

### Monmouth Heights.

James Goodman has recently purchased two young colts.

Grandma Mack of Portland is visiting her son, Will Mack.

John Walker is grubbing a place for a garden next spring.

Mr. Phillips of Monmouth was here Wednesday buying raw furs.

Lafrance Brothers are grubbing ten acres of land for W. H. Mack.

A. J. Shipley has a new porch built on the west side of his residence.

Miss Ina Fishback visited Mrs. Miram Simpson of Monmouth Sunday.

We Oregonians prefer rain and sunshine instead of snow and freezing weather.

There was a party at George Muscott's Friday evening in honor of his birthday.

Mr. Smith of Southern Oregon was in this vicinity Wednesday looking for a place in which to locate.

Miss Nettie McNeil of Monmouth was a guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Towns, Saturday and Sunday.

Receipts at the Portland Union Stock Yards since September 15th, at which time business was commenced, have been 23,026 cattle, 32,016 sheep, 34,228 hogs, and 509 horses. The ready support given by the livestock raiser and shippers of the Pacific Northwest to the market established at Portland is an evidence of the utility and need of such an institution as the Portland Union Stock Yards. Established along open and competitive lines, this healthy young market will continue to grow until it will take its place among the big live stock centers of the United States.

J. H. Rhodes, of Clackamas County, has recently purchased a farm in Polk County, near Teats Station, which he is going to develop into a hog ranch. The farm was sold by Mr. H. G. Campbell, the real estate man of Dallas. Mr. Rhodes will find abundance of encouragement in the swine business. The burden from the stockmen at present is lack of hogs. In conversation with Mr. D. O. Lively, general agent of the local yards, recently, he stated that a scarcity of hogs was a source of constant concern to the buyers. He further stated that this scarcity was amazing to him. Why should this state of affairs exist? Well, it seems that it is up to the farmer.—Oregon Agriculturalist.

### A CHILD CRUSADER.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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Far back in what are called the middle ages in Europe one vast army after another marched to Palestine with a view to freeing the holy sepulcher from the infidel Turk. These crusades, as they were called, produced an epidemic of fanaticism which at last seized upon the children. A French peasant boy about twelve years old conceived the idea that he had been assigned a divine mission to lead the children to the rescue of the holy sepulcher. He exhorted them, making them wild with religious frenzy. Fifty thousand children went from Germany and 30,000 from France. Two thousand sailed from Brindisium from whom no voice ever came back. The French children were betrayed and sold to Mohammedan masters.

At that time there lived in Venice a boy named Dino Cosimo, who was being brought up with a little girl, Gemma, his constant playfellow. Dino never played with boys, because neither would give up for any time the society of the other. Dino used to row Gemma in his little gondola on the canals

every day. During these boat rides they would sing, though the songs they knew were very limited, Dino handling the pole, Gemma sitting in the stern with her lute, a stringed instrument much like a mandolin.

When the wave of childish fanaticism that resulted in the children's crusades swept over Europe it carried Dino with it. Gemma was a child of rare foresight for those days and did not see how children could accomplish that in which great armies had failed. She begged Dino not to go, but he claimed that he obeyed a sacred duty and that the child army would be made to prevail by divine interposition.

Dino bid adieu to his playmate and sailed out upon the Adriatic sea with a fleet of child laden ships.

Month after month, year after year, passed and no tidings came from the fleet of children. Gemma from the first had little faith in the success of the expedition and at last made up her mind that Dino would never return to her. After five years had passed and she found the same void in her heart as of yore she determined to go in search of her companion. She was now seventeen years old. That was the period of minstrelsy when men gained a livelihood by singing, usually with harp accompaniment, their own verses or the popular ballads recounting events of the time. Gemma dressed herself as a minstrel boy and, taking her harp, set out to work her way on foot to the Holy Land. Turning her face eastward, she walked, singing by the way for bits of money, till she came to the Danube river. This she followed, occasionally making short distances by boat, and at its mouth in the Black sea found a ship about to leave for Constantinople. She prevailed upon the captain to take her with him, promising to amuse those on board during the trip with her minstrelsy. From Constantinople, then a Christian city, disguised as a Turk, she entered the domains of the sultan, but before doing so she learned something of the Turkish language and a few songs. These she sang by the way, visiting different Turkish cities and saving nearly all the coins that were given her.

Two years after Gemma had left Venice she found herself one day sitting on a bridge that crossed a river dividing a city, singing a Turkish song and accompanying herself on her harp. By this time she was old enough to know that she would not be likely to recognize Dino, nor would he know her. She had learned that the Venetian crusaders had been sold into slavery and believed that Dino if alive was a slave. Indeed, she saw white slaves frequently, and whenever she met one about Dino's age she would sing a song they used to sing on the canals of Venice.

While she sat on the bridge a Turk walked by, followed by a retinue of servants, among them a tall white slave about twenty-one years old, in whom there was something to remind her of the boy Dino. She sang a few notes in an undertone of the song. The slave stopped and looked at her in astonishment. Gemma, though she knew she had found her quest, had presence of mind enough to look an order to him not to notice her. Dino saw in the supposed Turkish boy a development of his child friend and restrained himself. He was in the rear of the train of slaves, and Gemma made a sign to him to go on. Presently she arose and followed, never losing sight of him till she had seen him enter a large house with his master.

The next day a slave dealer applied to Dino's master to buy the slave. The master would not sell. Dino, who had got word from Gemma that she would buy him with her savings, set himself to work to dissatisfy his master with him. Many a bastinado he got for refusing to work, but he persisted, and at last his master consented to sell him at a low price, which took nearly all the money Gemma had saved.

When Dino was turned over to his new master there was a joyful meeting. But when Dino approached to embrace her they were no longer children. Gemma received his caresses with blushes.

How as master and slave they traveled to the coast and took ship for Venice would make a happier story than has preceded, but a less eventful one. They arrived safely, and Dino was the only one of the child crusaders that had sailed away on the Adriatic who was ever heard from.



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