The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....Nov. 15, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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RIVER OF SALT WATER.

Flows Inland in a Greek Island and Then Disappears.

One of the most curious phenomena of geography is found on the southern coast of the island of Cephalonia, near Greece. It is a stream of salt water which for an unknown period has left the almost tideless sea and flowed inland with considerable volume.

The sea enters the land at four points where the coast is practically on a level with the salt water surface. The four initial streams unite to form the little river that flows inland in a broken rocky channel until it finally disappears in the limestone rock and sinks into the earth.

This inland flow has continued almost certainly for several centuries. It is far too great for removal by evaporation, chemical combination or even physical absorption by pores or caverns in the rocks. What becomes of the water that is constantly flowing inland and disappears finally in the fissures that have opened in the limestone?

The question has been the subject of much study, but no conclusive answer has been given. It is probable that there is an underground channel which carries the water back into the sea at no great depth below the surface. The constant influx of salt water at Cephalonia is duplicated as far as is known at no other point of the world.

Always at It.

Mrs. Pease—My husband and I never dispute before the children. We always send them out when a quarrel seems imminent. Miss Sharp—Ah, I've often wondered why they're so much in the street!

Pretty Hot.

"Under the equator, gentlemen," remarked an extensive traveler, "it is so hot that the natives have to put hens in ice chests to prevent their laying hard boiled eggs."—London Mail.

ON THE FARM.

HOW NATURE PROVIDES FOR US.

The most independent man on earth is the farmer, for he makes the earth yield him almost everything needed for life. He knows that as he sows so will he reap. He usually keeps strong and healthy from constant strife with Nature—in sunshine and in pure air. At night when work is done, he finds most refreshing sleep, such as only a tired man knows. In the same way that the earth yields food for man, so does it provide remedies for human ills. Thousands of households throughout the farming districts of the United States know the value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is Nature's most valuable and health-giving agent—made without the use of alcohol. It contains native medicinal roots, and is the concentration of Nature's vitality as found in the American forests. This remedy has a history which speaks well for it because it was given to the public by Dr. R. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., nearly forty years ago, and has since been sold by druggists in ever increasing quantities.

Dr. Pierce found that the bark of the Black Cherry-tree, the root of the Mandrake, Stone root, Queen's root, Bloodroot and Golden Seal root, made into a scientific, non-alcoholic extract by the use of glycerine, made the best alterative and tonic. The refreshing influence of this extract is at once apparant in the recovered strength of the patient—the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which otherwise may poison the system. This alterative and tonic extract has been found to stand alone as a safe, invigorating tonic, as it does not depend on alcohol for a false stimulation, but is *Nature's own method* of strengthening and cleansing the system. It tones up the stomach and purifies the blood in Nature's own way. It is well known all over the world as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The name was given to this vegetable compound because one of the important ingredients was Golden Seal root. * * * Such an authority as Dr. Roberts Bartholow, of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal root, "very useful as a stomachic tonic. Cures catarrh of the stomach and headaches accompanying the same." Dr. Grover Coe, in his book Organic Medicines, speaking of Golden Seal root, says that "as a liver invigorator it has *few equals*." Further he says, "In chronic inflammation of the bladder we deem it one of the most reliable agents of cure. As a tonic in the convalescing stages of fevers, pneumonia, dysentery and other acute diseases Hydrastis (Golden Seal root) is peculiarly appropriate."

Dr. Coe continues: "We would here add that our experience has demonstarted the Hydrastis or Golden Seal root to be a valuable remedy in bronchitis, laryngitis, and other affections of the respiratory organs."

Prof. Hobart A. Hare, M. D., University of Pennsylvania, says of Golden Seal: "Of service in chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels following abuse of alcohol, a tonic after malarial fever. Has a distinct, anti-malarial influence. Good in all catarrhal conditions, as uterine catarrh, leucorrhea, etc. Is a curative agent in chronic dyspepsia."

Prof. John M. Scudder in Specific Medication says of Golden Seal: "It stimulates the digestive processes, and increases the assimilation of food. By these means *the blood is enriched*, and this blood feeds the muscular system. I mention the muscular system because I believe it first feels the increased power imparted by the stimulation of increased nutrition. The consequent improvement on the nervous and glandular systems are natural results.

"In relation to its general effects on the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion*. It is *universally* regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

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Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Hiram Perkins' Cure.

By F. A. Mitchel.

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THERE are two pictures extant of Timothy Portley, the one in which he stands among a group of packing house employees in high boots, trousers and woolen shirt, the other in which he is dressed in the height of fashion, his natural florid complexion subdued by the artist. The first was Tim Portley, butcher. The second is Timothy Portley, multimillionaire. He would give a thousand dollars for each of the group pictures to burn them.

Portley lived most of the year in his country place twenty miles from the city. Time was when he hadn't a nickel to take him, tired and hungry, home from his work in the evening. Now there are express trains running

DAISY WAS KNOCKED TO A DISTANCE OF TWENTY FEET.

past his place to the city, but they are not good enough, certainly not fast enough, for him. He has his own automobile, capable of making a mile a minute, and it has often taken him from his house to his office in half an hour.

The Arlington turnpike furnished a direct line between Mr. Portley's house and his office, and on that pike is a straight piece of road over which he gave his chauffeur orders to make fifty miles an hour. At a quarter past 10 every week day morning and a quarter past 4 in the evening, the hours of Mr. Portley's passage, the farmers living on this stretch of road were obliged to stop work to see that there were no children or stock in the way. Amos Green lost a horse and Joseph Briggs a cow. In both these cases Mr. Portley sat in his car, was handed a check book by his secretary, filled out checks for double the amount claimed by the owners of the stock, tossed them at the farmers, and as the papers fluttered to the ground to be picked up by the payees the payer dashed away.

The next thing to fall under Mr. Portley's juggernaut was something that could not be paid for in money. Daisy Burton, fourteen years old, was crossing the road when she heard the squawk of a horn and saw Mr. Portley's automobile coming. She turned back, but, seeing the automobile turning in the same direction, started again to cross. The automobile changed its course at the same time. It had slowed down, but could not be stopped in time to prevent a collision. Daisy was knocked to a distance of twenty feet, where she lay in a heap. Mr. Portley took in the situation and ordered his chauffeur to drive on. A cloud of dust marked his going, and a crowd of indignant countrymen, among whom stood the father of the child, shaking his fist at the retreating automobilist, marked the scene of the accident.

Hiram Perkins, a middle aged, weather beaten farmer, whose skin hung loose in grooves on his face and neck, lived on the next farm to the Burtons. The only thing in the world he loved was Daisy. From the time she could toddle across the fields between his and her father's house he had made a pet of her. While her father was shaking his fist at Portley Perkins picked up the girl, covered with dust and blood, and carried her into her home. There he bent over her and groaned. When she opened her eyes and looked at him with a faint attempt at a smile he dashed out of the house, mounted a horse and galloped away for a doctor.

The only inconvenience it occasioned Mr. Portley was having to take the train every morning to the city instead of his automobile. He dared not go over the Arlington pike till the damage had been paid, and there was no other direct road to town. Farmer Burton did not come at once to a frame of mind to accept money for the injury to his [illegible] and it was some time before [illegible] was settled.

M[illegible] farmers living on the pike [illegible] the situation. Daisy would [illegible] for life. Must they continue to [illegible] the same misfortune or worse for their children? There was a st[illegible] law regulating the speed of automobiles, but there was no one whose duty it was to enforce it, nor was there any hope of its being enforced.

While the others talked there was one man who thought. Hiram Perkins did not recover from having seen his little pet made a cripple. He resolved that Portley's automobile should never pass his place again. But how was he to prevent it? By means of the law? Portley's pocketbook was mightier than the law. Dig a trench across the road and mask it? That would be murder. One day Hiram read an advertisement of the sale of government condemned goods. This gave him an idea, and his idea grew to a plan.

At a quarter past 10 on the morning after Farmer Burton had signed an instrument acknowledging full indemnity for the injury done his daughter and had received his check Mr. Portley's automobile came down the road at its accustomed speed. As it approached Hiram Perkins' farm Mr. Portley heard a crackling noise and saw smoke ahead.

"What's that?" he asked of his chauffeur.

"Looks as if soldiers were firing across the road," replied the chauffeur, slowing up.

At reduced speed they approached the firing. It was on Hiram Perkins' ground. He had mounted a rapid fire gun of an obsolete pattern on a pile of stones four feet from the ground, with its muzzle pointed at a target set up across the road. Hiram was lazily turning the crank.

"Hey, you old fool! Are you crazy?" yelled Mr. Portley.

Hiram ceased turning his crank and looked at the automobilist.

"Why, no; I reckon not," he replied. "I'm only shootin' at a mark."

"Go on, Pete," said Mr. Portley to his chauffeur.

The automobile gave a few preliminary puffs, and Perkins began again to turn his crank, sending a storm of bullets across the road. The chauffeur shut off in a hurry.

"What do you mean," roared Portley, "by monopolizing the road in that fashion?"

"Who's monopolizin' the road?" asked Hiram, ceasing to turn the crank.

"You; firing that thing across it."

"I'm shootin' at a mark peaceable. I own twenty acres on this side and eighty on the other side. Reckon I've got a right to do what I please on my own property."

"You haven't a right to obstruct the road."

"I ain't touchin' the road."

Portley was puzzled, but only for a moment. He was sure of the farmer's motive.

"How much do you want to stop your practicing when I want to pass your farm?"

There was a world of calm intensity in Hiram's tone and manner as he replied:

"You hain't got money enough to stop my practicin' at any time."

Mr. Portley refrained from further argument. He felt sure that if he couldn't buy his way from the farmer he could buy it through a lawyer. He gave orders to his chauffeur to turn and hurried back in no good humor to take another road, doubling the distance to the city. On reaching it he went straight to his lawyer's office, told how Hiram Perkins was monopolizing the highway and asked how he should proceed.

"There's no law," said the lawyer, "to prevent a man firing on his own property, even if the highway runs through it."

"What! No law to keep him from shooting me as I pass his farm?"

"If he shoots you intentionally, it's murder; if unintentionally, you have an action for damages."

"I don't want no damages after I'm dead!" exclaimed Mr. Portley, in his irritation dropping into the double negative of his earlier years.

"The only way I see out of it," the lawyer went on, looking at the ceiling thoughtfully, "is to meet what I am

"HEY, YOU OLD FOOL, ARE YOU CRAZY?" ASKED MR. PORTLEY.

satisfied is a bluff with a bluff. When you come to this man's farm again go right on very slowly. He won't dare kill you."

"If any man can bluff Tim Portley," said the multimillionaire, rising, with a scowl and a firmly set jaw, "he's welcome to do so."

When Portley returned in the afternoon on his accustomed route, approaching Perkins' farm he again heard the rattle of rapid fire. He ordered his chauffeur to slow down and when within a hundred feet of the line of fire to creep. Hiram was turning the crank of his gun.

"If you kill me," cried Portley, "you'll be hanged for murder."

"I hain't a-tryin' to kill nobody. The law don't hold me responsible for them as commits suicide by runnin' up ag'in a gun a man's practicin' at a mark with."

The machine crept on. Hiram pulled his broad brimmed hat over the eye nearest the comer so as to obstruct his view toward the automobile and went on turning. When it crept into view he turned his back so that he couldn't see. The automobile came to within a few yards of the passing bullets and stopped.

"Go on!" roared Portley to his chauffeur.

The chauffeur climbed over to the back seat, leaving the wheel for his employer. Portley took it and moved

PORTLEY BACKED HIS MACHINE.

across the road and was sure to be practicing when the biggest and fastest machine passed. Some automobilists drove faster than ever, slowing up at the danger point, but they were reported by the farmers to those doing the practicing and on the next trip were obliged to turn back, losing the right to use the road altogether. No law was violated; no automobilist was injured. Persons driving their machines on the road at a moderate rate never heard or saw any firing, and many of them wondered while passing Perkins' farm to what use he could possibly put his old rapid fire gun.

Daisy Burton will limp all her life and will find it hard if she has to make her own living. There are those among the farmers' wives—women can see further ahead in such matters than men—who declare that the day will come when she will have a strong, level headed husband to work for her in Hiram Perkins.

A Hard Shot.

Among the stories told of Dr. Emmons, a well known clergyman of a former day and generation, there are many which show his keen wit. In the town where he was pastor there lived a physician who was a pantheist and took pains to let every one know it. He had made frequent boast that he could easily conquer Dr. Emmons in argument, and one day came his chance. He and the doctor met at the house of a sick man.

"How old are you, sir?" asked the physician brusquely.

"Sixty-two," replied Dr. Emmons quietly, although his eyes showed his surprise. "May I ask your age in turn?"

"I've been alive since the creation in one form or another," said the physician curtly.

"Ah, then I suppose you were with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden?" inquired the doctor.

"Certainly," came the reply.

"Um!" said Dr. Emmons placidly, meditating on the other's face. "I always thought there was a third person there, but some have differed from me."

If Mount Everest was picked up and dropped into the deepest part of the Pacific ocean its top would be nearly 1,000 feet below the surface. If this same mountain was dropped into the Atlantic at the deepest known point, it would create an island 2,000 feet high.

Do You Open Your Mouth

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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, to-wit: 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
7tc4u15-274] for Plaintiff

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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 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 2d day of October, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 11th day of October, 1907.

CHAUD STRAHAN, Attorney
7to11n22-276] for Plaintiff

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
7to11n22 276] for Plaintiff

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