

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, March 1, 1912

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. 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.

THE CHILDREN'S HEROISM

By F. A. MITCHEL

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The Breton coast of France is a wild but very beautiful region. Artists go there to get subjects for their pictures, which they find not only in the scenery, but in the simple peasantry which lives there. On that coast are lighthouses such as really protect ships from going ashore in every civilized country.

One of these lighthouses was recently the scene of a story—a real story—such as few authors of fiction can invent, a story full of pathos, of heroism, of a great work in protecting the lives of many who were sailing or steaming over the ocean unconscious of what was going on under the light.

In the dwelling-portion of this lighthouse the keeper lay dying. He had that morning been in his usual health, but was suddenly taken ill. Nevertheless he kept at his work of preparing the light against the evening. His wife knew nothing about the lamps or the machinery by which they were made to alternately shine and disappear. His children were a boy and a girl—the boy nine, the girl eleven years old. There was no one near the lighthouse to call upon to take up the lighthouse keeper's duties when the night came.

Nor was there any doctor that could administer to his physical ailments. The keeper grew worse. Still he kept at his work till the afternoon when he was obliged to give up and go to bed. He had cleaned the lamps, filled them with oil and in every way got them ready to be lighted, but either he had not had time or the strength to wind up the great weights that turned the machinery, causing the revolutions by which the light was made to flash.

When night came on the keeper was drawing his last breath. His wife was praying by his bedside; his children were standing wondering at this first sight of death—death that made their mother a widow and them fatherless. There were a few long breaths, the intervals between them growing greater, a rattle in the throat and the keeper was dead.

As soon as the widow could sufficiently recover from the death scene she thought of the lives that might be wrecked from her husband's being thus suddenly taken away from his work of protection. It was a dangerous coast. Skippers had been used to seeing the light and counting the seconds between its flashes, and then they knew where they were. If it failed to shine they would run out of their courses.

The widow roused herself, and, taking her children with her, went up into the lighthouse. She lighted the lamps, but she could not make the machinery revolve. A light that did not flash in the place where a flashlight should be would be as misleading to sailors as no light at all.

The little girl placed herself at the revolving apparatus and found that it turned easily. She pushed it around, making the circuit under her mother's direction in the time it was used to revolve, then she said to her mother: "Mamma, go back to father. We children will turn the machinery and make the light flash."

So the mother, whose grief, more keen than that of childhood, spared her powers, went back to the bedside of her dead husband to pray, leaving her children the only barrier between lives out on the ocean and the rocks that were ready to engulf them. The girl turned till she was tired, then her little brother took up the work. When he became tired she relieved him.

And so the children worked on while their father lay dead below and their mother prayed beside him. And the captains and the sailors on the vessels that passed, coming and going, looked at the light and wondered that it now lost, now gained, a few seconds. And persons in their berths below slept soundly, not dreaming that they owed their lives to a girl of eleven and a boy of nine.

Midnight passed, the small hours of the morning came, and the children, telling on, began to think of the rest that day would bring them. How they, especially the boy, kept awake in a marvel. And now a faint but welcome gray streak appears in the east. A dim outline of the unseen land begins to be apparent. But the children work on, turning, ever turning. What though the interval between the flashes lengthens as their little legs grow hard to move and their steps shorter! The dawn lightens, the white breakers first grow plain, then the black promontories against the sky, then both land and ocean.

"Mamma," called the girl, "may we not stop now?"

"Yes, my child; it is light. The sailors can see where they are without you children to tell them."

There came persons who have heard this story of heroism and ask to see the little hero and heroine. They find a family unconscious of having done anything remarkable. The children open their eyes and wonder what it means. They only turned the apparatus all night because without the light the sailors would be lost on the black ocean.

But they are not their own judges. Their work is heralded in foreign lands—its flashes across the waters and read by millions of people not only in America, but all over the world.

Verily, the human heart may still be good.

A Guilty Conscience

It Needs No Accuser

By RODMAN BIRCH

On my return trip from London my hand baggage was carried to my stateroom by a steward. Unrolling my rug, what was my astonishment to find within its folds a large quantity of the finest grade of lace and within the folds of the lace a chamois bag full of jewels.

I examined the rug carefully and discovered that though the same color as mine—a dark blue—it was not so much worn. A close inspection of the shawl strap showed that it was not mine. It was plain that in the transition from the station to my stateroom my rug had been exchanged for this one. The only details of this theory I could supply were that the rug had been dumped together on the steamer deck and later carried to their supposed respective staterooms. The one that had come to me had no tag on it, which, considering its valuable contents, seemed strange. Indeed, I was surprised that the owner should have permitted it to go out of his possession.

I rolled up the bundle as I had found it, strapped it and instead of going on deck went to the smoking room to think out the problem of its ownership. I proceeded methodically and after the fashion of detectives. The fact that the package was not tagged indicated that the owner did not care to have his name on it—that is, he intended to keep it in his own possession. Evidently the goods were to be smuggled, and the smuggler on boarding the ship, finding himself suspected, had desired to temporarily get rid of it. Doubtless he had seen heaps of hand



I FELT SURE THAT HE WAS MY QUARRY.

baggage on the deck and when unobserved had tossed it on one of these heaps. Then his attention had been distracted, and either he was unable to locate the pile on which he had thrown it or it was picked up and carried away before he could again get possession of it.

It remained for me to account on this theory for my not having both my own and this other rug in my possession. I theorized in this way: The smuggler having dropped his rug on my pile of hand baggage, finding an opportunity to take it up without being observed, had picked up mine instead of his own.

I was well satisfied with my explanation and, having settled the cause of the episode in my mind, began to think about the outcome. It struck me at once that there was enough in it to keep me interested all the way across. The smuggler having lost his property, would take measures to recover it. What measures? I confess that were I in his place I would consider a search for my valuables like looking for a needle in a haystack. I, too, would be on the watch for him. Indeed, this phase of the question promised to be very interesting. If I found him and he was a good fellow I would return his property without asking any questions. If he acted disagreeably—well, I could be disagreeable too. I knew some of the customs men in New York, and what I might do I could determine before meeting them.

I made a number of acquaintances on the steamer, and with one party—a gentleman named Stoneman, his wife and two daughters—I became quite intimate. They were wealthy and had been seeing Europe extensively. After pledging them to secrecy I told them that there was a matter I would confide to them which might interest them—a problem that I would like their assistance in solving. I then told them about the error which had thrown a valuable property into my possession and invited them to observe my fellow passengers with a view to determining the rightful possessor.

Mr. Stoneman didn't take to the matter at all, cautioning me that it might get me into trouble. His wife coincided with him in this opinion, and their daughter, though interested, did not show any disposition to take an active part in my investigations after her parents' disapprobation of such a course.

However, the oldest Miss Stoneman, being of an age to be attracted by such a curious circumstance, the next day pointed out to me a man pacing the deck whom she said she thought might be the smuggler. She had been watching him, and he looked very uneasy. She was sure he had something on his mind. The moment I looked at him I was of the same opinion. Moreover, he stared at me as I passed him. I wondered if he could know that I was in possession of the valuables.

After that Miss Stoneman and I, hav-

ing a secret together, spent considerable time in each other's company, sitting on deck together. The man she had pointed out walked the deck much of the time, and whenever he passed us would look at us uneasily. I asked Miss Stoneman how she came to light upon the man so quickly, and she said she didn't know herself. I told her it was that unaccountable power of intuition which women possess in lieu of the reasoning power of men.

But if the fellow knew that I had his property he took no steps, so far as I could see, to possess himself of it. Every time he passed me he looked at me harder than before, and I seemed to have a very disturbing effect upon him. One evening I approached the stern of the ship. Some one was looking over the railing, but I did not notice who he was. Suddenly he looked up at me. He was the smuggler.

"I can stand this no longer," he said. "I know you are from Scotland Yard, and I may as well give myself up first as last."

"How do you know that?" I asked, not wishing to commit myself.

"It was that young lady who put you on to me. It's wonderful how these women can know things."

"Well, are you ready to confess?"

"Will I gain anything by confession?"

"Certainly. I'll see to that."

"Well, I lost the money on the stock exchange."

"This was a surprise, but I kept my conscience."

"Then it is all gone?"

"Every cent. I can't gain anything by restoration."

The plot was thickening. In looking for the owner of the property I held, I had stumbled on a criminal. I did not propose to mix myself up in this second affair, one was enough, so I said:

"My friend, you have made a mistake. I'm no Scotland Yard man, and I have no interest in your crime. Why have you been starting at me?"

"Why have you been staring at me?" he asked, with great apparent interest. I did not notice that he had a guilty conscience, which Miss Stoneman had observed, so the moment we looked at him curiously he took it for granted he had been spotted. I told him I would not give him away, for which he thanked me. I didn't think it prudent to trust Miss Stoneman with his secret, so I told her that I had discovered that he was the wrong man.

Our last day of the voyage came, and I was at a loss to know what to do with the lace and the diamonds. I spoke to my confidante about my property, and she suggested that so long as I had nothing to fear from the customs officers I might carry the package about as it was. After doing so the rightful owner might claim it, and then it would be time enough to decide what action to take. I replied that the rug would probably be "rolled and examined by the customs officers, whereupon she offered to take the lace and diamonds ashore herself.

Since she seemed inclined to this plan I reluctantly consented to it, yet fearing that if she got into trouble I would be blamed. Her object seemed to be to serve me, though I hardly supposed in case the property remained with me she would feel free to a part of it for getting it through free of duty. I handed it over to her, and she must have concealed it well, for she took it through without being discovered.

The criminal who had mistaken me for a Scotland Yard man did not fare so well. Officers who had been called that he was on the steamer took him in charge as he left the vessel.

When I parted from the Stonemans the mother gave me a pressing invitation to call upon them in New York before they expected to leave, which they expected to do in a few days after landing. I called on them at their hotel and was graciously received.

Since my attentions to Miss Stoneman on the steamer had been noticed, presently the others one by one excused themselves and left as alone together.

"Well," said the young lady, "have you discovered the owner of the property?"

"No one has applied for it."

"Probably not, since it is mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes."

I looked at her again. "You have no need to smuggle."

"It's the fascination of it. I was bound to get those things through free of duty. When we went aboard the ship I got a fright. I saw the man I pointed out to you looking at me while I was carrying my rug. I dropped it and failed to find it again. That's all I knew about it till you told me it had found its way into your stateroom."

"There were two of you," I said, laughing. "With a guilty conscience, though one was a thief, the other only a smuggler, which seems to be quite fashionable among the upper classes just now."

"So it seems."

"There is nothing more to the story except that in time I married the girl who had fooled me. She has been fooling me ever since."

To Pop Corn.

Here is the proper way to pop corn: Put the regular quantity—that is, a very small quantity—into the popper and hold it under the cold water faucet long enough to thoroughly saturate the kernels. Shake the popper and place it on the back of the range so that the corn be dry, then pop.

The kernels will be very large, and there will be no hard center.

Unspoiled Swiss Valley.

THE SERENADE.

An Old Romantic Custom That Has Fallen Into Disrepute.

In recalling the serenade of the Philharmonic Society to Miss Nilsson I am reminded of a custom now fallen into disrepute, but which at the time I speak of (1879) was a favorite method of bestowing a marked compliment upon any one whom you wished particularly to honor.

The serenade was not only offered to visitors of distinction, but prevailed extensively as a delicate attention which you might pay to the lady of your choice. It was thought the proper thing at that period for a man to engage the best brass band he could afford and to proceed with it after midnight to the house of his preferred one, and then to stand beneath the windows while the musicians played their most sentimental and sonorous selections. It was not an uncommon sound even to hear a double quartet of male voices, with a French horn thrown in, ringing beneath the windows of some favored damsel, while paterfamilias or the butler made ready some light refreshment for the donors of this graceful compliment.

These romantic attentions have taken flight with the advent of electric lights, elevated railroads and other voices of the night, but even New York had a few hours of stillness after midnight, and the night watchman kept his post, and the street cleaners who would doubtless be locked up as disturbers of the peace did they hear such an extraordinary under their modern regime—Richard Hoffman's "Musical Recollections."

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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.

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 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. Hendrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, Oregon, 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. I. PARKINSON, JOHN A. JEFFREY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

7123d-129]

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 he desires the court to approve said report and account, and to discharge him from all liability in connection with the estate of J. B. Wheat, deceased. Dated and first published February 9, 1912.

DON WHEAT, Executor.

W. C. BRYANT, Attorney for Estate.

619m-129]

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

Helen Moss, Plaintiff, vs. Paul Moss, 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. Hendrichs, County Judge for 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.

7123m-128]

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

Veronica Hughes, Plaintiff, vs. H. H. Hughes, 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 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. Hendrichs, 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.

7123m-128]

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

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