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The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months.

A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar.

"They Know Not What They Do."

For some time reports have been received in Sherman county that certain ones in The Dalles have been dissecting travel to the interior by way of Dufur, Kingsley, Tygh and Maupin to Shaniko.

Persistent reports have reached a number in Sherman county of the superior road and the amount of road work done by special direction of the Wasco county court upon this alternative route out of The Dalles until a pardonable degree of curiosity had been excited.

Mr. Barnum reports very little, if any, evidence of road work on that route and that there is absolutely no comparison between the Sherman and Wasco county roads, and that all of two hours quicker journey can be made by way of Sherman county.

This kind of misrepresentation should not be allowed to continue; any one so doing succeeds only in killing the goose that lays the golden eggs and is not entitled to the appellation of "business" man whether garage owner or automobile dealer and tends to create a series of misunderstanding between communities that should be the best of friends.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy. If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success.

Too Large and Too Small. When Colonel J. C. S. Blackburn was active in politics in Kentucky he would rather make a speech than anything else.

Headache and Nervousness Cured. Chamberlain's Tablets are entitled to all the praise I can give them.

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Love of Miss Bobolink

Gave Up Great Career For Her Heart's Choice

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"You are going away, Bob?" asked Raymond.

Roberta Lane nodded. "Into the world, Ray. Just think how proud you will be of me some day!"

"Why, you will say, 'I used to play with Roberta Lane before she became a great singer.' Ah, Ray," she went on in a thrilled tone.

"I will drop in and see her," promised Ray. And so they parted.

Raymond Dwight was in love with Roberta. It seemed to him he had loved her all his life.

Roberta's letters came often, a white flutter of love and enthusiasm and delight in a kindly world.

It was arranged that Roberta's debut was to be made in concert in Berlin, and news of her success came to Mossrock two or three years after she had left.

"New York next," wrote Roberta. "How long to see you all again?"

"Dora Clark and Ann Dill were in a flutter of excitement. 'She is likely to come any day now,' purred Aunt Dora.

"I suppose young Dwight will be glad," remarked Ann Dill in a gossiping tone.

"Raymond—oh, yes!" Aunt Dora's tone was suddenly troubled. "I hope the boy has realized that Roberta will be changed from the young girl he has always known."

"I don't believe he has thought of all that," replied Ann sharply. "Else why should he come so regularly to see the old woman and listen to Roberta's long letters to you?"

"I know, dear, and I am so sorry! You remember the last time he came? I read that letter in which Roberta confessed that a rich and titled Englishman had proposed to her."

"When it was too late I remembered that Ray was there and I stopped short. It was very distressing."

"He was white as paper." "I know it. He has not been here since—Ah, Ann, there is Barney Gould! He must be bringing a telegram from Roberta—she has arrived!"

It was a wireless message from Roberta. She would be in New York that night. Aunt Dora must meet her at the Crown Royal hotel.

"The Crown Royal!" gasped Ann Dill as she flew around packing Miss Clark's bag, helping and hindering at the same time.

"Why, Dora, she must have married the nobleman after all!" "Singers receive great salaries," reminded Aunt Dora uneasily.

"Singers receive great salaries," reminded Aunt Dora uneasily, for she could not quite comprehend that Roberta received the princely sums she had told about.

Once at the Crown Royal hotel she was welcomed by Roberta, such a wonderful stary eyed creature, beautiful, radiant.

Miss Clark found her darling as simple and unaffected as ever, and she listened to the story of Roberta's trials and triumphs in breathless delight.

"And the earl—you didn't marry him?" she gasped at last. Roberta's trilling laughter was an answer enough.

"I thought you would understand that I couldn't," she said.

"I am so glad," murmured Miss Clark. "Who?" asked Roberta, amused.

"Because Raymond used to come every day or two," answered her aunt simply.

Roberta's smile remained, but her eyes were grave and wistful.

"Who has had the 'unfaded' importance to start that photograph?" he demanded wrathfully.

"O Laway says, Massa Raymond," chattered the frightened woman.

"Who is there?" he asked sharply. Then she came into the light, and he saw that it was Roberta in a faded pink gingham dress.

"Roberta!" he cried anxiously. She came forward, holding out her hands, her face drooping.

"Ray," she whispered when her hands were tightly clasped in his big warm grasp.

"Anything—for you, Boba," he said hoarsely. They knelt together on the hearth and Roberta placed several folded papers among the glowing coals.

The piano hummed a soft accompaniment; then the rich, golden notes of Roberta's voice filled the room with the melody of a bobolink's full throated song.

Outside the door a young man passed, with a nod of dismissal to the boy who was showing him the way to Roberta's suit.

Raymond Dwight leaned against the door lintel and listened. When the flood of glorious song had ceased Raymond knocked.

A smartly dressed maid ushered him into the parlor. Inside, he paused uncertainly. Was this gloriously beautiful creature in the soft silken morning frock the brown little country lass with whom he had played in her pink gingham sunbonnet days?

"Raymond, I am so glad to see you," cried Roberta in her friendly way, giving him both her hands.

"You nicknamed me 'Miss Bobolink,'" she ended, "and now my best number is the bobolink song. Let us speak of you, Raymond—you are a grave M. D. now. Tell me about it."

While Raymond told the simple, unpretentious tale of his days Roberta listened, reading between the lines of his hard working life among the suffering, his long drives in storm and sleet and shivering heat, of hot nights spent in the hovels of the poor and his return to a house empty of love and sympathy and understanding.

That night Raymond accompanied Aunt Dora to the theater where Roberta sang.

They sat entranced, those two who loved her, and when it was over—the lights, the music, the applause, the flowers—Raymond understood that his old playmate, Boba—Miss Bobolink—could never give up this glorious career to become the wife of a country doctor.

The next morning he went back to Mossrock and to his sick and the poor who needed him.

The months passed. Roberta's New York engagement ended, and she began a tour which was to end in May.

Aunt Dora came back to Mossrock and talked of little else than Roberta. Money was plentiful in the cottage, and Dora and Aunt Dill told how Roberta was planning to repair and enlarge the old place.

May came and the orchards were a-bloom, bobolinks sang in the meadows. Dr. Dwight, hearing them, winced painfully and urged his horse beyond the sound of the bird song with its haunting melody.

One May day was drawing to its end. In Aunt Dora's garden she was reading a letter from Roberta.

"She will be home tomorrow, Ann," said the little lady tremulously. "Her season ended last night."

Night fell, and the murmur of night things haunted the woods as Raymond Dwight drove home.

He had been a day of hard, grueling work, but he had saved two lives, and then, the operation he had performed would be a success. It had been a day of achievement.

The brick house was dark as his carriage wheels crunched the gravelled drive, but as his servants heard the sound lights sprang up here and there.

Old Tom led the horse away, and Raymond went into the house. He did not go into the study, but after a brief change of toilet he responded to Aunt Phoebe's call to dinner.

If the doctor had not been too tired to observe the fact he might have guessed that his servants labored under a stress of suppressed excitement.

Aunt Phoebe's eyes rolled wildly about, and her black face was constantly turned in a listening attitude.

Now and then a black face protruded around a door or open window, only to vanish in the night.

Raymond did not flinger over the meal. He knew there would be a fire on the study hearth, his pipe and the solace of the handsome photograph which he had brought from New York which he had glimpsed Roberta's eyes recognize. Roberta might have covered Raymond's head, but her golden voice would slip in his forever.

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Then, the amazing thing happened. As he drank his coffee a voice came from the study—Roberta's voice singing her bobolink song.

Raymond dug the bell. Aunt Phoebe nodded heavily in.

HAUGHTY SEMINOLES.

They Don't Like White Man and Wish Only to Be Let Alone.

Many people in the northern states are unaware that there dwells in the fastness of the Florida Everglades one of the most interesting and picturesque bands of American aborigines in the United States.

The Seminoles live to themselves, avoiding contact with the white race as much as possible and seldom if ever taking whites into their confidence.

While the numerous wars and forced emigration have reduced their numbers to a few hundred, their mode of living, dispositions and customs are in many respects the same as when the haughty De Soto sailed into Tampa bay in 1533.

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Independent Warehouse & Milling Co

R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

DEALERS IN Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

MANUFACTURERS OF MILL FEED AND FLOUR.

WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY AUTO AND VISIT THE DALLES STORE YOUR CAR

In the concrete, recently completed, fully equipped, roomy garage of Walther-Williams Company. Competent workman always ready to help you in any way they can at least expense to you.

WALTHER-WILLIAMS GARAGE THE DALLES, OREGON.

WHEN IN PORTLAND STOP AT HOTEL OREGON

Corner of 7th and Stark Street. CHAS. WRIGHT, President M. C. DICKINSON, Manager.

It is new, and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates \$1 per day and up.

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NEW HOTEL PERKINS Portland, Oregon.

Positively most centrally located. Fifth St. cars pass the doors every few minutes.

Popular Priced Restaurant European Plan. Rates \$1.00 and up L. Q. SWETLAND, Mgr.

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The Dalles, Oregon. Headquarters for our Sherman County friends; prices reasonable; first class restaurant with the hotel.

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Entirely new, convenient to business. Clean beds, and table the best the market will afford. Prices reasonable. Commercial trade solicited.

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Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot. Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.

SUNDAY DINNERS 35c. Opposite Postoffice

Moro Oregon.

DO A LITTLE MISSIONARY WORK IN YOUR idle days by telling your neighbors of the good qualities of The Observer.



THE RICH GOLDEN NOTES OF ROBERTA'S VOICE FILLED THE ROOM.

"BOBS!" CRIED RAYMOND DAREDELY.

The charred fragments had drifted up the chimney she turned to him with the old childlike confidence in his protection.

"Now you will have to take me, Ray," she said.

"What do you mean? What has happened?"

"You voice!" she laughed. "Isn't my voice all right, stupid? Didn't you hear me singing the bobolink song to you?"

"To me?" he questioned, puzzled.

"But your contracts for next season, Boba? Miss Clark said you were to sign them today."

"I did sign them, stupid," she tenderly mocked him, "and just now we burned them up!"

"Why, Boba, why?"

"I want to devote myself to my husband and my home," dared Boba.

"Your husband and your home," repeated Ray obstinately.

"If I ever have them," pouted Roberta.

"Oh—I didn't know!"

"You never will unless I tell you!" laughed Roberta. "Look into my eyes, Ray."

Ray looked and was startled.

"You mean that you will give up your splendid career for me?"

Now Roberta's head was on his shoulder and he did not repeat the question.

He knew that his "Miss Bobolink" had tried her wings and had tired of the world's applause.

Henceforth her song would be for him, and perhaps to croon rich lullabies—who could tell?

The Key of Death.

The "key of death" is apparently a large key which is shown among the weapons at the arsenal at Venice. It was invented by Tibaldo, who, disappointed in love, designed this instrument for the destruction of his rival.

The key is so constructed that the handle may be thrust around, revealing a small spring, which being pressed a very fine needle is driven with considerable force from the other end.

This needle is so very fine that the flesh closes over the wound immediately, leaving no mark, but the death of the victim from poison is almost instantaneous.

Wasn't She Right?

The lesson in natural history had been about the rhinoceros, and the teacher wanted to know how well the lesson had been learned.

"Now, name something," she said, "that is very dangerous to get near and that has horns."

"I know, teacher, I know!" called little Annie Jones.

"Well, Annie, what is it?"

"An automobile."—Ladies Home Journal.

The Resemblance.

Why is an old coat like an iron kettle? Because it represents hard-ware.—London Mail.

Cured of Indigestion.

Miss Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headache and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted on my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.