

NEWS FROM COUNTY SEAT

Court House Notes.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Homer Foster, of Dallas, and Ida May Duignan.

David H Lewis, of Suver, and Florence Allen, of Wells.

Julius J Sommer, of Independence, and Rose Strong.

Richard M Cramer, of Jefferson, and Annie A Burnister.

HOP CONTRACTS

H H Dixon to T A Livesly & Company, 12,000 pounds 1911s at 14 cents.

PROBATE

In the guardianship of Ella, Lillie and Mabel Ruge, minors—W S Fitts, C Spitzbart and Fred Woods appointed appraisers.

In the estate of M Waukey, deceased—sale of real estate confirmed.

In the estate of Jasper E Coad, deceased—final discharge of executor entered.

In the estate of Katherine McReynolds, deceased—proof of will presented and ordered that will be admitted to probate; Reece McReynolds appointed executor without bonds; J H Hawley, J B V Butler and Otis Wolvertson appointed appraisers.

FARM NAMES REGISTERED

Bonnie Brae—G P McGregor, Dallas.

Mt. Pisgah Fruit Farm—H S Butz, Dallas.

Fair View Farm—G A McCulloch, Amity, R. F. D. No. 2.

Highland Home—George E Robinson, Dallas.

Meadowlawn Farm—F A Koser, Rickreall.

REAL ESTATE

M B Kester and hus to E J Perkins, lots in Monmouth, \$325.

Allen O Dubree to Alex Courter and D Shepherd, land in t 8 s, r 6 w, and lots in Falls city \$10.

Capital Trust Company to D K and Martha Brannan, lots in Kingwood Park, \$500.

Charles A Applegate et ux to Hulda I Shively, 40 acres, t 9 s, r 6 w, \$1200.

S B Taylor et ux to C L Crider, land in Dallas, \$10.

Ella A Tracey and hus to Joseph W Rogers, 9.48 acres, t 8 s, r 4 w, \$1000.

Capital Trust Company to Melvin Hollister, lot in Kingwood Park, \$350.

A H Wyatt et ux to A J McGowan, 80 acres, t 6 s, r 4 w, \$1.

A J McCowan to A H Wyatt, half interest in 182.58 acres, t 6 s, r 4 w, \$1.

Frederick Herzer to A C Sinquefeld, 58.22 acres, t 6 and 7, r 7 w, \$10.

T B Stone et ux to Stanton C Lapham, 550.53 acres, t 6 s, r 6 and 7 w, \$1000.

Stanton C Lapham et ux to Empire Investment Company, same, \$29,750.

John W Robinson et ux to George E Robinson, 2.71 acres, t 8 s, r 6 w, \$10.

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, May 10.

Ruby Frame	310600
Mrs. L. Mason	280415
Mrs. E. Yeater	252515
Ruth Murdock	210340
Myrtle Withrow	195850
Ina Fishback	105644
Mrs. Mary Nott	104210
Mrs. Wm. Jones	82120
Lillian Bogert	71925
Hazel Lawrence	60940
Clara Brant	57730
Loraine Haley	51125
Dora Zook	46580
Ethel Lucas	44915

Emma Parker	41680
Mrs. J. M. Tedrow	35270
Mary Morlan	26325
Florence Burton	23110
Pay Shipley	21830
Lidia Powell	21720
Harold Haley	16315
Lora Craven	14525
Agnes Clark	12340
Erma Brown	11200
Gladys Parker	9300
Willa Fuller	8960
Mrs. J. F. Smith	8075
Stella Chute	6330
Minnie Wunder	5750
Edith Wolvertson	5070
Vern Gibson	4125
Mrs. F. Y. Mulkey	3750
Eather Moreland	2425
Any Chaney	2100
Francis Quisenberry	1370
Mrs. R. W. Coulter	750

A WEDDING FRACAS

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Many years ago I took passage aboard the steamer Indian Belle from Cairo to New Orleans. We were about to swing off when a man of the real old fashioned ante bellum planter type came hurrying over the plank and up into the forward saloon, where I happened to be standing at the time. Reaching the top of the companion way, his eyes caught the name of the boat, which was painted on a panel, and he stood with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Upon my honor!" he exclaimed. Just then a negro waiter passed, carrying some glasses on a tray.

"And if there isn't Joe too! Why, Joe, you rascally nigger; yo' don't mean to tell me yo're alive an' on this boat!" Joe studied the newcomer awhile, then said, "I disremember yo', cunnel."

"Why, Joe, it was right thar"—pointing—"that I stood to be married in a hurry just as this boat was cutting loose from Memphis on June 20, 1860. And, Joe, you waited on me an' my bride at the wedding supper."

"Fo' Gawd! Air yo' de gentleman what wor married dat day? I wouldn't 'a' knowed yo'."

By this time several passengers had gathered around, all intent upon the passenger who had evidently stumbled on a boat on which he had enacted a romance.

"Colonel," I ventured, "would you mind telling us about it?"

"I shall be ve'y happy to do so, sah," was the reply. "The'e was a fracas connected with the event, gentlemen. I'll give yo' the story, and I think underneath the paint and putty I can find the bullet holes afte'wards."

"I was living at Memphis at the time, and if I do say it myself I was the biggest fool in the town. A young lady—the daughter of Major Whitman, one of the most high toned gentlemen in the south and a ve'y influential citizen—was silly enough to retu'n an affection I conceived fo' her. I neve' could unde'stand why she did so unless it was on account of her youth, fo' she was at the time not quite seventeen. The'e's no wonder her father objected to my attentions, fo' I did nothing but drink mint juleps and play the American game with young bloods of my own age."

"Major Whitman met me one day, and, says he: 'William, if I catch yo' coming round my daughter's any mo' I'll squeeze a few chunks o' lead into yo' vitals. If yo' don't want em thar yo'd better keep away.'"

"Major Whitman replied, 'If yo' do yo'll get rid of one who is entirely unworthy of so beautiful, accomplished and virtuous a lady as yo' angelic daughter. Good mawning, sah.'"

"At that age, gentlemen, if a man is a natu'al bo'n fool he has the sense not to drag a lady he loves down with him. Besides, the'e's not much to expect from a young woman ba'ely seventeen. But I assn'e yo' it was she who proposed an elopement. Thank heaven, I have not that sin on my conscience. One afte'noon when we were sitting on the river bank we saw a steamer coming down, and when she came opposite us we noticed that her name was Indian Belle—this ve'y boat, gentlemen."

"What did we two little fools do but make up on' minds to run away on her. I give you my wo'd, gentlemen, I he'd't fou' bits in my pocket, and the young lady had but three levs. Well, sah, while the boat was rounding to head up stream to make a landing we we'e going down to get aboard. "It so happened that a friend of Major Whitman saw us go ove' the plank. What did the mis'able sneak do but go off to find the major to tell him that his daughter was going aboard the Indian Belle with a man whose principal occupation was drinking juleps, sah. But it was not till the boat was leaving that the major was found. I was standing on the gun'd with my sweethearts when I saw my prospective father-in-law coming on the run

and gitting out his gun as he ran. Miss Whitman screamed, and a gentleman standing beside us took in the situation.

"The'e's no time to lose," he said, "yo' must be married or pretend to be if yo' wish to beat the old man."

"He led us inside put a white handkerchief around his neck, stood us up thar"—pointing—"and made believe he was going through the service. His pronouncing us man and wife was greeted with a bullet that sung just ove' my head and bul'd itself in the wood. Natu'ally I returned the compliment, directing my weapon at the major, whose head was just above the companion way, fo'runately missing him."

"Well, sah, those standing about in-te'fied, the supposed bride ran and threw her a'ms about her father and brought him round. We soon found a cle'gyman aboard and we'e really married. Befo' the end of an hou', sitting round a table in the ladies' cabin at supper, the major with a julep befo' him, had one a'm around my neck and th' other round that of his daughter, and that rascal Joe thar was waiting on us."

The gentleman then proceeded to search for the bullet holes and found them.

"Does any one here know who the gentleman is?" I asked of a bystander. "Know who he is! Well, I reckon. That's General B., one of the big south'en commanders in the late shooting match between the no'th and the south."

Future of Lake Geneva.

The lake of Geneva, lying in the deep valley between the Alps and the Jura mountains, performs a remarkable work for the benefit of man. During the summer its waters store up a great quantity of heat, which is slowly radiated into the air in the course of the following autumn. Thus the freezing currents descending from the snow topped mountains around are warmed and tempered, and the atmosphere along the shores of the lake is maintained at a moderate temperature. But the remote descendants of the present inhabitants will experience quite a different state of affairs, for it is estimated that in 64,000 years the river Rhone will have turned the lake into a broad plain by means of the soil it is constantly carrying down from the mountains.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A CIPHER NOTE

By MARGARET BARR

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"I have perfect confidence in my husband," said Mrs. Ackley to Mrs. Bradshaw, "and the reason why I have confidence in him is because he's so careless. If he had occasion to keep anything from me he couldn't do it. For instance, if he should receive a love letter from any illegitimate source he would be sure to have it in his pocket."

"But how would that give him away?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Why, my dear woman, there's not a night when he is in bed and asleep that I don't go through his pockets."

"It's the only safe way with men." Time came when Mrs. Ackley in going through her husband's pockets received a shock. She came upon a bit of paper on one side of which was her husband's name written in a woman's hand, on the other certain mysterious figures—1, 12, 9, 3, 5.

Mrs. Ackley turned pale. She loved her husband notwithstanding the fact that she thought it necessary to watch him. She had gone through his pockets for years dreading that she would find something to convince her of his inconstancy, and at last the blow had fallen. She almost wished she had remained in ignorance. Possibly she would have burned the message had not curiosity interposed to prevent her doing so. She wiped a tear from her eye and looked at the paper again. There were the figures 1, 12, 9, 3, 5. Doubtless every figure stood for some loving word.

Getting her feelings under control, she began to puzzle over the figures with a view to their interpretation. It was the first day of May; therefore the figure 1 might refer to the day of the month. But 12 came next, and the twelfth month is December. By beginning at the other end the theory fitted better. May was the fifth month. The figure 5 coincided with the month exactly. The next figure, 3, might stand for the day of the month, 9 possibly marking the hour. The figures indicated that the sender wished Mr. Ackley to meet her on the 3d day of May (the next day but one) at 9 o'clock. Twelve might mean the termination of the meeting, the hour it would be necessary for the woman to leave him. But was it not from 9 to 12 in the morning or 9 to 12 in the evening. "I have it," she exclaimed. "The figure 1 indicates that it is the first 9 to 12 of the hour in the

day or in the morning. Of course it wouldn't do for them to meet in the evening. I might have something to say about that. In the morning, when he is at his office, I am supposed to be powerless. We shall see."

Having doubts about the correctness of this deciphering of the message, she tried another theory. Possibly the figures might spell a word that would mean a whole sentence. She tried several plans and at last hit upon one making the figures represent letters. The first figure was 1, and A is the first letter of the alphabet.

"Eureka!" she exclaimed. Then she read, 1, A; 12, L; 9, I; 3, C; 5, E—Alice.

"Aha," she cried, "so the name is Alice!"

She thought over all the women she knew, but none was named Alice. Her rival could not, therefore, be one of her friends or acquaintances. She must be some one her husband had met whom she, his wife, knew nothing about. She would unearth this plot, but she would not spoil it by letting it be known that she possessed the secret.

When Ackley came home for dinner and gave his wife the usual marital kiss he noticed that her lips were cold. "Don't feel very well, dear?" he asked.

Mrs. Ackley declared that she was perfectly well. Nevertheless, though she tried to appear as usual, she failed.

The next day Mrs. Ackley, after breakfast, went to her mother's to remain for the day. She could not bear to remain in the house with the man who was deceiving her. She telephoned him during the day that she would remain away all night. Mr. Ackley passed the evening at his club, went home at 9 and the next morning, having breakfasted, went to his office. There he found a note from a man with whom he had an important business deal asking him to be at a certain place at 9:30 a. m. Mr. Ackley left his office without saying where he was going. He did not return till half past 12.

When he did return he found his wife in the office looking like a thundercloud. She had been there three hours "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," and an accumulation of vindictiveness had placed her in a condition frightful to behold. Those in the office were waiting an explosion. When Mr. Ackley entered he looked at his wife, astonished. Without a word she took from her portemonnaie the cipher message and handed it to him.

"Miss Quimby," said the gentleman after glancing at it, addressing his stenographer, "there are the figures of the new safe combination you wrote out for me and which I couldn't find yesterday." Then to his wife, "Have you had your lunch, dear?"

Mrs. Ackley went out quietly with her husband. What was said between them the office force did not know. They inferred that the memorandum of the safe combination had something to do with Mrs. Ackley's long wait at the office.

CATCHING COLD.

Due to Infection and Not at All to Changes in the Weather.

Have you ever noticed in church immediately after a prayer or a sermon is finished some one starts a cough and then a whole battery of coughs explode? The modern physician will tell you by way of explanation that microbe emanations from the breath of the coughers find their way into the respiratory tract of others, who thereupon cough too. Not alone in church, but in theaters and other indoor places where people gather in large numbers, is this coughing habit noticeable.

In an article dealing with this subject published in the Independent it is explained that colds are slight infectious fevers which spread particularly among the population of cities and which are due to contagion and not at all to changes in the weather. These may predispose by lowering resistive vitality and by disturbing the circulation in mucous membranes, but it is the presence of an infectious germ that gives rise to the symptoms of the cold. When one of these bothersome affections gets into a household usually more than one person suffers from it, and it spreads in offices and schools and the like. It is much more frequently caught in a crowd than anywhere else.

The people who have a succession of colds during the winter time and those who have to work where many people come and go during the day are particularly susceptible to them. It is not to some sudden change in the weather that the physician looks for the origin of a cold, but to some rather intimate contact with other sufferers from similar affection.

Not Missing Much.

"How do you like this grand opera, Billy?"

"I can't understand what they are saying."

"That's all right. You ain't missing no jokes."—Pittsburg Post.

Refrain from covetousness and thy estate shall prosper.—Plato.

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

W. A. GUEFFROY, Pastor.

Morning service at 11:00 a. m.
Evening service at 7:00 a. m.
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

W. A. WOOD, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11. a. m.
Evening Service at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Y. P. S. . E. 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

W. W. DAVIS, Pastor.

Preaching Service, 11:00 a. m.
" " 8:00 p. m.
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. Union, at 6:20

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Aaron T. Cross, deceased, has filed his final account in the County court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, and that Monday the 26th day of June, 1911, at 10 A. M. thereof at the county court room in the county court house at Dallas, Oregon, has been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published, May, 27th, 1911.

AMOS A. B. MORLAN,
Administrator of the estate of Aaron T. Cross, deceased.
B. F. SWOPE, Attorney.

NOTARY PUBLIC

D. N. MCINTURFF NOTARY PUBLIC for the State of Oregon, at the Office of THE MONMOUTH REAL ESTATE CO., Monmouth, Ore. Deeds and all kinds of legal papers made out and executed, and all notarial work promptly and carefully attended to.

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