

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON: FRIDAY, Oct. 19, 1906

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer Why Not? We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made.

Bernard Flynn, Scooterist

By FRANK H. SWEET

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THE great inland sea was choked with drift ice and slush, partially frozen over. It was too thick for a lifeboat, too soft and open for a sled or ice yacht, too rotten for the most daring life saver to venture out upon on foot.

Fire island life savers were walking the shore, peering and listening into the darkness, ready at the least hope to risk their lives for something they did not even know was still there.

More than one man had his scooter ready for instant launching, but, though the amphibious craft might be able to cross the ice and slush, what chance would there be against the added dangers of storm and darkness?

Old veterans who knew shook their heads, but allowed their scooters to remain with noses on the shore ice and with sharp pointed pike the "scooter grip" laid across the thwart ready for instant use.

"She must 'a' struck in the east shore rapids an' gone down kerplunk," said a man at length, turning to a com-



A SQUAT DUCKLIKE CRAFT SLID UP FROM THE ICE.

panion, but still keeping his head bent toward the storm for unusual sounds. "If they 'any' saved they've drifted down by the long rocks somewhere an' will freeze stiff in this wind 'fore help can get out to 'em. My best hope is that that none was saved. They'd be better off."

"Yes, a good sight," agreed the companion; "but we don't know. Maybe they 'some' out there now waitin' for help. Lord, savagely, 'if 'twasn't for death I'd a sight rather be scooterist out into that blackness than standin' here thinkin' of 'em an' doin' nothin'."

"Hello!" A queer slipping and grinding sound had rumbled toward them from the dark, and now a squat, ducklike craft with sails full spread slid up from the ice and a man sprang out beside them.

"Bernard Flynn" cried one of them amazedly. "Where'd you come from?" "The Long Island shore," coolly, "I thought ye might be needin' me over here. Didn't I hear a ship's gun whistles back?"

"But how'd ye get there?" incredulously and ignoring the question, "I seen ye at the lower 'bout dark, an' no one man craft could cross the Great South bay in this storm."

Barney laughed. "Bedad, an' I moaned across it after ye left," he said, "I wanted to have another look at me horse, Norah 'il be arrivin' inside the week an' I want everything tidied up whiles."

"Gorra might?" sharply. "An't ye no sense of death, man, an' you to be married in a week?"

"I wrote Norah everything would be ready an' neat," defensively. "I went across to get me kindlin' cut an' see there was no dampness to the home anywhere. Tomorrow or the next day I'll go down to York an' wait till she comes, then we'll be married an' go straight to the cottage. Everything is ready an' neat now, the lamps all dilled an' the stove new blacked, an' there's potatoes washed for the pot an' a new broom behind the door. I was misled to stay overnight an' tidy the yard a bit tomorrow, but the storm an' what seemed a gun off to sea brought me back. Is there a wreck do ye think?"

"Yes, an' gone down. The gun stopped an hour ago."

"How many of ye went out? Has any one got back yet? Do ye know if there are any survivors? Are you two waitin' here to help the others when they come in?"

Bernard asked the questions sharply, swiftly, inclining his gaze flashing up and down the coast as he brought me down yards down the vague outlines of several figures could be seen. From somewhere above, with the wind, came the slow, irregular pacing of footsteps, as of persons stepping every few feet

to gaze out to sea. Now and then from the darkness, borne on the wind, came anxious bits of speculation or inquiry. Into Bernard's face flashed startled intelligence, and he whirled to the two men.

"Do you mean that nobody's gone to help?" he demanded.

"There's nothin' but death out there for helpers," was the quick answer. "No man would risk life quicker than he should. Look at that!"

"Look at that!" he said, pointing for Bernard had swung his scooter back to the shore ice with a quick, almost vicious thrust and was hoisting the sail.

"Where'd the distress signals seem?" he demanded as he caught the rope with a swift double hitch about a cleat and grasped the scooter grip to push off. "Runnin' out there with nothin' to go by would be like huntin' a white fish in a school of herrin'. Could ye guess by the sound?"

"She struck somewhere in the east shore rapids, an' if anybody had time to get off they must 'a' drifted down toward the long rocks. The water 'd be more open there than here. But don't ye try it, Barney," warningly. "It's sure death, an' there's that house, an' Norah 'il be here in a few days. Think o' her, man."

"I'm goin' to see," Norah 'd be the first one to say for me to go. If she was wrecked off somewhere to sea wouldn't I want any man in reach to risk his life to save her—even to lose it if there was need? The people out yonder have somebody waitin' for 'em."

"Mebbe there ain't any," shouted one of the men as the scooter slipped away into the darkness.

"Mebbe there is," came back grimly. "I'm goin' to see."

Twenty yards from shore the scooter dropped into open water, then plowed its way across a broad space of broken ice and slush, after which, with the aid of a few vigorous prods of the iron pointed scooter pole, without stopping, he and his scooter were on another ice field and sped on with scarcely any checking of its speed.

In the water its shallow bottom skimmed the surface like a bird, the great width alone keeping it from capsizing. On the ice the tiny runners made it a sled, or, rather, an ice yacht, which under favorable circumstances the broad sail swept on at almost terrific speed.

But going out Bernard had to tack against the wind, which made progress slow and tempted him to many risks for the sake of speed. Once, while crossing an open space, a swirling blast lifted his boat clear and threw him into the water, but his hand was gripped upon the rope with fingers of steel, and, though he was dragged through the water and across twenty yards of ice beyond, he held on and finally drew himself on board and tugged the scooter without stopping, but his hand was torn and his body bruised, and before he had gone another hundred yards his wet clothing had frozen into an almost inflexible armor.

In the darkness, with the wind and the rain in his face, it was impossible to hit the right point even over a familiar course, and, though the long rocks were scarcely a mile from shore, it was an hour before his scooter dropped into the head of the rapids a half mile above them.

He did not hesitate, for time was of more value than safety. Down the boiling current his craft tossed and dipped at each horse speed, and then slid out upon the rough broken ice near the long rocks. But he tacked several times back and forth among them before he found the object of his search, a group of crouching figures all right in arm's reach of the scooter whom he had already passed twice without seeing.

"Two of ye get in here," he shouted hoarsely above the roar of the storm.

"Women or children first, an' quick! I'll come back for the others. I can't help, for I'm froze to the boat."

"There's only two of us," came back a clear voice, "and I'm the only man. Take two of the men first. They're not so strong."

"Yes, you an' me," sharply. "Quick! I'll come back for the others."

"That's right," commanded a voice from the group. "I couldn't crowd ahead of the girl, even if she is the strongest an' bravest among us."

Not until they were sweeping back toward the shore, with the wind now, and he heard the girl's voice speaking encouragingly to the feeble old man she was supporting, did Bernard recognize his passenger. But he had no time to make himself known, or even to speak. A scooter rarely carries more than two, even in fair weather, and on a night like this there could

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not be an instant's relaxation of vigilance. When finally they slid up on the beach there were twenty or more men waiting, gathered from along the shore, all peering grimly, but without exception, into the darkness.

"Here, help these two out quick!" mumbled Bernard through swollen lips. Then as twenty pairs of eyes scanned the scene, "Look after the girl. It's Norah."

The girl gave a sudden start. She had not recognized him before, but already he had thrown out his pole and swung the scooter round upon the ice



THE GIRL GAVE A SUDDEN START.

and into the wind. As she sprang toward him he slipped back into the darkness.

He was gone longer this time, and when he returned one of the passengers was unconscious. Norah was waiting, enveloped in a surferman's jacket and rubber coat. They had to cut Bernard loose with a hatchet.

He did not go to New York at all. The life saving men would not permit it. As soon as he could get out a delegation of them went for a priest, and the marriage took place in the station house with everybody dressed in storm costumes. Then, the weather being fair and the wind good, the whole force escorted them across the bay in scooters.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. In the Department of the Interior, Land Office at The Dalles, Or., October 13, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that William H. Taylor, of Multnomah, Or., has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 8046, made Oct. 3, 1900, for the SW 1/4, SE 1/4, W 1/4 and lot 5 of Section 2, Township 2 South, Range 18 East, and SE 1/4, NE 1/4 of Section 1, Township 2 South, Range 18 East, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on December 8, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart of Moro, Oregon; F. M. Higgins, Samuel Brook and Claude Spon, all of Multnomah, Oregon. (5019125)

MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office, The Dalles, Or., October 13, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that James E. Bine, of Moro, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 7750 made Nov. 13, 1900, for the SW 1/4, SE 1/4, W 1/4 and lot 5 of Section 2, Township 2 South, Range 18 East, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on November 27, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: R. W. Keene, W. F. Jackson, C. G. Hols and L. V. Moore, all of Moro, Oregon. (5019125)

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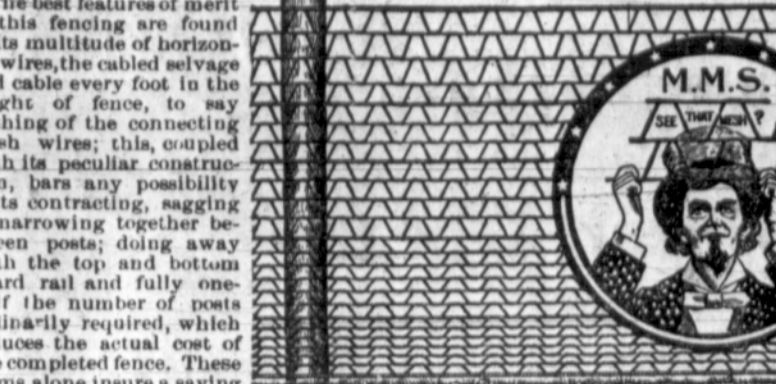
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