

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 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 for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

She Ate It

By SHEELA ESTHER DUNN

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In Belgium the month of May is known as the Virgin's month and is consecrated to the Virgin Mary. In the province of Liege during May young girls have a pretty way of learning whom they shall marry. A group of maidens arrange to meet at sunrise, walk through the fields until they come to a hedge, and, selecting a spot unexposed to the highway, they choose a honeysuckle bush beneath which to perform their mystic rites. Each girl selects three blades of grass, cuts the tops to equal lengths and to each ties a colored thread of silk. Black represents a bachelor, red an unknown lover and green the person the girl in her heart wishes to marry. Two days afterward they return to the spot where they left the blades growing, and that blade of the three which has grown highest represents the lover that is destined for the maiden's husband.

There lived in this province a poor girl named Anna DeWindt. She was an adopted daughter of an old couple who worked a small farm. Anna was a fair complexioned, fair haired, blue eyed maiden, her pure heart being plainly manifest in her countenance. The adjoining farm on the east was a much larger one and owned by a farmer named DeRoode, with one son, Hellegier. Hellegier DeRoode was at the university when Anna DeWindt came to live at the adjoining farm. When he returned for his spring vacation he saw her busy about the adjoining premises, but she was so far from him that he could not tell whether she was comely or ugly. "Telling a glass he brought the image nearer and discovered what he was pleased to call his "Madonna."

From that time when he would see Anna on the porch of the house or back in the kitchen garden he would watch her through his glass and longed to go out and chat with her. His vacation came to an end, and he experienced a pang at leaving his Madonna, whom he had been used to bringing so near to him by means of his glass. On the morning of his departure he was obliged to rise early. Going out to the porch, he sniffed the delicious spring air. The sun was just rising. He walked about, presently going under a tree with overhanging branches. A door opened in the next house, and Anna and another girl came out and walked directly toward him. They advanced to the hedge that separated the two places and were screened from him by its twigs and leaves.

Stealing out of his retreat, stooping that he might not be seen, he went treading on the soft grass to the hedge. On reaching it he heard coming from a few yards distant on the other side their soft voices. Anna's companion was speaking.

"This is the bachelor," she said, "tying a thread on a spear of grass. 'This is the unknown,' tying another, 'and this,' tying a third, 'is my dear love.'"

"And who is your dear love?" asked Anna, who was herself tying threads on blades of grass.

"John Ten Eyck. Who is yours?"

"I can't tell you; it is so foolish of me."

"You needn't. I know already. It is the handsome student in the DeRoode place."

Anna made no reply, but Hellegier, having found an opening just big enough to give him a view of her face, saw a blush overpowered her features. He was astonished. A girl whom he had not suspected of having been aware of his existence had indicated with the green thread that she had taken him into her innocent heart.

Having tied the blades of grass and cut them to a uniform length the two girls went back to the house and the student departed for the university.

At Amsterdam several years later Hellegier and his Madonna met. Her people had received a small legacy and had come to Amsterdam to claim it. Hellegier DeRoode did not betray the fact that he had seen Anna before; certainly he did not mention that he had looked at her through a fieldglass. Nevertheless he yielded to an irresistible impulse to make her his wife.

In Holland if a young man wishes to ask the hand of a girl in marriage he buys a sweet cake, takes it to her house and in presence of her family places it on a table before her. The family affect not to notice the gift, while the girl, if she accepts him, eats the cake. If she refuses him she leaves the cake on the table.

DeRoode took a cake and laid it before Anna. A blush came to her cheek, and she put out her hand to ward it, but did not take it. Was she yielding to a natural coquetry or had she some reason for hesitating? Hellegier said to her:

"Am I not he of the green thread?"

The blush on her cheek deepened to scarlet; she had her face in her hands. At last she said:

"Tell me how you learned about the green thread?"

"I will if you will tell me about how you came to know anything about me."

"You must first tell me how you knew about me," she replied.

He shrunk from telling her that he had been looking at her through a spy-glass. He took up the cake and handed it to her.

KIEF AND KAUF.

A Story of Two Friendly Telegraph Operators

By TOM CARLTON.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Kiefer of telegraph station 12, Butler's survey, was bored. His station was not a busy one, and he longed for some one to talk to. He called up Kaufman of a neighboring station, whose acquaintance he had made over the wire some time before.

"Kauf, are you busy?"

"No. Are you?"

"Yes. I'm busy holding my chair down."

"I'm reading a novel."

"Who's it by?"

"Maria Edgeworth."

"Good gracious! You don't read such stuff as that, do you? I thought Maria Edgeworth wrote for women and children."

"After a few moments this came: 'I don't read much fiction. When I do I usually read Hardy, Hall Caine and such authors.'"

"What's your favorite athletic game?"

"Basketball."

"Don't you go in for football?"

"I never learned the game."

"When we meet some autumn I'll tell you something about it. Nothing pleases me so much as a fine punt. I think you'll like it too."

"No; I don't think so. I'm not much on athletics anyway. Pictures and music suit me better."

"I'm with you there. I'm fond of both. I play the violin. Do you play any instrument?"

"The harp."

"I love the harp. But with the exception of street musicians I've generally found the girls take to the harp rather than men. I've always fancied that the girl I should tie up to would play the harp."

"That so? I should like my partner to play the violin."

There was a slight pause, after which Kiefer asked, "Aren't you coming up this way soon?"

"Don't think I'll ever get off. If I do I'd like to go in the fall so that you can show me how to kick football. You seem to be so bent on doing so."

"And you can instill into me a taste for Maria Edgeworth and that sort of feminine reading. That's the only thing about you I fancy I won't like if we ever meet."

"Oh, you'll find me manly enough. Don't fear for that."

At this juncture Kauf said that some one was coming, and the dialogue ceased.

This is a sample of the chats the two operators had over the wire, but a very small one. They got to telling each other their joys and their sorrows. Kiefer said one day over the wire:

"I wish, Kauf, I could express sympathy as well as you. I feel it all, but I can't get it out. I feel possessed certain traits that Kauf appreciated, and so the two, though they had never met, became fast friends."

One day Kiefer was offered a leave. Kiefer had not been absent from duty in three years. He had not wanted to be. But with that bit of ribbon just tucked from the instrument before his eyes he underwent a sudden change. Suppose he had no friends to go to and his instincts were not toward hunting, he would accept the vacation so tardily offered and make the most of it. His books said that a change was good for a man's soul, and he would come back refreshed in mind and body. He loved the sand views of the ocean. For they signified home, but the changeless monotony of the four sides had grown a little oppressive since the arrival of 13.

Before ticking back an acceptance to the home office he let his finger fall upon the instrument for a moment, touching the hand of his friend, as it were.

"Hello, Kaufman!" he called. "Are you on for a vacation too?"

"A week," came back the prompt answer, "commencing on the 23d."

"The 23d? Why, mine ends on that date, and it's two weeks. But I understand. I've been here three years and you only three months, and now it's a dull time they're going to let you control the section while I'm away and then I'm to do the same for you. Too bad, though, for I'd thought we might go off together. Odd, isn't it? I feel you're the best friend I've got in the world—about the only one, for that matter—for we're wired up to end of personal gossip and ambition, and our tastes run about the same way, and yet I've never seen you and don't know whether you're short or tall, lean or fat, whether you're a R. M. C. or whether your mustache is still to sprout or your white hair is dropping out from old age. Queer world, isn't it, Kauf? But say, I believe I'll run down and spend my vacation with you. There's no other place I can think of, and we can see how each other looks and talk and smoke and eat. There was a quick, protesting click.

"Don't you do it, Kiefer. What is your name anyway—the whole of it? Kiefer is so so unceremonious and blunt. But about the vacation. You mustn't visit me now—mustn't. Why, it's impossible! I haven't the accommodations, and—and I'm so busy, and—"

There was a call from the home office, and with a hurried explanation to Kaufman he flashed in an acceptance of the proffered leave of absence, took and answered the call, made a few final arrangements, then bent over to continue the conversation, hesitated and swung back from the instrument.

"I won't do it," he chuckled. "Kauf's likely ashamed of his looks, baldheaded or fat or eyed or something and don't want me to know. I'm going to visit him on the next train, and I'm not going to give him a chance for any more excuses. Ashamed! Great Scott! Don't we like the same books and music and everything else? What do I care how the old chap looks? He ought to know my regard rises above such petty considerations. And I believe he thinks just as much of me."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

His personal confidence prove it. I'll just drop in on him so suddenly and affectionately that he can't help taking me to his arms."

So when the through freight slowed at the water tank Kiefer swung him self into the caboose with a generous outfit of tobacco and books and a brand new pack of cards ordered up by the freight conductor. And this same friendly conductor when they reached telegraph station 13 obligingly slowed the train so Kiefer could drop into the white, yielding sand, the familiar, unvarying landscape of his own station.

"Accommodations," he chuckled as he strode eagerly toward the open doorway of the little building. "It's got two rooms like my own, and that's plenty of accommodations for any reasonable man. But perhaps Kauf was used to a big house at home. Hello! Window curtains and flowers at the end of the house, and—"

For a young woman, pretty and neatly dressed and with lips and eyes that were meant for smiling, but that just now were sober with inquiry and consternation, had suddenly appeared in the doorway. Kiefer had not seen a girl in over three years, and such a girl as this one appeared to him never. His mouth opened and shut without sound.

"Well," the girl inquired at last. "Is—Kauf in? How's Kauf? Well? Tell Kauf I'm out here to see him," answered Kiefer dazedly.

"I'm Kauf—Adella Kaufman," said the girl. Then the utter blankness in the face before her seemed to restore the girl's equanimity, for she smiled.

"You're Kiefer, I suppose—Mr. Kiefer, I mean," she said. "Didn't I write you?"

"I wouldn't take it," miserably. "I thought it was some foolish excuse of a man who wasn't used to visitors. I heard the instrument calling and recognized your touch, but I wouldn't listen. After that first time I kept my back turned and dodged out soon as the train came in sight. He looked toward the track as though to see if the train were still waiting for him, but all that was visible of it was a dark line trailing into the white horizon."

"Train's gone," he said tentatively, "and it's fifty miles to the nearest house, and there aren't any more trains."

Either way, then, tomorrow you'll have to walk the fifty miles or start off on your own. The other to wait a train, but it's been eight hours since I had breakfast, and fifty miles— You see, deprecatingly.

"I felt so sure that Kauf—I beg your pardon, Miss Kauf—Kaufman, I mean—I—I—it doesn't seem possible there isn't any real Kauf after all the talking—wiring—we've done."

"You've camped outdoors a good many times, I suppose, Mr. Kiefer. All western men have."

"Of course," inquiringly. Then, with an odd note of eagerness coming into his voice, "you mean I can camp right here by the track until a train comes! It won't be presumptuous after—after my density?"

"I control only the station, Mr. Kiefer, and you have a right to camp anywhere you please out of doors. But what I wish to say is that I'll be glad to have you take supper with me and all your meals until the train comes. At home I was considered a very fair cook. We can talk about books and such things."

The next day the down freight was four hours late, and when it began to slacken speed in answer to his signal Kiefer released a hand which he had caught suddenly on the first appearance of the train into the sand's level horizon.

"I'll go and fix up my station some," he said, his voice trembling with the need wonder in it, "and maybe have another room put on. The company will stand that much, I think. Then I'll run back and transpire the flowers and take over your things, and—and the day before my vacation expires I'll wire for a person to meet us here. You'd better send in your resignation at once, Kauf."

"And announce my promotion, Kiefer," she finished softly.

Willing to be Tempted.

Willie, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve, and I'll be Adam.

Mabel—All right. Well?

Willie—Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll give you to temptation.

SUMMONS

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

Fred H. Dietzel, Plaintiff,

T. Clay Neese, Susan B. Neese, wife of John P. Neese, M. Rachel Neese, wife of Wm. S. Neese, Georgia Neese, wife of John Neese, Mrs. Ellis Neese, Grace Clark, John Clark, Ray Neese, Theodora Tozier and James Tozier, Defendants.

To William S. Neese and Georgia Neese his wife; Ellis Neese and Mrs. Ellis Neese his wife; Grace Clark and John Clark her husband, of the above named parties, to wit:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the amended complaint on or before the 23d day of September, 1910, and if you fail to do so as answer and appear, judgment and decree will be taken against you for want thereof as specified in the said amended complaint to-wit:

For a decree foreclosing said certain mortgage on the north west quarter of the south east 1/4 of the south east 1/4 of the north west quarter of section thirty-four (34) of township five (5) north of range seventeen (17) east of the Willamette meridian, in Sherman County, Oregon, given by Mary M. Neese to plaintiff on the 15th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907, in Book 4, at page 67, and given to secure a certain note dated April 9th, 1907, for \$200.00, due five years after date with interest at 10 per cent per annum from date until paid, said note being signed by Mary M. Neese and T. Clay Neese; that said land be sold as provided for by law, and the proceeds thereof applied in payment of the amounts due plaintiff, to-wit: \$200.00 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per annum from date until paid, and for the costs and disbursements of this suit, and also for carrying said land and all of said rights, title or interest in or to said premises or any part thereof and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served by publication thereof in The Sherman County Observer, by order of the Hon. R. B. Butler, Judge of the above entitled court, made, dated and entered and filed in the above entitled court and cause on July 25th, 1910, which said order requires that this summons in this suit be published once a week for six consecutive weeks, ending on or before August 12, 1910.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Struck a Rich Mine.

S.W. Bonds 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."

All Light.

Maria—I think Cholle is a most delightful dancer. He's so very light on his feet!

Lillian—When you're better acquainted with Cholle you will discover that he is light at both ends.—London Telegraph.

Staggered Skeptics.

That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Bucklen's 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, fclons, eczema, chapped hands, sprains and corns, also skin eruptions. Try it. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Wet Wedding Days Preferred.

The adage "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on" is one that is unknown in many lands. A Breton bride takes it unhappily when the day of her wedding dawn was bright and sunny. Rain on her marriage morn is held to signify that all her tears are shed and that she will therefore have a happy married life.

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." It is 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.

Dear In Scotland.

It has been estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 deer feed in the forests of Scotland and that 4,000 stags are killed annually.

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, biliousness, 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,

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 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 in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman County, Oregon, in accordance to an order of the Hon. R. B. 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.

7175-29-25 CLAUD STRAEN, Attorney for Plaintiff

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound passenger daily

Time Table July 12, 1910

North-bound passenger daily

STATIONS

6:55 pm 70 Shaniko 7:00 am

6:15 57 Wilcox 7:35

5:50 52 Kent 7:45

5:35 45 Bourbons 8:05

5:05 38 Grass Valley 8:20

4:45 30 Erskine 8:40

4:30 27 Moro 8:55

4:20 23 DeMos 9:05

4:15 19 Sandon 9:20

3:50 16 Klondike 9:35

3:40 14 Waco 9:45

3:25 7 Sunk 10:10

3:10 5 Gibson 10:15

2:55 Lv 0 Biggs 10:40 Ar

2:45 Lv 0 Des Chutes 7:50

2:30 8 Cedillo 11:05

2:20 13 Summit 11:58

2:00 20 The Dalles 11:25

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