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An Able Advocate

This is the true story of how Professor Driesback got his wife.

Professor Herman Driesback, botanist, seeking specimens in Arizona, rode up to a tavern, hitched his horse to a post, went into the house and called for something to est. To say that the professor was engrossed in his profession to the exclusion of all else is to convey but a faint idea of

his enthrallment. But the moment had come when another kind of flora crossed Professor Driesback's path to turn his mind temporarily in a new channel. While he was sitting at table cating his dinner and thinking on the latest varieties of plants he had picked up a girl in a short skirt, cowhide boots, buckskin leggings and sombrers entered the room and, depositing a rifle in a corner, sat down at the table opposite the

man of science. "Mornin', stranger," she said. "Don't know who you are, but I'm Kate Mc-Clennon, ranchman's daughter. Who are you?"

"Professor Herman Driesback of

university, at your service." Now, the professor was thirty-two years of age and, although he wore spectacles, had a pair of mild blue eyes behind them, with which he looked at Kate McClennon. If Kate was a revelation to the professor the professor was a revelation to Kate, whose gentlemen admirers had thus far been made up of cowboys, gamblers and bed level is prosecuted. such like rude material. The acquaintance develops more rapidly than crocuses in springtime. After the meal both arose. The girl took her rifle, and they went out to where the professor had hitched his horse. Learning that the girl was going his way, he offered her a seat in his rattletrap buggy, which she accepted, and they took their departure in company.

They had not gone a mile when there was a clatter of horses' hoofs behind, a shot over their heads, and before the young woman could get her rifie in position for defense a man rode up, crying:

"Halt, you horse thief!"

Now, that the professor was a horse thief was proved by his own statement. When asked the color of his horse he frankly avowed that he was black, while the hue of the nag he

was driving was white. It didn't take the people thereabouts long to collect a jury of twelve good and true men to try the professor. There were no lawyers in those parts, but Professor Driesbach was assigned counsel in the person of a cowpuncher who had spent three months in a town lawyer's office. The professor was permitted to make his statement. He said he had driven up to the tavern, hitched his horse, gone out, got into his buggy and driven away. But since meanwhile his horse had changed from black to white his story did not impress people who had heard much more probable stories from horse stealers. His counsel was stumbling with a cock and a bull story (so it was considered) of a real horse thief having taken the prisoner's good black horse and substituted a poor white one when Kate McClennon took a hand in the proceedings.

"What do you roosters mean anyway? I know this here gentleman and have known him since he was a kid. Him and me used to play together in his mother's yard back in Missouri." Professor Driesbach opened his eyes.

'When he was six years old," continued his advocate, "he had a fit. After that he kept having fits. Then he began to steal things. Mother couldn't keep anything in the cubbard but he'd come in and steal it. And I couldn't save any pennies because he'd git 'em in spite of all I could do to hide 'em. Do you s'pose I told on him and got him licked? Not much. What'd I want to git a kid that had fits and scarlet fever and spinal meningitis into trouble for?"

The professor held his breath in

amazement. "And how could any one handicapped this way as a boy expect to make a man of himself? Of course he's a horse thief, and any one of you who'd had chicken pox and measles and mumps and fits when you was a boy would make a horse thief yourselves when you grew up. This here prisoner throws himself on the mercy of the

Before the plea was half finished the minds of the jurymen were made up, and Professor Driesback was acquitted without their leaving the boards

on which they sat. After the verdict the court, the acquitted man, his attorneys and the spectators went outside and were about to disperse when a couple of mounted men were seen driving a man on a black horse before them at the points of their revolvers. They ame up and stopped before the crowd.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the professor, "that's my horse!" Then to the man on his back, "Where did you find

"Find him?" growled one of his

guards. "He took him,"
"I'd been watchin'," said the thief, "an' when you drew up to the tavern I took a white hoss standin' near an' put him in place o' yourn. I knowed you was weak in the upper story an' I'd gain time."

A rope was brought for the horse thief, but the professor begged for the prisoner's life, and it was granted on condition that he leave the country. Mrs. Professor Driesback is now a

well educated woman. ANNA BENTLEY.

elections

THE WHITEWASH CAR.

How the Railroads Keep Tab on Uneven Trackage.

Curiosity is often displayed by travelers over the method employed in making mile after mile of trackage so level that scarcely an undulation can be felt as the whizzing train reels off the laps. This levelness is maintained

by the "whitewash" car. The "whitewash" car, says an exchange, is an ordinary vehicle fitted with a sort of whitewash magazine As the cars run over the rails at a moderate guit the developed sense of the division officials notes any inequalities, and at each one a valve is presson the tracks at the points where one of the new sleeves. later the working gangs get busy to make things even.

This homely "whitewash" car is giving way rapidly, however, to a more punish our enemies according to our modern and scientific arrangement in the way of a handsome coach elegantly fitted out with many comforts and in which is to be found a delicate instrument. This latter is so constructed that it registers all unevenness in the woman present. tracks on paper which has indicated on it the mileage and names of stations along the way, so that when a dure another's run is completed it will be shown just pain-unless you where repairing needs to be done. The are either his phyindicating sheet is sent to the proper sician or his traindepartment heads of the company, and |ed nurse. by them the work of making the road-

Breaking His Own Law.

When King Ferdinand of Bulgaria proclaimed himself czar at Tirnovo recently the members of his entourage agreed that any one omitting the title if some one else will stand the expense of "majesty" in addressing or referring to him should be fined 10 francs. The ministers heard of this and agreed to the same system of fines, which, coming to the notice of the prince, was heartily approved by him. On the railway journey from Tirnovo, after the proclamation, the ministers were continually handing out ten franc pieces. But Ferdinand himself provided the climax of the comedy, for just after rebuking the minister of finance and fining him "his majesty" referred unthinkingly to the "princess" instead of the "czarina," whereupon he was promptly called upon to deliver up 10 francs himself in forfelt.

Sevres Blue. The famous blue color given to the porcelain manufactured at Sevres has long been believed to be the result of a secret process, and many legends exist about it. Louis Franchet shows in the Revue Scientifique that it is an error to suppose that Sevres blue cannot be produced elsewhere. As a matter of fact, it is produced in many French potteries where sufficient care is taken and where pure oxide of cobalt is employed. Formerly it was difficult to procure this article without impurities, which injured the color, but chemical science has overcome all the difficulties. The same is true of the Chinese green known as celadon. It was invented in China, but it can be perfectly reproduced elsewhere.

London's Barges.

The picturesque and useful London barge, formerly so plentiful on the river reaches, is slowly vanishing. The coasting trade in and out of the Thames has been so bad lately that barges have had to look elsewhere for a living. The London barge is the most economic of all coasting vessels. Her rig is so simple that two men and a boy can work a barge carrying 200 tons dead weight. Her shallow draft and ponderous leeboards enable her to navigate channels across which a man could wade and to answer her helm like a racing yacht.-London Ex-

Cost of Battleships.

As figured out by London Answers. the annual cost of "running" a battleship of the Dreadnought class is \$500, 000 a year, of which \$200,000 goes for salaries and wages. Ammunition in time of peace costs \$60,000 a year, the expense of necessary target practice being very heavy. Victualizing, fuel. etc., make up the balance. Estimating the original cost of these ships at \$7,500,000 and allowing a life of twenty years, the cost from the first draft plans to the sale of the vessel as junk reaches a total of \$17,500,000.

Gloves in the Army. According to a decision of the in-

spector general of the army, neither officers nor enlisted men will wear field service. Enlisted men will also dispense with the use of white collars when doing field duty. Officers will be the service uniform when in garrison. The decision also forbids the use of white gloves, which were once looked upon as indispensable on some occasions by officers as well as enlisted men in the field.

The Latest London Fad.

Men's "engagement bracelets" have arrived in London. The bracelet is a plain flat band of pure gold, which is fastened tightly on to the wearer's arm above the elbow. It is snapped on to the arm with a buckle or joined with an invisible spring. When once it is on it cannot be removed except by a small needle specially manufactured to touch the spring in a tiny hole which is left for its insertion.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Don't get sick. Some of your long suffering friends may come around and insist upon your taking your own often prescribed medicine.



would be careful as possible of the feelings of our frieads if we could only privately convince ourselves of the right of our friends to possess feelings.

If there is anything that a woman ed, whereat a dash of whitewash falls yearns to have on hand nowadays it is

Life would be one grand sweet song if we could reward our friends and own private code.

No woman has cause for jealousy own and twent went went went with the only cause for jealousy It is hard to en-

Had the combination been just a little different every man is dead sure he would have been a great and glorious success.

It may be all right to be strenuous and let you reap the profits.

> Belated Praise. Sing a song of summer. Hard to chant its praises When the sun is boiling And it's hot as blazes, But its rare attractions Are immensely pleasing When the show comes drifting And our ears are freezing.

When the days have vanished When the days have varianteed that were full of splendor, Hot enough, I'll venture, Storage lard to render, How they strike our fancy Like a hammer tripping With a zero layout And the frost bug nippingt

Then we die of longing
For the breezes fleeting
That with blast of furnace Were at times competing, and we can in fancy Feel them fan our faces When we find old winter Getting down to cases.

Thus at every season Vain regrets come fretting For the one that's vanished, On its graces betting.

And we come reciting

Words serene and pleasant For the one that isn't On the job at present.

Regardless of the Future.



Some girls are just determined to marry, no matter if their husbands are so poor that they can't pay much allmony.

Some Drawbacks. She is young; she is fair; She is good to see, And her nut brown hair Has entangled me. And her round throat white Is without a flaw, But her voice is quite Like a crosscut saw.

In her cheeks' soft bloom Is the dew drenched rose Like a rich perfume, Now it comes and goes. But, alas, when she speaks She her English slays And the red gore reeks In each dripping phrase.

Knew His Line. "You can recommend the count, then, to be gentle and house broke and all that," said the American millionaire gloves hereafter when equipped for who was looking around for something choice in that line as a present for his

spolled daughter. "Yes," replied the marriage broker, allowed to wear a white collar with stroking his short whiskers, "he is all right, and you can safely put your money in him. He is one of our six best sellers.

> Superfluous. "I am sure of one thing," said the

homely woman. "What is that?" inquired the brutal man.

"That I can make myself plain." "Oh, impossible," murmured the brutal man.

Bound to Work. "I am troubled so with insomnia." "I have a sure cure."

"What is it, pray?" "Taking care of a baby that is teeth-

A Boomerang.

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"My dear," said Tom Weston to him wife, "I have a note this morning from Jim Atterbury asking an invitation for his especial friend, the Hon. Donald Chesterton, a younger son or something of a British lord. Please send him a bid."

"Donald Chesterton! I neves heard Mr. Atterbury speak of having friends among the British aristocracy."

The function referred to was a large dinner and cotillon to be given by Mrs. Weston, Atterbury was Mr. Weston's bosom friend and was privileged to ask of the Westons for what he chose. The invitation was sent, and when the evening came round Atterbury brought his friend to the dinner. Chesterton had mild blue eyes, soft flaxen hair parted in the middle and a cameo cut smooth shaved face. He wore the usual British monoc

"My friend Chesterton," said Atterbury, introducing him and at the same time slapping him on the back familinrly, "doesn't consider himself a indies' man. He loves to roam, now hunting in Chicago-beg pardon, I mean Africa-and now doing battle with the clubbers of Philadelphia-I mean the pirates of the Malay archi-

pelago." "What's the mafter with your tongue, Jim?" asked Weston. you drop in at the club for refreshment on your way over?"

"Nothing the matter, I assure you. I only wish to say that, Chesterton being more at home in the open than shut up, even in a fine house, Mrs. Weston had better take him under her wing at dinner. He doesn't fly for young ladies."

There was considerable disappointment among the women guests that the Hon. Mr. Chesterton should have been retained by the hostess. But that lady gave out that, like many men or the British nobility, the young man was a sportsman and a man's man rather than a woman's man. He said little and seemed to be keeping his eye on his introducer as though he didn't feel at ease on American ground

and among American customs. "Wake up, Chesterton," said Atterbury from across the table. Americans, of course, are Americans. but we're not so dreadfully different from your London smart set."

Chesterton forced a smile, but looked as if he would prefer shooting lions to being oggled by women. the dinner was over and the guests were forming for the cotilion Atterbury took pity on his protege.

"Chesterton," he said to Mrs. Weston, "hates the cotillon. You see, when at home he's obliged to do things he doesn't like. He's danced so much at balls in London that he doesn't want any of it in America. I'm going to take him up into the den and let him smoke."

The two men went upstairs. Later Atterbury went down and asked if Chesterton was dancing. Chesterton, he was told, had not come down. Atterbury said Chesterton had left him oment some time before and had not returned. The missing man was not to be found. Atterbury seemed worried. He finally told Mrs. Weston that Chesterton, bored as he was by social functions, had probably taken French leave. When the guests were gone Atterbury took Weston aside and said:

"Do you remember our talk some months ago about the effect of dress on people's appearance?"

"And I bet you a hundred dollars that before the winter was over I'd palm off on you a jail bird?"

"Yes." "Well, I've done it." "How? When?"

"This fellow Chesterton is no British swell at all. His mug is in the rogues' gallery. I brought him here expecting to keep an eye on him. Somehow or another he managed to give me the

slip and"-"Tom," called Mrs. Weston, "come up here at once. We've been robbed." The two men looked at each other. Atterbury turned pale. Weston's face changed from interest in the story to interest in what Mrs. Weston was saying, then he ran upstairs.

When he came down he found his friend walking the floor. "You've won your bet, old man, but at considerable cost. All the jewelry that was in a box on my wife's bureau drawer has disappeared. It couldn't be replaced for \$5,000,"

There was a constrained pause. "Well," said Atterbury as soon as he could recover from the shock, "we'll telephone the police. Pil mail you a check tonight for \$5,000. If the stuff is found you can return the amount."

The police were telephoned and soon got on the track of the Hon. Mr. Chesterton, alias Foxy Pete, alias Zeb Nipper and a number of other aliases. He was eventually caught and the jewelry restored. Mr. and Mrs. Weston went to see him in prison garb and for some time would not believe that he was the same man who looked so aristocratic in Atterbury's cast off evening dress.

Weston offered to pay the bet, but Atterbury declined to receive it, and when his friend renewed the offer Atterbury told him if he ever spoke of it again he would cut his acquaintance. Mrs. Weston had many inquiries concerning the handsome Britisher, to all of which she replied that at last accounts he was fighting elephants in India. Weston avers that the gentleman is just now having an engagement with b'ars.

LUCY MAY SAWIN.