

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, December 22, 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 us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

CAPTURING A HERD OF 40 WILD ELEPHANTS

Mammoths That Could Kill a Regiment Easy Victims.

THERE are lots of things advertised daily for the catching of mice and flies, but no thrilling advice has ever been printed concerning the way to catch a herd of elephants. One tame elephant is a hair raising problem if he doesn't want to be caught, and when you go after a herd of wild chaps the problem goes up to the nth power. However, the thing is done yearly, dangerous as it may be, and this is an account of how a splendid group of forty tuskers was corralled in India a few months ago.

The man who was in charge of the job is a provider for menageries all over the world, and killing or wounding is out of his line entirely. He wants to take his animals to their destinations healthy and happy as may be, so that they may enjoy such refinements of civilization as currant buns and roasted peanuts.

The first step in preparing for an elephant drive is to build a stockade into which to drive the wild elephants.

An area in the jungle about twenty acres in extent is marked out for the stockade and is fenced strongly round with great tree trunks three deep.

Forty native hunters were dispatched on foot into the jungle to the right and left of the stockade, followed by



SHOOTING MONSTERS AS IF THEY WERE CHICKENS.

half a dozen mahouts on tame elephants on the right and another half dozen mahouts on the left.

The hunters kept shouting as they advanced, and soon the roar of the elephants' trumpeting broke out. The hunted herd were feeling before their pursuers.

Suddenly a fearful roar broke out in the jungle, there was the sound of smashing timber, and the ground seemed to shake underfoot.

At the same instant the hunters began shouting at the top of their voices and waving their sticks.

The herd of wild and now infuriated and terrified elephants tried to break away.

The ground was shaking and trembling as the herd came along. They might have wiped out their hunters like so many ants, but they hesitated at the strange sounds, fled into the stockade and lost their liberty forever.

Fought Sharks With Knife.

After five hours in the sea facing death from sharks and drowning, Andy Anderson, a Danish fisherman from the British steamship Melton, was picked up 200 miles off St. Vincent in the West Indies.

Anderson fell overboard from his vessel at 4 o'clock in the morning without being seen. Determined to make a desperate fight, he stripped off his clothing, but saved his knife.

He soon found that sharks were after him and he had to fight for his life.

Killing the fish, Anderson, an expert swimmer, managed to keep afloat until 9 a. m., when the lookout on the rescuing steamer, which had run about forty miles off its course, sighted the man in the sea.

He was picked up and taken to the hospital, where he was found to be literally sea-sick, with head to foot with wounds inflicted by the fish. He lost consciousness when taken from the water.

At one time, he said, he fought with a large shark for twenty minutes that seemed five hours and stabbed the man enter twenty times before the shark gave up the fight.

Woman Hunts Rattles For Sport.

Mrs. Clara Dittmars, wife of Curator Dittmars of the Bronx zoo, New York city, is the only woman, so far as there is any record, who hunts the deadly rattlesnake for the pure sport and adventure of it.

Mrs. Dittmars says the rattlesnake is the sportiest of all game to seek.

"Of course I am not afraid of snakes," she says. "In fact, I rather believe I love the sport. You don't think it's sport? Why, the rattlesnake is the gamest of all living creatures of the wild. Hunting defenseless elephants, lions or tigers is a horrible butchery, an unsportsmanlike advantage with firearms and explosive bullets."

GARLAND'S GIFTS

By HOWARD FIELDING

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I WAS one of the Marshall bells, expecting a fortune and weakly waiting for the contest of the will to be compromised. Meanwhile I was a species of errand boy for Oliver Garland, who seemed to be some sort of capitalist. I never had the faintest comprehension of his business.

I met him first at the Harvard club one evening, and we took a fancy to



CELIA BEING USUALLY THE LAST.

each other, though he was very much older. That evening, as he informed me, was the twentieth anniversary of his wedding. His wife was long in her grave. In return for this confidence I told him that I had spent all my money and must go to work. The result was that I became his errand boy, though he treated me like a friend.

This relation continued for months. One day toward the middle of December he told me a queer tale about having sent money to some poor relations on the Maine coast for a year and a half. They were his cousin's widow and her son and daughter. Recently he had received a letter from the son which led him to believe that none of this money had been received, whereupon he had sent a check—the other remittances having been in currency—which also seemed to have gone astray.

He showed me the stub marked "Celia K. Garland, Nov. 27, '07, \$250."

I could not understand this story—in fact, I never expected to understand any story of his, for he always omitted all the essential particulars—but I agreed to go to Easterly Harbor and see what was the matter. It was arranged that on the next day after my departure he should mail another letter in a pink envelope of unusual shape and I should watch for it. I was to say nothing to anybody and conceal the fact that I came from him. But at the last I was to play Santa Claus for this family in magnificent fashion, for which purpose he gave me some checks signed in blank and a letter to a banker named Manning in Belfast, an old friend of Garland's.

On Saturday, Dec. 14, I arrived at Easterly Harbor and found my way to the Garland house, where it was believed that I could secure board. I was, in fact, welcomed with the most charming courtesy.

And here I received a surprise quite characteristic of Garland and his errands. The household consisted of the mother, whose name was Lucy; a cousin of about her own age, who was called Aunt Kate; the boy, Frank, and the most beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired girl who ever existed. And she was Celia!

Surely nobody but Garland would have failed to tell me that he had sent his benefactions to the daughter and not the mother and why he had done so.

It was possible, of course, that at the time when he began to send the money Mrs. Garland may have been prostrated by her recent bereavement, in which case Celia would have been the natural head of the family, for Aunt Kate seemed not quite of sound mind, her great affliction tempered by God's mercy and her own lovely nature into a gentle, dreamlike detachment from the world's realities.

It required no detective skill to discover that this family was in very narrow circumstances and that Garland's remittances had gone astray. I waited with great interest, therefore, for the test letter, or rather, for the day set for its arrival. The truth is that I had no expectation of seeing it, having made up my mind that the whole series of letters had been stolen in the Easterly Harbor postoffice.

But the letter came. I saw Frank pick it up from the box at the postoffice, found it to be literally sealed, and then head to foot with wounds inflicted by the fish. He lost consciousness when taken from the water.

At one time, he said, he fought with a large shark for twenty minutes that seemed five hours and stabbed the man enter twenty times before the shark gave up the fight.

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Mrs. Clara Dittmars, wife of Curator Dittmars of the Bronx zoo, New York city, is the only woman, so far as there is any record, who hunts the deadly rattlesnake for the pure sport and adventure of it.

Mrs. Dittmars says the rattlesnake is the sportiest of all game to seek.

"Of course I am not afraid of snakes," she says. "In fact, I rather believe I love the sport. You don't think it's sport? Why, the rattlesnake is the gamest of all living creatures of the wild. Hunting defenseless elephants, lions or tigers is a horrible butchery, an unsportsmanlike advantage with firearms and explosive bullets."

I became more and more firmly convinced that the solution of the whole mystery lay behind that screen.

There was no way to get into the little house unobserved in the daytime, and at last I resolved upon a burglarious midnight entry.

Upon the evening which I had selected for my amateur burglary Celia and I sat a little later than usual by the fire, and it was some while past 12 when I crept out of the silent house and across the back garden and broke into Frank's den.

The first object that met my eye when I had removed the screen completely staggered me. It was an upright piano covered in the usual way for shipment, but absolutely unmisgivable. A placard was attached, and, bending forward with my candle, I read the words, "Celia, from Uncle Oliver."

There were several smaller objects whose shape did not disclose their nature, and I saw that Frank's own name was upon one of them. The boy must have played Santa Claus with his uncle's money. But how had he managed to buy the things and to

believe.

His attempt to make Aunt Kate his almoner was a clumsy effort to assuage his conscience. Upon her side the gap of years was nothing. She had laid the new letters with the old, unopened.

I sat down that night and wrote to Garland the mere facts, without my explanation. Next day I began the execution of a counter joke upon Master Frank. I went across to Belfast, cashed a check, bought a piano and some other things as near as possible to the line of the boy's Christmas jests and had them shipped across to me at the Harbor, but not sent to the house. I wrote an account of this matter to Garland, from whom I had had no word.

The days slipped by. On Dec. 23 I received notification from the local telephone office that some one wished to speak with me. It proved to be Manning, the Belfast banker.

"That check has come back no good," said he.

"For heaven's sake, why?" I demanded.

"It cost me \$18 in telephone tolls to find out," said he, "but I know now, Garland has gone to smash and has shipped. Present whereabouts unknown. I look to you to make good."

"All right," said I. "I'll see you tomorrow."

I returned at once to the house and told Celia the whole truth. The girl was aghast.

"They can put you in prison," she cried.

"No, they can't," said I. "Nobody can do any tricks with me any more. It is my turn. I came here as Oliver Garland's errand boy to help you, and this is the end of it. Give me the right to be in my own proper character. Celia, if you will put your hand in mine and trust in me—if you can do it, if your heart prompts you—I will be a weak man no longer. I will fight this world to its knees."

It seemed a long time that we stood quite still, looking into each other's eyes. Then I felt her hand in mine.

The rest was easy. I saw Manning next day and made him take my note. I crammed it down his throat.

Then I went to New York, and for about a week I raged around among

"I READ THE WORD 'CELIA.'"

have then—carted to that house without his mother's knowledge?

"May I inquire," said a voice, "what you are doing here?"

I turned like a flash, and there was Celia. Before I could answer she had seen the outlines of the piano.

"What is that," she cried, "and who are you? Have you come from Mr. Garland?"

There was no help for it now. I had to tell the story, dealing with Frank's unbelievable conduct in the most generous and light hearted spirit as a mere freak of youthful folly.

"But these things can't have cost all that money!" exclaimed Celia, horrified and heartbroken. "He must have stolen the rest!"

"Pianos are expensive," said I, "and we don't yet know what the other things are. Let's have a peep at this, which seems to be intended for your mother."

It looked like some sort of chair, and so it was—the most dilapidated, the most pathetic, the most laughable wreck of a chair that ever was seen. A card fastened upon it bore this lettering:

COUSIN LUCY: GENUINE ANTIQUE. GUARANTEED BY COUSIN OLIVER.

"That chair has been in our attic for forty years," said Celia.

I turned to the piano and lifted an end. It came up like a balloon. The thing was a framework of wood, cleverly built and protected by a cover borrowed from a cushion of the Harbor who had recently received a real piano.

"Those merry jests," said I, "acquitted your brother. If he had touched that money he certainly would not joke about it."

We stood dumb with utter perplexity.

"You are sure the money was sent to me?" said Celia at last. "I can't understand. Oh," she cried suddenly, "was it Celia K. Garland?"

"Yes. Isn't that you?"

"No, it's Aunt Kate. Her first name is Celia. No doubt Mr. Garland used to call her by that name."

"They were friends in youth?" I asked.

"I suppose so," she replied. "Aunt Kate, of course, was not always as she is now."

"She lives in a gentle dream," said I. "What was it that disturbed her mind?"

"I never knew," answered Celia, and after a moment's pause, "Let us go back to the house."

Celia lighted the sitting room lamp and bade me wait. She was gone only a few minutes and returned with an enameled box, which she placed on the table.

"I took this from her room while she slept," said she. "Is it right?"

"Yes," said I. "It seems right to me."

She opened the box, which contained only some trifling keepsakes and a package of letters tied with a faded blue ribbon. At the top was the pink envelope, at the bottom a letter postmarked more than twenty years ago, upon the day of Oliver Garland's wedding. The others had been received within a year and a half, perhaps a dozen in all. None had been opened.

It was the wedding date which solved the riddle for me, revealing the old, long hidden, and romance. Garland had broken this woman's heart and dethroned her mind. I already knew that the man had married an

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Their Distress.

"His family felt very much distressed about his going on the stage, did they not?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but not until after they had seen him act."

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.

Wrote of Sonnetry He Never Saw.

The most notable instance of a novel dealing with a country which the author had never seen was Shorthouse's "John Inglesant."

The second volume of that remarkable romance deals in the most detailed way with Italian manners and Italian scenery. Many of the descriptions—that of Umbria at night, for instance, and the scene in the pavilion in the forest—are charged with the very atmosphere of Italy; and Florence during the plague lives horribly before our eyes. Yet Joseph Henry Shorthouse had never been in Italy. Enthusiasm and the genius for assimilation evolved it all in a quiet house at Edgbaston.

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.

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

Charles W. Hudson, Plaintiff, vs. Mary L. Hudson, Defendant.

To Mary L. Hudson, 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 7th day of February, 1912, 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 your self, on the grounds of wilful desertion and 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. Hendricks, County Judge for Sherman county, only made on the 16th day of December, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23rd day of December, 1911.

SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff.

71222 17.125

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

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

To George Henry Tuttle, 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 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 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. Hendricks, County Judge for Sherman county, only 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. DUFFY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

71217 122

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

Mina P. 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 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. Hendricks, Judge of the County of Sherman county, Oregon, only 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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