

Now is the time
to visit
California

When summer has passed in these northern states, the sun is only mild under the bright blue skies of Southern California. This is one of nature's happy provisions — eternal summer for those who cannot endure a more severe climate. California has been called the "Mecca of the winter tourist." Its hotels and stopping places are as varied as those of all well regulated cities. Visitors can always find suitable accommodations, congenial companions, and varied pleasing recreations.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Will be glad to supply some very attractive literature, describing in detail the many delights of winter in California.

The rate from Independence to Los Angeles and return is \$58.90.

Limit six months, allowing stopovers in either direction. Similar excursion rates are in effect to all California points.

For full information, sleeping car reservations and tickets, call on, telegraph, or write G. A. Wilcox, Agent, Independence, or Wm. McMurray, Gen. Pass. Agt., Portland, Oregon.

**INDEPENDENCE AND
MONMOUTH RAILWAY**
TIME TABLE

**FROM INDEPENDENCE
FOR DALLAS**
Train No 64 leaves Independence daily 6:00 a. m.; leaves Monmouth 6:15 a. m.; arrives Dallas 6:40 a. m.
Train No 68 leaves Independence daily 10:50 a. m.; leaves Monmouth, 11:05 a. m.; arrives Dallas, 11:30 a. m.
Train No 70 leaves Independence daily 4:15 p. m.; leaves Monmouth 4:30 p. m.; arrive Dallas 4:55 p. m.
FOR AIRLIE
Train No 73 leaves Independence daily 2:30 p. m.; leaves Monmouth 2:50 p. m.; arrives Airlie 3:25 p. m.
**FROM DALLAS
FOR INDEPENDENCE**
Train No 65 leaves Dallas daily 8:30 a. m.; leaves Monmouth 8:55 a. m.; arrives Independence 9:15 a. m.
Train No 69 leaves Dallas daily 1:00 p. m.; leaves Monmouth 1:25 p. m.; arrives Independence 1:40 p. m. This train connects at Monmouth for Airlie.
Train No 71 leaves Dallas daily 7:35 p. m.; leaves Monmouth 8 p. m.; arrives Independence 8:15 p. m.
FROM AIRLIE
Train No 72 leaves Airlie daily 4:05 p. m.; leaves Monmouth 4:40 p. m.; arrives Independence 4:55 p. m.

**Do You Want to
Sell Your Farm?**

Do you want to borrow money on it? Write me. I buy and sell, and lend money on Willamette Valley Farms at lowest rates. All correspondence confidential.

H. E. MOONEY
Falling Bldg., Portland.

**D. TAYLOR
BARBER**

Tub and Shower Baths in Connection
MAIN STREET
Independence, Ore.

G L Hawkins
Dallas, Ore.

Marble and
Granite
Monuments and Headstones Cemetery work etc.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

**Wilmer's
Escape.**

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Lake Hammond penitentiary had been built on an island in the lake from which it took its name long before the campers discovered what a lovely place the lake was. At the time of its building Hammond had been fifty miles from the nearest town of any size, and only a spur track ran down to the shore of the lake, connecting with the flat bottomed boat that ferried the freight cars over to the island. Now the south shore fairly bristled with camps and huge hotels. Even on the north the beach and the numerous little islands were dotted with white tents and weather stained log huts.

The campers objected to the presence of the penitentiary, with its great gray barracks and its forbidding iron bars across the windows. That the penitentiary was there first did not alter the situation. The permanent campers wished the prison removed that they might enjoy their three months in camp untroubled by the thought of a possible jail delivery.

No stone walls surrounded the island. Only here and there a guard hut dotted the white expanse of the stone pier, which had been built entirely about the island, ready to shoot at any prisoner who might rashly try to escape. Few tried. It was a good two miles to the nearest shore, and in the winter the white expanse of ice made a background against which a convict would become a fair target for the guns.

Nancy Barlow liked to run her boat in close to the wall and wave her hand to the prisoners sullenly working on the new wing. They could not wave back, she knew, but she liked to believe that this sign from the world outside cheered them in their work. The guards all came to know her and the trim little racing motor boat. They presented arms with a grin as she sped past the wall, and Nancy had the feeling that they answered for the prisoners.

Her little motor was the fastest boat on the lake, and she spent her days speeding up and down the placid surface. She consumed vast quantities of petrol, but the outdoor life was bringing back the roses to her cheeks, and James Barlow would have run a pipe line to the lake if necessary to bring about that result. He had refused his consent to the marriage of Nancy and Fred Wilmer, but he felt vaguely troubled when he saw how the girl had drooped. She was all he had left in the world, and he could not lose her too. It was as much this as a tendency to wildness on Wilmer's part that had led to his refusal, and could he have found Wilmer he would have reconsidered his determination.

But Wilmer had dropped from sight, and none of his old acquaintances knew what had become of him.

Nancy had learned to handle a motor under his guidance on the lake the year before, and her devotion to the boat was in part due to that fact. As she guided the little craft among the channels he had shown her, she liked to dream day dreams of the time when they two should share a boat again. So real was the imagined presence at times that now, as Nancy puffed past the prison island and looked on the parade ground, she rubbed her eyes as she noticed the leader of a file of convicts making their way along the edge of the wall.

It did not seem possible that it could be Wilmer, but, as the little file came nearer, she was certain. Wilmer had never worn a mustache, and there was no mistaking the face. She even fancied that she caught a gleam of recognition in his eyes, as he passed with firm tread. She shut off the power and turned to look after the men in the striped suits. It came as a shock to her that Wilmer was wearing the stripes. She was certain that he had done nothing to deserve imprisonment. It must have been all a mistake, and he had been too proud to call upon his friends for aid. She turned her boat, determined to visit the prison office and find out something about the causes which had led to his incarceration.

As she did so there was a sudden commotion in the line. The even tread of the lockstep was broken, and Wilmer, with a sudden dash, had knocked down the keeper and sprung into the water.

A score of keepers rushed to the water wall and emptied their rifles after the escaping convict, while two of the prison boats which happened to be close at hand started in pursuit. Nancy was quicker yet. Throwing on full speed, she faced the fire from the shore and from the first of the two boats. In a moment she was beside Wilmer, helping him into the launch. Then she sprang to the wheel again and headed for the mainland.

"Why didn't you let us know that you were in trouble?" she demanded as the boat, once more under control, hummed toward the shore. "We would have helped you out. You know that, Fred."

"Only got here yesterday," he explained. "I was going to look you up after my escape, but it is a case of business first."

"You know the little cave up on the mountain?" she asked. "Make for that and I will bring you other clothes this afternoon."

"Your father might object to loaning his clothes to a convict," suggested Wilmer, with a laugh.

"I don't care whether he does or not," said Nancy bravely. "You are in trouble, and he will have to see you

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Polk.

SUMMONS.

Alma Art Palmer, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ethel V. Jordan, Archelus P. Jordan, Cora Glays Jordan and Lawrence V. Jordan infants, by their guardian Archelus M. Jordan, and Veril Brown, Roy Brown and Edna Brown infants, by their guardian, Eugene Palmer, Defendant.

Department No 2.
To, Ethel V. Jordan, Archelus P. Jordan, Cora Glays Jordan and Lawrence V. Jordan infants, and their guardian Archelus M. Jordan.

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You and each of you, are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before Thursday, the 7th day of January, 1909; that being the last day for your appearance or answer by you. And if you fail so to appear and answer the same for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a decree against you, and each of you for the relief prayed for in plaintiff's complaint herein, to-wit:

For the reformation of the description of the land devised by Almon H. Palmer in his last will to William P. Palmer and Lou Emma Palmer, and the description of said premises in the records and proceedings of the administration of the estate of said Almon H. Palmer in the County Court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, and reforming the same to read as follows:

Beginning at the south-west corner of the donation land claim of S. L. Campbell No. 64, Not. No. 2273 in T. 8 S. of R. 5 West of the Willamette Meridian in Polk county, Oregon. Thence north 160 rods; thence east 25 5-19 rods; thence south 14 rods; thence east 74 14-19 rods thence south 146 rods; thence west 100 rods to the place of beginning.

Second. For the reformation of the description of the premises belonging to the estate of William P. Palmer, deceased, wherever the same occurs in the administration of the estate of said William P. Palmer, deceased, in the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, in the record entries thereof and in the administrator's deed to this plaintiff as purchaser of said premises and reforming the same to read as follows:

The south one-third of the following described premises: Beginning at the south-west corner of the donation land claim of S. L. Campbell No. 64 Not. No. 2273 in T. 8 S. of R. 5 west of the Willamette Meridian in Polk county, Oregon. Thence north 160 rods; thence east 25 5-19 rods; thence south 14 rods; thence east 74 14-19 rods; thence south 146 rods; thence west 100 rods to the place of beginning.

Third. For the reformation of the description of the lands belonging to the estate of Lou Emma Palmer, deceased, wherever the same occurs in the administration of the estate of said Lou Emma Palmer, deceased, in the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk, in the record entries of said court, and in the administrators' deed to this plaintiff of said premises, and reforming the same to read as follows:

The north one-third of the following described premises: Beginning at the south-west corner of the donation land claim of S. L. Campbell No. 64 Not. No. 2273, in T. 8 S. of R. 5 W. of the Willamette Meridian in Polk county, Oregon., Thence north 160 rods; thence east 25 5-19 rods; thence south 14 rods; thence east 74 14-19 rods; thence south 146 rods; thence west 100 rods to the place of beginning.

And that plaintiff be adjudged and decreed to be the owner in fee simple of all said premises.

This summons is published for six consecutive weeks in the Independence Enterprise by order of the Hon. Ed F. Coad, judge of the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Polk. Which said order was made at chambers in the city of Dallas in said county and state on the 23rd day of November, 1908. The date of the first publication of this summons is November 26th, 1908, and the date of the last publication thereof is the 7th day of January, 1909.

N. L. BUTLER
Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Independence and Monmouth Railway Company will be held at the Independence National Bank in Independence, Oregon, at 10 o'clock a. m., on Thursday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1908, for the purpose of electing officers and such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

D. W. SEARS,
Secretary.

**My Lady
And Perkins.**

By C. B. LEWIS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Associated Literary Press.

My lady has reached the age of sixty. She has become nearsighted and a bit deaf. She was rheumatic, and she had a slight stoop and somewhat of an uncertain gait. But for the vigilance of her maid, Perkins, she would have looked every month of her age and passed for the old woman she was.

It was Perkins who skillfully padded her gowns and applied the dainty pink and white complexion and who gave her daily lessons in the art of remaining a young woman.

It was Perkins who had told her for the last dozen years that she looked under forty and who made each birthday count one less instead of one more. In her way, and it was a good way, Perkins was a jewel of the first water.

My lady had wealth. When, at the age of forty, she had married again, only to become a widow for the second time within three years, her cash income had been largely added to.

At fifty a third ardent suitor appeared, but my lady decided to preserve her widowhood and retain control of her money. At sixty she had herself and she had Perkins. Five years previously, when the woman had come to her, she had said:

"Perkins, I am a frivolous thing of thirty-five."

"Yes'm," replied Perkins as she mentally added twenty years to the figures. "I am frivolous, but not quite a fool."

"No'm."

"And I want you to help me from becoming one."

"Certainly, m'm."

"If you see me flirting or acting giddy, as most young women are apt to do at times, put your foot down and stop it."

"I will, m'm."

"Should I really fall in love, Perkins—should I be so giddy and frivolous and foolish as to think of marriage, put both feet down and bring me to my senses ere it is too late. That's all this evening, Perkins."

Thus Perkins became lady's maid, chaperon and adviser combined. She was the keeper of the keys and the watchdog of the treasury. She was a good judge of human character and a close estimator of how far a flirtation could go and still come under the head of harmless.

On several occasions, when things had gone their limit, she had announced the fact, and my lady had turned her back on the affair.

It was one season at Nice when things went wrong. Perkins was finding it hard work to keep the wrinkles rubbed away. My lady was beginning to notice her own stoop and limp, and she was almost ready to acknowledge that she felt all of forty-eight and a few minutes over.

Count DuBois made his appearance at this opportune moment. He was a real French count, if that was worth anything. He was also a spendthrift and a gambler. He had about reached the end of his tether when he got around to Nice on a tour of adventure and ran across my lady and her friends.

His reputation soon caught up with him, but in Europe a title excuses much. There was almost at once an open flirtation between my lady and the count, and for a time the Argus eyed Perkins watched it and said nothing.

However, when Mrs. Grundy had begun to nod and wink and whisper behind her fan, she took my lady in hand. On all previous occasions the dear old thing had heaved a sigh or two, shrugged her shoulders and submitted to the inevitable, but on this occasion, to Perkins' great surprise, she proved obdurate.

"Perkins, I am surely in love," she replied.

"But you can't be. You are too—too young."

"But I know that I am in love, and I shall marry the count, poor boy."

Perkins came back at her with enough statistics to swamp the characters of three or four adventurers, but my lady had made up her mind and nothing could move her. Perkins knew when to argue and when to conceal herself behind the portieres.

Before the count left the parlors next day she was in possession of all needed particulars. There was to be a yachting party of a dozen friends, and during the trip the engagement would be announced—two weeks later a marriage and a honeymoon trip.

The yacht would not make the harbor until a late hour in the evening, and the count would call for my lady in a carriage. He further threw out a suggestion. It was that Perkins be locked in her room at a certain hour to prevent her wandering about Nice during the evening hours and getting lost or falling off the quay.

Human jewels such as she had been known to disappear off the face of the earth while innocently taking the night air of that charming resort.

"But Perkins won't be advertised for as a lost jewel," said Perkins to herself as the count left the house, and for the next few hours her face wore an expression that ought to have put my lady on her guard, but didn't.

She was so mild and gentle and affectionate and she seemed so far from suspecting any sort of plot that she could have asked for a raise of salary and got it on the spot. As she didn't ask, it was not offered.

Neither did my lady think it best to tell her that she would soon be out of a place. That was another thing

**What Papers Do
You Read**

?

H. B. Geer tells of a farmer who once said: "I don't believe in your book learning, study and all that; I'd rather learn by experience." He did. That man a couple of years later lost out as a farmer and moved to town, where he made a very poor living working by the day and doubtless working for men who studied and read and thought about their business, and applied in it, as far as practicable, that which they had learned from books, periodicals and the experience of others given therein. It is the men who read; the men who study; the thoughtful men who support the farm journals. They are the men who read books and papers on agriculture, fruit growing, poultry culture and bee-keeping. They are the men who stand in the front rank; the leaders in their respective communities. These men have found that it pays to read and study on any subject in which they are interested and apply their knowledge in their everyday work.



is published for this class of farmers and stock raisers. Every week it contains articles by men who KNOW. Practical experience is what counts and you get it from others through the Pacific Homestead, published at Salem, Oregon, each Thursday. Subscription price \$1 per year, sample copy free.

West Side Enterprise - \$1.50
Pacific Homestead - - 1.00
The two for \$2.00

Remit to either paper.

H. Hirschberg, Pres. A. Nelson, Vice Pres. C. W. Irvine, Cash.

**The
Independence National Bank**

Incorporated 1889

Transacts a General Banking Business

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Directors: H. Hirschberg, A. Nelson, D. W. Sears, B. F. Smith and J. E. Rhodes.

INSURANCE

Anyone wishing good reliable Fire Insurance
Call on or write to

S. E. BUSH, INDEPENDENCE, ORE.

Agent for Beaver State Merchants Mutual of Portland and the Bankers Merchant Mutual of Forest Grove.



THERE IS STYLE

In the harness we make and sell. They give a distinguished appearance to a rig and a gallantry to horses. They fit. Harness should fit the same as a suit of clothes. We make them to fit. This is the only strictly harness and repair shop in Polk county. We handle everything in the harness line.

A. F. SALFICKY,
Dallas Oregon.

Dallas Steam Laundry

Best Work Guaranteed
Basket leaves Tuesday 6 p m and returns Friday

Cleve Robinson Agent
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

**E. H. NACHAND
Painter and Paperhanger**

I have recently located in this city and am prepared to do all kinds of House, Sign, and Carriage Painting, Paper Hanging, Glazing, etc. My prices are reasonable and I guarantee satisfaction. Estimates freely furnished.

Leave Orders with Bice & Calbreath
or telephone Main 449.