Local and Personal

Zook the Painter, will hang your paper for you.

Mrs. Emma Haggard was in from the Luckiamute, Tuesday, doing trading.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Lorence returned on Thursday evening of last week from their trip

J. S. Prime, the depot agent here, made a trip to Portland last Sunday, returning in the evening.

The concrete work on J. H. Ackerman's new residence was completed early this week, so the work moves on.

I. H. Fream and wife were passengers on the morning train, Sunday, to Portland, returning home in the evening.

Our Independence correspondent was unable to send in the budget of news from there on account of sickness in the family.

Among the changes soon to take place here will be the loss of Rev. W. W. Davis and family who intend moving to their farm at Alsea on the coast.

Howard Morlan has helped in the creamery the past week while Mr. Bluhm has been nursing a severe attack of la grippe. The latter is around again.

For Sale—California Medicated Soap. Excellent for all skin diseases, also for shampooing the hair. Mrs. J. W. Richardson Sr. Monmouth St., Independence, Or.

V. J. Brown of Corvallis was here over Sunday visiting his uncle, J. S. Prime, and family. He expects to return here about the 10th of June to stay during the summer.

to Portland, going to the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lorence. Nevertheless the young men learned of their arrival and a goodly number of them, provided with i struments of torture, such as bells and more bells, directed their footsteps to Mr. Lorence's residence and proceded to open up their nerve-wrecking concert and prosecuted it so faithfully, that the groom in due season presented himself with a box of cigars which purchased surcease from the awful din.

Arrangements have just been completed between the Oregon Agricultural College and the Willamette Valley Irrigated Land Company for an O. A. C. experiment station right across from the S. P. depot at West Clayton. The experiment station will adjoin the company's demonstration farm. Irrigation will be available this summer and all kinds of crops will be grown to demonstrate what, water during the growing season, will do for the farmer.

A Great Big Bear Story

The following story originated in the Salmon Mountain country, the source of wierd tales and was published in the Oregonian:

Al Miller, Walter Endicott and Henry Volkmar, all of Myrtle Point, and prospecting for gold, were camped in a board shake cabin at the foot of Salmon Mountain. Just below this cabin and across the gulch is a lovely glade of grass. All thought that deer came there to feed on moonlight nights. When it was a favorable night Walter and Henry took the gun and went for deer and left Al sitting in the cabin. The door was left open and in walked a very large bear.

As soon as he bear got inside he stood on his hind feet and got ready for an unfriendly hug. Al jumped on the table and reached for the crossbeams and climbed up overhead. A few board shakes were lying across these beams and the provisions stored there. The bear had walked on his hind feet and looked up at Al, who cut the top off a sack of flour and thought to blind the bear, but the flour went on the animal's head and his back and seemed to have no effect.

A five gallon can of coal oil was handy, so he opened that and poured coal oil on the animal's head, but most of it went its back. Al then thought of a match. He had a few big parlor matches in his pocket. He got one, struck it, but it broke and fell down without hitting the bear. He struck another and dropped it square on the bear's neck.

Instantly the bear was all on fire. He shot out of the door and down the trail with the speed of a cannon ball. Twenty yards below the cabin on the trail he met Walter and Henry, and Henry with a deer strapped on his back. Both fell into the brush with loud yells.

Some time after Henry said to Walter: "Are we on terra firma, or are we in the other world, swiped there by the tail of Halley's comet."

Al looks as wise as a wharf rat, but he has got the lockjaw from laughing. CANDY JIM.

WILLING TO LEND.

Only Her Husband, the Mean Thing, Had Pinched Her Wad!

Men have something to learn from women in the art of warding off "touchers" for coin. Women respond to such requests once in about every thousand cases, but they are scientific in their refusals. A Cleveland woman with a reputation as a borrower turned up at the home of one of her friends the other morning with a much done over story about a persistent and threatening dressmaker and the usual request for the loan—"pay it back tomorrow, certain"—of $5.

"Why, my dear, certainly," was the pleasant response to her carefully rehearsed little yarn, "you poor thing, you! Just wait till I run upstairs and get my purse."

She ran upstairs. The male head of the house happened to be in the room where she kept her purse. He saw her dig the purse out of a chiffonier drawer and deliberately remove a wad of bills from it, leaving about 37 cents in silver and copper in the change receptacle. The man was mean enough to lean over the stair railing when his wife went downstairs to the parlor with her flattened pocketbook in her hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dearie," he heard her say, "but I really thought I had the money. I find, though, that Frank, as usual, has been at my purse—I heard him say something about settling a plumber's bill last night when I was half asleep—and the mean thing has left me only enough for car fare. Too bad! Of course, you know, if I had it"—and so on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CURIOUS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The medieval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands, of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelist their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view. Such an instance is the case of Ariosto, who might be supposed to know something at least of the truth of history, but whose once famous poem, "Orlando Furioso," is a tissue of historical absurdities from beginning to end.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, earl of Warwick; Clarence and the Dukes of York and Gloucester; cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain in spite of the historic fact that 300 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa. In one place Prester John, who lived 400 years after Charlemagne, and Constantine the Great, who died five centuries before him, are introduced and hold familiar converse with the great Charles, while in another Saladin and Edward the Confessor are joined by the Black Prince.

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Mark Twain's Definitions.

It is told of Mark Twain that during a conversation with a young lady of his acquaintance he had occasion to mention the word drydock.

"What is a drydock, Mr. Clemens?" she asked.

"A thirsty physician," replied the humorist.

To Show It Off.

"The Cross of the Legion is a wonderful thing for health."

"How's that?"

"There's nothing like it to encourage long promenades in the park."—Fliegende Blatter.

Parental Blunder.

"I know it's ridiculous for me to powder my face so thickly," said the dashing brunette, "but my parents named me Pearl, and I've got to live up to the name."—Chicago Tribune.

Happier Days.

"My poor fellow, were you always a tramp?"

"No, mum. Once I wuz known as a man about town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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New York	110.45
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