

The Herald

D. E. STITT, Editor.

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Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1911.

A petition has been circulated and generously signed by the citizens of this school district asking the school board to expend \$500 extra on the new school building by having the outside constructed of hard brick. Considering the benefit to the building that will obtain by the change we believe that in the end it will be a large saving of expense to the taxpayers of the community.

Our town people have pronounced very strongly upon the water problem and now it is up to the city council to see that they get what they want and that the money is judiciously expended. The vote being almost two to one in favor of bonding shows that the board will have a strong backing so long as the members which compose it move with good judgment.

The HERALD looks this week somewhat as if a cyclone had passed by and left its trail. The office force has been engaged on the Monmouth high school paper, and in order to get it out on time have had to slight the HERALD. However, we will try and not do so again.

Monmouth is getting a start in the improvement line. Three new houses already finished or about so, with three more on the way, and the new school building started, shows that her citizens believe in her future.

The Music Soothed Him.

In his book "My Life's Pilgrimage" Thomas Catling gives an interesting glimpse of Gladstone in the Midlothian campaign of 1880:

I happened to meet an organist from Edinburgh, who told me that in the throes of that electoral fight Mr. Gladstone soothed and steadied himself with music. Having arranged a time for the organ practice, he was provided with a key, by means of which he could enter the church quite privately. Silently and alone he would sit in one of the pews with his forehead resting on his hands while the organist played over a number of familiar and impressive hymn tunes. The listener neither looked up nor spoke until the hour compelled him to move. Then, with a "Thank you," he passed out to throw himself again into the bustling political contest.

Forestalled.

"Widows," said the observing man, "are very attractive, but about a widower there is always something uncanny, something almost clammy—I mean, of course, from the matrimonial point of view."

"I know a widower who is thinking of marrying again. He thought he'd broach the matter delicately the other morning to his little daughter, so he said:

"Ah, my dear, how I did love your mother!"

"But the little girl gave him a suspicious look and snapped:

"Say, 'No,' not 'did,' papa!"—Washington Star.

A Reversal

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

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A fair haired, blue eyed young officer of the United States army knelt in a narrow canyon in the far west. Before him was an improvised fort about the size of those made by boys out of

snow, though Lieutenant Osborne's redoubt was composed of loose stones gathered from the dry bed of a creek in which it was located. In its center an opening had been left, through which protruded the muzzle of the officer's rifle, the butt of which rested against his shoulder.

There was no sound save the rustle of the leaves of the trees, no motion save a slight swaying of the branches and the hopping about of a chipmunk which finally stopped on a limb, sat upon its haunches, looked at Osborne out of the side of its head with one of its bright little eyes and seemed to say:

"What are you doing there?"

This was what the lieutenant was doing there: He was one of the garrison of a fort not many miles distant. Rosa Hammond, who had been visiting her married sister, had that day left the fort to return to the east. Osborne had the evening before offered her his heart and hand. Not being certain of her feelings for him—she was a conscientious girl—she had taken the benefit of the doubt and refused him.

Her refusal did not make any difference in her lover's feelings for her. He had his doubts as to the safety of her journey to the railroad terminal. Rumors were current that Indians whom the garrison was intended to keep in order were meditating rebellion. Rebellion meant murder and scalps. The colonel commanding pooh-pooed. Nevertheless on the morning of Miss Hammond's departure Osborne arose long before reveille, took his rifle and a belt of ammunition, mounted his horse and started alone to act as a skirmish line over the route the girl he loved would pass. She was to travel in an ambulance with an escort of half a dozen mounted outriders and to start at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Osborne had ridden over the route Miss Hammond was to travel along a ridge looking down on to the plains. Not caring to put too great a distance between himself and the ambulance, he turned to ride back when below on the open ground he saw a band of not less than fifty warriors huddled together looking up at the ridge on which he stood, but at a point between him and the fort. With the quick instinct of one used to such a life, he inferred at once that they were looking at the ambulance containing what was dearer to him than his life.

Osborne was peering through foliage and consequently invisible to the Indians. As he looked they dashed off, making straight for the mouth of a canyon leading from the plain up to the ridge, their purpose evidently being to come up through the canyon and ambush the party with the ambulance when it came along. Osborne hesitated for a moment between two plans. Should he ride back and warn the party, or should he go down the canyon, fortify himself in a narrow gorge and delay the Indians till the party had passed? A move of the Indians decided him. A dozen or more bucks broke away from the body of the savages and rode toward the mouth of a canyon leading up to the rear of the travelers. Osborne dismounted and tied his horse to a tree. He could not use the animal in the canyon, and when the travelers came along the horse would serve as a warning to them. Then the lieutenant dropped down into the canyon.

The route up the canyon from its mouth was difficult, and, though the distance was not great, the Indians made slow progress. The point chosen for the improvised fortress commanded an open space widening downward. Hearing the breaking of underbrush at the farther end of the open, Osborne put himself on the alert and when a redskin broke through fired. The buck pitched forward on his face. Two or three more Indians broke into the open at brief intervals, and Osborne dropped every one of them as he appeared.

Indians are not prone to fighting what they have no knowledge of, and not another one of them came into the open. They were reconnoitering the toy fort with one man in it, though they could not see the man, and he might be one or a dozen, besides more to come.

It was about this time that the ambulance approached the point where the young officer had taken to the canyon. The first of this second series of shots came up to the travelers. The driver drew rein. One of the escort rode ahead, saw and recognized Osborne's horse. Riding back, he called to the other armed men:

"For heaven's sake, come! Lieutenant Osborne is down there fighting!"

Osborne had dropped several of the redskins, who were trying to divide his fire, when another batch emerged and behind them another. He believed that ten minutes more would end the fight and his scalp would grace the girdle of one of the warriors when he heard sounds as of men or animals breaking through brush above him. He shouted, and his voice was answered by halloos.

The Indians, ignorant of what force they had to contend with, beat a hasty retreat. The party, including Rosa Hammond, was saved. She proceeded on her journey, but her answer to Osborne's proposition was reversed.

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