

# The Observer

MORO, OREGON.  
FRIDAY, January 5, 1912

## 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.

## FELL INTO HANDS OF MOONSHINERS

Good Samaritan Deed Almost Cost Traveler's Life.

## OVERHEARD DEATH DEBATE

Taken For Revenue Spy, Rescuer of Mountaineer's Little Daughter Was Saved Only by Intervention of Girl's Mother.

SIX of us men sat in the smoking compartment of the Denver bound train telling tales. Five had told their stories, but the sixth proved to have the best of all," says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. The sixth man said:

"Once I found myself in the Ozark mountains, right in the heart of the hills. As I look back on it now I can realize that it was one of the happiest times of my life. I slept under the trees, drank at the mountain springs and cooked anywhere.

"One morning I came to a crazy sort of tableland on the top of a long, low mountain. At the rim of the meadow was a quarry.

"And there, running and skipping down the edge, was a little girl. While I was watching her she stumbled and went plunging down the rocky side of that quarry.

"In a few minutes I had reached the place where she lay. Her eyes were open and staring, but it was the stare of a person whose senses are gone. Some blood was pouring from her scalp where a large three cornered piece of flesh was laid back, exposing her skull. I carried her to my horse and then pushed along in the hope that I would soon come to her home.

"Held Up by Man With Gun. Suddenly a man stepped out in the path in front of me. He was a tall, thin fellow, and he held a rifle in his hand. The first thing I knew I was looking down the muzzle.

"You put that girl down and wheel your horse around, stranger," he said in his mountain drawl, "and make racks back the way you came."

"But this little girl is hurt," I said. I can't leave her like this. I must take her to her mother."

"By and by we came to a fog house, and he said that was where the child lived, so I carried her in and put her in the table and went to work doctoring up her poor little head. I'd learned something about taking care of wounds in Manila. The mother stayed right here beside that young one, and the father and four other men who came a hung around, talking among themselves and keeping an eye on me. And then, along in the afternoon, the girl came to and knew her mother.

"Then I said I reckoned I'd be moving on, and the five men sort of grinned at me and said they reckoned I'd better stay where I was for the night. They put me in an outhouse where corn had been stored.

Sure He Was a Spy. "I slipped into a sort of doze, but voices woke me, and I could hear the men talking me over. They said they



"I WAS LOOKING DOWN THE MUZZLE."

was the worst kind of chumps if they didn't know me for a spy. I bristled no stranger even.

In their stronghold, and they were determined that none should go away alive. The only friend I had seemed to be the father of Zedie, the little girl.

"I fell asleep after a time. About 4 o'clock I awoke, and there those five men still were. I called out to them to let me join the confab, and after awhile they unlocked the door.

"Of course I know what's troubling you," I said. "You think I'm mixed up with the revenue officers. Well, you're wrong. I stumbled on your place, and I'll hike out and never come again. But if you mean to make an end of me for goodness' sake get to work and make a decent job of it."

"Just then the woman came to the door. She had been up all night with the little girl.

"Jaks," she called to her husband in a voice that made all of the men turn around, "I want you to get that man's horse for him. He's going to be let go, you hear? Then she asked me if I wouldn't show her how to dress Zedie's head. So I did. Then the woman gave me some coffee and corn bread, and when I had finished there stood my horse, all saddled, beside the door."

## Carl Freiberg's Desertion

It Led to an Important Military Discovery

By Captain Jacob B. Hough  
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The boys were in their Grand Army post rooms at one of their regular meetings. When they had first met they were really boys and there were nearly a hundred of them. Now there was a mere handful of white bearded old men. Sergeant Halliday, one of their number, who had read and studied a good deal about the military campaigns of the war and whose opinions as to leaders and battles were much respected among them, was talking.

"It didn't take long," he was saying, "after the war began for certain men—General Grant, for instance—to show their military ability, but it took some time for them to work their way to the front. Grant captured Fort Donelson and by it began a career that was destined to bring him out as the central figure of the war. He then fought the battle of Shiloh, after which he was superseded by the department commander.

"The Union army now laid siege to Corinth. History has since shown that the Confederates had but a corporal's guard in Corinth and in place of cannon set up logs—a common device in warfare to deceive their enemy. Meanwhile the Confederate General Bragg formed a new army at Tupelo, then, leaving the campfires burning, stole away in the night and marched up through Chattanooga into Kentucky, retaking all the western territory our armies had conquered during the first year of the war."

Halliday had reached this point when a one armed veteran entered and joined the circle.

"Hello, Freiberg," exclaimed the discourager on war campaigns. "You're just in time. We've been speaking about the siege of Corinth—where you



"I SAID 'I AM CARL FREIBERG.'"

well, they say you disgraced yourself. Suppose you tell us your version of it. I've heard you deserted, but I never thought it so bad as that."

Halliday winked at the others, and Freiberg hung his head. A German American, he had come to the United States a year before the breaking out of the war and had enlisted in the Federal army. Fifty years' residence in his adopted country had not eradicated his German accent.

"Well, I tell you," he said. "I always been very much mortified by dot mistake. I suppose it will stick by me so long as I live. You see, it was this way. After the battle of Shiloh we sat down before Corinth, made coffee, pitched our tents and went to sleep. The next morning the men learned that we were going to lay siege to the place according to military science, and I saw one man blanching a tree before his tent."

"You do that for?" I asked. "You think we stay here long enough for a tree to grow up?"

"I guess it will take time," he said. "We going to take the town by regular approaches laid down in the books."

"One day go by, another and another, and by and by I get tired. The men was getting sick, and the weather was getting hot, and we was getting mighty impatient of doing nothing. One evening I was on picket duty the sun on the parapet of the fortifications of Corinth, and I didn't think it looked like a gun. I think I got closer to see, so I moved forward, and I kept on and on. Then I saw some Confederate cavalry coming, and it was too late to get back to my picket post. There was some high trees near by, and I climbed one of them.

"The Confederates kept coming closer, and I peeped about them. I kept climbing higher and higher till I reached the top. I could see right down into Corinth and at you think I see? I see nothing but a few scattered tents, and on all the parapets was Quaker guns.

"By this time the sun was setting, the cavalry had gone by, and I think I go back to camp. I was coming down from the tree when I heard men talking below. I listened, and I heard a man say: 'Here's a musket. And what is this?' 'Freiberg' on the stock. We got him. He is up in the tree."

"Then I heard the officer of my picket post say, 'You deserter up there, come down.' I came down, and they took me back into our lines and to the colonel's tent, and I tell him I deserted from the picket, and they found me up in a tree, valting tili I got a chance to get in the enemy's lines. I told the colonel all about it,

and he said: 'You miserable deserter, do you think to impose on me with such a cock and bull story as that? If there wasn't a strong force in Corinth, with real guns, you think you would be sitting down here waiting for me to skedaddle. Take him away, and tomorrow a court martial will be ordered to try him.'"

"Oh, that's the way you disgraced yourself, was it?" interrupted one of the listeners. "How came it that you weren't shot?"

"I tell you. Hans Berger, who came over from Nuremberg with me in the same post and enlisted in the same company with me, was on guard. He gave the order to take me away. He took me to the middle of the night he said to me, 'Carl, you git.' I stole out of camp and try to go north, but it was so dark that I go south. Ven I see dawn coming I climb a tree. Getting up above the udder trees, I look down on campfires burning. One man was piling wood on each camp fire. I see behind the breastworks and a wagon train going away and all the tents struck and the troops marching out. I must have been south of east of Corinth, for all the troops were left in the place marched not far away from the trees were I was. Before it was light day was all gone.

"Then I got down from the tree, and, forgetting all about my court martial and that I was deserter, I went to the fortifications and was standing on the parapet, with my hands in my pockets, ven I heard beeping coming, and, looking that way, I saw our picket line coming slow, with muskets cocked. They saw me standing on the parapets, and one of 'em called out, 'Surrender on I shoot!' I throw up my hands, and the same man cried: 'Who are you up dere in blue?'

"And I said, 'I'm Carl Freiberg.' "Den anudder man who knew me said: 'Hello, Carl! How you was?'

"And I says, 'I'm all right.' "Were are the Confederates? asked an officer.

"They went away before daylight this morning."

"How you know that?" "I didn't haf time to answer this, because the colonel, before whom I was taken the night before, rode up, and ven he saw me he said: 'Ty thunder, dere is that deserter!'

"Yes, colonel," I answered him, "and here are the Quaker guns I told you about."

"He was fery mad. 'Arrest that man,' he said. "So dere I was, arrested again."

"But they didn't shoot you this time neither," Halliday interrupted. "How did you get off? If a man who deserted once deserves to be shot one who deserts twice should be drawn and quartered."

Freiberg was too matter of fact to understand the sergeant's banter. He looked at Halliday reproachfully and sadly.

"I told you," he said, "that desertion story hang on to me so long as I live. I wasn't the first time a deserter. The second time I didn't mean to go south. I meant to go north."

Freiberg paused, took out a big bandanna handkerchief and blew a melancholy blast.

"Tattoo," remarked one of the vets. "Go on, Freiberg," cried another. "Tell us the rest of the story. Were you really shot for desertion, and is this your ghost we see come back to tell us how the war should have been fought?"

Freiberg blew another blast with his nose.

"Forward," said Halliday, and the narrator continued.

"All day my fellows were moving into Corinth. I was kept with strong guard. I was tired of army life and wanted to go home. I didn't know nothing about vat was going on, but there was a lot going on. Von day the provost marshal come to me and said, 'Come with me.'

"Sheneral Grant had come to the command of the army, and the provost marshal took me to his tent."

Are you the man who first saw the Quaker guns in Corinth?" he asked.

"Yes, sheneral," answered. "I wasn't deserting neither."

"Only doing a little private scouting on your own hook?"

"Yes, sheneral."

"Well, since you're so good at climbing trees and have such good eyesight I want you to climb some trees for me."

"I never heard anything more of my court martial. I went with Sheneral Grant to the Mississippi river and vos with him ven he besieged and took Vicksburg, and when, after the disaster to our army at Shickamauga, he was put in command of the army at Chattanooga I was still with him."

"What's that story," asked a vet, "about your bringing Grant a net that Petersburg was being abandoned by the Confederates?"

"That's anoder von."

"Anoder desertion?"

Freiberg looked at the speaker reproachfully, took out his bandanna and blew another blast.

"Taps," said Halliday. "It's time we old duffers were in bed. Let's go home."

## AVARICE.

Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.—Johnson.

## Yonkers.

Yonkers is built on a site that was owned by a Dutch patroon in the early history of New Netherlands. His son, a wild, rollicking chap, was called Jonge Heer (young lord), and he so disturbed the whole country round by his mad pranks that he was the talk of the neighborhood. Thus the village, of which his father's house was the center, became identified in the thoughts of the people with the Jonge Heer, for he was the life and spirit. Yonkers is a corruption of Jonge Heer. The "Y" in Dutch is the sound of English "y," and indeed at the start the title was often written and pronounced Jonker.—New York Tribune.

## NEWS FROM OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

Revision of Tariff Expected to be First Thing on the Program.

Washington, D. C.—New Year's day in the national capital was made brilliant as usual with the president's reception at the White House, the customary breakfast given by the secretary of state for the foreign diplomats, and the exchange of visits by all persons prominent in official life. Congress reassembled Wednesday. The big business of the immediate future promises to be the tariff, as far as the house of representatives is concerned. Messages are expected from the president at an early date dealing with Alaska, the cotton schedule and the report of the tariff board on that subject, the postal commissioner's report and probably one on a fiscal and monetary reforms.

The senate interstate commerce committee, which is investigating trust problems, will resume its sittings shortly, yet the Lortner investigating committee, the Stanley committee that is investigating the steel trust and several other committees of similar nature will not resume their sittings until the next week.

'Steel Schedule is First on List. Revision of the iron and steel schedule is likely to be the first thing on the tariff legislative program of the House. Representative Underwood, chairman of the ways and means committee, made it known on his return that the committee would postpone consideration of the wool schedule until every feature of the tariff board's report on the subject had been studied thoroughly. In the meantime it will press its work on other tariff measures, with a view to adjournment in time for the national conventions.

After the introduction and consideration of the steel schedule the Democratic leaders contemplate presenting to the House a revised chemical schedule and a sugar tariff bill. It also is possible that a cotton schedule will be submitted with the wool bill, dependent, of course, upon the report of the tariff board. This is not expected till late next month. If cotton is not included in the wool bill it will be submitted as soon afterwards as possible.

Timber Bill Opposed in West. Western senators and representatives are not satisfied with the phraseology of the bill, passed by the House just before Christmas, providing for the sale of timber that was killed or seriously injured by the forest fires of 1910, and the public lands committee will undertake to redraft this bill in order to extend greater and quicker benefits to settlers who were burned out a year ago last summer.

As the bill passed the House, it provided that the secretary of the interior might sell burned timber on the public domain, and also authorized the sale of timber on unperfected entries, the feeble to go into a special "burned timber" fund in the treasury. Those homesteaders and other settlers who had suffered losses in the fires were to be reimbursed by the treasury from this fund.

Labor Commission Urged. Using the McManis case as an illustration of "what might be expected again in this country if labor conditions are not improved," a delegation of social problems urged President Taft to "create a labor commission."

Such a commission, the delegation told the president, would have powers co-extensive with those of the Interstate commerce commission, and should be able to compel testimony.

President Taft promised to do all possible to create such a commission. It was said he might incorporate a suggestion for a labor commission in one of his posthumbly messages.

National Capital Activities. Representative Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, Democratic leader of the House of Representatives, is confined to his bed by his Washington apartments, threatened with appendicitis.

The forest service has decided to make a material cut in grazing fees to be charged for the range in national forests during 1912. The new schedule will reduce the rate on sheep 1 to 1 1/2 cents a head, with proportionate reduction on cattle.

American pulp and print paper manufacturers are bringing pressure to bear upon President Taft to induce him to refuse to yield to the demand of European governments for the free admission of their pulp and print paper on terms of equality with the Canadian product.

It was credibly reported at the capital that the Democrats of the House have determined to eliminate from the Smoot-Crawford appropriation bill for next year the \$250,000 estimate for the president's staff salary; the \$75,000 estimate for the president's economy and efficiency commission, and the \$25,000 estimate for the president's traveling expenses.

THE TRUE GRACES. As amber shines, so does beauty shine, and yet the latter is more rare than the former, and yet more valuable. The true graces, which, as Homer says, are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so firmly united to each other.—Bacon.

## MRS. SARAH P. DECKER.



Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, the prominent club woman, mentioned as a candidate for a Colorado United States senatorship.

Caught in the Rain. Then a cold and a cough, but let it run on; get pneumonia, or consumption that's all. No matter how you get your cough don't neglect it; take Ballard's Horehound Syrup and you'll be over it in no time. The sure cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary diseases in young and old. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

The Star to Lord Holland. Among the qualifications of a cabinet minister discretion ranks high. Lord Broughton notes in his diary a frace between Lady Holland and Lord John Russell. The former asked the latter why Lord Holland was excluded from office. "If you must know," said Lord John Russell, "because no man will act in a cabinet with a person whose wife opens all his letters."

Shakespeare. A masterpiece of censorship was once performed by the Turkish censor, Nischan Effendi, on the occasion of the production of Shakespeare's "Othello" at Constantinople. He "corrected" the drama so thoroughly as to leave hardly a trace of the original. Among other words, he expunged "Cyprus," giving ingenious reasons for this correction. "Cyprus," he said, "is a Turkish island. It would be politically unwise to send Othello to Cyprus, because the territorial integrity of Turkey is guaranteed by treaty. Why not put, instead of Cyprus, some Greek island, such as Corfu?" And thus it came to pass that from respect to the treaty of Paris Othello had to go to Corfu.

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county. Charles W. Hudson, Plaintiff, 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 last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 14th 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 willful desertion, 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. Hendricks County Judge for Sherman county, made on the 19th day of December, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 22d day of December, 1911.

SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff. 71222 71235

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DO A LITTLE MISSIONARY WORK IN YOUR idle days by telling your neighbors of the good qualities of The Observer. If you can't get their subscriptions, send us their addresses and we will send them sample copies. We pay for all soliciting you do in the Inland Empire. Everyone reads it. We cordially solicit your patronage.