The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....JUNE 21, 1907.

Personal Talk With You.

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Captain Dreams.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.]

While I was in hospital at Madras a Hindoo sailor who had a cot next to mine was visited by a sea captain with whom he had served. I overheard much of their conversation. The Hindoo finally died.

The name of the captain was Draines. A few weeks later people were calling him Dreams. He was a good sailor, but poor in pocket. The native had told him a secret before he died.

The father of the dying native had been a sepoy in the great mutiny, and when the rebellion had been stamped out he had to go into hiding and live his last days in the jungle. When it became apparent that the English would conquer, a move was made by all the wealthy Hindoos to save their fortunes. The father was attached to the force of the nabob of Mysore and with certain others removed treasure to the amount of a million dollars from that province to the coast and thence by sailing craft to one of the Laccadives. There it was buried. The father could not tell the son what particular island it was, nor did he know whether the treasure was recovered after the war. He was wounded in battle soon after his return to the coast, and when peace came he became a fugitive to save himself. The treasure was taken ashore at night and deposited in a cave.

That was the story told to the son, and that was the son who told it to the captain. The story was over twenty years old then. You will ask why the son hadn't made a try for the treasure. In the first place, for twenty years after the war the English were very vigilant about such things, but claimed a big share of whatever the natives found. Again, the son was poor in pocket and distrustful of his fellow men. If he had had the money to fit out an expedition, he would have had to take five or six persons into his confidence, and the chance of his being murdered and despoiled was good indeed. Had he gone to the owner of any craft and offered half he would have been laughed at. He had simply come to the conclusion that the island was one of the Laccadive group, and he could not say that the treasure had not been removed years before. He simply hung on to his secret and waited, and he was waiting yet when he was stabbed in a street brawl.

Captain Draines at once determined to try for the treasure. He had to have money, and he had to have men, and in this way it came to be known that he was off after a million. No one knew whither he was bound, but everywhere he showed up he was ridiculed and laughed at. Before he left port he was spoken of as Captain Dreams. He resigned from his ship, chartered a native craft and selected a crew to be depended on. He fitted the craft to fight as well as to sail, and he got away from Madras in the night and was out of sight of the coast next morning. He had his all in the enterprise, and it was a case of make or break with him.

The run down to the group was made, but that was only the beginning. Some of the islands are only sand bars or rocky islets, while others are four or five miles in circumference and heavily wooded. They had to be searched in rotation. The craft would be anchored in the channel between two islands while parties landed on either to search for a cave. This searching took up lots of time. At the end of three months only eight of the islands had been explored, and the men were ready for mutiny. The provisions were gone, and a hundred different disappointments had soured the tempers of the men. They agreed to search the ninth island, but would go no farther. If nothing was found there, the captain must head for the coast, even if he had to go in chains.

Fortune stands by some men in strange ways. Half the island had been explored when there came a great gale, and a French ship that had been dismasted and abandoned at sea came driving in. She furnished plenty of provisions, and it was seen that the salvage of her cargo would give every man a good thing, treasure or no treasure.

The next day after the wreck drove ashore Captain Dreams set out to gather some wild fruit. In their search the men had discovered no animals of any sort. The captain had not gone forty rods when a goat sprang out of the bushes and raced away. He turned at a tangent to follow her and ten minutes later found himself at the base of a rocky cliff with a cave entrance five feet above the ground. It was the nabob's treasure house, and the treasure was there. He had a portion of it with him when he returned to the men. Just what the treasure amounted to in dollars and cents no one outside of the treasure party ever learned, but the cargo taken from the wreck sold for $40,000 at the Portuguese port of Goa.

Captain Dreams was ready to sail away and only waiting for the tide when a native craft with a crew of thirty fishermen and shell gatherers appeared and undertook to despoil him. But for his muskets they would have done so, and his craft would never have been heard of more. In the fight he inflicted a loss of five men killed and sailed triumphantly away. The English government heard of his find and tried to bring him to the mark, but the Portuguese governor refused to deliver him up, and after a year he sailed for France and may be living in that country today. Ninety-nine of the hunts for buried treasure have turned out costly disappointments, but this was an exception. The treasure was there, and it was secured.

M. QUAD.

Shack.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1906, by Frank H. Sweet.

TWO black, eager faces bent suddenly forward as the dice—bones, they called them—rattled upon the low roof of Wung Sin's laundry. As the tiny cubes tumbled over and over, deciding the ownership of the two coins which lay between the youthful gamblers, the "shooter" cried fervently:

"Come seben! Dis fo' a pair o' shoes!"

To which the other, to counteract the spell of the conjure invoked, responded with equal fervor:

"Call him off, seben! Dat my breakfas'," at the same time reaching hopefully toward the coins.

But the shooter forestalled him—for the dice had now stopped—and declared the money his.

He picked up the coins and ostentatiously tossed one back upon the roof, calling:

"Fade me, Cuffy!"

Cuffy faded him by searching long and laboriously through his clothing for another coin, which he at length found and placed beside the one on the roof. Then the shooter picked up the dice and juggled them in the hollow of his hands, blowing upon his fingers for luck. When they rattled back to the roof the two faces again bent lower, one fearfully, the other exultantly and jeering.

"Yo's, Shack." And the one called Cuffy rose to his feet with ashy face. "I's bleege to stop now, nigger. I's done out."

Shack looked at him curiously, standing on the defensive. Indeed, there was usually good reason for Shack's customary defensive attitude at the end of a game of craps. He had been accused of ringing in "peeties"—loaded dice—of overawing a weak opponent by a blustering demeanor, of doing many things that were considered disreputable among roustabouts But, however lawless he might be or mean, he never showed any signs of it outwardly. His eyes had a keen, straightforward way of searching other eyes, his shoulders remained square, his head was carried high.

As he stood there on the defensive, waiting for Cuffy to pitch into him as other worsted crap shooters had done, he first wondered, then grew derisive at the larger boy's peaceable, almost pitiable attitude.

"Skeered?" he mocked.

"No, I ain't skeered," answered Cuffy quickly, "but what for I fight yo'?

"COME SEBEN! DIS FO' A PAIR O' SHOES!"

Dar ain' nobody to blame but me. I—I done stole dat money, an' I promise mammy I nebber shoot craps in all de worl'. I ain'—no—good any mo'," his lips beginning to quiver.

Shack grinned.

"Yo' ain' de firs' pusson dat stole," he jeered. "I reckon yo' better go off in de dark an' hide. Den de p'lice ain' cotch yo'. Now lemme see yo' cry."

Cuffy paid no attention to him.

"An' my mammy trusted me," he went on dolefully, "an' was a-savin' up for me to go to Tuskegee an' learn a heap o' t'ings, an' den I was a-goin' to make money an' buy her a house wid a plazzer like w'ite fo'ks an' a mule an' cow an' some chickens, an' now—oh, mammy!"

"Dat's right," cried Shack encouragingly. "I see dem tears a-comin' Cuffy. Let 'em drap, nigger; let 'em drap!"

A momentary flash dried the incipient tears, and Cuffy's muscles grew tense. Then again the shoulders drooped.

"I ain't min', Shack," he said, without resentment. "I could whup you like I has done, but I 'low yo' better whup me. I'll stan' still an' let yo' poun' till yo' arm's tired. Yo' ain' un'erstan'. My mammy's a-scrapin' an' savin' for school, an' I'm a-scrapin' an' savin' too. We ain' spen' one cent widout need. An' now I done los' a whole dollar shootin' craps—all I earn dis week—an' I promise mammy I nebber shoot craps in de worl'. I wish yo'd whup me good, Shack."

But Shack was not fighting on that line. He threw his arms akimbo and regarded Cuffy with critical amusement.

"So yo's a mammy boy," he sneered, "an' a schoolin' boy! Wha's yo' sense, Cuffy? A mammy's good 'nough fo' babies, but we's too big. I nebber hab no mammy, an' I'm tough. Yo' better widout one. Dey spiles big boys."

"Yo' din't know my mammy," was Cuffy's answer, "an' yo' ain't keer for schoolin'. 'Cep'n' for dat yo'd be t'inkin' like me." Then a sudden inspiration seized him, and he added, "Wha yo' stay tonight, Shack?"

"Don' know," indifferently, "roun' some'er's. Mebbe in ole Brown's lumber yard if de watchman don' ketch me."

"Den s'pose yo' come on home 'long o' me an' see my mammy," invited Cuffy eagerly. "She make yo' t'ink like me, shore. We hab watermilyun an' sweet taters an' bacon, an' in de mawnin' mammy likely gib us fried chicken. Yo' can sleep 'long o' me in my bald. Wha yo' say?"

Shack did not say anything for fully two minutes. The question was a weighty one. At first his impulse was a flat refusal, but the thought of meeting Cuffy's mammy and being able to ridicule that obstinate boy in the intrenchments of his own home was a pleasant one. And then the "watermilyun an' sweet taters" and the possibility of fried chicken! They decided him.

"I's yo' cake," he grinned.

The two boys walked cautiously to the edge of Wung Sin's laundry roof and peered down. Crap shooting was a serious offense, and Shack was careful to keep this retreat on the laundry roof from the knowledge of the police.

"See anyt'ing, Cuffy?" he whispered as they glanced sharply from side to side.

"Only dat fruit seller on de corner. He ain' min'."

Grasping the edge of the roof with their hands, they swung over and dropped lightly to the ground. Then they scurried round the corner into

"WHO'S A NIGGER?" HE DEMANDED.

Bay street and were lost in the crowd.

Cuffy's mother lived in a small tenement in the colored district. She was ironing when the boys arrived.

"Dat yo', Cuffy?" she called as they darkened the low doorway. "Come right in, honey. An' who's yo' frien'?"

"Him Shack, mammy," answered Cuffy rather proudly. "Yo' done heah me tole 'bout him."

"Co'se I has, honey, co'se I has," the woman exclaimed, leaving her ironing and coming forward cordially. "Glad to see yo', Shack. Come right in, boy. I done heah 'bout yo' heaps o' times. Sit down in dat rockin' cheer. Dar, dat's right. So yo's Shack. Law, law! My boy's done tole 'bout yo' no end. Say yo's able do anyt'ing yo' set out for; dat yo's de mos' promisin' black boy in de whole city." She returned to her ironing and worked vigorously for several minutes, then: "Does yo' know, honey, dat's a mighty fine say-so? De mos' promisin' boy! Dat means dar's gran' wuk befo' yo'—gran' wuk, honey. We black fo'ks need jes' sech boys to grow up an' lead us. I's glad you an' Cuffy am frien's. He's a good boy, but easy led. He needs strong, true frien's to show de way. Wha's dat, Cuffy? Shack goin' stay all night? Shore 'nough? Law, law! Dat's good! Now yo' boys jes' placate 'mong yo'se'fs while I get dis ironin' off; den we's hab supper an' mo' talk. Cuffy, yo' put dat milyun in a pail o' col' water."

Shack had listened without any attempt to answer, but his eyes and ears were keenly alert. This was an experience which was entirely new and which it would take him time to adjust. He had peered into rooms before now and had generally been driven away with a broom or poker, but he did not remember any of them that had been quite so clean and cozy as this scantily furnished room, and certainly none of the women had been like this one who was actually treating him as though his presence was desirable. But of course he was right in his declaration that a mammy was a detriment to a big boy. This was only an unusual side he was seeing; presently would appear some weakness with which he could overwhelm Cuffy.

But what appeared presently brought him half to his feet in sudden wonder, derision, contempt. There was Cuffy actually telling his mammy about the crap shooting and the money he had lost, and more wonderful yet, instead of scolding and punishing him as ordinary women would have done, this mammy was patting her boy's cheeks and talking in a low, earnest voice, and, yes, they were both crying.

Shack drew a hard, deep breath and waited in momentary expectation of hearing his own name. But, no, Cuffy only spoke of himself and then went back to his chair by the window, where he sat very sober and thoughtful. And his mammy began to put away her ironing and prepare for supper.

After supper Shack returned to the rocking chair, feeling very comfortable and contented. And the puzzling mammy, after she had cleared the table and washed the dishes, came and sat down between him and Cuffy.

"Co'se yo' goin' to Tuskegee when yo' get able, honey," she began, and then, accepting this for a fact and unobservant of the indignant scorn on his face, she went on in an almost reverent voice: "Hit's a gran' t'ing, dis widout need. An' now I done los' a whole dollar shootin' craps—all I earn dis week—an' I promise mammy I nebber shoot craps in de worl'. I wish yo'd whup me good, Shack."

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Again Shack's breath came hard, but her hand was upon his shoulder, her eyes looking into his. He tried to scoff and jeer, but the words stuck in his throat, and only a husky "Yes'm, I will," came to his lips. Then he rose suddenly to his feet, only to sink back into the chair, hot and trembling, for this strange mammy had kissed him.

"I knowed yo' would, honey," she said softly, "but I wanted to heah yo' promise. A boy lak yo' nebber forgets his promise."

Shack made a desperate effort to break from the spell that was closing in upon him. Missionaries he did not mind, but this mammy was approaching him in an unrecognized way. If he wished to humiliate Cuffy he must keep better control of himself. But he only said:

"School like dat cos' a heap."

"No, honey; hit's made for pore fo'ks like we all. Me an' Cuffy 'low on gettin' a hun'ered dollars, den I'll be sen'in' what I can to him. I reckon yo' could sabe dat much quicker'n we hab. Cuffy says yo' make heaps o' money."

For want of a better answer Shack nodded. He thought of the $7 or $8 he often made in a single week by shooting craps. But her next words chilled him:

"I's glad yo' ain't shoot craps, honey."

"How yo' know?" he demanded sharply.

"By yo' eyes an' de way yo' walks," she answered, smiling. "Fo'ks ain' shoot craps an' do mean t'ings when dey walk an' look like yo'. I know. Dat's why I make yo' promise to keer for Cuffy. Law, law! Shakin' yo' head ain' fool me. Crap shootin's a mean, low t'ing, an' I's mighty glad yo' ain' do hit."

Shack's eyes fell gradually to the floor. In imagination he could see Cuffy over by the window regarding him curiously and these other eyes looking at him with frank confidence. He tried to raise his gaze to theirs, but could not. What did it mean? He had never felt timid or abashed before.

When he went into the loft with Cuffy he was thinking very hard and very shrewdly. He had never been in a real bed before, and the softness felt deliciously soothing, but for all that he did not fall asleep. He listened to Cuffy's regular breathing and thought and struggled and understood rebelliously that he was being conquered, but he was straightforward and sharp with himself, even though it hurt. And at length he heard this strange, tender voiced mammy beginning to move below.

When he went down he accompanied Cuffy to a corner behind a large storehouse to gather kindlings. There he made a last desperate effort to assert himself.

Placing a chip upon his shoulder, he turned fiercely to his companion.

"Who's a nigger?" he demanded.

Cuffy laughed in his face.

"I reckon we bofe is," he grinned. "But wha' for yo' act so, Shack? I ain' goin' knock no chip offen yo' shoulder. We ain' no need fight. We's goin' to Tuskegee—me an' you is. Yo' done tole mammy so."

"I done tole yo' is skeered to fight," yelled Shack. "Didn't yo' say I's nigger when I crap yo' out yes'day? Now knock dis chip off an' prove hit."

"Mebbe I call yo' nigger," retorted Cuffy placidly. "I know yo' did me, plenty time. Dat ain' nuffin. I ain' goin' fight, an' yo' ain' goin' fight. We's got better sense. But dar's mammy callin' us to breakfas'. Come, Shack!"

The chip fell unheeded from Shack's shoulder. But he was not a boy to do things by halves. As they went toward the house he slipped the dollar he had won into Cuffy's pocket.

"Tell yo' mammy yo' met de crap shooter an' he gib hit back," he said. "An' if she eber ax yo' does I shoot craps, yo' say no, I done gib hit up, an' I has. I's goin' take dat job the steamboat man offer at fo' dollar. 'Tain' much, but mebbe I make more by wukin' hard. I's goin' long o' yo' to Tuskegee, sure 'nough."

Saxe and Holmes.

The poet John G. Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked, "I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling: "it is only strong brains that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

Somebody ought to invent a dollar in the slot machine, so that you could put in your silver and draw a hired girl before breakfast.

—

In the calf bound lexicon of the banker the word fail is found many a time and oft.

—

Fools rush in where honest bank inspectors were never known to tread.

—

A wise man either has no secrets or has no wife.

—

The noise that you hear continually is doubtless the crashing of breaking resblutions.

—

Grin and bear it is good advice, but nobody can make us grin.

—

In summing up for general results after Christmas one is apt to find that he has a great and varied assortment of friends.

—

The new year looks good to the greater part of the human kind.

—

So long as there are writers of books there will be many who will never resort to the painstaking labor of Wordsworth, as indicated in the journal of Dorothy Wordsworth: "William has come back tired. He has spent all the day in thinking of an adjective for the cuckoo."

Our word "school" is derived from a Greek word meaning "leisure." The education of men was not so much from books in ancient Greece as from lectures on philosophy, the public assembly, the theater, the games and the law courts, where most of their unoccupied time was spent.

A snake's egg has a thick covering, very tough and flexible. The species that lay eggs deposit them in groups of ten or a dozen in the earth in piles of decaying vegetable matter and other similar places, where the eggs hatch without any further care or attention from the parents.

Tough Luck.

A fellow was elected to
A legislative seat.
He ran like greased molasses
And landed with both feet.
To be an honest statesman
Was farthest from his thought,
But no one gave him money,
So he remained unbought.

Now, wasn't it pathetic
To spoil his little plan?
The year was bad, and so he had
To be an honest man.
The voters were in earnest
And wouldn't stand for "con."
No chance to be a crook, so he
Was known as "Honest John."

When running for the office
He freely tapped his pile
Because he hoped to steal enough
To make the thing worth while,
But he was quite disgusted,
For when he came to town
He found no redhot stoves in sight
And cold ones all nailed down.

Now, wasn't it heart rending
And really quite a shame?
No line of graft he found on draft,
Which spoiled his little game,
And little consolation
Was in it for this gent
To have them shout, "Well, he came out
Much poorer than he went."

Guess Who.

"Authority without energy doesn't amount to much."

"But the two in conjunction"—

"Roast muck rakers with one hand, dig a ditch with the other and send a message to congress through the teeth all at the same time."

Might Shock It.

"To tell the truth"—

"Don't."

"Why?"

"All right, go ahead if you want to, only I did not think it was an occasion that called for an unnecessary strain."

Not So Nice.

"Nothing seems to put you out." Murmured Fido as he passed her.

"Oh," said Pussy, with a pout. "Just at bedtime watch the master!"

Obviously.

"From a man's standpoint what is the worst feature of the divorce evil?" asked the large lady.

"Alimony," promptly responded the experienced man.

That our American forests abound in plants which possess the most valuable medicinal virtues is abundantly attested by scores of the most eminent medical writers and teachers. Even the untutored Indians had discovered the usefulness of many native plants before the advent of the white race. This information, imparted freely to the whites, led the latter to continue investigations until to-day we have a rich assortment of most valuable American medicinal roots.

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Sheridan 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 OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 4.15 p.m. Arrive Portland, 10.15 a.m.

The Independence Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dallas and Independence.

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PORTLAND DEPOT. Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL, for the East via Huntington. 8.30 a.m.	8.20 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops) 12.15 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER. 7.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.
Biggs	no stop.
Passes Biggs 11.-9 p.m.	3.45 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.	
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington. 7.40 p.m.	9.45 a.m.
no stop.	flag
Passes Biggs 11.39 p.m.	4.51 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland. 8.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrives at Biggs 12.05 a.m. Lv.	12.15 p.m.

Columbia and Willamette River.

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. CROGAN, AGENT,
Moro, Oregon

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Distance from Biggs	Time table No 12 June 9, 1907 STATIONS	Northbound passenger daily
12.45pm	0	....Biggs....	11.50 arve
1.05	5.4	....Gilsons....	11.19
1.10	7.0	....Sinks....	11.10
1.30	9.8	.... Wasco....	11.00
1.45	14.1	.. Klondyke..	10.45
1.50	16 1	... Sandon ...	10.40
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.05	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.22
2.20	23.9	...DeMoss ...	10.05
2.30	27.0	....Moro	9.55
2.40	30.4	.Esklnville .	9.37
3.10	38.5	Grass Valley	9.20
3.25	45.8	... Bourton...	8.55
3.40	52.5	.....Kent	8.40
3.50	57.3	....Wilcox ...	8.30
4.30 arv	70.0	....Shahiko...	8.00 a m

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Moro, Or.

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Regulator Line

Portland, The Dalles and way points

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Columbia River & NorthernRyCo

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