

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, February 8, 1918

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His Own Counsel

By ALAN HINSDALE

I am a mechanic, and my specialty is safe locks. I was sent one day to open the safe of Aaron Farnsworth & Co., the only person who knew the combination being at the point of death and it being necessary that certain funds be got out. It is unwise to force a safe lock if there is any other way to open it, and I questioned those for whom I was to do the job with a view to discovering if some one else than the safe person knew the combination. Edgar Sharpley, the assistant of Robert Wendell, the financial man of the concern, admitted that he had known the combination, but had forgotten it.

Thinking I might help him to remember it, I suggested that he make a trial at recalling it by turning the knob. He placed himself before the safe and began to make the turns, but nothing came to him. I listened for a sound within the lock while he was doing so, but failed to hear any indication of anything dropping. He seemed to me to be nervous, and I noticed that his hand trembled.

Failing to elicit anything from him, I went to work and in the course of a couple of hours opened the safe. There was no one in the room where I was when I finished the job, and after opening the safe door and shutting it I went out into the main office to report what I had done. I returned with the junior partner, who was two or three yards behind me, and through a corner back the door through which I entered was a stationary washstand, over which hung a mirror. As I passed into the safe room something prompted me to glance aside. In the mirror I saw a reflection of Sharpley. He was standing with his hand on the knob of a door opposite the mirror looking into the room. As I entered he closed the door softly, thus shutting himself out of the room.

It was evident to me that he did not know that I was aware of his presence. This I knew, not only by the expression of his face, but by the care he took to make no sound in closing the door behind him. However, I thought little of the matter. I had not been out of the room a minute, and Sharpley had been intrusted with the combination of the lock. This indicated that he was trustworthy; indeed, if he had wanted to take funds from the safe he could have done it long ago.

I turned the opened safe over to the junior partner, and, being told that when my further services were wanted I would be sent for, I gathered up my tools and went away.

That evening when I was sitting down to supper with my wife and kids two men came in and one of them, showing the badge of a deputy sheriff, arrested me. They not only searched me, but searched the house. Astonished, I asked them what was the charge against me, but they gave me no answer. When they took me away from my weeping wife and children I assured them that a mistake had been made, and they had nothing to fear from me. In going out I caught sight of my troubled face in a mirror in a rack standing in the hall.

The face of Sharpley as I saw it when he was about to shut the door of the safe room was recalled by my reflection. By one of those singular undefined connections in the train between incidents, I saw an explanation of my arrest. It did not come to me by degrees, but flashed upon me suddenly. It was this:

Money had been missed from the safe I had opened. Sharpley had taken advantage of my being at work on the safe to extract funds and make it appear that I had been the thief. If there was no evidence against me other than my having had access to the safe, there was none in my favor, for my word that I had seen Sharpley's reflection in a mirror when he was leaving the safe room would be worthless.

A Widow's Birdshot

By C. R. Lewis

One summer's afternoon a woman sat at a country crossroads. She had been there about fifteen minutes. Had she been a man there is no telling what she would have said, but being a woman, and a widow at that, she had to be content with saying:

"Draat such a neighborhood to go to."

Half a mile away on the lowland was a farmer's wife chasing a goose, while on the left hand, looking over the roadside fence with one eye half closed, was an old lame horse. The farmer's wife and the goose were too far away. But the widow was shaking her face at the horse and getting ready to tell him what she thought of a crossroads without a guidepost when a man driving a horse and buggy appeared half a mile down the Hillsdale road.

It was Hezekiah, widower, and he was in no hurry to get married again. Neither was his aged equine in a hurry.

To prove that he wasn't, he stopped every two or three minutes to see if he could reach a horsefly. These sudden stoppings threatened to send the driver over the dashboard, but they did not break the tune he was whistling.

Nearer and nearer the crossroads came Hezekiah with his ancient rig as the widow watched him, and while he was twenty rods away, she muttered:

"He looks like a half fool, but maybe he knows enough to answer a plain question."

"What?" exclaimed Hezekiah, as he came opposite. "Are you waiting here for anybody?"

"I should think I was," snapped the widow. "I have been waiting about two hours for some one to come along, and tell me in the name of old Aunt Hanner why there isn't a guidepost at these crossroads."

"Madam, my name is Hezekiah Williams," said the man as he approached her horse and brought his hand down upon his neck with a vigorous swat and killed a horsefly.

"And mine is Sarah Blackwell, but what has that got to do with it?"

"Well, madam, I am a widower, you see."

"And I am a widow, but that isn't answering my question as to why there isn't a guidepost here to direct strangers. It seems to be the most shiftless county in the state."

"The county is all right," he smiled. "I have been living here more than twenty years, and I never have nailed a new guidepost up here every year."

"But what has become of them?" was her irritable demand. "Are you going to tell me that this horse looking over the fence has eaten them up as fast as planted?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't. They are pulled up by the roots whenever a young man around here gets hilarious and goes buggy riding with his girl. If there was a guidepost here, which we both can see there ain't, what town would you look for?"

"Why, Berea, of course."

"Oh, Lord, woman, Berea has been in front of your nose and only three miles away all the time you have been sitting here. So you are going to Berea, eh? I have lived there myself since it was a town of four hundred people, and if you follow me you won't lose your way. I heard the other day that a woman from Ryefield was thinking of buying the Clixton place. It don't happen by any chance that you are the woman?"

"Yes, it happens by a good many chances that I am. I have bought the place and am now on my way over for it."

"Shoo! That's right next door to me, and I am glad of it."

It is needless to say that in due time both safely arrived in Berea, and while the widow went about closing the transaction, and making ready to move over from Ryefield the following week, Hezekiah turned his old horse into the pasture and went in to supper to astonish his housekeeper by saying:

"Well, Betsy, I have seen my second wife this afternoon."

"Was that the woman driving the buggy behind yours as you came along?"

"That's the one. How did you like her looks?"

"I don't know whether she will ever be your second wife or not. I don't think it will be for you to have all the say about it."

When the widow arrived next week with her household effects, she found Hezekiah had done something for her which he had never done for himself. He had mowed the grass in the front yard, cut down all the weeds and burdock, and thereby made a great improvement around the place. He was also on hand when the goods arrived to help unload and carry them in.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

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The executive board of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs has decided that the next annual meeting will be held at Portland.

Salem shipmen have begun a movement to force a physical connection at that place between the lines of the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Electric.

Wool stocks have decreased. Washington.—Wool stocks in the United States were about 552,000,000 pounds December 31 last; the department of agriculture announced in its third quarterly report. That was a decrease of 11,000,000 pounds from stocks September 30, 1917.

Fishing is now prohibited in a number of Klaskan county streams. The warm weather has caused the fish to go upstream for the spawning time much earlier than usual, and these certain points are closed to protect future fishing.

One man was hurt and from \$5000 to \$6000 in damage was done when the three-story frame hotel, recently constructed by the Schmitz Bros. City building company at Columbia, Ore., was completely destroyed by fire.

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The Farmers' union of Umatilla county has telegraphed the Oregon delegation in congress asking that the warehouse, where the grain is actually turned over to the government, instead of a terminal city such as Portland or Spokane, be established as a primary market.

Articles of incorporation, with stock placed at \$1,000,000 have been filed for the Gold Hill Lumber company, the incorporators being Tacoma parties. The property of the company was recently purchased by E. McClellan, of Tacoma, and is located down Rogue river about 10 miles from Grants Pass.

Superintendent Churchill has recently issued instructions from President Wilson and Provost Marshal-General Crowder, to call upon all school teachers of the state to report to the local draft boards in their respective districts and offer themselves for duty in copying portions of the questionnaires on cards which will be used for filing at Washington.

Statistics compiled at Astoria show that during the month of January 27 fine birdshot and for three nights running set by her bedroom window with the deadly weapon across her knees. On the third night she saw a man moving about her grounds, and without giving any warning she aimed in his direction and pulled the trigger.

The report of the gun was quelled by yells, which she recognized as the private property of Hezekiah Williams. Two minutes later she was kneeling beside him. He was not dead but his plot was. He had conspired with himself to make her believe that a husband was badly needed around her house for her protection. He owned up to it like a man, and after taking the matter under consideration for a few months, or until the last of the bird shot had worked its way out of his anatomy, she said to him one evening:

"Well, Hezekiah, I was not plotting to get a husband, but I am not that mean to fall a mile with birdshot and then refuse to marry him."

Ridiculous.

Lucella saw the circus for the first time and sat through the performance as primly as if at church.

"What was the matter?" her uncle asked the little lady later.

"Why, the clowns," she explained. "I could hardly keep from laughing at them."—Everybody's.

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Connie—I shall not marry a man unless he is my exact opposite.

Clara—He will never find so perfect a being as that.

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"You've broken that lecture item off nicely," remarked the editor angrily to the foreman.

"What is the trouble?" the foreman inquired.

"You've cut out all the names of those present but two and made me say, 'Scattered through the hall were J. Bronson Smithers and Mrs. Smithers.'—Harper's Magazine.

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Luck.

"How did he win promotion?"

"By being pleasant and accommodating to all people who didn't appear to be of much consequence."

"They all praised him, I suppose."

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HERE is an economy wave over the land. American people are beginning to realize that they are living too fast, beyond their means. It has been the rule that the man with \$20,000 a year as well as the man with \$2,000 a year lives up to every penny of his income. Slowly but surely this order of things is changing. The era of extravagance and waste in business and personal expenses is nearing an end. Efficiency and economy is the order of the day. Bank deposits are growing. The best and surest way to do so is to place your surplus in the bank. If you already have a bank account make it a point from today on to increase it. Add to it weekly, daily if possible.

IF YOU HAVEN'T A BANK ACCOUNT DECIDE TO OPEN ONE TODAY.

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Room with privilege of bath, single,
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Room with private bath, single \$1.50
up; double \$2.00 up.
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Union Depot pass our doors.
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and of Sherman County
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when in Portland
GARAGE OPERATED BY HOTEL

Eric V. Hauser, Owner. H. H. Cloutier, Manager

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. For any service rendered the charge will always be reasonable.

WALTHER-WILLIAMS GARAGE

THE DALLES, OREGON.

Makes war breads light
palatable and pleasing.
25c a pound.

CRESCENT
Double Acting Baking Powder

STOMACH TORN UP

Indiana Lady Describes Condition,
Which She Says Was Due To
Constipation and Tells of
Relief Obtained From
Black-Draught.

Scottsburg, Ind.—Mrs. Annie Johnson, of this place, writes: "I well remember I suffered for a long time with constipation, which would get me down. I took doctors' medicines and any number of purgatives. They would leave me in a worse condition than I was before taking, and my stomach so upset. I know once I suffered. . . from constipation, I was so ill we had to have the doctor, just so nervous and feverish. The doctor said I would have to quit medicines, my stomach was so bad. . .

My husband was reading and found something about 'Theodore's Black-Draught' and brought me a package to try. I used it regularly at first until I began to feel better, then I used just a dose occasionally. I was cured of this constipation and am sure the Black-Draught did it."

If your stomach is out of order, you will suffer from such disagreeable symptoms as headache, biliousness, indigestion, etc., and unless something is done, serious trouble may result.

Theodore's Black-Draught has been found a valuable remedy for these troubles. It is purely vegetable, and acts in a prompt and natural way, helping to regulate the liver and to cleanse the bowels of impurities.

Try Black-Draught.

EB-15