Little Daughter

McGill st., Montreal, P. Q., says:

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

Wonderful Cures

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 ad-

minister Ayer's Sarssparilla, two bot-tles of which effected a complete cure,

much to her rollef and her father's

delight. I am sure, were he here to-day,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Aver & Co., Lowell, Mess.

Cures others, will cure you

CHAS. STAATS.

(Successor to HUBBARD & STAATS.)

PROPRIETOR OF

Reasonable Rates.

All bills must be settled by the 10th of

Steamer Altona

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Leaves Portland Tuesday, Thursday

Excellent meals served on boat at

Passengers save time and money taking this line to Portland.

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J. R. COOPER

and Saturday at 6:45 a. m..., Salem for Independence at 4 p. m.

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2:15 p. mi.

5 cents per meat.

the Popular Hotel

Most Centrally

Located.

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Free Bus to and

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YON LODGE, NO. 29, A. F. & A. M.—Stated communications Satural evening on or before full moon each both and two weeks thereafter. W. P. onnoway, W. M. W. H. Patterson,

PHYSICIANS-DENTISTRY.

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O D. BUTLER, PHYSICIAN AND J. surgeon. Secy. U. S. board of recical Examiners. Office in Opera

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HYSICIAN and SURGEON office next door to Anstine's Furni-

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GEO A. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT I Law. Will practice in all state and federal courts. Abstracts of title Office over Independence stional Bank.

SASH AND DOORS.

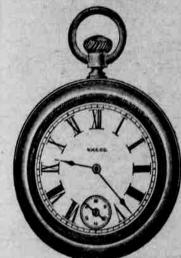
VETERINARY SURGEON.

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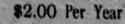
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SECRET SOCIETIES.

O. U. W .- INDEPENDENCE Lodge, No. 22, meets every Mon-night in L.J.O.F ball. All sojourncott, M. W. W.O Cook Recorder,

ALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F.—Meets in V. nduyurs hall every orsday evening. Al Odd fellows curdly invited to meet with us. W. H. ven, N. G. Zed Rosendorf, Seey.

HOMER LODGE, NO. 45 K. of P. Meets every Wednesday evening. All knights are cordinally invited. Blair Miller, C. C.; D. H. Craven, K. L. & S.

DR S. A. MULKEY, DENTIST, performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, one in particular being that of a little daughter of a Church of England minis-Practices the profession in all its branches. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office hours, 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Office ter. 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,

E. L. KETCHUJI, M. D. OFFICE and residence, corner Radroad and Monmouth Sts., Independence, Or.

he would testify in the strongest terms DR. J. B. JOHNSON, RESIDENT Deutist. All work warranted to give the rest of satisfaction. Indepen-Ayer's Sarcaparilla nce, Or

ture store.

MONMOUTH, OR.

Agents for the O.P. Boats.

BONHAM & HOLMES, ATTOR neys at Law. Office in Bush's lock, between State and Court, on Com-

MITCHELL & BOHANNON, MAN-nfacturers of sush and doors. Also, seroll sawing. Main street, Inde-pendence, Or.

ons moved to Independence, and opened

DEALER IN



Of Independence, having a steam ngine, a brick machine and several ieres of finest clay, is now prepared o keep on hand a fine quality of brick, which will be sold at reason

ble prices

BRICK

Governor Markham has appointed F. 8. Chadbourne of San Francisco harbor commissioner, and Paris Kilburn and W. H. Magee bank commissioners. Rev. John Henry Barrows, historian of the World's Fair religious congress, is visiting in San Francisco. He was chairman of the committee which arranged for the religious congress.

The Bronze Medallion

The people who drop into my studio and examine the various objects of art and virtu which a long life and a considerable success in my profession have enabled me to collect together would no doubt be very much surprised to hear that of all my treasures there is none so dear to me as the bronze medallion that lies enshrined within a crystal case on my mantelpiece. Many of my visit-ers have glanced at it and turned away to examine a rare bit of carving or an almost priceless example of some for-gotten art. To them the bronze medalion suggested nothing. Possibly they thought—if they gave the matter any thought at all—that it was some medal Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD BIRKS, the well-known Druggist, 207 won in my student days and therefore treasured with care. That it represent-ed a whole life history and had the power to revive many strange memories they had no idea. Some people per-haps, seeing it in a place of honor among my knicknacks, may have fancied that it was something for which I had the same superstitious reverence that other men give to a horseshoe. The bronze medallion, however, is neither a fetich or a memento of an early artistic success. It is simply an insignificant ob-ject, worth perhaps a few shillings, which has played no small part in my life and on one occasion saved me from sudden and violent death. Thirty years ago, when I was a young man of 26 and had fame and fortune still eluding me, I was attached to the artistic staff of The Illustrated Weekly, a journal which was just then beginning a career of great success. Black and white work was not then what it is now, but people thought highly of the illustrations we were able to give them for sixpence, and there was no lack of encouragement for proprietors or artists. My own special forte was animal life, as it always has been. From the time when I could first hold a pencil I had spent my happiest moments in drawing horses. To me a horse was a creature of infinite artistic possibilities. I had drawn him sitting in the ring of a circus and galloping at express speed over a race course, and it mattered little to me whether he was a high bred or a shaggy Shetland pony. I had already begun to paint him in oils, and my first picture, "Young Horses at Play," was considered worthy of a place in the acad-City Truck and Transfer Co. sidered worthy of a place in the academy. It was this success in depicting horses that led the editor of The Illus-Hauling of all Kinds Done at trated Weekly to suggest that I should go down to Doncaster and make a sketch of the St. Leger of that year. There was some famous horse running-I forget his name for the moment-and the public interest in the race was greater than usual. Consequently the proprietors determined to give a double page illustration to the scene, and I trav-

selecting a favorable standpoint from which to focus my sketch. The day of the great race came, and during the morning I was busily occupied in interviewing the various horses engaged and in filling my sketchbook with bits that seemed likely to be useful. When the afternoon came round and the racing began, I made my way to a certain part of the course which had seemed to me very well suited to my purposes, and there I took my stand. There were two races to be run before the St. Leger, and while Leaves Independence and Salem Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leav-ing Independence at 6:45, Salem at 7:30 a. m., and arriving at Portland at these were being got through and during the intervals between them I occupied myself in watching the doings of the crowd which filled the upper part of the town moor. There must have been 200,000 people present on the stands and in the rings and on the moor, and from them came a perfect bable of sound, above which the stentorian voices of the bookmakers blended with the Steamer will carry fast through freight and offers special rates on large shrill cries of catchpenny adventurers of all sorts. Here two or three members of the three card trick fraternity Unexcelled passenger accommoda-tions. Mitchell, Wright & Co., Gener-al agents, Holman block, Salem, Or. were endeavoring to gull a group of round faced rustics; there a similar gang were shouting the praises of a sort of roulette table; yonder a betting man bad screamed bimself hourse and was reduced to shaking the money in his bag as a means of attracting attention. Beyond the shouting, swaying, bustling crowd stretched a long line of vehicles of all descriptions, from the lordly looking coach to the farmer's light cart, and on these men and women were eating and drinking and discussing the prospects of the favorite for the great race. Across the course rose the long line of stands, thickly packed with fashionable racegoers, and these made a dark background to the picture I had

event and began my work by getting an accurate idea of the race course and

in my mind's eye. I was noticing all these things and taking a sly sketch now and then of some face or figure that attracted my attention, when I caught sight of a little gentleman, evidently a Frenchman, who seemed very much out of place among the rough crowd. He was very neatly dressed from top to toe, but as he passed me I noticed that his black frock coat was somewhat shiny at the shoulders and that his carefully brushed hat had certainly seen better days. He went in and out among the crowd, staring at the bookmakers and glancing curiously at the three card fraternity. I thought there was something wistful about his eyes as he looked at the gold which those gentry displayed so lavishly. Presently I lost sight of him in the crowd, but about 10 minutes before the St. Leger was to be run I saw him again. He was engaged in confidential conversation with an individual whom I sat down at once as a betting man's tont and against whose wiles and blandshments I should have liked to warn the evidently innocent foreigner. Presently, however, there was a great cry of "They're off!" and I had to turn my

attention to the race. However great the excitement and however long it may have existed prior to the event which rouses it, it takes but a few very brief moments to allay it forever. Within four minutes of

the cry of "They're off!" the horses had fiashed past me and past the winning post, and the great race was over. I strolled round the crowd and amused myself by watching the faces of the people who had lost their money and the joyful manifestations of those who had bet successfully. I passed beyond the line of curriages and carts and walked across the moor to the alight walked across the moor to the slight hill at the bottom of the course, from where there is an excellent view of the crowds gathered before the stands. There were very few people about the hill or the furze bushes which cover it, and things were quiet there after the roar and bustle of the crowd. I turned roar and bustle of the crowd. I turned away to the left, intending to go into the highroad and walk back to the town, but I suddenly passed and hesitated, for there, close before me, was the little French gentleman, evidently in distress. He sat on the ground behind one of the furze bushes, with his hands hanging helplessly over his drawn up knees and his head drooping forward in abject fashion. It was evident that he had fallen among theves. I went he had fallen among thieves. I went up to him and spoke, feeling that his distress warranted me in doing so.
"I am afraid you are in trouble, sir,"

He lifted his face from his hands and looked up, "Ah, m'sieur!" He spread his little fat hands abroad with a gesture that was half pathetic, half com-ical. "Helas! I have been rob—swindled-I have lose all my money," "Do you mean that some one has picked your pocket," I asked. "If so,

on should inform the police. "Ah, but it is not zat sey have peek my pecket!" he answered quickly. "It is zat I am one big fool. I bet—I stake -I gives my money to ze meker of books, and, pho! it is gone!"

"Ah, you have been betting!" "Helas! m'sieur, yes. You see, I am ah, but I am poor. I am professor of languages at seexty pounds a year. It is ver' leetle for madam, my spouse, and for Jules and myself, and I often zink of how I can make beem more. A young man say to me: You should bet. You should put your money on se horses.' He talk to me, zis young man, of tens to one, of seex to one, and I listen. Zen yesterday comes, and zey pay ze salary at my school. Zey pay me 25, and I put beem in my pocket and any. Tomorrow I will go to ze horse race and win much money. So I arrive here at ze course, m'sieur, and I walks round and see the makers of books, and I talk with a gentleman of sport who knows what he calls 'a sure teep,' and he tells me to put my £5 on gives me a teecket and lays me seexty to one against ze horse Crocodile. I say zat Crocodile will win me £300, and we will be happy, and my leettle Jules shall have a new coat, and madame, my spouse, will buy herself a new gown, and I shall have great joy. And zen zey run, the horses, and when zey eled to Doncaster a day or two before the have finish I go to my maker of books and request my money.' And he say Crocodile is nowhere at all, and my £5 is lost, and ze man zat gave me ze 'sure

teep' is gone, and-Helas! m'sieurnow I have no salary to take home." And here the little man broke down and wept. Half amused as I was at his story, I felt sorry for him, for I could well imagine that the loss of £5 would mean a good deal to him and to madame, his spouse, and their boy Jules. When he had recovered himself a bitle, I talked further with him and found that he was a political refugee and that he taught French in a boys' school at Doncaster. Convinced that his tale was genuine, I determined to help him. I had a £5 note in my pocket for which I had no immediate need, and I made up my mind that he should have it. As I did not desire to pose as a benefactor, however, I resolved to adopt a little ruse. "Well, sir," said I, "these fellows have swindled you, of course. To begin with, you, should not have talked with the man who professed to know of a sure tip. All he wanted

was your money"——
"Helas! m'sieur, I am great fool yes," he interrupted, smiting his fore-head. "I have a head of wood. But it was the desire to carry home much money to my spouse and to cry, 'Behold a fortune!

"And have you really nothing to go on with, sir?" I inquired. He blushed and hung his head. "Ab m'sieur," he said, "not a centime. It

is hard work to live on ze £5 a month. And now I have gamble heem away, my beautiful £5 note, and zere will be no money for ze baker, and ze butcher, and madame, my spouse, will weep, and—ah, wretched traitor zat I am!" "Come, come, sir," said I; "don't give way. Here, you stay there awhile, and I'll go and see if I can't recover your money. Which of the betting men

was it that you gave your note to?" The gertleman called Old Toby from London, m'steur. He zatt stands near the refreshments, with a wonderful hat upon his head and a long white

"Well, stay there," said I, "and I will see Old Toby and try to get your money," and away I went back to the crowd. But I had no intention of going near Old Toby from London, and after I had taken a turn through the people I returned to the furze bushes with my own £5 note in my hand. I held it out to the little Frenchman, who received it with extravagant expressions of relief and delight.

"There is your £5, sir, " I said, "and I bope you'll never be tempted to bet again.

"Ah, m'sieur, indeed no! I promise you on my sacred word, and I beseech you to accept my"- Here he broke off and looked fixedly from me to the note, which he had smoothed out. He turned pale, then red, then pale again. "What's the matter, sir!" said I.

'Isn't that right?" "M'sieur!" He drew his little figure o its full height. "Zis is not my note. see, I take ze numbaire of heem-it is 200317. And, see, ze numbaire of sis uote is 581688. Ah-m'sieur, I see how it is! Your generous heart weeps

for my poor leetle Jules and for mafor my poor leetle Jules and for ma-dame, my spouse, and you give me als money out of your own pockeet. Ah, beautiful sympathy, it makes me weep," And he began to shed more tears. I turned to go, feeling somewhat confused. "Good day, sir," I said. The little Frenchman seised my hand. "I sank you, m'sieur," he said simply. "I sank you from my heart." "You are very welcome," said I and hastened to leave him.

hastened to leave him.

Before I had proceeded many yards be ran after me. "M'sieur," said he, "take sis leetle object as a memento. You will sink of Heotor Malan and his gratitude when you see it. It is nothing—a leetle medal sat my son Jules win at se school, m'sieur. I zank you again, and I pray se good God to re

I took the little bronze medallion which he put into my hands and went on my way again. That night on my way to town I looked at the memento of my somewhat amusing adventure. It was a bronze medal rather targer than was a bronze medal rather larger than a crown piece. One side bore a figure of Learning bestowing a laurel wreath on a kneeling child; the other informed me that the medal had been presented to Master Jules Mahan for his proficiency in mathematics. I put the little token in my purse and thought no more of it until some weeks later, when I happened to be dining with a fellow artist at a restaurant and once more came across it amid a handful of loose change.

ist at a restaurant and once more came across it smid a handful of loose change. I handed it over to my friend and told him the story as we walked away.

"If that medal were mine," said he, "I should attach a sort of superstitious reverence to it. I should look on it as a species of lucky penny and always carry it about my person."

carry it about my person."

I laughed at the idea, but I put the bronze medallion back into my purse, and there it staid. I attached no sort of value to it, but it seemed somehow to become a fixture and had an inner

compartment of my purse all to itself.

Some years went by. I worked hard at my profession and began to be known as a painter of animal life and especially of horses. A battle scene of mine, "Horses In War," brought me an invitation from my old friends, the proprietors of The Illustrated Weekly, to go out as war artist during the Franco-Prussian campaign. I was disposed to go before the invitation reached me. I was unmarried, I had no ties, and there seemed no reason why I should not see something of war at first hand. Accordingly I accepted the invitation, and within a week I was with the Prussian forces near Saarbuck. I am not saign, and I shall therefore pass over the preliminary events of the war and go on to the time when the Prussians, having easily recovered from their first reverses, poured over Alence and Lorraine and began to besiege Strasburg and Mets. I, in company with several other English war correspondents and artists, was with the advance corps of the attacking army and had considerable difficulty in getting on at all. The Prussian military authorities had small love for special correspondents, and we were indebted solely to ourselves for whatever information we got. To me this official standoffishness did not so much matter as to my companions, the special correspondents. My business was to make pictures; theirs to find news. Nevertheless I found it hard work sometimes to get materials for my sketches, and the risks I occasionally ran

were greater than those which I should have incurred had I mixed in the thick of the skirmishes, which went on con-It was a cold, damp afternoon in October, and we were lying half way be-tween Bonsonville and Gravelotte, about nine miles from Metz. The Prussians were slowly advancing upon that city, and the air was continually disturbed by the vibrations of their cannon. regiment near which I had remained all day was engaged in skirmishing operations with a French battalion, and from the top of a slight eminence I was iment near which I had remained endeavoring to make an effective sketch of the scene. Suddenly a white fog rolled over the valley and wrapped both bodies of combatants in its thick folds. I endeavored to regain my quarters, but the fog increased in density, and I soon found it impossible to make headway

against it. For some time I remained motionless. The noise of cannon and muskery died away, and I heard the bugles sounding a retreat on both sides Then I determined to go slowly bac to my quarters near the village of Bon sonville. Unfortunately I found it im possible to decide which was east and which west. I had been stationed on round knoll or eminence, and I has walked about its crown so many time during my observations that I was now unable to decide on the exact spot a which I had ascended it. At last, how ever, I came to a tree of which I seeme to have some recollection, and I descended the hill and walked, as thought, toward Bonsonville. By the time the plain was quiet, and I hear nothing save an occasional faroff bugle note. I waiked on for an hour through the thick white fog, seeking for some familiar landmark. None came. I began to reslize that I was lost. I stood and wondered what to do. Then I went forward again. A church clock struck the hour, 6, close by. Clearly I was near a village, I came to a road and hastened slong it and presently fell into the hands of a French picket. I had walked west instead of east. I was

at Gravelotte. The picket marched me into the vilage and led me before their colonel, a fierce looking militaire, who glared at me from behind a table at which he was evidently writing dispatches.
"What's this?" said he. "A spy?"

Now, unfortunately for me, I cannot speak French, but my knowledge of German is extensive. I replied to the colonel's question in English. He shook his head. I then spoke in German, and his face grew dark. A soldier interpreted my answer.

"Sol" said the colonel. "A pretty story indeed! He speaks German like

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

ABSOLUTELY PURE

a native and professes to be an Englishman. Everybody knows that an Englishman can speak no language other than his own. An English artist, ch? See what papers he has."

I drew all my papers from my breast pocket voluntarily and handed them over. As ill luck would have it, I had that morning made a plan of the sur-

that morning made a plan of the surrounding country in my sketchbook.

The French colonel looked at this narrowly and nodded Lis head. "As I
thought," said he. "What is this but
a map? Come, Mr. Spy, what have

"Tell the colonel," said 1 to the interpreter, "that I am no spy, but the special war correspondent of a great English newspaper, and that what I said before is true. These are my credentials —bid him look at them."

The colonel tossed the papers aside contemptuously. "What of them?" said he. "They may have been stolen, forged—how do I know? He speaks German—he looks like a German—he has maps, charts, drawings on him-enfin, he is a spy. Take him out and shoot him."

A corporal tapped me on the shoulder and motioned me toward the door. I Normal was so surprised at the colonel's last words that I stood motionless, but when P. L. I realized their full meaning I sudden-ly found tongue and rated the whole group in forcible English. The colonel shrugged his shoulders and repeated his commands, and the file of soldiers began to hustle me out. Before we read the door, however, he stopped us. "Spy," said he, "we will give you a chance. Tell us all you know of the Prussian movements, and we will consider your case."

"I shall do no such thing," said I. "I am a English gentleman, and I will histor, not do dirty work for either French or Dunn

Prussian.' "Take time," said he. "Think it ant and two men."

A young officer and two privates entered the room of the farmhouse in which we were standing and saluted. "You see this man?" said the old colonel, pointing to me. "Keep him safe till daybreak. Then bring him to me." He turned to me again. "Think over my offer, Mr. Spy. If you accept it, well; if you don't, you will be shot

in the morning.' The young officer and the two men marched me out into the fog again and took me to a cottage close by. I was placed in a room where a fire burned on the hearth and an oil lamp shed some little light on a plain deal table. My guardian signed to me to sit down, and then one of the soldiers, after a whispered colloquy with the lieutenant, left the cottage and presently returned with food and drink, which he set before me. Desperately placed as I was, I ate my supper and when I had finished filled and lighted my pipe. I thought things over and could see no chance of escape. "Monsieur," said I, addressing the young officer, who sat near me on the hearth. "I shall certainly have to die

tomorrow morning if your colonel persists in his toolish conduct, and I should like to write a last letter to my friends. Will you have the goodness to provide me with writing materials?" Continued.

DUTY ON EGGS.

Let us see to what extent the Mo-Kinely Tariff, by putting a duty on eggs, bas protected the American farmer's egg basket, and whether or not The steamer Altona will run all day it checked the importation of foreign eggs. Here are the figures for eleven

Year	MPORT	s of Forkign	EGGS.
June 30.		Dozens.	Value,
1883	92	15,279,065	\$2,667,604
1884	Fre	16,487,204	2,677,680
1885 1886	at	16,098,450 16,092,583	2,476,672
1887	59	18,986,054	2,178,454 1,960,396
1888	Under	15,642,861	2,812,478
1889	5	15,918,809	2,418,976
1890*		15,064,796	2,074,912
1891	, 7	8,283,043	1,185,50
1892	Pr.	4,188,492	522,240
1893	P 3	3,295,842	392,617

Protected October 6, 1890, at 5 cents per dozen.

This is a remarkable exhibit. We find during the eight years, from 1883 this country. American knives are fully to 1890, when we had Free-Trade in as good as those made elsewhere. They eggs, that we imported on an average more than 15,500,000 dozen eggs every to Americans, with whom you live and year; over 124,515,000 dozen of foreign associate.

eggs, sold in this country in 8 years. What an enormous quantity! What did they cost? During the 8 years we paid away to forlegn farmers more than \$18,770,000 for eggs alone in good American money. We paid away over \$2,590,000 every year for foreign eggst almost \$50,000 every week of 8 years sent abroad to forlegn farmers! This was what Free-Trade did.

Plymouth Bock to McKinley.

The famous document entitled "Americian Tariffs from Plymonth Rock to McKinley" (98 pages). published by the Americian Protective Tariff League, has just been revised and re issued. It should be in the hands of every person who wishes complete and reliable infor-upon the Tariff. Sent to any address for 10 cents. Address Wilbur F. Wakeman, General Secretary, No. 135 West 23d Street, New York.

The New Paculty.

The faculty of the Oregon State Normal school as now organized is as

P. L. Campbell, A. B., president, history, philo-ophy of education and W. B. Brown, of Kansas, mathemat-

ics, physics, in place of J. M. Powell. H. B. Buchanan, of Colorado, Psychology, methods, geography, in place of P. A. Getz.

Miss Sarah Tuthill, literature, elo cution.

E. J. McCausland, of New York, history, mathematics, in place of J. S.

Prof. Balcomb, chemistry, botany, W. A. Wann, B. S. D., English, Alice L. Priest, rhetoric, American

history. Miss Edith Cassavant, M. E. D. critic teacher, model school

Miss Anna Sieles, of Ypsilanta, Michigan, instrumental and vocal music; drawing and painting, in place of Miss Annettie V. Bruce, Miss Ayers, and Miss Smith.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Have you a ticket for the prize at Clodfelter Bros.

Miss Helen Griffith, of Salem, is visiting Miss Savage. Grace Bosco, of Hillsboro, is visiting

Dr. Lee's family. Children's Day services at the Congregational church next Sunday night. Someone is going to get a fine accordion free at Clodfelter Bros. Inquire about it.

Rev. D. V. Poling will preach and hold communion services at Rickreall next Sunday.

The Altona will make trips next Sunday leaving Independence at 1 and 5 p. m. and from Salem at 2 and 6 p. m. Fare, round trip, 50 cents. Miss Leona Claggett celebrated her

her little friends visit her at her home on B streeet, last Thursday. of July 4th between Independence and Salem, and a great many persons will

spend the day in Independence.

6th birthday by having a number of

The singers who have ben invited to participate in the choruses for the 4th of July will meet this (Saturday) evening in the Congregational church. Asa Robertson passed his examina-

tion as a graduate in pharmacy before the state board of pharmacy at Portland last Tuesday. He is now a fullfledged druggist.

Mesrs Smith & Co., of the Star grocery,on C street, report business very good, and that the outlook is encouraging for them. They have put prices where they belong.

Should you want to buy a knife, make sure that you get one that was made in

AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS WORLD'S FAIR.



Used in Millions of nes-40 Years the Standard