

The Herald

D. E. STITT, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter September 8, 1906, at the post office at Monmouth, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

Subscription Rates

One year - - - \$1
Six months - - - 50 cts

Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, JAN. 28, 1910.

THINGS NOT TO FORGET

Don't forget to speak a good word for your town or for your neighborhood when opportunity gives you a chance.

If a word will encourage your boy or girl, or some other person's boy or girl, or anyone else don't forget to utter that word.

If you hear some one enumerating the faults of a neighbor, see if you cannot call out the good qualities of the person spoken of, and don't forget that the same person will discuss your weaknesses the first opportunity that offers.

When your consent is necessary to legalize some questionable business, to continue the saloon for instance, don't forget that morally you are responsible for your action, and that some time, some where you must give strict account for your stewardship, or in other words, for that which you have sanctioned.

Soon Oregon will be in the midst of another political campaign and the prohibition question will be a prominent feature to be discussed and passed upon by the public; the oft repeated assertion that "there is more intoxicating liquors sold under prohibitive measures than is sold where there is no prohibition," will most likely greet you but don't forget that such is not true, for if it were, brewers, distillers and wholesale dealers would not spend their money to defeat prohibition. Name them as you please, but don't mistake them for fools.

When the "blind pig" is held up for your inspection, don't forget that you are not responsible for any evil arising therefrom unless you are engaged in either running or hiding an animal of that description.

Disagreeable Things

There are some people you can not be with for half an hour but you feel cheerful and comforted. There are other people you can not be with ten minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they annoy you to the bone. They gather up all the yarns which the gossips spin, and peddle it out. They gather up all the adverse criticism about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it was a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside. If you are pale in appearance they will say, "How bad you look a-a-h! not long for this world." You greet them with a hilarious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. It is astonishing how many people in this world prefer to say disagreeable things and prefer to write disagreeable things.—Corvallis Republican.

THAT BRUTAL HUSBAND.

By HOWARD OTIS.

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She and her husband lived in the next flat above mine, and I pitied her. How she could endure to live with a man who kept such irregular hours I could not imagine. I should rather say regular hours, for he seldom came in till morning. It would be 3 o'clock and sometimes 4 o'clock when he passed my floor. I would hear a door open above, and at times when my own door stood ajar I could hear a kiss of welcome. After that there would be moving about above, and sometimes a ripple of feminine laughter, never a scolding word, escaped from their apartments.

Often in summer, when doors and windows were left open to admit air, I could hear the rattle of dishes, the drawing of a cork, the clink of glasses, and knew the couple were having a supper together. I remember one night when I could smell the odor of some savory dish. I got up, dressed myself, went out to a restaurant and got a dozen oysters, with a bottle of ale. But it was only my stomach that was appeased, not my heart, and I yearned for such an angel as lived in the flat above me and thought what a different husband I would make her.

Surely she must have had something of the bohemian in her nature, and, above all, I wanted for a wife a woman of that kind. I pitied those men whose wives must always remain at home and make their husbands miserable unless they are always at home too. What a jewel a woman must be who could receive her husband at all hours of the morning after he had spent nearly the whole night carousing or playing poker at his club, give him a loving kiss and cook a supper for him! And when this is kept up night after night what must the enduring amiability of that woman be?

One day I left my room just in time to meet her on the landing. I lifted my hat and moved aside for her to pass, taking at the same time a good long look at her face. It was as fresh as if she were not awakened every morning by her brutal husband. It was not such a face as I had expected to see. I had fancied it would contain a devil-may-care expression common with bohemian women. Her features, on the contrary, were intellectual, with a trace of seriousness in them. Then it occurred to me that with such a husband how could she help being serious. It was a wonder that she did not show traces of suffering. She was going upstairs; I was going down. That was the first and only glimpse I got of her.

One morning I did not hear the husband come in at the usual hour, and the next day a doctor's buggy drove up to the front door. The doctor went up to their flat. He came every day for awhile; then a hearse stopped at the door, and I knew that the poor woman would not have longer to suffer the irregularities of a brutal husband. She never returned to the flat.

Some eighteen months afterward, while at an evening party, I saw her standing chatting with the hostess. I recognized her at once. How could I help recognizing her since I had carried that one brief glimpse I had got of her in my heart ever since? In a moment I was sidling up to the hostess and received the coveted introduction.

I refrained from telling the widow that I had lived beneath her and was aware of how she had been obliged to sit up night after night waiting for that husband. I didn't wish to awaken painful memories. I infinitely preferred that she should think she was meeting me for the first time.

The hostess arranged for a more than casual acquaintance between me and the widow. I saw much of her. There was nothing of the bohemian about her. Indeed, she seemed to have domestic tastes. Nevertheless I wanted her, and I did my best to win her. All this while I kept in the background my knowledge of her past and my surmises concerning her. In time she consented to become my wife.

I had put off so long telling her that I had known of her former domestic life that I resolved to defer doing so till immediately after our marriage. Indeed, I wished to make an experiment. Would she endure as much from me as from her first husband? I proposed to put her to the test. On our return from the honeymoon I told her that I desired to visit a former bachelor chum. She assented. At 3 in the morning I opened my front door and went upstairs. I expected to see my wife's bedroom door open and feel her arms about my neck. What was my disappointment to find that the door remained closed! I opened it and entered. My wife was sound asleep.

I should have considered myself fortunate not to receive a dressing. But I did not. I was angry. I made so much noise purposely that finally I

woke her up.

"Pretty late hour this," she said, "for the day after the full of the honeymoon. Could not you make less noise and permit me to sleep?"

This was too much. I told her how I had often in the past heard her husband go home at that late hour and how she had received him. I, who had taken what was left of a chilled heart, instead of getting a kiss or a hot supper received only complaint. She listened to me in some surprise and when I had finished said:

"You gander! My first husband was the editor of a morning newspaper."

The Herring.

A peculiar feature in the herring trade is that an exceptionally large catch during one season has no effect whatever upon the next year's supply; also, large as is man's consumption of herrings, naturalists say the number killed by fishermen is quite insignificant as compared with the quantity destroyed every year by sharks, porpoises, cod, dogfish, ling and other fish, each of which must have its daily meal of from one to two score herrings, to say nothing of the sea birds, which practically live on surface feeding fishes. Herrings are not at all a modern article of diet. A vast commerce in them was carried on in northern Europe all through the dark and middle ages. The herring's chief food consists of minute organisms, which it strains from the water by its gills, but it also eats worms and at certain seasons its own young, sprats and sand eels.—Pearson's Weekly.

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.

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.

Moving Things

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We bought 'em
We got 'em
We Sell 'Em

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2600 Yards of Rey Crepe worth to 18cts per yard this week at Lindsay's **12 1-2c**

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