

## Tale of a Joy Ride In Nineteen Spasms

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as the time was limited.

This put a kink in the schedule of Captain Polhemus and he put up a loud protest. The captain of the boat got his Dutch up and a pepetition of the European war seemed imminent but in the midst of the hostilities the launch slipped away. It was understood however that a truce was struck by an offer to take the captain across the river to a telephone office from which his orders could be transmitted by telephone.

The launch in which we navigated the Siuslaw would not have stood inspection by federal officers, especially in regard to the number of passengers carried. She was loaded to the water's edge and on certain courses where the wind made the waves choppy, considerable water was splashed aboard.

We first made for Florence where the depot at Cushman was called up and the agent there promised to hold the train not to exceed fifteen minutes. Away we went and without anything worse than an occasional splash arrived at Cushman with a few minutes to spare.

Our eighth change was to the cars at Cushman in which we ambled on towards Eugene, at times through a canyon or past valleys where the settler is cutting a homestead from the forest. Sometimes from the grade the course of a foaming stream could be seen down below and again through tunnels where the right of way cuts through a ridge.

The crafty news agent on the train called our attention to the "Old Man of the Siuslaw" and when all had figured out the contour of its face, (it looks like a toothless and venerable yankee and the features of his face are exceedingly plain) when we had recognized the face, the agent tried to sell each a photo souvenir and did a good business.

As we passed through the Coast range and neared Eugene the proportion of fenced in land became larger and the growing levelness of the land commanded our attention.

Continued next week

## Monmouth Heights

Carl Pollen and Will Jones of Monmouth were working the roads in our neighborhood last week.

James Goodman and Mrs. E. Clarke of Monmouth were Thursday visitors at the home of Clay Guthridge and family.

Charles Frost of Crook county, Oregon, was here to see Milt Bosley on business last Thursday.

A number from here attended the funeral of Verl Yeater on the Luckiamute last Friday.

Mr. Comstock was in Salem on business Thursday.

Mrs. George Swearingen and children are training hops for Geo. Rose near Independence.

P. L. and H. R. Fishback were on the Luckiamute on business last Saturday.

Mrs. Belle Wunder of Independence passed over the Heights last Friday.

Mr. Warren and wife of The Dalles have moved to this vicinity to reside.

George Sheldon of the Luckiamute country passed over the Heights to Monmouth Saturday.

## A WORLD FAMOUS SONG.

Payne Was Not in Poverty When He Wrote "Home, Sweet Home."

It is more than ninety years since "Home, Sweet Home," was written, but its popularity is still worldwide, and wherever the English language is spoken it is known and loved because it appeals to that deep lying instinct in humanity which is the basis of family life.

Many stories have been written of its origin, most of them more or less inaccurate and tending to distort reality by a mass of pleasing fiction.

Moving word pictures have been drawn of the starving author in his garret, and illustrations have been published of the original "lowly thatched cottage" for which he was supposedly pining, both affecting and interesting, but not in accordance with the facts. Although he had periods of failure and hardship as well as possibly briefer periods of success and prosperity, it was not while suffering from poverty that he wrote "Home, Sweet Home," but during a time when he was living comfortably in Paris in the Palais Royal and having considerable success in his dramatic work.

There is also no evidence to indicate that the "lowly thatched cottage" had any existence outside of the author's brain in spite of the tradition which has been built up about the Easthampton cottage.

Throughout his life Payne had a deep affection for his native land, his friends and his family, from whom he was for many years widely separated. His letters frequently allude to his longing for the society of those he loved and his appreciation of the home and domestic life.

He was only fifteen years of age when necessity forced him to begin his battle with the world, a precocious, high spirited, impulsive, sensitive, ambitious boy, conscious of an intellect above the normal, restive under restraint, quick to take offense at seeming slight.—T. T. P. Luquer, Payne's Grandnephew, in Scribner's.

### It Was Familiar.

Dan Beard, artist and naturalist, enjoyed the personal friendship of Mark Twain. In the days of the old Aldine club, when it was located next to the old Kensington hotel, at Fifteenth street and Fifth avenue, New York, and before it had merged its identity with the Uptown association, Dan was entertaining Twain in the club, and afterward they strolled up Fifth avenue, stopping to chat on the corner while Twain was waiting for a Fifth avenue bus.

A man who was a total stranger to Mr. Clemens approached them, slapped Mr. Clemens on the back and cried: "Hello, Mark! How are you?"

Mr. Clemens turned slowly, gazed at the intruder and drawled, "I can't recall your name, and your face is entirely unknown to me, but your manner is strangely familiar."

### Fun in the Class.

The late Professor Key, when head master of a large London school, was one of the most genial gentlemen that ever filled that position. He was fond of encouraging fun in his boys and was not averse from recounting occasionally during class time, when anything prompted it, the manners and customs of countries he had visited. On one occasion he was telling his class about Spain and said:

"Do you know, boys, that when a man attains to eminence there he is not called 'sir,' but is given the title of 'don'?"

One of the boys here called out: "Then, I suppose, sir, they would call you Don-Key?"

The gravity of the class was completely upset for the remainder of the afternoon.

### Bridge Expansion.

Bridges expand or get larger in the sun or in the daytime or in the summer and shrink in the shade or at night or in the winter. The rule is that heat makes everything expand and cold makes everything shrink. Cold is nothing but absence of heat. So we may say that everything contracts or expands according to the amount of heat in it. Metals have a most noticeable way of changing their size under the influence of heat. So when bridges are built of iron and steel the engineer has to allow for the change in the bridge's length. After he reck-

ons on the amount of expansion he builds the bridge so that it has room to grow a little longer in the summer.

### Highest Tides.

Navigators state that the highest tide in the world is in the bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The tide there sometimes rises to the height of seventy-one feet, and the increase is occasionally as much as a foot every five minutes.

### The Rose in Ancient Days.

Old Greek writers extol the rose above all other flowers. The Romans appreciated this flower equally as much as the Greeks, and, according to Athenaeus, Cleopatra had the floor covered with roses a foot and a half thick, and Nero is recorded as having spent some thousands of pounds in roses at one feast alone. Anacreon relates how the breath of roses used to perfume the bower of Olympus, and the Graces loved to twine themselves together by a band of these queenly flowers.

### Accidental Discharge of a Pun.

A capital pun may arise by pure accident, as recorded in Bucke's "Book of Table Talk:"

"A Mr. Alexander Gun was dismissed from a post in the customs of Edinburgh for circulating some false rumor. The dismissal is said to have been thus noted in the customs book at the time, 'A. Gun discharged for making a false report.'"

### The British Constitution.

In England there is no such thing as a constitution as we understand the word in this country. The British constitution is merely a mass of law consisting partly of statutes and partly of decided cases and accepted usages, in conformity with which the government of the country is carried on from day to day. The constitution of the United States is written and can be read in twenty minutes' time, while the British constitution is unwritten save as it is contained in hundreds of volumes of statutes and reported cases.

### Where He Was Weak.

"You say, Mr. Smith," said the girl in a low, thoughtful, this is a serious matter sort of tone, "that you have loved me for five years and have never dared to tell me so until tonight?"

"Yes," he replied.  
"Well, I cannot be your wife. A man who has no more courage than that would feign to be asleep while a burglar stole his baby's shoes."—Chicago Herald.

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