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Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, December 21, 1906

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IN THE SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

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Moro Lodge, No. 113, I. O. O. F. Moro, Oregon. Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting members are cordially invited. Members are expected to be present. G. E. James, N. G. R. M. Brass, Secretary.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 11, I. O. O. F. Meets regularly every Friday evening. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us. Home members are expected to be present. By order of the Lodge. Mrs. Mattie Mitchell, M. G. Mrs. S. A. McCoy, Secretary.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A. F. & A. M. Moro, Or. Meets the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting members cordially invited to meet with us. By order of the W. M. J. M. Parry, Secretary.

Bethlehem Chapter No. 7, O. E. S. Regular communication each 2d and 4th Thursday evenings monthly. By order of W. M. Ella Hayes, Secretary.

The W. A. Gordon Co. Bankers and Grain Dealers. Moro and Grass Valley. Receives Deposits, Sell exchange, and do a General Banking business. S. S. Hayes, Manager at Moro.

HARRY LIEBE Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler. THE DALLES, - - OREGON 303 Second Street, next door to the Pacific Express Company. Mail orders promptly attended to. All work warranted.

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The Bonds of the C. C.

By HOWARD FIELDING Copyright, 1904, by Charles W. Elboke

AN UNUSUALLY placid and innocent looking expression, mild, questioning blue eyes and a skin as fair as a child's were bestowed upon Ernest Harwood by fate, the incomparable jester. Cool, steady and alert, a natural leader of men, he had the outward semblance of the most lamblike of our species. Confidence operators perceived him instantly in the midst of crowds, and he acquired a vast knowledge of their tricks without paying a penny. With no great appetite for wealth, he yet made money. Even while in college he engaged in various queer ventures upon a capital of a few hundred dollars, a legacy from his late near relative, and at the time of graduation he was known to his few intimates to have some thousands invested in stocks. After college he spent several years in leisurely travel from one end of the country to the other, studying the whole question of its industrial development in his own odd way, and in the course of this random pilgrimage he increased his earthly possessions about fourfold. And then he came upon the adventure of the Capital Cities railroad.

This was a corporation utterly wrecked and given up for worthless. In its brief day it had been capitalized at \$10,000,000 and had sold stock and bonds, the proceeds being absorbed by the cheerful swindlers at the head of the enterprise. The road was to connect two state capitals, and construction had been begun at both ends, but had never reached the middle. A certain number of investors had had their period of mourning, and the percentage of suicides had been fully up to the average. Now the bonds and certificates of stock were regarded as waste paper, preserved from mere habits of prudence. But a certain rich man named Isaac Creamer had made a discovery about the franchise of the Capital Cities road and had secured more money in that old gold brick. Mr. Creamer's plan was too elaborate for complete statement here, but the essential point of his mad original bunko game and had attracted many reputations. The deal was by no means forgotten. It was now unsafe for any public official to mention Capital Cities stock, and though it had no value, not a share could have been sold without arousing a dangerous popular clamor. So Mr. Creamer was forced to go over the heads of these local officers. It was impossible for him to get control of the board of directors without the consent of those men, and some of them were honest and others timid, and he could do nothing with them. So he quietly secured a bill of legislation amending the original act of incorporation and providing for the exchange of

"I don't know Graham," replied the partner, "but I know the other man. He has been here twice and has tried to get information about the Capital Cities. I had him followed, and he proved to be a bookkeeper for a concern downtown—Lingard & Co., jobbers in glassware. I can't learn that anybody in that firm is connected with Creamer in any way. The bookkeeper's name is Slade. What do you make of it?"

"It looks to me as if this fellow Slade may have got some sort of a private tip, and, calling to your attention, he went to Creamer, bought him up and put him on to some job with Graham, who is probably one of Creamer's regular men. In my opinion, this is the deepest game we've struck yet."

"but, by Jingo, I'm going to find out!" At the hour appointed he called at the address given by Graham, and it proved to be a small office in a big building. The name "John Graham" was freshly lettered upon the glass panel of the door. Within was some simple furniture, including a typewriter or table and a good sized safe of an old pattern, seemingly secondhand. There was also a telephone.

These inanimate objects declared themselves in an instant to so rapid an observer as Harwood, and then they vanished from his view, and he saw only a man, seemingly secondhand, the sight of her struck Harwood dumb. Was it possible, was it thinkable, that this daughter of the gods could be associated in any way with the underworld schemes of such a creature as Graham? "You are Mr. Wilson?" said the girl in a voice that matched her numerous other perfections. "Will you sit down?" Mr. Graham will be back directly."

anything except the truth. Neither Creamer nor Harwood dared disclose their actual facts to any of those sleuths, and so they worked in a double darkness, with the most amusing results. Meanwhile Harwood lived in a third rate hotel in one of the capital cities, his identity veiled under an alias and his luxurious tastes repressed to fit the character of a clerk out of a job. He had a partner in this enterprise, and the partner was supposed to be an object of Creamer's suspicions. Therefore Harwood kept aloof from him, and they communicated with each other by telephone only.

One evening while affairs were in this condition Harwood was sitting in the office of his partner after dinner, when he was accosted by a man whom he had noticed on several previous occasions and had begun vaguely to suspect of some secret design. The man had eyed Harwood from across the room two or three times with a studiously veiled attention and once had seemed to be discussing him with an acquaintance.

"Good evening," said the stranger, and Harwood responded courteously with the tone of deference appropriate to the difference of their years, for the other was beyond middle life. "My name is Graham," continued the stranger.

"And mine is Wilson," responded Harwood. "The clerk," said Graham, nodding over his shoulder toward the desk, "tells me that you're looking around for something to do."

"That's true," answered Harwood, with engaging frankness, "and I don't seem to have much luck finding anything."

Graham looked at him steadily and approvingly for some seconds. "If you'll come to see me tomorrow about 11 o'clock," said he, "writing an address upon a blank card, 'we'll see if we can make some kind of a deal.'"

"Yes, sir," responded Harwood gratefully. "I will be here without fail."

"I'm suddenly called out of town, but when I come back we'll organize the staff and get down to business."

"And with that he rose, clapped on his hat and was about to depart when a thought seemed to strike him.

"By the way," said he, "there may be some payments made while I'm gone. Put the money into the safe, Miss Lawrence will show you the combination."

"She did so after Graham had gone. There was nothing in the safe except some new books and account, absolutely blank, and a large sealed envelope bearing the name of Lingard & Co. in the corner and that of Miss Hilda Lawrence in the usual place of address.

It fell from a pigeonhole while Harwood was rummaging in the safe, and he picked it up and replaced it.

"That is my fortune," said Miss Lawrence, with a laugh. "Indeed?" said he. "I trust that it is large."

"It's large enough," she responded, "only it isn't worth anything."

"How does that happen?" She smiled at him sadly. "Did you ever hear of the Capital Cities railroad?" she asked.

"Harwood rose and took a turn across the room and back. Of course there was nothing but waste paper in that envelope. He could break the seal—with proper caution—when Miss Lawrence was out of the office for luncheon and so satisfy himself that she was truly a conspirator; but for another reason altogether, the thought nauseated him. He looked at Hilda Lawrence, and it seemed to him a dreadful strain of destiny that she should have come into his life to play a role so mean. Then suddenly something within him refused to credit this, fought against it, overthrew suspicion and trumped on it.

"How does it happen that you have seen them?" "I kept them in the safe at Lingard & Co.," she answered. "Naturally I brought them here."

contact? Certainly it seemed to connect this young woman directly with the plot. But what was the plot? If Graham knew or suspected Harwood's identity and his connection with the Capital Cities game, why should he dream of persuading him to accept a clerical position? Was he so incredibly shrewd as to perceive that Harwood would not dare to refuse and leave so black a mystery unsolved?

Harwood's reflections had reached this stage when Graham entered. He seemed to be in excellent spirits. His florid face and his big, loose jointed body radiated a spurious geniality. He came straight to business and made Harwood a very flattering offer. Except for a suspicious liberality and his vagueness as to certain details it looked perfectly genuine.

"When do you want me to look to work?" asked Harwood. "Right now," answered Graham, and then, with a laugh: "You won't have much to do the balance of the week."

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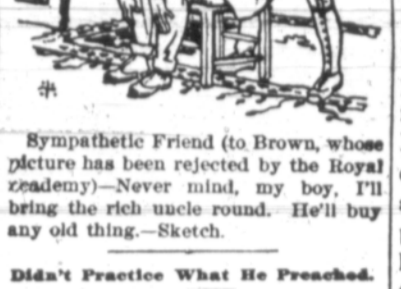
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Didn't Practice What He Preached.



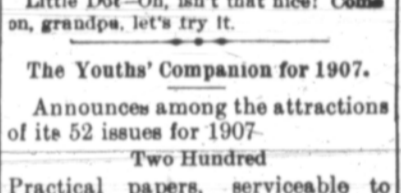
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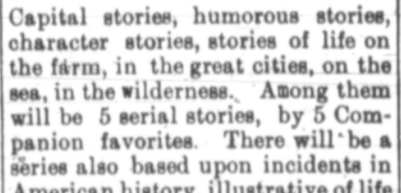
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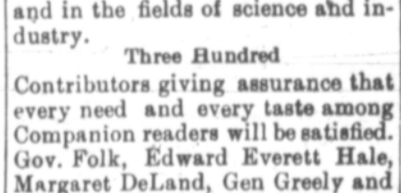
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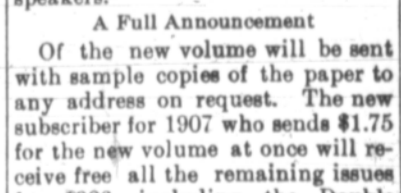
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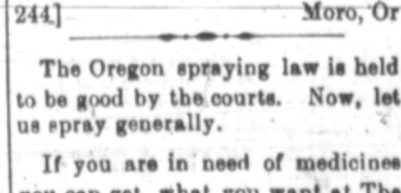
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THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

Road of a Thousand Wonders—Books Advertising the Beaver State.

According to Wm. McMurray, general passenger agent of the Harriman lines in this state, the O.R. & N.Co., the U.P.Ry. and the S.P.Ry. will redouble their efforts to advertise Oregon in the east in future. Notwithstanding the excellent advertising given this state by the Harriman system in the past, new features and new advertising departments will be added to all the railroad publications issued by the Harriman people on the Pacific coast. Mr. McMurray has secured a number of hunting and range photographs from Maj. Lee Moorehouse, and in the forthcoming edition of The Road of a Thousand Wonders, and The Overland Route, to be issued by the above named railway corporations, the hunting advantages of Oregon will be featured.

Thousands of eastern hunters come west every year in search of good hunting, and heretofore this feature of Oregon has been neglected in all advertising. The Harriman people will now place this feature prominently before the east and photographs and views of hunting scenes will have a prominent place in all forthcoming publications. Maj. Moorehouse had a number of excellent mountain scenes which Mr. McMurray found suitable for the forthcoming books, and these will appear, with suitable reading matter in the advertising publications.

In regard to the heavy travel over the Harriman lines, Mr. McMurray says it is unprecedented in the history of western railroading. Every effort is being made to add greater facilities for handling this travel. The Union Pacific is being practically double tracked from end to end, and several millions are being spent for the O. R. & N. and Short Line. Within a short time the entire Harriman system will be practically rebuilt, so vast are the improvements now under construction.

The Illinois Central

Maintains unexcelled service from the West to the East and South, making close connections with all transcontinental lines. Passengers are given their choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through these points to the far east. Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspondence with the following representatives: B. H. Trumbull, Commercial Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Or. J. C. Lindsey, Trav. Passenger Agent, 142 3d St., Portland, Or. Paul B. Thompson, Passenger Agent, Colman building, Seattle. Formaldehyde, Gasoline, Liquid Smoke, Wood Alcohol, etc., at Moro Pharmacy. Your credit is good.

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The Oregon spraying law is held to be good by the courts. Now, let us spray generally. If you are in need of medicines you can get what you want at The Moro Pharmacy, and your credit is good.