

Independence Enterprise

CHARLES EDWARD HICKS

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O. A. C. WANTS POULTRY FACTS

The Oregon Agricultural College, wishing to secure definite information as to poultry keeping on the farm, the methods followed and results secured, are sending letters to a large number of farmers so as to get their observations on this branch of agriculture. A summary of the facts secured will be made and published in bulletin form.

If a sufficient number will answer the questions asked they should get some information that will be valuable in their work of promoting this industry in Oregon.

The prices of poultry products are such as to warrant greater attention being given to this branch of farming. Even with the attention that is now given to poultry-keeping, the industry is an important one. From the best information available, the poultry and eggs produced in this state in 1908 reached a total of nearly \$5,000,000. In spite of this thousands of dollars are sent out of this state every year for poultry and eggs, and if this money could be kept among our own farmers it would add much to the material prosperity of our rural communities.

The agricultural college wishes to get information from the farmers themselves on the subject so that it may better understand the needs of the industry and be better able to recommend methods for improving it.

If you will take Foley's Orino Laxative until the bowels become regular you will not have to take purgatives constantly, as Foley's Orino Laxative positively cures chronic constipation and sluggish liver. Pleasant to take. P. M. Kirkland.

Failed to Appear in Court.

Conrad Krebs, despite the fact he was placed under arrest by Constable Ira Hamilton following a fight with Leonard McMahan, attorney, Monday night, failed to appear in Justice Dan Webster's court yesterday as told to do and was in Portland instead.

Consequently his trial has been postponed for a few days. What charge has been lodged against the hop man is not known. McMahan did not appear in court and has not been arrested as yet. Interesting developments are expected to grow out of the old time feud.—Statesman.

Brave Fire Laddies

often receive severe burns, puttin out fires, then use Bucklen's Arnica Salve and forget them. It soon drives out pain. For burns, scalds, wounds, cuts and bruises it's earth's greatest healer. Quickly cures skin eruptions, old sores, boils, ulcers, felons; best pile cure made. Relief is instant. 25c at all druggists.

Noted Educator in West.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, and chairman of the first Philippine Commission, one of America's noted educators, is making a tour of the country, being entertained by the commercial and educational organizations. He was a guest of the Portland Commercial Club at luncheon Saturday and was given a dinner at the University Club Saturday evening.

Don't Get a Divorce.

A western judge granted a divorce on account of ill-temper and bad breath. Dr. King's New Life Pills would have prevented it. They cure constipation, causing bad breath and liver trouble, the ill temper, dispel colds, banish headaches, conquer chills. 25c at all druggists.

Big Crowds Coming West.

1909 will be the travel year for the Pacific Northwest. The most advantageous rates are in this direction. All of the great railroads of the country are going to bend their efforts toward presenting the resources of this portion of the United States throughout the East, Canada and Europe. The Portland Rose Show and the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be important features and railroad men in all the large centers of population predict an enormous travel.

You would not delay taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at the first sign of kidney or bladder trouble if you realized that neglect might result in Bright's disease or diabetes. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities and cures all kidney and bladder disorders. P. M. Kirkland.

Fate and Mrs. Bayard.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"You may come in," called Ethel, eyeing approvingly the tall, well-proportioned figure in the doorway. "I'm hiding," she explained as Chisholm came forward. "I'm hiding from a man."

"Remarkable" was Chisholm's quiet comment as he dropped into a chair opposite the settee on which Miss Sprague sat. "I have come here to hide from a woman—a woman I never met."

Ethel clapped her hands. "Wouldn't it be funny if it happened that you were running away from me and I were running away from you and we both should be hiding here together—from each other?"

"More than likely we are the victims of Mrs. Bayard's well intentioned efforts," asserted Chisholm. "It is odd that after dodging Mrs. Bayard we should find ourselves in the same retreat with the common aim of avoiding each other."

"If you should tell me your name," suggested Ethel, "we could find out if we really are the only two victims of Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking craze."

"And rob the situation of its piquancy?" objected Chisholm. "No, Miss—er—Miss Dimples. I think we will enjoy a chat far more, because we are not absolutely certain that presently we will emerge from our retreat only to be pounced upon by the energetic Mrs. Bayard, thereupon to be introduced to each other while the world—our little world—looks on and smiles its commiseration."

"Mrs. Bayard means well," declared Ethel, "but it is dreadful the way she goes around introducing people with a look that says, 'Now I have introduced you young people I shall expect you to be married immediately, because you are perfectly suited to each other.' Every one finds such amusement in Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking that her victims are marked persons, so they come to hate each other."

"If she were content with mere hints it would not be so bad," continued Chisholm comfortably, "but she had me over here this morning to tell me that tonight I should meet my fate."

"And she wrote me," explained Ethel. "It seems that she has three sets of victims here tonight, so as soon as I came I made straight for this flirtation nook. Mrs. Bayard believes in flirtation booths to further her amiable ends, and it seemed a clever bit of satire to take refuge in one of her matrimonial traps."

"I felt much the same way," assented Chisholm. "Of course some time in the course of the evening I shall have to undergo the ordeal, but I am trying to defer her introduction until the last moment."

"This is the first time that I ever have been warned that I must marry, whether or no, and—well, I don't suppose that it would sound right to say that I am bashful, but I don't seem to fancy the idea."

"Which is ungrateful when Mrs. Bayard goes to such trouble on our account," reminded Ethel. "She gives three or four balls a year just to 'bring people together,' as she expresses it."

"Just as though the people would not find each other if let alone!" commented Chisholm, with a laugh. "Now, I can imagine that in happier circumstances I might!"

"What?" demanded Ethel as Chisholm paused.

"I was going to say," he concluded, "that left to myself I might perhaps have carried out Mrs. Bayard's wishes through natural impulse and not through a sense of duty."

Ethel colored softly at the remark, for the meaning was not to be mistaken. Moreover, she suddenly regretted the matchmaking propensities of her hostess, which had resulted in prejudicing the mind of this new found acquaintance against her.

"I remember when I was a youngster in short trousers," reminisced Chisholm, "that one day my father mixed a pall of whitewash, placed a brush beside it and gave me strict orders not to whitewash the chicken coops because I did not have the requisite skill. Then he went downtown, and I took chances on a thrashing to prove that I could do it."

"We always want to do the forbidden things," assented Ethel. "I suppose we inherit the trait from our first parents."

"It's human nature," agreed Chisholm. "Now, if Mrs. Bayard had said, 'Above all things, keep away from Miss—er—Dimples,' I should have hunted up the introduction the very first thing instead of running off to hide."

"And then you make my acquaintance the very first thing, just the same."

"But we are not certain, you know," pleaded Chisholm eagerly. "You said yourself that there were four other victims."

"But of course we are one of the pairs," insisted Ethel.

"Perhaps not of the same pair. It may be that through some happy chance fate has been permitted to take a hand and do things right."

"If you would tell me who you are," suggested Ethel, "we could settle the matter."

"And spoil it all," reminded Chisholm.

"Then I shall tell you my name," declared Ethel firmly. "I am—"

Let us enjoy these few minutes with out the thought that fate and Mrs. Bayard are contriving to make us hateful to each other."

"If I am hateful"—suggested Ethel, rising.

"Don't go," pleaded Chisholm. "I didn't mean it that way. You are not hateful. You are a most adorable and charming young woman. It is only as an inevitable thing that you could become—not hateful, but—"

"Irritating," suggested Ethel, resuming her seat. "I suppose that when we are introduced I shall feel the same way about you."

"Then you do not feel that way now?" he pressed.

"You are not hateful—yet," she conceded. "I think that I should like you if I were not certain that Mrs. Bayard is looking everywhere for us to give the detested introduction."

"Then don't let us be introduced," pleaded Chisholm. "I mean not by our hostess. We can get some one else to introduce us, and when Mrs. Bayard sees us talking together she will leave us alone."

"Perhaps that might be done," agreed Ethel thoughtfully. "The only trouble is that so few here know me. It would be running a risk to go in search of an introducer."

"Then we might go and look for—the devil," he completed unexpectedly as the palms which screened the entrance parted and Mrs. Bayard swept in.

"There you are," she cried, shaking a plump, roguish forefinger at the pair. Mrs. Bayard would insist on being kittenish in spite of 200 pounds of all too solid flesh. "I have been looking everywhere for you two," she added, and Chisholm groaned. Evidently they were one of Mrs. Bayard's "pairs."

"I think it's a shame," continued the good lady. "There are Mr. Wynne and Miss Maurer flirting desperately, and all the time I've been looking for you two to introduce you to them."

A gleam of interest shone in Chisholm's eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Bayard," he suggested, "don't you think that perhaps it would be well to let that infatuated couple alone and rest content with introducing us to each other?"

"Miss Sprague—Mr. Chisholm," repeated the hostess, adding, "I am sure that you will like Miss Maurer when you meet her, Mr. Chisholm."

"I am quite convinced of that," assented Chisholm calmly. "I am already very grateful to Miss Maurer for occupying Mr. Wynne's attentions."

There was no mistaking the meaning and the mastery in Chisholm's tones. Mrs. Bayard turned and fled. Chisholm faced the blushing girl.

"Since it was fate and not Mrs. Bayard who took an interest in our affairs," he said significantly, "I—that is—there is a good half hour before the supper dance. Let's spend the time in getting better acquainted." And he sat down again, this time on the bench beside her.

His Lady's Tresses.

Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the biographer of the duchess, incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively, but charming.

On the death of the duke the duchess found in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued a mass of her hair. Years before when he had thwarted her in something she resolved to mortify him, and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass and in a place where he must see them, for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her and showed neither anger, sorrow nor surprise.

When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until after the death of the duke she found them among those things which he had held most precious.

How Oysters Drop Pearls.

"The pearl oyster gives its pearl to you as a pretty girl gives you her white hand," said a jeweler. "Did you think that, like an oyster opener in an eating bar, the fisher pried open the shell with a knife and vent jabbing about in the soft flesh? Oh, no—nothing so unpoetical. The oyster opens its lips and silently lets drop its pearl."

"The oysters," he explained, "are brought in to port and are laid on sloping boards, mouths downward. A few inches below their mouths is water. In two or three days the oysters become dreadfully dry and thirsty. The water tantalizes them. It increases their thirst. At last they open their shells, and if there are pearls within they roll forth and drop into the pans of water. That is how pearls are obtained. To open the oysters and search them is a useless task that is never thought of at the fisheries."

Too Much Equality.

"Why are you so vexed, Irma?" "I am so exasperated! I attended the meeting of the Social Equality league, and my parlor maid presided and had the audacity to call me to order three times!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Humor

A MODERN NOVEL.

Told in Tabloid About Mr. Stayleigh and His Beloved Gwendolyn.

CHAPTER I.

The lights in the hall were turned low. Mr. Stayleigh was taking his last leave of his beloved Gwendolyn. Accordingly he drew her to him and stole a last kiss.

At that precise moment the father emerged from the room facing the reception room farther down the hall and stepped briskly forward.

"Heavens!" gulped the girl. "I'm afraid he saw us!"

This fear deepened into absolute certainty as the father approached and said to Mr. Stayleigh:

"Young man, I should appreciate the favor of a few words with you in the library."

CHAPTER II.

Stayleigh followed the father, and the library door closed behind them. Meanwhile the girl, pale with anxiety, concealed herself behind a convenient portiere in order that she might be enabled to exchange a word with Mr. Stayleigh should her father permit him to go to the door unattended.

The staring eyes of the girl became fixed upon the closed library door, visible to her from her retreat, and she vainly endeavored to divine what was passing beyond.

Would Mr. Stayleigh be forbidden the house? Would she be admonished to think no more of him?

Whatever was happening, one thing was certain—the interview between the two men was long and earnest. This perplexed the girl, for, reasoned she, surely it consumes no more than a minute or two to dismiss an objectionable lover.

But stay! Perhaps Mr. Stayleigh was bravely defending himself. Indeed, it might even transpire that, taking his courage in both hands, he had in a way concluded to hold the lion at bay and boldly demand her hand in marriage.

CHAPTER III.

At last the door opened. Mr. Stayleigh came out alone. As he passed the portiere Gwendolyn emerged.

"Billy," she gasped, "what did papa say?"

"He asked me to lend him a hundred," replied Stayleigh in a tone betokening the old man's success.—Edwin Tarlisse in New York Herald.

A Little Mistake.

Lady (on the Metropolitan railway, London)—Please, sir, will you help me to get out at the next station? Gentleman—Why, certainly, ma'am. Lady—You see, sir, it's this way. Being rather stout, I have to turn around and get out backward, and the porters always think I am getting in, so they push me back into the carriage and say, "Hurry up, ma'am." I've passed four stations that way already.—Success Magazine.

Eclipsed.

Gunner—Fogg certainly loves his wife. He actually wears the neckties she makes him.

Guy—Yes, but Harker goes that one better.

Gunner—Yes? Guy—I should say so. He wears the red mittens his wife knitted.—Chicago News.

A Safe Return.

"I went home to see the old folks recently and introduced myself to them as the prodigal son."

"So they wouldn't mistake you for the fatted calf?"

A Side Path.

"I suppose," said the facetious stranger, watching a workman spread a carpet from the church door to the curb, "that's the highroad to heaven you're fixing up?"

"No," replied the man; "this is merely a bridal path."—Harper's Weekly.

Burdensome.

Mrs. De Flashleigh (dressing for charity ball)—I suppose I'll have to wear all my diamonds. Livingstone? Mr. De Flashleigh—Do as you please, dear, but if you fatigue you don't expect me to lug them around.—Puck.

Friend of His.

"You always speak kindly of Pamith."

"Yes, I've grown very fond of him."

"Why?"

"He tried to cheat me the other day, and he couldn't."—Cleveland Leader.

IF MONEY COULD BUY SIGHT

Unfortunates who have for years neglected to consult a competent optician would gladly pay the price, but there are so many cases in which the optician cannot give the vision he would like to with lenses because the eyes have been constantly strained and continually neglected.

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