

Local and Personal

Rev. W. W. Davis of Alsea was in Monmouth Monday on business. He returned to Alsea on Tuesday.

D. L. Williams and family and Miss Grace Garvin will leave Sunday for Newport, by team, for an outing.

The Colored Minstral Band passed through town yesterday advertising their show at Independence last night.

Mrs. Katie Macy, Registrar at the Normal, will visit friends in Forest Grove the latter part of the week after which she expects to go to Newport for an outing.

Among the new arrivals at Monmouth is George C. Richy and family from Newberg who have been moving here this week. Mr. Richy is pastor of the Christian church.

William Graham and family of Twin Falls, Idaho, are here visiting his brother, James Graham and family. Mr. Graham is returning from a visit to the Expositions in California. He thinks the one at San Diego the most beautiful while that of San Francisco is the most elaborate.

The Locket Lemati club leaves Saturday for their annual fishing and hunting trip. The members of this club are J. B. V. Butler, Dr. Otis Butler, G. T. Boothby and L. Ground. Mr. Ground will not accompany them this year but instead Mrs. J. B. V. Butler and Mrs. Dr. Butler will make up the party.

Dwight Quisenberry leaves today for Bay City where he has secured a position in a drug store. Dwight has made good in securing his right to a druggists' position and the HERALD congratulates him on his success. E. E. Hewitt will take his place in the Perkins Pharmacy until Dr. P. R. Bowersox returns next Saturday.

Mr. S. D. Barrows and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Barrows, and her son Charles and little daughter Mamie, of Bandon who are traveling by auto and visiting friends and relatives in different Valley towns, passed through Monmouth yesterday enroute for Carlton and Portland and were the guests of D. E. Stitt and family for a short stay. They will return here Saturday and Sunday and Miss Blanche Stitt will accompany them to Springfield where they will visit her sisters, Mrs. Lenhart and Mrs. Sowash.

"The Top of the Morning."

There is beauty in the old Hibernian greeting that wishes one "the top of the morning," which few of us are able to comprehend. The morning's prime, with its fresh, sweet hours of tonic breezes and untainted air, the invigoration of body and spirit, the impulse to start with the birth of the day to do all things well until the sundown brings its rest and happy reverie and "depths of incommunicable dreams"—if you go a-walking in "the top of the morning," ready to be guided by nature, all these wholesome influences will come to you, and every hundred yards of the way will find you stepping out more jauntily and with a lighter heart.—London Mail.

Ruling Habit.

"My dear," remarked Professor Blake's wife, as he came downstairs dressed to escort her to the theater, "I don't like the tie you have on. I wish you would change to a black one." The professor went upstairs to make the suggested change. After many minutes of impatient waiting, his wife followed. His tie removed, the professor had absentmindedly continued the undressing process, and as his wife entered he climbed placidly into bed.—New York Times.

A Chapter of Errors

By EUNICE BLAKE

The Gregory family shut up their city residence July 1. Mr. Gregory went to Europe on business, while Mrs. Gregory and the children departed for their summer place in New Hampshire. On Sept. 2 Mrs. Gregory received a letter from her husband from London informing her that he would arrive in New York on the 25th of August. He would open the city residence and keep bachelor's hall there till the return of the family, which was set for Tuesday after Labor day.

Mr. Gregory arrived on the day named and, having made himself comfortable at home, dined and proceeded to amuse himself in his library, but loneliness drove him out, and he did not return till 11 o'clock. There was a vestibule entrance to his house, the outer door of which was not locked, and, turning the knob, he pushed open the door. In the inner door were glass panels, through which a light in the hall shone dimly and revealed a man's figure crouching in a corner of the vestibule. Mr. Gregory was a powerful man, and a stranger to fear. Taking the man by the collar, he shoved him through the inner door, which he had already opened, into the hall and, shaking him as a cat would shake a mouse, cried in stentorian tones:

"You contemptible sneak thief! What are you doing here?"

The man, who was young and well dressed, made no reply. He seemed to be undecided as to what excuse to make. There was a pitiable look on his face that excited Mr. Gregory's commiseration.

"You're altogether too decent a looking man," said the latter, "to be making a living in this way. Have you ever done any thieving before?"

"No, sir," said the man dejectedly.

"Well, in that case I'll let you go. If I turn you in you'll go up for a term of years. I'll give you a chance. Go to work. Now get out of here."

The next morning as he was going out to his club for breakfast he met the postman at the door, who handed him a letter from his daughter Adele postmarked New Hampshire:

Dearest Papa—I trust that you have safely arrived. When you read this you will doubtless have learned of the important event that has occurred in my life. I wish you would write me just as you feel. Don't conceal a single thing. You know that your approval of everything I have ever done has been necessary to my happiness. In this, the most important of all, I beg of you to write me frankly and freely.

As soon as Mr. Gregory found leisure to do so he wrote his daughter laconically:

Arrived on time. Yours received. Don't understand. Your loving FATHER

By return mail came a letter which was as laconic as his own:

Never mind. All a mistake. ADELE

"What the dickens is the matter with the child?" muttered Mr. Gregory to himself. "One day it is the most important event of her life, the next all a mistake."

However, he was familiar with these "great events" in the lives of his children and had become accustomed to consider them of little real moment. So absorbed was he during the day that he forgot all about this family matter. In the afternoon he received a telegram from his wife which upset him completely:

Come at once. Adele has had a severe shock.

Mr. Gregory took the first through train to his summer home and on his arrival met his wife at the door, who told him that during his absence Adele had met and fallen desperately in love with a young man, who had responded. He was intellectually rather than physically vigorous and desperately sensitive. He had returned to the city, and Adele had received a letter from him breaking the engagement without giving any reason. In consequence the poor girl was prostrated.

Mr. Gregory was furious. After commiserating with his daughter and getting from his wife the name and address of the man who had jilted Adele he returned to the city. On the morning after his arrival the culprit was sitting at a 10 o'clock breakfast, which he was not eating, by the by, when the doorbell rang, and Mr. Gregory pushed past the maid who admitted him into the dining room. On the threshold he stood stock still. The culprit crouched behind the breakfast table.

"It seems to me I have seen you before," said the astonished Gregory.

"The man stared at him, trembling.

"What in thunder does this all mean?" cried Gregory.

Then the situation dawned upon him. His daughter's suitor had called on him doubtless to ask for her hand, got wedged in the vestibule and been mistaken for a sneak thief.

That same day Adele received a telegram from her father:

All a mistake. We will be with you tomorrow evening.

When the train arrived the next day it brought Adele's father and her recent suitor. Then it was explained how he had been ejected from the house for a sneak thief; how, being oversensitive, rather than endure the mortification of an explanation, he had chosen to break his engagement, and how, since the matter had come out, he was delighted to renew it.

"Papa," said Adele after all was explained, "why weren't you made more gentle?"

"H'm!" was the reply. "Why did you get such a sensitive lover?"

Close Range Duels.

During the first fifty years of the old American navy, 1798-1848, the mortality of naval officers resulting from duels was two-thirds that resulting from naval wars. In the eighty-two duels listed by a recent writer thirty-six men were killed, all naval officers except three civilians. The per cent of mortality was 22, or five times the mortality of the federal army in the civil war. One-half of those not killed in these duels were wounded. The large number of casualties was undoubtedly due to the short distance between the combatants, which customarily was only ten paces, or thirty feet. In a few duels the distance was even less. In the Barron-Decatur duel it was twenty-four feet and only twelve in the Bainbridge-Cochran duel.

INCOGNITO

By RUTH GRAHAM

Jack Meriweather was a bowling swell. Being rich he had nothing to do except amuse himself. But amusement with him must be taken out of doors. He was devoted to tennis and baseball—in fact, all athletic sports. When thus engaged he dressed accordingly, but as soon as he had finished a game he bathed in perfumed water and put on attire quite elegant enough for a prince of the blood.

Mr. Meriweather was also fond of autos, having several in his garage, and he kept them all in order himself. He had plenty of tools, and whenever anything in the machinery of one of his cars broke or became disarranged he would don his overalls and fix it. One day he had been working under a car long enough to become much begrimed and, having repaired the damage, concluded to try the machine with a view to seeing if what he had mended would hold. He preferred this course to risking a breakdown in a car filled with others.

Jack did not change his overalls or wash the smudge off his face or hands, but started down the road looking for all the world like a greasy mechanic. The machine behaved admirably, and Jack was about to turn back when he saw ahead of him a lady night from a machine that had stopped and look ruefully at it. Thinking she might need assistance, he went on till he reached her. He at once recognized Miss Ethel Ashmore, a young lady he knew slightly. But Miss Ashmore failed to perceive in the man in overalls, with his face covered with blacklead and grease, one whom she had met socially. Seeing a mechanic, she was much pleased at the prospect of an assistant.

"Would you be so kind as to examine my machine and tell me what's the matter with it?" she asked.

Jack pulled his machine to the side of the road, alighted and looked for the trouble. He soon found it and said that there was a broken rod that would have to be repaired. This involved taking the machine to the garage.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the girl.

"What shall I do?"

"I can get a rope at one of these farms hereabout," suggested Jack, "hitch your machine to mine and take it to my shop. Then as soon as I can duplicate the rod I will put it in for you."

"I wish you would," said the girl. "I'll pay you for what you do."

Jack re-entered his machine, ran down the road a bit to a farm house and returned with a stout rope. Then, having hitched the two machines together, the girl got into hers to steer it. Jack got into his own machine and dragged the load to his garage.

"Now I'll take you home," he said. "Tomorrow I'll have the needed part, put it in, and in the afternoon will deliver the machine at your home."

"Could you have it there by 4? I usually go for a drive at that hour."

"I have no doubt of it."

Jack enjoyed the part he was playing and, expecting that Miss Ashmore would recognize him if he put on good clothes, drove her home as he was. When he left her at the door she said:

"If you will tell me how much the bill will be I will pay it now."

"I think the price of the rod to re-

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play the broken one will be about \$3. I shall have to charge by the rules of the union, 70 cents an hour. My time on the job will be about three hours. Call it all \$3."

The young lady put her gloved fingers into her portemonnaie, took out a five dollar gold coin and dropped it into Jack's begrimed hand. Then, turning, she went into the house, without looking back.

The next afternoon at precisely 4 o'clock an automobile drew up at Miss Ashmore's door. She heard it and, assuming that it was her machine, she went out dressed for a drive. She was somewhat puzzled at the changed appearance of the mechanic. Instead of overalls he wore a suit built by a fashionable tailor, a double breasted, fancy waistcoat, a voluminous azure polka dot necktie, while on his hands were a pair of new tan gloves. Nor was there the slightest sign of black on his immaculate complexion. Alighting, he stood unmoved.

"Good afternoon, Miss Ashmore."

"Why, Mr. Meriweather!"

"Fortunate wasn't it, that I came upon you yesterday when you broke down?"

"You don't mean?"

"Yes; I am the mechanic who rescued your machine and brought you home."

"Heavens," exclaimed the lady, biting her lip and coloring, "and I paid you for—"

Jack flipped with his thumb the coin she had given him which he had converted into a fob, saying:

"Here it is. I have earned it, and I mean to keep it in memory of the service it was my happiness to do you."

Miss Ashmore blushed and as soon as she recovered her composure said:

"A good automobile mechanic should also be a good driver. Perhaps I may hire you for my chauffeur this afternoon?"

"Not for hire this time. One memento will suffice, but I shall be happy to serve you, all the same."

The two got into the car and sped away.

A lady who heard the story remarked, "Those two should make a match." And they did.

Overheard at a Dance.

"Don't you love to watch them? I never get tired of it. They say it's such good exercise—yes, it really is! But so few men lead well— isn't she splendid! Her father gives her ten thousand a year just to dress on. No, they never used to cut in. I rather like the idea, don't you? Isn't it funny how used we get to it? I remember it was only two or three years ago when there was so much talk about it in the papers—now everybody dances. How funneel!"—Life.

Her Title.

In Hawaii the servants refuse to say Mrs. or Mr. A young bride was much shocked at hearing a married friend called Mary by a servant and instructed her husband not to call her by her Christian name except when they were alone. One day she had visitors, and what was her horror when the cook put his head inside the drawing room door and said, "My love, what vegetable you want today?"—Christian Register.

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