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Have now on hand a large stock of Harness and Saddles, Collars, Bridles, Whips, Robes, Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., &c. Any person in need of anything in my line will save money by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

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R. M. Brash, Secretary.

Lupine Rebecca Lodge No. 116, I. O. O. F. Meet 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. Neva Johnson, N. G.
Mrs. Jessie Henrichs, 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.
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CONDUCTOR WHIPS BANDIT

Elias B. Heywood, Sixty-four Years Old, Captures Train Robber Single Handed.

PASSENGERS AFRAID TO HELP

After Overawing Trainful of Men Desperado is Put Down and Out by a Man Far Past the Outer Limit.

Elias B. Heywood, sixty-four years old, weighing 210 pounds, conductor on the Alton-Burlington flier of the C. and A. railroad, who fought and overpowered a lone bandit in the aisle of a sleeping car as the train was running full speed at midnight, tells the following story of the robbery and battle:

"My train had just passed Gilliam, a little station 170 miles from St. Louis. The porter and I, who were in the smoker, heard the door of the men's

"WE CUT THE BELL CORD AND TIED HIM HAND AND FOOT."

toilet room open, and a man came out with a black mask over his eyes. We jumped from our seats. At the same time the man thrust a revolver in our faces and commanded the porter to precede him and wake all the passengers and tell them to shell out their valuables. The porter obeyed, and I started to remain behind, hoping to catch him off guard and overpower him, but he thrust the revolver in my face and compelled me to advance with the porter, which I did.

"The porter got busy, and when the first two passengers were awakened they were so startled that they did not know what to do. The robber told them if they did not hand over their money and watches he would kill them. The men reached in their pockets and pulled out what money they had. One of them had a watch in his vest pocket and turned it over to the porter, who placed it in his cap.

"By this time most of the passengers in the smoker had been awakened by the loud talking of the robber, and all had their money and valuables ready for the porter. The robber did not waste time to ascertain if the passengers had given him all they had.

"The robber commanded us to go from the smoker into the next sleeper. The porter went first, with his cap in his hand, and woke the passengers, calling out so that they would not mistake the object of the visit so early in the morning.

"One passenger was slow about turning over his money and watch, and the robber grabbed him by the throat and stuck the pistol in his face, telling him that if he delayed a second he would kill him. There was not much further trouble, for most of the passengers in the sleeper had been awakened and had their money ready when the robber reached them.

"He had soon robbed so many passengers that the porter's cap was full The robber took it and commanded us to go into the toilet room. He remained at the door, with his face toward us and his revolver in his right hand pointed at us. With his left hand he began putting the money and watches in his pockets.

"My chance came when the robber stooped to pick up some money he had dropped. As he did this I grabbed the revolver with my right hand and threw my left hand around his neck. He snapped the revolver hammer, and all that saved my life was my right thumb. My thumb was directly under the hammer and got the full force of it, preventing it from discharging the cartridge.

"I clung to the revolver, and after a struggle in the aisle I wrenched it from his hand. When he saw that I was gaining possession of the revolver he jumped from me and ran toward the rear end of the sleeper. I followed close behind him and fired one shot at him.

"This did not stop him, and he reached the platform of the rear sleeper and was leaping from the steps when I grabbed him by the coat collar and pulled him back on to the platform, throwing him to his knees.

"At the same time I attempted to use the revolver upon him, but being sixty-four years old and weighing over 200 pounds it was hard for me to handle a man of his size. I got hold of his head and shoved it under my arm and grabbed the seat of his trousers, throwing him to his knees again.

"He threatened to shoot me, and I did not know but what he had another revolver, so I began pounding him over the head with his own revolver. The train was still running about forty miles an hour, and the passageway was so small on the platform that I fought him at a difficulty.

"I saw that he was about to get the best of me and called for help. My porter and other trainmen came to my assistance, and I called for them to stop the train. The signal was given, and with the assistance of the others we overpowered the robber and I sat upon him until some one cut the bell cord, and we tied him securely hand and foot. The fight was one of the fiercest that I ever had in my life, and for awhile I thought he was going to get the best of me.

"After tying him the train pulled out, and at Armstrong we turned the prisoner over to the town marshal."

DOG BIT NEW COAT, HIS MASTER INSIDE

Prize Animal Didn't Recognize Owner in His Winter Overcoat, and Error Cost Him His Life.

If William H. Coburn of Weston, Mass., a suburb of Boston, had taken his dog with him to the tailor's when he bought a new winter overcoat he would not be in the Pasteur institute in that city. His big prize winning St. Bernard was shot after it bit Mr. Coburn.

Mr. Coburn wore a new light overcoat on a recent night. As he walked up to his house his dog sprang at him, evidently mistaking him for a stranger. The animal tore a glove and a diamond ring from his master's left hand.

The next morning Mr. Coburn shot the dog and betook himself to the Pasteur institute, where he is said to be progressing favorably.

THE DRAPIER LETTERS.

Dean Swift's Battle For the Rights of Ireland.

The Drapier letters, six of which signed "M. B. Drapier," appeared in a Dublin newspaper in 1724, mark an era in Irish history. They were the work of Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels." The occasion calling them forth was the grant of a patent in 1723 to William Wood, an Englishman of Birmingham, to coin halfpence and farthings to the extent of £108,000 to be current in Ireland, where there was a deficiency of copper coinage. Public feeling in Ireland was in a state of irritation at its treatment by England, and Swift took advantage of this coinage business to advocate the rights of Ireland. Under the mask of a plain, honest, patriotic tradesman he counseled all true patriots not only to refuse to take the new coinage, but to refrain from using any English manufactures whatever. The result was tremendous. No one would take Wood's money, and associations were formed for refusing the currency. The publication of the first three letters had so roused the temper of Ireland that it was now easy for Swift to come to the real point of issue. In the fourth letter he accordingly treats of the royal prerogative. The government instantly took alarm and offered a reward of £300 for the discovery of the author of this fourth letter. Its printer was thrown into prison. But all was in vain. The government yielded to the storm. Wood's patent was surrendered, the patentee being indemnified by a grant of £3,000 yearly for twelve years. Thus, through the force and animation of Swift's arguments, victoriously terminated the first grand struggle for the independence of Ireland.—London Tit-Bits.

SANITARY CONCRETE.

Building Material of the Future and Its Advantages.

The advantages of concrete on the mechanical side are these: It is proof against fire, wind and water, rats, insects and dry rot and the danger of electricity. It needs no painting or repair. Fire or water overflow inside can do only local damage to the contents of a room and no more.

It becomes stronger and harder with age, which is, of course, an advantage, except when additions or alterations are made, involving hard work to cut the walls and floors. There are no leaky roofs, no damp or cold east or north rooms. There is great economy of heating. Being a firm mass throughout, like a house made of baked clay, there is no vibration, and in case one spot of the foundation should be undermined the well knit structure might not show so much as a crack. It is practically earthquake proof.

Concrete is healthful because it leaves no fissures for dust or for insects which spread disease. It is cool in summer and warm in winter, and with a minimum of exertion can be kept sweet and clean. On the artistic side, as the house beautiful, it lends itself to sculpture and painting, and as an object on the landscape it can be made a joy to the eyes.—Country Life In America.

Cupid—Advertising Agent

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

"What do you think of it?" the man asked the girl as she stood before the gate.

Slowly, scornfully, the girl surveyed the house and lawn, once beautiful, but now disfigured with large signboards proclaiming the virtues of Chee-Rup Breakfast Food.

"I think," said she forcefully, "that it is simply shameful."

"Oh, come now!" said the man. "Don't you think it rather enlivens the neighborhood? This aristocratic section of the town had seemed rather dull to me lately. By the way, how did you enjoy your trip?"

"Bob," said she severely, "don't try to change the subject. As soon as they told me what you had done while I was away I came right over here to persuade you to take them all down."

"Impossible!" he cried. "I've got a contract. You wouldn't want me to break a contract, would you?"

No, she wouldn't want him to do that. One of the nicest things about Bob was his trustworthiness. Moreover, she didn't know whether the law would allow him to break it.

"Oh, Bob," she cried in sorrow, "what made you put up these unsightly things? Can't you see how they spoil the looks of the whole street? From our veranda we look directly at that big yellow one: 'Why be blue? Eat Chee-Rup Breakfast Food and be happy.'"

There were tears in her eyes.

"Oh," she continued, "I was thinking how happy I'd be to see the dear old home again, and then you must spoil it all! Oh, Bob!"

Bob felt decidedly uncomfortable, yet happier than he had for several months. She had been homesick, not, of course, for him—that was impossible—but for the town as a whole, and he

"I THINK," SAID SHE FORCEFULLY, "THAT IT IS SIMPLY SHAMEFUL."

was a part of it. But to show his joy might spoil the plan, and it was too early in the game to risk anything.

"So," he said, carefully controlling his voice to the tones of polite interest—"so you did miss us!"

Miss them! She thought how intensely she had missed them—and him. Yes, Bob! During the three months of her absence she had come to long for the sound of his voice, the merry laugh in his eyes. How happy she had felt when she saw him at the station the night before! Not that she meant to show her change of feeling toward him. She had refused him too emphatically before sailing to willingly acknowledge that she had made a mistake. For a time she would not acknowledge it even to herself.

But she had never thought that Bob would so destroy the beauty of his home, the home she had learned to love.

"Bob," said she again, ignoring his last question, "why did you do it?"

"I'm leaving here soon," he said, outwardly calm.

"Leaving here?" she gasped.

"Yes," he answered nonchalantly. "I'm going to the city to be nearer my business, and as I don't care to sell this place or rent it I thought I ought to think up some way of making it pay the taxes at least."

"Oh, Bob!" she cried tearfully, ambiguously. "How could you?" Then she ran precipitately to her own home.

Bob gazed after her dubiously. Perhaps her father was right, but he doubted it. Of course she had always loved Bob's place, and her ideals of beauty were both sensitive and militant. The house and yard certainly did look a sight too. The plan was worth trying. Bob felt that anything that might make her reconsider her answer to the great question which he had propounded to her was worth trying, and the income derived from the ads. was not inconsiderable. The papers had devoted a great deal of space to the discussion of the signboards being installed on such beautiful private property, and consequently the Chee-Rup food had received a great quantity of free advertising.

That night at dinner the girl informed her family that Bob was planning to move to town.

"Ah," said her father, "I heard he had a young woman on the string down there. He is very attentive to her, they say. Of course I wouldn't tell you if I thought that there was any possibility of your reconsidering the answer you gave Bob in the spring. You can't blame the boy for seeking consolation, and they say that she is very wealthy."

The girl forced herself to eat her salad calmly. So that was the reason he had taken her homecoming so easily. Another woman had captured his fancy. Well, she would keep her secret.

The next day she went over to the house for a conference with her father. Meeting him in the hallway, she questioned him as to the day of his departure, although she hated herself for doing it.

"Oh, in about a month!" said Bob indifferently and hurriedly.

How different from the way he used to speak to her, she thought.

During that month Bob made many trips to the city, and each morning the girl woke up to gaze from her windows at the signs with a deep accentuation of the hatred with which she had regarded them on the first day of her return. To her they began to seem the personification of the woman that had taken Bob from her—the cold, calculating business spirit. How she hated those signs! It seemed to her as if she would do anything to get rid of them. Must she live within their sight all her life, constantly reminding her of the love she had lost? The thought was unendurable, and she appealed to her father.

"I can't do anything," said he. "Bob has a contract with the Chee-Rup company, and he must live up to it. If only you had been kind to him this wouldn't have happened. To my mind it only shows what good sense Bob has. This place has no more attractions for him, so why not make it yield an income?"

The evening before the day set by Bob for his departure he called. The girl was seated on her veranda as far as possible from the sight of the signboards. Her parents had gone out for the evening, and she received Bob with a strange, sinking feeling. This might be the last time he would come to see her—alone.

"Bob," said she when he had seated himself at a safe distance—"Bob, now that you are going away, probably forever, can't you do something about those awful signboards?"

He regarded her quizzically.

"I wish I could," said he, "but you see the Chee-Rup company's contract runs for ten years, and the advertisement has proved to be so good that they would not release me unless I paid a sum of money that would absolutely break me."

Ten years! A life time!

"Bob," she cried impulsively, "I would be willing to do anything to get rid of those dreadful signs!"

Bob looked at her quickly. This was his hour. Her father and mother had even encouraged him to hope, but he hesitated at wagering his happiness on a short sentence. Nevertheless he must make the plunge some time, and the present moment seemed as propitious as any.

"So you would really like to get rid of them?" he asked. "Well, I believe we could arrange that with the company satisfactorily if you could reconsider your decision of some months ago."

She looked at him unsteadily.

"Why, Bob," she said, "I believe that you are asking me to marry you again!"

"That's just what I am doing," he said excitedly. "What's your answer?"

"But that other woman!" she cried.

He gazed at her in well simulated amazement.

"What other woman?" he asked.

"That wealthy one in the city—that business woman whom my father said you had on the string."

Bob smiled broadly.

"You evidently misunderstood in what connection I had her on the string. We are going to sell her the business."

The girl looked at him happily.

"If that's the case," said she, "I suppose I might change my answer to that question if you are sure about taking down those signs. You mustn't sacrifice a lot of money to those people, Bob. We'll need some."

"No, I'll not," said he as he folded her in his arms. "You see, your father and I happen to be the Chee-Rup Breakfast Food company, although we are on the point of selling the business to that woman in the city, and so, I guess, there will be no trouble about having that contract annulled."

Italians and Wheat Flour.

The Italian housewives of the poorer classes seem to have one unchangeable recipe for a baking. Agents of charitable societies have found this out by the women always asking for a certain number of pounds of flour, just enough for one baking, in their grocery lists. They make the flour into a number of loaves, which, put into one pan, bake into one great loaf. The size of the family seems to make no difference. If the family is small, the bread simply lasts a little longer and gets a little drier. The bread is very good when fresh. They do not use as much yeast as American cooks, and the bread is very crusty, something on the order of French bread. The poorest families also use a great deal of "polenta." This is merely flour stirred into boiling water, after the manner of old fashioned American "hasty pudding," only that flour is used instead of cornmeal. No people in the world are so devoted to wheat flour as the Italians. Whether in the form of bread, polenta, or the omnipresent macaroni, it forms the bulk of their diet.—New York Globe.

Additional Local Mention.

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Begin the New Year right, by subscribing for The Observer.

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Home news on every page of The Observer, all printed in Moro.

Pencil holders, that hold the pencil in any pocket, at The Observer Book Store.

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After 1 pm. Wednesday, it is very difficult for us to handle copy that calls for changes in the form.

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Type writer oil, the best 3-in-1. Lubricates, cleans and polishes, prevents rust. Try it The Observer Book Store.

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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 avenerious carbolineum; the imitation being offered is only a temporary remedy if at all. If genuine one application lasts for all time. Ask to see our sealed packages. The Observer Book Store.

Eaton - Hurlbut 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 US.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 destroyer 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 distributor of the pure article in Sherman county.

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