

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 4:20 P. M. arrives Independence at 4:30 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.

SHEEP'S CLOTHING

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC. COPYRIGHT BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

LUCY CARTERET ADMITS THAT SHE IS LYDIA CRAVENS AND THAT HER FATHER DOESN'T KNOW SHE IS GOING TO AMERICA TO LIVE WITH HIM

A well-bred young Englishwoman, nervous and suspicious, finds when she boards the steamer Alstia, bound from Liverpool to New York, that her stateroom mate is Mrs. Amelia Beggarstaff, a fascinating, wealthy American widow of sixty years. The girl introduces herself as Lucy Carteret and explains that she is going to make her home with her father in America. Something about the girl's behavior puzzles the widow, and she is much surprised to find that Lucy owns a magnificent necklace which had been stolen from a museum collection some time previously, and informs her friend, Mr. Quoin, a private detective. Lucy, dressing in the dark in her stateroom, hears a mysterious conversation between men just outside her window and recognizes one of them.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Two minutes later the stewardess, hastening to answer a series of impatient rings from B75, found that stateroom bright with light and tenanted by a pale but animated young woman frantically struggling into a haphazard selection of garments, with the evident intention of making immediate appearance in public. "Winant, do you think you could find me a passenger list?" "Oh, surely, miss." "I want very much to see one. Please fetch it at once." Gravely Winant shrugged and went her way, shrewdly guessing close to the cause of the passenger's excitement. "Some sweet art, likely," she reflected with the indulgent pity of a self-supporting married woman not obliged to live continuously with her husband. "Found out some 'ow 'e's on board, w'ich she wasn't expectin'." So instead of summoning the ship's doctor to pass upon the advisability of allowing the convalescent to go on deck, Winant serenely carried out her instructions, returning to find Miss Carteret all dressed save for hooks and shoebuttons. "You've been in since I went to sleep this afternoon, Winant?" the girl demanded as Winant entered. "Yes, miss, tidyin' up a bit." "You didn't notice a brooch anywhere—on top this chest of drawers?" "A cameo brooch? Yes, miss, I did, and left it w'ere I saw it." "Really? But it's not there now. What can have become of it? Oh, is that the passenger list?" In her excitement, almost snatching from Winant's grasp the printed list of first-cabin passengers, the girl promptly forgot the missing brooch. "You're sure, miss," the stewardess pursued, first examining the chest and then kneeling to paw the carpet beneath it, "you're sure you didn't by any chance knock it off while dressin'?" "What?" the girl murmured abstractedly, her gaze racing down the dense columns of small type. "The brooch, miss—" "Oh, bother that! It's surely somewhere about. I'll find it later. Oh, Winant!" she broke off with a cry of delight. "It is true! I knew I couldn't be mistaken! He is on the ship!" Her trembling forefinger indicated midway down the column headed "C" the entry, "Craven, Thaddeus—New York."

English newspapers, and knew a vast deal more about Craven than that man would have cared to credit—who, when all's said, wasn't lightly to be termed a man of retiring disposition. Thus the discovery that he had a daughter (and why not a wife living, as well?) was one tremendously titillating; for trade in gossip about notabilities goes on as briskly between decks on fashionable Atlantic steamships as below stairs in fashionable homes on either side of the water. But Craven's daughter, forgetful of the serving woman, sat with eyes serene in a face radiant with the glow of happiness in her heart. Never a doubt troubled her ardent anticipations. That ominous note which had been sounded in the brief conversation outside her window was now forgotten—at worst could not have shaken her faith in his loving kindness. That was something always to be counted upon, something that had never failed her. And if his attitude of late might have seemed inconsistent with truly sympathetic affection, Lydia knew better: her father had not so much opposed her wishes as he had underestimated the sincerity of her mutiny against the rule of Agnes Hicks-Lorrimer. How could it be otherwise, with a gap of five long years in their association, five years of separation, change and growth? His thought aroused appreciation of the great changes time had wrought; so great that it wasn't difficult to fancy Craven failing to recognize his daughter, whose memory with him must be that of a hobbledehoy of fifteen, long-legged and awkward, with perpetually freckled snub nose, mouth too wide, and eyes too large for her thin face, and her hair in plaits—two wrist-thick cables of it falling below her waist, caroty red, and bound with broad butterfly bows of stiff blue ribbon. Mrs. Hicks-Lorrimer's idea, that of the butterfly bows—the final touch of ignominy! Lydia dated her hatred of the woman from the hour when she had been compelled to submit to those unspeakable decorations. But today—Lydia smiled tenderly. No; Craven wouldn't know his girl—until she told him—unless, to be sure, she had grown somewhat to resemble her mother, who had been a famous beauty—or so Mrs. Grummie of the Bloomsbury lodgings had asserted—and so Craven himself, under pressure of persistent questioning, had once admitted. Winant, rising from her knees, dispelled reverie. "Is that all, Miss Craven?" Lydia smiled brilliantly. "That's right," she affirmed with decision. "Let me be Miss Craven from now on. Do you think you could find my father for me, Winant?" "Oh, surely, miss," Winant preserved a straight face. "Would you wish me to send 'im to you 'ere?" "Oh, no. I merely want to know where to look for him. But to send him here to find me—why—don't you see?—that would spoil it all!" "Quite so, miss. I won't be a minute."

To Lydia, waiting with eyes shining and lips tremulous with anticipation, entered unexpectedly her Dowager Dragon; and entering, for the first and only time in their association betrayed no signs of some slight embarrassment and bewilderment. "Heaven help our home!" Mrs. Beggarstaff cried, thunderstruck. "Where are you going, child?" "On deck, probably," Lydia informed her with a twinkle of mischief. "But—my blessed income—" "Dear Mrs. Beggarstaff," Lydia interposed impulsively, "I must tell you, something has happened—something so wonderful and delightful that I verily believe it would have got me out of bed had I been at the point of death!" "Poh!" exclaimed the Dowager Dragon impatiently. Surprise faded in her eyes, and was replaced by something strangely like disappointment. With a quick movement she closed the door and sat down on her bed. "Nonsense!" she added with unaccountable irritation, looking the excited young woman up and down. "My dear, you're

not going to tell me you've found out your father is on board?" "How in the name of wonder did you guess?" "I didn't guess—I know," the Dragon retorted, sententiously. "I know everything, including my own mind: my middle name is Omniscience. Remember that, next time you try to keep Amelia Beggarstaff in the dark. You're Lydia Craven, and your father's Thaddeus Craven—Tad Craven to me and—" "You know him? You know my father, Mrs. Beggarstaff? You dear!" With a grim smile, the Dowager Dragon submitted to a spontaneous embrace, then gently fended off the agitated girl. "There!" she growled with an attempt at acerbity not wholly successful. "Save your kisses for your dad! I dare say you've played the deuce with my complexion, and as for my wig" (this while readjusting that disarranged adornment) "if you can't keep your own hair on for joy, you might at least be good enough to let mine roost where it belongs!" "But—I don't care!" Lydia retorted with gay defiance. "You know my father, and I've a perfect right to kiss you for that, if I want to. Tell me how long you have known him, and how long you've known I was his daughter, and what made you begin to suspect, and—"

"In pity's name!" the Dowager Dragon interrupted, covering her ears. "One question at a time. Be still, and I'll tell you." But here, to her open relief, the stewardess knocked and entered, with the effect of rendering Lydia oblivious to all else. "Yes, Winant? You've found him? Where?" "One of the stewards tells me, miss, 'e's just seen Mr. Craven abaft the deck-house on the main deck, astern." "Thank you so much, Winant. Good-by, Mrs. Beggarstaff!" Snatching up wrap and scarf, Lydia was off in a breath. Those she left behind eyed one another oddly—the Dowager Dragon with a twinkling look of inquiry; the stewardess with discreetly tightened lips and half-lowered lids that, hinting at mysteries unutterable, were a plain provocation to any competent catechist. And the face of Mrs. Beggarstaff grew bright with the light of battle.

CHAPTER IV.

Lydia stepped over the high sill of a doorway to open air upon the main deck abaft the superstructure and gained the shadow of the deckhouse wherein the rudder engine clanked and groaned. When she came to the open space between the deckhouse and the taffrail the moon slipped from behind a cloud, drenching the ship with ghostly radiance, and she stopped short. In no other public part of the vessel could one—or two—have found greater privacy. Two, at least, seemed to have thought of that. In that fan-shaped space behind the deckhouse, close by the singing meter of the log, Craven stood with Mrs. Merrilees in his arms. Wholly unaware that they were not alone, these two clung to each other, lips sealing lips in the ecstasy of a long and passionate embrace, moveless save as they yielded to the motion of the ship.

Lydia stood rooted in incredulous embarrassment. In that pitiless wash of naked moonlight she could not fail to recognize the woman. She was Mrs. Merrilees beyond question, gowned precisely as she had been that first night out, forever to be a figure of radiant loveliness in the galleries of Lydia's memory. But that the other, her lover, could be Thaddeus Craven—impossible! A passing likeness to his sturdy but graceful figure—deceiving eyes too eager to recognize a beloved parent; it could be nothing more than that. Impossible that he, her father, could be the lover of a woman but little older than herself!

Things happen immediately which Lydia did not bargain for, and the unfolding of a mystery is vastly disconcerting to several persons. The veil is lifted in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Part of It All Right. "Wouldn't you like to have her sing beside you in the wilderness?" "Well, I'm in favor of the wilderness, but I wouldn't care to be there."—Judge.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

CANARY CLOUDY WINGS.

"Cloudy Wings was the name of a pet canary," said Daddy. "He had been given that name by a little boy named McLean, because his wings were partly gray and looked very much like the clouds. Of course Cloudy Wings had a very fine little yellow feathered body."



The Rain Dripped Down. "He was very tame, and McLean used to let him out of his cage to fly around the room. Sometimes he would fly downstairs and listen if someone were playing the piano."

"Then he would put his head on one side as though to say: 'I shall sing for you. I am a great singer!'"

"First he would try a few trills, and then he would commence. It almost seemed as if his little throat would burst. But no, he had a strong voice for such a tiny bird, and he sang gloriously as long as the piano was played."

"He seemed to like to have someone play for him, and seemed to be saying, 'My voice sounds better when there is a piano too!'"

"Of course he always had seed and water, cuttle fish and bird's delight in his cage. But after lunch each day McLean would bring him a little piece of nice green lettuce. And in the evening he would give Cloudy Wings a piece of raw apple, all nicely peeled."

"One day, however, someone opened a window. Cloudy Wings had never been outside the window before except when his cage had been put on the upstairs piazza, and he had taken his bath in the sunshine. But that only happened on the warm summer days."

"Cloudy Wings thought he would like to see the world. He had always had a good deal of freedom and he wasn't really so awfully keen about flying out that window—but somehow he thought he had better."

"He wandered about and flew from bush to bush. Soon it began to rain. 'They call those trees over yonder Umbrella Trees,' said Cloudy Wings to himself. For in some parts of the country there are low trees, very much the shape of open umbrellas."

"Cloudy Wings stood under the tree, but the rain dripped down over his little body and his bright yellow feathers were all wet."

"Oh, how cold it is," thought Cloudy Wings to himself. "I can't shake off this water as I do my bath water, because it all comes on me again. And my little Master always puts me in the sun to dry after my bath. If there is no sun I am put near a stove or where I can slowly get good and dry. This is awful!" And he gave miserable little sounds.

"Of course in the meantime, McLean was almost frightened out of his poor little wits. What could have happened to Cloudy Wings? He saw that a window had been left open, and he knew the bird must have gone out. He still kept the window open in the hopes that Cloudy Wings would come back, and he sat by the open window, shivering in the dampness, saying to himself, and trying hard to keep back the tears: 'Oh Cloudy Wings, come back! I want you so! Please come back, Cloudy Wings!'"

"Poor Cloudy Wings, wet and miserable, had forgotten how to get home. He had flown too far away. He saw a round glass house, and beat his wings against the panes of glass."

"An old man was inside looking after his flowers, for the glass house was a conservatory of flowers and plants. The old man was fondling the plants and digging around them to make them grow. When he heard the sounds of the little wings. When he saw the poor little wet bird he opened the door and took him in. Cloudy Wings sat in his warm hands while the old man smoothed and dried the little wet feathers."

"You belong to the little boy down the road," he said to himself. "I've seen you in the window. I always could tell you by your gray wings." So back in the old man's pocket Cloudy Wings went to his Master, and never again did he leave his home. He had freedom enough there. He was not kept in a cage all day, and he never shivered in the rain again."

In Looking Over the Day. In estimating the worth of a day you must take into account not merely what has happened to you but what has happened to others through you. No day has been a success in which you have cast a shadow over another's hopes, and stolen the gold from another's sunshine. And no day has been a failure in which you have encouraged some who were disheartened, and helped others into a better way.—Girl's Companion

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Good Medicine... WEEKS' TABLETS

"There is a Tide," etc. Mr. Sidener had made his public speech and waited for his verdict. He expected her to say it was simply great, Eddy! They were half way home, and she had nothing. "Well," he began again, "what did you think of my answer with guarded attention? 'but you didn't make me your opportunities.' 'Opportunities?' repeated Mr. Sidener. 'What do you mean, Eddy?' 'Why,' Mrs. Sidener replied, 'had so many chances to sit on the floor you did.'—Christian Register

CUTICURA IS SO SOOTHING To Itching, Burning Skin—It Soothes, but Heals—Tried First Treatment: Bathe the affected face with Cuticura Soap and later, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. Repeat morning and night. This method affords immediate relief and points to speedy healing. Are ideal for every-day toilet use. Free sample each by mail. Book, Address postcard, Cuticura Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Billing Clerk Only. Boss—I wanted to speak to you, Lovum, about your attention to Sweet during office hours. I see you as billing clerk only; so mentioned. That will be all for present.—Exchange

"Not Our Can." A little lad at Carmel, Ind., whose mother was sick, was asked by neighbor women to bring the coal as she wished to kindle the fire. The little fellow brought it, and the woman asked for an open fire. The lad poured the oil in, as she was live coals were in the stove and explosion might occur. The little lad looked at her unconcernedly said: "Oh, gee, go ahead, it's our can."—Indianapolis News

"Be sure you're right." "No. Tell 'em you're too good to fight."—Detroit Free Press

Wanted. "Say, where's the missus?" "Upstairs washing her face." "Tell her she had better come down and see the laundry who's facing her wash."—Baltimore Sun

A PROMINENT WOMAN ENDORSES OUR STATEMENT Portland, Oregon.—"I was troubled for years with male troubles. I tried a great many remedies with any benefit. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took several bottles and received benefit therefrom. I can heartily recommend this medicine to all women who are expected to become mothers, as I do not think there is anything to equal it. It is also good during the period of confinement."—MRS. C. A. ANDERSON, Macadam Street.

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