

**WEATHER TERMS ILLUSTRATED**

Maiden with a powder puff  
 Dabbing here and there—  
 This reported weather-wise  
 Means, "Continued fair"  
 Hubby coming home at once,  
 Zigzag course a-wending—  
 Weather signal in this case  
 Would be, "Storm impending."  
 Baby climbing on a chair,  
 If she slips and falls,  
 It is not unlikely that  
 There'll be "Sudden squalls."  
 Girl and lover have a spat,  
 She flings down his flowers;  
 Lover, angry, grabs his hat  
 And rushes off—that's "Showers."  
 Man sees tailor on the street,  
 Seems a trifle nettled,  
 Crosses on the other side—  
 That suggests "Unsettled."  
 —Boston Transcript.

**Completes Work on Bridge**

Ira Mehrling, of Falls City, has contract for the bridge on the Independence road just past the Brunk place nearly completed. It will cost \$8,000 to \$9,000 and will be completed Saturday. The cut and fill on each side are to be graveled at once and it will be a first class improvement.

The old Rieckreall bridge is an old land-mark that will be removed. Mr. Mehrling has erected many first class bridges in Polk county and built miles of good road. Polk county has more to show in the line of good, smooth road than almost any county in Western Oregon. Permanent improvements are the rule and the county judge and commissioners get something to show for the money expended. It is remarkable how much has been accomplished. — Capital Journal.

**From the Falls City News.**

J. L. Stannard, a civil engineer of Portland, has been engaged to prepare plans and specifications for the construction of the water system. He begins to view out the line from the springs and make other preliminary investigations this week.

W. E. Newsom has cleaned out the old mill pond on the south side of the creek and will rebuild his electric light plant near the steel bridge. The new plant will meet the requirements of the city for years to come.

Ennis Frink returned Wednesday after spending five weeks with his sister, Mrs. Roy McCoy in Wallowa, county. Mr. Frink reports the crops as being exceptionally fine in that part of the state. Mr. McCoy owns and operates a sawmill twelve miles north of Enterprise.

While working at the county rock crusher east of town, Saturday, P. J. Schabert was swept from a twelve-foot ledge by a steam drill which tumbled to the ground from the top of the ledge, and by a single chance escaped with a badly bruised and lacerated body. After the momentum of the 700 pound drill had been rested it rolled onto Mr. Schabert's body, pinning him down until he was relieved by assistance.

**Two Strong Reasons.**

A certain Scotch minister in a west highland parish has never yet been known to permit a stranger to occupy his pulpit. Lately, however, an Edinburgh divinity student was spending a few days in the parish, and on the Saturday he called at the manse and asked the minister to be allowed to preach the following day.

"My dear young man," said the minister, laying a hand gently on the young man's shoulder, "gin I lat ye preach the morn and ye gie a better sermon than me my fowk wad never again be satisfied wi' my preaching, and gin ye're nae a better preacher than me ye're no worth listening tae."

**MY WIFE'S ROMANCE**

By T. DE WITT BOWMAN.  
 (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

When Jennie and I were in Washington on our bridal trip one of those periodical sales was announced whereat the dead letter office disposes at auction of the accumulated uncalled for packages. They are sold without any knowledge of their contents either on the part of the buyer or seller.

"Oh, let's go," said Jennie, "and buy a parcel! We may get a fortune for a few cents or a few dollars."  
 "More likely a pin cushion or a bundle of soiled clothes," I replied.

But Jennie was making a beginning at having her own way, a habit that grows stronger with her every day, and we attended the auction. I proposed to bid on several articles, but Jennie stopped me, saying that she could tell by the shape of them what was inside. "That," she said, "is half a dozen stockings." The package was bought by a man standing near us, and, sure enough, when he opened it there were the stockings. I looked at Jennie, thunderstruck, but she did not seem to consider that she had done anything remarkable.

The articles opened by purchasers were of no value, and my wife soon gave up bidding for a fortune. Presently a small, rectangular, boxlike affair was put up. "Buy it," said Jennie. "It's a photograph of some one, and I'd like to know of whom." I bid the thing in, and Jennie and I retired to a corner to open it. As she predicted, there was a photograph. When I, astonished, asked her how she knew what the box contained she replied: "Any one would know by the size and shape. Oh, how lovely!" We turned the picture over, and on the back was written:

To My Dear Love:  
 We shall triumph and be united at last.  
 OCCIE.

Vindale, Jan. 12, 1900.  
 "Ben," said my wife, "Providence has sent us here to unite two separated lovers. Look at those eyes. If ever eyes spoke those eyes speak."

"What do they say?"  
 "What do they say? Oh, Ben, how can you ask? They say: 'Help! Take me to Wilfred.'" Wilfred was the name on the package—Wilfred Brown.

"Do they say where he is?"  
 "No, but the writing says where she is. We must find her and tell her that he never got her picture."

Thus far I had fallen under my wife's influence. Now there welled up within me an incipient rebellion. I explained that the picture had been sent five years before and the couple had by this time several children to get the stomach ache eating green apples and keep their parents awake nights. The look Jennie gave me prevented my going further.

Well, when we got home I was set to work to unite two hypothetical lovers with nothing more to guide me than the inscription I have mentioned and the address on the package, a small town in Michigan. I am a practical, hardworking man and thought I had all I should have to do to make a living for my wife and myself. She suggested my visiting the place of the address and the place to which the package had been sent. To this I objected, and we compromised on my writing to the postmaster in Michigan making inquiries for Wilfred Brown. A reply came back that no such person had ever lived there. He might have passed through or spent a few days in the town.

I next wrote a letter, which my wife signed, to the postmaster of Vinland asking if letters ever passed through his office to any woman whose first name was Octavia. My wife agreed with me that since the inquiry was about a woman she had better undertake the correspondence.

After the mailing of this second letter I noticed that Jennie took pains to anticipate me at the door when the postman came with the mail. A week after my wife's letter had been posted I suggested that time for a reply had expired and she would get none. Instead of receiving my statement with an expression of disappointment she turned the subject. I wondered that

she had so suddenly lost interest in her romance. She did not speak to me again about it, and I refrained from speaking to her on the subject.

One day I was rummaging in my wife's desk trying to find a receipted bill for goods that I knew had been paid for when I came upon an envelope postmarked "Vinland." The envelope was addressed in a woman's hand, but beyond this I could get no further information without reading the inclosed letter, and I never read my wife's letters without being asked to do so. Fearing that Jennie's romance had not "ended well" and not wishing to add to her disappointment, I said nothing to her about the matter. One morning after the arrival of a large express package she ruefully confided the whole matter to me. The postmaster at Vinland had referred her inquiry to the only woman named Octavia in the town—a Mrs. Striker—who opened a correspondence with Jennie, and Jennie returned the picture. Mr. Brown had been a traveling man who had found another mate about the same time Occie had found a man "far more suited to her taste than Mr. Brown." It seemed, however, to have been a case of inability to provide on the part of Striker, and his wife was obliged to use her needles. She had sent my wife an afghan (her price for which was \$25) as an acknowledgment of Jennie's kind intention in returning the picture. This accounted for the express package.

I gave my wife a kiss and a check for \$25 for Mrs. Striker, which ended her romance.

**Agricultural Ants.**

In 1861 Dr. Linneecum, a learned Texas physician, wrote to Darwin that he had discovered the "agricultural ant that lived in towns surrounded by farms that were regularly tilled." After receiving this account Darwin wrote to Dr. Linneecum asking whether he thought that the ants planted seed for the next year's crop and received the following answer: "I have not the slightest doubt of it, and my conclusion has not been reached from hasty or careless examination. I have watched the same kind of ants during the last twelve years, and I know that what I state is true. I visited their towns yesterday and found the ant rice growing finely and showing the signs of high cultivation."—New York American.

**In Spite of It.**

The wife of a new member of congress was much distressed by the unexpected appearance of an old sweetheart of her daughter—a big, good natured son of the west, though of a rather crude exterior.

"Alice," said the mother one day, "I don't understand how you can put up with Jim now that you've been associating with so many fine young men in the east. I should think he would grate on you. Don't you find him a little rough?"

"Yes, ma," answered she, blushing. "And yet Jim tells me that he shaves every day."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**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.

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