

THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

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G. A. Hurley, Publisher & Proprietor

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Independence, Oregon, Friday, Feb. 7, 1913.

EOLA NEWS

Sheriff J. M. Grant of Dallas was an official visitor in our vicinity last week.

The Miss Perlichs of Salem visited their cousins the Miss Landons last week.

Thos. Holman made a business trip to Dallas Monday.

John Schaffer and wife visited at the home of A. J. Roberts of Oak Grove Sunday.

Clall Hayden and wife visited in Eola Sunday.

Mr. Youngbird of Salt Lake who recently purchased one of the McNary tracts is building a dwelling on his newly acquired property.

Mrs. Hattie Armstrong has returned from a six weeks stay with her relatives at Lebanon.

Mrs. Wm. Antrican and children visited in Dallas Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. Morse of Salem was called to attend on T. L. Acuff's son who had a severe attack of heart trouble.

Some of the early apple trees in this vicinity are all most fully leafed out and Mrs. Mitty who is quite a successful florist has at the present time crocuses, anemones and china lilies blooming in her yard.

B. I. Ferguson and son Ralph is laying off a 20 acre tract here for W. H. Daney of Salem preparatory to setting it to prune trees.

Dr. Morse of Salem was called to attend Mrs. Randall who was taken critically ill but is much better now.

Our school is badly in need of a new flag, the one now doing service having been unfurled to the breeze for 7 or 8 years and was presented to the school by senator Hal D. Patton of Marion county and a number of the present legislature.

L. A. Ferguson was a week end visitor among relatives in Salem.

B. I. Ferguson made a business trip to Dallas Tuesday.

Our roads are getting in pretty bad shape in some places especially for the autos as quite often the faithful old horses are called on to give them a lift, as it yet remains for the great inventors of the modern time to replace the horse as it is very seldom a true pulling one runs out of gasoline and leaves you in the mud.

Mrs. E. Carlson and Miss Elora Clement returned from Portland Tuesday where the latter went to consult a throat specialist.

Mrs. Carlson's sister Mrs. M. Templeman accompanied her home for a short visit.

PERRYDALE NEWS

Mrs. J. W. Wilson and little daughter returned from a few weeks visit with her mother in

Oregon City.

Charles Bratcher and wife are visiting at the home of the formers mother in Rickerall.

D. L. Keyt was a Dallas visitor last week.

Mr. Edwards of Portland visited near Perrydale last week.

Miss Hazel Duignan was a Dallas visitor over Saturday and Sunday of last week.

Misses Elsie and Wanda Keyt were in Dallas Saturday.

Miss Marion Fox spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Portland.

Miss Marion Fox was a visitor in Salem over Saturday and Sunday.

F. E. Lynn and wife visited in Salem and Dallas last week returning home Saturday.

Hazel Duignan was a Dallas visitor Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Homer Foster is visiting with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Duignan.

Edd Loop is visiting at the home of A. Jones.

Gordon Watt visited in Perrydale Sunday.

Mrs. Stewart is visiting at the home of her sister Mrs. Henry Keyt.

The young folks were entertained Friday evening at the home of Mr. Wolford. Light refreshments were served at a late hour and all returned to their homes reporting a good time.

Harry Bissel returned from Dallas Sunday after noon.

Mr. Wolford went to Portland on business Sunday.

SUNNYSLOPE NEWS

Several from here were in attendance at the school rally at Antioch Saturday.

Chas. Osborne was trading in Monmouth one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Johnson of the Luckiamute, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Dick Ogle, and family.

V. A. Fishback and wife of Lewisville, were guests of her parents, C. E. Clapp and wife, Snuday.

Israel Marks, of Rickerall, visited with relatives here the first of the week.

Leonard McCaleb was a Monmouth visitor Sunday.

W. B. Ramsey was a Monmouth visitor Monday.

Roy Pitzer and wife of Dallas visited with her mother M. S. Bowman Wednesday.

G. O. Rhoades of Golden-dale, Washington visited with his brother, Riley Rhoades last week.

P. L. Fishback was a county seat visitor Saturday.

The children in the second grade of the Monmouth Training School gave a play last Thursday morning on the second floor of the Central school building before many people of this city who went to see the reproduction of the old fashioned story of "Mother Hubbard." The dog,

butcher, shoe maker, fitter, and Mother Hubbard herself were represented by the primary children in the celebrated story. The play was given the second time, since the first audience found it to be well performed. The children were trained by Ruby Shearer primary critic of the school.

A Man Hater

Bitter Experience Made Her One

By MARTHA A. HARDING

My father died when I was six years old and my mother two years later. At my mother's death I went to live with my aunt. She had made an unfortunate marriage in her youth and had been divorced. Her husband was still living, and she did not marry again. One matrimonial experience was quite enough for her. But she possessed a fortune, and her husband, who was a lawyer by profession, was on the watch for any technicality that would enable him to get any of it. For instance, the laws of the state in which she lived required that the husband should join with the wife in conveying real estate. My aunt owned the house in which she lived, and her husband would not join in a deed conveying it unless she would give him half the amount of the purchase money.

My aunt did not wish to sell her house, but the matter opened her eyes to what she had to fear from her husband, especially if he outlived her. I was to be her heir, and she dreaded lest he should attempt to break away with the house and the money. I was a child, but I understood the situation.

Her fears did not end here. Suppose I should have the ill luck she had experienced in making a marriage. The idea was horrible to her. Scarcely a day passed that she did not remind me of the dangers incurred in taking a husband and always ended by advising me to lead a life of spinsterhood.

These constant admonitions served to defeat the purpose for which they were intended. The quickest way to get a young person to do anything is to warn him or her against it. Youngsters wish to see "the folly of it" as well as their seniors. There is another adage that works in connection with this one. "Bitten fruit is the sweetest." I not only wished to marry because my aunt warned me not to do so, but I was ready to enter upon a love affair without her knowing it.

I was but seventeen when I met Charlie Edson, and he showed a predisposition in my favor. He was half a dozen years older than I and was considered a fine young man by all who knew him.

Nevertheless I question if our intimacy would have ripened into love had I not told him that my aunt was opposed to my marrying any one, and I expected to be an old maid. My aunt's action had the same effect on Charlie that it had on me. He began to make love to me at once, and I experienced the delightful sensation of eating stolen fruit.

This was enjoyable only for a short time. Love leads to matrimony, and the first thing I knew my delight was turned to worry. My lover, who was more frightened than I, inferred that if I took a step toward marriage without my aunt's consent she might cut me off from my expected inheritance. I did not think she would do that, but the possibility of her doing it troubled me. Charlie was a clerk with a salary of \$70 a month, and he at least had sense enough to know that marriage between us on such an income meant hard times ahead.

But when two persons are violently in love with each other prudence hides her face. After much tribulation we did what many youngsters have done before us to their cost. We went to a parson and got married, he alone knowing of the marriage. Then I went home and Charlie went home, and where there was worry before there was now misery.

It happened soon after this that my aunt's divorced husband attempted by process of law to get possession of a certain piece of property she owned by means of a paper he had induced her to sign when they were living together, or rather, the attempt was to levy blackmail, since he offered to withdraw the suit if she would pay him a stipulated sum. This act so infuriated her, so filled her with horror at what she called the iron chains of matrimony that she sent for her attorney and made a new will, which prevented my getting possession of her estate after her death in case I was then married. Her object was to save me from the iron chains, and this was the only way she could effect that object.

No sooner had she made this new will than she informed me of the fact. Imagine my astonishment and my chagrin. My first impulse was to throw myself into her arms and confess, but I remembered that I had a husband with whom to consult, so I only said: "Well, aunt, I suppose that makes me an old maid."

more zest in having a world to conquer than having a conquered world. Our chief concern was what to do in the immediate future. If I confessed to my aunt what I had done she might tell me to go to my husband and suffer the consequences of my deception. We are all prone to put off an evil day, and Charlie and I concluded to keep our secret and live the lives we were living apart till such time as we could see our way to set up housekeeping in its simplest form. It was a long while before my aunt recovered from the effects of her husband's attempt sufficiently to cease talking about it, inveighing against matrimony and an occasional remark to me:

"If ever I catch you listening to the poisoned words of any young rascal I'll turn you out of the house." But after a while she ceased to get wrought up over it and in time not to speak of it at all.

Then the old lady was taken with an illness from which she was not destined to recover. She had been very good to me and loved me very dearly. I felt it my duty as well as my choice to devote myself to her comfort. While doing this it was impossible for me to meet my husband except at long intervals and then for brief interviews. My aunt was very exacting and kept me with her nearly all the while. Moreover, I would not for the world have her discover that I had repaid her kindness to me by rejecting her wishes for me and deceiving her in doing it. So anxious was I to save her this disappointment that I pretended to agree with the reluctance to marriage she had expressed and declared that I would never marry. In this falsehood my conscience was soothed by a mental reservation. What I meant was that I would not marry a second time.

I supposed that this satisfied my dear aunt, for she never again referred to the subject either generally or pertaining especially to me. But from this time forward I judged that she was chiefly concerned for herself, for she was falling every day, and the affairs of this world seemed to be receding further and further from her. For a week before her death she knew that her end was approaching and for the first time seemed concerned about leaving me to live alone.

One day shortly before her death she said to me: "You are looking pale and thin. I am wearing the life out of you. I wish you to go out this afternoon and not return till it is dark."

I protested that I was perfectly able to bear the strain and did not need an outing, but she insisted on it, and since she was in no condition to be opposed I assented. I was not sorry to be sent out and went at once to a telephone, where I called up Charlie, and we spent the afternoon together. I did not get back to the sick chamber till an hour after dark.

I was met in the hall by the trained nurse, who told me that my aunt was dead. Notwithstanding that the event was expected I was shocked, especially that I was away when it occurred. I was doubly pained when the nurse told me that my aunt had called for me and seemed much disturbed that I had not left word where I was going. The poor woman seemed to have something of importance to say to me before she died that she would not confide to any one else.

The day after the funeral I took my aunt's will—she had turned it over to me soon after being stricken by her last illness—and in company with my husband went to her attorney to turn it over to him and confess that I was a married woman and could not inherit under its provisions. He looked at it, noticing its date, signature and other points with that method common to those of his profession, then going to his safe, opened a drawer, and, taking out a document, brought it to us.

"I have a later will here," he said. "A later will!" I exclaimed. "Surely that can't be. My aunt gave me this one when she was taken ill and cannot have made another."

"Nevertheless she did, and that on the afternoon she died. I was telephoned for and went to her immediately. This is the result." He handed me a bit of paper, on which was scrawled a hundred words, saying to me my aunt's estate without any condition whatever. I read it and handed it to Charlie. There we both looked at each other—I through wet eyes—and Charlie took me in his arms. "What do you suppose my aunt wished to say to me before she died?" I asked the lawyer presently.

"This will you have brought here," he replied. "Disinherited you in case you were married. Your aunt wished me to draw a new will compelling you to marry in order to inherit under it. I suggested that it might complicate matters for you and result in turning her estate over to her husband. I therefore suggested the simpler form. I think that what she wished to say to you was that she dreaded leaving you unprotected; realized what she had said to you about marriage, and hoped you would find a good husband."

"I have already found one," I replied, and my assertion turned out to be true. My aunt's husband endeavored to break the will on the ground that the testator was not of sound mind when the will was made and I had influenced her to leave all to me.

It was fortunate that I had a husband to look out for my interests, or I am sure my property would have gone either to the man my aunt most wished should not have it or to the lawyers and the chancery courts. Charlie made an admirable manager for the business, very sensibly compromising with the husband for a small sum in cash.

The moral of my story is "do not decide from a single experience," and the moral of my experience is "do not get clandestinely in a case of especial moment, if at all."

Educated Lions.
Although it takes four years of education to prepare a lion for circus life it increases the animal's life fivefold.

Badly Swollen.
Hewitt—Large bodies move slowly. Jewett—I don't see how you can shake your head.—New York Press.

Force of the Amazon.
Traces of the sediment carried out by the river Amazon can be detected 100 miles at sea.

The Chameleon.
If a chameleon becomes blind it no longer changes color, but remains of a blackish hue.

Leather Aprons.
The leather apron worn by blacksmiths is mentioned by the elder Pliny, who flourished A. D. 23-79.

Belgian Workers' Wives.
Of Belgian workmen's wives one out of eight has to earn money toward the upkeep of the home.

Hard to Do.
Diamond—Is your father well to do? Brennan—No, but he is hard to do.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Exception.
Bibbs—Do you believe the office ever seeks the man? Slobbs—The tax office always does.—Philadelphia Record.

Diplomatic.
Mrs. Eze—Does your husband ever refuse you when you ask him for a little money? Mrs. Wye—I never ask him for a little money. I ask him for a lot, and what I get is a little.—Boston Transcript.

Not Dead Sure.
"Pa, what does it mean when you say that a man hasn't the courage of his convictions?" "That he has 'pinions, but isn't willing to bet money on them."—Detroit Free Press.

Explanation.
"Mame said the idea of her mother bringing home a new husband made her tired." "I suppose that is why she would not go a step farther."—Baltimore American.

No Alternative.
"Why do you beat your little son? It was the cat that upset the vase of flowers." "I can't beat the cat. I belong to the S. P. C. A."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Duty Held Him.
The traveling salesman had four minutes in which to catch his train. "Can't you go faster than this?" he asked the street car conductor. "Yes," the bell ringer answered, "but I have to stay with my car."—Life.

No Lack of Rain.
The heaviest rainfall known upon the globe occurs on the mountain slopes beyond the head of the bay of Bengal and amounts to about 610 inches, or nearly fifty-one feet, during the year.

Eyes of the Chameleon.
The chameleon's eyes are situated in bony sockets projecting from the head. By this curious contrivance the peculiar little animal can see in any direction without the slightest motion save of the eye.

RIGHT AND WRONG.
Do the right and your ideal of it grows and perfects itself. Do the wrong and your ideal of it breaks up and vanishes.—James Martineau.

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