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Physician and Surgeon,
Dallas, Oregon.

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Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Airlie—
7:30 a m 3:30 p m
Leaves Independnce for Monmouth and Dallas—
1:10 a m 7:15 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Airlie—
50 a m 3:50 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas—
1:20 a m 7:30 p m
Leaves Airlie for Monmouth and Independence—
9:00 a m 5 p m
Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence—
1:00 p m 8.30 p m.

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Since the Luckiamute Mill Company
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LIBERTY.

What man is there so bold that he should say,
"Thus and thus only would I have the sea?"
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love or throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst,
Or whether, freshened by busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity,
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore,
Always it is the sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the meters and bounds of liberty,
For freedom is its own eternal law.
It makes its own conditions and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnatlike evils hovers round its head,
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
For always in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And, though thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

—John Hay.

THE APACHE

A STORY OF TWO CHILDREN AND AN INDIAN.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun up and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote That Bites had managed to achieve both those delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle! And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy!

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light, and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and rather warm even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay; there were other sounds, but they came some time after Coyote That Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of Nod. They came faintly at first and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway, those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking to the scoop out along the roadbed, not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station, but Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

"'F on'y had sum matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off vese prickles jus' like ve Injuns does."

"O-oh!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot s dat?"

"W'y, it's a jug!" And Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep and no more to be feared than papa when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky" Injun, like the Yaquis, who shoveled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg Perhaps the mescal's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side, but the hand fell and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle.

"It's bigger'n mommie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked as he grasped the handle of the devilish looking blade. "Now, you 'tand over vere, and I'll get 'hind vis wock. Ven you tum along, I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.

"Oh, it's on'y make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody." And he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, mommie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was a dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an' 'polled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote That Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchetlike face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grease wood twig the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were singing louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty.

So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station a "dust devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote That Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop and started about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand and, kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low roofed station house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before, for the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out."
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If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Must Buy at Home.

In Sweden purchase of medicines from abroad by individuals is forbidden by law.

Salts In Sea Water.

The salts in sea water are composed of seven separate substances, of which sodium chloride, common salt, accounts for 29 parts out of 48.

Drug Store Lights.

The Moorish druggists of Arabia were the first to display colored globes in their windows.

A Natural Dentifrice.

The common strawberry is a natural dentifrice. Its juice without any preparation dissolves the tartarous incrustations on the teeth and also makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

The Southern States.

The southern states contain one-quarter of the area of the Union and have practically as much agricultural products as the rest of the country combined.

Blind People.

Throughout the world blind men outnumber blind women two to one.

Eye Bread Crust.

Chewing the crust of rye bread is considered by German experts one of the best ways of exercising and preserving the teeth.

Canary Birds.

In buying canary birds, if you are seeking a singer, select one with a long, straight, tapering body.

Flowerpots.

Before using new flowerpots soak them thoroughly in a tub of water. Unless this is done they will, by reason of their extreme porosity, rob the plants placed in them of considerable moisture, often sufficient to produce serious injury before the cause of the trouble is discovered.

Decayed Teeth.

It is a notable fact that nearly all savages have sound teeth. Decayed teeth are an evidence of civilization.

CONDENSED STORIES.

When Schley Swapped His Toys With Agnus For Eatables.

Admiral Schley and General Felix Agnus of the Baltimore American have long been fast friends. The admiral relates to a newspaper reporter his first meeting with the general, says the Chicago Chronicle. "I was down off the coast of Florida," he says, "on one of the frigates, and we saw a lot of soldiers on shore. We were rather short of food on board ship, but were very long on duck trousers. I thought I would go off to the camp of the soldiers and see if there was anything we could exchange for fresh food. A young lieutenant who was in tatters received me.

"'I'm Lieutenant Agnus of Baltimore,' he said.

"'I'm Ensign Schley of Maryland,' said I.

"We looked each other over. I had on an immaculate duck suit. He had a large quantity of vegetables and some fresh meat.

"'Need anything?' I asked.

"'Need clothes,' Agnus replied. 'Are you needing anything?'

"'Need grub,' I said.

"'We'll swap!' we both shouted at the same time, and for divers and sundry pairs of duck trousers I got sundry and divers parcels of food. Agnus wore the trousers and I ate the food, and we both considered it a most profitable transaction."

Everybody Laughed.

The cities which have passed antiexpectoration ordinances are the scenes of numerous humorous incidents connected with the enforcement of the new law. A well dressed, evidently prosperous old man, whose high color told eloquently of gout and other results of high living, broke the law while in a street car recently. A quiet but determined young man, whose manner was courtesy itself and whose speech was that of an educated and refined person, called the offender's attention to the prohibitory sign.

Then began a wordy wrangling, in which the latter became gradually angrier and angrier, while the public spirited accuser preserved his coolness and his courtesy. The old man closed the controversy with:

"I know all about that law. It was never intended for gentlemen, but for loafers."

It is doubtful if he quite understood the reason for the shout of laughter that shook the car windows.

One on Mr. Hill.

Colonel Jones of the Aquarium was visiting ex-Senator David B. Hill at Normandie-by-the-Sea not long ago. When the shades of evening had fallen, a party had gathered round the sage of Wolfert's Roost on the veranda. Some remark of a man named Brown in the party caused Senator Hill to make one of his typical caustic remarks about the Joneses, the Browns and the Smiths. Jones waited till the laugh had subsided and then said:

"Senator, up in a little place called Jonesville, Vt., where I once visited, they have a legend that when the first voyagers were settling in this country they were all named either Smith, Jones or Brown, but as they got into politics and office-holding and got tangled up with the courts it became necessary to take aliases from time to time. That's how we get the names of the Hills, Stones, Wellses, and a few others I could mention."

An Odell Story.

Governor Odell is fond of a good story, and does not withhold one even if the point of it is against himself. "Some years ago," he said the other day, "I was a candidate for a local office, and I did some canvassing in a country town. One of the most influential Democrats there owned a barber shop, and I was advised to see him. I entered the shop, and while the knight of the razor was shaving me I sounded him carefully, but he soon told me that he could not support me. When I left the chair, I remarked that if he could not vote for me he had at least improved my appearance. 'Well, it don't take much to do that,' he answered."

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. WAGONS. BUGGIES. BICYCLES. SEWING MACHINES.

That is my lines of goods carried at my new stand at 255-257 Liberty street, Salem. I have the Studebaker line of wagons and buggies and all the other lines of implements that Mr. Croisan, my predecessor carried, and besides this have taken With me my big trade on bicycles and sewing machines.

F. A. WIGGINS,
257 Liberty street, Salem

How to Treat a Cook.

"Into no department in life," says Yuan Mei, a Chinese authority on cooking, "should indifference be allowed to creep; into none less than into the domain of cookery. Cooks are but mean fellows, and if a day is passed without either rewarding or punishing them that day is surely marked by negligence or carelessness on their part. If badly cooked food is swallowed in silence, such neglect will speedily become a habit. Still, mere rewards and punishments are of no use. If a dish is good, attention should be called to the why and the wherefore. If bad, an effort should be made to discover the cause of the failure."

A Retiary.

A retiary was the name of a Roman gladiator armed in a peculiar way. He was furnished with a trident and net, with no more covering than a short tunic, and with these implements he endeavored to entangle and dispatch his adversary, who was called a secutor (from sequi, to follow) and was armed with a helmet, a shield and a sword. The name of the first is pronounced as if spelled re-shi-a-ry, the accent on the first syllable.

Good Hearted.

Minnick—I thought you said Scribbel was a good hearted fellow.

Sinnick—Well?

Minnick—Well, I hinted pretty strongly that I'd like to have a copy of his latest book, but he studiously ignored the request.

Sinnick—That's where he proved his kindly nature.—Exchange.

Remorse.

Law Notes tells of a trial in which the following remorseful letter appeared in evidence:

Mr. Bidwell:

Dear Sir—This is what I never expect to come to. But it is trouble, and no one to help mee out. So I want you to have this young woman Burried. But mee, let me lay top of ground, for the Turkey Buzards to eat; for I have did rong.

JOSEPH BRADLEY.

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SALEM'S BIG MAIL ORDER HOUSE.

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Colors: Red, blue, pink, white and black. By mail postpaid 25 cents.

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