The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....DEC. 10, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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BAXTER'S MARRIAGE.

Baxter was a confirmed woman hater, so much so, indeed, that we believed that he was firmly lodged on the rocks of bachelorhood. And yet he had married!

There was no inkling of his prospective marriage about the office, but after it had happened we recalled that he had appeared absentminded and also that his story, "Fighting Against Fate," running as a serial in the Alpaca Magazine **For Young Girls**, was teeming with love, a topic, by the way, he had never before attempted.

Baxter had gone on a wedding tour—a "spoonin' junket," the office boy called it—and every day we counted the hours before he would return and let us know all of the particulars. One of the reporters had learned that his wife was a young milliner who boarded at the same place he did.

The two weeks finally ended, and Baxter returned to the office and, what is more, brought his wife with him. She was a quiet little woman and during the half hour she was about scarcely said a word but "Yes" or "No," and she was not very pretty, just passably good looking.

One day, there being a lull in the work, Baxter spoke up and told us this:

"Of course you are all reading 'Fighting Against Fate,' now running as a serial. Well, that was an entirely new line for me, for it tells of a gay young man who was always making love to some girl. As you are aware, I knew nothing about such business—never spoke a word of affection to a girl in all my life—but as that was the kind of story the magazine wanted and as it had offered me a good price, why, such a story it had to have. How well I succeeded in filling its wants you must judge."

"It's a beaut," said the office boy.

"Thanks," said Baxter and went on. "I studied the subject for several days, and finally I decided that the only way for me to get the spirit of my hero and give him life was to do as he did. When I made up my mind to do that I just put on a bold face and started out. I tackled the landlady first, but she did not take kindly to my way, and then I tried a woman who lives next door and with whom I had slight acquaintance.

"That woman was all right when it came down to a flirtation. We were getting along swimmingly; had got so far along that one night I actually pressed her hand. Things were getting to be a bit dangerous, and her husband interfered. I told him my object, and he said some things about literary men that my religion prevents me from repeating.

"It was about this time that a quiet, modest little woman came to board at our house. She worked in a downtown store, and as she seemed to be all alone in the world I singled her out as my victim. She had no husband or brother to come between us. In fact, she was just the woman I had been looking for. As soon as I saw her I knew that I could do the story I was scheduled to write justice. So I began with her the second night she was there, and I was very well satisfied with my first experience, for I went back to my room and drafted the principal features of the story.

"We got along splendidly. Inside of a week I was reading 'Maud' to her, and the second week we began on 'Lucile' and had tackled about all the poems of that kind. Why, that's what I was doing so much of the time in the exchange room—cutting out sentimental poems. Then we used to talk about the moonlight and all that sort of thing. The more I went on the more interested I became. We were together all the time. When we didn't have anything to talk about we'd sit close together and hold each other's hand and silently look at the wall.

"Oh, it was awful!

"Of course there was some guying going on about us, but I didn't care, for I'd leave her and go to my room and grind out a chapter of my serial story and suffer just as much as my hero did and groan with despair over the uncertainty of my fate.

"Well, of course, I had to finish the story some time. It couldn't go on for all time, you know. I had killed the girl's father, brought her down to sewing in a family where the old woman was jealous of her husband, sent her lover away because she was too proud to accept him now that she was poor and thought that he simply pitied her and had generally got the story mixed up.

"Of course I married the two after she had gone to him and nursed him through a siege of sickness and had had some old mining stock of her father's make her as rich as her lover, and that ended the story. But I couldn't keep away from that little milliner! The fact of the matter is that I had got so in the habit of chasing around with her that I could not stop it.

"I would invariably look her up whenever I could, and I noticed that when I was around where she was I was calm—a great peace seemed to descend upon me. But the moment I left her that same old tired feeling came back.

"I mentioned this to her one Sunday afternoon, and she said that she had had the same symptoms. But a woman has a name for every ailment, and she had for ours. It took me a long time to get out of her what it was, but finally she told me. It was love.

"Hanged if she wasn't right. While I had been practicing with her for my story— Well, I married her, and now neither one of us has those symptoms."

"And you never will!" said Dobson, who has been married twenty-three years and is grouchy.

SAM'S STRATAGEM.

It Saved Mary's Lover When She Herself Would Have Failed.

By ARTHUR W. PEACH.

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The slim girl, busy in the garden patch, straightened suddenly as she heard her name called softly and anxiously.

"Here I am, Sammy," she answered clearly.

A little fellow shot from round the corner of the shed, his eyes wide and fearful. He swung himself on his crutches close to where she was standing and whispered hoarsely:

"Mary, they're going to shoot Jim tonight. I heard them say so."

With a low cry she dropped the trowel in her hand and grasped the little cripple's shoulder. "Sammy, where are they?" she asked.

"They're in the back room of the barn," was his answer. And she was gone.

Word had come among the mountain people that the government was sending spies among them in an attempt to discover where they were carrying on their illegal distilling, and Mary had known for some time that Jake Emmons, whom she and the cripple knew as their father, was trying to direct the suspicion of his friends toward the fine looking stranger known as Jim Symons, who had recently come among them.

Symons in his ready, friendly way had made friends with her, and he often came to the little cabin to see her. She had warned him of his danger, but he had carelessly told her not to worry.

Now, as she slipped softly down the walk to the shed, her heart beating fast and hard, her only fear was that she would not be able to save the brave, fearless young fellow who had won her heart. She heard the low mutter of voices, and, kneeling close to the boards of the barn, she listened. Emmons was speaking.

"There's only one way to stop this once for all. If we don't some of us are going to spend the rest of our days

"MARY, GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE CRIED.

in a brick cell. The thing to do is for some one to walk up to his window about supper time and finish him. That's—did you hear any noise then? All right! We must finish him and have it over with."

Another voice went on: "It's the only way. Let's draw for the man."

Mary, quivering with the tension, listened. "It's you, Emmons," the voice said.

She started to leave, when suddenly, with a swift bang, the door was flung open. She had a dizzy sensation of being seized and shaken hard. Then things steadied, and she found herself looking into Emmons' cruel eyes.

"Oh, you would, would you?" he snarled, his eyes burning into hers. "You would put that spy wise to what we're going to do to him? We'll see whether you will or not!"

His strong hands seemed to crush her flesh where he held her. "You come with me!" he snapped at her.

He went into the house, and, opening a door into her own room, he threw her in and slid the heavy bolt. He turned to the little cripple, who stood eying him steadily from the doorway.

"Now, you leave that door alone or I'll"— He stopped, but the threat in his eyes made the little fellow quail.

Mary heard it where she had fallen in her room. Through her brain, crazed with the thought of her lover in danger, sounded the last words she had heard. They were planning to shoot him in the night, and she was powerless.

Night came swiftly and silently. She stood near the small window and looked out. There was nothing to do save mark the hours as they passed until Emmons should return with his work accomplished. Sammy, with his deep dread of Emmons, would not dare to help her, nor, knowing the price he must pay, would she ask him.

Suddenly, when the dusk was heavy on the hills, the sound of Emmons' footsteps grew heavy and passed out on his murderous errand. Still as a statue, she listened. She caught the soft, low shuffle of the little cripple's crutches. There was a rattling at the door. She waited in nervous fear. Slowly she heard the iron slide back. She was free!

She swung back to the door and gathered him in her arms. He gripped her tightly. "My brave little Sammy!" she whispered.

He answered bravely, yet trembling, "He said he'd kill me, but I dast!"

In a few moments her preparations were made. She turned at the door, and a sob gathered in her throat as she saw the white little figure watching her with silent appeal. "Mary, take me," was all it said.

"How can I? I will come back," she answered hurriedly. "I am going to warn Jim."

Down the broken path she fled, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cabin and that she might reach him in time. Once she lost the path, and feverishly she hunted until she found it. At last she reached the slope above the creek, where among the low brush Symons had his shack. The light was burning; it looked peaceful, but well she knew that somewhere between her and the light Emmons was creeping with his rifle ready.

Her feet found the path. She pressed on as carefully as she could, determined to reach him in time to save him, but as she commenced the climb she wavered. The strain was telling. Suddenly she saw the face of a man show for a moment in the yellow light as he peered stealthily into the window of the cabin. The face disappeared. Then a long, shining thing was leveled. All her will power she forced into her cry of warning, but it blended into the sound of the rifle as it gushed livid fire through the night into the window.

There were a crash of wood, the sound of speeding feet, a sharp cry and—silence. Mary staggered to the door, expecting to see her lover writhing in the death agony, but as she neared it the door was thrown open wildly, and a strong face black with powder and set in line of battle bent over hers as she fell.

"Mary! Great heavens, what does this mean?" he cried.

"Jim, they were planning"— She paused as she saw the look of understanding in his eyes. Then suddenly she saw the stain on his face. "Jim, you're wounded."

He rubbed the powder from his face. "No, but I ought to be. That gun went off full in my face. Come," he said shortly, "you and I must get out of this quick! Mary, will you go with me wherever I go, for good and all?" His face was anxious and grave.

Her answer was not in words, but it seemed satisfactory.

A little later they rode away swiftly. At the pike Mary stopped her horse short. "Jim, there's Sammy. I told him I would come back for him."

"We will," was Symons' simple, quiet answer.

They had ridden only a short distance when sharply out of the darkness a little figure scuttled. It was Sammy. "Mary, Mary! I knowed you'd come. It's me."

Symons reached down from the saddle and gathered the frail little form in his arms. As they rode on she told him how the little fellow had released her that she might come to warn him. When she had explained it in a few tender words Sammy broke in:

"I fixed his gun too."

"How's that?" Symons asked, starting at the statement, for he knew he had looked squarely at a rifle muzzle and yet was unhurt.

"He loaded his gun while I was there and put it in a corner. I've loaded guns and knew what to do. I took the cartridge out when he wasn't in the room and squeezed the bullet off and put the cartridge back, and"—

"Sammy"—Symons' arm went round him tight—"it was you who saved my life."

Sammy snuggled close to him. "He keeps licking me, and I want to go—Where are you going?" he suddenly asked interestedly.

Symons laughed softly, a laugh of happiness. "I'm going to take you and Mary to a home where we can all be happy together."

Sammy sighed a long contented sigh as if he felt that at last he was on his way to peace.

Notions About Sleep.

One of the rudest acts in the eyes of a native of the Philippine Islands is to step over a person asleep on the floor.

Sleeping is with them a very solemn matter. They are strongly averse to waking any one, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken.

If you call upon a native and are told he is asleep you may as well depart.

To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call, "Senor, senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half awake. Then he will return to the low note and again raise his voice gradually until you are fully conscious.

Time to Go.

While at sea between Malaga and Melilla rather an amusing incident occurred which shows us Englishmen "as others see us," says a writer in London Black and White. After dinner an orderly approached me unasked and produced a whisky and soda. After a pause of ten minutes he repeated the performance. At the third repetition I remonstrated and at the same time asked what I owed him. "Nothing, senor," he replied. "But we were told you were an Englishman and that we were to give you a 'wiska soda' every ten minutes before you went to bed, and we have to obey orders." I went to bed.

The Social Life of Vienna.

The Viennese have for generations been famed for their hospitality and cheerfulness. Stress and strain, agony and pain do not characterize the temperament, natures and states of the Viennese. Life in Vienna has much of the German phlegmatic trend, plus considerable Parisian elegance, minus the French fussiness in etiquette and manners. Like all Europeans, they love the cafe life. The whole family goes out after the day's labor. It interests the traveler considerably to study the various types of this European cafe existence. In Paris the keynote seems to be display, style, smart appearance. In Vienna a good natured, happy sociability after the day's toil prevails. The family comes much more into view in Vienna than in bright, elegant, wild Paris, the city par excellence of dazzling social events. As the Austrians take things calmly, a certain lovely charm and restfulness mark their public and social life. It is a people that would for its own welfare need to study somewhat the strenuous life if the lesson of strenuousness could be learned for good and not to the destruction of that amiable, hearty, easy spirit for which the Austrians are known and the Viennese distinctively.—Vienna Letter in Omaha Bee.

His Prophecy.

Hannibal, the illustrious general, driven to despair by his enemies, had taken poison and had laid himself down to die

"Anyhow," he said, "my name will live in history."

His foresight was unerring.

Two thousand years later a town in Missouri was named in his honor.—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. LAKE'S SECRET.

She Kept It Well, Though She Loved to Talk Things Over.

By BELLE MANIATES.

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"Ethel, don't you go up to the house," said the moon faced woman coming out on the porch of the farmhouse. "I'will only harrow your feelings."

"It seems like shirking to let you go for me," said Ethel Sturgis, "but I do dread to see the familiar things again."

"I'll go to town and get that new auctioneer and drive him to your house to tag the things. Tomorrow I'll go to the auction and finish the business, and you won't have to go."

"You have been so kind to us, Mrs. Lake," said Ethel wistfully as the comely, good natured woman slapped the reins over the broad backed horse and drove down the road.

Then the girl returned to the house and vigorously applied herself to household tasks. She dared not be idle long enough to think and remember. It was two years since she and her father had left the little town in the east and bought the farm that was to bring them prosperity. Things had gone very wrong from the start. A cloudburst, the Hessian fly, her father's illness and the failure of a bank brought about the loss of the farm.

All they had left was a forty acre piece. Their household goods were to be auctioned on the morrow to enable them to buy the stock and implements for their little remnant of land. Their kind hearted neighbor had invited them to remain at her house while the sale was in progress, and she insisted that they continue to accept her hospitality during the construction of the little cabin her father purposed to build on the "forty."

Toward evening Mrs. Lake returned from her expedition.

"We got them all tagged, Ethel," she said cheerfully. "That auctioneer's a dandy. I got him interested in your pa, telling him what chunks your bad luck had come in."

Ethel winced. She knew her neighbor's propensity for "talking over"

ON THE THRESHOLD STOOD A TALL, LITHE LIMBED MAN.

things, and she felt that she would rather realize less from the sale than have her private affairs discussed with a stranger.

"If only you could have brought yourself," continued the loquacious woman, "to have taken Austin Hobert. He's so well fixed and so kind. He's just wild over you."

"I wouldn't marry a man for those reasons," said Ethel.

"Well, he isn't so bad looking—one eye just a mite off and his legs aren't quite true. But you can't have everything. Sometimes I think you have had a love affair and been crossed, Ethel, to let such a fine chance go by."

The girl smiled faintly.

"I told the auctioneer about you and how you helped your pa and kept his spirits up, and he said you must be plucky."

Ethel wondered vaguely if she had confided in him regarding Austin Hobert also. "It doesn't matter, though," she thought sadly. "Nothing does now."

The next day when Mrs. Lake returned from the auction she was in a state of jubilance and excitement.

"Oh, Ethel, the things brought twice what your pa thought they would. Here—Mr. Sturgis, the auctioneer sent you this check."

Walter Sturgis took the check and glanced at it eagerly. His face flushed, and he looked curiously at his daughter.

"How much is it, father?" asked Ethel, extending her hand for the check.

But he had stowed the check carefully away in his pocket, and, naming the amount, he left the room.

"Oh," she exclaimed thankfully, "that will buy the implements, a team, a cow, wagon, two hogs and some chickens. Who bid in the things, Mrs. Lake? Were the neighbors all there?"

"Yes, and a lot of town folks. What do you think brought the most?"

"Why, I suppose father's bedroom set. It is real mahogany, you know."

"No, sir; it was your little writing desk."

"My desk! Who bought it? Why was it bid up?"

"Austin Hobert was bound to have it, but a fellow from town got it. He bid in a way that you could see he'd keep bidding till kingdom come, so Austin finally quit."

"What sort of a looking man was he?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, a fat, pudgy, homely man."

"Probably some secondhand dealer."

"Maybe; and he bought all the best things—all your parlor and bedroom things, all the very things you would have chosen."

"I am glad a stranger got them. It would make me feel queer to go in to call on the neighbors and see them using our things."

Early the next morning Mr. Sturgis went to town. He came back looking more cheerful over his purchases than he had looked in months. Ethel was left alone very often during the next week, Mrs. Lake taking advantage of having some one to leave in charge of the house. One afternoon Mr. Sturgis asked Ethel to go over to the "forty" and select a site for their cabin. He declined to accompany her, as he had to go to town. Mrs. Lake was in the midst of breadmaking, so Ethel saddled a horse and rode toward the "forty." Suddenly a disagreeable thought struck her.

"If Mrs. Lake has sent Austin over here to see me I'll never forgive her."

She rode slowly, with her eyes glued to the horse's mane, wondering if she had been wise to reject Austin's love and protection. She didn't raise her eyes until she turned in at the "forty." Then she stared in amazement. Here stood a trim little house with a neat broad porch and blinds.

"This is what Mrs. Lake and father have been so mysterious over," she thought, with sudden enlightenment. "But how could it have been built in so short a time?"

She dismounted and went up the steps. A card lay on the steps and some advertising matter. "Oh, I see—one of those portable houses! I wonder if the door is open."

It was, and with its opening came another surprise. Here were all her household goods arranged as they had been in the old house. She passed through the living room, dining room, kitchen and then into her father's bedroom. She opened the last door. All her personal things were here and many more beautiful new furnishings. What did it mean? Then she grew faint. She knew—Austin! Had he dared? She could not take them unless—

She heard a knock at the door, and she felt that it was the decision of her life awaiting her. Could she? A moment elapsed before she summoned courage to open the door.

On the threshold stood a tall, lithe limbed man.

"Will!" she said faintly.

He clasped her to him.

"It took you two years to forgive," she murmured reproachfully.

"Dearest, I got your note only ten days ago. It was in the secret drawer to your desk. You forgot to mail it."

"How could I! But how did you come by it?"

"I am the new auctioneer. I didn't know you lived in these parts till Mrs. Lake took me to tag your things. She told me how you would miss your desk, and I made up my mind to bid it in. Casually I opened a secret drawer and found the letter. I had all the things bid in. The next day your father came to see me, and we fixed up this surprise."

"Then these things are yours?"

"No—ours. We are going to live here with your father."

"Will, did Mrs. Lake know too?"

"Yes; she was our right hand man."

"I have misjudged her. I never dreamed she could keep a secret."

The Royal Assent.

"Le roy le veult" (the king wills it) is the form of words in which the English king is accustomed to signify his royal assent to a bill which has passed both houses of parliament and is ready to be made statute law.

They are, however, not the only form of old Norman-French words which has survived and is still in usage in the British parliamentary system. Thus, for instance, when a bill is sent up for consideration from the commons to the lords it is indorsed by the clerk with the words, "Soit baille aux seigneurs" (let it be sent to the lords), and when the converse operation takes place the corresponding words are "Soit baille aux communs."

The royal assent to money bills is more elaborately expressed, "Le roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veult" (the king thanks his loyal subjects, accepts their gift and so wills it). For private bills still another form of assent is used, "Soit fait comme il est desire" (let it be done as desired).

The Training of Novelists.

Fielding was a playwright before he became a novelist. He was also a country squire, a barrister and a police magistrate. Richardson, the son of a carpenter, rose to be the head of a prosperous business before ever he became a novelist. Defoe had many employments besides that of writing. Smollet was a surgeon both on land and sea. Sterne was a parson, if not a good one, and Scott was a sound lawyer who never neglected the duties of his legal offices. All of these novelists are masters of the art of address. They all wrote out of a full knowledge and made themselves plain to plain men. Their works survive, partly, of course, because they were born writers, but partly also because they knew much of life and could tell what they knew so that every one should understand it.

Not on Smiling Terms.

"Is that your mother-in-law over there smiling at you?"

"No. If she is smiling at me it isn't my mother-in-law."—Boston Herald.

An Intelligent Cow.

A few nights ago a citizen went home and found a cow in his yard. He drove her out. He then went into the house and later heard the animal in the yard again. He drove her out the second and third times. The citizen's son came home later and found the animal in the yard and drove her out. The citizen then made an investigation and found the cow got in by wading around the fence on the river side. He hung up a lantern to deceive the cow as she came in, and the next morning, so he says, he found the cow in the yard with the lantern hung on her horns, using the same to hunt out the best grapefruit in his grove. Say what you please, but that was an intelligent cow. And the story is true—of course it is.—Fort Myer Press.

Swell Stock.

"Could I sell you an imported Persian cat for $1,000?" ventured the cat and dog fancier.

"What!" exclaimed the multimillionaire in surprise. "Why, I just bought a $5,000 bulldog from you the other day."

"Yes, but I thought you'd want a $1,000 cat for that swell bulldog to chase. You surely wouldn't allow a $5,000 bulldog to chase a common cat, would you?"—Pittsburg Press.

An Important Advantage.

"Do you think a college education affords a man an important advantage?"

"Oh, yes! One has to have it in order to get into a university club."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE VICIOUS PECCARY

A Fierce Creature Is the South American Wild Boar.

HE IS SMALL, BUT FEARLESS

Will Attack Man or Any Animal In Existence on the Slightest Provocation and Will Fight to the Death—A Battle With a Jaguar.

During one of his journeys into Mexico Edward W. Walton, a mining expert, had a close call from being sliced to shreds by the fierce little South American pigs known as peccaries. He told the story of his escape to a Denver Post reporter.

"I wished to secure some plumes from a number of the beautifully plumaged birds," said Mr. Walton. "I went into the jungle and came to a small opening in which there were dry leaves, probably a foot in depth, covering the ground, and hundreds of beautifully colored tropical birds in the air and in the trees. I fired at one of the birds in flight, when it seemed to me the whole area of these dead leaves arose in front of and all around me. Being a stranger, naturally I was much frightened, especially when I saw the animals which raised up the leaves apparently ready for an attack. The older animals opened and closed their mouths, showing their big, sharp tusks, formed much like a dirk knife, and some of them started toward me. Impulsively I commenced firing my gun in the air and turned around, which seemed to stop most of them momentarily, and as I had lots of cartridges I kept up the shooting, and they turned and ran away. I found afterward that I had saved my life by so doing and by not shooting any of the animals.

"These animals proved to be peccaries. They are most ferocious and will attack any animal in existence on the slightest provocation. When I got back to headquarters and told my companions my experience I was informed that had I shot one of the animals and made him squeal the whole bunch would have been on me and would have torn me to pieces quickly. They have been known to kill bears, jaguars, cattle, horses and any number of dogs. Although in the fight scores of their number might be killed, they seem to have no fear when once aroused.

"I was told the peccaries burrow under the dry leaves to protect themselves from mosquitoes and other winged pests of that hot country. My friends had many exciting experiences to tell in regard to these ferocious little animals. One of this party, while traveling with a companion in a wagon, stopped for lunch under some trees and turned their horses out to graze. While at lunch a large bunch of peccaries appeared, and they thought it would be nice to shoot among them and get one or two for meat, so they fired into them, wounding several, which commenced to squeal. Then the whole bunch made an attack. The men climbed quickly into the wagon and kept on shooting so long as the ammunition which they had in their pockets lasted. As they were opening their bags to get out more ammunition the peccaries climbed up the tongue of the wagon and jumped into it, and the men saved themselves only by jumping on to the seat and then on to limbs of the trees, the peccaries taking possession of the wagon and tearing things to pieces. They remained in possession for hours, the men watching them from safety in the trees."

The peccary, or South American wild boar, is the smallest of his species, averaging about three feet long, nor is the animal possessed of any unusual degree of strength. To make up for the natural individual deficiencies in combat with the more powerful animals of the jungle the peccaries always travel in large herds. When once attacked by a herd of peccaries the outcome is nearly always death to their enemy. The little pigs are armed with short sharp tusks, and no matter how great the slaughter of their own number during the melee the herd stay on the job until the work is finished.

Travelers in tropical and South American countries tell of fierce encounters between the peccaries and the jaguar, the monster cat which is lord of the forest. The jaguar has a fondness for a dinner of pork, but a wholesome respect for the power of a herd of wild pigs. When he wants to satisfy his cravings for a pork diet he drops from a limb of a tree on to the back of a straggler in the peccary herd. The jaguar slays his victim and then retreats hastily to his tree before the herd can get at him. When the herd grows tired of waiting for him to come down and moves along the jaguar descends and enjoys his meal at leisure. Frederick Selous in his romance of the animal world has an interesting account of a fight between a jaguar and a herd of peccaries. The peccaries had the jaguar treed on the limb of a tree from which the bark had rotted away. He was only a few feet above them and by harassing and jumping at their enemy finally succeeded in bringing the conflict to the ground. After the fight was over there were eleven killed and wounded peccaries, but the jaguar was literally torn to pieces.

Same Thing Now.

"You know woman was once the head of the family," she said.

"No need to speak of that in the past tense," replied her husband meekly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.—William Blake.

The Flying Idea.

The first man who got the theory of the flying machine right was no less a person than the painter Leonardo da Vinci. He pictured it as heavier than air, provided with wings and uplifted, in spite of its weight, by the rapid revolutions of a propeller. Leonardo had an idea that the propeller might be turned by clockwork or by setting a number of laboring men to turn a handle, but in that respect he was mistaken.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

LINCOLN TRIED IT.

And That Ended the Naval Sweatbox Punishment.

On one of Mr. Lincoln's excursions to Fortress Monroe on the steamer Hartford in 1863 his attention was directed to a narrow door bound with iron, the use of which he was anxious to learn.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Oh, that is the sweatbox," was the reply. "It is used for refractory and insubordinate seamen. A man in there is subjected to steam heat and has very little ventilation. It generally brings him to terms very quickly."

President Lincoln's curiosity was aroused. "This," he said to himself, "is treatment to which thousands of American seamen are probably subjected every year. Let me try it for myself and see what it really is."

Taking off his hat, for he was several inches over six feet in height, he entered the inclosure, which he found to be little more than three feet in length or width. He gave orders that at a signal from himself the door should be immediately opened. It was then closed and the steam turned on.

He had been inside hardly three minutes before the signal was given. President Lincoln had experienced enough of what was then regarded as necessary punishment for American seamen. There was very little ventilation, and the short exposure to the hot and humid air had almost suffocated him.

Turning to Secretary Welles of the navy department, the president ordered that no such inclosure as the sweatbox should ever after be allowed on any vessel flying the American flag.

It was not an hour after this order had been given before every sailor on every ship in Hampton Roads had heard of it. The effect was most remarkable on the older sailors, many of whom had themselves experienced the punishment of the sweatbox. Some of them wept from joy.

But the good results of this act of President Lincoln were not confined to the American navy. Great Britain, France, Germany and other European countries heard that the sweatbox had been abolished in America as inhuman. One and all of these nations in turn fell into line, and today the sweatbox is not to be found on any vessel flying the flag o fa civilized nation throughout the world.

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county:

Harry H Connor, Plaintiff,
vs.
Helen Connor,, Defendant.

To Helen Connor, 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 14th day of January, 1910, 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 of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 30th day of November, 1909.

JOHN M. SOMERS,
391-7td3[14] Attorney for Plaintiff

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, (Publisher)
Not Coal Land.

Department of the Interior, U S Land Office at The Dalles Oregon, November 4, 1909

Notice is hereby given that Oscar N Riggles, of Moneland, Oregon, who, on November 14th, 1904, made homestead (serial No 03376) No 12973, for the W½ SE¼ and Lots 7 and 8 Section 31 Township 1 south range 19 east Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 13th day of December, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses John Gibson C W Brock and Frank Miller all of Monkland, Oregon, and James Stewart of Moro, Oregon.

[38 n12 d10] C. W. MOORE, Register

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

W A Raab, Plaintiff,
vs.
Victoria Raab, Defendant.

To W A Raab, 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, towit: on or before the 17th day of December, 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, towit, 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 Sherman county duly made on the 4th day of November, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 5th day of November, 1909.

CARTER & DUFUR, Attorneys
357 n5t17] for Plaintiff

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

Mary J Erwin, Plaintiff,
vs.
David Samuel Erwin, Defendant

To David Samuel Erwin, 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, towit: on or before the 31st day of December, 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 the 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 R R Butler, Judge of the above entitled court duly made on the 16th day of November, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 19th day of November, 1909.

O. M. HICKEY, Attorney
7tn19[31.360] for Plaintiff.

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1.25	7 0	....Sinks...	11 40
1.40	9 8	.... Wasco..	11.25
1.55	14.1	.. Klondyke	10.20
2.05	16 1	... Sandon...	11.00
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	...
2.20	19.9	..McDonalds.	10.45
2.35	23.9	... DeMoss .	10.30
2.45	27.0	.... Moro .	10.15
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4.05	52 5	.... Kent .	9 10
4 20	57.3	... Wilcox ..	9 00
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