

### Small Blaze

The quiet of Monmouth was disturbed Saturday evening by an alarm of fire, but the blaze was extinguished before any appreciable damage was done.

The fire occurred at Mr. Watterberger's home and was caused by upsetting a lamp that had been sitting upon a sewing machine.

The lamp was broken and the oil took fire and caught into some window curtains and set some rugs on fire.

The curtains were torn down and the blaze extinguished without other damage than that of the curtains and rugs.

### A Surprise

The following clipping was sent us from Corvallis and Monmouth residents will remember Mrs. Ireland as Mrs. Ruth Murphy, a former resident of this city:

"One of the most enjoyable affairs of the week was the 'surprise' given Mr. and Mrs. William Ireland, married a few weeks ago, at their home on Sixth street, Friday evening, December 12. The Loyal Women's class and the Brotherhood class of the Christian church, to which Mr. and Mrs. Ireland belong, were the 'surprisers.' They entered into the spirit of 'Make me a child again, just for tonight,' and enjoyed a genuinely good time by indulging in a number of old time games, followed by a generous supply of refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Ireland were formerly of Monmouth, having grown up there together, and have spent most of their lives at that place. Corvallis friends extend congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, and wish them many happy years to crown their years of usefulness."

### Another Old Soldier Gone

Lewis S. Fuller was born in McCaeniesburg, Pennsylvania, the 23 of March, 1848, and died in the Soldiers Home at Roseburg, Oregon, at the age of 65 years, 6 months and 27 days. September 26, 1869, Mr. Fuller was married to Sarah Smith, who survives him, and the union was blessed with eleven children; 3 sons and 8 daughters. One son and 6 daughters preceded him in death. Mr. Fuller and his family came to Oregon in 1898, locating near Monmouth, and later on moving to the city. He had been an invalid for a number of years and some time last Spring his condition became much worse and he then decided to go to the Soldiers Home in Roseburg, where he remained until his death. He leaves to mourn his departure, a loving wife, two sons, two daughters, one granddaughter and a great number of friends and neighbors, but they mourn not as those who have no hope.

Funeral services were held from the Evangelical church Tuesday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Interment in the K. P. cemetery. W. A. Gueffroy officiating.

### Java's Fire Island.

One of the greatest wonders of Java, "the fire island," a large lake of boiling mud, is nearly two miles in circumference, and in the center immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling, like great black timbers thrust forth and then suddenly withdrawn by a giant's hand. Besides the phenomena of the columns, there are two gigantic bubbles near the western edge, which fill up like huge balloons and explode on an average three times per minute.

## Around Snake Corner

### A Stagecoach Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The stage climbed the steep mountain road, the black horses straining against the heavy load of passengers.

"Whoop-up!" shouted Ike Williams as he guided the team around a sharp corner where jutted a great split rock.

"Are there any snakes around here?" asked a bluff passenger.

Ike Williams turned a ruddy face toward the passengers, and as his light brown eyes met those of a plump little woman in the corner he winked slyly and said:

"The plump little woman looked very severe and turned her eyes away.

"Yes, sir; this is called snake corner, and it's a funny thing that every time I reach this particular rock every stranger aboard wants to know if there are snakes hereabouts."

"Well, are there any snakes?" demanded the thin woman sharply.

"There are snakes sometimes, ma'am. Once I was coming up from Cherry Brook with a load of folks, and just as we reached snake corner one of the women screamed and fainted, and the others all huddled to beat the band. Of course I stopped and looked to see what was the matter."

"What was it?" demanded the passengers breathlessly.

"Trash!" snuffed Debby Bowne. "It was a whole parcel of black snakes sunning themselves on the big rock."

"I was some flustered, because I knew, all my passengers being women, I'd have trouble between the women and the snakes and the horses here, who ain't got no use for reptiles. 'I'm a quick thinker, and' Mr. Williams paused and cast a suspicious glance among his passengers. 'I thought somebody lifted,' he said aggressively.

No one made reply. Debby Bowne was staring through the open doorway, and the little dark man appeared to be asleep.

The other six passengers were hanging breathlessly on the words of the stage driver.

"Go on!" they cried impatiently.

"I got down from my seat and, taking my whip, I went up to the rock and laid it on to them snakes till there wasn't one to be seen. Then I clumb back to the stage and drove on."

"The women all cried with joy over getting rid of the snakes, and when we reached the top of the hill this one we're climbing now—I happened to look back, and what do you suppose I see?" Ike paused dramatically.

"What did you see?" they asked in chorus.

"Snakes!" said Ike, frowning at the recollection. "About fifty blacksnakes, assorted sizes, all humping themselves along the road, trying to catch up with me. I reckon they would have clumb up over the wheels and right into the stage if I hadn't done some quick thinking."

"I'm something of a reader," pursued Ike modestly, "and, being interested in the critters, I'd read considerable about snakes. So I took my harmonica out of my pocket and, getting out of the stage, I went back and played 'Yankee Doodle' to them pursuing reptiles, and I'll be blamed if the hull lot didn't stand still like they was charmed, and then I played a march called 'The Retreat.' And you'll hardly believe me when I say that the hull regiment of blacksnakes turned tail and humped themselves back down the road."

"Whoa! Here you are! Willow House!"

With the words Ike halted his horses with a flourish before the door of the little mountain inn.

With the single exception of Debby Bowne the occupants of the stage dismounted at the inn. While some of them were paying the driver, the foreigner leaned toward Debby Bowne.

"Does he speak of a truth?" he inquired, nodding toward Ike Williams.

Two red spots glowed in Debby's cheeks.

"The truth is not in him!" she said emphatically.

"You know him of a certainty, that he lies?" asked the man sharply.

"I was engaged to marry him," said Debby with dry bitterness.

"Was?" repeated the man doubtfully.

"Was," emphasized Debby, "until fifteen minutes ago."

"Ah, with many thanks for the confidence," smiled the stranger, bowing himself away with his heavy basket.

Just as the stage was about to resume its journey with Miss Bowne as its sole fare, that small person slipped nimbly down the steps and slam-

med the door upon the empty vehicle. "Ain't you going to ride up to the line with me, Debby?" demanded Ike in dismay.

"Not today," returned Debby crisply. "I'd rather walk than ride with such a snake roller as you are. You remember I told the last time you told that I'd be snared?" Debby Bowne pulled her blue skirts neatly from the ground and tripped away, leaving Ike staring after her until she had disappeared into the doorway of Willow House. "I'll be blamed!" ejaculated Ike, slapping his knee with one big brown hand. "Well, what do you want?" he growled at the little foreigner who was standing by the wheel looking up at him.

"Beg pardon, but I forgot to pay you for transportation and most enjoyable ride and agreeable story," said the stranger politely.

"Huh?" was Ike's reply.

"And the little lady with the eyes of a dove, she has gone away?" asked the man.

"Your mean Miss Debby Bowne?" growled Ike ominously.

"The man nodded doubtfully.

"The lady who said she was engaged to you."

"Was?" bristled Ike. "Is, you mean?"

"Beg pardon, but she said, 'Was engaged till fifteen minutes ago.' Ah, monsieur is most rude!" cried the stranger as he skipped back beyond reach of Ike's whip.

"Little rat!" growled Ike, his face now sobered to grim anger as he turned the stage out and returned down the mountain. When he passed snake corner he snorted the black horses so savagely that they ran all the way down the mountain side, requiring all of Mr. Williams' strength and nerve to control them.

Back in Whippoorwill lane Debby Bowne was crying softly to herself over her broken engagement to the bluff stage driver, and at Willow Inn the little foreigner was preparing to entertain the guests that evening with sundry conjuring tricks.

The next afternoon Ike Williams drove his stage up the mountain road. There was only one passenger inside, and she was strangely silent and unresponsive. So quiet was Debby Bowne that Ike began to believe that there was some truth in what the foreigner had hinted to him.

Was his engagement to Debby a thing of the past? He did not dare ask her for fear of the answer.

Debby Bowne worked in the postoffice and rode home in the stage every afternoon. It is not surprising that she grew tired and annoyed at hearing Ike's oft-repeated snake stories, which were calculated to inspire strangers with dreadful fear.

Only a short week ago she had told Ike that if he ever repeated the black-snake story in her hearing their engagement would cease at once.

Now he shot a glance from his merry brown eyes at the third finger of her left hand.

The garnet engagement ring was gone.

Their engagement was at an end.

Now they were turning around snake corner.

Ike was lost in gloomy meditation on the front seat when the oil horse shied violently.

"Whoa!" shouted Ike, and with a glance at snake rock he pulled the trembling horses to a standstill and turned his head to stare at the great fissured rock about which he had woven so many tales to scare the unwary traveler.

Coiled on the rock was an immense serpent, scaly and glistening, with noisid head lifted and swaying gently to and fro.

"Good heavens!" breathed Ike through his set teeth.

Debby leaned from a window and stared, terrified.

Then, stepping jauntily out of the mountain path, came the foreign passenger of the day before.

He bowed politely to Ike, laid his hat against his heart when he saw Debby and at the same instant glimpsed the snake on the rock.

"Mon Dieu!" he squeaked shrilly. "Kill it, monsieur!"

"Kill it yourself!" roared Ike testily, his muscled arm straining at the reins as his horses plunged madly.

"But has not monsieur a happy thought in this great emergency? It is true these are not blacksnakes, but—" he shrugged his shoulders suggestively.

"Get out of the way!" shouted Ike angrily.

"Perhaps monsieur would play 'Yankee Doodle' on his harmonicon!" grinned the amused foreigner. "Thus could he soothe the frightened serpent, even as he did in the good story he related. Ah?"

At that moment the black horses broke away and dragged the careening stage after them.

Debby Bowne, white lipped and trembling, saw Ike Williams regain mastery of his team, turn them about and drive back to snake rock just in time to see the foreign conjurer stuffing the great serpent into an odd looking basket.

"Ha! Monsieur is the brave run-

## First National Bank

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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.

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Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.  
Morning worship, 11:00 a. m.  
Christian Union Endeavor, 6:30 P. M.  
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Prayermeeting Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

### 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

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executor of the estate of Roena E. Meeker, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, and that Monday the 29th day of December, 1913, at 10 A. M. thereof, at the Court room of said County Court in the City of Dallas, Oregon, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof.

WILLARD MILO MEEKER, Executor of the estate of Roena E. Meeker, deceased.  
B. F. SWOPE, Attorney.  
Dated and first published November 28th, 1913. 5t

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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### EMPLOYMENT PROPOSITION

December 1, 1913.

To the Editor:

We wish to ask your kind co operation in a movement to connect our unemployed with a job. There are undoubtedly many residents of your county who could use the services of a good hand this winter and there are many idle men in Portland and other cities in this state who would be glad to have a place.

If you will be kind enough to run this letter and attached information blank in a few issues of your paper our plan will be called to the attention of those needing a hand. Any requests for labor made to our office will at once be taken up with those who are hunting for employment. Assuring you that your co-operation will be greatly appreciated, I am

Yours very truly,

OSWALD WEST, Governor.

### OFFER OF EMPLOYMENT.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Nearest railroad station or steam-boat landing \_\_\_\_\_  
Number of men or women needed \_\_\_\_\_  
Character of work offered \_\_\_\_\_  
Wages to be paid \_\_\_\_\_  
With or without board and lodging \_\_\_\_\_  
How long services, if they prove satisfactory, will likely be needed \_\_\_\_\_  
This blank to be filled out and mailed to the Governor's Office, Salem, Oregon, that it may be brought to the attention of those seeking employment.

**B. F. SWOPE,**

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.

Home Phone:

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