

DALLAS DOES 'EM

Dallas Basket-Ball Team Captures The State Championship at Corvallis Last Friday Evening

A Hard Fought Game From Start to Finish. Unfortunate Occurrence Afterwards

The Dallas basket-ball team holds the state championship. It was won from the O. A. C. at Corvallis on Friday night by a score of 17 to 15. A large crowd was present and the two teams gave one of the best exhibitions of earnest scientific playing ever put up in the state.

O. A. C. took the lead at the start, and from that time on the score was never more than 3 points either way. At the beginning of the second half Dallas tied the score at 7 to 7, and took the lead by one basket. Ten minutes before the game was out the score was again tied at 11 to 11. Again, with two minutes to play, there was another tie, with each side 15, and the teams were apparently so evenly matched that it looked as though a tied score was inevitable.

At this point Teats, Dallas' star forward, secured the ball and threw a sensational goal, while on a dead run, at least 50 feet away from the basket, and a moment afterward time was called. For Dallas, Wilson and Teats were the stars, making between them all the points for their side. Poling, at center, was effectively blocked throughout the game by Coats. For O. A. C., Swan, as usual, was the star, with 9 points to his credit. The game was clean and free from wrangling, and the work of both officials was impartial.

The lineup was as follows:

O. A. C.	Dallas	
Swan	forwards	Teats
Moore	forwards	Wilson
Coates	center	Poling
Steiner	guards	Gates
Rinehart	guards	Hoffman

The officials were: Referee, Van Orsdell, of Dallas; umpire, McCallister, of O. A. C.

Near 100 people attended from Dallas and Independence. A special motor was chartered for the occasion and Conductor Cressy found when he returned to his car after the game that his bell-cord had been cut, red light and cap stolen and other depredations committed. A gang of hoodlums it seems took it upon themselves to wreak revenge upon the visitors and clods and stones were hurled at them as they departed. Carey Hayter received a blow on the arm that was painful and might have left him with a broken limb. The undisciplined and riotous conduct is of course not chargeable to the better class of citizenship but to the unruly scapegraces that infest the town.

HIS GUIDING STAR

Tommy Nesbitt was a very little boy for his nine years. He was a lonely little boy, too, although he lived in a great big house, had servants to wait on him and a mother and father who looked out for his welfare. His mother was so handsome and charming that he never dared rumple her up with damp caresses, as he had seen some little boys love their mammas, and his father was so tall and elegant that Tommy always associated him with the bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington which stood in one corner of the large, stately hall.

Neither was to be trifled with, he had found out to his cost, for once when he had climbed up to stuff a piece of paper in the duke's mouth to see if he could not make him look less forbidding Hawkins, the butler, had severely reprimanded him, and once when he had dared to make funny with his father the chilly disapproval with which he was dismissed from the room made him more timid and shrinking.

So Tommy shrank more and more into himself. His reflections on people and things were those of a very pronounced little cynic, and he would have become hopelessly morbid had he not loved Mary, the Irish housemaid, who mothered him surreptitiously; Miss Herrick, his Sunday school teacher, and Patsy, a little vagrant cur whom he had rescued once from a brutal policeman. Patsy was his sure refuge. He kept him in the barn, and when he grew very lonely and his little heart ached to bursting he would go out to Patsy and talk out all the love of his starved little heart and find great solace in kissing Patsy's nose, for Patsy liked to be loved and kissed, and it was a never ending mystery to Tommy why mothers and fathers were so different from maids and dogs.

The Sunday before Christmas Tommy went to Sunday school as usual, dressed very smartly in his blue velvet suit, with a real lace collar, seated in a handsome sleigh, driven by the dignified family coachman, who considered it a sin to smile save in the privacy of the servants' quarters, when he sometimes condescended to relax a little.

Miss Herrick was a very earnest teacher, and this Sunday morning she grew unusually eloquent on the meaning of Christmas.

"Children, I want you to remember that Christmas is the time of good cheer, when those who have plenty give to those who are needy."

"Who remembers what the wise men did Christmas eve?"

Several little voices piped up, Tommy's a little louder than the rest.

"Well, let's hear Tommy."

"A bright star shone out and brought the wise men, who had gifts, to the stable where the infant Jesus lay."

"To a stable, dear child! What a strange place to bring their gifts!"

"Yes," Here Tommy grew excited. "Don't you remember Jesus was just a poor little baby who was born in the manger? His papa and mamma were poor, too, and I guess they needed things."

"Who showed the wise men the way to this poor family?" asked Miss Herrick.

A dozen little voices piped out, "The bright star."

"How many of my little children are going to be bright stars and find out the poor and miserable?"

Every little voice rang out jubilantly, "I am!" except Tommy, who was thinking deeply.

After the lesson Tommy went up to Miss Herrick and asked shyly: "Who are the poor and miserable? Do you know any?"

Miss Herrick pinched his cheek playfully and said: "Why, people who are blind, who are poor, who have lost their homes; little crippled children. Oh, Tommy, the world is full of them. They are all around us."

The next few days Tommy was so full of subdued excitement, his eyes shone so and he acted so queerly that the family physician was called in to prescribe, which he did after so much deliberate scrutiny that Tommy was afraid his little secret would be discovered on his tongue or his face and swallowed the bitter pills without a murmur.

Mary, the housemaid, was his staunch ally in these days. She went out with him constantly, and both

of them after Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt had gone out for the evening would creep down to the library, where Tommy would carefully and painfully write little cards which Mary promised faithfully to deliver.

These were happy days for Tommy. He had found "the poor and miserable" he was looking for. There were a little bootblack, who had no home; two little girls, who

were crippled; a poor woman, Mary's friend, who was about to lose her home because she could not meet the payments; one of Mr. Nesbitt's own men, who had been discharged; an old woman, who needed help, a young mother and babe, who were penniless, and a score of others whom Tommy thought answered to Miss Herrick's definition of "the poor and miserable"—all had been sent little cards that Tommy Nesbitt had something to give them, which they were to call for at 8 o'clock Christmas morning at his home. Mary had promised to watch the front door and let them in, escorting them to the library, where Tommy's Christmas tree would be and where he would distribute his gifts.

Tommy did not sleep much that night. Eight o'clock Christmas morning he went into his parents' room to go down with them to the library, where the gifts were displayed, as had been the custom ever since he could remember. He could hardly restrain himself, he was so excited.

As the library door was opened Mrs. Nesbitt nearly collapsed. There, seated on her elegant furniture, were blind girls, crippled girls, dirty little newsboys, kicking their heels contentedly; miserable looking women, decrepit old men, and the only familiar face that of Norton, the discharged employee.

Mr. Nesbitt advanced threateningly, saying in a voice of thunder: "Who brought these people here?"

"The star brought them," said Tommy confidently.

"What do you mean?"

Tommy stood up straight, looked his father in the eye and said: "Why, don't you remember, papa, the star brought the wise man to the poor little boy and his mamma and papa in the stable, and the wise man left gifts? I'm the star, and you are the wise man."

"This is nonsense."

But Tommy had now turned to his mother, and there was a very appealing look in his little eager face that went straight through the laces and ribbons down to Mrs. Nesbitt's heart. His bravery was nearly gone, but he managed to say tearfully:

"Well, Miss Herrick said we were all to be 'bright stars.' I knew you and papa were too busy to find the 'poor and miserable,' so I thought I would be the star and bring them to you. Please, dear mamma, let's give our gifts and have for once a real Christmas like they had in Bethlehem so many years ago."

After Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt had held a whispered conversation a few moments Mrs. Nesbitt said: "Well, Tommy, what is it you want us to do?"

Tommy fairly danced as he explained:

"Why, let's give them all a nice warm breakfast first, and then we'll give them what they need most. There is Mr. Norton, who is so sorry he got drunk. He will never do it again. Let's take him back, papa, for his Christmas present."

Mr. Nesbitt actually found himself dealing with one of his own men—something he had never before condescended to do—and Norton left happy.

The rest of the day Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt were kept busy investigating the conditions of Tommy's "poor and miserable," and for days after they were consulting doctors, signing checks, finding homes for children, furnishing houses and dealing out kindness right and left until all Tommy's "poor and miserable" were happy.

When Miss Herrick heard about Tommy's Christmas she laughed and then cried so hard her pretty blue eyes were all red when she dressed for her Christmas party.

It was a very weary little boy that went in that evening to say good night to mamma as she sat before the fire.

And when mamma said, "Why, Tommy, you haven't seen your Christmas gifts yet, we have been so busy with your poor people; let us go down now and find them," Tommy stood before her hesitatingly, his very soul shining out of his eyes in

adoration of his beautiful young mother; then he said softly:

"All I want, mamma, is to hug you tight like this," and he jumped into her lap, winding his arms round her neck, "and to kiss you like I kiss Patsy." And he proceeded to demonstrate what kissing Patsy was like.

Oh, the blessed miracle! Mamma kissed him back rapturously, and, snuggling his curly head to her dear heart, he sank into happy dreams.

A few moments later Tommy's papa opened the door softly and, coming in, kissed the sleeping boy and the beautiful mother as they sat enthroned in the rosy glow of the gleaming fire. The star of Bethlehem had brought them to Tommy. —Mrs. Fred Le Roy in Stretcher (Ill.) Independent-Times.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. R. ALLIN, D. D. S.
...Dentist...

Painless Extraction & Speciality. Cooper Building, Independence, Ore.

OSCAR HAYTER,

Attorney-at-Law,

CAMPBELL BUILDING,

DALLAS, OREGON.

J. S. MOORE,

Tonsorial Artist.

Only first-class workmen employed in the "Wigwam" Shop situated on North side of C Street.

G. A. HURLEY,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Collections Promptly Made—Titles Investigated.

East Side Main Street,

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

E. T. HENKLE,

Barber Shop.

MAIN STREET,

One door south of Post Office. Fine Baths in connection with shop INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

H. H. Jaspersen,

Undertaker, Embalmer, and Funeral Director. Independence, Oregon.

DR. J. J. MURRAY,

VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST

OFFICE, BLACK'S LIVERY STABLE

DALLAS, OREGON

Gives Health, Vigor and Tone.

Herbine is a boon for suffers from anemia. By its use the blood is quickly regenerated and the color becomes normal. The drooping strength is revived. The languor is diminished. Health, vigor and tone predominate. New life and happy activity results. Mrs. Belle H. Shred, Middlesborough, Ill., writes: "I have been troubled with liver complaint and poor blood, and I found nothing to benefit me like Herbine. I hope never to be without it. I have wished that I had known of it in my husband's lifetime." 50c. Sold by A. S. Locke.

Business Opening.

For Sale—Country store in Polk county. Good location. Probable value \$3,000. For particulars enquire at this office.

Ask the Agent for Tickets

VIA



TO SPOKANE

ST. PAUL, DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS, CHICAGO AND ALL POINTS EAST.

2 TRAINS DAILY 2 Fast Time

NEW EQUIPMENT THROUGHOUT

Day Coaches

Palace and Tourist Sleepers. Dining and Buffet Smoking Library Cars.

DAYLIGHT TRIP THROUGH CASCADE AND ROCKY MTS.

For rates, folders and full information regarding tickets, routes, etc., call on or address H. DICKSON, City Ticket Agent, 122 3rd St., Portland. S. G. YERKES, G. W. P. A., 612 First Ave., Seattle, Wash.

BLACK-DRAUGHT STOCK and POULTRY MEDICINE

Stock and poultry have few troubles which are not bowel and liver irregularities. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is a bowel and liver remedy for stock. It puts the organs of digestion in a perfect condition. Prominent American breeders and farmers keep their herds and flocks healthy by giving them an occasional dose of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine in their food. Any stock raiser may buy a 25-cent half-pound air-tight can of this medicine from his dealer and keep his stock in vigorous health for weeks. Dealers generally keep Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine. If yours does not, send 25 cents for a sample can to the manufacturers, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ROCHELLE, GA., JAN. 30, 1902. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine is the best I ever tried. Our stock was looking bad when you sent me the medicine and now they are getting so fine. They are looking 20 per cent better. S. P. BROCKINGTON.

Corvallis & Eastern Railroad

TIME CARD NO. 24

No. 2 For Yaquina:
Leaves Albany 12:45 P. M.
" Corvallis 2:00 P. M.
Arrives Yaquina 6:20 P. M.
No. 1 Returning:
Leaves Yaquina 6:45 A. M.
Leaves Corvallis 11:30 A. M.
Arrives Albany 12:15 P. M.
No. 3 For Detroit:
Leaves Albany 7:00 A. M.
Arrives Detroit 12:20 P. M.
No. 4 from Detroit:
Leaves Detroit 1:00 P. M.
Arrives Albany 5:55 P. M.
Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. North bound train.
Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. trains at Corvallis and Albany giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.
Train 3 for Detroit, Breitenbush and other mountain resorts leaves Albany at 7:00 a. m., reaching Detroit about noon, giving ample time to reach the Springs same day.

For further information apply to EDWIN STONE, Manager.

T. COCKRELL, Agent, Albany.
H. H. CRONISE, Agent, Corvallis.

Horses and Wagon.

For sale—Gray mare 8 years old; weight 1300 pounds; price \$150. Bay gelding 9 years old; weight 1500 pounds; price \$150. Also 3 1/2 inch Old Hickory wagon and box for \$35. Horses guaranteed to be sound.

LUCKIAMUTE FLOURING MILLS CO.

Invaluable for Rheumatism.

I have been suffering for the past few years with a severe attack of rheumatism and found that Ballard's Snow Liniment was the only thing that gave me satisfaction and tended to alleviate my pains. March 24th, 1902, John C. Degnan, Kinseman Ills. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by A. S. Locke.

MOTORLINE

TIME TABLE. INDEPENDENCE & MONMOUTH RAILWAY CO.

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Airline 7:30 a. m. 3:30 p. m.	Leaves Airline for Independence 8:00 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Airline 11:00 a. m. 8:15 p. m.	Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence 1:00 p. m. 7:30 "
Leaves Monmouth for Airline 7:30 a. m. 3:30 p. m.	Leaves Monmouth for Independence 8:00 a. m. 4:00 p. m. 2:40 " 5:45 " 8:50 "
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas 11:20 a. m. 6:30 p. m.	Leaves Independence for Monmouth 2:00 p. m.

I. L. SMITH

Fine Wines, Liquors, Cigars, and Beer on Draught, or in Bottles, at

THE I. L. SMITH SALOON,

C. STREET,

Independence, Oregon.

I. L. SMITH, Proprietor.



HAVE YOUR MEASURE TAKEN

for your new Fall garments. It is the only proper and satisfactory way of buying your clothes, being that "GOOD CLOTHES ARE ALWAYS MADE TO ORDER." Make your selection from the tailoring line of

STRAUSS BROS. Chicago, Est. 1877

Good tailors for over a quarter century

You'll find a world of pleasure in wearing the clothes made by Strauss Bros.,—faultless in style, fit, finish and materials. They're so much better than the ordinary run of clothes, yet prices are astonishingly low, and your perfectly safe in ordering, because if garments are not satisfactory, you needn't take them. WE WILL BE PLEASED TO SHOW YOU OUR GREAT LINE OF SAMPLES—CALL ON

P. M. Kirkland

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.