

## Local and Personal

Attend the entertainment Saturday night.

C. W. and L. C. Peters and Robert Griffiths of Salem gave Monmouth a visit this week.

J. A. Siddell and son of Kings Valley were in town. Wednesday returning from a trip to Salem.

T. A. Riggs one of Monmouth's enterprising business men, was in Portland Wednesday returning next day.

Miss Mehliha Ohlsen of Yoncalla came Monday to visit her sister, Mrs. W. M. Sweet and family of this place.

E. E. Hiltner, Thomas Lampitt and William Goodrich were down from Suver Monday having brought a load of mohair to market.

J. R. P. Harris has purchased the Benjamin fruit farm, southeast of here and will move out to it when school is out. Peterson and Ecker made this sale

J. Northrup, of Portland, and C. Christensen of Willamette Creek were in town with F. J. Chambers of Kings Valley Wednesday on their way to the latter named place.

Mrs. Bernard Johnson returned home Wednesday from Moro where she has been visiting her son for the past month. She was accompanied home by Mrs. M. L. Ragsdale, oldest sister to Landlord Hampton.

Rev. J. R. N. Bell of Corvallis visited his daughter, Mrs. J. V. Richardson, of Independence this week and gave Monmouth a short call Wednesday having come over to see Mr. J. B. V. Butler of this place.

Frank Mulkey is in Eugene this week having had business that called him there in connection with the State Normal school initiative petitions. Frank is one of those who gets around and if he has anything that ought to be done he does it.

C. A. Sias of Dallas and W. A. Wood of this place will exchange pulpits next Sunday. Rev. Wood will go to Dallas. Rev. Wood will preach in the Christian church here, morning and evening. The church here extends most cordial invitation to all to attend these services.

W. H. Smith and family of Newburg accompanied by William Townsend from the same place, were in town Wednesday, being on their way to make their home on the Springer farm near Lewisville. Mr. Townsend is one of the purchasers.

B. F. Baker took a drive out to Falls City, Sunday, and being somewhat of a sportsman could not resist the temptation to try for a few trout. He succeeded in enticing a few to leave the creek and accompany him home, although he did not tarry long at the stream.

John Palmer and wife from the Luckiamute were in town Friday having come in their new auto, this being their trial trip. On Sunday, however, Mr. Palmer met with reverse as in stopping his auto quickly it was turned over and had to be taken to the repair shop. No one was injured and the damage was not great.

Up in North Yakima, Washington, farmers want laborers, and to help matters out the sheriff of the county has ordered the arrest of every idle man in the city. On the 14 instant five were run in and put in the chain gang. Just how this will help the farmer we are not advised; perhaps they will use them in improving the highways.

## AN IMPROMPTU WEDDING.

The Message That Was Read After the Ceremony Was Over.

By HOPE DARING.

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An automobile stopped before Los Olivos, the country home of the Hunters. Mrs. Joyce Hunter rose and went out on the veranda to meet the young couple who were ascending the steps.

"Did you enjoy your ride, Carol, sweetheart?"

"Oh, it was divine! Paradise can be no fairer than San Gabriel valley in early April. The fragrance of the orange groves is overpowering, and their fences are wreathed with roses. Why, I never dreamed there were so many roses in all the world! The mesa is a flame of red-gold poppies, the rosy mist of the apricot orchard slopes up to the gray-green of the olive wood—and Joyce, what is it?"

"What is it, Joyce?" repeated Ronald Strang, Carol's companion.

"It is not the poetry our dear little brown-eyed maid has been talking.



SEE TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE AND READ ALOUD.

Carol, there is a telegram from your Uncle James."

"A telegram?" cried both Carol and Roland in one breath.

"A telegram, my children. I know it is from him, as he sent one to Harry, asking that if you were absent from Los Olivos it might be forwarded to you. He must have sent it as soon as he received the letters telling of your engagement."

Carol sank down upon one of the porch chairs. Her fingers trembled as they unrolled the mass of chiffon in which her head and neck had been swathed.

"No, Joyce," she cried, as her hostess turned away. "There is no use bringing the message. I know that it forbids my marriage to Ronald, so I will not read it."

Ronald Strang straightened his broad shoulders. "Let us read the thing and have it over with. What if he does withhold his consent? Carol, surely you will not give me up at the command of an uncle and a guardian?"

The girl threw out her hands with a despairing gesture. "When papa was dying I promised him that I would never disobey Uncle James."

"The old tyrant! What reason can he give for refusing us his blessing? I know I am not worthy of you. No man is. I am a deceitful sort as men go. I love you to distraction, and I've plenty of money to give you everything you want."

"You don't know Uncle James. For one thing he will say you are a Californian. Then I have known you only since my arrival here to visit Joyce, two months ago. He will declare that I am too young and silly. There is no use talking, Ronald. If I ever marry you it must be before I read the telegram."

There was a moment's silence. The mind of each one of the trio was grappling with the same question. It was Ronald who spoke first.

"You blessed archangel! Do you mean tomorrow? You will never regret it, Carol?"

"Tomorrow!" and Joyce Hunter threw back her head. "Tomorrow may be too late. The dragon uncle may arrive before then. My own liege lord, here comes Harry, my own liege lord and master horn, and he is the best hand at arrangements."

Carol began to sob. "Yes, I love you, Ronald, but I—I want a wedding. It may be my only chance."

"You precious lamb!" Mrs. Hunter smoothed Carol's disordered sunny hair with one hand while she beckoned to her husband with the other. "You

shall have a wedding, a full grown one. Let me see. It is 3 o'clock, and we can't have the wedding later than 9. Six hours is rather a short time, but things grow rapidly in California. And that telegram shall not be read until the wedding is over."

That was a busy afternoon not only for the inmates of Los Olivos, but also for all who lived in the other half dozen country houses near by. Telephones and automobiles were pressed into service. Joyce asked her neighbors to give her their flowers and their time, to lend her their servants, the contents of their refrigerators and any other thing that they might have which could be utilized for a wedding.

The call was met gladly. "It was not only that the colony had many things in common, but the merry little eastern 'frit' had won all hearts." It would be delightful to have her safely married to one of their number.

"Pray don't ask me to waste my breath telling you why," Joyce gasped. "Explanation will come in due time. A little lower, Carrie, please. Now, Maurice, remember that you are to run into Los Angeles and bring out the Rev. Alexander Hunt, who is to perform the ceremony; ten yards of No. 7 white satin ribbon, a corkscrew and a freezer full of ice cream."

The arrangements were completed. Just as the clock in the hall struck 6 some one struck up a wedding march, and the bridal couple descended the stairs. The front parlor was a bower of white, golden-centered Cherokee roses. Long sprays of them made an arch on that side of the room where the clergyman stood waiting, and the carpet was strewn with snowy petals for Carol's white satin slippers to tread upon.

The bride that arrayed in a dainty white frock that had come home from the dressmaker only the day before. She wore her mother's pearls on her neck and arms, orange blossoms in her belt and Mrs. Lankard's wedding veil. The girl's face was pale, but her eyes were clear and steady. The young couple had no attendants. Harry gave the bride away, and Joyce hovered near, satisfaction and anxiety curiously blended upon his face.

As soon as congratulations were over the wedding dinner was served. The menu was not along the conventional lines of wedding dinners, but its excellency was surprising to the masculine part of the company.

"The fish the Gardeners sent up from San Diego for our Sunday dinner is excellent, is it not?" Mrs. Duke asked of her next door neighbor.

"Indeed it is. Was it not fortunate that both Carrie and I planned to have fruit salad for dinner tonight?"

The dinner was hurried a little as the newly wedded pair were to motor into town. That would enable them to take a boat the next morning for Santa Catalina Island, where their honeymoon was to be spent. While Carol and Ronald were upstairs changing their clothes the Hunters told the story of the telegram.

"Here, Carol! You must read your uncle's message before you start; as your really must, dear," Joyce cried as the bride descended the stairs, arrayed in her navy blue traveling suit.

"Very well. Nothing matters now," Carol said with a fond look at Ronald. She tore open the envelope and read aloud:

New York, April 4.  
My consent and blessing. Shall I come on for the wedding?  
JAMES WHITE.

### Ninety First Anniversary Of Odd Fellowship

Normal Lodge No. 204 will celebrate the Ninety first anniversary of Oddfellowship by holding services at the Evangelical Church, April 24th, 1910, at 3 P. M. to which the public are invited.

Rev. Dunsmore of Independence will conduct the services. All Odd Fellows and Rebekas are requested to meet at the hall at 2:30 P. M.

### Sale of Blooded Stock

The annual Spring Breeders' Auction Sale of pure bred Short-horns from prize winning herds will take place at the Union Stock Yards, Portland, April 26th; also 50 Registered Holsteins 150 fine horses will be sold at Portland Country Club Race Track April 27th-29th. For catalogue, apply to Portland Horse Sale Co. 373 Yamhill St. Portland.

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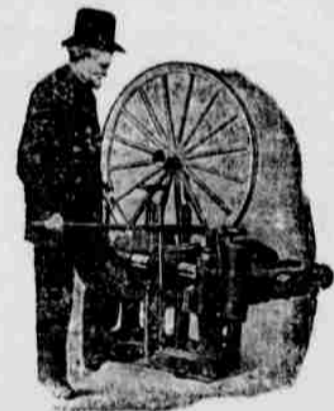
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### Raisin Day April 30 1910

The above date has been set apart as an annual event by the people of California in which all are asked to join by eating raisins in the form of "Raisin Bread" or in any form that may be desired. The object of this special day is to create a wide-spread raisin sentiment that will result in a greater demand for that fruit, and to direct the attention of all good housewives to the excellence of the raisin as an article of food. The good people of the Northwest are invited by their neighbors to participate in the pleasant custom and "break" raisin bread on April 30th.



A. B. WESTFALL

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