

## Local and Personal

Miss Nell Linck of Airlie spent Saturday with Mrs. Fred Huber. Mrs. R. L. Patterson of Suver was shopping in town yesterday.

Miss Marie Morlan has been visiting her uncle west of town.

E. G. Euler of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, was in Monmouth Saturday.

J. H. Chapin and family of Airlie had business in town this week.

Lola Brown of McMinnville, passed through Monmouth, Wednesday.

Miss Clara Ireland who has been visiting here left for The Dalles Sunday.

Robert Steel and grand-son, Harold Withrow, have gone to the beach.

J. E. Winegar has moved into the house he purchased on Broad Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carmichael returned from Bellingham, Washington, Tuesday.

Clem and Bernice McKinney visited in the country last week at the home of their uncle.

Mrs. H. E. Guterie has gone to visit at Corvallis and will go to Newport before returning.

George Remington of Teat's spent Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Remington.

G. H. Stone is building a warehouse 26x40 feet and 20 feet high at the south end of his mill building.

E. E. Arant, who has been attending the Summer Normal School at Corvallis returned home the latter part of last week.

A. Johnson, the lumber dealer, is filling a large number of orders for lumber, which is a good indication that there is improvement going on.

Alva McDonald was in Monmouth and vicinity for the last two days in the interest of the Oregon Agriculturist of Portland.

Wm. Bogynska and son have bought a new hay bailer and are at work bailing a two hundred and fifty ton lot for Riddell Brothers.

W. E. Smith returned from his trip to Newport, Saturday, and it is needless to say while there he cultivated a good, ruddy complexion.

Mrs. Sylvester Goodnight and two daughters from Vancouver, Washington, are visiting Mrs. Goodnight's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Smith of this place.

Mr. Chaney and family accompanied by Miss Loette Shore returned from the coast Monday. They reported a fine time, plenty of dust and good coats of tan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Tetherow of Luckiamute station and Miss Ethel Lucas were Sunday visitors at Mr. W. I. Morrison's at Bridgeport.

Mrs. H. E. Hinmon of Dallas returned home Wednesday from this place where she has been at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boots. Mr. Boots is reported some better.

C. H. Edgell had the misfortune to get one of his feet caught in a hay-bailer last week and injured considerably. He is getting along very well, but it was a close call.

Dr. Matthis and family will start for the beach, at the mouth of Salmon River, in a day or two on a vacation. He will be accompanied by Dr. Wood, Sr., and family of Amity. His practice will be cared for by the physicians remaining in town.

A pleasant surprise party was given Miss Emma Parker Saturday evening it being her birthday. Light refreshments were served by the Misses Bessie and Leota Foster and a very enjoyable time was spent. Miss Emma received several nice presents. Those present were Oak Wood, Ivan Wood, Cella Foster, Jennings and Ruby Lorence, Emma and Grace Parker, Clares Powell, Elva Lucas and Belle Rogers.

### A SAD SERENADE

BY EUGENE THORP

"Sighing, dying, lying, fry ng  
In the furnace of love's fire;  
Weeping, creeping, leaping, sleeping,  
Yet my love will ne'er expire."

This the song the lover sang  
As he tuned his light guitar;  
These the words the still night rang,  
Echoing out their wild notes far.

"Moping, groping, hoping, sloping  
From the fates that lure me on;  
Cheering, nearing, hearing, fearing,  
Love's last hope is dead and gone."

Then he touched the tinkling chords;  
Low and tender was the strain,  
Hushed his voice, but music's words  
Bore the maid this sweet refrain.

"Airy, fairy, tarry, marry  
One that loves and loves you most  
Scary! dare I! Hari-Kari!  
I'll suicide and yield the ghost."

Thus was heard the mournful word  
Floating on the quiet air;  
But another, too, was stirred,  
Beside the maiden young and fair.

Flashing, slashing, smashing, crashing  
Came the old man's heavy tread;  
Dashing, mashing lashing, hashing  
With his cane the young man's head.

Hushed the love song and the music—  
Broken banjo—banged-up head;  
That young man is feeling so sick,  
Now he courts the softest bed.

### 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.

## A CHRISTMAS CARD.

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

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Peter Young and Frederick Ayres were playmates in childhood, attended the same school and left the same college in the spring of 1861 to enlist in the same regiment in the Union army. They campaigned together and after each fight immediately sought each other to learn of their mutual safety. On one occasion Young shot a Confederate who was about to run a bayonet into his friend's breast. On another Ayres carried Young, who had been wounded, for miles on a retreat, saving him from a southern prison and perhaps death. Their devotion to each other was well known in the army in which they served, and they were referred to as furnishing an example of a typical friendship.

In the fourth and last year of their service they quarreled. Both had become subaltern officers and were tent-mates. One day Young entered their tent and, looking under his cot, missed a chip he kept there as a rest for his soap.

"What's become of my soap dish?" he asked his friend.

"What soap dish?"

"That chip I had here."

"Oh, that dirty thing! I threw it out."

"What did you do that for?" angrily.

"Because I propose to have the tent I live in respectable."

"And I propose to have something to put my soap on, and I won't allow any man to interfere with it."

It is not essential to give the steps by which these two bosom friends became more and more angry and finally alienated. The contemptible cause was a chip which its owner considered a soap dish and his friend as not sufficiently aesthetic to grace their canvas habitation. They did not speak to each other during that campaign and

before another Ayres had been transferred to the staff and assigned to duty with a different corps.

In 1865 Young and Ayres were both again in civil life. On Christmas morning of the next year on going to the postoffice for his mail Ayres was handed an envelope addressed to him in the familiar handwriting of his friend. Opening it he drew forth a card on which was a picture of a dove with an olive branch in its mouth. Nothing was written on the card, nor did any letter accompany it, but the recipient knew that his friend had remembered his birthday and sent a peace offering. He was not a demonstrative man—nor was Young, for that matter—so he put the card in his pocket, saying nothing to any one about it, but thinking on it a great deal.

The next Christmas morning Young's wife, whom he had just married, handed him an envelope the superscription on which was in Ayres' handwriting. It contained the Christmas card he had sent Ayres on his twenty-third birthday. Mrs. Young asked her husband what it all meant. He prevaricated. He was ashamed to tell her the story—firstly, on account of the insignificant cause that had separated him from his friend; secondly, because he blushed at this missive passing between them, worthy rather of two schoolgirls than two veterans of a great war.

For forty years the card continued to pass at Christmas time between the two friend-enemies. Picture processes improved, and the little dove of 1865 was a sorry looking bird beside the dove of the twentieth century. Besides, the card was worn and soiled. Possibly had the two friends been near each other they would have returned to a closer relationship. But in all these years they never met. Ayres never married, and Mrs. Young, who meanwhile had come into possession of the story of their quarrel, said facetiously that she believed he loved her husband too well to marry a woman.

A Christmas came round when Peter Young was in no mood to remember to send the card with the dove and olive branch. A crisis had come in his affairs, and what he had been for years building fell with a crash. The crown of his and his wife's sorrow was that his health broke down under the strain.

Had he not after these many years come to tread in a rut he would have written to learn the cause of his not receiving his token. But he had never written a line or spoken a word to the man with whom he had quarreled in his youth, and it seemed too late for him to begin. The result was that he refrained from writing and worried.

One day—it was shortly before Christmas—Mrs. Young, rummaging in her husband's desk, found the old card. It occurred to her at once that in her husband's preoccupation and distress he had for the first time forgotten it. She had saved a paragraph taken from a newspaper mentioning her husband's failure in business and another stating that he was suffering from nervous prostration. Placing these items with the card in an envelope, she sent it to Ayres.

Christmas morning brought a letter from Ayres inclosing his check for \$10,000 and a note stating that it was sent in the hope that it would place his friend again on his feet. The Christmas card he would thereafter keep in his possession.

That was the end of the partial estrangement. Mrs. Young telegraphed Ayres urging him to join them that evening at a Christmas dinner. Ayres took the first train and reached the house of his old friend to find him and his wife waiting for him. And there and then they laughed over the soap dish incident.

### A Little Absentminded.

The other day Dixon came out of his house, walked to the edge of the pavement, threw his right leg into the air with a vaulting movement and fell to the ground.

A friend who came along in time to witness the singular performance said to him:

"Why, Dixon, whatever do you mean by such a performance?"

Dixon got up, brushed the dirt from his garments and, rubbing his bruises, said:

"I thought I was getting on my bicycle. I forgot that I didn't have it with me."—London Scraps.

### Where He Failed.

"Offenbach," said a musician of wide experience, "once had an unusually good valet. The man could shave, cook, tailor, market, doctor horses—do, in a word, a thousand things. Offenbach nevertheless discharged him.

"Why," his friends said, "did you dismiss a servant so apt?"

"Oh, because," said Offenbach pettishly, "in beating my clothes outside my door he would never keep in time."

## 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

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## A Sunday Excursion Rate of \$1.50

from Albany, Corvallis and Philomath, with corresponding low rates from points west, in effect all summer. Call on any S. P. or C. & E. Agt for full particulars as to rates, train schedules, etc.; also for copy of our beautifully illustrated booklet, "Outings in Oregon," or write to

WM. McMURRAY,  
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Aug. 31.