The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....APRIL 22, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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BOURTSEFF'S MISSION.

Aim of Russian Exposer of Czar's Spies is Peaceful Revolution.

Vladimir L. Bourtseff, the czar's enemy, the noted Russian revolutionist, who recently arrived in New York and has been exposing the methods of the secret police system of the czar's government, said that he had come to America to rally Russians here to freedom's cause.

The man to whom hundreds of Russian spies owe their downfall has nothing of the fanatic in his appearance. A pair of mild blue eyes beam kindly through his spectacles. The frost has settled in his hair, and the beard that wreathes his mouth is not at all of the bristling order. He bears none of the earmarks of the sleuth, but looks rather like a harmless student.

"I shall probably be here for a few months," said Mr. Bourtseff. "I intend to lecture, to make known to those who are interested the real conditions in Russia. The government of Russia is a crime and an outrage as it now stands. I advocate a republican form of government or at least a strongly constitutional monarchy. No improvement can be looked for under the present regime."

Through this man, if plans go right, the American public will learn more than it has ever known of the real movement toward Russian political reform. He has been for years the editor of a monthly known as Bilge (the Past), and of late he has been publishing a weekly known as the Common Cause, designed to rally all the elements of monarchical opposition into one overpowering party for the common relief. That is his mission in the United States. Revolution by peaceable methods is the aim of Mr. Bourtseff's work.

It was reported by cable that Bourtseff expected to speak more freely in America regarding the czar and the Russian government than he dared even in Paris. He seemed the other day to be living up to that expectation, for he declared that the czar was the worst enemy the Russian people have.

"The czar," said he, "is the strongest opponent in Russia of liberty and justice. The terrible reactionary policies of the government are not dictated by his relatives, the grand dukes, but are the ideas of Nicholas himself. I have studied his character intimately for fifteen years and know him not to be the plastic putty he shows to the outside world, but the real power on the throne.

"He is not shielded from knowledge of happenings or conditions, as some suppose. All the massacres of the Jews were with his connivance and by his actual orders. Azeff was a friend of the czar. Azeff was in the plots which ended in the deaths of Von Plehve and the Grand Duke Sergius. The czar protected the slayer of Poloneff, member of the first Russian douma from Poland. When extradition of the murderer was asked the czar refused.

"The czar inspired the torture of poor Marie Spirindova, who was put under the care of Abramoff, special servant of the czar, and driven almost to a maniac's cell by ill treatment at his hands. He knows everything evil done in Russia.

"I have evidence that there are hundreds in New York active in the service of the Russian government and many within the circles of professed revolutionists. I've were on the ship with me who watched every movement. There are Russian spies on every ship, especially every ship bound for the United States, paid to watch and warn."

Mr. Bourtseff makes his home in Paris and there issues his publications. Russia has been forbidden ground to him for many years. He said he expected to be under the espionage of the czar's agents all the time he was in the United States.

HIS LARYNX FOR SCIENCE.

Outdoor Vocalist Also Willed His Lungs to Medical College.

Albert Morphy of Chicago, known as an outdoor singer, received a letter while in Detroit the other day asking him for a price on his larynx and lungs. The letter was from Dr. James H. Blair of the Bennet Medical college of Chicago. The letter was alluring enough to induce Morphy to go to Chicago.

Morphy had practically concluded terms when his family intervened, and to get time to reconsider he returned to Detroit. Dr. Blair followed him to that city, raised his price, and Morphy sold his larynx and lungs to the medical college for the benefit of science after his death.

The organs are wanted because Morphy was once apparently in the last stages of consumption and was cured by outdoor singing. He formerly sang only in halls, Dr. Blair advising the change. Morphy has put a clause in his will leaving the organs to the college.

Transporting Dynamite In an Auto.

A new use was found for an automobile recently when one was used by the police department of Baltimore for the purpose of transporting dynamite over six miles of rough roads, a difficult and dangerous task, safely accomplished, however, as a result of the smooth riding qualities of the car. The least jar or jounce might have resulted in an explosion, but so smoothly did the car travel and at a good speed, too, for the men in it were anxious to get rid of their dangerous package, that it was safely carried to its destination without trouble.

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Mark on the Door

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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ONE nice moonlight evening me and Cap'n Jonadab and Peter T. was setting on the starboard end of the piazza at the Old Home smoking when who should heave in sight but Cap'n Eri Hedge and Obed Nickerson.

After a spell somebody mentioned the Todds, and I spun my yarn about the balky mare and the Greased Lightning. I tickled 'em most to death, especially Obed.

"Ho, ho!" says he. "That's funny, ain't it? Them power boats are great things, ain't they? I had an experience in one—or, rather, in two—a spell ago. West Bayport, where my shanty and the big Davidson summer place and the Saunders' house was, used to be called Punkhassett, which is Injun for 'the last place the Almighty made.' Clams was thick on the flats at low tide, and fish was middling plenty in the bay. I had two weirs set—one a deep water weir, a half mile beyond the bar, and t'other just inside of it that I could drive out to at low water.

"The yarn begins one morning when I went down to the shore after clams. I'd noticed the signs then. They was stuck up right acrost the path—'No Trespassing on These Premises' and 'All Persons Are Forbidden Crossing This Property Under Penalty of the Law.' But, land, I'd used that short cut ever sence I'd been in Bayport, which was more 'n a year, and old man Davidson and me was good friends, so I cal'lated the signs was intended for boys and hove ahead without paying much attention to 'em. Course I knew that the old man had gone abroad and that the son was expected down, but that didn't come to me at the time neither.

"I was heading for home about 8 with two big dreepers full of clams when somebody remarks, 'Here, you!' and there, beating across the field in my direction, was an exhibit which it turned out later was ticketed with the name of Alpheus Vandergraff Parker Davidson—'Allie' for short.

"And Allie was a good deal of an exhibit in his way. His togs were cut to fit his spars, and he carried 'em well, but I didn't like his eyes. They looked kind of tired, as if they'd seen 'bout all there was to see of some kinds of life. Twenty-four-year-old eyes hadn't ought to look that way.

"But I wasn't interested in eyes jest then. All I could look at was teeth. There they was, a lovely set of 'em, in the mouth of the ugliest specimen of a bowlegged bulldog that ever tried to hang itself at the end of a chain. Allie was holding t'other end of the

"'Twan't worth while to argue."

chain with both hands, and they were full at that. The dog was yearning, just dying, to taste of a middle aged longshoreman by the name of Obed Nickerson.

"'Here, you!' says Allie again. 'What are you crossing this field for? Did you see those signs?'"

"'Yes,' says I, 'I saw 'em. They're real neat and pretty.'

"'Pretty!' He fairly choked, he was so mad. 'Why, you other'n, I'm jay,' he says, 'I'll— What are you crossing this field for?'

"'So's to get to t'other side of it, I guess,' says I. I was riling up a bit myself.

"'Look here!' he says. 'I know who you are. I put those signs up,' he says, 'to keep just such fellers as you are off my property. They mean that you ain't to cross the field. Understand?'

"I understood. I was mad clean through, but I'm law abiding, generally speaking. 'All right,' I says, picking up my dreepers and starting for the farther fence. 'I won't cross it again.'

"'You won't cross it now,' says he. 'Go back where you come from.'

"That was a grain too much. I told him a few things. He didn't wait for the benediction. 'Take him, Prince!' he says, dropping the chain.

"Prince was willing. He fetched a kind of combination hurrah and growl and let out for me full tilt. I don't feed good fresh clams to dogs as a usual thing, but that mouth had to be filled. I waited till he was almost on me, and then I let drive with one of the dreepers. Prince and a couple of pecks of clams went up in the air like a busted bombshell. There was a little pine tree in the lot, and I give one jump and landed in the middle of it. I went up the rest of the way like I'd forgot something, and then I clung on to the top of that tree and panted and swung round in circles, while the dog hopped up and down on his hind legs and fairly sobbed with disapp'intment.

"Allie was rolling on the grass. 'Oh, dear me,' says he between spasms, 'that was the funniest thing I ever saw!'

"I'd seen lots funnier things myself, but 'twa'n't worth while to argue. Besides, I was busy hanging on to that tree. 'Twas an awful little pine and the bendiest one I ever climbed. Allie rolled around awhile longer, and then he gets up and comes over.

"'Well, Reuben,' says he, looking up at me on the roost, 'you're a good deal handsomer up there than you are on the ground. I guess I'll let you stay there for awhile as a lesson to you. Watch him, Prince.' And away he goes, and for an hour that had no less than 60,000 minutes in it I clung to that tree like a green apple, with Prince setting open mouthed underneath waiting for me to get ripe and drop.

"Just as I was figgering that I was growing fast to the limb I heard somebody calling my name. I unglued my eyes from the dog and looked up, and there, looking over the fence that I'd tried so hard to reach, was Barbara Saunders, Cap'n Eben Saunders' girl, who lived in the house next door to mine.

"Barbara was always a pretty girl, and that morning she looked prettier than ever, with her black hair blowing every which way and her black eyes snapping full of laugh.

"'Why, Mr. Nickerson!' she calls. 'What are you doing up in that tree?'

"That was kind of a puzzler to answer offhand, and I don't know what I'd have said if Friend Allie hadn't hove in sight just then and saved me the trouble.

"'Beg pardon, I'm sure,' says Allie, tossing away his cigarette. 'May I ask if that—er—deep sea gentleman in my tree is a friend of yours?'

"Barbara kind of laughed and dropped her eyes and said why, yes, I was.

"'By Jove, he's luckier than I thought,' says Allie, never taking his eyes from her face. 'And what do they call him, please, when they want him to answer?'

"'It's Mr. Nickerson,' says Barbara. 'He lives in that house there, the one this side of ours.'

"'Oh, a neighbor! That's different. Awfully sorry, I'm sure. Prince, come here. Er—Nickerson, for the lady's sake we'll call it off. You may—er—vacate the perch.'

"I waited till he'd got a clove hitch on to Prince. He had to give him one or two welts over the head 'fore he could do it. The dog acted like he'd been cheated. Then I pried myself loose from that blessed limb and shinned down to solid ground. My, but I was b'iling inside!

"'You see,' says Allie, talking to Barbara, 'the gov'nor told me he'd been plagued with trespassers, so I thought I'd give 'em a lesson. But neighbors, when they're scarce as ours are, ought to be friends. Don't you think so, Miss—er— Nickerson,' says he, 'introduce me to our other neighbor.'

"So I had to do it, though I didn't want to. He turned loose some soft soap about not realizing afore what a beautiful place the Cape was. I thought 'twas time to go.

"'But Miss Saunders hasn't answered my question yet,' says Allie. 'Don't you think neighbors ought to be friends, Miss Saunders?'

"Barbara blushed and laughed and said she guessed they had. Then she walked away. I started to follow, but Allie stopped me.

"'Look here, Nickerson,' says he. 'I let you off this time, but don't try it again. Do you hear?'

"'I hear,' says I. 'You and that hyena of yours have had all the fun this morning. Some day maybe the boot 'll be on t'other leg.'

"Barbara was waiting for me. We walked on together without speaking for a minute. Then I says, to myself like: 'So that's old man Davidson's son, is it? Well, he's the prize peach in the crate, he is!'

"Barbara was thinking too. 'He's very nice looking, isn't he?' says she. 'Twas what you'd expect a girl to say, but I hated to hear her say it. I went home and marked a big chalk mark on the inside of my shanty door, signifying that I had a debt to pay some time or other.

"So that's how I got acquainted with Allie V. P. Davidson. And, what's full as important, that's how he got acquainted with Barbara Saunders.

"Shutting an innocent canary bird up in the same room with a healthy cat is a more or less risky proposition for the bird. Same way if you take a pretty country girl who's been to sea with her dad most of the time and tied to the apron strings of a deef old aunt in a house three miles from nowhere—you take that girl, I say, and then fetch along as next door neighbor a good looking young shark like Allie, with a hogshead of money and a blame sight too much experience, and that's a risky proposition for the girl.

"Allie played his cards well. He'd set into a good many similar games afore, I judge. He begun by doing little favors for Phoebe Ann—she was the deef aunt I mentioned—and 'twa'n't long afore he was as solid with the old lady as a kedge anchor. Cap'n Eben was on a v'yage to Buenos Aires and wouldn't be home till fall, 'twa'n't likely.

"I used to see Allie scooting round in his launch—twenty-five foot she was, with a little mahogany cabin and the land knows what—and the servants at the big house told yarns about his owning a big steam yacht, with a sailing master and crew, which was cruising round Newport somewheres.

"But, busy as I was, I see enough to make me worried. There was a good deal of whispering over the Saunders' back gate after supper, and once, when I come up over the bluff from the shore sudden, they was sitting together on a rock, and he had his arm round her waist. I dropped a hint to Phoebe Ann, but she shut me up quicker 'n a snap hinge matchbox. Allie had charmed 'auntie' all right. And so it drifted along till September.

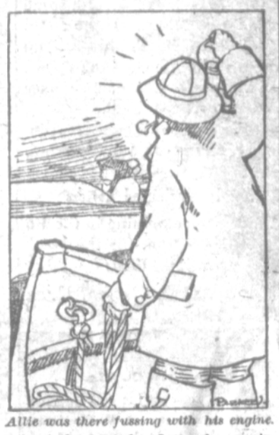
"One Monday evening about the middle of the month I went over to Phoebe Ann's to borrow some matches. Cap'n Eben had arrived in New York a good deal sooner 'n was expected and would be home on Thursday morning.

"'Ain't that splendid?' says Phoebe.

"I thought 'twas splendid for more reasons than one, and I went out feeling good. But as I come around the corner of the house there was somebody by the back gate, and I heard a girl's voice saying: 'Oh, no, no! I can't! I can't!'

"Barbara come hurrying past me into the house, and by the light from the back door I see her face. 'Twas white as a clam shell, and she looked frightened to death.

"Thinks I: 'That's funny! It's a providence Eben's coming home so soon.'



Allie was there fussing with his engine.

"And the next day I saw her again, and she was just as white and wouldn't look me in the eye. Wednesday, though, I felt better, for the servants on the Davidson place told me that Allie had gone to Boston on the morning train to be gone for good.

"Early that afternoon I noticed a steam yacht at anchor two mile or so off the bar. Then I see a dingey with three men aboard rowing in, and I walked down the beach to meet 'em. There was a feller in a uniform cap steering the dingey, and, b'lieve it or not, I'll be everlastingly keelhauled if he didn't turn out to be Ben Henry, who was second mate with me on the old Seafoam.

"'Well, Ben,' says I after we had shook hands, 'my shanty ain't exactly the United States hotel for gilt paint and bill of fare, but I have got eight or ten gallons of homemade cherry rum and some terbacker and an extry pipe. You fall into my wake.'

"'I'd like to, Obed,' he says. 'I'd like to almighty well, but I've got to go up to the store and buy some stuff. You see, we got orders to sail in a tearing hurry, and'—

"'Send one of them fo'mast hands to the store,' says I. 'You got to come with me.'

"'You buy so and so,' says he to his men, passing 'em a ten dollar bill. 'And, mind, you don't know nothing. If anybody asks, remember that yacht's the Mermaid—M-u-r-m-a-d-e,' he says, 'and she belongs to Mr. Jones of Mobile, Ga.'

"So the men went away, and me and Ben headed for my shanty, where we moored abreast of each other at the table, with a jug between us for a buoy, so's to speak, and the tide went out in the jug consider'ble sight faster than 'twas ebbing on the flats. After a spell I asked him about the man that owned the yacht.

"'Who? Oh—er—Brown,' he says. 'Why, he's'—

"'Brown,' says I. 'Thought you said 'twas Jones? Who does own that yacht, anyway?'

"He looked at me mighty solemn—cherry rum solemn. 'Obed,' he says, 'you're a good feller. Don't give me away now or I'll lose my berth. The man that owns that yacht 's named Davidson, and he's got a summer place right in this town.'

"'Davidson!' says I. 'Davidson? Not young Allie Davidson?'

"'That's him,' says he. 'And he's the blankety blankest meanest low down cub on earth. There! I feel some better. Give me another drink to take the taste of him out of my mouth.'

"'But young Davidson's gone to Boston,' I says. 'Went this morning.'

"'That be hanged!' says Ben. 'All I know is that I got a dispatch from him at Newport on Monday afternoon telling me to have the yacht abreast this town at 12 o'clock tonight, 'cause he was comiwg off to her then in his launch with a friend. Friend!' And he laughed and winked his starboard eye.

"I didn't say much, being too busy shinking, but Ben went on telling about other cruises with 'friends.' Oh, a steam yacht can be a first class imitation of hell if the right imp owns her! Henry got speaking of one time down along the Maine coast.

"'But,' says I, referring to what he was telling, 'if she was such a nice girl and come from such nice folks, how'—

"'How do I know?' says he. 'Promises to marry and such kind of lies, I s'pose. And the plain fact is that he's really engaged to marry a swell girl in Newport.'

"He told me her name and a lot more about her. All I could think was: 'Obed, it's up to you. You've got to do something.'

"I was mighty glad when the sailors hailed from the shore and Ben had to go. He most cried when he said goodby and went away, stepping high and bringing his heels down hard.

"Two and two made four. Anyway, I could add it up, but 'twas all suspicion and no real proof—that was the dickens of it. I couldn't speak to Phoebe Ann. She wouldn't be'lieve me if I did. I couldn't telegraph Cap'n Eben at Provincetown to come home that night. I'd have to tell him the whole thing, and I knew his temper, so for Barbara's sake 'twouldn't do. I couldn't be at the shore to stop the launch leaving. What right had I to stop another man's launch, even—

"I went up to the store and bought four feet of medium size rubber hose and some rubber tape, same as they sell to bicycle fellers in the summer. 'Twas almost dark when I got back in sight of Allie's launch. Nobody was in sight. I ran down the pier and jumped aboard. Almost the first thing I put my hand on was what I was looking for—the bilge pump.

"I fitted one end of my hose to the lower end of that pump, run my hose down into the tank and commenced to pump good 14 cents a gallon gasoline overboard to beat the cars. 'Twas a thirty gallon tank and full up. I pumped her dry. Then I screwed the cap on again and went home, taking Allie's bilge pump with me. The tide was coming in fast.

"At 9 o'clock that night I was in my skiff, rowing off to where my power boat laid in deep water back of the bar. All I could think of was that gasoline. Was there enough in the pipes and the feed cup on that launch to carry her out to where I was, or was there too much, and would she make the yacht after all?

"It got to be 11 o'clock. Tide was full at 12. I was a pretty good candidate for the crazy house by this time. I'd listened till my eardrums felt slack, like they needed reefing, and then at last I heard her coming—chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff!

"And how she did come! She walked up abreast of me, went past me, a hundred yards or so off. Thinks I: 'It's all up. He's going to make it.'

"And then all at once the chuff-chuffing stopped, started up and stopped again. I gave a hurrah in my mind, set the light between my feet, picked up the oars and started rowing.

"I rowed quiet as I could, but he heard me 'fore I got to him. I heard a scrambling noise off ahead, and then a shaky voice hollers: 'Hello! Who's that?'

"'It's me,' says I, rowing harder 'n ever. 'Who are you? What's the row?'

"There was more scrambling and a slam, like a door shutting. In another two minutes I was alongside the launch and held up my lantern. Allie was there, fussing with his engine. And he was all alone.

"Alone he was, I say, fur 's a body could see, but he was mighty shaky and frightened; also 'side of him, on the cushions, was a girl's jacket, and I thought I'd seen that jacket afore.

"'Hello!' says I. 'Is that you, Mr. Davidson? Thought you'd gone to Boston.'

"'Changed my mind,' he says. 'Got any gasoline?'

"'What you doing off here this time of night?' I says.

"'Going out to my'— He stopped. I s'pose the truth choked him. 'I was going to Provincetown,' he went on. 'Got any gasoline?'

"'What in the nation you starting to Provincetown in the middle of the night for?' I asks, innocent as could be.

"'Oh, thunder! I had business there; that's all. Got any gasoline?'

"'I made my skiff's painter fast to a cleat on the launch and climbed aboard. 'Gasoline?' says I. 'Gasoline? Why, yes; I've got some gasoline over on my power boat out yonder. Has yours give out? I should think you'd filled your tank 'fore you left home on such a trip as Privincetown. Maybe the pipe's plugged or something. Have you looked?' And I caught hold of the handle of the cabin door.

"'Tain't plugged!' he yells, sharp. 'The tank's empty, I tell you.'

"He kept pulling me away from the cabin, but I hung on to the handle.

"'You can't be too sure,' I says. 'This door's locked. Give me the key.'

"'I—I left the key at home,' he says. 'Don't waste time. Go over to your boat and fetch me some gasoline. I'll pay you well for it.'

"Then I was sartin of what I suspicioned. The cabin was locked, but not with the key. That was in the keyhole. The door was bolted on the inside.

"'All right,' says I. 'I'll sell you the gasoline, but you'll have to go with me in the skiff to get it. Get your anchor over or this craft 'll drift to Eastham. Hurry up!'

"He didn't like the idee of leaving the launch, but I wouldn't hear of anything else. While he was heaving the anchor I commenced to talk to him.

"'I didn't know but what you'd started for foreign parts to meet that Newport girl you're going to marry,' I says, and I spoke good and loud.

"'What's that?' he shouts.

"'Why, that girl you're engaged to,' says I, 'Miss ——?' And I yelled her name and how she'd gone abroad with his folks, and all.

"'Shut up!' he whispers, waving his hands, frantic. 'Don't stop to lie. Hurry up!'

"'Tain't a lie. Oh, I know about it!' I hollers, as if he was deef. 'I meant to be heard—by him and anybody else that might be interested. I give a whole lot more partic'lars too.' He fairly shoved me into the skiff after a spell.

"'Now,' he says, so mad he could hardly speak, 'stop your lying and row, will you?'

"I was willing to row then. I cal'lated I'd done some missionary work by this time. Allie's guns was spiked, if I knew Barbara Saunders. I p'inted the skiff the way she'd ought to go and laid to the oars.

"My plan had been to get him aboard the skiff and row somewheres—ashore if I could. But 'twas otherwise laid out for me. The wind was blowing pretty fresh, and the skiff was down by the stern, so's the waves kept knocking her nose round. 'Twas darker 'n a pocket too. I couldn't tell where I was going.

"Allie got more fidgety every minute. 'Ain't we most there?' he asks. And then he gives a screech. 'What's that ahead?'

"I turned to see, and as I done it the skiff's bow slid up on something, and the next thing I knew me and Allie and the skiff was under water, bound for the bottom. We'd run acrost one of the guy ropes of my fish weir. When I got my head out I see a water wheel doing business close alongside of me. It was Allie.

"'Help!' he howls. 'Help! I'm drowning!'

"I got him by the collar, took one stroke and bumped against the weir nets. You know what a fish weir's like, don't you, Mr. Brown?—a kind of pound made of nets hung on ropes between poles.

"'Help!' yells Allie, clawing the nets. 'I can't swim in rough water!'

"You might have known he couldn't. It looked sort of dubious for a jiffy. Then I had an idee. I dragged him to the highest weir pole. 'Climb!' I hollers in his ear. 'Climb that pole!'

"He done it somehow, digging his toes into the net and going up like a cat up a tree. When he got to the top he hung acrost the rope and shook.

"'Hang on there!' says I. 'I'm going after the boat.' And I struck out. He yelled to me not to leave him, but the weir had give me my bearings, and I was bound for my power boat. 'Twas a tough swim, but I made it and climbed aboard, not feeling any too happy. Losing a good skiff was more 'n I'd figgered on.

"Soon 's I got some breath I hauled anchor, started my engine and headed back for the weir. I run alongside of it, keeping a good lookout for guy ropes, and when I got abreast of that particular pole I looked for Allie. He was setting on the rope, a straddle of the pole, and hanging on to the top of it like it owed him money. He looked a good deal more comfortable than I was when he and Prince had treed me. And the remembrance of that time come back to me, and one of them things they call inspiration come with it. He was four feet above water, 'twas full tide then, and if he set still he was safe as a church.

"So instead of running in after him I slowed way down and backed off.

"'Come here!' he yells. 'Come here, you fool, and take me aboard!'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says I. 'You're safe there, and even if the yacht folks don't come hunting for you by and by, which I cal'late they will, the tide 'll be low enough in five hours or so so you can walk ashore.'

"'What—what do you mean?' he says. 'Ain't you going to take me off?'

"'I was,' says I, 'but I've changed my plans. And, Mr. Allie Vanderwhat's-your-name Davidson, there's other things—low down, mean things—planned for this night that ain't going to come off either. Understand that, do you?'

"He understood, I guess. He didn't answer at all, only gurgled, like he'd swallered something the wrong way. 'As a sartin acquaintance of mine once said to me,' I says, 'you look a good deal handsomer up there than you do in a boat.'

"'You—you—etcetery and so forth, continued in our next!' says he, or words to that effect.

"'That's all right,' says I, putting on the power. 'You've got no kick coming. I allow you to—er—ornament my weir pole, and 'tain't every dude I'd let do that.'

"And I went away and, as the Fifth Reader used to say, 'let him alone in his glory.'

"I went back to the launch, pulled up her anchor and took her in tow. I towed her in to her pier, made her fast and then left her for awhile. When I come back the little cabin door was open and the girl's jacket was gone.

"Then I walked up the path to the Saunders' house, and it done me good to see a light in Barbara's window. I set on the steps of that house until morning keeping watch. And in the morning the yacht was gone and the weir pole was vacant, and Cap'n Eben Saunders come on the first train.

"So that's all there is to it. Allie hasn't come back to Bayport sence, and the last I heard he'd married that Newport girl. She has my sympathy, if that's any comfort to her.

"And Barbara? Well, for a long time she'd turn white every time I met her. But of course I kept my mouth shut, and she went to sea next v'yage with her dad. And now I hear she's engaged to a nice feller up to Boston.

"Oh, yes—one thing more. When I got back to my shanty that morning I wiped the chalk mark off the door. I kind of figgered that I'd paid that debt, with back interest added."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Moro Homes.

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that Backache pains come from sick kidneys.

'Twould save much needless woe.

Doan's Kidney Pills cures sick kidneys.

Many residents of this vicinity endorse them.

Mrs. J. T. Holman, Main St. Hood River, Or., says: "I suffered from backache and other annoyances arising from disordered kidneys. I tried so many remedies without finding relief, that I did not have much confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills, but I nevertheless procured a box. I received quick relief from their use and was soon cured completely. I have not had the least symptom of kidney trouble since. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing them to be a reliable remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Not Unusual.

May—Have you heard of Clara's hard luck?

Belle—No. What is it?

"Now that they are married they have to retrench awfully to make up the money he wasted while courting her."—Life.

The Call of The Blood

for purification, finds voice in pimples, boils, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin,—all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills makes rich red blood; gives clear skin, rosy cheeks, fine complexion, health. Try them. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Juvenile Wisdom.

"What did people do before steel pens were invented?" asked the teacher.

"The pinions of one goose were used to spread the opinions of another," answered the wise boy at the pedal extremity of the class.—Judge's Library.

The Demon of the Air

is the germ of la grippe, that, breathed in, brings suffering to thousands. Its after effects are weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the splendid tonic, blood purifier and regulator, of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore health and good spirits after an attack of grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50c. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

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

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

He Wanted to Know.

"And now," said the temperance lecturer in confusion, "I shall be glad to answer any questions concerning the baleful results of the use of intoxicants."

A man with a red nose arose in the audience and said:

"You have studied intoxication for many years?"

"For thirty-two years, sir, and I"—

"Well, I want to ask, in justice to the drinking classes, if you ever in all that time saw a drunken man holding up a lamppost as he is usually pictured in the funny papers?"—Life.

Saved From the Grave

"I had about given up hope, after nearly four years of suffering from a severe lung trouble," writes Mrs M L Dix, of Clarksville, Tenn. "Often the pain in my chest would be almost unbearable and I could not do any work, but Dr King's New Discovery has made me feel like a new person. It's the best medicine for the throat and lungs." Obstinate coughs, stubborn colds, hay fever, la grippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, and hemorrhages, hoarseness and whooping cough, yield quickly to this wonderful medicine. Try it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

Banks in Sweden.

Stockholders in private banks in Sweden must be Swedes.

The White Feather.

The origin of the expression "Show the white feather" is to be found in the fact that a pure blooded gamecock has no white in its plumage. The purest blooded birds are the best fighters.

The Charter Oak.

That famous landmark of the city of Hartford, Conn., the Charter oak, was blown down Aug. 20, 1856, during a fierce storm which prevailed in that city and section.

In a Silk Sock District.

The Twenty-ninth is known as New York's silk stocking district from the fact that if it was known of a candidate that he wore any other kind he would be cut at his club and knifed at the polls. There is a legend in the district to the effect that a man once went to the assembly from there and cut open his cheek at his first breakfast in Albany. There was talk of impeaching him until investigation brought out that the damage had been done not with a knife, but a champagne glass.—New York Herald.

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 303, 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-a29] C. W. Moons, Register

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passe nger daily
1.00 pm	0	.....Biggs.....	12.10 arve
1.15	5.4	...Gilmore....	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.

HOTEL DALLES

Opened December 1st 1909.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR SHERMAN COUNTY PEOPLE.

We solicit your patronage. Assure you most courteous treatment at reasonable rates.

N. K. CLARK, Manager.

NEW HOTEL PERKINS
Portland, Oregon.
Opened June, 1908.
Eastern Oregon Headquarters.

Positively most centrally located. Fifth St. cars pass the doors every few minutes

Attractive Cafe and Grill Music
European Plan. Rates $1.00 and up

L. Q. SWETLAND. Secy. and Mgr.

MORO'S BARBER SHOP
Porcelain Bath Tubs.
Everything First Class and Up to date.
Agent for the Best Steam Laundry
Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office
EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.
MORO - - 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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