

NEW TIME CARD

No. 12 leaves Independence at 7:3 P. M. after connecting with S. P. train No. 353 from Portland, arrives Monmouth 7:30 P. M.

Train No. 1 leaves Independence, at 7: A. M., arrives Monmouth 7:10—connects with train for Airlie.

Train No. 3 leaves Independence, connects with S. P. train No. 354 from Corvallis, arrives Monmouth 7:45 A. M.

Train No. 5 leaves Independence at 8:45 A. M. arrives Monmouth 8:55 A. M.—connects with train for Dallas.

Train No. 7 leaves Independence, 11:00 A. M. after connecting with S. P. train No. 101 from Portland—

No. 9 leaves Independence 1:30 P. M. arrives Monmouth 1:40 P. M. connects with No. 352 for Dallas.

No. 11 leaves 2:20 P. M. after connecting with S. P. train No. 102 from Corvallis.

No. 15 leaves Independence 3:00 P. M. arrives Monmouth 3:10 P. M. connects with No. 351 for Airlie.

Train No. 17 leaves Independence, 4:15 P. M. after connecting with motor car from Salem, arrives Monmouth 4:25 P. M.

No. 19 leaves Independence 4:55 P. M. arrives Monmouth 5:05 P. M.

Train No. 2 leaves Monmouth 7:15 A. M. arrives Independence 7:25, connects with S. P. train No. 354 for Portland.

Train No. 4 leaves Monmouth 8:15 A. M. arrives Independence 8:25 A. M.—connects with train from Dallas arriving 7:25 A. M.

No. 6 leaves Monmouth 9:05 A. M. arrives Independence 9:15 A. M.—connects with train from Airlie.

Train No. 8 leaves Monmouth 11:1 A. M. arrives Independence 11:25 A. M.

Train No. 10 leaves Monmouth 1:50 P. M. arrives Independence 12:00 P. M. connects with S. P. train No. 102 Portland.

Train No. 12 leaves Monmouth 2:35 P. M. arrives Independence 2:45 P. M.—also connects with S. P. No. 1 for Portland.

Train No. 14 leaves Monmouth at 3:20 P. M. arrives Independence at 3:30 P. M.—connects with motor car for Salem and Dallas.

No. 16 leaves Monmouth at 4:35 P. M. arrives Independence 4:45—connects with motor car for Salem and Dallas.

No. 18 leaves Monmouth 5:10 P. M. arrives Independence 5:20 P. M.

No. 20 leaves Monmouth 7:35 P. M. arrives Independence 7:45 P. M.

DR. J. L. CALLAWAY OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN

Graduate of the American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo., under founder of the science, Dr. A. T. Still

Offices: First floor of the F. A. Patterson property, half block west of railroad on C street.

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YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezeone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callous, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callous loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezeone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callous. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezeone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.

Unaltered.

Sandy Macpherson came home after many years and met his old sweetheart. Honey-laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Sandy, "ye are just as beautiful as ye ever were, and I ha'e never forgotten ye, my bonnie lass."

"And ye, Sandy," she cried, while her blue eyes moistened, "are just as big a leear as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same."—Liverpool Post.

Is a Poor Skin Your Handicap?

That skin-trouble may be more than a source of suffering and embarrassment—it may be holding you back in the business world, keeping you out of a better job for which a good appearance is required. Why "take a chance" when Resinol Ointment heals skin-eruptions so easily, is so simple and economical to use? It has such a record of success that you need not hesitate to try it. Resinol Ointment is sold by all druggists.

Business Weight.

"Our forefathers pledged their sacred honor when they started this country."

"How much did they raise on the pledge in cash?"—Baltimore American.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your Hair! Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little danderine. Save your hair! Try it!

Scientific Comparison.

"Do you regard the Darwinian theory as proved?"

"No," replied the stubborn citizen, "in my opinion it's one of those things that kept being investigated so long that everybody decided there wasn't any answer and lost interest."—Washington Star.

With Plenty to Eat.

The announcement that an explorer who is going to try to get close to the north pole is planning to take with him food to last six years will probably result in a great rush of applicants to join the party.—Baltimore Star.

Whenever there is a tendency to constipation, sick-headache, or biliousness, take a cup of Garfield Tea. All druggists.

A Misapprehension.

"I understand," remarked Mrs. McGudley, "that they're on the lookout for some speakeasy liquor around here."

"Yes. It is very objectionable." "Is that so. I kind o' thought maybe as how speakeasy liquor might be better than the sort that keeps men up o' nights tryin' to sing at the top o' their voices."—Washington Star.

Something Accomplished. "My wife went to a beauty doctor to have her complexion cleared."

"Well, was it?"

"No, but my pocketbook was."

Is Mealtime a Worry to You

IS THE APPETITE POOR IS THE DIGESTION WEAK IS THE LIVER LAZY, AND THE BOWELS CONSTIPATED

Under such conditions you cannot obtain the maximum value from your food.

Give proper help at once—TRY

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE by ETHEL HUESTON ILLUSTRATED BY W.C. TANNER

THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION FORGET THAT THE PARSONAGE FOLKS NEED MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS, SO LITTLE CONNIE TELLS BANKER SOME PLAIN TRUTHS

Mr. Starr, a widower Methodist minister, comes to Mount Mark, Ia., to take charge of the congregation there. He has five charming daughters, the eldest of whom, Prudence, age nineteen, keeps house and mothers the family. Her younger sisters are Fairy, the twins Carol and Lark, and Constance, the "baby." The family's coming stirs the curiosity of the townspeople. After a few weeks the Starrs are well settled. Prudence has her hands full with the mischievous youngsters, but she loves them devotedly despite their outrageous pranks. It is a joyous household, but the parsonage girls are embarrassed at Christmas time because the congregation has failed to pay the pastor's salary. Little Connie needs clothing, and sadly disappointed, takes matters into her own hands.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Oh, I had her dressed warmly underneath, very warmly indeed," declared Prudence. "But no matter how warm you are underneath, you look cold if you aren't visibly prepared for winter weather. I kept hoping enough money would come in to buy her a coat for once in her life."

"She has been looking forward to one long enough," put in Fairy. "This will be a bitter blow to her. And yet it is not such a bad-looking coat, after all." And she quickly ran up a seam on the machine.

"Here comes Connie!" Prudence hastily swept a pile of scraps out of sight, and turned to greet her little sister with a cheery smile.

"Come on in, Connie," she cried, with a brightness she did not feel. "Fairy and I are making you a new coat. Isn't it pretty? And so warm! See the nice velvet collar and cuffs. We want to fit it on you right away, dear."

Connie picked up a piece of the goods and examined it intently.

"Don't you want some fudge, Connie?" exclaimed Fairy, showing the dish toward her hurriedly.

Connie took a piece from the plate, and thrust it between her teeth. Her eyes were still fastened upon the brown furry cloth.

"Where did you get this stuff?" she inquired, as soon as she was able to speak.

"Out of the trunk in the garret, Connie. Don't you want some more fudge? I put a lot of nuts in, especially on your account."

"It's good," said Connie, taking another piece. She examined the cloth very closely. "Say, Prudence, isn't this that old brown coat of father's?"

Fairy shoved her chair back from the machine, and ran to the window. "Look, Prue," she cried. "Isn't that Mrs. Adams coming this way? I wonder—"

"No, it isn't," answered Connie gravely. "It's just Miss Avery getting home from school.—Isn't it, Prudence? Father's coat, I mean?"

"Yes, Connie, it is," said Prudence, very, very gently. "But no one here has seen it, and it is such nice cloth—just exactly what girls are wearing now."

"But I wanted a new coat!" Connie did not cry. She stood looking at Prudence with her wide hurt eyes.

"Oh, Connie, I'm just as sorry as you are," cried Prudence, with starting tears. "I know just how you feel about it dearest! But the people didn't pay father up last month. Maybe after Christmas we can get you a coat. They pay up better then."

"I think I'd rather wear my summer coat until then," said Connie soberly.

"Oh, but you can't, dearest. It is too cold. Won't you be a good girl now, and not make sister feel badly about it? It really is becoming to you, and it is nice and warm. Take some more fudge, dear, and run out-of-doors a while. You'll feel better about it presently, I'm sure."

Connie stood solemnly beside the table, her eyes still fastened on the coat, cut down from her father's. "Can I go and take a walk?" she asked finally.

"May I, you mean," suggested Fairy. "Yes, may I? Maybe I can reconcile myself to it."

"Yes, go and take a walk," urged Prudence promptly, eager to get the small sober face beyond her range of vision.

"If I am not back when the twins get home, go right on and eat without me. I'll come back when I get things straightened out in my mind."

When Connie was quite beyond hearing, Prudence dropped her head on the table and wept. "Oh, Fairy, if the members just knew how such things hurt, maybe they'd pay up a little better. How do they expect parsonage people to keep up appearances when they haven't any money?"

"Oh, now, Prue, you're worse than Connie! There's no use to cry about it. Parsonage people have to find happiness in spite of financial misery. Money isn't the first thing with folks like us."

"Poor little Connie! If she had

her the bitterness of living under debt! Besides, Prudence, I think in my heart that she is right this time. This is a case where borrowing is justified. Get her the coat, and I'll square the account with your father." Then he added, "And I'll look after this salary business after this. I'll arrange with the trustees that I am to pay your father his full salary the first of every month, and that the church receipts are to be turned in to me. And if they do not pay up, my lawyer can do a little investigating! Little Connie earned that five dollars, for she taught one trustee a sorry lesson. And he will have to pass it on to the others in self-defense! Now, run along and get the coat, and if five dollars isn't enough you can have as much more as you need. Your father will get his salary after this, my dear, if we have to mortgage the parsonage!"

CHAPTER VII.

A Burglar's Visit.

A small hand gripped Prudence's shoulder, and again came a hoarsely whispered:

"Prue!" Prudence sat up in bed with a bounce.

"What in the world?" she began, gazing out into the room, half-lighted by the moonshine, and seeing Carol and Lark slivering beside her bed.

"Sh! Sh! Hush!" whispered Lark. "There's a burglar in our room!"

By this time, even sound-sleeping Fairy was awake. "Oh, there is!" she scoffed.

"Yes, there is," declared Carol with some heat. "We heard him, plain as day. He stepped into the closet, didn't he, Lark?"

"He certainly did," agreed Lark.

"Did you see him?" "No, we heard him. Carol heard him first, and she spoke, and nudged me. Then I heard him, too. He was at our dresser, but he shot across the room and into the closet. He closed the door after him. He's there now."

"You've been dreaming," said Fairy, lying down again.

"We don't generally dream the same thing at the same minute," said Carol stormily. "I tell you he's in there."

"And you two great big girls came off and left poor little Connie in there



Prudence Dropped Her Head on the Table and Wept.

alone with a burglar, did you? Well, you are nice ones, I must say."

And Prudence leaped out of bed and started for the door, followed by Fairy, with the twins creeping fearfully along in the rear.

"She was asleep," muttered Carol. "We didn't want to scare her," added Lark.

Prudence was careful to turn the switch by the door, so that the room was in full light before she entered. The closet door was wide open. Connie was soundly sleeping. There was no one else in the room.

"You see?" said Prudence sternly. "I'll bet he took our ruby rings," declared Lark, and the twins and Fairy ran to the dresser to look.

But a sickening realization had come home to Prudence. In the lower hall, under the staircase, was a small dark closet which they called the dungeon. The dungeon door was big and solid, and was equipped with a heavy catch-lock. In this dungeon, Prudence kept the family silverware, and all the money she had on hand, as it could there be safely locked away. But more often than not, Prudence forgot to lock it.

Have you ever awakened to find a burglar in your room? What did you do—pretend sleep? Or shout? Or keep still at his command?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Urgent.

Just as the Christmas dinner was on the table, and the family had gathered about it, big sister stepped into the hall to look at her hair in the mirror there.

Helen was hungry, and everything did look and smell so good, and yet she knew well that father would not say grace until big sister was also in her seat.

"Hurry up, Ruth," she called, "God's waiting."

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is clean little bowels with California Syrup of Figs.

Mothers can rest easy after "California Syrup of Figs," because a few hours all the clogged-up sour bile and fermenting food moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit" Laxative. Millions of mothers keep it because they know its action on stomach, liver and bowels is and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for children of all ages and for grown-ups.

One Instance.

"Like produces like." "Yes; I suppose that is one why they have baggage smag trunk lines."—Baltimore American.

SAGE TEA KEEPS YOUR HAIR D

When Mixed with Sulphur Brings Back Its Beautiful Lustre at Once.

Gray hair, however handed notes advancing age. We at the advantage of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your crown makes or mars the face. As it fades, turns gray and looks a just a few applications of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look! Either prepare the recipe at get from any drug store a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Compound," which is merely time recipe improved by the of other ingredients. Those folks recommend this preparation, because it dark hair beautifully, besides, no possible tell, as it darkens as ally and evenly. You may sponge or soft brush with it, using this through the hair, taking small strand at a time. By the gray hair disappears; its color is restored and it becomes glossy and lustrous, and you years younger.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur pound is a delightful toilet it is not intended for the cure of or prevention of disease.

Home Truths.

"My wife would rather eat." "So would mine—than eat she cooks."—Boston Transcript.

An Incidental Consideration.

"Would you marry a man money?" "No," replied Miss Cayton merely insist that he have a disposition. But I'd take into eration the fact that a man money is very likely to be and ill-natured."—Washington

A Concession.

"After looking at the postal of other countries I have concluded that you can't be "Maybe not, but all the gets lots of lickings."—B American.

END STOMACH TROUBLE, GASES OR DYSP

"Pape's Diapiesin" makes Sick Gassy Stomachs surely feel in five minutes.

If what you just ate is not your stomach or lies like a lead, refusing to digest, or you gas and eructate sour, or food, or have a feeling of a heartburn, fullness, nausea, or in mouth and stomach-headache can get blessed relief in five minutes by getting a large fifty-cent Pape's Diapiesin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how less it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach trouble. It's the quickest, surest stomachic in the world. It's wonderful!

Here First.

Willie was boasting about it. "Our folks came over in the flower," he declared proudly. "Huh! That's nothing," said folks the first night after the ed."—Boston Transcript.

Use Murine after Exposure Cutting Winds and Dust. It Refreshes and Promotes Eye Good for all Eyes that Need Murine Eye Remedy Co. Sends Eye Book on request.

Both Ways.

"There is much opposition ting an embargo on wheat." "Yes; it goes against the Baltimore American.

As we grow more sensible, we reathetics and take Nature's herb field Tea.

Time Limit.

"I see that Miss Gunn is in last." "Well, it was time she was off."—Baltimore American.

Every Night For Constipation Headache, Indigestion BRANDRE PILLS Safe and Sure