

PLEASANT PRESCRIPTIONS.

One word, you hypochondriac;
Let nature heal your woes.
If you are blue, despondent,
Just call on Doctor Rose.
With thorns, mayhap he'll lance you,
But then, to heal the smart,
He'll charm you with his beauty
And sweetness rare impart.

If appetite is flagging,
Just call on Doctor Green,
He'll take you through the meadows
Where beauties rare are seen.
He'll give you green-leaf tonic
And spices from the wood;
One treatment will convince you
His medicine is good.

Mayhap ennui afflicts you;
Go call on Doctor Lark,
(You'll find him in the meadows,
And to his music hark.
He'll tell you of the woodland,
Breathe secrets of the hills,
And list'ning to his sweetest notes
Will vanish all your ills.

Therefore I am repeating:
Let nature cure your woes.
There's healing in the meadows;
There's health hid in the rose.
Go revel in the gladness
That's rampant in the hills,
And flowers, birds and beauty
Will rob you of your ills.
—Buffalo News.



A GRANDMOTHER may not be as spry as she used to be, but she is in close touch with her world for all that.

The Telephone enables her to make as many calls as she pleases, and in all sorts of weather.

Formal gatherings have their place, but it is the many little intimate visits over the telephone that keep people young and interested.

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Local and Personal.

Mrs. W. H. Lucas who has been suffering from rheumatism for some time past, has been getting worse lately and is unable to walk at the present time.

For Sale—California Medicated Soap. Excellent for all skin diseases, also for shampooing the hair. Mrs. J. W. Richardson Sr., Monmouth St., Independence, Or.

Rev. W. W. Davis and wife were in Monmouth last Friday, the former on his way to Alsea from the bed side of his daughter to whom he had been called early in the week and the latter on her way to Portland to help care for their daughter, who has just undergone an operation for a very severe case of apendicitis, and who was doing as well as could be expected at latest report. LATER—Mrs. Williamson died and interment took place at Albany yesterday.

Nature's Oddities

Our attention having been called to an oddity in the way of a prune growing from the body of a prune tree at Mr. T. O. Waller's place, in the Northern part of the town, in company of G. A. Peterson, we visited the place and found the facts in the case as follows:

The tree is loaded with prunes which are now beginning to ripen, and some of the limbs have already broken with their weight of fruit, but the particular prune of which we have made mention, hangs on a stem from the body of the tree and about four feet from the ground, the tree being about four and a half inches in diameter at that place. At the point where the prune is attached to the tree is neither bud nor twig appearing, nor anything to indicate that a branch will appear at that point. The prune in point of mention is not quite so large as the average fruit of the tree and neither is it as far advanced toward ripening.

While at Mr. Waller's place that gentleman showed us a cabbage stock which is now past two years of age growing from the same root, and it is shaping up for its third head having produced one two years ago, one last year, and is bearing for the third time.

We asked Mr. Waller as to the size of the heads, and received the answer that they were average. He also informed us of one that grew a second head for him some three or four years ago, the product weighing sixteen pounds.

BEING A HERO.

By M. GUAD.

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Ebenezer Schermerhorn, a farmer's hired man, was in love with the Widow Tompkins, whose farm adjoined that of his boss on the west. Ebenezer was twenty-four years old, plain of face and ungainly of form and without \$100 worth of property. The widow was less than forty and well off. Ebenezer was rated as good hearted, but rather dull. One evening as he dropped in to see the widow about borrowing some farm implements next day he found her reading a love story. She read a few chapters to him and afterward acknowledged that she had always been romantic and that if she ever married again it would be to a hero. The farmer's hired man didn't rush right off that night and try to be a hero, but sat down to think.

Three or four days after Ebenezer's thinking bee a tramp came along the road and, seeing the young man hoeing corn just over the fence, halted for a word or two. Ordinarily Ebenezer would have leaped the fence and run the wayfarer half a mile, but on this occasion he invited him over into the corn and sat down with him for a confidential conversation. The result of that conversation was that at 8 o'clock that evening the tramp appeared before the Widow Tompkins and made threats of what he would do if she didn't set out victuals, hunt up old clothes and come down with a dollar in cash. Ebenezer was not far away, just far enough to come running up and knock the tramp head over heels and rescue the widow. But as he started to come running he fell down and got tangled up with the bushes, and before he could get away the widow had broomsticked the tramp into flight. She didn't say she was glad that the would be hero was so near at hand. What she did say was that she wasn't afraid of any old tramp walking the roads.

Ebenezer's first try was a failure, but within a fortnight he was ready for another. Behind the farms ran a river. The widow had a skiff on the water and often rowed herself up and down. One night the farmer's hired man took some tools down to the landing and was busy for an hour. Two evenings later, just at sundown, he saw the widow making across the field for the river, and he was not long in following her. He expected to hear cries for help, but they did not come. He expected to find a woman clinging to a swamped boat, but he didn't. She was wading ashore when he arrived on the bank and dashed in, and all he got out of it was a good sousing and a cold in the head.

A cold in the head casts a man down for a few days, but if there be any hero about him he rallies and becomes more daring than ever. Ebenezer rallied. Two or three farmhouses in the township had been robbed, and this fact became the basis for his third plan. One night at midnight he left his bed, descended to earth by way of a window, and, armed with a club, he became a guard for the widow's house. He circled around it and patrolled the garden and the orchard, and he felt that he would give a year of his life if a robber would appear. He would first fell him and then arouse the house and when the widow came to know

that he had been guarding her for love her heart would melt toward him. But no robber came. Instead of that his footsteps awoke the widow, and, peering out, she saw some one walking about, and she got out a shotgun and raised a window and blazed away. The gun was loaded with bird shot to shoot hawks that might come swooping down on chickens, but in this case they answered just as well for a man. Ebenezer received about twenty of them and ran two miles to a doctor to have them picked out. He also had a vacation from work for a week under the excuse that he had sprained his back turning over in bed.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred would be heroes would have given up the job right here, but Ebenezer was a man to hang on. It was while he was limping around on his vacation and doing a lot of standing up and wandering over the fields that he came upon the widow fishing in the river at a certain point. He did not show himself, but fifty feet from where she sat under a tree he discovered a bumblebees' nest in the grass. It was a large and liberal nest, and, it gave him a thought. The bees wouldn't bother anybody so long as they were let alone. If stirred up they would look for meat. There was a haystack not far away, and Ebenezer had matches in his pocket. He retired behind the stack and collected a hatful of stones from the plowed land. These he threw one by one at the spot where the bees were pursuing the even tenor of their ways. The plot thickened. You can thicken a bumblebee plot in a very short time. All you've got to do is to tread on their coattails. When the insects found the rocks dropping on their heads they swarmed out of the grass to look for the enemy. They should have seen the widow and descended upon her, and at her first shriek Ebenezer would have come charging down with a wisp of lighted hay in either hand. But things went wrong. The bees then went for him alone. They ran him up and down the haystack, they ran him over fences and back, they ran him across lots and in circles, and when they finally left him and he fell down the widow came forward and asked:

"But why were you such a fool?"

"Re-because I want you to marry me," he groaned in reply.

"Good lands! Why, I have been engaged to the sewing machine man for the last six months!"

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.

Our Clubbing Rates.

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Evening Telegram, Sat. Ed. " "	1.50
Sat. Ed. and Herald, both " "	2.00
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Aug. 31.