

SECRET SOCIETIES.

D. U. W. - INDEPENDENCE Lodge, No. 22, meets every Monday in I. O. F. hall. All members are invited to attend. W. H. H. W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

ALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F. - Meets in V. Ady's hall every day evening. All Odd fellows are invited to meet with us. W. H. H. W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

ON LODGE, NO. 29, A. F. & A. M. - Stated communicative Saturday morning or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. W. P. H. W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

OWER LODGE, NO. 45 K. of P. Meets every Wednesday evening. Knights are cordially invited. Blair, C. C.; D. H. Craven, K. E. & S.

PHYSICIANS-DENTISTRY.

R. S. A. MULKEY, DENTIST, practices the profession in all its branches. Satisfaction guaranteed. See hours, 8 to 12 and 1 to 3. Office on O'Donnell brick, Independence.

D. BUTLER, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Secy. U. S. Board of Medical Examiners. Office in Opera block.

L. KEICHUM, M. D. OFFICE and residence, corner Railroad and Missouri sts., Independence, Or.

R. J. B. JOHNSON, RESIDENT Dentist. All work warranted to the best of satisfaction. Independence, Or.

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O. A. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT Law. Will practice in all state federal courts. Abstracts of title filed. Office over Independence National Bank.

NHAM & HOLMES, ATTORNEYS at Law. Office in Bush's building between State and Court, on Commercial street, Salem, Or.

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R. E. J. YOUNG, late of Nebraska, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist moved to Independence, and opened his office over the Independence National Bank.

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Hops, Wool, Potatoes, Etc. Independence, Oregon. 43

L. HAWKINS, Proprietor of

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"When a girl at school, in Reading, Ohio, I had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself perfectly bald, and, for a long time, I feared I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair

Began to Grow,

and I now have as fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown."

Ayer's Hair Vigor

and now my hair is over a yard long and very full and heavy. I have recommended this preparation to others with like good effect." - Mrs. Sidney Carr, 1400 Regina st., Harrisburg, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years and always obtained satisfactory results. I know it is the best preparation for the hair that is made."

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Hauling of all Kinds Done at Reasonable Rates.

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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.

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For sale - no rent, no royalty. Advertisements in City, National or Country. Secured in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best value on earth.

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A REPORTER'S ROMANCE

AN INTERESTING STORY IN TWENTY CHAPTERS.

A Thrilling Tale Which Illustrates the Fate of Villainy - A Fight for Wealth.

(Published only in the West Star)

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Raymond was seated in the rectory of the little parish church just across from the convent. There the marriage ceremony was to be performed. Isabel was to come from the convent, attended by the sister of the priest, who was pastor of the little parish, and chaplain to the sisters. Raymond had requested the privilege of escorting her from the convent, but Mother St. Gertrude, who had her own ideas of the proprieties, would not tolerate the slightest infraction of the rule that no bride should be recognized therein but she who had taken vows to the Saviour.

There was a delay. Isabel had been overcome by the sensations of the situation and had fainted. Word had been sent to Raymond that she had recovered and would soon join him. The door of the rectory was ajar, and Raymond was nervously pacing the priest's study, where he had been brought by the clergyman, who wished to inspect the dispositions that abolished the publication of the bans and other formalities incidental to the marriage contract when religiously carried out.

Mangan, on the way up, had thought it most likely that the marriage would be performed in the rectory. The car ran past the door on its way to an adjoining country town. Dr. Leland and he averted his eyes, rushed in, and Raymond and the priest came out, expecting the bride's arrival. Both started back. It was Mangan's presence that surprised them. The priest believed him to be dead; Raymond deemed he had been frightened away. His appearance upset both.

"Has he been married?" asked Mangan breathlessly, pointing to Raymond. "No," answered the priest. "Where have you come from, in God's name?" There was no reply. Mangan dashed by him like an electric flash, his right hand struck out, and Raymond lay prostrate on the floor.

"It is my turn now, Raymond," said Mangan. "What is this?" exclaimed the priest. "What is this?" was the reply as Mangan placed his hand on Dr. Leland to restrain him from following the example set by himself. Raymond arose and covered beneath the glances of the two visitors. The



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"I am selfish," said Mangan. "I know you are deserving of her." "I will remain. The rest will be as she wishes," consented Mangan. "Then I'll go," said Mother St. Gertrude. "I'll tell her of all your adventures while preparing her to meet you both."

Minutes passed that dragged like hours. Mother St. Gertrude appeared at last, preceding Isabel, whom she introduced to Dr. Leland without much form. "Your sister, doctor," she said. They embraced each other, shedding tears of joy, but no word was spoken. Mangan was pleased at the reunion his work had brought about, sharing no less in its bliss than the sister and brother. Dr. Leland was not the man to be inconsiderate of others, and loosening his affectionate hold led his sister to Mangan, saying: "I am selfish."

Mangan looked at Isabel. She held her head down, fearing that her consent to marry Raymond had been misconstrued and that forgiveness would not be extended. Mangan surmised the cause of her diffidence, outstretched his arms, and with a fervor that left no doubt of his love simply said: "Isabel!"

"What a charm there is to woman in her own name when uttered passionately and with endearment by the one she loves! The head of the fair girl raised, and her eyes met his. There was the old glad light in the orbs of each, and the two lovers, united again in spite of the machivellian schemes that had temporarily separated them quickly bridged the intervening space, and locked in each other's arms forgot every one else, and the world to them was simply the zone of their memory and their thought.

Mother St. Gertrude walked outside to the corridor, motioning to the priest and the physician to follow. They walked across to the convent office. "They have many things to tell each other," said the sister, "and I want to know Isabel's brother better."

"You will," said Dr. Leland. "I will not soon forget you or your convent. Now that we are alone, however, I want to settle one matter. Can we have a double wedding tomorrow?" "A double wedding!" repeated the priest and nun almost simultaneously. "Yes."

"I cannot allow this," said he. "Why should he do it?" "The estate belongs to the woman he tried to lead into marriage," Mangan explained. "It covers the ground of the park sites. He has secured it by improper means, and fearing he might lose it sought to gain control of its owner. You will know the details later."

"Is this honest and just?" asked the priest. "I'll believe you. Tell me?" "It is."

"All right then," Raymond took the pen again. He slipped it in the ink, and while carrying it to the paper questioned: "May I ask where you found this diary?"

"Phillip Mortimer had it. He died in Denver, and it was a legacy to me." The muscles of Raymond's face twitched. Mangan as notary public attested the paper, the priest acting as witness. Raymond arose, never said a word and passed out unmolested.

"I will go over to the convent," said the chaplain, "and prepare them to receive you. But, Mangan, we all thought you were dead."

"I have been in Denver. Mother St. Gertrude will understand. We will follow you over in a little while. This is one of Raymond's moves we arrived in time to checkmate."

Shortly after he had left the two proceeded to the convent. The priest had explained all to Mother St. Gertrude, and she was awaiting them. But for the habit she wore, she would have embraced Mangan. Her joy was unmitigated, and Dr. Leland, as he received her welcome, and read her kindly nature, at once concluded that his sister had not been reared or taught by an unsympathetic soul.

"Oh, I must go and tell Isabel," she said. "But recovering as she is from faintness I'm afraid she cannot stand the good news."

"Joy seldom kills," said Dr. Leland. "It will be an antidote."

"One moment, mother," said Mangan. "I must leave before she comes. I have found her brother. I have fulfilled my assignment and kept my word. You know why I do not care to meet Isabel."

"You will stay," said Dr. Leland firmly. "He must stay," the nun declared. "You ought to," the priest remarked. "But I will not," insisted Mangan. "It would be painful to her and painful to me whom she has rejected."

"She never did," said the sister warmly. "She was led to believe by Mr. Raymond that you were her brother, and she declined to marry you."

"Her brother! The infamous scoundrel, did he say that? But why did she not tell me?"

"Because she had been enjoined against doing so," said Mother St. Gertrude, who briefly reviewed the story while the three men listened and exchanged meaning glances that indicated their surprise at the ingenuity and rascality of Raymond.

"I now understand," said Mangan, "why a reference once made to Worcester in a distasteful way gave a semblance of truth to the story. I have a few relatives there who have never been overkind. A family difference accounts for it."

"There you are. You have helped to deceive her. Can you not see how great is her love for you?"

"Mangan," said Dr. Leland, grasping him by the hand, "let me appeal for my sister. I hope she is worthy of you. I know you are deserving of her."

"I will remain. The rest will be as she wishes," consented Mangan. "Then I'll go," said Mother St. Gertrude. "I'll tell her of all your adventures while preparing her to meet you both."

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"Well, Isabel and Mangan, and a Miss Mortimer and myself." "Knowing the circumstances so well, I think it can be done."

"I would have it so. It will end all misgivings, restore peace and that sense of security essential to Isabel to us all, let us say, at this time. The villainy of this man Raymond surpasses everything I have ever heard."

"And he appeared to be so generous and so friendly," remarked the nun. "Leave him to God," said the priest. "Let the past remain buried."

CHAPTER XIX.

OLD LOVE GETS A NEW LIFE.

When the priest, nun and physician returned, announced the programme to the lovers and asked their wishes. Mangan turned eagerly to Isabel, whose eyes expressed her happiness at the suggestion of the ceremony that would end all doubt and unite her to her lover and her idol for all time. Her silence gave consent. The brother stepped forward and kissed her, then to the priest said: "You can proceed."

"Oh, there is Inez Mortimer," exclaimed Isabel as she saw through the window her old classmate and friend coming up the courtyard. "I'm so glad to see her," she said as she ran out to open the door and bid her welcome.

"We expected her to come here and prepare you for us," said Laurence, addressing Mother St. Gertrude. "It seems we have prepared the way for her."

Inez seemed surprised when Dr. Leland appeared, and it quickly dawned upon her that the services she had come to perform were unnecessary. Mangan advanced until he stood at Isabel's side, and Inez looked at both and kissed her old schoolmate, saying: "I'm so glad."

"And they all knew what she meant—that the reconciliation of Mangan and Isabel had given her joy second only to that of the two themselves."

"There is something going on in which you are interested," said Dr. Leland to Inez.

"And what is that?" she inquired. "Well, Laurence and Isabel will wed tomorrow. Shall we fulfill our promise to each other?"

She offered him her hand and bent her head as he drew nearer. He would lift up her face to his, but she hid it on his shoulder, and he let her head rest there, whispering soothing words, while the tears, suggestive of her mixed emotions, relieved her overcharged heart and carried on their flow the thoughts that brought happiness with resignation.

Sympathetically he led her into the reception room, where she gathered strength to drive back the welling flood of feeling as she said: "That promise is sacred."

"Sacred through him, sacred through our own love," added Dr. Leland. "His all came in, ignoring the interruption as if all had been joyous as the beams that suddenly broke through the windows as if the sun, as it is said to do on Easter morning, had danced out from behind the clouds to cast its dazzling lights into the room and give to that circle of friends in the splendor of its presence a bright omen of future bliss."

"But have we not forgotten Mother St. Gertrude?" asked Dr. Leland. "I think I ought to state that I mean to live here in Brooklyn and that her institution shall be my care."

This news had the effect of bringing Mother St. Gertrude and the two girls together in a congratulatory embrace, Isabel saying: "And whatever I have in yours, mother, when you need it."

What wonder the hours sped then until they parted to meet the next day in the rectory, where the two weddings were solemnized?

There was no display in the ceremony. A short trip had been planned, and after the marriage had been performed the two happy couples were driven to the railroad station to begin the journey of the honeymoon that promised to be in perpetuity their own.

Mangan went to the bookstall to procure some light literature and the little coterie that suggest conversation and entertainment in travel by train. His eye caught this glaring announcement in an afternoon paper: "Raymond a Suicide!"

Eagerly he scanned the successive head lines that hinted at the details. It would not do to acquaint the young brides with the news just now, and his delay might prompt leading queries as to what was so deeply interesting him. He folded the paper, bought the sup-

perintendent of the city of Brooklyn, and he had secured a plot without regard to location, and it was simply a coincidence that the two graves were so near. He was not vindictiveness on his part, but there are some who, did they know the circumstances, might take it as a visible testimony of the certainty of retribution.

In another cemetery a white shaft points upward, towering gracefully above the other memorials within the bronzed railing that mark the spot where generations of the Mortimers lie buried. It is to the memory of Phillip Mortimer, erected by Dr. George Leland, and on days sacred to the remembrance of the dead—days around which the nation has thrown a sacred halo—four friends of ours, whom the reader will recognize, place their floral offerings on the plinth that rests on a sod whose beauty in evidence of care constantly bestows.

They who are true to the dead are never false to the living. Mother St. Gertrude could tell you this if you knew the convent, had her confidence and asked her about the characters who figure in this tale.

THE END.

The Seat of the Brain. At a certain 5 o'clock tea the other day one dashing creature demanded: "Do tell me, Mabel, what organ we think with? I know we love with the heart and hear with the ears, but I've entirely forgotten how it is about thoughts."

Mabel's pretty face was suspended over the samovar. "Papa says I think with my tongue."

"Impossible!" breaks in a college sophomore: "it is done with the mind."

"Oh, I know better than that!" frowns the dashing creature. "The mind is what you make up when you want to do things."

"The head, then," insists the sophomore, "if you like that any better—the seat of the brain."

"Oh, dearie, me!" sighs she at the samovar. "That explains something. I didn't know brains had a seat. It must be, then that mine never got up."

New York Recorder.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

gan to Dr. Leland, while their fair companions were wrapped in contemplation of a particularly enchanting piece of nature's handwork on the scenery fitting by. "I believe Raymond feared exposure that would ruin him, and he had so much to him if the adulation of the populace and the power and prestige he enjoyed were taken from him."

"I imagine that was his nature," said Dr. Leland. "Raymond is dead," said Mangan suddenly. Then, looking Dr. Leland in the face, he added words as true today as then: "The laws framed to please him do not do with him. They still live in the statutes of the state, still shelter fraud and legalize crime and stand as a blot upon the fame of a thriving municipality, whose name is everywhere the synonym of a City of Churches and a City of Homes."

CHAPTER XX. THE TOMBS TELL THE REST. Two monuments face each other in a cemetery that within the past decade has seen the growing city of Brooklyn rush by it in a mad race to circle the great county of Kings.

One of these monuments is of white marble and bears the name of Francis Raymond. The inscriptions show that it was prepared by popular subscription. Mangan had thrown the charity of silence over Raymond's record. The people knew nothing of the politician's secret doings. The public manifestation was all they saw, and they considered his tragic end the natural result of mental aberration, superinduced by the exertions of a public spirit that assumed tasks of municipal development too great for one man to fulfill.

On Decoration day passersby drop flowers upon his grave, and the warden, morgue keeper and others who had an insight of his character, but shield themselves in not exposing it, stop there for a time to meditate. They are serving other masters now, are as useful to the new as to the old, and unlettered and unfeeling as they are they think themselves in the words of the fairy in "Midsummer Night's Dream": "What fools these mortals be!"

The other monument, of brown granite, is erected "to one unknown," excites curiosity through its anonymity. It frowns upon the "whited sepulcher" beyond. It was erected by Mangan over the grave in which rested the body that had been represented as his own. He secured a plot without regard to location, and it was simply a coincidence that the two graves were so near. He was not vindictiveness on his part, but there are some who, did they know the circumstances, might take it as a visible testimony of the certainty of retribution.

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POINTERS ON THE GRIP.

A Description of the Disease by One Who Has Suffered.

Ever had the grip? I will give you a few pointers. You will imagine you have a bad cold, and you can wear it out, but you need not try it. The grip has fastened his fangs onto you and will not let go. You have got to give up, go home and go to bed. In a short time you will realize Beecher's dream of hell. You will think your head has been removed and an old beehive with the empty comb left in its place. Your mouth will taste like a pair of sauerkraut. You have the grip.

The doctor comes, looks you over, puts his thermometer in your mouth, finds your temperature 104 degrees in the shade, your pulse going at the rate of two miles and three laps to the second. He orders you to stay in bed and gives you medicine that is so strong and sour that simply setting the bottle on the clock shelf stopped the clock. He will tell you your wife that she may give you warm drinks and try to get you to sweat and take his leave. Now, all wives are family doctors by right of their position in the house, and as you have gone to sleep, delicious and exhausted, she begins her treatment