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### Bob Taylor's Wit.

A good short story is an addition to literature not to be despised. The short story referred to is not the literature which sparkles upon pages of the magazine. It is the anecdote or tale, rarely word or mouth for conational or illustrative purposes, but so helps out a speech with such piquancy to content as a ready, apt anecdote. These stories may have their paths in them, may be threadbare, but the manipulation of a good teller have perennial value. The politician understands this and, if shrewd, lays large supply. The success-maker realizes it and adds a stock of arguments a number of stories. Indeed the reliance of many politicians on knowledge of stories and acquaintance with people. While the average evangelist bulk sermons are formed by thrilling or threadbare.

More accomplished story occupies the American more than ex-Governor Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, Bob Taylor. No story can be so told in print as orally, certainly not one of Taylor's tales. It is lacking the twinkle of

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the eye, the expressive gesture, the merry smile or the sober countenance. The rich, round mellifluous voice is unheard and the clever imitation. Taylor is a consummate actor, a superb story teller. Here are some stories from his latest lecture.

The doctor's patient was hopelessly ill. The doctor had done all that medicine and professional skill could do to save his life, or prolong his days. Finally the end approached.

The patient rested on his bed as the doctor told him of his serious condition.

"Have you anything to say inquired the doctor, any statement before you pass away?"

"Yes," said the patient turning wearily, "tell my folks I wish I had got another doctor."

Bob Taylor was at his best when he told negro stories, putting in them the dialect of the old-time plantation darkey.

Uncle Rastus was a good old negro who lived on his master's plantation down in Georgia.

He was deeply religious. One of his frequent prayers was that the good Jesus might come and take Uncle Rastus home. One dark stormy night he knelt in his cabin and prayed. It was a fervent petition. "Come, good Jesus, an' take your po' ol' servant home. He's tired and no 'count and wants to go. Come down, Lord, and take him; come, take Uncle Rastus home."

The old man paused. A knock resounded sharply on the cabin door.

"Who's dar?" said the old darkey.

"Jesus, come to take Uncle Rastus home."

The negro looked around, stood up and said:

"Uncle Rastus done moved. He don't live here no more. Go to the nex' cabin."

The head of the household was late in getting home. He was very late. It was long past midnight. Indeed the little clock on the hall mantel had just struck three o'clock when

he came walking in. He had been out with the boys and his wife reproached him.

"Why, its early, yet. It's not late."

Just then the clock sounded one, two, three.

The wife looked at him with grim rebuke. He caught her eye and jerked out this reply:

"Well, now, if you want to believe that darned dollar-and-a-half clock before your dear husband, it's all right."

It was a similar occasion, only more so. This time he was a little drunker than usual. His step was unsteady but he had not lost his courteous manners. She met him at the front, weeping reproachfully.

"Oh, John," she pleaded, "what makes you do this way?"

"You are—hic—so awful pretty—hic—" he said, making an extravagant bow and kissing her, "that I like to—hic—to see you double."



Red is the color of danger, whether on the semaphore or on the skin. When the face is reddened by eruptions, when boils break out on the body, or the angry red of sores and ulcers is displayed in the flesh, it is nature's danger signal. The blood is obstructed and tainted by impurities, and there can be no safety until the blood is made pure.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, and removes the effete matter which clogs and corrupts it. It cures pimples, boils, eczema, scrofula, sores, ulcers and other consequences of impure blood.

"I feel greatly thankful for what your medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. Chas. Hood, of Kalkaska, Mich. "I suffered with scrofula of the head for twelve years. Tried every kind of medicine that I heard of but found no cure. Every one that looked at my head said they never saw anything like it. The last doctor I doctored with before applying to you I got worse every day. Was so miserable that I was unable to do any work at all. After taking two or three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and using the local treatment you prescribed for me, I was cured and my head was entirely free from scrofula."

Accept no substitute for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is no other medicine which is "just as good" for diseases of the blood and the eruptions which are caused by the blood's impurity.

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And she put him tenderly to bed, bathed his forehead the next morning and forgot about the scolding she had fully determined to administer to him.

The old German had a son—a baby boy. He was anxious to know what the child was going to become when he grew up to be a man, what profession he would follow, or trade or occupation. "I know a plan," he said to his wife one day, "I will try him. See that table. I will get a Bible and a bottle of whiskey and a dollar.

I will put it on the table. Then I will let the little boy come in. If he takes the Bible he will be a preacher. If he takes the dollar he will be a banker. If he takes the whiskey he will be a drunkard."

The numerous article were duly displayed upon the table. The boy wandered in after some time while the old man and his wife watched him from a crack in the door. He went at once to the table, looked it over a moment carefully. Then he reached for the dollar, slid it into his pocket, took down the bottle of whiskey and drank its contents and marched off with the Bible under his arm.

The old German turned to his wife, "My God Gretchen, he's going to be a politician."

Uncle Reuben had been working in the cotton fields. At noon he was on his way homeward. Down the road, across the commons he came. An angry bull seeing the old darkey with his red shirt on started after him. Uncle Reuben ran. So did the bull. Around the corner, under the trees, over the hills and up from the hollows, the chase progressed. Aunt Sarah, Reuben's wife watched it from the cabin door. The old man ran like a race-horse but the bull was gaining on him. Finally, however, by an extra spurt of speed he made his way safely within the cabin and the door was slammed and barred behind him.

"Reuben, I didn't know you was such a good runner," said the old woman.

"Go way, niggah," said Uncle Reuben panting for breath, "you fink I wuz gwine to frow off in a race like dat!"

### CITATION.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk.

In the matter of the estate of Charles G. Fisher, deceased, citation.

To A. L. Fisher, Minnie Buckley, Etta Haley, Ella Applegate, Lena O. Michell Jolly, Chas. F. Fisher, Geo. C. Fisher, Ralph B. Fisher, Sarah A. Fisher greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk at the Court Room thereof, at Dallas in the County of Polk on Saturday, the 3d day of October, 1903, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why the prayer of the executor's petition praying for an order to sell all the real property belonging to said estate should not be granted, said property consisting of four tracts: One

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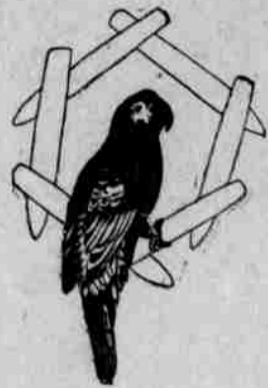
M. D. Wisdom, Secretary, Portland, Oregon.

of 80 acres in township 8 S. E. 5 West of the Willamette meridian in Polk County, Oregon; one tract of 16 acres in town of Monmouth in said County; one tract 75x165 feet in block No. 9, in said town of Monmouth in Polk County, Oregon; one tract of 97.50 acres in township 6 S. E. 1 West of the Willamette meridian in Marion County, Oregon, each of said tracts being fully described in said petition. The object of selling said property is to reduce the estate to cash so to make equal division in value between the heirs and legatees of said deceased, according to terms of the last will of said decedent.

Witness: The Hon. J. E. Sibley, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk with the Seal of said Court affixed, this 29th day of August A. D. 1903.

Attest: U. S. Loughary, Clerk.

Oliver Locke and wife, of Salem, were in Independence Sunday.



JUST TRY A

## PARROT

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