The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... AUGUST 12, 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.

TWAIN SAVIOR OF YANKEE PARLOR

Missourian Changed Dread Center Table's Style, Says Ade.

SUNDAY PLEASURE FOR BOYS.

Enforced Reading of "Lives of the Saints" (on Subscription Only) Succeeded by "Innocents Abroad" and "Huckleberry Finn." Hence the Boom, Asserts Chicago Humorist.

A new benefit conferred on mankind, and especially American boyhood, has been discovered by George Ade in the June Review of Reviews. The newly unearthed boon was the forcing on the awe inspiring parlor center table of literature that was good, yet light, and not of the sort to cause anguish to fill the youthful soul on Sundays.

Mr. Ade wrote in part as follows:

"Mark Twain should be doubly blessed for saving the center table from utter dullness. Do you remember that center table of the seventies? The marble top showed glossy in the subdued light that filtered through the lace curtains, and it was clammy cold even on hot days. The heavy mahogany legs were chiseled into writhing curves from which depended stern geometrical designs or possibly bunches of grapes. The Bible had the place of honor and was flanked by subscription books. In those days the house never became cluttered with the ephemeral six best sellers.

Style Painfully Uniform.

"The book agents varied, but the book was always the same—many pages, numerous steel engravings, curlycue tailpieces, platitudes, patriotism, poetry, sentimental mush. One of the most popular still resting in many a dim sanctuary was known as 'Mother, Home and Heaven.' A ponderous collection of 'Poetical Gems' did not involve the publishers in any royalty entanglements. Even the 'Lives of the Presidents' and 'Noble Deeds of the Great and Brave' gave every evidence of having been turned out as piecework by needy persons temporarily lacking employment on newspapers.

"Let us not forget the 'Manual of Deportment and Social Usages,' from which the wife of any agriculturist could learn the meaning of R. S. V. P. and the form to be employed in acknowledging an invitation to a levee.

"Subscription books were dry picking for boys; also they were accessible only on the Sabbath after the weekly scouring. On week days the boys favored an underground circulating library, named after Mr. Bendix, and the haymow was the chosen reading room. Just when front room literature seemed at its lowest ebb, so far as the American boy was concerned, along came Mark Twain.

Joy Succeeded Horror.

"Can you see the boy, a Sunday morning prisoner, approach the new book with a dull sense of foreboding, expecting a dose of Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy?' Can you see him a few minutes later when he finds himself linked arm in arm with Mulberry Sellers or Buck Fanshaw or the convulsing idiot who wanted to know if Christopher Columbus was sure enough dead? No wonder he curled up on the haircloth sofa and hugged the thing to his bosom and lost all interest in Sunday school.

"The new uniform edition with the polite little pages, high art bindings and all the boisterous woodcuts carefully expurgated can never take the place of those lumbering subscription books.

"While we are honoring Mark Twain as a great literary artist, a philosopher and a teacher, let the boys of the seventies add their tribute. They knew him for his miracle of making the subscription book something to be read and not merely looked at. He converted the front room from a mausoleum into a temple of mirth."

New Book by Samuel Gompers.

Samuel Gompers' new book, "Labor In Europe and Australia," has touches of humor as well as the keen observations which come from expert knowledge. For instance, it is said that in England it requires "three requests of a waiter to get a glass of water and in Germany five orders and a fight." At the same time Mr. Gompers goes deeply into questions involving the state of labor in England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy, always making comparisons with American conditions. The great practical advantages to labor in America, he believes, arise from a better school system, freedom from military burdens and a more liberal land policy.

Judge Puts Sailor in Pawn.

When John Reiss, a sailor, was fined $5 for being drunk at Bayonne, N. J., he said he didn't have a cent. "I'll let you hock yourself for it," said Recorder Marx. "When your ship comes in again come around and pay me the $5 and redeem yourself." Reiss said, "Aye, aye, cap'n."

New Pygmy Tribe Found.

A British expedition exploring the great snow mountains of Dutch New Guinea discovered a tribe of pygmies averaging fifty-one inches in height dwelling at an elevation of about 2,000 feet. It is believed they belong to the Negrito race.

THE GREEN FLAME.

A Story of What Happened in Death Valley.

By CUTHBERT BAKER.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"Father, tell us a story about something that occurred when you lived out in the far west."

"A true story about something that really happened?"

"Yes; a real true story!" shouted several children at once.

"Very well. I'll tell you what happened to Aaron Winters and his wife, Rosie, in the Death valley region."

"Death valley! That must have been an awful place."

"That's why they called it Death valley. It was so hot that people couldn't live there. Aaron and Rosie didn't live in the valley, but in a gulch called Ash meadows, not far from the mouth of the valley. But even at Ash meadows it was desolate and lonely. The couple lived in a little hut on the side of a mountain. The country was wild and rugged, so wild and rugged that no one else would live there. Their cabin was a hundred miles from the nearest neighbor. Aaron Winters was a hunter, and that's why he lived away from other people. Hunters must live where there is game, and when settlers come in the game moves away.

"Aaron often considered the feasibility of taking his wife to a more cheerful region, but he knew no trade but that of hunter. And how could he make a living except when there was game? Besides, having always dwelt away from men, how would he get on with them? If he had means to make him independent that would be another matter. He had nothing but his cabin and the game he killed. He longed for funds to enable him to make the change.

"But how could he ever hope to gather funds in a country where no man would come to settle? True, he could have all the land he cared to take possession of, but it wasn't worth anything. I have often thought that this might have been another cause to keep him there. Perhaps he thought that some day settlers would come in and he could sell his mountain side for enough money to enable him to get

MIXED IT WITH THE CHEMICALS.

away. But if that was what he was waiting for he was doomed to disappointment.

"One day a desert tramp came along and asked for shelter overnight. He was the first human being that either Aaron or Rosie had seen in many a long day, and you may be assured the couple made him welcome. A desert tramp is not likely to be a very intellectual or well bred fellow, and this one certainly was not. He was burned almost black by the sun, and his clothes were dirty and ragged. But he could talk to them, and that's more than their cats or their dogs could do. And just think how the sound of another voice than their own must have delighted them!

"Rosie got up a good supper for the tramp, which he ate as though he had passed through Death valley, where there was neither flesh nor vegetable that a man could live on. After supper, while Rosie was clearing the table and washing the dishes, Aaron gave the tramp a pipe and some tobacco, and the two sat down for a smoke and a chat. Aaron didn't care what his guest talked about so long as he talked, and Rosie at her work enjoyed the sound of a voice, rough and uncouth though it was, as well as her husband.

"The tramp had visited many regions and naturally talked about them. He had been at Salt lake and told them that the water was so dense that persons bathing in it would float on its surface like a boat on water. He had been in Colorado and told them how the gold was stamped out of the rock. The last place he had been was Nevada. There are borax deposits in that state, and he told Aaron how they looked.

"Now, Aaron had often been in Death valley and had noticed something there that looked like what the tramp described. He asked how one might know borax deposits, and the tramp told him that there were certain chemicals which when combined with borax would burn a green flame. Aaron also asked the tramp what borax was used for, and he told him, as you all know, that it was used for washing purposes and that a little package of it was worth about 10 cents. Aaron thought that if this was the price what he had seen must be worth thousands of dollars.

"The next morning, after the tramp's departure, Aaron talked over with Rosie what had been said about the borax deposits. He thought it was possible that what he had seen in Death valley might be borax. But even if he went there he had no means of discovering whether what he had seen was borax or ordinary soil.

"'Rosie, dear,' said Aaron, 'I would like you to go to a town where you can get these chemicals for testing borax, but it will require a week or two, during which I shall have to stay here alone. Then when you come back we shall have to make a trip to Death valley, and after all our trouble there isn't one chance in a dozen that what I have seen there will turn out to be borax.'

"'I really think, Aaron,' replied the wife, 'that the chances don't warrant the trouble, but I'm worn out with this desolation and am yearning to see people. I feel as if I must have one of my own sex to talk to, even if only for a day.'

"'Well, sweetheart, go, but don't stay any longer than to have a good chat, for I'm very anxious to make the test.'

"So the next day Aaron took her where she could get some one to take her on farther and left her to go back to the cabin. As she kissed him good-by she looked at him wistfully and said:

"'Aaron, I won't leave you again. I know how lonely you are without me, how hard it is for you to have to get your meals, and I worry for fear something will happen to you. What would you do while I am away if you should become sick or meet with an accident?'

"'Never mind about that, Rosie. Bring back the chemicals as soon as you can.'

"'Oh, there's nothing in that, Aaron. Don't think about it. You're sure to be disappointed.'

"They parted, Rosie going on and Aaron going back to the cabin. It seemed very quiet there without his wife, and he wished it was the end instead of the beginning of their separation. After he had cooked and eaten his supper he sat smoking his pipe, thinking about what the tramp had told him. He realized that there was scarcely a chance of what he had seen being borax, but the thought of what would happen if it should be borax sent a thrill all through him. He would be the only person to know it, and no one was likely to come into Death valley to learn of the secret before he had established his legal claim to all the property he cared to possess.

"In ten days Rosie came back with a substance she had obtained from a chemist. But neither she nor Aaron thought much about this, they were so glad to meet again. After a day or two Rosie spoke of it and asked her husband when he was going to Death valley. He said he dreaded to go, for he felt sure he would have his trouble for nothing. But Rosie said that since they had the materials they might as well make the trip and she would go with him.

"So the next day Rosie spent the morning preparing a lunch of antelope steak—this was all there was, since they lived only on game—and in the afternoon they set out for the valley.

"They reached their destination some time before sunset, and, having procured some of the substance they had gone for, they mixed it with the chemicals. But they did not wish to ignite it till night came, because they might not be able by daylight to tell whether or not the flame was green. More than an hour must elapse before it would be dark, and they spent the interval in suspense, so much depended on what they hoped for. Aaron did not care so much for himself directly. It was of Rosie he was thinking. For years he had kept her in a wilderness, and now if this substance were borax he could take her wherever she cared to go. While he was thinking of this the wife's mind was full of dread lest her husband, who had built great hopes on this matter, should be disappointed.

"The sun set, darkness came, and yet Winters delayed to apply the match.

"'Why don't you light it, Aaron?' asked Rosie.

"Aaron made no reply. None was needed. His wife knew he dreaded the disappointment that both felt was almost sure to come. They had had no careful description of the appearance of the substance the tramp had seen, and even if they had there might be resemblance without the substances being at all alike. What folly to expect that they were the same!

"Then Aaron scratched a match and held it to the combination. It blazed up in a bright flame.

"'It burns green, Rosie!' he shouted. 'We're rich!'

"So they were for people who had been so poor. They sold their property for $20,000.

"But they were not city people and would not enjoy a city life. Therefore the fortune they acquired was all they needed to make them comfortable and happy. They bought a ranch in Nevada, where they enjoyed a country life and had all the neighbors they wished for.

"That's the story, my dears, as I heard it, and I think it's about as it happened. The west is full of such wonderful cases of people without money, even in rags, lighting upon something of great value to make them rich. It was not riches that Aaron Winters and his wife required to make them happy, but sufficient means to enable them to leave the Death valley region."

Her Engagement.

Muriel (just back from the continent) — Well, Tom, I'm engaged to seven dukes, a marquis, eleven counts and nine grandees of the first class. Cousin Tom—What! Muriel—Oh, it's all one fellow. He's a Spaniard, you know.—Illustrated Bits.

London Shop Clerks.

The London employer in hiring a shop clerk insists on an agreement that the latter shall not go into business for himself or enter the employ of another within a certain distance radius and within a certain time limit after leaving his employer.

The Eagle's Prey.

On the eastern Alps a hunter has discovered in an eagle's nest the skeleton of a child aged about three. It has been recalled that six years ago the child of a peasant in that neighborhood mysteriously disappeared. The mystery is now cleared up.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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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, head ache, dyspepsia, debility. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

The Rooster.

A rooster would be entitled to more credit for rising early if he didn't crow about it.—Puck.

Her Liquid Gaze.

"I wonder how she got her eyes to look so nice and clear." "Maybe she strained them."—St. Louis Star.

He Was.

"I called on Gertrude's father."

"What was the outcome?"

"You see it now."—Boston Herald.

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.

Great Salt Lake.

The length of the Great Salt lake is about seventy-five miles and greatest width about thirty miles. It is 4,200 feet above sea level and has an area of 2,360 square miles.

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.

You Don't Say!

He—Look at that fellow. He's way off his base.

She—I knew this was a crazy game. —Columbia Jester.

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.

South-bound passenger daily		Distance fr Biggs	Time Table June 12, 1910 STATIONS	North-bound 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	Erikine	8.40
4.30		27	Moro	8.55
4.20		23	DeMoss	9.05
4.05		19	McDonald	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	Lv	0	Biggs	10.40 Ar
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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