The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... JUNE 24 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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A DREAM THAT FADED

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

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"Isn't there a romance in *your* life, grandma?" said a little girl to whom her grandmother had been telling stories.

"Oh, yes. There are romances in the lives of all of us."

"Well, grandma, tell me yours."

"Let me see. I was but eighteen when my father—your great-grandfather, you know—hired a farm hand who came along just at the beginning of the harvest season. I will call him Elisha. We girls used to help get in the grain in those days, and sometimes I used to go out and help on purpose to be with Elisha. He was two years older than I, and I considered him very handsome. I was at that age when a girl's heart goes out naturally, and mine went out to Elisha.

"One evening about sunset when we were alone together among the wheat we sat down on a pile of sheafs to talk. Elisha put his arm around me and kissed me. Then he told me he loved me, and I told him I loved him.

"I was too young—at any rate, too unsophisticated—to know the next thing to be done, which was for Elisha to go to my father and ask for me. He didn't do this, but when the first natural outpouring of love was over I asked him if I should say anything about our affair to father or mother. He told me to say nothing at present.

"I waited, no one but Elisha and I knowing what was between us, till the harvest was all in and my lover was paid off. That day he took me off where we would be alone and said to me:

"'Your father wouldn't think of giving you to me. I haven't a cent in the world. We must wait. I'll try during the next few years to get a start, then I will come back and ask for you.'

"My heart stood still. How could I wait several years for him to come back to me? Each year would seem a century. In three years I would be twenty-one, and that seemed to me then to mark a girl as an old maid. But there was nothing to be done, so I said goodby to Elisha, and he went away.

"There was a farmer near us who stood very high in the community. He was but twenty-eight years old, and yet he had been in the legislature of the state. He seemed to me to be a hundred years old. He used to come to our place and talk with father about things that I didn't understand—tariff and free trade, raising money to build railroads to take our grain to market, and all that. When we were all in the living room in the evening, and father and Mr. Baxter, I'll call him, were talking about these things and the slavery question in the south and the troubles in Kansas I used to sit at my needlework and wonder what they meant, for I didn't understand a word of it all.

"Then one day father surprised me by telling me that Mr. Baxter had proposed for me, and father hoped I would accept him since the match would be such a good one for me.

"'Isn't that a funny way to propose for a girl?' I asked. 'I supposed the lover proposed to the girl instead of her father.'

"'The most honorable way is to ask permission of her father to speak to her.'

"All this was too formal, too unnatural for me. I told father that I would not have Mr. Baxter; he was altogether too old for me. And when father said he was just the right age I replied that he *seemed* too old anyway.

"Father was obliged to tell Mr. Baxter that I wouldn't have him, and Mr. Baxter only said that he was very sorry, but he wouldn't think of permitting the least influence to be brought to bear on me to induce me to accept him. I didn't tell any one that my heart had been given to a farm hand. Indeed, I didn't dare tell. I couldn't have braved father's anger and contempt. I ground my teeth together and resolved to wait for Elisha. I waited two years, and he didn't come. I waited two years more. Meanwhile Mr. Baxter had been away much of the time. He had been elected to congress. Then I heard father say that he was sure of the nomination for governor.

"This didn't interest me. I didn't care if he was president. What I wanted was that which would satisfy the cravings of my heart—I wanted Elisha.

"It was five years after Elisha had gone away and three after Mr. Baxter had proposed for me that I saw one morning when I was standing on the porch a man coming down the road. His clothes were city cut, though not fashionable. He stopped at the gate and asked me how far it was to Boonton. I told him, and he said, 'You don't seem to remember me.' 'No, I don't,' I replied. 'Sorry; I thought you would.' A suspicion came to me when he said this that he was Elisha. I dreaded lest he was, for somehow I didn't like his looks. I can't tell you what there was about him I didn't fancy; it was everything. The fact is that I had been changing during these years he had been away from me and now saw him for what he was—a very commonplace man.

"Well, do you know, I turned and went into the house. The man went on. My dream was ended. In a few weeks I was engaged to Mr. Baxter.

"'But, grandma, you haven't had two husbands, have you?'

"'No. I only called him Mr. Baxter. He is your grandfather.'"

HER HOBBY.

It Led Her to Make Trouble, but She Rectified It.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Is there any one who has no hobby? Well, if there is it is questionable if such person is happy. We live lives—at least most of us do—that lie in beaten tracks.

The merchant that has built up a large business goes to his store every day to do pretty much the same thing. His wife stays at home, looks after the servants and makes calls. The doctor visits the sick and listens to an eternal round of aches and pains.

The clergyman preaches every Sunday and makes parochial visits. With all of us our occupation sooner or later becomes humdrum.

What, then, is our relief, our safety valve?

A hobby.

Hobbies are sometimes mere whims, or they may be a fancy that a certain line of action under certain circumstances is essential. Of such kind was Nell Lambert's.

Her hobby was self control. She was accustomed to say that it was the only cultured substitute for contentment and that the result of its perfect attainment was perpetual youth. The quick growth of a frown habit and the wrinkles that follow in its wake were among her strongest arguments.

Nell was wooed and won by John Brent. She was very happy, and apparently John was happy too. The world seemed suddenly transformed from a very humdrum affair to a paradise. She managed to retain her self control, so far as telling any of her friends of her engagement was concerned. Then there was a lapse. Her friend Pattie Roane called, and Nell let out the secret.

Not long after Miss Roane's departure Pattie was standing at the parlor window which overlooked the street admiring some flowers that were kept in the window. She was thinking of

"WE MEANT ONLY TO TEASE YOU A LITTLE."

her lover, and it seemed that the flowers looked up at her with a happy smile. Happening to glance up, her heart seemed to cease to beat.

There, driving down the street on his dogcart, with Miss Roane beside him, was John Brent. Nevertheless her habit of self control was strong enough to enable her to give the couple a gracious nod and a smile.

What did it mean? Had she not been in that tremulous condition, love, when every shadow is a demon? She would probably have thought that there was no meaning to it whatever. As it was, she considered it in the light of an insult from both John and Pattie.

That evening John called. She received him graciously and chatted with him as if nothing had happened, but before he left told him that their engagement was a thing of the past. All this required great self control, but that self control she possessed.

The three weeks that followed found her still living up to the hobby. If she was a bit whiter and thinner the spirituelle effect was becoming, therefore welcome. There could be a tonic and a change of air should the scrawny stage threaten. Pending that time her maid one morning announced, "Miss Roane."

"Lower the shades a trifle, Lisette," said Nell and glanced into her mirror. "Draw that stand of lilacs nearer, so Miss Roane may come up."

"How sensible you always are!" said Pattie, making at once for an easy chair. "Here have I for three weeks been afflicted with a conscience, and you—you look as if you never had one."

"Three weeks?" smiling. "It is a long time to carry anything heavy."

"Well," with a look half meek, half mischievous, "I have brought the burden to you."

"To me? I thought a conscience was like a railroad pass—always labeled 'not transferable.'"

"I only want it doctored."

"But that is a very trite idea, is it not?"

"What I mean is not trite," said Pattie. She took a cluster of white lilacs from the stand and gently brushed her face with them. Keen eye shots could piece such a hedge undetected. "Trite exploits are either easy or necessary."

"If you mean it is hard to do anything original"—

"But I do not. I mean this is original because too hard to be often undertaken."

"Yet it is only a little conscience to be doctored."

"There are things to tell you," gravely, "because we are friends."

"Present tense?"

"Yes," lowering the hedge to give a steady look.

"Very well," with a smile that held some sarcasm lurking beneath it, "tell on."

"That day after you told me of your engagement to John Brent I saw his dogcart before Ransom's, and I happened in, don't you know, and said something about such a royal day for driving and smiled up at him my very best smile. It was a bit of mischief. I knew you would be cool over the matter and wake his resentment."

"'Behold how great a fire a little spark kindleth,'" said unruffled Nell.

"I asked him to drive this way, and he laughed. We meant only to tease you a little—nothing serious."

"No?"

"Not then," bending her face into the lilacs.

"Well," coldly, "he is now free."

An eye shot passed over the hedge.

"Knowing how that drive came about, you are still too proud to recall him?"

Nell settled herself more cozily among the cushions of her divan and gave her prettiest low laugh. "'Is thy servant a dog?'" she said.

"But he would come," said Pattie gently.

"There is a better way to come."

"And if he does not choose it?"

"I am content," sang Nell sweetly.

"Then if he's free," said Pattie, well behind the flower hedge, "I ought to let you understand," hesitatingly, "that—that"—

"Oh, certainly," said Nell mockingly, "each one for herself."

"I should not have put it in just that way," Pattie went on, with a half nervous little laugh, "but I shall not avoid him or be at my worst with him."

"It is a woman's business," dryly, "to charm, especially to charm one man."

"If he is the right one," faltered Pattie Roane.

"True. Yet the wrong one is often entertaining and easier."

"And you do not care?" asked Pattie as she took up and put the flowers back in the vase. "But you'll believe, won't you, that I meant no wrong, that I did not know what would come?"

"You have not finished your story," said Nell, with sudden sharpness. "What has come to him—what has come?"

"If you would be sorry, I think," very low, "that he would be happy."

"Otherwise—in time?" breathlessly.

"Perhaps he may think of me," said Pattie and turned away her face.

She was going silently to the door when Nell, white as her lilacs, came to the lintel.

"You have been honest," she said chokingly, "so I will tell you. I cannot bear it," with a sob, "I cannot!"

Pattie flushed. "Do you want me to go away out of his reach?" she asked with voice that trembled and with lowered eyes.

"No, but I will write and ask him"—alas for the hobby, tears came—"ask him to forgive me."

"I will wait and post the letter," Pattie slowly and went back to her chair.

"He may be angry still, you know," Nell said wistfully when the note was written and her guest on the stair, but there was no answer.

Pattie hurried out to the corner mail box and, having dropped the note inside, came around the turn of the street face to face with John Brent.

"I have been attending to some of your business," she said, with a happy laugh.

"Thank you. It could not be in better hands, I am sure," said John.

"I think so myself," radiantly. "Could you pick a lock or a corner post box?"

"Well, not without some training, I think."

"Then the best thing for you to do is to go on to Nell's. Say the proper thing, you know," rapidly. "Say that you are a wreck from misery and cannot bear it any longer."

"But"—

"That handsome Englishman has been sending more flowers, exquisite white lilacs. If I were you they should go out of a back window."

"But"—

"She will be delighted that you came before the note reached you, but do not hint that you know about it."

"About what?"

"The note, the note, the note!"

"Pick a corner post box," said John dazedly, but with a slight dawning in his eye. "Nell has written me a note?"

"Oh, the slowness of a man's mind!" cried Pattie. "Are you going to stand here after all my brilliant plot while that girl sobs herself ill—ill waiting to know if you forgive her?"

John's answer was in the rapidity of his stride around the corner, and Pattie, the plotter, her face dimpling with smiles and ease of conscience, went far enough to peep and see him run up Nell's steps three at a time.

"Good!" she murmured, with a little chuckle. But it must be admitted that she deserved one.

That was Nell's last effort at controlling her feelings when she felt aggrieved. She had learned that standing out as if the right was all hers without giving the other side a hearing was not self control, but injustice. And Pattie Roane, whose mischievous disposition was always getting her into scrapes which her genial disposition usually got her out of, learned that her propensity for such larks should be curbed by a proper self control.

THE LOST UMBRELLA.

A Torrent of Thanks Did Not Accompany Its Recovery.

It was on a train coming through southern Wisconsin. On board was one of those impromptu comedy crowds that hadn't any idea it was funny. One woman suddenly descended on her husband with the thrilling inquiry:

"Where's that umbrell' of mine?"

"I dunno," growled the husband.

"Well, you had it last."

"Didn't neither."

"You did, too, and you've got to git busy findin' it. I bet it's up forrerd there where we was a-settin' before we come back hyer."

More growls from the husband, who was sleepy.

"You got t' help me hunt it, anyway."

She took him and went forward, peering under the seats. All up and down the aisle they went, searching vainly. The more uncomfortable the stopping made her the madder and worse excited the woman got and the worse her husband growled.

Finally she began poking under the seats to see if she could touch the umbrella in some recess beyond her vision.

A girl with a blue feather in her hat who had been timidly watching the performance and showing a blushing tendency to interrupt could contain herself no longer.

"What's that you're poking under the seats with? Isn't that the lost umbrella?" she asked.

The woman straightened up, gave one look at the tightly grasped instrument and snapped out, "Yes, it is!"

She said it just as if it had all been the fault of the girl with the blue feather in her hat.—Chicago News.

Count the Times a Horse Rolls.

To see a horse when out at pasture rolling on the ground and endeavoring to turn over on his back is a common sight, but how many people have noticed that in doing this he observes an invariable rule? The rule is that he always rolls over either at the first or third attempt—never at the second—and more than three attempts are never made. In other words, if the horse succeeds in rolling over at the first try, well and good—that satisfies him. But if the first attempt is a failure the second one always is. Then he either rolls quite over at the third or gives it up. He never makes a fourth. If horses are rolling on sloping ground they usually roll uphill. This is more easy of explanation than the strange custom regulating the number of attempts. As to this no adequate reason has ever been offered. Will those ingenious people who tell us why a dog turns around before lying down and why ducks walk behind each other in a string instead of abreast explain why a horse never makes four attempts to roll over and never succeeds at the second?—Exchange.

Diseases of Fear.

If you are afflicted with an unreasonable fear of anything do not waste time being ashamed of yourself; hurry at once to a doctor, advises a writer in Success Magazine. A writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette has compiled a list of fear diseases from which it appears that everything, from screaming at mice to being afraid to go home in the dark, is a well recognized mental ailment. The tramp is in reality a sufferer from ergophobia, or fear of work, often complicated with aquaphobia and sapophobia, which make him shun the bathtub. Siderophobia and astrophobia cause timid ladies to go into the closet when it thunders and lightens. Any number of people have cat and dog phobias. Phantophobia is what you would have if you were afraid of your shadow, while an all around unqualified coward might be called a phantophobiac. The list is long and includes every human weakness except the actress' horror of publicity.

A Useful Pest.

Despite the fact that the spider, next to the mouse, is most violently stimulating to feminine sensitiveness, it is an insect of a very good character. It feeds exclusively upon other freshly killed insects, and they are the kinds denounced by sanitary authorities, the housefly being its favorite quarry. His service in reducing the numbers of this pest is considerable, because the spider is always busy, and he is present in countless numbers, says Leslie's Weekly. The reason why he is not more frequently seen is that he is retiring in his habits and shuns human society quite as much as that shuns him. He seldom bites anything but food, and even when in self defense he does assert himself the result is no worse than a mosquito bite or a bee sting. The touching story of "The Spider and the Fly" was evidently intended to invite sympathy for the fly.

A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poison or gangrene. Its the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for burns, boils, sores, skin eruptions, eczema, chapped hands, corns or piles. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

How Eskimo Women Die.

On her first entrance to her new but of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her, upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill airs away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, companioning with her, may refresh itself with food; but, starving and freezing, her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perish alone.—Harper's Bazar.

Kept the King at Home.

"For the past year we have kept the king of all laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—in our house and they have proved a blessing to all our family," writes Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y. Easy, but sure remedy for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Discontent.

"We are never completely happy," said the ready made philosopher.

"Of course not," said the practical person. "A boy wishes he were a man so that he could have all the mince pie he wants, and a man wishes he were a boy so that he could digest it."—Washington Star.

No Argument.

Patronizer of the Cheap Restaurant—Look here, waiter, this coffee is cold. Polite and Intelligent Waiter—Quite right, sir. This is a quick lunch cafe, and if the coffee was hot you couldn't drink it in a hurry.—London Scraps.

A Woman's Great Idea

is how to make herself attractive. But without health, it is hard for her to be lovely in the face, form or temper. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion, good health. Try them. 50c at Moro Pharmacy.

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

E. W. Lafferty, Plaintiff
vs.
B. G. Boardman, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County, dated the 25th day of May, 1910, in a certain action in said Court wherein E. W. Lafferty recovered a judgment against B. G. Boardman for the sum of $1,053 55 and the further sum of $125, Attorney's fees and $20 costs and accruing costs of said writ. Said judgment being recorded in the County Clerk's office in Sherman County, Oregon, on the 21st day of May, 1910. Notice is hereby given that I have levied upon, and will on

FRIDAY JULY 15th 1910

At the front door of the County Court House in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, at 10 o'clock a. m. on said day sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all of the right title and interest of the said B. G. Boardman in and to all of Lots One (1), Two (2), Three (3), Eight (8), Nine (9), Ten (10), all in block Eight (8), of the town of Kent, in Sherman County, Oregon, as the same appears of record in the County Clerk's office of said Sherman County, Oregon; also a portion of Lots Seven (7) and Four (4) as follows: Commencing Seventy (70) feet from the North-west corner of Lot Seven (7) in Block Eight (8) and running South Twenty (20) feet and thence East to the East line of Lot Four (4) and thence North to the South-east corner of Lot Three (3) and thence to the place of beginning, situated in Block Eight (8) in the said town of Kent, Sherman County, State of Oregon, as the same appears of record in the County Clerk's office in Moro, Oregon, which property was heretofore attached in said case, and is now held under attachment to be sold under execution and the proceeds applied in satisfaction of said judgment in favor of E. W. Lafferty and against B. G. Boardman.

Dated at Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, this 14th day of June, 1910.

J. C. FREEMAN,
Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon.

5t.j 17,jy15.22]

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon In and for the county of Sherman.

F M Brown, Plaintiff,
vs
Margaret N Brown, Defendant.

To Margaret N Brown, the above named defendant

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 8th day of July, 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 wilful desertion and for such other and further relief as the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the 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 E. V. Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 20 day of October, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 27th day of May, 1910.

CLAUD STEHAHN, Attorney for Plaintiff

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6.55 pm	70	.....Shaniko.....	7.00 am
6.15	57	..... Wilcox.....	7.35
5.50	52	..... Kent	7.45
5.35	45	.....Bourbon	8.05
5.05	38	..Grass Valley..	8.20
4.45	30	..... Erskine.....	8.40
4.30	27	.....Moro	8.55
4.20	23	.....DeMoss.....	9.05
4.05	19	...McDoneld ...	9.20
3.50	16	..... Sandon.....	9.35
3.40	14	.... Klondike	9.40
3.25	9	..... Wasco.....	9.55
3.15	7	.....Sink.....	10.10
3.10	5	..... Gibson	10.15
2.55 Lv	0	..... Biggs	10.40 Ar
2.45 Ar	0	..... Biggs.....	10.40 Lv
2.35	4	....Des Chutes....	10.50
2.30	8	.....Celilo	10.58
2.20	13	.....Sumit.....	11.05
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Rostand has chosen HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE as the medium through which to present "Chantecler" to the English-reading world. The publication will be in four instalments, one act to each instalment, beginning in the June number. The translator is the same who helped to make "Cyrano de Bergerac" so fascinating to American booklovers.

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