

Final Clean-up on Shoes and Oxfords

We still have some Shoes and Oxfords that we want to get rid of, and we have decided that

PRICE MUST DO IT

Among this lot we can give you Oxfords in Patent Leather, Tan or Black Kid. Pumps in Patent Leather and Tan. All Bargains. These sold originally for \$3.50 and \$3.00 and we offer them now for the unheard of price of

per **\$1.89** pair

We also have a lot of Oxblood Button Oxfords for ladies that we will close out at

98c a pair

Men's Oxfords in Patent Leather and Tan, values up to \$5.00, going now for

\$1.15

Hop-picking time is coming and you can't shoe yourself cheaper than right here.

Sale Starts Saturday, July 20th

For the benefit of our many Grocery Customers we are now handling the MONMOUTH BAKERY BREAD. It's too hot these days to walk up for Bread, so you had better include it with your next Grocery Order. Phone orders promptly filled.

THE LIBERAL

T. M. FRENCH, Prop.

Monmouth,

Oregon

Local and Personal

C. M. Lehman was doing business in town Tuesday.

H. C. Ostein's new residence is getting along toward completion and will soon be ready for occupancy.

Mercury records around town ranged from 90 degrees to over the one hundred mark Wednesday and Thursday.

Bernice Lucas, of Portland, was a visitor to her grandmother, Mrs. F. E. Lucas, and Mrs. W. J. Mulkey, this week.

Miss Lora Craven, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. C. H. Lippfert, arrived home from Los Angeles, Wednesday evening.

Rev. W. A. Wood and his two boys, Clares Powell and Louis Pyles left yesterday for the beach to recreate for a few days.

Negligence in shipping all the parts of the pump to be used in draining the cistern of the south well has delayed J. W. Leask in cementing it.

Ed. Henry was in from the Luckiamute, Wednesday, and relieved the hardware company of one of those Deering binders they carry in stock.

Dave Dove had the misfortune to have his load of wood let down in the street yesterday, the tap of one of the hind wheels of his wagon having worked off. The damage consisted in having to unload his wagon and reload it again.

Contractor John Keating has all the pipe lines laid for the water-system except the iron pipe from Monmouth Avenue to Broad street. Pipe for this line has been shipped and is due to arrive any time. Mr. Keating has his force at work now putting the cover on the reservoir.

The past few days has ripened the wheat crop very rapidly.

Mrs. A. Shore spent Tuesday evening in Independence visiting Mrs. L. Compton, of that place, and her mother, Mrs. J. L. Carter, of Albany.

The Half Fool

By M. QUAD

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One day when Abner Gray appeared in the village of Medina for the first time the first citizen he met sized him up for a half fool. He appeared to be a young man of about twenty-four and was stout and lusty. About all that he had to say was that he was looking for work, and he found it at the livery stable. He was given work at \$19 a month, which the stableman had been paying double that to have done, but he had said to Abner:

"You see, you may run across a buried treasure, and if you do it's all yours."

He worked for the liveryman for two months, and then, having found no treasure, he decided to quit his job. There was a rush to secure his services. He was a good worker, and he could be had at half price. He put in a month at the village tavern, and as the treasure still eluded him he engaged himself to Deacon Spinney.

The deacon had a talk with Abner. He was not going to deceive the man in the least.

"Abner," he said, in his slow and honest way, "I have got ten acres in corn."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to hire you to attend to them."

"Do you think the British buried any gold in that field?" was asked.

"Um! I can't say. Folks are saying that they buried gold somewhere around here. It might have been in my cornfield, and it might not. If you want 40 cents a day and board till that corn is shelled you can go ahead."

"But I must be looking for buried treasure while I work."

"And I'll allow you to do that."

"And if I find a box of gold?"

"It will be all yours—that is, half of it shall be yours."

"But I want it all. Mr. Jones, the

carpenter, wants me to go to work for him. He says a carpenter often finds buried treasure, and he always keeps it all."

"Well, I can afford to be as liberal as Mr. Jones. Go to work, Abner, and make the dirt fly."

The village was still keeping track of the half fool. There was a general grin when it was known that he had gone to work for Deacon Spinney, and he was accosted on all sides with:

"Hoe away, Abner. You'll find that box of gold before snow flies."

"How deep do you suppose they buried the box?" Abner would ask in a whisper.

"About two feet. You see, General Washington was hot on their trail and shooting them in the back, and they wouldn't have time to dig more than two feet."

"And how much gold would there be in the box?"

"At least \$20,000 and maybe double that. The British were mighty mean about some things, but when they buried their gold they heaped up the measure."

"All right. I'll be looking for that box every day."

Abner had been working in that cornfield for ten days and doing two men's work in one when Deacon Spinney found his conscience troubling him. He therefore walked down to the field to say:

"Abner, I think I ought to tell you that I don't believe the British ever buried any gold hereabout. I can't find in history that there were ever any British soldiers as far west as this."

"So you are going back on your word?" asked the hired man.

"Well, n-o-n-o, but I want you to understand that I don't believe there is any treasure here. It's 40 cents a day."

"But I'm to have all the treasure I find?"

"Exactly."

"Then it's all right?"

"But I'd like to have you tell people that I don't believe there is any treasure here."

"I will."

Abner kept his promise. When asked about his wages he would reply:

"It's 40 cents a day and board and lodgings and all the treasure I find."

"There are people yet in Medina who will tell you that on the afternoon of the seventeenth day of corn hoeing Abner Taylor was seen jumping up and down and running about and swinging his arms. Those who saw him from a distance did not go near him, thinking he had been attacked by bumblebees. No inhabitant of the village saw him drop from his window

that night and head for the cornfield on the run nor return four hours later. It was the same next night, and on the morning after Abner said to the deacon:

"I have found the treasure and am going away."

"What, what?" exclaimed the deacon. "You say you have found something?"

"Yes, a box of gold."

"In my cornfield?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Half a bushel or so. I couldn't lift the box."

"And where is it? Abner, I think we must divide up that money between us."

But Abner took to his heels, and Medina saw him no more. They found the empty box, and they almost went as they figured on the amount it had held, but the half fool had fooled the wisest and was far away.

Eying a Lion.

A middle-aged man stopped in front of the lion cage in the menagerie the other day and fixed his gaze upon the eyes of the animal that was lying down near the bars.

For a time the lion remained indifferent. Then he wished his tail, returned the man's stare, separated his jaws and growled.

"I wanted to see if the human eye could cower a wild beast," the man said to the keeper.

"Better take your gun along if you go into the jungle, for your eye wouldn't save you from a hungry lion," said the keeper. "If you see a lion and have no gun pretend you don't see him and your chances of escape are better. The human gaze irritates a wild beast, which knows by instinct that the gazing indicates hostility."—New York Sun.

Powerful.

"Have you any hair tonic?" asked the stranger in the barber's chair.

"Yes, sir," was the reply of the modest tonsorial artist, "but I hope, sir, you will not ask me to apply it on your head. If I did give you an application you would accuse me of extortion, for I should be forced to give you at least three hair cuts and charge you for some before you would be presentable enough to leave the shop, sir."—Chicago News.

AUCTIONEER

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