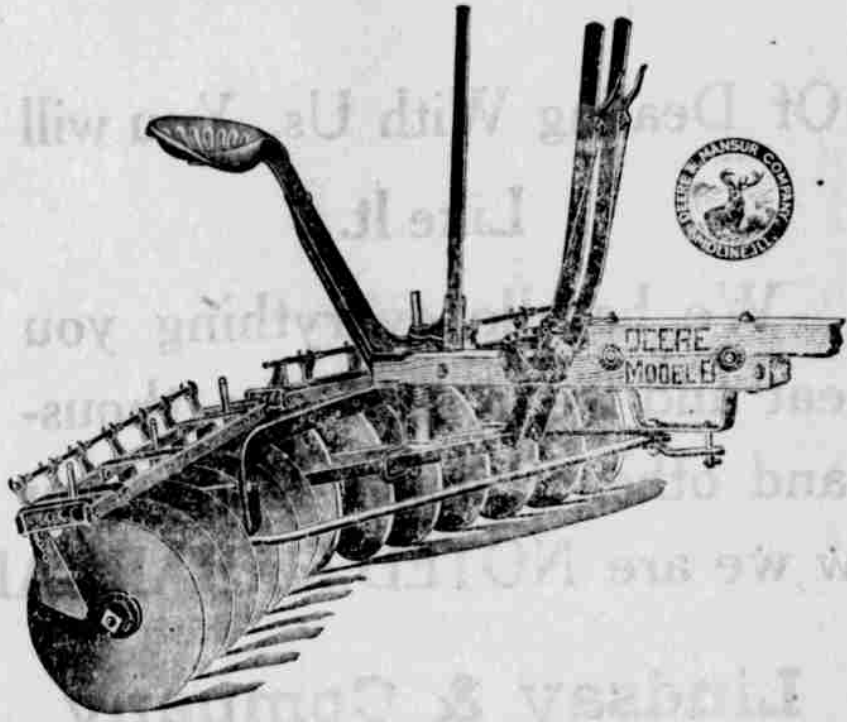


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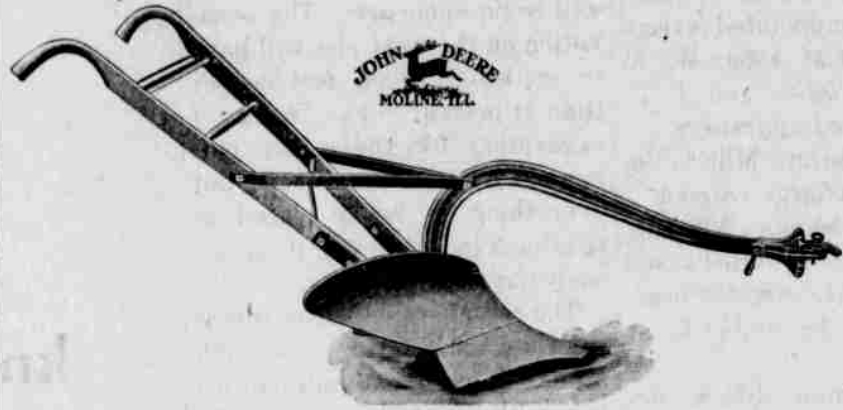
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Monmouth, Oregon.

Items from the Falls City News

Any one wishing to see a little fine corn can see it by visiting F. K. Hubbard's garden.

Mr. Crider was down from Dallas the last of the week looking after business here.

Several new homes are being planned for and you may expect to see them being built soon.

Mr. B. C. Frost has been taking some very nice landscape views in and around town lately.

Mr. Rowley, of Salem, has bought property here in town and will soon build a nice residence here and make this his home.

Everything booming in town this week, real estate men are doing business, building is increasing and every one is working to help make our town better and larger.

Martin Deal, who we mentioned last week as being here from Dakota looking for a location, has bought the place east of town known as the McKnown place for \$4200. He will move onto it at once.

Dr. O'Flung who was here a few weeks ago visiting his nephews, French Bros. got hung up in a snow storm on his road back to Kansas. Only another case where friends in the East are freezing while here we are picking flowers and fruit.

Chas. Vick was in from their saw mill a few days this week waiting for it to quit raining. They have the mill in shape to run enough to get out lumber to make their buildings of, but had no roof over things yet so had to wait for the rain to quit. They do not expect to do more than get the mill in shape to run this winter and begin work in the Spring. All the lumber will have

to be hauled to Dallas so they will have to wait for good roads in the Spring.

H. C. Billman, of Spokane, registered at the Hotel Monmouth last Tuesday.

Mr. H. H. Dance, manager of the telephone business in this district, was in town this week, having business that called him here.

C. M. Stout, of Portland, registered at the Hotel Monmouth, Wednesday. Mr. Stout, who is a locomotive engineer, is here on a visit to his mother.

Fred Huber and wife have gone to Enterprise, Oregon, to visit Mrs. Huber's sister. They will also visit a brother at Spokane and another sister before returning. Mr. Huber is mail carrier on R. F. D. No. 1, and while away his brother Ed, delivers in his stead.

Rev. Davis is getting along finely with his singing school, having 38 members enrolled. Wednesday night was the testing time, as three lessons had been given, and Mr. Davis gave the members the privilege of deciding whether he would close at that time without charge to the membership, or whether they were satisfied to continue. The voice of the school was unanimous to continue.

A Witty Widow.

A widow of the name of Rugg, having taken Sir Charles Price for her second husband, was asked by a friend how she liked the change.

"Oh," she replied, "I parted with my old Rugg for a good Price."

The Missing Part.

Landlady—You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea. Boarder—No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch.

Europe's Dirtiest Town.

All travelers should shun Boryslaw. In Galicia—"the back of Europe"—truthfully called the dirtiest place in Europe. It is the oil trade center and is decidedly not beautiful. In the main street all the houses have been built on mine refuse, and most of them have sunk below the level of the street. In fact, there is not a solid brick or stone building in the whole of the town, and many of the houses are in a state of partial or entire collapse. Unrefined petroleum is everywhere. It gets into everything—food and clothing—and the atmosphere reeks of it. Along one side of the main street is a raised wooden pavement, and beneath it is an oily ditch. Boryslaw's main waterway is a narrow, sluggish, oily stream. On its banks the town's refuse is cast, and the market booths are erected alongside, while the local washerwomen—though from external appearances one would judge that laundresses did not exist there at all—do their washing in its oily depths.

Got Too Familiar.

A story told of Justice Brewer concerns a trip he made to his old home in Kansas, accompanied by Mrs. Brewer. In Washington a Justice of the supreme court is spoken of as "Mr. Justice," and that is the title Mrs. Brewer always has heard. When they reached Chicago, however, the "Mr." was dropped and the jurist was referred to as "Justice Brewer." At Omaha some old friends called him "David J.," and when they crossed the Kansas line some former neighbors referred to him as "David."

"Let's go home," suggested Mrs. Brewer.

"Why?" asked the Justice.

"Because, dear," Mrs. Brewer replied, "I am afraid if we go any farther they will be calling you 'Davie!'"

—Cleveland Leader

Cure For Disconsolate Lovers.

Somebody has dug out of an old book of the time of Queen Elizabeth the following advice to a slighted and despondent lover:

Tye one end of a rope right over a beam.
And make a slippe noose at the other extreame.
Just under the beame lett a bucket be sett.
On it lett the lovier most manfullie gett.
Right over his heade be left the socket be gott.
And under his eare well fastened the knot.
The buckett kicked cleare, lett him take a full swinge.
And leave alle the reste of the worke to the stringe!

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