

SOCIETIES.

INDEPENDENCE... 22, meets every...

ODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. ... in V. Indu's hall every...

ODGE, NO. 29, A. F. & A. ... and communications Saturday...

ODGE, NO. 45 K. of P. ... every Wednesday evening...

SIANS—DENTISTRY.

A. MULKEY, DENTIST, ... fees the profession in all its...

TTLER, PHYSICIAN AND ... Secy. U. S. Dept. of...

ETCHUM, M. D. OFFICE ... residence, corner Railroad...

B. JOHNSON, RESIDENT ... All work warranted to...

ATTORNEYS.

A. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT ... Will practice in all state...

AM & HOLMES, ATTOR- ... at Law, Office in Bush's...

SASH AND DOORS.

CHSELL & BOHANNON, MAN- ... Manufacturers of sash and doors...

ETERINARY SURGEON.

E. J. YOUNG, late of Neberg, ... Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist...

TAILORS.

G. SHARMAN, MERCHANT ... Tailor, Catstreet, near postoffice...

W. E. POOLE, ... PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

TRICK-YARD ... J. R. COOPER

GEO. E. BREY, ... DEALER IN

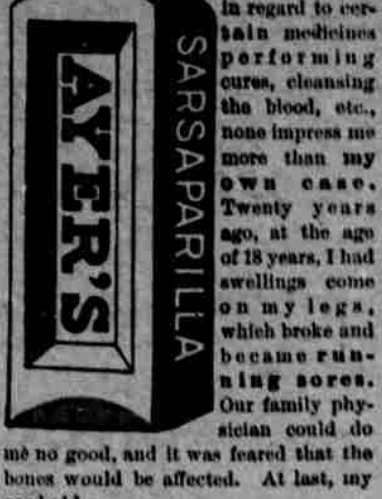
rain, Hops, Wool, Potatoes, Etc.

G. L. HAWKINS, ... Proprietor of

The Independence Marble Works, estimates on all country work...

"Only the Scars Remain,"

Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., who certifies as follows: "Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old



to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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 6:35, 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

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

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 50 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.

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. JOODMAN, Gen. Passenger Agent, HIGHARD GRAY, Gen. Passenger Agent, Gen. Traffic Manager, San Francisco, Cal. Aug. 94

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE

AN INTERESTING STORY IN TWENTY CHAPTERS.

A Thrilling Tale Which Illustrates the Fate of Villains—A Fight for Wealth.

(Published only in the West Side.)

CHAPTER XV. MANGAN AT WORK IN DENVER.

Where was Mangan? Even his professional associates had come to the conclusion that he it was whose body had lain in the morgue. The newspapers had noticed of the death. The Bugle's managing editor said that Mangan must have had a few hundred dollars about him and that he had probably been clubbed, robbed and thrown into the river. But the coroner's jury declared that Mangan had committed suicide, and that settled it as far as the public was concerned.

And all the while Mangan was very much alive. The day after the penitentiary incident he drew some money from a trust company where he had a small account and a few hours later was on the fast express to Denver. He had never been in that bustling city, knew absolutely no one in it, had not made up his mind what particular course to pursue.

It was six days after he met Raymond in the penitentiary and five days before the announcement that the body in the morgue was his own corpse, when he reached his journey's end. He had taken a couple of days in going around town. It would do him no harm to get a view of the place and gain a slight acquaintance with the topography. He might remain there for weeks, and the knowledge would be of service to him.

Had he parted with Isabel under circumstances more encouraging, he would have written. But, as he had intimated to Mother St. Gertrude, he had no intention of writing to either the nun or Isabel until he knew the probability of success or defeat. He had been given no hint that Isabel herself knew of the heritage that was hers, and he deemed it unwise to hold out hope until he had pushed his investigation further. He had thought of writing a note, giving his address, so that Isabel, if she felt so inclined, might write a letter of explanation that would relieve him of the mental strain her last reception had placed him under. But he resolved not to do so. He would continue to prove his loyalty and fight for the millions that were rightfully hers in her possession. He was too proud to exact any promise while engaged in this mission, and the enigmatical utterances of the girl and the mother superior, though puzzling, gave no indication that their solution would be unfavorable to his conduct and character. He would wait the outcome patiently.

But his plans to ferret out the crime he was certain Raymond was guilty of remained unaltered. One thing he had decided on. He would seek a situation on a newspaper. He could learn more of a city and its people in a newspaper office than anywhere else. The place would afford better advantages for observation than any other, and there would be at least a few men on the staff sufficiently well posted to go back to the days of Leland and help Mangan in his mission.

"I don't know that I can fix you," said the city editor of the Denver Times. "You're from the east, you say? Do you know anything about consumption?"

"I have some medical knowledge," "Well, we have decided to give a prize of \$1,000 to the physician who can suggest the best remedy for consumption. We have tried all the other schemes, compounds and the like, yet eastern newspaper men have started. We'll get physicians interested, and there are enough floating consumptives in Colorado to give a big circulation in themselves to any paper," smiling as he said it.

"We have sent to Koch and other eminent European scientists for their opinions of the public service this contest may render," the city editor continued. "When we get these views, we will push the scheme by interviews with local physicians. We want a man who can talk intelligently to these men."

"We'll try you. Call in tomorrow, and I'll have a list of names and addresses. We must have these interviews ready. Of course if the first do not show your aptitude for the work we will have to let you go."

"That's proper," remarked Mangan. "I'll call in about 12."

"That will suit."

Next day Mangan received the list from the city editor. He went over to a desk, looked over the names and was surprised to see among them this: "George Leland, M. D., St. James hotel."

He returned to the city editor, and pointing to the name on the list asked: "Do you know anything about the Lelands?"

"The Lelands?" "Yes."

"There's only one—the doctor himself. His father was killed many years ago, when the present doctor was a little fellow. His father was an eccentric man, and it is believed left some property in the east. But it never was located. Dr. Leland doesn't need it anyhow. What made you ask?"

"I thought he belonged to a family in whom I am interested."

"You've made a mistake, I guess. He's away up on lung complaints, and his will be one of the first interviews I want." You'll find him a sociable fellow."

Mangan was feverish with excitement. But he looked self contained.

There was no visible sign to betray his emotions. He left the office to collect his thoughts in the cool air beyond the city editor's notice.

"Is this Isabel's brother?" he asked himself as he walked in the direction of the St. James hotel. "What is the mystery surrounding this? I'll talk to him on the assignment until I have studied him. Then I'll see what he knows of his relatives. And yet maybe it is only another coincidence."

He sent up his card to Dr. Leland and was ushered into the physician's presence.

"I am glad to meet you," said Dr. Leland. "We were expecting you. Have you seen Mr. Mortimer?"

"Here was a surprise. If Dr. Leland knew Mortimer and the latter was in Denver, something was wrong. There were three in the scheme instead of one. Else how could this address be accounted for? If his mission was known, and the language of the doctor left that inference, it was Mangan's policy to be bold. The physician saw his words had not a pleasant effect, Mangan surveying him with unfriendly eye, and he said:

"You came in answer to Mr. Mortimer's letter?"

"I did not. I know nothing of him—nothing of him at present, I mean. I am a reporter of the Denver Times and called to interview you on a subject connected with your profession."

"Then you have not come in answer to this note?"

"You are not the Mangan he knows—Mangan of Brooklyn."

"I am the Mangan he knows if he is the Mortimer who knows thatascal Raymond."

"The same."

"Then I am sorry to meet you as a friend of either."

"Mr. Mortimer talks not that way of you. He said you were the one man to unravel the incidents that the death of my father have shrouded in mystery. I have depended on you to restore me to my sister. Mr. Mortimer may give you some clue."

"Why does he do this?"

"He came to understand Raymond's character and the nature of his own work for him by recent news received. In looking over the home papers he saw he had been sent out here to be out of the way. He is acquainted with Raymond's schemes to gain control of property my father owned. He believes Raymond knows where my sister is, and since he wrote the letter you did not receive he has read in The Bugle a story of the work of the commission that will select the lands my father left and have the city purchase them and pay Raymond. But theory did not expose the scheme fully, and Mr. Mortimer said you could not have written it."

"I did."

"Then you did not know."

"I did, all that that you have told and more, but the ends of justice would be best subserved by delaying its publication."

"Have you any clue to my sister?"

"She is alive and well, worthy of the wealth she is heirless to."

"Where is she?"

"You can learn no more until I see how matters stand. It is the old story: When rogues fall out, honest people get their due."

"I would not say that," said Dr. Leland. "It might travel and pain his sister. If you knew her well, you would understand how sensitive she is, and as he has not long to live his acquiescence to Raymond's schemes should not be made known to her."

"I would do anything for Ines Mortimer."

"Yes, she was telling me about you. That's why I spoke. She said she would like to see you when she learned that you were coming here on a newspaper mission. I must pay a visit a little later—a professional visit—and arrange for an interview with Mortimer."

"I am glad to meet you," said Dr. Leland, "mer if he is strong enough. She would like to hear of a Miss Le Clair. She delayed writing until she was settled. Shall I bring her any news?"

"That she is well. That is good news to you too."

"To me?"

"Yes. I may as well tell you, since I am satisfied I am dealing with friends, not foes. She is your sister."

"My sister?"

"Yes."

"I simply know this: She was placed in a convent when your father came west."

"Bringing me with him."

"That I only know from you. There was no one to claim her heritage and yours, so Raymond proposes to take possession. It is to get proof of his villainy that I am here. Have you anything to show that your father made those investments and that she is your sister?"

aim, for Mortimer allowed Raymond to assume the control, although the business was willed to both jointly. Mortimer said you would understand him better."

"But did your father leave no papers to show his business dealings?"

"The papers relating to his eastern investments and a sealed will were with the lawyer whom Raymond succeeded. Raymond must have known of our location. The sealed papers told that. My father when stricken down could only say, 'Telegraph east.' He had faith in the lawyer, it appeared from this, and wanted him to hear the news. He lost consciousness before he could make a statement. He was very uncommunicative and had so much faith in his strength and purpose that, since Mr. Mortimer told me, I have often wondered why he ever made a will."

"What has become of the papers?"

"Raymond has destroyed them, Mr. Mortimer believes. In fact, when Raymond first took the certificate for the property he now holds, he told Mr. Mortimer that the heirs had died and the family had become extinct. The guardian and executor named by the public administrator here to manage affairs for me has frequently assured me that it was impossible ever to discover my relatives. I became reconciled to that view long ago. I can hardly believe now that I am about to meet my sister. Why is she called Le Clair?"

"It was a whim of hers—the name by which her guardian was known in the world, and she assumed it. I am sure your sister will be restored. I am afraid, unless Mortimer can be depended on, your property will not."

"Property? Never mind the property! I want my sister, and whomsoever wishes may have the land. But if Raymond has been responsible for our long separation, as I think he has, I'll spend every cent I have to punish him for his perfidy."

"And yet the greatest punishment you can inflict—the deprivation of millions—you will not avail yourself. Why not get Mortimer to testify?"

"He will never leave his bed alive. He was sent out here to die."

"Take his statement, then, attested before a notary."

"No."

"You are a strange character. You are setting aside millions and what would be more to me in a case like yours—vengeance."

"True, but his sister will live. I mean to conceal from her the part her brother has played. He was weak and not culpable. I have promised—you are a man to be frank with—to protect her. The promise was given to him after my confession of love for her as an answer to his appeal to hold no resentment against her for any wrong he might have done to me or mine. Do you realize my position?"

"I do. There is an old saying that 'the devil takes care of his own.' He is saving Raymond."

"Well, let's leave that for the moment. Talk about yourself. I want to know more of you. I have had it dinned constantly in my ears of late that you are a manly fellow. That was Mr. Mortimer's view, and I'm glad to meet you. Miss Mortimer has enabled her friend—my sister—has referred to you in terms of no less praise. I understand your affection for a sister I have never seen. I am delighted that one so honorable is so dear to her."

Mangan was unable to check the flow of speech. Here in Denver, where he expected to find no friends, his affairs were no secret. He had read that Mortimer was seeking health in Colorado, but Mortimer he had always considered a friend of Raymond, and he would be about the last he would visit. Did Dr. Leland really know Mangan? The latter asked himself. If he did not, was it not likely that his zeal to win Isabel her heritage might be looked upon as selfish? Mangan was not willing to leave grounds for such an impression, and when the suggestion of its probability flashed to his mind he said:

"I am grateful, doctor, for your kind words. But your sister has changed her opinion of me. I am here to bring about her happiness. You are glad at the prospect; she will be doubly so. I will now drop my quest—after we see Mortimer, I mean—and you will settle the rest as suits you. But I must never see her again."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"I do not know. Some day Isabel may explain why she has discouraged me. And yet I have never doubted her love. There is something wrong. But it's all ended now."

"What can I say? I know nothing."

"There is nothing you can say or do. I will now return to The Times office and resign, so that they may assign another man to the work. You see Mortimer, and I will call upon you later."

The newspaper man never forgets his duty to his paper. He may be surrounded by danger, the man most exposed or injured, but he never regards his own comfort. It is the credit that will attach to his paper through his labors and the discredit that may issue through his neglect that come first to his mind. Hence Mangan retraced his steps to The Times office to apprise the city editor of his determination to leave Denver and resign the work he had undertaken.

"Where next?" he queried of himself. "God only knows. I'll finish the story of that park commission, send it to The Bugle and give Raymond one parting shot. But since Isabel's situation is changed and her future showing up so brightly there is no reason why I should ever stay near her convent home. Dr. Leland gives up the fight for the property. He has enough. I am not wanted, and I'll seek in other scenes the waters of Lethe that will drown the memories of the past."

(To be continued)

\$500 Reward

for any trace of antipyrine, morphine, chloral or any other injurious compound in Krause's headache capsules, 25 cts., at Alexander-Cooper Drug Co.

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



STATE PRIDE HURT.

THE LOCAL INTERESTS OF PROTECTION SET FORTH.

A Manufacturer Talks to His Congressmen. Dealing With Producer and Consumer. The State Value of Local Industries. Benefit to Farmers.

Hon. J. C. Tammey, Washington: MY DEAR SIR—It is said that the man that makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a public benefactor, and if this be true, as it undoubtedly is, a corporation that has converted a few hundred acres of virtually unproductive farming land into a thriving manufacturing village, giving support and employment to 3,000 people, is certainly a benefactor to the state and county in which such industry is located.

Now, the simple fact is that where Crystal City is located was formerly a sparsely settled farming community, with one country store, the annual sales of which represented an aggregate of not over \$3,000 or \$4,000, with no market for the farmer's produce other than was to be found in the exchange of that produce for such "store goods" as his family required for the year.

At this same place we now have substantial buildings covering 40 acres of ground and in these buildings furnaces and machinery which have produced a product the sale of which since 1877, when our works were first started, has brought into this state the enormous sum of \$10,000,000; or, to be more exact, up to the 30th day of August last the sum of \$9,878,976.08, not a dollar of which would have come into this state but for the existence of our works at Crystal City.

It is reasonable to suppose, and I believe it to be a fact, that the larger portion of this additional wealth thus brought into our state has been distributed among the various other mercantile and manufacturing interests, chiefly here in St. Louis, that furnish the personal and household supplies required by our employees, as well as such articles as we ourselves use in the course of our business.

Not only this, the farmers all around our works now have a regular and steady market at St. Louis retail cash prices for all of the produce they choose to raise—chickens, eggs, butter, pork, flour, hay, corn, oats—in fact, everything that a farm produces—while the taxes we have paid in Jefferson county have enabled its officials to reduce the rate of assessment, and at the same time have assisted in providing such increase in the school fund as has enabled the commissioners to extend the means of education.

Mangan was unable to check the flow of speech. Here in Denver, where he expected to find no friends, his affairs were no secret. He had read that Mortimer was seeking health in Colorado, but Mortimer he had always considered a friend of Raymond, and he would be about the last he would visit. Did Dr. Leland really know Mangan? The latter asked himself. If he did not, was it not likely that his zeal to win Isabel her heritage might be looked upon as selfish? Mangan was not willing to leave grounds for such an impression, and when the suggestion of its probability flashed to his mind he said:

"I am grateful, doctor, for your kind words. But your sister has changed her opinion of me. I am here to bring about her happiness. You are glad at the prospect; she will be doubly so. I will now drop my quest—after we see Mortimer, I mean—and you will settle the rest as suits you. But I must never see her again."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"I do not know. Some day Isabel may explain why she has discouraged me. And yet I have never doubted her love. There is something wrong. But it's all ended now."

"What can I say? I know nothing."

"There is nothing you can say or do. I will now return to The Times office and resign, so that they may assign another man to the work. You see Mortimer, and I will call upon you later."

The newspaper man never forgets his duty to his paper. He may be surrounded by danger, the man most exposed or injured, but he never regards his own comfort. It is the credit that will attach to his paper through his labors and the discredit that may issue through his neglect that come first to his mind. Hence Mangan retraced his steps to The Times office to apprise the city editor of his determination to leave Denver and resign the work he had undertaken.

"Where next?" he queried of himself. "God only knows. I'll finish the story of that park commission, send it to The Bugle and give Raymond one parting shot. But since Isabel's situation is changed and her future showing up so brightly there is no reason why I should ever stay near her convent home. Dr. Leland gives up the fight for the property. He has enough. I am not wanted, and I'll seek in other scenes the waters of Lethe that will drown the memories of the past."

(To be continued)

\$500 Reward

for any trace of antipyrine, morphine, chloral or any other injurious compound in Krause's headache capsules, 25 cts., at Alexander-Cooper Drug Co.

LABOR AND CAPITAL

The Duty of the Hour Is to Strengthen the Bond Between Them.

Every effort is now being made, as it has always been in the past, to create a conflict between labor and capital. This is as foolish as it is unjust. Those who agitate such ideas can generally be found among men who do not care themselves to work, but who prefer to go around and create dissensions and trouble where none had previously existed. Such men are mischief makers and malefactors.

Labor and capital are and must be one. They are necessary to each other. Without the use of labor capital would be idle. Labor cannot find work unless there are factories, mines or farms where its work is needed. Capital would be useless employed in building factories, opening up mines or laying out farms unless it could secure the labor with which to do the needed work.

Any antagonism of labor toward capital that is employed in honest enterprise which affords an opportunity for men to earn an honest living is absolutely wrong. Any antagonism of capital toward the labor it employs, and which it needs, is also absolutely wrong. These two unite, labor and capital, are so wrapped together and so involved with one another that they must work together and in harmony in order to acquire mutual success.

It is well to consider for a moment who are the men that employ the capital and own the mills, the mines or the farms. They are men who have come here and worked hard at their callings, and who have by their energy and perseverance pushed ahead of others. They have acquired a position that thousands of other hard workers today hoping to secure for themselves in the future. If it be wrong that these men have succeeded, then it will be equally wrong for others to follow in their footsteps of success.

We believe that the employers of labor in this country are not hard taskmasters. A good employer does much for the welfare and comfort of his employee. There are thousands of men who can bear witness to acts of kindness they have received from "the boss"—acts that have helped them to secure their own homes perhaps or to improve their condition with some extra comfort. In helping the men they know they are acquiring their friendship, and a good employer is always aware that he will secure a greater interest in his work if he extends the hand of kindness to men working today where he worked a few years ago.

It is not the employers of capital who desire to injure labor. It is these men from village hamlets who have been entrusted with the work of tearing down the protection that the McKinley act gave to labor—it is their leaders in congress and at the head of the administration. These are the men who are enemies to both labor and capital, and with a crafty cunning they attempt to make trouble between labor and capital. They are working for foreign interests, but in order to succeed they must first sever the bond that exists here between labor and capital.

AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS WORLD'S FAIR.



DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard