

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

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Agents for any Magazine or Newspaper printed in the United States.

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COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

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Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, January 11, 1907

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Transacts a General Banking Business.

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Representatives at Kent, Grass Valley, Moro,
Wasco, Rufus, Biggs, DesChutes,
Collections carefully made. Fire and Grain Insurance
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Estables of all kinds
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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.

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Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.

Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

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STOP Where the People Stop

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Electric Lights in Every Room
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Everything First Class and Up to date.

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HENRY KRAUSE

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

SADDLES, HARNESS AND SUPPLIES

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

Have now on hand a large stock of Harness and Saddles, Collars, Bridles,
Whips, Robes, 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. Linn on Box. 25c.

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Your Advertising

IN THE
SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVERcan 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. Mem-
bers are expected to be
present. G. E. James, N. G. R. M.
Brash, Secretary.Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 116, 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
are cordially invited to meet
with us. By order of the W. M.
J. M. Parry, Secretary.Bethlehem Chapter
No. 70, 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.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.E. V. LITTLEFIELD
Attorney at Law.
MAIN ST., MORO, OREGON,
J. O. Elrod's brick, next door to
S. T. Co's. Store.FRANK HANFORD FRED WILSON
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HOSFORD & RAGSDALE
Attorneys-at Law,
Office in The Ginn Brick
Moro, Oregon.Ladies Fancy Note Paper, large
assortment with envelopes to match, at The
Observer Book Store.DR. O. J. GOFFIN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
DR. MARIE M. GOFFIN,
Diseases of Women & Children a Specialty
Office in The Goffin Building, 1st St.
Moro, Oregon.WISBRO
DENTAL
MORO, OREGONJames Stewart
Stock Inspector
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HILL
MILITARY
ACADEMYA private school for
boys, preparing them for
admission to any
college, school, or
university. The school
is located in Moro, Ore-
gon, and is a first-class
building. The principal
has had twenty-three
years' experience in teach-
ing. Office hours, 10 a. m.
to 5 p. m., at 221 Main
street, Moro, Ore.
Catalogue and pamphlet containing letters
of testimony, etc., address.J. W. HILL, M. D.
Principal.

P. O. Box 17, Portland, Ore.

BOY EDITOR
KILLS HIMSELFMissouri Prodigy, Who Had New
York at His Feet, Comes
to a Bad End.

ONCE "TOUCHED" RUSSELL SAGE

Toured Country at Age of Eleven With
out a Cent and Made Friends
of Captains of Industry
and Finance.Unhappy over "undeserved" condem-
nation and remorseful for his wrong-
doing, Richard Emmett Murphy, Mis-
souri's wonderful eighteen-year-old boy
editor, globe trotter, check raiser, as-
sute and monumental liar, ended his
life the other day by turning on both
gas jets in his room at 1008 East
Eighty street, Kansas City, Mo.Murphy was the son of John E. Mur-
phy, a proofreader on a St. Joseph
newspaper. When only ten years old
Murphy published a newspaper in Jeffer-
son City, where his father was a printer.
It was a creditable paper, and his
publication by a mere youth was the
cause of considerable comment.
The youthful editor even then was
hailed as a prodigy and a boy of abnor-
mal mental development.Leaving his home when still in knee
breeches, Murphy traveled over the
country without a cent. He stayed at
the best hotels, made friends of the
captains of industry and mingled with
the Wall street kings as though they
were but newboys on the street.He was only eleven years of age at
the time he made his New York debut,
but he had great backers, a distin-
guished priest and scores of reporters
dancing attendance upon him.Young Murphy was said to be an ed-
itor, sociologist, thinker, political econ-
omist, admirer of Bryan and enemy of
McKinley, the trust and militarism.
He said he was on his way around the
world and that he had gone to the
Waldorf-Astoria "because he under-
stood it was the best hotel in the city."
When questioned by the clerk as to the
whereabouts of his baggage he replied:In a lofty manner that he had sent his
trunks to the pier, as he would leave
for Europe in a few days, and had
nothing but his hand baggage with him.He explained that a rich uncle had
left him \$250,000 to do what he would
with that, knowing that he would
put it all to good use, had not even
left it in trust.So convincingly did he tell his fab-
rications that they were never doubt-
ed, and when the letter from his fa-
ther was received it was a great sur-
prise. He related how he had pur-
chased a building in Jefferson City
and started a newspaper which he
called the Spectator. He told how the
business had netted him \$23,000 one
year and of the salaries he paid to
those under him, which, he said, was
over \$400 a week.Then he told of ordering a cab soon
after his arrival in New York and of
visiting Russell Sage and of how, after
a short talk, he had received an order
from Mr. Sage to put an advertisement
in his paper, for which the latter paid
him \$41, and told also of how he took
subscriptions for the Spectator. It was
found later that he had visited Mr.
Sage and actually had talked him out
of \$30, probably the only loan the
financier ever made without security.Father Ducey, who had taken the
boy under protection, later introduced
him to many prominent men at the
hotel where the boy had been stopping.
The lad appeared to know all of them
and jumped into heated discussions
with bankers, brokers, clergymen and
preachers without a blush or show of
fear.In a letter to Father Ducey Mr. Mur-
phy stated that the boy had been ap-
petted and petted from infancy and that
he thought the lad's mind was unbal-
anced, as he had a mania for telling
all kinds of fabrications, but that he
had no other bad habits.Father Ducey wrote in reply, "Your
boy has the ability to make either a
great rascal or a great man."
The former prediction proved to be
unfortunately the true one.

ART OF CONVERSATION.

Modern Methods and Manners Have

In olden times the art of conversa-
tion reached a much higher standard
than today because of the complete
revolution that has taken place in the
conditions of civilization. Formerly
people had almost no other way of
communicating their thoughts. Knowl-
edge of all kinds passed almost wholly
through the spoken word. There were
no great daily newspapers, no mag-
azines or periodicals of any kind. Peo-
ple were not in so much of a hurry as
they are today.The great discoveries of vast wealth
in the precious minerals, the new
world opened up by inventions and dis-
coveries and the great impetus to am-
bition have changed all this. In this
lightning express age, in these strenu-
ous times, when everybody has the
mania to attain wealth and position,
we no longer have time to reflect with
deliberation and to develop our powers
of conversation. In these great news-
paper and periodical days, when every-
body can get for one or a few cents
the news and information which it
has cost thousands of dollars to col-
lect, everybody sits behind the morn-
ing sheet or is buried in a book or
magazine. There is no longer the same
need of communicating thought by the
spoken word.It is a rare thing to find a polished
conversationalist today. So rare is it
to hear one speaking English and
using a superb diction that it is
indeed a luxury.We are not only poor conversational-
ists, but we are poor listeners as
well. We are too impatient to listen.
Instead of being attentive and eager
to drink in the story or the informa-
tion, we have not enough respect for
the talker to keep quiet. We look about
impatiently, perhaps snap our watch,
play a tattoo with our fingers on a
chair or a table, hunch about as if we
were bored and were anxious to get
away and interrupt the speaker before
he reaches his conclusion. In fact, we
are such impatient people that we
have no time for anything excepting to
push about a subject or way through
the crowd to get the position or the
money we desire. Our life is feverish
and unnatural. We have no time to
develop charm of manner or elegance
of diction. We are too intense for
politeness or respectability. We lack time.Life is becoming so artificial, so
forced, so diverse from naturalness, we
drive our human engines at such a
fearful speed, that our life is crushed
out. Spontaneity and humor and the
possibility of a fine culture and a
superb charm of personality in us are
almost impossible and extremely rare.
—Success Magazine.

Cause of Certain Dreams.

"Every dream, like every laugh or
tear, has its cause," said the psychol-
ogist. "Every well known type of
dream has a cause equally well known.
You dream, for instance, that you are
in church or at the theater or on the
street with hardly any clothes on you,
and you nearly die of shame. The bed
coverings falling off is the cause of
this dream. You dream that a dog has
bitten you or an enemy has given you
a stab with a knife, and you wake up
in a cold sweat. A cramp, a touch of rheumatism—is
behind all such dreams. Innumerable
persons dream of flying. Time and
time again they dream this dream. It
is because the respiration of sleep, the
great, deep, rhythmic breathing, rising
and falling rhythmically, is so akin to
flying that they bring visions of it to
the sleeper's mind. An uncomfortable
position in the bed causes dreams of
painful effort, of unendurable hard
work, like mountain climbing or the
lifting of heavy weights. I say nothing
of the mental causes of dreams, since
we all know well enough that the
things we talk or think about awake
are apt to be talked and thought about
that night in sleep."—New York Press.

On the Malay Coast.

Selling up the coast in a native craft,
you may almost fancy yourself one
of the early explorers skirting the lovely
shores of some undiscovered country.
As you travel on the bamboo decking
under the shadow of the immense palm
leaf sail—which is so ingeniously rig-
ged that, if taken aback, the boat must
turn turtle unless, by the blessing of
the gods, the mast parts under—you
look out there at half closed eyelids at
the beautiful coast. The waves dance
and glimmer and shine in the sunlight,
the long stretch of sand is as yellow as
a buttercup, and the fringes of grace-
ful casuarina trees quiver like aspens
in the breeze and shimmer in the heat
bath. The wash of the waves against
the boat's side and the ripple of the
bow make music in your drowsy ears,
and as you glide through clusters after
cluster of thickly wooded islands you
lie in that delightful comatose state in
which you have all the pleasure of liv-
ing,—"In Court and Kampong," by
Hugh Clifford.

The Siberian Tchukchis.

The Siberian Tchukchis are totally
different in appearance, language and
customs from the Alaskan Eskimo.
They are fairly well disposed, as a
rule, excepting during their drunken
orgies, which take place on an aver-
age once a week. It is not safe on
these occasions to venture abroad, for
rifles are discharged indiscriminately
in all directions and occasionally fire
the huts. The strangest custom of this
tribe is what is called the kamitok
or putting to death (with their free
consent) of the aged and useless
members of the community by stran-
gulation with a walrus thong. A kam-
itok is in no way a punishment. The
shamans or medicine men are prac-
tically kings of the place, and woe to
the luckless Tchukchik who incurs
their displeasure—London Graphic.

The Island of Rats

(Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.)

Between the Philippines and Borneo
is a group of small islands. In 1856
we touched at one of them, and the
natives reported a white woman
among them. We induced them to
bring her to us. While dressed as a
native, her face was scarcely more
than sunburned, and she was what
any one would call handsome. She
was only about thirty years old and
in the best of health. Her story was
a queer one. She was a resident of
Saigon, capital of French Cochinchina.
Four years previous she had married a
Frenchman named Du Cliff and al-
most at once had set out with him in a
sailing vessel for Singapore. Two
days after sailing they had encounter-
ed a typhoon. She was not very clear
as to what followed, being very ill at
the time. She thought the ship strug-
gled with the storm for two days. She
then sprang a leak and foundered.
The woman had been brought on deck
and lashed to the bulwarks along with
her husband while the crew were try-
ing to construct some sort of raft.
A great wave suddenly overwhelmed
them, and the next that Mrs. Du Cliff
remembered was waking up on the
shore of an island. She was still
lashed to the wreckage, but she was
alone. When she was able to move
about she found fresh water and plenty
of wild fruits, and in the forest she
constructed a hut out of limbs and
bushes. Every day for long months
she expected rescue. She could see
ships sailing up and down, but none
came within miles of her. Off to the
east she could faintly make out other
islands or the main shore, but no help
came from that direction. If she had
had the means to build a fire and
raise a smoke signal, some one would
have come, but she was helpless. In
fact, she found a great discovery.
Before she thoroughly explored her is-
land. Then she found it to be about
two miles in circumference. It was
well wooded, and in the center was a
high hill of almost solid rock. There
were birds in plenty, but not a wild
animal or reptile of any sort.One day, after six months had gone
by and while inspecting the hill to see
if she could not set up a signal there,
the woman made a great discovery.
She found a cave which had certainly
once been a depository for the plunder
of the Sulu pirates. What she told us
I believe to be the truth, because she
verified it in many ways. She visited
the cave twenty different times—in fact,
lived in it for the last month of her
stay—and so she had plenty of time to
overhaul the plunder. She found in
that cave gold, silver and paper money
to the amount of \$50,000. There
were birds in plenty, but not a wild
animal or reptile of any sort.It was a story to stir the imagination
and would have found ready be-
lievers anywhere in the world. We
were captivated within an hour that
the woman had seen what she declared
she had and that the island was the one
known now as "Outer Island." It
stands today the westernmost of all
the group and is still without inhabit-
ants. After a full year on the island
Mrs. Du Cliff became desperate. She
gave up all hope of being taken off and
determined to rescue herself. She built
a raft and one day trusted herself to
the treacherous sea. A west wind was
blowing, and she hoped to be carried
across to other land before it changed.
For five days she drove up and down
the China sea and was then cast ashore
on the island where we found her. That
the natives had been kind and respect-
ful to her was owing to the fact that
they thought she was out of her mind.Half a day after the story had been
told we were on our way to the is-
land. We reached it without incident,
but to meet with a surprise and a bit-
ter disappointment. We had no sooner
approached the shore in the yawl than
we discovered that the whole place
was swarmed with rats. The creatures
were there by the hundreds of thou-
sands. They were water rats of the
largest size, and their demeanor was
so ferocious that we dared not land.
We pulled all around the island a do-
zen times over, but met the rodents
everywhere. They were gnawing down
the trees and eating the grass out from
the roots. Where they came from I
cannot say. There was not one on the
island when the woman left. We tried
powder and shot and fire to frighten
them, but it was not to be done. After
a week we bore away for Saigon.
Here the woman's story was fully cor-
roborated as to her residence, mar-
riage and the loss of the ship, but the
story of the cave and the treasure had
also to be told. The French governor
at once sent a ship to the island and
brought everything away after having
spent a fortnight throwing poisoned
food to the rats. We of the trading
schooner were promised a fair share,
but no man of us ever figured a dol-
lar. We were put off on one excuse or
another and finally threatened with
imprisonment if we moved further in the
matter. The woman was given a share,
I believe, but the greater part of
the singular find went to enrich two
or three officials of the colony.

M. QUAD.

"Tought you was goin' to de den-
ast."
"Now! I tought I'd take this bare
absent treatment."—Pueblo Chieftain.

Liberty.

Mrs. Jay—Don't you find Dr. Sawyer
rather exorbitant in his prices?
Mrs. Kay—Not at all. Why, he fre-
quently drops in to spend the evening
with us and doesn't charge a cent—
Woman's Home Companion.A Collector of Snuffboxes.
The only expensive personal fancy
of Frederick the Great, it is said, was
his hobby for collecting snuffboxes, of
which he left as many as 130, approx-
imately valued at \$1,200,000. Lord
Malmesbury says that one could hard-
ly approach the king without smooching.
Two thousand pounds weight of Span-
ish snuff had always to be kept in
store, but smoking, on the other hand,
was an abomination to Frederick.Choice of Evils.
Smiley—I hope you won't mind if I
bring a friend home to dinner tonight,
dear Mrs. Smiley—Oh, no, sir. That
is better than being brought home by
a friend after dinner.—Chicago News.Old Friendship.
Edith—Did you sing for Mr. Bore-
leigh last night. Ada—Yes, I sang al-
most a whole hour for him. Edith—
I'm so glad to hear that! I've always
had the greatest aversion to that man!In reality history is of no avail.
Humanity is caught every day with
traps that have served before.To Patrons and Correspondents.
All locals will be run till ordered out,
unless otherwise specified.Don't send us for free publication any-
thing of an advertising character.Don't ask us to send you any news and ad-
dress of correspondents. That is a private
matter between them and us.Copy for ads, changes, etc., must be in
the office before 2 o'clock p. m. Wednes-
day to insure proper care and attention.
Don't send us articles on politics, tem-
perance or religion. Discussion of sub-
jects only leads to violent and abusive
language in the end.Avoid personalities. Compliments deli-
cately given are always acceptable, but
even they must not be overdone, as the
charge of incincerity is apt to follow a
shower of pretty nothings spread broad-
cast.The Observer has been established
nearly 20 years, and it has some subscrib-
ers who have reared it regularly for
more than half a score of years. Many
of these object to having the Old Reliable
discontinued at the time of expiration of
their subscription, and for their benefit, as
for other reasons, we discontinue subscrip-
tions only when notified to do so, except by
agreement made at the time the subscrip-
tion is opened. When it is noted upon
our calendar to be discontinued promptly
at the time specified. All persons paying
in advance at the time of subscribing, will
have the benefit of the \$2.50 rate for two
years, or the \$5.00 rate for five years. We
send The Observer to any responsible person
who orders it, though they may not
send the money with the order, with the
understanding that they are to pay 15%
cents per month for it, until such time as
they may wish to take advantage of the
above liberal discounts. From this date
we are prepared to discount rates to all
leading Weeklies and Magazines published
in the United States, on any prepaid order
of The Old Reliable Observer. Come with
the money—this is indispensable.

Sherman County Courts.

Circuit Court, Hon. W. L. Bradshaw,
J., 3d Monday in March, and 1st Mon-
day in October, annually.
Probate Court, Hon. G. B. Bourhill,
J.,—1st Monday in each month.
County Court, G. B. Bourhill, J., D.
Chastain, Wm. Walker Commissioner,
—1st Wednesday in January, April
July and October.The Observer is prepared to turn out
any class of up-to-date job printing.
New stock, steam presses, new type.
Satisfactory guarantee.If its a Book you want, The
Observer Book Store is the place to
find a variety to select from.

Additional Local Mention.

Wedding Stationery, at The
Observer Book Store.Boys, get yourselves a sled apiece
at Axtella.Begin the New Year right, by sub-
scribing for The Observer.Pencils, 10 cents per dozen, rub-
ber insert, Observer Book Store.Home news on every page of The
Observer, all printed in Moro.Pencil holders, that hold the pen-
cil in any pocket, at The Observer
Book Store.Sample copies of this paper may
be had at The Observer business
office—5c. per copy.The Oregon spraying law is held
to be good by the courts. Now, let
us spray generally.After 1 p. m. Wednesday, it is very
difficult for us to handle copy that
calls for changes in the form.Formaldehyde, Gasoline, Liquid
Smoke, Wood Alcohol, etc., at Moro
Pharmacy. Your credit is good.Our "ads" attract attention and
advertise. When you get our ad-
vertising, you get business bringers.Type writer oil, the best 3-in-1.
Lubricates, cleans and polishes,
prevents rust. Try it The Observer
Book Store.Superior round nickel tipped and
rubber tip pencils, two-for-5-cents
and some for 10 cts per doz., at the
Observer Book Store.At The Observer Book Store you
will find an assortment of stationery
and books, for boys and girls and
older people, as nice as anything in
that line in Sherman county, and
at prices corresponding with the
times. Call and see.Buy the genuine imported aver-
sion carbolineum; the imitation
being offered is only a temporary
remedy if at all. It genuine one
application lasts for all time. Ask
to see our sealed packages. The
Observer Book Store.Eaton-Hurbit goods are well
known. There is no other box and
tablet paper so well known to the
best users of stationery. It costs
more than other paper any where
else but at The Observer Book
Store. We desire to emphasize this
fact, leaving it to the user to judge
whether or not this is not the fact.When you use it, you have the
satisfaction of knowing that you
are using the best paper made.Avenarius Carbolineum is a germ
destroyer. Decay being a germ, it
destroys the cause of decay in posts
or timber. The U. S. Government,
the ORNCO, Multnomah county,
and city of Portland, are making
general use of it on bridge timbers,
etc. It is the best chicken lice de-
stroyer on the market, and will
sweeten and preserve a water trough,
pig pen, stable, etc., and keep away
flies. It is a guaranteed article.
The Observer Book Store is distrib-
utor of the pure article in Sherman
county.Avenarius Carbolineum is a germ
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