

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, Sept. 3, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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HARRY'S FIRST CASE.

By EDMUND S. SPINNEY.

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"Harry," said the chief, "I've a case for you to begin on. There's an old house up in Barton county where a ghost appears once in ten years—once when a young man jingling a bunch of keys. She appears tonight. They suspect she is fresh and hot."

I expected an important case. I reached the house just before dinner. I was invited to dine with the family and in every way made at home. The oldest daughter was about twenty and as pretty as a little red apple. Her smile and her eyes were full of mischief, and it occurred to me that she would be quite capable of playing the part of a ghost. I made up my mind to be prepared for such a case.

Elsie—that was her name—Elsie Edson and I spent the evening chatting and playing checkers and backgammon. I was but twenty-two and amenable to the attractions of a pretty girl. She had read detective stories and seemed to look upon me as a marvel of ingenuity. Of course since I was a detective I must be ingenious. I didn't tell her that this was my first case. I put on all the mystery I could summon in order to impress her with the depth of my methods. At 10 o'clock she was ordered to bed, and her mother took me to the room where the ghost was expected to appear. It was a chamber between a front and a rear room, a hall leading past it from one to the other. Some sandwiches and a bottle of beer were placed on a table beside me.

I had all a young man's appetite for eating and sleeping and was very fond of beer, especially about bedtime. I put off my supper as long as I could, about fifteen minutes, then ate up all the sandwiches, drank the beer and lit a cigar. I would better have had coffee. The beer, followed by the cigar and my position—I was stretched on a lounge contributed to put me to sleep. It occurred to me that a detective should be very careful not to be caught napping, and I tried hard to keep awake. I should have got up and walked the floor, but—well, I was very comfortable where I was, of course I fell asleep.

I dreamed. Dreams are singular things. Sometimes they have all the appearance of reality. My dream was, to use a paradoxical expression, a pleasant nightmare. I dreamed that I was lying just where I was; that Elsie walked by the open door, looked in at me, came and stood by me, deftly drew my handkerchief from my outside coat pocket, and then, after looking at it, she turned and looked at me. I was lying just where I was; that Elsie walked by the open door, looked in at me, came and stood by me, deftly drew my handkerchief from my outside coat pocket, and then, after looking at it, she turned and looked at me.

How much more pleasant between my dream and my awakening I don't know. When I awoke it was from hearing a jingling of keys. I felt the presence of mind to be perfectly still. I felt sure Elsie was near, and I was surprised to see one of her eyes up at me. My eye on an old woman pass the door with a bunch of keys in her hand. I waited, and the figure returned and this time looked in at me as she passed. I snored on. Once more returning the figure stood in the doorway and jingled her keys, evidently to awaken me. This jingling, she came to the lounge and was looking at me when I sprang up and caught her in my arms. Of course she was Elsie. "Oh, good gracious," she exclaimed, "I'm sorry, Miss Edson," I said, "to have caught you in the act. My chief will require an exact report. I trust your family will not consider your playing ghost reprehensible?"

"But they will," I'm not the ghost. I never played the ghost before. I saw you were asleep and thought I'd play a prank on you. I didn't know detectives ever slept."

It was my turn to wince. How would it look to my chief if I were reported sleeping on watch? "This girl is easily managed," I said to myself. "I'll bluff her just for fun."

"I confess to you," I replied, "that I felt very dull and appeared to be asleep. I was not. To prove it I will tell you something. A certain young lady came into the room and kissed me."

She started and blushed. "Ah, ha," I thought. "My dream was real."

"You say you were awake," she said presently.

"Of course."

She pulled my handkerchief out of her sleeve. "Then why did you let me take this?"

I changed my braggadocio air to a humble one.

"You say it is your duty to report me for playing ghost after sleeping on my privilege to report you for sleeping on watch."

"How about the kiss?"

"Oh, it will appear that you dreamed I gave you the kiss," I said after reflection, "that you have the advantage of me."

"I think so, too," she said. "I'm going to bed."

I reported to my chief the next morning at 11 o'clock. I was astonished to see Miss Edson there. Both she and the chief smiled.

"Hello, Harry," said the chief. "Did you catch the ghost?"

"I don't know about it. You two were employed at the same time, and I concluded to try your wits on each other. You were beaten in the game."

Miss Edson triumphantly held up my handkerchief.

"I've."

THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

By ANDREW G. EWING.

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It was in the early days in California, when Fremont, "the Pathfinder," became a hero among those men who were which new may be traversed in a parlor car. But the route from Mexico was open, and numbers of Mexicans, including those newly emigrated from Spain, were moving northward and building homes in what was destined to become the Golden State. One of the Spaniards, Don Emilio Estillo, built himself a fine house in Santa Barbara. It was a country and a fountain in the center.

California at that period partook of the olden time. Though a new country, it was inhabited by refined people of Spanish blood. At the same time it was infested by bandits, such as have existed in Spain for centuries. The leader of one of these gangs was Manuel Corelio, a veritable Robin Hood. Like Robin, who is supposed to have been a nobleman, the hero was a gentleman, and though he robbed the rich, he gave a large portion of the loot to the poor.

When Don Estillo's house was finished he opened it with a grand entertainment, at which all the distinguished families for miles around were invited. The party was a brilliant one. In the patio, or court, within a circle of tropical plants, was a band of performers, who sang and played while the guests, seated at long tables, were feasting. The music was of the blue-blooded California. Don Estillo's guests were provided with eggshells filled with silver or gold dust or perfume, which were broken over the heads of ladies whom the men wished to favor.

Among the men was one who attracted universal attention. He was young, very handsome and dressed in the picturesque Spanish costume. The guests asked one another who he was, but no one seemed to know. One of them asked the host, but Don Estillo said that he did not know the stranger and supposed he must have come with one of the guests. No one suggested that he had got come in accordance with the customs regulating invitations, for he was evidently a polished gentleman.

Since the guest knew no one he was obliged to find partners in the dances by some pretext. He was very adroit, and the girls, instead of requiring introductions, were glad to receive his attentions without them. The dancing continued until the host's presence for some special entertainment of her guests, sought her and led her away.

The dancing had ceased, and to strains of music the guests marched in to supper. They did not stand about eating the viands as in these days. Each one was seated. Just as they were about to take their seats a party of about twenty men from Los Angeles arrived, among them Judge Antonio Bonifante. They came into the supper room, and the judge was assigned a seat opposite to the young stranger who had attracted so much attention.

Don Estillo, not knowing the newcomer, Donna Inez Estillo. No sooner did the judge look straight before him than his eyes became riveted on Donna Inez's cavalier. It was evident that Bonifante was moved by some powerful emotion. Rising, he called to the host seated at the head of the table and said:

"Will you honor me with an introduction to my vis-a-vis?"

Don Estillo, not knowing the man's name, looked confused.

The stranger rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, far be it from me to compromise so charming a host as Don Estillo. He is not responsible for my presence here. I came on my own invitation. He cannot introduce me, for he does not know my name. I am Manuel Corelio."

As he uttered the last word he began to smile and winked. The moment he spoke his name many a face whitened and every man present rose to his feet. But all were excited, none of them armed, and there was no leader. Corelio, as imperturbable as if he were pouring a martini, drew a pistol and motioned all to be seated. Not one remained standing. "I ask pardon of the ladies," he said, "for displaying a weapon in their company, but it is my duty to do so. I am sure you will excuse the only means I have of keeping it."

By this time he had backed to the door. As he slipped out Donna Inez, with hot cheeks and flashing eyes, three shouting at him the struck the wall and rebounding, rattled on the floor. One of the guests picked it up and held it aloft. It was an immense diamond set in a ring of gold.

Some weeks ago it was noticed that the eldritch of horse hoofs and knew that he had gone free. Then each guest began to fumble for his or her valuables, but no one missed any thing. The diamond thrown at Corelio by Donna Inez had been slipped on her finger in the patio behind the palm and did not belong to any one of those present. The outlaw had doubtless intended it as a return for his entertainment. As soon as the excitement had quieted down the assemblage began to laugh at the indignant girl, who, finding she had been wooed by a bandit, could not refrain from displaying her irritation.

How to Render Flannels Safe.

After flannellette articles have been washed they should be rinsed in water in which one ounce of alum or sal ammoniac has been dissolved. This little amount will keep them nonfading, and make them the means of saving many little lives.

"Is this new business you're going into tentative?"

"Yes, it is. It's dry goods," said more America.

ANGER IS DANGEROUS.

It Wrecks the Whole System and Tends to Shorten Life.

It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and pericarditis has been discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outbreak. This explains why we feel so depressed, exhausted and nervous after any storm of passion—worry, jealousy or revenge has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake a violent mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant racking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion. They learn from the physical protests against their abuse.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done as they can see what follows in the wake of a storm, they would not dare to get angry.

When the brain cells are overworked from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired. The result is a ruined. The presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self-control. Dr. J. H. Williams, in Success Magazine.

Make It Proof Against Drafts and Colds in the Head.

"When I was a boy," said a doctor, "I didn't believe in drafts. I thought that they who imported colds to drafts were cranks. But one November night at a concert I felt all the evening a strong draft on the back of my neck. It was so strong it resembled a suction pump. Now, said I to myself, 'we'll see if this draft will give you any cold.'"

He shrugged.

"I was laid up with so vile a cold that I couldn't breathe save with my mouth open. And now I am satisfied that nine out of every ten colds are solely due to a draft on the back of the neck."

"I know how to prevent such colds. Hence I may practically say that I know how to prevent all colds. It is a fact that none of my patients, thanks to my method, know what a cold is."

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