

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, October 20, 1911

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.

A SENSITIVE PAIR

By OLIVE EDNA MAY

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This is a story of the old army in ante civil war times.

Among the graduates of the West Point Military academy class of 18—was Paul Lambert. He was adjutant of the corps, which is prominent position among the cadets and was graduated in the engineers. There was present at the graduating exercises that year Florence Rutherford, a young lady equally prominent with Lambert. The two had met there in June once before and had been much together.

Perhaps there is no place more conducive to love-making than a military post, and for the purpose West Point stands pre-eminent on account of the youth of those assembled. The cadets are in camp near the hotel, and when they are on leave couples may be seen on the plaza or starting up to old Fort Putnam or down Flitration walk-in—anywhere they like within "bounds."

Paul Lambert and Florence Rutherford were one of these couples and much observed for their physical beauty. As soon as Lambert was given his commission he made a proposition of marriage to Miss Rutherford. He had been in doubt as to his acceptance, for the girl, though she permitted his attentions whenever he talked "poison"—to use a slang phrase—was very chary of a response. But every love is in doubt until he receives a consent. Lambert when he was refused received as great a blow as if he had been sure of an acceptance.

The girl was very conscientious and the man very sensitive. She took too much pains in interrogating her feelings, and he attached too much importance to her refusal. Had he persevered she would have yielded. But our paths in life are determined often by some small incident. The worlds of these two persons were determined by Lambert's failure to ask the same question twice. A consent upon the second asking would have made him immensely happy. The reason he did not ask again was because he had been so sure of himself that he considered that the girl could not fail to recognize her own feelings. Had she felt toward him as he felt toward her there could be no mistaking the emotion.

The consequence of this reasoning on both sides was that two persons who seemed to have been made for each other were kept apart and consequently entered upon lives the honey of which had been extracted. Lambert never dreamed that Miss Rutherford regretted her decision the moment it had been made, and she could not understand how, if he loved her, he should be content without her. And if he was not content without her he must surely try to win her. This similar reasoning in each, though nothing in itself, served to make a chasm between them.

Five years passed, during which neither of the lovers married. Then Miss Rutherford, being assured by a friend of Lambert that he would never marry, taking the reason for granted, wrote her lover a note, reopening the case.

But what was her surprise to receive a reply ignoring what she had intended. All her pride revolted at having so demeaned herself. She considered that she had been served aright for attempting to recall a man she had refused, and she did not blame him for having declined what was virtually an offer.

Nothing could have been more touching than the note written by Lambert. There was the same melancholy in it he had shown ever since he had been refused. He did not refer to that refusal or its consequences. He referred to life as hopelessly depressing in his case, but made no intimation as to the cause. Had he done so it would have left a loophole for another communication from Miss Rutherford that might have led to a union between the two. As it was, it sealed her lips on the subject.

There was one suspicion in Miss Rutherford's mind that made her think that Lambert had a reason for not reopening his affair with her. At this time her letter was sent Lambert was in attendance upon his father, who was a confirmed invalid. She fancied that Lambert might feel that he should permit nothing to interfere with his giving all his devotion to his father.

Then she heard that the father had died, and a faint hope sprang up in her breast that if there had been such a cause it was now removed. But time passed, and she heard nothing from her lover. Then she settled down to the belief that Lambert had grown away from his love for her.

But he certainly could not have come to love any one else, for he became a recluse. He left the army and shut himself up in a house by himself. When the Cuban-American war came on he reentered the service and by the way he exposed himself his brother officers suspected that he was trying to get himself killed. Finally during the last fighting before Santiago he was mortally wounded and died in a few days.

Miss Rutherford, though she did not put on widow's weeds, considered herself a widow. One day she was notified that she was heir to a considerable estate left her by Paul Lambert. With the papers handed her was a letter informing her that his father previous to his death had informed him that he (Paul) was illegitimate.

Picked Out For Each Other

An Attempt at Matchmaking That Met With a Setback

By EDGAR MINTURN

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In the autumn of 19— I received a note from Eileen Duncan, who had married my chum, Charlie Duncan, inviting me to their country place in the New Hampshire hills. "We are to entertain a house party," said Mrs. Duncan, "which will be incomplete without you. Charlie and I are so happy that we wish to confer (a) like happiness on you. A girl will be a member of your party whom we have picked out for you. We are not going to tell you which one of our guests she is, nor are we going to tell her who is the man we have picked out for her, though we have told her that such a man is to be present. We are going to leave you to find each other."

"Well, now," I said to myself, "I like that. Heaven protect me from those girls whom I am told I am expected to marry! But in this case there is an element of uncertainty. I am left free to choose, and the lady is as free as I. There's something of the game of 'hide and seek' in it. I'll attend the house party."

Charlie inherited a large fortune and owns one of those big tracts of land on which our rich Americans are settling up their country places. The house would easily accommodate fifty guests. On my arrival I found nearly that number assembled, three-quarters of them being young unmarried persons. I have no faith in woman's idea of justice or fairness and thought it more than likely that Eileen Duncan would give the girl for whom she had picked me out an advantage over me. At least she was "warm" or when she was "cold," as the children do in their hiding games—but Charlie said on his word of honor we should neither of us receive the slightest assistance in the matter.

I looked the women over, feeling sure that if my hosts had struck the right one for me I would know her at once. Whether or I struck the girl they had decided upon, I certainly noticed one whose general makeup pleased me very much. She was a Miss Hester Adams. One of the guests, John Crowell, was attentive to her, so that I did not at once get much opportunity to devote myself to her.

And here was a point in this little game wherein I, a man, had an advantage. I could seek out the girl who had been chosen for me, while she must remain passive. On the other hand, she might remain hidden within herself, a corps of observation, watching the enemy's movements.

Within a week I found myself rivaling John Crowell and several other men for the favor of Hester Adams. She was by no means the most prominent young lady in the party, but any one with discernment could detect in her a certain worth which, after all, other things being equal, determines the real standing of both men and women. Crowell seemed to have the inside track, the rest of us standing about even, although I can remember, looking back to that far period, that I was not left without an occasional morsel of comfort.

But one afternoon a terrible gulf came up between Hester Adams and myself. We were all roomed on the third floor, while the women were on the second. Going up to dress for dinner, I was obliged to pass Crowell's room. His door stood ajar, and looking in, I saw a lady standing before the dresser. She took up a jeweled scarf and examined it. Her back was toward me, but I saw her face reflected in the mirror over the dresser.

She was Hester Adams. Sticking the pin in her corsage where it would be hidden, she was turning when I, not wishing her to see me, went on to my room.

Of all the positions in which I have ever found myself this was surely the most singular, the most unpleasant. I had seen a guest, one in whom I was beginning to be interested, in the men's quarters steal jewelry. Whether she knew it or not I could not tell, but the man from whom she was pilfering was Crowell, who was devoted to her.

An hour later we assembled at dinner. Naturally I looked at Miss Adams. I failed to catch her eye, but I saw in it a troubled expression. During the dinner she seemed to be thinking of something else than what was said to her. Fearing to show a difference in my behavior of her, I did not address her while we were dining nor during the evening.

My secret weighed upon me. What surprised me was a certain disappointment I felt in Hester Adams. It convinced me that the little god had wounded me, though I had not known it. I brooded over the theft I had seen. It was an effect of kleptomania? Surely the girl had no occasion to steal. I had noticed a frightened look on her face which indicated that she was cognizant of what she was doing. I wondered if she knew that she was in Crowell's room. I saw her going into her own room the next morning and noticed that it was directly under the one in which she had committed the theft. I had seen Crowell wear the scarf and watched to see if it had been returned to him. I fancy the thief might have done so under qualms of conscience. But Crowell did not appear with it in his neckwear. I thought to ask him if he had missed it, but nothing could have induced me to give the slightest intimation of what I had seen.

Naturally this disagreeable feature of my visit marred my enjoyment, and, as for the game I had looked forward to playing with some interest, I forgot it entirely. One evening the hostess said to me:

"You have disappointed me in not having shown a preference for any of the girls of the party. To make the matter more interesting I am going to

tell you that I noticed in her a decided preference for you as soon as you arrived."

"A preference for me!" I exclaimed, surprised.

"Yes, for you?"

"What indication did she give of the fact?"

"Don't you wish you knew?" and, tapping me playfully with her fan, she ran away to other guests.

During the rest of our stay at the Duncan's country place Hester Adams seemed always to have something on her mind. For a time she was sought by her admirers as before, but like seeks like, and the young men, finding her preoccupied and unenterprising, gradually drew away to more animated companions. I, too, with the secret on my mind, was moody and ill disposed to join in the gay sports our host provided for us. And shortly before the expiration of the term for which I had been invited I made an excuse to leave. Charlie drove me to the station and while we were waiting for the train said to me:

"Eileen is greatly disappointed at the failure of her effort to make a match for you."

"I'm sorry not to oblige her, but you know those things can't be forced. Possibly had I known the girl your wife picked out for me I might have done better."

"She's a splendid woman."

"I say, Charlie, since we're not mated and it's all over, suppose you tell me who she is."

"On my honor, she shall never know from me."

There was a whistle, and the train rolled up. Just as I was about to get aboard Charlie whispered in my ear:

"Hester Adams."

I hurried into the car and sank in my seat in a semi-stunned condition.

The little god likes startling things. Better a disagreeable episode than none at all. Some of the most violent loves have started with a quarrel. The secret I carried with me had kept Hester Adams in my mind to the exclusion of all others. Eileen Duncan had told me that the girl she had picked out for me had shown me a preference. And now comes Charlie and reveals her as the girl I had caught pilfering. Surely Cupid must have chuckled over such a complicated situation.

Charlie's information capped the climax. It revealed to me that the plan to mate me, so far as I was concerned, had been eminently successful, but a plan to marry me had resulted in a catastrophe. The happy issue in my case would be paradoxical—marriage with a thief.

Soon after the Duncans returned to the city I received a note from Eileen as follows:

A confession has been made to me concerning something that occurred during your recent visit to us. One of our guests—one I esteem very highly—has made me her confidant. I believe every word she says, and your and my friendship hereafter depends upon your believing her too.

I paused to remark that this was a very womanly statement. It confirmed my ideas of the inconsiderateness of the sex.

Please come over on Tuesday evening and hear what is due the lady that you should know.

To describe my feelings at this promised explanation of what I regarded inexplicable would be impossible. I counted the hours till Tuesday evening, then went to the Duncans'. I was ushered into a drawing room, where stood a single person. That person was Hester Adams. She seemed to have lost twenty pounds since I had last seen her. I bowed deferentially, and without seating herself or asking me to be seated she said:

"During my visit at the Duncans' one day I went upstairs, so wrapped in something of which I was thinking that I passed over two flights of stairs instead of one and entered the room directly over mine. Advancing to the dresser, still thinking of what was on my mind, I picked up a scarf. At that moment my reverse was broken by a footstep in the hall, and in the glass before me I saw you."

"Saw me?" I interrupted.

"It flashed upon me that I was in a man's apartment. I have since seen how unwise I was not to come out and take the consequences. I feared not to be believed. It seemed to me that I must bear the imputation of having gone to a man's room for a purpose. I preferred that purpose to be considered theft. I put the scarf in my bag and inadvertently taken up in my corsage and turned slowly enough to enable you to pass on without our meeting."

"I have been a fool," I exclaimed, "not to have known that you could see my reflection as I could see yours. It is I who have been to blame, not you. I should have been chivalrous enough to attribute your presence in that room to a mistake. Had I known that you saw me I should have certainly assured you of my perfect confidence in your innocence."

And so it was that my friend's effort in my behalf, notwithstanding my folly, turned out to my advantage. They were much pleased at its ultimate success, and I was made happy in the wife they had placed in my way.

How to Drink Milk.

The proper way of drinking milk is little understood. Thousands of people drink a glass of milk without removing the receptacle from their lips. No sooner does this mass of milk reach the stomach than the gastric juices curdle it and form masses of hard, tough and impenetrable curd. If the digestion is sufficiently vigorous it may be taken care of, but few have such digestion. If the milk were drunk slowly, at the same time a piece of bread being taken, it would be finely divided and the curd would be broken up and the processes of digestion would proceed readily. However, it is an evident rule that milk should never be taken rapidly in any considerable quantity, but should be slowly sipped or taken with a spoon or in connection with bread or some dry cereal.

A Good Talker.

Clara—Is Mrs. Platter a good conversationalist?
Dorothy—Yes, indeed. She makes a lot of lots of good things to say, but talks so much that you don't get a chance to say them.—Detroit Free Press.

SHELLFISH AND DISEASE.

How to Avoid Any Danger From Eating Shellfish.

Authoritative confirmation is given in a British expert report to the effect, which has been disputed in this country, of the transmission of disease through the medium of shellfish and particularly, for obvious reasons, of those varieties of shellfish which are often eaten uncooked. The report is made by Dr. Bulstrode for the London local government board, and after citing in detail a number of well attested cases of illness arising from the consumption of shellfish it says:

"From the foregoing illustrations, which could be supplemented without difficulty, it will have become apparent that circumstantial evidence approximating as nearly to proof as is practicable in investigations of this nature points to the conclusion that numerous outbreaks of enteric fever, of gastro-enteritis and of obscure intoxications are to be attributed to the consumption of certain shellfish (oysters, mussels and cockles)."

It would be foolish to become frightened and abjure all the delicious and nutritious forms of food which mollusks supply. Despite the "numerous" outbreaks to which Dr. Bulstrode refers, and which have been perhaps more numerous here than in England, probably not more than one shellfish in a million of those consumed has done its consumer harm. Yet it would also be foolish to incur needlessly even so small a risk as that proportion suggests. For its avoidance Dr. Bulstrode prescribes two courses. One is to cook the shellfish thoroughly all shellfish before eating them. The other and much the better, since a multitude of persons want them raw, is to prevent the gathering of edible shellfish from the storage of them in contaminated water. — New York Tribune.

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.

Work Can Be Made Easy by Proper Methods.

In the first place, supply yourself with sweeping sheets. Many times the soiled sheets from the bed are used for this purpose, but that is not exactly a clean method. If you do not have them already buy the coarse, unbleached cotton cloth, double width, and bind with turkey red. Make the sheets big enough to cover the largest piece of furniture you wish to protect. The next thing is to dress properly for the work. Have a cotton frock which fits easily in the waist and sleeves so that your arms may move unimpeded, easy shoes, a sweeping cap and a pair of loose old gloves. Carry from the room all small objects which you cannot lay on couches or chairs that can be covered. Dust them before you lay them aside. Then move out of the room all small furniture which can be taken from the room easily, dusting it carefully also. Now cover with the dusting sheets all the remaining pieces of furniture, using the smaller sheets for the pictures. Remove rugs and the like. Have ready the damp tea leaves or shreds of paper, for it is not wise to do dry sweeping. The dust will fly no matter what you may do. The damp tea leaves prevent it flying about and settling down again in the crevices and corners. Sweep from the corners toward the center of the room.

Into the Next State.

A disheveled citizen rushed into the police station and shouted for vengeance.

"The motorcar that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he spluttered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—" "You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant, nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not to Be Exploited.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the professor to the student who was rehearsing his Latin oration. "You are too solemn. There's no life in your speaking."

"Of course not," responded the student, lively enough. "You don't expect it in a dead language, do you?"

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sheriff.

T. M. De Kay, Plaintiff.

Minnie E. De Kay, Defendant.

To Minnie E. De Kay, 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 suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication to wit: on or before the 15th day of November, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint heretofore filed, and you shall be bound by the decree of the court for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, in the event of default on your part for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

And so it was that my friend's effort in my behalf, notwithstanding my folly, turned out to my advantage. They were much pleased at its ultimate success, and I was made happy in the wife they had placed in my way.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sheriff.

A Campbell, Plaintiff.

Charlotte S. Campbell, Defendant.

To Charlotte S. Campbell, 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 suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication to wit: on or before the 15th day of November, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint heretofore filed, and you shall be bound by the decree of the court for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, in the event of default on your part 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 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. Wm. H. Richards, County Judge for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 8th day of October, 1911, and the date of the 1st publication thereof is the 21st day of September, 1911.

ALLAN R. JOY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

7102228-113

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A. E. COOPER, Attorney for Plaintiff.

7105117-115

PERFECT HEROISM.

Rare Courage of Dr. Franz Mueller in His Tragic Death.

Heroism has been defined as "the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh"—that is to say, over fear—fear of suffering, of sickness, of isolation and of death. An instance of this dashing and glorious concentration of courage is given in Mr. Frederick Rowland Marlin's book, "The Excursions of a Book Lover."

Dr. Franz Mueller of Vienna, who fell a victim to the bubonic plague when that disease was first under bacteriological investigation in that city in 1897, contracted the malady from bacilli in culture tubes. When he became certain that he was infected, he immediately locked himself in an isolated room and posted a message on a window pane:

"I am suffering from the plague. Please do not send a doctor to me, as in any event my end will come in four or five days."

At once a number of his associates, all of them young physicians, with much to live for and with full knowledge of the chances to which they would expose themselves, stepped forward and not only offered their services, but in some cases begged to be sent to Dr. Mueller. The patient refused to permit it and died alone within the time predicted.

At the end he wrote a farewell letter to his parents and placed it against the window so it could be copied from the outside and then burned the original with his own hands, fearful that it might be preserved and carry out the mysterious and deadly germ.

How to Make Elderberry Wine.

Over eight quarts of elderberries pour four quarts of boiling water and allow them to stand for twelve hours, stirring occasionally. At the end of that time strain, pressing out all the juice. To this add one-half ounce of cloves (powdered), one ounce of powdered cinnamon and three pounds of sugar. These proportions are proper for four quarts of the juice. Boil for five minutes and set away to ferment in a glass crock. Cover with a cloth. When fermentation ceases, pour off carefully, bottle and seal.

How to Remove Spots From a Table.

You can remove that unsightly white spot from the polished top of your dining table, caused by a hot dish, by simply saturating a piece of cloth with essence of peppermint and rubbing the spot with it.

The price of true success is patient toil. Never give up until you have tried every means to attain your end.

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