The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... Nov. 5, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer Why Not?

We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for $2.50; one year $1.50; 12½cts a month is n't much. Try it. Order by Postal Card, and pay for it when you can.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

THE BROKEN DEADLOCK.

And a Telephone Call That Was Canceled.

By ANNIE HINRICHSEN.

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

The man looked across the table at her. In his eyes were surprise and amusement.

"I don't know you," he smiled. "Haven't the slightest idea who you are. But you are the most charming young woman I have ever met."

The girl laughed softly and delightedly. "It's good not to hear the inanity, 'You haven't changed a bit in the last five years; you're just the same.'"

She held her slender, straight, young figure with military rigidity.

"You're not the same," he insisted. "You're altogether different. The young woman journalist dining with me tonight is a brand new person, bearing, as a means of attracting my

HE LAUGHED HAPPILY AND DREW HER HANDS UP TO HIS LIPS.

attention in a proper manner, the name of a girl I used to take to picnics in a little fresh water town."

"Middleford—dear little old town. I haven't been back to it— Bob, look—the fourth table to your right."

"Who are they? Oh, I see! One of them is Dick Huston."

"And the one at his left is Martin Small, and the baldheaded one is John Edwards."

"A distinguished party!"

"A most amazing combination—three official enemies dining together a hundred miles from where they are supposed to be. It means something."

"The election of a United States senator."

"Probably."

"Can you pick the winner?"

"If I can talk to Dick an hour I'll know the winner."

"We are not interested in United States senators and legislative deadlocks and political bosses tonight."

She spoke impatiently. "I want to know why those three men are together. The legislature meets again tomorrow after a week's adjournment. Something is being planned by that party which will break the long deadlock. They are not together for social purposes. Dick hasn't seen us. We'll go into the hotel lobby, and you must leave me. Go upstairs to the parlor and wait for me."

"But, Marion"—

"This is business, Bob. Will you do as I say? We'll talk later."

For an hour and a half he waited. Then she came, hurrying.

"I have it. It's done. Come into the alcove, and I'll tell you about it.

"If their plans don't miscarry the next senator will be—guess—Governor Greenwood.

"He told me everything. I've put in a long distance call for our office. It's a big story, and our paper will have it in time for the early edition.

"Dick says the deadlock will be broken tomorrow. For seven weeks Judge Allerton has been within ten votes of an election. Small controls the men who are supporting Allerton. Edwards controls fifteen votes, which he has refused to give to Allerton or any other man whom Small favors. But both want Governor Greenwood out of the state. The internal improvement commission is to be appointed, and there will be a lot of graft in it for whoever the governor appoints. Governor Greenwood hates both Small and Edwards and won't give them or their friends a chance at the money the commission will have to disburse. Small and Edwards have agreed to bury their differences and secure for themselves the control of the commission. They will unite their votes, elect Governor Greenwood to the senate, remove him from state to federal politics and have as governor a man whom they can control. Dick Huston, the lieutenant governor, will succeed Greenwood, and Small and Edwards will have the spending of the commission funds.

"And I've secured the story for my paper. It's the biggest surprise in the political history of the state."

"Dick gave you permission, I suppose, to use this story."

"No. He does not know I am working on a paper. I have not seen him for years. He was enthusiastically glad to see me and a little excited with cocktails and prospective greatness."

"If this story is published tomorrow morning what effect will it have?"

"There will be no election. Small, Edwards and Dick will abandon their scheme and deny the story; public opinion would be too strong against them. Our paper is fighting for Judge Allerton. He is its heaviest stockholder."

"If you telephone your editor, Dick will not be governor, will he? He will lose, as many a man has lost, because he trusted a woman."

"But my paper"—

"What about yourself?"

"This is my work—my profession"—

"When you were a little girl you were the prettiest, sweetest little girl in Middleford. Dick Huston was the worst boy in town. Do you remember? There was only one person who ever had a good influence over him, and that was you. Little as you were, you made him quit swearing and beating small boys. He has not forgotten what you were to him then. A man holds in his heart always through the cruelest of life's disillusions the pure, innocent child he first loved. She belongs to the time of dreams, a state of idealism we once lived in, but from which most of us have departed. Dick had a lot of sentiment. He is about to attain the highest place in the state, and he is feeling very deeply. He talked to you tonight because you were the dream girl"—

"Dick has no conscience, no political honor. He is a bribe giver and a grafter. I have my fight to make—a hard, unfair one. Why shouldn't I use this opportunity to make good? No mercy and little justice has been shown to me. I'm feeling things, too—more things than Dick is. I'm feeling five years of poverty and loneliness and hurts and disillusionments and slavish hard work. I look successful. I wear the clothes and I've learned the manner. But it's a bluff. Some day it won't be; some day it will be real. I want success. I intend to have it. I'm only an assistant society reporter, sent down here to write up a state meeting of woman's clubs because the regular reporter is ill. This story will throw me ahead—years beyond assistant society scribbling"—

She stopped abruptly, then went on in a gentler tone:

"Bob, I used to envy you, and now I do more than ever. You always had the best of everything—new shoes and such nice hobbyhorses. Life has gone on so easily for you. You inherited your father's money and prestige, and success came ready made, gilt edged and tied up with a pink ribbon."

"Dick has never married. You can be the wife of the governor of the state."

"The wife of a moral degenerate—a boodler"—

He laughed happily and drew her hands up to his lips. "Oh, sweet souled, contradictory child, cut it out and come home with me! I want you"—

"I won't. The hardest part of my struggle is past, or will be when this story reaches our editor. You think I'm doing wrong in taking this opportunity. If I give it up you will assume the responsibility of my future. Is that what you mean? You were always a sentimentalist, Dick, and the truest, best— But I shall stay and fight it out and succeed. I shall use Dick's story and take the benefit. I won't go home with you to be lazy and comfortable and good and happy."

"Happy," he remarked to the hands he still held against his face. "Happy."

The curtains of the alcove parted.

"Lady," announced a bellboy, "central has your party on the line."

"Tell central—tell central," she began, "the call is—the call is canceled."

Shaking a Carpet.

"There's nothing the matter with this carpet, my dear," remarked Niggard to his wife, who was cleaning house and said she couldn't make the place look nice unless there was a new floor covering to the front room. "All it needs is a good beating," he continued.

After beating a merry tattoo on the carpet with a stick out in the back yard for half an hour Niggard, with an exultant expression on his face called to his wife:

"Come here, my dear. Why, it looks just as good as a new one."

"I don't see how you can say such a thing," replied his wife, with tears in her eyes. "It's just as faded as it ever was, and you've only made more holes in it."

"Do you mean to say I don't know how to shake a carpet?" demanded Niggard, his vanity touched.

"I do," replied his better half in a tone that left no doubt what the result would be. "You are going to shake that old carpet for a new one."

The Bishopstrow Belle.

The famous Beau Nash was at one time extremely fond of a beautiful girl called Juliana Papjoy, sometimes known as the Bishopstrow belle. She used to ride about the streets of Bath on a fine gray horse, carrying a whip with many thongs, a fad which gained for her the title of Lady Betty Broom. Juliana was very kind hearted and during the last five years of the beau's life she nursed him devotedly. After his death she vowed that she would never again sleep in a bed and took up her abode in a large hollow tree, where she lived for many years, earning a scanty livelihood by selling herb medicines and fetching and carrying. At last Juliana became very ill, and, knowing she could not possibly recover, she felt an intense longing to die in her old cottage home at Bishopstrow. More dead than alive, she set out on this last journey and managed to reach the house where she was born in time to die there.

He—Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money.

She—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.

A rubber hot water bottle is easily cleaned. Wash it well with lukewarm water and soap, rubbing on the soap with a piece of flannel.

The Caspian sea has only eleven pounds of salt to the ton of water; the English channel has seventy-two and the Dead sea 187.

The wages of the coolies who raise tea in Ceylon vary from 8.33 to 11.66 cents a day. They are, however, housed free and get rice at cost price.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HER RED RABBIT.

It Brought the Knight to the Princess He Was Seeking.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

The small girl set the red cotton rabbit in the open window with his nose in a flowerpot.

"He's eating grass," she announced triumphantly.

"That's nice," said the weary woman at the sewing machine, "only don't let him fall out."

"Of course not," said the small girl. "He'd fall and fall and fall if he did, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, and you'd have to walk and walk downstairs to get him."

"And I'd have to walk and walk up again," said the small girl.

She stopped her singsong and leaned out.

"There's a man down there," she remarked, "a man in a gray hat, and he comes every day."

"Does he?" Her mother's voice was absentminded, she was so busy. The sun shone on her bent bronze head and brought out the golden lights in the little curls on her broad white forehead. The small girl's mother was very young, but her eyes were sad.

The small girl made the rabbit prance back and forth and back and forth, and still the man with the gray hat stood on the corner idly.

Then suddenly a dreadful thing happened. The red rabbit, being moved too rapidly on his red cotton legs, lost his balance and fell out.

"Oh," the small girl shrieked, "he's hit the man with the gray hat!"

"You'll have to go after him," said her mother, "and come right back."

"I'll walk and walk and walk," sang the small girl as she started.

On the lower landing she met the man in the gray hat. He was big and tall, and the small girl thought that his eyes were beautiful.

"I was coming up," he said.

"Well, you needn't now," the small girl told him, "and thank you for my rabbit."

She held out her hand for it. "Thank you," she said gravely when she had it safely tucked under her arm.

She turned to make the long climb upward and then struck suddenly by a thought, she asked him, "What makes you come and stand on the corner every day?"

He laughed. "I'm looking for some one," he said, "some one who is hidden in some of these big houses on this big street, and I can't find her."

"Oh, is it a fairy story?" asked the small girl eagerly, and she sat down on the step and spread out her small short skirts sociably.

"Yes; it's a fairy story," he said, and sat down beside her, "and I am hunting for the castle where the princess is imprisoned, and I'm the poor knight who has wandered and wandered and can't find her."

"But some day you will find her," comforted the small person, "and you'll give her a kiss, and you'll live happy ever after."

"I'm not so sure," said the rueful knight, "that she'll let me kiss her."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the princess and the knight quarreled awfully, and the princess ran away from him and said she would never come back."

"Oh," gasped the small girl, "that's different from any fairy tale I ever heard!"

"Yes; it is different."

"Did the princess have golden hair?" the small girl demanded.

"No, but it was brown with golden lights and with little curls on her forehead."

"Like mother," said the small girl happily.

"Like"— He caught his breath and looked at her closely.

Then he put a finger under her chin and turned her little face up to him—such a baby face, but with the firm chin, the deep gray eyes, the broad, low brow of the woman he had loved!

"Baby," he whispered, "what is your name?"

"Lucile Dudley Morse."

"My God!" He was crushing her in his arms, red rabbit and all, until she gave a little squeal of protest.

Then he said "Beg pardon" and set down.

"Come," he took the small hand in his; "we will go up and see your mother."

But the small girl shook her head. "You mustn't," she said. "Mother doesn't have time for visitors, she's so busy. If she doesn't sew we can't have supper, you know. At least mother can't, but just the red rabbit and me, and we only have bread. But when she sews hard all day we have soup sometimes and meat, and one day we had tarts."

He stood looking down at her a moment. "What are you going to have tonight?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," said the small girl, "but I guess it's just bread."

"You run along up to your mother," he told her abstractedly. "Goodby. I'll see you again."

"He said he'd see me again," the small girl told her mother, who was waiting anxiously at the top of the stairs.

"Who?"

"The man with the gray hat. He's a knight looking for a princess, and they quarreled, and she ran away, and he hugged me when I told him my name."

Her mother caught her breath quickly. "What did he look like?"

"He had nice eyes," said the small girl meditatively, "and he was big and tall."

"Oh"—the little mother's face was white—"he mustn't come here—he mustn't."

But he did come, and behind him a colored waiter bore a tray loaded with good things.

The little mother stared at him like one who sees a ghost. "Why have you come?" she asked.

"Hush!" He glanced at the man who was setting the tray on the table. "Let me give the child a feast, and after that, if you think best, I will go."

The small girl clapped her hands. "Mother, mother," she cried, "there's chicken and everything!"

They ate and drank, the small girl rapturously stuffing herself and the red rabbit, the other two with little appetite.

"I AM HUNTING FOR THE CASTLE WHERE THE PRINCESS IS IMPRISONED."

And when they had finished the woman said, "You must go now—at once."

"I shall not go," he said "until I speak of the lies that have been told you."

"Lies?" Her startled eyes questioned him.

"Oh, my dear," he came over and took her hands, "why didn't you trust me? Why didn't you come to me and tell me the stories that those relatives of mine had told? Couldn't you see that if they got my wife out they could combine to live on my money and have the comforts I had always provided?"

"But they said you loved—some one—else."

"I have loved only you," he said, and his eyes met hers very gravely. "They told me things of you, too—that you did not care for me, and that was why I let you go. And you did not tell me of the child."

"Oh, no," she breathed; "I could not!"

"And so for five years you have struggled." His voice broke. "And I believed that you did not care until last month. When I shut up the big house after my sister's death I came across your little diary far back in your desk, and in it I read—what you have thought—how you have loved me—dear."

She was sobbing now in his arms, and the sound attracted the attention of the small girl, who, with the red rabbit, had been finishing the sweets.

"You've made her cry," she reproached him.

"But we are going to be happy ever after," he said as he clasped her close. "I have found my princess, baby."

Lost Himself.

An absentminded professor was much annoyed by the trouble he experienced every morning in hunting for his clothes, for he never could remember where he had put them the night before when he undressed. So he devised the plan of writing down on a sheet of paper where each article of clothing was placed as he took it off, and this is what he wrote:

"Coat on third peg, left hand corner of room; waistcoat and trousers on chair by bed; collar on door handle; tie through key of door; vest on door by window; cuffs on knobs by bedstead; shirt on portmanteau; socks on gas bracket; boots outside door; professor in bed."

Next morning this plan seemed to answer admirably. He collected his garments rapidly, and when he came to the last item on the list he went over to the bed and, to his great disgust, found it empty.

"Ah!" he cried in bewilderment. "Now the professor is lost! This plan is not good. What shall I do now?"

Monuments to Potatoes.

"When I was in Germany," said a man who travels, "I saw some people who like potatoes even better than I do. At any rate, they erect statues to them. Offenberg was the first city to erect a monument of this kind. The upper part consists of a statue of Sir Francis Drake, who introduced the plant into Europe. This as well as the pedestal is draped with garlands of the potato vine with full grown tubers. On the pedestal on one side is Sir Francis Drake's name, the second side explains what a blessing the potato has been to mankind, the third records that the statue is the gift of a certain Andrew Frederick of Strassburg, and the fourth contains the names of the erectors. A statue similar to this is in the town of Murz, and I have been told that there are other copies in many small towns."—New York Sun

QUARTERLY MEETING
AND
Election of Officers
SHERMAN COUNTY DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE
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EXECUTIVE MEETING AND ELECTION AT 1:30 P. M.

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To ward off Brights disease or diabetes Doan's have done great work in Moro

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For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doans—and take no other.

Ages and Stage Life.

She entered upon her stage life at the age of fifteen and had attained phenomenal success at twenty. Ten years later she toured the states as a star. She was then twenty-three. Eight years after she left the glare of the footlights, married, got a divorce and returned to her old love at twenty-four. Notwithstanding the fact that her long career upon the boards (twenty-five years) has left its marks on her face she seems as ambitious and nimble at the head of her own company as she ever did. She is now twenty-eight.—Bohemian Magazine.

Good Cough Medicine for Children and Grown Folks Too.

"We could hardly do without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy" says Mrs. Flora Despain of Bloyd, Ky. "I found it to be so good for the croup and have used it for years. I can heartily recommend it for coughs, colds and croup in children and grown folks too." The above shows the implicit confidence that many mothers place in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a confidence based on many years' experience in the use of it. No one need hesitate to use this remedy for it contains no chloroform, opium or other narcotics and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

"Nan, if you refuse to marry me"—

"You'll do something desperate, will you, George?"

"Not at all. If you refuse me I win a bet—that's all."

"H'm! Well, you lose, George. I'm going to teach him a lesson on betting."—Chicago Tribune.

"I should think you would be ashamed, Brother James, to let that boy of yours lead such an aimless life. He does nothing all day but practice with his new rifle."

"I am sure, Sister Maria, you cannot call target practice an aimless occupation."—Baltimore American.

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

L Getz, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mary E Getz, Defendant.

To Mary E Getz, 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 12th day of Nov 1909, 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 desertion, 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 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 Wm Henrichs, judge of the County Court for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 28th day of September 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 1st day of October, 1909.

BRYANT & MOWRY, Attorneys for Plaintiff

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SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

E E Kaseburg and A C Kaseburg, Plaintiffs,
vs.
J R Kaseburg, Mary Kaseburg, W R Copeland, Augusta Copeland, H J Kaseburg, Annie Kaseburg, Lizzie Bennett, W C Bennett, Herbert Root, Amelia Root, Frankie Kaseburg and Lizzie Kaseburg, (minor heirs of W H Kaseburg, deceased), Defendants.

To W R Copeland, Augusta Copeland, H J Kaseburg, Annie Kaseburg, Lizzie Bennett, W C Bennett, Frankie Kaseburg, and Lizzie Kaseburg, (minor heirs of W H Kaseburg, deceased), the above-named defendants.

In the name of the state of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer to the complaint filed herein on or before the 5th day of November, 1909, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for a decree that referees be appointed, and that section twenty two (22) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian in Sherman county, state of Oregon, be sold according to law, and that the proceeds arising from the sale of said property be divided according to the respective interests of the plaintiffs and defendants, and for such other and further relief as may seem meet and equitable in the premises.

This summons is served upon you by publication by authority of an order of Hon Wm Henrichs, County Judge of Sherman county, Oregon, which said order was made and entered on the 16th day of September, 1909, and requires you to answer the complaint within six weeks of the date of the first publication of this summons.

E. V. LITTLFIELD,
Attorney for Plaintiffs

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Date of first publication, September 24, 1909
Date of last publication, November 5, 1909

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ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p.m no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
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1.40	9.8	.... Wasco....	11.25
1.55	14.1	..Klondyke..	10.20
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....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
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2.35	23.9	... DeMoss ...	10.30
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3.20	38.5	.Grass Valley	9.45
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