

NEWS FROM COUNTY SEAS.

Court House Notes.

MARRIAGE LICENSE

George M Brown and Jessie Palmer.
Clayton E Ryckman and Ethel Johnson.

PROBATE

Estate of Fred Raymond, deceased—final account approved.
Estate of Rachel Newman, deceased—bond filed and approved; M Sacre, W P Prophet and W H Robertson appointed appraisers.
Estate of Rachel Watson, deceased—bond approved; Clifford McBeth, James Hanna and Frank Smith appointed appraisers.
Estate of Eliza C Emmons, deceased—continued to June 15th, 1910.
Estate of Frank L Brown, deceased—final account set for hearing June 18, 1910.

HOP CONTRACTS.

S D Steffy to A Magnus Son's Company, 20,000 pounds, 1910 crop, 15 cents.
M H Jones to Magnus Son's Company, 8,000 pounds, 1910 crop at 14 1-2 cents.
Downing & Forter to Catin & Linn, 6,000 pounds, 1910 crop, 15 cents.
F E Turner to T Rosenwald & Company, 16,000 pounds, 1910 crop, 15 cents.
Albert Ziesch to T Rosenwald & Company, 14,000 pounds, 1910 crop, 15 cents.

REAL ESTATE

Emma J Perkins and hd to Gertrude E Hazelton, 36.92 acres, t 6 s, r 4 w, \$3500.
Edwin Jacobson et ux to Aaron Maybee, 60 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w, \$5000.
D C Crider et ux to Chas Ap, plegate et ux, 240 acres, t 9 s, r 6 w, \$10.
Robert Webb et ux to J L Braden, 9 acres, t 7 and 8, r 5 w, \$10.
Jennie M Cobb and hd to Chas A Hubbard, 2.54 acres, t 8 s, r 6 w, \$1900.
Gertie P Williams to Forest L Guthrie, 31.72 acres, t 7 s, r 5 w, \$1500.
S B Taylor et ux to E L Sperry et ux, land in Dallas, \$290.
R M Bosley et ux to School District No. 49, 1 acre, t 8 s, r 5 W, \$25.
Electa Hughes and hd to F H Muscott, land in Dallas \$900.
W W Johnson Lumber Company to Dallas Lumber Company, sawmill site in Dallas and 2723.57 acres, t 7 and 8, r 7 w, \$5.
Dallas Lumber Company to Charles K Spaulding, sawmill site in Dallas and 2723.37 acres, t 7 and 8 s, r 7 w, \$5.
W E Bridwell and R C Craven to Chas W Leonard, land in Monmouth, \$475.
Elmer A Simons et ux to C A Dick, lots in Independence, \$600.
C A Dick et ux to S H Gilliland, lots in Independence, \$735.
B M Mason to James K Harris, lots in Independence Fruit Farms, 20 acres, \$3000.
Austell McCarter et al to Roy B Holman, 21.93 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, consideration not given.
W D Eoff to Roy B Holman, 40 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, \$10.
Roy B Holman et ux to Edwin Jacobson, 61.93 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, \$1238.
E M Young to John R Robins, 43.78 acres, t 7 and 8 s, r 4 w, \$100.
F R DuRette et ux to Fruit Land Investment Co, 570.75 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w, \$10,000.
Joseph Remington et ux to Gertie P Williams, 4 acres, t 7 s, r 5 w, \$1075.
August Wienert et ux to Mary Froessner, 859 acres, Polk and

Benton counties, \$10.

Ella V Heffley and hd to N W Heffley, 71.40 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w, \$2000.

Leone Raymore to F E Muddock, land in Monmouth, \$1000
F W Waters et ux to George C Will, lots in West Salem, \$400.
A C Guyer et ux to A E Calkins, 40 acres, t 9 s, r 6 w, \$300.
W C Seachrist et al to Marguerite Stratton, 20.04 acrer, t 6 s, r 5 w, \$2500.

APOLOGIZE OR FIGHT

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Miss Prue Gordon of the city and a summer visitor at her aunt's manor house had never caught a fish in her life. She didn't even know that she wanted to until she strolled out to the lake on the grounds on the third day of her arrival and was welcomed by a ragged lad of fourteen, who had a pole and line to spare. When he had baited her hook for her and spat on the bait he bluntly asked:
"Say, you got a feller yet?"
"A feller?" she repeated.
"Yes, a beau."
"Of course not. I'm just out of school."
"Well, you'll get one in time. All gals do. Fellers are looking for gals, and gals are looking for fellers. It's right too. I'm glad you come out here this morning. If you catch a whopper of a fish you'll have a beau within a week. Never knew it to fall in my life. There's an awful whopper in this lake. He's a pickerel. He's two feet long. He's bit off more'n a hundred lines. If you could only catch him—Lordy!"
"What would happen?" asked Prue.
"You'd catch on to a feller in no time, and he'd be a daisy, and you'd get married and live happy forever after. I won't be here this afternoon, but you come out and fish by yourself. The old whopper always comes around in the afternoon. Don't get scared if he bites, but shut your teeth and pull for all you're worth."

In the afternoon Miss Prue fished again. A young man took a seat on a log forty feet away, and without looking in her direction he calmly prepared line and hook and cast them into the lake. It was likely some one summering in the village hotel, and he had been told that the lake was free to all.

Miss Prue was nettled. The longer she watched the young man out of the corner of her eye the more annoyed she felt. It would have been at least "fresh" for him to have approached her, but his action seemed to ignore her. A long, dreary hour had passed when the stranger suddenly leaped to his feet and began to dance around. That "whopper" had taken his hook. She watched his excitement for a moment and then threw her fish pole into the lake and started for home with snapping eyes and blazing cheeks. In telling her story after she got there she wept tears of anger and humiliation. That evening as she sat on the veranda after dinner, gritting her teeth now and then as she thought of her wrongs, Dick came sauntering up to hear how her fishing had turned out. She poured the story into his ears, and he said:

"I know the feller. He's an artist stopping at the tavern. I told you about that whopper and got you to fishing, and now it's up to me to do something. I'm your guardian like. I'm going to do something."

"But what can you do?" was asked.

"Lots. He's got to apologize or fight."

"But, Dick, you see—"

But Dick was on a dog trot for the village. He had never spoken with the artist, but that made no difference to a boy like him. He had come on an errand, and that errand must be done. The artist was found on the hotel veranda enjoying a cigar and the gloaming, and no time was lost in addressing him with:

"Say, you, but you've got to apologize or there'll be the biggest kind of a row around here."

"If I have hurt your feelings I don't remember it," replied the surprised guest.

"Oh, it ain't my feelings, but a girl's. Don't nobody never hurt my feelings. It's a girl, and you made her awful mad, and you made her cry. Will you apologize or fight a duel?"

"I hurt a girl's feelings? When? Where? Boy, tell me all about it!"

"It's a girl named Prue. She's Aunt Judith's niece. She's from the city. She's as handsome as a duck. I learned her to fish this morning. I told her about that whopper of a pickerel in the lake, and I told her that if she could catch him she could catch a dandy of a feller. I wasn't back there this afternoon, but she was. She was fishing for the whopper when you butted in."

"Oh, it was that girl at the lake, eh? Why, I never spoke to her."

"No, but you caught that whopper

of a pickerel just as he was going to take her hook, and you must apologize. She's waiting for you to come along back with me and do it."

The artist was only twenty-four and romantic and venturesome. He allowed himself to be marched up to the manor and before Miss Prue and Aunt Judith, and he didn't make his apology until Dick had said, "This is the feller who caught the whopper, and when I told him he must apologize or fight he came along."

Then the apology was made. It was prefaced by the statement that the "whopper" had turned out to be an old boot fished up from the bottom of the lake and it had been taken from the hook and thrown into the grass. After that things came easy. Dick, to his humiliation, was shunted aside for talk about art, books, travel, etc., and at last he made a quiet sneak. As he went he said to himself:

"I never teaches another girl how to fish. I never tells another girl of a whopper. This girl didn't catch no fish, and therefore she won't catch no feller, and I'm durned glad of it!"

But all legends regarding fish must be taken with a grain of salt—not that Miss Prue has caught a feller, but that a feller has caught her.

A Straight Vote.

The secret of the ballot is sometimes too good to keep. "George," said the squire, "did you vote straight, as I told you?" "Sure, OI did, squire. I said on th' paper to put a X, but OI moinded as how ye said 'vout straight,' and OI put an straight through un's namee."—London Chronicle.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Rachel Newman, deceased, by the County Court of Polk County, Oregon, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified together with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned administrator at his residence at Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, within six months from date of this notice.
Dated and first published this 20th day of May, 1910.

H. A. NEWMAN,
Administrator of the estate of Rachel Newman, deceased.
B. F. SWORE, Attorney.

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