The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... AUGUST 5, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

THE END OF A PERILOUS RIDE.

Courtship in the Saddle to the Music of Flying Bullets.

By MARTHA M'C.-WILLIAMS.

[Copyright, 1902, by Martha McCulloch-Williams.]

If only Esther had not sung "My Maryland, My Maryland," which she loved best of all the war songs. Her untrained voice was so rich and true it carried half across the bush pasture. She had stolen there with salt for the young horses grazing for safety amid the intricate thickets. They had had none for a month. In the third year of the civil war, to man and beast alike, salt was almost a luxury throughout middle Tennessee. The whole region was debatable land. The bluecoats held the railway towns and turned them into fortresses more or less secure. Over the wide green country road about gray horsemen rode and raided almost at pleasure. Thus salt was among the things reckoned "contraband of war" and to be bought only in such niggard quantities as were marked upon the permits from headquarters.

Between bluecoats and gray, horses had come to be the most uncertain of all possessions. Esther sang because she dared not whistle the regular horse call. She knew Princess, her own mare, would come at sound of her voice and most likely bring the herd pellmell at her heels, since she was easily its queen. She was also thoroughbred, jet black, the last foal of a dam never beaten at four miles. Princess was five years old, Esther seventeen. They had grown up playmates and comrades, each full of tricks and delight in the other.

Esther need not have sung. Her foot was scarcely off the rail fence when Princess came charging, mouth slightly open, ears batted. Five yards off her mistress she stopped short, drooped her head, half wheeled and sidled gently until her withers lay under Esther's hand.

Incautiously she thrust her hand within her huddled apron and brought up some salt grains upon her open palm. Princess licked them savagely, thrust her head fiercely against Esther's breast and made as if to paw her with an angry hoof.

Princess truly loved her mistress, but she was mad with salt hunger, almost the strongest known to the beasts of the field. She caught the apron folds and Esther's left hand between her teeth and backed, rearing slightly and pawing, not viciously, but with light flicking hoofs. To save herself Esther flung her free arm about the mare's neck and swung clear of the ground, saying sternly: "Ho, Princess! Stand! Let go!"

Princess kept backing and pawing. The herd caught the sound and came rushing. She wheeled to meet the rush, with Esther still swinging, and let fly at her mates with both heels. In the shock of impact her teeth shut cruelly upon Esther's hand, but still the girl did not cry out.

She hung facing the mare, so saw nothing else until muscular fingers locked themselves in Princess' foretop and gripped her nostrils hard. Instantly her mouth flew open. Esther snatched away her hand and dropped to earth. For a breath she stood silent, then said, with a stamp of her foot, "Princess, I never thought you could be so mean!"

"Aren't you yourself to blame?" Princess' captor said. He was a tall, well made fellow, with a soldierly air for all his citizen's coat, a pair of keen gray eyes set in a brown face and the dust of hard riding all over him. "Give the salt—at once." Esther obeyed in silence. Neither spoke again until the last grain had been licked up and the beasts were biting the earth where it had lain. Then it was Esther who asked a question. "How does it happen you are here?"

"I came for a horse and crept out of hiding to listen to a song," the man said, smiling. "The song assures me I may tell you I am John Sandford, a scout for Forrest—in plain words, a spy. At daylight this morning I found out something my general ought to know at once. Since then I have ridden my horse down. The poor beast is lying by the thicket yonder. I must have something in his stead—something that can go like the wind."

"You shall not have Princess, though she was so bad," Esther said quickly, locking her arms around the black mare's neck. "Marquise, the brown over there, is almost as fast. Father would give her to you gladly, only he has taken the oath, so you must not ask him. He will not mind you taking her."

"I see. I will come and thank him after the war," Sandford said, laughing. "Now tell me the nearest ford and how I can get to it quickest."

"The bend is nearest—only ten miles off—but you cannot cross there. The Yankees keep pickets in a stockade just by the ford. You will have to strike for the Riffle. That is five miles lower down."

"The Riffle! How shall I get there?"

"Go out that way," Esther said, sweeping her arms southerly. "Strike through the woods to the big road. It is only a mile. Follow it to the crossroads, and there take the left"—

She stopped short. Straight from the south came the grumble of drums, undervoiced by the blurred beat of hoofs.

Sandford's head went up. "Mounted infantry," he said.

"If they know would they be after you?" Esther asked. Sandford nodded.

For a minute he stood silent, then cautiously approached the brown mare, sprang lightly upon her back and said: "Those drums sound my boots and saddle, but it is clear I cannot go down the big road. Is there no other way? Think hard! I must be across the river before tomorrow morning."

"Will they hang you if they catch you?" Esther asked.

Sandford laughed. "That does not so much matter," he said, "though I would rather keep on living. What does matter is telling Mr. Forrest the news. If that can be done"—

He stopped, looking down. Esther shivered slightly. "You mean it will help—help us to fight and win?" she asked. She was a vivid patriot, tensely loyal to her south. If she had been a man she would long ago have been away at the fighting. Something of all this shone in her eyes. Sandford looked straight into them as he answered: "It will help us to win a battle. As to the end, God knows. Now tell me the way."

"There is none I can tell you, but I can show you one—a blind trail, woods, roads and cattle tracks," Esther said, scrambling upon her mare's back and wheeling her half about. "Meet me outside the back bars. I shall be there in a little while."

"No, no! You must not think of it. I cannot allow you"— Sandford began. The strengthening drums silenced him. Esther smiled and dashed away.

Twenty minutes after she was at the bars to meet him, sitting straight and light in saddle, as he had known she would ride. Without a word she gave him a parcel. Then he knew she had read the hunger in his face.

"We must follow the old trace. Father showed it to me last year," Esther explained after another mile. The woods were thinning. The trace had led to a ridge top, whence they could see in places the big road running white and straight through the country lowland. Presently they came into a cattle track. Esther frowned to see that it was not freshly trodden, but followed it, unquestioning, until it ran square into a wide new clearing.

"Oh, I forgot! How could I let myself forget?" Esther said, wheeling her

"WILL THEY HANG YOU?" ESTHER ASKED.

horses and motioning Sandford back. "Bill Risley has settled here. He's the only Lincolnite in our end of the county. He and his boys are forever spying. If they saw us they would run right straight to the soldiers"—

"They would not have far to go. Look!" Sandford said, waving his hand downward. Through the low road a winding column swept, a column brave in blue and brass, with drums still beating, colors flying. It was the advance guard—only two platoons.

As Sandford and Esther watched them the same thought shaped itself in both minds. They faced each other smiling. Sandford spoke first, with somehow a curious tightness in his throat. "They can never catch us, and the chances are they cannot shoot to hit us."

"No, they cannot catch us—not under five miles. They could not do it at all, only our horses are full of grass," Esther said, smiling in turn, though her face was white. "You can swim?" she said interrogatively. Sandford nodded. Then suddenly he caught himself sharply, lifted his hat and said: "Young lady, you must go home. Only a madman would let you stay longer. Never mind about me. It's only life or death."

"And maybe a battle lost," Esther said, her color coming in a rush. "I will not go back. Follow me! We must beat them to the crossroads."

Wheeling, she went arrow-wise through the clearing. Down, down they swept into the big road a hundred yards in front of the blue column. Sandford flung his weight forward, shouting to Esther, "Low—stoop low!" at the same time trailing in behind her so as to shield her as much as he might.

Trot! Gallop! Charge! he heard the bugle blow behind. He heard, too, the thunder of quickening hoofs. But the beat was not in rhythm with their own horses—it was slower, more ponderous. If only their beasts held speed in five minutes they would be safe from bullets. Overhead bullets whined fretfully, then struck, cutting roadside bows or kicking up spurts of dry, white dust.

"We are leaving them! Keep straight on!" Sandford panted as they came to the second milepost. Esther answered only by a little shake of the head. "We must turn!" she said as Sandford made to touch her hand. "The road goes uphill beyond the crossroads. We could not keep ahead. We have come too fast."

"Tell me the way and let me go alone," Sandford entreated. Again Esther shook her head.

"I cannot tell you," she said. "No; we must not follow the crossroads—the woods again. Two miles through them we shall strike the river."

The road began to rise. Esther leaned forward half the length of Princess' neck. The horses were dripping sweat, their pace slackening sensibly. She knew that even without the mounting roar of pursuit. Dropping shots still punctuated the roar. Sandford turned to look. The foremost file was just half a mile from them.

"This way!" Esther cried, urging Princess into tangled growth. The mare balked the least bit and even made to rear. A touch of the whip sent her forward, but fifty yards in Esther drew her to a walk, saying to Sandford very low: "Ride slow. If they cannot see or hear us they will not know which road to take."

One horse trod in the other's tracks, quite as though they felt the need of caution. It was slow work, but in an hour they stood still, breathing heavily, in the river bottom meadows that stretched quite to the waterside. The river itself showed shrunken and fitful between high banks. Another big road ran along the margin of it. Over the stream there were frowning bluffs, sheerly precipitous. The roadway was worn down yards below the meadow level. Thus the two who rode across the grass were unaware of what passed along it.

They came swiftly, yet soberly. Sandford raised Esther's hand to his lips.

"You have saved my life—and more," he said slowly, then burst out impetuously: "But please, please, never do it again! No man's life is worth it. All along I have been asking myself, 'What if she were your sister?' You are a heroine, but please go straight home. If I was risking only life I would take you there at all hazards. Even as it is"—

"I am going!" Esther broke in, white to the lips.

They had come to the river road. Glancing along it, they saw squads of bluecoated horsemen dotting its whole stretch. The scout was caught fairly in a trap from which there was but one way out—the river.

"In there!" Esther cried, waving toward the stream. Sandford caught her reins. "With you—not otherwise!" he said. Instantly he urged the animals forward. The nearest bluecoats, fifty yards off, sent a hail of lead after them. Before they could reload the horses were in deep water, breasting it gallantly. Sandford slipped from his horse, dragged Esther out of the saddle and held her in the hollow of his arm, the while with his other hand he guided the horses quartering downstream. Hanging thus, shielded from the bullets, he had a fair hope of escape. But less than midstream a ball ripped through poor Marquise's backbone and sent her screaming to the bottom.

"Hold to the saddle! You must, else I shall go straight back and give myself up," Sandford said imperatively. Soldiers were plunging in after them—stronger swimmers it might be, with fresher horses. He took the checkrein in his teeth and swam beside Princess, giving her her head, but keeping her to the course. Esther clung obediently just where he had set her hands.

And then he knew. Here was the one woman in all the world for him, although he had never heard her name. Across the blinding consciousness he heard a shout, hoarse, happy, many keyed "Sur-r-render, Johnny Reb! Game's up! Thar blows the gunboat!"

He faced about and drew Esther to his breast, whispering, "Darling, forgive!" Princess snatched her freed head high, turned half about and struck bottom. They had been swimming for yards along the margin of a submerged ledge. In a twinkling Sandford had crowded Esther into the saddle and was wading waist deep beside Princess. Half a mile downstream he heard the puffing gunboat.

The ledge ran down to the bluff's end. A shell struck the woods before the swimmers gained them. Oh, joy! Another shot echoed the shell, a shot from out the wooded south bank. And over it there rose the familiar yell, not faint and quavering, but in lusty strength from 500 throats. Mr. Forrest had a knack of being on the spot when wanted. Solid shot soon persuaded the gunboat that it might be better occupied elsewhere.

It panted off between banks of cheering blue and yelling gray. If the graycoats yelled in greeting to their comrade, what shall one say of what they did when the whole story was told? But when, three hours later, in face of the whole brigade, there was a wedding, at which Mr. Forrest himself gave away the bride, nobody made a sound. Every head was bared, and more than half of those looking on saw bride and bridegroom through dim eyes. The bride went straight home, under flag of truce, by way of Bellsboro, where the Federal commander, a lover of true romances, turned out the guard in her honor and gave her a silver cup, her only wedding present.

Mrs. John Sandford has silver a-plenty, but none so treasured as that plain, thin bit. A proud and happy grandmother, she loves to tell the story of it to some little lads whose greatest ambition is to grow up soldiers like grandpapa and grandmamma.

To Hunt With Falcon and Goshawk.

Richard Bowring of Ramsgate, England, falconer for Paul J. Rainey, recently arrived at New York with a falcon and a goshawk, which Mr. Rainey purposes using for hunting at his home in New Albany, Miss. Mr. Bowring said that so far as he knew falcons or goshawks had never been used in the United States and that he was introducing a new "sport." Falcons are used to catch grouse, partridges and the like, while the goshawks are to hunt the hare, rabbit and other ground animals.

Caustic.

Sapleigh—The doctor says there's something the matter with my head. Sharp—You surely didn't pay a doctor to tell you that!—Boston Transcript.

How Good He Was.

George—Do you think I'm good enough for you, darling? Darling—No, George, but you're too good for any other girl.—Illustrated Bits.

Children Cry
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Struck a Rich Mine.

S W Bends of Coal City, Ala., says, "he struck a perfect mine of health in Dr King's New Life Pills for they cured him of liver and kidney trouble after 12 years of suffering. They are the best pill on earth for constipation, malaria, headache, dyspepsia, debility. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Opposed to Serials.

"See here," grumbled the condemned man, "ain't there a law against cruel an' unusual punishment?"

"Yes," answered the warder.

"An' ain't I to be hanged next week?"

"I'm afraid you are."

"Then what d'yer mean by sendin' me a bunch of papers to read that ain't got nothin' but serial stories in 'em."—Tit-Bits.

Staggers Skeptics.

That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Bucklens Arnica Salve, will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or piles, staggers skeptics. But great cures prove its a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felons, eczema, chapped hands, sprains and corns, also skin eruptions. Try it. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

"Pa, did you ever hear of a real case of poetic justice?"

"Yes. A man who once swindled me out of $600 in an irrigation scheme died of water on the brain."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Best Hour of Life

is when you do some great deed or discover some wonderful fact. This hour came to J R Pitt, of Rock Mt., N. C. when he was suffering intensely, as he says, "from the worst cold I ever had, I then proved to my great satisfaction, what a wonderful cold and cough cure Dr King's New Discovery is. For after taking one bottle, I was entirely cured. You can't say anything too good of a medicine like that." Its the surest and best remedy for diseased lungs, hemorrhages, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, throat or lung trouble. 50c. and $1. trial bottle free at Moro Pharmacy.

No Difference.

Jinks—Which women have the worst tempers, blonds or brunettes? Binks—My wife has been both, and I could not see any difference.—New York Times.

Life on Panama Canal

had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germ causes chills, fever and ague, billiousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes W A Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "and I have had good health since." Cures stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, and prevents typhoid. 50c. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

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

J 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 9th day of September, 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 to 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 R R Butler, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 21st day of May, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 29th day of July, 1910.

CLAUD STRAHN, Attorney for Plaintiff

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COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Distance from Biggs	Time Table June 12, 1910 STATIONS	Northbound passenger daily
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
2.38	4	....Des Chutes....	10.50
2.30	8	.....Celilo.....	10.58
2.20	13	.....Sumit.....	11.05
2.00	20	....The Dalles....	11.25

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