The Observer.

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Personal Talk With You.

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EMIGRANT WEDDING.

By GWENDOLEN ADAMS.

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At the port of New York there is what is called the barge office. It is connected with the transit of goods and people from abroad into the United States. It is a place apparently as bare of romance as an ash heap. But wherever the human heart beats there is romance. Painters and poets like to picture it as far as they can from the business world, especially eschewing localities where people are hurrying with their strapped and roped chattels from the odoriferous steerage of a ship to the smoke and dust of a railway train. Nevertheless there are countless romances among immigrants entering the United States.

"Is this the place where they keep the immigrant girls?" asked a black eyed young Armenian who came hurriedly into the New York barge office. But the man's English was not intelligible, so he received no reply till after his nationality was learned and an interpreter had been called. The interpreter told him that he had struck the place he was looking for. He at once beckoned in the direction of the door, and several dark complexioned fellows advanced.

"These are my witnesses," said the young man. "This is the clerk, and this is the priest. Give me my girl, and I will marry her at once, so that you need not be afraid that the government will have to take care of her."

"What sort of nonsense are you giving me?" said the interpreter.

"I am an Armenian. Toshkowhi is an Armenian too. Why do you keep me waiting? Didn't I tell you that I am ready to marry her?"

"See here, you crack brained lunatic, I am employed to interpret what you say from Armenian into English! Talk in your native tongue and stop the long roll in r's."

"Huh! I not speak English. I been in this country three years." Then he commenced again in his adopted tongue and rattled his r's and bounced his b's. An officer cried, "Call the madam."

The "mother of immigrants" made her appearance, and to her the young man told his story. Women are more keenly sensitive to romance than men, and it was not long before the matron scented a love affair under the rattling r's and bouncing b's. It was this:

Three years before the young aspirant for honors in the English tongue had come to America from Armenia. His name was Vahi Kriborian. He had left at home a pretty sweetheart, then seventeen years old, named Toshkowhi Gobedian. It seemed singular to the investigators that a man with such a name able to speak endearingly to a girl with such a name should after three years in America have made so little headway in English. The upshot of the matter was that Toshkowhi had come over to join Vahi, who was abundantly able to take care of her, and proposed to relieve the government from all responsibility concerning her by marrying her.

Then the matron took the officer to the girl. She was a small, slender creature, with large black eyes and hair equally black plastered down over her temples and coiled up behind in small braids. She was very bashful and ready to blush at the slightest provocation through her olive complexion. The clerk questioned her before she was brought forth to her lover.

"Have you got any money?" he asked.

"No, sir. I have a sweetheart."

"H'm!" said the clerk. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. How do you know he'll marry you?"

"Because God would strike him dead if he did not keep his promise."

"And he would deserve it. Come this way."

He led her to where her lover was with his witnesses and the priest. As soon as Vahi saw her standing demurely among the others he ran to her and, putting his arms around her, was about to kiss her when she drew back. Her cheeks flecked like two roses behind dark lace.

"What do you mean, Toshkowhi?" asked the lover, terrified. "Have you changed? Don't you want me after the long voyage across the ocean?"

"Yes, Vahi, but there are so many princes looking at us. I am ashamed."

"Well, well! Then we will be married at once. I told these gentlemen that the president need not fear having to take care of you; that I am earning good wages and will do that myself. See, here are the witnesses, and there is the priest. Come, let us be married."

The custodian of the government's interests would not permit the marriage within the barge office, so the party adjourned just without the walls. The clerk, in order to make sure that the girl did not escape unmarried and call upon the president for a living, kept her in sight till the ceremony was performed. After it was over the "princes" went back to their daily avocations, consisting chiefly of terrifying immigrants with fear they will have to be turned back to endure another trip in the steerage to find themselves again at the end of the voyage in the despotic lands from which they have vainly tried to escape. Little Toshkowhi found herself free to go "out into America."

So the sentimental part of this romance ended. Perhaps it is well that it did. It must have been difficult even before marriage for the lover to keep whispering repeatedly "Dearest Toshkowhi, do you love me?" and hear in reply, "Yes, I love you, Vahi Kriborian."

MAMMON AND THE ARCHER.

A Rich Soapmaker Proves That There's Power In Money.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

Old Anthony Rockwall, retired manufacturer and proprietor of Rockwall's Eureka soap, looked out the library window of his Fifth avenue mansion and grinned. His neighbor to the right—the aristocratic clubman, G. Van Schuylight Suffolk-Jones—came out to his waiting motorcar, wrinkling a contumelious nostril as usual at the Italian renaissance sculpture of the soap palace's front elevation.

"Stuck up old statuette of nothing doing!" commented the ex-soap king. "The Eden Musee 'll get that old frozen Nesselrode yet if he don't watch out. I'll have this house painted red, white and blue next summer and see if that'll make his Dutch nose turn up any higher."

And then Anthony Rockwall, who never cared for bells, went to the door of his library and shouted "Mike!"

THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT MONEY CAN'T ACCOMPLISH.

in the same voice that had once chipped off pieces of the welkin on the Kansas prairies.

"Tell my son," said Anthony to the answering menial, "to come in here before he leaves the house."

When young Rockwall entered the library the old man laid aside his newspaper, looked at him with a kindly grimness on his big, smooth, ruddy countenance, rumpled his mop of white hair with one hand and rattled the keys in his pocket with the other.

"Richard," said Anthony Rockwall, "what do you pay for the soap that you use?"

Richard, only six months home from college, was startled a little. He had not yet taken the measure of this sire of his, who was as full of unexpectednesses as a girl at her first party.

"Six dollars a dozen, I think, dad."

"And your clothes?"

"I suppose about $60, as a rule."

"You're a gentleman," said Anthony decidedly. "I've heard of these young bloods spending $24 a dozen for soap and going over the hundred mark for clothes. You've got as much money to waste as any of 'em, and yet you stick to what's decent and moderate. Now, I use the old Eureka—not only for sentiment, but it's the purest soap made. Whenever you pay more than 10 cents a cake for soap you buy bad perfumes and labels. But 50 cents is doing very well for a young man in your generation, position and condition. As I said, you're a gentleman. They say it takes three generations to make one. They're off. Money 'll do it as slick as soap grease. It's made you one. By hokey, it's almost made one of me. I'm nearly as impolite and disagreeable and ill mannered as these two old Knickerbocker gents on each side of me that can't sleep of nights because I bought in between 'em."

"There are some things that money can't accomplish," remarked young Rockwall, rather gloomily.

"Now, don't say that," said old Anthony, shocked. "I bet my money on money every time. I've been through the encyclopedia down to Y looking for something you can't buy with it, and I expect to have to take up the appendix next week. I'm for money against the field. Tell me something money won't buy."

"For one thing," answered Richard, rankling a little, "it won't buy one into the exclusive circles of society."

"Oho! Won't it?" thundered the champion of the root of evil. "You tell me where your exclusive circles would be if the first Astor hadn't had the money to pay for his steerage passage over?"

Richard sighed.

"And that's what I was coming to," said the old man, less boisterously. "That's why I asked you to come in. There's something going wrong with you, boy. I've been noticing it for two weeks. Out with it! I guess I could lay my hands on eleven millions within twenty-four hours, besides the real estate. If it's your liver, there's the Rambler down in the bay, coaled and ready to steam down to the Bahamas in two days."

"Not a bad guess, dad. You haven't missed it far."

"Ah!" said Anthony keenly. "What's her name?"

Richard began to walk up and down the library floor. There was enough comradeship and sympathy in this crude old father of his to draw his confidence.

"Why don't you ask her?" demanded old Anthony. "She'll jump at you. You've got the money and the looks, and you're a decent boy. Your hands are clean. You've got no Eureka soap on 'em. You've been to college, but she'll overlook that."

"I haven't had a chance," said Richard.

"Make one," said Anthony. "Take her for a walk in the park or a straw ride or walk home with her from church. Chance! Pshaw!"

"You don't know the social mill, dad. She's part of the stream that turns it. Every hour and minute of her time is arranged for days in advance. I must have that girl, dad, or this town is a blackjack swamp forevermore. And I can't write it—I can't do that."

"Tut!" said the old man. "Do you mean to tell me that with all the money I've got you can't get an hour or two of a girl's time for yourself?"

"I've put it off too late. She's going to sail for Europe at noon day after tomorrow for a two years' stay. I'm to see her alone tomorrow evening for a few minutes. She's at Larchmont now at her aunt's. I can't go there. But I'm allowed to meet her with a cab at the Grand Central station tomorrow evening at the 8:30 train. We drive down Broadway to Wallack's at a gallop, where her mother and a box party will be waiting for us in the lobby. Do you think she would listen to a declaration from me during that six or eight minutes under those circumstances? No. And what chance would I have in the theater or afterward? None. No, dad, this is one tangle that your money can't unravel. We can't buy one minute of time with cash. If we could rich people would live longer. There's no hope of getting a talk with Miss Lantry before she sails."

"All right, Richard, my boy," said old Anthony cheerfully. "You may run along down to your club now. I'm glad it ain't your liver. But don't forget to burn a few punk sticks in the joss house to the great god Mazuma from time to time. You say money won't buy time? Well, of course, you can't order eternity wrapped up and delivered at your residence for a price, but I've seen Father Time get pretty bad stone bruises on his heels when he walked through the gold diggings."

That night came Aunt Ellen, gentle, sentimental, wrinkled, sighing, oppressed by wealth, in to Brother Anthony at his evening paper and began discourse on the subject of lovers' woes.

"He told me all about it," said Brother Anthony, yawning. "I told him my bank account was at his service. And then he began to knock money. Said money couldn't help. Said the rules of society couldn't be bucked for a yard by a team of ten millionaires."

"Oh, Anthony," sighed Aunt Ellen, "I wish you would not think so much of money. Wealth is nothing where a true affection is concerned. Love is all powerful. If he only had spoken earlier! She could not have refused our Richard. But now I fear it is too late. He will have no opportunity to address her. All your gold cannot bring happiness to your son."

At 8 o'clock the next evening Aunt Ellen took a quaint old gold ring from a moth eaten case and gave it to Richard.

"Wear it tonight, nephew," she begged. "Your mother gave it to me. Good luck in love she said it brought. She asked me to give it to you when you had found the one you loved."

Young Rockwall took the ring reverently and tried it on his smallest finger. It slipped as far as the second joint and stopped. He took it off and stuffed it into his vest pocket, after the manner of man. And then he phoned for his cab.

At the station he captured Miss Lantry out of the gadding mob at 8:32.

"We mustn't keep mamma and the others waiting," said she.

"To Wallack's theater as fast as you can drive!" said Richard loyally.

They whirled up Forty-second to Broadway and then down the white starred lane that leads from the soft meadows of sunset to the rocky hills of morning.

At Thirty-fourth street young Richard quickly thrust up the trap and ordered the cabman to stop.

"I've dropped a ring," he apologized as he climbed out. "It was my mother's, and I'd hate to lose it. I won't detain you a minute. I saw where it fell."

In less than a minute he was back in the cab with the ring.

But within that minute a crosstown car had stopped directly in front of the cab. The cabman tried to pass to the left, but a heavy express wagon cut him off. He tried the right and had to back away from a furniture van that had no business to be there. He tried to back out, but dropped his reins and swore dutifully. He was blockaded in a tangled mess of vehicles and horses.

One of those street blockades had occurred that sometimes tie up commerce and movement quite suddenly in the big city.

"Why don't you drive on?" said Miss Lantry impatiently. "We'll be late."

Richard stood up in the cab and looked around. He saw a congested flood of wagons, trucks, cabs, vans and street cars filling the vast space where Broadway, Sixth avenue and Thirty-fourth street cross one another as a twenty-six inch maiden fills her twenty-two inch girdle. And still from all the cross streets they were hurrying and rattling toward the converging point at full speed and hurling themselves into the struggling mass, locking wheels and adding their drivers' imprecations to the clamor. The entire traffic of Manhattan seemed to have jammed itself around them. The oldest New Yorker among the thousands of spectators that lined the sidewalks had not witnessed a street blockade of the proportions of this one.

"I'm very sorry," said Richard as he resumed his seat, "but it looks as if we are stuck. They won't get this jumble loosened up in an hour. It was my fault. If I hadn't dropped the ring we"—

"Let me see the ring," said Miss Lantry. "Now that it can't be helped I don't care. I think theaters are stupid anyway."

At 11 o'clock that night somebody tapped lightly on Anthony Rockwall's door.

"Come in," shouted Anthony, who was in a red dressing gown, reading a book of piratical adventures.

Somebody was Aunt Ellen, looking like a gray haired angel that had been left on earth by mistake.

"They're engaged, Anthony," she said softly. "She has promised to marry our Richard. On their way to the theater there was a street blockade, and it was two hours before their cab could get out of it.

"And, oh, Brother Anthony, don't ever boast of the power of money again. A little emblem of true love—a little ring that symbolized unending and unmercenary affection—was the cause of our Richard finding his happiness. He dropped it in the street and got out to recover it. And before they could continue the blockade occurred. He spoke to his love and won her there while the cab was hemmed in. Money is dross compared with true love, Anthony."

"All right," said old Anthony. "I'm glad the boy has got what he wanted. I told him I wouldn't spare any expense in the matter if"—

"But, Brother Anthony, what good could your money have done?"

"Sister," said Anthony Rockwall, "I've got my pirate in a devil of a scrape. His ship has just been scuttled, and he's too good a judge of the value of money to let drown. I wish you would let me go on with this chapter."

The story should end here. I wish it would as heartily as you who read it wish it did. But we must go to the bottom of the well for truth.

The next day a person with red hands and a blue polka dot necktie who called himself Kelly called at Anthony Rockwall's house and was at once received in the library.

"Well," said Anthony, reaching for his check book, "it was a good bilin' of soap. Let's see—you had $5,000 in cash."

"I paid out $300 more of my own," said Kelly. "I had to go a little above the estimate. I got the express wagons and cabs mostly for $5, but the trucks and two horse teams mostly raised me to $10. The motormen wanted $10 and some of the loaded teams $20. The cops struck me hardest—$50 I paid two, and the rest $20 and $25. But didn't it work beautiful, Mr Rockwall? I'm glad William A. Brady wasn't on to that little outdoor vehicle mob scene. I wouldn't want William to break his heart with jealousy. And never a rehearsal either! The boys was on time to the fraction of a second. It was two hours before a snake could get below Greeley's statue."

"Thirteen hundred—there you are, Kelly," said Anthony, tearing off a check—"your thousand and the three

ONE OF THOSE STREET BLOCKADES HAD OCCURRED.

hundred you were out. You don't despise money, do you, Kelly?"

"Me?" said Kelly. "I can lick the man that invented poverty."

Anthony called Kelly when he was at the door.

"You didn't notice," said he, "anywhere in the tieup, a kind of a fat boy without any clothes on shooting arrows around with a bow, did you?"

"Why, no," said Kelly, mystified. "I didn't. If he was like you say maybe the cops pinched him before I got there."

"I thought the little rascal wouldn't be on hand," chuckled Anthony. "Good-by, Kelly."

Blind Justice.

We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggins owed Hennett $10,000 and put his property in his wife's name so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."

"And last night Mrs. Spriggins eloped with Hennett!"—Life.

Near the End.

"Hello, Thoirty-nine," said the first messenger boy to the other, who was just starting out with a message. "How fur have yer got ter go?"

"Oh," replied Thirty-nine, pulling out his book, "on'y about six chapters; I'm just where Handsome Harry gits on the villain's trail."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Hit.

I tacked a bullseye on my heart
And told the girls to shoot.
They borrowed each a Cupid's dart
And Cupid's wiles to boot.

May hit the widest circle fair;
Bess struck outside the ring;
Belle pulled the cord with eager care
But did not hit a thing.

When pretty Julia bent the bow—
'Tis only truth to tell—
She shut her eyes and let her go,
And—well, she rang the bell.
—L. S. Waterhouse in Judge's Library.

First Lesson.

Father—Well, Carolyn, how do you like school?

Carolyn (aged six) — Oh, so much, papa!

Father—That's right, daughter. And now what have you learned today?

Carolyn—I've learned the names of all the little boys.—Harper's Bazar.

Different.

"Your daughter was to give me an answer to a very important question this evening."

"Be seated; she will be down in a half hour or so."

"Is she making up her mind?"

"No; that would not take long. It's her face."—Houston Post.

Geographical.

'Tis proper to kiss 'neath the mistletoe,
As history shows,
But where is the miss
Who'd not rather be kissed
Right under the nose?
—Judge's Library.

Worse Than the Bark.

"That dog next door should be killed."

"Why? Does it bark all night?"

"No; that's just the trouble. You wake up in the night and listen for the dog and can't hear a single sound."

STEALING MELONS.

How General Grant's Namesake Was Caught by a Ghost.

By MARY BRITTON TOWNSEND.

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It is now nearly half a century since the Union and Confederate armies contended at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river. Few, if any, who read this story were living when, day after day, month after month, General Grant hammered at the fortifications that have long since given way to new blocks of buildings or which beyond the city limits have been leveled to make way for the fruits of the earth. The hero of Vicksburg has for nearly two generations been the popular idol of the colored people living in that part of the country. Doubtless there are many white children named Pemberton from the Confederate general who defended the city, but among the blacks there are probably Ulysses Grants enough to fill a ten acre lot.

Grant was born some time after the fall of Vicksburg. His "mammy" boasts that she saw "Gineral Grant onct," but there is an opinion current among those who know Hannah that she draws on her imagination when she tells what she has seen in her wanderings.

I am inclined to think that her account of meeting with General Grant and his asking her to name her boy after him is, to say the least, rather apochryphal. Grant's name has, Sir Peter Chillingly to the contrary notwithstanding, had no effect on his character. He is a regular little vagabond, liar and small thief.

Mr. Henry, on whose place this young hopeful lives, turning the corner of the house one morning, saw Grant a little way ahead of him with a tin bucket in his hand. Grant saw him at once, darted under the house and then came out without the bucket.

This roused Mr. Henry's suspicion. He called to mind many instances in

"DO YOU WANT TO WAKE THE DEAD?"

which he had caught Grant pilfering.

"Come here, you young rascal!" he cried.

"What has I done?" asked Grant, with an injured air.

"That's what I want to know! What was in that bucket?"

"I hain't got no bucket," sullenly.

"But you had one a moment ago."

"Deed, Mr. Henry, you is 'staken! I didn't hab no bucket."

"Do you think I'm blind? Go under that house at once and bring me that bucket!"

Very slowly Grant crept under the house, when, getting behind a pillar and, as he thought, out of sight, he emptied the contents of the bucket on the ground.

An exclamation from Mr. Henry told him that this piece of strategy had failed, and, much crestfallen, he "scooped" the sugar back into the bucket and came out. On being taxed with his roguery he exclaimed:

"I 'clar' fo' goodness, Mr. Henry, I hain't stole nuffin!"

"Where did you get this sugar, then?"

"I didn't 'tend fer ter stole hit, Mr. Henry. I was just gwine ter borry hit till I c'u'd sell dem watermillions an' pay yer."

"Perhaps you will borrow my watermelons, too!" exclaimed Mr. Henry indignantly. Grant assumed an injured look.

"Yer sp'ilin' my repertishun by such talk es dat," he said. "Yer ain't never kotched me a-stealin' nuffin of yourn, sah."

"Nothing except this sugar and a good many other things," Mr. Henry answered angrily, and he added sternly, "It won't be good for you if I catch you in my melon patch."

Mr. Henry's farm was historic ground. Confederate batteries had been located on it, and during the long siege of Vicksburg many a man met his death there. Negroes who were out after dark and compelled to pass it or go over the road which skirted it held their breath and traveled as fast as they could go. Many a story was told in their cabins how the ghost of an artilleryman in gray or a cavalryman in blue, minus either head or arms, had chased some poor darky till he reached a point beyond where the batteries of wartime had been placed. And it was related by one colored boy that a man on a horse without legs had followed him, just missing him as he grabbed for him while passing the danger line.

Mr. Henry remembered all this, while Grant retreated to the quarter, muttering: "Mus' think I's his nigger! Let 'im knows I don't 'long ter 'im! Twon't be good fer me! Umph! Wut kin 'e do ter me? Jest kase 'e's white, thinks 'e kin do anything! I'd jist like ter see 'im lay his han' on me!"

"What yer grumblin' 'bout now?" demanded Hannah, who was standing, with arms akimbo, in her cabin door. "Whar has yer been, an' what am de matter wif yer?"

"Mr. Henry's been 'busin' me," said Grant sullenly. "Talkin' 'bout me stealin' his ole watermillions."

"Why didn't yer talk back ter 'im? I don't b'lieve yer's got de keridge of a chicken. Yer orter be 'shamed o' yerse'f ter stan' an' let a good fer nuffin white man talk ter yer dat way."

At 9 o'clock that night Grant stole from his mammy's door. Getting clear of the quarter, he crept along, following the angle of the rail fence and thus keeping himself in the shadows.

He heard a noise. What was it—a man's tread or only the rustling of some animal in the grass? Grant crouched close against the fence and listened. The sound, whatever it was, was hushed, and, reassured, he resumed his way.

How still everything was, and the moonlight—how beautiful! The stars twinkled in the calm blue of the summer sky, and the soft night wind was heavy with the fragrance of honeysuckle and mimosa.

Grant glided on, now and then muttering to himself almost inaudibly: "I's mos' dere now. Golly, won't Mr. Henry be mad when he fin's dem whoppers gone? He'll 's'pect me, too, but kin he prove it? Lemme see. I guess I'll 'tend ter hab a chill, an' mammy'll say I's been dreffui sick all night. I kin play possum. Yer bet I kin!"

And Grant almost choked with laughter over his plan for deceiving the rightful owner of "dem whoppers."

He climbed the rail fence in the dense shadows of the magnolia tree and, dropping softly on the other side, found himself among the vines. Grant stooped over one of the largest in the patch.

"Dese yere watermillions is mons'ous temptin'," he said. "Muster been a big watermillion like dis yer dat tempted Ebe. Golly, 'nough ter tempt Gable hisse'f! Lemme see. I don't b'lieve I cud tote more'n one of dese whoppers. Golly, dough, ef I eats one den I kin tote two, one in my stomich an' one in my han's!"

Having reached this conclusion, Grant raised the melon as high as he could, then threw it to the ground. The melon broke, and he proceeded to gorge himself. He was so absorbed that he started and yelled when a hand fiercely grabbed his wool.

"Hush your yelling! Do you want to wake the dead?" exclaimed a hollow voice. Grant began to shiver. He screwed himself round till he caught a glimpse of his captor. The thing was tall and clothed in white, but what startled Grant most was that it seemed to carry its head not on its shoulders, but under its arm. Grant was certain that it was a ghost. Again it demanded, "Do you want to wake the dead?"

"Oh, no, sah!" Grant faltered.

"You're stealing melons. Do you know where the wicked go when they are dead?" And the ghost clutched him by the throat.

"Oh, Jerusalem, lemme go, lemme go!" cried Grant. "I'll never take de melons ag'in. Lemme go, lemme go!"

"Start, then," said the ghost in a solemn voice. "If I catch you here again you'll wish you'd never been born." And the ghost gave him a kick that knocked him down.

When Grant scrambled to his feet and cast a breathless look around the figure was nowhere to be seen. This sudden disappearance was awful. He paused a moment, with his jaw dropped and his knees trembling, and then he was tumbling headlong over the fence and scudding toward the quarter. He avoided the fence corners now as much as he had sought them half an hour before. In fact, he only felt safe in the lightest path he could find. From every tree and patch of shade he expected that white figure to start. When he reached his mammy's door he was in a wretched condition.

"What's der matter wit yer?" Hannah demanded when she had drawn him in and shut the door. "Did Mr. Henry kotch yer? What skeered yer? Did a dog git arter yer, honey?"

"No," Grant stammered; "no; de g'osses got arter me."

"Well, I never!"

"G'osses? Whar wus dey?"

"What dey do ter yer, chile?" was chorused on all sides.

Grant related his adventure to several wondering listeners, and when he had finished an old woman remarked: "I allers told yer dat field was hainted. Now yer see hit is. 'Tain't to be suspected dat sogers what fit fo' dey kentry and died noble defs is goin' to let dair rest be disturbed by any nigger dat chooses to go into a patch to steal millions. Yer jis' keep out o' dar arter this. Some night one o' dem g'osses git der clutches on yer, and d'yer know what'll happen?"

"What?" asked Grant, with standing hair and bulging eyes.

"He'll drag yer right down in de grave with him. Sartin sho!"

"Yo' bet, Sister Sally," they all said, shaking their heads.

Was there a ghost? We can only say that Mr. Henry seemed very much tickled at something the next time he saw Grant.

College and School.

Several French schools are using machines which suck dust from the leaves of books, spray them with disinfectant and dry them with hot air.

The University of Calcutta, said to be the largest educational corporation in the world, examines more than 10,000 students annually.

For the first time in the history of the German universities the total enrollment of full or matriculated students has passed the 50,000 line, the total during the present semester being 51,700 as compared with 48,730 last semester and 47,799 the one before.

Animal Oddities.

Foxhounds give cry, but deerhounds hunt in silence.

The greyhound is the only dog which hunts by sight.

A queen bee at the height of her season deposits three times her weight in eggs a day.

A mole's home in the earth has always four or five outlets. By means of one or the other of these outlets the inmate is always able to elude danger.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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

Wasted.

Tess—So Mr. Borem called on you last evening. I don't suppose you got a chance to open your mouth.

Jess—Oh, yes, frequently. But it didn't do any good. He didn't pay any attention to my yawns.—Philadelphia Press.

REFEREES SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned were on the 17th day of November, 1909, duly and regularly appointed by Hon. R. R. Butler, Judge of the Circuit Court in and for Sherman county, state of Oregon, as Referees in the suit wherein E E Kaseburg and A C Kaseburg were Plaintiffs, and J. R. Kaseburg, Mary Kaseburg, W. R. Copeland, Augusta Copeland, H. J. Kaseburg, Annie Kaseburg, Lizzie Bennett, W. C. Bennett, Herber Root, Amelia Root, Frankie Kaseburg and Lizzie Kaseburg, were Defendants, to sell the following described real property, towit, All of Section twenty-two (22) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

Now Therefore, In pursuance of said appointment and Order of said Court, the undersigned, as such Referees, will on the 15th day of January, 1910, sell at public auction at the Court House door in Moro, Oregon, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. on said date to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property to-wit All of section twenty-two (22) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

W. M. Barnett,
H. S. McDaniel,
I. D. Pike,
Referees.

Date of first publication, December 17, 1909
Date of last publication, January 14th, 1910

REFEREES SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned were on the 17th day of November, 1909, duly and regularly appointed by Hon. R. R. Butler, Judge of the Circuit court in and for Sherman County, State of Oregon, as Referees in the suit wherein J. R. Kaseburg was the Plaintiff and 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); E. E. Kaseburg, Evelyn Kaseburg, A. C. Kaseburg, Herbert Root and Amelia Root were the Defendants, to sell the following described real property to wit: the South one-half of Section (9) nine in Township one (1) North of Range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette Meridian in Sherman County, State of Oregon.

Now Therefore, In pursuance of said appointment and Order of said Court, the undersigned, as such Referees will on the 15th day of January, 1910, sell at public auction, at the Court House door in Moro, Oregon, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. on said date, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property to wit The South one-half of Section nine (9) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian, in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

W. M. Barnett,
H. S. McDaniel,
I. D. Pike,
Referees.

Date of first publication Dec. 17th, 1909.
Date of last publication Jan. 14th, 1910.

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, Attorney for Plaintiff
391-7td3j14]

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

William Gardiner, Plaintiff,
vs.
Katherine Gardiner, Defendant

To Katherine Gardiner, 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 4th day of February, 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. R. R. Butler, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 14th day of December, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 24th day of December, 1909.

J. A. WILSON, Attorney for Plaintiff
7td24f4.

SUMMONS

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

P L Johnson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ella Johnson, Defendant.

To Ella Johnson, 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 25th day of February, 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 Sherman county duly made on the 7th day of January, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 14th day of January, 1910.

CLINTON A. AMBROSE, Attorney for Plaintiff
7tj14f25.

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

Lizzie Frazier, Plaintiff,
vs.
Daniel C Frazier, Defendant.

To Daniel C Frazier, 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 25th day of February, 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 7th day of January, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 14th day of January, 1910.

SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for plaintiff
7tj14f25.

O.R.&N.

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SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	8.45 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p.m no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11.39 pm.	4.51 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	5.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
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Southbound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbound passenger daily
1 00 pm	0	Biggs	12 10 arve
1 15	5.4	Gibsons	11 45
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
3 00	30.4	Erskinville	10.05
3.20	38.5	Grass Valley	9.45
3.50	45.8	Bourbon	9.25
4.05	52.5	Kent	9.10
4 20	57.3	Wilcox	9.00
5.00 arv	70.0	Shaniko	8.30 a m

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*Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with trains for Mt. Angel, Silverton Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8.30 a. m. arrives 5.55 p. m.

Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4.15 p. m., returns 10.35 a.m., daily

*Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7.30 a.m., arrives 5.50 p.m. Daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4 50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

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