The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY.....JULY 26, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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Their First Visitor

[Original.]

Waverly, unlike the other suburban stations on the railroad, had been settled by people of the old regime. Not that the regime was very ancient—nothing is ancient in America—but it was certainly not the new regime of wealth. There were families that had been in comfortable circumstances for a hundred years, some who had descended from those once prominent, and all were refined. Refinement necessarily means exclusiveness, and Waverly was known as an exclusive place. A wealthy soap boiler had settled there, but after years had passed without making any friends he moved on.

But one day a little house that had been vacant for a long while was opened, the paint retouched, shutters repaired, broken window panes put in and the fence set up. No one in Waverly was especially interested in who was to occupy it, for people occupying such houses were usually not of a kind to be associated with. But when a young couple appeared, a boy and a girl just married, both bearing the marks of refined parentage, some of the Waverlyans took notice. Those who would scorn to visit a millionaire soap boiler would not hesitate to take into their hearts refined people.

But the citizens of Waverly were not in the habit of being in a hurry in their welcomes. Time enough to call when they had learned something about the young couple. The husband went into the city almost every day, but not every day, and when he did go in he often came out long before the closing of business hours. The wife remained at home all day. She dressed plainly, but neatly. If she had fine clothes she had no occasion to show them except at church, where she wore such costumes as were appropriate. But information concerning the young couple did not come rapidly. Weeks had passed before the name, Tileston, was generally known. The couple did not appear to wish to be left alone. Indeed, young Mrs. Tileston made several efforts to become acquainted with the ladies of her church. But the ladies of the church did not see why persons traveling on the same road together to heaven should need to camp together by the way—not that they proposed to exclude Mrs. Tileston; they simply intended to find out all about her before becoming intimate with her.

Months passed and still information concerning the young couple lingered. There came a vague report that letters were coming through the post-office to them under an assumed name. This settled the matter. There was no further question as to the future social status of the so called Mr. and Mrs. Tileston. They were to be let severely alone.

One day a man with a small satchel came out from the city and made straight for the Tileston house. He stayed half an hour, went away and came again the next day, and the next, and the next. Neither husband nor wife was visible, and the shades in an upstairs room were drawn.

No one in Waverly took note of this except an old maid who lived opposite. Though living so near the Tilestons, she had not paid any attention to them. She had an income of $600 a year, the remains of a large fortune built up by her great-grandfather in the slave trade. She was a De G., and the De G.'s had once been the social heads of society in the city. When one of the Waverlians had proposed to call on the soap boiler Miss De G. had held up her hands in holy horror and prevented the call. But she was an old maid, and old maids are proverbially curious. What could be going on in the little house opposite? There was but one way to find out—to go over and see.

Miss De G. knocked at the door and received no answer. The latch was not caught, and the door was shaken ajfully by the wind. Opening it, she went inside. Neither in the living room, the dining room nor the kitchen was there a sign of a living being. Curiosity overcame her objection to intrusion, and she went upstairs.

The Tilestons had received their first visitor—a visitor who had come to stay. On the bed lay the wife, dead. The husband sat in a chair, his arms on a table and his head on his arms.

Miss De G. saw this from the head of the stairs. Her curiosity was satisfied. She stepped back stealthily, went out and reported what she had seen to one of the ladies of the church. The lady called on several other ladies, and the matter of taking some action was discussed. All those visited were engaged to go to a lunch party, but they decided that it was their Christian duty—after the luncheon—to go and see if they could do anything for the widower.

As they were about to enter the little house a carriage, the coachman and footman in rich livery, drove up to the door, and a gentleman and lady with two children alighted and hurried into the house.

The visiting ladies looked at one another. Evidently their kind offices were not needed. Too well bred to intrude, they went away. This was the third and last visit the Tilestons received during their residence in Waverly.

The next morning the papers gave an account of how two youngsters belonging to families socially prominent, the father of the girl being both celebrated and rich, had eloped. The bride had died while they were negotiating with their parents for forgiveness, which had been determined on, and settlements, which were being arranged for.

F. A. MITCHEL.

The Wily Weather Man

By HOWARD FIELDING.

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To me, in the midst of a busy morning, there entered an office boy with the card of Mr. Lucius Werner of the United States weather bureau. At the bottom of the card the word "Over" was written and upon the back this sentence: "For reasons which I shall explain I think that our interview should be strictly private."

Now, why in the world should the weather man desire a private interview? There can be no "graft" in his office surely. He can furnish no special brand of weather to those who will fatten his pocket, and, except in his official capacity as the author of the local predictions in the morning paper, Mr. Werner seemed extremely remote from my affairs.

Mr. Werner proved to be a robust and florid young man, yet of a studious aspect withal and very courteous in his demeanor.

"You are high up here," said he, with a gesture toward my window, which overlooked all the neighboring house-tops, "but I am higher. From the tower of the Exchange building, where my office is, I can look into these rooms, and I have recently seen something here which seems to me very strange."

"Well," said I, "what was it?"

"For two nights," he replied, "I have seen a man at work at this desk. You have no shades, eh? That is odd."

"They were not up when I took the offices," said I, "and as these are north windows I never bothered about the matter."

I spoke hurriedly and ended with a sign for him to proceed.

"My attention was first attracted by a peculiar light," said he. "It was in this room, and I happened to be looking in this direction. There was a flare, probably the lighting of a match, and then a sort of glow that made me suspect fire. I therefore took some powerful nightglasses, and through them I saw that a shaded lamp was burning on that desk. Presently a man appeared. He sat where you sit now, and for a long time he examined documents, one after another, hastily. If the room had been lighted in the ordinary way I might have got a fair impression of the man and a better idea of what he was doing, but because of this dark lantern that he used I saw him only as a vague shadow."

There was a brief pause.

"Mr. Werner," said I, "this is important, and I cannot help wishing that you had told me sooner."

"I have a nervous dread of intrusion," he said, coloring. "Doubtless I should have told you after the first night."

"Will it be possible for me to watch in your tower tonight?' said I.

"Certainly," he responded. "You have missed nothing?"

"Not yet, but perhaps you noticed the great number of letter files in the outer room. There are documents in them which might better be in the safe perhaps. At any rate, I don't care to have a stranger investigating them at midnight."

This was an evasion. I had a very different idea as to the intruder's errand in my office, but I hesitated to take Mr. Werner into my confidence. He, however, seemed perfectly satisfied and presently took his leave.

"YOU ARE HIGH UP HERE, BUT I AM HIGHER."

Now, this is the way the case looked to me: I was in litigation with the Lassell Construction company over a matter involving a very large sum of money. My contention rested upon a contract with that company, and in the papers filed in court upon my side of the suit copies of this contract were included, but the original had disappeared.

Without this document our case was hopeless, and we had already been driven to adopt veiled tactics of delay in the hope that it might be found. To the best of my knowledge and belief the contract—a very brief instrument on a single sheet of paper—had been lost in the office of my lawyers, but there was a bare possibility that I had dropped it in the street. I had taken it out of my safe on a certain day and, after collecting some other papers relating to the case, had started for my lawyers. Arriving there, I had begun to discuss the matter with a member of the firm when we discovered the absence of the contract, yet I was under the impression that I had had it in my hand while sitting there with him. He, too, believed that he had seen it.

The most careful search proved futile, and we were forced to the conclusion that a clerk in his employ who had entered the room during our conference had taken the document for the purpose of selling it to the enemy. This man was shadowed with no result, and if he really sold it both he and the purchaser were too shrewd for us. The Lassell people continued some negotiations for a settlement, but my lawyer was of the opinion that this was a "blind" and that they would force us into court eventually, knowing that we must lose.

But the story told by Lucius Werner put a different face on the matter. I discussed it fully with my secretary, who is a very shrewd fellow, and he agreed with me that the man seen by Mr. Werner was hunting for that contract in my office.

If the Lassell people did not already hold it, they must be very anxious to get it, and as they had proved themselves utterly unscrupulous in their transactions with me I was quite willing to believe that they would employ criminal methods to win their case.

Alston, my secretary, suggested that there might have been a small leak in my lawyers' office sufficient to give the Lassells the tip that the contract was not there. They might then have jumped to the conclusion that it was worth while to engage in a bit of burglary at my own headquarters. My safe was one that my father bought many years ago, retained by me I know not why. Certainly I cherished no illusions as to its security. Beyond doubt a modern expert could open it easily and without a trace of violence. I never kept money in it except the small sums needed for daily cash disbursements.

That night I watched with Werner in his tower, and all conditions were favorable for observation, but no light appeared in my windows. One of two conclusions was possible—the Lassells' emissary had already found the contract or he had given it up. The chance that he had skipped a night seemed hardly worth considering in view of all the circumstances that urged haste.

I did not believe that he had given up the search. He had spent only an hour each night in my rooms, and this time seemed to me insufficient except upon the supposition that he had found what he was after. The time corresponded with certain possibilities for entering the building by a basement door communicating with the engineer's department. I discovered that a man could get in that way a little before 12 and escape a little after 1 without much risk of observation. I had a man on watch there that night, but without result. No suspicious person attempted to enter.

There were, however, other ways in which the thing might have been done, as Werner pointed out to me. A man might have concealed himself in the building and remained till morning, and this seemed the simpler way.

Upon the whole, I was driven toward the conclusion that the contract had been found, and my lawyer agreed with me in a conference which we held in my office late in the afternoon of the day following my vigil in the weather bureau's tower. It was nearly 7 o'clock when this interview ended, and when I came out of my private office I was surprised to find Werner waiting for me in the larger room.

He expressed a desire to discuss the case with me, and we spent half an hour or more, but he offered only the advice that I should watch once more in his tower. I noticed, however, that he scrutinized my room with great care, examining the desk, and especially the window, with a cool precision proper to the man of scientific training, but what he gained by these observations I was far from guessing.

We dined together, and I watched with him again, but my vigil was unrewarded. Finally, near dawn, I lay down to sleep upon a couch and dreamed bad dreams till I awoke to find Werner standing beside me with his hand upon my breast.

He provided me with a breakfast of eggs and coffee, which he prepared himself upon a queer little electric contrivance, chiefly his own invention, and then he asked to go with me to my office. We were there ahead of the boy whose duty it is to open the rooms, and the youth was vastly surprised to find me in my sanctum when he arrived. Alston, who is an early bird, was also amazed in his own peculiar and cold fashion.

I made him acquainted with Werner, whom he had not previously met, and he extended his hand. Werner looked at the hand as if it had been an object of scientific interest, but he did not take it. Instead he slowly wagged his head with the negative sign.

"No, sir," said he. "I do not care to take the hand of the man who robs his benefactor."

The use of this word apprised me that Werner had asked some questions about John Alston, whom indeed I had befriended in a somewhat unusual manner, though the fact was not generally known. This inference flitted through my brain in the midst of the confusion and surprise caused by Werner's startling accusation. Meanwhile Alston was regarding Werner with some small signs of resentment, but without alarm or any indication of guilt.

"Those are hard words, Mr. Werner," said I. "They must be instantly withdrawn or justified."

"Tell me," replied Werner calmly, "do you know any honest business that would bring this man here by night with a dark lantern?"

"There's no doubt about his business if he was here," said I. "That's the point."

"Last evening when I was here with you I made some observations," said Werner. "Will you step up on that table and examine the casing of the window?"

I glanced toward Alston and caught just the faintest wavering gleam in his eye, which led me to comply with Werner's request. I found what my friend, the weather man, had previously seen—some fresh marks upon the upper part of the casing, strongly suggesting that some covering had been tacked up to cover the window.

"This rug," said Werner, "would answer very nicely. Ah, here are the marks in the corners."

"All this is very interesting," interposed Alston, "but I fail to see how it connects me with this matter."

"Who else knew that I had seen that light in these windows?" demanded Werner.

Alston smiled coldly, and indeed the evidence seemed weak, for it might well have occurred in the mind of any burglarious visitor that he would better screen the window. His shaded lamp would indeed prevent a light from showing through the glass over the transom of the door to any watchman who might pass by night along the hall, but the glory must shine toward the window if in the other direction.

"I trust you have better evidence than this," said I.

"Very much better," answered Werner. "Mr. Alston, I will take your hand now."

"No, I thank you," said Alston, with a sneer.

"Ah, you begin to see the trap in which you are taken," rejoined Werner. "You are shrewd, sir, but you are caught just the same. You cannot take my mark from your hand."

He turned to me.

"I had observed already," said he, "this match holder on your desk. I believed that with a match from it our burglar lighted his lamp each time that I saw him. Yesterday afternoon I prepared some matches of the same appearance as these, but burning more slowly, so that our friend would have to hold them longer in his fingers. The wood I soaked in a caustic solution, not enough to burn the flesh. I wager that you felt no pain, Mr. Alston, but your forefinger and thumb are now discolored with that substance that I employed for the purpose, and short of skinning them, my dear sir, there's no way to get it off. Oblige us by showing your right hand."

Alston's face, which is very pale at all times, became white as paper, but with rage, not fear. He made a sudden pass at Werner, who cleverly caught his wrist and held it firmly despite the other's efforts. I stepped forward and took hold of Alston's hand. Dull brown stains upon the thumb and finger revealed beyond possibility of doubt the action of Werner's magic.

"We were here last," said Werner. "We came here first this morning. If this man did not get these stains here during the night, let him tell where he did get them."

HE MADE A SUDDEN PASS AT WERNER.

This was a question without an answer. When a man's fingers are stained by a chemical selected by his adversary, its name unknown to the victim, a mighty good lie is necessary to explain the circumstance. Alston surrendered. He admitted that he had seen the Lassell contract among some letters taken from an old file box on the afternoon of its disappearance. When the loss became known to him he guessed that I had accidentally put away the contract with the letters, but he had not been able to find out what file box I had been using. He dared not ask me lest the question should convey a suggestion to my own mind, and so, after debating the question with himself for some time, he had decided to search all the file boxes, a most laborious task and one that he dared not openly undertake.

He declared that he had intended to give me the contract when he should find it and depend upon my gratitude for his reward, but investigation proved that he was in negotiation with the Lassells. The contract was found in the file box, and I won my case, for which fortunate event I owe deep gratitude to Lucius Werner, who refuses to be rewarded, but if ever he or any person whom he cares for is in need of help I will go a long way to render it. Undoubtedly Alston would soon have found the contract and have sold it to the enemy for a good round sum. No legal punishment was attempted, but Alston wrecked his career by this treachery and has gone steadily down hill ever since.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

HIS FIRST ATTACK.

Something's happened to the boy.
He has lost his careless air;
Makes a fuss about his ties
And the way he combs his hair.
Didn't ever used to care
If he never washed his face—
Ah, we've all of us been there—
There's a lady in the case!

Used to like to go to school
With his collar quite a sight;
Shoes could look like anything—
Never tried to wear them bright.
Now he makes a holler if
He's the least bit out of trim,
Has to fix himself just so
Since that girl has landed him.

For the games he used to play
Doesn't any longer care.
Football is the stuff for him.
You can bet, if she is there
With his colors on her breast
Where the winds with them may flirt,
For he knows she'll make a fuss
If her darling boy is hurt.

That's the way it hits a boy
When he first discovers there
Is but one girl on the earth—
For that matter, anywhere.
Makes him over right away,
Though it may be quite a chore,
So his mother and his dad
Hardly know him any more.

Easy Rule to Follow.

"Would you succeed in business?"

"Sure! I would if I could."

"Then don't watch the clock."

"That's easy. There is the prettiest typewriter you ever saw that sits exactly opposite from where the blamed old timepiece hangs on the wall."

Human Ant Eaters.

There is a Chinaman in New York who has a sign over his door that reads, "Strange Food Exotics." What to Eat says that he sells a hundred of the funny little gray biscuits that he keeps with his other odd stock every month at $2.50 each. The biscuits are made from the dried and compressed bodies of African white ants, and there are people who can eat them without saying "Ugh!"

How He Put Her Under an Obligation.

[Original.]

Didn't I never tell y' how I got Sairy? No? Well, I tuk a heap o' pride in it at first, but after awhile somehow it didn't seem that I was as cute as I thought I was, and as the years have gone by sometimes I think I tuk a lot o' onnecessary trouble.

Sairy was popular with everybody. The women liked her better 'n the men, and that's sayin' a good deal for a gal. She had a way o' humorin' people, never runnin' up agin' their prejudices and all that sort o' thing. She never looked sour. On the contrary, her face wore a perpetual smile. They said she was cute.

There was young men that was fine lookin' who was ambitious to git Sairy, but somehow she didn't seem to fancy none on 'em, and so I argyed that if they wasn't fine enough for her what was the use of a redheaded, freckled feller like me puttin' in a claim. We was all about alike so far as worldly goods was concerned, none of us havin' anything to speak of. In fact, we was all at an age when we was lookin' out for good looks. That bein' the case, I hadn't no show at all, for I was the homeliest young man in the town.

But I got Sairy, all the same, and I'm a-goin' to tell you how I did it. I wasn't nobody's fool, you see, if I was homely. The way I did it was by puttin' her under an obligation. One day I said to her, "Miss Baker"—her name was Baker before I married her—"Miss Baker, why don't y' git married?"

"Mr. Tucker," she said, "there hain't no one for me to marry."

"What's the matter with these fellers that's goin' with you?" I asked.

"Oh, none o' these young men ud marry me," she said. "We've growed up together. People that grow up together don't do much marryin'. They're too used to each other. The men all go off and marry girls from somewhere else. None of 'em here ud look at me."

Now, I knowed better than that. There was two on 'em dyin' for her. But I wasn't no sich fool as to tell her. If I did, where'd I come in? So I didn't say nothin' but that I thought she'd ought to git married; that she'd be happier married, and it would be better for her to have some one to lean on when her father passed out. Then she said maybe I could find her a husband. This staggered me a little, considerin' I wanted her myself, but I said I'd try. Then she told me she'd like me to attend to the matter at once, seein' she was gittin' on, and if I succeeded she'd consider me the dearest friend she ever had in her life.

I saw the advantage o' puttin' her under an obligation. But what good would it do me to put her under that kind of an obligation? It would be like tryin' to lift myself up in a basket. Nevertheless I did it, and I've always considered it a case of real onselfishness. I found a widower about forty-five years old who wanted some one to take care of his seven motherless children. I told him about Sairy—how she'd like to get married and what a good stepmother she'd make. After awhile I succeeded in awakenin' an interest in his breast, and it ended in my taking him to see Sairy. She was as polite to him as a basket o' chips, seemin' to take to him from the start. She cast a grateful glance at me, and I knowed she appreciated what I'd done for her.

I couldn't quite feel that I was actin' honest by her, for, as I was sayin', I knowed at least two fellers far better matches than the widower that wanted her, and I'd orter gone to one on 'em and told him o' the chance. But somehow I couldn't. I've never been able to tell jist why I put up the widower instead. I leave it to them fellers in colleges who study psychology and that sort o' thing.

Well, the widower called regular once a month on Sairy. He was watchin' her to see if she'd make a good wife for himself and a good mother to his children. Them widowers, havin' had a lot o' experience, know jist what's required. From observation and what people said he soon learned that Sairy was one of a thousand and just the one he wanted.

One evening I went to see Sairy to find out how she was gittin' along with the widower. She told me she had a letter from him that day proposin' marriage. He said owin' to his family it must be a sort o' business affair. Sairy was the gratefulest girl you ever saw in your life. She tuk hold o' my bony hand with freckles spottin' the back—hers was small and white and soft—and looked up into my eyes with sich an expression as I never see there before, and she said, said she:

"This is the beautifulest thing you've done for me I ever heard of. You've put me under an everlastin' obligation. Here was I with no one to marry me, and you come along and jist lifted me out o' the slough o' despond. I'm so grateful that I want to do somethin' real nice to show you how grateful I am. Now, I want you to tell me somethin' you want me to do most of anything. Speak right out and don't be afraid, no matter how onreasonable it seems."

"There's nothin' you can do for me," I said kind o' melancholy-like.

"Nothin' I can do for you? Isn't there somethin' you want me to do for you?"

"Yes, there's somethin' I'd like you to do for me a heap, but that's out o' the question."

"Tell me what it is," she said, still holdin' on to my hand and givin' it a soft squeeze.

"Well, I'd ruther have you marry me than the widower."

She jist sprung into my arms. After all, I'm ruther proud o' the way I managed it.

F. A. MITCHEL.

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Is There Surcease?

If life like a river
Could flow on forever
With never an end to its stream,
If love would betide it
And wander beside it,
Then earth might a paradise seem.

Or would there, I wonder,
From over or under
A spirit maliciously flit
And, coming up boldly,
Immodate coldly
The wearisome words, "Please remit?"

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Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4.50 p.m., arrives 9.25 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.

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3 Trains to The East Daily

Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City. Reclining chair-cars (seats free) to the East daily.

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. flag	8.00 a m. no stop.
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	8.45 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.05 p.m	9.45 a.m.
	no stop.	flag
Passes Biggs	11.39 pm.	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 passengr daily	Distance from Biggs	Time table No 2 June 9, 1907 STATIONS	Northbnd passe nger daily
12:45pm	0	....Biggs....	11.50 arve
1.05	5.4	....Gibsons....	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	...Erskinville...	9.37
3.10	38.5	..Grass Valley..	9.20
3.25	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.55
3.40	52.6	....Kent....	8.40
3.50	57.3	....Wilcox....	8.30
4.30 arv	70.0	...Shaniko...	8.00 a m

For rates and information apply to
W. R. Crogan, Agent
Moro, Or.

The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.

Regulator Line

Portland, The Dalles and way points

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Columbia River & Northern Ry Co

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