

**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

Items of Interest Gathered in and About Town

Phone in the news.

Ralph Butler has gone to Portland.

P. & O. Flows for sale at CRAVEN & HUFF'S.

Miss Pearl Percival was a Portland visitor last week.

Dr. R. E. Duganne dentist, National Bank building, Electric Carpet Sweeper for rent, Moore & Walker.

Miss Mabel Rawles is visiting in Portland this week.

Mrs. Clyde Hill visited friends and relatives in Gold Hill this week.

Co. Supt. Seymour has been visiting schools in this section this week.

Rev. W. T. Tapscott was an Independence visitor yesterday from Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Kirkland of Albany visited with relatives here this week.

Brass beds that will not tarnish, regular and Bungalow designs. Moore & Walker.

Chas. Hubbard of Amity, visited with friends and relatives in Independence last week.

The Camp Fire Girls will hold a candy sale at Drexler & Alexander's store Saturday from 9 to 6.

Mr. Parker of Monmouth was in and purchased a P. & O. flow from CRAVEN & HUFF this week.

Thomas Fellnell has recovered sufficiently from his recent operation to be able to be out again.

Attorney N. L. Butler went to Corvallis last Friday night where he had legal business in the circuit court.

P. H. Drexler and Allen Clark attended the Retail Merchants' Association meeting in Portland this week.

Bryan Newton of New Era was in town renewing old acquaintances last week. He formerly lived in Independence.

Misses Edith Sheak and Jessie Hyde of Corvallis were guests at the E. T. Henkle home Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Frances Cooper was elected to a position in the High School and Mrs. G. W. Conkey has taken her place as 7th grade teacher.

A caterpillar engine went through the bride at Parker Saturday. The engine escaped injury but the bridge was wrecked.

A capacity house greeted the choir of the Christian church last Sunday evening, when the services were given over to an entire musical program. A part of Berwald's cantata, rendered during the holidays, was repeated, accompanied by other sacred selections. Besides the regular choir, Mr. Macy, Dr. McIntire and Mrs. Nina B. Ecker assisted. Mrs. Mabel Johnson presided at the piano in her usual artistic manner.

Picture framing at Moore & Walker's.

Willis Carter was here from Wells this week.

A good pair of reading glasses for \$1.00 at O. A. Kreamer's.

We have a nice line of Bath Rugs, Moore & Walker.

Second hand sewing machine for sale cheap at Craven & Huff's.

O. E. Martin has gone back to Black Rock where he is employed by the Spaulding Logging Co.

Auto Truck For Sale or Trade—See Denny Brok at Second Hand Store, Independence, Oregon.

Our reporter last week neglected to say that B. F. Swope delivered an able address at the E. A. R. hall in honor of Lincoln.

Mr. D. P. Stapleton, a very prosperous farmer living south of town, was in and purchased a P. & O. flow from CRAVEN & HUFF.

The Monitor had the opportunity this week to use red ink instead of the usual black, but our big press does not take to the red with any degree of satisfaction.

Lecture at the Opera House on Thursday night, Feb. 25, on the Spiritual, Mental and Physical Worlds, by Dr. F. C. Hagel of Portland. All should hear this man speak on these three subjects.

Mesdames Claire Irvine, Vernon Brown and Mabel Johnson and Ben C. Crow go to Monmouth Sunday night where they will render the musical numbers of the services at the Christian church.

Portland papers reported that a large number of people were turned away for lack of room, at the Gluck-Zimbalist concert in Portland last week, but that's nothing to boast of, the same thing happened in Independence Friday night when the "Podunk Limite" arrived.

Bible school at the First Baptist church at 10 a. m. Classes for all ages. Men's class taught by the pastor. Mr. Foskett will speak at 11 o'clock upon "The Conversion of Moses." His evening sermon to young people will be upon "The Worth of a Man." Young People's meeting at 6:30. A cordial welcome to all these services.

W. H. Walker has bought the old Auditorium building on Monmouth street and will have it torn down and moved away. This building is one of the old landmarks of Independence and while not very artistic or handsome in construction, has served its time of usefulness and will probably be missed greatly when a building is needed for some large gathering.

**NOTICE TO CHICKEN OWNERS**

You are hereby warned and notified to keep your chickens and all other domestic fowls within the city of Independence in a good and safe enclosure as Ordinance No 151 of said City prohibits chickens and other domestic fowls from running at large.

You are hereby warned that unless you do keep your chickens and other domestic fowls from running at large you will be prosecuted without further warning. Said Ordinance provides a fine of \$10.00 for each offense.

A. J. Tupper, City Marshal.

**SALE OF "IMPROVEMENT BONDS"**

City of Independence, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that at a regular meeting of the City Council of the City of Independence, Oregon, to be held in the Council Chambers of said City on the 3rd day of March, 1915, at 7:30 P. M. thereof, said City will sell 32 coupon improvement bonds of said City, of the principal amount of \$15,792.79 in the aggregate; 31 of said bonds are of the denomination of \$500.00 each and one of said bonds is of the denomination of \$292.79; said bonds to be dated December 1st, 1914, payable ten years from said date, bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. Interest and principal payable in U. S. Gold Coin at the office of the Treasurer of said City or at the Fiscal Agency of the State of Oregon in New York City at the option of the holder of said Bonds. Provided that the City of Independence, Oregon, reserves the right to take up and cancel such bonds or any of them upon payment of the face thereof, with accrued interest, to the date of payment at any semi-annual coupon period at or after one year from the date of such bonds.

Said bonds are issued under the authority of an Act of the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon, filed in the office of the Secretary of State, February 22, 1898, entitled "An Act to provide for the issuance of bonds for the improvement of streets and laying of sewers in incorporated cities, and for the payment of the costs of such improvement and laying of sewers by installment," and all Acts of said Legislative Assembly amendatory thereof, and the proceeds thereof to be used in paying in part for the improvement of certain parts of certain streets in said City; the rate of interest thereon shall not exceed 6 per cent per annum payable semi-annually; that said bonds will be sold to the highest bidder; that bids therefor shall state the rate of interest at which said bonds will be taken, not to exceed 6 per cent per annum payable semi-annually; and that said bonds will not be sold for less than their face value. Sealed bids for the purchase of said bonds will be received at the City Recorder's office in said City until 7:30 P. M. March 3rd, 1915. All bids to be accompanied by a certified check for 5 per cent of the amount of bonds proposed to be purchased. That the city council reserves the right to reject any or all bids submitted for the purchase of said bonds.

Dated, Independence, Oregon, February 18, 1915.

By order of the City Council of said City.

R. F. Swope, City Recorder of said City.

**FIRST SHOWING OF NEW MILLINERY**

It is indeed a pleasure to show the new styles, as they are so different from the styles we have had. I will be glad to show you at any time the new hats, which are of various colors. Call and see them.

Mrs. Baseue, CST, Milliner.

**Baby Chicks For Sale**

From Single Comb White Leghorn and S. L. Wyandotts, from egg laying Straits, day old chicks and eggs for hatching. We will take orders now for later delivery. Rose Lawn Poultry Yards, Independence, Ore. Phone 5921, Main.

Wood, Gravel and Sediment, delivered.

F. E. Rider, 131

**MONEY TO LOAN**

I have 7 per cent money in sums of \$1000.00 and over available on well improved diversified farm lands. John R. Sibley, Lawyer, 610 Mill Street, Dallas, Ore.

**Capturing a Bride**

Failure Meant Her Death.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

On the western coast of Central America is a tribe of Indians who are very proud of their ancestry, tracing it to the Aztecs, who were a semi-civilized people. They trade with other natives, but marry only among themselves. Nature in tropical climates supplies food in such superabundance that the natives may exchange what they don't need for what will provide other necessities than food.

The principal food produced among this tribe of Central America is coconuts. The Indians do not need to climb the trees to gather them, for when they are ripe they fall to the ground. All day at the harvest season there is a constant dropping, and at night one who is unaccustomed to the sound will be kept awake by it.

There seems to be a natural law that those who don't have to work for a living consider themselves better than those who do. Whether it was this immaturity from labor or the fact of the blue Aztec blood in their veins, these Indians would admit of no union among their people with any other. Their cocoanuts brought ships to their shores, and the sailors necessarily came ashore to load them. This was always done by daylight, but when night came every man on the island must leave.

The Aztecs described by the Spanish conquerors were a delicately nurtured, and some of their women in their dusky way were beautiful. So it was with these Indians of Central America. They would go to the shore in groups while the sailors were loading their boats with cocoanuts, and doubtless there were glances between them and the Jack tars. But the girls knew that there must be no further courting, for should there be the life of one or both would be forfeited.

One day a ship was loading cocoanuts on the shore of these proud people. Several girls stood on the bank watching the yaws come to the beach, take on a load of cocoanuts and start back for the ship. This settling a boat over the breakers is always an entertaining sight. Several men walking in the shallow water would pull the boat out to where the oars might take hold; then the oarsmen, watching an opportunity between waves, would pull lustily in order to pass the next wave before it broke. Unless the boat was skillfully handled it was liable to be capsized.

The morning when the girls were watching the sailors the breakers were quite high. The rudder of a boat coming from the ship was unshipped by striking a bar a short distance from the shore, and the coxswain not being able to keep her straight for the shore her side was turned to the incoming waves, and she was capsized. Some of the men in her got ashore, and some were drowned. One was washed ashore some distance below where the boat was to have landed. There he lay, rolled lither and thither by each succeeding line of foam that slid high up on the beach.

The men who succeeded in getting ashore were helped by the girls, who waded into the water for the purpose. One girl, seeing the body that had been washed ashore some distance from the others, ran to him.

Lying unconscious on the sands, his light curly hair stirred by the ever moving water, he was a picture of rational beauty. He was Ned Phillips, considered by his mates the daredevil of their number. He never went ashore that he did not get into a scrape, and on several occasions had been saved by some of them from getting killed.

The girl knelt by him and lifted his head in her arms. Whether it was her warmth or the change of position or that he had been revived by the air, he opened his eyes and looked into a dusky face with sympathetic eyes, all of which seemed very beautiful to him. He had become exhausted shortly before being thrown up on the beach and was therefore not very far gone. He returned the look of sympathy with one of gratitude, admiration, love. Then, staggering to his feet, he pulled himself together, and the girl joined the others.

But Ned was not in condition for anything but rest. He lay down on the sand, and the girl who had raised him from the water sat by him and fanned him with a tropical leaf. For a time the other girls stood about them looking down at Ned's pale face and limp figure. But young people soon detect the mating of those about them, and one by one the girls stole away and left them together. Presently one of the other girls came and whispered something in the ear of Ned's mate, and with a frightened look she rejoined the others. Some native men were coming.

In due time, the sea having gone down, the process of loading was resumed. Phillips, with two other men who had suffered by the spill, was left on shore to recuperate. This was left so far as he was concerned, for the girls resumed their position as watchers, and Ned caught a few noisels when no native men were present to endeavor by signs and a

few Spanish words he knew—some of which the girl who had taken him to her arms understood—that he was grateful.

Forbidden fruit is the sweetest. This girl knew that by encouraging this white man she was bringing upon herself the penalty of death, and Ned, too, was aware of the fact. While native men were present both were circumspect; when no one except sailors saw them they failed to conceal the bonds that were quickly being bound around them.

An old adage is "Love laughs at locksmiths." There were no locks and keys for these lovers, but there were plenty of persons to note what was going on between them. How they managed to secure a few moments now and again without being seen by any of the natives or whether they were seen by some who did not betray them is a matter which does not appear. The sailors would do anything in their power to protect Ned, and it may be that the girl had friends of her own sex who would screen her.

The weather proving at times unpropitious the loading of the ship was delayed, and Ned Phillips' love affair had time to grow strong. Either luck favored him or friends helped the girl to avoid detection until the ship was ready to sail when the storm broke over the heads of the white sailor and the Indian girl.

Ned had become so infatuated that he resolved to attempt to carry his love away with him. The girl, though loath to leave those who had been all the world to her for a new life of which she knew nothing, was ready to make the plunge, though she realized that if she failed in the attempt her life would be forfeited. The evening before the ship was to sail Ned pulled ashore alone in one of the ship's boats. The Indian girl was concealed in a grove of cocoanut trees some fifty yards from the verge. She had recently been suspected and was watched by one who saw her enter the grove. When this person saw Ned coming he gave the alarm, but too late to prevent the girl from getting into the boat.

There was but little sea rolling, and Ned was pulling from the shore when a short distance up the beach the girl saw a party of Indian men hurrying a canoe to the water. A race was at hand, with two lives at stake. Ned's muscle was equal to a spirited pull, and he gave way at once with all his strength. The girl sat in the stern and covered her face with her hands.

A ship's boat is not usually made for one pair of oars. Although Ned had the smallest one of the lot, it was very heavy. But so much depended upon the effort that he had strength far beyond what was natural to him. His distance from the ship was a trifle less than that of the natives, but they could pull much faster than he. They were gaining on him, and he saw that despite the marvelous effort he was putting forth they would intercept him when the girl, who faced the ship, took her hands from her eyes, and a newly awakened hope shone in her face. Ned burned to have a look at what she saw, but dared not cease rowing long enough to do so. But by signs she contrived to tell him that a boat was being lowered from the ship, and in an other moment it was full of men and coming toward them.

There were now two points at issue—first, to save their lives the lovers must meet the ship's boat before the Indians could overtake them; second, if they succeeded in this a fight must occur between the rescue party and the pursuers. On came the sailors, now and again some one of the oarsmen in his haste striking the water and sending up the spray. On came the Indians, paddling carefully, but rapidly. Ned could see only the latter and knew that unless his friends were pretty near it would be all up with him and his love.

He saw a man in the bow of one of the canoes raise a spear and aim it at the girl. While it was coming from the canoe Ned turned the boat just in time to save her. The man took up another spear and was about to hurl it when there was a report, and the spearman dropped. He had been shot from the ship's boat.

The three boats now came together. The canoe contained, among others, the father of the girl, who was bent on killing both his daughter and the man who was carrying her away from her people. The sailors, not wishing to kill the Indians, fought with their oars. The Indians had had time only to collect a few spears, and they were soon sinking to the bottom without having done any serious damage. Ned kept his eye on any one who showed signs of injuring the girl, and no sooner was a blow aimed at her than he parried it with his oar. Finally with a blow he sent one of her enemies into the water and upset the canoe.

This ended the fight. While the Indians were hanging on to their canoe a man in the ship's boat threw Ned a rope. All gave way, and Ned and the girl were pulled to safety.

When the lovers were taken aboard the ship the crew, who had been watching the fight and the flight, greeted them with a lusty cheer. Even the captain, whose duty it was to keep his men from interfering with the natives, with whom he traded, could not refrain from a hearty welcome.

Contrary to what might have been expected, the match turned out a happy one. Ned concluded to leave a seafaring life and settled down on the coast of New England, where he engaged in fishing. He has accumulated some means and owns the house in which he lives. He has several stalwart sons and comely daughters of a darker hue than himself, but lighter than their mother, to whom he has often told the story of how she was captured with a death penalty hanging over her.



**ASK the man who chews "Right-Cut"—it is the only Real Tobacco Chew.**

The only chew that is cut just right—that gives you the full, fine, rich flavor of mellow, sappy tobacco—seasoned and sweetened just enough. Lasts you longer, too.

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 shred so that you won't have to grind it with your teeth. Grinding 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.

**WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY**  
50 Union Square, New York

**BUY FROM DEALER OR SEND 10c STAMPS TO US**

**THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR**  
AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Published Weekly at Independence, Polk County Oregon, on Friday.

Entered as Second Class Matter August 1, 1912 at the Post Office at Independence, Polk County, Oregon, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Clyde T. Ecker, Editor  
Nina B. Ecker, Associate

Subscription Rates: One Year \$1.50 Strictly in Advance

THIS PAPER REPRESENTS FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE

**AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION**

GENERAL OFFICES  
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO  
BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Independence, Oregon, Friday, February 19, 1915

**An Inducement Memory.**  
"You and that very charming Miss Malcolm were boy and girl friends, isn't that right?"  
"Yes."  
"I saw you talking to her. You must have had a delightful time recalling early days?"  
"Well, no. I tried to make it pleasant, but it didn't seem to work. I recalled to her how she climbed trees and fences when she was ten years old, and she gave me a freezing look. Then I asked her to remember how she was thrown from an overturned bob-sled and went head foremost into a snowdrift and stuck there. 'You were seven years old, I said, and I recall that you were.'—What do you think she did?"  
"I dunno."  
"Said 'Sir' and stalked away."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Got Rid of Him.**  
"I understand your wife is doing her own cooking."  
"You are mistaken."  
"But Jim told me she was."  
"Oh, that was just for a little while; Jim was making us a visit, and I guess she thought he had stayed long enough."—Houston Post.

**An Unfair Example.**  
Professor—If I fail to give a correct answer to any problem in mathematics that any one present offers me I agree to forfeit the sum of \$10. Votes in Audience—Make the date of my wife's birth agree with her present age—Life.

**Romance Versus Reality.**  
For about three months she regards her wedding day as the greatest day in history, but later on she gets so that she regards pay day as the greatest day in history.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

They who know not how to act agreeably, though they have learned many things, are still ignorant.—Cruel.

**Sunny Slope**  
A large number from here were trading in Monmouth Saturday.

Robert Fishback made a business trip to Independence Saturday.

Frank Swarcengen of Monmouth is assisting his brother George with his winter work.

Mrs. Bowman is having twelve acres of land grubbed and cleared.

Mr. and Mrs. Bookley of Monmouth visited with R. M. Bouley and wife Sunday.

Clyde Limpy, who has been working for John Stamp this winter, has moved to the Mistletoe District.

Mrs. Martha Addison of Salem returned home the first of the week, after visiting two weeks with her nieces and nephews, the Fishback children.

Jesse Johnson and family of the Luckiamute, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. John Orthoff, a prominent farmer near Suver, was in and purchased a P. & O. flow from CRAVEN & HUFF.

A Card Problem.  
Can any reader, with a wiper in the Strand Magazine, verify and explain the following, brought to my notice recently? Deal out four white cards, purposely making a misdeal—i. e. two cards to one hand. Pick up the hands, shuffle to any extent and then deal—properly this time. It will be found in nine cases out of ten that one of the hands contains either a singleton or card of a suit or lacks a suit altogether. I have tried this repeatedly and nearly always with the same result.