

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON: FRIDAY, August 23, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer Why Not?

We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber.

A Desperate Attempt

Robert Larned, millionaire, sat in his private office. A clerk opened the door and said:

"A man wishes to see you, sir."

"Let him give his name."

"I asked him for it and he refused."

"What is his business?"

"He would not give that either."

"What kind of a looking man is he?"

"Stabby and dispirited. He says he knew you when you lived in Avondale."

Larned paled and directed the clerk to show the man in. The person had about him marks of a past refinement, though scarcely recognizable in his threadbare garb and that complexion which indicates immoderate use of liquor.

"You don't remember me, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"And I don't remember you as Robert Larned, but I do remember you as Frank Elrod. I'm Stubby."

Larned turned a shade paler. He took up a pencil on his desk, and a tremor in his hand was very noticeable.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I'm in great need of funds."

"Would \$50 be of any service to you?"

"Fifty thousand would."

Larned sat looking at the man inquiringly.

"I suppose you remember the missing funds of the Arlington bank," said the visitor.

A pained look passed over Larned's face, but he had evidently been prepared for the question.

"I do."

"And your flight at the same time."

"I left Arlington just before the robbery was discovered."

"And didn't see fit to show up when it was discovered?"

"Well, go on."

"A few years ago you came here with money and went into business. Dishonesty has paid you better than honesty has paid me. What do you say to a dividend?"

"You mean you must be paid to remain silent?"

"That's about it. I don't like such a game, but I'm desperate."

"And you ask \$50,000? How long before you'll want \$50,000 more?"

"Give me the money, and I'll put it out of my power to ask more."

Larned sat thinking for awhile, then said:

"There's another person interested in this matter whom I must consult."

Cummings looked at him anxiously.

"This is Tuesday"—looking at a calendar on the desk before him.

"Come in on Saturday afternoon at 2. The clerks all leave the office at noon on Saturday. We'll have a better chance to talk business."

Cummings assented and withdrew. Larned sat looking gloomily at the desk before him.

At 2 o'clock the next Saturday afternoon the door to Larned's private office opened, and Cummings walked in. He had not left the doorknob with Larned as he had promised. He knew her well.

"This lady," said Larned, "is interested with me in the matter we were discussing the other day."

"What's she got to do with it?" asked Cummings uneasily.

"She is my betrothed."

"Mr. Larned," said the lady, "has placed these negotiations in my hands. He will do whatever I desire him to do. What is the least sum you will take to guarantee silence?"

"I'm not used to dealing with women."

"You'll have to deal with me or no one."

"She looked at Larned, who confirmed her words."

"I said \$50,000," said Cummings.

"I'll give you \$10,000."

Cummings turned to go. The lady stopped him.

"I would advise you to take what I offer you, and I will give you five minutes to decide. If you refuse, I'll give you nothing."

"You do as you like. I'll put the loss in a way to recover the loss."

"The loss is recovered for the bank. One of the persons who stole the money returned his share. Mr. Larned has offered me my choice of a wedding present. I have chosen the remainder."

"You'll turn it to the bank?"

Cummings looked at her with anxious inquiry. "I don't like your coming into this case," he said. "Maybe you know more than I think you do. Maybe you're interested more than as the betrothed of Frank Elrod."

"I am. I am interested as the sister of the boy you made your tool when you robbed the bank."

Cummings staggered.

"It's hard for me to enter upon my own affairs to such as you," she continued, "but it is necessary. Mr. Elrod proposed to me just before your robbery. He declined him, and he went away. He's the man who has borne the burden as Mr. Larned ever since."

"The rest is too pitiful to dwell upon. Cummings, once a trusted clerk in the bank, had ruined not only himself, but a boy of sixteen."

Cummings had spent his, the money had borne the burden as Mr. Larned ever since. He had been reduced by poverty and drink to attempt to blackmail the innocent man who for love had borne the burden. Cummings left the office with the promise of a small stipend. It was thought better to keep him from harm lest he betray the boy he had led into error.

JOCK

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

Copyright, 1906, by George Ethelbert Walsh.

THIS isn't a dog story, but, come to think of it, a little bristly meagrier cur figures pretty prominently in it. Jock never posed as a hero, and I guess he isn't one. I've seen him run from a bigger dog, yelping for dear life and curling that tail between his legs like an artist burping his head by the sand.

Jock simply came to me, and I tolerated him because he showed so much affection for a forlorn, homesick engineer doing duty in a distant land.

Jock and I went everywhere, slept together, ate together and tramped the country like two old cutthroats. But he wasn't good for much else than a companion. He was too lazy to keep awake at night to watch out for danger and too big a coward to stand between me and another man or animal.

When I was commissioned to inspect the dock and pier that the government was having built in Manila bay Jock and I prepared for sundry little excursions along as pretty a coast as any man laid eyes on.

On the fifth day out from Manila where heavy supplies for the army were to be landed for shipment to the interior. This was a large wooden affair running 500 feet into the bay and making a close examination of the dock I decided at noon to eat lunch under the cool shade of the mammoth wooden floor and then take a nap.

Jock made no objection to this upon proposition, but wagged his tail with intuitive appreciation of my plans. I pushed the small, flat bottomed boat under the dock and proceeded to enjoy myself.

The tide was very low, and I pushed the boat halfway up the shelving shore and left it with anchor thrown over the bow. Jock ate all the dinner I could not swallow and then patiently snuggled up to my side and blinked his eyes sleepily.

The place was very conducive to slumber, and I was soon fast asleep, and Jock was no better off. We must have slept for hours, I woke with a start and found darkness around us.

For a few moments I was too puzzled to make out my position. I could not believe that night was upon us, for it had been high noon when I lay down to rest. This impression was confirmed by a few stray beams of light filtering through the roof over my head.

Jock at first sleepily wagged his tail. Then, seeing danger, he whined and sniffed the air. I, too, was beginning to feel the presence of some evil.

When fully awake and mental faculties alert, I comprehended the danger of our situation at a glance. The tide had risen rapidly, and the entrance un-

der the dock had been closed to us. The light which had flooded the place when we went asleep was thus shut out, and we were dependent upon a few feeble rays that made their way between cracks in the boards overhead.

"Hello, Jock! We're in a pickle!" I exclaimed.

Jock wagged his tail and tried to bark, but it only equalled in a mournful whine.

"You little coward!" I added in disgust. "You've a brave one to give a man moral courage!"

But I had little time to devote to moralizing or lecturing. I knew that the tide frequently rose to an extreme level, and I remembered that a series of unusually high tides had been running into the bay. If the water rose up to a level with the lower floor of the dock the situation would become very serious for both of us.

Now, I'm a fresh water man, hailing from one of the inland states, where a foot of water up to the ankles is considered a lake and a stream three feet deep a river of mighty volume. Therefore, I confess with shame, I hadn't learned the gentle art of swimming.

I pushed the boat toward the end of the pier, bumping my head repeatedly against the boards overhead. There, ten feet below the surface, I could see a path of light which showed me where the entrance to our prison was located. A good diver and swimmer could easily reach it and come up on the other side.

Jock looked down and wagged his tail, inviting me to dive. It was dog talk just as plain as day, I smelt what he meant and I was glad to oblige. I was not a fast diver, and while I had a few minutes of respite I exhausted every possible study of the situation. I pushed around the pier and shook the boards, hoping to find

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

ALL ABOARD FOR THE BUC HOUSE

It may not be quite clear to you, but science makes it plain. That very shortly most of us are billed to go insane. For with the pressure raised so high we cannot stand the strain.

No doubt in an event like that we'll cease our frenzied chase for dollars and such paltry things. For office, power and place, and start in to enjoy ourselves. Though at a milder pace.

The few who have not gone insane with city we'll view. As they arise at early morn. And work the whole day through. And only have to show for it. At night a plunk or two.

Of course we will serenely smile. And think they are not bright. And that we ought to look them up. Let some one else might bite. But no, we'll shake our heads and say that they are harmless quips.

We'll see the man who robs the boat. We'll see the wild election crank. And thank our lucky stars we're not constructed on that plan.

We will not kick about the drought. Nor fret about the rats. We will not worry and grow thin. Let us be happy and grin. When we are all insane.

But Most Need It.

"I never kiss!"

"Why, nobody wants it!"

"I reached under the boat."

The water had imprisoned a lot of air, and the rising water had added it. The bottom and sides of the boat were both air and water tight. Jock had found the place of escape either accidentally or by instinct.

I breathed easier and found my position more comfortable. There was a good six inch space for the head, and I could rest my elbows under the seat of the boat. It was all a question now of whether there was sufficient air to support the two of us for half an hour or less. By that time, I judged, Jock would turn, and we could crawl out.

The water could not rise up higher under the boat on account of the imprisoned air, but our breathing steadily exhausted the oxygen of the latter and added to our discomfort.

My nerves grew tense and snappy, and my senses began to reel. Jock, too, ceased to bark and whine. A great slumber appeared to possess us. How long we had been there I had no way to judge, but when my head seemed ready to split I could stand it no longer. I must have fresh air!

I ducked my head under the gunwales of the boat and crawled out. There was a moment of spattering and gasping and then a deep breath of fresh air that sent the blood tingling through my whole body.

The tide had turned, and there was space enough under the dock to live and breathe in comfort. I filled my lungs until they ceased their panting. Then, remembering Jock, I reached up to the boat and hauled his nearly lifeless body up to the fresh air.

When the tide fell low enough for us to crawl upon the bottom of the boat I dug myself at full length on it and rested. Jock sprang himself out by my side ready at once to rest and sleep.

Later I examined the high level of the tide under the dock and found that the water had come up to within half an inch of the boards. No man could have lived there, and had not Jock found the hole under the boat, our lives would be here to testify to the truthfulness of this tale.

But Jock doesn't pose as a hero, and I'm not saying that he is one, but you must admit I owe my life to him.

Her Antidote Instinct.

Art was undoubtedly the ruling passion of the woman who clung to a strap in a New York subway car when she might have sat down. She was dressed in a coral pink gown. There was a vacant place next a cross seat to which a man, who was also clinging to a strap, called her attention.

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied frankly. "I couldn't sit there. It would kill my gown."

The woman was puzzled until he observed that a woman sat next to the vacant place who wore a costume in which deep purple predominated.

Von Moltke.

Von Moltke was originally an officer in the Danish army. At the age of nine years he was entered as a royal cadet. He, he was to be educated at the school of the king, Frederick VI, in the Copenhagen Military Academy, and having taken his examinations, he wore the Danish uniforms until he, as a subalternant at the age of twenty-seven, petitioned the king for three years' leave to proceed to the continent to study the military art, as he says in his petition, "to be able on his return to employ his acquirements for the good of his country." This petition was granted, but the count asked to be allowed to retain his pay, and as the king refused he took his discharge and entered Prussia's army.

The Explanation.

"The railroads are soulless corporations and should be dealt with accordingly."

"What's the matter? Have they taken up your pass?"

Office Supplies.

We carry a surprisingly large and complete stock of office supplies.

Inks for Copying, Typewriting, and Book-keeping. Letter and Bill Files, and Filing Cases.

Look here for the next thing you are needing.

Observer Book Store, Moro, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 7, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Claude Spooner, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 7, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that William L. McCall, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clatsop County, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807, on the NW 1/4 of section 12, township 38 N., range 13 east, W. 2, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William H. McCall, and Wesley Brock, all of Clatsop County, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Register at The Dalles, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E. Smith, of Clats