

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:
FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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To Whose Advantage?

By HOWARD FIELDING
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FRANK CLIFFORD was heir to a large estate, and his uncle, Duncan Clifford, was a man of power to do about as he pleased. I had never met the uncle, but he had been described to me as a strange animal, part brute and part monkey, incredibly obstinate, yet fastidiously unstable of purpose. One day I received an earnest request from Frank to meet him that evening in Branford, N. J., where his uncle lived.

We were to meet in a little room at 10 o'clock, and as my train arrived at 9 I decided to view the quaint old town by the light of the moon. One small white building I was led to notice particularly.

It must once have been the village schoolhouse, but was now a millinery store kept by a Mrs. Edgeworth, as the sign informed me. I ventured to guess that Mrs. Wilson lived over her store, for there was a light in the gable window, from which, as I glanced up, the curtains were pushed partly away, revealing a woman, who dodged back as if alarmed. It is a curious circumstance that I happened to notice in the hand with which she awkwardly thrust aside the curtain a small drinking glass.

Taking a few more steps, I came in view of an exterior stairway by which the second story of the house was reached, and at the foot of the stairs there was a man waiting. This man's attitude, coupled with my glimpse of the wineglass, conveyed a very unpleasant suggestion. This infernal figure might be Mr. Wilson, a drunkard and a scoundrel of the village, but I was not sure. I was about to turn back when I saw the man's attitude, coupled with my glimpse of the wineglass, conveyed a very unpleasant suggestion. This infernal figure might be Mr. Wilson, a drunkard and a scoundrel of the village, but I was not sure.

The voice, though heard in so brief and strained an utterance, increased my vague impression of recognition, but the dead man was becoming heavy in my arms, and I decided to follow my original purpose. It was only a few steps to the store, but nearly a score of people gathered about me before I traversed the distance. Some one opened the door, and that was all the help I received.

The tobaccoist-jeweler was not there, having run out perhaps at the sound of the woman's scream. I laid my burden upon the floor, and instantly by half a dozen voices cried out: "It's Duncan Clifford!"

At this there appeared upon the scene a tall, soldierly man, with a drooping blond mustache and a blue cap with gilt insignia, the city marshal, Captain Ford. He asked me a few rapid questions, which I thought very intelligent, and then, asking me to remain beside the body, he departed. He was gone perhaps five minutes, and nothing of consequence happened in my observation during his absence, but I had a great surprise when he returned, for he brought with him a man, whom I instantly recognized as the tobaccoist-jeweler.

milliner, whom I instantly recognized as a young woman named Esther Warren. She had been employed in my office up to four months ago, when she had given up her position.

Before she could exchange a word, even of ordinary greeting, the marshal detached us from the increasing throng and drove us gently into a private room at the back of the store.

"Now," said he, turning to us, "you two people know each other. I saw that at a glance. Who are you?" "Who am I?" asked the young woman.

"Yes," said he. "You are supposed to be Mrs. Wilson. No one in this town knows anything about you. Where did you come from? Who is Mr. Wilson, and where is he? Where did you get the money with which you opened this store?" "I decline to answer these questions," she said.

"So I supposed," said he without a trace of annoyance. "That's why I asked them all at once. But you don't deny that Clifford had been calling on you and was taken sick up there?" "No, I don't deny it."

"Did you give him anything to eat or drink?" "No."

She made this reply my memory flashed at once to the glimpse of her that I had had at the window, but even without the sight of the wineglass I should have known that she was not telling the truth.

"Did he say what seemed to be the matter with him?" "Yes," he said. "He thought it was the cigar that was smoking. He said the cigar felt numb."

"I thought that was not a queer," said Ford. "Here's the cigar," showing us half of a very small one. "I found it in his pocket. He was going to have it examined, I suppose. Well, I'll do that, but it's poisoned, sure enough. Frank," he continued, pointing his finger at the girl, "to whose advantage is this man's death—to whose advantage?"

"I beg your pardon," said I. "Is this young lady under arrest?" "At this moment a hasty hand was laid upon the knob of the door which communicated with the shop."

"You can't come in," said the marshal, but he was mistaken. The lock of the door burst with a rattle of splinters, and Frank Clifford precipitated himself into the room.

"Can't come in, eh?" said he. "What do you think about it now?" He strode across to the little milliner and, standing beside her, glared at her with a look that was not pleasant.

"Before he could reply the young woman stepped in front of him, and she was a picture. I had always thought her beautiful, but in a somewhat tepid style. She was quite a different creature now."

"Mr. Clifford—Mr. Duncan Clifford—got that cigar here in this store," she cried. "He told me so."

The marshal rose and stepped to the broken door, now guarded on the outside by some servicable citizen who had appointed himself deputy.

Two Standards of Morality

By President HADLEY of Yale University

ONE of the strangest features in the life of the American people at the present day is the contrast between standards of PRIVATE and of PUBLIC morality. In private the typical American citizen bears an excellent character. Toward the weak he is courteous; toward the strong, self-respecting; toward ALL, helpful. He uses his powers and advantages unselfishly.

The difference between our private and our public morality is that public sentiment is clear in one case and obscure or self-contradictory in the other. In private life we despise in ourselves and our friends the things which we condemn in our enemies. THIS MAKES OUR CONDEMNATION EFFECTIVE.

In public matters, whether of business or of politics, our condemnation is too often that of the lips alone rather than of the heart. We condemn a man for succeeding WHEN HIS SUCCESS IS DETRIMENTAL TO US, but for the most part we have identified ourselves with methods of getting a little more money or a little more political influence which are so much like his that it takes the FORCE out of the condemnation.

Church and the State And Divorce Problem

By Bishop W. C. DOANE of Albany

WHATEVER result is to be attained in dealing with the most important question of divorce depends upon three things—in the first place, what legislative action can be obtained to correct the methods of procedure; in the next place, what pressure can be brought to bear by people who REALLY CONTROL AND GOVERN what is called society, and, in the next place, by the positive and definite outspokenness of the churches. And I am increasingly hopeful and anxious that the church shall take the lead in a strong and definite position as to the relation to the question of the remarriage of any divorced persons.

IF DIVORCE IS RIGHT IT OUGHT NOT TO BE HEDGED IN WITH DIFFICULTIES. IF IT IS WRONG IT OUGHT TO BE IMPOSSIBLE.

Let us wash our hands of the whole business. Let the state, which separates, UNITE. And, without elaborations of detail or definitions of discipline, let us simply forbid the clergy to give the church's benediction to ANY marriage after divorce.

In season and out-of-season the Christian pulpit ought to call this thing by its right name until the people who hold some MORAL STANDARDS shall recognize the wrong and refuse to recognize the offenders flaunting their sin before the world.



A MAN, RED FACED AND NERVOUS, RUSHED INTO THE ROOM.

He, he had fallen in love with Miss Warren, and so he had come to her. Then, with some wild idea of permitting her charms and virtues to be known in Branford and thus winning his uncle's consent to the marriage, he had bought the little millinery store for her. But Uncle Duncan proved a hard man to win over. He hesitated a part of the secret and would not hear of an alliance with "Mrs. Wilson." In this state of affairs the foolish young lovers decided to confess to me and seek my advice, and that was how I came to be summoned to Branford to try to behold the catastrophe.

Duncan Clifford died without a will. His death gave Frank control of his own property that had been in trust and also nearly all of his uncle's large fortune.

Napoleon's Code and Women. Napoleon said at St. Helena that his glory consisted not in having won forty battles, but in the civil code and in the deliberations of the council of state. Savigny and Charles Austin condemned the civil code as "a mechanical mixture of the results of the revolution and the old regime of Roman law and the customs," three-fourths of its contents having been extracted by draftsmen from a printed treatise. The code, in a word, was not a substantive matter, but a mere index to an immense body of jurisprudence existing outside itself.

Nature's Windows. Nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside, but, with only a few exceptions, left to work together with all, is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of action and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost. There are forces in it and around it, though broken for its own use, else how could it rot? Despair not the rag from which man makes paper or the litter from which the earth makes corn. Rightly viewed, no meanness object is insignificant. All objects are as windows, through which the philosopher's eye looks into infinite itself.—Thomas Carlyle.

Fig Plaster. Fig plaster is excellent for an obstinate boil. One or more green figs are cut open, and their contents are mixed in a basin. The plastic mass is slightly warmed and spread upon flannel, which is then applied to the boil and left in position for several hours. It helps to "draw" the boil to a head.

Largest Wooden Ship. The largest wooden ship was probably that built by Ptolemy Philopater. It was 420 feet long, 38 feet broad and 46 feet deep. It carried 4,000 rowers.

Showering Floors. Every house builder should see to it that all porches or gallery floors slant slightly. They can then be washed clean in a few minutes merely by using the hose, as the water drains off and neither broom nor mop is required.

Bliss of Friends. It was Blas of Friends, a Greek poet, who was the author of these two popular phrases, "Handsome is who handsome does" and "A guilty conscience is the worst accuser."

The Successful Ad. Writer.

Advertising requires versatility of a high order. To win success in this field a man must not only be able to combine human interest with the strictest accuracy of fact, but he must be a specialist in a certain line, taking up advertising commissions at intervals, he must be ready to cope with subjects of the most diverse character. Today he studies the methods of making cigars and the many different kinds of tobacco that enter therein; tomorrow he writes a monograph on enameled tin cans, investigating the processes of making them in the factory, and the day after that his topic may be breakfast foods, taking him into investigations of starch, gelatin, digestive functions, diet and health and setting him upon a weary hunt for synonyms to describe the "rich nutty flavor" that all breakfast foods are said to have. All the illustrative work of an advertising artist must be so true to detail that it will pass the eyes of men who spend their lives making the things he pictures. It was the manufacturer of a widely advertised specialty who, after looking over in a circular, looked over the manuscript submitted by an advertising free lance with more approval than was his custom. "This is not bad," he commented; "not bad at all, and yet—I have seen all these words used before."—J. H. Collins in Atlantic.

How Icebergs Are Born. The birth of a huge iceberg, a phenomenon that has been the cause of much loss of life and property, is a matter of theory, was observed by the Danish explorers on the east coast of Greenland some time since. The bergs are formed by breaking off from the ice shelves extending from the perpetual ice of the unexplored interior to the coast and into the sea. The water boils up the sea and the glacier until it breaks by its own weight with a terrific crash. The commotion of the ice in the effort to attain its balance is felt to a great distance along the coast. The natives regard it as the work of evil spirits and believe that to look upon the glacier in its throes is death.

Question and Answer. When Nathan M. Morse was trying to get a new suit made before Judge McKim, Dr. Jellie, the well known expert on insanity, was one of the witnesses. One of the hypothetical questions asked of the witness by Mr. Morse contained no less than 20,000 words. The lawyer started this pithy and closed only a few minutes prior to the noon adjournment. The point that Mr. Morse was endeavoring to bring out related to the mental condition of the testator when he made his will.

A Broad Distinction. "Perhaps," said the clerk, "you'd like to look at goods a little more expensive than these." "Not necessary," replied the shopper, "but I would like to look at some of better quality."—Philadelphia Press.

Halfback. Simpkins—When is your son coming home from college? Tompkins—It's about six months, I guess. He has been gone six months, and he writes that he is halfback now.—Judge.

Office Help Wanted. THE SCHOOL THAT PLACES YOU IN A GOOD POSITION. HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE, WASH. & TENTH ST., PORTLAND, OREGON. Write direct to Principal, Room 222.

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Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler. HARRY LIEBE. THE DALLES, OREGON. 303 Second Street, next door to the Pacific Express Company. Mail orders promptly attended to. All work warranted.

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THE EVENING TELEGRAM, Portland, Oregon. The leading evening newspaper of the Pacific Coast, which has complete Associated Press reports and special leased-wire service, with correspondents in important news centers and in all the cities and principal towns of the Northwest. Portland and suburbs are covered by a bright staff of reporters, and editorial, dramatic, society and special writers. Saturday's edition consists of 26 to 28 pages, and has color comic pages, as well as a department for children, colored fashion page, an interesting serial story and other attractive features in addition to all the news of the day.

Subscription Rates: One month, 50 cents; three months, \$1.35; six months, \$2.50; twelve months, \$5. Sample copies mailed free.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY. The Standard Dictionary, 1,000,000 words, is given away to the first 100 persons who send in a card to the Standard Dictionary Co., 100 N. 3rd St., Portland, Or.

NEW IDEA Woman's Magazine. A new magazine for women, published by the Standard Dictionary Co., 100 N. 3rd St., Portland, Or.

Words of Praise

For the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has the RANGE OF HONESTY on every bottle-wrapper, in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English. If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, diarrhoea, catarrh, pelvic congestion, dragging down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or the derangement of the feminine organs, you can do no better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The best all-around medicine for the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment secured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of women's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs. Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription"; it will not perform miracles; it will not dissolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weak and debilitated women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time. You can't afford to accept a second-rate product as a substitute for this remedy.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guaranteed as strictly secret, and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address, Dr. J. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels. They invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative; two or three a cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

Overland Express trains for Salem, Roseburg, Astoria, Seaside, Clatskanie, Astoria, San Francisco, Stockton, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. Leaves Portland Union Depot, 8:45 p. m. Arrives 7:25 a. m., daily.

Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with trains for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8:30 a. m. arrives 5:55 p. m.

Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4:15 p. m., returns 10:35 a. m., daily. Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7:30 a. m., arrives 5:50 p. m., daily.

Shedden passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4:50 p. m., arrives 8:25 a. m., daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10:45 p. m., arrives 1:50 p. m., daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND OREGON SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION. Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dalles and intermediate points daily, 4:15 p. m. Arrive Portland, 10:15 a. m. The Independence-Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airline, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dalles and Independence.

First-class fare from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, \$20; berth, \$5. Second-class fare, \$15; second class berth, \$2.50. Tickets to Eastern points and Europe, also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia.

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Leaves Lytle for Goldendale on the arrival of the up river steamer.

Good Accommodations for Teams and Wagons. For any further information write or call on the nearest Agent, or the General Office at Portland.

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