

THAT OLD SPOTTED COW

By M. QUAD

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The village of Medina had long been at peace. No one could recall when there had been a lawsuit or any trouble in the church. No fires had taken place, and no one had been drowned in the mill pond.

All this was not changed in the twinkling of an eye, but in about a week. The Widow Strong moved over there from Grantville, and one of the things she brought with her was an old spotted cow. She had a moral and legal right to do this. She also had a moral and legal right to let that old cow run at large in the streets. That is the custom in most all villages.

The cow was sized up, but with no critical eye. She was judged to be good tempered and law abiding. She betrayed a becoming modesty and had no quarrels. But the town was deceived in that cow. Deacon Pegrain awoke one morning to find her in his garden. She had eaten every stalk of his green corn. He was a good man, the deacon, but he felt it his duty to take a club to that old cow and thump and pound her and run her out of his garden. Within two hours after he had done so he had a lawsuit on his hands. The Widow Strong proposed to stand by her cow at all hazards.

Of course the deacon had to bring a counter suit. That old spotted cow broke into another garden. There was no corn there, but she was not a particular cow. She filled up on beets, radishes and cucumbers and in the morning was found complacently chewing her cud in the onion bed.

The garden of a third citizen was spoiled, then a fourth and fifth. At sundown that cow would be lying in the dusty street with half closed eyes and a look of innocence on her face.

Three hours later she would be playing the role of devastator. Most of the fences had stood for twenty years, and she found little trouble in pushing her way through them. When her eccentric conduct became known dozens of citizens sat up nights to get a whack at her. She did not always come off a winner, but with the tater bugs to aid her she did fairly well. Every time she was found in a garden she was thumped; every time she was thumped meant a lawsuit; every time there was a new lawsuit the town was divided again.

Things couldn't go on that way. The selectmen of the village held a special meeting and decided to officially appeal to the Widow Strong to sell out that old cow to the butcher.

"Not if I know myself," was her reply. "I have owned that cow for thirteen years, and I don't propose to see no butcher make beef of her. It isn't the cow, but the fences. Make 'em fix up their fences, and the cow will stay on the outside."

Then the selectmen held a special meeting and resurrected an old ordinance by which a stray cow could be impounded and held for any damage it might do. A delegation waited on the widow to notify her, and she laughed in their faces.

"No such bluff goes with me," she added. "There are thirty cows at large in this town. If you take mine you take the others. Go to grass with your old ordinance."

The minister of the only church in the village had kept clear of the affair up to now, but things were getting so hot that he was dragged in. He was asked to call on the widow and talk cow to her—talk old spotted cow. He didn't fancy the job, but still he called. Of course he had a lot to say before he got around to the cow question, and he had scarcely touched upon it when the widow's chin was in the air and she replied:

"I tell you I won't have that dumb animal abused! She's stood by me, and I'm going to stand by her."

The good man went away disheartened. And yet, after all, it was he who solved the problem. He heard that Elder Comstock, widower, had been seen calling on the widow, and he sent for him and said:

"Elder, are you well enough acquainted with the Widow Strong to form an opinion regarding her?"

"Very set in her ways," was the reply. "You are alone in the world, elder?"

"Yes."

"You managed your other wife?"

"I did."

"And if you were married to this woman I believe you could manage her."

"I dunno about that; I dunno."

"And you could sell or trade that cow and bring peace to the town. The church is threatened with disruption. Something must be done."

"You don't mean I ought to marry the widow?"

"Well, don't you think you'd be happier?"

"I—I might."

"And if you can settle this cow ques-

tion isn't it your duty to sacrifice a little?"

"She's a woman that will throw things when she gets mad," said the elder after a long silence.

"But that old cow is devastating the village. Elder, you'd die for your country, wouldn't you?"

The elder took a couple of days to think it over and then called, proposed and was accepted. A month later he and the widow were married. The next day that old spotted cow mysteriously disappeared, and the dove of peace came back and still hovers over the town.

A Man In Wolf's Clothing

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

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Leaving Gibraltar, I crossed the strait and landed in Tangier. The transition from an English army post to an Arab town is about as marked as any that can be made. At Tangier one finds about him the swarthy native, wearing the baracan, a long white cotton garment—probably the toga of the Romans, who once conquered his country, handed down to the present day—and of a different religion from what he has left on the other side of the strait. If his system of superstition can be called religion.

At Tangier I outfitted for a trip to the great desert of Sahara, aiming to penetrate as far south as Tuat, thence northeastward to Tripoli. I had several camels and a dozen men as servants and guards.

There is no lonelier place on the face of the earth than the desert, though I will admit that on a starlight night there is a solemn grandeur about it. When we were not moving at night instead of the day I established a guard about my camp just as if we were an army marching through an enemy's country, and, strange to say, this vigilance was simply exercised against thieves and robbers. The ingenuity of these lying rascals is remarkable. They are natural spies. They would come into our camp in the most friendly way for the purpose of theft. If they could get their hands on anything, and, if not, to gather information as to how they could rob us at another time.

One day a band of Tuaregs, as they are called, came into camp for the purpose, I felt sure, of observation. They numbered about as many as we, but as my force was under the command of a European and well armed they would not think of attacking us. That same night my sentinel—I put one man on guard—was shot dead. I heard the distant crack of a rifle and, calling several of my men, hurried them out in different directions after the murderer. I went myself, but saw nothing, only the great sandy billows. One of my men reported seeing a wolf running away, but no human being was found.

The next day we buried the murdered man and proceeded on our way. That night while every one except the man on guard was asleep there was another crack, and a sentry was killed. Again I deployed my men, proceeding farther than before, but not even a wild animal was found. There was ample opportunity for any one to hide among the sand billows, and by covering himself with his baracan he was not likely to be seen. At any rate, we were obliged to give up the search.

I surmised that the party of Tuaregs who had visited our camp were hovering near us, intending to pick off a man every night till our number should be so reduced as to render us an easy prey. Then our camels, our tents, our supplies, our arms and ammunition would fall into their hands. The outfit would be a fortune to them. I concluded that I must stop their game at all hazards.

The next night I planted a tent pole in the ground, fixed a crosspiece to it, and, tying some esparto grass about the two, I made the body of a manikin. This I covered with a baracan and put a fez on the head. Thus I had a dummy sentinel who might be shot to pieces without being hurt. I had taken care to fix our camp on the edge of an oasis, where I could eliminate the approach in one direction, and noted a convenient place of concealment—a hole in the ground—a few hundred yards from the camp. Soon after dark, taking a rifle, I went out to my hole. The moon gave sufficient light for me to see any one approach the camp.

I had a long wait, for it was near dawn before I saw any living thing, and then nothing more than a wolf prowling around in search of something to eat. But, having nothing else to watch, I watched the wolf. He would stop here and there and dig up the sand, then go on, with his nose to the ground, to another spot and dig again. All the while he was bearing the camp. Presently he stopped and after turning in a circle lay down. He was lost to view, but I kept my eyes fixed on the spot where I had last seen

him. Suddenly at a point still nearer the camp I saw a flash, heard a crack, and the wolf, raising himself on his hind legs, ran away like a deer.

I had a good view of the creature's silhouette against a line of dawn, and I am a good shot on the wing. Raising my rifle, I achieved an excellent aim and fired. The wolf pitched forward and lay still.

I had instructed my foreman, Hamet, that if he heard a shot to wake the men and if he heard a second one to bring them out. In a few minutes they came running toward me. I called to them and joined them. Then we went to the body of the wolf I had slain. We found him to be one of the Tuaregs who had come into our camp a few days before, a villainous looking rascal, who seemed to be a sort of shelm among them.

We scoured the country for awhile, but found no one else. Trust an Arab for finding a place of concealment.

I took similar precautions the next night and for several nights, but we were not troubled again in the same way. Doubtless the robbers, knowing that we had got on to their game, gave it up.

CARE FREE CONVICTS.

Jail Life In Montenegro a Cheerful Sort of Existence.

Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, possesses the most remarkable prison system in the world. The jail presents little to indicate that it is a place of confinement. There are no outer prison walls, and in the cells the men—about ten in each—are as contentedly and comfortably housed as their own personal domestic belongings can make them. Moreover, they are generously fed, and cigarettes without stint, wine occasionally and no work at all combine to check any desire to escape more effectually than would strong walls, iron bars and an army of warders. When W. J. Stillman was in that country in the seventies all the free men were away fighting, and he observed how when a messenger was wanted the official took a man out of the prison and sent him off, having no fear that he would not return. One such messenger was sent to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with 3,000 florins for the bank and duty came back. Another asked a Russian at Cattaro to intercede with Prince Nicholas for his release from prison.

"But you are not in prison," said the Russian.

"Oh," said the man, "I have only come down for a load of skins for So-and-so, but I must go into prison again when I get back to Cetinje."

One guard watched all the prisoners when they sunned themselves out of doors, and if he were called away a prisoner would take his rifle and do duty for the time.—London Mail.

GRISTLE BREAD.

A Favorite In Norway and In Parts of Germany.

"What is gristle bread? Why, that," said a baker, "is a kind of bread that is peculiar to Norway and to some parts of Germany. In Norway it has been made for many years, and here there are bakeries in which it is made for Norwegian patrons who still prefer it wherever they may be."

"In making gristle bread the leaves when first formed up from the dough are laid on boards and put through an extra heated oven in which there is baked on them an outer crust or skin, the gristle. Then the leaves are turned over and put through the oven again, so that the gristle may be baked all over them. This quick oven makes only that outer crust on the leaves, which are then placed in another oven for their final complete baking."

"Originally in Norway gristle bread was made of rye flour only. In this country there was a demand for a handsomer and larger loaf, and wheat flour was mixed with the rye, as has now to some extent come to be the custom in Norway also. Here the proportions now used are about half and half, the result being a bigger loaf of the same weight as one of all rye."

"Gristle bread costs more than ordinary bread because of the greater time and labor required in making it."—New York Sun.

His Equivocal Answer.

The blushing girl buttonholed her flushed fiance.

"Well, Egbert," she murmured, "did papa give his consent?"

Egbert drew himself up stiffly. "He did not commit himself either way," he responded.

"Then are we or aren't we engaged, Egby?"

"I do not know," answered Egby, still stiffly.

"But what happened?"

"This," said Egby more stiffly than ever. "I went in and said: 'Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?' He turned and looked at me a minute, then he grew red in the face, then he grabbed me, then he lifted me up, then he threw me over the banisters. But whether he is in favor of our engagement or not, Ethelbrite, he did not say."

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

I, the undersigned, John H. Remington, mayor of the city of Monmouth, in Polk county, State of Oregon, do hereby certify and declare that at a special election held in said city on Monday, the 5th day of June, 1911, an act supplementary to the charter of the city of Monmouth, Oregon, authorizing and empowering said city by its common council to construct or purchase, conduct and operate water-works within and without said city, and to that end to purchase or acquire by the exercise of the right of eminent domain real and personal property, and to borrow money and issue bonds of said city not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars in amount, providing for the payment of the principal and interest of said bonds and for the management of said water-works, was duly submitted to the legal voters of said city for their approval or rejection as provided by an ordinance of said city entitled "An ordinance proposing and submitting to the legal voters of the city of Monmouth, Oregon, for their approval or rejection an act supplementary to the charter of said city of Monmouth authorizing said city to construct, purchase, keep, conduct, maintain and operate water-works within and without said city; and to that end to acquire, purchase, and own real and personal property; to exercise right of eminent domain in carrying said power into effect; to borrow money and issue and disperse of bonds of said city in amounts, denominations, kinds and form and on terms and conditions as in said amendment provided, and providing for the payment of the principal and interest of said bonds and the redemption thereof; providing for the disposition of the money received from said water-works and for everything convenient and necessary to be done in carrying the powers provided by said amendment into effect; and calling and ordering a special election to vote upon said proposed supplementary act, or amendment."

Passed by the common council of the city of Monmouth on the 4th day of April, 1911; and approved by the mayor on the 4th day of April, 1911, and that at said election there were sixty-one votes cast for said supplementary act, or amendment, and thirty-one votes cast against it, and that the same was duly approved by a majority of all the votes cast thereon at said election.

I therefore proclaim that said supplementary act, or amendment, has been duly approved and that the same does take effect and is in full force on the date of this proclamation, as a part of the charter of said city.

Witness my hand this 7th day of June, 1911.

Attest: JOHN H. REMINGTON, Mayor.
D. E. STITT, Recorder.

THE CUCUMBER.

One Way to Dress It and a Royal Way to Grow It.

If ever an anthology of the foods of the earth comes to be written quite an entertaining chapter could be made out of the cucumber. And some of the extracts would provide material for much mental exercise to decide whether they are humorous or serious. For example, what did the Greek poet mean when he said of a certain woman:

She was to me
More tender than a cucumber?

Only one meaning would have been taken from that equivocal statement by that famous doctor who used to declare that the only way to dress a cucumber is to cut it into very thin slices, sprinkle it with the finest of oil, pepper it plentifully, cover it with vinegar—and then throw it out of the window! On the other hand, Thackeray tells how he "had delicate cucumbers stuffed with forcemeat," while Dickens refers to "salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumber, a tender duckling—all there!" Both novelists were evidently men after the heart of the Emperor Tiberius, who was never without cucumbers and had frames made upon wheels, by means of which the growing cucumbers could be moved about and exposed to the full heat of the sun, while in winter they were withdrawn and placed under the protection of frames glazed with mirror stone.

Yet two or three centuries ago the vegetable was looked at suspiciously as cold and treacherous.—London Standard.

His Mexican Commission.

"Yes, he's a very merry wag. The last time he went to Mexico his wife asked him to bring back some of the embroidery work for which the country is famous. When he reached home he handed her a box containing half a dozen human teeth."

"Mercy," she cried, "what's this?"

"Mexican drawn work," he trippingly replied.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

W. A. GUEFFROY, Pastor.

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock
Evening service at 7:30 o'clock
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 6:30

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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