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INDEPENDENCE,

OREGON.

Serrano's Senorita

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

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She was at it again. Serrano stood back in the center of his own room, out of sight and watched her.

Between them lay two yards, high-fenced, uninhabited by humans. Never during his two weeks' residence at 308 had he seen any person down in those barren little oblongs of earth. But in the house opposite she lived in a room on the same floor as his own.

"I have been in New York one month," Serrano had written back home to Panama. "It is most entertaining, but very, very lonely. I make no friends. It is wise, yes. I am but a poor Spanish student, madre mio, not that which is called here a 'spender.' One may not be a spender on dreams, yes? A mere student, I, a translator day times in a coffee establishment. By night a student in these most excellent United States colleges. So does one become proficient in the ambition, the hope, the heart dream of success. In two years I shall be at home once again. Fear not for me. I forget never that I have the honor to be your most affectionate and faithful son. JOSE."

Every day a similar letter went south to Senora Serrano, widow of the great civil engineer who had been killed by a fall in the canal works, one fatal backward step, and a plunge to death over the towering lock.

Money was left, certainly, but Jose had sworn he would touch only what was necessary for his education in these student days. He would be like his father, a civil engineer. He would sail to New York, the city of gold, and study there, work, fight his own way. There would be then plenty for his mother to maintain the two great estates where so many American officials had known Serrano hospitality.

Yet, after two weeks, even with the highest ideals, and fortified by prejudices and resolutions both, Jose



"Senorita, Pardon."

watched every day, once, twice, morning and evening, for the figure in pink negligee in the house opposite.

She was tall and slender, and divinely young. Also she had a splendor of dark hair. He had watched it fall in rippling beauty over her shoulders several times. Also she believed in much fresh air. Her windows were wide open to the Manhattan ozone from morning till night. Never did she appear even to glance at those opposite. Jose knew why. She was in some great, mysterious trouble. She brooded. She was miserable.

But today she was suffering more than usual. He stared, fascinated by her actions. She paced the floor, not swiftly, but with steady, slow, rhythmic step like some caged leopardess. Sometimes she would pause before the mirror, stare at the sad, strained face reflected there, raise her hands above her as if in supplication, sink on her knees and sob, then presently back to the steady pacing. Her lips moved constantly as if in prayer.

Jose felt he should go mad if it continued. Every nerve in his body was tense with the desire to save her from whatever it was she feared. His imagination pictured ten thousand persecutions. Finally, as she dropped again to her knees, her shoulders shaking in a perfect agony of emotion, he seized his hat and rushed from his room.

The door slammed behind him. Down the steps, two, three at a jump, he sped down the street, around the corner, and up the next street. Her number would be 310, he judged. There was ivy clinging to it.

He traced it easily, and ran up the steps in a fever of impatience. Come what may, he would assist her, save her. He could at least offer his aid, let her know that in all that vast city there was one who would esteem it a blessed privilege to be allowed to help her.

The door opened. Chilled water seemed to course down his spine as he sought to explain his madness to placid old Mrs. Gilligan, the landlady. "I greatly wish to speak with the young lady on the third floor, in the back of the residence," he stammered.

"Mean Miss Leonard?" She turned her head, and called up the stairs, pleasantly. "Oh, Miss Leonard, gentleman calling."

And he was left there in the narrow hall, alone, waiting. Down the two flights he heard her tripping toward him.

"Oh, dear, I was sure it was a messenger," she apologized. "Did you wish to see me?"

Jose's eyes never left her lovely face. Her eyes were blue, blue as forget-me-nots, no, he told himself, a deeper, rarer blue, the blue of his own southern skies when twilight fell. And her face, tender yet proud, like his mother's. He threw himself on her mercy, and told why he had come. They had stepped into the long drawing room of the old-fashioned boarding house, and she listened in silence.

"It is very, very wrong of me to intrude," Jose pleaded, desperately, "but senorita, forgive me. My heart bleeds for you. If I may but help you in your terrible trouble—"

Then she leaned back her head and laughed.

"It is so good of you to come, but listen. There is no trouble—nothing at all. I am an actress, Mr. Serrano—that is your name, is it not? We are very busy rehearsing a new play, and I have the emotional part. I always study that way in my own room, and perhaps I have been too oblivious of the outside world. Can you ever forgive me for disturbing you so?"

Jose's dark eyes glowed as he watched her.

"I shall thank the good God for it," he told her gravely. "If I could but know you, but meet you conventionally."

She smiled, smiling at the naive remark.

"Isn't it strange, this great, lonely city where we all starve on desert islands of individuality, and still we cling to the old-time shreds of etiquette. Here we have met by chance."

"Fate, senorita," protested Jose. "Perhaps. You are interested—ah, your eyes say so, and you are just a boy?"

"Twenty-four."

"So old? I am twenty-two. And I like you also, I should not tell you that, but why not? It is so good to meet some one in these prosaic, selfish days who would go to the rescue of a woman in trouble."

Jose forgot the old house in the harbor town in Panama, forgot his career, everything.

"Ah, you would have been more kind if it had been true. I am sorry—"

"For what?"

Natalie Leonard smiled at his eager, handsome face.

"That you are not in trouble. I have watched you every day, and longed to help you. You were so helpless, so lovely. I—I grew to adore you, senorita."

With unconscious dignity of race the boy made his confession. Natalie's eyes filled with quick tears. She put out her hands to him impulsively.

"It is wrong, I know, but I cannot help it. It was dear of you to even feel so toward me—a stranger, and—and if you like, you may see me some time again."

"I shall see you every day at your window," he told her, seriously. "I shall smile over to you, and sometimes throw you roses—"

"Oh, no, you mustn't," laughed the girl. "That is too public in our land."

"So? But I should love to. Still, you will call good morning to me, now that we are so well acquainted?"

"I had far better leave entirely, before it is too late."

Serrano bent and kissed her slim white hands.

"Senorita, pardon, but life is as the good God wills, my mother tells me. And I say to you—" he raised his glance to meet her own, "it is too late!"

SHEDDING LIGHT ON THE HEN

Science Is Gradually Learning About Egg Producers, According to a Writer in Life.

The truth about hens—why some are helpful, others hopeless—perhaps will be the next notable achievement of science. How any fact can escape this time is hard to imagine. Kansas, from the one side, has surrounded Hen Truth to make it surrender important psychological information; Missouri, from the other, has begun to study the subject physiologically and has arranged an egg-laying contest at the Mountain Grove poultry experiment station, which began on the first of last September and which is to run a year. The investigator in Kansas is a junior in the state university, taking work in the psychological laboratory. He reports these interesting discoveries:

1. Chickens do not care for a crowd, yet abhor being alone.

2. Intelligent chickens have both mind and memory.

3. They also have an ability to distinguish color grades.

That's the way with these collegiate scientists! They leave us with principles barren of practical value. What we most long to know is what color to paint the border of the flower beds to cause the aesthetic eye of intelligent hens to turn to other fields and remember ours with aversion.—Life.

Care of Persian Girls.

"Great care is taken that the Persian girls shall conform to the recognized standard of beauty, which requires her to have a cypress waist, a full-moon face, gazelle eyes and eyebrows that meet," says a traveler.

"Her eyes, brows and hair must be black as night, her lips, cheeks and gums as red as blood, her skin and teeth as white as almonds, and her back, limbs and fingers long. If these conditions are naturally absent they are supplied, as far as possible, by art. Persian women are always painted, their eyes darkened with khol and their fingers stained with henna."

The Diagnosis.

"Beulah says she has such a lot of callers, they make her tired."

"I wouldn't wonder. You may not know that she is a telephone operator."

Sure Enough.

Mrs. Chinn—You know my husband just won't listen to good common sense talk?

Mrs. Frank—How do you know?

SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

SIGHT OF CAT IN THE DARK

When Feline Is in Search of Mouse Where the Light Is Dim Pupils of Eyes Open Wide.

Some persons will tell you that cats can see in the dark. Now nothing can see in the dark, but some animals can see with a great deal less light than others, just as some cameras will take a picture with less light than others. You open or close the lens in a camera according to the amount of light, or else you speed up the shutter or slow it down.

The human eye does this automatically, as the pupil expands or contracts according to the amount of light to which it is exposed; but cats can expand or contract the pupils of their eyes at pleasure, just as you open or shut the stops in the lens of your camera.

When cats are not particularly anxious to see anything the pupils of their eyes become nothing but narrow slits, like this:

Pupils at Ease.

But when a cat is hunting a mouse in a room where there is very little light, or when the cat is being hunted by some bad boys and wants to see every move the boys make, it opens the pupils of its eyes until they are perfectly round.

Pupils Open Wide.

If you happen to be between the cat and the light you will see a peculiar gleam in this wide open pupil, which is the reflection of the light at the back of the cat's eye.

LANGUAGE USED IN SPORTING

Many of Terms Is Our Inheritance From Middle Ages—Phraseology Extended to Man.

Much of the language used in various sports is our inheritance from the middle ages. Different kinds of beasts when in companies were distinguished by their own particular epithet, which was supposed to be in some manner descriptive of the habits of the animals. To use the wrong form of these words subjected the would-be sportsman to ridicule.

Many of these terms have passed away, but some of them are still retained. This list from the middle ages is still good usage today. A "pride" of lions, a "lepe" of leopards, a "herd" of harts and of all sorts of deer, a "bevy" of roes, a "sloth" of bears, a "singular" of boars, a "sunder" of wild swine, a "route" of wolves, a "harras" of horses, a "ray" of colts, a "stud" of mares, a "pace" of asses, a "barren" of mules, a "team" of oxen, a "drove" of kine, a "flock" of sheep, a "trite" of goats, a "skulk" of foxes, a "down" of hares, a "nest" of rabbits, a "clowder" of cats, a "schrewdness" of apes and a "labor" of moles.

Also, of animals when they retired to rest, a hart was said to be "harbored," a roebuck "bedded," a hare "formed," a rabbit "set." Two greyhounds were called a "brace," but two harriers were called a "couple." There was also a "mute" of hounds for a number, a "kennel" of raches, a "litter" of whelps and a "cowardice" of curs.

This kind of descriptive phraseology was not confined to birds and beasts, but was extended to the human species and their various propensities, natures and callings.

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Train No. 66 leaves Independence daily at 2:30 p. m. and Monmouth at 2:40 p. m. and arrives at Dallas at 3:05 p. m.

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Train No. 68 leaves Independence at 10:50 a. m., Monmouth at 11:05 a. m., and arrives at Dallas at 11:30 a. m.

Train No. 70 leaves Independence at 6:15 p. m. and Monmouth at 6:30 p. m., and arrives at Dallas at 6:55 p. m.

From Independence to Airle.

Train No. 61 leaves Independence at 6:30 a. m. and Monmouth at 6:45 a. m., and arrives at Airle at 7:20 a. m.

Train No. 73 leaves Independence at 3:35 p. m. and Monmouth at 4:10 p. m., and arrives at Airle at 4:45 p. m.

From Dallas to Independence.

Train No. 73 leaves Dallas daily at 3:30 p. m. and Monmouth at 3:55.

Train No. 65 leaves Dallas daily at 8:30 a. m. and Monmouth at 8:55 a. m. and arrives at Independence at 9:15 a. m.

Train No. 69 leaves Dallas daily at 1:00 p. m. and Monmouth at 1:25 p. m. and arrives at Independence at 1:40 p. m.

Train No. 71 leaves Dallas daily at 7:20 p. m. and Monmouth at 7:45 p. m., and arrives at Independence at 8:05 p. m.

From Airle to Independence.

Train No. 62 leaves Airle daily at 7:30 a. m. and Monmouth at 8:05 a. m., and arrives at Independence at 8:15 a. m.

Train No. 72 leaves Airle daily at 5:00 p. m. and Monmouth at 5:35 a. m., and arrives at Independence at 5:45 p. m.

From Independence to West Salem.

Train No. 124 leaves Independence daily at 8:20 a. m. and arrives at West Salem at 9:00 a. m.

Train No. 126 leaves Independence at 4:05 p. m. and arrives at West Salem at 4:45 p. m.

From West Salem to Independence.

Train No. 123 leaves West Salem daily at 9:50 a. m. and arrives at Independence at 10:25 a. m.

Train No. 125 leaves West Salem daily at 5:00 p. m. and arrives at Independence at 5:40 p. m.

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