

WEST SIDE ENTERPRISE

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, AUGUST 10 1906.

NUMBER 23

POLK COUNTY BANK
MONMOUTH, - OREGON.

PAID CAPITAL \$30,000.00

Transacts a general banking business. Deposits received, Loans made, Drafts sold. Careful and courteous attention given all accounts.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
J. H. Hawley, Pres., P. L. Campbell, Vice Pres., Ira C. Powell, Cashier
J. B. V. Butler, F. S. Powell, J. B. Stump, J. A. Withrow, I. M. Simpson.

THE INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL BANK
CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.00.

H. HIRSHBERG, President. ABRAM NELSON, Vice President
C. W. IRVINE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.—H. Hirschberg, D. W. Sears, B. F. Smith, J. E. Rhodes and A. Nelson.

A general banking and exchange business transacted. Loans made. Bills discounted. Commercial credits granted. Deposits received on current account subject to check.

Little Palace Hotel
Independence

F. W. Creaner, Proprietor

Carefully Supplied Tables. Special Attention to Commercial Trade.

UNDERTAKING

Day or Night Calls Promptly attended to. Fine Parlor in Connection. An Experienced Lady Assistant.

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W. L. BICE, Embalmer and Funeral Director.
Licensed by Oregon State Board of Health.

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THE AIRLIE STORE
Largest Country Store in Polk County

Simpson Bros.
POPULAR PRICED STORE

GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Dry Goods and Groceries, Men's and Boys Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hardware and a general line of merchandise

COUNTRY PRODUCE HANDLED
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Wool, Mohair and Farm Produce Generally Bought.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT

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I. W. DICKINSON, Prop.

Good Rigs for Commercial Men a Specialty. Good accommodations. Horses well fed. Fine rigs. Horses boarded by day, week or month.

Telephone No. 293 Independence, Oregon

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

Painless Extraction Cooper Building, Independence, Oregon

E. T. HENKLE,
Barber Shop.
MAIN STREET,
One door south of Post Office. Fine Baths in connection with shop
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

Tonsorial Artists
KUTCH & TAYLOR
Next door to Little Palace Hotel
Sharp Razors, Prompt Service.
BOOT BLACK IN CONNECTION.

W. G. SHARMAN
Merchant Tailor
Bank Building,
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Not He of Many Wives, but the Polk County Bachelor Yearns for a Woman

Eccentric Character of the Luckiamute Regales a Crowd With a Recitation of His Troubles

Here is a chance for the right person to become the beneficiary of a will; to enjoy the companionship of a bachelor who is nearing the sunset of life; to revel in the invigorating atmosphere of the foothills four miles beyond Airlie; to enjoy the ecstasy of seclusion from all the world but Brigham Young while he lives, and the blessings of his 160 acres of land and all his personal property when he dies.

Brigham Young has again been called from the loneliness of his ranch on the Luckiamute to adjust relations with his fellowmen. He spent Tuesday night in town and while here acquainted his friends with the new troubles with which he is confronted. On the 14th of last February, Brigham Young made a will by virtue of which all his earthly possessions should, at his death, pass into the hands of a young German. The conditions of the will as understood by Brigham, required the German to live on the place. Brigham was to furnish the groceries and the hand was to work during the day and do chores morning and evening. These relations were to be kept up until Brigham, now 78, rounded out his allotted time on earth, and when he should be called to press brick on the golden streets of the Great Hereafter, the German was to be sole proprietor of the Brigham Young ranch on the Luckiamute.

The German balked. He has quit Brigham before the fulfillment of the agreement. He has not only thrown up his job, but sued Brigham for \$200 wages. He'll never get it without a stiff fight. Brigham has employed N. L. Butler as attorney, and will fight it to the bitter end. In the meantime he has annulled the will and is ready to make another in favor of some man who will come live with him according to the terms that may be agreed upon.

One overshadowing condition of the next will, Brigham would have understood in advance, is that the devisor is to be boss while he lives. In fact Brigham would be czar over the 160 acres of land he has held down since '66. Brigham Young has a code of morals and ideas of liberality, which, while parallel to the general view, are entitled to the distinction of originality. "Generosity! Didn't I give my hand two dollars spending money on the Fourth of July?" exclaimed Brigham.

"I have never lied in Polk county" he states. All he asks of his fellowman is a square deal, Brigham claims, but his peace of mind is often disturbed by Luckiamute neighbors. He is particularly bitter against the "Luckiamute Thief" who has stolen money from his place on two occasions. Once masked men robbed him of \$16, and because the robbers believed he had more money than he had yielded up sat him on a hot stove. Under the circumstances, a woman to cook and a man to work are very much desired by Brigham Young. While he has never been married, he is not attempting to play out the matrimonial string, longer. Brigham once had serious intentions of linking himself up for bet-

ter or for worse with one of the opposite sex. In fact he admits that he had not meddlesome neighbors circulated the vile report that he ate dog, he would today be the head of a family. The worst that can be said of Brigham in that respect is that he skinned a dog and used the fat for harness oil. "But a girl would be a fool to marry me now," says the 78 year-old bachelor, "and I would be a fool to marry," and pressed for a reason for his position he whispers the word "pizen." If, for however, there is anyone longing a man she can call all her own, who desires the opportunity to try making an impression on Brigham, or a married man who would make terms with him, address, Brigham Young, Airlie, Ore. A few children in the family are no serious objection, but Brigham will not stand for a Roosevelt family of twelve. He draws the limit at six.

No Quorum for Council Meeting Tuesday Night

There was no council meeting Tuesday night for the reason there were not enough councilmen present to make a quorum. Had a quorum been present there probably would have been a new town marshal on duty for Marshal Avery Murphy had previously handed in his resignation to take effect on Tuesday night. Mr. Murphy had been contemplating this step for some time. There are two applicants for the place. R. J. Taylor, the present deputy marshal, is an applicant, and A. J. Tupper who has served the town as marshal for a number of years is the other.

The installation of the new water system is another matter pending before the council. As far as the city officials have proceeded so far, is to secure options on the springs on the Black place and the Cox place. The Electric Light company has put in its bill for the full month for lighting the city. According to instructions from the council, the company should have shut off the city lights after July 15th. The council proposes to pay the old rate up to the 15th, but more they refuse to pay except by mandate of court.

Mean of Him

The red moon reflected on the breakers as they dashed against the dark rocks.

"Oh, the foam!" cried the poetical girl with rapture in her voice. "The oceans of foam! Where did you ever see so much foam before?"

The young man chuckled reminiscently.

"In Milwaukee!" he whispered, gleefully. "In dear old Milwaukee!"

And the poetical girl refused to speak to him again for an hour.

Too Much Method

Hicks—My wife is very methodical. She's always got a place for everything and everything in its place.

Wicks—So has mine, but I can never find the place.

Left Her Much

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying:

"Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply.

The Morning Nap

Lives there a man who has not said, "Tomorrow I'll get out of bed at six o'clock and get things done before the setting of the sun." Lives there a man who has not said at six a. m., "How good this bed does feel," and snored till after eight. Then wondered how he slept so late.

HAPPILY MARRIED

Miss Patience Cooper and M. F. Craft are Made Man and Wife August 8th

Many Friends Gather at Country Home of Bride's Brother and Witness Ceremony by Rev. Osborne

Miss Patience Cooper it was, Mrs. M. F. Craft it is. The transformation took place at "The Bachelor's Retreat," the beautiful suburban home of R. D. Cooper, a brother, one mile north of Independence on the Salem road.

The ceremony, gathering the rose from the bush of maidenhood and rescuing Michael F. Craft from impending doom of forlorn bachelorhood, was performed by Rev. John Osborne in his plain but impressive style.

Assembled to witness the happy event was a notable gathering. Of seven brothers and one sister, of the bride, all were present but one, J. C. Cooper of McMinnville who was called away to Tillamook county. There were in attendance Mr. Henry Cooper and daughter, Miss Cora, of Stayton; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Cooper and daughter, Miss Nancy, of The Dalles; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cooper of Albany; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cooper and daughters, Misses Dorothy, Mabel, Frances and Genevieve; Mr. and Mrs. John Gildow of Silverton; John Cooper of Albany and R. D. Cooper of Independence. Miss Ann Mann, a niece, and Mrs. Carpenter of Portland were also present. The front parlor of the country home was beautifully decorated in clematis and sweet peas and the back parlor with jasmín, for the occasion. Little Misses Genevieve Cooper, Dorothy Paddock and Gladys Bailey were the flower girls.

The ceremony took place at high noon and was followed by congratulations and refreshments and the afternoon was given up to a family reunion.

The bride for the past few years has made her home in Portland though she formerly lived in Independence. She has a wide circle of acquaintances and is a friend to everyone she knows, and everyone who knew Miss Patience Cooper, is her friend. The groom is a prosperous farmer residing near The Dalles and it is there the newly wedded couple will make their future home. Mid showers of rice, they left via Salem Wednesday afternoon.

Bad Luck Pursues Farmer

Pendleton, Or., Aug. 7.—Bud Nelson lost a \$1400 threshing machine this morning by fire due to a smut explosion. This is the second time this season this rancher has suffered from smut fires, having lost another machine a fortnight ago.

Big Logging Company to Operate in Washington

The Wisconsin Logging & Lumbering Company, of Portland, which recently bought out the Benson logging camps at Oak Point, Wash., is preparing to employ 250 men in the woods this fall. The new owners are now making repairs to the eight-mile logging road, putting in 60-pound rails and ballasting the track in order to render it secure. They expect to drop 50,000,000 feet of year into the Columbia river for towing to the mills in Portland. The Benson Logging Company is

evacuating the Oak Point camp, and is preparing to do business on the Oregon side on a large scale. The camps will be near Clatskanie, and the logs are to be bundled into a cigar-shaped raft and towed to Los Angeles, where the company is now erecting a large sawmill. The towing of huge rafts is now considered safe two months of the year, and there is said to be very little risk of loss in towing booms from the mouth of the Columbia to Southern California ports.

A Shrewd Pickpocket

A couple of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some distance with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office.

"What shall we do now?" asked one.

"Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

The Hallowed Grove

Full fifty years ago, there stood a grove,
Near by the house where I was born—
A maple grove, from out whose branching boughs
The song-birds caroled in the morn,
Such music sweet
Mine ears did greet,
As ever came from bird's retreat.

That charming grove—the dearest spot on earth;
'Twas there the family played and sang,
My sisters romped, my brothers shouted loud,
And all the grove with laughter rang.
Such fun had we,
While we could see,
That only night did set us free.

Just at the peep of day the robin's song
Would rouse us from our beds,
and then
We'd scamper to the cool and friendly shade
To read, and talk, and sing, till ten,
Such love had we
For every tree,
We'd hug them hard with childish glee.

When on the ground we'd fall and hurt a foot,
Or bruise a limb or scratch a face,
We'd creep into a hammock 'neath the boughs,
And thank our stars for such a place;
Or sink to rest
On Mother's breast,
A soothing balm for every guest.

When last I saw the place, the grove was gone;
The vandal's ax had smote the trees;
The birds had flown, no songs were heard;
No leaves hung shivering in the breeze;
The greed of man
Had plowed the ground,
And not a shrub could then be found.

Ah! little knew the avaricious hand,
The pure delights which once reigned here;
Sweet rendezvous of tots and pets and birds,
Where all rejoiced without a fear;
O hallow'd grove,
Like heav'n above,
Where mother reigned and ruled in love.

—J. H. Fletcher.

Man's Appreciation

Mrs. Wedderly—The audacity of our cook! She told me this morning that she didn't want me fussing around the kitchen.

Wedderly—Guess I'll go right down and interview her.

Mrs. Wedderly—Are you going to discharge her?

Wedderly—I should say not. I'm going to raise her wages.