

## Local and Personal

Mr. H. C. Moran, an old time resident of this place, but now of Brownsville, visited his sisters, Mrs. Mary Stine and Mrs. Ella Thorp, and his brother, J. H. Moran, Monday returning home Wednesday.

Guy Deming, of Seattle, Washington, arrived here the latter part of last week on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Mary Stine, and other relatives. He was accompanied by his nephew, John Deming, of St. Helens, Oregon.

Miss Cora Rossitter, who formerly taught in the school here, will close her school at Dallas this week and after a short visit with Monmouth friends will leave for her home at Manley, Iowa. Miss Rossitter will teach in Dallas the coming year.

Polk county got very badly defeated in the field meet at McMinnville last Saturday. Newberg attached the base-honors to its girdle, and otherwise this county was worsted, perhaps, mostly by the failure of those chosen having failed to enter and compete.

About a dozen of the Monmouth boys went to Airlie last Wednesday to play baseball with the Airlie team. The Airlie boys did them up by a score of 7 to 4. However, the Airlie ladies passed the cake around after the game was over and the boys did full justice to the lunch.

## THE WITCH OF DAHLGREN

A Witch In Fancy, but Not In Fact

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three traveling men drew closer around the hot stove in the parlor of the little hotel at Dahlgren, Pa. Benton, the cigar salesman, was continuing a conversation that had begun at the supper table a short while before.

"Gentlemen," he said impressively, "I know it sounds mighty fishy, but I actually did see what they call 'The Witch of Dahlgren.'"

"When?" asked Cooper, the clothing drummer.

"On my last trip to this forlorn hole," was Benton's caustic reply.

"And that was?"

"Last April. It's a short story. Want to hear about it?"

"Yes, go ahead," urged the third member of the group, Joel Gifford, who represented a great wholesale grocery house. He was a tall, good looking, quiet sort of man, well liked everywhere. There had been a tragedy in his life which many had guessed at, but few knew the real facts in the case.

Benton passed the cigars around and lighted one for himself.

"Now, gentlemen," he began, "please understand that I shall not feel in the least offended if you do not believe what I am about to tell you, but it really happened to me in this town. Last April I arrived here in the regular course of my travels and put up at this same hotel. I was the only guest that night, and after supper I got to talking with our host, whom you may have sized up to be just what he is—a narrow minded country bumpkin."

"You're right," agreed Cooper promptly.

Joel Gifford smiled and shook his head. "I can't express an opinion, Benton, because I haven't seen the chap. This is the first time I've covered this territory."

"You haven't missed much in not making his acquaintance," growled Benton, continuing his narrative. "As I said, I fell into conversation with Linden and asked him a question that had been on the tip of my tongue for several hours—in fact, ever since I had heard a woman threatening her children with the wrath of the old witch on the crossroads. You certainly haven't got a witch in this commonplace town?" I asked him jokingly.

"For a moment he was silent, and then he stroked his long black beard and muttered: 'We certainly have, Mr. Benton. The crossroads is a good place to keep away from.'"

"Why?" I demanded.

"Because there is an old woman there who can work a charm or cast an evil spell over anybody. Man, I know it!" And the old fellow got quite excited.

"You're joking, Bill Linden," I laughed.

"He scowled like the villain that he must be from his looks. 'Mr. Benton, when I tell you that that woman has ruined my life you'll understand that I know what I'm talking about. She ought to have been hanged years ago—that's the way they did with the witches in the olden days. If I had my way she'd hang high now!' And he fell to muttering to himself and cursing.

"Guess I'll go and have a look at her," I said half jokingly.

"You better not," I was warned. "She keeps a gun and winged Mason Smith when he got drunk one day and attacked her house. Just opened her window and took aim, and Mason went around with his arm in a sling for three months after that."

"Is she an old woman?" I asked.

"Must be," was the reply. "Hair as white as snow."

"Where did she come from?" I inquired.

"Nobody knows. Suddenly appeared in that little deserted house on the crossroads about five years ago. Never comes out in daytime, but I've seen her face at the window, and some say that she rides at night on a snow white horse. I don't know whether to believe that or not."

"You might as well believe the whole thing while you're about it, my friend," I grinned at him, and I immediately went down to the crossroads and took a stroll along the lonely way that cut through dense woods. Why, they must be back of this hotel!"

Benton paused to reight his cigar and to marvel for a moment on the idea that had just taken possession of him. Then he resumed: "About a mile down the road I saw a lonely little house—more of a cabin than a house—set back in the woods and overgrown to the very door with underbrush. Smoke curled from the chimney, and I was staring at the windows when all at once a face appeared at one of them. I could not see whether she was young or old, but the face was white as a sheet and on either side of it hung two heavy braids of snow white hair. The great dark eyes were turned toward me, and two arms were lifted either in supplication or malediction.

"For an instant I was rooted to the spot, and then I rubbed my eyes in wonderment, for suddenly she jerked backward, almost as if some one was behind her compelling her away from the window. She disappeared from view, and I walked on, quite convinced

that the apparition I had seen was that of some crazed person. Nevertheless there was an air of mystery about the whole matter, and the village gossip concerning the so-called witch determined me to stroll around there late in the evening. I did so near midnight and was rewarded by a strange sight.

"Just as I paused in front of the little house, which I could locate only by a glint of light from one curtained window, I heard the tramping of horses' hoofs and there broke from the tangled growth in front of the house a dim white shape that I knew to be a horse and a suggestion of dim white above that I was convinced must be the face and hair of the witch of Dahlgren. Beside her rode a black bulk that must have been another rider on a black horse, and for the instant I thought the witch must be riding with her master, the devil himself.

"I had to fall back in the bushes to save myself from being trampled upon, so furious was their dash into the road. They turned away from the village toward the open country and disappeared. Gentlemen, I was curious enough to remain there until their return an hour later, when a pale moon peeped from the drifting clouds.

"They were riding slowly now, and the woman was pleading with the other rider, a man. I could see her wringing her white hands, and her voice, a low, sweet contralto, did not sound like that of a deranged person. Her accents were cultivated, but the man spoke roughly in reply, and I heard her break into sobs as he hustled her toward the house and they disappeared beyond it. Later I heard the crashing of branches as if the horses were being led off through the woods back of the hut, and, now that I think of it, it must have been in the direction of this hotel."

Benton frowned as he opened the stove door and tossed in the end of his cigar. "I've often felt that I'd like to investigate the matter. You see, I had to leave early the next morning, and this is the first time I've struck this town since then, but my first question when I met a man I knew was, 'Is your witch still here?' And he said she was. There's a mystery in the matter, because"—Benton paused and stared thoughtfully at the toe of his polished boot.

"Because"—suggested Cooper impatiently.

"Because the voice of the black rider that night sounded mighty like the voice of mine host here, Bill Lin-

## George W. Guthrie Is First Aid To Bryan on His Ship of State



GEORGE WILKINS GUTHRIE, newly appointed first assistant secretary of state, is Colonel Bryan's right hand man in the state department. Events have already occurred to make the colonel's right hand man a busy member of his official body. There was the Japanese problem launched into the arena of public discussion by the threatened anti-alien law action of California. The Mexican situation, like Banquo's ghost, would not down. Again the English protest over the Panama canal tolls question remained to be met. But Mr Guthrie is well equipped to aid Secretary Bryan in surmounting these difficulties. He has practiced law in Pittsburgh since 1869. He was mayor of that city from 1906 to 1908.

den." returned Benton in a low tone. Joel Gifford aroused himself from the half lounging position he had assumed when Benton began his narrative, and, although he had been a close listener to the story, his own thoughts must have made a sad running accompaniment to the tale, for his eyes were full of troubled reminiscence.

He lifted his eyes to the mantelpiece, where an old fashioned mirror hung in such a position that it reflected the door into the hall. Joel Gifford saw a picture framed in that doorway, and he half rose from his chair and pointed with a shaking finger at the face he saw in the glass.

It was the face of a tall, black bearded man, with a narrow head and little black eyes gleaming wickedly beneath bushy brows. He was staring at Joel Gifford as if fascinated by the younger man's face. There was ferocity in his gaze, as well as surprise and fear.

"Who is that man?" cried Joel Gifford excitedly as he whirled around toward the doorway.

"It's Bill Linden, our landlord," cried Benton. And then he pulled Gifford violently aside, for there was the deafening report of a pistol, and the bullet that had been intended for Gifford found another mark and shattered the mirror. There was another report, and the landlord of the Dahlgren hotel dropped dead upon the floor, killed by his own wicked hand.

Gifford reached him first and turned him over and looked closely at the dead man's face. "He is dead," he said briefly, and then, rising, he continued to the little crowd of people that had gathered at the sound of the pistol shots: "Gentlemen, this man is not Bill Linden. That must be an assumed name, for he has been well known to the world as Chasfield Chapman, a well known banker who disappeared five years ago and who was supposed to be dead. At the same time he disappeared my young wife, who was his only daughter, also disappeared from my house, and from a note that reached me a few days later I could only judge that both of them were dead. The note was signed by my father-in-law, and he said that as he had failed in business he would end all and that he would take Gertrude with him. My search for them both has covered five years, and it must end tonight, for I believe I have found the solution to the mystery.

"Chasfield Chapman was passionately fond of his only child and always

hated me because I loved and married her. It is my belief that he lured her away and has kept her prisoner in this hut in the woods back here, allowing her to ride forth only at night for air and exercise. Gentlemen, the witch of Dahlgren is my wife!"

Accompanied by a crowd of interested villagers, the three traveling men hastened to the house in the woods and broke open its barred door. There, facing them with beautiful white face frozen into fear and her grief whitened locks hanging in heavy braids over her shoulders, was Gertrude Gifford, Joel's lost bride.

At her scream of joyful recognition as her husband took her in his arms once more the people backed out of the house and left the reunited couple alone with their happiness.

Thus passed the witch of Dahlgren.

Papyrus.

The papyrus used by the ancient Egyptians was made from the stems of a peculiar water reed growing in all parts of Egypt. The outside layer of the plant was removed, and beneath this there were found a number of layers of a delicate, pithy membrane. These, being separated, were placed in layers. A second layer was laid at right angles to and above the first and sometimes a third over the second. Heavy pressure was then applied, and the layers were firmly cemented into a fair article of paper. No gum other than what was contained in the plant itself was used in the process. The papyrus was very much stronger than the average paper made by the modern machines. The sheets were commonly made from six to twelve inches square.

Withered.

Caller—You call this garden scene "June," but the leaves are all on the ground instead of on the trees.

D'Auber—They were on the trees, but the picture got such a withering criticism from the committee that they curled up and fell off.—London Tit-Bits.

Crust.

"Did you see the diamond engagement ring George gave me?"

"Did I see it? I'm the first girl that wore it."—Houston Post.

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## Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

W. A. GURFFROY, Pastor.

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock

Evening service at 7:30 o'clock

Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.

Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

J. M. ORRICK, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11:00 a. m.

Evening Service at 7:30 p. m.

Sunday School 10:00 a. m.

Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

G. A. POLLARD, PASTOR

Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.

Morning worship, 11:00 a. m.

Evening worship, 8:00 p. m.

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the terms of the last Will & Testament of Roena E. Meeker, deceased, the undersigned executor of the estate of Roena E. Meeker, deceased, will from and after the 20th day of June, 1913, proceed to sell the following real estate, to-wit: Lot No. 1 in Block No. 5 in the city of Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, belonging to said estate, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, in accordance with the terms of said will and in the manner prescribed by law, subject to confirmation by said County Court.

Bids may be made to the undersigned at his residence at Monmouth, Oregon, or sent by mail.

Dated this 22nd day of May, 1913.

W. M. MEEKER,

Executor of the estate of Roena E. Meeker, deceased.

Attorney.

B. F. SWOPE,

Attorney.

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Business Directory

A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive sketch of each place, location, population, telegraph, shipping and banking points; also Classified Directory, compiled by business and profession.

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