

The Observer.

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Personal Talk With You.

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CARRIED BY STORM.

By F. A. MITCHELL.

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The Von Puttkamers were one of the most respectable families in Germany. Their customs, their manners, their daily occupations, were the same as they had been several hundred years before, when the first Puttkamer was permitted to prefix Von to his name. They lived on the family estate at Heilfeld, where in the morning at a certain hour, attended to their duties, household and social, during the day and went to bed and to sleep at the same hour every night. Nothing had ever occurred to disturb the serenity of their lives, and it did not occur to any one of them, especially to Herr Von Puttkamer and his good wife, that any disconcerting episode would ever occur to them.

But where young women are growing up destined to become wives there is always a skeleton in the family closet. The mother may realize that a pretty daughter will waste and leave the family nest, but the father, if such a thought comes into his head, either banishes it or considers it likely only to happen in the far future. The time came, as it must inevitably come, when the whole Puttkamer family was startled as if by the shock of an earthquake.

An application arrived from a young officer in the Prussian army for permission to pay his addresses to Johanna Puttkamer. This was equivalent to asking for her hand. At first nothing of the horrible proposition to take away one of the lambs was considered. Then note was taken of the wolf who had broken into the fold. Who was he? A Von, an officer, a member of an excellent family. But with this list of recommendations ended. At the university where he had studied his wild ways had fastened upon him the sobriquet of "Mad." A big man, with long legs, he needed the aid of a cane, customs, tramping them at every step. He never did anything as any one else would do it. He had no reverence, no fear. He smoked big black cigars and drank clanks of beer. Terrible as it was, he was not considered wise to positively decline what might prove a good match nor to accept what might prove a very bad one. Better temporize until an acquaintance with the editor could be gained. The final decision was to invite him to the family domain and look him over. If he were much in love, he would wait; if not, well, perhaps they would be well rid of him. So Herr Von Puttkamer wrote the young man permission to pay the family of visit of inspection, just as a church congregation permits a candidate to preach them a sample sermon.

Word having reached the Puttkamer home of the hour at which the editor would arrive, preparation was made to receive him according to the sacred traditions of the first families of Germany—suits and uniforms were invited to be present during the visit that the benefit of their observation might be obtained. He was to be permitted to remain till some estimate of his promise as a husband had been secured, then to be sent away for further deliberation, perhaps a longer visit, and a final decision, which would be communicated to him in due form.

Meanwhile the girl applied for demurely waited for the result of all this investigation. When the day came round and the hour approached for the editor's arrival the Puttkamer family and the oldest and most trusted relations were lined up to receive him to protect the family from any sudden dash of the editor. Johanna was stationed in the center of the group between her father and mother, while the others extended as wings on either side. A clatter of horse's hoofs was heard coming up the driveway at a gallop, and a moment later a tall, lank young man threw himself to the ground. There stood the father and mother glaring solemnly, between them the lankish Johanna, with her eyes cast on the ground. Without a moment's hesitation the lover ran forward, flung his arms around her, drew her tightly to his breast and covered her face with kisses. Meanwhile the scandalized parents stood flashing lightning from their eyes at this annihilation of all their plans, all their precaution.

But the victory was with the young man, who had carried the position by storm. It was not long before the father and mother realized that the matter was settled. What? Prevent their daughter to remain unbetrothed to the man who had embraced her? Never! The inspection was ended at its beginning; the prohibition did not take place. It was a settled fact that little Johanna was to be given over to her lover though he were a monster. Before he left Heilfeld the pair went through the forms of betrothal.

Years after this triumph, with the same whirlwind decision, the man who made it achieved others in a far different field—that of statesmanship and diplomacy. For years he directed the policy of the king of Prussia, he humbled that king's enemy, France, and from the palace of Versailles proclaimed his chief emperor of Germany. His name will be handed down among the greatest of European statesmen. It was Otto Von Bismarck.

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Dog Star

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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It commenced the day after we took the old man Stump-ton out fishing. Now, if you know anything about fishing, you know that when the dogfish strike on it's "goodly, cod," so when Stump-ton hauled a big fat one over the rail I could tell that Jonadab was ready to swear. But do you think it disturbed your old friend Peter Brown? No, sir! He never winked an eye.

"By Jove!" he slugs out, staring at that dogfish as if 'twas a gold dollar. "By Jove!" says he, "That's the finest specimen of a Labrador mackerel ever I see. Bait up, Stump, and go at 'em again."

So Stump-ton, having lived in Montana ever since he was five years old and not having fished since, was not a little surprised to find that what he had been told was a "Labrador mackerel," and he goes at 'em hammer and tongs. When we come ashore we had eighteen dogfish, for sea-cod, a skate, and Stump-ton was the happest loon in Ostabek county.

Stump-ton and his daughter, Maudina, was at the Old Home House. Old Dilaway—Peter's father-in-law—had decored the pair on from Montana because him and some Wall street sharks were figuring on buying some copper country out of that way that Stump-ton owned. Then Dilaway was took sick, and Peter, who was just back from his wedding town, brought the Montana victims down to the Cape with the excuse to give 'em a good time alongshore, but really to keep 'em safe and out of the way till Ellen, a Belle, Peter's wife, stayed be-lind to look after papa.

Stump-ton fished and loaded and shot at a mark. He sartilly could shoot. The only thing he was wishing for was something alive to shoot at, and Brown had promised to take him out duck shooting.

Maudina was, like her name, pretty, but sort of soft and mushy. She had big blue eyes and a baby face, and her principal cargo was poetry. She had a dead load of it, and she'd leave it aboard every time the wind changed. She was just out of a convent school, and you well need see she wasn't used to most things, including men.

The first week slipped along, and everything was serene.

Peter had gone driving with Maudina and her dad, and me and Cap'n Jonadab was smoking on the front piazza.

"Well, by time!" says he, pointing. A feller had just turned the corner of the house and was heading up in

our direction. He was a thin, lengthy craft, with more in the average amount of wrists sticking out of his sleeves and with long black hair trimmed at behind his ears and curling on the back of his neck. He had high cheek bones and kind of sunk in black eyes, and altogether he looked like Dr. MacGooseum, the celebrated Black-foot medicine man. His clothes was pretty tolerable neat, and so was his hat. Oh, he was a last year's bird's nest, but when them clothes was fresh—when the northern lights and a rainbow mixed with a cloud and a moon's a cloudy day 'tinside of him. He hails us grand and easy.

"Good morning, gentlemen," says he. "We don't want none," says Jonadab, decided.

The feller looked surprised. "I beg your pardon," says he. "You don't want any—what?"

"We don't want any 'Life of King Solomon' nor 'The World's Big Classics.' And we don't want to buy any patent paint, nor sewing machines, nor clothes washers, nor climbing evergreen roses, nor rheumatism cure, and we don't want our pictures painted neither."

Jonadab was getting excited. Nothing rises him more than a peddler, unless it's a woman selling tickets to a church fair.

"You are mistaken," says he. "I have called to see Mr. Peter Brown; he is—er—a relative of mine."

"You don't say?" says I. "Come right up and set down, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Montague," says the feller—"Booth Montague."

So he come up the steps and set down in a piazza chair like King Edward perching on his throne. We told him all about Peter and Belle and Ellen, and about Stump-ton and Maudina. He was a good deal interested and asked considerable many questions. Pretty soon we heard a carriage rattling up the road.

"Hello!" says I. "I guess that's Peter and the rest coming now."

Mr. Montague got off his throne kind of sudden.

"Ahem!" says he. "Is there a wagon

here where I may—er—receive Mr. Brown in a less public manner? It will be rather an—er—surprise for him, and."

Well, there was a good deal of sense in that. I know 'twould surprise me to have such an image as he, was sprung on me without any notice. We steered him into the gentle's parlor, and shut the door, and when the decks was clear Jonadab and me tackled Peter T.

"Peter," says Jonadab, "we've got a surprise for you. One of our relations has come."

Brown, he did look surprised, but he didn't act as he was any too joyful. "Relation of mine?" says he. "Come off! Who's his name?"

We told him Montague—Booth Montague. He laughed.

"Wake up and turn over," he says. "They never had anything like that in my family. Booth Montague! Sure I see. Bait up, Stump, and go at 'em again."

The checker-board feller was standing up when we opened the door. "Hello, Peter!" says he, cool as a cucumber and sticking out a foot and a half of wrist with a hand at the end of it.

Now, it takes considerable to upset Peter Theodosius Brown. Up to that time and hour I'd have bet on him against anything short of an earthquake. But Booth Montague done it—knocked him plumb out of water. Peter actually turned white.

"Great!" he began and then stopped and swallowed. "Hank!" he says, and set down in a chair.

"The name," says Montague. "Peter. It does me good to set my eyes on you, especially now, when you're the real thing."

Brown never answered for a minute. Then he came over to port and reached down into his pocket. "Well," says he, "how much?"

But Hank, or Booth, or Montague—whatever his name was—wasn't a feller to be trifled with. "Nun-nun-nun-no," Peter, my son," he says, smiling. "It ain't how much this time. I've come to live with you, Peter, and you pay the freight."

Peter jumped out of the chair. "Live with me?" he says. "You Friday evening amateur night! It's back to 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' for yours!" he says.

"Oh, no, it ain't!" says Hank, cheerfully. "I'll be back to Popper Dilaway and Belle. When I tell 'em I'm your little cousin Henry and how you and me worked the territories together—why, well, I guess there'll be goodness round the deary!"

Peter didn't say nothing. Then he fetched a long breath and motioned with his hand to Cap'n Jonadab and me. We see we weren't invited to the family reunion, so we went out and shut the door.

It was most an hour afore Brown come out of that room. When he did he took Jonadab and me by the arm and led us out back of the barn.

"Fellers," he says, and, mornally, "that—that plaster cast in a crazy quilt," he says, referring to Montague, "is my cousin all right, and his name's Hank Schmeltz, but the sooner you look that fact over, the sooner the smother 'twill be for your deary, Peter T. Brown. He's to be Mr. Booth Montague, the celebrated English fish poet, so long's he hangs out at the Old Home, and he's to hang out here until I can do one out of two and get rid of him."

"What makes you call him a poet?" Jonadab says.

Peter answered pretty snappy: "Cause there's only two or three jobs that long haired image like him could hold down," he says. "I'd call him a musician if he could play 'Redelia' on a jews-harp. But he can't, so's he's got to be a poet."

And a poet he was for the next week or so. Peter drove down to Welthout that night and bought some respectable black clothes, and the following morning when the celebrated Booth Montague came sailing into the dining room with his curls brushed back from his forehead and his new cut-away on 'and his wrists covered up with clean cuffs, blessed if he didn't look distinguished—at least that's the only word I can think of that fits him. He hails us grand and easy.

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ing quick. He promised to hurry, and I started for the door to see that he didn't get away. In about ten minutes

arrive—boys first, then girls and men and then the women. Marks came trotting up, pounding the donkey with his umbrella.

"Here, Lion! Here, Tiger!" he yells again. Let him alone! Then he looks at Montague, and his jaw kind of drops.

"Why—why, Hank?" he says. A tall, lean critter in a black tail coat and a yaller vest and ivender pants come trotting up. He was the manager, we found out afterward.

"Have they bit him?" says he. Then he done just the same as Marks's mouth opened, and his eyes stuck out. "My kinsman," says the living jingo!

"What's his name?" says I. "Booth Montague looks at the two of 'em kind of sick and lonesome. "Hello, Hank!" How are you, Sullivan?" he says.

"Hank" says a voice, a woman's voice, and tolerable crisp and vinegary. "Hank! It's you, is it? I've been looking for you!"

That's Little Eva in the pony cart. Hank had hair had slipped back so's he could see the black under it, and his beautiful red cheeks was kind of smoky. She looked some older and wiser than Hank.

"Hank" says she, getting out of the cart. "It's you, is it, Hank Schmeltz? Well, p'raps you'll tell me where've been for the last two weeks? You say you mean by running away, you miserable, low down—"

But the manager took hold of her arm. "Hank! He's been looking at the crowd, and he whispered in her ear. Next thing I knew she clasped her hands together, let out a scream and runs up and grabs the celebrated British poet."

"Booth," says she. "My husband! Saved! Saved!"

And she went all to pieces and cried all over his necktie. And then Marks came up and that you can see Hank and Marks around the legs. And I'm blessed if Montague didn't slap his hand to his forehead and toss back his curls and look up at the sky and sing out: "My wife and babe! Restored to me after all these years! The heavens be thanked!"

Well, 'twas a sacred sort of time. The towns folks uptied away, the men looking solemn, and the women weeping and with their hands clasped and saying how affecting 'twas, and so on. Oh, you could see that show would do business that night if it never did afore. The manager told us Montague belonged to the Uncle Tom's Cabin company and that he'd disappeared a fortnight or so afore, when they were playing at Hyannis. Eva was his wife, and the child was their little boy. The bloodhounds knew him, and that's why they chased him so.

"What was you two yelling 'Stop thief' after him for?" says he. "Lias he stole anything?"

"We says 'No'."

"What did you want to get him for?" he says.

"We didn't," says Jonadab. "We wanted to get rid of him. We don't want to see him no more."

You could tell that the manager was puzzled, but he laughed.

"All right," says he. "If I know anything about Maggle—that Mrs. Schmeltz—he won't get loose agin."

We only saw Montague to talk to but once more. He was peeked at under the window shade at the hotel and asked us if we'd told anybody where he'd been. When he found we hadn't he was thankful.

"You tell 'em," says he, "that he's the whole lot. Ality and all, I don't think I'll visit him agin, nor Belle neither."

"I wouldn't," says I. "They might write to Maudina that you was a married man. And old Stump-ton's been prying for something alive to shoot at," I says.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

GET THE HABIT.

Cheer up!

Do not worry. The word comes from "worry," a Dutch word which means to throttle. Worry will throttle the best that is in you. It will choke out not only your happiness, but your usefulness.

Cheer up!

A fretting disposition becomes a habit. And when you settle down into a habit, discontent your life becomes a torment to yourself.

Cheer up!

How? As you do anything else—by practice! A hopeful disposition can be cultivated. Think pleasant thoughts. Look on the bright side of things. You can find the bright side looking for it. Dwell on the good until you get the habit.

Cheer up!

Do you say it is your "temperament" that prevents you? All the more reason, friend, why you should cultivate the habit that will overcome your natural disposition—if you were born that way, which is doubtful.

Cheer up!

Can you do it? Yes, yes! It can be done scientifically and is being done by thousands. The law of the mind is just like the law of the body. By use, custom, practice, mental as well as physical habits are made.

Cheer up!

There is infinitely more good in the world for you than evil. The Sanskrit word for "good" means that which exists. Evil, in Sanskrit, does not exist. It is only a fancy of the mind. There is a great truth in the Sanskrit view. Most of our ills are imaginary.

Cheer up!

The good that is in the world will live forever. The evil must slowly disappear. You have a hundred—say, a thousand—times where you cry but once, is it not so?

Cheer up!

Try to see the good, think the good, feel the good, hope the good, practice the good, and good shall be your portion.

Cheer up!

Caught. Miss Yerner impatiently. "I'm sure we'll win the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted after a moment.

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Little Stories of Big People

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

is not friend to the new suffragette slogan. "No vote, no husband." She says the plan is old; that it was tried unsuccessfully in the days of Aristophanes.

"My suffragette friends have disappointed me," the famous poet declared in a recent interview. "I expected their slogan to be something startling; and, lo, it is old—old and familiar."

"They remind me, my suffragette friends, of a witness at a Boston inquest."

"Witness," said the coroner, "do you know why the deceased died for committing suicide?"

"Yes, judge, your honor," said the witness piously. "Deceased told me his motive, sir."

The coroner, the court officers, everybody, looked interested.

"What was, then, deceased's motive?" said the coroner.

"Why, your honor, he said he wanted to kill himself," was the reply.

James M. Beck, who has been retained as general counsel for the sugar trust, once made use of a humorous anecdote to introduce an address. Unavoidable duties had prevented him, he said, from making any of the preparations for the occasion and so he would be obliged to the audience the motto of a good old woman he had heard of. Her pastor came to comfort this woman, who had suffered a bereavement.

"Well, my good woman," the pastor remarked, "in your bitter trial I hope you have found some ray of comfort from the Scriptures."

"Indeed I have, domine," was the confident though tearful reply.

"That's grand, sister!" exclaimed the pastor sympathetically. "But tell me what passage of the word helped you most."

"Grin and bear it."

Mr. Beck is a lawyer of much experience, but he does not look it. A slight figure and a beardless face make him look almost like a boy, and he has not the manner which is supposed to go with "trust busting." When he gets to work on a case, however, he quickly shows his metal.

Lord Curzon, who, it is reported, will wed Mrs. Astor, divorced wife of John Jacob Astor, when traveling in Korea some years ago had been particularly warned not to admit to the president of the Korean foreign office that he was only thirty-nine years of age, an age to which no respect attaches in Korea. When he put to him the straight question "How old are you?" Mr. Curzon unhesitatingly responded, "Forty."

"Dear me," replied the Korean official, "you look very young for that. How do you account for it?"

"By the fact," was the reply, "that I have been traveling for a month in the superb climate of his majesty's dominions."

Lord Curzon was once talking about widowers. He said that a widower was more despondent and abhorred than any other human type. In a widow, he pointed out, we all find something seductive. But a widower is as unattractive to us as a tomb.

"What young man in his dreams of life," said Baron Curzon, "ever imagines himself being wooed and won by a widower? There was once a widow who proposed to a young man and, being rejected, tried to bring her to look favorably on his suit by praising his children."

"He said he had four children, and each was beautiful and clever and good."

"But the young woman sneered and retorted that children were like tooth-brushes—we take no interest in any but our own."

Joseph M. Huston, architect of the Pennsylvania state capitol, whose trial is attracting no little attention, was once asked to draw up plans and estimates for a church in a western town. Mr. Huston complied. His plans were beautiful, and the cost of the building was \$75,000. The committee in the west who liked the plans very much, but the price, they said, was high.

Could Mr. Huston let them have a church like that for \$10,000? Mr. Huston wrote back, "Say \$25,000, gentlemen, and let us throw you in a nice pipe."

In High Life.

"What could you advise me to get as a Christmas present for my fiancée?"

"Well, a copy of the divorce statutes might come in as handy as anything you could get for him without going to a great expense."

A Christmas Wish.

While joy and peace in homes abound And pleasure lights the festive round, May you be blessed with a young woman And give God's Christmas to the poor! —Atlanta Constitution.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beware of cheap imitations.

Signature of J. C. Watson

Do a Little Missionary Work in Your

idle days by telling your neighbors of the good qualities of The Observer. If you can't get their subscriptions, send us their addresses and we will send them sample copies. We pay for all soliciting you do.

Subscribe for The Observer. Best Weekly published in the Inland Empire. Everyone reads it.

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