

The Observer

MORO, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

At any timewhen requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made.

A VERY MEAN FELLOW

By HARRY MENDENHALL

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"They had arrived at that critical period—an approaching engagement. Every indication pointed to their forming a binary system, but the slightest jar might disturb the equilibrium and send both far from each other into space. All weaknesses were carefully put away there they could not be seen, and only the noblest sentiments were exhibited. At this juncture he perpetrated a bit of waggery that came very near spoiling the whole thing."

My Invisible Client

I Began to Serve Her by an Illegal Proceeding

By R. Forsythe Emery

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I am an attorney. One summer evening I was twenty-seven years old at the time—while it was still daylight I was sauntering on a thoroughfare lined with dwellings. Passing under a window situated but a few feet above my head I heard a woman's voice pronounce my name in a tone almost inaudible. I stopped and looked up. From between the slats came the words:

"I want a lawyer." All being dark within, I could see nothing. "How do you know that I am a lawyer?" I asked. "How can I serve you?" There was no reply. I listened, but could hear nothing more. There was but one interpretation. Some one must have entered the room whose presence put an end to the conversation. I waited a few moments; then, thinking that my lurking there under the window might compromise my invisible client, I walked on.

The next evening and the next for several days I strolled by the house at the same hour and even loitered a few moments at the window, but no whisper came from behind the blinds. I formed many theories as to what had occurred. It was evident that some one—the voice seemed to belong to a young woman—was detained unwillingly. But why? To this there were many possible answers. There was one that caused me to doubt my expediency of pursuing the matter any further. The person might be feeble minded—perhaps a mistake, doing great injury to my client as well as myself, by an interference.

I am a methodical man and determined to begin methodically at the beginning. I must learn from the outside who occupied the house, then something about the occupants. I hired a boy to watch the premises that hour in the morning when tradesmen deliver provisions, and make a list of the names of the persons on the wagons calling and make a list of them. In this way I easily secured several firm names, one of a grocer who I bought my own supplies, and he gave me the name of the person to whom he sent goods at the premises in question. It was Miss Elizabeth Markley, a rich lady about fifty years old.

My next move was to obtain permission of the grocer to go on his wagon and deliver goods myself. Putting on old clothes, I did so, took a basket of provisions into the kitchen and by chatting with the cook learned that the occupants were Miss Markley and her niece, Miss Irene Benham, a girl between seventeen and eighteen. This was all the information I could secure, but it was enough for a beginning. If Miss Markley was rich I might be able to find something through records of her property—that is, if it were real estate. I went to the offices of the receiver of taxes, but the name Elizabeth Markley was not on his list. It occurred to me to look for the name of Benham, and I found "the estate of Adoniram Benham, deceased." Here was a pointer. If Irene Benham was heir to this property it was possible that her aunt was holding her a prisoner while she was attempting to get her estate into her own hands. At the office of the chancery clerk I was shown the will of Adoniram Benham, and the case was plain. Irene Benham was heir to property worth about half a million.

If Miss Markley were wicked enough to fulfill the theory I had formed of her it would be necessary to fight her with fire. I dare not make any open move whatever lest she should remove her niece to some hiding place where she could not be found. I must get into clandestine communication with Miss Benham. When it came to my mind to buy a book suitable for a present to a young lady, prettily illustrated, and sent it to her through the mail. I sent no note of explanation with it nor wrote anything on the flyleaf, but the book itself contained a communication. By a delicate underworking of words I informed her who I was, my address, how she could reach me, what I had learned about her and my suspicion of this maneuver, for if her aunt were watching her she would examine the book closely before allowing her niece to have it. For this reason I did not begin my message before the fifteenth page and made my interlinations so faint that no one except one reading the book would notice them.

I waited a week for a result to my expedient. An ordinary message could leave the house without being carefully inspected. The reply was an advertising card of a secondhand bookstore. I should not have thought of its being a reply to my message had not the name of the firm been underscored in pencil. I went to the bookstore and asked if they had any communication for me. They said they had not. I went away disappointed, and while walking along thinking of a possible explanation of the problem it occurred to me that the book I had sent Miss Markley might have been sold to the firm in question. Returning to the store, I asked for the book and was delighted to be offered the very copy I had sent. I bought it and it walked away looked for a cipher message in it. I was not long in finding dots under certain words and without difficulty read the message.

The girl's theory was correct. The girl's aunt, her father's sister, was holding her a prisoner. The writer did not know why. All she knew was that her aunt was watching her always. She was never permitted to go out alone and felt assured that any letter she received or sent was opened before reaching or leaving her. She might, possibly, run away, but she knew not where to go. Suspecting that this surveillance had something to do with property she had inherited from her father, she had desired to get into communication with an attorney in order to learn something about that property and the terms of the will.

All was now pretty clear to me. By the terms of the instrument Miss Markley was to be her niece's guardian till she was eighteen years of age, when the girl was to be free to act for herself and to receive her property. But if at the moment of the time she should be incapacitated by illness, he should be appointed in any way to care for her estate, she should remain under the property of her guardian and the property of her aunt was to be held for her until she was eighteen years of age, when she was to be free to act for herself and to receive her property.

It was my part to connect a plan to outwit this scheme. My weakness lay in the fact that at the slightest distraction on my part Miss Benham would likely be spitted away, that ill she came of age she would be her legal guardian and that I had nothing to show that I had been retained as her young lawyer's counsel. Besides this, I had never seen her and had no evidence that she was of sound mind. Should I apply to the courts my interference would at once become public property, and no judge would order Miss Benham brought before him on such scant evidence as I might furnish. I could do nothing but wait, and therefore I must break the law, at the same time getting such advantage as would protect both me and my client.

Realizing the fact that "possession is nine points in the law," I resolved to transfer the keeping of Miss Benham to some other person than her aunt. This must either be done by kidnapping her or giving her an opportunity to come of her own accord under the care of a new keeper.

Having opened communication with her surreptitiously, it was to be expected that she would look for a meaning in anything I would send her. I dare not write any of the servants in the employ of her aunt, for it was to be supposed that she controlled them. I concluded to use a method of the same kind as the first I had tried. I sent her a magazine marked "Sample Copy." Under certain words that embodied my message I pricked pin holes. I felt more confident in her noticing this device than the first, though it was not so plain. I told her what was necessary for her to do and why, advising her to send me word when it would be possible for her to leave her aunt that I might meet her and take her to a place where she would be out of her aunt's reach and secure the benefit of the law. I also suggested a method of reply. On a certain day and hour she was to drop from a window one or more papers with figures denoting, first, the day of the month; second, the hour (one to twenty-four); third, the number of the house; fourth, the letter "F" was to stand for front and "R" for rear. The letters "A," "B" and "C" would denote the story from which she would leave or must be taken.

It was between light and dark of the day appointed for her to drop the paper that I strolled by the house. She must have been watching for me. I saw something white flutter from an upper window. I kept my eyes fixed on it and when it reached the sidewalk picked it up. On it was "8, 23-24, R, B," which I knew meant the eighth day of the month between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, from a second story rear room. This, of course, threw upon me the responsibility of providing a means of descent from an upper story, besides a method of flight. Had the paper fallen into the hands of a watcher there would have been nothing intelligible in it. I made an examination of the rear of the house and found that there was an alley there. The yard was enclosed in a high fence, the door of which was kept locked. I provided a ladder long enough to reach the second story and a circular saw in order to burgle the door.

On the appointed night, repairing to the alley, I cut a hole in the door and removed the lock. Then I watched half past 11 o'clock, when there was the flash at a certain window on the second story, probably of an electric hand light. Understanding this to be a signal, I raised the ladder. The window was noiselessly opened, and a figure descended. I removed the ladder and led the way to a carriage waiting on a street lamp. At the door I saw by a street lamp for the first time the features of my client. I was well satisfied with the sight.

I put her in a carriage and told the driver to take her to the house of an elderly lady with whom I had arranged for her reception. I secured Miss Benham's fortune to her, and when she paid my bill she threw in her own sweet self.

Dr. Syntax. On the English coast, at Land's End, there stands a curiously formed bowlder with a profile resembling that of a human face. It is supposed that once the rocky head was held proudly erect and could look out over the blue sea, but during some period of disturbance the huge bowlder was thrown forward, so that now the forehead of the man rests against a neighboring rock. All rests against a massive piece bordering the coast are fine granite. Locally the curiously bowlder is known as Dr. Syntax.

A Merry Monarch. Frederick William I, of Prussia used to spend many hilarious hours at the Tobacco club, where his chief delight was to make his guests the butt of his practical jokes. A favorite victim was Jacob von Gundling, an eminent scientist, whom on one occasion his majesty ordered to read aloud certain abusive articles about himself which the king had sent to the daily papers, while by his side was placed a monkey dressed in exact imitation of the professor, which he was compelled to embrace as his brother.

THE CATSKILL GNOMES.

Legend of the Ugly Elves and Hendrick Hudson and His Men.

In the Catskill mountains, back of Grand Hotel station, is a large amphitheater where, Indian legend tells us, live the ugly little Catskill dwarfs with bushy beards and eyes like pigs who can do many marvelous things.

They work surpassingly well in metals, and it is from their forges that in autumn comes the haze of Indian summer. But their most marvelous feat is the brewing of a liquor which shortens the bodies and swells the heads of all who drink it.

It was to their tender mercies that Hendrick Hudson and his men fell, having landed from the Half Moon and lost their way among the mountains. The gnomes held a mad carouse in their honor, capering and dancing around the amphitheater and bringing forth great fagons of their magic wine.

Hudson and his men drank freely and deeply, only to become maddened and ugly dwarfs from that time forth. Since then they have wandered around the Catskill mountains, appearing to men once in twenty years.

The last time they were due to be seen was in 1909. So now they will not appear again until 1929, when any one daring enough can go up to the mountains to test for himself the truth of the legend.—Alice Pebe Eldridge in New York World.

EXQUISITE PAIN.

The Fifth and Dental Nerves Are the Most Agonizing Thrillers.

Which part of the human body is the most sensitive to pain? A sharp definition must be drawn here between irritation and pain. Irritation is not pain, but only a frequent cause of it. Thus a crumb lodged in the larynx near the vocal cords produces violent irritation and prolonged coughing, which often result in actual pain. So, too, a fly or speck of dust in the eye sets up violent irritation and inflammation, followed by acute pain.

Of the surface of the body the finger tip and the end of the tongue are most sensitive. For instance, a burn on the fingers is much more painful than one on the back would be, while one on the tongue would be more painful still.

Deep wounds are not painful, as a rule, save as regards the surface injury. Of pains not caused by external injuries neuralgia of the fifth nerve, the one which supplies the skin of the head and face, is the most intense. It has frequently driven people mad for the time being, and sufferers have been known to cut and even burn the flesh in desperate attempts to relieve it.

The rupture of the branches of the dental nerve in tooth drawing also causes agony so intense that it has been stated that no human being could endure it for more than two seconds at a time.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Joy of Pockets. The pocket has to be laced before it is properly appreciated, the London Chronicle says. This writer had taken his pockets as a matter of course until one evening he attended a fancy dress ball in a costume which he discovered when too late to remedy the defect, was absolutely pocketless. The question at once arose what to do with pocket handkerchief, money, pocket watch and so on. The handkerchief, of course, went up his sleeve, but it took some minutes to devise receptacles in the lining of the cap, the heels of the shoes and the cuff of the coat. All night long, however, he felt lost through having no place to thrust his hands into. Since then he finds himself frequently putting his hands into his pockets to experience the sheer joy of knowing that they are there.

Just Once. "But Griggs thinks you are his best friend. If you lure him into making this hopeless investment he surely will never have anything more to do with you."

"That's all right. I've never expected to use him more than once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Relief. Gabber—You ought to meet Smith. Awfully clever imitator! He can take off anybody. Tottle (wearily)—I wish he were here now.—Variety Life.

For summer diarrhoea, children all give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, and a speedy cure is certain. For sale by all dealers.

He Has the Right Idea and the Nerve if He Can Only Work Them. The man was perched upon a high stool, figuring up the day's sales of dry goods, groceries and hardware, when his son came in with a rush.

"Say, pop," exclaimed the young man, "if I can buy a \$300 horse for \$150, will you take a chattel mortgage on him and help me out with the cash?"

"What kind of a boss, my son?" inquired the father cautiously. "Say, four years old, sixteen hands high, weighs a thousand pounds and is sound in wind, limb and bottom."

"That sounds good to me, my son, and I want to do all I can to help you along in the world." And he reached down into the safe for his roll. "How much do you want?"

"A hundred and forty-nine fifty." The old man gasped and caught hold of the desk. "What?" he exclaimed. "A hundred and forty-nine fifty. 'I've got half a dollar.'"

Slowly the old man shoved the roll back into the safe. "My son," he said softly, "you are wasting time reading houses. What you ought to do is to go to the loan and trust business."—W. J. Lampton in Lippincott's.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

BOGUS ANTIQUES.

Tricks of the Crafty Italian Forgers of Old Curios.

There are dealers in curios, a crafty set of tradesmen, all over Europe, but it is in Italy that they have carried the art of deceit and forgery, the substitution of modern products for ancient, to the acme of perfection. Verona, Venice, Siena and Rome swarm with shops in which lurk these dealers in the antique, and they are keen to spot any American that may pass their way.

Next to the American in gullibility is the Englishman, but he does not so freely give up his money. Sir James Yorke, the English connoisseur, thus describes one of these dealers: "He knew how to crackle new ivory by boiling them like eggs, how to cook new pictures in the oven, how to smoke new prints and how to green new bronzes with nitrate of potassium. It was so amusing to see the things age in a minute! He would bring a new earthenware dish out of the oven, burning hot, and plunge it into lead oil; result, contraction, chilling and cracking—and the enamel chipped, so to speak—and the enamel all cracked into the wrinkles of age. And then he would rub the surface upon a dirty paving stone till signs of wear and tear appeared that might outwit anybody."

"As for pictures, it was easy to find an old canvas or an old panel for a Lorenzo. It was when the artist's work was over that the real scene and art began—first of all, a wash of varnish that had been colored with sepia; next, on the more raised portions, rubbings with licorice juice to attract the flies. He could even imitate fly marks with India ink. A few drops of salty water left on the canvas would produce moldiness and mildew. A needle deftly used would crack the picture with a network of cracks."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. In the District Court of the United States, for the District of Oregon.

In the matter of J. C. Beckner, Bankrupt. No. 1833 in Bankruptcy. Notice is hereby given that on the 30th day of July, A. D. 1911, J. C. Beckner, of the County of Sherman, Oregon, was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned, Rooms 401-2-3, Fulton Building, Portland, Oregon, on the 21st day of August, 1911, at 10 A. M., at which time said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting. Claims must be presented in form required by the Bankruptcy Act, and sworn to.

The schedule filed discloses assets amounting to \$7,517 estimated. Dated July 25th, 1911. CHESTER G. MURPHY, Referee in Bankruptcy.

Notice for Application for Liquor License. To all whom it may concern take notice that the undersigned S T Smith will apply to the County Court of Sherman County, Oregon, on Tuesday the 5th day of September, 1911 for a license to sell spirits, wine, and malted liquors in less quantities than one gallon in the town of Rufus, District Number One, in said County of Sherman for the period for which his receipt for the period for said county may call for. The petition of the undersigned which he will present to the court on said date being hereinafter set forth, dated at Rufus, Oregon, this 24th day of June, A. D. 1911.

S. T. SMITH, applicant.

PETITION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE. To the Hon. County Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County, we, the undersigned residents and legal voters in District Number One, county and state aforesaid, do hereby respectfully petition and pray that said County Court shall grant a license to S T Smith to sell spirits, wine, malt and vinous liquors in the town of Rufus, District Number one, in less quantities than one gallon for the period for which his receipt from the County Treasurer of said Sherman County may call for.

F A Venable P A Venable A T Striker R E Bonarth Geo W Ramsey R Dingle W E Martin J S Fowler W Tate T A Fowler R C Wallis J R Venable J P Lindeman Oron Hoffman Chas Hill Alfred Hines W E Bozarth Earl Hines John C Fields J A Pyburn R C Phillips C M Kuyper Bruce Millard Fred Laubscher G E Wilkerson C Devo Chas Tom Anson Tom Frank E Brown, Jr. J B Venable F E Brown, Sr. 6128.1.103

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. Bannum, has been appointed administrator of the estate of W B McCoy, deceased, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same duly itemized and regularly verified, at the office of L. Bannum at Moro, 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. BANNUM, Administrator of the estate of W B McCoy, deceased. 51218.102 George Mowry, attorney for said estate

UMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County. Harry Emma Amacher, Plaintiff, vs. Harry Amacher, Defendant.

To Harry Amacher, the above named defendant—In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to wit: on or before the 1st day of September, 1911, and if you fail to so appear, judgment will be rendered against you 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 cruel and inhuman treatment 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 Hendrick, County Judge for Sherman County, Oregon, duly made on the 15th day of July, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 21st day of July, 1911. GEO. N. FARRIN, Attorney for plaintiff 71218.102

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Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot. Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.

SUNDAY DINNERS 35c. Opposite Postoffice Moro Oregon.

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It is new, and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates \$1 per day and up. WRIGHT-DICKINSON HOTEL COMPANY

NEW HOTEL PERKINS Portland, Oregon. Opened June, 1908. Eastern Oregon Headquarters.

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ESMOND HOTEL OSCAR ANDERSON, Manager.

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UMATILLA HOUSE T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor THE DALLES, OREGON.

Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Electric Call Bells. O. R. & N. Local Trains stop at front door. Railway Ticket office in the Lobby.

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VINTON HOTEL Grass Valley, Oregon.

Entirely new, convenient to business. Clean beds, and table the best the market will afford. Prices reasonable. Commercial trade solicited.

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PIONEER BLUE BARN MORO, OREGON. LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES. C. R. BELSHEE, Proprietor and Manager.

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