

Local and Personal

Mrs. L. K. Weniger, who has been a resident of Monmouth for the past year, moved to Salem last Monday and will teach school at that place, having been a former teacher there.

Word reached here yesterday of an automobile accident at Dallas, Wednesday night, in which one man was killed and another seriously injured. The wreck was caused by a wheel coming off the axle.

Glen Work and Calvin Holem left on a vacation Wednesday, the former from the depot here. He will visit Newport and later will visit his sister at Harbor, in the southwestern part of the state. Mr. Holem is employed at the lumber yard here and will visit his home at Elk City and also spend a few days at Newport.

Electric Light Rates to be Lowered

Good news comes for users of electric light as the Oregon Power company has made a reduction to take effect on September service, at which time the rate will be cut from 15 to 11 cents per kilowatt, with a further reduction of 10 per cent to those who pay their bills before the 10th of each month. The reduction of 10 per cent for early payment will make the rate at about 10 cents per kilowatt, but if bills are not paid by the 10th of the month the full charge will be made.

A Farewell Surprise Party

On Wednesday evening of this week, Miss Gertrude Rogers gave a surprise party at the home of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Treat, in honor of Miss Coleen French who leaves this week for her new home near Vancouver, Washington.

The evening was spent in social games. Delicious refreshments were served after which Miss Coleen was presented with a handsome present as a token of remembrance.

Her friends bade her good bye at a late hour having spent an evening long to be remembered and all declare Miss Gertrude a royal entertainer.

A Former Monmouth Resident Dead

A Lodi paper received here this week tells of the death of Hugh W. Morehead at El Paso, Texas, of typhoid fever.

Mr. Morehead was 30 years of age and the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Morehead who were engaged in the dry goods and grocery business here for several years during the nineties, leaving for California about 1899, and has many acquaintances in Monmouth.

AFTER LONG YEARS

After a residence in Washington and Idaho for forty years, Mrs. Frankie Boone Keith is visiting her old home in Monmouth. She is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Boone, the eldest daughter of David Lewis, one of the first pioneers to Polk County, and by Mrs. Powell, of Falls City, a younger sister of Mrs. Boone. Although the general aspect of the country is the same, the trees have grown till some localities have entirely changed in appearance. Hardly a spot in Monmouth is recognizable. Mrs. Keith was one of the

first students of the old Christian College and is much interested in the development of the school and the growth of Monmouth. Mrs. Keith's present home is at Twin Falls, Idaho. She is visiting her old friends, Miss Cassie Stump and Mrs. Mary Campbell.

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

JIMMIE'S LONG SHOT.

It Was a Clever Bit of Roguery, but the Crook Was Foiled.

Many a perfectly innocent man or woman has found himself or herself in serious trouble in New York without a moment's warning. There are new snares and traps baited each day for the unwary.

One trap, which almost caught a man old enough to know better, was sprung on a subway station recently, says the New York Sun. While a crowd was waiting for a train a well-dressed young man stepped up to an elderly man and said quietly:

"I'll trouble you to return that money you just took out of my pocket."

"What do you mean?" asked the older man in astonishment.

"That \$52 you robbed me of," said the younger man. "Give it up."

A policeman walked up and the young man soon explained the trouble.

"Do you accuse the man of robbing you?" asked the policeman.

"Yes," said the young man. "That man stood near me, and now I remember he just stole me several times. He has my money."

This the other indignantly denied, but he was nevertheless taken to the police station. There the desk sergeant asked how much money the young man had lost.

"Fifty-two dollars," was the reply.

The old man was searched, and a roll of bills containing just \$52 was discovered. In another pocket he had \$3 and some change. In vain he protested that he was a reputable business man and sent a messenger for friends. When things looked mighty black for him he exclaimed:

"Why, I just drew that \$52 from the bank," and showed the stub in his check book.

The desk sergeant called a policeman from the rear room.

"Collins, do you see any one here you know?"

"Yes," said Collins, pointing to the young man. "That's Jimmie, the slick pickpocket, just out last month."

The young man saw the game was up and confessed. He had seen the old man draw the money from the bank and thought when he accused him and could be so accurate as to the amount that his victim would give up the money rather than be arrested.

"It was a long shot," said Jimmie, "and I have lost. That's all."

The Prince Could Bite.

The first wedding attended by the kaiser was that of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, in March, 1863. He was then a small boy of five, and Bishop Wilberforce gives an amusing account of his behavior during the ceremony. His fidgety disposition being known, his uncles, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, were told off to sit beside him and keep him in order. The service was long, and presently the future emperor began to shuffle. A warning nudge admonished him, whereupon, records the bishop, he "knelt down and bit both uncles in the calves of their legs, not playfully, but in such deadly earnest that they had much to do not to cry aloud with pain."—Westminster Gazette.

Men and Women and Buttons.

The differences of the sexes in the matter of buttoning clothes has stirred many thoughtful correspondents to explanations. Men button their garments from left to right, women from right to left. And the difference arose, one may suspect, from the days when men habitually wore swords on their left side. In moments of emergency it was necessary to draw the sword with the right hand and button up the coat with the left. Therefore the tailors put the buttons on the right to be sought by the finger on the left hole.—London Daily Chronicle.

A Decade In Transit

By ALICE I. BURGE

What a receptacle for miscellaneous articles are books! When one closes a book he or she most probably she will take up almost anything to mark the place. Then, too, things that may be well preserved and their way between the leaves of volumes. Flowers, photographs, old letters, bits of paper of all kinds, may be shaken out of books.

One day one Joseph Werner, a man of thirty strolled into a library to nose about among the volumes on the shelves. He was a scholarly fellow, and the books he sought were such as few persons cared for. Passing a shelf marked "History," he took down a copy of "Josephus," an eminent Jewish historian, who wrote during the first century of the Christian era. Turning over the leaves, he came upon an unfinished letter written in a woman's hand. The words "Dear Joe" caught his eye, and since his name was Joe he was interested. Glancing at the date, he saw that ten years had passed since the letter had been written.

He pictured in his mind the history of the volume from the day the letter had been placed in it. A girl was writing to a man. Some one entered the room whom she did not wish to see the letter "Josephus" was lying open on a table. She placed the letter in the book and closed it. Either she had forgotten it or had been called away and never saw it again. The volume with the letter in it had found its way into the library, where it may not have been opened up to the present time.

While Werner was dreaming about the letter he was looking at the chronography. It reminded him of writing that he had seen long ago. It was all very vague but there was something impressively tender connected with it. He glanced down to see who was the writer, but since it was unfinished there was no signature.

His mind drifted back to a period about the time the letter was written. Perhaps it was an association with the handwriting. He was then entering upon his first, and thus far his only, love. How delightful that grad of fusing of two young hearts! Love was as natural as breathing. Then came the serious part. He was about to go away to fight on the world's battlefield for a living a competence, a fortune. He had spoken his love, which was returned, but the girl must have time to think about it. She was farsighted and thought it unwise to engage herself to one who had not yet even made a start. She would let him know before he went away. But he did not hear from her.

While thus reverting to the past his eyes were fixed on the letter. He read without knowing that he was reading. The writer evidently was giving to a lover an answer such as he had hoped to receive.

Leaving the volume on the shelf, he took the letter to a window, where he could get a clearer view of the handwriting. It looked more familiar than before. Gradually a belief came to him that the letter had been written to him. He remembered the date that he had left home and that on the letter was the day before his going. As he looked and continued to look the old familiar hand came back to him. There was no mistaking it. The letter had been written, not finished—to him. But it had never been sent.

Why? Ah, there was the mystery. The letter went into Werner's pocket instead of the volume in which it had been enclosed. He knew where the writer lived, though he had not seen her since he parted with her a decade ago. He determined to go to her for an explanation.

They stood face to face. Each recognized the other. He drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. She looked at it in wonder, recognizing it, but evidently being dazed at holding it in her hands.

"How did you come by this?" she asked.

He related to her the strange happening by which he and the letter had drifted to the library and met there. Her memory seemed to be confused in part, though as to writing the letter it was clear.

"I wrote this," she said, "the day before you left us. Mother suspected that something was between us and had advised that we remain each free until you were able to marry. Nevertheless I resolved to answer you in the affirmative. While I was writing I heard mother coming. A book—I don't remember what book—lay open on the table near me. I put the unfinished letter in it and closed it."

"Mother asked me what I was going to do about you, and I gave her an evasive answer. She drew a promise from me to take no action without notifying her. I was but seventeen and uncertain what to do; therefore I did nothing. The letter remained in the book, where I had placed it. When we

drifted by, she was sleeping, leaving our home and sent all our books to a dealer. They all came into the library where I found it. I can't imagine how the letter got there, but I bought it from the dealer."

"You are the one who was present," he said, "and I am content to make up your mind. But when it behooves me, who am not present, to make it up for you, let us consider this letter finished. It is now sealed and sent. Nothing remains but to make up for lost time."

Mad No Christian Name.

A speaker at a meeting of the London Invalid Children's Aid association at Grosvenor House said one child gave her name as Smith. Asked what her father's Christian name was, she replied that he had not got one.

"But what name does your mother call him by?" the child was asked.

"Blackhead," was the disconcerting reply.—London Standard.

A MARVELOUS FENCE.

The Story of Australia's War Upon the Rabbit Pest.

The havoc that rabbits have wrought in Australia has cost the country millions of dollars. Until a few years ago, however, the western part of the continent, protected by a bulwark of seemingly impassable desert, was free from the pest. Then one day a solitary rider on the edge of the arid land saw something scuttling across his path. It was the advance scout of a vast invading army of rabbits. The government immediately determined to build a 1,200 mile fence to shut out the devastating horde.

This fence, says the Wide World Magazine, is the longest that has ever been constructed. It traverses an inhospitable country where for miles and miles there is no timber, where the rain may fall once a year, or perhaps not at all for three years. It was necessary to carry materials for the fence and supplies for the workmen hundreds of miles in carts and on camel back. The work had to be pushed with feverish haste, for countless thousands of rabbits, pressing westward steadily, were eating the country as bare as a city road.

When the workmen had nearly finished the barrier, the news came that the rabbits had rounded the end. Without hesitation they began a second fence 100 miles to the westward, and before the farming region was safely inclosed the two fences extended over 2,100 miles.

In appearance the barrier resembles the woven wire fences that are seen in all parts of the world. The netting is stretched between posts sunk deeply into the ground and treated with tar to make them less likely to be destroyed by the white ants. The lower edge of the netting is sunk into the ground to prevent the rabbits from burrowing under it, and along the top runs a heavy wire capable of withstanding the shock of charging kangaroos and emus.

Without constant attention and patrolling, however, the fences would be useless, for outside of them the rabbits keep ceaseless watch. A boundary rider patrols each section of the fence twice a week, and he carries enough material and tools to make ordinary repairs. In some parts the riders are men on bicycles, in others they are horsemen, and in the arid districts the men use camels. There is a sort of "flying squad" assigned to each half dozen sections, and the boundary rider can call on them when the fence is badly broken or when the incursions of rabbits are especially threatening.

The Boomerang and Its Inventors.

The boomerang is rather a puzzle. One might think that the highest laws of mathematics had been laid under contribution in the perfecting of it. The convexity on one side, the flatness on the other and the sharp, knifelike edge on the inside of the convexity have the air of having been carefully thought out. Yet the people who invented this singular weapon cannot count higher than five and are destitute of all the arts and amenities of life. Theirs is perhaps the lowest plane of human life. Some people have assumed that the boomerang was the creation of an older and higher civilization, but for this there is no evidence. It must be the product of an age long empirical use of throwing weapons.—London Spectator.

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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.
5:25 P. M., From Airlie
7:30 P. M., From Portland, Newberg and Corvallis.
7:30 P. M., From Independence

Mail Dispatched as Follows:

6:25 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

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