

DAISY

She Rewards a Patient Waiter

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The barnyard fence divided Jacob Keene's farm from that of his neighbor, Lorenzo Nettle. Jacob leaned over the fence and looked wistfully at the gaunt framed white mare that drooped dejectedly near the closed door of her stable. Her ragged, unkempt mane was tangled with burs, some of last year's crop. One eye was of that dull blue, denoting a slight vision; the other optic, of a soft brown mildness, was turned toward the watchful Mr. Keene. The mare shifted her sprung knees and wheezed patiently.

Jacob turned and stumped into the house, scattering the gathered chickens with his sudden impetuosity. "Lizzie," he said, addressing his wife. "It's a confounded shame how Lorenzo treats that mare. I wish I had the money to buy Daisy off of him."

Mrs. Keene turned mild blue eyes on her irate lord. "I wish you had, dear," she said meekly.

"Wishing don't do any good," snapped Jacob.

"That's what I was thinking," she admitted tactlessly.

"Humph! That's all the sympathy I get, Lizzie Keene."

"You're making yourself sick over that horse," objected Mrs. Keene as her husband moved his chair away from his half tasted supper. "If Lorenzo won't sell Daisy to you, why don't you give up the idea?"

Jacob glared out of the window and swallowed hard. "It ain't that Lorenzo don't want to sell the critter, Lizzie," he explained impatiently. "He ain't got no use for her with the brown horse. He's just naturally a mean hunk and because he knows I've been wanting to buy back Daisy ever since Uncle Willie sold it to Lorenzo without giving me first bid on it. I never heard of a Nettle yet that knew how to treat a critter human."

"He gives her enough to eat, don't he?" asked Mrs. Keene deprecatingly.

"Yes, after he's kept her waiting long enough, and she gets drink, too, after awhile. But if she only had half the attention that the brown one gets she'd make a mighty good looking horse."

His wife opened her eyes wide.

"But she's terrible sprung, and somebody said she had the heaves, Jacob."

"Heaves or no heaves, I'll bet I could make that critter look like a lady inside of a week," asserted Jacob confidently. "I've never forgot how she looked when Uncle Willie used to drive her to church on Sundays. White as snow she was, and her mane all crinkly like silk, with a blue ribbon tied in her forelock. She looks white as snow now, don't she?" he jeered, pointing at the sorry procession entering the Nettle stable. Mrs. Keene arose and pressed her thin nose to the window.

First there frisked the Nettle dog, as if her rasping bark might induce greater speed to the leisurely progress of the blighted Daisy, who shambled in with hanging head. Lorenzo Nettle followed, twirling an empty corn measure on his broad palm and perhaps casting a speculative eye toward the sunset reddened windows of his neighbor. Lorenzo Nettle was not inhuman nor was he hard hearted; he merely loved money, and he had learned that a little apparent neglect toward Daisy would only enhance her value in the eyes of the nephew of her former owner.

Nor was he mistaken, for scarcely had he closed the stable door upon the old mare, now comfortably watered and fed in her stall, than Jacob Keene's rotund form bobbed on the other side of the fence.

"Howdy?" inquired Lorenzo genially.

"Quite some," replied Jacob absently. Then, "I say, Lorenzo, what about selling Daisy?"

Lorenzo Nettle straightened suddenly and looked sharply at his neighbor. "Well, what about selling her?"

"You said you'd consider my offer of \$17," protested Mr. Keene.

"I have considered it, and I don't consider it enough. Now, Jacob, you know your Uncle Willie set great store by Daisy! When he sold her to me he said she'd made her three minutes over to Fray's track the summer the seven year locusts didn't come when they was due, and you know darned well you can't expect to get a three minute trotter for \$17! No, sir!"

Jacob Keene sat in thoughtful silence for awhile. "You bought that there Daisy fifteen years ago, Lorenzo," he stated mildly, "and the year the seven year locusts skipped Little River was twelve years before that, so I can figure that Daisy wasn't doing any three minutes when you

bought her off of Uncle Willie, and if you paid more'n \$25 for her then I'll eat my hat!"

As Lorenzo did not offer to solve the problem of Daisy's cost there was no occasion for Jacob to lurch on his dilapidated headgear. Nevertheless that baffled gentleman nibbled thoughtfully at its frazzled straw brim.

"Did you never hear of anything increasing in value?" asked Lorenzo after awhile.

"Not horses—unless you're trying to argue that the high price of meat has got anything to do with it," returned Jacob scornfully. "As I remember it, Lorenzo Nettle, the summer my Uncle Willie sold you Daisy was the time when I had the typhoid fever, and I was so sick that I didn't know nothing about the transaction. And when I was up again and found out about it, why, Uncle Willie had died, and you wouldn't sell the horse to me."

"Right enough! Why should I sell it to you, Jacob? She was just the critter I wanted for spare work. You've acted tarnation foolish over that critter for fifteen year, and you might as well split it out now and tell me why you want that particular horse and no other. You ain't got stable room for her with your two, and she ain't what you'd call fancy looking now, is she?"

"She is not," said Jacob seriously, "but I always liked Daisy, and when she was a colt Uncle Willie promised if he ever sold her to anybody he'd give me first chance on her. I waited twelve years for her, and when I was sick he—"

"I expect he thought you wasn't going to get any better," remarked Lorenzo. "Well, it's all done and gone, Jacob, and the mare is mine. If you want pay fifty for her, why—"

"Fifty!" bellowed Jacob angrily, slipping over into his own yard. "I guess you've got mixed in your mind between horseflesh thirty years old and cold storage beef." And he disappeared in the darkening twilight to sputter his wrath to the patient ears of Lizzie.

The next morning at 10 o'clock he faced a triumphant Lorenzo across the barnyard fence. "Well, you're too late now, even if you've a mind to give fifty," remarked Mr. Nettle.

"What do you mean? You ain't never sold Daisy?" challenged Jacob.

"That's it."

"Who to?" asked Jacob owlishly.

"The minister over to Elmville. He saw her yesterday, and he sent word by Dan last night he'd take her. He's giving fifty for her. Seems to know what he's about too."

"Seems to me if I was going to sting a minister on a horse deal I wouldn't take so much from him," declared Jacob, crimson with anger and contempt.

Lorenzo flushed. "You're mad because you ain't got the price to buy her yourself."

"I am mad because you won't sell for what she is worth. The least you can do to make things right for that minister, Lorenzo Nettle, is to fix that horse up so she'll look respectable for a minister to drive behind."

"What would you do?" demanded Lorenzo, opening the stable door and leading forth the object of discussion.

Jacob surveyed his lost opportunity with tender eyes. "I'd begin by giving her a good scrubbing with warm water and yaller soap and rinse her good till she was white as when Uncle Willie used to drive her. Then I'd spak her mane in warm water and comb out all the burs and tangles till it was white and fluffy, and I'd braid a blue ribbon in her forelock. I'd rub her down till she shined like satin, and I'd cut her fetlocks and trim her hoofs and oil 'em, and I'd have her new shod, and then I'd rub her down good with liniment to take some of the kink out of her muscles. With her tail waving like a white plume she'd look like one of them old battle chargers, eh?"

"By all your talk I reckon she would. I s'pose I might as well do it, though," agreed Lorenzo as a sop to his rather burdened conscience.

Late that afternoon a rejuvenated Daisy, as white as the simple flower for which she was named, was turned into the daisy grown meadow to caper awkwardly about on her singularly trim feet. The blue ribbon dangled above her astonished good eye and gave her a decidedly rakish appearance, but with her knees hidden in the clover and daisies she looked very handsome as she moved slowly to and fro, nipping daintily with her worn teeth and soft white nose. Jacob Keene stood afar and looked on her snow white form with tears in his eyes and was not ashamed. To him she was the one horse he had always desired, and now she would never be his.

That night at 11 o'clock he was called forth by the excited hired man to Lorenzo Nettle's barnyard. "What's the matter?" he demanded anxiously.

"She's dead," snapped Lorenzo. "That horse is dead. That comes of washing her and—"

"I've done that lots of times, Mr. Nettle," protested his hired man. "Only I guess you let her outdoors too soon."

"And she hasn't been paid for," went on Lorenzo bitterly. "I expect I can sell her to the soap factory for five—"

"I'll give you seventeen," said Jacob quickly.

"Well, of all the—I'll take it, cash now," said Lorenzo, and there followed a brief transaction that made Jacob Keene the owner of the long coveted horse, only now she was white and stiff. Jacob said he would bury Daisy in a corner of his meadow where his favorite dog was interred, and it was a silent procession headed by the brown mare which dragged the blanket on which reposed the stiff form of Daisy.

The first thrust of a sharp spade in the moonlighted turf of the meadow happened to glance sharply across Daisy's flank, and to the horror of the onlooker she kicked wildly, relaxed her stiffened muscles, shivered and slowly scrambled to her feet.

"Not dead, but sleeping," quoted Dan Harmon under his breath as the disconcerted Lorenzo turned sharply about and went back to bed, while Jacob Keene, with ill concealed delight, carefully led his long waited for pet into the comfortable stall.

The Evil Eye.

The superstition known as the evil eye is by no means dead as yet. It is still universal among savages and most semisavages, and in many of the countries of Europe it still holds sway. In remote corners of Russia, Austria, Italy and Bohemia, as well as in other sections of Europe, the peasants resort to charms to stave off the influence of the evil eye as much as they did a thousand years ago. The superstition is still strong among the Arabs and negroes of Africa, as well as among the black people of the West Indies and the southern states.—New York American.

A Chapel in a Mine.

One of the most remarkable places of worship in the world is the miners' chapel in Myndd Menigdd colliery, Swansea, where for more than fifty years the workers have each morning assembled for worship. This sanctuary is situated close to the bottom of the shaft and is lighted by a solitary Davy safety lamp hung over the pulpit from the ceiling. The oldest miner in the colliery is generally chosen to officiate.

Gratitude.

There is a beautiful little story in Emerson's "Journals," of which his son, the editor, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, said the poet was very fond.

A certain widow was so poor that she eked out the one thin bed covering by laying an old door over herself and her little children.

"Mamma," one of the children said one bitter night, "what do those poor little children do who haven't got a door to cover them?"

Looking For Trouble.

"I think my wife is the limit for meeting trouble halfway."

"How's that?"

"Why, our baby's only six weeks old, and she's already worrying because she's afraid he may marry some girl we don't like."

Zook the Painter, will hang your paper for you.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE COUNTY OF POLK.

In the matter of the estate of Samuel H. Peterson } CITATION.

To Rhoda Peterson, John W. Peterson, Charles A. Peterson, George M. Peterson, Mary A. Starr and Grove A. Peterson, greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk at the Court Room thereof, at Dallas in the County of Polk, State of Oregon on Saturday, the 11th day of November 1911, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why the following described lands should not be sold, to-wit: Beginning at a point 590 feet South and 200 feet East of the Northwest corner of Out Lot No. Twelve (12) in the town of Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, running thence South 184 feet, thence West 75 feet; thence North 184 feet; thence East 75 feet to the place of beginning.

WITNESS: The Hon. Ed F. Coad, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk with the Seal of said Court affixed, this 7th day of October, A. D., 1911.

[SEAL] Attest: E. M. SMITH, Clerk. SIBLEY & EAKIN, Attorneys.

IN TOUCH WITH FRIENDS and RELATIVES



A GRAND-MOTHER may not be as spry as she used to be, but she is in close touch with her world for all that.

The telephone enables her to make many calls as she pleases, and in all sorts of weather.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Eliza E. Hawley, has been duly appointed by the County Court of the state of Oregon for Polk County executrix of the estate of John H. Hawley, deceased, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present them duly verified with the proper vouchers within six months from the date of this notice to the said executrix at her residence in the city of Monmouth, in Polk County, state of Oregon.

Dated and first published September 29, 1911.

ELIZA E. HAWLEY, Executrix of the estate of John H. Hawley, deceased.
OSCAR HAYTER, Attorney.

NO. 10,071.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

Office of the Comptroller of the Currency Washington, D. C., August 24th, 1911.

Whereas by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that,

"THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Monmouth, in the town of Monmouth in the County of Polk, and State of Oregon has complied with all the provisions of the statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking,

Now therefore I, Lawrence O. Murray, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that

The First National Bank of Monmouth, in the town of Monmouth, in the County of Polk, and State of Oregon, is authorized to commence the business of banking as provided in Section fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Conversion of the Polk County Bank, Monmouth, Oregon.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this twenty-fourth day of August 1911.

LAWRENCE O. MURRY, Comptroller of the Currency.

(Seal)

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