

Personal Talk With You.

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At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all readers will be so much interested in it that they will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

BEN THE FOX.

While on a whaling voyage two or three years ago I caught a young arctic fox while ashore on one of the islands in the Arctic sea. We had a great time settling on a name for him, but after changing it a dozen times we decided to call him Ben.

After a few weeks we unchained the little rascal, and Ben had full swing of the cabin and deck, where he followed me about like a house dog. He and the ship's cat grew to be famous friends, though she hated him like poison at first.

We had made some good hauls on that trip, and our hold was well stored with oil and bone, but the cap'n was for pulling in one more whale before we put about for home. We had not a morsel of floating ice, but no icebergs.

While we were hanging around in the strait for a last big fellow the weather, which had been muddling fair, changed and for two days blew great guns.

At the close of the second day it came on to snow, and it got so thick we could not see a hand's breadth before us.

No one slept that night. Above the noise of the wind we suddenly began to hear another growling, creaking sound, which cap'n and I feared meant icebergs.

Toward morning the storm quieted down some, but the snow was still so great that we couldn't hear the cap'n's orders two feet away. There was no sign of light about the horizon until two bells in the afternoon watch—a o'clock. Then the storm lifted suddenly.

Cap'n and I had gone below for mess, when we heard the man at the wheel shout, "Icebergs ahoy!" and we weren't slow in scrambling up the hatchway and rushing forward.

There they were, two of 'em, not half a mile ahead, higher than our good old ship herself, and together they must have been a mile wide. There was no steering away from 'em nor around 'em. Our only hope was the narrow space between the two.

Forty minutes after they have in sight they were upon us. We had given up all hope of saving the ship, for the great mountains had drifted and drawn together so there wasn't thirty feet between 'em.

Most of us hurried below to get together a few clothes and, among other things, I grabbed a chain and fastened it around Ben's neck, for he was close to my heels, to keep him by me.

As I came on deck again the smaller ice floes were coming on, crashing into us, and cap'n was giving orders to clear away the boats.

There were none too close. The ice on one side had crowded us so close we couldn't lower the boats there, where there was still a few feet of space.

In three white boats we dropped into the black waters. Ben, with the rest, and pulled for life, ahead of the ship, into the narrowing space between the icebergs.

It was tough to leave our staunch old ship to her doom. We could all our possessions and had brought us safely round many a hard corner. Cap'n Johnson blubbered like a baby when he looked back at her.

We leaned on our oars to take one last look together, when cap'n gave a most unearthly yell, and but for my hold on his chain, would have leaped overboard.

Following the direction of his eyes, we looked to the top of the mountain and saw the cat forgotten in our excitement, grinning elysium there.

Ben took his eyes from her long enough to look into my face and ask me in short, quick bark to go and help her, but I had to leave her. He leaped to the cap'n's side with the same question and then to some of the sailors. When he found nothing could be done, he stood gazing at his old friend Tabby with actual tears rolling down his face and gave utterance to one prolonged howl till the end came.

Just as we pulled through well out beyond the narrow passage of the bergs our ship slipped into the great arms waiting for her, and they closed on her like huge jaws. I hope I may never again suffer the anguish I did then as I heard her moan like a human creature in pain. The cat gave one last unearthly shriek that curdled the blood in the veins, and then gave up the ghost.

In less than no time the monster bergs had ground our ship into actual sawdust. I never saw such complete destruction—not a mast, not a plank escaped.

Sometimes we rowed over the water for hours. Again we had to pull our boats up on to great cakes of ice and travel afoot, pushing the boats ahead of us. The cold was intense. Our food got pretty low.

But on the third day we made out in the dim light a whaler not far off, and we managed to attract attention, and they bore down on us and took us aboard more dead than alive.

Poor little Ben never ate a mouthful of victuals after the death of old Tabby.

When we were rowing he lay in the bow of the cap'n's boat, with his head under his paws, and took no notice of anything that passed. When we were footing it over the ice I had to pull him along much of the way by main force. His heart seemed to be broken.

The day after our rescue he crawled weakly up to me on deck, feebly licked my hand, and then stretched himself at my feet. In five minutes he was dead.

His skin of silky, snowy fur is all that is left of him. Ben, I keep it rolled away mostly where I can't lay eyes on it, for when I think of the tender-hearted little fellow who used to caper round in it I think also of the death groans of our dead and gone ship, and it strikes a regular baby of me.

Woman's Ways

The Modern Old Lady. Servants With Imagination—Women Gamblers.

"That's a modern old lady all right!" observed the slangy art student as she was poked violently in the ribs by an elderly woman.

"This is an age for the progressive woman—a sort of case of survival of the fittest. There isn't any time for superfluities of politeness or courtesy. She who is slow gets left, and after being left behind and pushed aside quite a bit the modern old lady has come to the conclusion that politeness is not in demand and that it is up to her to hustle.

We get punched with her umbrella, and she plays selfish tricks like the one my brother tells about. It was a crowded car, and by good luck she managed to get a seat. He was congratulating himself and preparing to stretch his tired bones when he saw an old lady hanging by the strap. Bob, who is very kind hearted, jumped up and gave her his seat. Halfway up the train the seat next to her was vacated. There were no more women standing so he prepared to sink into it with a sigh of relief, when, behold, he saw the old lady swell herself out in such a manner that she wouldn't let him sit down! At the same time she beckoned violently to her husband, who stood at the other end of the car, and hubby came and was given the seat too! How's that for your modern old lady?"

Servants' Excuses.

Talk about the excuses of servants! There is enough imagination in their simple, untutored minds to provide for every emergency. I have known a servant, black as the ace of spades, had been hired for one week to do house cleaning. The first morning she appeared at 8, the next at 8:30, the next morning at 9:20 and the fourth morning not at all. In her stead she

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Doctors are Puzzled.

The remarkable discovery by Keith McIver, of Vancouver, B. C., is the subject of much interest to the medical fraternity and a wide circle of friends. He

discovered the cause of the disease known as the lung's a doctors gave me up to die when as a last resort I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery and I am happy to say it saved my life." Cures the worst coughs and colds, bronchitis, tonsillitis, weak lungs, hoarseness and scap. Guaranteed by Marsh & Medler, Waco. Trial bottle free, 50c and \$1.

Marshall's what can't be cured must be cured. W. H. Barnett, Waco.

FOR THE PRIMARY ELECTION

Candidates for State Offices and For U. S. Senate.

Following-named are candidates for various state offices, and for the U. S. Senate, under the Oregon primary law—

For Governor

E. L. Smith, Hood River
T. T. Geer, Salem
H. R. Brown, Baker city
C. A. Johns, Baker city
James Withycom, Corvallis
De A. O. Smith, Portland
C. A. Schibred, Coos Bay

For Secretary of State

Claud Hatch, Salem
Lot Pierce, Salem
T. T. Wrightman, Salem
F. W. Benson, Roseburg

For State Treasurer

A. C. Jennings, Eugene
J. H. Aitkin, Huntington
T. F. Ryan, Oregon city
E. V. Carter, Ashland
Ralph W. Hoyt, Portland
G. A. Steele, Oregon city

For Attorney General

A. M. Crawford, Incumbent
A. C. Hough, Grants Pass
For State Printer

W. J. Clarke, Gervais
J. R. Whitney, Albany
W. L. S. Dunaway, Portland
Paul Omer, Portland

For Congress, 1st District

W. L. Toomey, Woodburn
W. C. Hawley, Salem
S. E. Hinson, Hillsboro
For Congress, 2d District

R. W. Ellis, Pendleton
S. A. Lowell, Pendleton
W. J. Lachner, Baker city
John L. Rand, Baker city

For U. S. Senate

F. W. Mulkey, short term, Portland
Jonathan Bourne, Jr., Portland
H. M. Calk, Portland

For Joint Representatives,

Hon. B. F. Pike, Sherman county.
E. N. Donnelly, Wheeler county.
Sherman County Officers.

For Clerk—H. S. McDaniel
For Sheriff—W. B. McCoy
For Treasurer—W. Stanley

ELECTION STATISTICS.

Important Data to be Remembered by Voters This Year.

The following data compiled by Secretary Dunbar and Attorney General Crawford is of interest to voters in Oregon and especially to candidates for public office. It would be a good idea to cut this article out and save it.

Registration books opened by county clerk, Tuesday, January 2.

Registration books closed for primary election, April 19, 5 p.m.

Registration books opened after primary election, April 25.

Registration books closed for general election, May 16, 5 p.m.

Number of signatures required to initiate laws or amendments, 7,489.

Last day for filing initiative petitions, February 3.

Last day for filing pamphlets opposing measures, February 5.

Direct primary election.

County clerks give notice of primary election not later than March 21.

Last day for filing petitions for placing names on ballot for state, congressional, and district offices, March 30.

Last day for petition for county officers, April 4.

Date of primary election, April 20.

Canvassing votes of primary election for state officers, May 5.

General election.

Last day for filing certificates of nomination for state office by assembly of electors, April 19.

Last day for filing nominating petitions for state offices, May 4.

Last day for filing certificates of nomination for county offices by assembly of electors, May 4.

Last day for filing nominating petitions for county offices, May 19.

General election, June 5.

The state, district, and county officers to be filled in the election next June, are the following:

Governor.

Secretary of state.

State treasurer.

Supreme judge.

Attorney general.

Superintendent of public instruction.

State printer.

Land commissioner.

United States senator.

Two congressmen.

One county commissioner.

Sheriff.

Clerk.

Treasurer.

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CITY AND COUNTY.

The Observer is the home paper

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Home news on every page of The

The Observer is sustained by its

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Stationery, paper, pens, ink,

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Our "ads" attract attention and

A Lively Tumble

With that old enemy of the race

To avoid serious trouble with stomach,

These organs without pain or discomfort.

Marsh & Medler, Waco, Or.

The W. A. Gordon Co.

Bankers and Grain Dealers.

Moro and Grass Valley.

Receives Deposits, Sell exchange,

and do a General Banking business

S. S. Hayes, Manager at Moro.

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and Jeweler.

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DR. RAY W. LOGAN.

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the Ginn Building.

DR. O. J. GOFFIN.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DR. MARIE M. GOFFIN.

Diseases of Women & Children a Specialty

Office in The Goffin Building, 1st St.

Moro, Oregon.

DR. M. B. TAYLOR

Physician and Surgeon

GRASS VALLEY, OREGON.

Office in The Weigans & Co. brick

up stairs.

DR. J. FRED JAMES

DENTIST

Opera House Building,

MORO - - - - - OREGON.

E. V. LITTLEFIELD

Attorney at Law.

MADE ST., MORO, OREGON.

J. O. Elrod's brick, next door to

S. T. Co's Store.