

Local and Personal

City Engineer L. C. Kelsey was in Monmouth last Saturday looking after the pumping plant and taking notes, but his report has not been received yet.

Mr. Bramberg, of Independence, has the contract for building W. J. Mulkey's new brick. G. M. Bennett has been hauling the sand for the mortar, and actual construction will soon begin.

Prospects Looking Up

In an interview with our local lumberman, this week, he remarked that this had been a good year for the lumber business, as the farmers and dairymen were generally prosperous and that there had been much building and improvement in the surrounding country while the prospects are quite good for several buildings to be erected in town this fall.

Among those who contemplate building are Lloyd Waller and E. M. Ebbert, who are each planning to build residences.

Linen Shower

After the meeting of the Rebekah Lodge on Thursday evening of last week the members gave a linen shower in honor of Miss Meldora Jackson. The party was held at the home of the Noble Grand, Mrs. W. R. Graham, and a very enjoyable time is reported. Miss Jackson received a number of nice and useful presents. Refreshments were served.

Birthday Surprise Party

Friday evening, about twenty of the friends of Howard Morlan gave him a pleasant surprise in honor of his 21st birthday. The crowd, composed of members of the band and a few other friends, met at the Star Theater building and went up to the store in a body. Several selections were given by the band, after which refreshments were served. After a speech by Mr. C. D. Tyler, Howard was presented with a safety razor set. Cigars were passed around and the rest of the evening was spent in smoking and singing, and a few numbers were played by the band.

Birthday Home Gathering

Our townsman, G. W. Ebbert, celebrated his 84th birthday anniversary Tuesday, August 12, 1913, with quite a lot of his relatives present and although Mr. Ebbert has been sick for some time and was still confined to his room, he enjoyed the occasion, there being three generations present to take dinner with him.

Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ebbert, Mrs. McPherson, of Eugene, a sister to Mrs. Ebbert, and Mrs. George Jennings, a niece, from Eugene, also, Mr. and Mrs. Ebbert's daughters, Mrs. W. B. Goodman, of Eugene, and Mrs. J. R. Phillips, of Walla Walla, Washington, and their son, E. M. Ebbert and his wife and son, Gordon, and Miss Mary Mason, sister to Mrs. E. M. Ebbert. There are five other children who could not be present. Mr. Ebbert is a pioneer, having crossed the plains in 1852 with two of his brothers, making the trip with an ox team from Pennsylvania, his native state.

Mr. Ebbert, although having been sick for some time is improving, while Mrs. Ebbert just now is not enjoying her usual health.

THE CITY COUNCIL IN SESSION

Claims Were Audited as Follows and An Order Made For Payment

The common council of the city of Monmouth met Tuesday evening, all members, except Mayor Powell and Councilman J. W. White, being present.

The meeting was called to order by the city recorder and business as recorded below was transacted.

Claims as follows were audited and an order made for payment:

ON WATER WORKS FUND	
E. C. Atkins & Co., pulley	\$ 3.47
Fairbanks, Morse & Co., cup leathers	10.07
C. G. Griffa, pipe fixtures	50.00
W. W. Newman, blacksmithing	23.25
Dallas L. & L. Co., lumber	46.95
Morlan & Son, journal, etc	1.55
E. Raike, labor	2.25
Winegar & Lorence, fixtures, tools	31.53
E. Stewart, labor	18.75
James Goodman, hauling sand	12.00
Total	\$199.82

ON GENERAL FUND	
Oregon Power Co., street light	\$ 29.70
Dallas L. & L. Co., cement	21.30
Geo. W. Shew, tiling	3.30
Total	\$ 54.30

The claim of the Oregon Power Company, \$86.90 for power, was laid over for further information.

The bill for an ordinance limiting the speed of automobiles and other vehicles to 12 miles per hour, within the corporate limits of the city was then read and adopted.

The council then adjourned. Next meeting will be held on August 26, 8 p. m.

Lowens the Rates

A dispatch from Marshfield, dated August 1st, says: "The Oregon Power Company has made a 28 per cent reduction in its rates on electricity here to go into effect as soon as the Oregon Railroad commission approves the new schedule. The company recently took over the electric franchise at Coquille and Myrtle Point and intends supplying current from a central plant at Marshfield to North Bend, Marshfield, Eastside, Coquille, Myrtle Point and other towns in the county. A high power transmission line is now under construction which will be used jointly by the Oregon Power Company and the C. A. Smith Company, the latter transmitting electricity to its logging camps."

—Coos Bay News.

Fire in Oregon City

OREGON CITY, Or., Aug. 11.—Fire this morning destroyed all but two of the buildings on the west side of the block bounded by Main, Fourth and Fifth streets and Railroad avenue. The entire half block is owned by James M. Tracey, of Gladstone, and was only partially covered by insurance.

Company Defied; Armed Men Change Tracks

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 11.—Seventy-five armed men, officers and citizens of Rosedale, a suburb of Kansas City, Kan., put the finishing touches today to the regraded street where yesterday the Kansas City & Olathe Interurban Railroad tracks, in defiance of the railway company, were torn up and the roadbed reduced to grade by the Rosedale Mayor, J. R. Wimmer, and a band of men.

Diaz Must Enter Tokio as Private Citizen

TOKIO, Aug. 12.—The Japanese Government intimated today to the Mexican Government that it would not receive General Felix Diaz as special envoy to Japan to express the thanks of Mexico for Japanese participation in the Mexican centennial. It declared that it would receive General Diaz only as a private individual.

The Diaz party is now in Vancouver, whence they plan to sail on Wednesday.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Aug. 12.—After reading the dispatch from Tokio, General Diaz said that he would go to Japan anyhow, regardless of the Japanese Government's attitude toward his mission.

Turks to Hold Constantinople

LONDON, Aug. 11.—The possibility of serious complications with Turkey was indicated in Constantinople dispatches which say the porte's answer to the demand of the powers that the Turks evacuate Adrianople is most evasive. No official statement of the program to force a retirement of the Turks is given here.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 11.—The refusal to evacuate Adrianople is voiced by Turkey in a courteous note handed representatives of the powers. It is explained the invasion of the Midia-Maritza zone was forced as a result of Bulgarian atrocities.

A DEACON'S WIFE

By M. QUAD

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Deacon John Goodman was forty-eight years old when he lost his wife. They were a peaceful, good tempered twain and had never had a quarrel. There were no children, and a sister came to keep house for the deacon.

"He'll marry again within a year or two, of course," was the general opinion of the villagers.

The deacon didn't remarry, and after eight years had passed away he was given credit for being one of the few exceptions. He had just passed his fifty-sixth birthday when he drove over to Grafton one day with horse and buggy to transact some business. It was a splendid June day, and if anybody had told the deacon that he was going to run into a cyclone within an hour he would have laughed at the prediction. He was yet four miles from Grafton and toiling up a long hill when the cyclone appeared.

It had been sitting down on a stone to rest. It was a woman with a blazing satchel. She was about forty-five years old and had a pleasant face. She was asked if she didn't want a lift on her way and was invited to take a seat in the buggy. She didn't look at all to the deacon like a cyclone on wheels, not then. Both were naturally talkative, and inside of ten minutes they were talking away like old acquaintances. The cyclone was a widow named Pardon. She had been sewing at the house of a farmer. She had a married sister living in Grafton. She had been a widow for five years, and while life was going very well with her, it was a bit lonesome.

Deacon Goodman confessed that it was also a bit lonely for him.

Widow Pardon had never considered a second marriage, but if she should happen to find the right sort of man it might set her to thinking.

"I understand," replied the deacon as he nodded his head.

"I make my own dresses, and I should be saving. And I can cook a boiled dinner fit for a king."

"I guess I'll stop and see your sister about it. I don't see no sorter use in waitin' Hanner was complainin' this very mornin' about the hardness of the housework."

"Put it off for a week, and think it over. I also want to think."

The widow was left at a house in the village, the deacon's business transacted, and he returned home to say to his sister:

"Hanner, you can have your liberty party soon."

"What d'ye mean by that, John?"

"I'm goin' to get married."

Deacon Goodman was known among

men as a "reasonable man." He could be argued with, and he had often changed his mind, but in this matter he was as obstinate as a mule. The minister and others talked to him, but without avail. He was on hand on the day named. The sister had nothing to say for or against, and it was decided that the marriage should take place in two weeks. It came off according to schedule, and the deacon took his bride home and was a happy man—for three or four days. Then one morning he suggested that he liked his coffee a little stronger than the wife was making it, and she whirled on him, threw the utensil at his head and opened such a tornado of abuse that he sat with his mouth open and stared at her in dumb surprise.

The good man was still wondering what had broken loose when the wife slipped his face and pulled his hair and ran for the river vowing that she would drown herself. He sprang up and followed her, of course, and caught her just as she was going to take the plunge.

Ten days later there was a second outbreak. The deacon got abuse, profanity and more vigorous slaps, and again he caught his wife on the bank of the river.

In one year there were ten or twelve outbreaks, and, of course, the matter became town talk. The good deacon finally went to his minister about it, and the latter said:

"I have been waiting for three months, Brother Goodman."

"And you can tell me what I should do?"

"In a very few words, brother."

"Separate?"

"No."

"Get a divorce?"

"No."

"But it's got to end, parson. I can't stand it any longer."

"I think I have a plan to end it. When do you look for the next outbreak?"

"It may come any day now."

The minister whispered in the deacon's ear for the next ten minutes, and the plan was laid. Three days later there was a dispute over a roller towel, and the outbreak came. At the proper moment the wife ran for the river and was pursued. She was not overtaken, however. She was not seized and imprisoned. She was under such impetus that she went into the river with a great splash. There was a man with a boat there but he let her imbibes several gallons of water and sink twice before he rescued her. She was in bed for a week, and when she crawled out she was an altered woman. She was timorous and diffident and never again had one of her spells. In fact, she made one of the best wives in town, and Deacon Goodman had reasons to congratulate himself many times over before he was gathered to his fathers. What she needed was the water cure to drive the demon out of her.

TRAVELS OF A COMET.

This Celestial Visitor Grooms Us Only Once In 575 Years.

There is a comet that comes within sight of the earth every 575 years. Its tail is millions of miles in thickness and many more millions of miles in length. It was first seen, so far as history records, 1,769 years before the birth of Christ. In a few weeks it faded from the sky, only to return in 1194 and 619 B. C. The year that Julius Caesar died—44 B. C.—it came again, returning in 531 and 1106 A. D. The last time it was seen was in 1681, when Sir Isaac Newton beheld it and discovered that comets are kept in their orbits by the sun, the same as the earth and the other planets.

Over two and a quarter centuries have now passed since the comet disappeared. Even if it has been traveling no more rapidly than the earth goes around the sun its enormous bulk has been shooting through space at the rate of about 1,500,000 miles a day. Yet in the year 2256 this same old comet that was already a well known visitor when it looked down upon the deathbed of Julius Caesar will again come within sight of those human beings yet unborn who will then inhabit the earth.

Talk about a railroad train going halfway across a continent in three days and reaching its destination on time! What is such a performance as compared with that of a comet that makes a trip of 310,000,000 miles in 575 years and keeps so closely to its schedule that it always bursts from the darkness at the moment when the astronomers expect it?—New York Press.

Couldn't Fool Her.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditions and anecdotes wrought in his novels, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he stoutly denied. "What!" exclaimed the old lady. "D'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folks' kail?"

ORDINANCE NO. 169

An ordinance to regulate the speed of automobiles, motor cycles, motor vehicles, and all other vehicles in and upon the streets of the City of Monmouth, Oregon, and providing a penalty for the violation of the terms of this ordinance, repealing all ordinances and parts of ordinances in so far as the same may conflict with the provisions of this ordinance, and declaring an emergency to exist.

The City of Monmouth Does Ordain:

Section 1. No person, firm, company or corporation shall run an automobile, motor vehicle, motor cycle, or any other kind of a vehicle within the corporate limits of the City of Monmouth, Oregon, and upon the streets thereof, at a greater rate of speed than 12 miles per hour; and that all engines on such automobiles, motor cycles, and motor vehicles shall exhaust through suitable mufflers so as to deaden the sound of such exhaust while passing over the streets of said City.

Section 2. That any person or persons, firm, company or corporation violating any of the provisions of section one of this ordinance, shall, upon conviction thereof before the City Recorder of the City of Monmouth, Oregon, be punished by a fine not exceeding \$25.00, and costs of prosecution, and if such fine be not paid, then by imprisonment in the City jail not to exceed 12 days; and for a second offense or any subsequent offense, shall be punished by a fine, upon such conviction before said City Recorder's court, in a sum not exceeding \$50.00, and the costs of the prosecution, and upon failure to pay such fine by imprisonment in the City jail not to exceed 25 days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Section 3. That there be painted signs of sufficient size to be easily read by people using such vehicles as hereinafter mentioned and enumerated, bearing the words "City Limits—slow down to 12 miles per hour" and that the same be placed at the City Limits on all roads leading into the City.

Section 4. The City Recorder shall have jurisdiction over all violations of the provisions of this ordinance.

Section 5. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances in so far as the same conflict with this ordinance be and the same are hereby repealed.

Section 6. Inasmuch as the lives of the inhabitants of the City of Monmouth, Oregon, are endangered by the reckless and excessive running of automobiles, motor vehicles, motor cycles and other kinds of vehicles upon the streets of said City, and the health, peace and safety of its inhabitants are endangered, an immediate emergency is hereby declared to exist and this ordinance shall be in full force and effect from and after its approval by the Mayor, and the same is hereby excepted from the effects of the referendum.

Passed by the City Council on the 12th day of August, 1913.

Approved by me on the 14th day of August, 1913.

IRA C. POWELL,
Mayor.

ATTEST:
D. E. STITT,
City Recorder.

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

Zook the Painter, will hang your paper for you.