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**An Odd Breach of Promise Case**  
By EUNICE BLAKE

George Trover had a way exclusively his own of doing things. If any one attempted to injure him he would not put up an open fight. He would think out a plan to circumvent his opponent or undermine him—in other words, put him into a position to "hang himself" by his own acts. If he desired to confer a favor on any one he would go about it in a way at first to cause the person he favored to think that he was about to do him an injury. No one could tell from what he said what he meant. He was continually confessing to faults that he did not possess. "If you only knew me," he would say, "you would find me a very mean man."

**THE SOCIAL WORLD**  
BY VIRGINIA SOUTHERN

'Tis a fragrant retrospection,—  
for the loving thoughts that start  
into being are like perfume  
from the blossom of the heart;  
And to dream the old dreams over  
is a luxury divine—  
When my transient fancies wander  
with that old sweetheart of mine.  
James Whitcomb Riley.

The one feature of the week that claimed special attention was the graduation exercises at the Opera House last Friday evening. The rarest flowers from the gardens were contributed in such large quantities that as they were being taken up the scene resembled a parade at the Rose Festival, and as the class of 1914 drew the portiers of school life aside and stepped into life's school, the many floral gifts made a veritable flower garden from which to begin their journey.

**MUSICAL EVENT**  
Musical devotees are anticipating much real enjoyment from the large benefit concert at the Methodist Church Parlors this evening. Under the pains-taking direction of Mr. McIntosh the program throughout will be varied and most pleasing and promises to be held amid charming surroundings.

Many messages of sympathy and condolence have been finding their way to the Hooper home and all purely social functions have been abandoned because of the general bereavement felt.

**MRS. THOMAS HOSTESS**  
Mrs. A. L. Thomas was a recent hostess to the fourth of the series of C. I. C. teas. The Thomas home presented a charming appearance when the ladies had gathered for the afternoon and Mrs. Thomas proved a most delightful hostess adding more real enjoyment to the benefit teas that are proving to be such pleasant events.

At the close of the afternoon hours the guests were served to a delicious luncheon.

**ATTEND CLASS PLAY**  
Tuesday evening a merry party, composed of Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, Dr. and Mrs. McIntire, Mrs. Paddock, Mr. Macy and Miss Bohannon, motored to Monmouth to see "As You Like It" which was attractively presented by the seniors on the college campus.

After the drama was over the Independence party was entertained with a "midnight feast" in the "Dorm" apartments of Misses Butler and Dunsmore.

**RICHARDSON'S ENTERTAIN**  
A large party motored out to the country home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richardson last Tuesday evening and spent a few hours most pleasantly with cards. The series of games were followed with a most tempting luncheon.

Meals served at all hours The Best Meal—the Best Service

Regular Dinner 25c

**The Palace Cafe**  
E. J. FOWLER, Prop.  
EVERYTHING SERVED TO SUIT THE CUSTOMER  
Located on South Side of C St.  
Next door to Fluke & Johnson's Phone Main 2521

When it was announced that George Trover was engaged to Estelle Garrett her most intimate friend said he had won her by telling her that there was something on his conscience for which he was repentant and which was an unbearable burden to him in this way he won her sympathy. Then he confessed that his crime was in loving her instead of one he was in duty bound to love. The result was a betrothal.

Not long after the engagement Estelle met George on the street walking with a young woman plainly but neatly dressed. The girl was talking with great earnestness and looking up into George's face in a way Estelle did not like. When George caught the eye of his fiancée looking at him intently and severely he started. Then he forced a smile, bowed and passed on. Estelle went home and wrote him a note breaking their engagement. This was not the proper thing to do for to do that would have meant a great deal to her. She should have first called for an explanation. She waited several days for a reply to her note communicating her decision, but heard not a word.

At this time she had come to understand that her lover was a bit peculiar and wondered what he was going to do. Surely he would not fail to take some notice of the breaking of the engagement. And yet, considering that start he gave when he had not her, indicating guilt, might he not be so ashamed as to let the matter go by default? Another consideration came into her head—that, having found a new love, he might desire to be off with the old one. But in this case would he not be likely to notify her that he accepted his dismissal?

Finally George's reply came. And what was it? A note from an attorney announcing that on behalf of George C. Trover, Esq., he had begun proceedings against her for breach of promise. Estelle read the note with amazement. Her first thought was that on no account could there ever again be between them any such thing as love and that she would never again notice a man who had treated her in so extraordinary a fashion. It took some time for her to see her true position. She had accepted George, his presents, much of his time, and to please her he had changed his occupation. She had broken the engagement on seeing her fiancée walking on the street with another girl. She had no evidence that this girl had supplanted her. It began to appear to her that she had acted hastily. An uncle of hers was an attorney, and she went immediately to his office. There she told him the story and asked his advice.

"You are placing me in an unpleasant position," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "George came to me and asked me to bring this suit. I declined to have anything to do with it, and he put his case in other hands. I don't see now how I can take yours."

"But you can advise me, uncle, can't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, what do you think of a man who will bring a suit of breach of promise against a woman?"

"Men and women both come under the law."

"Can he force me to marry him?"

"No. He is not trying to do that. He is merely claiming payment for a broken heart."

"Broken heart! I don't believe he has a heart. Can he get damages?"

"That depends upon the jury. I fancy from what you have told me he can prove his case. The judge will probably instruct the jury to find for the plaintiff, and they will award a damage of 1 cent."

"What! Insult me by considering my love worth no more than that?"

"No. It would mean that George is in the right, you, of course, being in the wrong. But they wouldn't like to punish a woman for sending a man away even if there were no legal reason for her action. They might give him damages for his presents to you."

"He can have them all back. What shall I do?"

"Let me telephone George to come here and settle the matter out of court."

She assented to this, and George appeared.

"George," said the uncle, "who was that girl Estelle met you walking with?"

"A young woman I was taking to the office of a friend of mine to whom I had applied in her behalf for a position."

"Nothing between you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you two had better make up. And they did.

When George tells the story to guests his wife says she forgave him because he didn't know any better.

**ANNOUNCEMENT**  
Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Mary Boller to Mr. Charles Quinn on Tuesday, June 9, 1914, at Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Quinn are at home in Independence.

**LULL IN CLUB-DOM**  
Practically no meetings have been held in the women's clubs recently. The members were busy several days assisting in receiving the out-of-town guests then following in close proximity, Rosaria and the Grand Chapter meeting in Portland beckoned and such a large number responded that very little time was left for the ordinary routine of club business.

**Birds in Winter.**  
Though birds have a much higher temperature than a man's—man's is 98, while theirs is 107—they suffer cruelly from the winter cold. In a mountain country it is not uncommon to find sheep with dead birds fastened on their backs. The little, cold creatures struggle in the sheep's wool to get warm, their feet become entangled in the fleece, and they starve to death.

**Young Man Hurry Up**  
and see Rowe about your  
**ENGAGEMENT RING**  
Fine  
**DIAMONDS**  
and many other Beautiful Gems  
And then comes the  
**WEDDING RING**  
I have the New Tiffany band style  
14k in just the right weight  
Come and look—your  
secret will be safe

**Rowe's Jewelry Store**  
"Where a Dollar does its Duty"

**Origin of Geography.**  
The Phoenicians were the first people to communicate to other nations a knowledge of distant lands. It is now known that before the time of Homer that enterprising people had passed beyond the limit of the Mediterranean into the great western ocean, and it was by their sailors that the first rough charts of the world as then known were made. But geography as a science originated among the Greeks, its real father being Herodotus of Halicarnassus, about B. C. 484.

**Temperature of Soil.**  
Beyond a depth of three feet the temperature of the soil does not vary very much from day to day. At sixty feet it is impossible to measure any change due to changing seasons; at forty feet it is barely measurable. At twenty-five to thirty feet a change from season to season is quite perceptible, though the change takes over six months. At three feet the average annual means is 45 degrees F.; at twenty-five feet a degree more.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

**Gave Him a Scare.**  
Neighbor—Hi, come 'ere quick! Your Mary's fell in the pond! Farmer excitedly—What 'as? Neighbor—Mary, your wife. Farmer (relieved)—Mary! 'Ow you did give me a turn! I thought you said marel!—Liverpool Mercury.

**The Fare.**  
This is how a driver of the prison van, known as Black Maria, distinguished himself. A would be wit on the causeway hailed him:  
"Got any room inside, Robert?"  
"There's room for one," replied the driver. "We keep it for you."  
Not entirely disconcerted, the wit made another shot.  
"What's your fare?" he asked.  
The answer entirely extinguished him:  
"Broad and water—same as you had before!"—Pearson's Weekly.

**THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH**  
BEN C. CROW, Pastor.  
Regular Services every Sunday evening at 8 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Come you are invited.

**AT BAPTIST CHURCH**  
Corner Third and B Streets  
W. T. TAPSCOTT, Pastor.  
Residence Fifth and E Streets.  
Rev. S. G. Betts, one of the campaign speakers in the interest of "Oregon Dry" will speak in the Baptist Church on Sunday at 3 p. m. Mr. Betts is a speaker of national fame. Do not fail to hear him.  
Pastor W. T. Tapscott will preach in the evening. Sunday School at 10 a. m. No preaching service in the morning.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
Dr. Dunmore will occupy the pulpit Sunday evening at 8 p. m.

**M. E. CHURCH NOTICE**  
FRANKSANDIFUR, Pastor.  
S. S. at 10 a. m. as usual. At eleven o'clock the sermon will be preached by Dr. J. T. Abbott of Eugene, the District Superintendent. At 8 o'clock the Children's Day exercises will be given. Both of these services will be of unusual interest. The attendance is anticipated will be large. You are welcome though. Come and enjoy these services.

**CARD OF THANKS**  
Mrs. Nettie Hooper wishes to express her sincere appreciation for the many kindnesses bestowed upon her by the members of the Christian church, the I. O. O. F. and other friends during the time of her bereavement. Also for the many beautiful floral offerings.

**His Usual Way.**  
The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller, and he is ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

**Too Close For Comfort.**  
Barris Dickson tells a story of a negro who was in jail in Mississippi under sentence of death for murder. The prisoner had tried and exhausted all other means of obtaining a reprieve or a commutation, and at the eleventh hour, so to speak, he thought he would make a personal appeal for executive clemency. So he took his pen in hand and wrote to the governor.  
The most significant part of his letter was the first paragraph, which ran somewhat as follows:  
"Dear Boss—The white folk is got me in the jail fixing to hang me on Friday morning, and here 'tis Wednesday already!"—Saturday Evening Post.

**"Something is Going to Happen"**  
**WATCH FOR IT**

This Space Reserved by Williams Drug Co.

**THE 'New Royal' SEWING MACHINE**  
can now be had at  
**Craven & Huff**

We save you the jobbers commission by buying these direct from the manufacturers.

We sell you the Machines on the installment plan besides giving you With each  
**'NEW ROYAL'**  
A Ten Year Guarantee  
... Call and See Them ...

**Craven & Huff HDW. CO.**  
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

**We are Tenting Tonight at Cary's Hot Springs**

People travel for thousands of miles to go to Carlsbad and Baden-Baden and French Lick Springs and Hot Springs, Ark., yet right here in Oregon, less than a hundred miles from Portland, are waters of equal value to people suffering from rheumatism, dyspepsia and various other organic troubles. CARY'S HOT SPRINGS are located in the heart of the Cascade Mountains---unrivalled for beauty---with all the magnificent grandeur of nature unspoiled by the hand of man. The best fishing in Oregon.

Make Your Reservations Early. Write for illustrated descriptive booklets and other information. Address:

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