

SECRET SOCIETIES.

O. U. W. - INDEPENDENCE Lodge, No. 22, meets every Monday night in I. S. O. F. hall. All adjoining brothers are invited to attend. A. J. Smith, W. W. O. Cook, Recorder.

VALLEY LODGE, NO. 42, I. O. O. F. - Meets in V. Indu's hall every Sunday evening. All Odd fellows cordially invited to meet with us. W. H. Haven, N. G. Zed Rosendorf, Secy.

YON LODGE, NO. 29, A. F. & A. M. - Stated communications Saturday evening or before full moon each month and two weeks thereafter. W. P. Conaway, W. M. W. H. Patterson, Secretary.

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

PHYSICIANS-DENTISTRY.

D. S. A. MULKEY, DENTIST, practices the profession in all its branches. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office hours, 8 to 12 and 1 to 5. Office in the O'Donnell brick, Independence.

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

E. L. KETCHUM, M. D. OFFICE and residence, corner Railroad and Monmouth sts., Independence, Or.

D. R. J. BOHNSON, RESIDENT Dentist. All work warranted to give the best of satisfaction. Independence, Or.

W. E. POOLE, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON Office next door to Anstine's Furniture store. MONMOUTH, OR.

ATTORNEYS.

GEO. A. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in all state and federal courts. Abstracts of title furnished. Office over Independence National Bank.

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

SASH AND DOORS.

MITCHELL & BOHANNON, MANUFACTURERS of sash and doors. Also, sash and mill work. Main street, Independence, Or.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

D. R. E. J. YOUNG, late of Newberg, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist has moved to Independence, and opened an office over the Independence National bank.

GEO. E. BREY, DEALER IN Grain, Hops, Wool, Potatoes, Etc. Independence, Oregon. 43

G. L. HAWKINS, Proprietor of The Independence Marble Works, estimates on all ornamental work. First-class workmanship, latest designs, and lowest prices.

O. A. KRAMER, Proprietors (J. R. Markley, R. B. Hays, W. D. T. H. P. E.)



Sells Watches and Clocks.

W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbia St. O.



A Little Daughter

Of a Church of England minister cured of a distressing rash, by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mr. RICHARD BIRKS, the well-known Druggist, 207 McGill st., Montreal, P. Q., says: I have sold Ayer's Family Medicine for 40 years, and have heard nothing but good said of them. I know of many

Wonderful Cures performed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, 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 exceedingly troublesome rash, from which she had suffered for two or three years, 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 administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles 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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures others, will cure you

CHAS. STAATS, (SUCCESSOR TO HUBBARD & STAATS.) PROPRIETOR OF

City Truck and Transfer Co. Hauling of all Kinds Done at Reasonable Rates.

Agents for the O. P. Boats. All bills must be settled by the 10th of each month.

Independence, Oregon.

Steamer Altona! Salem and Independence TO PORTLAND

Leaves Independence and Salem Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leaving Independence at 6:45, Salem at 7:30 a. m., and arriving at Portland at 2:15 p. m.

Leaves Portland Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:45 a. m., Salem for Independence at 4 p. m.

Excellent meals served on boat at 25 cents per meal.

Passengers save time and money by taking this line to Portland. Steamer will carry fast through freight and offers special rates on large lots.

Unexcelled passenger accommodations. Mitchell, Wright & Co., General agents, Holman block, Salem, Or.

The Popular Hotel Free Bus to and from all Trains and Steamers Located. Most Centrally Located.

EUROPEAN PLAN

THE HOLTON

M. D. ROCHE, Mgr.

CORNER FOURTH AND ALICE ST., PORTLAND

Proprietors (J. R. Markley, R. B. Hays, W. D. T. H. P. E.)

BRICK YARD

J. R. COOPER

OF Independence, having a steam engine, a brick machine and several acres of finest clay, is now prepared to keep on hand a fine quality of brick, which will be sold at reasonable prices

Governor Markham has appointed F. S. Chadbourne of San Francisco harbor commissioner, and Paris Killam and W. H. Magee bank commissioners.

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 not 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 visitors have glanced at it and turned away to examine a rare bit of carving or an almost priceless example of some forgotten art. To them the bronze medallion suggested nothing. Possibly they thought—if they gave the matter any thought at all—that it was some medal won in my student days and therefore treasured with care. That it represented a whole life history and had the power to revive many strange memories they had no idea. Some people perhaps, seeing it in a place of honor among my knickknacks, 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 fetish nor a memento of an early artistic success. It is simply an insignificant object, 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 academy. It was this success in depicting horses that led the editor of The Illustrated 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 traveled to Doncaster a day or two before the event and began my work by getting an accurate idea of the race course and 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 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 babel of sound, above which the stentorian voices of the bookmakers blended with the shrill cries of catchpenny adventurers of all sorts. Here two or three members of the three card trick fraternity 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 had screamed himself hoarse 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 looting 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 in my mind's eye.

I was noticing all these things and taking a shy 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 had not seen before, and I saw him again. He was engaged in confidential conversation with an individual whom I had not seen before, and I saw him again. He was engaged in confidential conversation with an individual whom I had not seen before, and I saw him again.

for my poor little Jules and for madame, my spouse, and you give me six money out of your own pocket. 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 seized my hand. "I thank you, m'sieur," he said simply. "I thank you from my heart." "You are very welcome," said I and hastened to leave him. Before I had proceeded many yards he ran after me. "M'sieur," said he, "take six little object as a memento. You will think of Hector Malin and his gratitude when you see it. It is nothing—a little medal set my son Jules win at school, m'sieur. I thank you again, and I pray so good God to reward you."

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 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 Malin 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. 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."

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 Saarbrück. I am not writing the history of that famous campaign, 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 Alsace and Lorraine and began to besiege Strasbourg and Metz. 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 occasionally ran were greater than those which I should have incurred had I mixed in the thick of the skirmishes, which went on continually.

It was a cold, damp afternoon in October, and we were lying high way between 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. A 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 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 musketry died away, and I heard the bugles sounding a retreat on both sides. Then I determined to go slowly back to my quarters near the village of Bonsonville. Unfortunately I found it impossible to decide which was east and which west. I had been stationed on a round knoll or eminence, and I had walked about its crown so many times during my observations that I was now unable to decide on the exact spot at which I had ascended it. At last, however, I came to a tree which I seemed to have some recollection, and I descended the hill and walked, as I thought, toward Bonsonville. By that time the plain was quiet, and I heard nothing save an occasional faroff bugle note. I walked on for an hour through the thick white fog, seeking for some familiar landmark. None came. I began to realize 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 along 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 village and led me before their colonel, a fierce looking militiaire, 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. It then spoke in German, and his face grew dark. A soldier interpreted my answer. "So!" said the colonel. "A pretty story indeed! He speaks German like

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

Royal Baking Powder 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, eh? See what papers he has. I throw 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 surrounding country in my sketchbook. The French colonel looked at this narrow and nodded his head. "As I thought," said he. "What is this but a map? Come, Mr. Spy, what have you to say?" "Tell the colonel," said I 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."

eggs, sold in this country in 8 years. What an enormous quantity! What did they cost? During the 8 years we paid away to foreign farmers more than \$18,770,000 for eggs alone in good American money. We paid away over \$2,500,000 every year for foreign eggs almost \$50,000 every week of 8 years sent abroad to foreign farmers! This was what Free-Trade did.

Plymouth Rock to McKinley. The famous document entitled "American Tariffs from Plymouth Rock to McKinley" (96 pages), published by the American Protective Tariff League, has just been revised and reissued. It should be in the hands of every person who wishes complete and reliable information upon the Tariff. Sent to any address for 10 cents. Address: Wilbur F. Wake-man, General Secretary, No. 135 West 23d Street, New York.

The faculty of the Oregon State Normal school as now organized is as follows: P. L. Campbell, A. B., president, history, philosophy of education and latin. W. B. Brown, of Kansas, mathematics, physics, in place of J. M. Powell. H. B. Buchanan, of Colorado, Psychology, methods, geography, in place of P. A. Getz. Miss Sarah Tutthill, literature, elocution. E. J. McCausland, of New York, history, mathematics, in place of J. S. Duann. Prof. Balcomb, chemistry, botany, physiology in place of W. J. Spillman. W. A. Wann, B. S. D., English, mathematics. Alice L. Priest, rhetoric, American history. Miss Edith Cassavant, M. E. D., oritic teacher, moral school. Miss Anna Stiles, of Ypsilanti, 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 Grace Savage. Miss 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 Richkroal 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 6th birthday by having a number of her little friends visit her at her home on B street, last Thursday. The steamer Altona will run all day of July 4th between Independence and Salem, and a great many persons will spend the day in Independence. The singers who have been invited to participate in the choruses for the 4th of July will meet this (Saturday) evening in the Congregational church. Asa Robertson passed his examination as a graduate in pharmacy before the state board of pharmacy at Portland last Tuesday. He is now a full-fledged druggist. Messrs 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 this country. American knives are fully as good as those made elsewhere. They are cheaper, and they give employment to Americans, with whom you live and associate.

DUTY ON EGGS.

Let us see to what extent the McKinley Tariff, by putting a duty on eggs, has protected the American farmer's egg basket, and whether or not it checked the importation of foreign eggs. Here are the figures for eleven years:

Table with columns: Year ending, Dozens, Value. Rows for 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893.

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

This is a remarkable exhibit. We find during the eight years, from 1883 to 1890, when we had Free-Trade in eggs, that we imported on an average more than 15,500,000 dozen eggs every year; over 124,515,000 dozen of foreign

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.