

INDEPENDENCE ENTERPRISE

AND WEST SIDE.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, DECEMBER 3, 1903.

NUMBER 1

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Appropriately Observed in Independence.

The city of Independence is ever observing the significance of public days, and Thanksgiving day this year sustained its reputation in this respect. All business houses refrained from the usual activity at least a portion of the day, and in many respects the day was appropriately observed.

Owing to Mr. Edmondson's sad accident, he was unable to officiate, but another, Rev. Allen, of the Baptist church, ably performed the duty. There was a fair-sized audience, and the service was particularly impressive, the spirit of the day being carried out to the letter.

Do You Lie?

Special Correspondence.

Of course you will deny the charge. You may even be indignant at the insinuation, but the chances are that you are guilty. Yes; you, no matter who you are, the chances are that you lie from one to half a dozen times a day.

Knowingly? you ask. Perhaps; yet again you may lie because you have never thought of it in the light of a falsehood.

Now, to prove you guilty: Some one asked you to call on them, and although you knew you never would go, you answered smilingly "Thank you; I shall be pleased to do so." That was one. Then you met a woman you did not like, but whom circumstances forced you to treat pleasantly, and you said, "I am glad to see you Mrs. Dash." That was another. Then you passed some one on the crossing that you would have liked to ignore entirely, but you had to bow and smile, and that was number three, although you did not say a single word. Then you put on a new gown and went to church just to "show off," and that was the worst one of all, for naturally people expected you came to listen to the sermon. And so on and so on. The list is endless.

Now the question is, where and when is this sort of lying to cease? When are conventional "fibs" to be branded with their proper name, and when are people going to begin to live true to themselves and to the principals that make manhood and womanhood worthy the name.

Do you say "society" demands it? Then shame on "society" and on all those who gather together under the name.

Reforms of all kinds must begin at the home fire side, if they are ever made effectual. Then why not begin at once to this common custom, to the end that the rising generation and the generations yet to follow may learn to abhor a falsehood above all things no matter in what form it appears. Why not?

The Fraternal Union has elected the following officers: F. M., Mrs. M. N. Osborne; Justice, Mrs. Mary T. Cressy; Sec., Mrs. A. M. Hurley; Treas., Mrs. M. E. Hiltibrand; Protector, Mrs. M. F. Hubbard; Truth, Mrs. Forest Finch; Mercy, Mrs.

Nora S. Mattison; Guide, Mrs. S. Jarvice; Guard, Mrs. R. J. Taylor; Sentinel, W. F. Campbell; Stewards, Ed Graves, C. Smith, W. H. Walker.

Coughing Spell Caused Death.

"Harry Duckwell, aged 25 years, choked to death early yesterday morning at his home, in the presence of his wife and child. He contracted a slight cold a few days ago and paid but little attention to it. Yesterday morning he was seized with a fit of coughing which continued for some time. His wife sent for a physician but before he could arrive, another coughing spell came on and Duckwell died from suffocation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Dec. 1, 1901." Ballard's Horehound Syrup would have saved him. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by A. S. Locke.

PARKER.

Mr. Peterson was on the sick list last week.

Jesse Fresh was seen on our streets Sunday.

Joe Berry visited at P. T. Peterson's Thursday.

E. Emmonds was a visitor to Parker Monday.

Albert Tedrow came down from Corvallis last week.

Miss Nellie Davidson returned to Portland Wednesday.

R. L. Davidson was a passenger to Corvallis Monday.

E. Davidson was a business visitor at Parker Saturday.

J. D. Winn was a passenger to Independence Monday.

Wm. Murphy was a passenger to Independence Saturday.

Mrs. Lida Davidson was a visitor at Parker Wednesday.

Mrs. James Helmick returned from Albany Wednesday.

Miss Lucy Bolter visited with friends at Parker Thursday.

A. Torgeson was hauling baled hay to the station last week.

Winnogene Osborne returned to her home at Highland Sunday.

Oren and Henry McElmurry, of Highland, visited at Parker Sunday.

E. N. Hall, of Buena Vista, was a business visitor at Parker Thursday.

R. L. Davidson came down from Corvallis to spend Thanksgiving at home.

M. A. Wielder, of Buena Vista, was a business visitor at Parker Tuesday.

W. S. Adams, of Buena Vista, made a business trip to Corvallis Sunday.

Rev. Thompson and wife, of Buena Vista, were visitors at Parker Wednesday.

Charles Allen and C. R. Parker left Sunday for Portland and Washington points.

W. S. Bally, P. O. True, Texas, writes: "My wife had been suffering five years with paralysis in her arm, when I was persuaded to use Ballard's Snow Liniment, which cured her all right. I have also used it for old sores, frostbites and skin eruptions. It does the work." 25c, 50c, and \$1.00. Sold by A. S. Locke.

TROUBLE BREWING.

Young Man by the Name of Gordon Held for Stealing Money.

Last Friday, in Justice Wilson's court, Bert Gordon was tried for having taken money not his, and was bound over in the sum of \$200 to appear before the next session of circuit court.

The evidence showed that Gordon made away with money loaned him to run a gambling game in one of the local saloons. His defense was that he had lost this money, and that this sum was secured from other sources. Prosecuting Attorney Hart appeared for state and G. A. Hurley for the defendant.

One important feature of the trial was the bringing out of the gambling games running in town, and after the trial District Attorney Hart served notice that all gambling must cease. There is talk of arrests being made "to even things up" in this case.

Court House Notes.

Observer.

NOTARIAL COMMISSIONS.

Mark Holmes, of McCoy; W. S. McLain, of Buena Vista.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Jones & Hout to Lucy E. Rowell, tract in t 7 s, r 5 w, \$50.

Mary C. Tedrow and hd to James Helmick, 202.33 acres, t 9 s, r 5 w, \$1000.

James Helmick et ux to Sarah Helmick, tract in t 9 s, r 5 w, \$100.

James Helmick et ux to Mary C. Tedrow, 157.33 acres, t 9 s, r 5 w, \$1000.

E. R. Culter et al to William Tatom, 59.67 acres, t 7 s, r 5 w, \$387.55.

Northern Pacific Ry Co to Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., 2095.45 acres, t 8 s and 9 s, r 7 w, \$10,477.25.

Ira Foreman et ux to Amelia Wagner, lots 7, 8 and 9 block B Falls City, \$400.

L. R. Blair et ux to J. M. Dickey, 44 acres, t 6 s, r 6 w, \$800.

D. D. Gorsline et ux to C. T. Hall, 40 acres, t 6 s, r 4 w, \$1700.

J. M. Wise et ux to C. T. Hall, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, block 19, new add to McCoy, \$400.

F. A. Patterson et ux to George Whiteaker, 20 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w, \$50.

G. W. Whiteaker et ux to H. A. Bennett, 20 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w, \$100.

John S. Courter et ux to H. C. and Julia Courter, tracts in t 8 s, r 7 w, \$700.

J. A. Veness et ux to G. A. Wells, lots in Buena Vista, \$250.

Eva Hanson, guardian, to A. F. Courter, lots 18, 19 and 20, block P, Falls City, \$250.

M. L. Baldwin et ux to J. A. Veness, lots in Buena Vista, \$300.

J. A. Veness et ux to M. L. Baldwin, lots in Buena Vista, \$350.

The Sweetest Girl Again.

From the Sage of the Paris Mercury.

The Mercury has always taken more than usual interest in The Columbia Herald, mainly on account of the fact that it is possessed of a commendable desire to learn. But its thirst for knowledge has

become insatiate, leading it to propound all sorts of vexatious and troublesome questions to its older and more experienced friends. Not so many weeks ago it asked if the Devil was dead. The Mercury answered the query satisfactorily and turned its attention to less serious matters. But it had barely straightened out this theological tangle with that sagely wisdom becoming its mature years, before The Herald dumbfounded it with the startling interrogation, "At what age is a girl sweetest?" The Mercury will reply, if The Herald will promise to lay off a while and stop asking embarrassing questions. At sixteen, in white mull and silk ribbon, sounding in her graduating essay, the depths of the philosophies that have puzzled the sages of ancient and modern times, she is sweet, very sweet. In fact, there is a suggestion of the caramel and cream in every linement. At twenty, in shirt waist and pique skirt, with just the faintest suggestion of wild violet in the perfume she uses, the saccharine matter is much more pronounced. You look for an instant, and through your tangled dreams come floating visions—red roses, soft winds, the dusk hour, and many heated declarations you might make—if given the opportunity. This is a very dangerous age. At twenty-four you meet her under the white lights of the ball room, with delicate organs and cluster of carnations making a dainty effort to hide a bare shoulder; they are playing some of those languid, exquisite waltzes of Strauss' and you fall in with the mood, go outside, light a cigar and declare, like Lars Porsena of Clusium, that by the whole category of gods is the sweetest thing in the solar system. You are very foolish, but you don't realize it until a year afterwards, when you find a faded carnation in your dress coat pocket. At thirty you

pass by and hear her singing a lullaby—or, perhaps you and not the other fellow, are looking wildly about for the Castoria bottle as she sings. There is a halo from heaven about her head then, and you would die there on the doorstep, punching the face of any man who dared declare you did not have the sweetest wife and baby in this or any other town. At forty she has a few wrinkles, but you can't see them. She is still the sweetest woman in the world—teaching you resignation—how to wear patches and build up a family. At fifty she is telling her grandchildren the very quaintest little folk stories about Mr. Nod and the old man Blinkin'. She is the essence of all the sweets then. At sixty, with white hair and placid brow, she implants a hallowed kiss on your cheek when she thinks you asleep. Memory goes racing back over the summer hills; you are a tired, foot-worn little boy again, lying there in the open doorway of an old home. The locust blossoms are drooping, the petals are falling from the yellow roses on the bush at the corner of the house; it is almost dusk and your languid eyes are watching the swallows gracefully circle over the white houses of the little town. Heartaches, cares and all the bitterness of years are forgotten—and you awaken. And it is really now the angel and comforter of your boyhood. When is a girl sweetest? When she is your mother, to be sure.

A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful house wife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt when it is kept at hand and is given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In every instance a severe cold may be warned off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no harmful substances. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. For sale by Kirkland Drug Co.

Moore's Hair Invigorator and Herpicide are the world's greatest scalp cleansers and hair invigorators. Both are for sale at J. S. Moore's barber shop. Call and have Mr. Moore give an application of either remedy and you will never be without one or the other.

Our people were well entertained Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church by that distinguished Persian lecturer, Joseph Kashaba. He appeared in his native costume, and his talk was highly interesting. He is a medical missionary, a graduate of an Eastern university and will return soon to Persia to enter that field of labor.

Portland and Return Only \$2.40.

The Southern Pacific Co. is now selling round trip tickets to Portland from Independence, for \$2.50, good going Saturday or Sunday, returning Sunday and Monday, giving all day Sunday and Monday in Portland. The same arrangement applies from Portland, giving Portland people a chance to visit Valley points at greatly reduced rates.

JUMPING UP

Is a great deal harder than jumping down. And yet people who have been for years running down in health expect to jump back at once. It takes years generally to make a man a confirmed dyspeptic, and he cannot expect to be cured in a few days.

There is no quicker means of cure for dyspepsia or other forms of stomach trouble than by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition and builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

"I was taken sick two years ago," writes Rev. W. H. Patterson, of White Cloud, Ala., "with what the doctors thought was gastric trouble, indigestion or nervous dyspepsia, also constipation and inactive liver. I was in a dreadful condition. Tried several different doctors with but little result. I had gotten so feeble that I was almost past traveling about; had got down to 114 pounds. I went and bought six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and got the 'Pellets' and began following directions. When I had taken about five bottles I felt very much better and was greatly improved, and weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. I will say that Dr. Pierce's medicines are a God-send to poor suffering humanity, and I advise any and all chronic sufferers to give them a fair trial and they will be satisfied."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness and sick headache.

