

Local and Personal

Miss Nancy Kimsey, who was injured by a fall which she took in Salem some time ago and which caused her to be detained in the hospital there for a short time, is home now and able to be about by the aid of a crutch.

The City Well.

Work is again progressing on the city well. Sloper Brothers laid off several days during the holidays. Drilling had proceeded to a depth of 266 feet yesterday forenoon and Mr. Sloper expected to reach 270 feet by this morning. The drill has been passing through blue rock for more than 180 feet, but the sand pumpings yesterday showed a tendency toward red rock.

Watch Party Tuesday Night.

Tuesday evening several friends of Miss Gladys Parker gathered at her home to watch 1912 depart and 1913 come in. The evening was very pleasantly spent in playing games and several musical numbers were rendered. The main feature of the evening was a taffy pull. After the new year was ushered in the guests departed for their homes. Those present were: Misses Anna Wood, Florence Hill, Emma Parker, Nellie Peppers and Gladys Parker, Mrs. Lyman Parker and Messrs. Ranie Burkhead, Byron White, Clarence Hesselstine, Joe Clark, Lyman Parker and C. H. Parker.

Monmouth Heights

Dow Hamar was a Dallas visitor one day last week.

D. M. Calbreath was trading in Monmouth Thursday.

Riley Rhoades made a pleasant visit to Oakdale Tuesday.

Jim Riddell made a business trip to Texas and Utah last week.

Roy Johnson spent Christmas with relatives at Toledo, returning home Thursday.

Frank Clarke, of Monmouth, visited with Clay Guthridge and family the past week.

Mrs. V. A. Fishback, of Lewisville, visited with relatives here several days the past week.

M. Pierson, of Oregon City, is spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Silas Clinton, and family.

Richard Osborne visited with his grand-mother, Mrs. Marks, of Rickreall, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Fester and son, Conrad, of Dayton, visited with her cousins, the Fishback children, from Thursday until Sunday.

Eb. Marks and wife, of Rickreall, and Forest Barnes and family, of Corvallis, ate Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Towns.

Visits the Capitol City.

Under direction and advice of Miss Minnette E. Harlan, a very large delegation of Monmouth people came to Salem for the Bispham concert Thursday night. This thriving town is showing a spirit of progress, especially in music. Not only was expressed the keenest appreciation of the high merit of the music, and the privilege of listening to Mr. Bispham's magnificent voice, but an assurance was given that the appearance of Carrie Jacobs-Bond would bring to this city the same number of Monmouth people for the tenth of January.—Salem Journal.

HAIR SWITCHES made from combings. Enquire at this office.

Postoffice Business Increasing.

Postmaster Wolverton handed our reporter a statement of the gross receipts of the Monmouth postoffice for the month of December, which, compared with the receipts of the same month last year, shows a decided increase in business.

Gross receipts, Dec. 1911, \$355.24
" " " 1912, 403.39

Death Takes Three Christmas.

While Christmas is a festival which usually brings joy, yet sometimes mourning comes instead and Polk county was visited three times by the grim reaper.

The first was John Taylor, of Independence, who died Christmas morning from the wound he inflicted upon himself the preceding evening and of which we made mention last week.

William Edward Clark, of Rickreall, a pioneer, after a brief illness died at the age of 78 years.

The other was John P. Morrison, who had walked to the home of his son and died very suddenly. He was past 83 years old.

Subscription Offer.

The HERALD needs New subscriptions, and renewals of old ones, or in other words we need money, and about 200 new and old, paid up subscriptions, will send us along rejoicing and help get the office in better shape to serve our patrons, hence, for a short time or commencing Nov. 29, we will offer a years subscription to the CALIFORNIA COUNTRY JOURNAL with each renewal or new subscription, or to those who prefer it, we will give a handsome plaque with each renewal or new subscription.

The CALIFORNIA COUNTRY JOURNAL is a farm paper, the price being \$1 per year, and we have 50 such offers to make.

The plaques we are offering as premiums are of beautiful design and retail at from 75 cents to \$1.25 and will make handsome presents.

These offers are only for a short time so take advantage of this opportunity and subscribe or renew NOW as the offer is made to get hold of ready cash.

It is cash that lubricates the wheels of industry.

A Fool's Errand

Or an Unexpected
Turn of Affairs

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Hal Marcy watched his cousin from under lowering brows. Dick was standing in the sunny window, his mouth set in grim, obstinate lines.

"Well?" repeated Hal coolly.

"What is it?" growled Dick over his broad shoulder.

"Are you going down to Seardsdale after what I've told you? Why, Alice would only laugh in your face!"

Dick turned sharply. "Oh, no, she wouldn't—she's not that sort! She might feel like laughing, but she would hide it well," he ended bitterly.

"Why strain her courtesy, then?" persisted Hal.

"May I ask whether this is my affair or yours?" Dick Corning was white under his tanned skin.

"It is mine in a measure," was Hal's insolent reply. He leisurely drew out a cigarette case and scratched a match on a gold box. He spoke between puffs of blue smoke that wreathed his dark, thin face: "You—know—when—you—mentioned—you—were—going—down—to Seardsdale today, I asked you (puff) if you were going down to see Alice Wilson—and you snapped out—yes—and I knew why by the look of you—there, there, Dicky, don't get hot. We all catch it sooner or later like measles and whooping cough. I had a good reason for advising you not to go down there. It's a fool's errand for you,

Dicky, my boy."
"You mean that somebody else"—
Dick's voice choked into silence.
"It comes pretty near being that,"
returned Hal somewhat vaguely. Then
rather condescendingly he added, "I
may as well drop you a hint, Dicky,



"ALICE!" HE GASPED.

boy—even though she may not be for you, you may be able to claim relationship with her some day—see?"

Dick Corning's eyes blazed menacingly, and his big hands clinched tightly. His lips writhed into a strange smile that was half a snarl.

"You mean that I may marry Alice's cousin May and thus become her cousin-in-law?" he asked.

Hal Marcy winced. "No, I didn't mean that, and you know it too. I meant that the relationship would be on the other side of the house."

"Oh, you mean that you expect to marry May and we will be related to Alice Wilson in that manner. Shall I congratulate you, old man?" Dick's gray eyes pierced the veneer of good nature that had covered his cousin's attitude.

"Quit your fooling, Dick," snarled Hal, flinging away his cigarette and preparing another. "I can tell you one thing."

"You have told me so many things this morning I am tempted to forego any further infringement on your..."

"If you go down to see Alice Wilson today you'll be making the mistake of your life. You'll be making a fool of yourself. Believe me that I have a good reason for saying this."

Dick picked up his hat, smoothed the creases in the soft brain and settled it on his fair head. "You've hurried into my affairs today in an unpardonable manner. I have simply to say that I am quite willing to bear any mortification that my hurriness actions may bring upon me."

As he closed the door he heard Hal's impatient voice sending after him:

"Fool's errand!"

"I'll do it just the same," gritted Dick through his set teeth, and his keen eyes had a vision then of beautiful Alice Wilson telling him with tearful, pitying eyes that she loved his cousin Hal Marcy and that she would be a cousin to him forever.

"I'll be blanked if she will!" cried Dick as he drove through the crisp, cool air. "If she won't (and I know she won't) have a duffer like me I shall go around the world, and when I find a good place in which to forget her I'll stay there, only I know I'll never find such a place," he ended forlornly.

He was fiercely jealous of Hal Marcy. Hal was several years his senior and of a dominant character.

Dick had fallen desperately in love with Alice Wilson the year before while Hal was in Europe, but Hal had suddenly returned three months ago and, with his customary overbearing manner, had hustled his cousin off the field and immediately laid open siege to Alice's heart. Dick, astounded and quite diffident in the presence of an overpowering love, had allowed himself to be pushed aside until now he found it almost impossible to regain the ground he had lost.

Alice treated him with sweet friendliness that was maddening as well as disheartening. All the sweet, gay intimacy of their friendship was gone. He seemed to be numbered among a host of unimportant admirers who worshiped Alice from afar, while the intrepid Hal Marcy stepped boldly forward and openly admitted that there was an "understanding" between Alice Wilson and himself. To all hints and innuendoes the lovely Alice turned the point of her wit to excellent ef-

fect.

Five weeks had elapsed since Dick had ventured near Seardsdale, where Alice lived. At his elaborately careful remark that he thought he would drive down that way his cousin had been quick to sting him with the remark that if he was going down to see Miss Wilson his errand would be in vain.

But Dick Corning's lips were set in that obstinate curve that few had ever seen and none had understood because there had been so few things in this world that he had had to fight for. Most everything had come to him easily, but now this greatest boon, the love of a good, fair woman, was to be denied him. She was to be Hal's, and Hal was a bouncer.

Dick was going to put the question to her just the same. His attentions to her had been so marked in the past that he felt that he owed it to her to ask the all important question. That she would refuse him he had not the slightest doubt. It would be done gently, but convincingly, with perhaps a hint at some cousinly relationship in the future, after she should be married to Hal. He roused out a time table, and with one hand on the steering wheel of the car, he studied the trains from town and mentally compared the running time with the departure of certain Pacific liners due to sail from San Francisco in six days.

"I'll get down there at 3, drink tea at 4 and, if she is alone, ask her! It will take her about ten minutes to turn me down, including the cousinly advice and all that. Then I can run back to town by 5:30, catch the 7:10 for the west and connect with the Kamakatscha at San Francisco on Saturday. No wedding bells for you, Dicky, my boy!"

His mind attuned to these gloomy reflections and with a drab future carefully outlined, Dick Corning was somewhat taken aback at Alice Wilson's greeting. She was a Dresden china sort of beauty, all pink and white, with soft blue eyes and hair the color of ripe corn silk. She wore some little soft, clinging gown of pale blue with a pink rose tucked in her breast, and all the pretty color faded from her cheeks as her hand was lost in Dick's big, warm grasp.

"Where is Hal?" she asked, as she sat down behind the tea table.

Dick's face clouded slightly. "I suppose he will be down later. I came by myself, on my own errand," he ended gruffly. He accepted a cup of tea and dropped lump after lump of sugar into its pale depths before he realized what he was doing.

"On your own errand?" repeated Alice, fussing among the tea-ups.

"Yes, a fool's errand," returned Dick unhappily.

"If it is a fool's errand, why do you come?" Alice's voice shook slightly and her long lashes were laid against the shell pink of her cheek.

"I had to—a fool and his errand are soon parted," Dick grinned miserably and replaced his untasted tea on the table. He leaned across the slender legged table, mending the fragile china.

"Alice!" he rasped.

"Well?" Her eyes were downcast, and her fingers had ceased to flutter. She was very still and now very much like a sweet, sad little Dresden china shepherdess.

"I've got to say it, and then I'm going on a trip around the world. I love you, dear. I want to marry you. I know you won't have me, but I want to give you the chance to say no," stammered and stumbled unfortunate Dick, saying more than he meant and meaning more than he said.

"Yes?" murmured Alice softly.

"That's all," assured Dick.

"Yes; I'll marry you, Dick, the dearest and best boy in the world, only you did let Hal elbow you out of the way, and it served you right for awhile!" Alice's little hands found Dick's clumsy ones and crept into their warm grasp. One or two fragile cups were crushed under the weight of Dick's arms.

"What?" shouted Dick, unbelieving.

"You asked me to marry you. I will—only if you start on a trip around the world I shall go, too!" whispered Alice in his startled ears.

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At 6 o'clock Dick brought his car before the curbstone, and he ran up the steps of the bachelor apartments, where both he and his cousin had rooms. In the main corridor he ran into Hal, immaculate in evening dress, on his way to keep a dinner engagement.

Hal smiled condescendingly up at his big cousin. "Been well trimmed, Dicky, boy?" he insinuated craftily. "I suppose you've got yours now."

"You bet!" crowed Dick happily. "I've been on a fool's errand and received a fool's reward!"

High School Notes

Alton McClellan, who was chosen school gardener at a recent meeting of the high school student body, has been caring for bulbs of different varieties that have been planted near the school lawn. He has received instructions from Professor Livingston, at Forest Grove, concerning the flowers in the basement and the plants which were recently secured for making beautiful the interior of the building.

A number of the students of the high school went to Dallas Monday night to witness the drill of Company G, O. N. G., and the basketball game between Ashland and Dallas high school, and to attend the high school banquet in the auditorium of the Dallas high school building.

An attempt is being made to secure a number of prominent men to deliver lectures to the high school once a month, and Principal Livingston investigated the matter while in Portland on business.

Preparations have been made for the high school to present a program on the great women of the day. A portrait of Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, was received, and the school has asked for information regarding a story of the life work of Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, of Portland.

The committee from the high school on current events will hereafter clip the most important news of each week and place it on a special bulletin board secured for that purpose.

To the women of Monmouth who have given flowers, plants, bulbs, etc., to the high school since its opening in September, the school is exceedingly grateful.

In a short time the high school expects to have a large reading table with all the best magazines and newspapers placed upon it, in order that the students may receive the benefit of the best stories, and be well informed upon the latest happenings.

Professor Livingston, in a recent talk to the students, stated that he hopes soon to find a convenient time to call a meeting of the people of this district, and set before them reasons why it is worth \$10 a day to a student attending high school who applies himself to the studies and takes an interest in the affairs of the school.

School will start Monday, January 6.

Public Notice.

Having leased the City Meat Market, I will say to the citizens of Monmouth that I have come among you to do business and be one of your number.

I will conduct the business on the same lines taken by my predecessor, and will do my best to merit your continued support.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN GRIMES.

Mrs. Anna Boatman Dead.

Mrs. L. D. Mulkey received a letter from a sister of M. K. Boatman, from Southern California, a few days ago, bringing the intelligence that Mrs. Anna Boatman died there December 28th, having been sick only a short time.

Mrs. Boatman, formerly Mrs. Anna Mulkey, was married to Mr. Boatman, at Portland, a few weeks ago.

Zook the Painter, will hang your paper for you.

Again at your Grocers'

WHITE RIVER FLOUR

BETTER THAN EVER
Makes Whiter Lighter Bread.