

NEWS FROM COUNTY SEAT

Court House Notes.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Andrew J Shipley, of Monmouth, to Luella Huggins, of Falls City.

William H Hill, of Independence, to Lillie Carrett, of Independence.

Louis F Faist, of McCoy, to Ada E Butterick, of McCoy.

REAL ESTATE.

Candace A Robinson to Robert W White et ux. lot 6, block 11, Thorpe's add in Independence, \$200.

Broadmead Land Co to Samuel E Cox, lot 9, block 9, Broadmead, \$200.

L O Ramsdell et ux to M N Osborne, land in Dallas, \$725.

M N Osborne et hd to C R Van Nortwick, land in Dallas, \$1000.

J L Murdock et ux to C P Hembree et ux, 7.67 acres in tp 8 s, r 4 w, also lots in Monmouth, \$3700.

J F McCallom et ux to William S Boyer, 90 acres in tp 6 s, r 6 w, \$10.

W A McLean et al to J T McCallom, 90 acres in tp 6 s, r 6 w, \$10.

K H Sickafoose to Benj. F Butler, 1.48 acres in Monmouth, \$100.

PROBATE.

Estate of John Albers; final account filed and set for hearing November 23, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Department for Girls of State.

O. A. C., CORVALLIS, ORE., Nov. 2—A department for the young girls of the state, to aid them in winning prizes at the industrial and state fairs and to give them useful information generally, is to be inaugurated in the next issue of the Oregon Countryman, the monthly magazine published by the students of agriculture and home economics at the Oregon Agriculture.

The first few numbers will be given to the subject of bread making, and ensuing issues will tell what girls of other states are doing, how to make good cake, how to can fruit that will win prizes, and how to make jellies that will meet the strictest score card requirements.

From time to time, also, discussions of the selection of materials for various garments and other matters regarding sewing will be included. It is one of the objects of the new department to interest young girls in all the operations in their homes. Before many years they will be the home-makers of the state, and they should be interested in their profession.

Kansas Horse Plague Gone.

The horse plague that caused the death of more than 20,000 and an actual loss of more than \$2,000,000 during August and September, has disappeared as mysteriously as it came. J. H. Mercer, state live stock commissioner, has had not a single new case of the disease reported to him since a week ago Saturday. One death was reported to him from Clark county last week, but it was that of a horse taken sick early in the previous week.

"The disease apparently has died out," Mr. Mercer said. "I know of possibly 100 horses that are still sick from the disease but they are recovering and probably will be all right in a short time. I haven't had a new case reported for a week and we are keeping pretty close tab on

the disease in every county that reported it. We are watching for new cases every day.

"There haven't been more than five deaths of horses from the plague in the last ten days. I don't know, and no one else knows, the exact cause of the disease. We haven't found a cure and we do not know how or why it came, or how or why it went away after being in the state two months."—Farmer.

THE SLEEP-WALKERS

By M. QUAD

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The village of Greenberg numbered among its inhabitants one Joseph Taylor and his wife. Time was when Joseph was a hardworking man and he and his wife were respected by all. Then he broke his leg, and the accident made a great change in him. People didn't sympathize with him as he felt they should, and some said he had been very careless, and before the leg was mended he was feeling a martyr. He was also down on the world in general and the people of Greenberg in particular. What completely finished him was the fact that he was dunned for two or three debts he owed.

"Susan, just think of it!" he exclaimed. "I take a job of fixing over Elder Courtwright's barn cheaper than anybody else. I had to use old boards to make a scaffold. I hadn't more'n got up on that scaffold when the darned thing came down with a kerwosh."

"She did, Joe; she did."

"And I broke my leg."

"Broke it like a stick."

"And I suffered for two months, and nobody cared a cent. They went right on and had a camp meeting and a circus some as if I hadn't been hurt."

"That's what they did, Joe."

"And now jest because I can limp about as if they dun me for old debts."

"Pears that way."

"But I have it. They shan't keep me down. I'm going to make a living right here in this town, and I hain't going to work for it either."

A few days after the above conversation Mr. Taylor announced to certain idlers of his acquaintance that he had become a sleepwalker. That broken leg had brought it about. On two different nights he had left his bed and gone prowling about and was so fast asleep that he would hardly credit his wife's statement that he had entered the garden of Elder Bliss and picked and brought home a basket of vegetables. There was the plunder, however, to prove that he had walked.

It was soon known all over the village that Joe Taylor walked in his sleep and that it would be dangerous for anybody to suddenly wake him up. That broken leg had left him with a weak heart, and a rude awakening might finish him. In his nightly wanderings Mrs. Taylor followed him about, but was careful not even to whisper to him. She returned home with him, saw him back to his bed and then let him wake up naturally.

For a time the village was rather proud of its novelty. It could boast of the only somnambulist for fifty miles around. Various people interviewed Joe as to how he felt when asleep, what he thought when he woke up. If he had any perception at all when sloshing around, and the local weekly paper wrote him up to the extent of a column. However, as time passed the novelty of the thing wore off, and, too, the sleepwalker became holder. There wasn't a field or garden or smokehouse he didn't plunder. He entered cellars, and he stripped clotheslines. Sometimes he was seen at his work and sometimes not. His wife was always with him, and when caught red handed it was for her to say:

"Hush, hush! You know how he is. A sudden shock may mean death."

That went for a time, but one night when he was caught with fifty pounds of pork on his shoulder he was arrested and taken to the village lockup. When arraigned before a justice of the peace a point of law came up. A sleepwalker was a person acting unconsciously. He knew not what he did. There was no criminal intent, and therefore there was no crime.

This decision settled matters as far as the law was concerned, but there were certain citizens that believed they had another remedy. No one now believed that Joe Taylor was a sleepwalker. That excuse was played out.

In deciding for Joe the court had decided for others. If it was no crime for him to sleepwalk then it wasn't for any citizen of the village. One evening fourteen men, all sleepwalkers, called at the Taylor house. Their eyes stared. Their lips were tightly drawn. They shook their heads as if their dreams were bad. There was a fifteenth who was wide awake. He

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explained to Joe and his wife that sleepwalking had become catching and that whatever the fourteen somnambulists did they could not be held responsible for.

"But what are they going to do?" was asked.

The question was answered by Joe and his wife being picked up like bags of oats and carried to the mill pond. Not a word from one of the fourteen. Some sighed and moaned in their sleep, but no talking.

"All have weak hearts and must not be awakened too suddenly," whispered the fifteenth.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were lifted up and flung into the water. They were hauled out and flung in again. They were toyed with until they choked and gasped and coughed and strangled and were half drowned. Then the fourteen silently disappeared, and the fifteenth whispered:

"You'll get this every time there is any further sleepwalking. It's a sure cure."

And so it was. Next morning Joe Taylor limped to work, and thence on to the day of his death a brass band might have played in his bedroom without awakening him for a midnight saunter.

B. F. SWOPE,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public.
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