

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, FEB. 11, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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A LITERARY AFFAIR.

By ARTHUR D. BERWICK.
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It was a pretty town, but inordinately dull. The branches of the trees formed an arch over the streets—they were rather roads—giving in summer a delicious shade. But few people walked on them, and where there was a footstep it sounded loud. In winter there was no sound at all, for snow covered the ground, and even wheels could not be heard.

He went there in midsummer. He didn't go from choice. He was obliged to go. There was a deal on, and he must manage it from this quiet spot. His work was principally waiting for people to make their minds to sell what they owned and for instructions. The town possessed a dainty little library. He went there for something to read. There was a cheerful appearance inside, logs blazing in a broad tiled fireplace. The librarian, a girl of twenty, stepped to the desk.

"I would like a book of some kind," he said.

"I'm cooped up here with little to do and insufferably bored."

"There were books on the desk which he took up and scanned listlessly.

"What book would you like?" asked the librarian.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"You'll find the card rack over there."

"Couldn't you suggest something?"

"Pardon?"

"Yes."

"Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

"Yes, when a boy. Why should I read that now?"

"Well, Crusoe was alone on his island; you are alone here. You might get some suggestion from him as to how to occupy your time."

"Thank you; I'd rather read this, 'The Heart's Highway'." I could do better in recommending books to you."

"What would you suggest?"

"Put Yourself in His Place."

"That's impossible. You are a man, I am a woman. You are a stranger; I am at home here."

"I am a bachelor, and you, I presume, are a maid."

"How would 'When a Man's Single' suit you?"

"I think I should like it better than 'Robinson Crusoe'." Would it help me?"

"Possibly. When you have finished it you might take up this one: 'It's Never Too Late to Mend.'"

"She blushed as she said it."

"The one appears to be a natural sequel of the other. What's this, 'Red as a Rose Is She'?"

"She blushed still deeper."

"We are not getting on. I wish a novel to while away the time, and I don't find one."

"You are right. This conversation can do you no good, and it might produce—"

"'Bitter Fruit,' he interrupted, reading the title of a volume she handed him."

"She turned away, and he, going to the card rack, fingered the cards for awhile in silence, looking aside occasionally at the girl, who sat by the fire reading. Presently he selected a book. She jabbed it with a stamp and, glancing at the title, gave her head a slight toss. It was 'A Passing Fancy.'"

"Better take that," she said, handing him 'A Bit of a Rogue.'"

"He came again the next day and the next, taking out books and keeping up the same sort of chat till the autumn arrived. Then he finished his work and before leaving went to the library to return what books remained with him."

"I go tomorrow," he said. "Thanks for the books. This one, 'Laying the Wooling On,' on the desk, I have enjoyed very much." He looked at her with an unmistakable glint in his eye.

"I thought you would prefer 'A Midsummer Madness.'"

"I warn you that you may cast ridicule on my feelings."

"Once Too Often," stamping a book of that name.

"Have you considered what I said to you the last time I was here?" he asked.

"Yes, and I regard it—the stamp came down on—'A Flirtation With Truth.'"

"How can you say that? I told you I loved you and wished you to be my wife, giving you time for consideration."

"And my answer is that I prefer this retreat and independence to the city and slavery to an artificial life."

He stood regarding her indignantly. Presently his eye, falling to the desk, lighted on a book. He took it up and handed it to her. It was 'A Woman's No.'"

"Thus far the desk had been between them. Lifting the latch to the gate that shut him off from the interior, he went inside. She was leaning on the desk. He stole his arm around her waist and spoke low in her ear:

"I came into this library a few months ago to seek solace from loneliness. I found it, but not in the books I have taken out, for I have not read one of them. Nevertheless I appreciate them because they have afforded me a language of love. They have served as shields to that diffidence which betrays a newborn affection. But they are no longer needed. Let us now talk plainly. Tell me, do you love me, and will you marry me?"

"I will."

When he returned to the city he was commended for his patience in remaining in a dull country town until every bit of the work assigned him had been satisfactorily closed. It was only when the winter came on and they received the wedding cards that they understood the reason for his acquiescence in his hard lot.

Miss Varina's Valentine.

By Kate M. Cleary.

Copyright, 1909, by Kate M. Cleary.

MISS VARINA was about to set aside the large square decision that, of course, it was for Laurel, when she caught sight of the superscription, written in a bold masculine hand, "Miss Varina Ellington."

"It's—it's for me!" gasped Miss Varina. "A real valentine for me!"

Miss Varina had seen her thirty-fifth birthday and not unkindly winter. But it was many a year since she had received a valentine. The last she could remember receiving was sent when she was nineteen and used to go to singing school with Ambrose Mead. She and Ambrose had not been formally engaged, but they had understood each other, and it had been taken for granted by both that when the new house on the half section was finished it would be as Mrs. Ambrose Mead that Varina Ellington would enter the same.

But, alas, a pretty city girl came to live in the neighborhood, and where is the country youth who can resist the dazzling charms of a city girl when she appears, staidlike, in the monotony of his rural solitude? Ambrose was disappointed. A lover's quarrel followed, and the city girl went into the new house as Mrs. Ambrose Mead.

"What a lovely valentine!"

"It's a lovely valentine for me!"

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IN PLAIN ATTIRE.

By BERTHA STONE.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

The train rolled out of the station, rattled on the rails through the environs of the city and was steaming over hill and dale when a slam of the door warned the passengers that the conductor was coming. Every man instinctively felt for his ticket.

A little man rather shabbily dressed went through all his pockets conscientiously without finding what he wanted. He continued his search till the conductor reached him, when he said:

"Conductor, I have either been relieved of or have lost my pocketbook with all my money and my ticket in it. If you will please see if it is at the end of the journey that you receive the fare."

The conductor looked coldly at the shabby man and replied:

"I must have your fare."

"Then you'll have to get off."

He pulled the bell cord. The passenger arose from his seat and was moving slowly to the door when the conductor gave him a succession of pushes to hurry him. The ejected passenger alighted in mud and stood looking after the train as it pulled away from him. The day was bleak, with misty air and rain. The ejected passenger walked on the track till he came to a road crossing it, which he followed. At last reaching a farmhouse wet to the skin. There he was kindly received, given drinks and put to bed. In the night he awoke with a chill, followed by a fever, and in the morning had developed a serious case of pneumonia. For several weeks he was nursed by the farmer's family, under whose tender care he recovered. Before leaving, having received funds, he offered them compensation, which they declined.

A few days after his departure he entered the general office of the A. D. and P. railway and asked to see the president. He was required to state his business. He wrote on a slip of paper his message, stating that he had been put off a train on the road on account of having lost his money and ticket. The president wrote on the slip "Referred to general passenger agent." The visitor saw the general passenger agent, who told him that the conductor had only the money.

"You must see the applicant for redress," that a railroad is a mechanical contrivance, those who run it are bits of mechanism, and there is no heart in it."

"You've stated the proposition about right," replied the passenger agent.

"In other words, might makes right."

"We couldn't run the road to a profit if we passed people over it without pay."

"I'm glad to have the matter settled," said the visitor. "Good morning."

The incident was forgotten by the railroad officials, and the system went on working with the precision of a steam engine.

The A. D. and P. railway received freight and passengers from one main line and delivered them to another, repeating the process vice versa. It was consequently independent of a thriving community. Suddenly the stock began to act like the float of a fish line, indicating that something was going on below the surface. Then the price commenced to fluctuate. Now it would sink gradually, then suddenly jump up several points. These fluctuations continued for several months, then A. D. and P. stock ceased to attract any attention whatever.

On the first Wednesday in January occurred the annual meeting of the directors. The officers were waiting for the formalities to be disposed of before settling down to their work and their word was washed through the building as if by telegraph that a block of stock amounting to fifty-five hundred shares of the whole had been voted, changing a majority of the directors. Every man rushed to the room where the meeting was in session. The door stood open, and in the excitement of the moment all crowded in. A little man shuffled past them and, standing beside the long table around which the directors were seated, thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, I hold a majority of the stock of this road and therefore am in control."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the general passenger agent. "It's the man who was put off the train."

The speaker continued: "I am a stranger to your city and your ways, having resided all my life in the far west. When coming here I found myself on a cold day, contracted disease and came near dying. I was informed by the officers of the road that I was a mechanic and set to work. Having some means and influential connections in the west and noticing the value of the A. D. and P. road as a connecting link, I have bought the control for myself and my friends. I do not intend to run it on principles of justice. I don't intend to run it at all. It will be turned over to its feeders—for a profit. It was admitted to me by an officer of the road that might makes right. I have the might. I would be pleased to receive the resignation of every officer from the president down, the same to take effect at once."

By the farmer who had sheltered the speculator netted the purchaser a small fortune, which was afterward increased to a big one.

Eleven persons are killed or injured on the railways of India every twenty-four hours.

It is figured that it will take \$112,000,000 to build the subway necessary to take care of the street traffic in the city of Chicago.

After Jan. 1 the national railroad of Mexico will begin an annual expenditure of about \$6,000,000 for the general repairing of the lines, installing heavier rails and where necessary adding rolling stock.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Train and Track.

Philadelphia is to have a new "L" road to cost \$15,000,000.

It is figured that it will take \$112,000,000 to build the subway necessary to take care of the street traffic in the city of Chicago.

Out of 200 railway charters granted by the Canadian parliament in the twenty years ended 1900 only twenty-eight have resulted in any construction, eighty-six have lapsed, and the others have received extensions of time.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, (Publisher)

No. 100, State of Oregon, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Jan. 18th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Artemus H. Hanson, of Moro, Or., who, on March 18th, 1904, made a claim (serial No. 2719) No. 1281, for 2 1/2 acres, section 32, township 1, south range 17 east, Williamsburg Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make said five year proof, to establish claim to said land above described before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 24th day of February, 1910.

Witness my hand and seal, at The Dalles, Oregon, this 11th day of January, 1910.

CHAS. A. HANSEN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Defendant.

To Edward S. Austin, the above named defendant:

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 24th 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 your self, 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. Hastings, County Judge for Sherman county, daily made on the 11th day of January, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 11th day of January, 1910.

EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Defendant.

To Edward S. Austin, the above named defendant:

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 24th 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 your self, on the grounds of desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

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EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Defendant.

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EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Defendant.

To Edward S. Austin, the above named defendant:

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 24th 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 your self, on the grounds of desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

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EDWARD S. AUSTIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.