The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....October 27, 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. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

THE SMUGGLER

By M. QUAD

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Aunt Jane Roe, wife of Uncle Joe Roe, farmer, was a conscientious woman. That was the chief reason why there were no screens at doors or windows to keep the flies out in summer. She thought insects ought to have a chance the same as human beings.

Aunt Jane had fifty hens. She divided their food in fifty equal portions. If one hen got a kernel of corn too little it was made up to her. She would have no mousetraps about the house, and she believed all tin peddlers honest.

This good woman had been conscientious for almost fifty years, when two startling episodes occurred in her life. Uncle Joe sold a horse and out of the money bought her an alpaca dress, the first she had ever had. It wasn't made up, but there were twelve full yards of the shiny goods. Some day when the linings and trimmings could be had she would make it into a best dress.

The second episode was a letter from her sister Nancy, entreating her to pay a visit to the home in Canada. Moreover, Nancy sent the money for the journey. That clinched the matter with Uncle Joe, who had only the average conscience. He said, "Get ready and go and stay two weeks," but Aunt Jane answered:

"How can I even think of such a thing? You'd let the clock run down the very first night I was gone, and you'd let them two roosters eat up all the corn for twenty hens!"

After talking matters over for a week, however, and after remembering that Sister Nancy was a good dressmaker it was decided that Aunt Jane should pay the visit. It was a straight run to Sister Nancy's. All she had to do was to keep her seat and ask the conductor every fifteen minutes if they were most there. The rails kept their place, and the cars stayed on the rails, and in due time Aunt Jane and Sister Nancy were landed in each other's arms. After three or four days the trimmings were bought and work started on the new dress. Aunt Jane was wearing it when she reached home.

One day two weeks later, as Uncle Joe was hoeing potatoes in the field, he heard the dinner horn blow. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and that tooting could only mean danger of some kind. He dropped his hoe and hiked. Aunt Jane awaited him at the kitchen door. She was palefaced and weeping and wringing her hands.

"Well, what is it?" was asked.

"I've got to go to prison for the rest of my life!" was the sobbing reply.

"Nonsense! What you been doing?"

"And if I don't go to prison the fine will be at least $1,000!"

"For what? Why in tarnashun don't you tell me?"

"Gimme a little time, pa. I'm all shook up. The truth of the matter is I'm a smuggler!"

"As how?"

"I took that dress goods over to Canada and didn't say a word about it. There I had my dress made up and wore it home and didn't say nothing. That's smuggling, and smuggling is an awful thing."

"No, 'twan't. It was jest a slip. 'Tain't like hiding a stone in the bottom of a butter crock. Now, you jest shet up about it and don't skeer me to death blowing horns out o' time."

When Uncle Joe came up to supper he saw that Aunt Jane was still troubled. She had brought the dress downstairs and wrapped it up. He refused to open the subject again, and that night he knew she didn't sleep a wink. For the first time in twenty years the clock was left unwound. He was ready to go to the field when he asked:

"Are you going to keep this thing up right along?"

"Yes, unless it's fixed," was the tearful reply.

"Then I'd better board in the barn!"

"But it's my conscience, pa—my conscience. I've tried to forget it, but I can't. If I go to sing I hear a voice saying to me:

"'Aunt Jane, you are a smuggler, and you dasn't look one of your own hens in the face! You've robbed Canada, and you've robbed America, and you deserve to be sent to state prison!'

"That's the way the voice keeps saying, pa, and what am I to do?"

"Tell it to go to Texas."

For a week Aunt Jane was the most miserable woman in the state. She was ridiculed and scolded by turns, but when Uncle Joe realized that there was no other way to bring back her peace of mind he said:

"Waal, tie another string around the bundle, and I'll go along with it and have it over with. It'll cost $4.50 to go and come, but if I don't go you'll be flat in bed in a week or more."

And a trip was made to the border, and the bundle was put into the hands of a customs officer with the explanation. He looked at Uncle Joe for a long minute and then returned the bundle with a remark. The remark was saved up until the farmer got home. Aunt Jane saw him while he was yet afar off, and she was at the gate to meet him and ask:

"Is it all fixed?"

"Yes."

"Am I to go to prison?"

"No."

"What did the man say?"

"That you must be an idiot!"

"Anything more?"

"And that I must have come out of the same barrel!"

The Orange Beetle

Or the Story of the Search For a Supposedly Rare Orchid of South America

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Jack Hedges was not a zoologist, yet he had traveled thousands of miles in search of the orange beetle. The finding of it meant a fortune for him as well as the winning of the girl he loved. Not that Dorothy's answer would be influenced by the turn of fortune's wheel, only it happened that Dorothy was the daughter of a rich man, and Jack was a poor young landscape gardener who had not yet received his first big commission.

It was Chalmers who had sent him on this strange quest for the orange beetle. "Jack, old man," Chalmers had said, "I've got a commission for you that will knock the spots out of the landscape business. My uncle, Cassius Chalmers, the banker, you know, is batty about orchids—has the finest collection in the country, so he says. Now, there's another old chap, a crony of his, who also has the finest collection. Understand? As I understand it, the collections are about neck and neck as to value. They both lack one very rare specimen, which they have been unable to obtain, although they both have trained orchid hunters down along the Amazon now. My uncle has declared he will give $10,000 and pay all expenses to the man who brings him back the orchid he's after. Now, there's a chance for you. You've heard of amateurs' luck, haven't you?"

"You're joking," said Jack calmly.

"Never. Come with me and I'll introduce you to Uncle Cassius, the battiest old gentleman in New York where orchids are concerned," said Chalmers, rising, and because he had nothing in particular to do that afternoon Jack went with him and soon was deeply interested in the long talk with Mr. Chalmers, the banker, which followed.

"My man is not only looking for the orange beetle, but he's looking for a dozen other sorts at the same time,

"MAY DOROTHY COME WITH ME?"

and I want you to go and concentrate your search on that one object—see? I'll raise that prize money to twenty thousand if you find it. I can tell you just where to go and give you all directions concerning preparations for the journey, and so forth. It's an easy way to earn the money, and it will give you a start in your business. What do you say?"

"I'll think it over," said Jack cautiously.

He did think it over with the result that he closed his office for a year and made preparation to depart upon this special mission for Cassius Chalmers. As for Dorothy Payton, he did not exact her promise to wait for him, but he did say he would come back to ask her for an answer when the year was up. He could not tell her the secret of his mission, but he hinted at the little fortune that might be his if he was successful and that would enable him to approach her father.

He knew that the orange beetle was not the name of the orchid he was to seek. That, too, was orange tinted and of most peculiar form. The orange beetle would prove his clew to the presence of the coveted orchid. Chalmers had said the beetle was three inches in length and of horrible appearance, though quite harmless. Wherever the precious orchid grew, in its close vicinity might be found the orange beetle.

Months after his departure from New York Jack Hedges was still bent on his quest in the upper reaches of the Amazon.

His guides were Carajonas Indians from one of the hill tribes, and he conversed with them in a broken mixture of bad Spanish and elaborate gesticulations. Never a day passed but that he came upon strange specimens of parasitic plants swaying aloft on some towering tree trunk far above his reach, and his strong glasses enabled him to study them at close range, and, so far as his book taught knowledge went, there was nothing new that he might take to Cassius Chalmers.

At last one day they made a noonday landing in a quiet lagoon where long creepers reached down to brush their faces as the canoe grounded against the muddy shore.

While the guides prepared a simple meal of coffee and cassava cakes Jack took his glasses and splashed through the spongy morass into an open space where tall trees towered above the forest as if seeking a purer air than that afforded below.

Suddenly he leaped backward, and he nearly fell. Quickly recovering himself, he leaned over and scanned the uncanny form of the orange beetle. At last he was within reach of the fortune for which he had risked so much.

About three inches long, with closely folded glossy wings, all of a deep orange tint, the insect jerked a small jetty black head and with a slow, awkward gait crawled stickily over the damp ground, avoiding the wet spots and choosing a dry leaf or bit of fallen twig for its path.

Jack followed patiently until his way was stopped by the massive trunk of a huge sycamore up which the beetle was making its laborious way. Jack threw back his head and looked upward among the twisted limbs at the top of the tree and then brought his gaze slowly downward until his eyes rested on the glowing mass of some parasitic blossom. This was the orange orchid.

Two days afterward he was speeding down the river again, the orange orchids confined in a wicker cage stuffed with rotting vegetation; the orange beetle, quietly chloroformed, sleeping its last sleep in an air tight tin box. Six weeks later he was leaving South America behind, and there was no regret in his heart as he set his face toward the north.

On the steamer he made several acquaintances, among them a renowned orchid hunter. In the course of conversation he mentioned the object of his search, and after an incredulous stare the orchid hunter, Jackson by name, spoke bluntly:

"Who sent you on such a fool's errand?"

"Fool's errand!" stuttered Jack. "Surely I was successful in my quest. I found what I went for. What do you mean, sir?"

"Pardon my abruptness, Mr. Hedges, I was surprised," said the other courteously. "The orchid you have described to me is a very common variety and is hardly worth a place in any collection."

"How about the orange beetle?" demanded Jack, chagrined. "I could not have mistaken the variety of orchid, for the beetle was in one of the flower cups when I picked it from the tree. By Jove! If I've made a mess of this expedition after all"— He paused tragically.

Jackson expressed a desire to see the orchid, and the wicker cage was brought and the exotic displayed, to the expert's suppressed amusement. "Deuced queer the old boy's sending you off after that," he muttered after reading the copious notes with which Cassius Chalmers had filled Jack's notebook. "Any reason for his wanting to get you out of the way?"

Jack shook his head hopelessly. "Search me!" he exploded. "A year out of my life—all for nothing, and not a word from"— He bit off Dorothy's name and walked away to conceal his anger and mortification.

At last when they were in the port of New York Jack felt his confidence returning. While he was now convinced that Cassius Chalmers had sent him on a wild goose chase (as well as a beetle hunt), he was determined to press that eccentric millionaire for some explanation of the whole matter. Therefore his first errand on landing was to go straight to the office of Cassius Chalmers.

There bitter disappointment awaited him. Cassius Chalmers had been dead for two months, and his estate had not only been settled, but his heir, the nephew whom Jack knew, had sailed for a voyage around the world. The lawyers knew nothing whatever about the matter save that the collection of orchids had been sold at auction and, it was believed, had been scattered among various collectors.

When he presented himself before Dorothy Payton Jack threw out his hands with a hopeless gesture. "Failed!" he said bitterly. And then into her sympathetic ear he poured the story of the past year. "I've got to begin at the bottom and start over again," he said in conclusion, "and, hang it all, Dorothy, I can't ask you what I wanted to!"

"I shall ask you, then," said Dorothy bravely, and when she had convinced him of her willingness to share his struggles she confessed that old Cassius Chalmers had evidently sent Jack away to get rid of a dangerous rival, for both uncle and nephew had courted Dorothy without the slightest encouragement until death had removed one and her stern repulse had sent the other to the uttermost ends of the earth.

"Show dad the orange beetle. He's quite a 'bugologist,'" urged Dorothy after awhile. And when Jack had approached Mr. Payton and retold his story that genial financier examined the orange beetle with great interest. "I know a man who has a standing offer out of $15,000 for that specimen," he said calmly. "Will you sell?"

"Sell!" yelled Jack. "I'd sell it for 30 cents. I've wasted a year of my life over that thing!"

"Never!" returned Mr. Payton emphatically. "You didn't find out how much pluck and perseverance you had till you set out to search for that orchid. Whenever you feel down in the mouth and distrust your own courage just come up here and look in my collection and survey that orange beetle."

"May Dorothy come with me?" asked Jack daringly.

Mr. Payton smiled indulgently at his daughter and clapped a hand on Jack's shoulder. "She said some time ago she was going to marry you, so I suppose you'll have to bring her along."

"Oh, dad!" cried Dorothy, really tearful.

But her father had escaped from the room.

A Novel Fine.

An Englishwoman in the Rivera stepped on the footboard of a train, intending to enter the carriage, but found the door locked. The train started suddenly and she recognized that she would have to travel on the footboard until the next station was reached. A man who saw her plight crept backward on the footboards, stepping from carriage to carriage with some peril and supported her with his arm until the next station was reached, half an hour later. The woman was fined several francs for "illegally traveling outside the train." The rescuer disappeared without leaving name or address.

Having a Speaking.

Mrs. Brown—I was downtown yesterday. I didn't know but I might meet you. Mrs. Greene—I was downtown, too, and I'm awfully sorry I didn't see you. Little Johnny Greene—Ma, don't you remember we saw Mrs. Brown's dog and you said: "Come, let's hurry away from here. That old cat must be somewhere near." What old cat did you mean, ma?

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

George H. Bastley has been appointed postmaster at Bartlett.

Articles of incorporation for the Security State Bank of Woodburn have been filed.

Residents of Paisley have voted to incorporate, only three votes being cast against the proposal.

Two hundred people attended the dedication of the Mountain View grange hall at Lewisburg, five miles north of Corvallis.

Circulars containing information regarding the winter short courses are now being sent out from the Oregon Agricultural College.

A potato show will be held in Redmond on the same day the O.-W. R. & N. Co.'s demonstration train arrives there, November 2.

The trial of James L. Riley for the killing of Louis Long, pugilist, on the road between Redmond and Opal City, last June, has begun before the circuit court of Crook County.

Suit was brought in the circuit court to enjoin John Mullen, city recorder of Springfield, from placing the liquor question before the voters at the election to be held November 7.

In the national forest reserve between Bachelor Butte and Spring River, 30 miles west of Bend, another natural wonder has been discovered by rangers. It is a cave filled with clean, pure ice.

Thirty-five indictments were returned by the grand jury of Lake County on evidence furnished through Assistant District Attorney Venator, among them being a large number of violators of the liquor laws.

Ex-Representative William R. Ellis, of Pendleton, and Robert A. Miller and Alexander M. Wright, of Portland, have been elected by the Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Masons to be knights commander of the court of honor.

H. L. Rees, of the plant pathology department of the Oregon Agricultural College, is in Hood River, where he will inspect the orchards of that section in a preliminary investigation of the mushroom root rot and diseases of the prune.

Judge John S. Coke of Marshfield has dismissed the suit of the Booth-Kelly Lumber Company vs. the City of Eugene, in which the company sought to restrain the city from using the waters of the McKenzie River for its power plant at Walterville, alleging that to divert the water into the canal would lower the river and hinder the company's logging operations.

If you have young children you have perhaps noticed that disorders of the stomach are their most common ailment. To correct this you will find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets excellent. They are easy and pleasant to take, and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by all dealers.

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Bertha Harwick, Plaintiff,
vs
Robert E Harwick, Defendant.

To Robert E Harwick, 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 8th day of December, 1911, 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 wilful 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 for a period of six 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. William Henrichs, County Judge of said Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 25th day of October 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 27th day of October, 1911.

CLINTON A. AMBROSE,
7t,o27d8.119] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

T. M. De Kay, Plaintiff
vs.
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 3d 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 filed herein against you, towit: 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 for the 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. Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman Co., duly made on the 21st day of September, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 22d day of September, 1911.

ALLAN R. JOY, Attorney
7ts22n3-113] for Plaintiff

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

A Campbell, Plaintiff,
vs.
Charlotta S Campbell, Defendant.

To Charlotta 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 17th day of November, 1911, 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 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 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 Henrichs, County judge for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 5th day of October, 1911, and the date of the 1st publication thereof is the 6th day of October 1911.

A. E. COOPER, Attorney
7to6n17.115] for plaintiff

BACK GIVES OUT.

Plenty of Moro Readers Have Had This Experience.

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Moro people tell you how they act.

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Peculiar.

"I do not understand it," said the philosopher.

"What is bothering you now?" inquired the other.

"If a man is two hours late arriving home his wife raises a row, while if he is gone two years she will give him a royal welcome. Women are peculiar."—Pearson's Weekly.

Very Particular.

"Mayme is a crank on having things harmonize, isn't she?"

"Yes, to such an extent that she won't use rats because she has mouse colored hair."—Baltimore American.

Glory, ambition, armies, fleets, thrones, crowns—playthings of grown children—Victor Hugo.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. P. H. Brogan, of Wilson, Pa., who says, "I know from experience that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is far superior to any other. For croup there is nothing that excels it." For sale by all dealers.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
(Publisher)

Departmant of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon,
October 24, 1911

Notice is hereby given that Albert G Stevens, of Monkland, Oregon, who, on March 12th 1906, made Homestead entry No. 15010, (serial No 03849,) for lot 4, sw¼ nw¼, and n½ sw¼ section 9, township 1 south, range 19 east W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 12th day of December, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: H E Morrow of Kent, Oregon; John Dunn, of Monkland, Oregon, and Jerome Morrow and W A May of Wasco, Oregon.

5to27n24.119*] C. W. MOORE, Register

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5.15	57	Wilcox	8.15
4.55	52	Kent	8.30
4.35	45	Bourbon	8.45
4.15	38	Grass Valley	9.10
3.55	31	Erskine	9.35
3.35	27	Moro	9.45
3.20	23	DeMoss	10.00
3.05	19	McDoneld	10.15
2.45	16	Sandon	10.35
2.40	14	Klondike	10.45
2.15	9	Wasco	11.00
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