

Local and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Mulkey returned Saturday from Sheridan after spending a week with their son.

Carl Sandstone and wife of Portland visited relatives and friends here for several days leaving for home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Laughry of Dallas, passed through this place, Wednesday, for the Luckiamute, to visit Mr. Laughry's father.

Mrs. Meadows and two sons are spending the Summer with her father, Mr. Silas Coates. Mrs. Meadows is a teacher in one of the Engene schools.

The comets gone, Ex-president Roosevelt is home and Jim Jeffries is retired; What is the next figure of interest on the chess board to attract interest.

Geo. C. Hatt, department editor of the Pacific Home, of Salem was in this section over Sunday, his business being to visit members of the Boys Department of the Homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Earl, of Northern Washington, visited F. S. Powell and family several days leaving for home yesterday. They had been on a visit to friends in California and visited Mr. Powell and family on their way home.

Mr. C. W. Stengel of Monmouth, so far as we know, has the distinction of having the oldest bearing apple tree in this part of the state. It was planted in 1860, fifty years ago, is 18 inches in diameter and is still bearing an excellent quality of fruit.

O. A. Wolverton left, Monday, for Spokane where he will visit his sister, Mrs. J. C. Byrd, for a few days. From there he will go to Cascade, B. C., to meet his brother, Grant S. Wolverton, who will be with him throughout his vacation which will be spent in different parts of Canada. Mr. Wolverton expects to be away about a month.

Harmony.

"What we want is harmony," said the statesman.
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "it makes me think of a glee club I used to belong to. Every fellow's idea of harmony was to pick his own key and sing so loud nobody else could be noticed." Washington Star.

Steps to the Presidency.

"Pa," said little George, "I've chopped down your favorite cherry tree."
"That's a good start toward the presidency, son," responded wise Mr. Washington. "Now split it into rails." -Pittsburg Post.

AT \$2 PER DAY.

And the Hired Man's Wages Have Not Yet Been Paid.

By CLAUDE ARNOLD.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Now, mother, the man must go."
"We might give him one more chance."

"He has been intoxicated four times in two weeks, and we can't put up with him any longer."

"But help is scarce, daughter, and where will we find another man?"

"I'll drive to the village and find one. The garden must be attended to and the lawns mowed. I'll offer as high as \$2 per day until we can find a steady man by the month."

The Widow Deering and her daughter Jessie occupied the manor house on what was known as Deering hill, and the son, Fred, always took a run out on Saturdays and remained until Monday. There was an acre of ground around the house, and a man of all work was necessary.

Fred had been sent west on business, and in his absence the man was taking things easy. Miss Jessie had never been called upon to take the reins of management into her own hands.

After the talk with her mother she went out and made ready the pony cart.

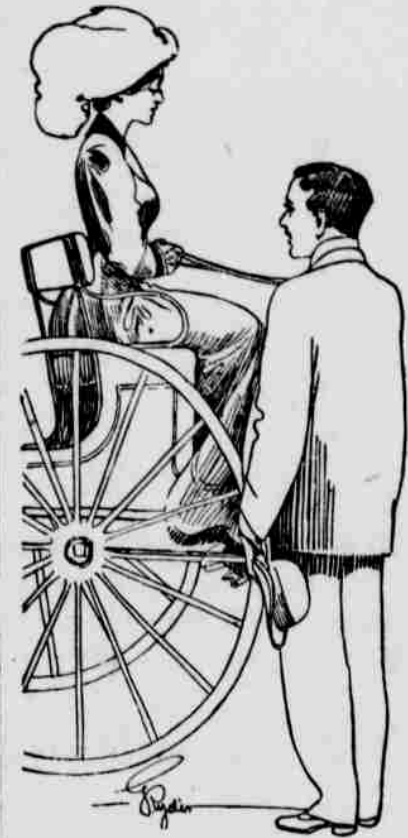
She had never hired a man in her

life, but she had no doubt whatever as to her ability to make a good choice.

On her way to the village she stopped at the home of a friend to ask her if she knew of any competent man. Her friend, as luck would have it, had, not half an hour before, sent a man along the road because she had no work for him.

"If you hurry you might overtake him, dear," she said to Miss Jessie. "He was pretty well dressed and not more than twenty-five or thirty years old. You're sure to see him in the village."

Miss Jessie hurried on, and when she reached Main street her eye fell upon a young man sauntering aimlessly along. He was fairly well dressed and seemed to be about twenty-five years



"ARE YOU LOOKING FOR WORK, MY GOOD MAN?" SHE ASKED.

old. He looked, too, as if he had been walking along a dusty road. Miss Jessie drew rein and passed slowly by. Then, suddenly making up her mind that this was the man she sought, she turned about and stopped beside him.

"Are you looking for work, my good man?" she asked.

The young man turned toward her. He removed his cap and the cigar he was smoking before replying. "If it is anything I can do, madam," he said.

"You can hoe and weed the garden?"

"I think so."

"And run a lawn mower?"

"Yes."

"And there may be other little odd jobs about the place. I have just discharged our man for intoxication and laziness. I want some one to take his place until my brother Fred gets home. What wages do you ask?"

"You may name the figure," he replied.

"Will \$2 per day be enough?"

"I will do my best to earn that amount."

"Are you ready to go now?"

The man could not drive back with her, but would follow within a couple of hours. Oh, yes, she could depend upon him. He had been out of work a long time and was pleased to get a job. Miss Jessie was satisfied. She had caught a queer twinkle in his eyes two or three times, but in her gratification at having hired a man with so little delay she forgot the twinkles.

"I told you I could, and I have," she announced as she rushed into the house on her return.

"You mean you have hired a man?" queried the mother.

"Of course. He'll be here within two hours. I must now go out and tell White to go."

"Be gentle with him."

White was sober enough to understand that he must go.

Meanwhile the newly hired man had been making ready to follow his employer. He had made a number of inquiries of the village innkeeper, overhauled his trunk and made up a bundle of clothing, but he had not shaved.

He arrived at the manor just in time to face an emergency. The discharged man was at the kitchen door demanding a month's wages and telling what he would do if it was not forthcoming.

Bailey had the remedy at his finger tips. He placed his bundle on a bench and advanced upon Mr. White, picked him up and carried him to the roadside fence and threw him over. As he returned to his bundle Miss Jessie smiled at him.

The newly hired man was given a room over the kitchen. He and the admiring cook ate dinner at the kitchen table. She wanted to know all about him. Bailey didn't say he had tramped it, but she inferred as much; he didn't say he had resolved to reform, but she decided that he had, and she encouragingly said to him as she cut him a big piece of apple pie for a windup:

"Never mind how low down you have been; there's a chance for you. If you are sober and steady, who knows but you may come up to marry a cook who

has got \$200 saved up and is the owner of a loving heart!"

Bailey weeded out the cucumbers and lettuce and tomatoes and carried in coal for the cook. As he had been hired by the day he looked for the "boss" to replace him after four or five days, but she was only too anxious to have him stay on.

Ten days had passed, and not a word had been said on either side, when Fred Deering suddenly made his appearance. It was mid-afternoon, and Bailey was hoeing the young sweet corn. No one saw him go, but as soon as he caught sight of young Deering he vanished and was hunted for in vain.

"He's stolen the family silver and absconded, and that's just what I always thought he'd do!" announced the cook. But the family plate and all other things were found to be safe.

"Um, um," replied Fred when his sister had told him how she came to hire the man and gave a description of his looks. "He's no joker, but knowing me and having seen you once—Um, um. Yes; he said he was coming over on the marshes duck shooting."

"Fred Deering, what on earth are you talking about?" demanded Miss Jessie, but he only laughed and then drove to the village in the cart. His mission was a success, and he laughed louder than before.

"Say," he said to a guest of the inn who had just been shaved and fitted into a fashionable suit of clothes, "my sister thinks she's just the sharpest girl in the state, and this will take her down three or four pegs. Bailey, eh! And they made you eat in the kitchen with the cook! And you weeded and hoed and mowed and never cracked a smile? Say, it was great!"

And when the cart reached home and the two gentlemen walked up on the veranda where the ladies were sitting Fred uttered a giggle and introduced his friend Clive Bennet.

It didn't take Miss Jessie more than a minute to discover "Bailey" in "Bennet's" clothes. She was hurt and humiliated and indignant, just as her brother said she would be.

"Sis, you really deserve credit," her brother said three months later. "You picked out the best hired man we ever had, and now you've picked out the best brother-in-law I could have asked for. By the way, don't you owe him his pay yet at \$2 per day?"

Sounded Like a Game.

"We had an African explorer at the club last evening. He talked of progressive Abyssinia."

"Sounds interesting. How do you play it?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—Seiden.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Fishback, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, together with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at his residence near Monmouth, in said County, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published July 15th, 1910.

VARDEMAN ALBERT FISHBACK, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Fishback, deceased,
OSCAR HAYTER, Attorney.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF THE

Polk County Bank

No. 160

At Monmouth, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, June 30th, 1910.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$97,523.61
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	3,296.23
Bonds, securities, etc.	25,003.20
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	11,000.00
Other real estate owned	235.17
Due from banks (not reserve banks)	1,491.00
Due from approved reserve banks	38,087.11
Checks and other cash items	834.55
Cash on hand	15,762.50
TOTAL	193,233.37

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	30,000.00
Surplus fund	6,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	4,258.61
Dividends unpaid	3,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	123,623.13
Demand certificates of deposit	1,231.98
Time certificates of deposit	25,119.65
Certified checks	—
TOTAL	193,233.37

State of Oregon, }
County of Polk, } SS

I, Ira C. Powell, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

IRA C. POWELL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July 1910.

GROVE A. PETERSON
Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
J. H. HAWLEY,
J. B. STUMP, } Directors

Your Fare Paid

Ladies of Monmouth and surrounding country during this month will be allowed their round trip fare by railroad or boat to Portland on any suit they purchase of us. We tailor and make all our ready to wear and special order garments in Portland in our own establishment. You can see them being made. They are made of merchant tailor cloth and are the best on the market. Absolutely warranted. We sell wholesale and retail and this special offer to the ladies of Monmouth is equal to dealers or agents profit. No mail orders taken, because we guarantee our garments and must make them fit you, and must have you here.



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Three Day-Saturday to Monday Rate from S. P. points. Portland to Cottage Grove inclusive, including branch lines; also from all C. & E. stations Albany and west. Good going on Saturday or Sunday, and for return Sunday or Monday.

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WM. McMURRAY,
General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.

Aug. 31.