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### LOCAL NEWS

Polk county has 301 automobiles.

The Dallas College has closed its doors.

Telephone Main 1621 and tell the news.

Farmers are cutting their first crop of clover.

J. H. Hibbs visited relatives in Ballston last week.

H. Hirschberg was out of town the first of the week.

A baby girl came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Mattison June 10, 1914.

Friday's Oregonian: Mrs. S. Hayes of Independence is registered at the Carlton.

Friday's Oregonian: K. C. Elliott of Independence is registered at the Seward.

Mrs. Rexford has added a cook to her restaurant and is now serving short orders.

Mrs. W. D. Moreland and children left for their home in Tacoma, Wash. last week.

T. A. McLean is in the county jail charged with passing a worthless check in Independence.

A petition was started in Dallas to run Sheriff Grant as an independent candidate but he stopped it.

Henry Ford and Marvin Richardson left for Turner, Monday, where they have employment for the summer.

S. C. Halliday was an over Sunday visitor in Portland. He expects to move his family to Independence today or tomorrow.

E. A. Miller, of Miller & Kanne, was home Sunday and Monday from Corvallis where the firm is erecting a residence. They are kept very busy.

A. L. Kullander of Independence, a member of the National Guards at Albany, is with his company this week at Fort Stephens drilling and otherwise soldiering.

Ray Grounds, who graduated from the Buena Vista schools last week, has gone to Heppner where he has secured a position. Ray is a very capable young man and will succeed anywhere.

Ray Russell of Newberg, a former Independence boy, accompanied by R. A. Butts, came to Independence on a motorcycle Sunday and visited with friends until evening when they returned to Newberg.

Miss Emma Henkle, who has been teaching school the past two years in Corvallis, returned to her home in this city last week to spend the summer. She will return to Corvallis in the fall, where she will again resume her school duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Quin were married in Portland last week and came at once to this city where they have taken housekeeping rooms on Monmouth street. The evening of their arrival they were given a quiet little charivari party. Mr. Quin is employed at the Independence Creamery.

Hotel de Grant is unusually prosperous at this time, every available apartment being occupied by unwilling guests of the county. The capacity of the bastille is five. The Hunnicutt family of Independence is occupying more space than its just allowance, three brothers having cells while awaiting action of the grand jury on the charge of robbery. H. T. Watkins of Falls City is serving ten days for beating the hotel at that place out of a board bill, and Mike Olson, who resisted an officer at Independence, is another inmate.—Dallas Observer.

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## THE

# NE'ER-DO-WELL

A Romance of the Panama Canal

BY  
**REX BEACH**

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"For heaven's sake, tell me what it is!"  
"I'm sorry, but I can't just yet. In the first place, one must handle these people exactly right or they explode."  
"But give me an idea at least. I'm really interested in the outcome of this case, you know?"

Anson smiled. "Of course you are and I'll tell you as soon as I can, but not now."  
"These Spitzcoffles would enjoy standing me up against a wall with my head in a bag. They'd make it a holiday and fire all the bolts at once."  
"I can't assure you that it isn't serious," Anson acknowledged gravely, "for it is. Any time an American goes to court in this country it is serious. But that doesn't mean that we'll lose."

"You may be a good lawyer," said Kirk ruefully, "but you're a blamed poor comforter. I—I wish my dad was here. He'd fix it. He wouldn't let 'em convict me. He's great, my dad is. He can sweat like the devil. I like him better than any man I've ever met, Anson."  
He wrote a lengthy cablegram, which the lawyer, with a peculiar smile, agreed to dispatch at once. He spent a sleepless night. In the morning a message came signed by Copley—Kirk's heart leaped at the familiar name—saying that Darwin K. Anthony had left Albany for the west on Sunday night and could not be located for a few days.

"He was never gone when I needed money," the son mused. "He'll be worried when he hears about this, and he has enough to worry him as it is. I'm mighty sorry, but I simply must have him."  
Anson brought in the day's papers, which alluded, as usual, to Cortlandt's death as a murder, and printed their customary sensational stories, even to a rebash of all that had occurred at Irving the day which followed. Kirk suffered more than he chose to confess even to his attorney. In the first place, it was hard to be denied all knowledge of what was going on—Anson would tell him little, except that he was working every day—and then, too, the long hours of solitude gnawed at his self control. Hannels managed to see him once or twice, reporting that, so far as he could learn, Chiquita had disappeared. He took a message from Kirk to her, but brought back word that she could not deliver it.

It was on Sunday, a week after his arrest, that Edith Cortlandt came to Kirk. He was surprised to see the ravages that this short time had made in her, for she was pale and drawn and weary looking, as if from sleeplessness. Strange to say, these marks of suffering did not detract from her appearance, but rather enhanced her poise and distinction.

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Mrs. Cortlandt," he said as she extended her hand. "But do you think it was wise for you to come?"  
She shrugged. "People can say no more than they have already said. My name is on every tongue, and a little more gossip can make matters no worse. I had to come. I just couldn't stay away. I wonder if you can realize what I have been through."  
"It must have been terrible," he said gently.

"Yes, I have paid. It seems to me that I have paid for everything I ever did. These newspaper articles nearly killed me, but it wasn't that so much as the thought that you were suffering for my acts."  
"I'm very sorry. You never thought for a moment that I did what they claim?"  
"No, no! It has all been a mistake from the first. I was sure of that."  
"You heard what those two men testified?"  
"Bah! That is Ramon Alvarez. But he can do nothing. You will forgive me for what I said that night at the hotel, won't you? I didn't really mean to injure you, Kirk, but I was half hysterical. I had suffered so these last few months that I was ready to do anything. I never dreamed there was a way out of my misery, a way to close at hand. But somehow, even before General Alvarez's voice on the phone told me what had happened, I knew and I—I felt!"

"I know you had a great deal to put up with," he said, "but for both of us I wish it had come in some other way."  
"Oh, I don't care," she cried recklessly. "The one thing I can grasp in all this turmoil, the one thing that rings in my ears every moment, is that I am free, free! That is all that matters to me. You showed your loyalty to Stephen more than once, and, though



"I am free, free!"  
your scruples angered me, I honor you for them now."

"Your husband's death can make no difference with us, Mrs. Cortlandt," he said gravely.

"We have talked openly before, and there is no need to do otherwise now. You mean by that that you don't care for me, but I know better. I believe there is a love so strong that it must find an answer. Although you may not care for me now as you care for someone else—I know that I can make you forget her and put me in her place. I can help you, oh, so much!"

"Wait!" he said harshly. "You force me to break my word. I don't want to tell you this, but—I am married."  
"You never told me that! It was some mad college prank, I suppose."  
"No, no. I married Gertrudis Garvalde that night at the Tivoli."  
"Oh, that can't be. That was the night of the dance. Why didn't you tell me? Why isn't she here? Why does she leave you alone? No, no! You hardly know each other. Why, she's not old enough to know her own mind!"

"But I know my mind, and I love her!"  
Her white hands strained at each other as she steeled her shaking voice. "Love!" she cried. "You don't know what love means, nor does she. She can't know, or she'd be here. She'd have this prison torn block from block!"

"You don't know what you're saying. You're hysterical, Mrs. Cortlandt. I love Gertrudis so deeply that there's no room in me for anything else and never will be. Heaven only knows what they have made her believe about me, but I don't care. I'll upset this little plot of Alvarez's, and when she learns the truth she will come back again!"

Continued next week

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the matter of the administration of the estate of Opal Hill, deceased.

Notice is hereby given: That on the 21st day of May, 1914, by order and decree of the Honorable County Court of the County of Polk and State of Oregon, duly made and entered of record the last will and testament of Opal Hill was duly admitted to Probate, and Rachel Hill duly appointed executrix thereof and qualified as such.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present such claims duly verified to said administratrix within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 22nd day of May, 1914.  
Rachel Hill,  
Executrix.

Last pub. June 26.

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