

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, January 19, 1912

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all across the board the such request is made. It is easy to ask for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

By ARTHUR P. WINDHAM

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The chancellor of the German empire sat in his office writing when a young man entered and said:

"Your excellency sent for me, I believe."

"Ah, Von Arnheim," said the chancellor, looking up, "I have a very important mission for you. It is to the president of the United States and must be delivered on the 1st of January, when the president receives the diplomatic corps. I have selected this day because no attention will be attracted by a visit, and it need not be known that a call is on important diplomatic affairs. His majesty the emperor is desirous that the present struggle between Russia and Japan shall cease. Japan is not able financially to carry on the war and must soon give way on that account. This will give the czar a preponderance of power in the east antagonistic to German and other interests. No power in Europe is so situated on account of their varied interests to propose mediation. The only power fitted for such a purpose is the United States."

"His majesty the emperor desires to send by you to the president of the great republic a request that he will propose to the czar and the emperor of Japan a conference with a view to a treaty of peace. Since the czar knows of the financial stress of Japan he does not wish the war to terminate, but if a peace were proposed by the president of the United States the world's opinion would be against Russia's refusal to treat that she would be obliged to yield. In a few weeks possibly he would win."

"Should his emissaries succeed in preventing you from delivering the message or delaying the emperor's request, obliging us to send another, the Japanese cause may collapse before a duplicate could be received. You may be watched from the time you leave here."

Von Arnheim left Berlin with the dispatch the same evening. The Russians at the German capital did not get wind of his mission until he had sailed, and there was only opportunity for them to instruct the Russian emissaries in America to endeavor to thwart his design after his arrival in New York. He had reached that city, or, rather, Hoboken, across the Hudson river, where the German steamers land, and was driving through a street that leads to the station of the Pennsylvania railroad when an auto came dashing along wildly, the chauffeur intentionally colliding with the cab in which the messenger sat. He lay for a few moments stunned, and the chauffeur, looking back and seeing that he did not move, sped on.

But Von Arnheim got up and with difficulty walked southward till he met another cab, which he hailed and reached the Pennsylvania station without further mishap. He was obliged to wait a couple of hours before a through train left for Washington and while waiting to and fro in the station saw a man accompanied by a policeman coming toward him.

"That's your quarry," said the man to the policeman. "Arrest him. I have just come over in the same steamer with him, and he stole my watch."

Despite his protestations Von Arnheim was taken to a police station in Jersey City, and, being searched, a watch that did not belong to him was found in his pocket. Rather than make himself known and, having still a week before New Year's day, he stood trial the next morning and was sentenced to jail for six months. On the way to prison he asked those escorting him to step into a saloon and have a drink. While there he convinced them that the charge was a put up job, gave each one of them \$50 and was permitted to leave the saloon by a door in the rear.

He had no further trouble on the way to the station and hoped that he might be permitted to reach the capital in peace. But he was disappointed. Just before arriving at Philadelphia a woman took a vacant seat beside him and as the train was passing through the city raised a cry, arose with feigned indignation and accused Von Arnheim of insulting her. Leaning out of a window, she beckoned to a policeman, who got into the car, and the woman called upon him to arrest Von Arnheim.

Here was another detour. Von Arnheim, still unwilling to make his identity public, stood trial, several persons who had been in the car with him testifying that they saw him endeavor to take liberties with his accuser, and he was sent up for sixty days.

It was now the 27th of December, and but five days remained before New Year's day. Von Arnheim sent a message to the German minister informing him of his situation. A member of the German diplomatic corps visited the prisoner, received his message and returned to Washington on the 31st of December.

When the president the next day gave his public reception the German ambassador, watching his opportunity, spoke a few words to him in a low tone. The president replied in the same voice.

It was not very long after this that an announcement was made that the president of the United States had offered his services as mediator between the Russians and Japanese, and the announcement was followed by the treaty of Portsmouth.

On the 3d of January Von Arnheim was pardoned by the governor of Pennsylvania.

A GAMBLER'S RELAPSE

He Was Human, but He Paid the Forfeit Like a Man

By J. C. DESBOROUGH

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There was a time when the summer resort of Baden-Baden, Germany, in the midst of which bubbles a mineral spring, was given up to gambling the same as is Monte Carlo at the present time. Today gambling at Baden-Baden is not permitted, and the spacious building formerly devoted to the purpose is a casino, or, as the Germans call it, a conversation house.

In the gambling days Baden was an independent dukedom. There was a regiment of troops stationed there, but the commander issued an order that his officers should not gamble. Any officer caught playing at the tables in the salon would be court-martialed and severely dealt with. The least that could be expected was dismissal from the service.

Colonel von Holliert's antagonism to gambling did not arise from its nefarious effect upon his subordinates, but upon himself. He was subject to the craze and had on several occasions barely escaped ruin on its account. It usually struck him when he was where gambling was going on. Then it was irresistible. As soon as he had got beyond its influence his whole nature revolted against it, as debasing and dangerous. It was during one of these intervals that he issued the order prohibiting any of his command from visiting the house of play.

Young Baron Wechtell, a lieutenant in the regiment, was as much addicted to play as his colonel. But, unlike Von Holliert, he had no relapses, for he was never caught. Wechtell knew that if he were caught in the gambling rooms his career would be blighted. Nevertheless the temptation was too strong for him. One night when he was sitting in his quarters endeavoring to resist the game that was calling him he began to argue with himself.

"The colonel will not descend to set a watch on the gambling house to catch any of his officers who may play there. Therefore how is he to know if his order is disobeyed? No officer will inform on another; citizens take no interest in the matter, while the proprietors desire the presence of all persons who have means."

There being no one but himself to reason with and he and himself being on the same side, the argument was convincing. Within half an hour he was tossing pieces of money on the tables in the salon, most of which the cropper dragged in to the credit of the bank. He played with varying luck for an hour, at the end of which he staked all he had left on the red. He won. Leaving his stake and his winnings where they were, the ball rattled on the roulette wheel, spun around merrily and won for the red again. Wechtell decided not to risk a third time all he had with him and was about to stretch forth his hand to grasp the amount when, looking up, he saw the eyes of his commanding officer bent upon him.

Now as to the colonel's being there—he was too much of a gentleman to go there to learn if any of his officers were disobeying his order. Then what could have drawn him? Nothing less than a relapse. Gambling with those who are naturally constructed to be gamblers is one of the most enslaving of passions. Colonel von Holliert had been seized with a desire to play which was irresistible. Not even the disgrace attending his breaking his own order could prevent his going to the gambling house. He had but just arrived and was feeling in his pockets for a stake when he saw Wechtell.

Von Holliert would have withdrawn, but it was too late. Wechtell thought only of his own position. Why the colonel was there he did not ask himself. The hand stretched forth to grasp the money on the red was withdrawn. His owner argued that though the colonel saw him at the table he may not have seen him put down a stake. This might save him.

The man who makes the announcements called out in his monotonous way, "The red has won." Wechtell did not even hear him. He sat pretending to be a mere looker on, leaving his winnings where they were. The red won again and again, and there was a heap of gold pieces before the young officer. Then the colonel said to him:

"Take your winnings and go to your quarters."

Wechtell, seeing that his subordinates had been ineffective, obeyed the order, slipping his pockets with the money. Going out the colonel touched him on the shoulder and said, "Report in person at my headquarters tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

When the lieutenant reached his quarters he called in his two most intimate friends and told them of the situation. None of the three could fathom the colonel's presence at the gambling house. He was not the man to go there to spy upon his subordinates, and such an act would have been unbecoming. He could not have gone there to play in the face of his own order against others playing. Not one of those discussing the matter surmised that so great had been the temptation that it had overwhelmed all other considerations.

One of Wechtell's friends advised him to resign in his resignation at once and not obey the colonel's order to report at headquarters. This, he argued, would simplify matters. Quite likely the colonel would recommend its acceptance, for to prefer charges against Wechtell he must admit that he was at the gambling house. His presence there would condemn him unless he was there to spy, and spying in itself was condemnatory.

Wechtell's other friend claimed that this view of the case was the subordinate's protection. He said that if he was not under either supposition he was handicapped. Wechtell between these two opinions was not capable of making up his mind what to do. One thing definite was decided upon—that none of the three would speak of the matter to any one else.

Nevertheless in the quarters of five different members of the regiment the matter was under discussion, for five other officers had been present that night at the gambling table, all of them disguised, and had seen what had taken place between Colonel von Holliert and Lieutenant Wechtell. Before morning every officer in the command knew of it and was discussing it. Most of them considered the colonel as having been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in visiting the gambling house at all and in taking action against Wechtell he would demean himself as a soldier. Till dawn there was a hum of conversation upon the episode, when the disputants went to bed.

Wechtell did not close his eyes. He could have made up his mind to take his punishment and gone to sleep had his fate been a certainty. It was hanging between two results that kept him awake. What would the colonel do? Would he court martial the guilty man and take the consequences that might accrue to himself or come to some arrangement with his subordinate by which the matter might be passed over with satisfaction to all concerned?

Whatever musings or deliberations came to the colonel during that agitating night were a sealed book. A commander is denied the confidences that are granted to his inferiors. It was this want of knowledge of what was going on in the colonel's mind that made the matter more interesting.

BEAT CROCODILE IN RIVER FIGHT

It Had Taken Man to Its Cave and Started Eating Him.

PIRA RODE IT TO SAFETY.

Pleasant East Indian Used Its Nostrils as a Bit and Kept It Raging on the Surface of the River Till Friends Threw Him a Rope.

A remarkable tale of desperate courage under extraordinary danger as is in the world's history is related by a missionary from India in the World's Magazine. It tells of probably the only time that a man seized by a crocodile and carried to its underwater cave escaped to describe his experiences.

The man in question is a poor native named Pira, who went to the river bank near his home in the Maratha country at sunset to fill a water jar. He was standing in the river about thigh deep when he felt something strike against the side of his leg and was knocked over on his face. Before he could realize what had happened a crocodile seized one of his legs and proceeded to pull him under the water. After being taken in this manner for about forty yards the creature came to the surface again, and the man was able to breathe once more.

Taken to Crocodile's Cave. By this time he was half dead with fright and nearly drowned and must have fainted. When he recovered consciousness he found he was in what he calls "the crocodile's house," which appears to have been a sort of cave under the river bank with a smooth, muddy bottom. He afterward computed that he had been unconscious for a night and a day before his senses returned to him. Now, as his brain cleared he became aware of the horrible fact that the crocodile was on his back, with its tail over his head and its mouth at his feet, where it was making a meal off one of his heels. Shortly afterward the brute left off feeding and went away.

After having been away about an hour the crocodile returned. The man lay still, and shortly afterward the brute departed, having only snuffed at its victim. Some time elapsed, and the crocodile did not return, so, thinking he was fairly safe, the man began to examine his surroundings to discover if there was any possibility of escape.

Brute Watched Far Him. Encouraged by the fact that he had been left so long alone, Pira crawled nearer to the river. This, however, was the sign for more trouble, for the crocodile, which had been all the time

lying at the mouth of the cave, apparently saw and heard him, for, coming back, it precipitated him into the rear with a violent blow of its tail. While the man was struggling in the water the crocodile dived, and Pira suddenly felt it rising beneath him. This movement brought him upon its back. Finding his hands were near the crocodile's head and nerved by desperation, he felt for its nostrils and hung on to them as hard as he could. Meanwhile he made his "seat" as secure as his remaining strength permitted by twisting his legs under the monster's stomach.

Rode It Like a Horse. And now comes the most exciting part of the adventure—the story of the unfortunate man's ride. Pira found that if, with his hands, he pulled upon its nostrils hard enough it promptly came to the surface.

As soon as the sun rose Pira espied two men near the river bank and shouted to attract their attention. The crocodile started at a brisker pace to go downstream. Eventually it arrived at a watering place, where four men were waiting with a long rope. By pulling the crocodile's snout in their direction Pira managed to get close enough to catch the end of the rope when it was thrown to him. Those on the bank pulled him in as fast as they could, and after a month in the hospital he was up and around, apparently as well as ever. The crocodile has not been seen in that part of the river since.

Sure. "How did the doctor tell you to take the medicine, Larry—internally or externally?" "Neither was, nor."

"But it must have been one of the other."

"Divil a bit, nor. Neither was."

"But look here, Larry; that's absurd. It must have been one or the other, you know."

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GREAT NATURES.

Great natures are always generous. They are fountains not only of vitality, but of bestowal. However great the rewards they receive may be, these rewards are but a fraction of the worth of the service rendered, and no man ought to be satisfied, whatever his position or work, unless he can feel that he is giving far more than he is receiving.

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 Sidesaddle.

It is generally understood that the sidesaddle used by ladies in horseback riding was the invention of the famous Catherine de' Medici while she was queen regent of France, say about 1550. Among her many other accomplishments Catherine was an expert horsewoman and often spent days together in hunting and following the chase. It was while getting used to her new manner of riding necessitated by her sidesaddle that the queen received the fall which fractured her skull and came very near terminating her career. As a matter of course it was no sooner known that Catherine had taken to riding sideways than the custom became popular with the women all over Europe.—Exchange.

Too Much Face.

You feel as if you had one face too many when you have Neuralgia. Don't you? Save the face; you may need it; but get rid of the Neuralgia by applying Ballard's Snow Liniment. Finest thing in the world for rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, cuts, scalds, lame back and all pains. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

Canada's London.

As to the reproduction of London place names elsewhere, the city of London in Canada is far and away the most prolific example. Not only is it situated in the county of Middlesex and built on the banks of the Thames, but all the historic localities in old London—Pall Mall, Charing Cross, Cheapside, the Strand, etc.—have been appropriated in the naming of the new. Bendigo, Australia, also has a Pall Mall and a Charing Cross.—London Chronicle.

Here is a woman who speaks from personal knowledge and long experience, viz., Mrs. F. 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.

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: You are hereby notified 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 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 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 duly made on the 15th day of December, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23rd day of December, 1911. SIDNEY GORDON, Attorney for Plaintiff. 74322 (7-125)

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