

Local and Personal

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

Quite a number of young people from here attended the picture show in Independence last Saturday night.

Miss Leona Jackson is expected home soon from Corvallis where she has spent several weeks attending summer school.

F. C. Davidson, the photographer, wife and little daughter visited friends near Airlie Saturday, returning home Monday morning.

Mrs. R. W. Sickafosse and small daughter, from Oklahoma, are here visiting her father-in-law, Mr. K. H. Sickafosse, and other relatives. Mr. Sickafosse will come later.

E. E. Hewitt, wife and daughter, of the Luckiamute, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Hewitt, of this city. E. E. was doing business in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Newman autoed to Portland Friday of last week to visit their daughter, Mrs. V. Dell Butler, and family, returning home Sunday. Miss Mable Fern Johnson accompanied them.

Mr. Catron, of Portland, was the guest of his mother, Mrs. A. A. Catron, of this place, Saturday and Sunday having come up to visit his mother and his two little girls who are spending a few weeks with her.

Women Killed By Lightning

GRANTS PASS, OR., July 23—Mrs. August Kausek, wife of the manager of the Ohio-Oregon Land & Power Company, and Mrs. G. H. Eddy, wife of another officer of the same company, were killed by lightning during an electrical storm at Leland, in the northern part of this county, Monday afternoon. They had washed that day and were taking the clothes down from a wire clothesline which was fastened to trees in a triangular shape, when the lightning struck one of the trees and, running along the line, killed both women instantly. A number of people were in the house nearby at the time and one young woman was thrown to the floor by the shock. The Kausek and Eddy families were newcomers to that section, and the bodies were brought to this city yesterday afternoon and prepared for shipment to the old home in Ohio. Both women were 23 years old.

Coming Polk County Fair

Urging action on the part of those who intend to exhibit grains or grasses at the coming Polk county fair, Secretary W. V. Fuller, of the Polk County Fair board has issued a letter giving suggestions as how best to gather the exhibits to preserve them until the exhibitions open. He declares that the time to attend to this matter is right now and it is hoped that intending exhibitors profit by the advice in order that Polk county may make the best possible showing.

LETTER OF SUGGESTION

The letter issued by Mr. Fuller follows:

The Polk County Fair board wish at this time to call the attention of all who wish to exhibit at the county and state fair, to the necessity of at once attending to the matter of gathering grains and grasses. It will soon be too late to get the best results along this line. Mentioning some of the things that should be

looked after at this time, the exhibit should show the forage plants and the grains which are valuable. We may have a lot of stuff growing that has no particular value, and it is advisable to leave such things out.

ARRANGEMENT OF SAMPLES

We should now be gathering the grasses, and have at least two samples of each kind. The samples should be placed in bunches of not less than six inches at the butt. In making these, they should at first be tied up in smaller bunches, and hung with the tops down in a dark room that is dry and cool and where there is no danger of being bothered by rats or mice. This cures the grasses in such a manner that they will stay green. Hang these bunches when curing on the wall or ceiling. In selecting specimens for exhibit, get as long stems or straws as possible.

The grains in most instances are not quite ready to gather, but these should also be gathered in bundles of not less than six inches at the butt. Have the heads evenly arranged. The leaves of the grains should be stripped from the stock. Give attention to nice bright straw and of good length. We urge upon the farmers the necessity of giving these matters their immediate attention.

Cats and Coons

By M. QUAD

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"That's a heap o' difference between wildcats and coons," said the old mountaineer, "and I found it out one time in a way that was powerful unpleasant."

"Some o' us are sot in our ways and some o' us ain't. I used to be one o' the sot kind. If I said anything, no matter if I knowed I was wrong, I'd stick to it to the last. Such a critter comes mighty high bein' a plumb fool, but no one could have made me believe it years ago."

"One Sunday, years ago, the old woman wanted me to go to the preachin' with her. It was a nice fall day, and I wanted to loaf around and see if the coons was comin' down from the mountains."

"She was huffy when she got back, and not a word was said at the supper table. After she'd cleared things away she got down the Bible and said:

"Zeb, White, the preacher, was preachin' to us today about Dan'l in the lions' den, and I want to ax you some questions."

"Ax away," I said.

"Was them reg'lar lions, with teeth and claws?"

"Can't say?"

"Do you know why the lions didn't eat Dan'l?"

"Nope."

"And you don't keer, do you?"

"Not a whop."

"Wall, you keep right on bein' mean and see how you'll come out. A man may be sot ag'in his wife and not suffer too much, but when he's sot ag'in the Bible that's a different thing. I wish you'd find the place about Joner and the whale and read it to me."

"I hain't pinin' to read this evenin'," says I.

"But you believe that the whale swallowed him, don't you?"

"I hain't sayin' as I do or don't. What I'm thinkin' of is whether them coons will come down in my co'nfield tonight."

"And a Sunday night, too?" she gasps. "Zeb, that's suably a rod of punishment laid up for you. You was sot ag'in Dan'l, and now you are sot ag'in Joner, and don't you be thinkin' you'll see the end of it without trouble. Will you read me about the children who was devoured by the b'ars?"

"Not jest now. I'm waitin' to hear the old dawg bark to show that the coons have arrove."

"But how many children do you think ther was?"

"I hain't countin'."

"bark and rush around, and I took down my gun and went out. I heard a great rustlin' and spittin' and scatterin', and I reckoned that mo' than a hundred coons was movin' down on the co'n."

"I called to the dawg to sick 'em, but he dropped his tail and sneaked into the house. 'Peared like a funny thing for him to do, but I went down among the co'n without him. I had skeeddy got thar when I heard sunthin' movin' about and fired at it."

"That was one of the blunders of my life. The powder smoke was still hangin' in the air when half a dozen wildcats began to climb all over me."

"The only thing I could do was to start for the house, and as I staggered along I kept up a yellin'."

"I was clawed and bit and scratched from head to heel, and I hadn't 'nuff clothes on me to cover a silver dollar. I was jest that scared and done up that I fainted away and fell in a heap, and when I cum to I was on the bed and the old woman was dressin' my hurts."

"She had to begin at my scalp and work down to my heels, and it took her all the rest of the night. I felt bad 'nuff, I kin tell you, but she made me feel a heap wuss. She didn't say a single word to me fur hours, but when she had about finished me up she started off with:

"Zeb, do you reckon them was reg'lar lions in the cage with Dan'l?"

"With all my heart, I do," I says.

"And them children of Israel and the Red Sea?"

"I believe every last word of it, Linda."

"And is the dawg to be whopped for not makin' as big a fule of himself as you did?"

"Not a whop. I reckoned on whoppin' him for not mixin' in, but I'll let it go this time. Anything mo'?"

"Nuthin' mo', Zeb," she says as she cumms over and kisses me. "cept that you hadn't better git too frisky ag'in an' think you are a bigger man than Providence."

"Linda," says I, "I suah thought them was coons."

"Of co'se you did—of co'se."

"And I reckoned on gettin' five or six prime pelts."

"Yes, you did."

"Do you think Providence kin turn coons into wildcats at a minit's notice?"

"Of co'se he kin. Whenever arter this you git to thinkin' he can't you start for town and git a gallon of sweet ole fur the bites and scratches suah to cum. Cuddle down now and go to sleep."

DODGED A RAIN OF BULLETS.

Incident of the Italian Revolution of 1848 in Brescia.

The Count de Hubner tells in his memoirs a thrilling story of an adventure in the Italian city of Brescia during the days of the revolution of 1848. When the trouble began in the streets he contrived to get into a house, taking with him two or three other persons, including the wife of a minor official who had intrusted the lady for awhile to the count's care, but who was to have certain news of her as soon as possible.

The firing grew heavier, and the rebels soon had possession of almost every house in the street.

On the 19th of March Count de Hubner decided that he must do something toward bettering his position in case of an assault, and he forced his only remaining servant to make a dash across the street to the palace where the Austrian general, Rath, was quartered, two blocks away and on the other side. The man was merely to let the general know that De Hubner himself was coming and to ask that the gates be held ready for him.

"Myself, prudence and my honor had a long and heated argument," says Count de Hubner. "Finally I pulled myself together. I had to let Prince Metternich know about myself, to make a last report and to keep my word about poor Mme. M. I undid the door, drew a long breath and plunged down the street."

"The bullets flew all around me, spattering in leaden showers from the stone pavement. As I arrived at the gates of the palace they swung inward, and in a second I was inside, unscathed. But only half my journey was done. I had still to go back again."

"A letter—my last report—was soon completed for Metternich and my message to the husband of Mme. M. was given. I had to return."

"Again the gates were opened and I bounded forth. A veritable fusillade followed. From every window and housetop came the spurts of white smoke, and I tried to dodge forty bullets at once. In a minute I had reached my own door, and as I did so I turned to look back."

"Another man left the palace

For a Seashore Outing

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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 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.

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, ss
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 at 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.

gates at full speed, but before he had half crossed the street a puff of smoke shot out of a window and he fell flat and was instantly lying like a log across the gutter. The fire stopped at once—what use would there be in shooting a dead man?

"But on the second that all became quiet. To my great astonishment I saw this 'dead man' rise to his legs like a cat and dash across the street into the half open door waiting for him. The sharpshooters were taken by surprise, and he escaped."

Brown & Sibley, attorneys and abstractors, 610 Mill Street, Dallas, Oregon.

Mail Departures and Arrivals

Mail Arrives as Follows:

7:15 A. M., From Portland, Newberg and Corvallis train.
8:55 A. M., Arrive from Salem and Portland.
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:

6:35 A. M., To Salem
6:35 A. M., To Portland and Corvallis.
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,

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