

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, 4:35 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 4:25 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

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "THE LONE WOLF," "THE BRASS BOWL," Etc.

Copyright by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

But before she could re-collect her wits and slip quietly away Craven abruptly lifted his head and looked directly at his daughter; and now she knew him positively. Though his jaw dropped, his mouth gaped, and his eyes stared prominently from a countenance that in a twinkling darkened portentously above the blank pallor of his shirt bosom, in every lineament he was Thaddeus Craven of the sempiternally youthful face, showed never a line to declare he wasn't thirty-one but a round decade older.

For a moment whose tension lent it the length of many, father and daughter remained transfixed and staring. Then his emotion communicated itself to the woman in his arms. Startled and wondering, she unveiled her eyes, caught a shadowed glimpse of the third figure, disengaged, and drew away. And Craven suffered this without a sign to indicate that he had not forgotten her, maintaining his poise and stare with a fixity that, penetrating Lydia's confusion, stirred her curiosity.

Taking one step toward him, she paused again, lifted one hand in a gesture at once apologetic and appealing, and said falteringly, "Daddy—"

With visible effort Craven pulled himself together and made an attempt to speak; but only a husky whisper rattled in his throat. Then his glance veered uncertainly to Mrs. Merrilees.

Abruptly this last, overcoming her astonishment, precipitated the situation. The blush that had shadowed her exquisite face ebbed again, leaving it incomparably fair. She threw back her shoulders and took full advantage of her inches.

"Really, Miss Carteret—" she began; and then her voice of crystal clearness broke in a cool and tinkling laugh.

"Oh, do forgive me, Mrs. Merrilees! I never dreamed—I expected to find my father alone—"

"Father!" With that iteration of superb insolence, Mrs. Merrilees became once more completely mistress of herself; and if her tone cried scorn upon a presumptuous girl, her look demanded explanation of the man.

But Craven had needed no more time to make good his recovery. It was his familiar self who stepped into this breach, amiable, untruffled, perhaps a shade too devil-may-care; but to balance that there was a not unbecoming ring of deference in his voice. "I'm afraid," he said, "my surprise knocked me silly for a moment. Lydia, I'd no idea you were on board; but you seem already to know Mrs. Merrilees, Betty, permit me to present my daughter."

"Your daughter, Tad?" There was unpropitious rillery in the woman's tone. Craven replied only by a bow. "Do you realize this is my first intimation that you were asking me to become a stepmother?"

"I've much to tell you, Betty," Craven answered with grave simplicity; then, turning to his daughter, "Lydia, Mrs. Merrilees has just done me the honor to promise to become my wife, and—the truth is—"

"To come out!" Mrs. Merrilees supplied incisively. He laughed a little awkwardly. "Exactly! I mean to say, it was all quite unpremeditated. It isn't fifteen minutes since we found we—ah—loved each other; since when I—have been rather too preoccupied to advise Mrs. Merrilees of all my affairs. In another hour, of course, she would have known. As it is if the fact of my prior marriage—"

"Tad!" Mrs. Merrilees interjected with a spirit that commanded his deference. "We're neither of us fools. Don't overdo things. You're talking stupidly—quite unlike yourself. I don't care to hear more until you've found your bearings; and I want time to find mine, into the bargain. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Nothing more so," he affirmed cheerfully.

"Then I'll leave you to your—family reunion!" Fugitively Craven's eyes conveyed what was at once a demand and an appeal. But before Lydia could respond Mrs. Merrilees anticipated, with a quick movement crossing to drop her hands lightly upon the girl's shoulders.

"My dear Miss Craven!" she said with an odd little catch in her voice. "I'm not sure yet I ought to call you Lydia; but I'm awfully fond of your father, and—and if I can get over what doesn't seem an unfair suspicion that he's kept me too long in the dark about you, I shall probably marry him."

"I can't wish him greater good fortune," said Lydia quietly. "You are a dear! And so beautiful—I'm jealous. Do you think, Tad, it is wise to have two blondes in one family? Don't answer, please. It's a riddle I must solve to my own satisfaction before I listen to you again. But—I'm serious—think it over."

With a transient tightening of her grasp on Lydia's shoulders, a pressure that conveyed a hint of friendliness, the woman turned away.

LYDIA CRAVEN SURPRISES HER FATHER MAKING LOVE TO ANOTHER WOMAN—THERE IS EMBARRASSMENT, BUT LYDIA MAKES TWO REAL FRIENDS

SYNOPSIS.—A well-bred young Englishwoman, nervous and suspicious, finds when she boards the steamer Alsatia, bound from Liverpool to New York, that her stateroom mate is Mrs. Amelia Beggarstaff, a fascinating, wealthy American widow of about sixty years. The girl introduces herself as Lucy Carteret and says she is going to America to meet her father. Lucy's behavior puzzles Mrs. Beggarstaff, who is vastly surprised to find her possessing a magnificent necklace which was stolen from a museum collection some time previously, and passes the news on to her friend, Quoin, a private detective on board. Lucy, dressing in the dark in her stateroom, hears a mysterious conversation between two men just outside her window and recognizes one of them as Thaddeus Craven, her father. Amazed, she hurries up on deck, searches about and finds him making love to Mrs. Merrilees, wealthy, beautiful young widow and friend of Mrs. Beggarstaff, to whom Lucy has just confessed that she is really Lydia Craven.

"No!" she insisted when Craven promptly ranged himself at her side. "Let me go for tonight, Tad. I'd prefer to be alone to think things out. Tomorrow, perhaps—"

Her smile flashed uncertainly toward Lydia as she disappeared round the shoulder of the deckhouse.

Craven delayed, however, barely long enough for a word, "Wait here—I shan't be long."

Lydia said nothing, but watched him go with eyes confused with pain, she who had found herself suddenly relegated from the status of a well-beloved child to that of a stumbling block in the path of her father's ambition, who could no longer doubt that he had planned to keep her existence secret until his marriage to this Mrs. Merrilees of the fabulous fortune should be a consummated fact.

She stood desolate amid a debris of illusions, who had never known a mother, and now had lost a father. Her eyes filled. He hadn't even kissed her after five years' separation! Resting arms upon the taffrail, she turned a forlorn face to the night-clad sea, her mood fraught with vast disconsolation. A footfall sounded behind her, and she wheeled sharply about to join issue with her father. But it was Peter Traft who, briskly rounding the deckhouse, pulled up short at sight of that tense young person, Lydia, with her shoulders back, her chin up, and defiance a glimmer in her eyes.

"I beg your pardon—" He peered eagerly to make certain; for the moon was just then thinly veiled in cloud. "It's Miss Carteret, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Traft," said the girl quietly, relaxing. "Good evening."

He seemed puzzled by her manner, started to say something, reconsidered sharply, then ventured with engaging deference, "It's good to see you up and about again."

"It feels pretty good, thank you," she said, with a smile that gave him courage.

"Hope I didn't startle you, galumphing into your solitude without warning. Fact is, I was looking for old Tad Craven. We're needing a fourth. I don't suppose you know Craven, though?"

"Oh, yes, I've known Mr. Craven a long time."

"Really? He's a wonder, isn't he?" Traft exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Everybody's friend—not an enemy in the world. I don't believe there's a better-liked man in New York—our New York, that is."

"Your New York? You see, I've always lived in England, and have lots to learn about—home."

"Sheer snobbery on my part," Peter admitted cheerfully. "I meant the very small part of New York that we infest, whom my friend Mr. Martin likes to call the 'idle rich.' If he only knew!"

"But are you?"

"I'm afraid I'm idle enough; but as for riches, I'm poverty's poor relation."

"But what do you do?"

"Oh, I play a good hand at bridge, a fair racket at tennis, and am always on hand to fill in when somebody doesn't show up for dinner." The least trace of bitterness flavored this gratuitous account of himself, and the peroration was accompanied by an uneasy laugh. "In short, I'm what your English friends call a waster. But please don't think that I'm bidding for serious consideration."

"I understand," the girl said quietly. "I didn't mean to bore you, either."

"You didn't; but you made me think—and wonder."

"Why I'm content to be—so useless?"

She nodded, with her shadowy smile. A wry grin answered that. "You certainly take the curse off of it," Traft averred. "Candor like yours is good for the egotism. The register of my self-esteem is now subnormal."

"I didn't mean to be unpleasant, Mr. Traft."

"Don't, please. Thus far you've done me good; but if you say more, betray the least real interest in me, I'll get chummy and need taking down again. And I'm forgetting Craven."

"He was here only a few minutes ago, and promised to come back before long."

"Then may I wait? You don't mind?"

"No," said the girl. "Indeed, I've something to tell you. You've praised him to my face, and that makes me want to tell you. I'm not Lucy Carteret, really, Mr. Traft. My name is Lydia Craven. Thaddeus Craven is my father."

"Oh, I say!" Peter stared incredulously. "Not Tad Craven's daughter! You're serious?"

"Quite."

He nodded. "I see you are. But—well—you have surprised me. I don't suppose a soul who knows him would believe Tad Craven anything but a convinced bachelor—"

So—it was true—Craven had never mentioned his daughter to his friends! Staring seaward, Lydia worked her hands together gently; and, watching her closely, the man saw her face fugitively convulsed. And wisely he held silence.

"Mrs. Beggarstaff knows," the girl said presently, "and Mrs. Merrilees, and I dare say by tomorrow all his acquaintances on the ship will know. So, you see, I'm not violating his confidence. Only you spoke of him so warmly that you made me want you to understand." A quaver touched her tone; but she persisted: "I'm afraid I've made a great mistake—embarrassed him horribly, turning up this way. But I didn't know he was a passenger. I supposed, of course, he was at home—in New York—"

Much of Peter's charm lay in his instinctive recognition of those times when it is wisest to say nothing. No body could leave everything unsaid in a way more eloquent of sympathetic comprehension. So he stood very still, covertly watching her face and wondering.

"I couldn't help it— They forced me to it—the people I lived with in London. I knew it wasn't right, because I didn't love him. How can one marry a person one doesn't love? But when I wrote to daddy he wouldn't even answer, and I couldn't help it—I had to run away! And now, of course, he's furious with me—turning up here like the bad penny—"

"Why should he resent that? I don't see why he couldn't have told us he had a daughter—especially one like you! It seems to me, the innocent bystander, that Tad hadn't any right to pose—"

"Don't! We mustn't misjudge him. You're his friend; surely you ought to make allowances for him, if I can. I'm sure he must have had his reasons—good enough reasons, if we only knew. Why must he take the world into his confidence?"

Dumfounded, Peter stared; then remembered himself that woman nature was a singular thing, its mental processes defying masculine analysis. "You're right," he asserted meekly, after a pause. "Of course you're right! I've known Tad Craven a long time and pretty well, if he is a bit older, and I know he wouldn't do anything dishonorable or calculated to hurt anybody. He's not that kind."

Impulsively Lydia's hand went out to Peter's; but in the long instant that they sat hand in hand and eye to eye each smiling a truce consciously, signals of distress showed in her wavering glance, and within his grasp the pressure of her firm young fingers lessened until reluctantly he released them.

"What is it?" Peter asked gently.

"Only my presumptuousness—inflicting you with my troubles, demanding your sympathy, as if I'd any right whatever—"

"I'm your father's friend, at least Miss Craven, and—such as I am—if you care to think of me as your friend too, I'll be very glad—not to say vainglorious."

She wouldn't have been a human girl had she lacked coquetry. A suspicion of mischief lightened the smile with which she regarded him, head judgmentally inclined a bit to one side. "Mrs. Beggarstaff seems to think well of you—"

"She's kind-hearted—and easily amused."

"How you do continually cry yourself down! What is one to think?"

"When a man has the grace to speak humbly of himself, Miss Craven, listen with gratitude and amazement; truth is rare music in this world!"

"Yet you urge your friendship upon me."

"It is all I have to offer," he dropped for a moment his bantering tone: "poor currency, perhaps, but not counterfeit; lightweight, but without alloy." Then suddenly she was grave again. "You are kind," she averred wistfully, "and—I need friends."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Do you believe that Thaddeus Craven is an honest man? And does it occur to you that he may try to get rid of Lydia in order to insure the success of his projects—whatever they may be?

Easily Changed. "Is your portable garage satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes," replied the suburban dweller, "it suits me very well and I'm glad for my wife's sake that I bought the portable kind."

"Why so?"

"She's had it moved half a dozen times because she didn't think it looked well from the street."

NOT CROWDED YET

Plenty of Room in Heaven, Say the Statisticians.

Mathematicians Compile Interesting Figures Based on the Dimensions as Stated in Bible.

The dimensions of heaven are plainly stated in the Bible, but they are so great that no one yet has been able to reduce them to figures that can be grasped by most people. However, they do indicate that heaven is not a crowded place.

The basis of calculations of the size of heaven is found in Revelations 21:15: "And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

Twelve thousand furlongs are 1,920,000 feet, or 1,500 miles. The cube of this must be taken in order to obtain the cubic contents of heaven, which are 469,793,088,000,000,000 cubic feet.

With these figures before him one statistician has figured out just how much room there is in heaven for each individual soul. A single calculation is given to prove just how easy the process really is.

This statistician thinks that the meeting place of the angels probably is the most spacious and requires at least half the total space. He deducts another fourth for streets and open places, which leaves 124,198,272,000,000,000 cubic feet for the actual dwelling place of the angels.

A room 20 feet square contains 8,000 cubic feet. Assuming that the dwellings of heaven are divided into rooms 20 feet square, there would be exactly 13,024,534,000,000,000 rooms. The present number of inhabitants in the world is estimated at approximately 1,900,000,000. Assuming for the moment that this number has always existed in the world each day and that there are three generations in a century, the number of inhabitants for each century would be 3,000,000,000.

Assuming also that the world has existed for 1,000 centuries (scientists have not been able to agree as to the age of the earth), then the total number of inhabitants in the world amounts to 3,000,000,000,000.

Many scientists are of the opinion that other worlds besides the earth, especially Mars, are inhabited. Not to leave out of account the possible inhabitants of other worlds, it is estimated that 99 of them could be added, giving a total of 100 worlds like the earth with 300,000,000,000,000 inhabitants.

Dividing the total number of rooms, 13,024,534,000,000,000, by 300,000,000,000, the total number of inhabitants, there would be nearly five rooms 20 feet square and with a 10-foot ceiling for each angel.

House With Double Roof.

By adopting some tropical ideas of house building, a Florida landowner has constructed on the banks of the Miami river a dwelling that promises the maximum of comfort in summer. The house is described in Popular Mechanics. It is of a simple two-story frame design, with low-pitched roof, but the roof is double, with a considerable air space between, which serves to protect the upper story from the direct heat of the sun. There are also wide two-story screened porches around the house on three sides, so as to get all the benefit of the northeast trade wind which prevails during the summer. The porches are all under the double roof, which has overhanging eaves. This style of construction is common in Java and Ceylon, and is also found in the Panama Canal zone, but the house on the Miami is believed to be the first of its kind in the United States, as well as the first in Florida.

Mine Coal in River Beds.

It has been known for some time that large quantities of anthracite coal existed in the beds of certain rivers running through the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, the coal having been washed down years ago. In the Susquehanna river, the Schuylkill and the Lehigh, these deposits are exceedingly heavy, being found in greatest quantities in pockets along the river beds. During the last few years companies, independent of owners and operators of coal mines, have been at work digging out this coal by means of dredges, selling it afterward direct to the consumer. The coal is said to be of excellent quality, in fact, much of it is superior to that obtained direct from the mines. The cost of dredging averages about 12 cents a ton and the prices to consumers have been as low as \$1.35.

No Reason for It.

Polly—Why do you quarrel so much with your fiancé?

Molly—To keep people from getting the wrong impression. I don't want everybody to think I have to marry him.—Judge.

Catty Remark.

First Girl—My motto is: Aim high.

Second Girl—That accounts, I suppose, for the way you are throwing yourself at the head of the new minister who is over six feet.

She Wouldn't Apologize Then.

She—You don't mind my talking so much, do you?

He—No, indeed; but (facetiously) I may mind after we are married.

She—But I shan't mind then.

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of useless combustible material in the form of ash, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and poisons like poisons are formed and sent into the blood.

Men and women who can't get along right must begin to take laxative baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of poisons and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will do very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Use soap and hot water cleanses, sweats and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.

In The Bill.

"I'm afraid," said the junior member of the law firm, "that we are causing our client unnecessary trouble."

"Oh, that's all right," rejoined the senior member; "we'll charge him for it."—Boston Transcript.

Hard Prescription.

Doctor—My dear sir, you must give your wife some considerable change of once.

Husband—Can't do it, doctor; you've got it all.—Baltimore American.

Higher Joy.

Being hampered by strict parents, Herbert's chief joy, up to the age of 8, had been the weekly prayer meeting. When he arrived at the age of discretion a worldly minded relative smuggled him off to a circus. Herbert came home bursting with enthusiasm.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "if you went to a circus you'd never go to a prayer meeting again in all your life!"—Exchange.

He—Didn't I hear that your son expects to be a veterinarian?

She—Why, no—he hasn't even studied, yet.—Judge.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, for large trial package of "Anuric" for kidneys, cures backache.

In New York.

Hotel Clerk—Do you want a room with a bath?

Uncle Hiram—Waal, no-o, I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night.—Princeton Tiger.

DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis FOR ABSORBINE

will reduce them and leave no blisters. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 M free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for marking, the authentic solution for Blisters, Sores, Swellings, Itches, Itchy Pains and Inflammation. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle of druggists or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.

W. F. YOUNG, P.O.F., 403 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

NERVOUSNESS AND BLUES

Symptoms of More Serious Sickness.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just eat everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."

—Mrs. ROBT. STOPIEL, Sage Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of

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.

H. D. Buffum & Son GENERAL CONTRACTORS

House Moving and Repairing a Specialty—All work guaranteed.

INDEPENDENCE, ORE. Phone 8311.

POPULAR MECHANICS 300 ARTICLES 300 ILLUSTRATIONS

Popular Mechanics Magazine

"WRITTEN SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT"

A GREAT Continued Story of the World's Progress which you may begin reading at any time, and which will hold your interest forever. You are living in the best year, of the most wonderful age, of what is doubtless the greatest world in the universe. A resident of Mars would gladly pay—

\$1,000 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

to this magazine, in order to keep informed of our progress in Engineering and Mechanics. Are you reading it? Two millions of your neighbors are, and it is the favorite magazine in thousands of the best American homes. It appeals to all classes—old and young—men and women.

The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to do things—how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc. "Amateur Mechanics" (10 pages) tells how to make Mission furniture, wireless outfits, boats, engines, magic, and all the things a boy loves, \$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Ask your bookseller to show you one or WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY TODAY

POPULAR MECHANICS CO. 319 W. Washington St., CHICAGO