

INDEPENDENCE ENTERPRISE

AND WEST SIDE.

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 17, 1903.

NUMBER 42

CHAPTERS FROM LIFE.

By Mrs. Grace E. Hall.

Gaily the organ peals forth,— eagerly are all the eyes directed toward the doorway. They enter. He the groom, handsome, manly, with a look of pride in his fine eyes, the modest, lovely, in her spotless bridal robes. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." The solemn words cleave the deep silence like a keen edged blade, and it is ended:—the dye cast, the deed recorded, the links fastened forever. * * * "So be it. You have chosen shame and infamy with him rather than a life of honor and virtue with me. Go, and as you have sown, so also may you reap." Bitterly the words are uttered between clinched teeth, and he, the groom of two years ago, is gone. * * *

Robert Marks, a wealthy merchant on Commercial street, was found in his room this morning dead, a vial labelled "Poison" clutched tightly in his hand. Domestic trouble is said to have been the cause of the tragedy. * * *

Only a newspaper notice of six lines; a notice set up in cold type by careless, light-hearted compositors, to be read by hundreds and unnoticed by thousands. Only that, and a grassy grave beneath weeping trees. He has acted his part in the feverish, maddening drama of "Life," made his exit, and the play goes widely on.

Laugh on, thoughtless audience! Laugh; for as you make light of the miseries of fellow mortals, so will others ere long, laugh and jest while your heart is crushed and bleeding. * * *

An attic room: On the floor a straw pillow and a ragged quilt, on which lies a child. By yonder tiny window a pale-faced woman bends wearily over a coarse garment. "Mamma, will you have to sew in heaven?" A faint sigh; a white hand brushed a tear from the tired eyes, as a low voice answers gently, "I hope not Nellie."

The air is chill and damp in the attic room; the child shivers; the mother catches huskily, and bending draws over the thin little form a ragged coat.

Darkness has fallen o'er the great city, the stars blink faintly in the murky sky. The wind moans fitfully; the noise of hurrying feet on the pavement below is the only sound that breaks the silence in the attic room. "Mamma, tell papa good night. I am going to sleep now." The voice is low and weak. One, two, three, clangs the clock in yonder steeple. The little figure is cold and still the thin face blue and drawn. "Mamma, tell papa good night." * * *

Half staggering along the deserted street, a man young in years, once handsome in face and figure, but with blood-shot eyes and unsteady steps, is making his way toward a little attic room, wherein lies a childish form—dead.

On yonder corner stands a building. From the windows brilliant lights flash forth an invitation to the passer-by; from the doorway

sweet music floats out on the chill morning air. The man who waits behind the polished marble bar, is well and warmly clothed; in his coffers gold and silver chink merrily together. No dead baby, covered by a ragged coat awaits his home coming.

Shine on, brilliant lights, shine on! What though fathers fall, mothers suffer, babies starve and freeze? While license are purchasable, who shall question your right to glitter and entice? Shine and let no grewsome vision of attic rooms and dying babies dim your lustre! * * *

"Move on, my good woman," and a burly policeman touched her not unkindly upon the shoulder. She turns slowly. Clasped in her arms is a tiny babe; on her face, the traces of want and despair. She pauses; then with a few muttered word plods wearily onward. Yonder street leads to a bridge, beneath which flow the dark waters of the river. Whither is she bound? * * * That is he, yonder beside that lady in gray! Note the aristocratic face, the clear cut features, the dark curling hair, the rich broadcloth suit. Handsome, is he not? And stylish? Ah, yes. Pet and caress him, mamma, smile upon him, daughters, grasp his hand cordially, fathers, and brothers; He has gold. Heed not the tales against him; doubt not his virtue, question not his principles and honor: He has gold. Close your eyes to his faults, laugh heartily at his stories, praise his horses and his wine: flattery is his by right: He has gold.

Come with me to the morgue. This way, please. Gather your dainty skirts close about you, ladies, lest they be contaminated by contact with this rude coffin. Draw near and gaze within. A girlish form, dead; a child on her breast. Why do you start? Can it be? No, yes. You note the resemblance, do you not? The same clear cut features,—the same, dark, curling hair. This, then is his child, she, the girl, who loved him? Gaze once more on the girlish face; curl your proud lip lightly in contempt as you turn away. She looks pure in death, but she doubtless had evil tendencies: at any rate the cause does not concern you.

Do not mention what you have learned to your friends nor his—it might reflect on his reputation. Bury the pitiful story deep in your own heart, or better still—forget it. It does not matter. When you meet him again, let no dead baby face, framed in black, curling tresses, appear before your mind's eye, but give him your hand with a beaming smile:—He has gold. * * *

A beautiful face, girlish, yet noble, lay upon the snowy pillow; the dew of death moistened the white brow; the violet blue eyes; so lately beaming with joy and hope, were covered by blue veined lids. The jetty lashes lying still upon the pale cheek.

"How long have I to live, Doctor?" A sweet voice breaks the oppressive silence. Calmly the words were uttered, as though the question were of but slight moment. "Possibly two hours—not more,"—and a tear trickled down the old physician's furrowed cheek. "So soon?" questioned the voice again, and with a sob of anguish the mother's head is bowed at the bedside of her dying child. "Do not weep for me, mother, I am not afraid," the girl whispers faintly, "I never did an evil act, and God is just."

The voice trails into silence. The bowed form of the woman is shaken by smothered sobs; the wind means faintly through the barren boughs; the tick, tick of the clock, breaks wearily into the stillness of two death chambers. An hour is gone—the lids are lifted—"Good-by mother, I am going home." A sob; the wind still moans, the clock ticks on.

One,—half past,—two. "Madam, she is gone." It is the physician's voice. With a strangled cry, the woman's head is lifted. Ah, moan on aching heart, your cries will not disturb her now. Wring your hands in your agony, you will not frighten her, she sleeps. Straighten the shapely form, brush back the brown curls, close the violet eyes—place flowers on the quiet breast, the still heart beneath will



THE OLD "CHARTER OAK"

Tree of Connecticut, the Most Famous Tree in Our History.

never more be stirred by human passion. Fold the white hands and prepare her for rest—her work is finished. Nevermore will the winds of sorrow blow for her, nevermore the waves of adversity dash her fragile life-boat about on the tempestuous sea of life. "He who believeth in me, though he be dead, yet shall he live."

Weep not for her, heart of the world, she sleeps, sweetly sleeps.

Dr. A. T. Roberts Has Returned to Salem.

Dr. A. T. Roberts, the eye specialist, who was here two years ago and through the perfection of his work gained a reputation second to none in Oregon, has returned to Salem and has a fine suite of offices over Dalrymple's store, where he would be pleased to meet all his old friends and patients, and others who need his services. Over Dalrymple's store. Examination free.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

Has world-wide fame for marvelous cures. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cut Corns, Burns, Blisters, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions; infallible for Piles. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at A. S. Locke's, Druggist.

A Disastrous Runaway.

A man by the name of Davidson was driving, Saturday, down the hill, across the river from Independence, when his team became frightened, throwing himself and lady companion out of the buggy. Strange to relate both occupants of the buggy sustained similar injuries—broken right arms.

An Oversight.

The ENTERPRISE is guilty of as near an unpardonable sin as a newspaper can get. During the bustle and turmoil of a month ago, when the hop preparation season was at height, we overlooked one very important item. About that time Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Williams became the proud parents of as sweet a little girl baby as was ever born. We regret not chronicling this item weeks ago, at a time when it should have been.

Court House Notes.

Observer.

PROBATE.

Guardianship of Henri Grosse, insane—final account set for hearing October 10, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Estate of Henri Grosse, deceased—John Morris, William Calder and George E. Lewis appointed appraisers.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

J M Lynn et ux to Clara A Schulson, 160 acres, t 6 s, r 5 w, \$4000.

A J Wise et ux to W A Keyt, 7 acres, \$1100.

J T Ford to Ira C Powell, 4 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w, tax deed, \$15.69.

Washington Nat'l B L & I Association to Martha A Kennedy, west 1/4 lot I, block 8, Hill's Independence, \$400.

Martha A Kennedy and hd to H H Jaspersen, lot 1, block 8, Hill's Independence, \$300.

W C Brown to Alex Burkhalter, lot 8, block 21, Imp Co add to Dallas, \$75.

Wilhelm Reddekopp to David Peters, 170 acres, t 7 s, r 5 w, \$5850.

Rightly Envious of Him.

Every boy in Independence, or for that matter in the whole country, has a right to feel envious of our reverend friend, Dr. Thompson. Years ago, when Mr. Thompson was a college student, he had the ever-to-be-proud-of honor of listening to the lofty eloquence of the incomparable Daniel Webster. What American school boy has not wished probably more than for any other the opportunity of having lived and heard Daniel Webster at his best? Time it is now that it is a special distinction to boast of having heard him and been in his presence.

Largest in the World.

The largest hotel the world has ever seen is the enterprise in which William Made Cook is interested.

The new hotel in which he is heavily interested will be located on the site of the St. Louis Fair, and be the only private enterprise on the grounds except the exhibits of the concessionaries on the Pike. The hotel is under construction,



E. PICKEL,

A Former Independence Photographer, Who With Two or Three Others Has Struck it Rich on a New Invention.

and when completed will outclass in size every other hostelry in the world. The fair officials have granted 25 acres for the hotel and 14 of these will be occupied by the buildings. There will be 4200 rooms of sufficient capacity to accommodate over 7000 guests. The frontage will be 2500 feet in length and the entire depth will be 250 feet. The length is almost half a mile, and one can appreciate this by considering that it is as long as ten Portland blocks, including streets.

The hotel will be called Napoleon Bonaparte after the distinguished ruler of France, from whom the United States bought the section including the Louisiana purchase. It will not be over three stories in height, and the greater part will be only two in order to make removal of the guests easy in case of fire. The building will be fireproof as far as practicable, and arranged for the safety of the people.

On the first floor will be located the office rotunda, dining-rooms and lunch-rooms. The main dining room will be 175 by 200 feet in size, the rotunda will be 200 feet square and the luncheon room will be 120 by 48 feet. In the dining-rooms a brigade of soldiers might eat at one time, while the rotunda might furnish lounging quarters for a regiment. One of the attractive features of the gigantic hotel will be the broad piazza, extending along the full front of the building, from which a bird's-eye view of the entire fair may be obtained.

Mrs. W. H. Walker returned from Corvallis Saturday.

His Life Saved By Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"B. L. Byer, a well known cooper of this town, says he believes Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy saved his life last summer. He had been sick for a month with what the doctors call bilious dysentery, and could get nothing to do him any good until he tried this remedy. It gave him immediate relief," says B. T. Little, merchant, Hancock, Md. For sale by Kirkland Drug Co.