

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.

AN ESCAPED LUNATIC

By MARTHA V. PEASLEY Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

My brother Henry wrote me that he was going to bring his friend out to our country place for the week end.

About a mile from our place was the state insane asylum. Its proximity was a great disadvantage to that I was in constant dread lest some maniac should escape, come to our house and murder us all.

About 6 o'clock one afternoon when I was just ready to go downstairs and out on to the piazza there came a ring at the telephone.

I replied that we had seen nothing of him and sincerely hoped we would not. Then I went out on the piazza and tried to think of something else.

"There's some one wanted on that little square beside the wheel," he said. "What's that?" I asked.

"A boy and a girl." "What boy and girl?" "Boogie's happened there once. I kin tell y' about it if y' want to hear it."

"Go ahead." "It's about myself and the girl. I was high on to seventeen, and Janey was fifteen. Children haven't got any sense, and Janey wasn't much past Ben's a child."

"One day we was over there where a dirt road led down to the mill. It's all grown over with grass now, but you can see where it was. At that time the mill was run whenever there was a grain to grind, and when there wasn't the water was turned off."

"The first thing I knew Janey she climbed out on to the wheel. Her weight was just enough to turn it and let her down slow. While she was a-slinkin' she looked at me and laughed. It was a purty enough laugh, but somehow I didn't like to see her got down into that hole."

"Then I asked Janey to stand on it and let me turn it and her back ag'in, but she got off and dared me to come down. I can see her eyes now just as they looked then with a lot of dew."

"There was two singletons instead of one. I got on to the wheel, and it turned quicker with my weight than with hers. I joined her at the bottom, and she was aguin' herself in all sorts of ways, dancin' and rumpin' around the wheel and hollerin' to hear how queer it sounded down there."

"Two or three times I tried to git her to let me take her out. It wouldn't be an easy matter in any event. The only way it could be done was for me to take her up to the top of the wheel, and then she would be turned on to the wheel and get up myself."

"I first thing I knew I heard some one moved sudden above, and down come the water. I looked at Janey, scared, out of my boots, but Janey seemed to consider it a good joke, the little fool, and began to dance about in the water on the stone floor. But generally the water rose. From the bottom to the lowest part of the wheel it was up to our necks. I lifted Janey on to the wheel and got up myself. The only thing for us to do was to climb as the wheel turned."

"I shouted with all my might, hopin' the miller would hear me. But he was inside the mill, and the noise of the water down where we was was enough to drown any boy's voice. I looked about for some way to stop the wheel, but there wasn't a stick as long as my arm anywhere. The only hope I had was that the miller had a small lot of grit to grind and he'd git through before we was tired. But I didn't think he'd start the mill for less than two or three hours' grind."

"Janey stood up well for about half an hour—it seemed four times as long—then she began to give out. The only thing I could do with her was to leave her up by puttin' my arm back of her. She didn't seem frightened or ready to cry, but she looked at me with a tired smile and kept on workin' the treadmill."

"But purty soon she got so tired I knew she'd have to git a rest, and I looked about for some way to climb up from the wheel. There was a

THE MILL

How a Picture Was Painted Under an Inspiration

By EDWARD GILLETTE Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

There is no more dainty bit of scenery, to my thinking, than one of those little patched up, tumbledown, moss covered water mills of the olden time. They are always situated at the lower end of a pond, nestling under trees and half buried in shrubbery. They speak of a past when farmers were used to carrying a sack or two of grain to mill on horseback before them to have it ground. Now the grain is grown on bigger farms in bigger bulk, and the individual farmer's product is lost in a great cereal river that flows to mills driven by steam and with slugs, towering hundreds of feet high. There is no more use of the little water mill of the past is only useful to furnish themes for the artist.

I am one of those heights of the brush myself. One day, coming upon such a simple scene as I have mentioned, I opened my three legged stool, set up my easel and began to work in my colors. I have the picture I made of the mill, and no money would induce me to part with it. There is a story connected with it, told me while I was painting, which, appealing to my fancy, rendered my work especially successful. The picture and the story go together. It was a man under a faded straw hat and suspenders uncovered by coat or waistcoat came up behind me and looked at my work. He was a middle aged countryman, with those furrows in his face that seem to be transferred there from his eyes being constantly fixed on furrows made by his plow. He seemed to take a deep interest in my picture.

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A Widow and a Railroad

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

The D. and S. railroad had decided to eliminate a ten mile curve on its line by a cross cut of half the distance. The curve had been made to reach a boom town which had later been fire swept and then abandoned. The Widow Carter, resident of that town, lived on the line of the rejected cut-off. It most run between two lakes on her farm, and the isthmus was only seventy feet wide.

"Then I tried hollerin' ag'in, but I hadn't as much power behind my voice as I had when I called before and couldn't make as much noise. "I knew I'd got to do some way or purty soon it would be all over with us. It occurred to me that if I could get my weight on to the side of the wheel that was going to the miller would be slower. I asked Janey if she could hold on where she was for awhile. She said she could, but I knew she couldn't."

"I had to put my arm around her, and partly by swimmin' and partly by clingin' to the wall, I worked my way toward the back of the wheel. The hardest place to pass was between the wheel and the wall. I expected both of us would be crushed. "When I got to that part of it and got Janey and myself a hold of the wheel I felt better. But we couldn't stop the wheel; all we could do was to cling to it till it pulled us out of the water and then catch hold lower down. I did this, but Janey could only keep changin' her hands all the while as the wheel revolved, she bein' supported in the water. Knowin' that this was our only chance, I threw all my strength left in me into my work, lettin' the wheel pull me almost up to my head, then with my hold first with one hand and lettin' go with the other. But as I was hangin' in the air and wasn't buoyed by water it was awful hard work. Especially after what I'd been through. Still, there's hardly a limit to the endurance of a boy of sixteen."

"All of a sudden I saw the miller lookin' down on us. I didn't have to holler, and he didn't say a word. He ran away, I heard the sluice close, and in another minute he was back with a ladder, which he put down and, comin' down himself, carried her up. He was comin' back for me, but I let go the wheel and swam for the ladder by myself. I tried to climb up it, but it was no go; the miller reached down and dragged me out."

"When I got up I saw Janey lyin' on the grass with her eyes closed, limp and white as a cloth. Thinkin' she was dead, I gave a cry and bendin' down over her, lifted her in my arms. The miller said she'd only fainted and would come to herself purty soon. And he was right. In another moment she opened her eyes and, seein' me, what do you suppose she did?"

"What?" "She just smiled the same kind of a smile as when she was goin' down on the wheel. "My friend," I said at the conclusion of his story. "I wish I had you and Janey right here at the age you then were that I might work you into my painting."

"If you'll come with me up the road a bit I'll show you two young ones that'll do as well," he replied. I went with the miller, and he stopped at a little house beside the road. We entered and found a middle aged woman ironing.

"There's Janey," he said. Turning to her, he added, "Where are the children?" "Janey's upstairs, and I sent Dick to the store. He'll be back in a few minutes."

A girl about fifteen came down at her mother's call, and there was Janey sure enough. I asked permission to make a sketch of her, and when her brother, two years her senior, came in I did the same with him. Then I gave each a good fee for carrying as models, and after drinking a glass of milk which was urged upon me I took my leave."

Going back to the mill, I finished my picture under the inspiration occasioned by the story connected with it. As I worked I thought with me of the different scenes through which the youngsters had passed. I knew that places Janey on the grass just recovering from her fainting would be effective, but I rather favored putting her on the wheel when she first stepped on to it and smiling at her boy companion, his own expression denoting his anxiety. I decided upon the latter feature, and, taking to my studio the sketches I had made, I worked them in. I succeeded far better in depicting the required expression than I had hoped for. The picture hangs in my studio and has often been admired. I have had many offers for it, but it is the only picture I have ever painted wherein there is a story I have heard at first hand. For this reason I have never been willing to part with it."

A Curious New Zealand Bird. The Maoris of New Zealand hunt the hui for its feathers, and the bird is a jet black bird with a white band at the extreme end of its tail feathers. The birds are hatched in pairs. The male has a short, strong beak and the female a long, slender, incurved beak. The male breaks the bark off dead trees, and the female then dips her beak into the holes of the big grubs which attack dead timber. She presents one grub to her spouse, and then has one herself, alternating most conscientiously. The Maoris say that when one dies the other must necessarily die of starvation, because nature has so arranged that each is dependent on the other.

Natural. Mrs. Hattersop—The ladies of the parish got up a baby show for the benefit of the hospital. Mrs. Chatterbox—Was it a success? "Oh, a howling success!"

What I applied to be and was not under me—Brewing

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The scarcity of fish in old times in England made it difficult for the poor to keep Lent. Pevys remarks, "The talk of the towns now is whether Lent shall be kept with the strictness of the king's proclamation, which is thought cannot be, because of the poor who cannot buy fish." He also says, "Notwithstanding my resolution, yet for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent," and again, "Our dinner was only sugar sops and fish, the only time we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent."

Garfish Skin. A woman looking over costly jewel cases in one of the most expensive of the uptown shops the other day was struck with the beautiful, ivory-like finish of a number of them. "What are they made of?" she asked admiringly. "Garfish skin, madam," answered the salesman. "Garfish leather, we find, is very little known about outside of the trade, and yet it has come to be of importance. If not only can be worked up to the polish, but it is wonderfully hard. They say certain tribes of Indians knew its secret and that among them it was used as armor, the tradition being that a breast-plate of it would resist any gunshot or arrow. It can be made so that it will turn the edge of a knife or a spear."—New York Sun.

He Liked the Lie. William — was said to be the tightest though — the most lovable man in Louisiana. On returning to the plantation after a short absence his brother said: "Willie, I met in New Orleans a Mrs. Forrester, who is a great admirer of yours. She said, though, that it wasn't so much the brilliancy of your mental attainments as your marvelous physical and facial beauty which charmed and delighted her."

"Edmund," cried William earnestly, "that is a wicked lie, but tell it to me again!"—Everybody's.

Outfit For One. Boy—My tooth aches, and mamma said I should come here and let you look at it. Dentist—I see. It must come out. Won't take but a minute. Now be a brave little man, and I'll—Boy (hastily backing off)—Mamma didn't say I should let you pull it. She only said I should let you look at it.

Happiest Girl in Lincoln. A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble, but began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and get better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by all dealers.

A Carnival of Dwarfs. Czar Peter of Russia celebrated a marriage of dwarfs with great parade in 1710. Dwarfs of both sexes within 200 miles were commanded to repair to the capital. He supplied carriages for them and so arranged the affair that one horse should be seen galloping into St. Petersburg with twelve or more of these small folk. The entire company of dwarfs who took part in the festivities numbered seventy, and all the furniture and other things prepared for them were on a miniature scale.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

Success in the Garden. The success of a garden will depend principally on making the ground rich and keeping it in a high state of cultivation. Many amateurs have an idea that raking is only done to destroy the young weeds, but this is only one and rather a small reason for the constant use of the hand rake. The main object in cultivating between plants is to loosen the surface soil, so that it forms a mulch and preserves the moisture in the lower ground, where it is needed to feed the plants—Harpers' Bazar.

Sprains require careful treatment. Keep quiet and apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

A House of Shells. A retired sea captain living near Edinburgh, Scotland, concluded that one of the rooms in his house was too dark, and, not wanting to whitewash or to paint the wall opposite the window so as to reflect the light into the room, he covered the wall with cement and in it placed a layer of white shell, says St. Nicholas. The result was so pleasing and he had so many seashells which he had collected from various parts of the world that he continued the work until his cottage and garden became the wonder of the region.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County, in the matter of the estate of W. B. McCoy, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, L. BARNUM, has been appointed administrator of the estate of W. B. McCoy, having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same to said administrator, at the office of L. BARNUM, Administrator of the estate of W. B. McCoy, deceased, at 50 1/2 Main Street, Astoria, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, and all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to pay the same. Dated this 21st day of July, 1911. L. BARNUM, Administrator of the estate of W. B. McCoy, deceased. George Mowry, attorney for said estate.

CUMMORS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County. Harry Amesher, Plaintiff, vs. Mary Amesher, Defendant.

To Harry Amesher, 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 be had on or before the 1st day of September, 1911, and you will fail to appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, and the same shall be granted, and you will be held liable for the costs of this proceeding, 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 a period of six consecutive 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. Wm. H. Rice, County Judge for Sherman County, Oregon, duly made on the 19th day of July, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 1st day of August, 1911. GEO. N. FARRIN, Attorney for plaintiff 7421st 102

When Fish Was Scarce. The scarcity of fish in old times in England made it difficult for the poor to keep Lent. Pevys remarks, "The talk of the towns now is whether Lent shall be kept with the strictness of the king's proclamation, which is thought cannot be, because of the poor who cannot buy fish." He also says, "Notwithstanding my resolution, yet for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent," and again, "Our dinner was only sugar sops and fish, the only time we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent."

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