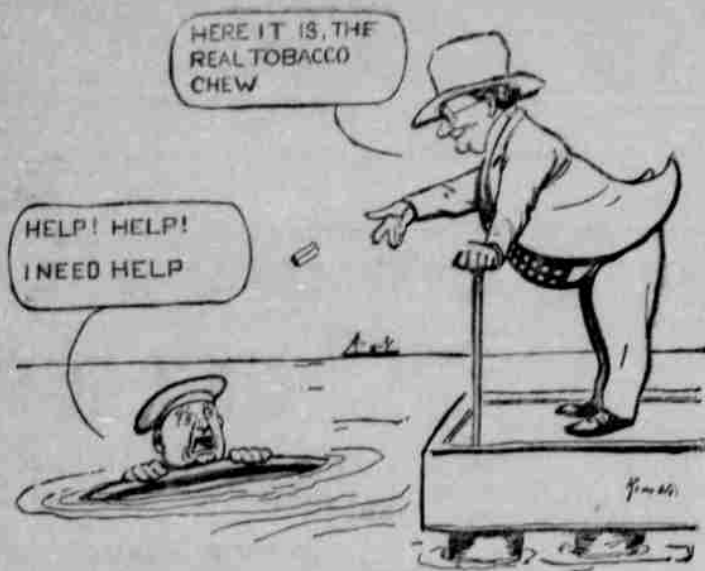




THE SAILOR HAILS THE GOOD JUDGE

NOW you can get the tobacco comfort you are after. Try a pouch of "Right-Cut," the Real Tobacco Chew. It will satisfy you better than any other kind you ever used.

Gives you the comfort, the satisfaction and substance you are after.

Pure, rich tobacco—seasoned and sweetened just enough.

Take a very small chew—less than one-quarter the old size. It will be more satisfying than a mouthful of ordinary tobacco. Just nibble on it until you find the strength chew that suits you. Tuck it away. Then let it rest. See how easily and evenly the real tobacco taste comes, how it satisfies without grinding, how much less you have to spit, how few chews you take to be tobacco satisfied. That's why it is the Real Tobacco Chew. That's why it costs less in the end.

It is a ready chew, cut fine and short ahead so that you won't have to grind on it with your teeth. Grinding on ordinary candied tobacco makes you spit too much.

The taste of pure, rich tobacco does not need to be covered up with molasses and licorice. Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste in "Right-Cut."

One small chew takes the place of two big chews of the old kind.

WEYM AN-BLUTON COMPANY
50 Union Square, New York

BUY FROM DEALER OR SEND 10¢ STAMPS TO US

The Square Deal Market

WE are selling our goods for Cash now. This means no loss from bad accounts. We propose for our customers to share with us the profits of this system, giving you the best goods, best service and best prices.

COOK & SON,
PROPRIETORS.

CALL AT OUR STORE.

WE extend this invitation to every one to call at our store and look over the different lines of goods we have to show you. All new, fresh goods and we guarantee our prices to be RIGHT. We will gladly refund your money for anything you get from our store if not found satisfactory, so you cannot better the treatment you get here.

FLUKE & JOHNSON

THE INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL BANK

Established - - - - - 1889

A Successful Business Career of Twenty Five Years

**INTEREST PAID ON
TIME DEPOSITS**

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

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Walker, B. F. Smith, O. D. Butler

THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Independence, Oregon, Friday, January 29, 1915

"All the World Knows the Portland Rose."

The foot-and-mouth disease broke out in Salem often.

The Eldorado Republican reports that it took two privates and a corporal armed with chairs, to put down the latest Filipino rebellion.—Kansas City Star.

In trying to oust our consuls in Belgium we fear that Germany has failed to take into consideration the traditional tenacity of a Democratic office holder.—Boston Transcript.

The President is entitled to, and will have, the support of the Nation in maintaining our position as a friend of all the belligerents and in steering a course which shall give just cause of offense to none.—Portland Oregonian.

Gus Moser has used much of the Senate's time recently in reciting his private opinion of Former Governor West. Yet it is a safe bet that a majority of Oregonians would rather have Oswald West for governor than Gus Moser.

FOR SALE

160 A.--No Cash Down

480 acres of Eastern Oregon land for Rent for 3 years and at the expiration of that time, title to the 160 acres is yours.

This land will be watered by the Vale-Oregon Irrigation Company.

PARTICULARS

G. A. HURLEY, Independence, Or.

WE DELIVER COAL WHEN PROMISED

We have the largest stocked lumber, coal and masons' materials yard in this section and do the biggest business at the lowest cost to our patrons. We are especially proud of one thing—our prompt deliveries. We fill orders, large and small, quickly. Many families have been supplied with coal in a hurry by us during the past winter and have appreciated our service.

THE CHAS. K. SPALDING LOGGING CO.

FIVE CENTS PROVES IT

A Generous Offer. Cut out this ad, enclose with 5 cents to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., and receive a free trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for coughs, colds, croup, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, Foley Kidney Pills and Foley Cathartic Tablets.

For sale in your town by Williams Drug Co.

FROM THE MONMOUTH HERALD
B. F. Baker has traded his property at Newberg for a farm

in that section of Oregon, and some Independence interests for a residence at Newport and has moved to that place.

A petition to extend Powell street from Warren street west to Monmouth avenue is being circulated and numerous signed by the citizens of Monmouth, and will be presented at the legislature for a street through the Normal grounds. This street should be opened.

The legislature has passed a bill permitting free fishing in the Willamette south of Independence.

Marse Linkum's Picture

The Good Luck It Brought to a Humble Admirer

By JONAS ALLEN BOWERS

Old Abe Driggs stumped down the road toward Mason Cadbury's corner store. There, in the back room, he was to meet Dan Flier.

"I want ter see you about some thing most 'ticular, Abe," had been Dan's message.

"I reckon mebbe it's about trading in my patch of taters for vernalis, mused Abe, his black face shining with anticipated joy in the boggling.

But it was not about potatoes or goods from Dan's store in Cartersville, nine miles away. It was a proposition that almost took Abe's breath away.

"It's this way, Abe," whispered Dan across the little round table in the back room. "There's money in it for you and for me. I know you have been saving money fer to go north to live wid your gal, Hannah Mary, and I know you done lost all you had saved to dat gold mining scheme from Nashville. Well, you all wants ter make \$20 all ter once—eh?"

"Twenty dollars is good money," admitted Abe, "but I was calculatin' on a little more—buff ter keep me in ter

trouble, addressed the portrait of the deliverer.

"Scuse me, Marse Linkum," he said apologetically. "I's got ter ask you a question. I reckon you'd think it was wicked if I was to transform a hundred of Kunnel Twiddle's hens to Dan Flier and take \$40 ter git north to Hannah Mary, even if I paid back the \$40 soon's I could git some chores?"

Abe stopped short. Even in the lamplight he could see the kindly face of Abraham Lincoln looking down at him, and the eyes were sad—so very sad and disapproving.

"Lordy!" quavered Abe, and mounting upon a chair he turned the frame toward the wall, so that the accusing eyes could no longer follow him. "Oh, I gotter do it," he muttered, as he clambered breathlessly down. "If I don't see them little chilluns this winter, lak as not I never will, nohow!"

His mind quite made up, Abe hobbled around the room, making a pot of strong tea and frying some bacon and hominy for his supper. He heated some bricks and put them between the sheets of his bed so that it might be warm for his rheumatic limbs when he crept under the covers to sleep until midnight.

He did not sleep. He shivered until his cracked old clock wheezed out the hour of 12; then he got up and dressed and swallowed some scalding coffee to infuse warmth into his shaking limbs.

At 1 o'clock he was crouching in the shadow of Colonel Twiddle's henhouse, waiting for Dan Flier.

Far away in the dark woods an owl hooted, and later came the sharp bark of a fox. Then, echoing, came the hollow "heebaw" of Dan Flier's mule.

"Lordy!" shivered Abe, thinking of Abraham Lincoln's accusing eyes. "Whatever would Marse Linkum think of dis yere bizness?"

Moments passed—a half hour, and still Dan Flier did not come. Abe pictured Dan thrashing the big mule with a stout stick. On critical occasions like the present the mule chose to exercise his characteristic obstinacy.

The moon had set and darkness wrapped the undulating fields. The group of henhouses bulged large in the foreground. Over yonder, beyond the group of tall holly trees, was the Twiddle mansion. Its windows were dark.

The colonel's family slept peacefully, not suspecting that their humble neighbor and friend, Abe Driggs, was plotting to rob the henroost.

Abe writhed in self contempt. Then resolve took possession of him and sent him hurrying down to his cabin. Five minutes afterward he came forth with the picture of Abraham Lincoln under his arm.

"I dozent do it without your help, sah," he addressed the portrait. "It's a case of where I's gotter have a boost, and dey ain't say one here on year'n kin stand by me like you kin!"

So with Abraham Lincoln as a moral support to lean his weak will upon poor old Abe Driggs climbed the slope to the henhouses, squeezed through the fence and then struck into the path that led down to the Twiddle mansion.

As he approached the house a dog stirred in the kennels, but recognizing a friendly step returned to his slumber. Abe's heart contracted at the thought that Dan Flier had counted on Abe's good reputation and his friendship with the Twiddle dogs to accomplish the theft without discovery.

What happened to Abe Driggs afterward Dan did not care.

Abe's first impulse was to go to the back door, but it was doubtful if he could arouse Colonel Twiddle in that way. So he reluctantly went to the front door and reverently pulled the big brass bellknob.

The clanging sound thrilled through the great rooms of the house. There was a distant stirring overhead. A light pricked out of the darkness, and Abe, peering through the side lights of the door, could see Colonel Twiddle, wrapped in his dressing gown, descending the stairs, holding a lighted candle.

At the head of the stairs fluttered white robes that indicated that Mrs. Twiddle and the young ladies had also been aroused by the unexpected summons.

Doubtless visions of telegrams containing direful news hovered around them.

What the colonel thought one might not guess, but Abe noticed that his white hair was rumpled over his forehead and that gave to his stern features a rather fierce expression.

uth been dead dese thirty years where you don't wantter look no ghos in de face!" Lordy!" He shuddered.

"I mean what I said," retorted Abe with dignity. "Now, Dan, when do you reckon you'll discompose dis yere nervousness deed?"

"Tonight!" "Tonight? I ain't got no time fer reflectin'um," bemoaned Abe.

"De less reflectin'um you do, Abe Driggs, de nearer you'll get to dat \$40," warned Dan as he arose to go. "You be at your back fence precatly at 2 o'clock, when de moon sets, and de rest is easy. My mule wagin' I'll be back in de woods, and in half an hour the hull thing will be did."

"All right; I'll be dere," muttered Abe as he went dejectedly away.

Once inside of his homely little cabin Abe hung his hat on its accustomed peg and sat down in his big rocking chair.

It was a very tidy, comfortable little home, with a rag carpet on the floor and a battered but shining little cook stove in one corner. There were many little evidences of Hannah Mary's love, for Uncle Abe heard often from his devoted daughter in New York.

Over the mantelpiece hung Uncle Abe's choicest treasure, a large engraved portrait of his idol, Abraham Lincoln, whose love of right and justice had struck the shackles of slavery from Abe's wrists as well as those of thousands of his people.

The portrait of Abraham Lincoln was an inspiration and a companion to Abe Driggs. There were some in the Baptist chapel who complained that Abe followed the precepts of Lincoln rather than those laid down in the Bible, but the parson defended Abe by retorting that as Abraham Lincoln had the good book for his guide Abe could not be far wrong.

Now, as usual when he was troubled, addressed the portrait of the deliverer.

"Scuse me, Marse Linkum," he said apologetically. "I's got ter ask you a question. I reckon you'd think it was wicked if I was to transform a hundred of Kunnel Twiddle's hens to Dan Flier and take \$40 ter git north to Hannah Mary, even if I paid back the \$40 soon's I could git some chores?"

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"Lordy, it may mean jail—but hold tight, Massa Linkum, I gotter do it!" whispered Abe as the door was thrown open.

"Well?" demanded the colonel, peering out into the porch. "Oh, it's you, Abe! What in thunder do you want at this time of night?"

"Please, Kunnel Twiddle, I gotter see you most important, sah," pleaded Abe.

"Very well, come in—but what has happened that you are wandering around at midnight with a picture under your arm? Your house hasn't burned down, eh?"

"No, sah, thank de Lord," returned Abe, then clutching the frame tightly under his arm he launched forth into his story. He spared no detail of the plot to steal the colonel's chickens, except that he would not divulge the names of the other conspirators—Dan Flier and the hotel proprietor.

"A set of scoundrels!" fumed the colonel testily, turning toward the stairs, and Abe saw to his mortification that Mrs. Twiddle and her two lovely daughters had donned dressing gowns and formed an interested audience on the stairs.

"You mustn't blame Uncle Abe, Horace," protested Mrs. Twiddle.

"Yes, ole miss," said Abe sadly. "I done planned ter steal them hens. I talked it over with Marse Linkum and he looked so naturally sad and disgusted dat I turned his kind race to de wall and went my wicked way. Den, waitin' dere by de henhouse for D—de odder villan, sah, I jes' couldn't make out ter do it—and, being a weak sinner, I jes' brought Marse Linkum along to sort of bolster me up—and dat's all."

"Marse Linkum—what on earth does he mean?" cried the ladies in chorus.

So Colonel Twiddle lighted the big globular lamp on the newel post and made Abe display his treasure and explain how it had helped him to overcome the temptation to steal in order to obtain the much coveted money to pay his expenses north, where Hannah Mary and the "chillun" awaited his coming.

"If I die before I gits dere," Abe ended gravely, "I reckon my conscience will be clear anyways! And dat's something, even if dem pore chilluns don't never see dere wicked old granddaddy!"

Colonel Twiddle's hand came down upon the bent shoulder. "Don't you worry about that, Abe," he said heartily. "I've been wanting to buy your land and cabin, but I didn't know you wanted to sell it. Come over at 11

o'clock today and I'll have Lawyer Smith here to draw the papers. About \$200—does that suit you?"

Two hundred dollars! Abe nearly cried with delight as he hugged the precious picture home.

There was no sign of Dan Flier or the mule. Afterward it developed that they had never reached the henroost, for the mule had elected to remain at the cross roads until dawn.

The next day Abe sent word to Dan that he had sold his place and was going north at once.

And when Hannah Mary and the much admired grandchild met Uncle Abe in the railroad station, Hannah Mary relieved the bewildered old man of a large square package.

"Don't let no harm come to dat Hannah Mary," cautioned Abe. "If it hadn't been for Massa Linkum I wouldn't have been here at all."

THE PILL BOX

As far as can be ascertained no member of the legislature has been in Independence after a drink.

The little daubs of powder that Sunday get on Bessie's cheeks and throat, on Monday morning most times are found on Charlie's coat.

But Charlie says he don't care so why should Johnnie Nelson?

Says Wood Man McCamey: "When it gets warmer not as much wood will be burnt." McC must have figured it out or he wouldn't have said it.

But Billie Barnett says he is not lying awake nights for fear that Independence people will all quit talking and he lose his job.

How'll anybody get married now that Doc Dunsmore has left town?

Go to Frisco and do it!