



Great Holiday Sale

Of all Our Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Furs, Coats

From now on until after the holidays we are offering bargains in ready-to-wear goods that surpass all former efforts to unload a big stock

Fur Coats Reduced

- Black Fur Coats, lined throughout with Skinner's satin, \$45 values, reduced to **\$34**
- Brown Fur Coats, lined throughout with satin, regular \$25 value for **\$19**
- Black Fur Coat, lined with high-grade satin, \$40 values for **\$32**
- Very Classy Black Coats, regular \$30 values reduced to **\$24**

Fur Scarfs and Muffs Reduced

Our entire stock, without reserve, comprising all high-grade Mink, Fox, etc., as well as the moderate priced lines.

New Petticoats

J. L. STOCKTON

New Skirts



1721 COATS, SKIRTS, SUITS

The Hunters

(Original)
 Marcus Hunter was left an orphan when he was seven years old. He had no brothers or sisters, no home, no money, no anything. An uncle who was well to do took him to his house against his wife's wishes, and the boy's life there was one of misery. When he was seventeen the uncle died, and the aunt turned the boy out of the house. He found a position as clerk in a business house. In ten years he set up for himself.

His relatives who during this period had ignored him now began to nod pleasantly to him when they met him and invited him to their houses. The aunt, who had made life a burden to him, reminded him of the pleasant days that he had spent under her roof and how happy it had made her to be a mother to him.

Just as Mark was getting on his feet in a business way a commercial panic came on. He needed a little assistance to tide him over the crisis and applied to those of his relatives who were able to help him. He began by telling them that he would like to talk over his affairs with them with a view to getting their advice. He got no further than this, for each and every one of them pronounced himself incompetent to advise him. This shut the poor fellow off, as they intended. He failed. Then his relatives dropped him again.

When the commercial storm was over Mark went to work for a man who was a business genius. He took a great fancy to his clerk and promoted him rapidly, finally making him second only to himself. Then the employer died childless and left about all there was of the business to his protégé.

Marcus died a multimillionaire. Just before his death he made a will, in which he directed that the house in which he had passed his lonely life—he never married—should be closed by his executor from the day of his death till one week after the funeral, when an auction should take place of everything it contained. No one was to be admitted to the sale except his relatives.

Since he left no direct heirs, most of the relatives were present at the reading of the will, each hoping for a substantial remembrance. When they heard this singular provision and learned that the testator had left no legacy to any one of them they naturally inferred that he had concluded to remember them by leaving their legacies in different articles of furniture. But what a singular way! Ten thousand dollars might be in a hollow cane, while but \$1,000 had been placed in a rosewood desk. Yet the cane might be knocked down for a dollar, while the desk might bring \$100. Was there ever such a way devised for distributing millions of money? The will further stated that the amount realized from the sale was to be expended by the executor for a monument to the deceased.

When the day of the sale came around it was astonishing how many relatives Hunter had left behind him. There were Hunters innumerable both by name and in reality. A protest was made to the executor that many of them were not related to the testator and should not be admitted. But he argued that by the terms of the will the sale must take place then and there and there was no time to examine credentials.

The crowd were kept waiting while articles were first sold that could not possibly contain anything such as uncovered crockery. On these there were only such bids as would serve to get them out of the way. But when it came to articles in which stacks of bills could be placed the bidding became furious. As soon as an article was knocked down the buyer wished to get at it, but was informed that he could not have it till after the sale. The bidders had every variety of opinion as to what articles were most likely to contain large amounts, so that anything wooden or hollow brought excellent prices. A kitchen table with a drawer (locked and no key) brought \$100, an upholstered sofa \$200, a cane fishing rod \$150. A stepladder with a hollow handle large enough to contain a dozen \$1,000 bonds brought \$275. One of the favorites was a plaster bust of Abraham Lincoln. Such busts are usually hollow, and this would naturally attract an ingenious hide. It brought \$655 and was the cause of a protracted quarrel between two different branches of Hunters.

Well, the last article was finally knocked down, and buyers were told that they might take away their purchases. A rush was made for the articles, but few were removed. Several purchasers had brought hammers and with these began to smash their articles. The signal was a crack on the head of Abraham Lincoln's bust, which dropped into a couple of dozen pieces. An exclamation of rage went up from the man who had paid the enormous price for it. From that moment the crash of furniture, the ripping of upholstery and the smashing of glass and stoneware were mingled with oaths and exclamations of disappointment. Not a single article knocked down by the auctioneer contained one cent or one cent's worth of property.

The next morning the newspapers announced that the late Marcus Hunter had a few days before his death given away his whole property, \$4,000,000, to institutions for the poor.

The Hunter monument is one of the handsomest in Sleepy Hollow cemetery.
 FLORENCE NORTON.

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

SUMMONS.

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

Department No 2.
 To, Ethel V. Jordan, Archaelus P. Jordan, Cora Glayds Jordan and Lawrence V. Jordan infants, and their guardian Archaelus 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 190 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 of Final Account.

In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon for Polk county; in the matter of the estate of Robert Wilson, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Lillie J. Wilson, executrix of the estate of Robert Wilson, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement, and filed in said court, her final account of her administration of said estate, and that Friday, the 22d day of January, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the County Court rooms of said Court, in the city of Dallas, Polk county, Oregon, has been appointed by the judge of the Court, for the settlement of said account, which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file exceptions in writing to said account and contest the same.

LILLIE J. WILSON,
 Executrix of the estate of Robert Wilson, deceased.
 B. F. JONES, Attorney 29-33

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered to be the most effective remedy for kidney and bladder troubles that medical science can devise. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities, builds up worn out tissues and restores lost vitality. It will make you feel well and look well. P. M. Kirkland.

Dr. Allin, Dentist, Cooper Bldg. 12

The Cowardly Guard

(Original.)

When I was in Colorado away back in the sixties I one morning left Denver for the south. It was the day of road agents, and I confess I felt somewhat nervous. I was told by the Wells-Fargo people that the coach would be guarded by one of their men, Dick Steele, whom they considered worth half a dozen ordinary men. This satisfied me, for from the time I entered the state I had heard of the brave deeds of this same Dick Steele.

When we were about to start and Steele was pointed out to me I was surprised. He was a little fellow about five feet five inches, and I couldn't see how he could terrify even a single robber, and there were often several in the parties who robbed coaches. However, he had an eye which, like his name, was steel, and a cold looking steel at that, and I put him down for one of those men in whom nerve takes the place of muscle.

I made the trip out and back with Steele, and there was no occasion for the Wells-Fargo man to show his mettle. When I left Denver for Cheyenne to take the Union Pacific railroad for the east Steele was again the guard. This time when we were midway on our journey we heard the cry ahead, "Hold up your hands!" and the coach came to a stop. A man came and stood on one side of the coach, holding us all covered with a brace of revolvers, while two others on the other side opened the stage door, threw down the steps and called to us to alight. Steele was in the middle seat and next person to the open door. We all expected him to suddenly bristle with weapons and kill the two men before they knew what hurt them. Instead of that he tumbled out with his hands in the air as nimbly as a young fawn.

Seeing that we had no protection from this vaunted hero, we all got out and stood in line while the road agents relieved us of everything about us of any value. Evidently they had never seen Steele before, for they treated him just like the rest of us. I thought perhaps he might stoop and pull a pair of revolvers from his boots; but, although he had no especial watching, he did not make the slightest movement. When the robbers were through with us they ordered us back into the coach and told the driver to move on.

As soon as we were free from the robbers there was a great outburst against Steele. "You're a pretty guard!" "Where did you get your reputation

for bravery?" "The biggest coward in the coach!" These were some of the protests that were hurled against the man of much reputation. His conduct in bearing them convinced every one that he was not only not brave, but unusually cowardly. He did not resent a single one of these insulting reproaches. Indeed, he did not seem to hear them, keeping his eye out the window looking at the ground we passed over and watching for something.

Presently the road made a turn, and the coach passed around it and behind a clump of trees. Steele flung open the coach door, jumped out, unstrapped the Winchester from under the boot and started back, stooping among some bushes so as not to be seen.

I am not a brave man, but I am a very curious one. Seized with a desire to see the rest of the story for myself, I alighted and went after the guard. We had gone about half a mile from the spot where we had been robbed, and a third of this distance was a depression in the ground. Taking position in this depression, I could see all I wanted to see. I saw Steele dodging along a short distance ahead of me, and about the same distance beyond him were the robbers dividing the swag they had taken from us. Then from out a clump of sagebrush I saw a puff of smoke, heard the crack of Steele's Winchester, and a robber fell. Before I could have counted five there were another puff and crack, and another robber fell. The third man had only time to look wildly about him when he, too, went down.

Then Steele advanced cautiously. As he approached one of the robbers raised himself on his elbow and was about to fire at Steele when the guard dropped him, this time for good. Steele went to the place where the bodies lay, gathered up their spoil, turned and came slowly back. When he came up to me I remarked to him that he had been very lucky to find the robbers engaged, and he replied that they usually divided the plunder at once, so that each man could shift for himself without losing his share.

I went back with the little man to the coach, which was standing where we had left it, and Steele asked each person to pick out his belongings, which he was not slow in doing.

Then followed an apology from every one who had rated the guard for his cowardice. Some of those who had been most abusive looked a bit terror stricken, thinking that they might be called to account. But Steele paid no more attention to the apologies than he had paid to the abuse, merely remarking that a man who blustered up against another man's gun when the muzzle was toward him was a fool.

THE HALL OF FAME.

A daughter was born recently at Squirrel Island, Maine, to Mrs. J. R. M. Dillon. This is said to be the first baby ever born on the island.

After conducting a large grocery business in Belfast, Me., for more than fifty years Frank M. Lancaster of that town, aged ninety-one, has decided that he deserves a rest.

King William and Queen Charlotte of Wurttemberg recently made a balloon ascension with Count von Zeppelin, an experience said to be unique among members of royal families.

King Edward changes his attire about three times a day, and he orders about thirty new suits every year, and at Buckingham palace, Windsor castle and Sandringham he keeps a stock of about 200.

Carl Goldmark, the veteran composer, at the age of seventy-eight has brought out a new opera, "A Winter's Tale," with text from Shakespeare, which is spoken of as a new departure and has been meeting with much success in Europe.

General William Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, has issued a long manifesto eloquently pleading for the equality of women with men and exhorting every member of his army to embrace this view and train his children to this end.

Kingdon Gould, son of George J. Gould, is working in the mines of Guanajuato as a common miner under the instruction and supervision of Professor Kemp, instructor of geology of Columbia university, where young Gould has been studying mining engineering.

Dr. Yung Wing, former Chinese commissioner of education and now a resident of Hartford, is interdicted from returning to China. "He is now a proscribed man, with a bounty of 150,000 taels upon his head," says the Hartford Courant. "His last visit was in 1902, when he made some effort to revive the liberal movements which were attended with such success earlier in his career, but it was an utter failure."

German Gleanings.

A statue of Liebig is to be erected in Darmstadt, where he was born in 1803.

In some parts of Germany glass telephone poles re-enforced by wire are in use.

There are in Germany some 9,000 chemical factories, with nearly 200,000 workers, who receive in wages over \$50,000,000 a year.

The first electric ferryboat in Germany has just been launched at Duisburg. It has twin screws, which are propelled by an accumulating current from two electric motors of fifty horsepower capacity. The boat can carry 845 passengers, besides horses, automobiles and vehicles.

What Papers Do You Read?

It 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. 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 doubting 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 invest and study on any subject in which they are interested and apply their knowledge in their everyday work.