

SUICIDE IS IDENTIFIED

PENDLETON EPISODE IS MORE FULLY DETAILED

Man Had Tried to Secure Gun on Day of His Death

Pendleton, Nov. 19.—Deliberately stepping in front of the oncoming passenger train No. 18 last evening, Denny H. McMahon, 30 years old and a sheepherder who had been in the employ of the J. E. Smith company, was instantly killed when he was struck by the iron charger. The circumstances point strongly to suicide. It transpired today that McMahon had tried to secure a gun while in Pendleton yesterday and had declared his weariness of life. Mel Normandy states that he asked him to get him a gun so that he could shoot himself. The deceased young man had been in Pendleton for about two weeks and had been staying at the Gulliford lodging house. He had been drinking quite heavily and his companions had not been the best.

Recently a man by the name of Postum with whom he had been associating, gave two bad checks to the Sweeney brothers, who passed them upon W. G. Bogert and Alex Breeding. The officers had been notified and had been searching for Postum. McMahon knew this and feared that he would be implicated in the trouble because of his friendship with the accused man. It worried him a great deal and as late as yesterday morning he talked with the police officers about the matter.

He is supposed to have an uncle at Medford and a sister in California. Mrs. Jap Gulliford, who is the landlady of the house where he roomed, states that frequently he spoke of this uncle and sister and gave the impression that they were well to do people. An effort is being made by the authorities to get in touch with them. Pending the success or failure of the efforts, the body is being held at the Baker morgue.

Leaguers Leave America

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 19.—The world touring baseballists under Manager McGraw today bade good-by to American shores. The Giant-White Sox aggregation sailed from here today. The first stop will be Yokohama, where they are scheduled to show the Japs how the American National Pastime is played, on Dec. 3. The next day they play in Kobe.

Your job printing. Have it done at the Observer office.

RUINED THE PAINTING.

Curious Fate of Burne-Jones' Favorite Water Color.

A very curious history is that of Burne-Jones' favorite picture, "Love Among the Ruins." The original picture was in water color and was sent to Paris by a firm of art publishers for reproduction and in that city forwarded to their photographic studios in the suburbs. The picture unhappily preceded the letter of instructions regarding it warning the photographer of the medium in which it was painted, so that immediately on its arrival it was brushed over with white of egg to bring out the colors for photographing—an excellent procedure in the case of oil pictures, harmless and very efficacious.

But, as to the Burne-Jones picture, Love was very soon among his own ruins, for every swish of the brush brought off the final touches and left a mere smeared ground. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was heartbroken at the loss of a work on which his reputation, he considered, would in great measure rest and on which he had spent many months of patient toil and the very perfection of his execution in the realization of one of the most poetic conceptions that had sprung from his fanciful imagination.

"Love Among the Ruins" was painted during the years 1870-3. In October, 1893, it was destroyed, and by the following year the oil version was finished, but was scarcely a consolation to the artist for the loss of his first and more spontaneous work.

No Place For Postmen.

The new postman was called before the office superintendent for a reprimand.

"You were seen loitering in the neighborhood of that big fire down the street," the superintendent said.

"I only stopped a minute," the man pleaded, "and I was already eight minutes ahead of schedule time."

"It is not a question of time, but safety," the superintendent replied. "The last place on earth a postman can afford to loiter is in the vicinity of a big fire. On the contrary, he ought to make a detour to avoid it."

"By neglecting that simple precaution more than one postman has had his leather bag drenched by a stream from the hose and a lot of ruined letters charged to his conscience if not to his pocketbook."—New York Times.

English Words in German.

Like the word "sport" and many other English words for which the German language has no adequate terms, the word "strike" has become one of common usage in Germany. "Start, finish, mutiny, trick, snob, smart, partner, detective, picnic, film, handicap and hundreds of other words," says a letter on the subject, "are used in their original form, with not a letter changed. Panic has been made into 'panik' and cheek into 'scheck,' record as 'rekord' when the German uses the word, and strike, in order to preserve the proper pronunciation, is written 'strelk.' These words look English enough when you see them printed, but when you hear them you involuntarily think of the English spoken here signs."—New York Tribune.

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\$4.00 to \$4.50 Table Napkins, 24-inch size, to match Damask, special, doz \$3.68
\$2.50 to \$2.75 Table Napkins, 22-inch size, special, doz\$1.98
36-inch and 45-inch Hemstitched Damask Luncheon Cloths at Special Prices.

Our 11th Friday Surprise Sale!

All Women's Coats and Suits...Half Price
All Misses' Coats and Suits....Half Price
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ORATORICAL AND NERVY.

An Old Cobbler Who Won a Laugh and Favors From Napoleon.

On Napoleon's arrival at Mars-la-Tours the mayor, a farmer, tried in vain to make the speech he had prepared. Bowing and scraping, he stood fascinated by Bonaparte's scrutinizing black eyes—an unhappy squirrel in the gaze of the rattlesnake.

Close behind the trembling mayor stood an old shoemaker, in figure a true Don Quixote, clad in his working dress. "Why don't you speak, you fool?" he muttered from time to time to his leader. At last his patience gave way. He pushed the mayor aside, advanced, with his left hand removed his greasy cotton nightcap, with his right lifted the horn spectacles from his nose, made his bow and delivered the oration: "Emperor, you are on your way to thrash the Prussian rogues once more. I hope soon to see you return crowned with glory, and I have nothing more to say, but that Caesar and Alexander were botches in comparison with you."

The emperor laughed and inquired of the old man whether he had any sons. "Yes; four are in the army—two of these in the guards." Their names were taken down, and the honest shoemaker soon saw them raised to the rank of officers and found himself provided with a comfortable pension.

A CORNER IN WHEAT.

It Didn't Take the Usual Course of Deals of That Nature.

John Miller of Scarborough township had a good crop of spring wheat one year—almost the only good crop for miles round. He thrashed it out during the winter and cleaned it carefully, but did not sell it. "Seed wheat will be scarce in the spring," he said to his wife. "I'll keep it till then."

One day in April a man who lived several miles farther out in the country drove up to John Miller's barn and said he wanted to buy a load of seed wheat. The farmer did not answer him at once.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Miller," said the would be purchaser. "I've got the money to pay for it right here."

"Now, that's just what I wanted to know," said John Miller, and his face brightened perceptibly. "I'm glad you told me. Lots of my neighbors need seed this spring and haven't the cash to pay for it. If they can't get seed on credit they can't get it at all, and I want to help them out. But if you've got the money you can get seed wheat anywhere. So just drive on into town. You'll find plenty there."—Youth's Companion.

Couldn't Be Divided.

In Felix Moscheles' "Fragments of an Autobiography" occurs the following: Mme. Schumann was wanted to play at a little musical reunion, but she did not respond. Mr. Moscheles was deputed to approach her. "Was she inclined to play?"

"Particularly disinclined," was the discouraging response.

The envoy tried again and mentioned her husband's "Carnival." "One part I particularly love, the 'March of the Davidsbundler.' If I could only hear you play just that page or two!"

This roused her. "Page or two, indeed!" she cried. "Wenn man de 'Carnaval' spleit, spleit man ihn ganz." (When one plays the "Carnaval," one must play it all.) And she played the whole.

Feyther and the Passon.

After a Saturday afternoon tramp in Cheshire, writes a correspondent in the Manchester Guardian, I stepped at a little whitewashed inn, where I heard the following rustic story. On a bench outside half a dozen farm workers, with faces and bared arms richly sunburned, were relating reminiscences of bygone times.

"Did Ah Iver tell yo' about ma poor owd feyther and the passon?" asked a white whiskered sturdy veteran. "No! Well, passon meets feyther one day, an' ses 'e, 'John, Ah could find yo' a bit o' a job blowin' t' organ up at t' church o' Sundays if yo' don't mind.' 'Aye, thankee, sir,' ses feyther. 'Ah'd be very glad, but Ah doubt Ah hevna wind enough.'"

"Sustenance Space."

When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have but a few score square feet for his own use, we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground producing for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them. What Professor Peuck has called his "sustenance space."—Mark Jefferson in Atlantic.

Appreciation.

"You never carry that beautiful umbrella I gave you," she said reproachfully.

"I can't afford to," he replied. "I feel as if I would have to take a taxi-cab to keep from getting it wet."—Washington Star.

Political Economy.

Gabe—What is political economy? Steve—Getting the largest number of votes for the least money. I guess.—Cincinnati Enquirer

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