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JOB PRINTING

Talking to Himself A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied: "In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man. In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk." We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons. Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than on any other subject. We don't say a word about prices—it goes without saying that prices are right. And our work—if it's not right, send it back. Try us. We Print anything. Observer Printing Office Moro, Oregon.

SENSATIONAL SUICIDE

Armless Man Shoots Himself With a Pistol. PULLS TRIGGER WITH TOE.

Paris Police Refuse to Believe Such a Suicide Possible, but Medical Examination Demonstrated That Death Was Self Inflicted.

One of the most remarkable suicides ever recorded recently came to light in Paris. A man without arms succeeded in shooting himself with a revolver. For some time the police refused to believe that such a suicide was possible, but medical examination has proved conclusively that such was the fact.

The details of the suicide are extraordinary. The armless man was



THE ARMLESS MAN WAS SHOT BY HIS OWN FEET.

named Onillon. He was fifty-one years old and a widower. He lived alone. One of his arms was amputated some years ago as the result of an accident. The other was cut off close to the elbow a few months ago, owing to medical reasons. He made a precarious living by the sale of objects in the street.

He had a son who for some time past has been in prison at Chalons-sur-Marne. This son was released recently with about \$2 in his pocket, which he had earned as a good conduct money while in prison. His first object was to see his father, and he spent all his money in paying his fare to Paris. Without losing any time he went from the station to his father's residence, eager to meet him once again.

Arrived there, he knocked repeatedly at the door, but could obtain no response. Becoming alarmed, he broke open the door and entered. He struck a light and to his horror saw his father lying in a pool of blood at the side of his bed. He rushed across to him and found that he was dead.

The armless man was lifted to his bed. As this was being done a revolver fell from his clothes. It should be mentioned that he was fully dressed. Careful examination disclosed the fact that there were no contusions on the body, nor was there any evidence in the room of a struggle having taken place. When the revolver was examined it was found that two chambers had been discharged. Curiously enough, these were not consecutive chambers. Between the discharged chambers there was an interval of two that were undischarged.

It was also obvious that, however the man had met his death, robbery was not the motive. It had been accomplished by any other person. The dead man's watch and other small possessions were found on the mantelpiece, and \$3.50 was still in his trousers pockets.

The mystery that puzzled the police was how the armless man discharged the revolver. It is stated that he was an extraordinarily resourceful man. For instance, he was in the habit of unlocking his door every night with his own latchkey. He did this with his teeth. The autopsy proved that it was by means of his teeth and his feet that he committed suicide. With his teeth he succeeded in fastening a boot lace to a piece of wire and in attaching the wire to the trigger of a revolver. He then took the barrel of the revolver in his mouth and pulled the wire with his feet.

James L. Murphy While Eating Fruit. Sudden paralysis, speechless, his whole side paralyzed and unable to move a muscle in his body. O. O. Harden, an engineer on the Northwestern railroad, lives at his home, 208 Sixth street, Sioux City, Ia., in a critical condition. Mr. Harden had begun eating a banana, and he had just sat down on a lounge when his jaws suddenly became clinched, and he was unable to remove the fruit from his lips. Medical aid was summoned, but Mr. Harden was in too critical a condition for any attempt at relief.

Hangs Himself With Stars and Stripes. Mrs. Cornelia McElroy of Baltimore twisted an American flag into a rope and committed suicide by hanging herself to a closet door. Her body was discovered by her thirteen-year-old granddaughter. Melancholia, due to poor health, is supposed to have prompted the act.

The Old Clock.

The clock and tower were very old, though the tower was ten older than the clock, having long been a ruin when the clock was put in it. It was supposed to have been built by the Romans. Some said that the clock was the oldest tower clock in the world. It had not marked the time for nearly a century. A few were living who had seen its great iron hands swing around the circle of its dial, but they were very aged people. Its works were covered with rust, and there was not a cogwheel that could be turned without a wrench.

One night suddenly every person in the village started up in bed. One, two, three, four! There was no bell to give forth this cracked antiquated metallic sound except the old clock in the tower. And if it had returned to its normal state, it would have rung for the hour was 12 midnight and all counted four strokes. Had not some one got up in the tower and struck the bell with a hammer? Impossible. The starway—the last put in—had fallen years ago. Then, too, every one had heard the whirring of wheels—a whirring harsh with rust. Directly after the last stroke Peter Stelger, who lived just beneath the tower, had opened his shutter and looked out and up to the belfry. All was still up there and about the tower. If a foot-step had fallen on the stones beneath he would have heard it.

Some of the others got out of bed and talked to each other from behind their half opened doors; some lay awake wondering; some went to sleep again. Only little children slept on without having heard a sound. "Ah, the children," said old Caspar Steiner, the grandfather of old Becker, the old clockmaker. "If they had been awakened I should not think there was evil in it, but they are insensible to evil." Caspar was the philosopher of the village, and his words struck deep into the souls of those who heard him. All looked for some catastrophe.

There was one person and only one not a child who had not heard the ghostly strokes. That was Gretchen, the granddaughter of old Becker, the old clockmaker. She was married in a few days to Hans Hupstman, a young fellow about her own age, who loved her, and she loved him dearly. Gretchen laughed at the fears of the village innocents. "If they had been awakened I should not think there was evil in it, but they are insensible to evil," Caspar was the philosopher of the village, and his words struck deep into the souls of those who heard him. All looked for some catastrophe.

While the older people were whispering and shaking their heads, the younger ones were preparing for the wedding. No one had been married in the village for a long while, for there were few people there, and the boys and girls grew up and went out into the world, leaving the girls with no one to marry them. But Gretchen's lover would not go without her. He loved her better than even success in life. This was not remarkable for every girl who had a lover so gentle and amiable and kind. But not till later did those who knew her realize that, much as they prized her, they had not known her true value.

All the preparations were made, and the wedding was to be tomorrow. The man who had been a sailor predicted that the old clock would strike up to 30 o'clock the younger people were laughing and singing, then were still. There were people in the village who by awake till after midnight fancying that they would hear the old clock strike again. Why they felt this way at this time they did not know. Scarcely any of the older ones but wished the wedding over lest something might happen to mar it. But they were disquieted by hearing the clock. It did not strike again. After midnight one after another they fell asleep.

While they were dropping off a light appeared in the house of the miller. Presently he emerged hurriedly from the door and called his next neighbor. Then, one by one, the villagers began to stir, passing from one house to another, and all looking anxiously at Becker. Gretchen had been taken suddenly ill. The anxiety, the running of people in and out of the house, increased rapidly. At 8 o'clock one came out and said, "If she doesn't get relief very soon she will die." At half past 8 another came and said, "She is sinking." At 4 o'clock old Becker wrung his hands and said, "She is dead!"

The people stood in groups in the street, saying to one another, "The old clock predicted this calamity, even to the hour and minute it would occur." Then came old Caspar Steiner, and one of the women said to him: "You said the strokes of the clock predicted no misfortune because the innocent children did not hear them. You were wrong, you see."

"There has been no misfortune," said the old philosopher, "at least to Gretchen. She was except the children did not hear the strokes. Had the clock predicted an evil for her she would have heard his strokes. They predicted her entry into paradise."

This quieted those who heard the words, and they went to their beds—all but the old grandfather and the lover, who were not to be comforted. The words of philosophy are not for those who mourn; they are for those who have passed the dark portals. He had just reached the dock and the small craft was but twenty yards

Knowing Miss Knowlton

By MARSHALL LEONARD.

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It seemed to Travers that life really began for him when he came to Lester and ascertained the building of the electric works, for until then life had been uneventful, and he had not known of Ada Knowlton.

Even now he merely knew of her, but he could watch the choir waltz and see her so terribly in earnest to shine in society, and though he had been in Lester for nearly two months, he seemed as far from his goal as ever. Every Sunday he went to church and sat where he could watch the choir waltz and see her so terribly in earnest to shine in society, and though he had been in Lester for nearly two months, he seemed as far from his goal as ever.

It happened that the Rev. Josiah stopped at the new factory one morning and extended an invitation to Travers to join a church picnic the following week.

"It is almost a family affair," he explained as Jimmie's hand went down into his trousers pocket. "I am not selling tickets. It is purely by invitation and only for the members of the Sunday school, but I thought that perhaps you might like to meet some of the young people and get acquainted."

Jimmy beamed upon the kindly old man as he thought of Ada Knowlton and accepted the invitation with an enthusiasm that caused the minister to wonder at certain comments he had heard regarding the unsociability of the newcomer.

"He is most cordial," he told his wife. "I am sure that he needs only to get acquainted to be a decided addition to our little society. I am sorry that I did not look him up earlier."

Travers echoed the same sentiment as he went about his work. Surely at the picnic he should meet Miss Knowlton, and meeting Miss Knowlton had almost become an obsession with him. He climbed over the stumps and platters and found the man in the hat in the manner in which they should meet. He rather fancied an introduction under the trees. He would advance with a low bow and low over her hand. Then she would lead him out of those sunny sultry that almost seemed to be her habitual expression, and they would go walking together in the leafy shade. Over and over he mentally rehearsed this scene until it became almost real to him.

But at the last moment there came a complication at the factory, and it was after it when Travers finally got away. He lost his way trying to drive out in a lively buggy, and when at last he came to the lake lurch was over and the merry-makers had scattered through the woods.

The minister and his wife insisted that he have something to eat, and then motherly Mrs. Hunsford took him in charge and introduced him to every one in sight, but Ada Knowlton was nowhere to be seen.

He made himself agreeable to the others, but his eyes continually sought a sight of the pink dress and golden head that had been the attraction. He had seen them drive past on their way to the lake, and he had carefully noted the dress, but not a glimpse of it did he get until well along in the afternoon.

Here and there the surface of the lake was dotted with small boats and canoes, and in one of the latter he saw the flash of pink that seemed to communicate its color to his face. Miss Knowlton, and alone! And she was paddling in to the landing! With assumed carelessness, he directed his steps toward the tiny wharf to which the boats were tied. He would be on hand to assist her from the canoe, and perhaps after he had introduced himself there might be a chance for the walk after all. He had just reached the dock and the small craft was but twenty yards

away when some one called to the navigator, and she turned to respond with a wave of her paddle. As she did the canoe tipped over and she was spilled into the water.

White with horror, Travers stripped off his coat and his low shoes and dived to her assistance. He was a splendid swimmer, and his heart beat high as he thought of the opportunity that had been offered him.

Then something loomed dark above his head. There was a shock, and all became black. It was half an hour later that Travers opened his eyes again and looked up into Ada Knowlton's face bending anxiously over him. His head throbbled with pain, and he was conscious that it was done up in bandages.

"Don't move," said a gentle voice. "You will be all right in a few moments. You were struck on the head by the canoe."

"You were the rescued instead of the rescuer," he murmured. "Miss Knowlton brought you to shore."

"I am so sorry," she said, bending over. "I was pushing the boat in front of me and did not notice that any one had dived after me. I should have been better if I had known that you were there."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the lake is only three or four feet deep, and when we spill out we just walk ashore."

"And I, like an ass, didn't know that," murmured Travers. "I only saw that Miss Knowlton had gone overboard, and I did not know but what she might be in trouble. She seemed to be struggling."

"That was my skirt," explained the girl. "It caught in the gunwale, and I had to detach it before I could find my footing."

"I guess that's about explanation enough," put in the physician. "I don't want to have you come down with a cold on top of a cut scalp. I guess you'd better drive into town. Miss Knowlton needs to go too. She is soaked. Do you think you can handle your horse?"

"I'm all right now," declared Travers, rising to his feet with the doctor's aid. The crowd melted away, and Dr. Pymon and the minister led him to his buggy. Miss Knowlton climbed in after him, and they started off.

"I suppose," said Travers as they cleared the grove, "you must think that I am lacking in courtesy in not thanking you for saving my life, but I am so upset."

"You ought to scold me for injuring you," she declared. "It was very awkward of me."

"You couldn't know that I was going to swim out to you," he reminded. "I think I should apologize for being in the lake at all."

WOLVES SAVED HIS LIFE.

Assured Keeper Attacked by Two Big Grizzly Bears.

The love of a wolf for a man saved the life of Alfred Hill, animal keeper at City park, Denver. Mr. Hill had gone into the bears' den to quiet old Abe and the one other grizzly in that enclosure. Both of these giant animals have been extremely ugly during the last several days, attacking the other bears without provocation.

The animal keeper was unafraid despite the ugly temper displayed by the grizzlies and braved them, armed with no more formidable weapon than a leather quirt.

"You stand around there and get on your good behavior," Mr. Hill said to old Abe pretty much the same as he would to a bad boy.

The grizzly didn't reply in words, but he was seen to wag his head in his mate's direction, and both of them suddenly arose to their hind legs and closed in upon their keeper.

Hill's life was not worth a penny at that moment. The instant old Abe and the other grizzly reached him, however, Jim, the gray and white in the adjoining enclosure, came to his rescue. Behind Jim was his entire faithful pack. In less time than it takes to write about it old Abe and his mate were surrounded by a howling, snapping, snarling pack of wolves that kept their bearships so busy that Mr. Hill was given ample time to escape.

"You can tell me about wolves not being grateful if you want to," said Animal Keeper Hill after he had closed the enclosure gates, "but I'll stand for the wolves every time. It wasn't so long ago that I chased old Abe away from the young wolves of which old Jim is the father. He must have remembered that incident when he saw me in peril, and the debt he paid was one of pure gratitude."

"Not performed a rescue," he reminded. "I don't suppose that you can claim a medal for life saving."

"I don't want a reward," she insisted. "You should be entitled to the reward, if any one was, because you did not realize that a rescue was not dangerous."

"I am sufficiently rewarded in that I know you," he declared. "I have been wanting to meet you for some time."

Miss Knowlton blushed and changed the subject. She could not admit that she, too, had felt an interest, but in her heart she was glad that they knew each other, and when Travers took advantage of his unconventional introduction to call frequently it was not long before he commented to "wag his hand in the conventional fashion decreed by custom."

"It's such a short courtship," she said, "but I feel that I have known you for years."

"I'll all depends upon the introduction," said Travers smilingly. "Bless that boat!"

Everybody Has Met Him. The melancholy man looked more depressed—so depressed, in fact, that one of his acquaintances was rash enough to ask him what was the matter.

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All the blood in the body passes thru the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood; they work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily; when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms: pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irritable heart, the urine, etc. If you keep the filters right you'll have no trouble from your kidneys.

L. Sells, living in Moro, Or., says, "Unlike most people afflicted with kidney trouble, I never suffered much from backache, the principal symptom being a weakness of the kidneys. There was almost constant inclination to pass the secretions, and I had to arise very often during the night on this account. I had used Doan's Kidney Pills, previous to this time, and they had proven so satisfactory that I procured a box. They gave me relief at once and I am glad to recommend them to others suffering from weak kidneys. A number of my friends whom I induced to try them obtained the same satisfactory results."

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