

WEST SIDE ENTERPRISE

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1906.

NUMBER 33

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
O. W. IRVINE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.—H. Hirschberg, D. W. Sears, R. 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. Creanor, 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.

BICE & CALBREATH
INDEPENDENCE OREGON

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

Simpson Bros. • Airlie, Ore.

LIVERY, FEED AND BOARDING STABLE
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 sheep
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

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

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

UNIQUE MINING

Steel Rails Buried by Drifting Sand Is Brought to Surface After 40 Years

An Enterprising Fellow Conceives the Project and Cleans up More than \$300,000 on the Scheme

Mining for steel rails is a new industry. It is being carried on profitably at Liberty, Texas. Forty-six years ago 10,000 tons of steel rails were purchased in England by a syndicate of wealthy planters of that section and a number of New York men who were associated with them in a proposition to build a railroad up the valley of the Trinity river. The rails were paid for and were brought to Galveston by water and shipped up the Trinity river by barges. They were unloaded just below town and piled upon the low bank of the river to await their use. The civil war came on just at this time and the project had to be abandoned. The members of the company were either killed in the war or lost their property and were scattered about until the whereabouts of not one of them has been known for more than a quarter of a century.

A big flood in the river occurred a few months after the rails had been piled upon its bank and they were covered with a deposit of sand. The river shifted several hundred yards and more than 30 feet of sand and soil were deposited upon the piles of rails, leaving no trace whatever of them.

It was left to T. E. Nichols, an enterprising citizen of Houston, to bring the rails to the light of day. Several months ago he was in Liberty on a business visit when he chanced to meet an aged negro who was a slave at the time the valuable cargo was brought over and who was employed in unloading the barges. He told Mr. Nichols the story of the abandoned railroad and said that the rails were buried under many feet of sand, but he believed he knew the spot where they could be found. Mr. Nichols made a quiet investigation and found that the story of the lost rails was true. He could find no claimants to the property and he made a proposition to the town of Liberty that if it would grant him the franchise to recover the rails he would give the town \$1 for every ton he mined and sold. His proposition was eagerly accepted. No one thought he would be able to locate the rails.

Under the guidance of the old negro Mr. Nichols began prospecting for the hidden wealth. He used ground augers in boring test holes. He bored eighty-seven of these holes before he found the rails. They lay 35 feet beneath the surface, and some distance from the present channel of the river.

The discovery of the rails proved to be but the beginning of the labor of recovering them. The sand was difficult to handle, and when the excavation had reached a point near the rails the water from the river broke through and pumps had to be employed to clear the hole of water when the break had been stopped. The piles of rails have finally been uncovered, and they are now being taken out at a rapid rate. The rails are 24 feet long and are of a good quality of steel. As an evidence of this fact, Mr. Nichols has accepted a bid of \$38 per ton for the rails from

one of the big steel plants of this country.

At this price the rails will bring Mr. Nichols \$380,000, less about \$10,000 which he will have expended in locating and removing them, and an additional \$10,000 to be paid to the town of Liberty. The price of \$38 per ton for which he has sold the rails is the price on the bank of the river. The purchasers bear all cost of loading and shipping them.

The Law and the Lady

Patient Man—Suppose a woman makes it so hot for her husband that he can't live with her, and he leaves her, what can she do?

Lawyer—Sue him for support.

Patient Man—Suppose she has run him so heavily into debt that he can't support her because his creditors grab every dollar as quick as he gets it, besides ruining his business with their suits?

Lawyer—If for any reason whatever he fails to pay her the amount ordered, he will be sent to jail for contempt of court.

Patient Man—Suppose she drives him out of the house with a flat-iron, and he's afraid to go back?

Lawyer—She can arrest him for desertion.

Patient Man—Well, I don't see anything for me to do but go hang myself.

Lawyer—It's against the law to commit suicide, and if you get caught attempting it, you'll be fined and imprisoned. Ten dollars, please. Good day.

TO BUILD NEW COAST LINE

Southern Pacific Making Preparations for a Second Rail Route from San Francisco to Portland

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 11—The Call says:

"The Southern Pacific has decided to build a coast line railroad to Portland at once. It will run direct from Drain, Oregon, to Coos Bay and from Coos Bay to Eureka. It will run over the Santa Fe line to Camp Five, over the new line which it is constructing jointly with the Santa Fe to Sherwood, and over the line of the California Northwestern to Tiburon.

"The announcement of the determination on the part of the Southern Pacific to build a coast line to Portland at once came as a surprise to railroad circles. The announcement was made that the preliminary survey north had been completed and that the coast route to Portland had been determined upon. Locating engineers have been in the field for over a month, and part of the final alignment has already been completed. The force of engineers has been increased so that the construction work may be begun before the winter closes.

"It is generally believed in railroad circles that the determination on the part of the Southern Pacific to build at once is to head off a possible hostile movement by the Goulds, who are building the Western Pacific into San Francisco, and who are looking with eager eyes upon the Oregon Coast country.

Another Republican Paper For Corvallis

Willis Smith, for years a newspaper man in Utah, and Milton Morgan, a local job printer, will be partners in establishing a new Republican paper at Corvallis. A \$2,000 outfit has been ordered in the east, including a two-revolution, high speed Campbell press. It will be a seven-page, eight-column weekly in beginning and transform to a daily later. This is the third paper in Corvallis. It will be called the Willamette Current. The first issue will be sometime the last of September.

HE GOES TO JAIL

While Under Arrest a Young Man Commits Theft of a Watch and is Caught

John R. Cooper Brandishes Big Revolver in Assisting Officers to Quell an Insolent Riot

A drunken row which occurred in Cooper's saloon Wednesday evening came near ending seriously.

Two young fellows, Henry Corley and R. B. Henderson, strangers here, were engaged in a slugging match for the championship of light-weight hoppers, when deputy sheriff Belt and special policeman Tupper swooped down on them and proceeded to gather them in as recruits for the city bastille. Both parties had a number of friends present, and the room being crowded, Henderson gave the officers the slip, while friends of Corley gathered around him and the officers attempted to prevent him being taken to jail. Tupper was compelled to draw his revolver for protection. At this stage of the game John R. Cooper came from behind the bar with an old, rusty pistol swinging in the air and declared war on all who tried to interfere with the officers. He meant business and cleared the house in short order. After getting their man in the lockup, Tupper discovered that in the melee he had lost his watch. Fortunately Belt saw Corley pick up the watch from the saloon floor, but at the time thought it belonged to Corley. Proceeding back to the jail they accused him of having the watch, but he denied it. On being told he was seen to pick up the watch, he dug down in the lower regions of his clothes and produced the watch.

Henderson was later hunted up and taken before Recorder Sharman, where he pleaded guilty to fighting and paid the usual fine.

Corley elected to fight his case and asked for a trial, which was had before Recorder Sharman yesterday afternoon. No use. All the evidence tended to prove him guilty of the charge, and so the Recorder thought. It was five and costs, making the total \$7.50, which Mr. Corley's friends dug up and paid into the city's exchequer. No sooner paid and released than special policeman Tupper had him in tow on the charge of petty larceny, preferred against him in Judge Wilson's court. It's easier to plead guilty than to go to the trouble of hiring an attorney (especially when there are no attorneys to hire) so Mr. Corley waltzed up to the lick log and asked the Judge "how much." Twenty-five was the minimum, so the young man could do no less than take his medicine, which will have ample time to show its good or bad effects while he takes advantage of the next twelve days of leisure to ruminate while sojourning at Dallas and partaking of Sheriff Grant's hospitality.

Bloody Tragedy at St. Paul Tuesday

Salem, Or., Sept. 11.—One man killed, another dying and three more or less seriously injured is the result of a shooting affray which took place in the saloon of William Murphy, at St. Paul, this county, about 9 o'clock tonight, the outcome of a drunken brawl in which a crowd of toughs from Astoria, hoppers, and Town Marshal J. A. Krechter and posse figured prominently. Marshal Krechter is killed; an-

other, a stranger, whose identity has not been established up to a late hour, is mortally wounded, and Alfred Lambert, of St. Paul, one of the Marshal's posse, is shot in the arm. Two other strangers are shot, but the names and the nature of their injuries are not known here. Sheriff Culver was notified and started for the scene immediately by train.

The principals in the shooting were all captured and are now in jail at Salem.

The hoppers were from the Hess-Raymond yard, under lease by Joe Harris, a hupbuyer of this city. They had been on a spree all day and made trouble in the saloon at night, when the Marshal and posse, composed of Alfred Lambert and Noroo Manacie, went in to quell the disturbance. Trouble ensued and the shooting began. Manacie and several others were also badly beaten up in the melee.

CONTINUED RAINS ARE BAD

Critical Conditions Facing Hop Growers if It Turns Off Warm After Present Rainy Spell

No very great damage has yet been done the hop crop by the rains of the past few days, yet growers are on the anxious seat, dreading the possibility of heavier rains, or a clearing up with warm weather to follow. Some few report vines down, but to no considerable extent. All the yards are picking right along, though the conditions are not favorable for pickers and less progress is made than if the weather had remained clear. There is no report of pickers leaving in any numbers, except from the Krebs yard south of town, and those are mostly Portland people, who become easily discouraged when the conditions are not entirely to their liking. Most growers are trying to remain cheerful under rather a gloomy prospect, though you can see they are apparently "whistling to keep up their courage."

Rural Mail Route

Growing in Favor

Mr. A. Parker furnishes a few figures and data illustrating the popularity and growth of the rural route service in Polk county. His route covers 25 miles and Mr. Parker went out on the first trip from Independence about three years ago, remaining on the same route ever since. His sales for the first month amounted to only \$6.30, while the sales for July, this year, were more than \$16.00, which is an average at this time. In the three months of his first quarter he handled an average of 2000 pieces of mail per month, while the report for the last quarter shows that he handled more than 14,000 pieces of mail, more than double the amount handled three years ago. There are now eight routes in Polk county, besides two routes which extend into Polk from post offices in Marion county.

Plenty of Warmth

Tom—So you've been married a year! Now, say Gus, honest Injun, does your wife greet you as warmly as she did at first?

Gus—Warmly? She fires up every time I open my mouth.

Possible Explanation

"I wonder why the editor prints the marriage notices directly under the death notices?" queried the typewriter boarder, as she glanced over the local paper.

"I don't know," rejoined the fussy bachelor, "unless it is to remind us that the fools are not all dead yet."