The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... February 23, 1912

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.

A Split Coin

By ANNA B. WRIGHT

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It was the poetess Mrs. Browning, I believe, who said that while love is but a portion of man's life it is a woman's whole existence, or words to that effect. While there are many exceptions to the rule, there is no doubt that woman treasures a love, or at least its memory, longer than a man. Miss Amelia Dexter has the half of a silver ten cent piece which has been in her possession thirty years. At any rate, she was treasuring it till recently, when she met the man who gave it to her What she has done with it since nobody knows.

When Amelia was seventeen she visited her aunt, the wife of a professor of the Naval academy at Annapolis. There she met a young midshipman who smiled upon her, showing a beautiful set of white teeth, while his eyes laughed with every other feature. The girl collapsed at once. Whether her love for the young man strengthened is a question. More likely it was born all at once.

Nevertheless Cadet Williams and Amelia Dexter "paired off," as young people call being exclusively devoted to each other. Williams was Miss Dexter's escort to the cadet dances and accompanied her in her walks. No other girl aspired to any attention from him, and Amelia received no attention from any other cadet. In short, there was between them one of those innocent relations which have not the formality of an engagement—a sort of natural youthful emotion preliminary to mating. In a man it is usually a pleasant tenderness which may or may not take root. It may be the same in a girl, yet there are cases wherein it has been an undying love.

There were special auxiliaries in this case, the academy band discoursing martial music, the cadet corps marching on and off parade, the formal salutes between officers and between officers and cadets. There is an autocracy among men trained to fight as well as a certain swagger, probably intended to overbalance the fact that what they are being educated for is to be killed. Nevertheless it is fascinating to the young of both sexes, who take very little account of what it is for. It has always figured largely in love.

Amelia spent a couple of months at Annapolis, then went home to begin another year at school. The nearest thing to an understanding between her and her cadet lover was the split coin. As to an engagement, neither of them thought of such a matter of fact proceeding. They had not grown mature enough to make an arrangement for a lifetime. They lived and loved only for the present. The future was or seemed to be too far for their consideration. The split coin represented what they felt, and its intrinsic value (about 30 per cent of its current value) represented the real depth of their affection.

That is, for the boy. As to the girl, this is one of the cases the poet described. It was not an egg to be developed. It was born perfect and indestructible. She left Annapolis with her half a coin hidden away in her bosom, while underneath it burned a flame like that kept alive by vestal virgins.

What transpired from that time till thirty years had passed is not a part of this story. Miss Dexter is now an old maid. Williams is an admiral and a grandfather. One summer there was a naval war game on the Atlantic coast. At a reception given to the officers of the fleet Miss Dexter, an elderly spinster, was present. Admiral Williams was introduced to her. They chatted awhile, when Miss Dexter began to ask him leading questions. She spoke of a certain moonlight evening on the porch of one of the professors of the Naval academy. Then and there he had given her her first kiss. She contented herself with mentioning certain correlative incidents. The admiral didn't twig. She referred to a ride on the water in which they sat side by side in a retired corner, his arm encircling her waist. The admiral did not even remember the boat ride. She mentioned certain circumstances connected with their last parting. The admiral wondered what she was driving at.

Then the admiral began to rally her on not having married, saying that it was undoubtedly her own fault. She admitted that she had had an affair when very young with a naval officer and, taking in her hand a fine gold chain she wore about her neck, drew from her bosom half a dime. She told the admiral that the man who had kept the other half had forgotten her.

"If you'll tell me who he is," replied Williams, "and if he is ever under my command I'll make him wish he had a better memory."

Miss Dexter sighed, but made no reply. The admiral blustered about the fine sense of honor of officers of the navy in matters pertaining to woman, declaring that the saying that a sailor has a sweetheart in every port is a slur on the service. Then, being called away, he made a profound bow and continued to pour forth his repertory of complaints upon the next woman he met.

Why did not Miss Dexter tell him that he was the recreant lover? Had her love died as his had died perhaps she would have enjoyed his discomfiture at the revelation. But with her it was as a child is to its mother—though dead, it always lives.

The Flitman Burglary

It Caused Some Uncomfortable Moments

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Flitman went through the flat extinguishing the electric lights one by one with sharp "clicks" of the switches.

"Did you lock the safe, Rod?" inquired Mrs. Flitman from the front hall, where she was buttoning her long white gloves.

"Yes—key in my pocket," returned Mr. Flitman easily. "Got your duplicate key hidden, Maud?"

"Yes, indeed," assured Maud as they passed into the hall. "I make it a point never to overlook that safe key, Rod. Without it a burglar couldn't possibly get at our silver, eh, Rod?"

"So the safe people said," muttered Rodney hastily, for they were going down in the elevator now, and a man and woman were watching them rather curiously.

It was after 11 o'clock, and Rodney Flitman was dancing with a pretty girl in pale blue when there suddenly stole over him a vague uneasiness. Perhaps it was because the pretty girl had just been lamenting a burglary in her home the week before that set his thoughts running on the vacant flat, for Bridget, their maid of all work, slept at home.

"I'm positive I locked that safe," he assured himself as he whirled dizzily around in the waltz. "But for the life of me I cannot remember whether I locked the front door. I hate to ask Maud. She will get fidgety right away."

When the dance was over and he had left his partner in congenial com-

BOTH HE AND THE WOMAN BESIDE HIM REMAINED RIGID.

pany Rodney hastened to the dressing room after making a brief apology to his hostess.

"Fact is, Mrs. Wetmore, I've got to run home a minute. Something important I've forgotten. I won't disturb Mrs. Flitman, she's having such a delightful time."

When he had disappeared Mrs. Wetmore and her husband exchanged a smile.

"Just the excuse that Maud gave when she went a half hour ago," murmured Mrs. Wetmore under cover of her fan.

* * * * * * *

Rodney Flitman found a taxicab and was soon whirling toward his uptown home. The elevator had made its last trip, and the interior of the cage and shaft was black and gloomy. The night watchman blinked sleepily at him and, turning in his chair, snored gently.

When he reached the third floor he was aware that far above him he could hear the faint staccato click of heels on the stairs above. Somebody, a woman, was mounting the stairs ahead of him, walking softly, too, as if fearful of being heard. By some strange freak of coincidental reasoning Rodney's thoughts flew at once to the woman and the man who had gone down in the elevator a few hours before. These people were utter strangers to him and were of peculiarly singular appearance—dark and foreign looking—and they had watched Maud closely while she carelessly discussed the matter of the keys to their safe and the late hour of their return. He resolved to speak to Maud about the matter.

Meanwhile the heels clicked upward as steadily as he climbed after them. Once when his own feet made a loud sound the heels paused and then went on more stealthily than before, and he was careful to tread without a sound. As he reached the eighth floor he heard a door close softly halfway down the corridor.

His apartment was halfway down the corridor. He had left a light in the hall, of course, but when he reached suit A, which was his home, the transom above the door showed black and forbidding.

The light was out.

He felt for his bunch of keys and then thought to turn the knob. It gave easily, and the door opened into the dark hall. A faint light from the corridor streamed in and showed him that the hall was empty, but that the ball and chain that controlled the switch were swinging violently from the chandelier.

Somebody had touched the chain but an instant ago. His hand found the incandescent bulb still warm from the recent light.

A faint, very faint, creepy feeling stirred the roots of Rodney Flitman's hair. It was unpleasant to feel that there was a burglar in his home and that a thin door was all that separated him from him.

The watchman was eight stories below. A violent rapping on the floor or a vigorous shout would bring him upstairs within five minutes, but in the meantime the invaders of his home would have fled by way of the fire escape and taken something with them. Besides, Rodney suspected the burglar to be a woman, and he was gallant enough to desire to give her a chance to escape, only he wanted her to give up whatever she had taken.

Perhaps she had already been frightened away by his opening of the door. If she went to the fire escape she would surely lose her life, for he recollected now with a sort of horror that the iron stairway was coated with ice.

Resolutely he went forward and opened the dining room door. He heard a quickly indrawn breath like a deep sigh and the rustle of a silken skirt and then dead silence in the darkness.

"Madam!" he whispered hoarsely.

Silence.

"Madam, I wish to be your friend," he continued in the same hoarse whisper, feeling his way across the room. "Leave everything behind and escape now, while there is time. I will"—

"Be silent!" hissed a woman's voice in his ear, and something round and cold pressed against his neck. "Speak one word and you are a dead man!"

"But"— protested Rodney indignantly.

"Don't move an inch. You will stay where you are until my husband comes!" she hissed in his ear.

For five minutes they stood thus, rigidly silent. Presently Rodney felt the pressure of the steel relax a trifle, and at the same time something soft and powdery sifted down his collar.

"What is that sifting down my neck?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Gunpowder, I suppose," she hissed in his ear. "Will you keep still?"

"I've a good mind to call the watchman," he whispered recklessly.

She laughed scornfully, a sort of whispering laugh that thrilled through him. "Perhaps I better call him. I can scream much louder than you can shout."

"You don't dare. How would you like to have handcuffs on your pretty wrists?" he retorted.

She was silent.

"If you will give up the jewels I will let you go without further trouble," he said after awhile.

Again he laughed. "So kind of you! But you are not detaining me, remember."

Rodney did remember all of a sudden and felt foolish. He wondered if he should suddenly turn upon her what she would do. Would she really fire off her weapon? He knew these women burglars were very clever and daring, but her remark about gunpowder escaping from the weapon she held at his neck betrayed her ignorance of firearms.

Rodney decided to remain perfectly quiet. He was more afraid of a woman who did not understand the use of firearms than one who did.

Minutes passed, and he began to worry about his wife. Alarmed at his long absence from the dance, she would undoubtedly inquire for him and mention her fears to her hostess; then Mrs. Wetmore would explain, and Maud might call him by telephone to find out what was the matter.

He was leaning against the wall now, and, as he was quite tall, he could just feel his hair brushing against the wall bracket that held an electric light. So stealthily did he move his left arm upward that his body remained quite rigid. It took him five minutes to raise his fingers to that they touched the switch. Gently he twisted it until all at once the room was flooded with light.

It was such a surprise that both he and the woman beside him remained rigid for an instant. Then she recovered her wits first and broke into hysterical laughter. He turned to her and stared first at the silver salt shaker which she had been holding against his throat. He looked stupidly at her gloved hands and arms, upward to the long red evening cloak and lastly at his wife's mirthful face, half laughing, half crying, wholly excited.

"You!" he almost shouted.

"And you!" shrieked Mrs. Flitman hysterically.

"Well, you are a plucky one, Maud," he admitted admiringly as he prepared a restorative for her shattered nerves.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Wasn't sure whether I locked that safe door after all," he said, "so I came back to find out."

"I missed my key to the safe. I had it tied around my neck. So I came home. I was afraid I might have dropped it here and a burglar would find it."

"There were some suspicious looking people in the elevator when we went down—that dark couple, you know."

"Oh, what do you think, Rod—they were at the dance! They happen to be Mrs. Wetmore's cousins, and they have taken an apartment here."

"Stung!" mourned Mr. Flitman, deprived of his last suspicion.

Spoke From Experience.

Fond Mother—Now, look here, George! I want you to break off with that girl. She is very pretty and all that, but I know her too well to want you to risk your life and happiness by marrying her. Why, she knows no more about housekeeping than I do about Greek—not a bit.

George—Perhaps not, but she can learn.

Mother—After marriage is rather late for that, George.

George—But you said yourself that you did not know a thing about housekeeping until after you were married.

Mother—Very true, George, and your poor father died of dyspepsia twenty years ago.

Court Cards.

At the French court the card rooms from the time of Charles VI. to that of Louis XVI. were luxuriously furnished. The counters used were mother-of-pearl or some other valuable substance. The cards were embroidered with silver on white satin, and some were the work of the most famous miniature painters.

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Playing Golf With Opie Read.

Grizzly Adams, Whitechapel club candidate for mayor at the time Hempstead Washburne won, came recently to the city he lost. Mr. Adams has a great variety of interests, including golf, and he carries his clubs with him to be ready for any of them.

It was on an excursion of a similar nature that he fell in with Opie Read and Bill Sterrett at Dallas. In the old days neither Grizzly nor Opie would touch a golf stick with tongs, but both had become strong for the game if not at it.

A three handed match was suggested, and the first hole had been played. The second hole was beyond an abandoned quarry crossed by a bridge. It took only an ordinary drive to be safe.

"WHY, BILL AND I HEARD SIX PLAINLY!"

and Adams, leading off, made it easily. He was followed by Sterrett, and both were on their way when Read unlimbered his huge frame and leaned against the ball.

He sliced his drive, and the ball went into the quarry, where Opie descended laboriously and went to work.

Adams and Sterrett presently heard a succession of whacks, and after a bit the ball came out, with Read in hot pursuit.

"How may strokes in the quarry?" asked Grizzly.

"Three," said Opie.

Adams turned to Sterrett, and they both laughed.

"Why?" said he. "Bill and I heard six plainly."

"I know," said Opie, "but three of them were echoes."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Japanese Juggler.

A man who has traveled in Japan says of the feats of a native juggler: "He took an ordinary boy's top and spun it in the air, then threw the end of the string back toward it with such accuracy that it was caught up and wound itself all ready for the second cast. By the time it had done this it had reached his hand and was ready for another spin." The paper butterflies he made by help of a fan to alight wherever he wished. The spectator requested that one might be made to settle on each ear of the juggler. "Gentle undulations of the fan waved them slowly to the required point and there left them comfortably settled."

Rust Proofing Iron.

Iron or steel may be made rust proof by boiling in one gallon of water to which are added four ounces of phosphoric acid and one ounce of iron filings. A black noncorroding coating is produced.

A Simple Trick.

It is an easy matter to keep your joints and muscles supple—no matter what your age may be or how you have suffered with rheumatism. Rub yourself night and morning with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Cures rheumatism, stiffness, cramps, crick in the back, side, neck or limbs, and relieve all aches and pains. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Hood River.

In the Matter of the Estate of Frank S Clark, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned executrix of the estate of Frank S Clark, deceased, has filed her final account and report as such executrix in the County Court of the state of Oregon for Hood River county, and that said court has fixed and appointed the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 21st day of March, 1912, as the time for hearing said final account and report and settlement thereof. All heirs, creditors or other persons interested in said estate are hereby required to appear on or before the time fixed for said hearing and file their objections, if any to said account and report, or any particular item thereof, specifying the particulars of such objections.

The date of the first publication thereof is the 23d day of February, 1912.

MINNIE E. CLARK, Executrix.

S. F. STARK, Attorney for executorix

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

A W Quick, Plaintiff, vs. Minerva Quick, Defendant.

To Minerva Quick, 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 5th day of April, 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 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, duly made on the 17th day of February, 1912, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23d day of February, 1912.

H. T. PARKISON, JOHN A. JEFFRAY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as executor of the estate of J. B. Wheat, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Sherman county, state of Oregon, his final report and account as such executor of said estate, and that Monday the 11th day of March, 1912, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day has been appointed by said court as the time for the hearing of objections to said report and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published February 9, 1912.

DON C. WHEAT, Executor of the estate of J. B. Wheat, deceased.

W. C. BRYANT, Attorney for Estate

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

Helen Musa, Plaintiff, vs. Paul Musa, Defendant.

To Paul Musa, 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 March, 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 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 24th day of January, 1912, and the date of the 1st publication thereof is the 26th day of January 1912.

S. J. SILVERMAN, Attorney for plaintiff

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

Veronica Hughes, Plaintiff, vs H H Hughes, Defendant.

To H H Hughes, 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 March, 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 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 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 24th day of January 1912, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 26th day of January, 1912.

S J SILVERMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff

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

R C McCoy, Plaintiff, vs. Alma McCoy, Defendant.

To Alma McCoy, 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 15th day of March, 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 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 30th day of January, 1912, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 2d day of February, 1912.

OAK NOLAN, Attorney for Plaintiff

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CLUBBING OFFER

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Sherman County Observer ... 1.50
Total.....$3.00

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR $2.

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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.

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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

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Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied:

"In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man.

"In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk."

We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons.

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Moro, - - - Oregon.

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