

Local and Personal.

S. Southworth, of McMinnville, was a Wednesday visitor in town. Mr. and Mrs. Ruby and Donald Portwood, of Airlie, were in Monmouth Tuesday.

Edd Griffo who has been making his home at Dallas for some time past has returned to Monmouth to stay.

The names of G. C. Swabb and Susie Patterson of Salem, appear on the hotel register, date, Wednesday.

Tuesday brought some slight showers of rain, but a little more would have been better. Yesterday added its showers with promise of abundance.

A second time Wednesday was the Herald office laid under obligation by the presentation of flowers; this time it was the gift of Mrs. O. C. Zook who came in with a bouquet of exquisite roses mingled with sprigs of sweet fennel to contrast the beautiful tints of the flowers. Many thanks for the beautiful gifts.

High School Boys Raise Money

Last Friday afternoon the boys of the Dallas High School baseball team sold candy and soda water on the school grounds. The Money raised by this sale will be used in paying the traveling expenses of the team. At the time the league was organized, no provision was made for the payment of the expenses of the teams, so the boys selected this means of raising needed funds. A neat sum of money was realized from the sale.—Observer.

NEWS FROM COUNTY SEAT

Court House Notes.

PROBATE

Estate of Catherine Murray, deceased—continued for service; citation to be served on heirs.

Guardianship of Mary E. Knower—bond filed.

Guardianship of Arthur and Kenneth Williams, minors—Wm. C. Williams appointed guardian; bond fixed at \$1500.

Estate of Oliver Webster, deceased—estate admitted to probate; Emma Webster appointed administratrix; bond fixed at \$1000.

REAL ESTATE

A J Barham et ux to Andrew W Armstrong, et ux, 160 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, \$8000.

I N Woods and Edwin Jacobson to William L. Distin, 948.40 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, \$18,960.

Berthold Albikers to Horace M Reeves, 12.35 acres, t 8 s, r 4 w, \$2500.

Abraham Wing et ux to F R DuRette et ux, land in t 9 s, r 5 w, \$100.

William Herron et ux to Elmore Diehl, 57 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w \$3300.

Carrie L Bennett to George B Thompson, 80 acres, t 6 and 7 s, r 6 w, \$4000.

Susan Miller and hd to Maggie E Wilson, lots in Dallas, \$1500.

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.
E. F. SPOFF, Attorney.

Special Rates For The Portland : Rose Festival :

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General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

THE AUDACITY OF DOB SMITHSON.

By MARTHA C. HUTCHINS.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Edgar Barry, novelist, was sitting in his living rooms when his friend Robert (commonly called Bob) Smithson, manufacturer of drainpipe, entered simultaneously with the postman. Barry took a letter from the latter, tore it open, scowled and threw it in a wastebasket.

"Evidently," said Smithson, "you don't prize your correspondent."

"Oh, these women! They are continually writing me to know what some of my characters mean by such a thing, or how interested they are in the story, or how and when will it end in the magazine or something else, all of which means that they wish to get me to attend a function they're about to give and show me off as their intimate friend."

Smithson picked the note out of the basket and read it.

"Would you object to turning this lady over to me?" he asked. "I might personate you."

"Not in the least."

"She seems to be quite fascinated with your character of Edwin Ostrander."

"Nonsense! She wants to get me to her party. Follow it up, personate me if you like, and you will be lionized."

And so it turned out. A week later the audacious Bob Smithson was present at a musical as Edgar Barry, who had recently risen into prominence through a story that had made a hit. The worst feature about Smithson's performance was that he circulated a report that he had drawn the much admired Edwin Ostrander from himself.

It didn't take long for the fascinating literary manufacturer not of romances, but of drainpipe, to fall in love with Alice Beardsley, who gave her whole heart to the deceiver. Bob proposed to her without realizing what he was doing, and the young lady, carried away by her feelings, accepted him without taking time to think about it. Then Bob awoke the morning after it had happened to a realization of his situation. He wrote out ten confessions and tore them all up. He started six times to go and make a verbal confession and backed out every time, including the one after he had rung the doorbell.

Bob had told Miss Beardsley that he wrote in a room at the Authors' club. He told her this, intending to post Barry, who really did write there, so that if any notes came Barry would know and act accordingly. At 11 o'clock in the morning three days after Smithson's proposal, while Barry was putting some master touches to the character of Edwin Ostrander, the door opened and a servant in the club's livery announced:

"A lady in the reception room to see you, sir."

"A lady! What lady?"

"She says tell 'im I'm his fiancy."

"My fiancée!"

The Author's club is a quiet place. Probably that is because authors have no money to spend in clubs. No one was about. The lady, taking advantage

of this, had followed the servant to Mr. Barry's workrooms and now appeared, trembling, at the open door. On seeing the author she started.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I was looking for Mr. Barry."

"I am Mr. Barry."

"Not you; the Mr. Barry."

"I am Edgar Barry."

"I am looking for Mr. Barry, the novelist."

"I write—at least, try to write—novels."

Meanwhile the lady had stepped across the portal much bewildered. A servant approached and announced, "Mr. Smithson!" and in another moment Mr. Bob Smithson entered.

"Oh, Edgar!" cried the lady. "What does it all mean?"

Bob Smithson stood the picture of despair. He shivered and shook. He took out his handkerchief, drew it hastily across his brow, thrust it back into his pocket, tried to stammer something and at last looked appealingly, pitifully, at Barry.

"What is it, Bob?" asked the latter.

"Tell her."

"The lady who?"

"Yes; for heaven's sake straighten it out!"

"Miss"—Barry hesitated. Smithson put in: "Beardsley. If ever there was an angel on earth, and if ever there was a devil and a fool!"

"Hold on, Bob! This is going to come out all right! Don't make it any worse. Miss Beardsley, you are engaged to my esteemed friend Mr. Smithson, I believe."

"I thought I was engaged to Mr. Barry, the novelist." Then, turning to her fiancé, "What is your name, sir?"

"Smithson, sweetheart. Bob—I mean Robert—Smithson."

"Your profession?"

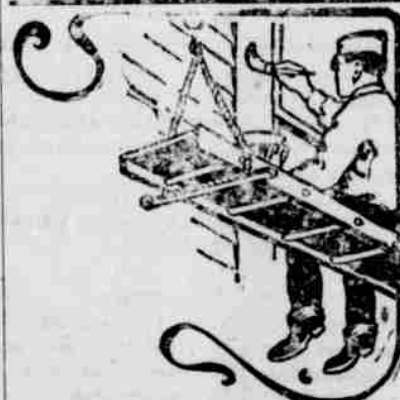
"I—I sell drainpipe."

"Drainpipe! I was not aware that the original of Edwin Ostrander dealt in a conductor of sewage."

"Forgive me."

He stretched out his hands to her, but she turned, and after a rustle in the hall and a slam of the front door there was nothing left but the habitual silence of the Authors' club.

The same evening Mr. Barry called on Miss Beardsley, spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Smithson, told her that he had drawn Edwin Ostrander from him and secured a reconciliation. The engagement has continued.



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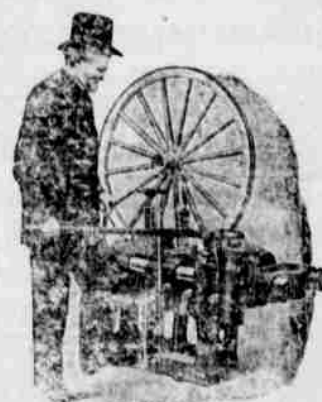
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