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"In the first place, because I like to talk to
an intelligent man."
"In the second place, because I always like to
hear an intelligent man talk."
We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons.
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We don't say a word about prices—it goes
without saying that prices are right.
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Visiting members
are cordially invited. Mem-
bers are expected to be
present. By order of the
Wm. Radford, N. G.
R. M. Brash, Secretary.

**Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 114, I. O. O. F.**
Meets regularly every
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Home members are ex-
pected to be present. By order of the
Mrs. Neva Johnson, N. G.
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A. F. & A. M. Moro, Or.**
Meets the first and third
Thursday evenings of each
month. Visiting members
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The O'Donohue
(Original.)
From the time that Dermot, one of
the early kings of Ireland, invited the
English to come and assist him in his
struggles with his Irish foes, thus giv-
ing the Britons a foothold in Ireland,
the Irish people were in a constant
state of rebellion. One rising after an-
other took place, only to be suppressed
in the end, when the leader or leaders
were, if apprehended, executed. It was
sometimes late which Ireland is divided
were each in those days ruled by its
sovereign, whose name was preceded
by the letter "O." From these sprang
the O'Neills, the O'Grady's, the O'Con-
nells and others.
It was during the reign of the pro-
tector, Oliver Cromwell, that Thomas
O'Donohue, a young patriot, wooed
and won Aileen Mavourneen, one of
those Irish girls celebrated for their
fair complexions, their blue eyes and
their musical voices. O'Donohue's fa-
ther, a ruler, had been beheaded during
the reign of Charles I. At the time
of his father's death Thomas was but
seven years old. He then vowed that
when he grew to manhood he would
devote his life to driving out the
English. So revered was the name
of the father that when the son came
of age and succeeded to his great land-
ed estates his people, who were grievously
oppressed, looked to him to do
something for them.
The nuptials between Thomas O'Don-
ohue and Aileen Mavourneen had
scarcely been celebrated before the
young husband, joining forces with a
neighboring ruler, headed a rebellion
against the English. At first he was
successful, but owing to the treachery
of his colleague, who made peace with
the common enemy and turned against
him, O'Donohue was defeated. Fleeing
with a few followers, he lived a
wretched life, hiding in bog or forest,
and was at last captured in a starving
condition.
He was tried and sentenced to be
beheaded. At first his young wife
seemed about to break down under the
tragedy to be enacted, but soon rallied
to her husband's rescue. A sudden-
ly developed energy laid plans for
a method of getting him out of his
jail and induced some of his faithful
adherents to have a ship ready on the
coast to take him to France in case her
ruse was successful.
She sought permission of the con-
queror to spend a short time with the
condemned man in his cell on the night
preceding his execution. Captivated by
her youth, her beauty and her tears,
he consented. On the evening in ques-
tion she appeared at the prison door
attended by her sister Kathleen. The
two women entered O'Donohue's cell
and sat down alone with him. They
remained half an hour. When they
emerged Kathleen almost carried her
sister, who appeared to be convulsed
with grief, her face resting on Kath-
leen's shoulder. The jailers stood about
staring at the young wife who had bid
farewell to her husband, leaving him to
the dread ordeal of the morning. The
two women entered a "chair" and
were carried away.
Coming to a wood, the door of the
chair flew open, and a man, throwing
off woman's apparel, sprang out. An-
other stepped from the wood leading a
horse, which O'Donohue—for it was he
—mounted and, with a wave of his
hand to those he left, dashed away into
the forest.
At the usual hour for visiting the
prisoner to see that all was well for
the night the keeper went to his cell.
He found O'Donohue kneeling by his
cot, his face buried in it. Touched by
the sight, as well as the sad visit that
had so lately occurred, the jailer asked
in a kindly tone:
"Is there anything I can do for your
comfort?"
O'Donohue did not reply. Then the
jailer was struck with the diminutive
size of the prisoner.
"Speak, man," he said sharply. "Is
there anything I can do for you?"
"Nothing," came the reply in a voice
which was manifestly disguised and
which, notwithstanding an effort to
make it sound like a man's, was evi-
dently a woman's.
Like a flash the jailer unlocked the
cell, entered and, seizing the prisoner,
pulled him up and looked into his face.
He saw Aileen O'Donohue. He start-
ed to leave the cell to give the alarm
when Aileen attempted with her deli-
cate hands to hold him, but he broke
away, and soon horsemen were dash-
ing in every direction to recapture the
escaped prisoner.
The difficulty in the way of the pris-
oner coming out of jail by personat-
ing his wife had been that he was
much taller than she. To reduce his
height he sank upon Kathleen in order
that by drawing up his knees under
his skirts his real height might not
appear, and he buried his face upon
her shoulder that his features might
not be seen.
O'Donohue, who knew every road,
forest and bog in Ireland and who had
been provided with the best horse that
could be found, took a course that en-
abled him to baffle his pursuers and,
reaching the coast, embarked, for
France, where he arrived in due time.
Cromwell, deeming that he should re-
turn to Ireland later on and inaugurate
another rebellion, sent Aileen to her
father with an offer of a pension and restora-
tion of his estates provided he would
swear allegiance to the English sov-
ereign. O'Donohue accepted the con-
ditions and, returning to Ireland, lived
happily with the wife who had saved
his life. **MARTHA E. DUGAN.**

Beth's Hero
By COLIN S. COLLINS
Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague

Beth looked curiously about the hall.
Behind the scenes had always been a
domain of fairyland to her. The
thought that she was to witness a re-
hearsal, and a dress rehearsal at that,
overpowered her.
It was not at all as she had pictured
it. The long, low ceiling hall was
very unlike the stage, and the mass of
properties and scenery thrown about in
apparent chaos bewildered her. A
huge bowlder lay against an Italian
fountain, and flower beds, stacked one
above the other, looked very unlike the
flower beds she knew.
Over in one corner a group of men
were pulling and hauling at a girl
dressed as an Indian. In the center
of the hall a dozen men were
struggling through some unfamiliar
music, and not far away a heavily
bearded man was deliberately sliding a
new leather coat into a shroud and rub-
bing it on the dirty floor to take off its
aspect of newness.
Other girls were going through dan-
cing steps at the behest of a stocky lit-
tle man, who beat time with a thick
pole he carried when he was not using
the stick to threaten some unruly girl.
And over all presided a tall, nervous
looking man, who seemed to have the
faculty of being in three places at
once.
Tom Seaton detached himself from
the group about a cage in one corner
and came toward her. "It doesn't
seem much when you see it close to,
does it?" he laughed.
"It's a little disappointing," she ad-
mitted, "but I find it very interesting."
"They are going to dress soon," he
said carelessly. "And then run through
the pantomime. It's a pity that they
cannot get the hall upstairs, where
they can get the scenery up. There's a
wedding or something going on up
there."
"It was awfully good of you to bring
me," she said impulsively.
"It's good of you to come," he laugh-
ed. "A glimpse of a dress rehearsal is
just as good as the play itself."



**TOM HEADED THE BRUTE INTO HIS CAGE
JUST AS HERMES RUSHED IN.**
The best cure for the stage fever that I
know of, it was lucky that Hermes
was in a good humor last night when I
asked him if I might bring you over."
"Is that Hermes?" she asked, point-
ing to a tall, handsome fellow who
posed in one corner.
"That's the man who made the costu-
mes," he laughed. "Hermes is that
little fellow who is all over the place. He
and St. Elmo, the ballet master—
that little fellow with the stick—are do-
ing almost half the work."
Both glanced with new interest at
the flying figure. She had seen him on
the stage dressed in mystic robes and
with all of the advantages of scenic en-
vironment. He looked vastly different
now. He was dressed in the place in an old
pair of trousers and a tattered flannel
shirt.
Even when the players who had slipped
out of the room began to come
back in gaudy costumes, the illusion
was not restored, for the nervous little
ballet master kept jumping into the
space outlined by chairs to represent
the stage and, roughly throwing some
aside, took her place to show what
he wanted done.
Not until they came to the trick to
which the pantomime worked up did
Beth regain her interest. The beautiful
white girl was supposed to be thrown
into a lion's den, but an Indian mald-
en, by virtue of a tallman, took the
place of the infuriated beast.
The others crowded about the cage to
see the trick worked, and Tom drag-
ged Beth over, with a whispered, "You
mustn't tell the trick to any one."
She nodded assent with a delighted
feeling of mystery and watched with
interest the elaborate working of a
trick that seemed simple enough from
the audience.
Half a dozen times the trick was
tried before Hermes straightened up
with an "All right! Dress for the next
act," and the crowd of fantastically
dressed players rushed off to the ante-
room.
Tom led Beth back to the tiny plat-
form that formed her seat of vantage.
"Disillusioned?" he said, with a smile.
"Entirely so," she shuddered.
"Come I knew it was all play, but I
never dreamed it was such hard work."
"Tom should have been to one of the

early rehearsals," he laughed. "There
was one afternoon when St. Elmo got
so excited at the way one of the stupid
girls behaved that I had to jump in
and catch him to keep him from
striking her. He's a genius, but his
temper is something awful. It's ap-
proximately, though, than with some of the
big companies."
"I don't think I shall want any of it,"
she shuddered. "It has cured me com-
pletely of my desire to go on the
stage."
"Do you think you could settle down to
being just Mrs. Tom Seaton?" he
pleaded. "I want you so, dear."
"Don't, please," she begged. "You
know I can't do it."
He turned away. He knew all too
well how she felt. That same roman-
ticism that urged her to the stage acted
against him. He was just Tom Sea-
ton, big, good natured and a faithful
friend, but entirely too unromantic to
appeal to her heart. He had destroyed
the glamour of the stage for her by
bringing her to rehearsal. Only a mir-
acle could work the other change.
He had slipped his coat off when he
had come in, following the example of
the rest, and now he turned to a cigar
for solace. He was carefully selecting
one from his case when a cry from
Beth caused him to turn.
There just below the platform stood
King, the lion used in the trick. In
the excitement some one had neglected
to fasten the door of the cage, and
while they had been talking he had
slipped out and started on a tour of
investigation.
All of the players had gone to change
their costumes, and the property man
had taken advantage of Hermes' ab-
sence to slip out to the corner for a
glass of beer. They were alone. Just
below him on the edge of the platform
were a couple of revolvers loaded with
blank charges. With a bound, he
caught one of these up and discharged
it into King's face. With an angry
snarl the brute turned and charged to-
ward the other end of the room.
Tom caught up the other revolver
and slipped it into his pocket. Then he
seized St. Elmo's wand and followed
the retreating form. Back and forth
they went, up and down the hall, until
at last with a quick turn Tom headed
the brute into his cage just as Hermes
rushed in.
It was he who latched the door of
the cage, for now that the danger was
over Beth was clinging to Tom, mur-
muring praises that sounded sweet to
his ears.
"There is a carriage at the door," he
said. "I am sorry that Miss Albright
should have had so unpleasant an ex-
perience while my guest."
"All's well that ends well," laughed
Tom. "Good night, Hermes, and many
thanks for your courtesy. I'll see you
tomorrow."
In the carriage Beth clung to Tom as
though the danger were not yet over.
"And to think," she sobbed piteously,
"that I did not realize what a brave
man you were! I do love you, Tom,
but somehow—"
"I know," he said gently as she fal-
tered. "You wanted a hero, and I was
so dreadfully commonplace."
"You're no hero!" she cried indignantly.
"Only I—well, I never realized before
how big and brave you were."
"All's well that ends well," he
chuckled. "Tomorrow morning you
will be wearing the biggest solitaire
that an engaged girl ever had."
"I don't deserve it," she said meekly.
"You're awfully good, Tom."
Some hours later Seaton sat in his
little den absorbing a brandy and soda
in absolute content. He looked up at
Beth's picture on the mantel.
"—I guess you've had a lot of ideas
smashed tonight, little girl," he mused,
"but it was good for you, and if any
one ever tells you that that poor old
brute was a damned sight more scared
than you ever could be I'll knock his
blamed head off."

**The Couple With
The Green Patches**
(Original.)
The patient whose eyesight I was
concentrating all my professional skill
to restore had made his weekly call
and passed out. My attendant threw
aside a sliding door and admitted the
next patient for consultation. He was
a handsome, healthy looking young
fellow, with eyes as clear as crystal.
I advanced, looking at him inquiringly.
"Doctor," he said, "I wish you to
take out my right eye."
"What's the matter with it?" I asked,
astounded.
"Nothing, but I wish you to take it
out."
"I will perpetrate no such unprofes-
sional nonsense."
The young man stepped aside to a
table on which some instruments were
lying, took up a sharp pointed knife
and, holding it before his eye, said:
"If you will not take it out unpro-
fessionally, I will take it out unpro-
fessionally."
I said, seeing that he would
surely carry out his intention. "Tell
me why you wish to lose your eye and
I will oblige you."
"I am desperately in love with a
lady who has lost one of her eyes—at
least the sight of it—and she is obliged
to wear a green patch over it. The
disfigurement has made her inordinately
sensitive. She positively declines to
infect herself on any man for life.
Instead of infecting herself on me for
life she is ruining my life. If I have
the same defect she cannot refuse me."
"I see," I said. "Now, my friend,
let me give you a piece of advice. In-
stead of cutting out your eye, cut out
the woman you love from your heart.
There are plenty of women who would
be delighted to marry you."
"Doctor, fulfill your promise. I have
done my part in giving you my reason.
Now do your part."
I summoned an assistant, placed the
man on an operating chair, gave him
an anesthetic, and when he came to
himself and I held a glass before him
he saw a green patch instead of an
eye and felt considerable pain.
"Now," I said, "if you don't want
the loss of one eye to affect the other
and leave you totally blind, don't re-
move the covering on any account."
"For how long? I must change the
patch occasionally. One won't last
forever."
"When it is too much soiled to be
worn longer, come to me, and I will
change it for you."
"Very well. Your fee, doctor."
"Fee? Do you suppose I would take
a fee for maiming a man? I perform
the operation to prevent your mak-
ing it worse."
"I am very much obliged to you,
doctor."
And the man who wished his sight
impaired followed the man who wish-
ed his sight restored.
"Next," I called to the attendant,
muttering to myself, "What a queer
world!"
A month later when "next" was
called he proved to be the man who had
wished his eye removed. He was ac-
companied by a young lady wearing a
patch similar to that for the patch
and the saddest face I ever saw she
would have been extraordinarily
pretty.
"Doctor," said the man, "I have
called to ask you to change the patch,
and I have brought with me the lady
on whose account I had my eye re-
moved. We are soon to be married."
"Oh, doctor," she said in a wail,
"why did you do it?"
Without noticing her remark I turn-
ed to the man and told him that I
would change his patch, but in order
that no ray of light should enter the
place where the eye had been I must
darken the room. I then closed the
blinds and changed his patch. When
I had finished I asked the young lady
if it might not be possible for me to
help her with her own eye. She hesi-
tated and looked meaningfully at her
lover. I took the hint and asked him
to wait without the appointed hour
of examination. As soon as he had gone
the girl turned to me and said in despair-
ing tones:
"Doctor, I have ruined my life. When
I met him I was temporarily wearing
a patch for some slight weakness in
my eye. In a fit of coquetry I told
him what he told you. I never dream-
ed that he would—that he loved me so
desperately. I shall never remove my
patch, though I do not need it."
"I dislike," I said, "to lecture a woman,
but I confess that women who give
way to such feminine temptations de-
serve the punishment they receive and
often do not receive."
"I deserve all and more," she moan-
ed. "I even wish I were dead."
"When are you to be married?"
"In two weeks. Will you come to
the wedding?"
"Yes. Your intended will need a
new patch for such an important cere-
mony. I will be there in time to put
it on."
The next day I received the cards
and on the morning of the wedding
went to the house where the marriage
was to take place, arriving about ten
minutes before the appointed hour.
The groom's best man on learning my
name took me to a back drawing room,
where the bride and groom were wait-
ing. The bride started to close the
shutters, but I called her back and, go-
ing to the groom, yielded the strings of
his patch and took a bit of cotton off
his eye, and he stood looking out of two
good eyes. Then I tore the patch from
the eye of the bride.
I will not attempt to describe the
paroxysm with which the bride, seeing
the two good eyes, threw her arms
around the man's neck and burst into
hysterical weeping—a weeping for de-
light. **HENRY R. GILBERT.**

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 \$80.
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 1st 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 1st 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 asso-
ciation, sales dates June 8th to 15,
with final return limit August 21st.
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