

## Additional Local.

Get Westfall to do your paper hanging.

M. Winegar, of McMinnville, was here last week visiting with his son J. E. Winegar.

Bring us your produce we pay top prices. T. A. Riggs.

Mrs. Henry Jones, of Amity, was visiting here the latter part of last week, with her brother J. E. Winegar, of the hardware store.

Dr. R. E. Duganne, dentist, Office over Independence National Bank, Independence.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Handley, of McMinnville, were visiting with Mrs. Handley's brother, Paul Cone and family Saturday and Sunday.

We have a buyer for a sheep ranch of from 150 to 200 acres. Must be good land, but can have considerable brush on it. Polk County Realty Co.

E. A. Cone and wife, of Philomath, were visiting here the latter part of last week, with his brother Paul Cone, of the Winegar & Co. of hardware store.

Four lots inside the city limits of Monmouth, 63 and one-half by 165, or nearly an acre, all in young orchard. Price \$200. We have other good buys. Polk County Realty Co., office at Herald office.

Mrs. M. E. Hendric and daughter, of McMinnville, spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. U. G. Hefley and family, east of town.

Nice cottage of five rooms and pantry with good woodshed. Well on porch. Prunes, apples, pears and small fruits together with one and eighty-seven one-hundredths acres of good land in Monmouth for \$1000. For sale by Polk County Realty Co., at Herald office.

The neighbors and friends of Mrs. Frank Byers, gave her a pleasant surprise Tuesday afternoon December 1st, in honor of her 54th birthday.

If you have any clothing to press, clean, or repair, get it done at the Dallas Cleaning and Pressing Parlors. D. M. Hampton, Agent. 13-4t

C. A. Davis and family have moved down from the Luckiamute sawmill and have rented the cottage on Broad street next door to the Herald office.

H. E. Smith, of Elkins, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday. He brought in a bushel of wheat to pay for a years subscription to the Herald. We would like to get about ten bushels more on the same terms.

The weather we have had the fore part of this week was pretty cold, but there was no frost to amount to anything. Clouds and sunshine have been the order of the day for some time and anyone who would complain of our climate this winter should go back to the eastern states where zero weather is the rule at this season of the year.

Ten and twenty acre tracts, fine land and very desirable location, for sale by Polk County Realty Co.

T. A. Porter and wife, of Oretown, passed through here Tuesday enroute home from an extended visit with their daughter near Junction City. Brother and Sister Porter are enthusiastic workers in the Oretown Grange, which stands in the front rank for attendance, programs and all work that goes to make an up-to-date Grange.

## A Decision ... Of Fate.

(Original.)  
"It is useless for you to press me, Kenneth; I cannot be your wife."  
"Why not?"  
"Mother. I cannot leave her alone. Old age is coming upon her; she would suffer that old misery."  
"She can live with us."  
"Kenneth, do you know what would be in store for us—for you—under such circumstances?"  
"What?"  
"You don't know women. Mother has been head of her house all her life. She would regulate ours."  
"I don't mind who keeps house."  
"I do—that is, if I have one of my own. I prefer to keep it myself. But there are other considerations. Mother requires a very high temperature. You, I know, like a cool house. When you came home to a hot one you would throw open all the doors and windows. Mother would retire to her room and stay there all the evening. She would wish to have me with her. I would remain with you. She would call me. I would say: 'No, mother; you have had me with you all day. My husband needs me now.' To which she would reply: 'I shall not live the night through. Goodby. I die of cruelty.' Then you would say: 'Go to her. Tomorrow we shall be free.' I would go, but we would not be free tomorrow or the next day or the next."  
"You mean that in time she would be free; we would do the dying."  
"No; we would drag out a miserable existence."  
"The picture interests me. Go on."  
"Then occasionally we would have a little misunderstanding."  
"Never."  
"Yes, we would. All married people do. Mother would be aware of it. She would take my part and would treat you like a criminal. That would make you furious, and we would be forever making up. Then she would be continuously discovering that you had no respect for the hardships I was enduring. She would consider you a model of selfishness and treat as such."  
"Any more of it?"  
"Yes; you would soon lose your equanimity and treat her harshly. That would stab me to the quick and would only irritate her the more against you."  
"Go on."  
"Occasionally we would wish to go out to a theater or to visit our friends. Mother would make such a fuss about being left alone that we would have to give up such pleasures. Then you might wish to go on a journey and take me with you. I couldn't leave mother. Then you would begin to curse and to swear and wish her at the bottom of a bottomless pit or in the hottest of a fiery furnace. It would be terrible."  
"There was a long pause. Presently he said, but with a faint heart:  
"I love you so well, sweetheart, that I would rather stand all this than give you up."  
"She wavered and at last said:  
"Let fate decide for us. Do you see those two volumes in the library in red morocco? Well, tomorrow morning when you come downstairs there will be a 'Yes' in one volume and a 'No' in the other. Choose one. We will abide by the result of your choice."  
"For the rest of the day he thought hard. That night when all were in bed he slipped downstairs in his stocking feet and went to the library. He opened volume one and found a "Yes," then volume two and found also a "Yes." Rubbing out both, he wrote a "No" for each, put them in and stole upstairs to bed.  
"The next morning when he heard her leave her room he left his, and they went downstairs together. He went to the library, hesitated long between the two volumes, lifted his eyes as if in silent prayer, then took out volume two, opened it, read the word "No" and sank limp in a chair. Then, with a moan, he rushed from the house.  
"There were complications for a few days.  
"Then he wrote "Mother" on a slip of paper and "Kenneth" on another, placing one in each of the red morocco volumes. The next morning she was to draw as he had drawn. He did not slip downstairs that night to make both "Kenneth." Indeed, he feared that if "Kenneth" were drawn it would mean both "Kenneth" and "Mother," a combination he especially wished to avoid. But as the clock struck the midnight hour there was a silk tread on the stairs. A white figure descended and, going to the library, took out the slip on which "Mother" was written and wrote "Kenneth" in its stead.  
"Fate has decided in your favor, Kenneth," she said after drawing, and he held her in his arms. "But if all does not turn out as well as you expect you mustn't blame me."  
"There was an interval of ten years.  
"Will the old fiend live forever?"  
"Now, Kenneth, I will not hear you call poor mother an old fiend. I told you when you persisted just what you had to expect. You were willing to leave it to fate."  
"But I wanted to steal a march on

fate."  
"Not on fate—on me."  
"But I didn't in the end."  
"No. When a man practices such miserable devices on a woman he usually gets the worst of it."  
"Just so. I had the game in my own hands, but I was too stupid to play it."  
"How?"  
"I should have made both slips to read 'Mother.'"  
"It wouldn't have done any good. Susan had instructions to see in the morning that they were both 'Kenneth.'"  
F. A. MITCHEL.

Wanted—To borrow \$800 on approved security, for one year, 8 per cent interest. Address A. care Herald, Monmouth Ore. 13-2

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robertson returned the first of the week from an extended visit with relatives in the western part of the county. They spent Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. Etta Flower, at Falls City, and ripe strawberries fresh from the vines for dinner. The berries were large and of excellent flavor. This is quite a contrast with those parts of the country where the snow is from two to twenty inches deep and the thermometer below zero.

## THE PARROT TALKED.

And the Girl Learned Something New About Herself.

"If I wished to change my vocation," said the tall girl, "I could go right downtown now and get the queerest position imaginable. It seems that I have a peculiar talent. I just discovered it yesterday. It came to light while I was waiting for an elevated train.

"At the station at the same time was a boy carrying an unusually large birdcage in which swung an unusually large parrot. Many persons gathered around the cage to admire the bird and to ask questions. I asked a few myself.

"Does he talk?" said I.  
"The boy answered very patiently. 'Not any more,' he said. 'He hasn't talked for two years. He is a South American bird. We brought him here from Guayaquil two years ago, and he has never talked since. I guess he must be homesick.'"

"Several men and boys hovered over the cage, one after the other, and attempted to engage Polly in conversation, but he blinked at them all in contemptuous silence. By and by I spoke to him.  
"Hello, Polly," said I. 'How do you feel today?'

"Hello yourself," said Polly.  
"The boy nearly fainted. 'Why, miss,' he said, 'whatever did you do to him?'

"I assured the lad I had done nothing that I was aware of and that I was as much surprised as anybody at my success in eliciting a reply.  
"Try him again," said the boy. 'See if he will say anything more.'

"I did try again, and every time I spoke the bird talked back. The unexpected loquacity on the part of the parrot inspired numerous witticisms among the men. 'It's a case of like curing like,' murmured one rude wretch on the outskirts of the crowd. 'It's a wise bird that recognizes a kindred tongue,' said somebody else. But there was one man present who descended to no such levity. He approached me in a serious manner and handed out a business card.

"I am the manager of this place," he said. The address was that of a large bird store. 'Any parrot,' he went on, 'that has stopped talking or that is just learning to talk will talk better for a woman than for a man. But even among women there are a certain few that exercise a peculiar influence over the birds. I can't explain why. Nobody can explain it. It simply is so. I have in my store now,' he continued in direct conversation with me, 'several parrots that so far cannot be induced to talk. One is a beautiful Mexican parrot. He belongs to a doctor, who would pay a good round sum to anybody who would teach the bird to talk. Would you mind trying your peculiar powers on him?'

"Of course I declined the offer. I didn't feel particularly proud of certain mysterious qualities that appealed exclusively to the minds of poll parrots. Still, it is consoling to know that if I ever need a new position I am competent to fill one in which there will be but little rivalry."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Polk County Realty Company

Transacts a general Real Estate business and attends to collecting rent for out of town owners.

## We have buyers

If you have any land for sale list it with us.

Monmouth Oregon

**TWO DOLLARS' WORTH**  
of up-to-date Kitchen Furnishings will give you much more real comfort and satisfaction than twenty dollars spent in your parlor.  
**THE SAVORY SEAMLESS**



The raised Oval Bottom makes it positively self-heating. Results always satisfactory. Easiest to clean. Family size, \$4.



**SHAKER SIFTER.**  
The One-Hand Sifter. Costs 25c.  
and gives more satisfaction than half a dozen cheap ten-cent sifters.

A Small Sum of Money Spent Here Will Give You an Up-to-Date Kitchen Equipment.

Get your Roasters for Thanksgiving of

R. M. Wade & Co.  
W. E. Craven, Mgr.

Independence, Oregon

## Polk County Bank

Established 1889

Monmouth, Oregon.

Paid Capital	\$30,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits	\$7,000

Transacts a General Banking Business

### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

- |                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| J. H. Hawley, President | J. B. V. Butler, Vice President, |
| Ira C. Powell, Cashier  |                                  |
| F. S. Powell,           | J. B. V. Butler,                 |
| J. B. Stump,            | I. M. Simpson.                   |

## Church Directory.

- EVANGELICAL CHURCH**  
L. C. HOOVER, Pastor  
Morning service at 11:00 o'clock  
Evening service at 7:00 o'clock  
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.  
Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.  
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.
- CHRISTIAN CHURCH.**  
W. A. WOOD, Pastor.  
Morning Service at 11. a. m.  
Evening service at 7:00 p. m.  
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.  
Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.  
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
- BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Sunday School 10 a. m.  
Preaching 2:30 p. m.

## Monmouth Laundry

We want to make our good reputation better still by giving universal satisfaction to our patrons. If dissatisfied, tell us why.  
Bring in your Suits and have them Cleaned and Pressed, at the  
**Monmouth Electric Laundry**

## Acorn Store

Wm. Evans, Prop.

Books, Periodicals, Ice Cream, Soda and Soft Drinks.

## J. W. HOWELL

Contractor and Builder  
Carpenter shop and General Repair Work.  
Moulding and Finishing Material  
Cor. Knox and Jackson Sts.

## For Sale

Farm Lands, Houses and Lots  
Five, Ten and Twenty acre Tracts  
**J. H. Moran**  
Monmouth and Independence

50 horse cards 14x21 for \$2.50.  
250 letterheads or envelopes, \$1.  
Other printing in proportion at the Herald office.