

A PICTURE ON GLASS

By ALLAN C. CARLYLE

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The residence of the Count Van Arsdale at Rotterdam, Holland, is a very old one. Indeed, it was standing when the first Dutch settlers bought Manhattan island for \$24. In recent times David, one of the Van Arsdale family, came to New York to make a home there, but he did not remain long.

There were two reasons for his return to Holland. Firstly, he was in love with a member of another branch of the family, Anneke Van Arsdale, the daughter of the man who held the title and the Van Arsdale manor house. Secondly, there was a tradition that David Van Arsdale was the real count. The title and estates had passed from David's great-grandfather to an ancestor of Anneke's, and it had never been clear how the transaction came about. David believed that Anneke's father knew something about it, but the count would not admit that he did. When David first came courting Anneke her father favored the suit, but a very wealthy suitor having asked for her hand, the count, feeling that money was needed in the family, favored the latter. Anneke would not wed him and would not accept David without her father's consent.

There appearing to be no hope that the count would relent, David determined to go back to America. He neither could nor would deprive the girl he loved of his prospective possessions, and since she must eventually pass to another, he did not wish to be near her. The night before he was to sail he was sitting in the great square hall which was once used by the Dutch for a living room, making his last visit to Anneke preceding his departure. The lovers were very despondent.

"I believe," said David, "that the reason your father first favored our union is that he believes me to be the rightful heir to the title and estates he is now enjoying."

"Why do you think that, David?" asked the girl.

"Because there are those who say that I am. There has always been a mystery connected with the death of my great-grandfather, John Van Arsdale, and the assumption of the title by Henry. It is well known that Henry's mind was subsequently affected, and it is rumored that this came from remorse."

"But father has nothing to do with that."

"No; but if there was fraud in the change of the title and estates from his ancestor to mine I am the real Count Van Arsdale. If I married you the two branches of the family would be united and the fraud, if any, would not matter. That, I believe, is the reason for your father's willingness at first, because there is no other reason. I am poor, and you need a rich husband."

At this moment something singular happened. Winding about the hall to the upper story was a staircase. Midway, where the staircase turned at right angles with the lower and upper parts, was a window. It was of curious construction, the glass being of different thicknesses in different parts. It had been there no one knew how long, and no one knew why an ordinary window or one of stained glass had not been placed there in its stead.

At this time electricity was first converted into and utilized as light. The searchlight had just been invented, and some electricians were experimenting with one of them on the roof of a neighboring building. Suddenly the window mentioned was brilliantly illuminated. David and Anneke looked at it in astonishment. Instead of being ordinary white glass, it was a picture—a picture in black and white—such as we now see hanging in windows that the light may bring out the scene. And the subject, a man in the Dutch costume of the older time, lay on his back bestridden by another man who had plunged a dagger into his heart. Below were the words: "The Murder of Henry, Count Van Arsdale."

A mystery was explained by a mystery. The window till that moment had been a blank. The invention of the searchlight had revealed what it contained. But who many years before had learned to make a picture on glass? And what light did he use to bring it out? For how could he have made it without seeing it?

One fact of its being there at all might be explained by the fact that the murderer brooded over his crime until he lost his reason and placed it there while a monomaniac.

While the lovers looked the picture disappeared as instantaneously as it had sprung into being. Then Anneke covered her eyes with her hands.

"I am descended from a murderer," she said. "All that father possesses is yours."

David did not sail for America the next day. Workmen came in, took out the glass in the window and replaced it with a stained one. Then came a wedding between David and Anneke, and the count, having so many lands, surrendered his title to his son-in-law and his estates to his daughter. Having done this, he sailed for America, and Holland never saw him again. He buried himself in the wilds of Canada.

David and Anneke still live in the house in Rotterdam where the picture was revealed to them, but where the picture is kept no one knows. Some say it has been destroyed.

HOPE ON.

It is necessary to hope, for hope itself is happiness, and its frustration, however frequent, is yet less dreadful than its extinction.—Dr. Johnson.

A Sea Doctor's Story

He Relates a Singular Happening

By JOHN B. DOWLING

There are strange bouleversements in the world—and things are intended, another totally different takes place. A child is born to a fortune, perhaps a throne, and another child far removed mounts the steps and wears the crown; a woman in early life bears children, they lose her and are brought up by another, who becomes the only mother they remember.

I have been a participant in one of these strange happenings. When I was young I decided to study medicine, and after graduating at the College of Physicians and Surgeons and spending some time at hospital work, being of a roving disposition, I accepted a position as medical officer of a steamer plying between San Francisco and Hongkong. After making several trips I had become so attached to a life at sea that I had no thought of leaving it. Nevertheless, looking ahead, I foresaw that unless I broke away from it very soon and settled down in my profession on land I must always be a wanderer, without home or family ties.

On one of my trips out from San Francisco I became intimate with one of the passengers, named Almsworth. He was about my age, but that was all the similarity there was between us. It was our differences that drew us together. I have not noticed during my experience that similar traits produce marked friendships. As in the case of marriage dissimilarity is the bond of union.

One thing that drew Almsworth and me together was the fact of his falling ill during the journey. From the time he was taken down till he became convalescent, a week before we reached our destination, I not only attended him as a physician, but as a nurse. He was pretty sick and got it into his head that he was going to die. There seemed to be some special reason why he



"I reached for the paper, but she declined to let me have it." I didn't wish to die; either that death would cut him off from some happiness or that it would bring grief to some one else. I kept him cheered as well as I could by assuring him that he would recover and that before we should make port.

He did not give me his confidence until he was well on the way to recovery. True, he told me that by my unceasing attention, encouragement and more than all my sympathy, I had saved his life. He was sure that without this he would have died. What had preyed on his mind was this: He was in love with a young lady, a Miss Bradley, who, though in love with him, was loth to marry him for some reason that he did not tell me. Whether he knew her reason or not he did not make it known. I inferred that he knew it, but was so delicately sensitive as to giving the lady's affairs to a stranger that he refrained from doing so. She was with her aunt, who was a great traveler, having visited all the countries of the accident and was now seeing those of the Orient.

I got Almsworth in pretty good condition to go ashore and meet his lady love. I agreed to see him in a few days in Hongkong, and he went down into the tender that was to take him ashore looking quite cheerful. He waved a hand to me as he sailed away, calling to me not to forget our appointment. When the time came round I went to our rendezvous and found him waiting for me. He seemed delighted to see me, and we had not been long together when he told me that he had been married to Miss Bradley, but that the marriage had been kept secret from the lady's aunt. Why this was done he did not tell me. He did not say even that the aunt was opposed to his marrying her niece, though he did tell me that his wife was an orphan and could marry whom she pleased.

The way the wedding had been effected was this: Almsworth had invited the ladies to go with him to see a statue of a bearded god. The aunt, being indisposed, declined the invitation. The lovers instead of going to see the statue called on a British clergyman and were married. From the ceremony they drove directly back to the hotel and to the aunt, whom they gave a description of the statue derived from a guide book.

When I met Almsworth the aunt and the bride had gone on westward. The couple were to be united in America, whither the ladies would return in a few months, though the groom told me that he would go back on my ship on the home voyage. The affair seemed quite intelligible to me. Here were two ladies traveling alone to whom the services and companionship of a man should have been acceptable. He had married one of them clandestinely and had separated from her to meet her in America some months later.

Ten days later Almsworth sailed with me for San Francisco. He talked with me freely about his wife, but on the one subject connected with it calculated to excite curiosity—the necessity for keeping the marriage from his wife's aunt and consequently from the world—he said nothing.

In Almsworth's illness on the way out I recognized a hereditary trouble which I believed would eventually cause his death. On the return voyage it attacked him again. This time I was not as fortunate as before in arresting it, and before we reached Honolulu I had made up my mind that he had but remain there in a hospital, where he could get better attention than aboard ship. But I was unable to remain with him, and he would not leave the ship without me.

Shortly before reaching San Francisco I was obliged to tell my friend and patient that he would not be likely to live through the voyage, and if there was anything that needed attention before his death he had better attend to it. He was not surprised, but said that there was nothing to be done except that he wished me to insert a death notice in the San Francisco papers to be copied in those of New York. His wife would thus be apprised of his death, which was all that was necessary. She was young and would doubtless marry again.

The day before his death he handed me a note addressed to his wife, asking me to find her and give it to her. I wished to know if there was any need for haste in the matter, and he said there was not, any time within a year would suffice. The note was sealed, but there was no address given. Almsworth in explanation of this said that so long as his wife's aunt lived she would be traveling, and this would necessitate her niece being with her. Therefore I would have to find her on the wing.

On reaching port I attended to what ever my friend had charged me to do, and it seemed to me that my connection with him and his was ended. He had attached so little importance to the note he had given me to deliver to his wife that I put off taking any steps to accomplish his delivery from time to time, till at last it seldom came into my mind. Seven years passed, during which I was constantly at sea. I regretted that I had doomed myself to be a wanderer and wished that I had the means with which to acquire a practice in some American city. The only advance I made in securing a position as a physician was an Atlantic liner.

On one of my voyages from London to New York I was called upon to attend a lady who was ill in her stateroom. She was suffering from nervousness induced by long care of a relative who had died abroad and was bequeathed the body home on the same ship with her. I didn't learn my patient's name till I had been treating her for several days, when the stewardess referred to her as Miss Bradley. Without dreaming that I had fallen in with one in whom I had been interested I made inquiries and discovered that my patient was none other than Mrs. Almsworth.

Naturally, after this discovery we had much to interest us mutually. Mrs. Almsworth gave me talking constantly about her husband and before the voyage ended explained the mystery that attended their marriage. Her aunt, who was quite wealthy, had made her her heir provided she would stand by the old lady so long as she lived. This, of course, precluded marriage. Almsworth had joined them in Hongkong for the purpose of persuading her to marry him. As she had consented to do so on impulse, as to their future nothing had been decided when they parted. If the wife left her aunt for her husband she must give up a fortune. It was possible that had Almsworth lived the couple might have lived apart till the aunt died. She had a mania for traveling and had dragged her niece all over the globe with her. The old lady had finally died in London, and her niece had at last acquired the fortune for which she had paid a good price.

I thought myself of the note Almsworth had given me for delivery, but I had long ceased to carry it with me at sea, so I took the lady's address and agreed to take it to her after reaching port.

When my ship sailed again I did not sail with her. I had delivered Almsworth's note to his wife, who tore it open, read it and looked at me with a singular expression on her face. Involuntarily I reached for the paper, but she declined to let me have it; then, suddenly changing her mind, she handed it to me and turned away as I read it. It contained a request that she should marry the man who had been kind to her husband and whom he so well loved.

Thus it was, as I have said at the beginning of my story, that I became a participant in a strange happening which made me the husband of one who expected to pass her life with another man. I married her, and it was with means provided by her that I was enabled to establish myself as a medical practitioner ashore.

A Sad Mistake. The wife cooked a dish of prunes, which appeared to find no favor with members of the family. The prunes "went begging" for a day or two until the husband, tired of seeing them, decided to get rid of them.

The next evening he found a big dish of prunes at his place. "You liked those other prunes a well," said his wife, "that I thought I would cook some more."—Indianapolis News.

He Took After Mother. The star pupil arose at the school entertainment to declaim his piece. "Lend me your ears," he bawled. "Huh," sneered the mother of the opposing but defeated pupil, "that's Sarah Jane Dorn's boy. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."—Exchange.

SAFE RULES.

It is given to few persons to keep this secret well. Those who lay down rules too often break them, and the safest we are able to give is to listen much, to speak little and to say nothing that will give ground for regret.—La Rochefoucauld.

A BRILLIANT DEFENSE

By GEORGE B. BURTON

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Joseph Markland, cashier of the 17th National was on trial for violation of the banking laws. There was no more scrupulously honest man than Markland, but the case against him was complicated. His conviction or acquittal depended largely upon how it would be handled by the state attorney and counsel for defense. Eyan McCord, the prosecutor, was a rising young lawyer, ambitious for political preferment. There had been much grumbling by certain malcontents that it was impossible to convict criminals. McCord, in order to make capital for himself, resolved to make a strenuous effort to convict every prisoner who came before him. Markland was among the first and McCord sent him, knowing him to be an innocent man, to the penitentiary.

Years passed and McCord had returned to the practice of the law as an advocate. One day a man accused of forgery sent for him and asked him to take his case. McCord assented and asked the man to tell him all about it.

"Not on my life," said the man. "If you defend me on lines that would appear proper I shall be convicted. I know that you are a brilliant lawyer and I wish to secure my acquittal by some brilliant stroke that will convince the jury of my error."

McCord assented. Yet there was one criminal to convict whom he would give even a life's success. He had had a brother who had been murdered. The murderer had covered his tracks so adroitly that even the shrewdest detectives could not find the slightest clue to his identity. Twenty years had passed since the tragedy, and every year Eyan McCord's desire for vengeance upon his brother's slayer increased till it approached monomania.

Stanwick, whom McCord undertook to defend by using his own wit rather than by establishing his innocence, though much run down, gave evidence of once having been a gentleman. He was past middle age and had the hard look on his face of one hardened to crime. He produced a very bad effect on the jury from the start, and McCord saw that the opportunity to show his skill in legal manipulation of a case was a great one. Proud as he was of his powers, he threw himself into the case with all his ability.

A forgery case is necessarily complicated. To convict a person of writing a man's name so like that person himself would write it involves the opinion of experts in cryptography, who are apt to disagree. McCord by cross-examination greatly added those experts who testified that the accused had not, and threw doubt on the evidence of those who testified Stanwick had committed the forgery. From the counsel's prominence a great deal of interest was manifested in the case, especially by members of the bar, who attended the trial in large numbers to witness McCord's ingenious professional devices.

What was especially noticeable was the absence of anything like harmony between counsel and client. The repulsive face of the prisoner was the study of all present and was considered the weakest element in the defense. Moreover, now and again that face was bent upon McCord with a malignant expression. It seemed as if the man was as indifferent to his acquittal as his counsel was eager for it.

These features rendered the case supremely interesting not only to attorneys, but to the public. The newspapers were filled with detailed reports of the trial and comments on the brilliant expedients used by the counsel for the defense. Therefore as the legal tournament, as it was called, drew toward a close the interest in it increased. McCord rested a day before summing up, and his speech on that occasion was regarded a masterpiece of legal defensive ingenuity.

When the case was given to the jury it was the opinion of most of those present that had it not been for the strong evidence adduced by the prosecution and the bad impression created by the prisoner McCord would have surely won. As it was, the case was in doubt. The jury, however, were not out more than an hour when they sent in word to the court that they had reached a verdict. Then they filed in, and before a mute, expectant audience the foreman delivered the verdict:

"Not guilty."

Then occurred the most singular inconsistency of the whole affair. Stanwick, who might have been supposed to give some expression of thankfulness, turned upon McCord a look of one who had taken a malignant vengeance.

However, this was the last of a celebrated case, and in a few minutes after the discharge of the prisoner the courtroom that had been the scene of an interesting struggle was emptied.

For a week McCord was in receipt of constant congratulations upon his brilliant achievement. When the set encomiums were being heaped upon him he received the following letter:

Go on hunting me as you have been doing for so many years. I hate you and all your tribe. Years ago I got revenge on your brother, and I have now "done" you. I am not Stanwick, but Ben Towler, who disappeared years ago. Markland once did me a favor.

McCord never took another case.

The Real Reason. "I wonder why that rich young widow seemed to really mourn her elderly husband?"

"She didn't mourn him. She was mourning because she doesn't look well in black."—Baltimore American.

A Feminine Notion. Mrs. Post—But why adopt a baby when you have three children of your own under five years old? Mrs. Parker—My own are being brought up properly. The adopted one is to enjoy—Judge.

TALES OF CATS.

Stories That Came From the Historic Tower of London.

Two stories of the intelligence and sympathy of our feline friends were told me during one of my numerous visits to the Tower of London while I was living in England.

Southampton was a prisoner in the Tower with the Earl of Essex during Elizabeth's reign. In some strange way he was recognized, finally, as a favorite cat of his found his abode and suddenly appeared to him, having made an entrance down the chimney. After his release by James I., Southampton had his picture painted with his faithful friend at his side. The portrait, I believe, can today be seen at Wilbeck abbey.

The other tale is of Sir Henry Wyatt, who was committed to the Tower during the reign of Richard III. and suffered much from want of clothing and food. He would have perished if a cat had not come down into his room and wormed him by lying on his breast and saved him from starvation by bringing him an occasional pigeon caught on the leads. Although the keeper was under orders not to improve his food, he agreed to cook anything which Sir Henry provided, and the pigeons which the cat brought saved his life. He also had a picture painted showing the cat offering a pigeon through the bars of his cell.—Our Dumb Friends.

MOCK WINDOWS.

They Were Common in England When Real Ones Were Taxed.

The window tax in England, a very old tax commencing in the reign of William III., was not discontinued until Lord St. Helier changed it to the house duty in 1851.

It must have caused a great amount of consumption, anemias and other foul air maladies, for in 1850 there were only an average of six windows in English houses. Indeed, the British architects are not yet free from the bad influence of this tax.

In very many old houses in England today there may be seen mock windows painted on the walls for symmetry—hideous things. Not only were gilded windows taxed, but any hole in the wall was included. Indeed, in the early days only very rich people in England had glass windows, and so precious were these that they were carried from one home to another when people moved their quarters.

Curious devices were practiced to escape the tax, such as extending one window across two houses or making a very wide division between two panes of glass. The loss to the nation must have been a hundredfold the revenues collected from this bad tax.—Boston Herald.

The Word "Set."

What is the favorite word of the English language? The Germans have their "schlag" and "zug," which cover many meanings. But we best them in the one word—"set," which you might suspect of the supremacy of ambiguity—but "set." One always thought that "post" was the word that meant all things and nothing. The punster should watch the word "set," which has achieved nearly seventy columns in the new English dictionary. It is a small word, but its meanings are almost unlimited. You should set to work on the word, which you use every day in a hundred senses. And it would be a pleasant, popular game to set down the number of ways in which you have used that word during the day. "Set to partners" you might call it.—London Chronicle.

Hard Questions.

Oh, tell me, does the setting sun e'er feel a sinking pain? Why is (inform a "Fuzled One") a weathercock so vain? Do stars require a gun to shoot? What makes a huckleb' pull? What taller makes the chimney's soot? Who writes the corner's tall? And why are dogs so lovable, however much they whine? Pray tell me, Mr. Editor, what makes the fir tree pine?

Why is a vessel's hind part stern? Who sings an old hen's lay? Please tell me, for I'd like to know, who wears the close of day?—London Answers.

The Greek Figure.

Greek figures of men appear taller and more graceful than those of moderns. Modern artists make the upright figure seven and one-half times the length of the head. The Greeks made it eight times, lengthening the shin, and the longer sweep from knee to heel gave the figure increased grace and dignity. The same plan was frequently adopted by Lord Leighton, in whose paintings the same effect is obtained.

His Method.

"I always did make a bit with the women," bragged Henry VIII. "With your wit, sire?" murmured the obsequious courtier. "No," answered the monarch, with a sly smile, "with an ax."—Baltimore American.

She Was Anticipating.

"When he proposed to her she knocked him down." "Gracious! What did he say to that?" "He yelled 'Hold on, hold on! We ain't married yet!'"—Houston Post.

Words With the Teacher.

First Pupil—"What makes you so late?" Second Pupil—"I had words with the teacher. First Pupil—Yes? Second Pupil—"But I could not spell them."—Judge.

Two Jobs.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between a political job and any other job? Paw—You have to work hard to get a political job, my son, and you have to work hard to hold the other kind.—Judge.

Straight at It.

There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a world wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America OF CHICAGO, IN THE STATE OF ILLINOIS	
On the first day of December, 1912, made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law.	
Amount of capital stock paid up.....	\$ 500,000.00
Premiums received during the year.....	66,963,011.46
Interest, dividends, and rents received during the year.....	113,686.91
Amount from other sources received during the year.....	2,121,783.15
Total income.....	\$69,800,582.52
DISBURSEMENTS	
Paid for losses, endowments, annuities and surrenders.....	\$6,353,698.07
Dividends paid to policy holders during the year.....	223,116.64
Total paid on capital stock during the year.....	45,117.68
Commissions and salaries paid during the year.....	911,648.97
Taxes, licenses, and fees paid during the year.....	49,322.34
Amount of all other expenditures.....	377,976.99
Total expenditures.....	\$6,980,282.91
Market value of real estate owned.....	239,960.71
Market value of stocks and bonds owned.....	6,284,278.08
Loans on mortgages and collateral, etc.....	1,609,317.90
Premiums notes and policy loans.....	1,921,508.78
Cash in banks and on hand.....	222,269.20
Net uncollected and deferred premiums.....	238,551.06
Other assets net.....	103,094.10
Total assets.....	\$11,665,006.92
Less special deposits in any state (if any there be).....	—
Total assets admitted in Oregon.....	\$11,665,006.92
Net reserve.....	\$ 9,963,193.64
Total policy claims.....	45,117.68
All other liabilities.....	212,908.60
Surplus apportioned and unapportioned.....	944,391.54
Total liabilities exclusive of capital stock of \$500,000.....	\$11,100,608.82
Total insurance in force December 31, 1912.....	\$77,339,793.19
BUSINESS IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR	
Total risks written and assumed during the year.....	\$1,485,490.36
Gross premiums received during the year.....	45,117.68
Premiums returned during the year.....	9,354.62
Losses paid during the year.....	9,354.62
Total amount of risks outstanding in Oregon December 31, 1912.....	\$2,946,911.70

National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America
By A. M. JOHNSON, President.
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