

Local and Personal

Charles E. Herren's new house is nearing completion.

E. R. Ostrom was doing business in this city yesterday.

Mrs. E. H. Hosner of Portland is visiting friends in this place.

Mrs. H. E. Guthrie gave Independence a business visit yesterday.

Miss Ethel Newman visited Salem a few days during the week.

The Rebekah Lodge met in regular session Thursday evening and initiated five or six candidates.

Mrs. P. E. Chase returned home, Monday, having spent a few days visiting relatives in Corvallis.

Clarence Henkle and Crosby Dalton of Independence took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Wolverson Sunday.

T. J. Coad visited his sister, Mrs. J. B. Stump, Wednesday, while enroute from Newport to his home in Dallas.

This week has given us a taste of summer, although the nights have been frosty. Plowing and gardening is going on.

Lee Scheible a son of J. S. Scheible, of Columbus, Indiana, arrived here Wednesday and will try life awhile in Oregon.

Miss Effie Shore, one of the teachers of the Monmouth school was married to E. M. Young of near Independence last Saturday.

Hon. Seth Riggs, ex-commissioner of Polk County, accompanied by his sister, Emma, visited the Misses Maggie and Allie Butler, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. M. C. Rickard, of Corvallis returned home, yesterday, having visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Guthrie, and other relatives for a few days.

Black and White Minorca, Anconon and Plymouth Rock eggs for sale by L. G. Davis. These strains are very choice. Residence at corner of Broad and Powell Streets.

A petition asking the school directors to arrange for an election with a view to bonding the district in the sum of \$20,000 with which to put up a new school building, is being circulated and numerously signed.

On Thursday, the 9th of March, some twenty five members of the Odd Fellows from Monmouth visited the lodge at Independence on the occasion of the visit of the Grand Master and Past Grand Master to that place. All had an excellent time and appreciated the courteous treatment they received from the Independence members.

The town council met Tuesday evening to consider an ordinance looking toward the construction of concrete sidewalks in the main part of the city. The ordinance was found faulty and the council adjourned to meet again next Tuesday night. The territory covered in the proposed ordinance combines all of Monmouth Avenue, Jackson, Main and Clay streets and all streets running North and South between Jackson and Clay streets from Monmouth Avenue East to East street.

Class Entertain.

On Thursday evening, March 9, the Excelsior class of the Evangelical church entertained the Builders with an elegant supper given as the result of a contest between the two classes, in which the Builders were victorious. The Commercial Club rooms were tastefully decorated for the occa-

sion in gold and blue, the class colors, and numerous penants. At the close of the repast a number of toasts were responded to, some of which afforded much merriment. After this, various games were played and a general good time was had until a late hour.

He Didn't Steal That

A janitor in a neighboring school house threw up his job the other day. When asked what the trouble was he said "I'm honest and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a handkerchief or pencil about the school I hang it up. Every little while the teacher is too cowardly to face me, gives me a slur." In what way?" asked the officer? "Why little while ago she wrote on the board, find the common mutiple." well I looked from cellar to garret, and I wouldn't know the thing if I met it on the street. What made me quit my job? Last night in big Writin' on the blackboard, it said find the greatest common divisor' well, I says to myself, both of them darn things are lost now and I'll be blamed for swipin' em, so I'll quit."

THAT GOLD MINE

By M. QUAD

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"Abner Day, you are an old fool! You don't know enough to come in when it rains!"

Abner Day, farmer, had heard these words hundreds of times in the fifteen years since he had married the Widow Winters, and his reply had always been the same:

"Waal, some folks are born that way and can't help it."

On a portion of Abner's farm was a range of hills. It was a limestone ridge, but there was a legend that gold had been found there years before—a nugget of gold as big as a teacup. That legend never died. When other news was scarce it was brought to the front, and it was generally believed in. Abner's grandfather had meant to open the hills some day in search of gold nuggets. So had his father. So had he. The trouble was to find time. There were plowing and dragging and planting and hoeing and reaping, and he never got a day to himself.

The widow began to poke at him as soon as married, but it did no good. She would go on to tell how many tons of gold were probably hidden away in those hills and how, if dug out, they could have the clock cleaned, a new door to the shed and the cellar stairs repaired.

"I'll get around to it some day, Sarah," he would reply.

"But why not tomorrow?"

"Mebbe I can."

But he didn't. His farm work interfered. As he finished his morning meal the wife would say:

"Now, Abner, that gold mine today. You can dig half a ton of it as well as not, and we need new flannels and a washboard."

"Yes, I know."

As the day passed and he sat down to supper she would ask:

"Dig any gold today, Abner?"

"Nope. I had other things to see to."

Of course the gold mine legend was gossip for many miles around. Once a month at least some one came along and wanted to dig on shares. They would see the wife first and she would readily agree. All she wanted was that a lawyer should draw up the agreement so that it would hold water. She had been cheated by a lightning rod man once and she didn't propose to be anybody's victim again. She kept a corner of the cellar cleaned out to store the gold in, but it was never used. The stranger would go down into the field and talk with Abner and after he had wined himself he would hear the farmer say:

"These taters has got to be hoed, and you come around some other time."

"But don't you want to be a rich man?"

"It would be kinder nice."

"You could go to Europe."

"Yaas."

"You could build a fine house and have your carriage and servants."

"I see."

"Perhaps you'd be elected governor."

"Shoo."

"And I'll have a lawyer draw up the contract and bring it here tomorrow to be signed. Digging will begin at once. Within a week!"

"Yes, I know, but these taters!"

It was always so, and when Abner

scuffled up to the house at sundown it was to find his wife in the sulks or in tears, and she generally ended up with:

"And if you don't go to digging the first thing in the morning I will."

Think of it—fifteen years of poking and not a hole made in the hillside! The ex-widow must have been a patient, determined woman to stand it. But stand it she did. She would conquer or die. One day, after her many disappointments, she fell ill. The doctor pronounced it typhoid fever, and she became a very sick woman. At times when she was out of her head she would babble about that gold mine. At length, to prevent further worry, the M. D. advised Abner to go to digging and ease the mind of the patient.

"But I've got to plow out corn tomorrow," was protested.

"Never mind your corn. You get a couple of men and open those hills or you'll soon be a widower."

"Do you think it'll be safe to have several tons of gold around?"

"Quite so. When I call again I want to see you at work."

In a lucid interval the patient was told that digging was to begin. She was very ill, but she braced up enough to say:

"Tell Abner that if he finds any old plow points or wagon tires mixed up with the gold to throw 'em one side. He's an awfully careless man."

Abner and his hired man dug and dug and dug. They dug here and they dug there, and people came for ten miles around to see them throw out shovels of gold. But there was no gold. There was neither gold nor silver nor copper nor iron. There was limestone, but nothing else—nothing but a petrified hickory ax handle. When this was found the patient had passed the crisis of her fever and was mending. Abner was permitted to go to her bedside and exhibit his find.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A petrified ax handle."

"Didn't you find the petrified ax blade to go with it?"

"Nope."

"But why not?"

"Didn't dig long enough, I guess."

"Abner Day, you are an old fool! You don't know enough to come in when it rains!"

A Picture of Eternity.

The negro preacher is noted for his enthusiasm and his picturesque, almost poetic, way of expressing things. In "Life in Old Virginia" J. J. McDonald tells about a colored minister who was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking:

"Does yo' know what eternity is? Well, I tell yo'."

"If one of dem H'I' sparrows what yo' see round yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantie ocean an' take one hop a day an' hop 'cross de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Cific ocean an' den he hop back to de 'Lantie ocean—jes' one hop a day—an' if he keep dat hoppin' up twell de 'Lantie ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break o' day in eternity."

"Dar, now," said one of the brethren, "yo' see for yo'self how long eternity is."

A Tribute to Woman.

When everything around a man staggers and wavers, when all seems dark and dim in the far distance of the unknown future, when the world seems but a picture or a fairy tale and the universe a chimera, when the whole structure of ideas vanishes in smoke and all certainties become enigmatical, what is the only permanent thing which may still be his? The faithful heart of a woman. There he may rest his head; there he will renew his strength for the battle of life, increase his faith in Providence and, if need be, find strength to die in peace with a benediction on his lips.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Easy Marks.

"Talk about yore easy marks," said Uncle Silas Geelaw, who had been passing a week in the city, "us rubes ain't in it with them air teown chaps." "Did yew sell 'em enny gold bricks, Silas?" queried old Daddy Squashneck. "Naw, I didn't," answered Uncle Silas, "but I seed a feller peddlin' artificial ice—hed th' sign right on his wagon—an' blamed of th' chumps did not buy it fer th' real thing, by grass!"—Chicago News.

Lots of Nerve.

Farmer's Son—My father sent me over to borrow your horse and cart. She—Goodness! Why, he already has all our tools, our axes, our hay-rakes and— He—I know. He just wants the horse and cart to bring them back.—London Telegraph.

A Baser Motive.

"Yes, he played the last two acts with a broken wrist." "Heroism, eh?" "Not at all. He was afraid to give his understudy a chance."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sooner or later the world comes around to see the truth and do the right.—Hillard.

W. W. Newman

General Blacksmith and Horse shoer

Cold Process tire setting a specialty

Wood work and Wagon Repiaring



City Meat Market

Highest Cash Price Paid for Veal, Pork and Mutton. Once a customer, always a customer. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE Paid for All Kinds of HIDES

SULLIAVN & MORISON, Props.

Monmouth, - - - Oregon

DRUGS

We have it or we'll get it. Ask us.

PERKINS PHARMACY

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executrix of the estate of William N. Boots, deceased, has filed her final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, and that Saturday the 15th day of April, 1911, at the hour of 10 A. M. thereof, at the County Court room in the County Court house at Dallas, Oregon, has been appointed by said court as the time and place for the hearing of objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published March 17th, 1911.

SARAH BOOTS,

Executrix of the estate of William N. Boots, deceased,
B. F. Swope, Attorney.

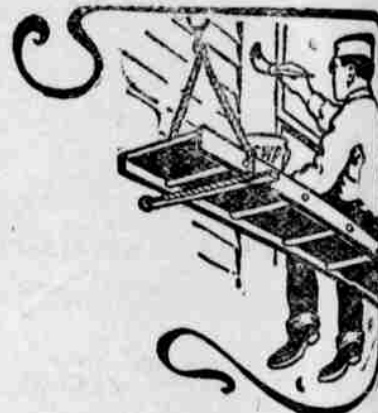
Result of Piano Vote

The result of the Chase Brothers Piano Contest is shown in the following list of names with their accompanying figures, which give the result of the ballot up to Wednesday evening, March 15st.

Ruby Frame	205305
Mrs. L. Mason	196835
Ruth Murdock	196345
Mrs. E. Yeater	123460
Myrtle Withrow	100335
Ina Fishback	77645
Mrs. Mary Nott	67900
Lillian Bogert	66925
Hazel Lorence	50940
Dora Zook	46530
Mrs. Wm. Jones	46175
Clara Brant	39360
Emma Parker	30825
Ethel Lucas	28915
Mrs. J. M. Tedrow	28670
Marie Morlan	26525
Florence Burton	23110
Fay Shipley	18830
Harold Haley	16315
Lidia Powell	15220
Erma Brown	11200
Lora Craven	10275
Wilda Fuller	8960
Mrs. J. F. Smith	8075
Stella Chute	6330
Agnes Clark	6165
Minnie Wunder	5750
Gladys Parker	5150
Edith Wolverson	5070
Vern Gibson	4125
Mrs. F. Y. Mulkey	3750
Esther Moreland	2425
Amy Chaney	2100
Francis Quisenberry	1370
Mrs. R. W. Coulter	750

For Sale

One good buggy at reasonable price. Call and see me, JAMES HUNTER, Monmouth, Oregon.



A. B. WESTFALL

Painter and Paper Hanger
Monmouth Oregon

B. F. SWOPE,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Home Phone:
Office, No. 1320,
Residence, No. 3712.

Office in Cooper building,
Independence, - Oregon

Resolutions In Memory Of The Death Of Mrs. Eliza Chase

Whereas, Death has entered the portals of our Lodge and called from our midst our highly esteemed and beloved sister.

Be it Resolved:

That in the death of our sister we have been deprived of one of our most faithful members, and that we will cherish her memory, and commend her good deeds.

Therefore be it Resolved:

That we extend to her family, in their great bereavement, our heart-felt sympathy. May we each strive to emulate all that was noble, and pure, and good in her life, and grow stronger and better in contemplation of her many virtues.

Be it further Resolved:

That a copy of these resolutions be read at our next meeting and be spread on our minutes; also that a copy be sent to the Monmouth HERALD for publication.

Fraternally submitted,
MRS. LIBBIE MURDOCK,
MRS. ALICE REMINGTON,
ALLIE BUTLER,

Committee.