

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

William T. Andrew has been appointed logging engineer in the forest service at Portland at \$2500 a year.

The Oregon supreme court has decided that the Day bill, calling a special referendum election for next November, is constitutional.

According to a La Grande ordinance recently passed every citizen has a right to kill a dog found running at large without a muzzle.

The farmers of McCoy have organized a Farmers' Society of Equity with a large membership. Its object is the systematic marketing of farm products, and J. P. Sears is president.

In Oregon approximately 75,000 acres have been restored as non-tilable lands and about 12,000 acres were withdrawn for waterpower or reservoir sites.

No dogs from Oregon will be permitted to be brought into the state of Washington until the quarantine established by the Washington state veterinarian is raised.

Probably \$1500 will be added to the annual budget of the University of Oregon because of the new eight-hour law in Oregon, which forbids laborers for the state working more than the specified maximum.

The desert land board has approved the plan of Project Engineer O. Lanier for the main feed canal of the Tumalo project, which will be about seven miles long. Construction can be commenced immediately.

Scarlet coats will be worn by all Oregon hunters in future as a precaution against accidental shooting. If the recommendations of William L. Finley, state game warden, are carried out.

Medford business men are planning with Rev. R. W. McCullough of the Baptist church to establish a university in that city, with courses in horticulture, law, medicine, and liberal arts.

The following nominations of Oregon postmasters have been made by the president: Marshall W. Malone, Linton; J. W. Boone, Prineville; Iva E. Dodd, St. Helena. He has also nominated L. E. Plankham of Hawaii to be governor of Hawaii.

It is announced from Salem that several Oregon counties are preparing to take advantage of the good roads legislation passed by the last Oregon legislature, and that the services of H. L. Bowby, state highway engineer, are in demand.

Charles Jamieson of Bandon, who owned a placer gold mine on the Sixes river in Curry county, has sold the property for \$30,000. The purchasers were men from Minnesota who have put 50 men at work developing the mine.

Salmon fishing on the lower Rogue river has been more extensive this season than ever before. This is the first season the river has been open to commercial fishing for several years and there are several firms buying and packing the fish.

Senator Lape has introduced a bill in the senate providing that farmers or fruitgrowers may manufacture or distill alcohol from their surplus farm products without the payment of a tax, by making monthly reports to internal revenue officials.

Petitions have been filed at Oregon City asking for a recall election against County Judge Beattie, and County Commissioner Blair, who are accused of negligence and of failing to account for county funds. Over 1700 voters signed both petitions.

The Oregon supreme court has confirmed the lower court for Jackson county in sentencing Mike Spanos and Frank Seymour to death for murder in the first degree. Efforts were made to show that the confessions had been extorted from the men by "third degree" methods.

Mrs. Louise Hollenbeck was killed by a live wire in the basement of the Hotel Enterprise at Enterprise, which her father conducts. It is presumed that in taking down an electric lamp in order to change a globe her hand came in contact with a wire from which the insulation had worn, and that death resulted instantly. Her body was found by her father an hour after she had entered the basement.

Indians on the Klamath reservation have petitioned the secretary of the interior to take steps to amend the Indian appropriation bill authorizing the construction of the Molec project so the cost shall be reimbursed only by persons whose lands lie under the project.

Mrs. G. H. Eddy and Mrs. August Kassek, residing in the northern part of Josephine county, were struck by a bolt of lightning and instantly killed while removing clothes from a clothes line. The women were recent arrivals from Ohio, and their husbands are officers of the Ohio-Oregon Land & Power company.

President Robert Straborn announces that the construction operations of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern railroad would call for the expenditure of several millions of dollars in Oregon this year. The holding up of the Southern Pacific \$50,000,000 loan in California would delay but would not prevent these activities, he said.

Cousin Danny

He Had the Klondike Fever

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Danny Roland went to seek his fortune in the Klondike he carried with him the prayers and loving thoughts of his aunt and cousins with whom he had made his home since an early orphaned boyhood.

"We'll all ride in automobiles when I come back!" shouted Danny over his shoulder to the little group on the station platform.

Four long years passed after Danny went away to the gold country, and now the Rolands had news of his homecoming. They had heard from him as often as the postal facilities would admit, for sometimes he was far from any station. At first he had written of the country, the people, the strange, new life and of his hopes for success. When he returned with the gold that must surely be his for the taking they would leave the little California home among the roses and firs forth to some large city of the eastern states where the greatest enjoyment is supposed to be extracted from the possession of money. That was during the first two years. Since then Danny's letters had been less confident, and there was between the lines a vague, homesick longing that impelled Mrs. Roland to urge her nephew to return home whether he had attained his coveted object or not.

"Poor Danny," murmured Rose Roland as her mother finished reading the last letter. "How eager he was when he went away from us and how

hopeful his letters have been! Just think of the hardships he must have suffered in that cold, strange country!" Both smiled softly. She was the youngest, and she had missed Danny more than anybody else. To her the tall, handsome cousin was a gallant knight gone forth to seek fortune for his lady, who was imprisoned in a rose embowered castle.

"He should be home by the 1st of May. Don't you think so, mother?" asked Rose from her low seat near the open window.

"At the very latest. Now, daughters, remember that he must have a royal welcome, for think of his bitter disappointment at his failure to succeed in his undertaking!"

"It always feels that those who make the failures of life should receive the warmest sympathy and tenderest welcome," said Rose quietly. "It is easy to bear success, but failure bears almost the silence of friends is twice bitter."

All the way down in the train to the little bungalow on the outskirts of Los Angeles Danny Roland talked to his traveling companion of the aunt and cousins whom he had left behind on his trip to the Klondike. They were both tall, stalwart, brown young men, with clear eyes and good, clean-cut features. They did not look like two disappointed gold seekers, yet that is what they were.

"You will be glad to see your folks again, Dan," said the other rather wistfully. "I wish there was a welcome waiting for me somewhere; but you know, all my people died before I left home. I must peg out a new place for myself in Los Angeles."

"Then you're going back on your promise to go home with me?" demanded Danny fiercely.

"Not at all," explained Arthur Clifford. "Only I was just moaning a little about it because I didn't have a loving aunt and two pretty cousins to greet me. It's fine of you, Dan, to ask me to go with you. I wish you wouldn't insist on my accompanying you to the house tonight. Surely they will want to see you alone the first."

"Shut up!" commanded Dan crisply. "They will be delighted to see any man who saved my life. I hope you don't think I have forgotten about that leg gory and how you..."

"It's your turn to shut up," grunted his companion. "If I'm not mistaken this is Los Angeles, eh?"

"Come on, then," and Danny wrenched himself down the aisle as the train drew to a creaking, wheezing standstill. After they had claimed their baggage and given orders for its delivery—Danny's to his suburban home and Arthur Clifford's to a convenient hotel—they boarded a trolley car which would take them within a mile of their destination.

As the car whizzed out Danny's heart beat faster and a slow red burned into his cheeks. His homecoming was a very different one from that he had planned and four years ago, when the spirit of adventure laid a strong hold upon him

and led him far away from the vine-covered hillside bungalow. Now he could see that he had perhaps neglected a son's duty in leaving these women who his family to manage the vineyard as best they could with hired help while he went rainbow chasing to the cold regions of the north. That was what he called it, "rainbow chasing," and it is just as profitable," he muttered to himself as the car reached its terminus and they tumbled out.

Their way lay through hedges of wild roses and oleostylis. In the background were groves of orange and sunny slopes gray-green with young olive trees. There were the smell of honeysuckle and geranium and the song of many birds.

The two young men swung along the beautiful highway, one with a rapidly beating heart at the coming reunion, the other with a placid sense of expectation in the new friends he was about to make. Surely if they were Dan Roland's people they would be friends of his.

During the long nights when the comrades had slept together in the northern cold each had confided to the other all his history, and Dan Roland's had chiefly to do with his aunt and cousins, and he had talked so much about them that Arthur Clifford began to feel that he, too, was acquainted with them. He had almost fallen in love with sweet Rose, whose picture was included in the three which Dan treasured.

"Here we are!" shouted Danny excitedly, and he ran forward the last few steps that separated them from a rustic gate set in a privet hedge, which in its turn was half smothered in Cherokee roses. Clifford hung back that his friend might have his meeting uninterrupted, and he bore no grudge that Danny forgot him for the moment.

Three women sitting in the veranda of the bungalow were gathered into his arms, and there was laughter and tears mingled with their joyous reception of the cousin who was more like a son and brother than a more distant relation. Clifford turned his back on the happy scene and looked away over the flower decked fields.

Danny's voice brought him up the gravelled path to the foot of the steps, where he stood with bare head while he was introduced to Mrs. Roland and her two lovely daughters.

"I am so glad that our little house is roomier than it looks," said Mrs. Roland cordially. "Danny's friend must not think of going to a hotel, Mr. Clifford."

Arthur Clifford expressed his thanks and was only too glad to accept the warm invitation to remain a little while. He had scarcely taken his eyes from Rose's face, except when he saw that his glance embarrassed her, and then he stole a look now and then to satisfy himself that she was fresh and blood and not some beautiful creature of his imagination which might vanish at any moment.

Danny was relating to his cousins the story of how Arthur Clifford had saved his life two years before and how ever since that thrilling rescue they had been chums and inseparable friends. Both sat entranced under the spell of his graphic recital. This cousin was far handsomer than her knight of the air, and her maiden heart was stirred strangely.

When they went in to the luncheon that Mrs. Roland had prepared Danny paused for a moment with one hand on the back of his chair. "Aunt Cecilia," he said soberly, "this is a very different homecoming from the one I had planned when I went away. Do you remember my airy promises of automobiles and Paris gowns and steam yachts and horses? Here I am, not a penny richer by my gold digging, bringing a fellow prospector home with me, one whose fortune has been the same as my own, and yet you welcome us as if we were returning home laden with Klondike spoils." He looked around at the three loving faces with tear dimmed eyes.

"But, Danny, dear," protested gentle Mrs. Roland, "you know we never cared about the money. We would rather have had you with us than all the gold in the world. Money isn't everything, my dears." She smiled on them as they gathered around the table, and she poured the tea while her eyes glistened with happiness.

The rose covered bungalow still stands behind the privet hedge. Mrs. Roland and her youngest daughter and her daughter's husband live there. For Beth is married to Danny.

Not far away is another little home, where Arthur Clifford and his wife, Rose, live an ideal existence among the roses. All about them spread the profitable vineyards and the sunny olive slopes. In their hearts is a great contentment that money cannot purchase.

"We came back practically poor men, yet we would not change places with the richest Klondike millionaire," Danny Roland said once, and Arthur Clifford emphasized his concurrence in this statement with a look at his beautiful wife.

The White Headed Boy. The phrase "his mother's white headed boy" is as old as the hills in Ireland. It appears in many of the Irish fairy stories of the last century. Irish mothers who knew good fairies always kept the secret for the "white headed boy" of the family. Gerald Griffith in one of his best short stories years ago used the phrase as one he had borrowed from an old Celtic book.

GRUMBLING. Grumbling is a potent cause of ill health. It keeps the sensitive nerves vibrating with discordant emotions and not only hurts the grumbler, but every one who hears it. It really prepares the system of the grumbler for an attack of any malady that happens to be prevalent.

A Good Investment. W. D. Meall, a well known merchant of Whitesound, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine so as to be able to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the cost of his entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers.

How Their Story Ended

By LOUISE E. CUMMINGS

They were walking in a garden. The roses were in full bloom; consequently you must know that it was June.

"I wish you would tell me how you write these stories," she remarked. "I can't understand how you take persons, make them talk and do things just as if they were real."

"Anybody who tries can do it," he replied. "I couldn't write a line."

"Suppose you try. I'll help you. Take for your characters persons you know."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, there's Ferguson."

"And you?"

"I don't think you can make anything interesting of me, but you are welcome to use me. That's two men. Now you need either one or two girls. Since this is your first story, perhaps you had better confine yourself to a few characters. One girl will do. She shall be the heroine."

"Is it to be a love story?"

"Well, yes; a kind of love story."

"What girl of my acquaintance shall I take for the heroine?"

"Yourself. You'll do very well."

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I shall not be able myself heroically."

"The heroine of a story is not always heroic. The words here and male and female characters in stories when it was the fashion to make them possess every human quality. There was a villain—man or woman—whose evil acts noble persons were obliged to counteract. Our story will be a plain, uneventful love tale."

"Who is the heroine, as you call her, in love with?"

"Your question brings up to an element that is always of assistance in holding the interest of a story—curiosity. It may be well in this case to conceal her feelings from the reader for a time."

"She has only two men to choose from, you and Mr. Ferguson."

"There may be another who will enter the climax—some one not mentioned till then—who will be a surprise."

"Is he to be a surprise to you and Mr. Ferguson?"

"He'll be a surprise to me, for the indications are in favor of Ferguson."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It is difficult of explanation, but I will try. When an author sets out to tell a story it is like one moving toward an object so distant that he can't see it out. It may turn out to be a house or a windmill or—"

"An elephant."

"Just so. Now, the story in the author's mind is like that object. He may suppose it to be a windmill, and as he nears it, despite his preconceived notion, it may turn out to be—"

"An elephant."

"I see you understand my demonstration perfectly."

"Factly. Do you refer to an ordinary elephant or a white one?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"I was thinking that if the heroine took either of the characters she might get—"

"Something she didn't want?"

"Not when I'm collaborating. They must work together. They would never get a story made in the world in that way."

"Then I'm afraid it will not be made."

"You might as best tell me who is the dark horse."

"If you go on with your story you will find out all you wish to know."

"Where does your part come in?"

"Oh, my part! I'll write the close."

They had reached a canopy formed by the drooping branches of trees, where they could not be seen or interrupted. There he told her his part of the story. She listened to it attentively and even permitted him to put an arm about her waist to draw her to him and kiss her lips.

"Now, tell me how the story ends," he said.

"Happily."

Surprising Cause of Stomach Troubles. When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't linger that your case is beyond help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Mrs. G. Stangle, Fairdale, N. J., writes, "For over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's Stomach and Bowel Remedy bottles came to me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For sale by a dealer.—Advertisement.

HIRING A SERVANT. It Was Different Four Centuries Ago From What It Is Now.

A contract entered into in 1544 between a Professor Elcholtz and a servant girl, Hilla von Hattlingen, is recorded in a history of civilization by Herman Kessen. Elcholtz, who was a wealthy man, expressly declares that the engagement was entered into in the presence of a female witness. She answered for it that Hilla would prove to be an honorable and dutiful servant. Hilla herself promised to be a good and true servant to her future lord and master.

He demands first and foremost that in spinning, marketing, and so forth, she shall do her very best and look after his interests, to see that they do not suffer and not allow herself to be deceived by the shopkeepers and market women. He cannot permit her wearing silks and satins. She must take great care of his house in his absence and not permit her gossip and other good friends to run in an out, nor must she herself run off to other houses to gossip. If she is visited by a serious illness, "which may God in his great mercy prevent," she must leave the house and stay with friends. In that case she is not to receive a penny more wages than she has been getting.

The professor allows her so many kitchen aprons, but they remain his property. She must pay for her breakfast when they are at all serious. If she refuses to agree to any of these conditions her master has a right to discharge her on a fortnight's notice. She hires herself out for a year from March 1 to March 1. Her wages are to be \$2 a year, but in addition to this she is to receive a Christmas present of 50 cents, a dress as an inducement to ply her spinning wheel diligently, and a pair of shoes.

Badly Smitten. The daughter of the house had just returned from a visit to her cousin, during which she had become engaged to a rising young man whom she had met at the home of her relatives. To her mother she was extolling the virtues of her intended.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "he's just grand—so square, so upright, so highly polished! Why, even in his notes there is such a sympathetic tone that sometimes I wonder if I am not reading the music of the gods!"

"Here's 'wake, child!" interrupted mother. "Are you talking about a young man or a piano?"—London Tit-Bits.

Sealing Wax. Sealing wax in the present form was first noted in London in the middle of the sixteenth century. A sort of earth was used by the ancient Egyptians in sealing papyrus and documents. The Egyptians placed such earth on the horns of cattle, and upon it was stamped the seal of the priest. Thus were identified the cattle to be used in the sacrifice.

Cause of Stomach Troubles. Sedentary habits, lack of out-door exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your age and complexion. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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