The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY............Oct. 18, 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. We send it two years for $2.50; one year $1.50; 12½cts a month is n't much. Try it. Order by Postal Card, and pay for it when you can.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

The Hidden Treasure.

By ROLLIN HUME.

Copyright, 1907, by Thomas Clark.

A BAR had formed off Warble's wharf, so that a whaler could not lie at it or anywhere near it. But this was not a matter of any special consequence, for more than thirty years had passed since a whaler and that wharf had had anything to do with each other.

It was a wharf in ruins, and almost as badly dilapidated was the oil house that stood on the end of it, with great doors that opened out over the water. But these doors were never opened now, nor was the little sliding door that shut down fairly into the water and when it was raised opened a channel into which a boat could be floated. Both of these doors were fastened on the inside, and the door that opened on the wharf was fastened with a padlock as big as a small cabbage and as rusty as if it had been towed astern of the Harmony Home during a whole cruise.

The Harmony Home was the whaler that used to discharge her cargo into the oil house. She had been owned and sailed by Captain Tranquil Warble, and for a long while she and her commander had the reputation of being the luckiest ship and the luckiest captain afloat.

Captain Warble was coining money, the Greyshells people said—Greyshells was the name of the little port—and was getting richer and richer every year. Moreover, he was hoarding his money in coin.

"No banks for me," said Captain Warble, "an' no reel estate, nuther. I tried banks in 1837, an' whar was I after they all broke, I'd like t' know? An' I tried reel estate in 1850, an' after th' man I'd bought it frum got clean off to Californy another man come along an' proved a mortgage on it, an' where was I then? No, no! Hard dollars hid about in a place that nobody but me knows about—thet's my style!"

This was all very well as long as good luck attended the Harmony Home's cruisings, but when the news came down from the northern seas that the Harmony Home had been nipped in the ice and had gone to the bottom with every soul on board of her the captain's financial methods did not make quite so satisfactory a showing, for the captain's widow had not the least notion in the world where the fortune in hard dollars that now was hers was to be found. She looked in all the likely places for it and in all the unlikely places she could think of—and she thought of a good many—but not a trace of it did she find. At last, while she still was looking for it, she died. Then her daughter, Miss Ruth Warble, who was then a young girl and very energetic, though that seemed hard to believe now, began the

ALMOST CERTAIN HE COULD MAKE OUT A LITTLE BRASS CANNON.

search. And Miss Ruth spent all of her youth and most of her energy in searching, and here she is now, forty years old and looking fifty, with her fortune as safely hidden as ever and herself as poor as anybody could be outside the town farm.

For Theodore Rodford—widely and, I am pained to add, somewhat unfavorably known as "that Terry Rodford"—the old oil house down on Warble's wharf had a wonderful attraction. He had peeped through the chinks in the boards time and again, and what he had seen inside had made him wildly eager to explore it thoroughly, for strewn about the floor were old harpoons and piles of delightful ropes and big and little blocks and oars. He was almost certain that he could make out among the shadows under the stairway leading to the sail loft that was over the storehouse a little brass cannon partly covered with a bit of old sail.

Thinking of that cannon and of what he could do with it if he only could get hold of it sometimes kept him awake all night. He even had tried on several occasions to make friends with Miss Ruth, to the end that he might gain permission to investigate this delectable place. Once, when he discovered the Barkums' pigs in Miss Ruth's garden and drove them out before any great harm had been done, he almost had succeeded.

To Miss Ruth in her poverty the loss of her garden stuff would have been a very serious matter. She was truly grateful to Teddy for saving it and told him so with some warmth.

Being thus encouraged, he was emboldened to ask her if she wouldn't some time or another let him take a look around in her oil house. And Miss Ruth, still mellowed by her gratitude, said almost kindly that maybe some time or other she would.

* * * * * * *

Nye's wharf down on the point was where the boys usually went in swimming. Warble's wharf was nearer, but because of the bar the swimming was not very good there, even at high water. But it happened one hot June day that Teddy felt too lazy to walk all the way down to the point, so he thought he would just step down to Warble's wharf and get cooled off a little.

Although it was low water and the bar was bare, there was a cool looking pool just in front of and shaded by the old oil house, and into this pool he settled down very comfortably. While he was sitting on the sandy bottom in this pleasant place, with only his head out of water, he made a very exciting and delightful discovery.

It was dead low tide, and the stone foundation wall of the oil house was bare clear down to the tops of the piles on which it rested. The sliding door was out of water entirely. To his joy Teddy perceived that so large a part of one corner of this door had been knocked away, probably by a bang from the nose of some badly steered boat in a long past time, that a boy twice as big as he was could wriggle through the hole!

He gave a look up and down the river to see if anybody in a boat was in sight, and then, having assured himself that the coast was clear, he slipped out of the water and across the bit of bare sand and through the hole.

He found himself in something like a little open dock in the floor of the oil house, evidently a place where in former times a boat had been kept. Steps, black rotten with age, led to the level of the floor. Up these slippery steps Teddy went gingerly. His first object of investigation was the shadowy place under the stairway. He found that he had been right. It was a cannon, a little six pounder, such as whalers used to carry to fire signals with, and it was a regular little beauty.

He did not stop to examine the other interesting things which were scattered about him. With these, thanks to his frequent peepings through the cracks, he already was tolerably familiar. The sail loft was an undiscovered country that he longed to explore, so up the stairway that led to it he went two steps at a time. The loft was far lighter than the room below, for the sunbeams came through the cracks in the walls. It was a great bare place, with some old sails piled up in one corner, some sail making gear still lying on a little bench and some chalk marks still on the floor that doubtless showed the exact cut of the Harmony Home's last suit of sails.

There was something a little awesome in finding all these things just as Captain Warble, years and years before, had left them, but unpleasant thoughts of this nature were driven quickly and completely out of Teddy's head as he caught sight of a delightful fat little tub of a boat standing close to the side wall at the end of the building nearest to the water carefully chocked up on blocks so that it stood on an even keel. The oars and a little mast with the sail wrapped around it lay fore and aft on the thwarts, and the rudder, all ready to be shipped, was lying in the stern sheets. Running tackle was rove to rings in the bow and stern, and to stout hooks in the ridgepole of the roof. The ends of the lines were coiled away neatly over belaying pins in two of the upright beams.

Then Teddy perceived that a great trapdoor rigged with counterweights opened in the floor just over the little dock below. Obviously this was the identical boat for which the dock had been built.

As he thought of what fun he could have in that boat, along with Noah Barkum and Lem Harbud and Pud Nye and perhaps Sam Wyburn, he forgot everything else in the world.

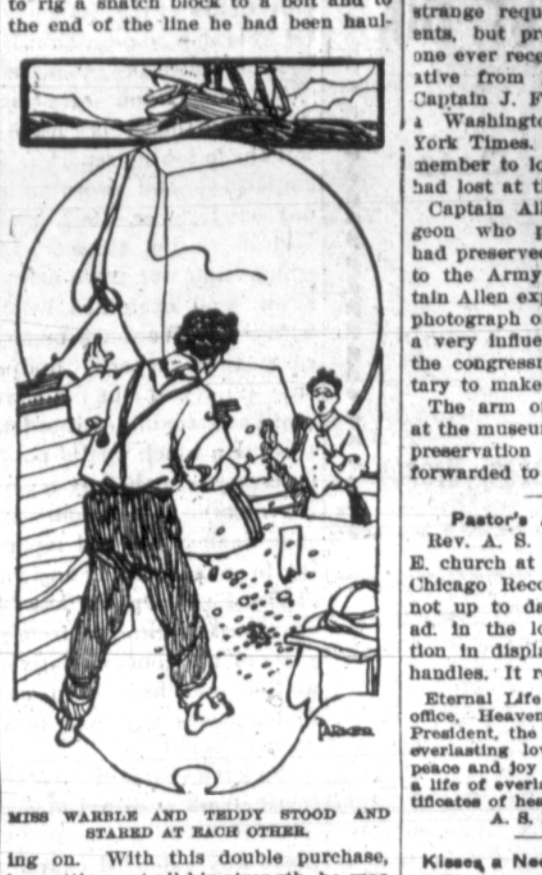
He wanted to go right to work at swinging the boat up by the tackle and then lowering her through the trapdoor, but he found, to his surprise, by the way that the light was fading, that the sun must be nearly down. Accordingly he went downstairs again and found that the tide was half in and that the hole in the door was a foot under water.

There was a pin that held the door down, and when he had pulled this out he found that he could raise the door easily, for it also was hung with counterweights; so he got out without diving and pulled the door down again. Even at high tide he saw that the water would not be much more than two feet deep. Now that the door was not fastened he would roll up his trousers and wade in whenever he chose.

It was just half tide the next morning when he went down to the wharf, and there was only about a foot of water at the sliding door. He was barefooted to start with, and it did not take him many minutes to roll up his trousers, slip down the edge of the wharf, open the door and shut it behind him and then scamper upstairs to the sail loft.

It is possible that Teddy would have been uneasy had he known that Miss Ruth Warble had happened to see him go down on her wharf and then disappear over the edge of it; that she had felt instinctively that something was going wrong and had made up her mind to go down to the wharf herself as soon as she had finished paring a panful of June apples and see what he was up to.

Nothwithstanding his excitement Teddy went at his work very judiciously. His plan was to swing the boat up by the tackles, hauling alternately at the bow and stern and making each line fast to its belaying pin before he went at the other, until she was free of the chocks and high enough above the floor for the trapdoor to open, then, keeping a couple of turns of the ropes around the belaying pins so that the boat would not get away from him, to lower her first at the bow and then at the stern until he had her safe in the dock below. This was a good plan, but it encountered serious difficulties in executing it. The bow came up all right, but for the life of him he could not budge the stern. This was a discouraging, but Teddy was a lad of expedients and had not lived all his life on the seashore without learning something about rigging. There were plenty of blocks and ropes lying around, and it did not take him long to rig a snatch block to a bolt and to the end of the line he had been haul-



MISS WARBLE AND TEDDY STOOD AND STARED AT EACH OTHER.

ing on. With this double purchase, by putting out all his strength, he was able to raise the boat's stern.

It was the queerest thing in the world, he thought, that the stern of that boat should be so heavy. It seemed as though it were made of solid iron. At last he got the boat clear of the chocks and got the line made fast just in time to meet the jerk on it that came as the boat, now hanging free by the falls from the ridgepole of the roof, swung across nearly the whole width of the loft with such a lunge that the ridgepole bent and creaked and the whole framework of the old oil house swayed as though it were coming down.

Teddy was glad to take a good rest at this stage of the proceedings, while the boat swung backward and forward like a great pendulum flashing through the rays of sunlight.

By the time that the boat had stopped swinging and hung steadily by the falls just clear of the floor he was pretty well rested and ready to go to work again. To open the trapdoor he must raise the boat about six feet. He went at the ropes with a will, hauling away easily at the bow fall and tugging at the stern fall with the double purchase with all his might. At last the bow was high enough, and one more tussle with that dreadfully heavy stern would make everything clear for him to open the trapdoor and lower away. Teddy strained away at his tackle with all his strength, stopping to rest and to puff like a porpoise after each round, but gaining steadily. At last the boat swung level, a clear six feet above the floor, and victory was almost within his grasp.

It was just as he had reached this almost triumphant point in his labors and had turned to make the rope fast to the belaying pin while he opened the trapdoor—at this critical moment Miss Ruth Warble's spectacled face showed at the top of the stairs, and Miss Ruth Warble's sharp voice exclaimed:

"Why, Teddy Rodford! Of all created things, what badness are you doing here?"

Teddy jumped as if he had been shot. The rope slipped from his hands and whizzed through the blocks, and that tremendously heavy stern of the boat flashed downward through the sunlight. With a bang and a crash of splintering wood it struck a beam with such force that the old oil house swayed and trembled and seemed in a fair way to fall to pieces there and then.

With this banging and crashing was also a most curious jingling sound, and very astonishing was its cause. As the stern of the boat struck the beam the stern sheets were broken all to pieces, and out of the stern locker poured a stream of gold and silver coins which jingled as they fell and which blazed and glittered as the sunbeams touched them while they went rolling every which way over the floor.

In the silence which followed this outburst of noise Miss Ruth Warble and Teddy Rodford just stood and stared at each other across more silver and gold and five dollar pieces and ten dollar pieces and even twenty dollar pieces than either of them ever had seen anywhere and certainly more than they ever were likely to see again loose on the floor of a sail loft.

And so the lost fortune that Captain Tranquil Warble had hidden in this queer place before he sailed away in the Harmony Home to his death in the northern seas was found at last.

His Medal.

The button worn by those to whom congress awards medals for special bravery in the country's service is blue with white stars, but it is not common enough for its significance to be generally understood. A city official who was entertaining a visitor who wore one of these buttons was puzzled by it and finally asked his visitor to enlighten him. The man hesitated modestly and began to explain that it was different from most decorations, especially foreign, which are usually brilliantly colored. Suddenly the official recalled what the medal meant.

"Oh, I understand now," he interrupted; "it certainly is different. There's no yellow in it."—New York Sun.

Lively Mourning.

A noted English artist once was standing at the edge of the road waiting for his horse and he was dressed in his usual peculiar style—mustard-colored riding suit, vivid waistcoat and bright red tie. A man who had evidently been reveling happened to lurch round the corner of the street. He stared at the famous artist for a minute in silence, then he touched his cap and asked in a tone of deep commiseration, "Beg pardon, guv'nor, was you in mournin' for anybody?"

The Place For the Repentant.

They had eloped and returned for the parental blessing.

"Father," the beautiful young woman said, "we are sorry for what we have done. Will you"—

"Then," the stern old man interrupted, "why don't you go to the lawyer around the corner? I'm no divorce court."

TRACE OF ARM LOST IN WAR.

Member Amputated at Antietam Found In Army Museum and Photographed.

Members of congress receive many strange requests from their constituents, but probably the most curious one ever received came to a representative from Minnesota recently from Captain J. F. Allen of St. Paul, says a Washington special to the New York Times. Captain Allen asked the member to look up his arm, which he had lost at the battle of Antietam.

Captain Allen learned that the surgeon who performed the operation had preserved the member and sent it to the Army Medical museum. Captain Allen expressed a desire to have a photograph of the arm, and as he was a very influential man in the district the congressman instructed his secretary to make an investigation.

The arm of the captain was found at the museum in an excellent state of preservation and a photograph was forwarded to Captain Allen.

Pastor's Ad. For Eternal Life.

Rev. A. S. Phelps, pastor of the M. E. church at Plainville, Wis., says the Chicago Record-Herald, is nothing if not up to date. He runs a standing ad. in the local paper calling attention in display type to the goods he handles. It reads as follows:

Eternal Life Assurance society. Home office, Heavenly City, New Jerusalem. President, the Lord Jesus. Capital, God's everlasting love. The firm assures you peace and joy here and in the next world a life of everlasting blessedness. No certificates of health necessary.

A. S. PHELPS, Representative.

Kisses a Necessity, Says a Preacher.

"Kisses are as much of a necessity as dessert is," said the Rev. W. A. Quayle, who spoke at the Methodist camp meeting at Desplaines, Ill., the other day, says a Chicago dispatch. "I would throw away a biscuit any time for a kiss."

The Little Darling.

Mrs. Upmore (making a call)—Why, this is your latest photograph, isn't it? It's an excellent likeness of you, but it isn't so good of baby. Wasn't he—

Mrs. Highmus—The idea! Did you think the little darling in my lap was baby? That's Fido!—Chicago Tribune.

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We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of a writ of execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County, to me directed, dated October 8th, 1907, in a suit therein pending wherein The Pacific Loan and Investment Company, a corporation is plaintiff, and Adalor Perrault, et. al., are defendants, commanding me to sell the lands hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment rendered and entered in said cause on said October 8th, 1907, in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants Adalor Perrault Louisa Perrault, Delian Perrault, and Charles W Moore, as administrator of the estate of Henry Perrault deceased, for $9,-919.70 and accruing interest at 8 per cent per annum, and $450.00 attorneys fees and $25.30 costs, and accruing costs, I will, on

Saturday, November 9th, 1907,

At the hour of 10 o'clock a m of said day, at the Court House door, in Moro, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the following described real property of the said defendants, to-wit. The SE¼, the S½ of the SW¼, the NE¼ of the SW¼ and the SW¼ of the NW¼ of Section 1; the NE¼, the E½ of the SE¼, the SE¼ of the NW¼, the NE¼ of the SW¼ of Section 12; all in Tp 3 S. of R. 15, E., W. M.; the E½ of the NE¼ of Section 7; the SW¼ and the W½ of the NW¼ of Section 8; all in Tp 3 S. R. 16 E., W. M., containing 960 acres.

Dated October 8th, 1907.

W. B. McCoy, Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon

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SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

James Hogan, Plaintiff, vs. Sarah A. Hogan, Defendant.

To Sarah A. Hogan, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, towit: On or before the 15th day of November, 1907, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of willful desertion; and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. E. V. Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled Court, duly made on the 30th day of September, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 4th day of October, 1907.

W. D. FREEMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff

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We are here to do printing, and if you want some done bring it to us or let us know and we will see you. If you think we are not extensive enough for your consideration—oh, go 'long.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

J M Brown, Plaintiff, vs. Margaret N Brown, Defendant.

To Margaret N Brown, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 22d day of November, 1907, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of wilful desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and meet.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon E V Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 2d day of October, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 11th day of October, 1907.

CLAUD STRAHAN, Attorney for Plaintiff

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We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a delinquent.

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

Clara B Fleischauer, Plaintiff, vs. Henry G Fleischauer, Defendant

To Henry G Fleischauer, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon—

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 22d day of November, 1907, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and wilful desertion; and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and meet.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon E V Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 9th day of October, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 11th day of October, 1907.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Attorney for Plaintiff

7tol1n22 276]

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SPOKANE FLYER.	7 00 p.m.	8 00 a.m.
	flag	no stop.
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	3.45 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Cœur d'Alene and Great Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.46 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 pm.

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