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Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Give Her Credit.

The housewife admires her. Oh, what a job she does! She lays about a million eggs. And never stops to catch.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is a self possession man?
Paw—A bachelor, my son.

Wu!

"The doggone railroad I will sue," cried angry Mr. Thrasher.
"For though you check your baggage you can't check the baggage smasher."

The Wise Fool.

"He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing," quoted the sage.
"Oh, I don't know," corrected the fool. "It is usually the fellow who does the leading that does the sorrowing."

Draw.

The artist got up. He was sore. Said he "I'm through! My hand! I won't play poker any more. For I can't draw a hand."

Huh!

"No business man has any use for a dead end," remarked the wise guy.
"How about the undertaker?" asked the grouch.

Dedication.

Full of criticism.
Has Hiram Grow.
He never says.
"I told you so!"
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

As popular.

In Illinois Wren.
He never says.
"Say, lend me ten!"
—State.

Not classed with these.

In Jacob Loh.
He always says.
"I'll say this pot!"
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Hating Pappa.

It doesn't pay to hate a papa. If you don't like him laugh at him. This will make you feel better, and it won't hurt him much.—Luke McLuke.

Now isn't that nice? Think how many people waste their time and their energy hating other people! It's mighty hard work to get angry. A fit of anger has ruined many a half day's work. You—yes, you—"get mad," as you put it, and you talk and splutter around and give up a whole lot of time that might better be put to your work, and what does it profit you? Nothing. Finally you get over it, and all you have to show for it is the wasted time. Philosopher Luke is right. Better just laugh about the man you don't like. You will feel better, and it won't make any difference to him.—Wilmington (O.) Journal-Republic.

Sad.

That married man's a silent gawk. He's always in the wrong. Said he, "I often long to talk. But friend wife talks too long."

Was He White?

Dear Luke—L. B. Greene was arrested here by Officer Brown. As he stepped into the black Maria he remarked that he felt blue.—Will Denoe, Deputy Clerk, Police Court, Louisville, Ky.

Names to Names.

Miss Una Lyre lives on North Fourth street, Hamilton, O.

Things to Worry About.

The Romans were the first people to shave.

Our Daily Special.

The baseball plays are not all pulled off in the baseball arena.

Luke McLuke Says:

You may not have noticed it, but as a rule the girl who looks like a doll baby uses infant class grammar. What has become of the old fashioned man who spent his whole life trying to invent a nonreversible bottle?

Maybe the reason why a girl doesn't appear on the street wearing her own natural complexion is because she does not want to be too conspicuous. Better a wife who can keep silent in one language than a wife who can converse in six languages.

The automobile is a great invention. But it is doubtful if it will ever be responsible for as many marriages as was the old fashioned horse and buggy.

All silver dollars are exactly the same size. But it is funny how much bigger a silver dollar looks when it is going than it does when it is coming.

It is all right to call a man a liar to his teeth when his teeth are false. Every man has enough sentiment in his makeup to commit to memory some little verse and to clip out and save some poem that appeals to him.

When a colored man gets to be about sixty-five years old he likes to add about thirty years to his age and tell everybody that he is thirty-five.

There isn't much high cost of living in the small towns, where the evening dissipation consists of a parade by the town belles, who walk down one side of Main street and up the other side with the male population of the town as an audience.

The most unpopular woman in a neighborhood is the one who never does anything that the other neighbors can gossip about.

Every time a woman sees a mirror she thinks it is time for reflection.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Important Occurrences of Past Week Briefly Compiled for Our Readers.

A good roads association has been organized in Union county to promote highway improvement.

The synod of the Presbyterian church of Oregon, will be held in Eugene again this summer.

The report of the manager of the Salem Fruit Union shows a business of more than \$250,000 for the past year.

H. G. Wilson, in charge of the government Indian agency offices at Roseburg, has been transferred to Oklahoma.

A movable school was held at Dunbar by the extension department instructors of the Oregon Agricultural college.

Oregon schools will observe the birthday of Luther Burbank, plant wizard, March 7, with appropriate exercises.

The University of Washington defeated Willamette University in a scrappy game of basketball at Salem, 30 to 26.

A government rifle club to be affiliated with the National Rifle club of America was formed at Hood River with 23 members.

Clackamas county has 1303 miles of road of which 866 miles are dirt road. Thirty-two miles of new road were opened up last year.

Charles Blackwell, the first man arrested for drunkenness in Baker since prohibition became effective, was sentenced to 100 days in jail.

The Western Milk Condenser of Newberg has sold all its product to French buyers and has an order for three additional carloads.

Further delay in advertising for bids for the Portland postoffice building will be caused by difficulties met in securing satisfactory foundations.

Steel rails are being laid on the Oswego, Dallas & Roseburg railroad, which will connect the Roberts creek cement quarries with the Southern Pacific.

The following Oregon postmasters have been appointed: John E. Carlson, Elgarose, Douglas county, new office; William H. Flood, Galena, vice Daisy Heston, removed.

Committees have been named and arrangements are in progress for the annual meeting of the grand lodge of Oddfellows and Rebekahs in Roseburg May 16, 17 and 18.

President Campbell has appointed a committee from the board of regents to consider whether or not some form of military training should be adopted by the University of Oregon.

The forest service has advised Representative Hawley that it will cost from \$30,000 to \$42,000 to construct a good road across the Slaklyou forest reserve to the Oregon caves.

From Portland's public high schools 302 students were graduated at the close of the first semester, and 1232 pupils were graduated from the elementary or grammar schools.

The supreme court has upheld the Portland meat inspection ordinance conditioned upon certain modifications to eliminate discriminations in favor of government inspected plants.

Mrs. Carrie Wright, an American born woman, was refused a seat in the city council of East Side, near Marshall, to which she was elected, because her husband is a Canadian.

The Hurley-Mason company, general contractors of Portland, was awarded the contract for constructing the great plant to be built in Oregon City by the Hawley Pulp & Paper company.

Secretary of State Olcott has received word from the progressive national committee that Oregon progressives are entitled to five delegates at the national convention of the party.

Representatives of 31 cooperative creameries met in Portland Monday at the call of J. D. Mickie, state dairy and food commissioner, to organize an Oregon Cooperative Creamery association.

The Hydro-Electric company of Hood River sold its holding to the Pacific Power & Light company at a price said to be \$185,000, an advance estimated at \$150,000 over the original cost of the plant.

Representative McArthur has introduced a bill granting \$5000 to Joseph Storch of Portland, as compensation for injuries received in 1914 while working as a laborer in construction of the Celilo canal.

The Klamath country is again the mecca for horse and mule buyers, and in the week just ended several hundred head of horses and mules have been purchased from Klamath county stockmen and ranchers.

What is regarded as one of the biggest contracts for freight traffic closed for quite a while is the order recently secured by the North Bank railroad to move approximately 10,000 disals of hops from various points in the Willamette valley to the Atlantic seaboard.

The first conviction for violating the prohibition law in Coos county was secured by District Attorney L. A. Liljeqvist against C. A. Machon, at Coquille, before Justice J. J. Stanley. The charge was selling cider that intoxicates.

The total registration of the several counties of Oregon, as reported so far to Secretary of State Olcott, is 17,345, of which 11,937 are republicans, 4007 democrats, 105 progressives, 282 prohibitionists, 249 socialists and 578 miscellaneous.

George Clark, a convict from Lane county, saved his way to freedom and made his escape from the penitentiary at Salem, but was arrested at Albany. Master Fish Warden Kelly has reported that the salmon catch of 1915 in Oregon waters was a record breaker and exceeded \$6,000,000 worth. He urged a higher bounty on seal and sea lions to protect the fish.

Governor Withycombe, J. O. Blackledge and Rev. C. A. Rexroad, of Corvallis, were elected to serve three years on the advisory board of the Young Men's Christian association at the Oregon Agricultural college.

Fourteen applicants for licenses to practice medicine and four to practice osteopathy in this state were successful in the examinations held by the Oregon State Board of Medical Examiners in Portland, January 4, 5 and 6.

A pruning school will be held at Sutherlin from February 8 to 12. The school will be in charge of W. S. Browne, of the Oregon Agricultural college. Demonstrations will be given in various sections of Sutherlin valley.

There is evidence of the large increase in business being done by the O-W. R. & N. railroad in the report of its November earnings. The gross earnings for November, 1915, were \$1,487,908, an increase of \$208,000 over the same month of 1914.

A second snowfall of seven inches at Quincy has frozen to the ground and promises heavy losses to sheep men. The lambing season has begun and although feed is being provided, in many cases, shelter is inadequate to give the necessary warmth to newborn lambs.

In a blinding snowstorm, which hid the signals, from view, eastbound freight No. 12 plowed into the rear of freight No. 256, standing on an O-W. R. & N. sidetrack at Celilo, telescoped or otherwise wrecked nine cars and seriously injured two laborers carried on the waiting train.

A shakeup following the recent supreme court decision holding State Engineer Lewis to be head of the highway department resulted in the dismissal of Howard H. Holmes, assistant engineer, and J. W. Sadler, bridge inspector, Joseph Wear was appointed to succeed Holmes.

A telegram has been received at the headquarters of the Klamath County Sportsmen's association from Charles F. Stone, state fish and game commissioner, announcing that the committee had adopted a resolution to send 19 young elk to Klamath Falls as soon as the snow in the reserve would permit shipment.

The farmers of Hood River valley strongly resent the action of the state highway commission in placing the responsibility for the maintenance of the Columbia river highway on the county. Petitions are being prepared requesting the county court to close the road to traffic unless the commission modifies its decision.

The appointment of Paul Spiller, a graduate of the Oregon Agricultural college in the class of 1907 to the position of county agriculturist for Union county has been announced by the O. A. C. extension department. He will succeed C. C. Cate, who has recently been transferred to a similar position in Jackson county.

Cattle in the interior are suffering from the cold, and several deaths have been reported. W. H. Officer, Esq., Grant county, lost several calves and others were badly frozen in the ears and noses. In the vicinity of Ironside, Malheur county, several cattle also are reported lost, while the ranges near Durkee have suffered.

For the week ending January 27, a total of 145 accidents were reported to the State Industrial Accident Insurance commission, of which two were fatal. The fatalities reported were Stephen Carlisle, of Portland, killed by a tunnel cave-in, and Max Braugher, of Portland, whose skull was crushed in an accident at a sawmill.

The establishment of a first class javal base at or near the mouth of the Columbia river, supplemented by adequate coast defenses and mine fields is the end for which a naval base committee with headquarters at Astoria is working in the hopes that congress and the navy department may be urged to take action along these lines.

In an effort to retain Mayor Palmer who had tendered his resignation because the yearly salary of \$1500 is insufficient, a mass meeting at Baker decided to circulate petitions at once for a special election to vote on a salary of \$2000 for the mayor, \$1800 for Commissioner No. 2 and \$1800 for Commissioner No. 3. Commissioners Nos. 2 and 3 now get \$1200.

Brazil Produces Pileswave. Among the forest resources of Brazil one of considerable value and importance is the fiber pileswave, a product of certain palm trees, which is used in the manufacture of brooms, brushes, ropes, baskets and hats. The trees also produce a very hard nut, called in Portuguese coquillo (coquillo), from which excellent buttons are manufactured. The leaves are employed for making fans and in the country districts for roofing adobe houses. For making brooms and brushes especially no other material is more extensively employed in Brazil, and large quantities are required annually for domestic consumption as well as for exportation.

Dry Farming Area To Open. La Grande, Or.—Nineteen thousand acres of land in Pine Valley, Baker county, chiefly suited for dry farming and for several years intended to come under a state irrigation scheme, will be opened to entry in the La Grande land office February 14.

The Popham Mystery

Its Solution Was to Say the Least a Surprise

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Miss Laura Bannwell's little black eyes blazed with the fire of excitement. Such a tidbit of news had not trembled on the tip of her sharp tongue for many a day, and to add interest to the matter Laura was going to see that very day at Mrs. Old Smith's, and it was dollars to doughnuts that Mrs. Old hadn't heard a word about it, and Henry Popham was her own uncle too!

So Laura settled herself in the sunny south window of the Smiths' sitting room, pinned her knitted pincushion to her apron belt, spread her fashion books on the sewing table and then looked into Mrs. Smith's wide, simple countenance.

"Terrible about your Uncle Henry," was said Laura.

"Oh, poor dear Uncle Henry!" she sobbed. "I have been expecting something to happen to him, he being an old man and living alone."

"He's only sixty years old and considered some spy, and being a cranky old bachelor, he was most comfortable living alone, most likely," retorted Laura, who in her youth had once tried to ensnare Henry Popham's heart and failed.

"If he did commit suicide I guess it wasn't because some of his nieces wouldn't live with him," Laura laughed as she slipped open one of the fashion magazines. "Look here, Annie. What do you think of these plaid skirts?" she asked.

"Don't talk to me about making up that garnet cashmere," protested Mrs. Smith, rising and twirling the bundle of dress material from the table.

"How do I know but I'll have to be wearing black tomorrow? I guess you better fit up my black taffeta, Laura, and press out that mourning veil. Do you think you could fuss up that bonnet too?"

"Likely enough," said the chagrined dressmaker, for she hated "making over." "But why don't you wait until you find out if he is dead? Maybe he's only gone visiting somewhere."

"Visiting! Uncle Henry ain't been outside of Brookhaven for twenty years except over to Redbridge to the bank. Who told you he was missing?"

"You told me," said Belle Wickham. She was coming out of the house across to death; said it was all swept clean as a pin and the attic door was locked and she was afraid to go up there. He might have hung himself from the rafters, you know, Annie.

"Seems Belle went over to take him some hot corn bread for his breakfast, she certainly does pay him a lot of attention, Annie—and he didn't answer her knock, and so she went in through the sitting room window and found he hadn't even slept in his bed nor had any breakfast. He just wasn't there. So she came to the postoffice, and Mr. Brown said he saw Henry Popham down at the mill pond last night and he reckoned he'd seen his lonely life."

Mrs. Smith went upstairs and brought down an armful of somber-bued garments, which she piled on the sewing table before the discomfited dressmaker.

"Do the best you can with 'em, Laura," she said gloomily. "I've got to go over and see Belle and Sarah Tompkins."

Mrs. Smith bustled heavily away, and presently Laura saw her going out through the gate, wrapped in a heavy blanket shawl. She went down the road toward Belle Wickham's, and the dressmaker was compelled to attack the venerable taffeta dress and wait for the return of Henry Popham's niece.

It was 11 o'clock when Annie Smith returned, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"What news?" asked Laura eagerly.

"I guess poor Uncle Henry's gone," sighed Annie, sitting down in the Boston rocker and unpinning her shawl.

"I went over to Belle's, and Sarah was there. Seems James Wahlen met Uncle Henry last night in Redbridge, and Laura he was standing on the bridge over the falls, and James says he looked despondent." Mrs. Smith wept noisily for a few moments; then she dried her tears and went on. "So he telephoned to Redbridge and just happened to catch Gideon at Meek's hotel."

"All the Brookhaven men can be found in Meek's bar most any time they go over to Redbridge," put in Laura crisply.

"At Meek's hotel," went on Annie placidly. "And Belle told him all about it. He didn't laugh and make fun of our fears, as we thought he would, but he said that he and Ned Wickham and Loren Tompkins would spend the day investigating the matter and would telephone Belle as soon as they heard anything."

"It's mighty queer," commented Laura Bannwell as she threaded her needle.

Mrs. Smith went out to the kitchen and began preparations for dinner. The dressmaker sewed and snipped and ripped and stitched busily.

Several hours passed uneventfully. It was 5 o'clock when Belle Wickham

waited on the path, her gaunt frame clothed in black mourning garments.

"I guess it's all over, Annie," she said sadly. "I just got a telephone message from Gideon. He said they had found Uncle Henry and would bring the body back with 'em tonight."

"We better go over to the house to be there. It needs fixing up—some three made and so forth," said Mrs. Smith gravely. So after while the two cousins departed, leaving the dressmaker with her hands full of mourning garments.

"You'll have to come tomorrow, Laura," said Mrs. Smith as she went out.

"I wouldn't miss it for a farm," muttered Laura to herself. "I expect there'll be the greatest kind of jealousy over Henry's will. Each one of those three women will expect the lion's share. They've been watching each other for years, afraid one might get the inside track with Uncle Henry and his money."

In the Popham homestead, on the hollow rock, there was a scene of great activity, although the three cousins found the house remarkably neat and clean for a bachelor abode. Black Hannah, who came once a fortnight to clean and wash and iron, declared that Uncle Henry must have cleaned it himself since her last visit, and the grief stricken niece admitted that Uncle Henry's suicide had been premeditated.

Fires were made in the seldom used front parlor and in empty bedrooms, and the beds were aired and remade. Perhaps the niece found comfort in hard work, for they drudged uncomplainingly.

At dusk they prepared for the supplies in the pantry, and then, gowned in deep black dresses, they sat down in the best parlor to wait Uncle Henry's homecoming.

In her mild each woman was planning how she would refurbish the room when she came to live there.

If their grief was soothed by a certain complacency in the recollection of Uncle Henry's comfortable thousands they made no utterance to one another.

At 6 o'clock there was the sound of wheels along the hollow road.

The three cousins turned pale and shivered a little. A sudden pity for Uncle Henry's last homecoming swept over them, and they glanced toward the front hall and thence wide the door.

They stood there blinking out before the darkness of the winter night. Before the gate was Mason Wainwright's best hack, the one with silver lamps, and alighting from it were several people.

It was not until they had crowded into the hall and parlor that the three cousins received a sudden, stunning surprise.

"Uncle Henry!" they screamed in surprise.

And it was not Uncle Henry's corpse that confronted them, but a rejuvenated Uncle Henry, with crisp, gray curls combed over his ears and a sparkle in his eyes and a smile on his ruddy face. He was dressed in a brand new pepper and salt suit and a fur lined overcoat, and he carried a new seal skin cap in his gloved hand.

On Uncle Henry's arm leaned a very small lady, his junior by a dozen years perhaps, brown haired, sweet faced, with quick, birdlike movements and sparkling brown eyes. She wore gray, too, with a scarf tying in her gray velvet hat.

"Uncle Henry!" repeated the nieces more faintly.

"My dear nieces," replied Henry Popham soothingly, "don't be frightened if I vague rumors of my death by drowning have reached you. Many people have spoken of the matrimonial sea, you know, and er—well, I've been getting married today, that's all. Let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Hester Popham, formerly Miss Hester West of Redbridge. Now, Annie, Belle, Sarah, kiss your Aunt Hester!"

And they did with the best grace they could muster, and when their three husbands, who had entered with the bride and groom, had fetched in a large wedding cake the relatives spread a wedding feast in the dining room, while Uncle Henry took his wife on a tour of the house. And if Uncle Henry's eyes twinkled at sight of the many preparations which had been made for a different homecoming he did not breathe a word of the joke to his wife, and she praised the thoughtfulness of his nieces and said that surely she was going to be fond of all three of them, for had they not made her warmly welcome?

And Annie and Belle and Sarah, having decided that they must make the best of it, went on with the preparations for the feast, but it must be confessed that the three husbands, who had been in Redbridge that day to witness Uncle Henry's marriage and who had joyfully telephoned a tedious message to Belle Wickham, came in for hours of stern reproach from the delighted women. But it ended well after all, and Uncle Henry has generously remembered his nieces by handsome presents, so that now they give little thought to his possible demise.

Hester, his wife, is a bright, cheery little body, and no one begrudges Henry Popham his years of belated happiness.

Peer Middle Child. Middle children are to be pitied for being condemned to be constantly made over out of the luckier eldest's outgrown raiment. How can Tommy be sure he is Tommy when he is always walking around in Johnny's shoes? Or Polly, grown to girlhood, ever had her own heart when all her life it has beaten under Anna's pinafore?—Atlantic.

Well Fitted. "Yes, grandma; I am to be married next month."

"But, my dear, said grandma earnestly, "you are very young. Do you feel that you are fitted for married life?"

"I am being fitted now, grandma," explained the prospective bride sweetly. "Seven gowns"—Kansas City Journal.

More Than the Average. Mrs. Wrayup—How much sleep do you need, doctor? Doctor—Well, the average person needs about seven hours. Mrs. Wrayup—Then I shall take about fourteen. I consider I am much above the average.—Judge.

General Washington's Wedding Present

It Was Well Earned

By WILLARD BLAZEMAN

After the battle of Bunker Hill, New York and New Jersey became the principal Revolutionary battlegrounds, though the final issue was decided in Virginia. New Jersey was the central state, and it was there for a great portion of the struggle the commander in chief, General Washington, was present in person.

One morning—it was the winter after the one in which the Americans suffered so severely at Valley Forge and the cause of American independence was at its gloomiest point—a young soldier stepped up to the sentry pacing before the door of the Morristown headquarters, and, being stopped by the sentry, he said that he had been ordered to report in person to the commander in chief. Passing into the house, he was directed to a little room in the rear of the building used in the general for his office. Entering the room, he found Washington writing at his desk. The general turned. The young man saluted, stood at attention and said:

"General, I am Private George Marcey."

"Ah! You are the man Captain Hamilton tells me is familiar with every hill and dale in this region. I have a mission for you, but one on which I cannot order you, for you will have to go in disguise and if captured will be hanged for a spy. Are you ready to assume the risk?"

"I am, general."

"Very well. There is in Elizabethtown a Tory named Tracy. His daughter, Catherine, is a staunch patriot. She has given me valuable information of the enemy's movements, but for a month past nothing has come from her. I am anxious to know if any trouble has befallen her, and it is important that I continue to receive the information she has been sending me. Go to Elizabethtown, find Miss Tracy and bring me whatever word she may have to send me. Take the road from here to Orange, and from there proceed due south to Elizabethtown. You will find the Tracy home on the outskirts of the town in the direction of your approach. You will find no great force of British troops at Elizabethtown, but they doubtless have outposts from New York there. Go, and success attend your efforts."

That the general realized the danger into which he was sending the young soldier was manifest, for he grasped his hand at the final words. Then Marcey left his commander, who resumed his work.

An hour later Private Marcey, dressed as a countryman and carrying a basket of winter vegetables on his arm, was passed out of the American lines by Captain Alexander Hamilton of Washington's staff and proceeded on his journey. Reaching a point now called Summit, from which he could look down on the lower ground, he paused to view the scene before him, then descended to Orange, where he obtained refreshments at the tavern. Meanwhile, a violent snowstorm had set in, and, travel being obstructed, he resolved to await its abatement. That night a howling wind piled the snow in drifts and rendered progress doubly difficult.

The next morning the wind had ceased, and the sun came out, though without warmth. Marcey struck out for Elizabethtown, but a few miles distant, reaching the outskirts about 11 o'clock. Approaching the Tracy home, the young man knocked at the door. A negro servant answered the summons, and Marcey asked if any one would try his vegetables. Marcey, seeing a young lady in a living room, pushed in there and began to solicit trade. When the negro went back to the kitchen Marcey asked if the girl was Catherine Tracy and being informed that she was made himself known.

Miss Tracy till then had not had any information for the general since her last communication. But the night before some British officers were stopping at her father's house, and she had heard them asking about the roads and distances to Trenton. From these inquiries and other data dropped by the officers she judged that a considerable force was to be moved from New York to some point southward, probably Philadelphia.