep love Isabel had for Mangan as a lover and the affection due to a brother had blended. Mangan was dearer than ever to her now. There was nothing she would not dare for him who was torn from her--aye, torn from her, for she wept at night and worried by day that he had been blotted out of the pictures she used to draw of the future—blotted out from the most striking scenes, show-ing up only in the background of the newer canvas placed apon the casel of ber dreams. She longed to keep him at the front, her hero still, but fact put a weight on fancy and would not let it.

Laurence Mangan was dead. She could never love another as she had loved him. But Laurence Leland lived. The cavalies garment of romanics had The cavalies garment of romanics men dropped from his herois figure, but yet he appealed stronger to ber sympathics. Since it would be the only way to dem-onstrate how strong her by had been and how attached she still wrs to him, and that the new relation would have in it some of the sweetness of the old, the would comp her superny of the old. she would crown her serrow at parting with a sacrifice for a reunio

"I will go to Mother St. Gertrude." Isabel continued. "I want to meet her alone, to confide in her, to appeal to her, to pray for guidance. "Shall I wait?"

"Yes."

Isabel went in the direction the nun had taken. Raymond knew or felt that he had dissipated the opinions the nun had entertained of him through Mangan's report. Yet he was nervous. He had a presentiment that all would not be satisfactory. He arose and walked back and forth across the recention

He would stop now and then to listen. fists will when he wants to drive back the rush of excitement pulsating through his nerves or meet the pain stealing through his system with the anæsthesis of determination. He would stop pow and then to listen for the returning footsteps of the sister and the girl, and while ne was in one of these

trude, in her soft sandals, noiselessly approached the door. 'Ah!" he exclaimed, straightening up and endeavoring to be pleasant.

feared you had forgotten me." "Under the circumstances that would be difficult."

'What am 1 to understand, Mother St. Gertrude?'

"Why, that the conversation between Isabel and myself precluded thoughts of anything but you.

"Is she coming back?" he asked, her absence appearing to him as an omen of defeat.

"I fear she is not strong enough She has had too much to bear of late." "Then I must go?'

"For the present you must be satisfied with this: Laurence will return in good time. He is isabel's brother. I cannot consent to any such arrangement as you propose, and I have confidence in Laurence himself that only his own actions can weaken. I will wait for awhile. You know why Isabel conents. It is through love for him, not through love for you.

"My action is through love for her." "That I will not deny, Mr. Ray-

"Mangan may not return. Would you allow this shadow to rest over him? He has been a friend of yours. Can be do more for you than 1? Sister, do you "I do. I would like it to be the pow-

ar of a friend.

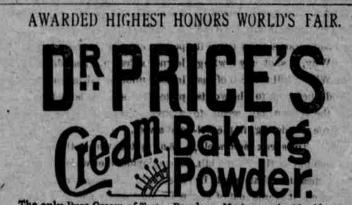
"It is, "I am pleased to learn that."

"But of Laurence?"

"No stain shall rest on his name if] at avert it But I owe him something -- I owe him the faith in his character that must not listen, no matter how strong the accusation against him, to any proposition that would imply that his own manhood had failed to reach the means of redemption. Isabel has agreed with me to wait awhile."

'Then I had better go. I will bid yon goodby." "Goodby." she said as she extended

ber hand. "There is one thing will settle this," he soliloquized as he walked across to the cars. "Mangan must die before they consent to this vindication the-OEY.



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her some memento of her mother? 1 cannot believe there are hearts in the world so cruel.' "I told leabel that I discovered her name a short time ago by a memoran-dum of the old lawyer. It said: 'Isabel Le Clair in Convent of Mercy and Laurence Mangan, supposed son of James Mangan of Worcester, Mass., son and daughter of George Leland. case 8, shelf 21.' Evidently on that shelf

and in that case was something that would throw light on all this. The exscutor, however, who was a brother of the deceased, took those papers. He has himself died since, and in the few weeks 1 have been looking into the matter I have been no further enlightened. On the other hand, the case was being pressed against Laurence, and my interest in Isabel caused me to display more activity than usual in Laurence's be-

Have I not satisfactorily exbalf. plained? "How do you account for the antip-

athy Laurence entertains toward you?' "It is hard." "I think he is too candid, too honest,

Next day he was fretful. He feared to persist in his enmity if a frank statethe consequences of his act and was | ment were made to him."

who wanted to know the why and wherefore of everything. parrying her interrogatories to get time to plan his story. "She said something about an uncle back over the exciting incidents be had just passed through. "It's fun in one espect, but if I cannot prove Isabel's in Worcester pressing him. But if the naternity Raymond will have the uncle knew of Isabel why did he never paternity Raymond will have the laugh. Mother St. Gertrude will care write to her? Why did he never send for Isabel, and I'll start straight for

