

The Observer.

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1908

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer why not? We should like to have you take it and know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber.

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE.

(Original)

The heroine of this story is, or was, a real person. She received the French military medal and the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1871.

She was a French girl who lived in the pleasant land of France a girl who stood on the porch looking on the falling leaves which were slowly circling from the trees to the ground.

They hurriedly gathered all copies of dispatches in the office and pushed them into the stove, where they were consumed in flame and smoke.

Juliette went to sleep that night expecting to get a good rest. She was awakened by the rattle of the telegraph station and doubtless having their own operators, she would not be called upon to transmit messages.

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THE RUBYAY OF A SCOTCH HIGHBALL.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1908, by the S. S. McClure Co.)

His document is intended to strike somewhere between a temperance lecture and the bartender's guide.

Bob Babbitt was "off the stuff," which means, as you will discover by referring to the unabridged dictionary of Bohemia, that he had "cut out the booze."

There is always hope for a man who when sober will not concede or acknowledge that he was ever drunk.

Bob Babbitt walked to the bar and saw in the mirror that his face was as white as chalk.

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200 feet her hands quiver in his as he bent the verse from old Omar: "Come, fill the cup and in the fire of spring."

And then he walked to the table and poured a stiff drink of Scotch into a glass.

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THE BUTTERFLY GIRL.

By Temple Bailey.

Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The first rift in the lute came when Albert arrived home one stormy night and found his bride in a fetching pink gown, with her shining hair puffed in a halo of gold, with pink candle shades on the corners of the dining table, with pink roses in the center and with nothing thereon to eat but a third day's cold roast and leftover salad.

Albert sighed. "If I am rich," he said to himself, "I will keep my life insured for a sum sufficient to provide for her if I should be taken away."

"No, sir; I would not expect to live with the family. I am able to buy and sell real estate, and I have a good salary, and I am ready to chance it. So is she."

"What did you give him for dinner last night?" Aunt Betsy demanded. Bettina sniffed.

"No wonder he was disagreeable," she said. "Any man's affection would be frozen out by cold meat and cold salad and warmed over coffee."

"A jug of wine and a loaf of bread may be all right in hot climates," said Albert, "but yesterday it was snowing, and Albert came in chilled, and you ought to have had something fit to eat."

"Well, thank goodness my love isn't dependent on food," said Bettina loftily. "What did you have for lunch yesterday?" Aunt Betsy probed.

"We had grape fruit and crab and quail," she said, "and you will find that thing was delicious. My Lutz invited me, with a friend of hers from out of town."

"And poor Albert had a sandwich," Aunt Betsy reminded her. Bettina sighed.

"The blood is the life," Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has demonstrated that the blood is given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge.

cried gaily. "I must watch the chops." Albert went into his room somewhat discontented. It was the first time that Bettina had failed to kiss him.

There were oysters in the chafing dish, planned to perfection. There were broiled chops, a crisp salad and a pudding made by Bettina's own fair hands.

"I didn't know you could do it, Bettina," he said. "You always seemed such a butterfly girl."

"You are rich," he said to himself, "I will keep my life insured for a sum sufficient to provide for her if I should be taken away."

"No, sir; I would not expect to live with the family. I am able to buy and sell real estate, and I have a good salary, and I am ready to chance it. So is she."

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NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. The Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned and Dr. J. H. Moore, Oregon, is hereby dissolved by mutual consent.

W. E. Dull, Plaintiff. Alice A. Dull, Defendant. To Alice A. Dull, the above named defendant.

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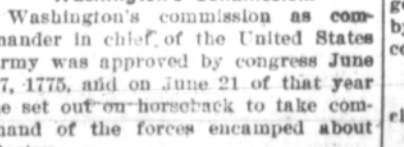
GEORGE R. SHELDON. Newly Elected Treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

George R. Sheldon, the new treasurer of the Republican national committee, is a New York banker and president of the Union League club of New York, one of the most influential social organizations in the country and containing a large number of representative Republicans in its membership.



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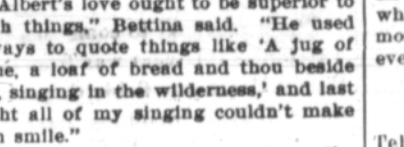
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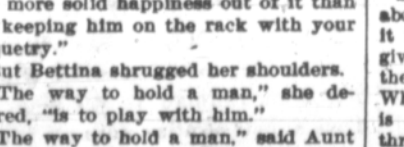
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