The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.... December 8, 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.

LASSOING POLAR BEAR HOT SPORT

Actor Forgot Icy Surroundings When Rope Tightened.

DRAGGED OVER THE SNOW.

Fred Stone, Comedian, Only Man to Capture Animal With Noose, Tells of His Adventures Up Near the Arctic Circle.

I HAVE done what no other man on earth has ever done. I have lassoed a polar bear, says Fred Stone, the comedian, writing in the New York World.

Ever since I learned to handle a lasso I have been crazy to rope something that would put up a fight. I've roped cows, people, gateposts—everything in sight—till I was tired of it. I was in Alaska on a hunting trip with my brother-in-law, Rex Beach. I got into correspondence with a man in Hamburg who knew something about polar bear hunting and learned what it would cost and how to go about it. The next thing was to get up a party of four.

The other three men were Arthur Houghton, my business manager, who, like myself, has been a hunter since boyhood; Robert N. Burnes, the champion trap shooter of Boston, and Edward Farmer, a wealthy sportsman of Boston.

Inside the Arctic Circle.

The ten day trip from New York to Christiansand gave us time to get well acquainted. From there we took a mail steamer up the coast of Norway that landed us at Tromso, inside the arctic circle. There we chartered a whaling schooner 120 feet long, the Foenix.

We found it was impossible to reach Greenland, so we headed for Shannon island, and it was there we got our bears.

The farthest north we got was latitude 74½ degrees, not far from Shannon island. We were twenty-eight days in the arctic ice, and in all that time we did not have more than six days of hunting.

It was on July 16 that I lassoed my first bear. We sighted on an ice floe a big old mother bear with two cubs about sixteen months old. Burnes and Farmer had the guns, Houghton had the moving picture machine and I my lariats.

Moving Pictures of Polar Bears.

Taking moving pictures of polar bear hunting was something that had never been done before. I took 5,200 feet of film with us on the arctic trip.

Well, with my sixty foot lariat I slipped up as close as I could on one of the cubs, paying no attention to the old mother bear. Houghton was running along behind me with the moving picture machine, which was no snap to carry. I got within about twenty feet of the cub and threw my rope. The noose settled around Mr. Cub's neck, and then the fun began.

I heard a shot and learned afterward that Burnes had killed the mother, but at the time I was too busy to pay any attention to anything but the cub. When the rope settled about his neck

CLUNG TO THE ROPE FOR DEAR LIFE.

he was too surprised [illegible] two to do anything; then he turned and made for the water. Polar bears may look clumsy, but believe me they're not. That fellow got over the ice far more rapidly than I could.

Hung on For Dear Life.

It was half a mile to the water, over hummocks and piles of snow of varying degrees of softness, but Mr. Cub made it in about half a minute, it seemed to me, dragging me after him. It looked to me as if he was going to drag me right into the water, but I clung on to the rope for dear life.

Fortunately for me, the six big Norwegians of our crew were there in the longboat and saw us coming. Somehow—I don't know just how—they managed to get me into the boat and make the rope fast just as the cub slid into the water. With those six big sailors pulling as hard as they could on the oars against him that cub towed us for miles before we tired him out and got him up on the Foenix.

Even after we had him on deck he made trouble for us. He smashed through two cages, but finally we got him safely locked up.

Her Santa Claus

And the "Happy Man" Are One and the Same

By Clarissa Mackie

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The hall on the third floor of Mrs. Ramsell's boarding house stretched a dark and gloomy tunnel from front to rear. Halfway down its length a small nimbus of light surrounded a tiny gas flame. There was an undiscovered leak in the pipe here, and the air was always foul with the escaping gas.

White painted doors led from the hall into rooms at front and rear and on the west side. The stairway went down the eastern blank wall into the dimly lighted brussels carpeted gentility of the second floor. Up here, however, there was merely brown oilcloth on the floor, and it was worn into uneven hillocks and was slippery with age.

Honora Burr came up the stairs and thrust a key into the lock of the third floor rear room. The door swung back against the wall and made a passage for her to squeeze in between the narrow white iron bedstead and close the door. In one corner was a battered oak bureau with a distorting mirror above it. There were a washstand and a rocking chair and Honora's shabby trunk. That was all.

When she had removed her hat and cloak and hung them in the tiny closet Honora attached a piece of gas hose to her jet and lighted a small gas stove. On this she placed a saucepan of water and then sank wearily into the chair. With the stove lighted there was a dim bluish glow in the room, and Honora sat there waiting for the water to boil and looking out of the window at the dreary prospect of tall brick structures and distant blinking lights. From the next block came the clatter and bang of elevated trains.

Suddenly all the view from the window was blotted out in a mist of tears. Honora's bright head pressed heavily against the back of her chair, and she placed her hands against her eyes.

"I can't stay here," she sobbed. "I can't stay all alone in this big city at Christmas and know that there is nobody to care whether I have a good time or not, nobody to give any presents to, nobody to say 'Merry Christmas' as if it were really meant!"

Honora Burr's position was a peculiar one. She had been delicately nurtured in a comfortable home in a pleasant suburb. She was the only child of parents who had no relatives except very distant cousins in another city who were almost strangers to the Burrs. Honora's father had been confidential man in a large city house, and two years before this Christmas eve he had been arrested for embezzling money from his employers and in despair had killed himself, leaving his wife and daughter almost penniless.

The disgrace of the affair, combined with the shock of her husband's death, ended Mrs. Burr's life within another year, and Honora was left to face the world alone. After she had sold off most of the household effects and stored the remaining few with a friend Honora paid the debts and went to New York to seek a situation.

She had keenly felt the humiliation and disgrace attendant upon her father's death, but nevertheless Honora Burr never believed that he was entirely guilty. That he had not lived to make a fight for his honor was his weakness. Honora was proud, and she would not approach any of her father's friends or acquaintances in her quest for work. She would not embarrass them by courting a refusal.

By her own efforts Honora secured a position in a music store, where for $8 a week she sold sheet music and demonstrated the quality of pianos by her brilliant playing, for Honora was a skilled musician. Her life was a very lonely one in the dreary boarding house, but she could not afford to take a brighter and better room, for she was saving a dollar a week from her wages, hoping to accumulate enough money by spring to give up her situation and seek some music pupils.

The kettle was boiling merrily now, and Honora poured some of the water into the little Japanese teapot she had brought from home and set the remainder back on the stove to boil an egg for her supper. As she moved about the blue dusk of the room one could see that she was small and slender and gowned in black from head to foot. Her face and the white of her little hands and the snowy glimpse of white at neck and wrists shone out.

Somebody came up the stairs three steps at a time whistling merrily, tramped noisily down the hall and the door of the large front room opened and closed. The whistling continued.

"It's the happy man," said Honora to herself as she extinguished the stove and turned on the gas light.

This was the worst Christmas eve Honora had ever spent. Last year it had been sad, but her dear mother was alive. Now she was all alone, and the horror of loneliness seemed almost more than she could bear.

"In the story books," said Honora forlornly, "if one is unhappy on Christmas eve they go out and do some good to the poor and unfortunate, but when one hasn't got but a dollar and forty cents to last until next pay day I wonder what one ought to do?"

The question was answered at once.

The door of the front room opened again and the "happy man," as Honora had designated the good looking lodger who ran up and down the long stairs of Mrs. Ramsell's gloomy house, whistled through the hall. He started down the stairs and Honora heard a ripping sound, a sharp exclamation and the thud of a heavy fall. Then all was quiet for a moment.

By the time she had reached the foot of the stairs there was an excited gathering of women about the prostrate form of the "happy man."

Mrs. Ramsell was loud in her lamentations. "As if I didn't have enough on my hands tonight," she wailed, "without him falling downstairs and killing himself."

"It might be cheaper if you'd put a new carpet on those stairs, Mrs. Ramsell," said a bleached looking woman in a red silk waist.

"That carpet was new last spring," retorted Mrs. Ramsell, quick in defense of the tattered furnishing of the third floor. "He oughter looked where he was going."

"Has any one sent for a doctor?" asked Honora quietly.

"No. Mary, you telephone to the hospital for an ambulance!" screamed Mrs. Ramsell over the banisters to the floor below.

"Why not send for a doctor," urged Honora, bending over the unconscious man. She had noted his evident refinement, and the quality of his clothing indicated that he must have known better days, although his presence in the cheap boarding house was a mystery. "He has a room. Perhaps he would prefer to be taken care of here."

"Who's going to pay a dollar for a doctor?" demanded Mrs. Ramsell shrilly. "How do I know I'll ever get it back from him."

"I'll take the risk," said Honora impatiently, and Mary was directed to telephone for the nearest physician. Mr. Ramsell was rooted out of some lower basement retreat, and, together with the stout armed Mary and the lesser efforts of Honora and a pale faced youth from the third floor front room, the still form of the no longer "happy man" was conveyed to his room on the floor above and laid on the bed.

After that Mrs. Ramsell announced that she left the case in the hands of Miss Burr, "who didn't seem to mind meddling in other folks' affairs," she acidly remarked, and at once disappeared to attend to the interrupted supper. The other boarders scattered to forget the affair in the more absorbing topic of approaching Christmas, and Honora was left alone with Paul Davis.

The doctor arrived five minutes afterward and announced that the patient was merely stunned and would recover under the application of certain restoratives, which, with Honora's help, he proceeded to employ. Their efforts were rewarded by the opening of a pair of dark eyes, followed by a prolonged stare and dazed questioning.

"It's a miracle that your husband did not break his neck," said the doctor genially as he pocketed his fee and hastened away, for it was Christmas eve, and he was in a hurry.

Honora blushed crimson and a look of concern came into Paul Davis' face. "I'm under the greatest obligation to you," he said frankly, "and I am sorry to have been the cause of any embarrassment. Please tell me who you are so that I can realize the situation. The doctor has ordered me to keep in bed till morning, and I feel dizzy enough to never get up!"

Honora told him briefly that she was his neighbor on the same floor and that as she had more leisure than any of the other boarders she had merely undertaken to look out for him until the doctor came. "The others had so many things to do. Tomorrow will be Christmas, you know," she ended.

"It's Christmas for you, too, isn't it?" he asked sharply.

"It used to be, but it isn't any more," she said sadly.

The pale faced young man thrust his head in the door to say that he would sit up all night with Mr. Davis, and so Honora, with a warm hand clasp from the "happy man," who looked especially happy whenever he glanced at her charming face, went back to her little room to face Christmas alone.

Morning brought a delightful surprise. From her door handle there hung all sorts of gifts perhaps purchased in haste that morning, but selected with taste. Just the presents that Honora could accept too. A big box of roses and a glorious potted azalea, a five pound box of candy, a basket of fruit, a book and an envelope containing a couple of matinee tickets. "This should keep you busy on Christmas day," was scribbled on a blank card, for the donor was anonymous, but, of course, Honora knew who it was.

It was a happy Christmas for Honora, after all. The dollar she had emptied from her scanty purse to pay to the doctor brought her the happiness of her life. It developed that Paul Davis was a newspaper man temporarily out of a situation, and on Christmas eve he had been appointed to the staff of a great New York daily and, as he explained afterward to Honora, was "on Easy street." But he did not leave Mrs. Ramsell's shabby boarding house, which had been a refuge for him while out of work. He stayed on there and on until at last Honora could no longer withstand his pleading and so they were married.

"I call my husband 'Santa Claus' because he brought me the greatest happiness I have ever known," explained Honora to a friend one day.

"And I call Honora 'Mrs. Santa Claus' for the same reason," averred Paul Davis proudly.

The Vine and the Oak.

"I like the clinging type of girl, don't you?"

"Can't say I do. Those clinging vines have to have something to cling to while you are away."—Kansas City Journal.

Fatal.

Winks—Your friend Jones is one of the finest pianists I ever heard. Why doesn't he go on the stage?

Minks—Wouldn't pay. His name is too easy to pronounce.—Philadelphia Times.

May Be General.

"Will striped suits for gentlemen be much worn this winter?"

"That is hard to say until the grand jury gets through with the ballot boxes."—Baltimore American.

Two Requisites.

"I suppose that in order to keep the chauffeur from taking out your automobile without permission it is necessary to keep it locked up?"

"Yes, and even that isn't enough. I have to keep him locked up too."—Buffalo Express.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

The Precepts of Solomon.

King Solomon, the story says, had many, many wives.
He married them in bargain lots of twos and threes and fives.
He lavished costly gems on them and fed them spices sweet
And showered priceless violets, with singing, at their feet.

The story says that Solomon was wise beyond his age.
A match for all designing maids or ladies in a rage.
He kept a perfect, even keel upon the nuptial sea,
And that was going some, my friend. You grab it straight from me!

The story says he built a house, a most magnificious place,
And not a woman interfered or dared to show her face
Or ordered changes in the stairs, the linen chests or shelves
(The married men who've built a house will have to pinch themselves!)

And wrote a bunch of lyrics that would shame our Laura Jean.
The story says that Solomon got softening of the bean.
Nor did he hide the burning lines, as you or I would do,
But published them, and not a wife asked who the lines were to.

The story says—but why go on to publish and revamp
The wonder things that filled the life of this pinch hitting champ?—
The story tells the bigger things that made his biggest hits,
But when it comes to smaller truths, why, there the story quits.

The home precepts of Solomon do scarce apply to me.
I've but a single wife against his nineteen-sixty-three.
I long to get the simple truths about this famous guy
And learn how he explained it when his envelope was shy.

—Buffalo News.

Most Fickle Man.

When Colonel William M. Howard, now a member of the tariff board, was electioneering for congress one autumn in bygone days he struck a backwoods county in Georgia and got very busy talking softly to the voters. He was much concerned about a man named John, who was now for him, then against him, and always changeable.

"What's the matter with John?" the colonel asked one of his constituents.

"Aw, you can't tell nothin' about John, colonel," was the assurance. "He is the most fickle man you ever see. Why, he has had religion so many times and lost it so many times and been baptized in the creek down here so often that the bullfrogs know him every time he's 'mersed."—Washington Post.

Boston Bulls.

There's an old yarn about a fat and lean duelist. The fat one complained that he offered a much larger mark to his antagonist's bullet, whereupon the lean man proposed chalking his outline on the fat one's body and no shot outside the chalk line would be counted.

We were reminded of this story by the following notice which an accident insurance company has placed in the elevators of several office buildings:

"This elevator is limited to fourteen persons. All over that number riding on this car do so at their own risk."—Boston Transcript.

Don't Be Hopeless

About yourself when you're crippled with rheumatism or stiff joints; of course you've tried lots of things and they failed. Try Ballard's Snow Liniment; it will drive away all aches, pains and stiffness and leave you as well as you ever were. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

Desdemona's Resurrected Feet.

Ellen Terry told a comical story of one of her early experiences. She was playing the part of Desdemona, and after being duly smothered in her bed by Othello and he had drawn the curtains she felt a great sense of oppression and thought she would sit up on the edge of the bed until the curtain dropped at the end of the act. She did so without knowing that the curtains around her bed did not reach the floor by nine or ten inches, and the audience was vastly amused at the spectacle of the feet of the dead Desdemona dangling below the curtains of the bed on which she was supposed to be lying dead.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

To all whom it may concern—

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County court of the state of Oregon for Sherman county, administrator of the estate of Abiel Erskine, deceased, and all persons having claims against said deceased are hereby notified and required to present the same, duly verified, to the undersigned administrator, at his office in Moro, in said Sherman county, state of Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 10th day of November, 1911.

W. C. BREANT, Administrator of the estate of Abiel Erskine deceased

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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, Attorney for Plaintiff

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ARE YOU RUN DOWN?

Awaken to the Danger and Cure the Weakened Kidneys.

Kidney sickness runs you down to the verge of collapse before you know the cause. When you seem unable to put your mind to any task your back aches, and you cannot do an ordinary days work, it is time to ask yourself the question: 'Are my kidneys working right?'' The answer is in your condition.

Sick kidneys slacken their filtering work and the uric acid circulates with the blood attacking brain, nerves, muscles and vital organs; don't wait for the serious trouble, begin using Doan's Kidney Pills when you feel the first backache or first notice urinary disorders. This remedy has given new life and strength to thousands.

Proof of merit in a Moro citizen's statement: J M Axtell says:

"About a year ago I suffered from pains across the small of my back. My Kidneys were disordered, and I felt all run down. The use of two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have had practically no trouble since; other members of my family have taken this remedy with the best of results."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

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

Quite Similar.

"What did you buy this piece of music for?"

"A song."—Lippincott's.

Enduring Celebrity.

"Do you expect to leave footprints in the sands of time?"

"No," replied the flippant person, "but my dog has left footprints in some fresh paving cement that I bet will puzzle the geologists a few centuries hence."—Washington Star.

The Correct Time

To stop a cough or cold is just as soon as it starts; then there will be no danger of pneumonia or consumption; just a few doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup taken at the start will stop the cough: if it has been running on for some time the treatment will be longer, but the cure is sure. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

Swift Falcons.

A falcon trained to carry messages has been known to cover 750 miles in sixteen hours.

Uncomplimentary.

"Ah, Miss Ethel, I can read your thoughts, y'know." "Oh, Mr. Chumpleigh, then please don't get insulted!"

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

Harriette Turtle, Plaintiff,
vs.
George Henry Turtle, defendant

To George Henry Turtle, 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 29th day of December, 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, to-wit: 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 16th day of November, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 17th day of November, 1911.

E. B. DUFUR, Attorney for Plaintiff

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

Mina M Parsons, Plaintiff,
vs.
Charles E Parsons, Defendant.

To Charles E Parsons, 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 29th 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 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, Judge of the County court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 16th day of November, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 17th day of November, 1911.

T. B McDEVITT, Jr., Attorney for Plaintiff

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CLUBBING OFFER

Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal, one year	$1.50
Sherman County Observer	1.50
Total	$3.00

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR $2.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY **Oregon Journal**

Publishes the latest and most complete telegraphic news of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland, where the market news can be and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the farm and home, an entertaining story page and a page or more of comic each week—104 times a year.

The Sherman County Observer

Gives the local news and happenings and should be in every home in this county. The two papers make a splendid combination and you save $1 by sending your subscription to the

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

We also give a good clubbing offer for the Daily and Sunday or Sunday Journal.

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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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Corner of 7th and Stark Street.

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Your resting place between trains at The Dalles, Oregon, An excellent restaurant at moderate prices.

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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