The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY .....MAR. 11, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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AN ODD COURTSHIP.

By M. QUAD.

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The wife of Deacon Hiram Platt had been dead three years when it came to his ears that people were wondering why he didn't place a tombstone at her grave. At her death the sorrowing husband had fully intended to give her a monument thirty feet high; three months later he had reduced the height to fifteen feet; then he had gone down foot by foot until he figured that a common gravestone would be all that was expected. One may have his own ideas about such matters, but when people begin to talk he must consult the ideas of others to a certain extent. Therefore Deacon Platt hustled around to put up a stone.

About the time the deacon lost his wife Mrs. Samantha Taylor, living in the same village, lost her husband. She also had a thirty foot monument in her mind, and she also scaled it down to a plain, cheap stone. Further, there came a time when gossip criticised her for the unmarked grave, and she set about doing something. She had removed to another village, but gossip follows one everywhere. It thus came about one summer day, when the deacon drove out to the country graveyard to fix up things, he found the widow there for the same object. The graves of their dead were not fifty feet apart. The deacon had a look of sorrow on his face and the widow had tears in her eyes as they shook hands.

"He was a noble man," said the deacon, referring, of course, to the lamented Taylor.

"And she was all that a wife should be," replied the widow, referring, of course, to the lamented Mrs. Platt.

"I am glad to know that you mourn him."

"And I am glad to know that you mourn her."

"Her time had come, and she had to go."

"And the same with him."

The weeds had to be cleared away and the mounds rounded up and sodded and the stones set. They worked together at this. They sorrowed for about half an hour, and then it was something else. When their backs ached and they were ready to quit work for the day the deacon helped her into her buggy with the remark:

"I have seemed to feel Mrs. Platt looking down on me this afternoon."

"And I have felt the presence of my dear lost husband," she replied.

Then they both looked very solemn, and she drove away to return on the morrow and find the deacon there before her. He repeated that her lamented was a noble man, and she repeated that his lamented was all that a wife should be. They cut down and lugged away weeds and briers and brought dirt and sods, and when they rested they sat close together on an old bench. It was during one of these resting spells that the deacon sighed three times in succession and said:

"Widder Taylor, when night had come and you were sitting alone in your lonesomeness did you ever think it possible that you could find another man as good as George was?"

"Why, while he was a noble man, there must be other noble men in the world," she replied.

"Yes, widder, and other noble women, though I never had no fault to find with Hanner. I am sure we loved 'em."

"Yes, we did."

"And it grieved us to see them go."

"It did."

"But they are better off in that brighter land."

Then they parted and went home, and it was noticeable that neither looked as solemn as before. They were not smiling, but the solemn looks had somehow chased themselves away. The next day was to see the end of their work, and they both got there early. The deacon seemed to press the widow's hand when he helped her out of the buggy, and she seemed a bit confused over it, but this may have been all imagination. By midafternoon the stones were in place, and as they retreated a few paces to survey them the deacon solemnly said:

"Widder, if your lost husband can look down on earth he is seeing that stun and saying to himself that it's good enough for anybody."

"Yes," she sighed, "and your Hanner must say the same thing. We could have got monuments, of course, but"—

"But monuments attract lightning," finished the deacon.

"And are blown over in high winds."

"And crows use them to roost on. Yes, I think our lost ones ought to feel quite chirpy. We have the best two lots here."

"And they are picturesquely situated, deacon."

Then the deacon led her out to the gate and her buggy. They walked at a slow pace, and neither seemed to notice that he was holding her hand. When she had been seated in the vehicle the deacon rested a foot on the hub of a front wheel and sighed and said:

"Purty lonesome for us, widder."

"Yes, purty lonesome, deacon."

"I think I'll drive over to see you tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll be expecting you."

"And we'll talk."

"Yes."

"And we'll talk—and talk."

"We will."

And three months later, when they were married, the gossips were mean about it. They said that the couple had done their courting in a graveyard, but we know better. It was done just outside the gate.

Tales For a Winter Evening

Two Pairs of Shoes

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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I DON'T exactly know why Cap'n Jonadab and me went to the postoffice that night. We wa'n't expecting any mail, that's sartin. I guess likely we done it for the reason the feller that tumbled overboard went to the bottom. 'Twas the handiest place to go.

Anyway, we was there, and I was propping up the stove with my feet and holding down a chair with the rest of me when Jonadab heaves alongside flying distress signals. He had an envelope in his starboard mitten and, coming to anchor with a flop in the next chair, sets shifting the thing from one hand to the other as if 'twas red hot.

'Twas a queer looking envelope, more'n the average length fore and aft, but kind of scant in the beam. There was a puddle of red sealing wax on the back of it, with a "D" in the middle, and up in one corner was a kind of picture thing in colors, with some printing in a foreign language underneath it. The envelope was addressed to "Captain Jonadab Wixon, Orham, Mass."

"'Twas in my box," says he. "Must have come in tonight's mail."

I didn't know the mail was sorted, but when he says that I unlocked my box, and I swan to man if there wa'n't another envelope, just like Jonadab's, except that 'twas addressed to "Barzilla Wingate."

"Humph," says I, coming back to the stove, "you ain't the ogly one that's heard from the Prince of Wales! Look here!"

He was the most surprised man but one on the Cape. I was the one. We couldn't make head nor tail of the business and set there comparing the envelopes and wondering who on earth had sent 'em.

Then we opened up the envelopes, both at the same time. Inside of each o' 'em was another envelope, slick and smooth as a mack'rel's back, and inside of that was a letter, printed, but looking like the kind of writing that used to be in the copybook at school. It said that Ebenezer Dillaway begged the honor of our presence at the marriage of his daughter Belle to Peter Theodosius Brown at Dillamead House, Cashmere-on-the-Hudson, Feb. 3, nineteen hundred and so forth.

We were surprised, of course, and pleased in one way because Peter had done so much for us, managing the Old Home House, our summer hotel at Wellmouth Port.

Well, we see 'twas our duty to go, so we went. I had a new Sunday cutaway and light pants to go with it, so I figgered that I was pretty well found, but Cap'n Jonadab had to pry himself loose from considerable money, and every cent hurt as if 'twas nailed on.

We struck Cashmere-on-the-Hudson about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the day of the wedding, but when we hove in sight of Dillamead—Ebenezer's place—we shortened sail and pretty nigh drew out of the race. 'Twas up on a high bank over the river, and the house itself was bigger than four Old Homes spliced together. It had a fair sized township around it in the shape of land, with a high stone wall for trimming on the edges.

"Well," I says to Jonadab, "it looks to me as if we was getting out of soundings. What do you say to coming about and making a quick run for Orham again?"

But he wouldn't hear of it. "S'pose I've spent all that money on duds for nothing?" he says. "No, sir, by thunder! I ain't scared of Peter Brown nor her that's going to be his wife, and I ain't scared of Ebenezer neither, no matter if he does live in the Manufacturers' building, with two or three thousand fathom of frout fence," he says.

"All right," says I. "Darn the torpedoes! Keep her as she is! You can fire when ready, Gridley!"

So we sot sail for what we jedged was Ebenezer's front gate, and just as we made it a man comes whistling round the bend in the path, and I'm blessed if 'twa'n't Peter T. Brown! He was rigged to kill, as usual, only more so.

"Hello, Peter!" I says. "Here we be."

"Well, I'll be"— he begun and then stopped.

"What in the ——," he commenced again, and again his breath died out. Fin'lly he says, "Is this you, or had I better quit and try another place?"

We told him 'twas us, and it seemed to me that he wa'n't nigh so tickled as he'd ought to have been. When he found we'd come to the wedding 'count of Ebenezer sending us word he didn't say nothing for a minute or so.

"Of course we had to come," says Jonadab. "We felt 'twouldn't be right to disapp'int Mr. Dillaway."

Peter kind of twisted his mouth. "That's so," he says. "It'll be worth more'n a box of diamonds to him. Do him more good than joining a 'Don't Worry club.' Well, come on up to the house and ease his mind."

So we done it, and Ebenezer acted even more surprised than Peter.

I can't tell you anything about that house nor the fixings in it. It beat me a mile—that house did. We had a room somewheres up on the hurricane deck, with brass bunks and plush carpets and crocheted curtains and electric lights. I swan there was looking glasses in every corner—big ones, man's size. I remember Cap'n Jonadab hollering to me that night when he was getting ready to turn in:

"For the land's sake, Barzilla," says he, "turn out them lights, will you? I ain't over and above bashful, but them looking glasses make me feel 's if—I was undressing along with all hands and the cook."

The house was full of comp'ny, and more kept coming all the time. Swells? Don't talk! We felt 'bout as much at home as a cow in a dory, but we was there 'cause Ebenezer had asked us to be there, so we kept on the course and didn't signal for help. Traveling through the rooms downstairs where the folks were wasn't good deal like dodging icebergs, as I set on the banks, but one or two noticed us enough to dip the colors, and one was real sociable. He was a kind of slow spoken city feller, dressed as if his clothes was poured over him hot and then left to cool. His last name had a splice in the middle of it—'twas Catesby-Stuart. Everybody—that is, most everybody—called him Phil.

Well, sir, Phil cottoned to Jonadab and me right away. He'd get us, one on each wing, and go through that house asking questions. He pumped me and Jonadab dry about how we come to be there and told us more yarns than a few 'bout Dillaway and how rich he was. I remember he said that he only wished he had the keys to the cellar so he could show us the money bins. Said Ebenezer was so just—well, rotten with money, as you might say, that he kept it in bins down cellar, same as poor folks kept coal—gold in one bin, silver half dollars in another, quarters in another, and so on. When he needed any he'd say to a servant, "James, fetch me up a hod of change." This was only one of the fish yarns he told. They sounded kind of scaly to Jonadab and me, but if we hinted at such a thing he'd pull himself together and say, "Fact, I assure you," in a way to freeze your vitals. He seemed like such a good feller that we didn't mind his telling a few big ones. We'd known good fellers afore that liked to lie—gunners and such like they were mostly.

Somehow or 'nother Phil got Cap'n Jonadab talking "boat," and when Jonadab talks boat there ain't no stopping him. He's the smartest feller in a catboat that ever handled a tiller, and he's won more races than any man on the cape, I cal'late. Phil asked him and me if we'd ever sailed on an iceboat, and when we said we hadn't he asks if we won't take a sail with him on the river next morning.

He introduced us to quite a lot of the comp'ny—men mostly. He'd see a school of 'em in a corner or under a palm tree or somewheres and steer us over in that direction and make us known to all hands. Then he begin to show us off, so to speak—get Jonadab telling 'bout the boats he'd sailed or something like it—and them fellers would laugh and holler, but Phil's face wouldn't shake out a reef. He looked solemn as a fun'ral all the time. Jonadab and me begun to think we was making a great hit. Well, we was, but not the way we thought. I remember one of the gang gets Phil to one side after a talk like this and whispers to him, laughing like fun. Phil says to him: "My dear boy, I've been to thousands of these things"—waving his flipper scornful around the premises—"and upon honor they've all been alike. Now that I've discovered something positively original let me enjoy myself. The entertainment by the Heavenly Twins is only begun."

I didn't know what he meant then. I do now.

The marrying was done about 8 o'clock, and done with all the trimmings. All hands manned the yards in the best parlor, and Peter and Belle

"I'm real glad your son done so well with his laundry," he says.

was hitched. Then they went away in a swell turnout, and Jonadab pretty nigh took the driver's larboard ear off with a shoe Phil gave him to heave after 'em.

After the wedding the folks was sitting under the palms and bushes that was growing in tubs all over the house, and the stewards—there was enough of 'em to man a four master—was carting round punch and frozen victuals. Phil scarcely ever left us, so we wa'n't lonesome. Pretty soon he comes back from a beat into the next room, and he says:

"There's a lady here that's just dying to know you gentlemen. Her name's Granby. Tell her all about the Cape. She'll like it. And, by the way, my dear fellow," he whispers to Jonadab, "if you want to please her—er—mightily congratulate her upon her boy's success in the laundry business. You understand," he says, winking, "only son and self made man, don't you know."

Mrs. Granby was roosting all by herself on a sofy in the parlor. She was fleshy, but terrible stiff and proud, and when she moved the diamonds on her shook till her head and neck looked like one of them set pieces at the Fourth of July fireworks. She was deef, too, and used an ear trumpet pretty nigh as big as a steamer's ventilator.

Maybe she was "dying to know us," but she didn't have a fit trying to show it. Me and Jonadab felt we'd ought to be sociable, and so we set, one on each side of her on the sofy, and bellered "How d'ye do?" and "Fine day, ain't it?" into that ear trumpet. She didn't say much, but she'd couple on the trumpet and turn to whichever one of us had hailed, heeling over to that side as if her ballast had shifted. She acted to me kind of uneasy, but everybody that come into that parlor and they kept piling in all the time—looked more 'n mindling joyful. They kept pretty quiet, too, so that every yell we let out echoed, as you might say, all round. I begun to git shaky at the knees, as if I was preaching to a big congregation.

After a spell Jonadab, not being able to think of anything more to say and remembering Phil's orders, leans over and whoops into the trumpet.

"I'm real glad your son done so well with his laundry," he says.

Well, sir, Phil had give us to understand that them congratulations would make a hit, and they done it.

Old Lady Granby—whew! She got redder'n she was afore, which was a miracle, pretty nigh. She couldn't speak for a minute—just cackled like a hen. Then she busts out with, "How dare you!" and flounces out of that room like a hurricane. And it was still as could be for a minute, and then two or three of the girls begun to squeal and giggle behind their handkerchiefs.

Jonadab and me went away too. We didn't flounce any to speak of. I guess a "speak" would come nearer to telling how we quit.

Course we knew we'd put our foot in it somewheres, but we didn't see just how. Even then we wa'n't really on to Phil's game. But we was suspicious a little.

"Barzilla," says Jonadab, getting ready to turn in, "'tain't possible that that feller with the sprained last name is having fun with us, is it?"

"Jonadab," says I, "I've been wondering that myself."

And we wondered for an hour and finally decided to wait awhile and say nothing till we could ask Ebenezer. And the next morning one of the stewards comes up to our room with some coffee and grub and says that Mr. Catesby-Stuart requested the pleasure of our comp'ny on a afore breakfast iceboat sail and would meet us at the pier in half an hour.

Phil and the iceboat met us on time. I s'pose it 'twas style, but if I hadn't known I'd have swore he'd run short of duds and had dressed up in the bedclothes. I felt of his coat when he wa'n't noticing, and if it wa'n't made out of a blanket then I never slept under one.

Phil said he was sorry we turned in so early the night afore. Said he'd planned to entertain us all the evening. We didn't hurrah much at this, being suspicious, as I said, and he changed the subject to iceboats.

That iceboat was a bird. I cal'lated to know a boat when I sighted one, but a flatiron on skates was something brand new. I didn't think much of it, and I could see that Jonadab didn't neither.

But in about three shakes of a lamb's tail I was ready to take it all back and say I never said it. I done enough praying in the next half hour to square up for every Friday night meeting I'd missed sence I was a boy. Phil got sail on to her, and we moved out kind of slow.

"Now, then," says he, "we'll take a little jaunt up the river. Course this isn't like one of your Cape Cod cats, but still"—

And then I dug my finger nails into the deck and commenced, "Now I lay me." Talk about going! 'Twas "F-a-s-s-s-t!" and we was a mile from home. "Bu-z-z-z!" and we was just getting ready to climb a bank, but 'fore she nosed the shore Phil would put the helm over, and we'd whirl round like a windmill, with me and Jonadab biting the planking and hanging on for dear life and my heart, that had been up in my mouth, knocking the soles of my boots off. And Cap'n Catesby-Stuart would grin and drawl: "Course this ain't like a Orham catboat, but she does fairly well—er—fairly. Now, for instance, how does this strike you?"

It struck us—I don't think any got away. I expected every minute to land in the hereafter, and it got so that the prospect looked kind of inviting, if only to get somewheres where 'twas warm. That February wind went in at the top of my stiff hat and whizzed out through the legs of my thin Sunday pants till I felt for all the world like the ventilating pipe on an ice chest. I could see why Phil was wearing the bedclothes. What I was suffering for just then was a feather mattress on each side of me.

Well, me and Jonadab was "it" for quite a spell. Phil had all the fun, and I guess he enjoyed it. He kept whizzing up and down that river till Jonadab and me kind of got over our variousness. We could manage to get along without spreading out like porous plasters and could set up for a minute or so on a stretch. And 'twa'n't necessary for us to hold a special religious service every time the flatiron come about.

And in spite of the cold we was noticing how Phil was sailing that three cornered sneak box—noticing and criticising. At least I was, and Cap'n Jonadab, being, as I've said, the best skipper of small craft from Provincetown to Cohasset Narrows, must have had some ideas on the subject. Your old chum, Catesby-Stuart, thought he was mast high so fur's sailing was concerned. Anybody could see that, but he had something to l'arn. He wasn't beginning to get out all there was in that iceboat. And just then along comes another feller in the same kind of hooker and gives us a hail. There was two other chaps on the boat with him.

"Hello, Phil!" he yells, rounding his flatiron into the wind abreast of ours and bobbing his nightcap. "I hoped you might be out. Are you game for a race?"

"Archie," answers our skipper, solemn as a setting hen, "permit me to introduce to you Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Admiral Barzilla Wingate of Orham, on the Cape. The cap'n and the admiral, having sailed the raging main for, lo, these many years, are now favoring me with their advice concerning the navigation of ice yachts. Archie, if you're willing to enter against such a handicap of brains and barnacles I'll race you on a beat up to the point yonder, then on the ten mile run afore the wind to the buoy opposite the club and back to the cove by Dillaway's. And we'll make it a case of wine. Is it a go?"

Archie he laughed and said it was, and all at once the race was on.

Now, Phil had lied when he said we was favoring him with advice, 'cause we hadn't said a word. But that beat up to the point wa'n't half over afore Jonadab and me was dying to tell him a few things. He handled that boat like a lobster. Archie gained on every tack and come about for the run a full minute afore us.

And on that run afore the wind 'twas worse than ever. The way Phil seesawed that piece of pie back and forth over the river was a sin and shame. He could have slacked off his mainsail and headed dead for the buoy; but, no—he jiggled around like an old woman crossing the road ahead of a funeral.

Cap'n Jonadab was on edge. Racing was where he lived, as you might say, and he fidgeted like he was setting on a pincushion. By and by he snaps out:

"Keep her off! Keep her off afore the wind! Can't you see where you're going?"

Phil looked at him as if he was a graven image, and all the answer he made was, "Be calm, Barnacles, be calm!"

But pretty soon I couldn't stand it no longer, and I busts out with: "Keep her off, Mr. What's-your-name! For the Lord's sake, keep her off! He'll beat the life out of you!"

And all the good that done was for me to get a stare that was colder than the wind, if such a thing 's possible.

But Jonadab got fidgetyer every minute, and when we come into the broadest part of the river, within a little ways of the buoy, he couldn't stand it no longer.

"You're spilling half the wind!" he yells. "P'int her for the buoy or else you'll be licked to death! Jibe her so's she gits it full. Jibe her, you lubber! Don't you know how? Here! Let me show you!"

And the next thing I knew he fetched a hop like a frog, shoved Phil out of the way, grabbed the tiller and jammed it over.

She jibed—oh, yes, she jibed! If anybody said she didn't you send 'em to me. I give you my word that that flatiron jibed twice—once for practice, I judge, and then for business. She commenced by twisting and squirming like an eel. I jest had sense enough to clamp my mittens on to the little brass rail by the stern and hold on. Then she jibed the second time. She stood up on two legs, the boom came over with a slat that pretty nigh took the mast with it, and the whole shebang whirled around as if it had forgot something. I have a foggy kind of remembrance of locking my mitten clamps fast on to that rail while the rest of me streamed out in the air like a burgee. Next thing I knew we was scooting back toward Dillaway's, with the sail catching every ounce that was blowing. Jonadab was braced across the tiller, and there, behind us, was

She jibed—oh, yes, she jibed!

the Hon. Philip Catesby-Stuart, flat on his back, with his blanket legs looking like a pair of compasses and skimming in whirligigs over the slick ice toward Albany. He hadn't had nothing to hold on to, you understand. Well, if I hadn't seen it I wouldn't have b'lieved that a human being could spin so long or travel so fast on his back. His legs made a kind of smoky circle in the air over him, and he'd got such a start I thought he'd never stop a-going. He come to a place where some snow had melted in the sun, and there was a pond, as you might say, on the ice, and he went through that, heaving spray like one of them circular lawn sprinklers the summer folks have. He'd have been as pretty as a fountain if we'd had time to stop and look at him.

"For the land sakes, heave to!" I yelled soon 's I could get my breath. "You've spilled the skipper!"—

"Skipper be durned!" howls Jonadab, squeezing the tiller and keeping on the course. "We'll come back for him by and by. It's our business to win this race."

And, by ginger, we did win it! The way Jonadab coaxed that cocked hat on runners over the ice was pretty—yes, sir, pretty! He nipped her close enough to the wind'ard, and he took advantage of every single chance. He always could sail; I'll say that for him. We walked up on Archie like he'd set down to rest and passed him afore he was within a half mile of home. We run up abreast of Dillaway's, putting on all the fancy frills of a liner coming into port, and there was Ebenezer and a whole crowd of wedding company down by the landing.

"Gosh!" says Jonadab, tugging at his whiskers. "'Twas Cape Cod against New York that time, and you can't beat the Cape when it comes to getting over the water, not even if the water's froze. Hey, Barzilla?"

Ebenezer came hopping over the ice towards us. He looked some surprised.

"Where's Phil?" he says.

Now, I'd clean forgot Phil, and I guess Jonadab had by the way he colored up.

"Phil?" says he. "Phil? Oh, yes! We left him up the road a piece. Maybe we'd better go after him now."

But old Dillaway had something to say.

"Cap'n," he says, looking round to make sure none of the comp'ny was following him out to the iceboat, "I've wanted to speak to you afore, but I haven't had the chance. You mustn't b'lieve too much of what Mr. Catesby-Stuart says, nor you mustn't always do just what he suggests. You see," he says, "he's a dreadful practical joker."

"Yes," says Jonadab, beginning to look sick. I didn't say nothing, but I guess I looked the same way.

"Yes," said Ebenezer, kind of uneasy like. "Now, in that matter of Mrs. Granby. I s'pose Phil put you up to asking her about her son's laundry. Yes? Well, I thought so. You see, the fact is her boy is a broker down in Wall street, and he's been caught making some of what they call 'wash sales' of stock. It's against the rules of the exchange to do that, and the papers have been full of the row. You can see," said Dillaway, "how the laundry question kind of stirred the old lady up. But, Lord, it must have been funny!" And he commenced to grin.

I looked at Jonadab, and he looked at me. I thought of Marm Granby and her being "dying to know us," and I thought of the lies about the "hod of change" and all the rest, and I give you my word I didn't grin, not enough to show my wisdom teeth, anyhow. A crack in the ice an inch wide would have held me, with room to spare. I know that.

"Hum," grunts Jonadab, kind of dry and bitter, as if he'd been taking wormwood tea, "I see! He's been having a good time making durn fools out of us."

"Well," says Ebenezer, "not exactly that, p'raps, but"—

And then along comes Archie and his crowd in the other iceboat.

"Hi!" he yells. "Who sailed that boat of yours? He knew his business all right. I never saw anything better. Phil—why, where is Phil?"

I answered him. "Phil got out when we jibed," I says.

"Was that Phil?" he hollers, and then the three of 'em just roared.

"Oh, by Jove, you know," says Archie, "that's the funnest thing I ever saw. And on Phil too! He'll never hear the last of it at the club, hey boys?" And then they just bellered and laughed again.

When they'd gone, Jonadab turned to Ebenezer, and he says: "That taking us out on this boat was another case of having fun with the countrymen. Hey?"

"I guess so," says Dillaway. "I b'lieve he told one of the guests that he was going to put Cape Cod on ice this morning."

I looked away up the river where a little black speck was just getting ashore. And I thought of how chilly the wind was out there, and how that ice water must have felt, and what a long ways 'twas from home. And then I smiled, slow and wide; there was a barge load of joy in every half inch of that smile.

"It's a cold day when Phil loses a chance for a joke," says Ebenezer.

"'Tain't exactly what you'd call summery just now," I says. And we hauled down sail, run the iceboat up to the wharf and went up to our room to pack our extension cases for the next train.

"You see," says Jonadab, putting in his other shirt, "it's easy enough to get the best of Cape folks on wash sales and lying, but when it comes to boats that's a different pair of shoes."

"I guess Phil 'll agree with you," I says.

Easy Money.

Lover (anxious for a chance to propose)—Look here, little man, if you'll see that no one comes into this room for half an hour I'll give you a dollar.

Little Brother—Gee! Three dollars! Easy money!

Lover—How's that?

Little Brother—Why, one from you, one from sister and one from mother.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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

J M Eddy, Plaintiff,
vs.
Dora Eddy, Defendant.

To Dora Eddy, 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 15th day of April, 1910, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the 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 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 William Henrichs, County Judge of said Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 14 day of March 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 4th day of March, 1910.

BIRYANT & MOWRY,
7im4s15.6] Attorneys for Plaintiff

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

Edith S. Warner, Plaintiff,
vs
Clarence E. Warner, Defendant.

To Clarence E. Warner, 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 29th day of March, 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 17th day of February, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of February, 1910.

ALAN I. JOY,
5 7tf18m29] Attorney for Plaintiff

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Distance from Biggs	Time table No 12 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

For rates and information apply to

F. CRABTREE, Agent,
Moro, Or.

REPORT OF SHERMAN COUNTY SCHOOLS

For the Month Ending February 25, 1910.

Teachers, patrons, pupils and all others interested in the general welfare of our schools should note carefully how your school compares each month with the others of the county.

Dist. No.	School	Teacher	Enrollment	Number days taught	Whole No. days absent	Whole No. times late	Neither absent nor late	Per cent of attendance	No. visits by parents	Visits by school board
1	Bigelow	Hattie Buttermore	19	14	29	2	2	86.4	0	0
2	Brock	Dena Larson	6	14	8	0	3	98.2	0	0
3	Rufus	Anna B Thompson	22	19	25	0	10	93.4	2	1
5	Locust Grove	Laura McIntosh	8	17	4	0	7	96.6	0	1
6	China Hollow	Florence Heston	6	19	7	0	2	88.3	0	0
7	Wasco	J M Woods	144	19	132	18	65	94.6	0	0
9	Kent	L W Wimberly	56	19	61	16	16	92.3	1	0
10	Webfoot	Mary E Cook	9	15	5.5	12	2	96	0	0
11	Fredberg	Isabelle McGregor	13	16	22	2	2	86.4	0	1
12	Sherar Bridge	B F Smith	10	19	1	2	6	98.7	2	1
13	DeMoss	Emma Damewood	20	20	22.5	1	5	92.9	0	0
16	Erskinville	Mabel Deems	9	4	2	2	6	94.4	2	2
17	Moro	Oliver O Rush	117	16	137	15	47	91.1	6	0
19	Monkland	Mary Jackson	14	17	36	4	3	75.5	0	0
20	Upr. Hay Can.	B A Vose	10	19	9	10	0	89.6	0	0
21	Fairview	Edna A Everett	5	4	0	0	5	100	0	1
22	Boardman	Alice Bayley	17	7	2	0	11	97.3	0	0
23	Grass Valley	Louis Murdock	119	17	166	8	27	90.4	1	0
a24	Rutledge	Anna Vose	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
25	German Sett'mt.	C P Adams	25	19	21	11	9	96	3	2
a26	Michigan	Golda Wise	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
27	John Day	Lena Gilman	8	14	13	0	5	88.3	0	0
a28	Blue school Hse.	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
29	Wilcox	Addie Taylor	3	15	0	0	3	100	3	2
b30	Klondike	Amy Cook	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
b31	Biggs	Lydia Wyman	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
32	Rosebush	Atta O'dell	13	19	6.5	5	7	97.3	0	0
b33	Buckley	Eva Smith	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
35	Dobie Point	Cora Daugherty	12	15	19	10	3	84.3	0	1
44	Early	Bertha Angell	5	14	0	3	2	100	1	0

Note: a School not in session this month.
b Teacher failed to report.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

Fidelity & Casuality Company

Of New York, in the State of New York, on the 31st day of December, 1909, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Capital

Amount of capital paid up		$ 1,000,000 00

Income

Premiums received during the year in cash	$7,721,395 53	
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	350,101 89	
Income from other sources received during the year	13,320 86	
Total income		$ 8,084,818 28

Disbursements

Losses paid during the year	$2,929,217 06	
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	170,000 00	
Commission and salaries paid during the year	2,717,414 74	
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	122,726 66	
Amount of all other expenditures	571,267 80	
Total expenditures		$6,510,626 26

Assets

Value of real estate owned	$1,232,285 23	
Value of stocks and bonds owned	$7,178,267 77	
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc	177,500 00	
Cash in banks and on hand	60,812 42	
Premiums in course of collection and in transmission	910,231 81	
Interest and rents due and accrued	39,826 79	
Total assets	$9,598,924 02	
Less special deposits in any state (if any there be)	$ 97,000 00	
Total assets admitted in Oregon		$ 9,501,924 02

Liabilities

Gross claims for losses unpaid	$1,750,722 33	
Amount of unearned premiums on all outstanding risks	3,799,474 54	
Due for commission and brokerage	252,669 68	
All other liabilities	231,827 57	
Capital $1,000,000, surplus $2,467,229 90	3,467,229 90	
Total liabilities		$9,501,924 02
Total insurance in force December 31, 1909		$7,530,643 84

Business in Oregon for the Year

Gross premiums received during the year	$	19,202 36
Premiums returned during the year		600 11
Losses paid during the year		3,255 50

FIDELITY & CASUALITY CO.

By ROBT. J. HILLAS, Vice President

Statutory resident general agent and attorney for service:

ORLANDO W. DAVIDSON.

COLONIST RATES to OREGON

And the Great Northwest

The management of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. and Southern Pacific Co. (Oregon Lines) take great pleasure in announcing that the low rates from Eastern cities, which have done so much in the past seasons to stimulate travel to and settlement in Oregon, will prevail again this spring DAILY from March 1 to April 15, inclusive.

People of Oregon

The railroads have done their part; now its up to you. The colonist rate is the greatest of all homebuilders. Do all you can to let eastern people know about it, and encourage them to come here, where land is cheap and homebuilding easy and attractive.

FARES CAN BE PREPAID at home if desired. Any agent of the roads named is authorized to receive the required deposit and telegraph ticket to any point in the east.

REMEMBER THE RATES—from Chicago $33; from St Louis, $32; from Omaha and Kansas City $25. The reduction is proportionate from all other cities.

Wm. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent,

Portland, Oregon.

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