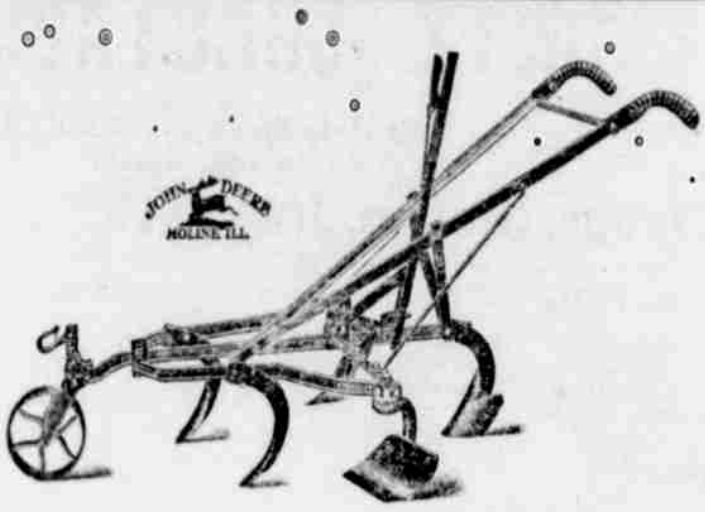

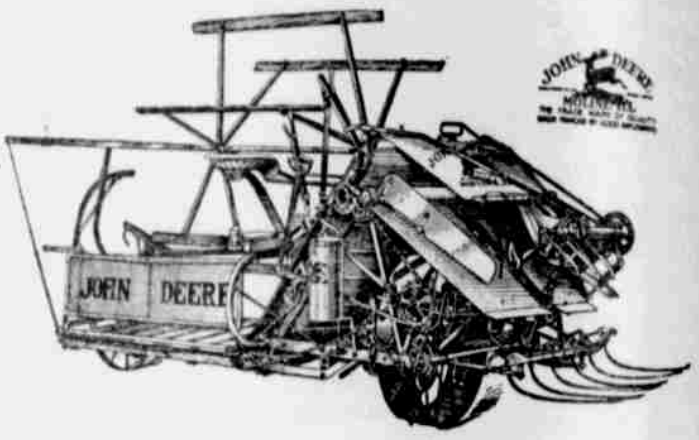

Harvesters

To grow a crop, excepting weeds, you must cultivate, and for that purpose, you need a good Cultivator, otherwise you labor in vain. Let us help you. The best is none to good for you, and we have it.

This is just to remind you that Harvest time will soon be here. Are You Ready?

Heavy and Shelf Hardware

AND BARGAINS

WINEGAR & LORENCE

Monmouth, - - - - - Oregon

Local and Personal

N. E. Foster was doing business in town Saturday.

J. M. Childers of Milton, Oregon, was a Monmouth caller last Wednesday.

Window Screens, any size, exactly one-half price, in our SPECIAL WINDOW this week. Moore & Walker, Complete Home Furnishers, Independence, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Clark and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Butler left on Wednesday for a week's camping and fishing at Cascadia. There will be no fish left when Allen leaves the happy fishing grounds.

How He Got His Promotion

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I must get a message through to General N.," said General B. of the Japanese army to his staff during the war between Russia and Japan. "Can no one of you suggest some device by which I may do so? I have sent five couriers, and every one of them has been shot."

"Had we a balloon, general," said one, "we might succeed."

"A balloon would be riddled," replied the general.

"Has any one tried to go through in the night?" asked another.

"Yes, and failed. It is more difficult to pass at night than in the day time. In addition to running the risk of getting shot, a courier would almost surely be lost in the darkness."

"I will carry your message, general," said Lieutenant Kamura, a five foot youngster weighing some ninety pounds.

"By what means?"

"Horse."

"Horse! Most of our couriers have tried to get through in that way."

"They have not known how to be carried through an enemy's camp by a horse. I am an equestrian."

"And how will you ride?"

"In a way to avoid the observation of the enemy."

"Well, you may go inside the horse if you can get my message through."

"I have not yet decided just how I will ride. You know that the American Indians ride on one side of the horse, holding on by one hand and by one foot. If I could keep my enemy on my flank this plan might serve, but I am liable to be shot at from both sides. Give me your message, general, and when you see me start you will know all about it. I have great hopes of success."

"When will you start?"

"Tomorrow morning just before reveille. It will be after the hour when night attacks are expected and when the men except the guards are asleep."

The general gave orders that he should be called in time to see his start. In the morning when he went out before his tent he saw a horse standing there with no rider. But under the horse's belly was little Kamura, face downward, strapped to the animal with bands that were concealed by the horse's trappings. He looked out between the horse's fore legs and held the reins in his hand.

"Now I am ready, general," he said. "Will you please tuck your message in my belt?"

The general did his part and, wishing his aid success, waited for the start. On Kamura's heels were spurs with sharp rowels, and he was free to kick with the lower part of his legs. A slight touch started the horse, and he made off, guided by the man under him, for the enemy's lines.

He had chosen an opportune time. The guards alone were awake. Kamura rode between two of them into the camp. Seeing a riderless horse coming, both these men ran aside to catch him, but by Kamura's skillful management and a liberal supply of spur the horse eluded them.

So far so good. Kamura guided the animal down a road with tents on either side. Here and there a man up and out before reveille saw a rider less horse coming through the camp, and some of those who were near tried to catch him. But it is not easy to catch a horse that does not wish to be caught, and when he has a guide provided with spurs it is much more difficult. Kamura ran the gantlet to the sentry line on the opposite side of the camp, where more efforts were made to catch him. A cavalryman gave chase, but the courier had the fleetest horse that could be found in the Japanese army, and on his heels were the sharpest spurs. He distanced his pursuer, and when some time later he rode up to the Japanese lines the horse's flanks were dripping blood.

The Japanese were as surprised as the Russians. They caught a wild horse and were congratulating themselves on their prize when a squeaky voice came from under his belly. "Take me to General N.'s headquarters."

But before doing that they unstrapped Kamura and put him on the animal instead of under him, then led him to their commander. Kamura took the message from his belt and said, with the formality usual to soldiers on duty:

"General, I have the honor to hand you a message from General B."

"How did you get through from General B.'s camp?" asked General N. "On foot?"

"No, general."

"On horseback?"

"No, general."

"By the shades of my ancestors! How did you come?"

"Horse belly."

"Horse belly! What do you mean?"

"I was strapped under the horse."

"What an idea! A splendid idea! You shall take a message back on no under horse belly."

And that's exactly what little Kamura did. He rode back through the Russian lines in the same way he had come and delivered the reply to General B., who embraced him, and when he had disengaged himself said:

"I shall send an account of your exploit to the war office at Tokyo and ask for your promotion to be captain at once."

And that's the way Lieutenant Kamura became a captain.

The Bravest Soldier.

Frederick the Great after a terrible engagement asked his officers who behaved most intrepidly during the engagement. The preference was unanimously given to himself.

"You are mistaken," said the monarch. "The bravest fellow was a fifer whom I passed twenty times during the engagement and who did not cease or vary a note the whole time."

WALTER G. BROWN

Notary Public

Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Etc.

HAIR SWITCHES made from combings. Enquire at this office.

HOW

Is your old tennis racket? Bring it in and get it restrung.

We have the Agency for the Spaulding line of Athletic Goods.

MORLAN & SON

First National Bank

Monmouth, Oregon

Paid Capital, - - - $30,000.00
Surplus & Undivided Profits, $16,000.00

IRA C. POWELL, President; J. B. V. BUTLER, Vice Pres.
W. E. SMITH, Cashier.

We offer the best service consistent with sound banking, and solicit your business.

Interest paid on time deposits.

DIRECTORS:

I. M. SIMPSON, F. S. POWELL, WM. RIDDELL, J. B. V. BUTLER, IRA C. POWELL.

C. G. GRIFFA,

Plumber and Steam Fitter.

Carries in Stock

Bath Tubs, Toilet Fixtures and all kinds of Plumbers' Supplies, nickel-plated or otherwise.

All orders attended to promptly and work guaranteed.

MONMOUTH, - - OREGON