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CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM
FOR COLD CATARRH OF THE HEAD
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HAY FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Applied into the nostrils it quickly absorbed.

GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.

It dissolves, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. It is easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. No mercury, no cocaine, no morphia. The household remedy.

Price, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 55 Warren St., New York

Two, in notices, weather proof, for sale at the Observer Job Office.

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OLIVER



HERE is the biggest plow sensation in forty years.

The Olivers have made a Full Chilled Base for their famous center hitch, high lift No. 1 Gang Plow, called the No. 222. It is the first time that a base in the scouring shape has been made of this famous metal.

This metal is harder than steel and takes a higher polish. Grit won't cut it, and it does not corrode. No more wearing holes through your mouldboards as you do now when using steel. It lasts three times as long as steel—a wonderful economy. The long shapely mouldboard turns the soil perfectly—any soil—hard ground or soft, and always with the very least friction and consequent lighter draft.

The center draft insures absolute freedom from side draft. The two and a half inch adjustment in the caster and furrow wheel axles provides for keeping the plow bolted up close and firm at all times—no rattling loose and getting shaky. Just the plow for very difficult, hard ground plowing.

There are lots of other good features, too, that we can't tell you about here—but come into our store and let us tell you about them. We are ready when you are.

For Sale by

CRAVEN BROS.,

DALLAS, OREGON



THE BIG DEMAND

for "Oregon's Best" flour is due solely to its many fine qualities. We could tell of how much better bread, etc., it bakes, how much farther it goes and a lot of other things in its praise. But we refrain knowing that the trial of a single sack will be a better advertisement for "Oregon's Best" flour than any we could write. Order a sack today.

SWEENEY BROS.,

DALLAS, OREGON

"I am Very Much Pleased With My Investment"

Mr. Louis Schlesinger is the proprietor of a prosperous men's furnishing store in San Diego, California. The quotation above is what he thinks of electric advertising.

"I purchased a double-faced electric sign about a year ago" writes this merchant. I wish to say that I have never spent a sum of money for advertising which has brought me the business that this sign has.

"It not only serves as a sign, and a source of illumination of the entire front of my store at night, but it is a clear and readable sign by day.

"I am very much pleased with my investment and the publicity I have received through it. I would certainly advise anyone looking for a live means of advertising to invest in an electric sign."

Do you know of our very liberal two-years-to-pay sign proposition? A representative will call and explain at your request.

Oregon Power Company

J. L. WHITE, Local Manager

Telephone 24

Discriminating Taste Invariably Calls For

Lowney's Superior Chocolates and Bon Bons

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Nothing Just as Good
Send HER a box of them today
Always on Sale at

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CEMENT CURBINGS AND WALKS

We handle a full line of Cedar and Oak Fence Posts, Brick, Lime, Sand and Cement, Land Plaster, Drain Tile, Shingles, Fire Brick, Hair, Wall Plaster and Hop Supplies.

One block south of depot Phone 1484

Candidates' petition blanks for sale at The Observer office.

Lakeview's fine new high school building, 85x115 feet and two full stories, is now in the hands of the plasterers and painters.

LOOK HERE!

Starr Express & Transfer Co

Does all kinds of hauling at reasonable rates. Stand at Wagner's Confectionery Store. Phone 511. Barn Phone 1874.

L. G. MUSCOTT

Proprietor

DALLAS, OREGON

Adventure



A Romance of The South Seas

BY

JACK LONDON

Copyright, 1910, by Street & Smith

Copyright, 1911, by the Macmillan Company

CHAPTER XXIII. CAPITULATION.

WHEN Sheldon emerged from among the trees he found Joan waiting at the compound gate, and he could not fail to see that she was visibly gladdened at the sight of him.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you," was her greeting. "What's become of Tudor? That last flutter of the automatic wasn't nice to listen to. Was it you or Tudor?"

"So you know all about it," he answered coolly. "Well, it was Tudor, but he was doing it left handed. He's down with a hole in his shoulder." He looked at her keenly. "Disappointing, isn't it?" he drawled.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, that I didn't kill him."

"But I didn't want him killed just because he kissed me," she cried.

"Oh, he did kiss you," Sheldon retorted in evident surprise. "I thought you said he hurt your arm."

"One could call it a kiss, though it was only on the end of the nose." She laughed at the recollection. "But I paid him back for that myself. I boxed his face for him. And he did hurt my arm. It's black and blue. Look at it."

She pulled up the loose sleeve of her blouse, and he saw the bruised imprints of two fingers.

Just then a gang of blacks came out from among the trees, carrying the wounded man on a rough stretcher.

"Romantic, isn't it?" Sheldon sneered, following Joan's startled gaze. "And now I'll have to play surgeon and doctor him up. Funny, this twentieth century dueling. First you drill a hole in a man, and next you set about plugging the hole up."

They had stepped aside to let the stretcher pass, and Tudor, who had heard the remark, lifted himself up on the elbow of his sound arm and said with a defiant grin:

"If you'd got one of mine you'd have had to plug with a dinner plate."

"Oh, you wretch!" Joan cried. "You've been cutting your bullets."

"It was according to agreement," Tudor answered. "Everything went. We could have used dynamite if we wanted to."

"He's right," Sheldon assured her as they swung in behind. "Any weapon was permissible. I lay in the grass where he couldn't see me and bush-whacked him in truly noble fashion. That's what comes of having women on the plantation. And now it's antiseptics and drainage tubes, I suppose. It's a nasty mess, and I'll have to read up on it before I tackle the job."

"I don't see that it's my fault," she began. "I couldn't help it because I kissed me. I never dreamed he would attempt it."

"We didn't fight for that reason. But there isn't time to explain. If you'll get dressings and bandages ready I'll look up gunshot wounds and see what's to be done."

"Is he bleeding seriously?" she asked.

"No; the bullet seems to have missed the important arteries. But that would have been a pickle."

"Then there's no need to bother about reading up," Joan said. "And I'm just dying to hear what it was all about. The Apostle is lying becalmed inside the point, and her boats are out towing. She'll be at anchor in five minutes, and Dr. Welshmere is sure to be on board. So all we've got to do is to make Tudor comfortable. We'd better put him in your room under the mosquito netting and send a boat off to tell Dr. Welshmere to bring his instruments."

An hour afterward Dr. Welshmere left the patient comfortable and attended to and went down to the beach to go on board, promising to come back to dinner. Joan and Sheldon, standing on the veranda, watched him depart.

"I'll never have it in for the missionaries again since seeing them here in the Solomons," she said, seating herself in a steamer chair.

She looked at Sheldon and began to laugh.

"That's right," he said. "It's the way I feel, playing the fool and trying to murder a guest."

"But you haven't told me what it was all about."

"You," he answered shortly.

"Me? But you just said it wasn't."

"Oh, it wasn't the kiss." He walked over to the railing and leaned against it, facing her. "But it was about you all the same, and I may as well tell you. You remember, I warned you long ago what would happen when you wanted to become a partner in Beranda. Well, all the beach is gossiping about it, and Tudor persisted in repeating the gossip to me. So you see it won't do for you to stay on here under present conditions. It would be better if you went away."

"But I don't want to go away," she objected with rueful countenance.

"A chaperon then—"

"No, nor a chaperon."

"But you surely don't expect me to

go around shooting every sanderer in the Solomons that opens his mouth?" he demanded gloomily.

"No, nor that either," she answered with quick impulsiveness. "It's tell you what we'll do. We'll get married and put a stop to it all—there!"

He looked at her in amazement and would have believed that she was making fun of him had it not been for the warm blood that suddenly suffused her cheeks.

"Do you mean that?" he asked unsteadily. "Why?"

"To put a stop to all the nasty gossip of the beach. That's a pretty good reason, isn't it?"

"No; it is worse than no reason at all. I don't care to marry you as a matter of expediency."

"You are the most ridiculous creature!" she broke in with a flash of her old time anger. "You talk love and marriage to me very much against my wish, and go mooning around over the plantation week after week because you can't have me, and look at me when you think I'm not noticing and when all the time I'm wondering when you had your last square meal because of the hungry look in your eyes, and make eyes at my revolver belt hanging on a nail, and fight duels about me, and all the rest—and now, when I say I'll marry you, you do yourself the honor of refusing me."

"You can't make me any more ridiculous than I feel," he answered, rubbing the lump on his forehead reflectively. "And if this is the accepted romantic program—a duel over a girl and the girl rushing into the arms of the winner—why, I shall not make a bigger ass of myself by going in for it."

"I thought you'd jump at it," she confessed, with a naive smile he could not but question, for he thought he saw a roguish gleam in her eyes.

"My conception of love must differ from yours, then," he said. "I should want a woman to marry me for love of me and not out of romantic admiration because I was lucky enough to drill a hole in a man's shoulder with smokeless powder. I tell you I am disgusted with this adventure tomfoolery and rot. I don't like it. Tudor is a sample of the adventure kind—picking a quarrel with me and behaving like a monkey, insisting on fighting with me—to the death, he said. It was like a penny dreadful."

She was biting her lip, and, though her eyes were cool and level looking

as ever, the telltale angry red was in her cheeks.

"Of course if you don't want to marry me—"

"But I do," he hastily interposed.

"Oh, you do—"

"But don't you see, little girl, I want you to love me," he hurried on; "otherwise it would be only half a marriage. I don't want you to marry me simply because by so doing a stop is put to the beach gossip, nor do I want you to marry me out of some foolish romantic notion. I shouldn't want you—that way."

"Oh, in that case," she said, with assumed deliberateness, and he could have sworn to the roguish gleam—"in that case, since you are willing to consider my offer, let me make a few remarks. In the first place you need not sneer at adventure when you are living it yourself, and you were certainly living it when I found you first, down with fever on a lonely plantation with a couple of hundred wild cannibals thirsting for your life. Then I came along—"

"And what with your arriving in a gale," he broke in, "fresh from the wreck of your schooner, landing on the beach in a whaleboat full of picturesque Tahitian sailors and marling into the bungalow with a thaden-Powell on your head, sea boots on your feet and a whacking big Coir's dangling on your hip—why, I am only too ready to admit that you were the quintessence of adventure."

"Very good," she cried exultantly. "It's mere simple arithmetic—the adding of your adventure and my adventure together. So that's settled, and you needn't fear at adventure any more. Next I don't think there was anything romantic in Tudor's attempting to kiss me nor anything like adventure in this absurd duel. But I do think now that it was romantic for you to fall in love with me. And finally, and it is adding romance to romance, I think—I think I do love you, Dave—oh, Dave!"

The last was a sighing dove cry as he caught her up in his arms and pressed her to him.

"But I don't love you because you played the fool today," she whispered on his shoulder. "White men shouldn't go around killing each other."

"Then why do you love me?" he questioned, enthralled after the manner of all lovers in the everlasting query that forever has remained unanswered.

"I don't know—just because I do, I guess. And that's all the satisfaction you gave me when we had that man talk. But I have been loving you for weeks—during all the time you have been so deliciously and unobtrusively jealous of Tudor."

"Yes, yes, go on," he urged breathlessly when she paused.

"I wondered when you'd break out, and because you didn't I loved you all the more. You were like dad and Von. You could hold yourself in check. You didn't make a fool of yourself."

"Not until today," he suggested.

"Yes, and I loved you for that too. It was about time. I began to think you were never going to bring up the subject again. And now that I have offered myself you haven't even accepted."

With both hands on her shoulders he held her at arm's length from him and looked long into her eyes, no longer cool, but seemingly pervaded with a golden flush. The lids drooped and yet bravely did not droop as she returned his gaze. Then he fondly and solemnly drew her to him.

"And how about that beath and saddle of your own?" he asked a moment later.

"I well nigh won to them. The grass house is my beath and the Martha my saddle, and—look at all the trees I've planted, to say nothing of the sweet corn. And it's all your fault anyway. I might never have loved you if you hadn't put the idea into my head."

"There's the Nongasela coming in around the point with her boats out," Sheldon remarked irrelevantly. "And the commissioner is on board. He's going down to San Cristobal to investigate that missionary killing. We're to luck, I must say."

"I don't see where the luck comes in," she said dolefully. "We ought to have this evening all to ourselves just to talk things over. I've a thousand questions to ask you."

"And it wouldn't have been a man talk either," she added.

"But my plan is better than that." He debated with himself a moment. "You see, the commissioner is the one official in the islands who can give us a license. And—there's the luck of it—Dr. Welshmere is here to perform the ceremony. We'll get married this evening."

Joan recoiled from him in panic, tearing herself from his arms and going backward several steps. He could see that she was really frightened.

"I—I thought"—she stammered.

Then slowly the change came over her, and the blood flooded into her face in the same amazing flush he had seen once before that day. Her cool, level looking eyes were no longer level looking nor cool, but warmly drooping and just unable to meet his, as she came toward him and nestled in the circle of his arms, saying softly, almost in a whisper:

"I am ready, Dave."

THE END.

Making a Magnet.

The simplest way of magnetizing a bar of steel is that known as "single touch." The bar to be magnetized is laid on the table and the pole of a powerful magnet is rubbed from ten to twenty times along its length, always in the same direction. If the north pole of the magnet is employed the end of the bar first touched will also become a north pole, while the opposite end, at which the magnet is lifted before returning, will be a south pole.

There are other and more complicated methods, known as "divided touch" and "double touch," in which two and even four magnets are employed.

A steel bar can also be magnetized by placing it within a coil of insulated wire, through which a galvanic current is circulating. The magnetism induced in this way, however, is weak compared with that which can be produced if the same strength of current is employed through the intervention of an electro-magnet.

Naturally So.

"All the parts in this play are fat parts."

"They have to be when the play itself is laid in Greece."—Baltimore American.

Some people think they are entitled to a lot of credit for doing as they please.—Chicago News.

Then I came along—"