The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....APRIL 1, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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A FIGHTING EDITOR.

By MARTIN V. ANDREWS.

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Abner Church after serving an apprenticeship at selling a patent clothes wringer to the farmers of New England was selected to open one of a number of agencies abroad for the sale of the same article. France was the territory assigned him, with Paris for his headquarters.

He had no sooner opened his salesroom than he was called upon by the representative of a Paris morning paper for an ad. Abner told him that he was not yet ready. The solicitor, taking his reply for a refusal, intimated that if the paper didn't get the ad. it would be to the disadvantage of the enterprise. Abner replied that he came from a land where in journalism the advertising and the newspapers' opinions were kept separate—in other words, where newspaper blackmail was unknown. The journal was welcome to "fire away."

The next morning an article appeared in the home columns of the paper in question stating that all clothes wringers tore the articles wrung in them and the Eureka sold by Abner Church simply reduced them to ribbons. Other such notices appeared at intervals and were copied by other papers. Abner made up his mind that he must stop the slander on his machine or shut up shop and go home. He called at the office of the journal that was blackmailing him and protested. He was listened to politely by the editor of the home department and when he had finished was referred to M. Jules Chicolet, another editor, who he was assured would take up the case.

Abner found M. Chicolet sitting in a study furnished a la Louis XVI. reading a novel and smoking a cigarette. He was faultlessly dressed in deep black and wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole.

Abner stated his case, to which the gentleman listened attentively and at the end asked:

"Do I understand, monsieur, that you accuse our journal of blackmailing you?"

"That's what it looks like."

"Then as a representative of the paper I have the honor to refer you to a gentleman who will call upon you this afternoon."

Abner said that all he wanted was to be let alone, but while he was talking M. Chicolet passed out of a rear door and left him standing alone. The wringing machine agent went back to his store to think the matter over. While there a genteelly dressed Frenchman entered and said he came to arrange an affair between M. Church and M. Chicolet.

"I have no quarrel with M. Chicolet," said Abner. "Who the dickens is M. Chicolet anyway?"

"Pardon! Monsieur, being an American, does not understand. M. Chicolet is the fighting editor of the paper."

"Writes up duels, you mean."

"No, monsieur; M. Chicolet writes nothing. It is his duty to give satisfaction to those who think they have been insulted by the journal and to defend its honor. I understand you have accused it of blackmailing you. You must retract or fight."

"You tell the fighting editor that my grandfather lost an arm on the southern side at Gettysburg, and we Churches would rather die than lay down. Tell him I'll fight him with rifles at 500 yards."

The visitor protested that such weapons were not used in Paris, to which Abner replied that in America no one fought with anything else, and he would fight with the weapon he could handle and none other.

When the fighting editor received the news that he must stand up against an American rifle it occurred to him that for that occasion at least he would earn his salary. He was a perfect swordsman and a dead shot with a pistol at short range, but had never fought with rifles. Abner, who had all the so called trickery of the Yankee as well as the fighting proclivities of the Georgian, had sent him word that he'd better make a will, since he proposed to aim straight at his heart and he had never missed anything in his life with a rifle.

Just after daylight one morning the fighting editor drove up to a secluded spot in the Bois de Boulogne, alighted with his attendants and waited for his antagonist. Presently an automobile appeared. On the roof was something of a black hue and oblong shape the nature of which could not in the dim light be detected. Abner alighted, and the porter of his store removed the article from the roof and carried it on to the field. M. Chicolet went up to it for a look and saw a coffin, on the lid of which was a silver plate bearing the name "Jules Chicolet. Died"—that very day.

M. Chicolet shuddered. This grotesque American way of fighting threw him off his balance. Abner stood near the coffin, leaning on a long rifle and looking at the man he intended should occupy it with a strange, diabolical stare. One of the attendants, seeing that the fighting editor was losing his nerve, asked if there was no hope of an arrangement. Abner replied that the journal must let him alone. A conference was held between the seconds, and it was agreed that Abner should withdraw his charge of blackmailing and the paper would publish an item in its home department especially commending the Eureka wringing machine.

Then the party drove to a cafe, where they breakfasted together, while the coffin was carried on the automobile to the undertaker's shop from which it had been borrowed.

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Mare and the Motor

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Copyright, 1907, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

THEM Todds had got on my nerves. 'Twas Peter's ad. that brought 'em down. You see, 'twas 'long toward the end of the season at the Old Home, and Brown had been advertising in the New York and Boston papers to "bag the leftovers," as he called it. Besides the reg'lar gush about the "breath of old ocean" and the "simple, cleanly living of the bygone days we dream about" there was some new froth concerning hunting and fishing. You'd think the wild geese roosted on the flagpole nights and the bluefish clogged up the bay so's you could walk on their backs fins without wetting your feet—that is, if you wore rubbers and trod light.

"There!" says Peter T., waving the advertisement and crowing gladsome. "They'll take to that like your temp'rance aunt to brandy cough drops. We'll have to put up barbed wire to keep 'em off."

"Humph!" grunts Cap'n Jonadab. "Anybody but a born fool 'll know there ain't any shooting down here this time of year."

Peter looked at him sorrowful. "Pop," says he, "did you ever hear that Solomon answered a summer hotel ad.? You set back and count the clock ticks."

Well, that's 'bout all we had to do. We got boarders enough from that ridiculous advertisement to fill every spare room we had, including Jonadab's and mine. Me and the cap'n had to bunk in the barn loft, but there was some satisfaction in that. It give us an excuse to get away from the "sports" in the smoking room.

The Todds was part of the haul. He was a little, dried up man, single and a minister. Nigh 's I could find out, he'd given up preaching by the request of the doctor and his last congregation. He had a notion that he was a mighty hunter afore the Lord, like Nimrod in the Bible, and he'd come to the Old Home to bag a few gross of geese and ducks.

His sister was an old maid and slim, neither of which failings was from choice, I cal'late. She wore eyeglasses and a veil to "preserve her complexion," and her idee seemed to be that native Cape Codders lived in trees and ate cocoanuts. She called 'em "barbarians, utter barbarians." Whenever she piped "James" her brother had to drop everything and report on deck. She was skipper of the Todd craft.

Them Todds was what Peter T. called "the limit and a chip or two over." The other would be gunners and fishermen were satisfied to slam shot after sandpeeps or hook a stray sculpin or a bake. But 'twa'n't so with brother James Todd and sister Clarissa. "Ducks" it was in the advertising, and nothing but ducks they wanted. Clarissa, she commenced to hint middling p'inted concerning fraud.

Finally we lost patience, and Peter T. he said, they'd got to be quieted somehow or he'd do some shooting on his own hook; said too much Toddy was going to his head. Then I suggested taking 'em down the beach somewhere on the chance of seeing a stray coot or loon or something—anything that could be shot at. Jonadab and Peter agreed 'twas a good plan, and we matched to see who'd be guide. And I got stuck, of course. My luck again.

So the next morning we started, me and the Rev. James and Clarissa in the Greased Lightning, Peter's new motor launch. Clarissa set around doing the heavy contemptuous and turning up her nose at creation generally. It must have its drawbacks, this roosting so fur above the common flock.

Well, by and by Lonesome Huckleberries' shanty hove in sight, and I was glad to see it, although I had to answer a million questions about Lonesome and his history.

I told the Todds tuat, so fur as nationality was concerned, he was a little of everythfing, like a picked up dinner—principally Eyetalian and Portugee, I cal'late, with a streak of Gay Head Injun. He lives in the patchwork shanty on the beach down there, he is deaf and dumb, drives a liver-colored, balky mare that no one but himself and his daughter Becky can handle, and he has a love for bad rum and a temper that's landed him in the Wellmouth lockup more than once or twice. He's one of the best clammers alongshore, and at this time he owned a flock of live decoys that he'd refused as high as $15 apiece for. I told all this and a lot more.

When we struck the beach Clarissa, she took her paint box and umbrella and mosquito 'intment and the rest of her cargo and went off by herself to "sketch."

James and me went perusing up and down that beach in the blazing sun looking for something to shoot. We went way beyond Lonesome's shanty, but there wa'n't nobody to home. Todd was a cheerful talker, but limited. His favorite remark was, "Oh, I say, my deah man!" That's what he kept calling me, "my deah man." Now, my name ain't exactly a Claude de Montmorency for prettiness, but "Barzilla" will fetch *me* alongside a good deal quicker'n "my deah man." I'll tell you that.

We frogged it up and down all the forenoon, but didn't git a shot at nothing but one stray "squawk" that had come over from the Cedar swamp. I told James 'twas a canvasback, and he blazed away at it, but missed it by three fathom, as might have been expected.

Finally my game leg—rheumatis, you understand—begun to give out, so I flops down in the shade of a sand bank to rest, and the reverend goes poking off by himself.

I cal'late I must have fell asleep, for when I looked at my watch it was close to 1 o'clock and time for us to be getting back to port. I got up and stretched and took an observation, but further 'n Clarissa's umbrella on the sky line I didn't see anything stirring. Brother James wa'n't visible.

I started over toward the Greased Lightning. I'd gone only a little ways when "Bang, bang!" goes both barrels of a shotgun, and that Todd critter busts out hollering like all possessed.

"Hooray!" he squeals in that squeaky voice of his. "Hooray, I've got 'em, I've got 'em!"

I left my own gun laying where 'twas and piled up over the edge of that sand bank like a cat over a fence. And then I see a sight. There was James hopping up and down in the beach grass, squealing like a guinea hen with a sore throat and waving his gun with one wing—arm, I mean—and there in front of him in the foam at the edge of the surf was two ducks as dead as Nebuchadnezzar, two of Lonesome Huckleberries' best decoy ducks—ducks he'd tamed and trained and thought more of than anything else in this world—except rum, maybe—and the rest of the flock was digging up the beach for home as if they'd been telegraphed for and squawking "Fire!" and "Murder!"

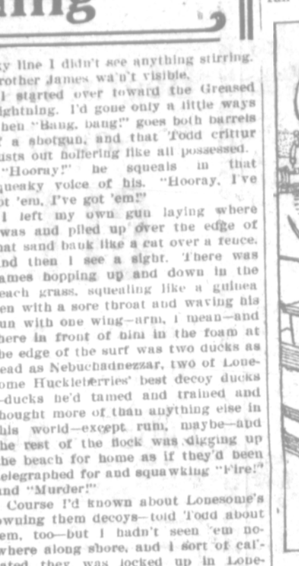
Course I'd known about Lonesome's owning them decoys—told Todd about 'em, too—but I hadn't seen 'em nowhere along shore, and I sort of cal'lated they was locked up in Lonesome's henhouse, that being his usual way when he went to town.

"I've got 'em!" hollers Todd, grinning till I thought he'd swaller his own ears. "I shot 'em all myself!"

"You everlasting"— I begun, but I didn't get any further. There was a rattling noise behind me, and I turned to see Lonesome Huckleberries himself setting on the seat of his old truck wagon and glaring over the hammer head of that balky mare of his straight at Brother Todd and the dead decoys.

For a minute there was a kind of tableau, like them they have at church fairs, all four of us, including the mare, keeping still, like we was frozen. But 'twas only for a minute. Then it turned into the liveliest moving picture that ever I see. Lonesome couldn't swear—being a dummy—but if ever a man got profane with his eyes he did right then. Next thing I knew he tossed both hands into the air, clawed two handfuls out of the atmosphere, reached down into the cart, grabbed a pitchfork and plied out of that wagon and after Todd. There was murder coming, and I could see it.

"Run, you loon!" I hollers, desperate. James didn't know what he'd done, I cal'late, but he jedged 'twas his move. He dropped his gun and put down the shore like a wild man, with



James was hopping up and down in the grass squealing like a guinea hen.

Lonesome after him. I tried to foller, but my rheumatiz was too big a handicap. All I could do was yell.

You never 'd have picked out Todd for a sprinter—not to look at him you wouldn't—but when they went out of sight amongst the sand hills 'twas anybody's race.

I was scart. I knew what Lonesome's temper was, 'specially when it had been tied with some Wellmouth Port no license liquor. He'd been took up once for half killing some boys that tormented him, and I figgered if he got within pitchfork distance of the Todd critter he'd make him the leak-lest, divine that ever picked a text. I commenced to bobble back after my gun.

But I'd forgot Sister Clarissa. 'Fore I'd limped fur I heard her calling to me.

"Mr. Wingate," says she, "get in here at once."

There she was setting on the seat of Lonesome's wagon, holding the reins and as cool as a white frost in October.

"Proceed," says she to the mare. "Git dap!" says I, and we started. When we rounded the sand hill we see the race in the distance. Lonesome had gained a p'int or two, and Todd wa'n't more 'n four pitchforks in the lead.

"Make for the launch!" I whooped between my hands.

The parson heard me and come about and broke for the shore. The Greased Lightning had swung out about the length of her anchor rope, and the water wa'n't deep. Todd splashed in to his waist and climbed aboard. He cut the roding just as Lonesome reached tide mark. James, he sees it's a close call, and he shins back to the engine, reaching it exactly at the time when the gent with the pitchfork laid hands on the rail. Then the parson throws over the switch—I'd shown him how—and gives the starting wheel a full turn.

Well, you know the Greased Lightning? She jumped like the cat that lit on the hot stove. Lonesome, being balanced with his knees on the rail, pitches head fust into the cockpit. Todd, jumping out of his way, falls overboard backward. Next thing anybody knew the launch was scooting for blue water like a streak of what she was named for, and the hunting chaplain was churning up foam like a mill wheel.

I yelled more orders than second mate on a coaster. Todd bubbled and bellered. Lonesome hung on to the rail of the cockpit and let his hair

He didn't know how to stop her.

stand up to grow. Nobody was cool but Clarissa, and she was an iceberg. She had her good p'ints, that old maid did, drat her!

"James," she calls, "get out of that water this minute and come here! This instant, mind!"

James minded. He paddled ashore and hopped, dripping like a dishcloth, alongside the truck wagon.

"Get in!" orders Skipper Clarissa. He done it. "Now," says the lady, passing the reins over to me, "drive us home, Mr. Wingate, before that intoxicated lunatic can catch us."

It seemed about the only thing to do. I knew 'twas no use explaining to Lonesome for an hour or more yet, even if you can talk finger signs, which part of my college training has been neglected. 'Twas murder he wanted at the present time. When I slapped the mare with the end of the reins she took the bit in her teeth and commenced to gallop. I hollered "Whoa!" and "Heave to!" and "Belay!" and everything else I could think of, but she never took in a reef. We bumped over hummocks and ridges, and every time we done it we spilled something out of that wagon. First 'twas a lot of huckleberry pails, then a basket of groceries and such, then a tin pan with some potatoes in it, then a jug done up in a blanket. Out of the tail of my eye I see Lonesome, well out to sea, heading the Greased Lightning for the beach.

When you drive down to Lonesome p'int you have to ford the Cut Through. It's a strip of water between the bay and the ocean, and 'tain't very wide or deep at low tide. But the tide was coming in now, and, more'n that, the mare wa'n't headed for the ford. She was cuttin' cross lots on her own hook and wouldn't answer the helm.

We struck that Cut Through about a hundred yards east of the ford, and in two shakes we was hub deep in salt water. 'Fore the Todds could do anything but holler the wagon was afloat and the mare was all but swimming. But she kept right on. Bless her, you couldn't stop her!

We crossed the first channel and come out on a flat where 'twasn't more'n two foot deep then. I commenced to feel better. There was another channel ahead of us, but I figured we'd navigate that same as we had the first one. And then the most outrageous thing happened.

If you'll b'lieve it, that pesky mare balked and wouldn't stir another step.

"Drive on!" says Clarissa, pretty average vinegary. "Haven't you made trouble enough for us already, you dreadful man? Drive on!"

Hadn't I made trouble enough! What do you think of that?

"You want to drown us!" says Miss Todd, continuing her chatty remarks. "I see it all! It's a plot between you and that murderer. I give you warning. If we reach the hotel my brother and I will commence suit for damages."

My temper's fairly long suffering, but 'twas raveling some by this time.

I'd about got to thirdly when James give a screech and p'inted. And if there wa'n't Lonesome in the launch headed right for us and coming a-b'iling. He'd run her along abreast of the beach and turned in at the upper end of the Cut Through.

You never in your life heard such a row as there was in that wagon, Clarissa and me yelling to Lonesome to keep off, forgitting that he was stone deaf and dumb, and James vowing that he was going to be slaughtered in cold blood. And the Greased Lightning p'inted just so she'd split that cart amidships and coming—well, you know how she can go.

She never budged until she was within ten foot of the flat, and then she sheered off and went past in a wide curve, with Lonesome steering with one hand and shaking his pitchfork at Todd with t'other. And such faces as he made up! They'd have got him hung in any court in the world.

He run up the Cut Through a little ways and then come about, and back he comes again, never slacking speed a mite and running close to the shoal as he could shave and all the time going through the bloodiest kind of pantomimes. And past he goes to wheel round and commence all over again.

Thinks I: "Why don't he ease up and lay us aboard? He's got all the weapons there is. Is he scart?"

And then it come to me—the reason why. He didn't know how to stop her. He could steer first rate, being used to sailboats, but an electric auto launch was a new idea for him, and he didn't understand her works. And he dasn't run her aground at the speed she was making. 'Twould have finished her and, more 'n likely, him too.

I don't s'pose there ever was another mess just like it afore or sence. Here was us, stranded with a horse we couldn't make go, being chased by a feller who was run away with in a boat he couldn't stop.

Just as I'd about give up hope I heard somebody calling from the beach behind us. I turned, and there was Becky Huckleberries, Lonesome's daughter. She had the dead decoys by the legs in one hand.

"Hi!" says she.

"Hi!" says I. "How do you get this giraffe of yours under way?"

She held up the decoys.

"Who kill-a dem ducks?" says she.

I p'inted to the reverend. "He did," says I. And then I cal'late I must have had one of them things they call an inspiration. "And he's willing to pay for 'em, I says,

"Pay thirty-five dolla?" says she.

"You bet!" says I.

But I'd forgot Clarissa. She rose up in that waterlogged cart like a statue of Liberty. "Never!" says she. "We will never submit to such extortion. We'll drown first."

Becky heard her. She didn't look disapp'inted nor nothing. Just turned and begun to walk up the beach. "All right," says he. "Goo'by."

The Todds stood it for a jiffy. Then James give in. "I'll pay it!" he hollers.

"I'll pay it!"

Even then Becky didn't smile. She just come about again and walked back to the shore. Then she took up that tin pan and one of the potaters we'd jounced out of the cart.

"Hi, Rosa!" she hollers. That mare turned her head and looked. And for the first time sence she hove anchor on that flat the critter unfuried her ears and listed 'em to the masthead.

"Hi, Rosa!" says Becky again and begun to pound the pan with the potater. And I give you my word that that mare started up, turned the wagon around nice as could be and begun to swim ashore. When we got where the critter's legs touched bottom Becky remarks "Whoa!"

"Here!" I yells. "What did you do that for?"

"Pay thirty-five dolla now," says she. She was bus'ness, that girl.

Todd got his wallet from under hatches and counted out the thirty-five, keeping one eye on Lonesome, who was swooping up and down in the launch, looking as if he wanted to cut in, but dasn't. I tied the bills to my jackknife to give 'em weight and tossed the whole thing ashore. Becky, she counted the cash and stowed it away in her apron pocket.

"All right," says she. "Hi, Rosa!" The potater and pan performance begun again, and Rosa picked up her hoofs and dragged us to dry land, and it sartinly felt good to the feet.

"Say," I says, "Becky, it's none of my affairs as I know of, but is that the way you usually start that horse of yours?"

She said it was, and Rosa ate the potater.

Becky asked me how to stop the launch, and I told her. She made a lot of finger signs to Lonesome, and inside of five minutes the Greased Lightning was anchored in front of us. Old Man Huckleberries was still hankering to interview Todd with the pitchfork, but Becky settled that all right. She jumped in front of him, and her eyes snapped, and her feet stamped, and her fingers flew. And 'twould have done you good to see her dad shrivel up and get humble. I always had thought that a woman wasn't much good as a boss of the roost unless she could use her tongue, but Becky showed me my mistake. Well, it's live and l'arn.

Then Miss Huckleberries turned to us and smiled.

"All right!" says she. "Goo'by."

Them Todds took the train for the city next morning. I drove 'em to the depot. James was kind of glum, but Clarissa talked for two. Her opinion of the Cape and Capers, specially me, was decided. The final blast was just as she was climbing the car steps.

"Of all the barbarians," says she—"utter, uncouth, murdering barbarians in"—

She stopped, thinking for a word, I s'pose. I didn't feel that I could improve on Becky Huckleberries' conversation much, so I says:

"All right! Goo'by!"

Murderers In Austria.

Austria is the country most lenient to murderers. A very small percentage of those convicted are executed.

Reason For Staying Single.

"She says she doesn't marry because she has too much sense."

"Yes, that's it. She's gifted with sense instead of beauty." — Kansas City Times.

Goat Mutton.

"When you get a leg of mutton and find on trying to cook it that it seems likely never to get done, it's goat," says a local housekeeper.

"The only way of distinguishing kid from lamb or goat from mutton is that the goat flesh requires longer to cook and even when thoroughly done has a reddish appearance as though it were slightly rare. When properly prepared goat flesh is just as tender, just as nutritious as mutton and has exactly the same flavor. There is a prejudice against it, which, however, is entirely ill founded, and it is likely enough that this feeling is due more to the comic artists than to anybody else. In a comic picture representing the goat the old Billy is usually shown munching a tomato can or a straw hat or a lot of clothes stolen from the line, but as a fact the goat is just as particular about his food as the sheep, eats about the same kind and in spite of the comic artist in about the same quantity. The animal is just as cleanly as the sheep, and the only reason why the butchers do not openly avow their sales of goat meat is on account of the unfounded prejudice against it. It is sold under the name of mutton."—Exchange.

Science For Its Own Sake.

A prominent feature in Faraday's character was his absolute love of science for its own sake. He freely gave his discoveries to his world when he could easily have built up a colossal fortune upon them. He once told his friend, Professor Tyndall, that at a certain period of his career he had definitely to ask himself whether he should make wealth or science the object of his life. He could not serve both masters and was therefore compelled to choose between them. When preparing his well known memoir of the great master, the professor called to mind this conversation and asked leave to examine his accounts, and this is the conclusion the professor arrived at: Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a bookbinder had to decide between a fortune of £150,000 on the one side and his unendowed science on the other. He chose the latter and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Boy Scouts of England

GEN. BADEN-POWELL.

THE boy scout movement launched in England several months ago by Lieutenant General Baden-Powell is now attracting worldwide attention, and the hero of Mafeking is receiving much praise for his work. Boys were enrolled in a picturesquely and cheaply uniformed corps, properly officered, to be trained in patriotism, chivalry, woodcraft and healthful exercises. Today the roll of the boy scout movement is very large. Every district, almost every village, has its local corps. The king has officially recognized the boys and given them his heartiest good wishes. The other day a national meeting of influential Britons, under the chairmanship of the lord mayor, decided to open "B.-P. scout employment bureaus," through which the employers of the country can engage lads who have been rigorously tested out.

The boy scout movement has entirely lived down the taunts of those who said it was "merely the ephemeral hobby of an eccentric military man." Unlike the cadet corps of rich men's sons and the boys' brigade of the poor, there are no class distinctions with the boy scouts. The unit of membership is just an embryo citizen—a lad who, if fate has endowed him with sheltered and cultured surroundings, will probably become a good citizen and who, if endowed with an unhappy home life and the streets for a playground, will quite conceivably turn out a bad citizen. The boy scout organization, with its delightful adventures and ritual, captures this embryo citizen and does its best to make his bent toward good citizenship sure and permanent.

Every boy on joining the corps has to take the scout's oath and promise on his honor three things, "To be loyal to God and the king, to help others at all times and to obey the scout law." His motto is, "Be prepared." Obedience to those in authority, self sacrifice, a strong sense of duty, noticing details, tracking animals, the meaning of small signs, judging distances, heights and numbers, camping, cooking, natural history, map reading, finding the way, boating,

TRAINING THE BOY SCOUTS.

swimming, carpentering, cycling, physical development, non-smoking, temperance, sanitation, courtesy and helpfulness to women and children, thrift, honor, courage, ambulance work, rescues from fire and drowning and an ability to cope with street accidents are but a few of the objects of the boy scout training.

Slouch hat of military pattern, green or blue woolen shirt; short breeches, leaving the knees bare; stout boots, a five foot pole—these make up the orthodox equipment of the scout. Manufacturers all over England have been quick to appreciate the movement, and an amusing state of affairs is to be found on the outskirts of Bournemouth and in other districts, where the thrifty wives of artisans and laboring men are clothing their lads in the boy scout outfit for the simple reason that it is the cheapest they can buy.

To most of the corps Saturday night is the exciting time of the week. The boys attending school have done their home lessons. Those earning their living have not the prospect of early rising the next morning. It is the occasion for the campfire. As soon as the sun nears the horizon scouts begin to troop up to the copse or woodland set apart for their rites and exercises. They gather brushwood, build the fire, drag up logs, post sentries and settle down to the business of the evening. Songs are sung, stories are told, potatoes and appalling compounds of flour and jam are roasted among the glowing embers, and various night scouting exercises are indulged in.

There are phases of night scouting which thrill grown men no less than the boys. A dozen lamps are placed in a row at intervals of 150 yards or so across country. A quarter of a mile in front of the row, amid bushy, undulating ground, is stationed a band of twenty or thirty scouts. The leader of the defenders blows a shrill whistle, whereupon the rival band, stationed half a mile beyond, splits into units and begins its attempt to creep through the enemy's ranks and reach his lamps unobserved.

During the summer months, later in the night, many of the scouts hang hammocks between the trees, others arrange themselves in their blanket sleeping bags, two sentries are posted for three hour watches, a password is given, and the camp retires to rest.

Girl Wanted.

I want a wife—a first rate wife—
A girl that's all my own,
To cook my meals and cheer my life
With smiling word and tone,

A girl that ne'er will pledge a vow
To any one but me,
That's been brought up to milk a cow
And have warm cakes for tea;

She must be graceful as the bell
Upon the lily found
And make such butter as will sell
For forty cents a pound.
—Hamilton (Ont.) Banner.

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

Woman Suffrage.

"George, have you any influence with the election board?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, I want you to see them right away and tell them that they must be careful and not let election day come on our washday, or our baking day, or our sweeping day, or my bridge whist day, because if they do I certainly won't have time to vote."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Isolated tract). Public Land Sale. No. 4867.
United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, March 21st 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No 208, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9 30 o'clock a. m. on the 3d day of May 1910, at this office, the following tract of land to wit, NE¼SE¼, Section 7, and NW¼SW¼ Section 8, Township 1, S. R. 19 E., W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims or objections on or before the day above designated for sale.

9 m25 s29] C. W. Moore, Register

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

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

To Dora E dy, the above named defendant
In the name of the State of Oregon:

You ar 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 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 Henry Fichs, 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,
Attorney for Plaintiff

5 7t18-1]

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 1st day of April, 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 Henry Fichs, 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,
Attorneys for Plaintiff

5 7t18-1]

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd 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	Shanik	8.30 a m

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The Belgian Stallion
LANCIER, No. 4122 (52268)
Will Make the season of 1910 at Monkland, Oregon, and vicinity.

LANCIER is sired by Parfait De Meer, No. (21260). Dam, Jeanne des Jardins (56183). Description: Grey, with strip in face; aged 5 years; weight 2,000.

TERMS: To insure, $20, due when mare is found to be in foal. Not responsible for any accidents at time of service or later.

Monkland Belgian Horse Association.
C. J. THOMPSON, Secy. Monkland, Oregon.

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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