

HIS MANLY BEAUTY

By WALTER EMMONS BROOKS

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At twenty-two I lived in a city and in a rear room. Back of the house were yards just deep enough for clotheslines and then the rears of other houses.

One day while looking out of my window I saw a girl sitting pensively at a window of a house across the yards. She was doing something with her hands which I inferred to be knitting, though it was done beneath the sill, so that I could not be sure. She was looking down pensively, but whether her eyes were bent on her work I could not tell. I was struck with her regular features and, above all, with an expression of sadness that seemed inappropriate to a young face.

It doesn't require much to set a young man's fancy flying, though by this I do not mean to belittle the picture to which I have referred. I saw her about the same time every day and fell to dreaming about her. The fuel of love is imagination. A youngster is attracted to a girl not for what she is, but for what his fancy paints her. And girls are still more apt to endow a man with noble qualities and love him for them.

It was in the summer time, and when I came home from business every day at 6 it was still very light, and every day at that hour I saw the girl opposite sitting in the same position. Since I stood right up before my own window it was impossible that she should not have been aware of my presence there. Occasionally she would turn her face outward, but I could not see that her eyes ever rested upon me. But I remembered that a pure girl would not gaze upon a stranger—certainly not when he was looking at her.

Every day on entering my room after my return from business I dressed for the evening, making myself appear as attractive as possible, then threw open the shutters with as much elation as possible that I might attract the attention of the girl opposite. Hearing the sound, she would turn her face in my direction, but only momentarily and without any look of recognition. This I put down to her native modesty and purity. But I remembered that there was a young man opposite, and it occurred to me that if she considered that young man especially good looking she might fall in love with him, for this was not only my theoretical basis of love at that time, but I saw no other way of attracting her.

I spent some time discovering the young lady's name, then wrote her a note couched in as manly and respectful terms as I knew how. I had no thought of making headway by what I wrote, but I must open communication, and in doing so I wished to give the girl an opinion of me commensurate with the admiration, if any, that she had for my personal appearance.

To make a long story short, I received a courteous reply to my note, the young lady stating that, though she could not consent to a correspondence with a stranger, in case I could find means of making myself known to her through a mutual friend or otherwise, should my position and character prove satisfactory, she would be happy to have me call upon her.

The day I received the note I spent some time before my mirror wondering that the girl should have found such attractiveness in it as to call forth so favorable a reply. I set my wits to work to discover some mutual friend to introduce me; but, having recently come to the city a stranger, I knew very few people. Finally I wrote another note to the girl I admired, stating the case and asking permission to furnish references.

To this I received a reply that she would not receive calls for a few weeks, but if after the expiration of that time I was of the same mind she would be happy to receive me.

Those weeks were the longest of my life. From Sunday to Sunday seemed like from month to month. After three Sundays had passed I dispatched a note asking if I might be permitted to call. I received a reply giving the desired permission that day week.

When after the sending up of my card Miss Markley came into the room where I awaited her what I especially noticed was that she looked at me as though she had never seen me before and was curious to know what sort of a looking fellow I was. Having received me with a fair amount of cordiality, we seated ourselves, and she said:

"I will explain why I put you off so long. It was necessary. I had learned who you are, and the delay was not because the report I had of you, for it was very flattering. The truth is that I was born blind. Until a couple of weeks ago I had

never seen any object. It was recently decided by several oculists in counsel that an operation should be performed on my eyes with a view to opening up a world to me. That operation has been eminently successful. You have mentioned in your notes having seen me at my window. I have never seen you till this moment."

That was the last of reliance upon my manly beauty to win a sweetheart. I married Miss Markley, but I won her not by my good looks, for she says that I am rather homely than handsome.

He Knew.

Mrs. Wedd—John, what do you think of a man who smokes cigarettes in a room where ladies are? Mr. Wedd—I think he needs a wife like you, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

Value of Silence.

"Speech is silver," says the boarding house philosopher, "but silence, rightly used, is what makes golden weddings possible."—Toledo Blade.

Don't hang a dismal picture on the wall, and don't daub with sable and gloom your conversation.—Emerson.

EYE OF THE CAMERA.

Washed Out Blood Stains Cannot Escape the Ultra Violet Rays.

Even before it had been adapted exclusively, by means of special lens construction and combination, to the reception of the invisible ultra violet rays, the camera eye, owing to its peculiar sensitiveness to this light, has played a strikingly dramatic role on various occasions. One of these occurred a few years ago in Lausanne, Switzerland.

It appears that a handkerchief formed an exhibit at a murder trial and was regarded as a crucial bit of evidence. The closest inspection failed to reveal a stain on the immaculate white cloth even with the aid of a powerful microscope. But it occurred to a professor of Lausanne university to photograph the handkerchief, when the image obtained clearly disclosed the presence of great splotches, or, rather, of what had been such, showing ghostlike in the carefully washed fabric. The photograph proved the turning point of the trial, and the result was conviction.

Blood, as was scientifically explained at the time, happens to be one of the substances that absorb ultra violet rays, and when any of these substances have found their way to a receptive surface no amount of erasing or cleansing can hide its presence from the camera eye. When the latter is equipped to utilize only this invisible light the result is much more marked. Should the neatest erasure be made in writing done with substances specially absorbent of the rays the ultra violet photograph would show the traces of the erasure as plainly as the writing itself.—New York Tribune.

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

W. A. GUEFFROY, Pastor.

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock
Evening service at 7:00 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. C. E. 6:30 p. p.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

W. W. DAVIS, Pastor.

Preaching Service, 11:30 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.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to whom it may concern, that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Samuel H. Peterson, deceased, by the Honorable County Court of Polk County Oregon. All parties holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned, at Suver, Oregon, on or before six months from date hereof, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate settlement of the same.

Dated this 26th day of July, 1911.

GROVE A. PETERSON,
Administrator of estate of Samuel H. Peterson, deceased.
SIBLEY & EAKIN, Attorneys.

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10,000 yards of this season's newest dress goods now marked down and placed on sale. Everything that is new in the dress goods line you can find here for suits, coats, dress skirts and waists; all specially priced for this sale. Yard—25c, 35c, 49c, 69c and up.

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Now is your time to buy stylish hats at small prices. They are now going at about half price. \$7.50 hats now \$2.50, \$2.95 and \$3.50.

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NOTARY PUBLIC

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Statement of the Polk County Bank of Monmouth, County of Polk, State of Oregon.

Showing the amount standing to the credit of every depositor July, 1st 1911, who has not made a deposit, or who has not withdrawn any part of his deposit, principal or interest, for a period of more than seven (7) years immediately prior to said date, with the name, last known place of residence or postoffice address of such depositor, and the fact of his death, if known.

Name of Depositor	Residence or Postoffice Address	Dead, if Fact is Known to Secretary or Cashier	Am.
Allen Tucker	Unknown	Not Known	\$1.00
H. B. Munson	Unknown	Not Known	.00

STATE OF OREGON, ss
County of Polk, ss

I, Ira C. Powell, being first duly sworn, depose and say upon oath, that I am the cashier of the Polk County Bank of Monmouth, County of Polk, State of Oregon; that the foregoing statement is a full, true, correct and complete statement, showing the name, last known residence or postoffice address, fact of death, if known, and the amount to the credit of each depositor as required by the provisions of chapter 148, of the General Laws of Oregon 1907.

IRA C. POWELL,
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of July, A. D. 1911.
KATIE DUNSMORE, Notary Public for Oregon.

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