

### Cut His Foot

A note from John Bogynska conveyed the intelligence that while at work with a party of railroad surveyors establishing a new line from Doty to Raymond, Wash., some three weeks ago, he cut his foot severely and that he is now in the general hospital at Raymond, infection having started in about two weeks after receiving the injury. He was still waiting for his foot to heal.

### No Services at Christian Church

There will be no services at the Christian church until the auditorium can be used again. It is expected to be useable by the 10th of August. In the meantime every one is urged to attend other services in Monmouth.

J. M. ORRICK.

### Celebrates Birthday.

On Monday, July 14th., Mrs. W. H. Mack entertained from 4 to 6 p. m., at her spacious home on Jackson street, in honor of her birthday. Those present were the members of her household and a few intimate friends. Reminiscences of Mrs. Mack's earlier life, and music caused the time to pass all too quickly.

Delightful refreshments were served and at the close of the afternoon the guests formed a group on the lawn to have a picture taken as a memento of the occasion, after which the guests departed leaving Mrs. Mack gifts as a token of her 49th birthday.

### A Ton of Honey

ALBANY, OR., July 16.—Rufus Thompson, of this city, while not devoting all his time to bees, states he will gather at least a ton of honey from his 66 stands. His product finds a ready sale in the local market.

### Knife-Sharpening Industry Prosperous

The value of oilstones, including hones, whetstones, and scythe-stones, produced in the United States in 1912, according to figures compiled by the United States Geological Survey, amounted to \$232,218, an increase of \$17,227, compared with the value for 1911. The United States produced no corundum in 1912 and has produced none since 1906.

## MY BROTHER'S SUBSTITUTE

A Secret Known to Two  
Men, but Not to Their  
Wives

By F. A. MITCHEL

Jim and I are twins. We don't look as much alike as we did when we were young, because Jim's hair has grown much grayer than mine and I've a scar on my left cheek. But up to thirty the members of our own family sometimes had trouble telling us apart.

There was a breakdown in the family when Jim and I were eighteen years old. Father died without leaving anything, and Jim and I had to hustle. I found a situation in one concern and Jim in another. Later I was sent away to establish a branch of the business in another city, while Jim remained where he was. I hadn't seen him for two years when I heard that he was ill and in a hospital. The news was too much for my ability to remain away from him longer, so I fixed things up in my business for an absence, took a train and on arrival went from the station direct to the hospital.

Jim had a private room, and I was shown to it by an attendant. I found him in bed, but instead of showing effects of an illness I couldn't see but that he looked as well as ever. He

was mighty glad to see me, as I was to see him. I asked him to tell me about himself and how it was that he appeared so well and yet confined to his bed. He gave me one of those frightened looks intended to impose silence. Then, pulling me down toward him, he whispered in my ear:

"I want to get out of this. Your coming is a god-send. Get off your clothes in a hurry and tumble into bed. I'm going to put them on and make my way out. Nobody will know the difference between you and me."

He looked so anxious and eager that I immediately began to hustle off my clothes, and as fast as I got out of them Jim got into them. As soon as I was in bed and Jim was dressed I said, "Now tell me about it."

But Jim gave me another frightened look, as much as to say that he couldn't think of doing so, and was about to go when I clutched his coat-tail and said:

"For heaven's sake, don't leave me this way! Tell me how long I'm to stay here anyway."

"I don't dare take the time. If my nurse should find us both here it would prevent my getting out in your place. She's liable to come in any minute."

"Well, one thing you must do attend to my business for me—that is, if I'm to be kept here any length of time."

"All right; I'll do it," he said. And before I could get another word out of him he was gone.

He needn't have been in such a hurry, as it turned out, for his nurse didn't come in for half an hour. At the end of that time the door opened, and a very pretty specimen of femininity entered. She was dressed in a nurse's uniform of spotless white. This was very becoming to her complexion, which had a lot of red in it. Then, too, her eyes and hair were dark, and the contrast with her dress and cap was charming.

She came up to my bed, looked down upon me sympathetically—lovingly, it seemed to me—placed her hand on my forehead—a warm, soft one—and said:

"I really must report that you are ready to be discharged. The house surgeon will find this out pretty soon, and I'll get myself into trouble."

Here was a pretty go. Jim had departed without giving me the slightest hint what part to play. The only thing I could do was to be uncommittal and learn as much of the situation as I could. It looked as though Jim had been making love to his nurse, had recovered and, in order to remain in the light of her presence, had lingered in the hospital longer than was necessary. But how to reconcile this with his desire to escape without her knowing he had gone I hadn't even an inkling. The safest thing I could think of to say was:

"Do you really think so?"

"I certainly do. Indeed, I see no reason for continuing this discussion any longer, though it has been a delightful experience. You know that I love you and I have perfect confidence in the love you have both shown and have expressed for me. We can meet as often as my duties will permit until we can be married."

This was the principal part of it, and if it hadn't been for Jim's desire to substitute me for himself would have been all I cared to know. Though I was puzzled, my role was much easier to play than before. I concluded to angle for time.

I based my first definite remark on the probability that my inferences were correct—namely, that Jim had had an affair of the heart with his nurse and prolonged his stay beyond his recovery. Besides this, the situation was pleasing to me, and I didn't mind acting on the same idea.

"The period I have passed here in your care," I said, "has been the happiest in my life. I simply can't bear to end it."

"It must end some time."

"Give me another day. Tomorrow I will try to make up my mind to leave you."

A pained expression at the prospective parting passed over her face. She bent down and, placing her pink lips on mine, gave me a delicious kiss. It seemed that all the joys in the world were concentrated in those few moments. Then, saying that she would go and bring my noon meal, she left me.

Never in my life have I been placed in such a quandary. My own dear twin brother had left me to personate himself with a woman he loved and who loved him. I didn't know whether I was acting both dishonorably and unbrotherly to him or not. He had not confided the truth to me. He had expected that the girl would mistake me for him, but had the position in which this mistake would place her and me occurred to him? Probably not. He was in such a hurry that it was likely he hadn't thought of this. I was terrified at receiving caresses that were intended for him. It was as dishonorable to the girl as to Jim. What was I to do?

The thing I did—the next thing—was to eat the dinner she brought me, all the while the lovelight in her eyes beaming down upon me. After I had finished and she had removed the tray she told me that she had reported me to be so much better that she had more time to devote to other patients, but

she would come in to see me between her attentions to them. During one of her absences I thought the matter over and came to the following conclusion: I must go on playing Jim's part, whatever it was, for I could not do otherwise without giving him away, and how serious this would be to him I did not know. I had been placed in a position for which I was in no way responsible. My conscience was clear, and I didn't see how it could be clouded. I would act the part of a responsive lover.

I managed to put off my departure as a discharged patient for two weeks. How I succeeded in doing it I don't know, unless it was by the connivance of the girl who dreaded to part with me as much as I dreaded to part with her. At the end of these two weeks I am ashamed to confess that I was ready to fight to the death my own flesh and blood, my own twin brother, for the love of the girl in whose affections I had taken his place. I excused myself by encouraging a suspicion in my mind that he had treated her shamefully and that I was justified in securing her for myself. At any rate, I would never give her up to him or any one else.

But what next? When this query popped into my head I was seized with a sudden desire to get out of the hospital, find Jim and hear from him an explanation. Then, whatever it was, I would tell him that, having placed me in a position to make love to his girl, he should not complain that I had won her from him. Had I won her from him? Did she love him or me, or both of us?

Feeling that if I lay thinking upon this brain and heart racking problem I should go mad, I threw off the covers and jumped out of bed. I was in Jim's clothes in a twinkling and when my nurse entered again I was ready for my departure.

She stood looking at me, surprised. I folded her in my arms, showered kisses on her face—particularly her lips—then dashed away without a word of explanation as to my sudden departure.

In an hour I was with Jim.

"Why did you put me in this position and why have I heard nothing from you since?" I asked impatiently.

"Does she love me still—I mean you?"

"She loves me—me, I say—not you at all."

"Thank God."

"What do you mean?"

"Subside, Bob, and I'll tell you all about it. I dared not write you—I mean myself—for fear of giving away the whole situation. I went to the hospital engaged to be married. I hadn't had time to inform you of my engagement before I was taken ill. Immediately after our betrothal my fiancée sailed on a European trip. The hospital girl took a fancy to me at once and showered such attentions on me that I couldn't help reciprocating. I very weakly suffered myself to be drawn into an affair of the heart. I assure you I didn't realize how deeply involved I had become before I committed betrothal bigamy."

"In your appearance I saw a loophole. I took advantage of it, and from what you tell me all has turned out fortunately."

"Jim, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—to win a girl's affections and then run away from her."

"To have my own brother dishonorably take her away from me. It seems to me that's the pot calling the kettle black."

"Call it squared," I said, seizing Jim's hand.

I was happy in knowing that I could claim our girl, but I was puzzled to know whether I should do so as Jim or myself. He and I talked the matter over and decided that after becoming formally engaged I should introduce Jim to my fiancée as my twin brother whom she had never met. This plan worked admirably. After the introduction I twitted my betrothed, saying:

"I presume, sweetheart, that since Jim and I are twins you would as lief marry one of us as the other."

"H'm!" she replied deprecatingly. "I would know you apart in the dark."

I dare say this is the only case where in two brothers who had occasion to quarrel over the same girl blessed each other instead. But the secret is between Jim and me. Neither of our wives has an inkling of it. Should Jim tell his wife how nearly he came being carried away by propinquity during a period of physical weakness there would be trouble at home. If I were to tell my wife of the trick by which one lover was substituted for another she would be furious.

### Conture and His Dainty Pupil.

An old pupil of Conture told how the master came into his school-room one day when the model was in exceptionally good condition, the light especially fine and the circumstances of the seance altogether auspicious. As he entered one of the students got up and went to the tub of water in the corner, leaving all the rest buried in their work. "What are you going to do?" asked Conture roughly. The student showed his hands, which had some

## For a Seashore Outing

GO TO

# NEWPORT YAQUINA BAY

No outing is complete unless you visit this old reliable seaside resort which offers to the summer visitor a charm of environment not found elsewhere. Delightful points of interest in the neighborhood, deep-sea fishing, surf bathing, boating, hot sea bathing in the new Natatorium. Cottages, room houses and tents at reasonable rates. Ample hotel accommodations, abundance of sea-food, oysters, clams, crabs—milk and vegetables, absence of formality and a home-like welcome for all.

## Double Daily Train Service

Leave Albany Daily 7:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Ex. Sun.  
Arrive Newport " 12:40 p. m. " 6:30 p. m. Ex. Sun.

### LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

Season, Week-end and Sunday.

## Excursion Fares East

Tickets on sale daily until September 30th from all main and branch line points to Eastern destinations one way through California or via Portland. Return limit October 31st.



For illustrated booklet on Newport, or copy of "Vacation Days in Oregon," call on nearest Agent.

JOHN M. SCOTT,  
General Passenger Agent,  
Portland, Oregon.

## Statement of the First National Bank

of Monmouth, County of Polk, State of Oregon.

Showing the amount standing to the credit of every depositor, July 1st, 1913, who has not made a deposit, or who has not withdrawn any part of his deposit, principal or interest, for a period of more than seven (7) years immediately prior to said date, with the name, last known place of residence or postoffice address of such depositor, and the fact of his death, if known.

Name of Depositor	Residence or Postoffice Address	Dead, If Fact is Known to Secretary or Cashier	Am't.
George Rogers	Portland, Oregon	Deceased	\$10.25

STATE OF OREGON,  
County of Polk, ss

I, Ira C. Powell, being first duly sworn, depose and say upon oath, that I am the cashier of the First National Bank of Monmouth, County of Polk, State of Oregon; that the foregoing statement is a full, true, correct and complete statement, showing the name, last known residence or postoffice address, fact of death, if known, and the amount to the credit of each depositor as required by the provisions of chapter 148, of the General Laws of Oregon, 1907.

IRA C. POWELL,

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of July, A. D., 1913.  
WALTER G. BROWN, Notary Public for Oregon.

### Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

W. A. GUEFFROY, 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 8:00 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.  
Prayermeeting Wednesday, 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.

paint on them, and replied that he was going to wash them. Conture dabbed his thumb in some paint on the palette of the nearest student and made a smear on the dainty pupil's forehead. "You'd better wash your face, too," he said. The face washing was the last act of the students when they had finished their work for the day. The dainty pupil took the hint to heart, apologized and sat down at his easel without visiting the tub. If he had not done so he would never have entered the school again.

Abstracts promptly made by Brown & Sibley, attorneys and abstracters.

### Mail Departures and Arrivals

#### Mail Arrives as Follows:

7:15 A. M., From Portland, Newberg and Corvallis train.  
9:05 A. M., From Airlie train  
11:15 A. M., From Portland and Corvallis train.  
11:15 A. M., From Independence  
1:25 P. M., From Dallas  
2:40 P. M., From Portland and Corvallis train.  
2:40 P. M., From Independence  
5:35 P. M., From Airlie  
7:30 P. M., From Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.  
7:30 P. M., From Independence

#### Mail Dispatched as Follows:

7:15 A. M., To Airlie  
8:55 A. M., Portland and Corvallis train.  
8:55 A. M., To Independence  
11:15 A. M., To Dallas  
1:25 P. M., To Portland and Corvallis train.  
1:25 P. M., To Independence  
4:30 P. M., To Airlie  
5:35 P. M., To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.  
7:15 P. M., To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.  
7:15 P. M., To Independence

### B. F. SWOPE,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

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Residence, No. 3712.  
Office in Cooper building.

Independence, Oregon

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