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INSECT TRAVELERS.

Moths, Butterflies and Beetles Make Long Distance Journeys.

Mr. William Evans, a Scottish naturalist, who has made a lifelong study of the fauna of Scotland, obtained from a dozen Scottish lighthouses 241 species of insects, which include two butterflies, 150 moths, eighteen caddis flies and lacewings, forty diptera, ten beetles and a dozen other species.

In his records Mr. Evans calls attention to several other extraordinary flights of insects.

Thus, the "painted lady," or thistle butterfly (Pyrausta cardui), has been known to cross the Alps; the red admiral butterfly (Vanessa atalanta) has landed in numbers on the deck of a vessel 500 miles from the coast of England; the common white butterfly (Danaus archippus), abundant everywhere in the United States, is said to make the 2,000 mile journey from California to the Hawaiian Islands and has gradually progressed by way of the south sea islands as far as Australia.

A death's head moth has boarded a steamer 200 miles off the Cape Verde islands. Clouds of ladybirds miles in extent, so that they resembled smoke from a steamer, have been seen at the Red Sea in 1880 is said to have extended over 2,000 square miles, and it was estimated to weigh 42,500,000,000 tons!

SLOW ACTING NERVES.

Earthworms and Clams in No Danger of the Strenuous Life.

The common earthworm has two sorts of nerves.

One of these is a thread running lengthwise of the body between the places where head and tail would be, if the creature had either. This nerve has only one use—to carry the signal to shorten up.

So when the worm, keeping underground by day, comes by night half way out of its hole and suspects, though he cannot see, the early bird looking for breakfast, whizz goes the signal along the nerve, one end of the body flattens out and locks fast in the burrow, and the rest pulls into safety.

This sort of nerve carries a message at the rate of a yard and a half a second, or about seventy times more slowly than our own do.

The other sort of nerve takes care of the crawling. Signals along these nerves travel only an inch a second. If our inner telegrams were sent as slowly, it would be a whole minute from the time the pitcher threw the ball till the batter started to swing his club at it.

Yet, as the simpler creatures go, the earthworm is not especially sluggish. The fresh water clam, for instance, gets word from one part of its body to another at only half the earthworm's rate. So it is 2,400 times slower than a man.—Edwin Tenney Brewster in St. Nicholas.

Photographs on Living Leaves.

A process of taking a photograph on the leaf of a plant is described in an article by Dr. Hans Molisch in Die Umschau, a translation of which appears in the Scientific American. Briefly, the process is as follows:

Fasten a negative with strong contrasts to a very smooth, thin, hairless growing leaf, such as the Indian cress, scarlet runner or nasturtium, and leave it exposed to strong sunlight for several hours. Then cut the leaf from the plant, steep it in boiling water for half a minute, then immerse it in warm 80 per cent alcohol. After a little time the leaf, now white, is immersed in a dilute tincture of iodine. The result is a positive photograph, often of surprising sharpness.

Capable of Correcting the Dictionary.

It is futile to attempt to instruct the forward youth of this our day. One who sat at lunch with us the other day remarked in the course of a narrative, "and then the poor fellow sat and wrang his hands."

"There is no such word as 'wrang,'" said we.

The Agitation of David Mawes

His Ambition to Serve Is Given the Right Course

By EDWARD BOLTWOOD
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When the address was finished David Mawes did not join in the perfunctory handclapping, but remained motionless on a rear seat in the hall, staring blankly at the speaker of the evening.

David's meek face was paler even than usual, and he kept rubbing in a dazed sort of fashion a shabbily gloved finger across his unobtrusive chin. The officers of the Civic Betterment club were talking on the platform steps with the speaker, a tall, lean man, gray at the temples. David did not know him.

Dr. Kellogg, the treasurer of the club, waddled along the aisle and touched David's shoulder.

"Anything wrong with you, Mawes?" he asked, with a professional glance.

"Thanks—nothing—nothing at all!" hesitated David, rising stiffly. "Who is that man on the platform, doctor? I was too late to hear the introduction. Is that Mr. Scott?"

"No, Scott couldn't come, so he sent that man as a substitute at the last minute." The doctor frowned and twisted the heavy watch chain on his capacious waistcoat. "We are greatly disappointed," continued Kellogg. "That man's name is John Tyack. I believe he runs a mission in the slums down in New York. We have got to put him up tonight at the hotel."

"So Mr. Tyack will be here tomorrow morning, will he, doctor?" David asked.

"Guess so," grumbled the doctor. "But the sooner we ship him out of the village the better, I say. Why, the fellow's an agitator—a rank agitator! We don't want such troublesome folks here in Shornhill."

"That's right—an agitator," assented David thickly.

The cool night air somewhat revived Mawes. He gazed wistfully for a moment in the direction of the hotel. Soon, however, he shook his head. His craving to meet and talk with John Tyack was almost a physical need, but David decided to try to wait until the morning, when he might find Tyack disengaged.

Although the quiet village street was empty, David's fevered imagination peopled it as he walked along the sidewalk. He was like one who after a lifetime's blindness suddenly and miraculously sees. To David's disordered vision the roadway was thronged with gaunt men, bent by weary, patient women; with joyless children born to poverty. John Tyack had said that these plodders must be helped, and every flaming word he had spoken seemed calculated to fire the sensitive soul of David Mawes.

"Whose life," growled David, "has been so useless as mine to mankind?"

She gave Tyack the rose from her breast.

Whose life so narrow? What good has it ever done? He paused with a hand on the latch of his gate. "And who is more free than I," he added, "to serve among the helpers under John Tyack? I'll do it! He has made me understand at last! I'll do it!"

David scowled thoughtfully at the two storied wooden house beyond the gate. The house lacked repainting, but around it a flowering garden made a brave show in the summer. David Mawes and his sister Angela had inherited this little property from their grandfather, and they lived there together. Neither of them had ever married.

In the morning when David came down to breakfast after a sleepless night he looked soberly out of the open window at Angela in the garden.

"I'm ready, Angela," he called; rather unsteadily, for since the kindling of his great resolve he had not seen her until now.

"Yes, yes, dear, I'm coming!" Angela's voice was always bright, although her sweet face was grave and placid as a nun's. She was only a year younger than David, who was forty. Nevertheless, her figure was still girlish and slender in her simple lavender gown.

"And how was the meeting, David?" questioned Angela, pouring the coffee. "Was the famous Mr. Scott as interesting as his books?"

"Well, Scott didn't turn up. But he sent a substitute—a marvelous speaker." David nervously crinkled the tablecloth. "His name was Tyack—a marvelous man!"

"Tyack?"

school," he repeated absently. She gave him a brief smile and fingered the single rose at her breast.

"You are wretchedly pale, David. You mustn't worry so. Don't forget that we'll have not the slightest cause to worry in a little while when the mortgage is paid. We're certain to pay it in a little while; I can actually count the months. And everything will be easy for us then, here together, until we die."

"I suppose that's true," muttered David, pushing back his chair. "You'd better order our winter coat today," said Angela briskly. "It's cheapest just now, you know."

He glanced down at her with abrupt apprehension, wondering if he ought to accept this excellent chance of telling her that next winter they would need no coal at all in the old house; that he would be in the New York slums, and that she—but David faltered. So he kissed Angela, according to their custom, and walked out.

The landlord advised him that Mr. Tyack was not in the hotel at present. "He's gone for a tramp, David. Yes, sir, this Mr. Tyack, he said that he didn't get to the country often and that he wanted to make the most of it. He reckons to take the 4 o'clock express."

David scribbled a short note, begging for an interview at noon. Then he climbed the stairs to Tibbard's office and unlocked the door, for the last time, as he hoped.

He leaned back in his chair and his thoughts flew again to Tyack and Tyack's noble crusade.

"Would the leader enlist him in the ranks? Why not? He was ready to follow the banner of such a hero, even on hands and knees. David scrutinized the clock eagerly. His mood was approaching the hysterical.

His eyes happened to fall on a memorandum slip which was nearly hidden by the blotting pad. The memorandum referred to a document which David, jumping up with a start, recollected that he had left on his dressing table. Horrified by this carelessness, he snatched his hat and locked the office door.

Noontime was only half an hour away. David, in his agitation over the imminence of the interview at the hotel, did not wish to encounter Angela. He glided like a ghost up the front stairs of the Mawes house and perceived

Angela examined her watch. "John is lunching with us, David," she announced. "Therefore I'm off to the kitchen."

"And I to the hotel for ten minutes," said Tyack, putting on his hat. "I have to send a telegram. I'll arrive late in New York tonight, and my wife will be anxious."

"Your what?" gasped David inaudibly. For a moment David was almost stunned by his deliverance. When he raised his head he saw that Mr. Tyack was at the garden gate alone. David, happy and voluble, moved along the path.

"Mr. Tyack, wait!" he entreated. "The visitor halted. 'I want to thank you,' avowed David, stammering with relief, "for what you said about Angela, that is, it was something that I hardly realized. I'm so tied down by work that I hardly—"

"That's quite natural," remarked Tyack. "You do well to work for such a woman, Mr. Mawes. If you'll allow me to say so. Were it not for you I would all Shornhill be helped by her in this fine war? I think not. It is your privilege to set the pearl. By working for Miss Angela you are nobly serving your kind. I believe, with reverence, that you are serving God." And then, as if ashamed of his earnestness, Tyack hurried off.

David's eyes filled. He stumbled across the lawn. On the piazza steps he turned to look with gratitude at Tyack's retreating figure.

"Why, I clean forgot my note at the hotel!" he mused suddenly. "Lucky that Mr. Tyack can never guess—will never know—what it means!"

The telephone hung under the front stairs, and he went toward it. But he ceased lovingly the back of the little rocking chair.

"What are you doing, David, dear?" called Angela in the distance. "I'm going to telephone an order for the winter coal," said David.

LEATHER FROM THE SEA.

The Product of Shark, Sturgeon and Angel Fish Skins.

It is a curious fact that many sorts of leather are got from sea creatures, some of which are very beautiful. The skin of sharks is a beautiful burnished green or bluish color. The surface resembles finely grained leather since it shows many tiny prickles all set one way. This property of shark skin renders it especially valuable to the manufacturer of shagreen. Since the skin is at once tough and easy to work it can be used for many purposes where decorative effects are desired.

In spite of its lumpy armor the sturgeon furnishes a valuable and attractive leather. It has been found that when the bony plates are removed the patterns remain on the skin, just as the patterns of alligator scales remain on alligator leather, a circumstance that adds greatly to the value of the product. From the sturgeons that abound on our Pacific coast and in the great lakes we get a rough leather that is used for the making of leaces to join leather belts for machinery. It is said that the lacing frequently outwears the belting itself.

There is found in Turkish waters a strikingly unattractive fish called the angel fish, classed among the littoral sharks. This fish yields an extremely high quality of green leather, much esteemed in the Ottoman dominions.—Kansas City Journal.

These southerners! He has already given me the most outrageous fattery. David, and I have nothing to pay him for it with except a rose."

Tyack smiled expectantly at David, as if waiting for a word from him. David inwardly condemned his own silliness, but said nothing.

"I shall let you judge, sir, whether it was fattery," offered Tyack. "I'll repeat for your benefit the account of my morning. I started for a walk and happened to find your cottage hospital. Such things appeal to me, and one can always learn a trick or two, you understand. So I introduced myself.

"The matron had once been a district nurse on our east side, and she was kind enough to say that she had heard of me. She showed me around. Isn't it a cheery, homelike place, Mr. Mawes?"

"I've never seen it," responded David lamely. "I don't know much about it."

"Well, it is quite unique in my experience of charitable hospitals," went on Mr. Tyack, "because of the countless bright touches which make it cheery and homelike. I complimented the matron for them."

"Oh, those are all due to Miss Angela," she said; and that is how I discovered that your sister was living in Shornhill.

"But the matron didn't stop there. She told me—"

"Please, please!" interposed Angela, flushing.

"The matron told me more," Tyack pursued. "Told me of the inspiration of Miss Angela's daily presence in the place; told me how, for her, poor men and women whisper awkward, humble blessings from their pillows."

"And it is not only in the hospital that the poor bless Miss Angela," said the matron to me. "Go to almost any house where there is poverty and illness in the village and you will find that Miss Angela has been ahead of you in her quiet fashion—sensible, efficient and kind."

"I'm afraid that Miss Holleston is a datterer, too," murmured Angela. "Well, Miss Holleston was unaware that I was your friend," retorted Tyack, "and she's a seasoned expert in charity work, mind you, not given to enthusiasms. Perhaps an outsider, like Miss Holleston, can estimate what is going on here more justly than any one else."

"Yes, you're right," said David. "I, for instance, didn't appreciate—didn't quite guess—"

His voice thinned away to a distressed silence. He reasoned sadly that it must have been this very trait of Angela's which had revived John Tyack's love for her.

Angela examined her watch. "John is lunching with us, David," she announced. "Therefore I'm off to the kitchen."

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LEATHER FROM THE SEA.

Teachers' Examinations.

Notice is hereby given that the County School Superintendent of Sherman county, Ore., will hold the regular examination of applicants for state certificates at the Court house in Moro, Oregon, as follows:

Commencing Wednesday, June 27, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, June 30, 1917, at 4 p. m.

Wednesday forenoon—Writing (Penmanship), Music, U. S. History, Drawing.

Thursday afternoon—Reading, Physiology, Manual Training, Composition, Domestic Science, Methods in Reading, Course of Study for Drawing, Methods in Arithmetic.

Friday forenoon—Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography, Mechanical Drawing, Domestic Art, Course of Study for Domestic Art, Geography, Grammar, Composition, Orthography, Physical Geography, English Literature, Chemistry, Physical Culture.

Friday afternoon—School Law, Geology, Algebra, Civil Government.

Saturday forenoon—Geometry, Botany. Saturday afternoon—General History, Book-keeping.

F. E. Fagan, County School Superintendent.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

In the matter of the estate of Luther B. Hill, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator de bonis non, under report and account of his administration of all of said estate remaining after the resignation of his predecessor, and that Monday, the 2d day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. thereof, has been appointed as the time and the county court room in the county court house at Moro, in said county and state, as the place of the hearing and settlement of the said report and account, the objections thereto if any, the determination and settlement thereof and of the said estate, and for such other relief as the court shall deem proper.

Dated at Moro, Ore., this 17th day of May, A. D. 1917.

J. F. Foss, Admr., D. B. N., under the will of said deceased. Bright & Bryant, Attys. for Admr. m185t

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county:

Rosalie Belle Bayliss, plaintiff, vs. William A. Bayliss, defendant.

To William A. Bayliss, above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the 7th day of July, 1917; and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her said complaint, to-wit: For a decree that the marriage contract now existing between the said plaintiff and yourself be dissolved, annulled and held for naught.

This summons is published in the Sherman County Observer by order of Hon. D. R. Parker, judge of said Circuit Court, made, dated and entered in said cause on the 21st day of May, 1917, and directing the publication of said summons be made once a week for six successive weeks.

The date of first publication is May 25, 1917.

J. B. Hoslford, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

In the matter of the Estate of James M. DeMoss, deceased.

To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 2d day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, he and the same is hereby appointed as the time and the County Court room in the County Courthouse, in Moro, in said county and state, has been appointed as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto if any, and the settlement of the said estate.

Dated and first published on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1917.

Julia DeMoss Manning, Administrator of the said Estate. Bright & Bryant, Attys. for Admr.

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"I'M GOING TO TELEPHONE AN ORDER FOR THE WINTER COAL," SAID DAVID.



SHE GAVE TYACK THE ROSE FROM HER BREAST.

