

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, December 28, 1906

Five Cents

Wasco Warehouse Milling Co.

Bankers,

CAPITAL, - - - \$300,000

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Banks at Moro and Wasco

Representatives at Kent, Grass Valley, Moro,
Wasco, Rufus, Biggs, DesChutes,
Collections carefully made. Fire and Grain Insurance
Drafts issued on any point in Europe.

Meats and Vegetables

Eatables of all kinds
at The Sachs MarketJ. H. SACHS McCaleb Building
Main Street.Dealer in all kinds of Fish and Cured Meats, Ham, Bacon
and Lard. Fresh Fish every Thursday and Friday.
Headquarters for Vegetables and Fruits. Butter and
Eggs taken in exchange. Give me a trial order.

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.

Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

Opposite Post Office
Moro, Oregon.

STOP Where the People Stop

Umatilla House

THE DALLES, OREGON.

Electric Lights in Every Room
and Electric Call Bells.

HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.

SINNOTT & FISH, PROPRIETORS
Office O.R. & N.Ry. Western Union Telegraph Co. All Stage Lines.

MORO'S BARBER SHOP

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Everything First Class and Up to date.

Agent for the Best Steam Laundry
Shop in Moro Hotel Building
EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.

MORO - - OREGON.

HENRY KRAUSE

The Leading Dealer in Sherman County
in First-class "Up-to-Date" Goods.

SADDLES, HARNESS AND SUPPLIES

Of Ever Kind in My Line of Goods. WASCO, OREGON.

Have now on hand a large stock of Harness and Saddles, Collars, Bridles,
Whips, Reins, Brushes, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Any person in need of anything
in my line will save money by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. W. Brown on Box. 25c.

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Your Advertising

IN THE

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

can not be figured as additional
expense. It is simply increas-
ing an investment from which you are sure
to receive good returns.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.
Branch, Secretary.Lupine Rebecca Lodge
No. 114, I. O. O. F.
Meets regularly every
Friday evening. Visiting
members are cordially
invited to meet with us.
Home members are ex-
pected to be present. By order of the
Lodge. Mrs. Mattie Mitchell, N. 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. 2, O. E. S.
Regular communication
each 2d and 4th Thurs-
day evenings monthly.
By order 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.

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All work warranted.

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WISSE DENTISTS

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Address: MORO, OREGON.

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A private school
for boys, preparing
for admission to any
college or university.
The school is located
in a beautiful spot,
and is well equipped
for the purpose.
For further information,
write to the principal,
J. W. Hill, M.D.,
Principal.

J. W. HILL, M.D.

Principal.

G. O. Brown 113.

P. O. Box 113.

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G. O. Brown 113.

P. O. Box 113.

STUDYING
TYPESBy EDITH M. DOANE
Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

Everybody in Windsor Falls was

"havin' it."

And because the sun is a fickle mis-

tress, first brooding over the bayfields

in a glory of burning splendor, then

capriciously hiding herself behind the

heavy clouds of a sudden shower, and

also because it is well known that

"havin' weather" waits for no man, the

farmers toiled in the hayfields early

and late, pressing their families into

service and laying eager hands on all

the outside labors they could find.

It was at this time that Jim Holden

floated into town from no one knew

where and bled out by the day. He

was tall and lank and "the golden rule"

worker. "Over see," drawled Hiram

Sears as he stepped for a moment's rest

in the shade of a spreading

oak.

Miss Levering, "the Searses' summer

boarder," slowly lifted her eyes from

her book and glanced lazily over the

hayfield to where a long, lean figure

skillfully pitched masses of fragrant

hay on to a waiting wagon. She nod-

ded indifferently and went back to her

reading. When she looked up again the

wagon had disappeared in the direction

of the big red barn, and the tall, tire-

less figure, oblivious of her presence,

industriously tossed the remaining hay

as he advanced steadily in her direc-

tion.

So far the summer had been a dis-

appointment to Miss Levering. She

had come to the Little New England

village fresh from college and with

the most ardent intentions of studying

nature and the natives—real human

people, not mere society manikins—at

first hand. Incidentally she proposed

to introduce hitherto unknown bread-

and beauty into their starved lives. To

a moneyed and spoiled young woman

defeat comes hard, and Miss Levering

did not yet admit that the "types" had

proved flatly tiresome and seemed per-

fectly satisfied with their lives as they

were.

"Ah!" she said softly as the tall fig-

ure loomed nearer. "What possibilities

might lurk under that wiry exterior!"

She leaned forward.

"I beg pardon, my good man,"

she called in clear, penetrating tones,

"but it must be very warm in the sun."

Wouldn't you like to rest awhile in the

shade?" Then, dismayed by her own

hardihood, Miss Levering blushed.

The man glanced and dropped his

fork. For a second he stared blankly

at the vision under the oak tree, a

dainty vision in cool muslin, all rose

bloom on a creamy ground. Then he

heavily pulled his face up to his head

and approached her, eying her with an

expression between admiration and ap-

prehension as the meaning of her

words filtered through his brain.

"Thank you, miss," he said respect-

fully, dropping in a warm, eloquent

benediction under the spreading branches.

There was a twinkle in his eyes at

variance with the gravity of his long,

thin face. It was not customary for

the young ladies of Windsor Falls to

address the help as "my good man."

Miss Levering felt distinctly cheer-

ful. "Haying is hard work," she be-

gan sympathetically.

"It is," he admitted. "Hard of itself

and hard because it leads to nothing

beyond itself," he added, with a gleam

of inspiration.

Miss Levering's eyes rewarded him

for his discrimination. She wondered

vaguely if he were not rather above

the average type; not that he was

good looking, but that he was good

and this for that—but he seemed re-

ceptive, and he certainly wore his coarse

clothes with an ease a city bred man

might have envied. It was a pity that

a man evidently fitted for better things

should go to waste in this little village.

He needed a wider horizon—a broader

outlook. Well, she would see what she

could do for him.

So the couple sat together under the

oak tree very often or wandered

through the shaded country lanes, and

he listened, always intent and respect-

ful, while she expounded her hopes and

aims for humanity in general and for

him in particular.

"I know I've no right," she said ear-

nestly, "but you will forgive me, won't

you? Your life seems so petty, so nar-

row, I want you to feel the stress of the

life as men in the city feel it. The

struggle, the endeavor, the thrill of ac-

complishment!"

And Holden agreed with her and

smiled upon her with a look behind the

twinkle in his eyes that made her come

near to forgetting her station in life

and her altruistic aims generally.

The sun was near the western hills

one day before the stage came bearing

its quota of daily mail. That she

might miss the glory of the sunset

Miss Levering took her letters and

magazines and turned up the road to

where from her vantage seat on a rock

she could see the splendor of the hills

outlined against the flaming sky.

Her letters were soon disposed of,

and she opened a magazine and idly

turned over the pages, when suddenly she

saw a photograph—a long, lean face,

with a humorous twinkle in the smil-

ing eyes.

This, then, explained the vague re-

semblance she had always felt, but

could never define. As she had tried to

broaden his outlook—to teach him.

All oblivious to the yellow splendor

of the glowing sunset, Miss Levering

dropped her head upon her arms and

cried.

She did not hear him till he dropped

on the rock beside her and picked up

the open book.

"Don't! Please don't!" he pleaded

contently. "Forgive me! I never

dressed you care—that way. I had to

have types for a new work I'm do-

ing. I could get what I wanted so

much better this way. Surely you un-

derstand?"

"As for yourself," his voice grew ten-

der, "when I found you had the slight-

est, I don't bear myself. 'Ah,' replied

archly. I could get what I wanted so

much better this way. Surely you un-

derstand?"

"But you let me try to help you—to

teach you," she exclaimed, furious with

herself and hating him till she looked

up and met his eyes.

"And was I not an apt pupil?" he an-

swered half seriously, half jestingly.

Then as he bent and drew her closer:

"At all events I learned one lesson

pretty thoroughly," he said.

Brahms Was Not Sociable.

Anecdotes about Brahms show the

composer to have been a somewhat

unamiable companion. His wit was

brilliant, but cruel, and his direct ob-

ject could rarely join in the amusement

it created. One story begins with the

statement that as a performer Brahms

was an extremely hard touch. This

once led a musician who was accom-

panying him on the cello to exclaim,

"I don't bear myself. 'Ah,' replied

archly. I could get what I wanted so

much better this way. Surely you un-

derstand?"

When he left the room after a lively

evening among friends he used to re-

mark, "If there is any one present

whose feelings I have not hurt, I trust

he will recede in my humble apology."

Brahms never could bring himself to

produce an opera. "If I composed one

which failed, I should certainly have a

second try," he said to pressing friends,

"but I cannot make up my mind to the

first. To me the undertaking seems

much the same as marriage." The lat-

ter institution found no favor in his

eyes, and he lived an isolated exist-

ence, recognizing no kinfolk.

Scott's Monument in Edinburgh.

The finest monument erected to a li-

berary man in Great Britain is the Scott

monument in Edinburgh. It is in the

form of a graceful gothic spire, with

pinnacles, resting on four pointed

arches. In this canopy of open arches

is a statue of the novelist and poet, ac-

companied by his dog. The designer

was George Kemp, a youthful archi-

tect who died before the monument

was completed. He is said to have

been greatly influenced by the archi-

tectural beauties of Melrose abbey.

An interior staircase conducts to the

top, which is 200 feet from the ground

and terminates in a single pinnacle.

Above the principal arches and in va-