

RIOT CHARGE AGAINST JAPS

LEADERS OF STRIKE ARE BEING HELD

The Japanese Strikers Had Planned Careful Campaign of Intimidation and Violence Which They Intended Would Control Sugar Industry.

Honolulu, June 15.—Fifteen of the Japanese strike leaders arrested upon indictments returned by the grand jury were given a preliminary hearing. District Judge W. L. Whitney held 12 of them for trial on charges of conspiring to riot and three for conspiracy to murder.

The energetic action taken by the territorial authorities, it is believed, will make military interference and declaration of martial law in any part of the Hawaiian islands unnecessary.

The authorities declare the evidence adduced before the grand jury and the papers seized Friday, when the offices of the Jiji, a Japanese newspaper, and those of the Japanese Higher Wage Association were raided, furnish abundant grounds for believing the strikers intended from the beginning to resort to intimidation and violence in their effort to control the sugar industry and eventually the internal affairs of the territory.

M. Negoro, one of the editors of the Jiji, has made formal complaint to the Japanese foreign office that the territorial authorities invaded his rights as a Japanese subject under the treaty between Japan and the United States, when High Sheriff Henry raided the office of the Jiji. Negoro is preparing to bring court proceedings against the territory for \$500,000 damages.

Senichi Uyeno, the Japanese consul-general, has advised his countrymen against the men who led the strike movement from the beginning of the agitation. He expresses approval of their arrest and prosecution.

TO HUNT DOWN MUTINEERS

Examples to Be Made of Men of Constabulary Who Seized Post.

Manila, June 15.—Brigadier-General Bandholtz, chief of the Philippine Constabulary, who is at present on a tour of inspection in the island of Jolo, will at once proceed to Davao, Mindanao island, the scene of the mutiny of the second company of Constabulary on June 6. The insular government is determined to make an example of the mutinous men who fled to the mountain with their rifles and equipments, and the pursuit will be pressed with the utmost vigor until the last one of the mutineers has been captured.

Market Their Own Grain.

Lewiston, Idaho, June 15.—Farmers of the Inland Empire are rapidly freeing themselves from the grain companies and subsidiary organizations which have brought immense wealth to many concerns. The work is being effected through the agencies of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, an organization introduced about two years ago, and which now enjoys a membership of approximately 20,000 farmers in the Inland Empire.

Walks Four Days on Broken Leg.

Portland, Or., June 14.—His leg broken four days ago, Wm. Young, 47 years old, benumbed by the excessive use of intoxicants in the interim, was not conscious of his injury until Sunday afternoon, when he fell to the street, the fractured limb finally failing to withstand the weight of its liquor-laden possessor.

CASH STOLEN BY EMPLOYEE

Los Angeles Robbery Reveals Serious Defects in System.

Los Angeles, June 14.—Theft by postoffice employes and not an error in routing was responsible for the loss of registered packages containing \$30,000 in currency mailed by the First National Bank of Los Angeles to the Bank of Bisbee, Ariz., last week. To a sudden uproar in the postoffice following the discovery is attributed the failure to apprehend the thief, who made away with two packages containing \$15,000. This alarm is believed to be responsible for the recovery of the other two packages, which were found in the registry division of the main postoffice.

Plan Western Division.

New York, June 15.—The National Civic Federation will meet in Seattle before the close of the A.-Y.-P. Exposition to organize a Pacific Coast branch.

CHINESE COOLIES FOUND

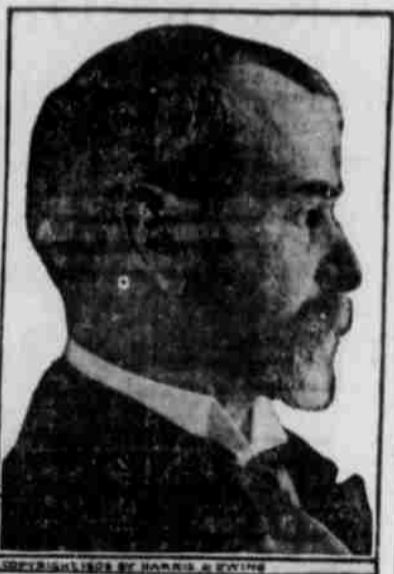
Smuggled Silk and Cigars Also Discovered in Limer Minnesota.

Seattle, June 14.—Immigration officials, after picking up on the wharf a stray Chinese, who admitted he came over as a stowaway on the Great Northern liner Minnesota, searched the vessel and discovered nine more smuggled coolies and a quantity of silk and cigars.

Inspector Keagey, who is a heavy man, stepped into the sail locker of the steamer and fell 20 feet through a hole in the floor, alighting squarely on top of nine naked Chinamen. Further investigation brought to light several leather sacks, resembling government mail pouches filled with raw silk and a number of boxes of Manila cigars. The bags of silk are supposed to have been taken aboard with the mail sacks.

Release School Lands.

Washington, June 14.—Representative Hamer, of Idaho, has introduced a bill permitting Western states to make immediate selection of school lands in satisfaction of grants from the federal government inside forest reserves. He says that Idaho, which is entitled to 800,000 acres, has been unable to make its full selection because the remaining desirable lands are tied up in reserves and a similar situation exists in other states.



AMBASSADOR JEAN JULES JUSSERAND.

Representative to the United States from France, who, with his wife, is making a tour of the Pacific Coast. They were extensively entertained at the A.-Y.-P. Exposition, this week.

LAKE WHERE TOWN STOOD

Great Body of Water Forming as Result of Roosevelt Slide.

Spokane, Wash., June 14.—Where the town of Roosevelt, Idaho, once stood, posterity will see a large lake, formed by the damming of Mule Creek at its confluence with Monumental Creek, the result of the destructive work of the massive slide of talc and earth, rock and timber that wiped out building sites and property on May 31. Between 15 and 20 feet of water covers the flat where the town once stood. Houses in the mining village are being floated near the hillside to clear the old channel of debris.

Indian Interests Merge.

Lewiston, Idaho, June 15.—Under the new plans of administering the affairs and education of the Indians on the government Indian reservations, the interests of the redmen are being rapidly merged with their white neighbors, and when patent to the Indian allotments is issued, it is expected the Indian allottee will be fully capable of transacting his own business.

THE MARKETS

Portland.

Wheat—Track prices: Club, \$1.18; red Russian, \$1.15; bluestem, \$1.27 @ 1.30; Valley, \$1.17.

Barley—Feed, \$34; rolled \$36 @ 37.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$40; gray, \$39.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley, fancy, \$20; do. ordinary, \$15; Eastern Oregon, mixed, \$16 @ 17; do. fancy, \$18; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$12.

Butter—Extra, 26c; fancy, 23 @ 23 @ 25c; store, 18 @ 20c.

Eggs—Choice, 23 @ 24c.

Hops—1909, contract, 9c per lb.; 1908 crop, 6 @ 7c; 1907 crop, 3 @ 4c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 18 @ 22c per pound; Valley, medium, 23 @ 25c.

Mohair—24 @ 25c lb.

Seattle.

Wheat—Bluestem, \$1.30 @ 1.35.

Oats—\$41.

Barley—\$34.

Hay—Eastern Washington Timothy, \$21 @ 23 per ton; Puget Sound hay, \$15 per ton; wheat hay, \$16 @ 18 per ton; alfalfa, \$18 @ 19 per ton.

Butter—Washington creamery, 30c lb.; ranch, 19c lb.

Eggs—Selected local, 25c.

Potatoes—White River, \$38 @ 40 per ton; Yakima, \$40 @ 42 per ton.

Polly of the Circus

BY MARGARET MAYO

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(Continued from last week)

"Be very same," and Hasty nodded mysteriously.

"How yo' know dat?" Mandy was uncertain whether to believe him.

"Cause da's a big red wagon down town wid de name ob de show painted on it. It's de advertisin' one what goes ahead wid all de pictures what dey pastes up."

"An' yo' been haung' roun' dat wagon?"

"I done thought Miss Polly might want to know."

"See here, lazy nigger, don' yo' go puttin' no circus notions into Miss Polly's head. She don' care no more 'bout dem 'fings since her Uncle Toby done die. She done been satisfied right whar she am. Jes' yo' let her be."

"I ain't done nothin'," Hasty protested.

"Nebber do do nothin'," growled Mandy. "Go 'long now an' get a-work."



"Tag, you're it!" Polly cried.

Mos' 4 o'clock an' dat Sunday school room ain't ready yet."

Hasty picked up the empty box and the stepladder and went out through the gate. He had barely disappeared when a peal of laughter was heard from the hillside, and before Mandy could get out of the way the youngsters came tumbling down the path again.

"Lawdy, lawdy!" she gasped as Polly circled around her, dodging the children. "Youse cheeks is red as pinics, honey."

"Tag, you're it!" Polly cried as she touched the widow's auburn haired offspring on the sleeve. There was much wailing when Willie passed the tag to little Jennie, the smallest girl in the crowd.

"I won't play no more," she sobbed. "cause I's always it."

To comfort her Polly began to sing an old circus song that the children had learned to love, and the little ones huddled about her in a circle to hear of the wonderful "Van Amberg" who used to "walk right into the lion's cage and put his head in the lion's mouth." The children were in a state of nerves that did credit to Polly as an entertainer when Hasty broke in upon the song.

"When yo' get a minute I want ter tell yo' somethin'."

"I have one right now." And, turning to the eager wifes at her side, Polly told them to run along into the grove and that she'd come pretty soon to teach them a new game.

The youngsters went screaming and laughing on their way, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she threw herself down on the rustic seat that encircled the elm tree.

"What is it, Hasty?" she asked, suspecting that he was in trouble with Mandy.

"It's 'bout de circus," Hasty informed her bluntly.

"The circus?" She rose and crossed to him quickly.

"It's in Wakefield—an' nex' month it's a-comin' here."

"Here?" Polly gasped.

"I thought yo'd want ter know," said Hasty, a little surprised at her lack of enthusiasm.

"Yes, of course." She turned away and pretended to look at the flowers.

"Den' youse tell Mandy I been talkin' 'bout dat circus," said Hasty uneasily.

He was beginning to fear that he had made a mistake, but before Polly could answer Mandy came out of the house, carrying baskets of food, which Hasty was to take to the Sunday school room. She looked at the girl's troubled face and drooping shoulders in surprise.

"What make yo' look so serious, honey?"

"Just thinking," said Polly absently.

"My! Don' yo' look fine in your new dress!" She was anxious to draw the girl out of her reverie.

"Do you like it?" Polly asked eagerly, forgetting her depression of a moment before. "Do you think Mr. John will like it?"

"Massa John? Mercy me! He nebber takes no notice ob dem 'fings. I done got a brim' spankin' new silla-

pack one time, an' do you think he ebber seed it? Lawdy, no! We might jes' well be goin' roun' like Mudder Eve for all dat man know." Polly looked disappointed. "But udder folks sees," Mandy continued comfortingly.

"an' yo' certainly look mighty fine. Why, youse just as good now as yo' was afore yo' got hurried!"

"Yes, I'm well now and able to work again." There was no enthusiasm in her tone, for Hasty's news had made her realize how unwelcome the old life would be to her.

"Work! Yo' does work all de time. My stars, de help yo' is to Massa John!"

"Do you think so? Do I help him? Do I?"

"Of course yo' does. Yo' tells him things to do in Sunday school what the chhilian like, an' yo' learns him to laugh an' 'joy himself an' a lot of 'fings what nobody else could a-learned 'im."

"It's enough to make folks talk," put in Mrs. Willoughby, with a sly look at the deacon.

"An' me awaitin' to discuss the new church service," bellowed Strong.

"And me awaiting to give him Mrs. Elverson's message," piped Elverson.

"The church bore all this in silence so long as that girl was sick," snapped Miss Perkins. "But now she's perfectly well and still a-hangin' on. No wonder folks are talking."

"Who's talkin'?" thundered Strong.

"Didn't you know?" stammered Mrs. Willoughby, not knowing herself nor caring so long as the suspicion grew.

"Know what?" yelled the excited deacon. Mrs. Willoughby floundered.

Miss Perkins rushed into the breach.

"Well, if I was deacon of this church it seems to me I'd know something about what's going on in it."

"What is goin' on?" shrieked the now desperate deacon.

The women looked at him pityingly, exchanged knowing glances, then

"My children do not play in promiscuous games," said the widow icily.

shook their heads at his hopeless stupidity.

Strong was not accustomed to criticism. He prided himself upon his autenctness and was, above all, vain about his connection with the church. He looked from one woman to the other. He was seething with helpless rage. The little deacon at his side coughed nervously. Strong's pent-up wrath exploded. "Why didn't you tell me, Elverson, that people was a-talkin'?" he roared in the frightened man's ear.

Elverson sputtered and stammered, but nothing definite came of the sounds; so Strong again turned to Miss Perkins:

"What is goin' on?" he demanded.

(To be continued)

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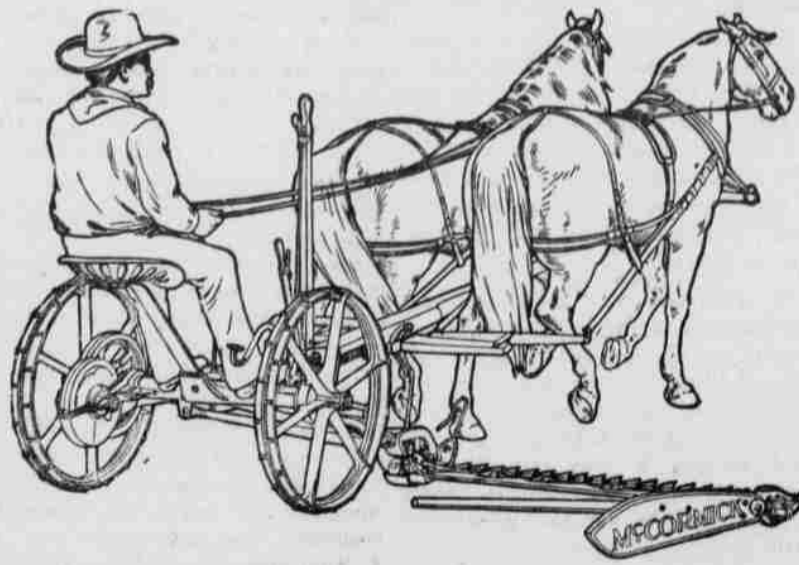
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