

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer, why not?

THE MISSING NOTE.

By LESTER DILLON.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

There was a period in England when the crime of stealing or forging a banknote was punishable with death. At this time there lived in Devonshire, Sir Bryan Trevelyan. His estate was large, and on it were many tenants. He had but one child, a daughter, Gladys, who would inherit his property, and between her and Edgar Cornish, the son of a clergyman, had sprung up an ardent love. Sir Bryan opposed the match, having high intentions for his daughter, but she was a girl of firm disposition and gave him reason to suppose that if he did not give his consent to the match she would make a trip with her lover to Gretna Green. Fearing this, he consented, and that his future son-in-law might learn to manage the estate Gladys would inherit made him his secretary and accountant.

One rent day Sir Bryan and his secretary were receiving the rents. When the last tenant had gone the former, leaving a fifty pound banknote on his desk, left the room for a paper he needed. On his return the note was gone. He looked for it everywhere, assisted by his secretary, but it was not to be found. Sir Bryan went to bed that night convinced that the note which was to be his son-in-law had stolen the note. Opposed to him before, he now became determined that a thief should not marry his daughter and inherit his property. However, the next morning he had a thorough search made of the room in which the note had disappeared. It was not found, and Sir Bryan, despite the pleadings of his wife and daughter, gave young Cornish over to the authorities, preferring against him a charge of theft.

The courts in those days were not the complicated affairs they are now. The accused stood high in the country, and his word was a power. He told the magistrate his story. He and Cornish were in the room together. Sir Bryan went out for a few minutes, leaving the note on his desk. No one entered during his absence. On his return the note was missing. Since inanimate articles cannot remove themselves it must have been appropriated by the only living person present. It was not found on Cornish's person, but he was not searched till he was arrested. He had had ample time to dispose of it. There was no defense made, for there was nothing on which to base a defense. The crime was committed in midsummer, and since the courts were not given in those days to spending much time over the cases that came before them the trial was concluded and sentence passed before September. Cornish was sentenced to be hanged on the first Friday in October.

Naturally every one connected with the condemned was wrung in gloom. The lovers who had had anticipations of a happy union now had before them a separation by death. Lady Trevelyan shut herself up with her daughter and would have no communication with her husband, his wife or him for the horror he had brought upon his family. It was now too late to recall what he had done. The law must take its course. Preparations were being made for the execution, and the people, as was the custom in those days, were flocking in for the spectacle.

A few days before the expected tragedy a cold rain and fog, the first of autumn, swept over England. The baron, who sought to distract his thoughts by occupying himself with his accounts, sent for a sweep to take the soot out of the chimney of his office preparatory to building a fire on the hearth. While the sweep was at work Sir Bryan entered the room, sat down at his desk and busied himself with his papers. So preoccupied was he, rather with his somber thoughts than his work, that he did not hear any sound within or without. Suddenly he was recalled to his surroundings by a cough directly in front of him. Looking up, there stood a figure black as Erebus. It was the chimney sweep, whose extended hand held a small piece of paper. The sweep, with soot that his character could not be readily recognized. The baron mechanically took it and examined it. A sudden light came into his eye, a color into his cheek. It was the missing note. The sweep had found it in the chimney, where, carried by a draft of air when Sir Bryan had opened the door, it had remained ever since.

"Like a cyclone of joy," the baron swept through the house and stood beating on the door of the room where his wife and daughter had shut themselves in, crying: "The note! It is found! The boy is saved! The door was flung open, and the old man, ed in brandishing the smudged note above his head. Then, when the situation was understood, Gladys fell in to her father's arms in a faint.

AN ADJUSTMENT OF NATURE.

Theory of an Artist and How It Finally Worked Out.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1909, by McGraw, Phillips & Co.)

In an art exhibition the other day I saw a painting that had been sold for \$5,000. The painter was a young scrub out of the west named Kraft, who had a favorite dog and a pet theory. His pabulum was an unquenchable belief in the unerring artistic adjustment of nature. His theory was fixed around a corned beef hash with poached eggs. There was a story behind the picture, so I went home and let it drip out of a fountain pen. The idea of Kraft-But that is not the beginning of the story.

Three years ago Kraft, Bill Judkins (a poet) and I took our meals at Cypher's, on Eighth avenue. I say "took." When we had money Cypher got it "off of us," as he expressed it. We did not credit. We went in, called for food and ate it. We paid or we did not pay. We had confidence in Cypher's silliness and a good deal of ferocity. Deep down in his soulless soul he was either a prince, a fool or an artist. He sat at a worn eaters' desk, covered with files of waiters' checks so old that I was sure the oldest one was for claims that Henry Hudson had eaten and paid for. Cypher had the power, in common with Napoleon III. and the goggle-eyed perch, of throwing a film over his eyes, rendering opaque the windows of his soul. Once when we left him unpaid, with egregious excuses, I looked back and saw him shaking with inaudible laughter behind his film. Now and then we paid up back scores. But the chief thing at Cypher's was Milly. Milly was a waitress. She was a grand example of Kraft's theory of the artistic adjustment of nature. She belonged largely to waiting, as Minerva did to the art of scrapping or Venus to the science of serious flirtation. Pedestals and in bronze she might have stood with the noblest of her heroic sisters as "Liver and Bacon Enlivening the World." She belonged to Cypher's. You expected to see her colossal figure loom through that reeking blue cloud of smoke from frying fat just as you expect the Palladas to appear through a drifting-turkey-steak-fog. There, amid the steam of vegetables and the vapors of acres of "ham and," the crash of crockery, the clatter of steel, the screaming of "short orders," the cries of the hungry and all the horrid tumult of feeding man, she stood as a statue of serene beauty, surrounded by swarms of the winged beasts beseeching us by Pharaoh, Milly steered her magnificent way like some great liner cleaving among the canoes of howling savages.

Our goddess of grub was built on lines so majestic that they could be followed only with awe. Her elbows were always rolled above her shoulders. She could have taken us three musketeers in her two hands and dropped us out of the window. She had seen fewer jests than any of us, but she was of such superb broadness and simplicity that she snatched us from the beginning. Cypher's of eatables.

He was rugged and bearded and wind dried. He had just come off the "trail," he said, at one of the North river ferries. I fancied I could see the snow dust of Chilcot yet powdering his shoulders. And then he stewed the table with the suggests, stuffed plantains, headwork and seal pelts of the returned Klondiker and began to prate to us of his millions. "Bank drafts for two millions," was his summing up, "and a thousand a day piling up from my claims. Now I want some beef stew and canned peaches. I never got off the train since I mushed out of Seattle, and I'm hungry. The stuff the niggers feed you on Pullmans doesn't count. You gentlemen order what you want." And then Milly loomed up with a thousand dishes on her bare arm—loomed up big and white and pink and awful as Mount St. Elias—with a smile like day breaking in a storm. And the Klondiker threw down his pipe and nuggets as drops and let his jaw fall halfway and stared at her. He could almost see the diamond tapers on Milly's brow and the hand embroidered silk Paris gowns that he meant to buy for her.

At last the boltworm had attacked the cotton. The poison ivy was reaching out its tendrils to intertwine the summer boarder. The millionaire lumberman, thinly disguised as the Alaska miner, was about to engulf our Milly and upset nature's adjustment. Kraft was the first to act. He leaped up and pounded the Klondiker's back. "Come out and drink," he shouted, "drink first and eat afterward!" Judkins seized one arm and I the other. "Crink, roaringly, irresistibly, in jolly good fellow style we dragged him from the restaurant to a cafe, stuffing his pockets with his embalmied birds and indigestible suggests. There he rumbled a roughly good humored protest. "That's the girl for my money!" he declared. "She can eat out of my skillet the rest of her life. Why, I never saw such a fine girl! I'm going back there and ask her to marry me. I guess she won't want to sling hash any more when she sees the pile of dust I've got."

"You'll take another whisky and walk now," Kraft persisted, with Satan's smile. "I thought you up country fellows were better sports." Kraft spent his puny store of coin at the bar and then gave Judkins and me such an appealing look as we walked down to the last stand we had in toasting our guest. Then when our ammunition was gone and the Klondiker, still somewhat sober, began to babble again of Milly, Kraft whispered into his ear such a polite, barbed insult relating to people who were miserly with their "unds that the miner crashed down headfirst after handful of silver and notes, calling for all the fluids in the world to drown the impuration. With his own guns we drove him from the field. And then we had him carted to a distant small hotel and put to bed with his nuggets and baby sealskins stuffed around him.

"He will never find Cypher's again," said Kraft. "He will propose to the first white woman he sees in a dairy restaurant tomorrow. And Milly—"

NATURE'S WARNING.

More People Must Surely Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills come quietly, mysteriously.

But nature always warns you. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy. If there are settlements and sediment. Passages frequent, scanty, painful. It is, then, time, to use Doan's Kidney Pills.

To ward off Bright's disease or diabetes Doan's have done great work in Moro P. P. DeMoss, of Moro, Ore., says: "The chief symptom of my kidney complaint was the irregularity in the passage of the kidney secretions, forcing me to arise many times during the night. It was advised by an acquaintance, who had used Doan's Kidney Pills with excellent results, to give them a trial, and I secured a box at The Moro Pharmacy. I used them according to directions and received prompt relief. I have taken them on several occasions since then and the results have been highly satisfactory."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The Flea.

Oh, there's nothing quite so maddening as a pesky, crawling flea when the little insect is biting in a spot you cannot see! There's nothing drives man and woman to the point where they will swear like this hopping, frisky critter when he's out upon a flea!

Stand a shouter's humming round about our bed at night, but we break the Ten Commandments when the flea begins to bite, and we can't conceive why Noah ever had the nerve to bark when Dame Nature suggested saving two fens in the ark—Los Angeles Express.

Good Cough Medicine for Children and Grown Folks Too.

"We could hardly do without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Mrs. Clara Despain of Elroy, Ky. "I found it to be so good for the cough 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.

The Patient Mule.

The kind hearted woman was very solicitous about a certain mule belonging to Erastus Pinkley. The mule had a sad and heavy appearance and never looked more dejected than when its proprietor brought it up with a flourish at the front gate, says a writer in the Washington Star.

"Do you ever have a mule of yours?" he inquired one day.

"Lan' sakes, nix," answered Mr. Erastus. "I should say not! Dat mule has had me on de defensive foh de las' six years."

Sick Headache.

This distressing disease results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Get a free sample at Moro Pharmacy and try it.

Changed His Mind.

The guest gave his order at dinner that he would have a hot water bottle, "George, bring me some oysters on the half shell, some chicken soup, olives and radishes, and follow that with some planked steak. Then I will have some roast beef, Philadelphia capon, squab on toast, baked sweets, cauliflower and celery, and for dessert just a trifle of ice cream and cake, pie, cheese and a demitasse."

Just then his friend reminded him of his dinner. "You are forgetting the mulligan," he said.

"No, I haven't," answered Mr. Erastus. "I should say not! Dat mule has had me on de defensive foh de las' six years."

Consumption Statistics.

prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and makes you feel well again. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Hot Hand.

This is a primitive game, better for cold weather, as it is rightly named. It is played by two people, who sit facing each other. One spreads out his hands flat, palms up, the other puts his palms down within about three inches of the first pair of hands and tries to strike them a smart blow. If the second player can withdraw his hands quickly enough so that they are not touched by the first's turn to try and strike. So long as the player whose hands are palms down can strike the other's hands he can go on.

Worn Brooms.

Worn brooms or whisks may be dipped into hot water and uneven edges trimmed with shears. This makes the straw harder, and the trimming makes the broom almost as good as new.

Asbestos Houses.

Asbestos houses are much used in Australia. These houses are not only fireproof, but impervious to water, unaffected by heat or cold and have high insulating properties. They are not attacked by white ants or other insects that abound in southern countries.

Mexico's Mountains.

To the mountain climbers Mexico offers inducements not surpassed by any other country, having seventeen mountain peaks, running from Juarez, in Michoacan, the lowest, 4,295 feet, up to Popocatepetl, 17,540 feet.

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But they could not move him, and one of them said: "Brother, but he is a simple knave!" Come what may, however, we won't give in. "Not an inch," replied the other. So they kept pulling.

Just then, however, the drummer came back for his drum, and when he found it broken he was the most angry drummer ever born. And he doubled up his fists and whacked the two men fiercely, saying as he did so, "I'll show you who the man in the drum really is!"

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Quebec is an Algonquin term signifying "take care of the rock."

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