

Local and Personal

Mrs. D. M. Hewitt of this place and her sister, Mrs. M. Morrison of Eugene who has been here on a visit for some time, left on Wednesday, to visit with friends near Perrydale for a few days.

Mrs. Mary Meador of Eugene is visiting relatives here during the summer, but will return home in the fall in time to assume her duties in the school room when school begins. Mrs. Meador has gone home, so we have learded later.

D. C. Henry and Miss Mabel Haggard, both of Eugene, were united in marriage, Wednesday, August 3rd. E. E. Arant from this place officiating as best man. Mr. Henry is a graduate of the State Normal at Monmouth, of the class of 1909.

Rev. G. Heinmiller of Cleveland, Ohio, preached an interesting sermon, in the Evangelical church here Sunday morning and then went to Salem. Rev. L. C. Hoover accompanied him to Salem to attend a Young Peoples' Alliance meeting at that place in the evening.

Mrs. John Ritter of Kings Valley and Mrs. A. Z. Tedrow of Arlie, returned last Tuesday evening from CleElum, Washington. They left their mother much improved in health, but the cause of her sickness was apoplexy, and the doctor states that she may have another attack at any time which may prove fatal.

Reports from the oil well lately sre flattering, but we have had a little oil talk nearer home during the week and our friend D. M. Hewitt has been trying to mop his well up to get after the oil. Mr. Hewitt discovered a very strong flavor of oil on his well water, but the source proved to be no great mystery, as a leak in his oil can and the law of gravity with a probable opening through the earth, caused all the trouble.

The people of Monmouth are to be congratulated on their choice of a principal for their High School. The new principal J. B. V. Butler, is an educator of ability, an efficient worker for the betterment of Oregon's public school system, and a keen, progressive business man. His interest in the education of the boys and girls of his town is evidenced by his personal sacrifice in giving up his private business affairs for a year to lead the work of building up a strong and useful High School.—Observer.

Some Wet Town Argument

Sixty three "blind piggers" and "bootleggers" arrested in Portland in twenty four hours goes to show how "well regulated license saloons" work. If whiskey organs like the Oregonian, wanted to be fair, it might devote a little more space in telling the people how the beautiful licens system works in its own town, instead of wasting all its energies on telling how the dry towns are violating the law.—Yamhill Record.

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, 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.

A NEW YEAR GIFT.

By BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.
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"Mr. Bickford," said the president, "you are aware, I suppose, that this business is solely for making money. What pays goes; what doesn't pay does not go. Besides, my stockholders keep me up to making dividends. If I don't pay dividends my head goes off. We can get your work done for half of the salary we pay you. We shall not need your services after the 1st of January."

"But, Mr. Tinkham, I've been with you sixteen years. I'm now thirty-six. Places are being filled by younger men. I fear I may not get another."

"That is your misfortune."

"I don't know what I shall"—

"I have no time to listen to what your future may be. I have other matters to attend to."

Bickford fretted over his discharge till it made him ill. One day a chum said to him:

"Bickford, I tell you what you do. You've got \$1,000, I know. Spend half of it having a good time. Resign your position and go off where you'll find something to distract your attention from this bugbear. When you feel strong come back and go to work at anything you can get to do. If you stay here you'll go under."

Bickford took the advice. He went to Florida, putting up at a hotel where he paid \$5 a day for his board, and stayed there a month. Instead of getting matters into a better he got them into a worse fix. He fell desperately ill.

The object of Bickford's affection was Miss Maida Tibbetts, a young girl who was staying at one of the less pretentious hotels. It was more quiet and comfortable than the caravansary where Bickford was staying, and Miss Tibbetts' mother, an invalid, was with her, and the house was better fitted for such a person. Nevertheless from appearances there was no money in the Tibbetts family. Bickford felt that he was playing a contemptible part in making it appear by the amount that he daily expended for board that he was opulent when in reality he was without any income whatever. But in his affair with Miss Tibbetts he found at least a temporary mental relief from his troubles and had no heart to break with her till he was obliged to. When his \$300 was spent, except enough for his railway ticket home, he found himself in a position to make an explanation. He told the girl the facts.

Probably she would have blamed him for what he had done had it not been for her repugnance to the treatment he had received.

"These modern ways of doing business," she said, "are execrable. As soon as a man has established a successful business he capitalizes it. This gives him a board of directors, to whom he pretends to be responsible. This in turn gives him an ostensible excuse to run the business without a soul. Then he gets rid of those who have helped him build it up and replaces them by cheaper men, mere cogwheels in the great machine he has been constructing."

The question between Bickford and Miss Tibbetts was what should they do. They loved, and Bickford could not support a wife. Miss Tibbetts was an ardent believer in love as a basis of matrimony, with or without money. She said that when she got back to the north she thought she could find something among her relatives for Bickford to do. He had \$300 in bank at home, which, with some funds of hers, would last them for several months. Bickford saw that she favored the plan of being married then and there, and, with many misgivings, he consented. He had come away without any income with which to support even himself. He went back with a wife requiring—so he considered it—a far greater income than for one.

Mrs. Bickford after the marriage insisted on remaining a month longer in Florida. Her mother needed to stay there and would stand the additional expense. The young wife did a great deal of writing and received a number of letters, with the contents of which her husband was not made acquainted. When the extra month had passed they all packed their trunks and went back north.

They arrived in the city in the morning of Jan. 1. Miss Bickford sent her mother home in a carriage, while she and her husband remained in the business district, where they breakfasted. After breakfast the young wife told her husband that she had a position for him and would make the final arrangements before going home. She led the way and stopped at the building where he had been employed.

"What does this mean?" asked Bickford.

"Take me to the president's office."

"But this is New Year's morning. He will not be here."

"I think he will."

Bickford led her to Mr. Tinkham's private office. True enough, the president was there, evidently waiting for

something in a mystified condition.

"Mr. Tinkham," said the wife, "you have been notified, I believe, that the purchaser of a certain block of stock recently giving the purchaser the control of this corporation wished to see you this morning at your office. I am that purchaser. I desire to put the concern in other hands for the ensuing year. I would like your resignation."

"And whom do you propose to put in my place?" cried the astonished man.

"I shall give it as a New Year's present to my husband, Mr. Bickford."

HOW EYESTONES ACT

Their Movements When Placed In Lime Juice or Vinegar.

HAVE APPEARANCE OF LIFE.

Their Motion Is Caused by Carbonic Acid Gas Evolved by Contact With the Liquid Acid—The Cleansing Process in a Journey Over the Eyeball.

The druggist took a small bottle from a drawer and emptied from it a few tiny objects that looked like flat, round bits of polished bone. He picked up one and handed it over for inspection. One side of it was marked with numerous concentric grooves.

"That is an eyestone," said the druggist. He poured a tablespoonful or so of liquid out of a bottle into a saucer-like dish and diluted it with water. "And this," said he, "is a weak solution of lime juice." The druggist took one of the eyestones and placed it in the solution. Presently it began to move as if it were alive. It made its way slowly about in different directions in the liquid in a mysterious manner.

"That strange movement of the eyestone," said the druggist, "when placed in a weak solution of lime juice or vinegar has given rise among ignorant and superstitious people to the notion that it has life and that it loves vinegar and loves to swim in it above all things. But there is no more life in an eyestone than there is in a paving stone. It is composed of calcareous material and when placed in the solutions named is made to move about by carbonic acid gas, which is evolved by contact with the liquid acid.

"These little stones and all genuine eyestones once were the front doors, so to speak, of the shells of a little molluscan animal that lives along the South American east coasts. The shell of that little creature is a univalve. This calcareous formation is on the tip end of the mollusk, and when it draws itself into its shell to escape danger or go to sleep the end, of course, is the last part that is drawn into the cavity or mouth of the shell, where it fits so closely and is so hard that it affords perfect protection to the animal against its enemies from without.

"The natives collect these little mollusks in large numbers for no other purpose than to secure the eyestones, as we call them, and they hold them in great awe, believing them to possess supernatural attributes. Sailors on the vessels engaged in the fruit trade with those regions obtain the stones from the natives and bring them here for sale to the wholesale druggists, and there was a time when the demand for them generally was quite large.

"There is nothing better to remove foreign substances from the eye than one of these South American eyestones, which use is what gives them their name. Many people think that before using them it is necessary to put them in vinegar to give them life, but it is not necessary at all. The stone is inserted at one corner of the eye, with the grooved side next to the lid. The pressure of the eyeball forces it to move about in the eye, and the grooves collect the foreign matter and retain it. After making a thorough circuit of the eye the stone will come out at the corner next to the nose. No inconvenience is caused by its presence.

"There are other eyestones. In the head of our common crawfish there are two little bones, just back of and beneath the eyes, which resemble the South American eyestones, about the only difference being that they are smooth all over instead of grooved on one side. These crawfish bones are known as eyestones and are used as such in the west, but they have none of the virtues of the real eyestone. Their proper name is crab stones. In Poland and parts of Russia quite a trade is found in the collecting of these crab stones. The crawfish are taken and buried in deep pits, where they are left to die and rot. The refuse is then washed and the stones are picked out. They are not used in those countries as eyestones, but are taken internally, faith in their beneficent stomachic properties being great."—New York Press.

Our Clubbing Rates.

Monmouth Herald per year	\$1.00
Evening Telegram, Daily per year	5.00
Herald and Telegram, " "	5.00
Evening Telegram, Sat. Ed. " "	1.50
Sat. Ed. and Herald, both " "	2.00
The Fruit Grower, monthly " "	1.00
Herald and Fruit Grower " "	1.50

Grove A. Peterson

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Aug. 31.