

# NEWS FROM COUNTY SEAT

## Court House Notes.

### REAL ESTATE

Sarah Shelton et al to Christ Larsen, lots 6, 7 and 8, block 31, Thorp's Independence, \$325.

Claud M Lewis et ux to D W Lewis, 47 acres in 9-6, \$100.

Josiah A VanOrsdel et ux to F J Cobbs, 480 acres in 9-7, \$16,000.

Kingwood Park Co. to Wilbur P Lewis, lot 6, block 17, Kingwood Park, \$10.

Hans Ladstock to Daniel Hoffman, land in 7-5, \$10

School District No. 26 to John Newton Pesbutiles, 1 acre in Rieckreall, \$10.

August H Schroder to Sandy S Fryer, lot 3, block 18, Ellis' add to Dallas, \$225.

W F Pfeiffer et ux to Dallas City Bank, land in Original Dallas, \$10.

D A Wright et ux to Effie Jolly, lots 2, 3, 4 and 5, block 24, Ellis' add to Dallas, \$10.

## The Young Mar of the Bridge

By DOROTHEA HALE

In Constantinople there has always been, since its conquest by the Turks, a miscellaneous population. Persians, Greeks, races of western and southern Europe are mingled together, besides Moors from northern Africa. Some of these peoples form colonies among themselves and continue the customs of their native countries. Consequently there are a great many queer customs in Constantinople.

Among these customs perhaps the strangest is betrothal and marriage among the Moors. There is no such thing as a courtship among them. Marriages are arranged by contract between the parents of the groom and the bride, who do not see each other until they are married. Yet the human heart in these people beats the same as among other races. It may be well for a bride if she has not met some man to whom she has given her heart, for fancy free she may fall in love with her husband or at least become attached to him as is natural between those who live and bring up children together. But woe to the young girl who has seen the man who has inspired her with a grand passion.

The marriage ceremony among these people is also peculiar, as will appear in the case of a young Moorish girl called Ayxa, who was betrothed to a young man named Muley Abdul by her parents but who had fallen in love with a young man she had seen but once. The young, especially girls on the threshold of womanhood, are prone to succumb before a single glance of a man who captivates their fancy, and southern races are more liable to this than colder blooded peoples of the north. Ayxa in crossing that much frequented bridge uniting two parts of Constantinople, stopped to look down over the side into the water. While doing so she uncovered her face, since there was no man below to see it. Presently turning her eyes aside she saw a young man also leaning over the side, but instead of looking into the water he was gazing at her. She saw the love-light in his eyes and unconsciously returned it.

Covering her face, she pursued her way. But from that moment she was changed. Her young and excitable being saw in all about her that face alone. At least it was all that excited a response in her. Indeed, it became a part, the greater part, of her being.

It was at this time that negotiations were entered upon for her marriage with Muley Abdul. When she heard of them she had not met the young man on the bridge, and they did not especially interest her—that is, they were not repulsive to her. After the meeting they became a horror to her. But she could do nothing to prevent the union that awaited her. She had met the young man of the bridge but once, and even if she had seen him often and they had become lovers it would not have made any difference. She would have married the man provided for her and that without having seen him.

The arrangements for the marriage having been completed, the parents of the bride and the groom, who were both Moors, prepared for the wedding, to be celebrated as it would have been celebrated in Tangier or Tripoli. Ayxa, as was the custom, was to be carried to her husband at night. The street in the Moorish quarter through which the bride would pass was lined with persons to see her pass. She was

at home with her father and mother and the woman who had nursed her from babyhood. Languidly she bade her parents goodby and left them, going with her nurse, who in accordance with the ceremony was to conduct her to her husband.

And now comes the strangest part of this strange custom. The nurse left the house, carrying a box which contained the bride, placed it on a mule standing before the door, then led the animal down the street. Moving slowly to the sounds of weird music, the old woman, the mule and the bride within the box proceeded on their way to the home of the groom. As they passed house after house friends emerged to salute the bride.

None knew the feelings of Ayxa, for she had not confided them even to her mother. What desperate resolve was in her fierce Moorish bosom she kept hidden there. A bride who had loved another, on her way to an unknown husband, had been found at the door of his house dead in the box that enclosed her, by her own hand. Indeed there were those along the route who, remembering this, shuddered lest the censing concealed a corpse. But nearly all were as loud in their congratulations as if Ayxa was going to the husband of her choice.

At last the home of the groom was reached. He was not at the door to receive her, but waited for her within. When a living bride stepped from the box there were those in the throng who breathed a sigh of relief.

Ayxa was conducted by her mother-in-law to the room where her husband awaited her. There she was left to enter alone. She was expected to advance toward him and throw herself at his feet. Instead of doing so she stopped short and fixed her gaze upon him. Then she sank upon the floor in a swoon.

In a few moments she revived to find herself in the arms of the man she had married. He was looking down upon her with love and delight in his eyes.

He was the young man she had met on the bridge.

## TWO SCENES IN TWO LIVES

By MARGARET BARR

One bright, frosty morning an elderly gentleman living on a country road was taking the air walking about his place. It was not spacious, and the house was not palatial. They indicated an owner of moderate means, but there was something about the premises that denoted he was refined. There was a whirring of wheels on the road and an automobile appeared. Beside the chauffeur there was only one person aboard, a middle aged lady well wrapped in furs. The vehicle had reached a point perhaps a hundred yards from the place described when there was an explosion like a pistol shot. The auto swerved and in doing so went over.

The chauffeur was unhurt. Not so the lady. The gentleman who saw the catastrophe went to her assistance. She was lying with closed eyes, but she soon opened them and looked at the man bending over her.

"Tell me, madam," he said, "how badly hurt you are that I may decide what to do."

"I don't know," she said in a faint voice, "but I doubt if my injuries are serious."

The chauffeur joined them, and the two carried the lady to the house. Two young ladies, the daughters of the host, took her in charge, while the gentleman telephoned for a surgeon. When the medical man arrived he pronounced the lady unhurt, with the exception of a sprained ankle, which prevented her walking. He said she might be driven to her home at any time. Left alone with her host, the lady said:

"This is a singular meeting, Mr. Canby."

The gentleman started. "We have met before?" he asked.

"Yes. You were once well known to me. But that was twenty years ago, and my age is just double what it was then. It is not remarkable that you should not recognize me."

"But you have recognized me."

"There is a reason for that."

"Will you give it?"

"Yes, but not directly. I will tell you a little story. The scene is the veranda of a house on an eminence overlooking a river. The season is spring. The hour was that when the twilight fades into night. A new moon is standing over the western horizon."

"Two young persons were sitting on the veranda, a man and a woman. The man took her hand in one of his; the other he stole around her waist. 'I love you,' he said, 'and I wish you to be my wife.' The words were simple but more winning from their simplicity. It was the happiest moment of her life."

"But not relishing being won too easily she asked for time, promising an answer within a few days. He assented, but reluctantly. When a few days had passed she looked for him to come

to her for her answer. He did not come. A month passed and she received a letter from him from a distant city, telling her that he had suddenly been called away; that a new field had opened to him, but that it would be a long while before he could expect any great success. Had she loved him deeply she would not have asked for time. This was probably fortunate, since he could not be near her, a long while must pass before they could be married, and he would only stand in her way of being settled for life. If she agreed with him in this an answer to the question he had asked was not necessary. If that answer was to have been 'Yes' and she preferred to stand by it she might write him, and he would do his best to make good his offer.

"This chilled her first and only love. She wrote him that doubtless he was right about the matter, and since his view was hers, she considered his offer annulled."

The lady had reached this point which was the end of her story, when one of the young ladies in the house brought in a dainty luncheon on a silver tray. She would have lingered, but her father told her that the stranger was not equal to seeing more than one person at a time. The girl withdrew. Then he spoke.

"There is a period in a man's life between say, eighteen and twenty-five, when what he is to be is forming. He is clay ready to thrust into the furnace. This person you speak of was then in that condition. He was at an important point of his life when the two elements, caution and daring, are struggling for the mastery. In his case caution prevailed. And yet for a time the chances between the two were equal."

"This person who at a critical moment looked behind him never again came to a point where he could confidently, fearlessly look before him. He has lived a negative life. He has been a failure."

There was a deep sadness in his last words. The lady took his hand in hers and pressed it sympathetically.

"The carriage that was ordered has arrived," said one of the young girls, throwing open the door.

The injured woman was helped to the carriage and when seated thanked those she left for their kindness, then she was driven away.

"I wonder," said one of the sisters that evening, "what is the matter with papa. Ever since that automobile accident he has looked so sad."

"Has he?" said the other. "I haven't noticed it."

## Disinherited

By HELOISE BRAYTON

When Tom Pickering was first married it didn't seem to him that he would ever care to spend an evening anywhere except with his dear wife in their cozy little home, and for the first fortnight he went nowhere in the evening unless he took her with him.

During the second month some of his premarital cronies were having a little poker party and telephoned him to join them. He did so.

That was Pickering's first relapse, but not his last. Indeed, he had a great many of them—so many that he found it difficult to find excuses for them. Mrs. Pickering was a dear little woman and a very sensible one. She argued that if she found fault with her husband for leaving her alone nights while he enjoyed the pleasures of bachelorhood there would arise a series of altercations which would render his home unpleasant to him and he would stay away altogether.

Nor was this the worst of it. A man hobnobbing with men must spend money. He can't avoid it. It's a game of billiards, a cigar, an evening at the theater. This all makes a considerable total. The consequence was that when his wife felt like enjoying an evening where she might listen to music, of which she was very fond, the husband's expenditures had so reduced the exchequer that there were no funds for the purpose.

This wasn't right, Pickering knew it wasn't right, but found himself unable to break away from his associations. He said the only way to do that was to leave the place where they lived and go to some other place. But when his wife asked him how he was going to get a position in some other place he had no answer. He looked sober, and that ended the conversation.

So Mrs. Pickering fell into the habit of enduring without complaint.

One night when Pickering had gone out there came a ring at the telephone. Mrs. Pickering answered the call and learned that her husband's aunt was very ill and Tom was to come around immediately. The aunt, a maiden lady of sixty and in chronic bad health, was very fond of her nephew, and it was expected that she would make him her heir. Mrs. Pickering held a lengthy conversation with her informant, the old lady's house

# 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.

keeper, with a view to taking steps to find the missing man. But it led to nothing, and Mrs. Pickering concluded to go to the sick woman herself.

She found the invalid suffering great pain. A physician was present, and the house was in a hubbub. The old lady was sure she was going to die and had sent for her lawyer to add a codicil to her will covering some small bequests she wished to make. Seeing her niece, she called her to her bed and told her to go to the telephone and not cease her calls till she had located Tom. He was the only relative she had in the world and she must have him with her when dying.

Since Tom Pickering was attending a show frequented only by men—no one knew where his wife was unable to reach him. She gave it up and announced the fact to his aunt.

The old lady meanwhile had got a temporary relief and was in fine condition to be angry with the man she wanted and couldn't get. She began a fire of questions at his wife as to his habits which the poor woman tried in vain to parry. The old lady was very sharp and drew out the fact, in spite of Mrs. Pickering's efforts to conceal it, that Tom was away most of the time nights, spending it with his men cronies.

"And what do you do?" asked the sick woman.

"Oh, I am a great home-body. I don't mind staying alone."

"H'm!" The old lady thought a few moments, then asked that the attorney be sent for. When he came she directed him to draw a will for her to sign leaving all her property to Mary Ellen Pickering. The young wife was present and heard the order. She was much relieved thinking that the old lady was about to disinherit her husband and leave her property elsewhere. Ellen made no comment, sitting silent until the will was drawn, signed and witnessed. Then she put her arms about the testator and assured her that she would live to make a dozen wills.

At midnight Mrs. Pickering went home, intending to return early in the morning. Tom came in about 2 o'clock and was about to go to his aunt when a telephone message came stating that the invalid had passed away. Mrs. Pickering gave her husband an account of what had passed excepting that he had been disinherited in her favor.

The day after the funeral the will was opened in presence of those interested and Tom Pickering, who was not named in the instrument. When he heard his wife's name read out as inheriting what he had expected he was astonished. Then recovering his equanimity he said:

"Well, it's all in the family. You can transfer it to me, you know."

But Mrs. Pickering had endured quite enough from having the family income controlled by her husband, and the transfer was never made. Indeed, she controlled the income of her inheritance herself. However, Tom had received a lesson and turned over a new leaf. He is now a middle aged man and does not care to spend money for trifles. But he would prefer that his aunt's estate should be in his possession.

### Ale For Breakfast.

Ale and bread were the chief items of the royal breakfast in olden times in England. The quantity of ale consumed by ladies at breakfast in those days was considerable, for in the reign of Henry VIII, the maids of honor were allowed for breakfast "one chet loafe, one manchet, two gallons of ale and a pitcher of wine." A Lady Lucy made a mighty tonic of the national brew. Her breakfast was a chine of beef, a loaf and a gallon of ale, and for her pillow meal a posset porridge, a generous cut of mutton, a loaf and a gallon of ale.—Westminster Gazette.

## 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 Airline 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 Airline  
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 Airline  
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 Airline  
5:35 P. M., To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.  
7:15 P. M., To Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.  
7:15 P. M., To Independence

## 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.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

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