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H. H. JONES, Macon, Ga,

In the "Editor's Table" department of The New England Magazine for September there was an able article on Home stead, especially dealing with the em good to cut, but its length makes it necesary to limit its use here to the following

The Fort Frick and Pinkerton exhibition which we have just been witnessing at Homestead shows that we are not in advance of the nations of wesiern Europe, but in important respects behind them, in the securities for liberty, equality and real democracy. It is an exhibition besitting only the feudal middle age, when every little baron on the Rhine from Mayence to Cologne had his own battlemented castle and his own gang of archers and spearmen, and robbed and warred at his own will. It is insufferable and a thing not to be endured in a democracy, that any men or any companies of men, for whatever purposes incorporated, should have the power of organizing and arming military and police forces of their own to set in the settlement of affairs in which they are themselves interested parties, and to shoot men when and how they may direct. A state in which such things are The Fort Frick and Pinkerton exhibition parties, and to shoot men when and how they may direct. A state in which such things are possible or are apologized for is, we say, but the parody of a democracy, and if the savage massacreand rout of the unfortunate Pinkerion men at Homestead is the means of waking the country up to the seriousness and true significance of this whole question the violence and the bloodshed will not have been in vain.

It is foolish and feeble business to discuss the details of the horror: to ask what sort of brutality this one showed, or that, when the had blood was once up, or to ask whether this side or that fired first. It matters very little who fires first in an irrepressible conflict. That the conflict occurred when and where it did, at the river bank, and not after the force who fires first in an irrepressible conflict. That the conflict occurred when and where it did, at the river bank, and not after the force had intrenched itself behind the portholes, is the chief thing for the humanitarian to rejoice at, for had it been so deferred it cannot be doubted that the results would have been wastly graver than they were. It was a case of lawlessness meeting lawlessness, where convention ceased and there was a return to the first principles of the struggle for justice, and each incident following the first collision is to be judged not as an incident in the strift, of tribes who are yet in the ignominies of faust recht. To indict the workingmen for murder and do nothing to stamp the crime of the other side as vastly the greater, is to bring our machinery of justice into contempt, and this can safely be left to the common sense of the country.

Whether the wages of the striking men were

chinery of justice into contempt, and this can safely be left to the common sense of the country.

Whether the wages of the striking men were proper wages, as measured by the wages of similar workmen in similar mills, or by the particular condition of the iron industry at this time, is a question so complex that we should deem its discussion by any one but an expert with full knowledge of details an impropriety. We only wish to emphasize the fact that these strikers were not men on "starvation wages," but quite the centrary, for the sake of eliminating from the main question the issue about protection, which the politicians have thrust into it. There is an issue about protection, and we have our own opinion about it; but we do not wish to see the American people left their attention be beguiled by that for a moment new from the much more serious question at Romestead. The collision at Homestead would have occurred just the same had the material in the workmen's hands not been "protected" material. Let "protection" and every other accident be put out of mind, while the American people fix their attentom upon the sole two questions of moment in the case, until they evolve some wisdom to serve them in the future: The question it whether moneyed cerporations may decline to arbitrate with organized labor, or take arrogant and arbitrary attitudes with a view to breaking the organizations and compelling workmen to deal with them individually—whether, in a word, amalgamated iron shall not have the same rights in court as amalgamated gold; and the question @ whether, if collision comes and soldiers are necessary, they shall be marshaled by the corporation, by its hirelings, and get out their guns at its discretion, or be managed by an important third party called the state.

Let every one of us know that if melioration does not proceed from the concession of the rich, then it surely will proceed from the

portant third party called the state.

Let every one of us know that if melioration does not proceed from the concession of the rich, then it surely will proceed from the grasping of the poor. Let none of us need any second prompting to declare that if any man is indeed piling up millions out of the labor of discontented men with whom he has driven sharp bargains about wages, and out of the profits is building schools or libraries or hospitals or churches, the title of "Christian philanthropist," which it tickles him this week to wear, shall not outlast the week, but shall give place to the plain and homely label, stuck fatally upon his forehead by the lightning of God—an unjust man.

Let every one of us hold to strictest account the rich and privileged man; let every one of us make every accuse and demand the most generous forbearance for the rude and struggling man. Noblesse oblige! Each serious man among us will take answ to heart the warning word of Emerson. "It is better to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind." And as for this sad scene at Homestead, where now are twenty dead men in graves instead of twenty live men in homes, the man who knows history, surveying it, will ask few questions concerning the little legalities, but many concerning the great equities. He will hear the voice which trumpets across the tunuits of the centuries the stern reminder that when, in the throes of the Old World's new births, the yet unstatuted justice speaks, the interfering law, else adamant, must take its place among the cobwebs.

Happy the nation where discredited and threadbare law does not have to slink away, but retires with dignity and with a bow before the justice that is becoming law. Happy this but retires with dignity and with a bow before the justice that is becoming law. Happy this nation of ours if its people are so timely wise that the historian, looking back from the futhat the historian, looking back from the fu-ture to today, have no prompting to remember Homestead, nor to trace analogies between that sad summer day and the April time when a royal and most legal force marched stealth-ily out of Boston among the Massachusetts vil-lages and farms—and marched back sgain.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. TIMELY HINTS ON THE MAKING OF

DAINTY HEADGEAR.

tion of Bonnets and on Styles for Children's Costumes-Wealthy Women Who Knit Socks for Their Little Ones. Copyright, 1892, by American Press Associa-

We are told by many fashion writers that large hats and bonnets, with startling ornaments, are the style, and while that is true it is none the less true that there are dozens of genteel and becoming hats and bonnets of modest proportions eminently suitable for all occasions, most particular



MODEL TOQUES AND BONNETS. ployment of an armed force to intimidate the locked out men. The article is too or bonnet is so apt to interfere with others' comfort or pleasure. Ladies of genuine taste will not offend by wearing an exag-gerated headdress to church, concert or

It takes but little material and a few



THE LITTLE ONES. turban opposite. The ribbon bow could be purchased ready made if desired. The turban in the middle has a band of astrakhan fur, a velvet top and a scarlet wing at the right side held by a jet buckle.
The toque at the right side is of drab cloth, with three stiff loops of ribbon the cloth, with three stiff loops of ribbon the same shade. The little theater bonnet on the left consists of a couple of black and bronze wings, with anthers of peacock plumes set on a tiny flat bonnet of lace. These jet feather ornaments can be found ready to put on. A little practice would enable every lady to have several attractive bonnets in a season at a nominal cost.

The little Lord Fauntleroy has disappeared, and in his place we find the young

peared, and in his place we find the young Russian and little Rob Roy MacGregora. These are quite as picturesque as the Fauntieroys, though I fancy scarcely as free and untrammeled in their movements. The young Dimitri wears a white serge or vel-vet felt tunic elaborately braided and corded with a leather belt, and a fur lined or trimmed overcont and fur bordered hat.
Or, if he has passed the age for tunics, he wears a pair of trousers, and above them a blouse, fur bordered, beited and quite cov-ered in front with military braiding. He

may have top boots too! Young Scotsman wears his tartan kilt, his "pialdie" over the shoulder, his velvet jacket and jaunty cap, but, owing to his admixture of blood, he does not go bare kneed. He wears instead a pair of substantial stockings and warm little trousers

and stout shoes.
It makes no difference whether the little girl is sister to the Russian or canny Scotsman, she wears her cozy little Greenaway coat of dark red eider down flamel, and her close bonnet of red velvet with a full lace border—that is, if she is in fashion. The coats are very short of waist and long of this read large double shoulder capes. skirt, and have double shoulder capes. Some are of dark green cloth or velvet or corded velutina, or of brown or blue thick corded velutina, or of brown or blue thick soft wools. Comfort and quaintness are aimed at and obtained in the dress of our children. It may be said that our children are dressed in American fashion. The French styles for little children are in the highest degree inartistic, silly and un-healthful. The English styles have never obtained recognition here, and the honor

of the invention of a fashion for children that is dainty, picturesque, simple, and healthful rests with American mothers. Few mothers employ silks, satins or velvets for children's garments in this country. In summer ginghams and white goods are worn. In fail and winter light wools that are worn without being supposed.

that are warm without being cumbersoms are the favorites. There is a beautifu soft material called eider down flanuel which makes up the most useful and com-fortable gowns. Cheviots, mixtures, cam-el's hair and plaids are all suitable and du-

rable, and the simpler the style of making the more childlike it is. Serge—red, blue and brown—also make useful little gowns, as do also the flannel goods, both stamped and plain.

The wealthiest women in America dress

The wealthiest women in America dress their children in plain, comfortable garments, with the least possible amount of trimming. The little girls in the Vanderbilt, Sloane, Shepard and Astor families wear neat little dresses of homespun, shepherd's plaid, serge and flannel, with woolen stockings and spring heel shoes, and, what would surprise many, these ladies often knit all the stockings their children wear. It is a pleasant sight to see these moth-It is a pleasant sight to see these mothers with their knitting in their hands and watch the soft wool taking form and shape for restless little feet. Drab, slate and black are the colors used, and the little ba bies have the daintiest white lamb's wool Some ladies who have no babies knit for their friends. It is an exquisitely woman-ly accomplishment, this knitting of soft It has always hurt me to hear all wom-en whose husbands are wealthy spoken of as "butterflies" and soulless creatures, who

times, if so often. It is no longer a fash-ion to be frivolous or selfish, and if the veil could be lifted and show them as they really are there would be less envy. They work. They look well to the ways of their households. They sew, they knit, they watch over their children's health, educa-

tion and morals, and it is quite out of style to neglect one's own. If they meet in social gatherings, go to balls, dress well and ride in their carriages, they also go to churches, and only one knows the number of noble and unselfish deeds they do in private nor of the charities they sustain. It is the



MRS. DEPEW'S GOWN.

fashion for rich women to be good, pure and worthy: gossip and scandal are almost fergotten among them. Life means some-thing larger and wider and deeper every year, and they are not ashamed to ask God to make them better women, wives and

What a woman can be is exemplified in her. A helpmeet beyond all price to her husband; a wise instructor to her young son and her sweet little orphan nicees; a model housekeeper and an adept at needlework—with all these things she is an ornament to select the second stonds and a second stonds. ment to society, a profound student, and above all so modest and retiring that she would almost be called bashful. She is would almost be called bashful. She is never idle. She knows how to dress well, and does so. Here she is in a new corded velvet reception gown of lilac and prune, being still in half mourning. Around the bottom of the demitrain is a puff of the same. The corsage is garnished with point de Venice lace. A sash girdle of prune velvet ties in the back in a Japanese bow and falls to the bottom of the dress. The color and material as well as the style. The color and material as well as the style are all suited to her personality. It is rich and not somber, and has grace without

straining for effect.

Two beautiful carriage cloaks for two other ladies known for their gentle goodness as well as for their husband's great wealth were just received from abroad. One is of terra cotta felt cloth, fine as velvet, and has three rows of sable around the shoulders and case on the bottom. The gown to go with this is of black biarritz cloth, and the hat of black velvet and bow of terra cotta red velvet. In the back is a of terra cotta red velvet. In the back is a

straining for effect.

The other is a long cloak of black bengaline, bordered with black marten. The yoke top to the sleeves and cuffs is of black velvet, with a rich beading in dull



WRAPS FOR LATE PALL AND WINTER. ing draped across. This cloak has already been copied in camel's hair and velvet. It is lined throughout. The hat is of black plush felt, with plumes and a cut steel buckle. All in all two handsomer models have not been presented this season. MATE LEROY.

A German paper says that the Marquis de Veragua, descending from Columbus, and too old to go to Chicago, will open the exposition on May I from Madrid by pressing a button, which will transmit by cable the power which will set in motion the engines at the World's fair in Chicago.

How Each Seems to Get Along Without the Other.

MR. DREW HAS THE BETTER OF IT.

A Charming Little Curtain Raiser by

unquestionably the greatest far. seur on the American stage. This statement may seem superfluous, for the reason that most persons have sisted that John

Drew's accurate work and pleasing results were due in a greater measure to the mag-nificent setting he received as a member of Daly's company than to any transcendent ability of his own. Therefore when he branched out as the principal attraction in a company organized by Charles Frohman thousands of Mr. Drew's friends had serious misgivings as to the outcome of the experiment.

of the experiment.

The vehicle selected for the exploitation of Mr. Drew's remarkable abilities was of Mr. Drew's remarkable abilities was
"The Masked Ball," a farce with a motif as light as down and a plot as volatile
as ether. The play was adapted by Clyde
Fitch, author of "Beau Brummeil" and
"Frederick Le Maitre," from the French
of Bisson and Carre, who seem just now to
be the only authors from whose works Mr. of Bisson and Carre, who seem just now to be the only authors from whose works Mr. Charles Frohman cares to have drawn the airy nothings like "Settled Out of Court," "The Family Circle" and others of that "Boots at Holly Tree Inn." "Boots at Holly Tree Inn." "Boots at Holly Tree Inn."

But "The Masked Ball," as presented by John Drew and company at Palmer's theater, New York, recently, was a success. The play is light—"feathery" in fact—but it amuses without too seriously violating the proprieties, except in the last act, where a scene participated in by the entire company—except Mr. Drew fortunately—was about on a par with the lowest color of prodern a called "furge company". order of modern so called "farce comedy." Imagine a number of excellent actors, each armed with a tin pan and large spoon, pounding noisily for the purpose of swarming bees which have escaped, and you will have a pretty good idea of this remarkable and, to me, inexplicable horseplay, which unquestionably marred what would otherwise have been an unqualified dramatic I have heard the hope freely expres

that Mr. Frohman may soon supply Mr. Drew with a play in which he will have douted versatility than in "The Masked Ball." As a farceur, pure and simple, Mr. Drew does lead, but Mr. Joseph Holland is so nearly his equal that it requires an ex-perienced judge to decide between them. But test these two excellent actors in a dozen characters, embodying every line of dramatic work, and Mr. Holland will sink into Lilliputian nothingness beside the Brobdingnagian immensity of John Drew. now that he is free from the leading strings of that able manager, but ridiculous martinet, Augustin Daly, would have taken on added dash and vigor, but this has not been the case. The same impression of reserve force and quiet dignity under the most hilariously trying circumstances still characterizes Mr. Drew's work. Another point and a most important one in favor of the probability of success of the accident of having catered to a popular dramatic appetite which demanded a certain than a most important one in favor of the probability of success of the latest would never write another "money winner." When nonsuccess attended her next effort in London the opinion of the croakers seemed to be confirmed. But "Love's Young Dream" has overruled the former verdiet, for it is one of the most up to this time received at every performance at Palmer's theater he has not appeared to have acquired what is known in the vernacular as "big head." He is as thoroughly natural as ever. He plays for the audience, not to it. And for this commendable but unusual practice Mr. Drew is entitled to the fullest measure of credit. From John Drew to Daly's company, just across the street, is but a step, and after the brilliant success of the one I was prepared for a dazzling hit on the part of the other.

To say that I was disappointed, however,



Scene from "The Masked Ball."

some. The second act is mildly sedative. The third act suggests fun, and the fourth act furnishes it—in limited quantity. The plot is as nearly as possible nothing. It begins very close to nowhere, and traveling aimlessly about on a tortuous course lands at the starting point. An appropriate title for the play, if it were not for the obstacle interposed by the copyright law, would be "Nobody, of Nowhere."

"Little Miss Million" would probably enjoy a run of about "one consecutive" night if done at any other theater but Daly's and by a less competent company. With all of its present gilt edge surroundings even, my judgment is very much at fault if this latest specimen of strained effort to convince people that they ought to laugh shall have more than an exhemeral career

convince people that they ought to laugh shall have more than an ephemeral career in New York, where the Daly-olaters are

shall have more than an ephemeral career in New York, where the Daly-olaters are most numerous.

Of the company little need be said. Mr. James Lewis does a breezy and improvident man of the world with his accustomed fetching nonchalance, and with Miss Adelaide Prince as a truly good but worldly wise widow divided the honors of the evening. Miss Prince has shown marked improvement, and in "Little Miss Million" so completely eclipsed Miss Ada Rehan as to make that lady appear almost ridiculous. Miss Rehan enacted the part of a hoydenish schoolgirl. Her height—she towered almost a full head above her papa

But what made the occasion, as far at Miss Rehau was concerned, inexpressibly sad were her stupid and abortive effort to be kittenish. Miss Rehan looked at though she might easily be the mother of the character which she attempted to portray, and in the releutless desire to appear ingenuous and "soubrettish" she makes her first entrance, baving just come from college, after a long ride on the railway train in a white satin affair so draped as to conceal as much as possible the always in evidence amplitude of figure. "Little Miss Million" was disappointing. Miss Ada Rehan as a wild young schoolgirl, who is addressed as "little" (!!) by her aunt, is depressing in the extreme. There was many

for the reason that most persons have so regarded him for many years. But there was also a much larger conamulation and the superstanding the superstanding the superstanding superstand and in personal appearance, barring a somewhat blase look, is all that can be desired, being tall and rather handsome, with expressive eyes and mobile features. But as John Drew's successor and measured by he always will be missed.

At the Amphion theater in Brooklyn a few nights ago "Love's Young Dream" was produced as a curtain raiser to "The



from her pen. When that talented lady wrote the play "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which was one of the most valuable pieces I had imagined that Mr. Drew's acting, now that he is free from the leading strings of that able manager, but ridiculous mar-

> former verdiet, for it is one of the most delicately constructed curtain raisers in existence. The atmosphere of purity and innocence which pervades it makes it a rare dramatic gem, and the defences with which the subject is handled and the quiet, refined situations are developed stamps Mrs. Burnett as a playwright of a high order of merit. It is rumored that high order of merit. It is rumored that she will soon present a serious four act comedy, and its appearance will be looked forward to with great interest by lovers of

> In "Love's Young Dream" Wallie Ed-In "Love's Young Dream inger, one of the best of the child actors, re-inger, one of the best of the Soudan," and peated his triumph in "The Soudan," and Ethel Black, a charming little tot of less than six summers, gave evidence of a really high order of dramatic ability. Her in-tonation would be creditable in an experi-enced player, and her self possession is little

enced piayer, and her self possession is little short of marvelous.

At the Star theater the "king of com-edy," Joseph Jefferson, has revived Dion Boucicault's version of "Rip Van Win-kle," the play which first made him really famous. It is unnecessary to add that the revival was a marked success, and as the season will be a comparatively brief one, owing to the later bookings at the Star, the advance sale of seats has been enorthe advance sale of seats has been enormous. It really does seem as though the late lamented W. J. Florence must have been inspired when he said ten years ago, "Joe Jefferson will never get old."

OCTAVUS COHEN.

A Female Playwright. A great many persons have seen Charles Dickson's remarkably successful farce, "Incog," but perhaps very few of them know that the author, Mrs. Romualdo



after long years of ups writer of plays.