

Personal Talk With You

If you do not read The Observer Why Not? We should like to have you take...

Miss Markland's Method

Miss Markland never ran up against stone walls...

Miss Markland was looking for a husband. Not that she was devoid of offers...

Professor Mikkelsen was an archaeologist. It may be thought that Miss Markland wanted him on account of the ideal of the work...

The young Rev. Allan Grey, seated halfway down the aisle...

ALL THAT VAST AUDIENCE WAS FORGOTTEN. I have something to say. I mean by the first draft of the stationing committee...

Now, our young minister is also popular with us, and we wished to give him a call to come back as our senior pastor...

The delegate addressed broadly. "No, sir," he said respectfully, "I was not aware of it, although I had heard something to that effect..."

ALLAN GREY REMAINED SILENT. In this matter, but before any of you voice your opinion I must tell you that not only rumor, but facts indicate that the lady's character is such as...

"Brother," said the president sternly, "we do not deal with rumor and innuendo. Be plain and brief."

The minister from Hillsboro sighed audibly and raised his head. "Brethren, I will endeavor to spare you as much as possible. To begin with, the young woman is an orphan of the class that is often described as not brought up, but left to come up. An uncle gives her a home, which is all that he can afford. The young woman walks four miles to attend the high school at Middleton, and this simple minded, dotting old uncle openly boasts that he doesn't give her any money with which to buy her books and clothing. Of course his idea is that she earns them in some way. The young woman dresses much better than my own wife and daughter."

"And now I come to a most painful part. One of the leading members of my church, a man of high standing in the neighborhood, openly and upon all occasions speaks the praises of this young woman. And in some mysterious manner it has come to be generally understood that this man is the means of the young woman's support." He paused. The president was about to speak when the speaker again resumed: "My wife and my junior colleague were one day walking in the meadows bordering a grove on the outskirts of our village. They were quietly conversing when a wild flowering shrub in this member of my church I

A Church Wedding

By OLIVE MAUDE FEW

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THE senior minister from Hillsboro rose to his feet. At once something in his manner held the regard of every member of that large, black coated audience. He coughed slightly behind his extended forefinger. The attention of every minister was riveted.

"Dear brethren," his voice was low and purring, yet it carried to the farthest alcove—"dear brethren of this conference of the Methodist church in Canada, assembled here in this city, I find it my painful duty to lay before you a certain matter—certain matter regarding my junior colleague, whom it is my intention to ordain tomorrow."

The young Rev. Allan Grey, seated halfway down the aisle, strained forward in his seat and waited. "And, brethren," went on the inexorable voice, "it is only the great love I bear this grand old Methodist church that compels me to make mention of this grievous thing."

"As you are all aware, a young minister, who I am sorry to say that it is commonly reported at Hillsboro, was married a short time ago. The young minister referred to was about to spring to his feet when an old clergyman sitting beside him laid a hand firmly on his right shoulder. Much against his inclinations he yielded to the look in the old man's face and remained sitting."

"I have expected that the young man himself would request you with the fact," continued that even voice, "but since he still passes himself as a single man, why compels me to speak?" He paused, looking at the reverend gray haired president.

At last, noting his glance, that gentleman rose hastily to his feet, as though his mind had been on other things. He took his glasses from the front of his coat and polished and adjusted them carefully. "And what," said the young minister from Hillsboro, "he put the question in an indignant tone."

The young Rev. Allan Grey remained sitting, silent, his face white, his eyes bent on the seat in front of him. The audience waited, breathless. An incident which was strangled in the gallery.

The shrewd old benevolent face of the president crinkled into a reminiscent smile. "Well, well," he chuckled visibly; then he sobered to a stately earnestness. "Now, brethren, you have heard, and you are all aware that at our discretion we may overlook this misdemeanor and still receive the young brother into the conference. Since the years of his probation were so nearly finished I should strongly advise that we be kindly lenient with him. Brethren, what say you?"

The senior minister from Hillsboro was instantly on his feet. He held out a long arm. Again the attention of every man was riveted. "Brethren, I had hoped to be spared any further

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spoke of and this young woman came from the depths of the woods toward the clearing. They were both greatly agitated. The man came out alone and made his way toward home. The girl, after walking about for some time, left the grove by another way. My young colleague, I know, will not deny this statement. He saw it with his own eyes.

"And now, my dear brethren, you see that I have no positive knowledge. As I said before, because of the great love I bear this grand old Methodist church I have laid this matter before you just as I have heard it on my circuit. If you receive the man into this conference, you receive the woman. As he has married during the year of his probation you may at your discretion reject him. Thus, brethren, I leave it in your hands to deal with him according to your judgment." He sat down amid the profoundest silence.

The vestibule door opened and a bearded lay member came in and was seated. The president reluctantly rose to his feet. "Brethren, you have heard what has been said concerning the young minister from Hillsboro. The matter is open for discussion."

The bearded lay member was on his feet. "It is not necessary," said the president, "to know a good woman when to hear the husband of her name, we hear her talk."

But he waved him aside also. "Gentlemen," he said in his business tone, "I have just been told of what was said before my entrance this morning, and I want to tell you that I went into that woods that afternoon with a rope in my pocket to hang myself—God forgive me!—and this young woman was there gathering botanical specimens. Hillsboro didn't see her. He pointed to the young woman who was seated next to him. "They use a long knife in order to take the plant up, roots all intact. Well, gentlemen, that knife saved my life, for she cut the rope."

And, gentlemen, that young woman, she looks into each other's eyes, and all that vast audience was forgotten. The bearded lay member from Hillsboro stepped to the platform and raised his hand. "You see, mustn't," said she, stepping forward.

He waved her back. "It isn't necessary," said the president, "to know a good woman when to hear the husband of her name, we hear her talk."

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again. Oh, how driven away out to Hillsboro every night to find me, but he never did, because I was here in this city, and I came here. I was up there in the gallery. I wanted to see him—the last to—well, I was up there, and I heard all that was said. And you saw for yourself he wouldn't deny the marriage, although he never admitted it. Now, brethren, I know, well—I think he thought that if you rejected him that way, why, he—well, anyway, we're not married, and you can't reject him, can you?" She turned an imploring, pleading face toward the president.

The young Rev. Allan Grey sped down the aisle toward her. She poised, her face toward the president, listening toward the coming of his feet, red and white chasing across her face like cloud shadows.

He sprang on to the platform and flung a protective arm about her waist. They looked into each other's eyes, and all that vast audience was forgotten.

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CARROT TOPS NOT JOKES. Red Headed Students Organize to Demonstrate Their Dignity. Joking folks simply because they happen to be crowned with red hair has ceased to be a joke. The seventy-five red headed students at the University of Minnesota have formed a society the object of which is to abolish all bantering about the color of their locks.

Under the general classification red headed are included persons with carrot, cherry or auburn colored hair. The college daily devotes a column to the new society.

It is pointed out that the red haired joke has been barred by age, and the society members swear they will have nothing to do with any one who springs it. A large carrot is suggested as the best badge of the club.

Roaring Muscles. "If a writer wrote of roaring muscles, you would laugh at him. Joints crack, the stomach thunders, but muscles, you would say, don't roar. That is your mistake. They do."

The speaker, a physician, put his finger in his ear. "I hear a muscle roaring now," said the doctor, "in the face of every sound. And to prove that it is the sound of a muscle, put a plug of wood in your ear instead, and you will hear nothing."

Contracted muscles give out a roaring sound. Relaxed muscles are silent. This fact is of use in diagnosing certain diseases. The stethoscope makes the muscular roars audible, and those strange voices proclaim the presence of such diseases as tetanus, meningitis or strychnine poisoning, while silence on the muscles' part is, so to speak, a sullen admission of the presence in their midst of atrophy, degeneration, paralysis.—Buffalo Express.

It is well to carefully cultivate tastes. Ruskin says, "Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are."

It is well to study human character. Bodley says: "In the face of every human being his history stands plainly written; his innermost nature steps forth to the light. Yet they are the fewest who can read and understand."

It is well to "brush up" against the world. Goethe says: "Talent forces itself in secret. Character is the great current of the world."

It is well to be never cast down. Elizabeth Barrett Browning says: "Let no one tell his death; he will be called to it by the day's end and the labor done."

Mr. Robinson—What a singular girl you are, Miss Jones! Miss Jones (tearfully)—Well, that can be altered, you know.

You Will Need an Oil Stove When warm days and the kitchen fire make cooking a burden—then is the time to try a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove. Marvelous how this stove does away with kitchen discomforts—how cool it keeps the room in comparison with conditions when the coal fire was burning. The



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove is the only oil stove built with a CABINET TOP for holding plates and keeping food hot after cooking. Also has useful drop shelves on which to stand the coffee pot or teapot after removing from burner. Fitted with two nicked racks for towels, a marvel of comfort, simplicity and convenience. Made in three sizes—with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agent.



The Rayo Lamp Just such a lamp as every one wants—hand-some enough for the parlor; strong enough for the kitchen, camp or cottage; bright enough for every occasion. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agent.

Standard Oil Company (Incorporated) SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Margaret M. Russell, Plaintiff, vs. Edward M. Russell, Defendant. To Edward M. Russell, the above named defendant: 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 month of April, 1909, and if you fail to appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief desired in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, and to the court may such equitable relief as to the grounds of error and intemperance treatment, 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 consecutive weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance of an order of the Hon. Wm. Henrichs, Judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 10th day of March, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 19th day of March, 1909.

Wm. McMurray General Passenger Agent Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. Southern Pacific Co. lines in Oregon Portland, Oregon.

LOW RATES TO OREGON DAILY During March and April From all parts of the East via Union Pacific Oregon Short Line The Oregon Rail Road & Navigation Company Southern Pacific

\$33 from Chicago \$30 from St Louis \$25 from Omaha \$25 from Kansas City All Points Correspond Low To the Public Write letters to every body you know in the east, tell them about these low colonist rates. Send them literature about Oregon, or send their addresses to us and we will do it. In this way you can be a great help in the growth and progress of your state.

You Can Prepay Fares for anyone from any place if you want to. Deposit the necessary amount with our local agent and he will telegraph ticket promptly. Inquire of agents or write to Wm. McMurray General Passenger Agent Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. Southern Pacific Co. lines in Oregon Portland, Oregon.

Advertisement for MacKinnon Wagon, featuring an illustration of the wagon and text describing its features and availability.

1909 SEED CATALOGUE PORTLAND SEED CO. featuring various seed products and contact information.

HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE featuring information about business education and enrollment.

OREGON SHORT LINE 3 Trains to the East Daily featuring train schedules and routes.

Advertisement for Columbia Southern Ry. featuring train routes and schedules.

Advertisement for Wm. McMurray featuring contact information for the general passenger agent.

Advertisement for Southern Pacific Co. featuring train routes and schedules.

Advertisement for East via South featuring train routes and schedules.

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