

Monmouth Correspondents.

Little baby Byers is quite sick.
 Mrs. Carl Coats is seriously ill.
 Tom Boothby is hauling lumber for his new house.
 Nearly all who could leave home are picking hops.
 Mrs. Laura Miller was a passenger to Salem Monday.
 Prof. G. A. Forbes is at home again, after a month's outing.
 Mrs. B. F. Mulkey was a passenger to Salem by stage Tuesday.
 V. O. Boots made a business trip to Portland the first of the week.
 Born, Monday, August 31st, 1903, to the wife of Edd Bedwell, a son.
 Miss Lena Mulkey returned to Spokane, where she will teach this year.
 Mrs. Mary Meador and children visited at J. D. Conyer's Tuesday, at Lonsville.
 Sam Work is tearing down his old house. It will be a great improvement to the lot and town.
 John Doughty is home again. He has been working on a hop-house at Black Dog, near Albany.
 Professor Spillman, formerly a teacher in the O. S. N. S., now of Washington, D. C., was here visiting Dr. Crowley's last week.

Monmouth is about deserted now, especially of the "female persuasion." All are in the hop yards.

Mrs. Jessie Parks, who has been at the Sulphur Springs, has improved in health as a result of her stay there.

Wheat runs from 25 to 45 bushels to the acre about Monmouth, and all other crops are correspondingly good.

The sidewalks of Monmouth are in a miserable shape, and unless they are fixed the city will have an additional damage suit to pay.

Mrs. E. Clark, of Sunny Side, returned home from her visit to Portland and The Dalles last week, and she reports having a good time.

One by one the old land marks disappear. The old Hembree house and the one next to it have been torn down, and the Frank Mulkey house on College and Jackson streets has given away to some future structure.

The Willamette Valley can raise corn with the best of them. Mr. Heffley has a field measuring ten feet in height. Two years ago W. N. O'Kelly raised a good field of corn, as did H. Mattison last year. If corn can't be grown in this country, it is because of the party planting it.

Pictures by the Wayside.

Special from Buena Vista.

It happened in an Oregon village less than five years ago. The facts are truth; a part of the details are supplied; but the characters live and breathe and have their being today.

The night was cool and a woman of sixty-eight sat hovering over a handful of coals in the sitting room heater. In the larder there was a little flour, a little salt, a little tea and some milk—nothing more. In the woman's purse there was a

H. R. Nehrbas, D. D. S.

**Monmouth
Dentist
An Expert**

Over P. O. Monmouth.

smooth ten-cent piece with a hole through it; in her heart a nameless sadness and a great longing for eternal rest, such as comes often to the aged who feel themselves neglected and in the way.

Going to the window the woman gazed towards the hillside cemetery, and in the moonlight could trace the outlines of the white tombstones. Two little graves in that quiet lot were hers, but the lowly beds of her sleeping babes were unmarked, and only the wild-flowers waved above the humble mounds.

Dashing the scalding tears from her eyes the woman resumed her seat by the dying fire, and, as though a voice whispered the words in her ear, she heard the 23d Psalm. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." And though the woman's supper had been a scrap of cold bread and a cup of weak tea, and although the morrow seemed even less promising, she sought her pillow, and in renewed hope, and with courage strengthened, fell into peaceful slumber.

That same night another woman in a neighboring state and village, gave a swell luncheon to a number of guests. Herself and daughters were attired in evening gowns of finest texture; jewels glittered on their white hands, and the table was resplendent in cut glass and costly silver. Holhouse flowers gave out a languorous perfume; electric lights and the splash of fountains on the lawn rendered the scene entrancing; a stringed orchestra discoursed sweetest music from a recess in the midst of flowing palms and other tropical plants, and merriment held sway as the guests came and went, and chatted and laughed.

What of the expense? No matter; the dinner was a success, and in the society news, Mrs. Blank's reception received a column write-up. It was worth the expense and no regret was felt by the hostess.

When she retired to her room, this woman fell asleep in her luxurious armchair before the marble hearth, and in a dream she saw an aged woman in a faded, calico dress, hovering over a dying fire in a meanly furnished room. The scene reminded her of a home in an Oregon village, and seemed strangely familiar. In the cupboard the shelves were bare, and only a scanty supply of flour was in the bin. The dreamer saw that the elder woman's shoulders were stooped with age and hard work; her eyes were dim with tears, unshed, and a pitiful droop to the lips told of an internal grief too deep for words.

Then the dreamer saw the same room as it had been twenty years before, herself one of a family of nine; she saw the old woman, not stooped then, keeping boarders in order to supply the nine mouths with food and keep the nine growing bodies covered with raiment; she saw the old woman hard at work many a night, until the clock hands pointed to the midnight hour, and she saw the brown hair turning rapidly to gray, and the strong frame bending daily, under its heavy load.

And as she dreamed, she beheld

the older woman arise, and heard in a clear voice, "The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want;" and as the elder woman turned to seek her rest, the dreamer awoke with a start, for the face of the elder was that of the dreamer's poor, old mother, in an Oregon village not so many hundred miles away; and the dreamer knew the dream to be true.

But the vision faded from the dreamer's mind ere the glare of next day's sun had softened into twilight shadows; the society face goes on, and the old woman, needy and neglected, goes on, too—towards a house wherein there are many mansions and a bedchamber prepared for her, richer than any palace can afford.

The Institution of Peace Hereafter.

Pope Pius has asked Cardinal Vannutelli's nephew, formerly a Lieutenant in the Italian navy, to make an invention of the former papal marine, with a view to selling it to the highest bidder. Among the Pope's ships are three old galleys and a number of dispatch boats.

It will be remembered that Pope Leo, several years ago auctioned off the Vatican arsenal's guns, cannon and ammunition. The new Pope has decided to do away with the old mementoes of the old time warlike conditions so far as the Vatican is concerned. The Pope has adopted the late Leo's pet white dove, which the Holy Father used to feed a certain hour every morning. He allows it in his room, where it perches on his writing desk, and like Leo, he daily saves some bread crumbs for its food. This white dove was among the last visitors Pope Leo received. On the second morning preceding his death the winged pet knocked at his bed room window with its beak and when admitted flew upon his bed, walked over the Pope's chest and looked into his eyes. With great difficulty Leo laid his hand on its head, petting it gently and whispered farewell. Several Italian artists are at work painting the scene, "Leo on his death bed visited by the white dove."

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts,

**Ladies
Watches**

\$7.25, 8.75, 10,
11.25, 13.50, 14,
15, 20.75, 24,
25.50 and up.



**Gents'
Watches**

\$6, \$8, \$9, 9.50,
11, 12.75, 14,
16 and up.

**These Watches talk for themselves.
Give them a chance by coming
and seeing them.**

Alarm Clocks!



**85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
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Having taken out wholesale license, I can now sell all Beer and Cigars
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proof against all adversity,—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings,—treasure houses of restful and pleasant thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—RUSKIN.

Mrs. Thomas Fennell returned from a visit in Eugene the first of the week.

Wanted.—Several persons of character and good reputation in each county (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$21.00 per month with expenses additional, all payable cash direct each Wednesday from the offices. Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Columbia Dearborn St., Chicago.



The Superior Range.

You will soon have to decide what kind of a cook stove or range you will buy. We carry the celebrated SUPERIOR STOVES AND RANGE, which have been successfully manufactured for the past sixty-seven years. They are made of the very best materials with the highest finish and workmanship, and possesses the latest improvements for insuring perfect operation, convenience and durability. We invite you to examine our stock. It is the most complete in Polk county. We are this week receiving a large shipment of enameled ware direct from the factory which will be sold at the lowest living prices.

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