The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....APRIL 26, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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WHY THEY LIKE AMERICA

[Original.]

"If we had but a few hundred dollars, Hans," said Gretchen, "it would be possible, but with nothing what could we do? Our wages are too small to save anything. We should have to pay all we earn for board and would never have a home. Let us wait awhile."

Hans did wait awhile, but there seemed no more prospect after it than before, and he grew impatient. Gretchen coaxed him, telling him she had saved $60 during the year and if he would save the same in three years they would have enough to buy furniture and could go to housekeeping. Then together they might live cheaper than apart and save more money for the family to come. Three years seemed a long while to Hans. Besides, a man is not as good at saving as a woman, and he had not put by more than half what Gretchen had.

One day when Hans was walking on the street he saw right under his nose a fat pocketbook. Some one had evidently dropped it but a moment before, for people were passing continually. Hans picked it up and hurried on, thinking to overtake the owner, for he was an honest fellow, and every one he passed he asked if he had dropped anything. All looked at him in surprise, and some felt in their pockets, but no one claimed the property. Then Hans, thinking that the loser must have been going the other way, desisted. He took the pocketbook to his room, opened it and found $650 in bills. He carried it to Gretchen, and they consulted what they should do. Neither of them thought for a moment to keep what would be a treasure to both, and they decided that Hans should take it to the police, who would doubtless try to find the owner.

The next morning Hans started for the police office and, passing a point near where he had found the pocketbook, saw a notice posted of the loss and saying that if it, with its contents, was returned a quarter of the contents would be given to the finder. Hans went back to Gretchen and told her of the notice. "We are in great luck," he said. "A quarter of $650 is $162.50. With that we can buy enough furniture to commence housekeeping. Gretchen admitted that it would certainly bring them nearer to their desires and advised him to go at once and deliver the money.

He found the man who had lost it a disagreeable looking creature with blear eyes, snaggle teeth, a hook nose and a cunning expression. Hans handed him the pocketbook. He opened it, felt of it, looked in it and, affecting great surprise, asked:

"Vere is the di'monds?"

"What diamonds?"

"The di'monds that vere in the pocketbook with the monish."

Hans declared that there were no diamonds, whereupon the Jew began to abuse him for a thief. Hans, beside himself with rage at being accused of swindling and especially at his accuser's evident intention to deprive him of the promised reward, made a dash for the pocketbook. The Jew cried lustily for the police, and an officer came running into the shop. Hans and the Jew stated their case, and the officer took them before a magistrate, together with the pocketbook and its contents. The magistrate heard the story of each, giving especial attention to the Jew's statement, asking him many questions respecting the jewelry, their size and value. Then he questioned Hans, drawing out the circumstances of finding the treasure and his returning it. When he was satisfied as to the merits of the case he turned to the Jew and asked:

"For what did you advertise?"

"A lost pocketbook, your honor, containing $650."

"And how many diamonds?"

"No di'monds, your honor."

"Why didn't you mention them?"

"Because I didn't want any one who found them to know what they was."

"That was very prudent of you. Knowing their value, the finders would have been more likely to keep them."

"Yes, your honor."

"And the money and the diamonds were in the pocketbook?"

"Yes, your honor."

"The contract you made with the finder was to return a pocketbook containing $650 and you would give him a quarter of the amount for a reward?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Very well. Since this pocketbook contained only $650 and no diamonds it can't be yours." Then, turning to Hans: "You keep the pocketbook and the $650 until the owner calls for them, and if he never calls for them they are yours."

The Jew protested, but the magistrate was inflexible. He cried and wrung his hands, while Hans walked away with the pocketbook, followed by the Jew, who offered him all the money if he would give up the pocketbook. Hans would do nothing till he had seen Gretchen, so he declined the offer. The Jew offered more and more money till by the time he had reached Gretchen the amount was $6,000. The lovers offered to accept the amount if he would state his reasons for offering so much, whereupon the Jew asked them to open the pocketbook and showed them an inner pocket containing diamonds worth $20,000.

The lovers decided to refer the matter to the magistrate, who awarded them an amount equal to one-quarter the value of the contents of the pocketbook, the sum offered for its return. This amounted to $5,162.50.

Hans and Gretchen got married, bought a little house, furnished it and have since been living happily together. They consider America a great country. BERTHA D. HURLEY.

How St. Albe Helped

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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There are whims and whims. My particular one might be discovered in Mrs. Jerome's house party invitation, which read, "Yourself and St. Albe."

My motor car never for a moment had replaced my racer, St. Albe, in my affections. I loved him for his swiftness, his beauty, his gentleness. More than I loved woman did I regard my horse, but that was before I had met Elsie Hyler at my hostess' country home.

I had always believed that I should recognize my mate as soon as I saw her or at least when I heard her speak. Miss Hyler's pure, Madonna-like face held my eyes, her voice set my heart strings atune, and in the evening, when I waltzed with her, I knew her for my very own. I almost told her so. Afterward I was glad I had not.

It was a month long house party, so I should have plenty of time to woo

ST. ALBE, NOTED FOR HIS QUIET NERVES, SNORTED AND RAN.

my darling, but from the first matters went not to my liking. A ghost seemed to stalk in our midst, and from my dear lady's lambent eyes looked often a haunting fear. Her voice, face and sweet disposition seemed a perfect trinity to compel any man's admiration, and at times she had the whole crowd literally at her feet; then, presto, the intangible something which made her a woman apart from her sisters.

I exercised St. Albe every day, usually preferring to drive him hitched to my easy going phaeton. I never went out that I didn't try to get Miss Hyler to accompany me, but she never accepted. The seventh time her excuse was too flimsy to bear investigation, and she ran from the room.

I was puzzled. She wasn't cold to me except in connection with my horse. As I stood frowning Mrs. Atherton patted my shoulder in her motherly way. "Better not waste time on what can't be helped," she counseled. Another day I overheard Mrs. Jerome and Miss Cecilia laughing about the "poor little Gumpie," as they called Elsie.

Doubtless if I had asked a direct question I should have found out sooner, but I couldn't bring myself to discuss her, and they, supposing I understood, talked in metaphors and left me ignorant.

One golden morning I left her huffily and went after St. Albe, Miss Cecilia's mocking laughter trailing after me. I drove away—miles away. Coming back, I was still pondering on the situation. What had Jerome meant with his epigrammatic "better chuck it, Den?" As one joins mosaic work, I put together Mrs. Atherton's advice, Miss Cecilia's laughter, Jerome's words and various hints from the others, but when I had my pieces fitted I failed to read the design.

As St. Albe turned eastward I saw the girl of my thoughts sitting by the roadside. Her white face, her little shoe in her lap, her swollen foot, told the tale of a sprained ankle. I jumped out.

"Let me lift you in," I said. "I won't hurt the poor foot."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, her blue eyes black with some strong feeling. "I shall be able to walk pretty soon. Please go away."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I replied, promptly growing angry. "I'm sorry to be so distasteful, but I guess you can endure me till I get you home or you can drive the horse yourself."

That ride was a memorable one. If St. Albe started into a gentle trot Elsie shrieked with fright. If I slowed him down Elsie knew he was going to kick. The toot of an auto horn in the far distance nearly threw her into spasms, though St. Albe knew an automobile better than he knew his mother.

I tried to reason with her, but she bade me keep my mind on my driving. At last she put her elbows on her knees and her face into her hands, the while she shook as with an ague chill.

"I can't help it!" she moaned. "I was born with it, as some are born with crooked feet. I can't help it. I can't!"

With her in this undignified position and myself grim, silent, but furious, I drove up to the house into a perfect cloud of laughter, from which I escaped as soon as possible.

I understood my mosaic now, and I began weighing my desire for her against my pleasure in St. Albe. The latter it was evident she could never share with me. I avoided her for several days, while my anger cooled and my love increased. Then one morning as I drove out on the pleasant country road I overtook her. She was walking very slowly, aided by a cane.

As she turned her startled eyes on my glossy horse a blind rage suddenly possessed her. In less time than it takes to tell it I was out of the buggy, had Elsie in my arms, into the buggy and we were off!

Her face went white, and the fear in her blue eyes was mixed with unmitigated scorn and anger.

"You are a brute!" she said trembliingly.

"I know it," I agreed.

"I can't reason about it! I can't help it! Oh, please put me out!"

The piteous voice appealed to what little manhood I had left. I stopped the horse and jumped out. As I held up my arms a paper careened across the road. St. Albe, noted for his quiet nerves, snorted and ran. Elsie screamed and shouted "Whoa!" But he ran the faster, while I scurried after in the cloud of dust, my heart fairly bursting with fear and remorse.

It seemed to me that I ran for hours. The road had many turns, so they were immediately lost to sight. At every corner I expected to come upon the tragedy. At last I fell breathless by the roadside, and while I waited, sick at heart, I heard the toot of the tally-ho horn.

"Thank God!" I cried, for I knew it was the other guests who had early in the morning gone for a tallyho ride. "Thank God!" I cried, and, staggering up, I ran dizzily on.

As the road swerved sharply to the west a most surprising sight met my eyes. St. Albe was trotting swiftly toward me—swiftly, but under perfect control—and Elsie was his driver. Behind them came the tallyho crowd shouting itself hoarse.

Elsie drew proudly up beside me. The tallyho folks spilled out, all talking at once.

"Oh, you brave creature!"

"How did you dare?"

"Shan't I help you out?"

"Why, you don't look a bit scared!"

"Why, I am not scared, and I am so happy I think I shall die!" Elsie exclaimed when she could get a hearing. "It's wonderful! The minute I felt the reins in my hands that horrible fear left me. I slowed him down, turned him around, and now I am going to drive him home. Oh, I'm so happy!"

Every one—at least every man in the house, barring Jerome—entertained me that evening. They seemed to take turns at it. At last I wrenched myself away and went into the garden where I had last seen her. She was not there, nor could I find her in the moonlit orchard. At last I gave her up and started for the stables. St. Albe was in the paddock, and I caught the flutter of white beside him.

Crying and laughing and murmuring, there was my darling with her arms around St. Albe's unappreciative neck.

"Just think of it, St. Albe," she was saying. "I've had my first proposal tonight and five besides. It's owing to you, you beauty."

"And this is the seventh," I observed, taking the white arms and putting my own neck where St. Albe's had been. "If you accepted any of the six, you may as well tell him you have changed your mind, for I will have you. I will, Elsie beloved!"

"Why, Dennis, of course you will!" she answered, putting up her red lips to be kissed.

Function of the House of Lords.

The antiquated constitution of the house of lords and its comparative neglect of its duties irritate modern reformers both theoretical and practical and have led them often to call for its overthrow. But at the bottom of this charge of obsoleteness and inefficiency is the fear that the peers may take it into their heads to be energetic and industrious, constant in attendance and active in operation. If they were so—if the lords chose to be as vigorous as they were in 1689 or 1782 or even in 1807 and 1832—the democratic element in the United Kingdom would have had hard work to complete the change which it has carried so far and longs to carry farther. What the lords can do now was shown by Gladstone's home rule bill. His immense personal influence and the fear of an Irish revolt, added to no small amount of serious conviction, forced the bill through the commons. The lords met in numbers scarcely known for a lifetime. The case was put on both sides with great force and with that serious, lofty, high bred eloquence that has never become extinct in the upper house during many centuries. The bill was rejected by an immense majority, and the friends of the measure had the satisfaction of knowing that the verdict of England was against them and with the peers, and not a few voices raised the cry which is heard at steadily recurring intervals, "Thank God we have a house of lords!"—William Everett in Atlantic.

Rather Suggestive.

"You look worried, count."

"And I am worried, monsieur. I go to ze rich young lady's house to ask for her hand, and I fall over ze burglar alarm."

"Well?"

"Zen I quick arise and tell ze father I make a mistake."

"And what did he say?"

"He asked where ze mistake was."

Too Much Prosperity For Individuals Is Bad

By JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr.

THE men who are least apt to sin are those who are OBLIGED to give strict attention to their work. It is easy to do right when we are engrossed with the problem of how to make our living. But the man who has achieved immense success, the one who has accumulated a fortune in easy fashion, is the man who FINDS IT DIFFICULT to keep from doing wrong.

To those who may be envious of great wealth I would say that they are better off by not having it. Be satisfied with the small portion, whatever it may be. Too much prosperity for an individual is A BAD THING. It breeds idleness, and that leads to sin. Self indulgence has been the undoing of many good men.

We are free to criticise those who have done wrong. While it is not well to condone wrongdoing, it ill becomes us to condemn others when we may be guilty of indiscretion OURSELVES. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." That has always been good, sound advice. When we see a man who has sinned TRYING TO DO BETTER we ought not to accuse him of being a hypocrite. Let him try to make a new man of himself.

DO NOT QUESTION THE MOTIVES OF THOSE WHO, HAVING SINNED, ARE TRYING TO SHOW BY THEIR ACTIONS THAT THEY HAVE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF.

"The People Are Learning"

By Mrs. HETTY GREEN, Richest Woman In the World

THERE is going to be a revolution in this country. THE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO REVOLT against the oppressions of the trusts. There will be a deluge, and the streets will run with blood.

The people are GRADUALLY finding out about the trusts.

WHEN THEY REALIZE FULLY HOW THEY ARE RUINING THE CHANCES OF THE PEOPLE THERE WILL BE AN OUTBREAK.

AN ADVANCE PAYMENT.

Mark Twain, His Good Brother and the Broken Sugar Bowl.

My mother had a good deal of trouble with me, but I think she enjoyed it. She had none at all with my brother Henry, who was two years younger than I, and I think that the unbroken monotony of his goodness and truthfulness and obedience would have been a burden to her but for the relief and variety which I furnished in the other direction. I was a tonic. I was valuable to her. I never thought of it before, but now I see it. I never knew Henry to do a vicious thing toward me or toward any one else, but he frequently did righteous ones that cost me as heavily. It was his duty to report me when I needed reporting and neglected to do it myself, and he was very faithful in discharging that duty. He is Sid in "Tom Sawyer." But Sid was not Henry. Henry was a very much finer and better boy than ever Sid was.

It was Henry who called my mother's attention to the fact that the thread with which she had sewed my collar together to keep me from going in swimming had changed color. My mother would not have discovered it but for that, and she was manifestly piqued when she recognized that that prominent bit of circumstantial evidence had escaped her sharp eye. That detail probably added a detail to my punishment. It is human. We generally visit our shortcomings on somebody else when there is a possible excuse for it. But no matter. I took it out of Henry. There is always compensation for such as are unjustly used. I often took it out of him—sometimes as an advance payment for something which I hadn't yet done. These were occasions when the opportunity was too strong a temptation, and I had to draw on the future. I did not need to copy this idea from my mother and probably didn't. Still, she wrought upon that principle upon occasion.

If the incident of the broken sugar bowl is in "Tom Sawyer"—I don't remember whether it is or not—that is an example of it. Henry never stole sugar. He took it openly from the bowl. His mother knew he wouldn't take sugar when she wasn't looking, but she had her doubts about me. Not exactly doubts, either. She knew very well I would. One day when she was not present Henry took sugar from her prized and precious old English sugar bowl, which was an heirloom in the family, and he managed to break the bowl. It was the first time I had ever had a chance to tell anything on him, and I was inexpressibly glad. I told him I was going to tell on him, but he was not disturbed. When my mother came in and saw the bowl lying on the floor in fragments she was speechless for a minute. I allowed that silence to work. I judged it would increase the effect. I was waiting for her to ask "Who did that?" so that I could fetch out my news. But it was an error of calculation. When she got through with her silence she didn't ask anything about it. She merely gave me a crack on the skull with her thimble that I felt all the day down to my heels. Then I broke out with my injured innocence, expecting to make her very sorry that she had punished the wrong one. I expected her to do something remorseful and pathetic. I told her that I was not the one—it was Henry. But there was no upheaval. She said without emotion: "It's all right. It isn't any matter. You deserve it for something you've done that I didn't know about, and if you haven't done it, why, then you deserve it for something that you are going to do that I shan't hear about."—From Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

Christianity, Buddhism and Nirvana.

Buddhism and Christianity are at one in that they perceive our life here is but for a moment and if rightly lived it must be lived in view of an eternal life or a life hereafter. Life does not cease with our departure. It continues still beyond, and that life beyond will be shaped by the life here. Both insist on this, yet there is here a strange difference of emphasis, for that which is promised in Buddhism is that in proportion as we are righteous here so shall existence hereafter be shortened, whereas in Christianity it is promised that in proportion as we are righteous here we may be assured of an immortal life hereafter. In Buddhism desire is regarded as the evil thing and as that which produces existence. When a man is filled with desire up to the moment of death thereafter that self asserting desire goes on. He is reborn and given further opportunity. He may still maintain a degree of self assertion and be born over and over again. This is the immortality of Buddhism. But if he succeeds in altogether suppressing desire, if he can entirely obliterate personality, then he has attained to Nirvana here and hereafter.—Exchange.

MAN AND MEMORY.

The Way We Get Our Impressions of a Previous Existence.

"Have we lived before?" is a question discussed by many correspondents of British newspapers. Dr. Andrew Wilson analyzed the strange phenomena of memory given by the contributors in part as follows: "The doctrine of metempychosis or transmigration of souls represents a very ancient belief. Not merely did it credit the possibility that the soul after death could be transferred from one human being to another, but it also held that the human soul might take up its abode in another form of life and be transferred from the purely human to the lower animal domain. The theory asserts that as each stage is ended and a new era begun the soul sheds most of the features it illustrated in the life it left, retaining now and then, however, vague memories of some of its antecedent states. Such memories, forcibly projected into the foreground of our existence today, it is held, should convince us that we have 'lived before.'

"Everything we have heard or seen or otherwise appreciated through the agency of our sense organs—every impression, every sensation—is really stored up within those brain cells which exercise the memory function. True, we may not be able to recall all of them at will. Many are doubtless beyond the reach of the power that revives and prints off for us positives from our stored up mental negatives. But it is none the less significant that on occasion we can disinter memories of events whose date lies very far back in our lives—recollections, these, perhaps, we have never realized after their reception, but lying latent and only awaiting the requisite and proper stimulus to awaken them and to bring them to the surface of our life.

"This expresses briefly what we mean by our 'subliminal consciousness.' It is that underlayer of stored up impressions and memories which is only fully awakened in certain brain states and of which in our ordinary life we only receive the faintest and most occasional reminders of its existence. We do not recognize the source of every bit of ancient news the subliminal consciousness may bring to light, and so we treat its resurrections as if they were reflections from some previous phase of existence. But often the clew is supplied us, and the apparent mysterious reawakening of past life appears merely as a recollection the origin of which we did not at first recognize.

"Even the idea that sometimes strikes us on entering a strange place, hitherto unknown to us, that we 'have been there before' is capable of rational explanation. Our brain is built on the double principle and acts in appreciating our surroundings through the simultaneous work of its two intellectual centers. If there exists a slight discrepancy in this simultaneous work, so that one half of our brain appreciates the scene a little before the other half, we are presented with the false memory of having seen the place before."

The Antiquity of the Glove.

The antiquity of gloves has long been in dispute. The question turns upon the rendering of a passage in the fourth chapter of the book of Ruth, verses 7, 8:

"Now, this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing for to confirm all things. A man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor, and this was a testimony in Israel. Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz, 'Buy it for thee.' So he drew off his shoe."

For shoe in these verses, it is said, we ought to read glove. On this matter M. Josephs, a Hebrew of great literary attainments and author of several learned works, advanced the following theory: The Hebrew nangal signifies to shut close or inclose. When followed by regel, the foot, it might mean a shoe or sandal, but when it stands by itself, as in the original of the passage quoted, it must be rendered "glove." It is further stated that the ancient and modern rabbins agree in rendering the word from the original as "glove" and that Joel Levy, a celebrated German translator, gave, instead of shoe, his picturesque native term of hand schuh, hand shoe, by which gloves are known in Germany to this day.—"Gloves," by William Beck, 1883, in Notes and Queries.

"Keys" and "Quays."

The keys off the Florida coast illustrate, by the spelling and pronunciation of their name, the remarkable power words have to affect other words more or less like themselves. These keys, deriving their name from the Spanish "cayo," a shoal rock or barrier reef, would still have been called "cays," no doubt, but for the influence of the kindred word which we now write "quay," but still pronounce "kee." The new spelling is modeled on the modern French "quai," but the pronunciation is a trace of the old spelling "key," which prevailed from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. Yet undoubtedly this "key" used to be pronounced "kay," and so, as Shakespeare's and Dryden's rhymes prove, did the key of a lock. It was the door "kay's" change to "kee" under Scottish influence that set the example to the others.—London Chronicle.

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PORTLAND DEPOT.	Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL, for the East via Huntington.	9.30 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	1.15 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	6.15 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop.
Passes Biggs	10.12p.m	8.37 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	8.15 p.m. no stop.	7.15 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	12.89 pm	8.09 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	8.15 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrives at Biggs	11.59 a.m.	Lv. 12.15 p.m.

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For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash. Leave Riparia 5.40 a. m., or upon arrival train No. 4, daily except Saturday. Arrive Riparia 4 p. m. daily except Friday.

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Wm. McMURRAY, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

W. R. CROGAN, AGENT, Moro, Oregon

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Southbound passengr daily	Distance from Biggs	Time table No 11 May 20, 1906 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1.20 pm	.0	.....Biggs.....	11.50 arve
1.40	5.4	...Gibsons....	11.19
1.44	7.0	.....Sinks.....	11.10
2.04	9.8	.... Wasco....	11.00
2.17	14.1	.. Klondyke ..	10.45
2.23	16.1	.. Summit ...	10.40
2.40	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	10.24
2.41	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.22
2.53	23.9	... DeMoss ...	10.05
3.04	27.0	.....Moro	9.55
3.13	30.4	..Erskinville .	9.37
3.44	38.5	.Grass Valley.	9.20
4.00	45.8	... Bourbon...	8.55
4.16	52.5	.....Kent	8.40
4.26	57.3	....Wilcox ...	8.30
5.00 arv	70.0	... Shaniko...	8.00 a m

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Portland, The Dalles and way points

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