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E NOW READY TO DO ALL KINDS OF Blacksmith work in their line of business in the tyle and on the live and its rive plan. You will sem at their shop whenever work is wanted, day ht. Our shop is at the Ele-horn sign, noe door of Burns & Morrison's livery stable thank you for your custom in the past and hope ill continue the same in the future. We are truly.

W. P. WRIGHT. AUCTIONEER And County Surveyor.

DALLAS, ORBOON. WILL ATTEND TO HIS BUSINESS IN

Devoted to the Best Interests of Polk County in Particular and to the Pacific Coast in General

VOL. JX.

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

The Largest Stock and Cheapest Goods!!

FOR THE PEOPLE OF POLK COUNTY!

I take pleasure in announcing to the public that my

Is now open and ready for inspection

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OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, Collections made a specialty.

In My Independence Store
I married at that age. It is a great pity that you were obliged to receive her into your household, Richard. Guardianship over a girl like Doro-

# GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Kept on the West Side of the Willamette, outside of Portland.

# My Millinery Department

Is complete an every respect and in the hands of a competent Milliner.

In my Perrydale store You will find a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of

# GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Suitable for the Country Trade. You will also find a LINE of

to permanently locate, is prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Filling Produce taken in Exchange for Goods at Market rates.

There is no doubt or question but I shall sell them very much lower than the same goods have ever been offered in this market.

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At the Most Reasonable Rates Conveyance of commercial men a specialty

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**Grist and Custom Work** DALLAN, Oregon, Jan. 5, 1883.

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Time : From one to five years; Torms Easy Truitt & Johns.

FURNITURE, SPRING BEDS

And all kinds of PHOLSTERED WORK, ALBUM PICTURE FRAMES WALL BRACKETS, AND WINDOW SHADES

E KEEP A COMPLETE STOCK IN OUR LIN and will sell as chean as the same goods can be

We also keep a large and well selected stock of Caskets and Cases on hand,

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

WM. STAIGER,

Monuments, Tablets

HEAD-STONES,

THE CRUEL FATHER

When charming Christine Nilsson sang. In our esthetic town, And all our local country rang With praise to her remown, A gentle, comely maid we knew Made loud and numerous ado— The fair Camelia Brown.

"I want to hear Miss Nilsson sing,"
To her papa, said sbe,
"And so to night I pray you bring
A bonnet home for me:
For how the other girls would stare
If I should show the old one there—
I hate the horrid thing!"

every day."

"What can be done?" asked Mr. Richard Delmoyne, looking helplessly at his sister-in-law: "we cannot shut her up in a convent."

"No, but we can find her a husband

and get her settled." "But she is so young."
"She will be nineteen in May, and

thea, was a great responsibility for a bachelor to assume." "I suppose so," was the reply, "but I could not refuse the dying request

of a friend." "At first I entertained hopes that "At first I entertained hopes that she would improve by remaining with us," said Mrs. Delmayne, plaintively; but she is wilder than ever. I am kept in a perpetual state of nervous excitement, for I never know what wedgen prouk she will play next. I madcap prank she will play next. I thought it disgraceful enough when she donned a suit of Dick's clothes and went out on the night of the skating party, but this last is still worse, if possible."

Mrs. Delmayne folded her plump white hands and settled herself com-

worse, if possible."

Mrs. Delmayne folded her plump white hands and settled herself comfortably in a luxurious easy chair, and prepared to enjoy her favorite pastime, which consisted of retailing clerk. I am sure he admires me."

two—now he is quite wealthy, is re-spectably connected, and would be a very suitable match for Dora." "Squire Ponsonby!" gasped Richard, in amazement, "he is old enough

Mrs. Delmayne cast an uneasy look at her brother in-law's face, as she left the room. She had a reason for wishing Dot disposed of; she feared that Richard might fall in love with his fascinating ward, and that would never do, for if he were to marry it would dash Mrs. Delmayne's hopes to the ground. She had determined that her son Dick, his uncle's name, should be his heir. Beside, her broth er in-law's elegant residence made a very comfortable home for herself and fatherless boy, and madame had no fatherless boy, and madame had no intention of losing it, hence she made the most of Dot's mischievous esca-

Just as madame's silken skirts rustled up stairs, the hall door flew open and light footsteps danced along the passage.

"Dot! Dot!" called Mr. Delmayne. The appellation exactly suited the young girl who entered. A dainty form, a dark, piquant face, lightened up with a pair of black eyes, which

limple in each soft pink cheek, "what is it, a lecture ?" "Yes, Dot, I really must lecture you. Your conduct to Mr. Ponsonby was very unladylike."

"I can't help it, sir, I hate old Pon-sonby! and I am confident that Mrs. Delmayne invited him here to make her kind intentions. She left me to entertain him when I was suffering to finish a book, so I gave him the late magazines and hoped he would amuse himself; but no, he wanted to play cribbage. I hate the game, and told him I never played except for

"Well, I wanted to shock him, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him look horrified. He asked for some music as soon as he recovered his breath, and I went to the piano and breath, and I went to the piano and began to make some confused sounds, which I suppose did not suit his fine ears, for I was soon startled by a snore—he had gone to sleep his head hanging over the chair, his wig awry and his mouth wide open. Now, you must admit that the temptation was strong, and you know I am no saint."

"No," he assented.

"Well," continued Dora, "a happy thought came to me, and I ran up stairs and got an old red wig that Dick used to wear when he belonged to the dramatic club, and having remarked the source's nicely dressed. to the dramatic club, and having removed the squire's nicely-dressed black wig, and substituted the red one, I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing; you can't imagine how comical he looked. Well, I waited for him to finish his nap until I was tired, and finish his nap until I was tired, and then I want to the piano and gave an element was unacconsisted. The fileon

to marry, and—"
"The old cat!" interrupted Dot.

Dora," said her guardian," you must not apply such a disrespectful epithet to my sister-in-law. I cannot allow it." "Did I apply it to your sister-in-

"I was speaking of her."
"And I spoke of an old cat."
Her guardian adroitly converted a

"Yes," he continued, "I must find a nice young husband for you."

"I don't want him very young"

"Oh, I don't object to Squire Ponsonby's age at all, if you don't." "Ponsonby again!"
"Who then?"

"My dancing master. He is French has lovely teeth and eyes, and I think he is fond of me," she said, demure-

Dorothea's misdemeanors.

"You know Squire Ponsonby has been looking for a wife for a year or been looking for a wife for a year or leacher at the seminary, he is a jolly old bear-

"Dot;" sternly.
"I beg your pardon; he is good enough, but I am airaid I am not good enough to become a step-mother to his five children."

"Yes," answered her guardian, composedly, "but whether you will be suited, remains to be seen." "I suppose I shall be compelled to marry him whether I am suited or not," replied Dorothea, merrily. "Not by any means," answered Mr.

"Not by any means," answered Mr. Delmayne, gravely.
"Oh, that is very commonplace. You are not at all like the cruel guardians in books, who compel their wretched wards to marry the men they select for them. I am quite dispressions of the select for them.

person I have chosen will, I am sure, try to make you happy; but remem-ber, there is no appeal from my de-

"It is really going to be romantic after all!" cried Dot, clapping her hands. "When is my fate to be presented to me? If he had only sent his photograph, my happiness would be complete."
"I believe I have it," said Mr. Del-

mayne, coolly producing his pocket-Dot, becoming rather quiet, as he carried on the farce without a smile, held out her hand for the carte-devisite, and beheld his own handsome

"Well?" he said, drawing her to his side, and trying to look into her downcast eyes.

Dot hid her shining head for a moment on his shoulder, then, looking up with a charming color, she said, frankly.—

"I have no wish to appeal."

Little straw wheelbarrows filled with strawberries are said to be the latest novelty at fashionable dinner parties

MIND READING.

For how the other girls would stare
If I should show the old one there—
I hate the horrid thing!"

But he with purpose to deride
And give his child the bluff—
"The old one's good enough!"
Then fair Camelia hung her head, And not another word she said—
She simply gasped and died.

"Something must be done," said
Mrs. Charles Delmayne, decisively, "What can be done?" said with the said we enjoyed the joke as well as I every day."

"What can be done?" asked Mr.

"Dot." said Mr. Delmayne, looking "Dot." said Mr. Delmayne, looking "What can be done?" asked Mr.

"Dot." said Mr. Delmayne, looking "Dot." said Mr. Delmayne, looking "What can be done?" asked Mr.

"Dot." said Mr. Delmayne, looking "Dot." said Mr. Delmayne, looking "What can be done?" asked Mr.

"Dot." said Mr. Delmayne, looking "Well, I waited for him to finish his nap until I was tired, and then I went to the piano and gave an awful thump with both hands. He gave a sudden start and straightened then I went to the piano and gave an awful thump with both hands. He gave a sudden start and straightened the looked. Well, I waited for him to finish his nap until I was tired, and then I went to the piano and gave an awful thump with both hands. He gave a sudden start and straightened the looked was not tabled; but the experiment could be tried in Mr. Labouchere's absence, and Mr. Bishop was willing to take his £100 with no other set off than the promise, willingly given, that the uddience would demand that if he guessed the number aright Mr. Labouchere should hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria that one of our best hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria that one of our best hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria that one of our best hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria that one of our best hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria that one of our best hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria that one of our best hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria that the society editor for anything. The fact of Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Bishop was unoccupied. The £1,000 to tell him about w "Dot," said Mr. Delmayne, looking gravely at his mischievous ward. "I den't know what to do with you; I believe I must find some one to take the responsibility off my hands. Mrs. Delmayne thinks you are old enough to many and."

ber aright Mr. Labouchere should hand over the £1,000 to the Victoria Hospital for Children. Mr. Charles Russell here introduced a diversion which kept the meeting in an uproar for nearly an hour. He sent word from the body of the hall—for he had inclosed a five pound note in an envelope and given it into the keeping of Professor Ray Lankester, who was also in the andience, and who alone knew its number. He challenged Mr. Bishop to read in the mid of Mr. Ray Lankester the number of that note. If successful the note should go to the hospital. Mr. Waddy asked Mr. Bishop if he accepted the challenge. Mr. Bishop and a hard subject. The chances, he evidently seemed to think, were ten to one against his success with Mr. Lankester. To give him a fair chance he thought he ought to try with some one with whom he had not experimented before. He had, for instance, experimented with Mr. Waddy, and if he were selected as medium the would be successful. It would be fairer to reject all whose capacity for being read had been tested before hand and confine the experiment to a new subject, to be freely selected by the audience. Professor Lankester did not deny the reasonable nature of this suggestion, but a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated and with a large proportion of the andience roared thair diagraphy. A heated ture of this suggestion, but a large proportion of the audience roared their disapproval. A heated and vi-olent wrangle ensued, in the course of which Mr. Bishop was freely de-nounced as a shuffler.

The state of the s

When he reached the last figure he hesitated for a moment, clutched Colonel Statham's hand, and then wrote down "4." No one who saw the im-passive countenance of the volunteer colonel could tell whether Mr. Bishop had succeed or failed. "I have two guesses," he said, 'by the terms of Mr. Labouchere's challenge. Have I read the number rightly?" Colonel Statham opened the note, glanced at it, and then handed it to the chairman. Mr. Bishop had won his wager. The numbers were right, and the meeting burst out with a roar of enup with a pair of black eyes, which sparkled with mischief.

"Well, Mr. Delmayne!" she said, with a saucy smile, which revealed a dimple in each soft pink cheek, "what leave the special of the saucy smile with a saucy smile, which revealed a dimple in each soft pink cheek, "what leave the sale of the saucy smile with a saucy smile, which was said, with a saucy smile, which revealed a dimple in each soft pink cheek, "what leave chosen will I am quite distribution and again renewed. Outside a great crowd was sitting to see the balloon ascent which was to announce the person I have chosen will I am quite distribution. crowd was sitting to see the balloon ascent which was to announce the success or failure of the test. As it mounted in the air, displaying not the "lurid red" color of failure, but the bright white light typical of success, the crowd cheered lustily. Inside the hall, when a moment's silence had been secured, Mr. Bishop said: "I appeal to this audience of three thousand Englishmen to demand of Mr. Henry Labouchere that he shall hand over to the Victoria Hespital at Chelsea the £1,000 he offered to stake that I could not read the note. I have met his challenge on every point. Will you demand the money!"

A great shout of assent, followed by long and continued cheering, min-A great shout of assent, followed by long and continued cheering, mingled with a few cries of "No," brought the meeting to a close On questioning Colonel Statham afterward, he said that when Mr. Bishop had reached the last figure he (Colonel Statham) forgot whether it was 4 or 0. It was when he was trying to recall the figure that Mr. Bishop hesitated and grasped his hand. He then decided for the 4, which Mr. Bishop then wrote down.

NO. 36.

HE ADVISED THE DUDE.

and Cholly and I nearly had a real serious quarrel."

"Who is Cholly?"

"He's my room-mate, you know.

We've been awful friends ever since he lent me his manve-colored pants two years ago. Last Christmas I gave him a lovely pair of dovecolored suspenders, and when my birthday comes he is going to give me a real aweet pair of silk stockings with my monogram on them. I wouldn't for anything in the world have any trouble occur between Cholly and I, because we've been in the threads together for nearly a year."

the purpose of the experiment, and the Colonel Trench, to whose high the Colonel Statham and that's how we came 'o talk about it."

"Weli," said the horse reporter, "this what shall-we do-with-our-girls before produced a five pound note that he had never see the number of which he did not know, and handed it to the chairman, while standing at some yards from Mr. Bishop was to write the as yet unknown number of the note. In the presence of all the audience, closely scrutinized by the committee and the chairman, while standing at some yards from Mr. Bishop Colonel Statham unfolded the note far enough to master it. Have seen some sly, denue to the thinself. Mr. Bishop then took his stand behind Colonel Statham unfolded the note. He then blindfolded himself, and drew on the blackboard a parallelogram, which he divided into five spaces, one for each number of the note. He then blindfolded himself, we have the colonel statham on a make and acting as if you were the colonel statham on the five spaces, one for each number of the note. He then blindfolded himself, we have the colonel statham and drew on the blackboard aparallelogram, which he divided into five spaces, one for each number of the note. He then blindfolded himself, we have the colonel statham on more than and a colonel state of the note. He then blindfolded himself, and grasping a piece of chalk began to "read" the mind of his companion.

He shook all over; his right hand a make and acting as if you were the street sideways like a one-legged duck, and keep stepping on your with the lift of his finger, and then, without a street sideways like a one-legged duck, and keep stepping on your with the lift of his finger, and then, without a street sideway side and the street sideway side and

the time, because you can fend 'em off more naturally."

"Then you think-either way is allowable?" asked the young man.

"Certainly. When did you say you were going out with this girl?"

"Next Wednesday."

"Well, you'll have time enough before then to have your legs dipped over."

"Have what"

"Have your legs dipped over
When people make candles, you know,
and any of them are spoiled, they just
put them in the mold and dip them
over. I guess likely you can find
some candle molds on the West Side and improve your appearance cone erably."—[Chicago Tribune.

WHAT KEEPS SOME AMERICANS ALIVE Any American whose health is not

Byron's final illness, and in view of the fact that he was bled three times in one day, though already weakened by malaria fever, the Lancet con-cludes that the old-fashioned physi-cians killed him.

lish a work on measurements of the great pyramid, in which he will show

"our-bloom-on-the-heather out just now, but may be see rest of us could attend to y. What is it you want?"

"I am going to gradus month, sir," said the you "and I've got to read an essai it funny?"

smile.

"I guess likely I could," was the reply. "You've got your white dread made, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Well, that's a good deal. What were you thinking of writing about?"

"I didn't exactly know, sir. That was what puzzled me."

"The Bud of promise racket is a pretty good one," said the horse reporter.

"The what!"

"The bud of Promise racket. It's a daisy scheme for girl graduates."

"Could you tell me," saked the young lady in a hesitating manner, "about this.—"

"Racket!" suggested the horse re-"Racket?" suggested the horse re-

A TYPE OF BEAUTY.

From the Norristown Herald.

Here hang my bangs, o'er eyes that dream, and nose and rose-bud lips for cream. And here's my chin, with dimples in which doth these snowy shoulders deck; and here i see, oh, double T—O—N, which girls all wear like me; and here's a heart, from cupid's dart safe shielded by

little on the