

INDEPENDENCE NEWS BUDGET

From Our Regular Correspondent.

DAILY HAPPENINGS IN OUR SISTER CITY

Scan This Column For News on Importance From the Riverside.

Arthur Moore is the owner of a new runabout.

Miss Bessie Butler visited in Portland last week, returning Saturday.

Thomas Fennel, of Marion county, was on the streets of this city Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, of Montana, are visiting their son, Wm. Dawes, of this city.

Mrs. Charley Williams has returned from Salem, where she visited friends and relatives several days.

H. W. Murphy, of Lebanon, a former resident of Independence, passed through town on his way to Portland last week.

Mr. Peck and family, of Salem, have moved to this city. Mr. Peck has bought a half interest in Mr. Williams' blacksmith shop.

The hop yards at Rickreall look the best of any the writer has seen. The vines are thrifty, of an even growth, and are ready to turn down.

Frank Wilson and Frank Masterson left last Saturday for Eastern Oregon. They drove to Portland, from whence they will go by boat to the Dalles.

A. Nelson and Harry Iliff have returned from Scappoose, Oregon, where they went to attend the sale of the herd of Jersey cattle, owned by Harry West. Mr. Iliff brought home two fine cows. Wm. Morrow, of Rickreall, who also attended the sale, returned with two head of fine cattle.

The old M. E. Church South has been moved from the back of the lot where it has been used for a warehouse to its former place in the east end of the lot.

The building and grounds are owned by the Catholics. The building is to be raised, and a basement of concrete put under it. The old church will be repaired and worked over in general, to be used for a Catholic church.

Evangelical Conference Notes.

The twenty-seventh annual session of the Oregon Conference of the Evangelical Association, which has been in session at Monmouth since Tuesday, May 3rd, came to a close Monday at noon, after a most successful session.

About 40 delegates were present from Oregon and Western Washington.

This conference represents the work of this denomination in Northwestern Oregon and Western Washington, extending as far north as Bellingham, Wash., and south to Albany, Oregon.

Most of the work is of a missionary character.

The statistics gathered and reported show the work of the conference to be in a prosperous condition, the past year being one of signal success along all lines of work.

The conference now has prosperous missions in all the larger cities in the section which it covers.

At the session just closed, new missions were established at Seattle, Tacoma, and Vancouver, British Columbia, and initiatory steps were taken toward the es-

tablishment of other missions in some promising fields in southern Oregon.

Bishop Wm. Horn D. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, was the presiding officer.

The Ordination sermon was preached on Sunday morning by Bishop Horn, to a large congregation.

Sunday afternoon two persons were ordained to the office of the ministry, after which a successful missionary meeting was held.

Sunday evening Bishop Horn preached again, at which time the appointments for the coming year were read.

The ministers were stationed as follows:

Portland district—Presiding Elder, H E Hornschuch; Albany, H R Geil; Canby and Oregon City, F Wieveseik; Chehalis, H Albright; Fruitland, G W Plummer; Hood View, to be supplied; Jefferson, W E Simpson; Lents, J A Goode; Little Falls, W A Guaffroy; Milwaukie, E Radebaugh; Monmouth, L C Hoover; North Portland, J Stocker; Portland, 1st English, F E Culver; Portland, 1st German, F Benz; Portland, Memorial, M Heverling; Salem, 1st English, F M Fisher; Sweet Home, to be supplied; Tigardville, S Conklin; Vernonia, E Maurer; Yaquina, L C Geil; Dufur, to be supplied.

Puget Sound District—Presiding Elder, N Shupp; Everett, to be supplied; Bellingham, E D Hornschuch; Seattle, 1st English, S A Stewart; Seattle, Grace, E D Hornschuch; Seattle, 3rd, to be supplied; Tacoma, 1st, T R Hornschuch; Tacoma, 2nd, to be supplied; Vancouver, B C, to be supplied.

Wednesday seems to have been commercial day in this section at least, as the town was full of commerce drummers. Landlord Hampton was in demand and did a good business.

DR. PRETTYMAN'S SOUP FLAVORING.

By C. L. POINEER.
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Dr. Prettyman was a specialist in brain diseases and visiting surgeon at a hospital.

At one of these visits the regular house surgeon was temporarily absent. Dr. Prettyman was sitting in the medical office, waiting for him, when a nurse entered and told him that a patient who was considered almost cured and had been given the post of cook was acting strangely. Would the doctor go down and see him? The doctor went to the kitchen and the nurse to a patient who especially required his attention.

Dr. Prettyman found the cook alone in the kitchen. Indeed, he had driven every one else out. He was a large, muscular man, and it did not need the doctor's practiced eye to see the light of insanity in his eye. He was standing over a large boiler which was filled with steaming soup.

"Doctor," said the lunatic, "come here and taste this soup. I fear it is not flavored right."

The doctor hesitated a moment, wondering if he had not better call assistance, then concluded to humor the patient. He went to the range, in which there was a very hot fire. The cook ladled out some soup, and the doctor tasted it, burning his tongue.

"It's all right," he said.

"But, doctor, I don't think there's meat enough in it. It's too thin. I should have more stock for it, but I haven't. The steward is stingy with his supplies. He gives me nothing, literally nothing, with which to feed all the mouths in this vast house. He's putting all the money they give him for provisions in his pocket. I wish I had him here. I'd chop him into bits."

Seizing a cleaver, he brandished it over the doctor's head, then went on excitedly:

"There's got to be more stock for this soup, and where is it to come

from? I have it. You'll do, doctor. You'll do first rate. Your bones are small, but there's marrow in them, and your flesh is meaty, not fat."

He made a step toward the doctor.

It might be expected that the dapper physician would shriek for help. He knew only too well that this would excite the patient and before assistance could arrive the big cook would be chopping him up into soup stock. He kept his eye fixed steadily on the patient.

"Do you want your soup to retain its flavor?" he asked.

"Certainly I do."

"And don't want it to taste of asafoetida?"

"Of course not."

"And paragonic?"

"No."

The doctor went through with a list of medicines, keeping his eye on the door, hoping that some one might happen in. But he was disappointed. Those whose place was in the kitchen purposely kept out, and others had no occasion to go there. At last the doctor was constrained to concede:

"Well, if you don't want your soup to taste of these drugs I'd better get rid of my pocket medicine case which contains them all."

He spent as much time as he dared fumbling for his case, the cook growing impatient the while, then took it out, opened it, extracted one or two corks, smelled of the bottles and put one of them under the cook's nose. It contained ether. But the doctor knew very well that he couldn't put the lunatic asleep with ether unless he could hold it over his mouth and nose. He hoped to quiet him and to gain time. The cook thought it would improve the soup and with a wild laugh poured the contents into the cauldron, stirring it with the ladle. Then he turned again to the doctor and seized him by the arm.

"Hold on a bit," said the doctor.

"Here's something else."

He took a vial from his case marked "Choral."

"Taste that," he said, handing it to the cook.

The cook took a swallow.

"Fine, isn't it?" asked the doctor, breathing a sigh of partial relief.

The cook turned, threw the bottle into the soup, then, again seizing the doctor, lifted him, despite his efforts, on to a table used for cutting meat. Then the lunatic looked about for his cleaver, which he had laid aside while flavoring the soup. The doctor, white as chalk, watched him, dreading that he might retain consciousness long enough to make one chop. The cleaver was within reach, but the cook did not see it. He put his hand to his head, reeled and sank to the floor.

The doctor got down from the table, went out of the kitchen, touched an alarm bell and went back to the insensible cook. In a moment several attendants came flying into the room, and when the cook came to himself he was in a straitjacket in an upper room.

When the dinner was served that day in the asylum every one complained of the remarkable flavor of the soup. Fortunately, the drugs with which it had been flavored were so diluted that no one was injured by them. It turned out that the cook who finished preparing the dinner in the excitement had not been informed of the additions made to the soup from Dr. Prettyman's medicine case.

A Shocking Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the trees varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.



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