

Echoes From Semicentennial Of Gettysburg's Great Battle



Photos by American Press Association.

THE big thing, the thing that gripped you, about the recent fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg was the spirit of reunion back of the great mobilization of veterans. It demonstrated on a bigger, more genuine, scale than ever before that the old bitterness of the civil war had been buried long ago in the grave of forgotten deeds. Men who fifty years ago tried to slaughter one another shook hands and swapped yarns of the war in the good fellowship of old age. These pictures were taken at the big encampment. The top one shows how many a Yank and rebel of half a century ago shook hands with the best of good feeling for each other and for the nation in which they live. The lower picture shows part of the 5,000 tents used by the 40,000 vets.

The Obliging Juryman

He Had Just Time to Serve Before Taking a Train By ELLSWORTH TOWNSEND

I like to talk with John Atherton, a retired detective friend of mine, for he has a fund of incidents that occurred during the days of his active service that I find interesting. Some of them happened to him personally, and some were told him by his fellow craftsmen during idle hours. This is one of Atherton's stories that especially pleased me from the ingenuity and assurance perpetrated by a rogue: There are two ways by which crooks work, the one with, the other without confederates. Both ways have their advantages. A man who works alone doesn't have the fear of being betrayed by his pal, for where one is offered an easy letting off from a hard sentence that he will squelch he is pretty likely to squeal. But a man who has a confederate can do what one man can't do alone. In one way crook pals will usually stand by each other. When one is in danger the other will do all in his power and take considerable risks to help him out. I was once put on a job to track down a man called Jerry Wilson, who was in the confidence department of rognery. Wilson usually worked countrymen. He was one of the most accomplished swindlers I ever met. He had been an actor and was proficient in the art of making up. We would hear of him one day passing as a stockbroker, at another as a clergyman and again as a cotton planter with a perfect southern dialect. Of course we didn't know at the time that these were one and the same man, but we often suspected it and in time learned it from Wilson himself. One day a countryman reported at police headquarters that he had been victimized by a man who passed himself off for an Englishman. The countryman had come from England twenty years before and had never become Americanized. Englishmen seldom become naturalized. You will find thousands of them in this country, and other countries for that matter, who have become old men and not seen England since they were children and are still British subjects. The man who picked him up doubtless heard him speak with his British lingo, had stepped up to him and hailed him as a fellow countryman. One born, he said, under the British flag and once accustomed to the home accent could always be placed as an Englishman. Then he launched out on the demerits of this "bloody country" and won the farmer's heart completely. A confidence man becomes very expert in drawing out information from a greenhorn, and the new acquaintance—Henderson, he called himself—was evidently an adept at this work, for the farmer soon learned that they both came from the same county in England and from the same town and knew the same persons. Henderson, being a later arrival, gave his former fellow townsman bits of information as to what had become of many of his old friends—who were living and who were dead and who had married. The result was a friendly drink at a "pub-lic," as they call a saloon in England, followed by a friendly game, with the consequent transfer of several hundred dollars of the farmer's money to the pockets of Mr. Henderson, who, when he had drained his fellow countryman's resources, slipped out through a back door. Well, we got on to Mr. Henderson, but were deficient in proof. The farmer's testimony might have been met by an alibi and other subterfuges, and I decided to capture him at his own game. Having located him, I stood near him and, adopting the British accent, began to talk about dear old Merrie England. The fellow chimed in, and we were soon hohobbling together. I had my pocketbook stuffed with marked bills, which passed into my countryman's possession. Then I tipped a confederate the wink, and together we took him in. There couldn't have been a surer case against a man than that, could there? From facts I gathered and the man's ability to personate different characters I believed I had got the slippery Wilson, and I intended to put him where he would trouble the public no longer. In making up a jury to try him we got nine good men, when somehow we couldn't get any further. Some were exempt and some had sufficient excuses. When we got the eleventh man so much time had been lost that the judge was getting impatient. A gentlemanly looking man in the courtroom said that if the trial would not occupy much time he would help us out. He was immediately served with a summons, accepted and sworn in. The trial didn't require or it was not given a long time. The evidence was perfect, and the conviction was considered a mere matter of form. Besides, there was the gentleman who had volunteered to serve on the case provided he would not be long detained. After he had been sworn in he told the judge that he was really exempt, but would not claim exemption provided he was assured that he would in every probability be discharged within a couple of hours since he was waiting for a train that would leave at the expiration of that time. I think the judge must have been in a hurry. He held a consultation with the prisoner's attorney whom he had assigned to defend him, who said that he had little or no chance for the prisoner and did not think what he had would require ten minutes to bring it out. Upon this the judge told the obliging juryman that he was very sure he would have plenty of time to make his train. "I'm glad of that, your honor," said the gentleman. "There's nothing I dread so much as waiting for anything, especially for a train." The judge's opinion as to the period of the trial proved quite correct. For while it seemed that it would be put through at railroad speed, the charge was read to the prisoner, and he was asked to plead. He said he was a British subject and asked if that would make any difference. When told that it would not he pleaded not guilty. I gave my account of how I had trapped him, and his victim testified against him. The accused declared that he was a British subject from Australia and if his home were not so far away he could easily prove his respectability. The twelfth jurymen impudently asked him a few questions about Australia, which he answered evidently to the jurymen's satisfaction. But this didn't cut any figure because it didn't matter where he came from. We had the deadwood on him. We expected the jury to convict him without leaving their seats, but they didn't. Then we thought they might

be half an hour, but the half hour passed, and they didn't come back. The judge went home to dinner, leaving instructions to be called when a verdict was reached. He wasn't called. The jury remained out the rest of the day and all night. In the morning they sent word that they would like to be discharged since they couldn't agree. This made the judge angry, and he sent back word that the evidence was absolutely convincing and they must agree. Indeed, they were given to understand that they must bring in a verdict or they would be kept where they were till the crack of doom. They stood out till about 10 o'clock the second night, then sent word that they had come to an agreement. The judge was summoned, and they filed into court. The judge asked the customary questions. "Have you arrived at a verdict?" "We have, your honor." "Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the charge?" "Not guilty." "What?" "Not guilty, your honor." There was nothing to do in accordance with the law except to discharge them. Convinced that there had been some rascality practiced, I stationed myself at the door and scrutinized every man as he went out. I noticed that the twelfth jurymen, who had volunteered, led the rest out of the courtroom, and I heard him descending the stairs three steps at a time. I was convinced that he had imposed on us all with a view to getting on the jury, then standing out for an acquittal. I learned that he had told his fellow jurymen that he had lived in Australia and had known the prisoner there and could vouch for his being a respected citizen of Melbourne. He was sure that he had been mistaken for some one else and would not on any account vote for a conviction. Not until the others became convinced that the man was not to be moved did they conclude to bring in a verdict of not guilty rather than disagree and subject the state to the expense of another trial. There was no way of holding the man who had been tried. He had been acquitted of the charge of which he was accused and could not be tried again for that crime. So we made a virtue of necessity and let him go. Six months after this two men were arrested for confidence work. I went to the trial for information and a look at the prisoners, since it was my custom to keep track of the rogues brought in. The moment I looked at the prisoners I recognized both of them. One was the man who had swindled the farmer and whom I had supposed to be Jerry Wilson. The other would you believe it?—was the twelfth jurymen who had forced his acquittal. But this was not all of my surprise. At the trial of the two men it came out that this twelfth jurymen, who was willing to help us out if he didn't take too long, was none other than Jerry Wilson. He and the other man, Tom Murphy (and other names), had long worked confidence games together, and when his pal was in trouble Wilson had made himself up for a gentleman, had gone into the courtroom to watch the impaneling of the jury and in the nick of time had offered himself to help us out. I confess that in all my experience I never knew a clearer case of one rogue standing by another. Wilson ran an awful risk. Had I known when he left the courtroom that he had single handed "bung" the jury I should have kept him in sight, trumped up a charge against him and held him till I could find out who he was. That he feigned something of the kind was evident from the haste with which he got away. After the conviction of the two men (they were sent up for twenty years) I visited Wilson in jail, and he told me much about his operations. He said that when he played the twelfth jurymen trick he was more afraid of getting on to it than any one else, for I had completely outwitted his pal with my marked bills. When he saw me station myself at the courtroom door to watch the outgoing of the jury men he thought it was all up with him. The moment he reached the street he ran like a deer, entered an alley and was soon beyond capture. SHUN FRAYED COLLARS. They Are Apt to Irritate the Neck and Cause Carbuncles. The back of the neck is the commonest place for a carbuncle to appear. It is a most sensitive spot, not so much on the surface of the skin as in the underlying tissues, wherein are great nerves that communicate very closely with the brain. And it is in these tissues that the carbuncle spreads its "roots." A carbuncle is a breaking down of the tissue caused by the germs called streptococcus and staphylococcus. These are the principal but by no means the only pus producing germs. They eat and break down the tissues. The white corpuscles of the blood rush to the spot and try to devour the attacking bacteria. Millions of them perish in the attempt, and pus is really a mixture of dead white corpuscles and germs that are exuding virulent poisons. Carbuncles select the back of the neck so often because of the irritation caused by the collar if it be slightly frayed or roughened by careless laundering. The back of the neck is almost as much exposed to dirt as are the backs of the hands and needs washing almost as often. The rubbing of the collar scrapes off the scaly surface of the skin, which is its protection against germs of disease. This being gone, the germs enter unopposed. A collar button pressing constantly on one spot may produce the same effect. And in a few days you are going around with a bandage on your neck and suffering awful torture. Fortunately the doctors have discovered an antitoxin that quickly cures carbuncles. Yet even when this is administered the patient is doomed to much pain. The moral of all this is: Don't wear a collar that is the least bit frayed.—New York World.

DALLAS RESIDENT DIES

Stephen B. Clark Dies at Home South of City Saturday; Interment Monday at Salem.

Following a severe attack of paralysis which confined him to his bed Friday night, Stephen B. Clark, aged 62 years, residing just south of the city limits, died at his home shortly after 12 o'clock Saturday morning. The body was conveyed to Salem Monday morning and interment was made in the Salem cemetery the same afternoon. Mr. Clark had been a resident of Dallas less than two years, coming here from Salem. Although numbered as a late arrival, his acquaintances were many and he was numbered among the city's most enterprising citizens. Mr. Clark was born in Genesee county, New York. While a resident of Salem he suffered from his first attack of paralysis. Since leaving Salem, however, his health was apparently good. Friday evening he complained of illness which became acute the same night and the following morning. He is survived by a wife and two daughters.

PORTLAND MEN ARE PLEASED

Autoists Pay Visit to Dallas; Talk of Good Roads. While there is no just cause for complaint, still with a little more attention to the roads north of Dallas, tourists from Portland would be more plentiful. The roads are not in had condition, yet there is chance for improvement.

This is the opinion of Charles J. Rowley, Portland, late of the Imperial hotel, now manager of the Annex. Mr. Rowley, in company with H. W. Fries, W. A. Robb and J. H. ... all prominently associated with the Portland Commercial club visited Dallas the other day. "It is surprising to note the increase of travel south from the Rose City," continued Mr. Rowley. "Ranchers are lately showing more interest in keeping up the highway, and by the end of the year a radical change for the better will be apparent."

MUCH BUILDING IN COUNTY

C. L. Hubbard, of Dallas, Has Contract for Warehouse and Dryer. That building activity in the county is brisk at present is the statement of C. L. Hubbard, a local carpenter and contractor. At the present time Mr. Hubbard has contracts for the erection of a large addition to the Hedding warehouse at Perrydale and for a prune dryer to be built for Taylor Dunn at his place near Polk station. The Perrydale warehouse will consist of a 50-foot addition to the present structure and this will probably be completed this week. The prune dryer will be a large one, 38x8 ft in ground dimensions with a capacity of 600 bushels every 24 hours. Work on this will be rushed as it is necessary to complete it in time to handle the fall crop.

Crop Prospects Good.

O. E. Foelt, manager of the Ballston Warehouse company at Ballston, was a business visitor in Dallas yesterday. He says the prospects are bright for an average grain crop in his district, but believes a heavy rain would prove highly beneficial at this time, as a plentiful supply of moisture would stimulate growth and cause a heavier heading of both wheat and oats. Harvesting in the northern portion of the county will begin at about the usual season.

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Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Loretta Smith, has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County administratrix of the estates of Oreava Smith and Conrad Smith, both deceased, and has qualified. All persons having claims against the said estates or either of them are hereby required to present such

BIG SPECIAL SALE

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Sterling Furniture Company

claims, duly verified, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice, to the said administratrix at her residence in the City of Monmouth, in Polk County, State of Oregon. Dated and first published July 22, 1913.

LORETTA SMITH, Administratrix of the estates of Oreava Smith, deceased, and Conrad Smith, deceased. OSCAR HAYTER, Attorney. 7-22-13

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County. Plaintiffs, v. Pearl Bamman, Harry Bamman, Martha E. Smith, H. H. Smith, the unknown heirs of Squire Aldridge, deceased, the unknown heirs of Sarah Aldridge, deceased, the unknown heirs of Sanford W. Staples, deceased, Roswell L. Bewley, Anna R. Bewley, and also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants. No. 4255.

To the defendants the unknown heirs of Squire Aldridge, deceased, the unknown heirs of Sarah Aldridge, deceased, the unknown heirs of Sanford W. Staples, deceased, and also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and suit within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: On or before the 30th day of July, 1913, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiffs will apply to said Court and take a Decree against you for the relief demanded and prayed for in said complaint, viz:

1. That you may be required to set forth the nature of your claims in and to the following described real property situated in the County of Polk and State of Oregon, to-wit: (1) The Donation Land Claim of Charles E. Moore, Notification No. 5286, Claim No. 42, being parts of Sections 11 and 14 in Township 9 South, Range 6 West, and containing 160.98 acres.

(2) Also, a part of the Donation Land Claim of Alpheus F. Cherry, Notification No. 5285, Claim No. 43, in Township 9 South, Range 6 West, described as beginning at the Southeast corner of said Claim and running thence West 29.90 chains; thence North 41.15 chains; thence East 29.90 chains; and thence South 41.15 chains to the place of beginning, containing 123 acres, more or less.

(3) Also, the land patented to Sanford W. Staples, being Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 of Section 11 in Township 9 South, Range 6 West, containing 144.43 acres.

(4) Also, the East half of the Donation Land Claim of Nancy Estes, widow, and the heirs of John Estes, deceased, Notification No. 5245, in Township 9 South, Range 6 West, being the South half of the Southwest quarter of Section 2 and the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter and Lot No. 1 of Section 11, in said Township and Range, containing 158.15 acres, more or less.

(5) Also, the East half of the Donation Land Claim of John Aldridge, and Mary, his wife, Notification No. 5074, Claim No. 47, being parts of Sections 14, 15 and 22 in Township 9 South, Range 6 West, containing 319.79 acres, more or less, and that all adverse claims which you or either of you may have may be determined by a Decree of said Court.

2. That by said Decree it be declared and adjudged that you have no estate nor interest whatever in or to, nor lien upon, the said lands or premises, or any part thereof, and that the title of plaintiffs thereto is good and valid.

3. That you be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said lands or premises adverse to plaintiffs, and that plaintiffs may have such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable.

This summons, by order of the Honorable J. B. Teal, County Judge of Polk County, Oregon, made at Chambers in the city of Dallas, on the 16th day of June, 1913, is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six consecutive weeks immediately prior to the 30th day of July, 1913, in the Polk County Observer, a newspaper of general circulation, published at Dallas, in said County of Polk.

The date of the first publication of this summons is June 17, 1913. OSCAR HAYTER, Attorney for Plaintiffs, 6-17-7-29

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County. J. W. Jenkins and Flora M. Jen-

kins, Plaintiffs, vs. Gilbert Alderman and any and all parties or persons claiming any right, title or interest in or to the real property described in the complaint herein, Defendants. To Gilbert Alderman and any and all parties claiming any right, title or interest in or to the real property described in the complaint herein, the above named defendants, In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause and Court, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer the plaintiffs will take a decree against you as prayed for in their complaint herein, to-wit: that plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple of the following described real estate to-wit: The North half of the Southeast quarter of Section 15 in Township 6 South of Range 4 West of the Willamette Meridian, in Polk County, Oregon, containing 80 acres more or less and that you be forever enjoined and enjoined from claiming any right, title or interest either in law or in equity in or to said real premises or in any part thereof.

This summons is published for a period of six weeks by order of the Hon. J. B. Teal, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, made at Chambers on the 21st day of June, A. D. 1913, and the date of the first publication will be on the 24th day of June, 1913, and the date of the last publication will be on the 5th day of August, 1913. SIBLEY & EAKIN, 6-24-8-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Executrix's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Polk, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of M. K. St. Pierre, Deceased, and that she has duly qualified as such Executrix. All persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to present the same to me, duly verified, at my home about three miles West of Salem in Polk County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated in Polk County, Oregon, this 28th day of June, 1913. ELLA K. ST. PIERRE, Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of M. K. St. Pierre, Dec. 7-17-29.

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