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A BLACK ROBED MAN

One November night some years ago, soon after I had been called to the bar, dined with some friends. It was shortly after the close of the last Carlist war, and I was employed in an important case in which the liberty and An uneasy feeling began to take posprobably the life of a distinguished Carlist leader were at stake. This gentleman was a relative of my mother, and, apart from my youthful enthusiasm for my profession, I was devoting all my time and every scrap of energy sessed to his interests

Now, the fact that I had been dining out will no doubt be selzed upon by skeptical persons, and to their minds will probably explain all the circumstances that I am now going to set own. I can only state most solemnly hat when they occurred I was never

more in my sober senses. It was long past midnight when I ook leave of my friends. As I pasted long I had the street almost to myself, and I paced briskly, enjoying the night air. Suddenly, though I heard J. N. HART no sound of footsteps, the sensation came to me that some one was walking behind me. I glanced around and saw the figure of a man walking on the outside of the pavement about six

paces in my rear. He was tall and clad in a long black cionk, the end of which was thrown over his right shoulder in the Spanish fashion and in such a manner as to conceal the lower half of his face. A broad black sombrero was crushed down over his brows and from beueath its brim nothing but the tip of a thin white nose was visible. His appearance at once brought my mind back to the case on which i was engaged, and I could not help wondering whether this figure, which looked so singular in its Spanish costume in the

streets of London, was not in some way connected with it. As I walked on I began to be somewhat uneasy. There were so few people about. I thought of assassination. I knew the murderous nature of the "Navaja," and I was defenseless, not having even the protection of a stick. Then again, I reflected, it might be that this man was some compatriot of my client, who wished to make some communation to me, but if so, why

no sound on the curb. Not relishing the close attendance of the mysterious stranger, I crossed over to the other side of the street, where, at least, I would be better able to oberve his motions, but before I had got half way across I was aware that e had also left the pavement and was following me at the same distance as fancy.-Penny Pictorial Magazine before. All this was sufficiently singular and perturbing, for I now felt certain that the man was following me. To make quite certain I presently crossed the street again, and, sure enough, there was my pursuer at the

same distance at my heels. I now resolved to take action, and, turning myself sharply around, I ask-ed blm what he desired of me. To my Herald.

I rubbed my eyes. I walked a few paces back. I examined one or two doors which I had just passed, but all were securely fastened and there was no trace of the mysterious figure in any direction. I asked myself what it | Follette.

But where had the man vanished to? session of me. I am not superstitious, but the apparition was so extraordinary in itself and its disappearance so unaecountable that I felt a cold shiver traverse the region of my spine. Presently I walked on, a good deal be-

wildered and upset by my experience.

When I reached home, in the little well-like courtyard before my own door stood the figure silently awaiting me. My heart stood still for a moment as I found myself face to face with the inscrutable being that had hounted my homeward journey. There was something so sinister in the man s aspect, something so daunting and un- Roosevelt's daughter. canny in the silent persistence with which he had led me to my very door, that I confess I was terrified, and my

heart began to flutter in my bosom. I dld not know how to act. I tried to speak, but my tongue refused to utter a sound. Something had to be done, however, and I advanced a few paces. The figure immediately turned and disappeared in the black archway of the passage to my stairs.

I finally went out at the other door of the inn, and, being quite unable to overcome my fears, I went and put up at a hotel for the night. I passed a restless night and only fell asleep at dawn, and it was 11 o'clock before I

awoke. When I arrived at Staple inn the first person I saw was the night porter. "Lord bless me, Mr. Percival," said he. running toward me, "I am glad to see you. We thought you must be killed. We've had a terrible smash here. Have you your keys? We were just going to break open your door, for we could

By this time we had arrived at my door, where my oak was still brately sported. On entering a strange sight met our eyes. The huge brick chimney of the house had fallen in through the roof during the night and the room was filled with its debris. It had crashed down into my bedroom and fallen right upon my wooden bed, the broken fragments of which were in all corners of the room. still behind me, although his foot made

get no answer.'

I had escaped certain death. I never saw my ghostly visitant again, and the case against my Carlist client was decided in his favor. Whether there was any connection between the two events I am unable to say. I have narrated the circumstances as they happened, with no touch of exaggeration and no embellishment of

A Pretudiced Opinion

There is," she said to her old bachelor brother who had just told her of his engagement, "one great difference between man and the lower animals." "What's that?" he asked.

"He's the only one that a weman can make a fool of."-Chicago Record-

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MATRON AND MAID. Dr. Alma J. Frisble of Milwaukee is

the first woman to be a regent of the Wisconsin State university. She has just been appointed by Governor La Mme. Patti says that she is extreme-

ly nervous. "Even the appearance of my name on the bills," she once wrote, "makes me nervous and throughout the performance I feel strangely agi-tated."

Mrs. Katherine Herne, the widow of James A. Herne, the actor, has taken up stage insuggement as a bust-ness. She is one of the few women who have been successful in this line of dramatic work.

Miss M. Ruth Martin, the "Tennessee Lark," has been given charge of the vocal Instruction at the National Cathedral School For Girls, Mount St Albans, Washington, and consequently among her pupils will be President

Mrs. Helen M. Stoddard, who has long been the leading spirit in the work of the women of Texas for a state industrial school, is the only woman commissioner appointed by Governor Sayers upon the board of thirteen to locate the site of that institu-

Nixola Greeley-Smith, granddaughter of Horace Greeley, is possibly the youngest journalist in New York city. Her first bit of newspaper work was an interview, singularly interesting and well handled, with Mrs. C. H. Parkhurst. Her mother was Ida Greeley, Horace Greeley's elder daughter, who married, after her father's death, Colonel Nicho-

las Smith of Kentucky. Mrs. James P. Carleton of Iowa Falls, Ia., is a grandmother at the age of twenty-nine and hopes to be a greatthis child is now a mother

HORSE TALK.

It is said that the Village farm once came very close to letting Bob Bever have Lord Derby for \$1,500.

Belini, 2:131/4, by Artillery, has held the trotting race record at Belmont track, Philadelphia, since 1803. Hiram P. Mills of Mount Morris, N.

Y., aged ninety-five years, recently \$400 and drives them every fine day. A suggestion comes from New England that the fines imposed on trainers go into a fund, as it does on the runyet the enormous growth of the mail ning turf, to aid the injured and sick matter will go.

243,166 mares were covered by stal- ey often have to sell at a discount. Hons which had received the patent of thus a "stamp trade" has sprung up the French government. The average which enables burglars to dispose of cost to the owner of each mare was \$215 per service.

T. W. Lawson negotiated for the three-year-old gelding Peter Stirling for relieving this situation. two days before the youngster won the Futurity. The price was set at \$15,000, but for some unknown reasons the deal fell through.

Cresceus, 2:0214, has received a number of presents from admirers this season, but the latest is the most unique. It consists of a complete and elegant set of clothing, hood, blankets, etc., daughter of Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith made from black wool.

TALES OF CITIES.

kinds of paving, is now increasing her wood paved area.

New York city recovered last year \$4,044.35 from forfelted bail bonds, \$8 from the sale of grass sown on Staten Island.

Los Angeles citizens, by a vote of about five to one, have decided to issue bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000 for he purchase of the plant of the City treasury their estimates of the appro-Water company. Thirty years ago the city of Atlanta

above par in the local market. Chicago has named a new park Me-

Kinley park. It has an area of forty acres, and along its southern edge an artificial bill has been built up, the only elevation for nearly a mile around. In one corner of the park a wading pool has been made and near it a large wimming pool.

PERT PERSONALS.

Ann O'Delia Diss Debar seems to achieve notoriety just about once in each generation.-Albany Journal. Sir Thomas declares that be won't get married until be has lifted the cup. and the girls have lost heart again .-

Kipling, it is said, has become a total abstainer. Perhaps this is why his later verses do not show the Omar Khayyamesque quality of his earlier

Detroit Tribune.

Mr. Terry McGovern, in preferring to be a "good papa" to his children rather than a "good fellow" in barrooms, sets a commendable example to many men who are not pugilists.-New York World.

How to Grill Ham.

Coughing

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I improved at once, and am now in perfect health."—Chas. E. Hartman, Gibbstown, N. Y.

It's too risky, playing with your cough The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Be-

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Cherry Pectoral and stop

the cough.

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t your doctor. If he says take it, as he says. If he tells you not t, then don't take it. He knows. with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

WASHINGTON LETTER

ecial Correspondence.] Dr. P. M. Rixey continues to visit the White House daily, as he used to do during the administration of President McKinley. President and Mrs. Roose velt have made no selection of a family physician, and Dr. Rixey occupies that position. Whether he will remain in that capacity when he becomes surgeon general of the navy is not known The late Dr. Bates, surgeon general of the army, was the first physician to grandmother at forty-five. She was President and Mrs. McKinley. When married in Ohio eighteen years ago. he died, Dr. Leonard Wood, now Gen-Less than two years later, when only eral Wood, was designated to the posithirteen years of age, she became a tion. He remained until the breaking mother. A year ago her daughter, at out of the war with Spain, when he the age of fifteen, was married, and went to the front as colonel of the rough riders. Dr. Sternberg, surgeon general of the army, was next looking after the health of President and Mrs. McKinley, but only for a short time, when he was succeed by Dr. Rixey. The latter called at the White House

Currency to Send Through Mails. The recent robbery of the Chicago postoffice and the possibility that the robbers will dispose of \$74,000 worth of stolen stamps has called attention bought a pair of high steppers for afresh to the need of some kind of sub sidiary currency which can be sent through the mails. It was never inyet the enormous growth of the mail order business has really brought that drivers, which is about as far as the result about. The mail order concerns accumulate large quantities of During the year of 1900 a total of stamps, and to convert them into monstolen stamps with little danger of de tection. The next congress will doubtless be called upon to consider plans

Miss Roosevelt's Chums Miss Harriet Wadsworth of New York, daughter of Representative Wadsworth, will be a close contempo rary of Miss Roosevelt, as will be also Miss Helen Mackay-Smith and Miss Mathilde Townsend.

Miss Mackay-Smith is the eldest who is in charge of the quaint colonial church at Washington, St. John's, which has been the scene of so many historic ceremonies and is one of the Boston, after having tried many principal places of interest to all sighters in Washington.

Miss Townsend will make her debut in December, and has just returned from Europe, where, with her mother \$302.62 from the conscience fund and she has spent the past six months, having been much admired in Paris and at the German baths.

The District Budget. The District commissioners have

transmitted to the secretary of the priations that will be needed for the support of the government of the Dis paid 8 per cent for money, which was trict for the fiscal year ending June 30, not easily had at that high rate of in- 1903. The sum asked is \$10,439,881.87. terest. Now her 31/2 per cent bonds are The sum asked for the preceding year was 89,080,703.94, and the sum appropriated was \$7.532,519.31. The secretary of the treasury will forward the estimates to congress.

In making public the estimates Commissioner Macfarland stated that the commissioners had followed this year, as last, the policy of asking for what is really necessary, regardless of the possible deficit due to the diversion of District funds by congress to street exten-

Isthmian Canal Commission. The isthmian canal commission got ogether here and is now hard at work finishing up its report, which it promlong enough in advance of the meeting of congress to enable him to make use The president of the Panama Canal company is here trying to get the comhis canal. It will be remembered that in its preliminary report made to President McKinley last year the commis sion declared against such a purchase.

President Garfield's Widow. Word comes from the Mentor (O.) farm of the Garfields that the widow of the former president, who is now well ill health. Her only daughter, the little Cut cold boiled ham in uniform slices Mollie of the White House years ago, a trifle thicker than if to be served now Mrs. J. Stanley Brown and the cold. Senson them highly with cayenne mother of several children, has gone and mushroom catchup and broll one with her family and mother to Califorminute on each side, just enough to nia for the possible benefit of the latter. warm through, and serve immediately. They have leased for the winter a beau-

tiful cottage on Orange Grove avend in Pasadena.

The Bonapartes.

Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte and her son. Mr. Jerome N. Bonaparte, arrived at their Washington home the other day, after a visit of several months Count and Countess de Moltke-Hult-feldt, at their estate in Glorup, Denmark. Mr. Bonaparte is the third of that name to be known in this country and is the great-grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, the Corsican, and younger brother of Napoleon I., who, in 1803, married the beautiful Baltimorean, Miss Elizabeth Patterson.

By building some bedebambers in the

attic for women servants the presidential family have contrived to settle themselves comfortably in the White House and reserve of chamber for guests. Doubtless there will be times when it would be convenlent to have two or more guest chambers, but the Roosevelts may be trusted to get along with such domestic difficulties without complaining.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

Never Touched Him. Shorts-The papers misstated some letails of that accident today. Longs-How so?

Shorts-They stated that the tramp who stole a ride on a mud scow was washed overboard. He wasn't, I saw him when they pulled him out, and he was just as dirty as when he left the boat.—Harlem Life.

Relies of Marie Antoinette. Among the archives of the departnent of the Seine was recently brought to light the list of articles in the pockets of the dress worn by Marie Antolnette at the time of her execution. The objects were, first, a small pocketbook in green morocco containing a pair of cissors, a small corkscrew, a pair of pinchers, a comb and a very small pocket looking glass and a small pocketbook of red morocco. These sold for 4 francs 75 centimes. Another consisted of three little portraits in green morocco cases, one of them being surrounded by a metal frame. These sold for 4 francs 40 centimes. The proceeds of the sale went to Sanson, the executioner.

Extinct Society Species.

If there are now few or none of the all conquering "belles" and "toasts" of olden days, it is equally certain that the plain woman has become an extinct species in society. The health craze makes for beauty, as it enjoins exercise, early hours, fresh air and temperance in enting and drinking. The plain woman, dowdily dressed. has been left behind with the dead and gone nineteenth century. We are all moderately beautiful in 1901.

Vasuar Domestics. The Vassar Student association is maids. There are nearly 200 chamber- wept like a child. maids, wattresses and dining room girls

Affable American Women. Mrs. Alcc Queedu, a prominent Eng-ilsh woman, who visited the United

and look over the periodicals and books

States last winter, says: "There is no doubt about it, English ough I am. I candidly admit that American women, taken en masse, are more affable in manner and generally better educated than the average Eug lish woman. They are constantly striving for intellectual charm."



spent in a large city restaurant by three thousand lunchers. It takes three hours to digest a fresh egg soft boiled; three hours to digest a boiled soit bolled; three hours to digest apple dumpling; three hours to digest fresh roast beef. In fact, three hours is about the time required to digest the average twelve minute lunch. The obabout the time required to have average twelve minute lunch. The ob-ject of the hasty lunch is to let the busy man get back to his office work. But when the brain is active, the stomach is inactive for lack of necessary blood. The natural consequence is indigestion, and indigestion opens the door to many dis-

Indigestion is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

assimilation of food.

"It is with heartfelt gratitude that I send this testimonial which I wish you to publish with my name and address," writes Mr. Willis Senam, of Washingtonville, Orange Co., N. "I had stocked trouble from childhood and suffered with it more or less as I grew up. At the age of at I was broken down with dyspepsis. My suffering was turrible. Could not eat without distress. Could "by eat a few certain things and was not able to work half the time. Every thing I tried only gave me temperaty relief. My wife finally persuaded me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Flessant Pellets." I took an bottles of the "Golden Medical Discovery and two wils of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Fellets. I then felt so well that I stopped taking medicine. Several months have possed and I can do the hardest kind of work, can eat anything that is set before me and enjoy it. I am 27 years old and this is the first time I have ever been well."

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pay expense of mailing only; or 31 stamps
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V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dumpey was a drummer in a foot battery of the United States artillery stationed at one of the harbor posts in the east. His descriptive list showed him 5 feet 1 inch high, sallow com-piction, brown hair and thirty-six years of age. I can see him now, with his drum slung from his neck, his little figure drawn up to its full height

proudly showing us how to make the drum "talk."

"This is what we played at Mission Ridge." And then he would begin.

One heard the tramp of marching feet, the thunder of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the shouts and hurrahs of the men, and, above all, the rub-a-dub dub, the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum. It sent the cold shivers down our backs, the blood jumping through our veins. Then came the slow and solemn beat of the muffled drum, the long, melancholy, almost human, roll, and we knew that the battle was over and that the dead were being laid away to their last rest. The tears in our eyes, a choking in our throats, and then-

They dressed me up in soler clothes,
They treated me so kindly,
And yet I never could forget
The girl I left behind me.
It was a sad day for the battery, and particularly for Dumpey, when the junior lieutenant left our post by trans-The very next day Dumpey was in the guardhouse with charges against him for drunkenness. Intercession proved of no avail-the captain was determined to make an example of him-but the court was lenlent; so after a month's confinement Dumpey came back to us, but an altered man. Not that his manner had changed toward us-he was still our friend-but his boyishness and lightness of heart seemed gone.

"He'll get me yet," was all he said when we asked him the trouble. "He," of course, meant the captain, who for some unaccountable reason had taken a strong dislike to the lowly drummer. Things went from bad to worse. Dumpey was in the guardhouse continually, first for one thing and then another, which, though trivial enough in their way, were rapidly building up a bad reputation for him, which he did not really deserve.

The end came when they found him drunk on guard. The general court which tried him found him guilty and sentenced him to be drummed out of the service. The colonel wrote to the reviewing authority rather strongly in his favor, but Dumpey was doomed. Nothing could save him, and the sentence was duly confirmed.

Never did sun shine brighter, never were skies bluer, never was nature more generous than on that dreadful May morning. We had all been to see Dumpey at the guardhouse the night before. We had shaken hands with him and carried him such boyish gifts as making an effort to raise \$20,000 for we could to assure him of our loyalty the erection and endowment of a build- and friendship, and he, poor old boy, ing to be used as a clubhouse by the had turned his face away from us and

It was the first and only time I had employed at Vassar, and it is thought that their social condition will be improved if they are provided with a shocking sight of man's inhumanity to

I was a very young boy then; still I remember that the sun was bright and that the skies were blue. I remember that the air was soft and balmy. I remember that the Bag, emblem of liber-ty and equality, threw out the glory of its stars and stripes straight and strong to the morning breeze. I remember that we all stood huddled together waiting-and-then it came.

First the drums and fifes, then two platoons of men fully armed and equipped, their bayonets flashing and sparkling in the sunlight, and between them Dumpey, with head closely crop-ped and on his back a board marked "Drunkard."

And still-the sun shone, the skies were blue and the flag flapped gayly overhead. On they came, the drums and fifes

playing the "Rogues' March." Poor old soldier, poor old soldier, Tarr'd and feathered and then drumm'd out Because he couldn't keep sober. Our hearts were in our throats, but

we clinched our hands and held our places like men.

There was no music in the march. It vas simply a wailing and sobbing of the drums-the drums to drum Dumpey out of the service; Dumpey, their champion, their hero, their king.

But on they came-Poor old soldier, poor old soldier. Just as they passed us we heard

some one ask: "What makes him walk so queer? He seems to be limping." Every boy there could have told him that it was the builet he got at Mission

been able to take out. And on they came-

At last they reached the saily port. Because he couldn't keep sober. shricked out the fifes, and a moment later Dumpey stood outside the fort a

And then this worthless outcast, this drummed out drunkard, this limping, halting, wounded ex-soldier, who had played a man's part in the bitterest war the world has ever known, this drunken Dumpey, halted, quietly took the board marked "Drunkard" off his back, and, baring his close cropped head to the morning sun, looked up to-ward the flag and bravely cried out:

I have never forgotten it. Please

"Three cheers for the stars and