

THE "FORTUNE."

A Youthful Reminiscence By Mrs. JOHN HOBBS.

I went with Johnny, one day, to the Fair,
I wore a rose in my nut-brown hair,
And a silken sash and a gown of white,
O, the day was happy and bright.
We drove thro' green lanes in a one-horse chaise,

The sun shone bright and the birds were gay,
And the folks came streaming from everywhere,
All bound, that day, for the fair.

Johnny's eyes are a bonny blue
And mine are nut-brown, like my hair, in hue,
And the sun shone bright and the birds were gay,
And O, we were happy that day.

A fortune-teller was there at the Fair,
She noticed the rose in my nut-brown hair,
And slightly murmured "Well matched are they,
I've seen none like them all day."

Then Johnny drew forth a sixpence bright
And crossed my palm in the broad daylight,
And the fortune-teller said "Now you're a pair,

But next year you'll be one at the Fair."
O, the stalls with wonderful fruits did teem,
And butter and honey and 'curds and cream,"
But the best and brightest of everything there,
Was the fortune we heard at the fair.

Monmouth Heights

Robert Fishback was a county seat visitor Thursday.

Samuel Hinkle has recently purchased a new grain chopper.

John Holman and family were on the streets of Dallas Thursday.

Miss Fannie Coleman, of Oak-point, was in this vicinity Saturday.

Miss Dora Zook, of Monmouth, spent last week with Mrs. Bert Cross.

George Swearingen and family were in the Luckiamute Valley Sunday.

Dow Hamar and family, of Salem, visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Bertha Layson, of Independence, was on the Heights Sunday.

George Heck, of Independence, was here the first of the week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCaleb were Independence traders Tuesday.

The Antioch school began Monday with Miss Clara Pechin as teacher.

Dave Dove made a business trip to Harney County the first of the week.

Herman Wunder is having a new porch built on the front of his residence.

A. J. Shipley and four children are spending the week with relatives in Corvallis.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Osborne and daughter Frances were in Independence Saturday.

Mrs. Minnie Mack visited her daughter, Mrs. George Bennett, of Monmouth, Saturday.

Dave Olin put in some concrete side walk for Rufus Smith, of Monmouth, the past week.

Mrs. E. Clark's sister, Mrs. George Stewart and family, left Monday for their home in Oklahoma.

Grandma Snell and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clapp and son, Elton, were trading in Monmouth last Friday.

Several from here attended a surprise party last Thursday evening in honor of C. C. Yeater and family, of the Luckiamute,

who are moving to Lane County.

Mrs. Hart, of Monmouth is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Bert Cross.

Misses Ina and Lettie Fishback, Millie Clark, Mrs. Belle Sullivan and Jesse Johnson had a pleasant trip to Salem Thursday.

After a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Towns, Miss Keith Barnes returned to her home in Corvallis, Saturday.

Elder Leon Myer, of Dallas, pastor of the Christian church, will preach at the Antioch school house next Sunday, Oct. 8th, at 3 o'clock P. M. All are cordially invited.

For Sale—California Medicated Soap. Excellent for all skin diseases, also for shampooing the hair. Mrs. J. W. Richardson Sr. Monmouth St., Independence, Or.

ABE'S CONVERSION

By ELMER TROOP SAWYER

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When I was a student in the University of —, one evening, desiring to send a note to a young girl who lived some distance back of the college buildings, I asked Abe, the sweep, who took care of my room, to take it for me.

"I'm in a hurry for a reply to this, Abe," I said. "Go straight back over the campus and through the grounds beyond, and it won't take you half an hour to go and come."

"Yes, sah!" replied Abe, and, taking the note, he departed.

I waited an hour for him, at the end of which time he came in panting.

"Were you kept waiting, Abe?" I asked.

"No, sah. I wasn't kep' waitin'."

"Then why were you gone so long?"

"I didn't go the way yo' told me to go, sah."

"Why not?"

"I nebber go dat way, sah. I had a bad spierience on dat route once."

"Experience! What kind of an experience?"

"I don't mind tellin' you about it if yo' won't tell any ob de students. Dey don't b'leibe nothin' about hants, and dey laugh at me. But I tell you, sah, dere hants on dat road, and dey get inside de statutes in de park and raise de debbil."

"Get into the statutes?"

"Yes, sah. I'm gwine to tole yo' about one ob 'em. He make me a good man, though. I own up to dat. But I hain't got conscience enough to go that way any mo' nohow."

"I war de wickedest man anywhar. I war a liar and a thief and everything that was bad. Yo' know Professor Barnacle? He was student den. His fader had chickens. All us niggers lub chickens and watermillions. When de broilers git plenty big I used to steal 'em, and when de chickens war big and de watermillions war ripe I used to go home past the Barnacle place, and I take a chicken under one arm, with ma finger pressed on its throat to keep it from squawkin', and under de udder arm I had a water million."

"When I'd committed these depredations lots ob times Mr. Barnacle he says to me, 'Abe, what yo' stealin' our chickens fo'?' 'Go 'long,' I says; 'I hain't got no use fo' yo' chickens.' 'Well, Abe, all I hab to say is dat I heard a clatter in de chicken house one night and went out to see what was de matter. I saw somethin' dark walkin' away and follered it. I saw it go into yo' house.'"

"'Fo' Gawd, Mr. Barnacle, I hain't teched chicken meat in a year. I's too poor to buy 'em, and I's too honest to steal 'em.'"

"'Abe,' he said, 'yo're sacrilegious.' 'I larfed when he said dis, fo' I wasn't convicted ob sin, as de minister says, but I got convicted sho' enough mighty quick arter dat. De watermillions war gittin' ripe, and one night, millions de Barnacle place, I tok a big passin' de Barnacle place, and I watermillion under my arm, and I thought how good fried chicken would taste fo' breakfast. Den I went into de chicken house to git one ob 'em. Dere war so much squawkin' dat I lit dere out fo' awhile and hid in de bushes. I saw somebody come out ob de house and look around, den go away. I waited fo' awhile; den I sneaked in, got ma chicken and went off towards

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Church Directory.

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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. C. E. 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Preaching Service, 11:00 a. 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.

ma cabin.
"I war passin' de statute ob General Somebody or odder who fit fo' dis state in de rebelution when de statute called out:

"Halt thar, you Abe!"
"I stood still as I could fo' de shakin' ob ma legs.

"Drap de chicken," says de statute.
"I hain't got no chicken."

"De right arm ob de statute raised and frowed somepin at me. I heard it splash on de groun'. I reckon it was an egg.

"I was so skeered at seein' de statute frow somepin dat I le' go de neck ob de chicken, and it began to squawk.

"You say yo' hain't got no chicken, eh? says de statute.

"I didn't say nothin' to dis.

"Drap de chicken and de watermillion," says de statute.

"I dropped 'em bofe, and de chicken went off squawkin'.

"Abe," says de statute, "I'm a hant what tuk up inside dis statute fo' to conviet yo' ob chicken and watermillion stealin', and I'm gwine to stop yo' doin' it."

"How you gwine to do dat?" I says.

"I'm gwine to kill yo'."

"Dat statute he just lifted up his arm ag'in and fired a pistol, and de ball sung right up above ma head.

"Fo' Gawd, Mr. Hant," I says, "I promise not to steal chickens or watermillions no mo' if yo'll spa' ma life."

"Abe," said de hant, "yo' not only a thief; yo' a liar. How I gwine know yo' keep yo' promise?"

"I hope I may die ef I ever do."

"Waal, Abe, I'll let yo' off dis time, but if yo' eber steal or lie ag'in I'll come out ob dis statute and pummel yo' to deat. Now yo' kin go on."

I told Abe he was quite excusable for taking a roundabout route.
When I saw Professor Barnacle again I told him the story. He smiled and said dat he was the hant behind the statue.

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