

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 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 LONE APPLE TREE

How a Girl Discovered a Murderer by Offering Him an Apple.

By ETHEL BOYER.

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On Lake Thun (Thunder lake), in Switzerland, is the little town of Oberhofen, with its Schloss and tiled roofed houses and quaint narrow streets running in so many diagonal directions that if the town were not very small one could never find his way from one end to the other. A short distance from Oberhofen, bordering the lake, is a little fruit farm that for generations has belonged to a family of the name of Zeltner.

About a hundred years ago there was growing up on the farm Gretchen Zeltner, one of those plump, fair, dainty-haired Swiss lasses who are attractive even to this day. And today on going to church of a Sunday the Swiss girls wear the same costumes that Gretchen then wore—a short skirt of bright colors, a black velvet bodice, with silver chains hanging the one



"WON'T YOU HAVE AN APPLE?" SHE ASKED, end from the bosom, the other from the shoulder blade. On Gretchen's head was a dainty white muslin cap. A pretty girl in such a costume was not likely to want for lovers, nor did Gretchen, but she gave her heart to one Max Beck and had no encouragement for any other.

One day a peddler passed through Oberhofen and stopped at the Zeltner farm. Herman Zeltner, Gretchen's father, was seen to walk away from the conversation with the peddler in earnest conversation. They climbed up the mountain side and passed through a wood, beyond which was an open space, where grew a single apple tree. Zeltner returned to the house, but the peddler did not. Later his people, who missed him, tracked him to the Zeltner farm, but could gain no trace of him after his departure. The last person by whom he was seen was Herman Zeltner.

Naturally suspicion fell upon the farmer of having murdered the peddler, for it was known that the latter had a good deal of money on his person. Zeltner was arrested and taken before a magistrate. There were no witnesses, and he was simply questioned. He said that the peddler had told him that he had made enough money to buy a farm and was desirous of doing so. He asked Zeltner to show him over his own farm and give him some instruction as to what he would need. Zeltner had done so, and when the two reached the apple tree which marked the farthest point the farm extended up the mountain side they had stood under it for a while, Zeltner telling the man what implements he would need and where to procure them. While talking some loose stones were detached above and came down the incline. Thinking it was some animal, they had listened, but heard nothing more. Then the peddler had gone on, having inquired the way to one of the villages higher up on the mountain side.

There being no evidence against Zeltner, he was discharged from custody; but, though he had previously borne an excellent reputation, many people believed him guilty. Unfortunately for Max and Gretchen old Carl Beck was among the number. He told his son that the Beck had for generations borne a spotless reputation and that he would never consent that the daughter of a murderer should come into the family. This meant that the young man should give up Gretchen.

"Max," said Gretchen one day in tears, "if we could but find the murderer that would relieve father of this suspicion which is killing him."

"He was grating yesterday," said Max. "I saw him from the height above. He was at work on the lone apple tree."

"That is the only work he has done. He goes up there often, but usually at and brood. You know that is where he left the peddler or the peddler left him when he went away. I wish father wouldn't go there. The neighbors see him sitting under the apple tree and think he is drawn to the place where they say he killed his victim."

"What fruit did he graft on the tree?"

"A branch from the red apple tree over there."

"Those on the lone tree are white. There will be a curious mixture." One summer morning Gretchen was passing the lone apple tree and stopped to look at the fruit. While doing so a man came and, leaning on the fence, began to talk with her. He had a very restless eye and was constantly changing his position. He asked her a number of questions pertaining to the locality and finally began to talk about the tree.

"It was here," said Gretchen, "that my father more than a year ago parted with a peddler whom he had been showing over his farm. The peddler has never been heard from since."

"What became of him?" asked the man, looking away and changing his position from one foot to another.

"My father was accused of murdering him."

"And was it proved against your father?" asked the stranger.

"No. There were no witnesses. But father is as innocent as you or I."

Gretchen thought she saw the man's pale face grow a little paler.

"And is he believed to be guilty?"

"Some people think so because he comes up here at times and sits under the tree. They say that something draws a murderer back to the scene of his crime."

Gretchen saw the stranger tremble. Her mind was absorbed in her father's trouble, which also kept her and her lover apart. This made her garrulous. She kept on:

"I've tried to persuade father not to come up here. But he will in spite of all I can do."

"Doesn't that look as if he were guilty?" asked the man.

"No. It seems to me that he expects to meet the real murderer here. And if it's true that murderers must revisit the scenes of their crimes perhaps father will find him here some day."

The man hurriedly turned to go. Gretchen noticed that the hand he removed from the fence was trembling like a leaf in the wind.

"Won't you have an apple?" she asked.

"No, no, no!" Then, suddenly checking himself, he added: "Thank you, my girl. I never eat apples. They're sour and hard."

"These are not. They're sweet and juicy." She moved toward him, holding out one of the apples she had plucked from a lower branch of the tree.

"No, no, no!" repeated the man, staring at the apple as if there was something about it to be dreaded.

Gretchen looked at him in astonishment. Then, as if to show him that the fruit was harmless, she raised it to her mouth, took a big bite and held the exposed pulp up for him to see.

Down at the farmhouse Herman Zeltner heard a wild cry. It seemed to him that it came from the direction of the lone apple tree. Bounding up the incline, in another moment he came in sight of his daughter. A man was standing on the other side of the fence holding to the top.

"What's that?" cried the stranger.

"There's blood on it! It's from his veins! It has grown up through the trunk and has got into the apples!"

Gretchen stood speechless. Suddenly her father dashed up to the stranger, leaped the fence and, grasping him by the shoulder, forced him down into a kneeling position.

"You killed him! You killed him and left me to suffer for your crime! What do you mean by blood from his veins? Where did you bury him? Under the tree?"

"Yes," gasped the man, his terror at the blood stains, as he supposed them, in the grafted apple dominating his terror at being accused of the crime.

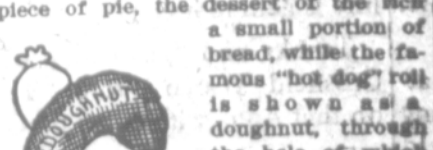
Zeltner called for assistance, and some of his farm hands came running toward the party.

"There is the murderer," he said. "He killed the peddler and has buried him under the apple tree. Bring spades."

Spades were brought, and the body of the peddler was exhumed. He refused to look on it, covering his face with his hands.

"So you took a grafted apple for blood stains, did you?" cried Zeltner, white with rage. "Thank heaven, who prompted me to put a red apple on this tree, for heaven, who sent you back here, must have led me to furnish the means to draw out your confession." Then to the others, "Take him away to jail."

New York's Bread Striker. Of course the humorists have dug much funny material out of the bread strikes in New York. The "star of life" being so scarce, they have depicted the famous law sandwich as a piece of pie, the dearest of the diet, a small portion of the diet, while the famous "hot dog" roll is shown as a doughnut, through the hole of which is placed a frankfurter.



NEW "HOT DOG." for a recognition of their union and a uniform wage scale providing \$18 per week for foremen and oven men in small and large bakeries, \$15 and \$13 for benchmen and helpers in small bakeries and \$16 per week for benchmen in the large bakeries. They demanded a nine hour work schedule instead of ten and more hours a day.

HELEN TAFT'S HIT.

Daughter of President Taken Part in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

While it is not at all likely that Miss Helen Taft, daughter of the president, will ever adopt the stage as a profession, she recently took part in a performance in such an able manner that it won her much praise. This was at



Photo by American Press Association.

Bryn Mawr college, where society folk witnessed the most elaborate May day fete in the history of that institution.

The feature of the play "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and all the parts were taken by the students. Miss Taft being garbed in royal purple as Theseus. The daughter of the nation's chief executive presented a charming picture and won round after round of applause.

An Ungrateful Sufferer. Steady nerves, strength and gentleness had all been included in nature's gift to Miss Harmon, and she made an excellent nurse. But when she saw a patient in what she called "the grime" she never failed to speak a few demerol words.

"Now, see here," she said in her clear, pleasant voice one morning to Squire Lathrop, slowly recovering from an attack of gout which had been severe enough to send him to bed, "see here! I know you've had quite a siege, but you just look at some of your mercies, squires."

"What, for instance?" demanded the squires, who knew her ways.

"Take this bed," for instance," she said. "Have you thought how few there are that have the privilege of being sick in a handsome black walnut bedstead like yours and have their clean sheets taken out as you've got that ought to cheer you up some, say that ought to cheer you up some, say that ought to cheer you up some."

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

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

Fred H. Dietzel, Plaintiff, vs. Clay Neese, Susan B. Neese, wife of John P. Neese, M. Rachel Neese, wife of Wm. S. Neese, George Neese, wife of Ellis Neese, Mrs. Ellis Neese, Grace Clark, John Clark, Mary Neese, Thelma Neese and James Neese, Defendants.

To William B. Neese, and George Neese his wife; Ellis Neese and Mrs. Ellis Neese his wife; Grace Clark and John Clark her husband, of the above-named defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the amended complaint filed against you in the above-entitled cause, on or before the 25th day of September, 1910, and if you fail to do so, judgment will be rendered against you for want thereof as specified in the said amended complaint.

For a decree foreclosing that certain mortgage on the north west quarter of the south east 1/4 of the county of Sherman, Oregon, given by Mary B. Neese to plaintiff on the 9th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907.

In Book 1, at page 67, and to the effect that said mortgage was given by Mary B. Neese to plaintiff on the 9th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907.

And to the effect that said mortgage was given by Mary B. Neese to plaintiff on the 9th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907.

And to the effect that said mortgage was given by Mary B. Neese to plaintiff on the 9th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907.

And to the effect that said mortgage was given by Mary B. Neese to plaintiff on the 9th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907.

And to the effect that said mortgage was given by Mary B. Neese to plaintiff on the 9th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907.

And to the effect that said mortgage was given by Mary B. Neese to plaintiff on the 9th day of April, 1907, and recorded in record of mortgages for Sherman County, Oregon, on April 10th, 1907.

Struck a Rich Mine. S. W. Bonds of Coal City, Ala., says, "I 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."

Old Roman Perfumers. The perfumers of Rome lived in a special quarter set apart for their use, and whose streets were filled with their shops, which were lounging places for wealthy young nobles.

Staggering Skeptics. That a clean, nice, fragrant compound like Bucklen's Arnica Salve, will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or other, staggerers skeptics. But great cures prove to be a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, eczema, chapped hands, sprains and corns, also skin eruptions. Try it. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

When the Atlantic Was Bridged. According to the distinguished French anthropologist Gabriel Adrien de Mortillet, there was a junction between Europe and America by way of the British Isles, the Faroes, Iceland and Greenland, what is known as the "ice-bridge" which is supposed to have existed 150,000 or 160,000 years ago.

The Best Hours of Life. Is when you do some great deed or discover some wonderful fact. This happened to J. R. Morgan 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." In the surest and best remedy for diseased lungs, hemorrhages, laryngitis, asthma, hay fever, throat or lung trouble. 50c, and \$1 trial bottle free at Moro Pharmacy.

Literary Superstition. Oh, where is the use of authors When to put on a show You would be more than just a score Of show girls in a row? —Washington Star.

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, for the county of Sherman.

J. M. Brown, Plaintiff, vs. Margaret N. Brown, 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 10th day of September, 1910, and if you fail to do so, judgment will be rendered against you for want thereof as specified in the said complaint.

This summons is served upon you by publication on the grounds of wife desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 21st day of May, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 25th day of July, 1910.

CLAUDE STRAIN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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Bryant & Whealdon. Attorneys at Law. Rooms 1 & 2 over W. W. M. Co. Bank. MORO, OREGON.

Frank Menefee. Attorney - at - Law. Office in Vogt Block upstairs. THE DALLES, OREGON.

James Stewart. Address: MORO, OREGON. Stock Inspector. Sherman County, Oregon.

Deputy Stock Inspector. Louis Schadewitz, Kent, Oregon.

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