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RUSSIANS RESUME HEAVY ATTACKS

Berlin, by wireless to Sayville, N. Y.—The Russians have resumed their heavy attack against the Austrian lines in Eastern Galicia and in Bukovina, and in some places succeeded in penetrating Austrian positions, but are declared in the official statement by the Vienna war office, received here, to have been ultimately ejected. The statement says: "The battle in eastern Galicia and on the Bukovina frontier has been resumed. The Russians advanced under the protection of fog until our batteries on the Strips and the Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth Honved regiments and the Fifty-seventh Galician regiment, by a counter attack, ejected the enemy. Among 770 Russians taken prisoners were one colonel and 10 lesser officers. "There has been bitter fighting near Toporontz and east of Rarancza and on the Bessarabian frontier. The Russians entered parts of our trenches, but were driven back by reserves in hand-to-hand fighting. One officer and 250 men were taken prisoners."

SIX DIRECTORS ARE FREED

William Rockefeller One of Those On Whom Jury Disagreed. New York.—Six of the 11 former directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, charged by the government with criminal violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, were found not guilty by the jury that for nearly three months has been trying the case. The jury disagreed on the five others. Those acquitted were D. Newton Barney, Farmington, Conn.; Robert W. Taft, Providence, R. I.; James S. Hemingway, A. Heaton Robertson and Frederick E. Brewster, New Haven, and Henry K. McIlharg, Stamford, Conn. Those on whom the jury disagreed were William Rockefeller, New York; Charles F. Brooker, Ansonia, Conn.; Charles M. Pratt, Brooklyn; Lewis Cass Ledyard, New York, and Edward D. Robbins, New Haven. The verdict was returned after 51 hours of deliberation, and the jury was discharged.

Berlin Claims Victory.

Berlin, by wireless to Sayville.—The war office statement says that the French troops in the Champagne were defeated in an effort to recapture the trenches northeast of Maasloges, taken by the Germans in the offensive movement started yesterday. The number of prisoners taken has been increased to 380.

Boozing Boozes in Seattle Mills.

Seattle, Wash.—Charged with selling a quantity of wood alcohol, which has resulted in the death of several men since January 1, T. Takana, a Japanese, 38 years old, manager of a drugstore at 602 Sixth avenue south, was arrested.

Trivial Annoyances.

It is surprising how trivial are the annoyances which suffice to make some men miserable. A lump of soot falling on a man's linen, a breakfast overdone, losing a railway train by forty seconds after running himself out of breath, a visit from a bore when he is overwhelmed with cares, the rasping of his nerves by a hand organ when he is weary, inclined to headache or trying to sleep; even the want of a pin or a shirt button flying off at an unlucky moment, as when he is dressing for a dinner party and has scant time in which to do it—all these are annoyances which sorely try a man's patience and chafe and vex many a person more than a serious misfortune. Alexander Smith goes so far as to say that if during thirty years all the annoyances connected with defuncting shirt buttons alone could be gathered into a mass and condensed at once it would be misery equal to a public execution.—New York Telegram.

Water and Pure Water.

Pure water is nothing more or less than a chemical curiosity. Even when distilled it cannot rightly be considered perfectly pure. Mineral matter is the most common foreign substance found in "Adam's" ale. This is largely owing to the fact that all water passes through rock and soil at some time or other. In moderate quantities these mineral salts are quite desirable, as they are particularly needed for our bones and muscles. When water is distilled these mineral substances become detached; hence distilled water is useless for drinking. If more than a hundred grains of such salts as magnesium or sodium sulphate are contained in a gallon of water it should then be regarded as a mineral beverage rather than a good drinking material. The importance of water can be well realized when we consider that the very elasticity of our muscles, cartilages and tendons is due to the amount of water that these tissues contain.—Pennyson's.

The Greek Type.

A true Greek is of a distinct type—tall, slim, aquiline nose, oval face and wavy hair.

The Little Stone Toad

Strange Experience of an American Tea Buyer in China

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Amid the yelling of a Chinese mob outside the gate of the compound Davies calmly packed his valuables into a couple of traveling bags, together with some necessary clothing. Through the open window of the bungalow he could hear the weak voice of Mr. Potter exclaiming with the frenzied leaders of the mob.

All at once the yelling died down into shrill murmurs of discontent, and Potter strode across the verandah and into the room where Davies was methodically preparing for flight.

"I'm afraid we can't do anything with them," wheezed Leonard Potter breathlessly.

"Told you so," grunted Bob Davies as he yanked a strap into place. "Better get your stuff ready. They'll be firing the place in a jiffy."

The little man dragged out his own bags and ran frantically to and fro gathering up his belongings.

"Where shall we go?" he asked hopefully.

"Van Ping will get us out of the neighborhood," returned Bob tersely. He was vexed with the utter want of fact on Potter's part. He had told the little missionary that it was folly to try to argue the inhabitants of Penfoo out of the belief that the great stone toad in the temple garden had anything to do with the weather of central China.

"My dear Davies," Mr. Potter had insisted, "leave them to me. It is my calling, the carrying of truth into the dark places of the earth. I cannot let these poor heathen continue to make offerings to the stone toad. It is my duty to convince them that they are entirely wrong."

Davies, who represented a big tea house in Shanghai, was angry because he was included in the neighboring hostility aroused by Potter's ill-judged efforts. This affair would mean the loss of several business deals that he would have had difficulty in handling under the best of circumstances. He was sorry that he had invited Potter to share his quarters during his stay in Penfoo.

"Well, did you convince the heathen that the stone toad was not a weather maker?" He could not resist throwing over his shoulder.

Mr. Potter blushed. "Not exactly," admitted the missionary. "They are very ignorant and very bigoted."

Bob Davies straightened up. "Can't say I think that the Chinese belief that a stone toad is responsible for the weather conditions here is an indication of bigotry any more than the American confidence in the reports of the weather bureau."

"Well—well—ah, indeed, I presume not!" gasped Leonard Potter, as he



"FORGIVE ME, I'M WHISPERED, 'TAKE THIS IN EXCHANGE FOR MONEY' STRUGGLED WITH THE STRAPS OF HIS SUIT CASE.

A long wailing yell arose from outside.

"When is Van Ping coming?" chattered Potter. "I didn't tell you that they threatened to boil me in oil."

"That all? What was the final straw, Potter?"

"I merely went to the temple garden and pounded the head of the stone toad with a sledge hammer, just to demonstrate to them that it was stone, an inanimate object that could not possibly have anything to do with the making of conditions."

"It seems to have created a very unpleasant situation for us," retorted Davies disapprovingly.

Leonard Potter sighed. He wished that young Mr. Davies was not such a sarcastic individual.

The door opened, and Van Ping, Davies' model Chinese servant, appeared.

the poorest class of Chinese. The sampans were connected with the bank on either side by narrow planks that served as gangways, and so closely were the sampans packed that one could travel from one end of the line to the other under the cover of their matted roofs.

Van Ping led the Americans through a narrow gate in the wall and out into the coarse sedge that bordered the creek.

"It is the only way," he remarked after he had explained his plan to Davies.

"And after we reach the river?" asked Davies.

"There are foreign ships of war there. Sabe?"

"Sabe," replied the American.

There would be risk in escaping through the long tunnel of sampans. Some of the boat drivers might object, although Davies was well supplied with coin to buy their safe passage if necessary.

Leonard Potter, innocent cause of all the trouble, meekly followed after Van Ping, leaving Davies to bring up the rear.

It was an exciting experience. Danger lurked in the hidden gloom of each ill-smelling sampan that they entered. Hostility was in their rear. Even Davies' money almost failed to gain their way in some places.

Slant-eyed men threatened them from dark corners, a stony woman shrilled at them, and impudent children spat defiance at the hated foreigners. Many of the men were paid assassins, and Davies was ready at every turn to defend himself.

Once there was a little scuffle when two men darted out with naked knives, but Van Ping's angry voice sent them covering back into the dim obscurity of their hiding place.

When they had nearly completed the journey through the line of sampans a remarkable incident occurred.

Bob Davies, who was bringing up the rear, felt a touch on his sleeve, and he looked down into the widened face of an aged Chinaman. The man looked up at him from dimmed eyes.

"Foreign devil," he whispered, "take this in exchange for money. I would throw it into the mud only my wicked daughter-in-law would find it. I shall soon die, and this must not reach her hands."

He pressed a little box into Davies' unwilling palm.

"Money, how much or how little, as you wish," whined the man.

From ahead Van Ping was calling impatiently. Davies looked down into the age-smitten face, and, pulling out a handful of money, he poured it into the trembling palms of the old man.

Stuffing the unopened box into his pocket, Davies ran at top speed through the noisome deck houses until he reached his companions. From that moment he forgot all about the mysterious little box.

He felt the fresher air of the river blowing in his face, and he was relieved when at last they emerged upon the bow of the last sampan, whose prow projected into the mouth of the creek.

Here a small sampan was waiting, and Van Ping hustled his passengers into the craft and took up the pole in his strong arms.

The river stretched a turbulent yellow stream east and west. The town of Penfoo straggles along its northern bank. Twenty miles below Penfoo is a large treaty port, and Davies knew that they would find protection on any one of the foreign warships lying in the roadstead.

Van Ping vigorously poled the sampan down the river, the swift current speeding them on the way to safety.

Two days later the tea merchant and the missionary, whose business in Penfoo had ended so abruptly, were on board a river steamer bound for Shanghai.

Bob Davies sulked alone most of the time, while Leonard Potter associated with the native crew and made two converts among them. Joyfully triumphant, he sought Davies in his retreat.

"I'm sorry I didn't stick to my post in Penfoo," said the missionary regretfully when he had described his recent experiences among the Chinese crew. "I am sure that my persuasions would have touched their simple hearts at last."

"You are 200 miles from Penfoo and a Chinese mob," remarked Bob.

Mr. Potter closed his pale eyes and folded his hands over his black waistcoat. He wished he had not met Davies and offered to share the expenses of his bungalow. The tea merchant appeared offended, as if their flight from Penfoo was to be laid at Potter's door.

"I am sure I didn't invent the stone toad," thought the missionary with some resentment.

Bob Davies was wondering what explanation he would give to his employers. He had already sent in signed contracts for a large quantity of the best Penfoo tea, and he had made payments on each contract, but who could tell whether anything would come of the contracts?

"Oh, for a ranch in southern California and never another glimpse of China!" he groaned.

"I shall never forget that awful experience—coming through the houseboats," sighed Potter.

MAN AND BREAD AND DONKEY

A Daily Spectacle in Spain Between Alcala and Seville.

Bread made in Alcala, Spain, is of such exceptional goodness that the village is famous throughout the country as "Alcala of the breadmakers." Each loaf is carefully stamped with the trademark of the town before baking.

An early train leaves Alcala daily for Seville, and before daylight long lines of pannier laden mules begin to arrive from all directions. At the station the panniers are removed and placed in freight cars, the donkeys being driven into similar cars, and mules, drivers and bread are all transported by train to Seville.

Here amid scrambling, hallooting and shrill cries the animals are unloaded, panniers adjusted, and the bread sellers go forth into the streets of Seville, calling their wares and boasting of the fineness of the Alcala bread. They return at midday, pack their empty panniers into the cars, drive in the sun, light their cigarettes and smooze the third class carriage to be taken back to their home town, ready for the following day's trade.

A charge of 18 cents is made by the railway company for the round trip of donkey, man and bread.—Argonaut.

De Champion Athletes Die Young? From opinions collected from men prominent in the athletic world, among them several doctors and surgeons who have given the subject special study, it may be concluded that the average man can play baseball, tennis and basketball with safety until he is forty.

After that age those more vigorous games become a little dangerous, even to the man in good physical condition. At forty-five, most of the experts agree, golf, croquet, handball, volleyball and medicine ball are more fitting and, certainly, safer pastimes. The United States public health service discommends some of the more violent forms of sport, such as rowing, for instance, even for young men. Long distance running, jumping and pole vaulting also are considered extremely exhausting by its experts. It declares, in short, that "champion athletes die young."—Boston Herald.



BEFORE HIM IN A PAPER-LINED BOX WAS A SMALL, STONE TOAD.

all things with him. San Bong sell for very little. Where got? No can tell—no sabe. Him forgot himself."

Van Ping shook his head when Davies suggested that they return to Penfoo and try to find San Bong, who had undoubtedly unloaded some of his stolen treasures upon Davies.

"You keep—you very rich—no sell more tea," grinned the faithful Chinaman.

On his arrival in Shanghai Bob Davies consulted his lawyer, and when he had been convinced of the futility of endeavoring to restore the stone toad to San Bong he took the emeralds to a jeweler to have them appraised.

When he discovered that they were worth a modest fortune Davies resigned his position with the tea importers and made preparations to return to America and to realize his rosy dream of a ranch in southern California. Van Ping was to accompany him.

"Now, I must do something for little Potter," thought Davies. "If it hadn't been for Potter and the big stone toad I would never have been chased out of Penfoo, and consequently I would never have gone through the creek sampans and would never have met Bong and the little stone toad. That being the case, Potter is responsible for my good fortunes, so I will send him a substantial check to help his good work along."

And the grateful letter he received from Leonard Potter ended thus: "You will be interested to learn, dear Mr. Davies, that I am using this money to return to Penfoo, so that I may convince those benighted people that the stone toad in the temple garden has nothing whatever to do with the weather."

So Leonard Potter was swung once more into the circle of destiny that landed him in Penfoo, but what happened to him there history does not relate.

A Lame Excuse. "I'll never trade with that druggist again," snapped Mrs. Twobills.

"How now, my dear?" said Mrs. Gadders.

"After I bought a stamp from him I asked him if he wouldn't lick it for me, and he said I would have to excuse him, as he had a pimple on his tongue." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Where Pigs Climb Trees. Presumably the walrus and the carpenter never did settle the discussion as to whether pigs had wings, and there are persons who seriously think it was a foolish theme for an argument.

And yet is it any stranger than the undisputed fact that in Morocco pigs climb trees in search of nuts—not only pigs, but goats too? The goats are not in the pigs and the goats, however. They are of the common variety that we see in the back lots in our own communities. It is the tree that is strange. It is called the argan nut tree and grows near Agadir. Usually it shoots out from a steep hillside. The trunk is broad and fat and almost horizontal, and so are the main branches, forming ample and solid foothold for any animal which may be tempted by the olive shaped nuts growing within easy reach of the main branches.—New York Sun.

Recovered Manuscripts. The Magna Charta manuscript is not the only one that was found by accident. The "Diary of John Evelyn" was found by William Upcott among the waste paper in the lumber room at Wotton, while the tutor of the Marquis de Rouville when playing tennis found that the drum of his racket was formed of some parchment upon which was written a fragment of the lost "Second Decade" of Livy.

One of the oldest fragments of Anglo-Saxon poetry, "The Fight at Finnsburg," was found pasted inside the covers of a book of homilies in Lambeth library, and twelve volumes of the manuscript journal of the house of lords were found in the Warwick road in a cheesemonger's shop about to be used as wrapping paper for butter and lard.

This Happened in Boston. Teacher—Emerson, what is "spilling the beans?"

Emerson—Slang, ma'am, and vicious slang at that.

Teacher—I mean can you give me the definition of it?

Emerson—Yes, ma'am. "Spilling the beans" in its best colloquial sense is the unpremeditated extemporaneous promulgating of information concerning which one should have been much more discreetly inclined. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Very Resourceful. "And is your wife a good housekeeper?"

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