

# EVERYBODY'S DOIN' (NOTHING)

## But Taking a Vacation.

## And So Are We

# BUT

There's still somebody left to look after your wants.

# THE LIBERAL

T. M. FRENCH, Prop.

Monmouth,

Oregon

### Local and Personal

J. W. Leask went to Suver yesterday to build a fireplace for a resident of that place.

A number of Monmouth people spent Sunday afternoon along the river near Independence.

J. L. Murdock purposes building a four-room house on Knox street, just north of the city hall.

Joe Clark, our efficient typo, left today for a visit to friends in Springfield. He will return Tuesday.

Indications are that the hop-crop yield will be ready for harvesting by the first of September. The yield will be heavy.

C. P. Cornwell is home from Lebanon where he has been doing carpenter work for W. F. Blum, on his ranch near that city.

Miss Lucille Clemens, of Portland, a graduate of the State Normal at this place, is here on a visit to her friend, Miss Lora Craven.

C. H. Newman, accompanied by his father and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Jonsson and children, Velma and Hailey, made an auto trip to Falls City last Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Stine attended the funeral services, yesterday, of Mrs. W. R. Allin, at Independence. The remains were taken to Portland for interment.

Water has been turned into the water-works pipe lines and from indications at present writing, the water pipes will be filled well up to the reservoir by the time this appears.

O. F. Waller and niece, Miss Neta Waller, met so much red tape in the way of their visit to Destruction Island that they gave up going there and visited at Tacoma and Seattle instead.

### The One Thing Forgotten

By OSCAR COX

There was once a widow who had one son, who was all she had in the world to love and to love her. Being a woman she knew her sex well and was afraid that some designing girl would snare her son and get him away from her. One day she sent him to the market to sell some eggs. In order that no girl might see how handsome he was she covered his head with a pumpkin rind. That he might not lay his hands upon a girl she filled them with the eggs, not putting them in a basket, but leaving them loose in his hands.

"There," she said as she saw him walk away. "I don't see how he can get into trouble. If he meets a girl she will laugh at him and go on. If he follows her he cannot touch her with either his hands or his lips. I am well pleased with what I have done."

She followed him with her eyes till he had passed out of sight, then went into the house. The young man went on, and though his mother was right in expecting persons to laugh at him she did not count upon their wondering why he was so equipped. The children booted at him, the men shouted and the women made facetious remarks. He stood the jeers as well as he could and at last struck an unfrequented path where he was free from them.

On a stile that he must pass sat a girl. He could see through the eye holes in the pumpkin that she was comely. As he approached she remained directly in his way and did not move aside for him to pass.

"I am going to market," he said, "to sell these eggs for my mother. Will you be good enough to permit me to go over the stile?"

"First tell me why you wear that strange helmet on your head."

"My mother put it there. Why I do not know, and, being a dutiful son, I did not ask."

"And why do you carry those eggs loose in your hands instead of in a basket?"

"That, too, was my mother's doing, but she did not tell me why."

"I wonder what you look like?"

"Other men, I suppose. But please let me pass or I shall be late to market and miss an opportunity to sell my eggs."

"I prefer that you should sit beside me on the stile. The market is open all day and you need not hurry."

"My mother has always chided me against sitting beside comely maidens. She says they are like the outer waters of a whirlpool; at first a man does not realize that he is being drawn in, and when he does realize it it is too late."

"Oh, your mother said that, did she? How can your mother remember what she was when a maid since she has a son as old as you?"

"Let me go on."

"I have a mind to walk with you a short distance. I am curious to know why your mother so embarrassed you, and by speech with you I may get a clew."

"Do so. Only do not delay me."

She permitted him to cross the stile and walked with him till they reached a wood, but she learned nothing from him as to why he traveled in such an unusual fashion or whether he was handsome or ugly.

"I must return now," she said. "You being a stranger I would not dare go into the wood with you. You might kiss me."

"How could I do that," he asked, "when my mouth is covered?"

"At any rate you might put your arm around my waist."

"Put my arm around your waist with my hands full of eggs? I could not do that."

"You could lay them down in the grass."

"But what would it avail for me to put my arm around your waist when I could not kiss you?"

"You might take off the pumpkin."

"I could not do that. My mother has tied it securely about my neck."

"You might take out your knife and cut the thong."

"I have nothing to cut them with except my knife and that is in my pocket. I could not get it out with out dropping the eggs in my hands, and they would be broken. However, I might set the eggs down gently, then take out my knife and cut away the pumpkin."

"You would not do that. You would force me to hold the eggs for you."

"Why would I force you to hold the eggs?"

"That I might not be able to defend myself from your efforts to kiss me."

"I see," said the young man. "It would not be safe for you to go to the wood with me so we must part."

"How much do you want for your eggs?"

"A shilling."

She took a shilling from her purse, and he placed the eggs in her hands, taking the coin.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed. "Why

### Published by Request

"Are you full of grief, my neighbor, full of grief and woe? Shed your raiment, then, and labor, and your cares will go. Is your bosom torn asunder, that you thus repine? Friends of mine who work like thunder haven't time to whine. Idlers stand about me weeping, men with empty hands; And the happy men are reaping o'er the fertile lands. Life's a thing of cruel rigor for the shiftless knave; Kind for men who work, with vigor, not as galley slaves. Foolish your complaint and wailing, foolish are your tears; Work's the cure for all your ailments, and your grief and fears. Work at anvil or at throttle, saw your pile of wood! Never bought you in a bottle remedy so good! Work on land or on the ocean, go and cut some grass! Never was there pill or potion that was in work's class! Work's the solace for the mortal by life's ills distraught; It will make him sing and chortle, it will hit the spot! Be ye statesman, soldier, bard or tiller of the soil, If you're tired of work, work harder, nothing heals like toil."

—NEW YORK GLOBE.

did I trust you? Your hands are now free, You can relieve yourself of your helmet and kiss me."

He proved the charge by doing that very thing.

When the young man returned to his mother he told her that he had a sweetheart and recounted what had taken place.

"How foolish I have been!" moaned the old woman. "One thing I forgot. 'What was that, mother?' 'Curiosity. She wished to see your face.'"

### Just a Human Being.

Zeke was on trial for stealing Colonel Todd's chickens, and overwhelming testimony had been introduced by the prosecution. Called upon for his defense, Zeke said: "Well, suh, judge, y' see, it disa-way: Ef Colonel Todd wull keep dem coach an' chiny pullets, what has yaller laigs an' fadders down dey laigs, an' he keep dem in dat henhouse, which is smack on de alley, an' de henges jes' droppin' frum de do, an' he done fergit where is de padlock, y' can't blame me—I's jes' a hooman bein'!"—St. Paul Dispatch.

### Her Interpretation.

"And he said he was willing to die for me?"

"Not exactly in those words, but that was the impression he was evidently trying to convey."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was ready to eat your cooking any time you said the word."—Houston Post.

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