The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY.....MAY 3, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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FULL O' KNAVES

[Original.]

After Tom Hazeltine sold Billy Nutting a doped horse for $100 that returned to skin and bone as soon as he failed to get his meals of arsenic Billy was trying to "get it back" on Tom. You see, we fellows all understood one another, and no one of the gang spared another. After a fellow had been sold he laughed with the rest and bided his time to get even. But Hazeltine stuck Nutting for a larger amount than we fellows liked to see, and we were ready to help him recover it from the man who took it out of him. Billy was very nice about it. He joined in the laugh at his expense, sent the horse to a fertilizing factory and pocketed his loss—that is, temporarily.

We used to meet at each other's rooms after business hours for a small game of poker before dinner. One afternoon when we were at Billy's rooms, each with a pile of chips before us, there was a ring at the bell, and an Italian came in with a parrot for sale.

"Don't want any parrots," said Billy impatiently. "Whose deal?"

"I have vera good parrot," said the Italian. "You lika him vera much."

"Don't want him," said Billy. "Get out!"

"Shut up!" shrieked the parrot.

"You impudent little villain!" exclaimed Billy.

This changed the interest from the game to the parrot. The Italian was called upon to get him out of his box and make him perform.

"Ante up," croaked the parrot.

"Polly," said Hazeltine, "pretty poll! What y' got for a show down?"

"Full o' knaves," croaked the parrot.

There was a laugh, and some one asked the parrot if he had anything else, but the bird only had one answer for all—"Full o' knaves."

"You're dead right," remarked one of the party. "There's more knavery in this gang than in a dozen jailbirds."

"Deal the cards," the parrot suddenly blurted out, rubbing his beak with his claw and following the injunction with a lot of parrot cawings.

"By Jove," exclaimed Hazeltine, "he is a rare bird to have on hand for a poker party! He'd make no end o' fun. What you want for him?"

"Tell the gentleman your price, Poll," said the Italian.

"Two cents," said the parrot.

"No, no!" interposed the owner. "Try again. Your price—your price."

"Seventy-five dollars."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Billy. "Seventy-five dollars for a parrot!"

The Italian shrugged his shoulders.

"Put him up at auction," said Billy, "with $75 a minimum."

The Italian agreed, the bird was put up, and Billy started the bidding by offering $25. Hazeltine, who was thinking what a treasure the bird would be at his own poker parties, offered $30, and the bidding became spirited. In a few minutes the price was run up to the limit, but none of the bidders seemed inclined to give way to the others. Eighty, eighty-five, ninety, were bid successively. At the last figure all dropped out except Billy Nutting and Tom Hazeltine, who continued to top each other $2 a bid. At ninety-five Hazeltine showed signs of weakening.

"Don't take water, Tom," whispered one of the party. "The bird's worth $200. There are plenty of parrots, but I never saw one that could talk like that."

"Ninety-six!" cried Hazeltine.

"Raise it to ninety-seven," from Nutting.

"Ninety-eight!" from Hazeltine.

"Ninety-nine!" from Nutting.

"One hundred!" from Hazeltine.

"Sold!" cried the Italian. "You taka da bird, I taka da money."

There was a roar of laughter in which every one present joined except the successful buyer, who, taking fright at once, looked at the company with wonder and inquiry.

"Point up!" cried the parrot.

This reassured the purchaser. He took a roll of bills from his pocket and handed $100 to the Italian, who made no delay in getting out.

"Come, Poll," said Billy; "show your owner what a bargain he's made. Talk about the game of poker."

Polly was silent.

"Tell us about those knaves you were mentioning."

The parrot manifested no interest in the subject, sitting stupidly on her perch. Each one of the party tried in turn to make her talk, but failed. Hazeltine, who had not yet got on to the sell, remarked that parrots were like children—they often wouldn't talk to strangers without their fathers or mothers egging them on. As soon as Poll got used to her new master she'd show up fine. So he took the bird home, and after he had gone we laughed till we all had side ache.

Weeks passed before Hazeltine would admit that his parrot was dumb as a lamp post. He had meanwhile spent a lot of money on a parrot teacher, who failed signally to get the bird to utter a single word. Finally Hazeltine sold the bird for a dollar and, having made up his mind that a trick had been played on him, asked how it had been done, whereupon he was informed that Billy had bought the bird for a song and had hired a ventriloquist to bring it to his rooms and make it talk just like a human being. Billy had recovered the hundred dollars Tom had taken out of him minus $10 he had paid the ventriloquist for his services.

Tom enjoyed the joke hugely, and now he is watching an opportunity to get it back on Billy.

BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

Easter at Spruce Hill.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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A NEW minister had come to slow moving, out of the way Spruce Hill, and with his coming had appeared a spirit of change and improvement.

He was fresh from his theological course and eager with youth and love for the work and with advanced ideas about music and active co-operation of the young people. Hitherto the church had been to them a place of solemnity, only to be visited at required intervals and as a scarcely to be avoided duty. Now, under the ministrations of this young zealot, it gradually came to them that duty could be approached from many directions and that not all of them were necessarily thorny and narrow. A choir was formed and a singing class started to stimulate and encourage greater proficiency; then came a Bible class, in which the lessons were presented in a way to encourage interest, and a Christian Endeavor society that brought out the young people. At Christmas there was an entertainment with much singing, and during the winter there were praise services and social gatherings, and in June a sermon especially for the children, and through the summer and fall picnics and outings that brought all the people together and kept their interest in the church undiminished.

Among the other innovations were the Easter sermon and church decoration. The new minister made the announcement one Thursday evening after prayer meeting and added that he hoped all would be present and that the ladies of the church would arrange for a tasteful and appropriate decoration.

After service the women stood about irresolutely, looking at each other with blank, questioning eyes. Spruce Hill was undeniably on the road toward prosperity, but its people had not yet loosened their grasp on the labor that was bearing them there. Every woman and girl of the community, from the eight year mite who washed dishes and "chored" to the white haired grandmother knitting in the corner, had duties for each hour of the day. It was the natural condition of the hard, unsocial life which had taught them to value the practical and substantial and remain ignorant of much that was beautiful and sweet. They had little time for flowers and, besides the lilac bushes and "popcorns" in their yards and a few such perennials as lilies and phlox and daffodils and perhaps a geranium or calla in their kitchen windows, had literally nothing for even an outdoor summer display, much less for a church decoration at Easter. And even had there been a profusion of flowers they would have been scarcely less dismayed. The mere thought of decorating a church would have appalled them.

"I guess you'll have to excuse me, Mr. Kent," one of them said at last bluntly. "I haven't any flowers except one geranium which don't bloom, an', besides, I don't know anything about decoratin' an' ain't got no time either."

"Nor me," "Nor me," "Nor me," came in rapid succession and with evident relief from the other women.

"Oh, come, come; this will never do!" expostulated the minister decidedly. "Surely each of you can spare a little time from work. I will help with the

"I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, MR. KENT."

lifting and carrying, and there are several boys in my class who will do what they can. Let us all join together and make it a grand success."

"We can't decorate without flowers," spoke up another woman convincingly, "an' I don't believe there's half a dozen bloomin' plants in the whole neighborhood. 'Tain't time yet for flowers to bloom."

"Can't we find a few calias and Easter lilies, narcissuses and perhaps a few other white flowers?" with less confidence in his voice. "Palms would suit me best for a background, but as we cannot get them we can use green boughs and pussy willows and other things from the woods."

"All the houses in the neighborhood can't scare up white posies enough for a buttonhole bouquet," declared a third woman aggressively. "As for Easter lilies, I ain't never seen one, and narcissus I ain't even heard of. The idea o' decoratin' a whole church this time o' year!"

"I've heard Mis' Bray speak o' narcissus," said a woman reflectively, "she that was the florist's wife, you know. An', come to think, she's likely a master hand at this decoratin' business. She has spoke o' seein' big city churches filled with flowers."

"Mis' Bray—ain't she dead?" questioned another. "I ain't heard her name afore in years. But there! I know she ain't. I'd 'a' seen the notice in the Articulator."

"Who is Mrs. Bray, and where is she to be found?" asked the minister quickly. "Perhaps she can help me out with this. Curious I have not heard of her before."

"Oh, I don't know," dryly; "folks sort o' die away from the world after they enter a poorhouse. Mis' Bray's husband was for gettin' on, so he went to the city an' learned the florist's trade. For a time he done well; then his business broke, an' he died, an' his wife came back here an' lived up what little she had. After that there was nothin' but the poorhouse. Now, I've always held a poorhouse was stronger than a grave for hidin' folks."

"Well, we will find her," eagerly. "Perhaps she will be able to give us some assistance or advice. Will you go with me, Mrs. Perry?"

The woman hesitated a little, then threw back her head with sudden decision.

"Why, yes, I don't mind if I do. Cynthia Bray was as much of a lady as anybody round, an' I don't know as a poorhouse is the worst thing in the world. Still, while it wa'n't her fault goin' there, it's hardly to be expected folks will keep on visitin' just the same as though she was in some other place."

The next afternoon the minister's buckboard paused in front of the poorhouse, and he and Mrs. Perry alighted. Several men and boys were slouching about the yard, and on a bench near the door were four or five old women. Mrs. Perry looked them over critically.

"Not there," she declared concisely. "Cynthia wouldn't grow to look like them. We'll go in."

In answer to their knock a harsh featured woman came to the door. A ring of keys dangled from her waist.

"Mis' Bray?" she repeated in answer to their question. "Oh, Aunt Cynthia we call her. No, she ain't here; she's inside. You see, we have to get as much work from the paupers as we can. Most of them are lazy an' no 'count, but now an' then we find a good worker. Aunt Cynthia's one, so we keep her in the kitchen. She scasely ever gits to this side o' the house. I don't s'pose she's really had a visitor afore in five years. Won't you come in?"

They entered, and after a long and detailed account of her trials with the paupers the woman went through a door toward the back part of the house. Another five minutes passed; then a little old woman with a bright, deprecatory manner stole softly into the room.

"Did—did you wish to see me?" she asked tremulously and a little wonderingly.

Mrs. Perry sprang forward in quick forgetfulness of the immeasurable distance which lay between her social position and the poorhouse.

"Why, you poor soul!" she cried sympathetically. "How old you've grown! My hair ain't begun to turn yet, an' here your'n is perfectly white, an' still I believe I'm two months the oldest."

"It's been a long time since you and I were young, deary," answered the old woman gently. "Such a weary time, it seems as if my hair was always white." Then she colored with sudden remembrance and drew herself up stiffly.

"Is there anything you wanted me for, Mrs. Perry—anything I can do for you?" she asked.

"Come, Cynthia, don't talk that way," remonstrated Mrs. Perry. "You know farmers' wives are always workin', an'—an' it's a good piece from our place to the"—

"Poorhouse," said the old woman calmly.

"Well, yes, poorhouse," deprecatingly. "An', besides, folks give up old customs as they git on in years. I don't call anywhere as much as I used to. But never mind that," briskly. "I'm callin' today, an' I've brung the minister. Do you know him?"

"I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bray before," said the minister, rising, "and yet I have called here several times."

"No, we haven't met," acquiesced the old woman. "I generally stay in the kitchen."

He held her hand for a moment.

"I must acknowledge this visit is mostly a business one, Mrs. Bray," he said, resuming his seat. "You see, I am planning to have the church decorated for Easter, but the ladies of my congregation, including Mrs. Perry here, assure me that such a thing is utterly impossible—in short, that they cannot undertake the work and that there are no flowers to undertake it with. I have come to you as a last resort. Can you help me?"

The old woman, who had not had a caller in five years, looked from one to the other with a sudden yearning in her tender old eyes. It was as though she questioned the possibility of the world still having use for her. Then a soft flush began to steal over her face.

"It isn't easy to decorate without anything to decorate with," she said tremulously. "In the city we used to have palms and Easter lilies and no end of ferns and delicate things to bank with."

"But there are the woods," suggested the minister desperately. "I notice lots of pretty things on my walks."

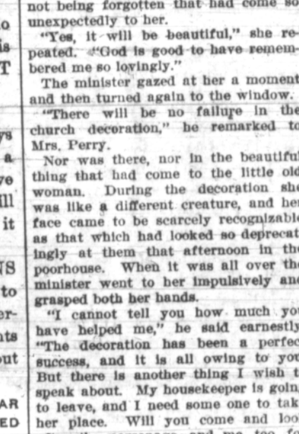
"Yes, the woods are beautiful around here in the spring. I notice them from the kitchen windows, and sometimes, before anybody is up, I take short walks." Her hands were still trembling, but into her face was coming an expression which Mrs. Perry remembered to have belonged to her old days, before the long stifling experience of poorhouse servitude.

"Do you mean for me to take charge of the decorating," she asked, "to do it in my own way?"

"Yes, but of course with plenty of help. I don't know much about arranging flowers myself."

He turned hastily and glanced through the window. Something in the wistful, even rapturous expression on the old woman's face made him lose command of himself for a moment.

"Well, I shall need help in gathering the decorations," she was saying as he turned back. "There will be things to cut and bring home and boxes and boards to build up for the banking. Yes, I think we can do it very nicely. There are some bushes along the creek that I can fix up to look very much like palms at a little distance, and that dark moss below the ledge will make a beautiful bank, on which we can arrange the early white flowers which are beginning to bloom on the hillsides. Then there are the pussy willows and early ferns and lots of other things that can be used with good effect. Yes, indeed, we can make a charming decoration with what the woods and fields



"WILL YOU COME AND LOOK AFTER THE PARSONAGE?"

will furnish. But there!" breaking into a low, joyous laugh which apparently frightened her, for she stopped suddenly and looked about in a scared, tremulous sort of way. "I was only about to say," she went on deprecatingly, "that I haven't seen the church yet. I must go there and look around so as to get an idea of what sort of decoration will be most appropriate."

"Of course; we will take you there this afternoon," volunteered the minister beamingly.

"An' you can have my horse an' wagon every afternoon if you like," added Mrs. Perry warmly. "Then there is my son Tommy. You can have him to drive you an' to do your gatherin' an' liftin'. Why, really, I almost feel as though I would like to leave work an' join in the fun myself."

The old woman's face was now absolutely radiant.

"It will be beautiful," she murmured, "as the world seemed when I was young."

She was not thinking of the decoration now, but of the beautiful thing of not being forgotten that had come so unexpectedly to her.

"Yes, it will be beautiful," she repeated. "God is good to have remembered me so lovingly."

The minister gazed at her a moment and then turned again to the window.

"There will be no failure in the church decoration," he remarked to Mrs. Perry.

Nor was there, nor in the beautiful thing that had come to the little old woman. During the decoration she was like a different creature, and her face came to be scarcely recognizable as that which had looked so deprecatingly at them that afternoon in the poorhouse. When it was all over the minister went to her impulsively and grasped both her hands.

"I cannot tell you how much you have helped me," he said earnestly. "The decoration has been a perfect success, and it is all owing to you. But there is another thing I wish to speak about. My housekeeper is going to leave, and I need some one to take her place. Will you come and look after the parsonage—and me, too, for that matter?" with one of his frank boyish smiles. "My mother always said I wasn't capable of looking after my clothes and such things. I will try not to tax you too severely."

So the beautiful thing which had come to her was not of a day, but was to last through all the remainder of her years.

The Present Law For Railroad Rate Regulation.

By C. S. MELLEN, President N. Y., N. H. and H. Railroad.

I HAVE always conceded the need of EFFICIENT regulation of railroad corporations. It has always seemed to me it would be preferable for the corporations and the public that such regulation be by the general government rather than by the states because of the necessity for A REASONABLE DEGREE OF UNIFORMITY in the regulation for the protection of the public and that it might not conflict so seriously as would otherwise follow from the frequent changes of jurisdiction as we cross state lines.

Earnestly desiring improvement in corporate management, I have been in favor also of the GREATEST POSSIBLE PUBLICITY being given to all the acts of corporations which have been handled in such a way as to cause complaint.

When this subject was first agitated I thought I saw a new era dawning in railroad management and an improved relationship possible between the reasonable portion of the public and the carriers.

* * *

What was needed was regulation, NOT RESTRICTION; protection, not persecution; but when the law was available for examination it was found to be revengeful and punitive, drawn either in ignorance or prejudice, with less thought of fairness to the railroads or the interest of the public than to concentrate TREMENDOUS POWER in the general government not necessary for the regulation or the elimination of abuses complained of and which, if constitutional, gives power to derange established markets to an extent that, if exercised, will produce LITTLE SHORT OF REVOLUTION.

* * *

The necessity for such a law as enacted by congress was more than questionable, and that there has been no trouble is because practically nothing has been done under IT. All that has been accomplished has been under the provisions OF OTHER LAWS, and all improvement has been mendaciously accredited to this unnecessarily drastic legislation, tinkered by every crank who temporarily came to the surface, encouraged by all the powers of unrest, log rolled into enactment by the most IRRECONCILABLE ELEMENTS of both parties, with accusations of treachery and mendacity so frequent and forceful an honest man was in doubt whether the membership of the Ananias society itself were not in danger of secession and disintegration.

The public cry has been against discrimination, and yet those who have to handle the business of the railroads know that in private it is one strenuous effort on the part of the public TO SECURE THAT VERY THING.

* * *

If a man ships a carload of freight every day in the year, he pays the same rate of freight as the man who ships a similar carload once a month, but IF A MAN RIDES every day in the year he must have a LESS RATE than the man who rides only once a month. You will note, therefore, the public is bound to stop discrimination, even if it discriminates in doing so.

Are limitations of law and authority only for CORPORATIONS and those in charge of their affairs? Are those we have elected to enforce the laws superior to the laws themselves and shall they be permitted to disregard them WITH IMPUNITY? The complaints against corporate management have foundation enough in fact without exaggeration.

IT IS UNNECESSARY THAT THEY BE VARNISHED FOR FEAR THEY MAY NOT SHINE, BUT MUCH THAT HAS BEEN CHARGED AGAINST THEM IN THE WAY OF OFFENSE HAS CURED ITSELF AND IS OUT OF DATE TODAY, AS MANY OTHER THINGS WHICH HAVE TAUGHT US THEIR LESSONS AND PASSED INTO OBSCURITY.

Boo Superstition.

In the country districts both of England and Germany there is an idea that if the bees swarm upon a rotten tree there will be a death in the family owning or living on the property before the expiration of twelve months.

Word Endings.

Only about a dozen words of genuine English origin end with the letter "a," two dozen with the letter "o" and nearly 5,000 with "y." "Ough" has eight sounds, as up, on o, off, uff and aut.

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

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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	8.57 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	12.09 pm	3.09 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 pm

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For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p.m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10.00 p. m. Arrives 5.00 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock Leaves 7.00 a. m daily except Sunday. Arrives 5.30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

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.

For full information call on or address

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

W. R. CROCAN, AGENT, Moro, Oregon

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Tme tble No11 May 20, 1906 STATIONS	Northbnd passe nger 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 ...	10.06
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

For rates and information apply to

W. E. Crogan, Agent Moro, Or.

The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.

Regulator Line

Portland, The Dalles and way points

Steamers leave Portland and The Dalles daily except Sunday at 7 a. m. arriving at about 5 p m., connecting at Lyle with the

Columbia River & NorthernRyCo

For Goldendale and Klickitat valley points. Train leaves Goldendale at 5:30 a. m. daily except Sunday, arriving at Lyle at 7:30 a. m., connecting with down river boat for Portland and intermediate points.

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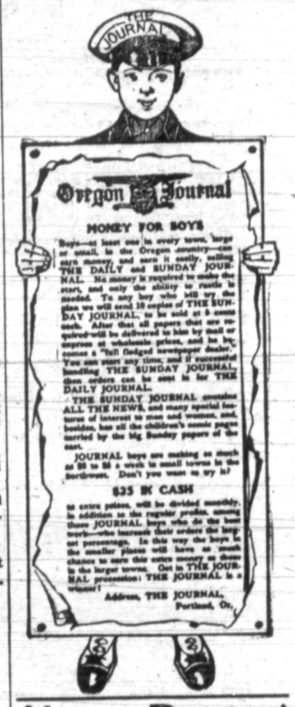

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