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Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, March 8, 1907

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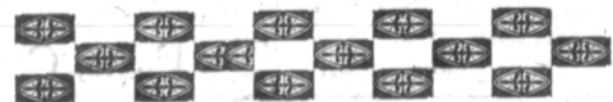
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higher price.

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reduces prices.

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exchange you want as large
a variety as possible to consider,
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just what you desire, and at a lower
figure, too.

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO
OBSERVER will reach more
people in Sherman County than
by any other medium available.



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.
Wm. Rudolf, N. G.
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Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 114, I. O. O. F.
Meets regularly every
Friday evening. Visiting
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invited to meet with us.
Home members are ex-
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Lodge.
Mrs. Jennie Henrichs, Secretary.

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A. F. & A. M. Moro, Or.
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Thursday evenings of each
month. Visiting members
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with us. By order of the W. M.
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No. 2, O. E. S.
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By order W. M.
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Bankers and Grain Dealers.
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THE MAN WITH THE ZEBRA WAISTCOAT

(Original.)
"Mr. Humphrey," said the president
of the bank, who had sent for me to
come to his private office, "we have
\$30,000 to send to you. Would you
care to undertake the delivery?"

I didn't like the job, for we were in
the far west, where desperadoes
abounded, and if one of them sus-
pected I had so large an amount with me
murder would not stand in his way to
possess it. But if I wished promotion
in the bank it would never do for me
to flinch at such an offer, which was
really an order. So I accepted the
charge.

I left the bank with thirty \$1,000
bills in a large pocketbook in the breast
pocket of my coat. Of course from the
start I had my eye on everybody in
sight, wondering if some one of them
was not intending to rob me. One per-
son arrested my attention from the pec-
uliarity of his appearance. He was
standing on the bank steps when I
went out looking carelessly up the
street. He wore green spectacles, a
very shabby dress suit and a plug
hat.

The most remarkable feature of
his apparel was a waistcoat with
stripes resembling those of a zebra.
He was evidently down on his luck and
had picked up his clothes somewhere,
where he could find them cast off from
their original owners. He paid no at-
tention to me. Indeed, I had no evi-
dence that he was aware of my ex-
istence.

Going to my room, I took a suit case
full of clothes and on emerging noticed
the man with the zebra waistcoat on
the opposite side of the street looking
in at a shop window. His back was
to me, and I kept my eye on him. I
made sure he had not seen me come
out of the house nor during my going
away from it. Proceeding to the sta-
tion, I boarded the train, and as it
rolled out the car door opened, and he
shouldered up in front of the man with
the zebra waistcoat.

He gave me a glance as he took his
seat, and I knew he had spotted me
for a victim. But why this fantastic
attire? Then it all rushed upon me
suddenly. It was a confederate who was
keeping me in sight and who doubt-
less had informed him of my proceed-
ing.

They could only have received the
information of my bearing the money
from some one in the bank who had
let it out for gain or unintentionally.

My heart sank within me. But we
are all natural gamblers, and I at once
made up my mind to try my luck. I
picked up my suit case, which I
had deposited on the floor, and held it
on my lap. Then I went to the water
cooler for a drink, carrying the suit
case with me. Next I changed my
mind for a moment letting the
suit case out of my hand. Finally I
opened it, pretending to make sure as
I did so that no eye was upon me, and
thrusting my hand in between the
clothing, gave evidence by my expres-
sion that what I sought was there.

Meanwhile an ugly looking man in a
woolen shirt and sombrero went and
sat down by the man with the zebra
waistcoat, and the latter gave him
some piece of information which I
was sure referred to the money being
in the suit case. Not feeling that my
effort to throw the men off the scent
would avail—for when they robbed me,
not finding the money, were they to
produce it—I concluded to get off the
train at the first stop. I did so and
saw the two men standing on the plat-
form as well. As the train moved on
I stepped aboard, and my followers
re-emerged at the other end of the car.

"I looked about me to see if there
was any one on whom I could rely for
help. There were not half a dozen
persons, and they would all be fright-
ened out of their wits by the moment
the attack was made. I saw my op-
portunity and I saw my chance. I
consulted earnestly and felt sure
the blow was about to fall. The train
was running through a sparsely set-
tled country. While looking out of the
window I saw a short distance ahead
a man standing in a field holding three
horses. Suddenly the man with the
zebra waistcoat sprang up, seized the
bell cord and pulled it vigorously. It
happened that at the same time the
conductor came into the car for tick-
ets. The brakes were put on, and the
train slowed up. The conductor, see-
ing no reason for stopping, angrily
gave a signal to proceed.

Like a whirlwind the two men dashed
past me and as they did so seized my
suit case. Carrying it with them, they
jumped off the train just as it
was moving with accelerated speed. I
saw them run for the horses. All
mounted, and as they dashed away
the man with the zebra waistcoat held
the suit case aloft triumphantly and
waved his plug hat.

I explained the matter to no one,
keeping my secret till I had delivered
the money and returned, when I told
the president of the bank. The inci-
dent led to the discovery that our po-
ster was in league with a gang of rob-
bers. The president gave me my
share of a big reward for sav-
ing the money or the position of as-
sistant cashier, which he created for
me. I chose the latter, soon became
cashier and am now president of the
bank.

I often wish to have seen the expres-
sion on the robbers' faces when they
opened the suit case and found no
money.

JAMES STEWART

STOCK INSPECTOR

SHERMAN COUNTY,

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WIZARDS OF MEMORY

FAMOUS MEN WHO HAD WON-
DERFUL POWERS OF RETENTION.

The Remarkable and Authentic Cases
of Leonard Euler, the Mathemat-
ician; Magliabechi, the Literary
Prodigy; and Rev. Dr. John Wallis.

Writers on psychology and philoso-
phy have cited many examples of pro-
digious memory. No doubt some of
these are exaggerations, others are fab-
ulous, and only a comparatively few
admit of verification. Recently I have
found in my reading three cases so
well authenticated that they may be
used to illustrate the wonderful power
of a well cultivated memory in a mind
of strong native endowment. In each
instance, too, this remarkable reten-
tiveness seems in no way to have re-
sulted from the fullest development of other
mental powers.

Probably the most remarkable of the
three was the memory of Leonard
Euler. Euler was a native of Basel,
but most of his life was spent in St.
Petersburg. He was born in 1707 and
died in 1783. He was a teacher of
great power and a most prolific writer.
More than half of the forty-six quarto
volumes of mathematics published by
the St. Petersburg academy between
1727 and 1783 were from his pen.
His death he left more than 300 manu-
script treatises.

In the later years of his life he was
totally blind. Then, and probably ear-
lier, too, he carried in his memory a
table of the first six powers of the
series of natural numbers up to a
hundred. It is related that on one oc-
casion two of his students attempted to
calculate a converging series. As they
progressed they found disagreement in
their results. These differed by a unit
at the eighth figure. The question was
referred to Euler, who decided to make
the calculation. He did this mentally,
and his result was found to be cor-
rect.

It was not only in mathematics that
Euler gave proof of a prodigious mem-
ory. He was well read in general liter-
ature and was an excellent classical
scholar. Virgil was one of his favorite
writers. It is said that he knew the
contents of the Iliad and the Odyssey
at the first glance. He could repeat the
"Aeneid" from beginning to end with
last and first line of every page of the
edition which he used.

The seventeenth century furnishes
the other two instances, to which I call
special attention. The first is that of
the Italian scholar Antonio da Marco
Magliabechi. Magliabechi was the lit-
erary prodigy of his time. Royalty and
other distinguished personages paid
tribute to his wonderful learning. His
contemporaries have said that his
memory was so prodigious that he was
able to retain verbatim most of the
contents of his "multitudinous books."

A comparatively recent writer has
declared that Magliabechi could name
all the authors that had written upon
any subject, giving the name of the
book, the words and often a page. This
is doubtless exaggeration; but, on the
other hand, it should be remembered
that the number of books on any sub-
ject were much fewer then than at the
present day. Besides this, there are
two stories that have come down from
Magliabechi's time to ours that give
color to his truth. On one occasion a
gentleman of Florence desired to test
Magliabechi's memory and ascertain
for himself whether the wonderful
stories told were truth or fiction. He
gave him a manuscript to read; then
some days after its return, pretending
to have lost it, he asked Magliabechi to
recall it, which, it is said, he did with
remarkable exactness. At another time
the grand duke of Florence asked if he
could procure a certain book for him.
Immediately came the response: "No,
sir; it is impossible. There is but one
in the world. That is in the grand
seigneur's library at Constantinople and
is the seventh volume of the seventh
edition. In mathematical history he
ranks as the greatest of Newton's En-
glish precursors. He was started on his
mathematical career by reading Ough-
tred's "Clavius Mathematicus," but the
appeal of his genius came from the
Coriell's writings on "The Method of
Indivisibles." To this he applied the
Cartesian analysis and produced his
great work, the "Arithmetica Infinitorum"
—the most stimulating mathe-
matical work so far published in Eng-
land." Here he makes the successful
attempt to solve a number of the more
difficult problems of the calculus by the
summation of series to infinity. The
work was one of great originality. New-
ton did it while an undergraduate at
the university and from it immediately
derived his binomial formula. The
power of concentration and of memory
were both very strong with Wallis—so
strong, it is said, that on one occasion
"while in bed in the dark he extracted
the square root of a number of fifty-
three places to twenty-seven terms and
repeated the result twenty days after."

These examples of retentive memory
are quite well authenticated and give
plausibility to the possible truth of oth-
ers frequently cited. Pliny tells us
that Cyrus the Great knew the names
of the stars, and Cicero in his
"De Senectute" says that Themistocles
could call by name the 20,000 citizens
of Athens. From Cicero, too, we learn
something of the remarkable memory
of Socrates, who in old age when
judicial proceedings had been instituted
to determine his mental competency
retorted to the judges the "Oedipus" at
Colonus to prove his mind was not fail-
ing.

Faint makes Hesperus, heart that he

When They Met Again

[Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas.]

There were feasting and merrymak-
ing after the marriage of George Wil-
liams and Sarah Lee. George was a
brakeman on a freight train, and Sar-
ah was the daughter of his landlady.

Sarah fell in love with the brak-
man, and they were married. He had
saved enough money to go to house-
keeping on, and for a year they were
a happy couple. Two things hap-
pened. George was promoted to a run
on a passenger train, and the engineer
of a freight was introduced to the wife
and was at once interested. Other
people soon began to see, but the
husband was blind. Other people soon
began to hear, but the husband was deaf.

The mother had something to say for
the daughter's good, but was met with
protests and tears and finally with bot-
tom words of anger. One day it be-
came known that the wife and the engi-
neer had disappeared together. Williams
came home to find his cottage deserted.

They expected to see him fly into a
fury and hear him utter a word of threat,
but they were disappointed. It could
easily be seen that the iron had en-
tered his soul and that he was gnaw-
ing his heart, but he said very little,
and even the mother of the missing
wife was not taken into his confidence.

One day three months after the event
he quietly dropped out of sight, and to
this day there are plenty of men in the
railroad yards at K. who have heard
nothing further from him.

When the deserted husband set out
on his quest he might have turned to
any point of the compass. No one
knew which way the wife had gone. A
sort of intuition took him to Chicago
and he kept his search there another
name he found employment of a dif-
ferent sort, and in his spare hours he
walked the streets. At the end of two
years he met his faithless wife. They
came face to face on the street, and
before he had time to utter a word his
eyes he knew that the man had aban-
doned her and that she had become a
social outcast. When she recognized
him she would have run away, but he
quietly said:

"Sadie, you need have no fear of me.
All I want is to ask you a few ques-
tions."

"George, are you going to kill me?"
"I haven't the slightest idea of it."
"But you won't forgive me and take
me back?"

"Never."
"Then what is it?"
"Only the name of the place where I
can find the man."

"But I don't know. After a year he
cast me off."
"Then good day to you."

Williams did not go back to his work,
but traveled here and there for a week.
One day he located his enemy in a
town a hundred miles away. It was
in the far west. The engineer had
acquired a station agent and was married.
It was 9 o'clock in the morning, and he
sat at his desk when a stranger walked
in and sat down opposite.

"Well?" queried the agent.
"Do you want a chance for your life,
or shall I shoot you like a dog?"
It was the man he had wronged. He
looked into a face in which there was
no mercy. There was not one soft line
in it. The face didn't look murder, but
it looked determination to kill. The
agent read it and knew that the odds
were at hand.

"If you shoot you'll be lynched," he
finally said.
"Have you got a gun?"
"Yes."

"Then get it. I will not open fire un-
less you first shoot me. There will be
hell within the next five minutes."

The agent was no coward. His re-
volver was in the drawer beside him,
and as he moved his hand in that direc-
tion he hoped to get the first shot.

He would have had it but for his
hands. He snatched the weapon and
cocked it at the same time, but the cuff
of his sleeve caught, and the weapon
was discharged. The next instant he
fell backward with a bullet in his
brain, and three or four of the yard-
men came running. The killer was of
the railroad. The girl he had married
was of the railroad. All the guests at
his wedding were railroad men. It was
the railroad men and women who
knew of his shame. The thought drove
him mad. He turned his gun on the
men who came running and killed two
and wounded a third. Then he walked
to the door and saw a switchman
across the tracks. A bullet stretched
the man dead. A freight train stood
on the siding. The engineer was smok-
ing in the cab, and the fireman was
down on the ground fixing the machi-
nery. Each received a bullet and fell
dead.

The railroad had brought about the
marriage, and the railroad had brought
about the disgrace. The railroad
should pay the bill. Williamson saw
that one of the freight cars was loaded
with hay. He touched a match to the
combustible, and a great flame shot up.
Thence he walked back to the depot
and fired it. Then came running, but
he was too late. Two shots were
fired at him, and in return he killed an-
other man. Then the flames drove him
away from the building, and the excited
crowd charged in a body and bore
him down. He was hustled to a tree,
a rope propped, and he was a dozen
hands pulled him up amid the shouts
and execrations of the crowd. Yes,
he was hanged by the neck until dead,
but what of it? He had killed seven
men, caused a financial loss of \$50,-
000 and had been done with life
months before. It was only the em-
balance of a man they had lynched.

M. QUAD.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

Reduced Round Trip Excursion Rates
To Pacific Coast in 1907.

During the summer season of 1907
reduced round trip excursion rates
will be in effect from The East to
the Pacific coast, Montana, British
Columbia and Arizona points.

Rates from Chicago, via direct
lines to North Pacific coast points
will be \$75, and from Missouri river
common points, Council Bluffs to
Kansas city inclusive, and St. Paul
and Minneapolis, rates will be \$60.
St. Louis, Denver, Colorado springs
and Pueblo \$50. Rates to Spokane
and points effected, will be \$5 less
than to the coast. Rates one way,
via California, will be \$13.50 higher
than those above mentioned. Tickets
will be on sale daily, June 1st to
Sept. 15th, with final return
limit of October 31st.

Account of 23d International Ch
Endeavor convention Seattle, July
10-15; Convention of Baptist YPU
Spokane, July 4-7; Grand lodge of
IOGT Seattle, July 16-22; rate of
one lowest normal last class limited
fare for round trip for direct routing
with \$12.50 additional one way
through California, has been named
to North Pacific coast points and
Spokane from Chicago, St. Louis,
Missouri river and Colorado points.
Sale dates east of Colorado points,
June 20th to July 12th, west, June
21st to July 13th, final return limit
Sept. 15th.

Account of Mystic Shrine con-
vention Los Angeles, May 9-11, and
conference of German Baptist Br.
Los Angeles or Long Beach, May
16-23; and National Eclectic Med.
Association Long Beach, June 18-
23, one lowest last class fare for the
round trip has been authorized to
Los Angeles and San Francisco with
\$12.50 additional for tickets routed
one way, via Portland. Sale dates,
Mystic Shrine and German Baptists
April 26th to May 19th final return
limit July 31st, and for NEM as-
sociation, sales dates June 8th to 15,
with final return limit August 21st.
Wm. McMurray, G. P. A.,
OR&NCo and SPry, Portland, Or.

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county paper you want.

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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.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in
a very bad condition. You
certainly know what to take,
then take it—Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla. If you doubt, then
consult your doctor. We know
what he will say about this
grand old family medicine.

This is the first question your doctor would
ask: "Are your bowels regular?" He knows
that daily motion of the bow