

NEW TIME CARD

No. 12 leaves Independence at 7:2 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, connecting 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.

Don't Have Catarrh

One efficient way to remove nasal catarrh is to treat its cause which in most cases is physical weakness. The system needs more oil and easily digested liquid-food, and you should take a spoonful of

SCOTT'S EMULSION logo and text: 'Get the Genuine SCOTT'S' with an image of the product box.

SALTS FINE FOR ACHING KIDNEYS

We eat too much meat which clogs Kidneys, then the Back hurts. Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders. You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders. Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications. A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

PRUDENCE of the PARSONAGE By ETHEL HUESTON

PRUDENCE FINDS HERSELF BLUSHING AND BREATHLESS EVERY TIME SHE LOOKS INTO THE EYES OF HER HANDSOME RESCUER

Mr. Starr, widower Methodist minister at Mount Mark, In., has five charming daughters. Prudence, the eldest, keeps house for him. Fairy is a college freshman. Carol and Lark, twins, are in high school. Constance is the "baby." The activities of the Starr girls—Prudence's work, Fairy's school affairs, the pranks of the youngsters—and the family perplexities, make the story. It is simply a recital of homely incidents glorified by affection. The preceding installment described the accident suffered by Prudence when she went for an early-morning bicycle ride and her rescue by a strange young man.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued. —11— "Oh—whatever will Mattie Moore say to me? It's borrowed. Oh, I see now, that it was just foolish pride that made me unwilling to ride during decent hours. What a dunce I was—as usual." He looked at her curiously. This was beyond his comprehension. She explained and then was silent a while. "Fairy'll have to get breakfast, and she always gets father's eggs too hard." Silence again. "Maybe papa'll worry. But then, they know by this time that something always does happen to me, so they'll be prepared."

Fairy's very grand looking. I've tried my best to eat lots, and exercise, and make myself bigger, but—I am a fizzle. "Yes, I played football. But girls do not need to be so tall as men. Don't you remember what Orlando said about Rosalind—just as tall as my heart? I imagine you come about to my shoulder. We'll measure as soon as you are on your feet again." "Are you going to live in Mount Mark now? Are you coming to stay?" Prudence was almost quivering as she asked this. It was of vital importance.

"No, I will only be there a few days, but I shall probably be back every week or so. Is your father very strict? Maybe he would object to your writing to me." "Oh, he isn't strict at all. And he will be glad for me to write to you, I know. Is Des Moines just full of beautiful girls?" "I should say not. I never saw a real beautiful girl in Des Moines in my life. Or any place else, for that matter, until I came—You know when you come right down to it, there are mighty few girls that look—just the way you want them to look." Prudence nodded. "That's the way with men, too. Of all the men I have seen in my life, I never saw one before that looked just the way I wanted him to." "Before?" he questioned eagerly. "Yes," said Prudence frankly. "You look just as I wish you to."

CHAPTER IX. Father Starr Reads the Signs. And in the meanwhile, at the parsonage, Fairy was patiently getting breakfast. "Prudence went out for an early bicycle ride, so the members wouldn't catch her," she explained to the family. "And she isn't back yet. She'll probably stay out until afternoon, and then ride right by the grocery store where the Ladies have their Saturday sale. That's Prudence, all right." So he told her about Des Moines, and Prudence lay with her eyes half-closed, listening, and wondering why there was more music in his voice than in most voices. Her ankle did not hurt very badly. She did not mind it at all. In fact, she never gave it a thought. From beneath her lids, she kept her eyes fastened on Jerrold Harmer's long brown hands, clasped loosely about his knees. And whenever she could, she looked up into his face. And always there was that curious catching in her breath, and she looked away again quickly, feeling that to look too long was dangerous. "I have talked my share now," he was saying, "tell me all about yourself, and the parsonage, and your family. And who is Fairy? And do you attend the college at Mount Mark? You look like a college girl." "Oh, I am not," said Prudence, reluctant to make the admission for the first time in her life. "I am too stupid to be a college girl. I left high school five years ago and have been keeping house for my father and sisters since then. I am twenty years old. How old are you?" "I am twenty-seven," and she smiled. "Jerrold Harmer," she said slowly and very musically. "It is such a nice name. Do your friends call you Jerry?" "The boys at school called me Roldie, and sometimes Hammie. But my mother always called me Jerry. She isn't living now, either. You call me Jerry, will you?" "Yes, I will, but it won't be proper. But that never makes any difference to me, except when it might shock the members. You want me to call you Jerry, don't you?" "Yes, I do. And when we are better acquainted, will you let me call you Prudence?" "Call me that now. I can't be too particular, you see, when I am lying on your coat and pillow with your belongings. You might get cross, and take them away from me. Did you go to college?" "Yes, to Harvard, but I was not much of a student. Then I knocked around a while, looking at the world, and two years ago I went home to Des Moines. I have been there ever since except for little runs once in a while." Prudence sighed. "My sister Fairy is going to college now. She's very clever—oh, very. You'll like her, I am sure—much better than you do me, of course." Prudence was strangely downcast. "I am sure I won't," said Jerrold Harmer, with unnecessary vehemence. "I don't care a thing for college girls. I like home girls." Jerrold flipped over abruptly, and lay on the grass, his face on his arms turned toward her face. They were quiet for a while, but their glances were clinging. "Did you play football at college?"

brought downstairs, and Prudence deposited upon it. "There's no use to put me upstairs," she assured them. "I won't stay there. I want to be down here where I can boss the girls." The doctor came in, and bandaged the swollen purple ankle. Then they had dinner—they tried to remember to call it luncheon, but never succeeded! After that, the whole parsonage family grouped about the little single bed in the cheery sitting room. "Whose coat is this, Prudence?" asked Connie. "And where in the world did you get these towels and silk shirts?" added Fairy. Prudence blushed most exquisitely. "They are Mr. Harmer's," she said, and glanced nervously at her father. "Whose?" chorused the family. "If you will sit down and keep still, I will tell you all about it. But you must not interrupt me. What time is it, Fairy?" "Two o'clock." "Oh, two. Then I have plenty of time," and in her own frank way, she told the story.

"Then Mr. Davis came along with his cart," she concluded, "and Jerry—er—Harmer, you know, helped put me in, and the cart was so small they both had to walk." "Where is he now?" "Is he young?" "Is he handsome?" "Did he look rich?" "Don't be silly, girls. He went to the hotel, I suppose. Anyhow, he left us as soon as we reached town. He said he was in a hurry, and had something to look after. His coat was underneath me in the wagon, and he wouldn't take it out for fear of hurting my ankle, so the poor soul is probably wandering around this town in his shirt sleeves." "Already, in the eyes of the girls, this Jerry—er—Harmer, had taken unto himself all the interest of the affair. "He'll have to come for his coat," said Lark. "We're bound to see him." "Where does he live? What was he doing in the hickory grove?" inquired Mr. Starr with a strangely sinking heart, for her eyes were alight with new and wonderful radiance. "He lives in Des Moines. He was just walking into town, and took a short cut through the grove." "Walking! From Des Moines?" Prudence flushed uncomfortably. "I didn't think of that," she said. "But I do not see why he should not walk if he likes. He's strong and athletic, and fond of exercise. I guess he's plenty able to walk if he wants to. I'm sure he's no tramp, father, if that is what you are thinking."

"I am not thinking anything of the kind, Prudence," he said with dignity. "But I do think it rather strange that a young man should set out to walk from Des Moines to Mount Mark. And why should he be at it so early in the morning? Doesn't he require sleep, as the rest of us do?" "How should I know? I guess if he likes to be out in the morning when it is fresh and sweet, it is all right. I like the morning myself. He had as much right to go early as I had. His clothes were nice, and he is a Harvard graduate, and his shoes were dusty, but not soiled or worn. Anyhow, he is coming at four o'clock. If you want to ask if he is a tramp, you can do it." And Prudence burst into tears. Dramatic silence in the cheerful sitting room! Then Fairy burst in bustling about to bathe the face and throat of "poor little Prudence," and her father said sympathetically: "You're all nervous and wrought up, with the pain and excitement, Prudence. I'm glad he is coming so we can thank him for his kindness. It was mighty lucky he happened along, wasn't it? A Harvard graduate! Yes, they are pretty strong on athletics at Harvard. You'd better straighten this room a little and have things looking nice when he gets here," said Father Starr, with great diplomacy. And he was rewarded, and startled, by observing that Prudence brightened wonderfully at his words. "Yes, do," she urged eagerly. "Get some of the roses from the corner bush, and put them on the table there. And when you go upstairs, Fairy, you'd better bring down that little lace spread in the bottom drawer of our dresser. It'll look very nice on this bed. Work hard, girls, and get everything looking fine. He'll be here at four, he said. You twins may wear your white dresses, and Connie must put on her blue and wear her blue bows. Fairy, do you think it would be all right for you to wear your silk dress? Of course, the silk is rather grand for home, but you do look so beautiful in it. Father, will you put on your black suit, or are you too busy? And don't forget to wear the pearl cuff buttons Aunt Grace sent you."



"Do Your Friends Call you Jerry?" over. Oh, father, I did forget your eggs again, I am afraid they are too hard. Here, twins, you carry in the oatmeal, and we will eat. No use to wait for Prudence, it would be like waiting for the next comet." Indeed, it was nearly noon when a small, one-horse spring wagon drove into the parsonage yard. Mr. Starr was in his study with a book, but he heard a piercing shriek from Connie, and a shrill "Prudence!" from one of the twins. He was downstairs in three leaps, and rushing wildly out to the little rickety wagon. And there was Prudence! "Don't be frightened, father. I've just sprained my ankle, and it doesn't hurt hardly any. But the bicycle is broken, and we'll have to pay for it. You can use my own money in the bank. Poor Mr. Davis had to walk all the way to town, because there wasn't any room for him in the wagon with me lying down like this. Will you carry me in?"

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Come with Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery. This is a blood purifier that starts the liver and sets it to vigorous action. It cleans the body to manufacture rich blood which feeds the heart, nerves, brain, and all the organs of the body. The organs smoothly like machinery running clear, strong and strong instead of tired, weak and faint.

Now Sister Stays Home

The alleged young woman rowing with a possible suit had taken her little sister, exhibiting much fear of the "Why, Martha, what you are doing now, what will you be age?" "Thirty-nine, I suppose," replied the little sister.—Exch.

Silent Partner Wanted

She—I do not care to marry do not care even to talk to you. He (a widower)—That is the reason I want you to marry Boston Transcript.

Getting the Best of it

"Flubdub says it is better than to receive." "Hub?" "He has just given his wife to Florida."—Louisville Courier.

WOMAN NOW PERFECT HEAD

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Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass., if you need special advice.

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Exactly. C. E., 16—I can tell how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart. Queen—Well, how much? C. E., 16—Two pints.—Texas Longhorn. A Christmas Present. It wasn't much as things befall And didn't cost much pelf, But still it pleased him pretty well, The gift he gave himself. Naturally. "This year is going to be lucky because it is not an even number." "That's odd."—Baltimore American. To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Trying to Oblige. "What's your name, my poor man?" asked the kind-hearted woman. "Lady," replied Plodding Pete, unblushingly, "me name is Lord Reginald Courtenay Thorpe." "Are you sure that's your name?" "No, I jes' thought it 'ud be a nice name fur you to use if you wanted to put de fact dat you had given me a sandwich an' a cup o' tea in de society news."—Washington Star. GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD. Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, Liver and bowels. Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, y'r little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

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