

The Yeon Building--Portland

The Yeon Building in Portland stands on two lots which in 1859 sold for \$100.

The chances are that the buyer had an idea that he ought to have got it for less.

The present owners paid \$275,000 for it and it is probably worth \$400,000 today.

When it was bought for \$100 it was in the "woods" clear outside the center of town.

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The prices are 10 per cent cheaper than they will be July 1st and 2 or 3 hundred per cent cheaper than the value two or three years from now.

Don't wait until it is too late, until the time comes when you will say, "I wish I had."

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From	To	Fare	To	Fare
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Oregon City	"	6.25	"	4.75
Salem	"	5.15	"	6.00
Albany	"	4.00	"	7.50
Corvallis	"	3.75	"	7.10
Eugene	"	5.80	"	9.00
Roseburg	"	8.75	"	12.00
Medford	"	12.00	"	17.25
Astoria	"	12.00	"	17.75

Corresponding low fares from other points. Week end tickets on sale from various points.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN ON C. & E. R. R.

Leaves Albany at 7:20 a. m. Corvallis 7:50 a. m. and connects with the S. P. trains 16 and 14 Northbound and No. 13 Southbound.

EXCURSION FARES EAST

Tickets will be sold from all main and branch line points in Oregon to eastern destination one way through California or via Portland. Stopovers within limit.

TICKETS ON SALE DAILY TO SEPTEMBER 30

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For beautifully illustrated booklet, "Vacation Days," and booklet describing Tillamook County Beaches, Newport and other points, as well as information about Eastern Fares, Routes, Stopovers, etc., call on nearest Agent or write to

John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

Did You Ever Notice?

When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened. When a hen lays an egg there's a hell of a noise. The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hen's eggs instead of ducks'.

--The Moral Is Obvious

Observer Ads Bring Results

Two Fights For a Bride

Also Two Wedding Journeys

By OSCAR COX

John Murdock, landlord of the Antlers Inn, was standing on his porch ready to welcome the first summer visitor when the first summer visitor came down upon him with a rush. She was a young lady about twenty years of age mounted on a horse whose eye were aflame, nostrils wide open and sides covered with foam. Dashing up to where Murdock stood, she looked at the open door of the inn as if expecting some one to come out to meet her. Not seeing any one, she fired a volley of questions at the landlord:

"Is there a gentleman here waiting for me?"
"No'm."
"Has he been here?"
"No'm."
"Have you had any word from him?"
"No'm."
"Then I am undone."
Murdock stood gaping at her. Presently she spoke to him again:
"Are you married?"
"No'm."
"Would you have any objection to marry me?"
"I wouldn't be fit."
"Never mind that. Answer my question."
"Really married?"

"Yes, really married, but not to live with me. No; you won't do. Go find me a husband."

She gave him her hand that he might help her off her horse, threw the rein over a hitching post and directed him to bring any man in the place who was not married, together with a parson, if he could find one, and be quick about it. She would give the groom \$500. While speaking she kept looking up the road in the direction from which she had come, and when she had finished she listened.

The landlord put on his hat to go across lots to a house where he knew of a single man that needed money badly. Those were the days when everybody "liked," and a young fellow got up in a short coat, kulcherbockers and woolen stockings came pedaling along the road.

"I say, young fellow," said the landlord, "are you married?"

"No."
"Would you like to make some money that way?"

"By marrying a girl."
"What girl?"
"She's right over there at my house. Come and have a look at her."

"I don't mind."
The landlord went back by the short cut to the house, and the blither peddler there by the road. The young lady was out on the porch staring up the road. Turning, she saw the landlord and the bicyclist coming.

"Hurry up!" she called.
"This young man"--the landlord began.

"Yes, I know. Where's the parson?"
"I'll get him as soon as"--
"Get him now. Don't waste a moment. Oh, dear! I'm afraid we'll be too late."

The landlord hurried away again. The girl turned toward the young man. "You're going to marry me, and I'll pay you \$500 for doing it."

"Not without some show of an explanation."
"We can't be married till the parson comes, so I'll give you what you ask. I'm an orphan. My guardian managed to get hold of me after father's death and tried to persuade me to marry him. I've been his prisoner for months. I have been told that as a married woman I'll have a better chance to fight him under the law, and I want a husband to protect me--that is, I wanted one and expected to meet one here, but he has disappointed me. My guardian has doubtless discovered my escape and is liable to be here at any moment. Hiss! Is that wheels? No. When he comes I wish to be a wife, and I hope you'll have the pluck to prevent his dragging me back to that horrid"--

She stopped short, seeing the landlord coming with a man in white necktie.

"Come inside," she added.
The four of them went inside. Then the groom to be said:

"I'm ready to help you out of a scrape, but not for pay. And I insist on signing away any claim to what you possess before the marriage."

"Well, hurry up."
"Give me writing materials."

The landlord pointed to the office counter, where there were pens and paper, and the young man signed away the girl's fortune. Then he stood up beside her, and they were married. The groom lifted his bride's hand to his lips in a courtly manner and kissed it.

"Are you a gentleman?" she asked with some surprise.

"Don't look like one?"
"Not in those clothes. You understood, didn't you, before the ceremony, that all I want of you is to get rid of my guardian? We are not to live together."

"Certainly not."
"Oh, heavens! Here he comes."

A galloping horse came clattering down the road, dragging a buggy after it. In the buggy was a man somewhat past middle age. He drove up to the hotel door and called out for the landlord.

"A young woman--a lunatic--has escaped. Seen anything of her?"
"There's a young lady here. She's just been married."

"Married?"
The man jumped from his buggy, hurried into the hotel and confronted the wedding party.

"Edith," he said, "I'm astonished. Come home with me."
"This young lady," said the groom, "is my wife, and she goes where she chooses."
"She'll go with me."

The new arrival was a large man, the groom rather slender and not above

the medium height. The latter threw off his coat and stood in an appropriate costume for a fight. The guardian took no notice of him, but caught the girl by an arm and began to pull her toward the door, when the groom attracted his attention by a blow on the jaw. The other dropped the girl and went for his assailant like a bull after a red cloth.

The fight lasted ten minutes. The guardian, though he had plenty of muscle, knew nothing about boxing. The groom, on the contrary, had evidently been taking lessons in that art, for he kept out of the way of his opponent's blows and now and again got in one himself.

The others stood looking on, the girl with intense eagerness, for she felt that her fate depended on the result of the struggle. Once back in her guardian's hands, he might defy the law. Every time he made a lunge for her husband she gasped, and every time her husband got in a blow she danced for joy. The landlord, fearing that the woman was really a lunatic, did not care to mix himself up in the matter, and the parson was a man of peace.

Evidently the younger contestant was in training for some athletic event, or perhaps his devotion to his wheel gave him endurance, for as his stouter opponent lost his wind the other gained his own. But matters were still undecided when the latter got in a blow under the chin that threw his antagonist backward. He fell on the floor and, hitting his head against an oaken chair, lay quiet.

"Come," said the wife, "let us be off before he gets on his feet again."

Leaving the fallen man to the care of the landlord and the parson, the groom lifted his wife on to her horse, and, getting on his bicycle, in this incongruous fashion they rode away.

"Isn't this too ridiculous for anything?" said the bride. "If it were not a matter possibly of life or death with me I believe I should laugh."

"A prancing steed and a bike with a croak in the rear wheel aren't a well matched team, are they?"

They had not gone far before a horseman was seen galloping toward them. When they met he reined in and they also stopped.

"I feared I would be too late," said the newcomer.

"You are too late," said the girl. "What do you mean?"

"In order to escape my guardian I was obliged to take a husband. This gentleman kindly offered to help me out."

"Maud," exclaimed the man, "you don't mean to tell me that you are married!"

"Married--not fifteen minutes ago. Why were you not at the Antlers when I arrived?"

"I thought I had plenty of time."
"What you thought doesn't help matters. Had it not been for this gentleman--my husband--I would now be going back to my place of imprisonment."

"You must get a divorce."
"If I do I don't know that I'll marry you."

"Maud!" reproachfully.
"See here," interrupted the groom, "where do I come in in this business?"

"You don't come in at all," said the other man angrily. "You go out."
"Perhaps I shall, but I've licked one man for my bride, and before I give her up I'll lick another."

"We'll see about that," said the other savagely, throwing himself off his horse. He was angry with himself for having been too late, and a man angry with himself is prone to be angry with every one else. He stalked up to the groom, who was standing by his wheel, and, shaking his fist in his face, growled:

"You'll help annul this marriage or I'll break every bone in your body."
"Harry!" exclaimed Maud. "You are acting like a fool. You can't bring about an annulment that way."

But before the last word was spoken Harry and the impromptu husband were pummeling each other unmercifully. Harry, whose tardiness had occurred from having stopped at a roadhouse to refresh himself, was by no means in the condition of his enemy and was knocked out in half the time required to do the guardian. After a fall he tried to rise, but, falling, sat in the road covered with dust and blood, the latter from his nose.

"Now, my dear wife," said the husband, "consider yourself free to go with this gentleman or with me. Which do you prefer?"

She looked at the spectacle sitting in the road, then at her champion.

"You--for the present at least."
Again the bicyclist mounted his wheel, and the two, leaving the discomfited man, proceeded on their wedding journey. Looking back, they saw him limping toward his horse.

The improvised husband turned out to be a wealthy young man who was about entering upon his world's work. After a season he and his wife agreed to stop certain annulment proceedings that had been started and went on a new wedding tour. But this time it was not in the ridiculous fashion of a horse and a bicycle. They took a parlor car.

"Reform should be conducted in a scientific way," said the economist.

"Quite true," replied Professor Highbrow. "The only trouble with scientific reform is that by the time you get through with a diagnosis it's liable to be too late for a remedy."--Washington Star.

Each boy scout now is hunting. With love for the game immense. That good old fashioned knothole. That grows in the baseball fence. --Judge.

First Lieutenant--As we were going over the river on the plank bridge it gave way, and the men fell in.

Second Lieutenant--What did you do? First Lieutenant--I ordered them to fall out, of course.--St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He roamed half round the world of woe. Where toil and labor never cease. Then dropped one little span below In search of peace.

And now to him mid beams and shovels. All that he needs to grace his tomb. From lowest regions at all hours. Unthought for, come. --New York Mail.

MacMillan Ready to Unearth Arctic's Unknown Continent



WHILE the rest of us will be sweltering at home Donald B. MacMillan and his party will be pushing on toward their goal in the frozen top of the world. They're going north to find Crocker Land, the unexplored arctic continent, which may be inhabited by blond Eskimos, but more likely is the home of the walrus and the polar bear. MacMillan, who was with Peary when he discovered the north pole, has chartered the whaler Diana and will sail north in the early part of July from Sydney, N. S. W. Wireless will play an important part in MacMillan's trip. Electricity will be used for cooking and heating. The expedition will in other ways be equipped with the very latest arctic paraphernalia. Crocker Land was sighted by Peary from Cape Hubbard in 1906 and has since remained the principal unolved geographical puzzle of the world.

ABOUT MOON SIGNS.

A reader of this department who lives near Springfield, Ill., writes making inquiry as to whether the moon has any influence on crops--that is, whether root crops will do better if planted in the dark of the moon and if those which mature their fruit above ground are planted in the light of the moon. Our friend says that, while most of his neighbors believe to a greater or less extent in these moon signs, he himself does not have much faith in them, considering them as merely a matter of superstition. The writer is willing to confess that his early education may have been neglected, but he has never had a particle of faith in moon signs or long distance weather prophets. He would classify both of them as meteorological fakes. At the same time he realizes that so harsh a classification may offend the feelings of a good many sincere people. The belief in moon signs, if it can be said to have any scientific basis at all, seems to be traceable to the influence or "pull" which the moon has upon the water of the earth's surface, especially as shown in the spring tides, which occur when the moon is full. Again, it may be traced to the supposition that inasmuch as light encourages vegetation moonshine would have some ef-

fect on the growth of that portion of plants that appeared above ground. But we are inclined to think that this is mostly moonshine. The fact is the big potato growers of the country pay no attention whatever to the moon or its phases. They plant their seed when they get their land ready and when the season is sufficiently advanced. To satisfy himself first hand on this point we would suggest that our correspondent plant some potatoes, for instance, in both the light and dark of the moon and keep track of the yield next fall. If he notes results that prove anything to him we would be glad to report his findings in these notes.

The Light That Failed.

It was by an accident that Mr. Kipling got his famous title, "The Light That Failed." He had almost decided to call the novel "The Failure," although he was dissatisfied with this. One evening as he was sitting in his study reading by lamplight the light went suddenly down--almost failed, in fact. In a second Kipling jumped up, exclaiming excitedly, "By Jove, I've got it!" Pointing to the lamp, he said, "The Light That Failed."

"Don't suffer in that irksome dress!" I asked the hobbled maid. She was a patient girl, I guess. "I cannot kick," she said. --Milwaukee Sentinel.

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