The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY............Nov. 22, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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A DRINK OF BUTTERMILK.

[Original.]

Enoch Quill sat on the seat of a mowing machine guiding a pair of stout farm horses and attending to the machine at the same time. The summer season had settled down from the fickleness of spring and taken on that steady warmth which gives life to the creatures of earth. A thrush was piping in a tree, a robin was teaching its brood to fly. Over a blue sky sailed a white cloud, casting what seemed to Enoch to be the shadow of a huge bird. It passed, and the sun shone out seemingly brighter and warmer than before. The man reined in his horses at a turn for a rest, took off his straw hat, wiped the sweat from his brow and looked about him.

From the farmhouse beneath a clump of trees on the hill came Mabel Judd, Enoch's employer's daughter. She wore a calico dress, a cheap apron and a sunbonnet. The sun poured its rays over her and was reflected brightly from a tin bucket she carried in her hand. Her approach brought a pleased look to the young farm hand's face. The girl came on over the field where John Barleycorn stood in battle array, emerging where Enoch had left whole companies and platoons lying slaughtered on the ground. Then she came to where he sat on his iron seat, and as she looked up at him and he saw her pleasant oval face away down in the shadow cast by her sunbonnet he gasped with the great joy that was in him.

"I been churnin', Enoch," she said, "and I thought a drink o' buttermilk 'ud taste good to you."

She took the cover off and handed the bucket to him.

"Thankee, Miss Mabel," he said and drank the contents. "It's done me a heap o' good," he added, handing the bucket back to her. "I don't know but one thing that's done me more good."

"What's that?"

"Your bringin' it to me."

"Oh, that wasn't any trouble," she said, a slight red coming into her cheeks under his gaze.

"It isn't the trouble; it's the disposition to do it. I didn't know you'd keer so much."

"Oh, I sor you out mowin' in the sun, and I thought it 'ud taste good."

There was a brief silence, which Enoch ended.

"I wished I owned a small farm o' my own."

"I wished you did, Enoch, for your sake."

This was not all the truth. She wished for the farm for her own sake as well as Enoch's. Then she might be the housewife. Would she be the housewife? Enoch had never made love to her. The view Enoch took of it was that she wished it for his sake alone. He thought he would never have a farm, and without one he had no business to make love to a girl who would likely some day inherit one. He gathered up the reins.

"I'm much obliged for the buttermilk," he said.

"It wasn't any trouble," she replied mechanically and, turning, with a disappointed look on her face, went back over John Barleycorn's slain soldiers and through his waving forces that stood still defiant. Long before she reached the house she again heard the monotonous rattle of the mowing machine. Somehow the pleasure she had taken in it had gone out of it. Enoch had said nothing to warrant this change of feeling. She had drawn an inference from his manner.

Enoch finished cutting the wheat that day and received his wages. The next he was gone without bidding Mabel goodby.

Ten years passed, and Mabel owned the farm. She managed it herself, though she hired the work done for her. One season there were no hands to be hired, and when the wheat ripened she started out with the machine to cut it herself. It was just such a morning as that on which she had had her last talk with Enoch Quill. A man—he looked like a tramp—stopped in the road and leaned over the fence near which she was driving.

"Want any hired help?" he asked.

Mabel drew rein and looked at him some time before replying. Her features were shaded by her sunbonnet.

"Seems to me," she said, "that a strong man like you ought to own a farm of his own and not go workin' for other people."

"I tried to git one and failed. I was cheated. Bad title and bad crops." These were few words, but they told a story. After a pause the woman asked:

"How much you want?"

"Anything you like to pay."

"Well, come in here and take hold."

The man went to work, and the woman went through the wheatfield to the house. After awhile, when the sun was getting hot and the hired hand was getting thirsty, he saw her coming with a tin bucket.

"I been churnin'," she said. "Would you like some buttermilk?"

The man raised the bucket to his lips with a trembling hand. "Ten years ago," he said, "I tuk a drink o' buttermilk, and I've never forgot it."

"And I ain't forgot givin' it to you."

"You know me?"

"I knew you the minute I saw you leanin' on the fence."

"I went away to git a farm. I wanted to put you on it."

"I thought you didn't want me."

"I did."

There was a pause. The woman stooped and picked up a spear of wheat.

"Well," she said presently, "there's no use tryin' to git a farm seein' there's one here."

And that's the end of the story.

F. A. MITCHEL.

A Pottersville Episode.

By Frank H. Meloon.

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It was at the fall elections that the feud began in Pottersville. John Grant, the village blacksmith, a big, rawboned fellow of enormous muscle, whose family had hailed from Nova Scotia, had dared to oppose Judge Weaver, candidate for the legislature. From the judge's point of view the worst feature of this presumptuous antagonism was its success. Judge Weaver had been defeated by the narrow margin of one vote, and bitterness was ever thereafter to rankle in his heart.

Another source of vexation for the judge was the attachment which he could not fail to see existed between his daughter Nellie, a girl of pretty face, medium height, plump person

HE GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO FIGHT THEM.

and many suitors, on the one hand and Willis Wenham, son of the first selectman, who was in the midst of his course at one of the big eastern universities.

Selectman Wenham was another of Judge Weaver's political opponents; but, though the judge never forgave one who crossed his will, this was not the reason for his opposing the match between his daughter Nellie and the selectman's son Willis. The judge was a man of means, while Selectman Wenham, though possessed of a moderate competency, could leave but a small sum at his demise to each of his numerous family, of which Willis composed exactly one-thirteenth.

With young Wenham absent at college, the judge was able to give his undivided attention to the village blacksmith. He was willing to bide his time, for he knew John Grant to be one of those men who with unfailing regularity get themselves into a beastly state of intoxication just once every twelve months. For a full week it was the blacksmith's custom to wrestle with John Barleycorn, quite willing to be overcome.

The only article in the warrant for the last town meeting over which there had not been more or less contest was that which called for the erection of a town lockup. It was generally conceded that Pottersville had reached that stage in a town's progress where a jail is demanded for the preservation of peace and order. An outsider might have objected that there had been no arrest made in the little village excepting of boys on truancy charges since the convening of the last town meeting, but this would have been regarded as a Machiavellian attempt at impeding the wheels of progress. So the new structure had risen triumphantly, with not so much as a hint of graft, under the supervision of the selectmen, and, although the suggestion of building had come from the mouth of Judge Weaver, none sang the praise of conception and execution more loudly than the village blacksmith.

It was at the fall elections, as we have said, that the feud started between John Grant and Judge Weaver. It was not until the approach of the following spring that the latter found the sought for chance to "get back" at the smith. One morning in early February the blacksmith failed to show up at his place of business. A line of six or more impatient teamsters set out to look up the reason. At Henry Come's hostelry, known as the Come Inn, they found it. Red eyed and maudlin, mostly oblivious to the cares of this world, yet occasionally bursting into tears and hiccoughs as he expostulated against the hard fate that had carried an uncle of his away on the wrong side of a log drive thirty years before, was the village blacksmith, leaning for sympathy and support against the rose colored, reeking bar over which the liquors of the Come Inn were served.

John Grant refused to do the work the teamsters desired of him, but generously offered to fight them, either one at a time or all together. His tender was courteously refused.

This time, however, John Grant was not to enjoy his parting from the path of sobriety without paying the penalty therefor as provided and laid down in the statutes of the state. Judge Weaver forced the unwilling constables, after considerable goading, to action. The blacksmith, snoring in slumber, was dragged out of the woods and cast into the new lockup. On the following morning he had sobered up sufficiently to appear before the court, which in Pottersville meant Judge Weaver.

Two of the constables swore to having seen John Grant very drunk and disorderly at the Come Inn. There was no defense. The blacksmith even pleaded guilty with a certain amount of elation. Apparently the one uncomfortable feature of the affair to him was the long and maliciously worded harangue which, behind the dignity of the law, Judge Weaver delivered to the prisoner, closing by sentencing him to sixty days in Pottersville jail and fining him $6.76 costs.

There was a beatific smile on the highly colored face of the prisoner as he was led off to the lockup, closely guarded by quite unnecessary constables, after offering to work out the fine by shoeing the yoke of oxen kept to aid the paupers in their work on the town farm. The proffer had been refused with a great show of dignity.

It would have required no great effort for the burly prisoner to tear down the bars which covered the windows of the jail and which were rather more for decoration than for anything else, but other thoughts were in his mind. He was, for the first time in his life, a prisoner. It was the duty of the town to which he had paid poll and property taxes for more years than he could really remember to provide him with bed and board. The experience was not only novel, but also distinctly pleasing, vesting him with a sense of new importance.

It was easier than working, this jail life, and after the first week in the well warmed lockup he began to look forward with regret to the time when he must leave it.

With the passing of the first fortnight of the sixty days' confinement this state of affairs, however, began to pall on him. He found that a vacation may be of too long duration. He began to pine for work. Furthermore, his pride was seriously affected. On two or three occasions Jailer Gibson on leaving the lockup after bringing in the blacksmith's supper had forgotten to lock the door after him. The prisoner remonstrated in forcible language at this inattention to duty.

"I'm goin' to be locked up nights hereafter, Jim Gibson," he said, knitting the red skin of his forehead into a mass of frowning wrinkles, "an' I want you to understan' it. Think of me stayin' in jail without bein' locked up! Ain't I got a right to be locked up?"

"I'll put a spring lock on the door tomorrow, John, an' then if I go away an' forget to lock the door you can close it an' lock it any time you want."

"Well, Jim, all I ask's to be locked up like I ought to be," answered the mollified prisoner. "That's all I ask."

"Yes, an' I'll do more than that," continued the constable. "I'll have that lock so's you can open it from the inside with a nail. Nobody but us need know, an' you can step outside any time you want to. I'm doin' this," he went on hastily, "'cause I don't want you to get sick while you're in my charge. Prisoners get all the exercise they want in ev'ry well regulated jail, an' I ain't goin' to have no one say the Pottersville jail's behin' the times."

"No, nor I nuther!" agreed the blacksmith heartily. "Have some tobacco, Jim?"

Jailer Gibson took a pipeful of the contents of the blue and tinsel package extended to him, and, rolling it in the palm of his hand, sat down to have a further chat with the prisoner.

"See here, John," he began, "the boys aroun' Pottersville are gettin' mighty hard up f'r a horseshoer. They don't want to go out of town f'r one thing. 'Sides, they couldn't get nobody nearer nor Spencer, an' that's most forty mile away. We've been a-talkin' it over at the grocery store, an' we decided to ask you if you wouldn't like to do a little work here. We could fix up a place where you could do shoein' real slick."

"I don't know's I'd object to it, Jim," deliberated the blacksmith, "providin' the boys didn't think 'twas lettin' me down on my sixty days."

"No one would think that, John," interpolated the constable. "Why, 'twould be just a favor to you, if you'd do it. It's mighty slipp'ry on the roads, an' it's hard on the horses' feet. There's more'n fifty on 'em need sharpenin'. 'Twould be just a stroke of common humanity on your part, John, if you'd do it."

"Well, you go ahead an' fix the things up," agreed the prisoner, "an' I reckon 'twill be all right."

The next day a portable forge was obtained, and a huge pair of bellows set up. The smith donned his apron and did a rattling business. On the day following he shod Judge Weaver's trotting horse Kelleck, 2:18, who had earned his record at the county fair the previous year. The blacksmith also shod the yoke of oxen from the town farm. For a week he was forced to turn away trade daily and even began to talk of hiring an assistant.

People who lived midway between Pottersville and Spencer who had been in the habit of going to Spencer now came to see the strange spectacle of a jail prisoner doing horseshoeing. John Grant had more business than ever before. He offered, if the town authorities would arrest and send to jail some tramp who knew something about the work, to hire him as assistant and even to pay the town for his keep. The constables, though enjoined to be on the alert, failed to find such a personage.

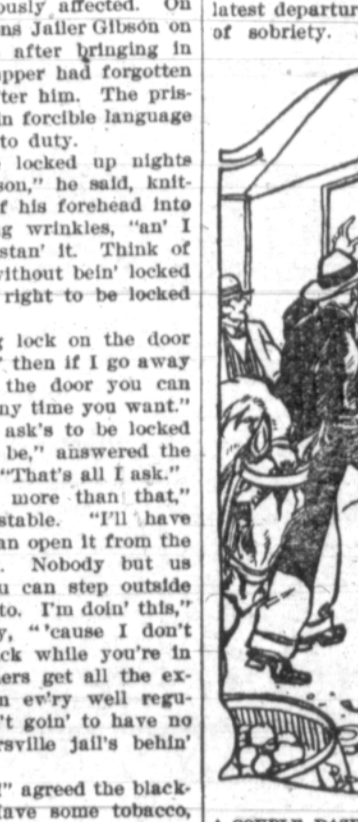
In the meantime Willis Wenham came home from the university fortnight's vacation. His attenti[ons to] Nellie Weaver once more became a source of annoyance to the judge. Sympathy in Pottersville, as it is apt to be in any town, was with the young people. In some way it got rumored around the town that Nellie's life at home was made none of the pleasantest by her father. Further comment was aroused when the postmaster gave out that Miss Nellie had returned one of Wrangle's (the wealthy summer visitor's) letters unopened. The incident showed a further progress in the stand taken by the energetic young lady against the plan of her father to marry her to the aforesaid Wrangle instead of to young Wenham.

The crisis was reached early in April. There had been an ice storm during the night, making the roads as slippery as glass. Unfortunate indeed was the horse that with unsharpened shoes had to venture on them. Trade was brisk at the improvised blacksmith shop, and John Grant had all the work he could handle. Judge Weaver's trotter Kelleck was late in getting into line, so that it was nearly nightfall, with a bitter wind blowing from the northeast, when the prisoner blacksmith at last stripped Kelleck of his shoes and commenced with his usual expedition the task of reshoeing. Three shoes had been nailed to Kelleck's prancing hoofs when an exclamation from the judge drew the attention of the waiters and loafers to a couple dashing by at high speed in a familiar sleigh. They were Willis Wenham and Judge Weaver's daughter Nellie. As they turned up the road where, two and a half miles distant, the house of the minister was situate, it dawned on the company that they were witnesses of an elopement.

There was ample time for the angry judge to overtake the couple, provided John Grant drove the nails of the fourth shoe with his customary quickness. The judge commanded him to hurry. Instead of doing so he laid the shoe down and said that, as he was a prisoner, working only to oblige folks, he'd be hanged if he'd do another tap of work for a man so low down as to swear at him. The judge pleaded and apologized in vain. It was only when the young couple returned and rendered Judge Weaver speechless with rage by the announcement of their marriage that John Grant would consent to put on the other shoe.

The very next day came an April thaw. The traveling was so bad that the prisoner's only visitor was Jailer Gibson, who brought him his meals. In the night when the blacksmith retired the rain was pouring outside in a monotonous drizzle. The Pottersville jail was situated on the bank of a small but deep river, and the waters of this stream were yellowed and swollen by the freshet.

In the early hours of the morning there was a slide and a fall and a splash. Over into the river went a section of banking, the Pottersville jail and the prisoner therein. The structure did not float far, but grounded on the shelving shore opposite the blacksmith shop where John Grant had practiced his trade prior to his latest departure from the narrow path of sobriety. As John Grant forced



A COUPLE DASHED BY AT HIGH SPEED IN A FAMILIAR SLEIGH.

open the conveniently arranged door it occurred to him that at midnight the sixtieth day of his imprisonment had been completed. His face wore a satisfied smile.

His equanimity was undisturbed the next morning when Judge Weaver drove over, furiously accusing him of stealing the jail and demanding that he return it to the place he had taken it from. The easy grin on the features of the blacksmith grew to broader dimensions.

"I whipped you at 'lection, judge," he drawled slowly, "an' you sent me to that place," indicating the floating jail, "when you had your turn. Then I wouldn't put the shoe on your horse so's you could stop your daughter's marryin' young Wenham. Now you say I stole the jail. Judge, it's this way. I've got a chance to sue the town of Pottersville f'r false imprisonment. I ought to have been let out o' jail at 12 o'clock last night. More'n that, the jail's mine!"

The judge's face grew blank and purple with amazement.

"Yes, sir-ee! The jail's mine. I didn't go to sea f'r nothin' when I was young. Pottersville jail is flotsam—F-L-O-T-S-A-M—an' if the town wants it back it'll get it by payin' good money. An', judge, if you should want Kelleck shod in a hurry don't f'rget I'm doin' business at the same ol' stand!"

Dangerous Golf.

One of the rules of the Weston-super-Mare (England) Golf club reads, "A ball may be lifted and dropped with the loss of a stroke when played within the railings surrounding the powder magazine." There appears to be an element of danger in this kind of golf which reminds a London writer of a certain golf course on the West African coast, where the eighth and ninth holes are always optional, as several golfers are said to have been lost there owing to the proximity of the jungle, which is known to be a favorite lair of the lion.

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The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

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If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

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CONTEST NOTICE. Department of the Interior, United States Land Office The Dalles, Oregon, October 22, 1907

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Jonathan N McInnes contestant, against homestead entry No 14,271, made March 10, 1905, for the NE¼ section 4, township 5 S, range 18 E, W M, by William W Wells contestee, in which it is alleged that said entryman has not resided on nor cultivated the said tract, or any portion thereof, for more than one year immediately preceding the filing of this affidavit of contest; that said tract is now and has been abandoned as set forth; that said alleged absence was not due to his employment in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States in time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation, at 10 o'clock a m, on December 10th, 1907, before H. S. McDanel, county clerk, at his office in Moro, Oregon, and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a m on December 17, 1907, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in The Dalles, Oregon. The said contestant having in a proper affidavit, filed September 27, 1907, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

5tn1 29-277] C. W. MOORE, Register

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

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SPOKANE FLYER.	7 00 p.m. flag	8 00 a. m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	3.45 a. m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.46 p m no stop.	9 45 a. m 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.

Columbia and Willamette River.

For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10 00 p. m. Arrives 5 00 p m. daily except Sunday.

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock. Leaves 7 00 a. m. daily except Sunday. Arrives 5.30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash. Leave Riparia 5.40 a. m., or upon arrival train No. 4, daily except Saturday. Arrive Riparia 4 p. m. daily except Friday.

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