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THE DALLES OREGON

Keeping a Secret.

(Original)
"12. Engaged!"
"Yes."
"Who told you?"
"That I decline to say."
Now, of all the silly things for a
man to do the silliest is to give a
woman, especially a girl of eighteen,
part of an item of information and
withhold the rest. One might as well
let go seven-eighths of an egg and try
to hold the remainder by the tip of the
tail. The way of it was this:
I was studying law at the time and
was very ambitious to become an orator.
Complaining one day to my
friend Charlie Rathvon that I had no
place to practice elocution, he sug-
gested that I go down to his father's
seaside place and out on to the dunes,
where I could spout like a whale
in the ocean. Since I was madly in
love with Charlie's sister Jacqueline
I accepted. I went down on Friday.
Charlie couldn't go till Saturday after-
noon.

There is nothing more ridiculous
than inventing and my exciting
Miss Rathvon of being engaged was
mere balderdash. I hadn't heard any-
thing of the kind. I was simply lend-
ing up to telling her that I wanted her
myself. The bit of dialogue be-
tween us occurred on the morning
after my arrival just as I was going
out on to the dunes to practice elocu-
tion. I proceeded on my way and
mounting one of the big mounds of
sand I began my practice. I first
chose parts of Daniel Webster's cele-
brated reply to Hayne. Standing with
my face to the ocean, I spouted cer-
tain sentences, such as, "Bearing no
such miserable interrogatory as 'What
is all this worth?' repeating the last
five words over and over again with
different inflections. Then I switched
off on to Mark Antony's oration over
the dead body of Caesar, using in the
same manner the words, "I speak,
I speak for him!" and "offended"
winding up the exercise with Ham-
let's soliloquy on death, looking vac-
antly out on the ocean as I was
considering the propriety of drowning
myself.

I rested and practiced alternately for
two hours and was closing the exercise
with the soliloquy when, looking
down on the beach below, I saw an old
fisherman coming toward me keep-
ing his eyes fixed on me. Then sud-
denly a face appeared above the sage
grass within a few yards of me. I
thought of retreating, but, turning, saw
a man behind me. I was surrounded.
"Stand quiet, my man," he said, "we
want to talk to you." "What do you
want to talk to me about?" I asked.
"You got a lunatic, Miss Rathvon,"
he said, "and in another moment the whole
lot were on me. Two of them took
hold of me, one by each arm, and the
rest stood ready to tackle me in case
I should make a dash for it. They
didn't notice anything I said to them
or reply to my questions as to what it
all meant. They took me back from
the dunes and in the direction of the
village. Then I espied Jacqueline com-
ing. I was mortified that she should
see me in such a plight, but glad to
have some one know that I was being
kidnaped. The men, seeing her, turned
their steps toward her, and when we
came up to her, while I stood scared
and scowling, one of them said to her:
"We got a lunatic, Miss Rathvon."
"We're going to turn him in. He was
standing on a dune talking to the ocean.
If we hadn't 'a' been there on the sick
'time he'd 'a' walked right down and
drowned himself."

"Jacqueline," I said, "red, red, I see
it all. These men have mistaken my
elocution practice for the ravings of a
lunatic. Good, isn't it? Ha! Very
funny," I tried to laugh.
"What did the little mix do but look
at me with a blank stare!"
"Do you know him?" asked one of
the men.
"I never saw him before in my life."
"That settles it," said the leader. "He
thinks he knows you. I wonder what
asylum he escaped from. There's a nary
one around here."
"You'd better take him to our house,"
said Jacqueline, "till you find out about
him. Likely his keeper will be
here looking for him."
Fancy me led along for a lunatic,
the girl I loved pretending not to
know me. I supposed that when we
reached the house she would tell them
all about my elocution practice and the
joke would be ended. She had other
plans in view. It happened that
none of the family was at home, so
she was free to act as she liked. She
led my keepers, who led me, to a room
in the attic and locked me in herself.
The men protested lest I should com-
mit suicide by jumping from the win-
dow, but she said she didn't think
I was that kind of a headbatter and
there was no such risk. Then the
men went away. Presently I heard
a soft voice ask:
"Who told you I was engaged?"
I made no reply for a time, then
said curtly:
"I took so little interest in the mat-
ter that I have forgotten."
This was a home shot, and it told.
Jacqueline unlocked the door. You see,
I heard that there is a gang of desper-
adoes in these parts, and it would be
well not to put temptation in their
way.

Later in the day Charlie came and
found me sitting and me not speak-
ing terms. He inquired the cause, and
I was obliged to give it to him. His
bursts of laughter infected both Jac-
queline and me, and we soon joined
him in his mirth.
I remained at the seashore a week,
though I practiced something very dif-
ferent from elocution—how to propose
to a girl. But, after all, I buried what
I had to say. I was accepted.
EDMOND COMPTON.

**DIVIDING THE
REWARD.**

By Henry Stroude.
Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Bertha looked up in dismay as the
stranger entered. Kanton City was
not so far ahead of a frontier town
that burglars were absolutely unknown,
and the sudden appearance of this
brawny intruder did not suggest a
peaceful errand.
Tremblingly she made change for the
fifty dollar gold certificate he handed
her after deliberately testing his gen-
uineness and pushed the little pile of
bills toward him.

"I will if you rather," he said, "I
want to see you rather than to be left
in charge of a bank," he asked as he
deposited the change in his wallet. "I
supposed that three or four men were
the usual crew, not a little girl."
"I am not a little girl," she said in-
dignantly. "I'm nineteen, and I guess
this will help me out."
"This was a huge revolver, and as
she held it toward him he noticed that
it trembled in her uncertain grasp.
"You satisfied," he said, with a laugh.
"Please put it down."
"I guess there's no one going to rob
this bank even if there is only a girl
in charge," she said defiantly. "Any-
how, father and the cashier will be
back from lunch shortly."
"They'll be back late," he said, "and
the significant retort as he glanced at
the clock. "Three o'clock lunches are
rather rare in Kanton City, are they
not?"
Bertha's heart sank. He must
know that her father was ill in bed
and that the cashier, the only other
official of the bank, had gone over to
the railroad. Perhaps he knew also
that in the vaults were the payrolls of
the two mines which made the First
National a financial possibility.
"We were busy this morning," she
stammered. "I guess you will get back
soon."
"I want to see him a moment," was
the quiet request. "With your per-
mission, I guess I'll wait."
"Perhaps," she suggested, "he may
stay home. I don't know. He had



HE HAD WHIPPED OUT A REVOLVER AND
HAD THE OTHER COVERED.
something this morning about wanting
to see some thing about the house."
"I'll wait around for awhile," he said,
with a smile. "I have plenty of time,
and with pleasant company." He
bowed courteously to Bertha.
"I can't put you out," she said, with
a gasp of her head.
"I'll intrude," he suggested, "I can
put myself out."
This was just what Bertha did not
want. If he was planning to rob the
bank and was waiting until his com-
plices came up, there was a chance
that some one might come in before
then who could help her secure him.
He answered to the description of
Butte Bill, who led a gang of cut-
throats and whose picture adorned a
handbill posted on the inner side of the
wire screen. She hastened to make
pleasant reply, and presently she had
forgotten the character of her visitor
in the charm of his conversation.
Robber he might be, but he was cer-
tainly a most charming fellow and had
traveled far. He soon had her so in-
terested in his tales of "back east,"
that she forgot the fact of which she had
heard so much and seen nothing at all,
that she was sorry when at last the
clock chimed 4 and she was forced to
rouse herself and announce that it was
time to close the doors.
"I've enjoyed our little visit im-
mensely," he said, with a smile. "I am
sorry that it must be interrupted. I
hope to see you again. May I suggest
that you be careful to see that the
vaults are securely locked? You see, I
hear that there is a gang of desper-
adoes in these parts, and it would be
well not to put temptation in their
way."

Bertha glanced at the "\$5,000 Re-
ward" and the man and made up her
mind. Butte must not be permitted
to escape. She caught up the gun
from its position on the shelf and slipped
out of the cage. There was an
opening in the corner near the front
door, and just as she reached it she
whipped out her gun.
"Put up your hands," she command-
ed. "You didn't know it, but I had
your picture there on a handbill."
His hands had gone above his head at

the first command, and now he towered
above her, still smiling.
"There is some mistake," he said. "If
you will kindly turn aside my coat you
will find a detective's star there that
should vouch for me."
He approached as though to permit
her to carry out his request, but she
retraced before him.
"Not much," she declared. "That
would give you a splendid chance to
overpower me. You keep your dis-
tance."
"But I can't hold my hands over my
head all night," he pleaded. "What are
you going to do with me?"
"Some one will come for me if I do
not go home," she explained. "You
won't have to wait for more than an
hour."
The intruder groaned. "You don't
suppose that I can keep my arms in
the air that long, do you?" he demand-
ed.
"I'd rather have you shoot,"
she warned. He stepped back, and for ten
minutes he looked eagerly out of the
door. Then he gave a cry, and with a
sigh of relief Bertha turned her head
to greet the newcomer.
For an instant she gasped, for the
newcomer's arms went above his head
promptly, and his revolver went clat-
tering to the ground. In general ap-
pearance he was the double of her first
visitor, though he lacked the frank-
ness, expression and genial tones about
the eyes.

His action reminded her of her cap-
tive, and she turned. To her surprise
he had whipped out a revolver and had
the other covered.
"Will you oblige me by feeling in my
coat and pulling out a pair of handcuffs
which I have about my waist? He
fastened his victim's feet.
"This is Butte Bill," he explained as
he dragged his captive to a chair.
"There are probably two others of the
gang waiting outside. You stand over
him and shoot him if he attempts to
get away. I'll see if I can round up
the others."
Depriving the bandit of his weap-
ons, the stranger slipped out. Pres-
ently there was a sound of firing, then
a silence. The girl and the man in the
bank stood uneasily. Bill was anxious
as to the fate of his accomplices, and
Bertha felt an uncomfortable strong
interest in the welfare of the stranger.
The minutes that sped by seemed like
hours until, with a whoop, a crowd
burst into the bank and relieved her
guard duty. The stranger was in the
van, a bloody handkerchief wrap-
ped about his head and a thin
stream of blood trickling down the side
of his face.

"I'm not hurt," he said, with a laugh,
as he saw her look of dismay. "Just a
scratch on the head and a ball through
the palm."
"The sheriff can take care of these
men," he said. "Come home with me
and let me fix you up."
Rapidly she closed the vaults and led
him down the street to the little home
where her first aid to the injured had
more than once gained her the title of
"the little doctor."
Over the bandaging he told her that
he was a railroad detective looking for
some car thieves and that one of the
Butte band had mistaken him for the
leader and had uncovered the bank plot
to him. He had seen a chance to earn
the reward, and so he had sought an
unlucky fingerling around the bank
until the desperado had put in an ap-
pearance.

"I did not want to alarm you," he
explained, "so I said nothing, though
I had had my hands in the air much
longer I should have had to speak in
self defense."
"And I thought I was earning the re-
ward," she laughed.
"You did," he insisted.
"Not at all," she contradicted.
"Then half," he pleaded.
She shook her head, and it was six
weeks later before Greg Hallett's hand
healed and they effected a compromise.
Then they used the reward for the
honey moon.

The Value of an Opinion.
One of the most discouraging fea-
tures in the case of the young man
who stays at home is the fact that, no
matter what he may do, he seldom is
given credit. If he takes his father's
business and makes it go big, every-
body gives the credit to the father. I
know of one case in a small western
city. A merchant who had been con-
sidered wealthy and prominent died
and left everything to his son. The
boy had been away from home for
three years and was doing fairly well
in a strange city without relying upon
paternal assistance. He returned and
took hold of the business. To his sur-
prise, he found conditions rotten. Be-
yond the good will the assets scarcely
would cover the liabilities. He dug in,
sorted desperately and in two years
he had turned the business around and
was on the high road to prosperity. A
sudden business collapse in the town,
followed by a bank crash, caught him
hard, and he was forced to resign. He
sold the business for a dollar, yet today in that
town they point him out as a man who
wrecked his father's business.—Jonas
Howard in Chicago Tribune.

A Cheerful Liar.

(Original.)
Judson Castor, gentleman of leisure,
a member of many clubs, in order to
escape the heat of the city went to the
seashore. On the beach the morning
after his arrival he noticed a lady
whose appearance he admired greatly.
She was about twenty-five years old
and tastefully dressed and had a strong
face and an independent mind. Castor
sat on the beach where he could look
at her as well as the bathers and be-
tween her and them divided his atten-
tion. When the lady tired of them she
put up a huge parasol, took up a book
and began to read. At noon she arose
and went to her hotel.
This was repeated daily. The lady
was never seen by Mr. Castor with
any one else. He saw her go in and
come out of her hotel, but never in
company. She did not appear on the
plaza or on the beach during the af-
ternoon nor in the drawing room in the
evening. Castor was obliged to be con-
tent to see her for a couple of hours in
the morning. Not finding any one to
give him an introduction, he set about
contriving to scrape an acquaintance.
One morning he went to the city, and
when he returned in the afternoon he
had with him a handsome stickpin, a
large pearl in a bird's claw. The next
morning he approached the lady, lifted
his hat most deferentially and said:
"I beg your pardon. I found this pin
in the sand yesterday at the place
where you had been sitting. May I
ask if it is yours?"

The lady looked at the pin, put her
hand to her throat, appeared surprised
and said:
"I had my pin with me yesterday
and thought I had it up, but I see I
haven't. I didn't know that I had lost
it. Thank you very much."
Mr. Castor made a remark about the
pleasure it gave him to restore from
her manner that she desired the last
dent to form a basis for an acquaint-
ance he bowed again and passed on.
But he was astonished. He had found
no pin, and he was not aware that she
had lost one and yet she had taken the
one he had given her and did not even
give him permission to chat with her.
What did it mean? She was certainly
a lady. But would every lady have
the strength of character to refuse a
jewel to be obtained so easily?
Mr. Castor was much put out. He
had no objection to buying a woman's
favor, but when thought he expected
the goods to be delivered. He pur-
posely passed the lady later in the
morning while he was walking from
the foam line up the incline of the
beach. She did not notice him. He
looked at her the next morning on the
beach, but she gave him no recognition
whatever. Castor when cool had good
enough judgment, but when irritated
it vanished. He made up his mind
that the lady was waiting for more
of the same kind.

The next day he went to the city
again, and on the following morning
the lady received through the mail a
little box containing a solitary dia-
mond ring. With it was a bit of pa-
per on which was written, "Also found
on the beach."
The next morning Castor went to the
shore solicited to see the result
of his daring experiment. The lady
was not there, but later he saw her
coming, followed by a man whom
Castor judged to be a porter. As soon
as she reached the beach she pointed
to Castor, and the man approached.
Handling Castor the box he had sent
her the day before, he said:
"I am told to say that you have
made a mistake."
Castor, colorless, took the box and
shoved it in his pocket. The lady
turned her back toward him.
What did it all mean? Was she play-
ing him for a big stake? Probably not,
for she left the beach at once and the
next morning did not appear. She had
gone from the place. Castor went
back to the city much disappointed.
The next winter, one evening, while
Castor was in one of the orchestra
chairs at a theater, on looking up at
one of the boxes he saw the mysteri-
ous lady of the seashore. He did not
catch her eye and, man of the world
as he was, had not the assurance to
look up again. During an intermission
he felt a tap on his shoulder, and a
gentleman he did not know asked him
if he might see him for a moment
without Castor's heart sank. He ex-
pected to have to answer for an insult
to a lady. The man did not stop, as
expected, at the foyer, but passed
through it, mounted a flight of stairs,
passed down the gallery and entered a
box. Castor, following, stood before
the lady of the beach.

"I have sent for you," she said, "to
return what I supposed belonged to me,
but was mistaken. I owned a stickpin
like the one you handed me, though
smaller. I never knew till after I had
left the beach of my mistake. I have
also the curiosity to know what in-
duced you to send me the ring."
And right here is where the genius
of mendacity comes in. Castor, with-
out flinching, asked, "What ring?"
The lady, astonished, explained that
she had received a ring which she had
supposed came from him. He looked
pained that she offered a double
apology, one for receiving the stickpin
and the other for returning him the
ring. He was invited to remain with
the party in the box till the close of
the performance. He had secured his
introduction.

She had been at the seashore with
her invalid mother, which accounted
for her being on the beach at times
alone. **AMY B. KENNEDY.**

THUMPING HEADACHES

Many More Women Have Them, But
Few Know The Real Cause.
Dull, thumping headaches;
Sick, prostrating headaches;
Dizziness, whirling, blind headaches;
Pain, disorders of the kidneys,
Tells of uric poisons in the blood.
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Doan's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys;
Remove uric poisons, purify the blood,
Banish headache, backache, urinary ills.
Mrs J. Mueller, 438 East 4th st., Albu-
querque, Or., says: "It is not often one finds
a remedy so good as Doan's Kidney
Pills, and I feel it almost a duty to tell
my experience with this medicine. I had
been suffering with kidney complaint
which brought on headache and dizziness.
There was much annoyance also from irregu-
larity of the kidney secretions. Though
I used several remedies trying to get re-
lieved, Doan's Kidney Pills procured at a
drug store, were the best. In fact, there
was really no comparison. They did all
else had failed to do, and I cheerfully
give them my endorsement."

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sweeten and preserve a water trough,
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flies. It is a guaranteed article.
The Observer Book Store is distribu-
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county.

Now, while everything is handy;
not next spring, when help and the
tools are scarce, is the time to fix
up your machinery for the harvest
of 1908. G. F. Roessler, who has
become identified with Sherman
county harvests, will remain awhile
here to take this work for you in the
most satisfactory manner, and at a
price that will suit you. See his ad-
vertisement in The Observer.
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what is it? O, yes, one of those Edi-
son phonographs at Schuller's. Only
\$10, \$20 and \$30. The latest records
out. Your choice for only 35 cents
each. I have them coming every
month, as they come out, the latest
pieces. You can buy a phonograph
on the monthly installment plan at
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