

Personal and Local

S. D. Coats is seriously ill.

Peter Kurre gave Corvallis a business visit returning home Wednesday.

Dr. Bowersox and family spent New Years with the doctor's brother in Salem.

Ed Lorence and wife spent New Years Eve and part of Tuesday in Independence.

Miss Mabel Lorence returned to Eugene Tuesday after spending the holidays with her parents here.

Miss Belle Ackerman who is a senior at O. A. C., returned to her school duties at Corvallis Tuesday morning.

The Misses Greta and Glenva Gray who have been visiting relatives here returned to their home at Corvallis Tuesday.

Mrs. A. E. Shore and daughter Gaynellie, returned Tuesday from a several days visit with Mrs. Shore's daughter near Independence.

J. H. Gill who with his wife visited here over Christmas left Sunday for his home at Wash-tuena, Washington. Mrs. Gill remained for a longer visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Mulkey.

Marshal Corawell moved some rather hard looking specimens of the human family out of the city Friday night, who came from the North and acted rather suspiciously. They passed on to Independence.

Several changes have taken place in the Monmouth Mercantile force. Mr. A. B. Morlan's term expired with the old year and Lloyd Waller has taken his place and Horace Chaney has charge of the delivery wagon.

Mr. J. H. Remington went to Portland Sunday and Mrs. Remington follows today. Their daughter, Mrs. Lowe of Idaho, is stopping in Portland for the winter and they will spend some time visiting with her and with other acquaintances in Portland.

A Mad Race

An Up to Date Story of an Elopement

By HENRY T. ARCHIBALD

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"Speaking about these dams bursting and destroying people," said a citizen of Colorado, "reminds me of a case of flood out here in this state. Of course the one I refer to didn't destroy hundreds of homes and lots of people, but to those concerned in it it was a mighty important affair."

"What flood do you refer to, Silsby?" asked Wilkins, sitting with his feet on the iron rail encircling the stove and intended for a foot rest.

"If I'm going to tell you the story I'll have to bring the different events in as they happened," replied Silsby, "otherwise I'd get it all mixed up. To begin with, Molly McGregor was the prettiest girl in — county, and not only the prettiest girl, but the biggest madcap. But you ought to see her now. She's the quietest little woman in the world and afraid of her own shadow. She's married and got three children, the oldest—"

"Oh, cut that short!" cried the man on the other side of the stove. "You're putting in the end before the beginning. I thought you said you were going to proceed in order."

"If you can tell the story better than—"

"Oh, go on!" said the other foot warmer in one voice.

"As I was saying," continued the narrator, "Molly McGregor was the merriest madcap in the county. She had all the men in love with her, from the richest ranchman to the meanest cowboy. McGregor, her father, was a Scotchman, who was about as hard to move when he took a position as Pike's

peak, and the position he took with Molly was that she was to marry the man he selected for her.

"The old man didn't worry much about her not doing as he intended when the time came, for she had one man dangling about her one day and another the next, and sometimes they were thick as flies about a sugar barrel. So long as that kind of monkey-shines was going on her father knew that there was nothing to fear, and even if his daughter should fall in love with some one of her admirers he had no idea that Molly would marry any one except the man he picked out for her."

"I thought," interrupted the man on the other side of the stove, "you were going to tell us something new. That sort of stuff is to be found in nine-tenths of all the stories in the world."

"Shut up, Wilkins," said one of the listeners, "and let's have the yarn."

"I'm not going to spoil it for him," grunted Silsby. "It was old McGregor's confidence that was his undoing, so far as his daughter was concerned. But, I tell you, my friends, it doesn't do any good to watch a girl. You might as well watch a soldier on the field of battle with a view of pulling him out of the way from the bullet that's going to kill him. Before you know it he doubles up. So does the girl. A certain fellow gives her a look and she drops."

"The man that looked at Molly McGregor when she surrendered was Ned Deane, who was nothing but a cowboy. Ned was a very good fellow, but he had nothing laid up, while the owner of a gold mine that was yielding \$1,000 to the ton was dead stuck on the girl."

"First thing Old McGregor knew that his daughter was going to go back on his matrimonial plans for her was when Bryant, the mine owning suitor, rode up to the ranch one morning and said:

"Say, old man, I met your daughter just now driving that automobile you bought her last Christmas, with Ned Deane sitting beside her. As they went by I caught sight of a valley under their feet, and I reckon they're running away."

"What?" exclaimed the Scotchman, his eyes bulging out of his head.

"Bet you \$50 it's an elopement."

"McGregor never did anything fast in his life till that moment. It wasn't five minutes before he was in one of the autos he kept on the ranch, and I tell you the hand on the speed gauge just spun around from zero to fifty in no time at all."

"Oh, he's going to give us a runaway couple in an auto chased by her father in another auto," interrupted the critical Wilkins. "That's backeyed."

"Bet you ten that isn't the point of the story," said Silsby.

Wilkins failed to come up, and Silsby proceeded:

"McGregor doesn't come into the story or my version of it at all, except that there was a big chase. I'd tell you something about that only my friend on the other side of the stove considers it wornout story material. One thing I must mention, and that is that while the race was going on the clouds were thickening and there was a muttering of thunder. Just before the lovers reached the turn of the road where it goes down into one of the narrowest canyons in Colorado they heard a report behind them and, looking back, saw that a busted tire had sent the pursuing auto off over a level space beside the road. It didn't upset, but Molly knew the race was over; her father couldn't hope to catch her on foot."

"Silsby ceased to light a pipe, and Wilkins, supposing the story to be ended, remarked:

"That's the rottenest yarn I ever listened to—not a new thing in it from beginning to end."

When Silsby had got his pipe lighted he resumed without noticing the comment:

"The lovers in great joy turned down into the canyon. The road is good there, but very winding; consequently an auto can't be driven at anything like full speed without upsetting. But, the race being over, they slowed down to an average of about eight miles an hour. Pretty soon there was a clap of thunder in the distance. Ned looked uneasy.

"Stop her a moment," he said.

"Molly slowed down, and they looked at each other, white as sheets. A distant roar told them they were caught in a narrow canyon four miles long, with a cloudburst behind them."

"Hada'n't I better take the wheel?" gasped Ned.

"No, I'm more used to it than you."

"For about a mile the road made a number of short turns, so it was impossible to make time. And while they were zigzagging the water poured in between the two walls of the canyon—there was only room for the road—was gaining on them very fast. Before they got beyond these turns and came to a scrap of straight road, looking behind, there was a wall of water not a hundred yards away, rolling boulders, logs, branches and mud before it. If they left the auto and tried to climb the cliff on either side they would be caught long before they could get beyond the water's height. Besides, the cliff was pretty near

straight up and down. The only thing to do was to drive the auto for all it was worth. Molly turned on power, and they shot off as fast as they dared go, for the road was not perfectly straight, and the slightest deflection from a straight line in a quick moving auto means an upset.

"They gained something during this first mile, but in the second there were several turns that required them to slow down almost to a stop. After making one of these turns Ned looked back. Molly was about to do so, too, when he put his hands on her head and prevented her. The sight would have taken away her nerve. A mass of water and debris was hurled at the turning point against the side of the canyon, like an ocean wave dashing against a rock, water, stones and splintered tree trunks rebounding in every direction.

"Fortunately these turns delayed the flood as they delayed the fugitives. A quarter of a mile of comparatively straight road lay before them. Molly again put on power, and they spun along at a tolerably fast gait. At the next turn—a broad curve—the wheels on the outside of the auto were lifted from the ground, and for a few moments the pair were suspended between two deaths, the one by being dashed against the cliff, the other by the howling cataract.

"There were still nearly two miles to go without egress from the canyon and destruction not a hundred feet behind them. At times while slowing up for a turn the flood came so near that they were drenched with the spray. Greater and greater were the risks they took in making the curves. Molly kept control of herself and auto, and, though the monster was ever ready to make one last leap to destroy her and her lover, she held the machine down to a point where its equilibrium was not entirely destroyed. First the auto would bound forward after a deflection, then the wall of water and debris would plunge after it. In this way they reached the fourth mile, at the end of which the road left the canyon and rose over a hill. But for the greater part of this distance they must race over a course which, though broader, was beset with many turns.

"Onward they sped, behind them the flood of water, stones and tree trunks making great leaps and gaining slowly at the straiter parts—raring, howling, hurling itself against the right cliff, now against the left, then pushing forward with renewed vigor, while the din was deafening.

"Molly held steady to the wheel, but it is questionable if Ned was not equally heroic in refraining from touching either it or any part of the machinery.

"Starting upon the last half mile of the race, with the flood not fifty feet behind them and a comparatively straight road ahead of them, Molly put on sufficient power to take them on without losing—gaining, rather—till they reached the outlet, where, shooting up the road out of reach of the torrent, Molly collapsed. Ned turned off the power, brought the machine to a standstill and, with the girl in his arms, looked down upon the baffled monster rushing madly on."

Silsby stopped, evidently having reached the end of his story.

"Did they get married?" asked Wilkins.

"Get married!" exclaimed the story teller, his patience evidently having been sorely tried and now exhausted by his critic. "You're the man that has got tired of hearing stories told and wound up in the old fashioned way. Lovers have been chased on foot, on horseback, in buggies and carriages, even on railroad trains, and there are stories of their running away from floods, but whoever heard of their being chased by a flood and in an auto? And yet when I get to the climax you ask if they got married. You bet they got married; but, as I said in the beginning, the wife has never got over that scare."

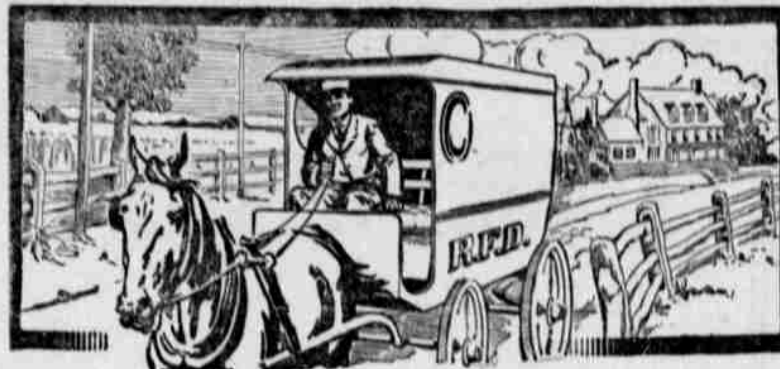
"It's my opinion," remarked one of the listeners, "that the merit of the story consists in giving the lovers an automobile to get away with. I got one of them, and when I'm speeding I find it convenient for leaving the police behind."

ADMINISTRATORS FINAL NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate) of Amanda Doughty, deceased.)

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Amanda S. Doughty, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate with the Hon. County Court of Polk County, Oregon, and the same has been set for hearing on Saturday the 20th day of January 1912 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at which time all persons having objections thereto, if any there be, are hereby notified to appear and present the same to said court in the court room in Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, for adjustment, and upon failure so to do, said administrator will take an order finally and fully closing said estate.

J. M. GRANT, Administrator of the estate of Amanda S. Doughty, deceased. SIBLEY & EAKIN, Atty's for estate.



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