

His Desperate Remedy

By CECELIA A. LOIZEAUX

"I tell you, Mary, I cannot afford it, and that's all there is to it!"

John Brent unfolded his evening paper and held it under the light, which was shaded to an artistic dimness by many ruffles of crepe paper. His wife brought her hand down upon the piano keys in a crashing discord that made him shiver and set his teeth. Presently she seated herself in a low chair at the other side of the table, the soft light falling full upon her pretty, petulant face as she bent over her fancy work.

John Brent forgot that he had been reading the political editorials and looked over the top of the paper at his wife.

"What makes you want a diamond ring, Mary?" he asked gently.

Her blue eyes brightened. She thought he was relenting.

"Why, I've wanted one all my life. When I was a little bit of a girl I had one with a glass set, and when I grew too old for that I used to dream of the time when I would be old enough to be engaged, so that my lover would get me one."

"You should have chosen a richer lover," said her husband, with a tinge of bitterness. "Young hardware merchants can't quite go at the diamond ring pace."

His wife hardly heard what he said. She stretched a dimpled white hand out across the table and was admiring it.

"See," she said, with a flash of coquetry, "it's pretty enough for diamonds, isn't it? That Mrs. Burrows on Tenth street has hands that are big and red. She has one diamond as big as a robin's egg—almost."

"Her husband can afford it," smiled John, looking at the dainty hand that lay in his rough palm. He was wondering just how long he was going to be able to keep it from doing any work, hardly considering the diamond question. Then he put it gently down and leaned on the table, looking at his wife closely.

"Perhaps I haven't told you so that you fully understand, Mary," he said after a minute. "You're a good deal of a child about some things, and you don't think. But business is bad—not mine only, but every one's. There's that new store here, a branch of the big one in the city, and they are cutting prices murderously. And we have heavy expenses too. I don't know how, but we manage to eat and drink and wear almost more than we can pay for. And then there was the hospital bill as well as the doctor's. It took months to pay those."

"I suppose you wish it had been a funeral bill," said Mary sulkily.

"Mary! Don't you dare to say such a thing again as long as you live! You shall not twist my meanings in that way. Can't you be a little reasonable? Then you decided that the house was too shabby to be lived in, though the things we had bought when we were married seemed very fine to us at the time, and it wasn't so very long ago."

"We were awfully green," she said.

"Well, you've got over the greenness," said her husband dryly. "And the rugs and furniture and hangings have not yet got the last payment, and the furnace needs fixing, and the house needs painting. We must go slow, little girl."

Mary Brent's lips quivered for a moment, and then, hiding her face on her arm, she sobbed like a spoiled child. Her husband was first sorry, then angry. This was too childish.

"The trouble with you and all the rest of the women like you is that you haven't enough to do to keep interested. You sit around and think of yourselves until you believe you are martyrs, when a little work would be better for you. It isn't all your fault, though," he added slowly. "If the baby had lived you would have been more grown up."

His wife sprang to her feet. "I—I'm almost glad he didn't live," she sobbed. "I wouldn't want him to hear his father talk like that to me." And she whirled from the

room.

John Brent spent a wakeful, uneasy night, but by morning he thought he had found a solution. He ate his lonely breakfast—Mary never got up to breakfast any more—and went downtown early. During the forenoon he went over to the office of Jim Reade, the most prosperous attorney in the town and his best friend. The two were closeted in the consulting room for over an hour, and as he came out into the reception room John said: "I'll take good care of it, Reade, and bring it back tomorrow. The fact that you aren't married makes it easier. I wouldn't want any other woman to know."

As soon as he got to the store he went straight into his private office and called up the police station. Within a few moments a detective whom John Brent knew well passed through the store and into the little room. The clerk looked at each other furtively and applied themselves vigorously to their work. They could not help hearing the burst of laughter that came from the office, however, though the ensuing conversation was too low to be heard.

That evening John Brent went home a little later than usual and sat down to the waiting dinner table without changing his coat, which he usually did to please his wife. Mary, apparently entirely recovered from the headache she usually had after such stormy times, sat opposite to him, dainty and pretty in her pale pink house gown. The dinner table was attractive and daintily set, and Nora, in a clean white apron, lumbered awkwardly around the table serving the simple dinner.

John seemed to be very nervous. He ate little and kept glancing furtively at his wife, who was seemingly indifferent, but who knew the signs and thought he was about to present her with a peace offering. She wondered what it would be.

They had reached the pudding and Nora had retired to the kitchen when the doorbell rang, and John started to his feet as if he had been expecting some one. He sat down again, however, as he heard Nora's step in the hall, and in a moment she opened the door, and Jack Burnett appeared in the doorway.

"Come in! Come in!" cried John heartily, a trifle too heartily, his wife thought. She wished John would not associate with this class of people.

"Sit down and have a bite," said her husband, and she was forced to echo the invitation, though she felt greatly relieved when the man refused. He leaned over the back of a chair, seeming at a loss how to begin. His feet shuffled nervously.

"I—I just dropped in," he stammered. "Fact is, I'm working on a case. Can I see you alone, Brent?"

"Oh, fire away!" said Brent. "My wife would find it out sooner or later."

"Well, some one stole Jim Reade's diamond ring this morning. They got me working on the case, and I've got to do my duty."

Mary Brent, looking across the table with a sudden, lurking fear in her eyes, saw John's hand make a sudden involuntary movement toward the breast pocket of his coat. She turned white.

"Of course you must do your duty," said John. "Who is the thief?" He tried to look unconcerned and natural, but something clicked in his wife's throat, and she was not surprised when the detective laid a hand heavily on her husband's shoulder.

"John Brent, I place you under arrest," he said solemnly, and then, "I hate to do it, John."

"I'll get my hat and come with you," said Brent, rising. "Mary!"

"No, you won't," she interrupted, running around the table and standing in front of him. Then she stepped back and put her hand through John's arm. She looked steadily at the detective, her small face very pale and her blue eyes flashing.

"If any one has to go I will. It isn't his fault; it's mine. I—I made him do it. He told me he couldn't afford it, and I acted like a little beast, and so he did it to satisfy me, I suppose. He isn't a thief. You know he isn't a thief." She appealed to the detective.

He stammered, "But the ring!"

"Take the ring back," she said, "and I will come and explain the whole thing to Mr. Reade. He wouldn't let you arrest John anyway if he knew who it was. Oh,

please go! Give him the ring, John," she begged.

John drew the ring from his pocket and threw it down on the white tablecloth. She picked it up and handed it to the other man.

"I don't ever want to see a diamond again as long as I live," she said, beginning to sob. The detective went to the door feeling somehow as if he'd been robbing widows and children. He looked back once as he reached the door and then hastily let himself out.

"Gee!" he said to himself as he went up the street. "It was a mean trick to play, but it did the work. I'll bet that by tomorrow morning that little woman will be thinking she'd rather darn his socks than make tidies!"

Punishing a Court Fool.

Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and the Emperor Paul had rough ways with their fools. A dagger thrust would follow a poor joke and banishment any sign of declining wit. Once when Fougere, the jester of Czar Paul, offended his royal master he was permitted to depart in peace. In the middle of the night, however, he was aroused and ordered to get up and prepare for immediate banishment to Siberia. In vain the unhappy man pleaded. He was bundled into a dark van and driven away on his long journey. Day after day, week after week, it lasted. Upon arrival he stepped out into the presence of—the czar. All the time he had been driven not toward Siberia, but around and around St. Petersburg!

Prohibition in Cities

Below we give the results of the votes in the several cities in Oregon as contested in the election November 4th:

WET		For. Against.	
The Dalles	872	947	
Joseph	89	181	
Milwaukie	181	231	
Sutherlin	99	101	
Bandon	240	489	
Newport	250	285	
Falls City	156	201	
Wasco	53	85	
Haines	82	117	
Metolius	12	18	
Eagle Point	62	68	
Sweet Home	60	67	
Lostine		7	
Waldport	54	56	
	2185	2853	
DRY		For. Against.	
Salem	2784	2297	
Oregon City	947	759	
Springfield	502	444	
Woodburn	388	340	
Dufur	141	65	
Rainier	286	265	
Stayton	197	176	
Sherwood	79	75	
Gresham	232	188	
Harrisburg	176	135	
Hillsboro	481	458	
Florence	162	50	
Monument	30	24	
Wallowa	188	97	
	6693	5373	

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

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