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Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always
talked to himself, replied:
"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.
Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than on
any other subject.
We don't say a word about prices—it goes
without saying that prices are right.
And our work—if it's not right, send it back.
Try us. We Print anything.

Observer Printing Office
Moro, Oregon.

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I. O. O. F. Moro, Oregon.
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evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Visiting members are
cordially invited. Mem-
bers are expected to be
present. By order of the
Lodge, Mrs. N. G. G.
R. M. Braah, Secretary.

Lupine Rebecca Lodge
No. 114, I. O. O. F.
Meets regularly every
Friday evening. Visiting
members are cordially
invited to meet with us.
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pected to be present. By order of the
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Mrs. Josie Henrich, Secretary.

Eureka Lodge, No. 121
A. F. & 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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No. 73, O. E. S.
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The Last Comrade

(Original.)

An old man sat at a table on which
had been placed a smoking dinner
plate for eighteen persons. No seat
was occupied except that of the old
man himself, and as the clock on the
mantel ticked away the minutes no one
else appeared. Indeed, the one occu-
pant of the room could not have ex-
pected any one else, for his own dinner
was on his plate. At each place was a
bottle of wine, but the only bottle un-
corked was that before the one diner.

At the close of the Mexican war
eighteen officers who had taken part in
it and who lived not far from one an-
other decided to celebrate the peace
with a dinner. It was a jubilee. Dur-
ing the evening a proposition was made
and decided upon that once a year the
feast was to be repeated, and as each
man dropped out his plate and bottle
were to be set the same as if he were
present.

All were either young or compar-
atively young, and it was some years
before a single place was vacant. Then
a chill passed over every man as he
entered the room and saw the empty
chair, the plate, the uncorked bottle,
of their late comrade. All had looked
upon battlefields, but none had expe-
rienced this same peculiar sensation in
viewing the dead and dying.

Several years passed. The seventeen
men were beginning to become some-
what accustomed to the one vacant
chair when the clock of their lives
struck 2. They missed one of the
youngest members of their number.
Then it became apparent that the
spontaneous merriment of their first
dinner would wane under the increas-
ing vacant chairs and exertion must be
made to keep the dinner from grow-
ing painful. A resolution was passed
that each man must contribute some-
thing—a song, a story, a joke, what-
ever he pleased—to enliven the occa-
sion.

Their clock struck 10, 11, 12, and two-
thirds of the original number had passed
away. Six men whose beards were
gray sat together and drank to twelve
who had gone. To them the dead re-
mained as they had departed, some
on the threshold of manhood, others
at successive ages.

It was years before there was an-
other vacancy; then two empty plates
dropped into line like figures discom-
ing the dead. It was not now a question
of the threshold of manhood, others
at successive ages.

By this time all who were destined
to reach the ordinary limit, threescore
years and ten, had dropped out. Of those
who were to become octogenarians
or centenarians but two remained. For
eleven years two old men sat down
together once a year and drank to six-
teen comrades whose bottles were un-
corked. It was not now a question of
which should be blessed with the
longest life, but which would be soon-
est relieved from a painful duty. As
they glanced over the uncorked bottles
it seemed that their dead comrades
were drawn up in line to receive them
when they should appear upon the
eternal parade. With trembling hands
they raised their glasses to their lips
and drank—drank as much there was
hope of assimilating with their
worn-out systems—then set their glass-
es down and without a word left a
room which from a banquet hall had
become a sepulcher.

And now the last man, eighty-nine
years old, sat alone. A myriad of
wrinkles radiate from a scar on his
forehead, the remains of a wound re-
ceived at Churubusco. A few snow
white hairs are scattered over his
head. His eye is a fine of intelligence
about to go out. His dinner is unat-
tended, except a little toast water, of which
he has taken a few sips. He sits at
one end of the table and looks down
the long line of bottles on either side,
every bottle representing a dead com-
rade. He raises his glass and speaks,
not with his lips—lips are not needed
to address the dead—but in spirit.

"Comrades, I, about to die, greet
you. I have pleased my great com-
mander to place me in charge of the
rear guard. I have seen you all safely
over the river, and now, my work be-
ing finished, I am permitted to cross
myself. The din of battle sounds far
from me—a confused murmur of shout-
ing, of musketry, of cannon. I have
no desire to return to mingle with it.
I only wish to join you in your long
rest. Comrades, I greet you."

He touched the rim of his glass to
his thin lips and set it down. Then he
rested his chin on his breast and
closed his eyes.

The door opened, and a group of
children burst into the room, followed
by their parents.

"Grandpa, wake up! We have come
to cheer you for the loss of your
friends. They are gone, but we are
coming on. We knew it would be sad
for you to dine alone, and we are go-
ing to take you away and warm you
with young hearts beating against
yours. Come, grandpa, wake up!"

But the old man did not wake up.
One of his sons, a man of fifty, ap-
proached and quietly shook him. Touch-
ing the veteran's hand, he found it
cold. Quickly testing his own hand
over the wrinkled brow, he dropped it
on the heart.

It had ceased to beat.

F. A. MITCHELL.

BOWSER, NATURALIST

Discovers That Most Animals
Change With Seasons.

IT IS SO WITH MANKIND.

Cost the Philosopher Three Pails of
Beer to Corroborate His Theory
About the Goos—Takes a Mean Ad-
vantage of Mrs. Bowser.

(Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)
Mr. Bowser had hardly entered the
house the other evening as he returned
from the office when he inquired as to
the whereabouts of the family cat. Be-
ing informed that Grimaldina was cir-
cling around the neighborhood
somewhere, he dropped the matter, and
though Mrs. Bowser directly ques-
tioned him, he made evasive re-
plies. It was not until dinner was over
and they had returned to the sitting
room that the cat walked in and took
his accustomed place on the rug. Mr.
Bowser at once gave the feline his full
attention and kept it up so long that
Mrs. Bowser petulantly demanded:
"Now, what on earth do you see
about that old cat to interest you? One
would think you were a child and see-
ing a cat for the first time."

"I am seeing certain things for the first
time nevertheless. I see corrobora-



THE GOOSE MAN WAS IN HIS GOOSE.

tion of an article I read in a sci-
entific magazine the other day. Mrs.
Bowser, what change do you see in
that cat since the fall season set in?"
"None whatever."

"Had you asked me the same ques-
tion yesterday I should have answered
it in the same way. Now I must tell
you that I see a dozen changes. You
will observe that his eyes are brighter
and have a more intense color. There
is a certain elation about him. There
is an alertness that strikes you at once.
He is no longer morbid or lymphatic.
He is no more the cat he was last Au-
gust than day is like night."

"Well," asked Mrs. Bowser.
"The same or other changes
could be seen in all other animals—
in the horse, the ox, the dog, the fowls
of the air and of the coop. They have
taken place in mankind itself. Ever
since the world was created there have
been changes of seasons, but up to this
present moment mankind has not been
ready to admit that all things change
with the seasons. It stands to reason
that they do, however."

"And, if they do, then what?"
"They have solved one of the hu-
man problems. If man changes his na-
ture four times a year, as the seasons
change, then he has but to discover
when he is at his best and his worst
to guard against things."

"You didn't kick about last month's
gas bill?"
"Then there has been a change in
that. The water I was paying for was
fishing for. If we can secure a few
other instances, we can set it down
that human nature is a greater kicker
than the small gas bills of summer
than over the big ones of winter."

"But haven't you got to take human
nature as we find it, good and bad?"
"Asked Mrs. Bowser.
"We have had to, but when we find
human nature's best and worst seasons
we can shape our course accordingly.
Suppose that the spring season is your
mean and cantankerous season. As
soon as I discover it I treat you differ-
ently from what I otherwise would.
Suppose my cantankerous season is the
summer. You know it, and you don't
talk back to me during those three
months. Is crime more rampant in
spring, summer, autumn or winter,
and why? Are there more divorces in
March than November? Does our con-
science upbraid us more in January
than July? Why should we give a
tramp 10 cents in September and the
boot in April?"

"It was beyond Mrs. Bowser, and she
simply shook her head.
"It is changes, my dear, changes.
Last August I seriously thought of
getting a divorce from you for your
extravagance in using up champagne.
But I found that I could not sever
the bond under any circumstances, not
even if you smashed half the crockery
in the house. What has changed me
except the change of season? If a
man has criminal desires in the spring
he must fight them off until summer.
If the summer makes a man soft and
mellow and an easy mark, he must
have a guardian appointed until Sep-
tember comes. I already begin to un-
derstand that my season for being real
good begins with the first fall month."

Comparisons.

Mrs. Kross Rhodes—Still in the city
there is going to stay with us. You have
so much more variety than we do out
here.

Mrs. Avnoo—Ah, me, yes! In the
last year I have tried cooks of seven-
teen different nationalities and have not
found one to suit me yet!—Chicago
Tribune.

What I shall be during the winter se-
ason is a mystery at the present mo-
ment. The magazine article that I re-
ferred to says that the change is more
observable in the goose than in any
other living thing."

"That's queer."
"So it is, but it will not long re-
main so. There's a man down the
street who keeps geese by the score,
and I propose to drop down and have
a little talk with him. Like the rest
of humanity, I have always supposed
that a goose was a goose the year
round, but if it is true that she changes
her disposition four times a year I
must to give her all proper credit."

"I'd let the goose part of it go if I
were you," said Mrs. Bowser, feeling
trouble in the air all of a sudden.
"But there is the foundation of the
whole question, you see. Does the
goose change with the seasons? If she
does, then why not all other living
things, man included? If she changes,
what are the changes? I'll be back in
an hour and tell you all about it, and I
may think best to sit up the rest of
the night and write an article dealing
with the question."

When Mr. Bowser left the house he
headed straight for the gooseery. The
five engines crossed his path, but they
could not tempt him aside. There was
a tree for all light among a lot of long
shorelines, but he refused to halt. A
tramp wanted him to stop and argue
on the amount of food a man could
live on for a week, but he was brushed
aside. The goose man was in his goose-
ery, as it behooved him to be, and
within five minutes of his arrival Mr.
Bowser had stated his case. Did a
goose change with the seasons? Under
the head of goose he included gander
as well. The promptness of the goose
man was rather surprising. "If you
will send for a pail of beer, sir, we'll
talk," he said, and his little
son soon returned with a two quart
pail frothing over. He took it that Mr.
Bowser was a strictly temperate man
and offered him none of the contents.

"Do a goose change with the se-
asons?" he repeated after imbibing half
the contents of the pail without draw-
ing breath. "I answer you that he
does. We will begin with spring. In
the spring he is laundable and would
not hurt a fly. He sits and warbles
love songs and makes goosy eyes at
his mates. He takes long walks in the
moonlight and can be heard to sigh
ten rods off."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed Mr.
Bowser.
"Yes, sir, and the pails empty, and
as soon as more beer arrives we will
take on summer. Dan, the gentleman
is handing you 10 cents for more beer."

When the pail came back and had
been duly looked into, the goose man
continued:
"When spring runs into summer the
goose gets cranky. He drops poetry
and love and moonlight and won't take
a word from nobody. He becomes
morbid. He reasons that all the world
is agin him, and it is then that he
attacks and devours young children.
If you have a young and innocent
child, sir, let it beware of the summer
goose."

"Nonsense! I have heard of a goose
chasing a person, but as for injur-
ing!"
"You are talking to a man who has
lived his life among them, sir. If you
were to hand Danny another 10 cents,
he would get another pail of beer, and
we would pass on to the fall season."

Mr. Bowser hesitated, but finally
handed out the money, and four or five
minutes later the goose man, refreshed
and in good spirits, was saying:
"September has hardly come, sir,
when the goose begins to show a dis-
position to make a use of himself. He
wants his renewer for his bald head,
though he knows that it won't renew.
He bosses and bulldozes and thinks
he's a devil of a fellow, and the only
way to tame him down."

"What are you driving at?" sharply
demanded Mr. Bowser as he rose up.
"Danny," said the goose man to his
son, "the gentleman will hand you 10
cents to get a pail of beer."

"The gentleman will do nothing of
the kind," replied Mr. Bowser.
"Then the gentleman, as is no gen-
tleman, won't get no more goose in-
formation here and can go to Texas."

When Mr. Bowser reached home he
entered very quietly and had reached
the sitting room and dropped into his
chair when Mrs. Bowser asked:
"Well, does a goose change with the
season?"
"As you have been one all your life
you ought to know," he mentally an-
swered as he picked up his newspaper
and refused to answer another word.

By Proxy.



Tommy—Oh, gran'ma, how long are
you going to stay with us?
Grandma—Why, I don't know, dear.
Why?
Tommy—Oh, pa wanted to know—
that's all.

Comparisons.
Mrs. Kross Rhodes—Still in the city
there is going to stay with us. You have
so much more variety than we do out
here.

Mrs. Avnoo—Ah, me, yes! In the
last year I have tried cooks of seven-
teen different nationalities and have not
found one to suit me yet!—Chicago
Tribune.

Miss Lavalette

(Original.)

A woman never forgets a lover; a
man may forget the woman he has
loved.

During the civil war Lieutenant Law-
rence Nolan, aid-de-camp to a general
of brigade, encamped in Virginia on
the grounds of a manor house belong-
ing to a family named Lavalette. The
owner of the plantation and his sons
were with the Confederate army, but
his wife and daughter, Rosalind, were
at home. The women, though their
hearts were with the southern cause
and especially with the father and his
sons at the front, had the good sense
to treat the Union officers who came to
the house courteously. By this means
they insured protection for themselves
and their property. The command of
which Nolan was attached remained in
camp on the Lavalette plantation for
several months, and among other of-
ficers, he was a frequent visitor at the
manor house. Nolan, which knows no
barrier, ignored the fact that Rosalind
Lavalette was a rebel and Lawrence
Nolan an invader of the homes of
herself and the southern people.

It was in the best summer time,
and life had in it for the young people
far more of zest than either had
known before. The ring of the bugle
and the beat of the drum were heard
in the land, uniformed men were com-
ing and going, the air was laden with
strains from military bands, while oc-
casional there came from a distance
the booming of cannon. Amid all this
the young officer, snatching occasional
moments, when off duty, pleaded his
cause. Nothing but principle stood in
the way of a favorable reply. The girl
could not bear to give herself to an
enemy of her country.

"When the brigade moved, Nolan had
only time to ride to the manor house
and bid adieu to the girl he loved.
Cutting a button from his sleeve, he
gave it to her as a souvenir and told
her to keep it till he should call for it.
"When peace comes," he said, "I will
come to ask again for the word I
would be so glad to hear now. Till
then goodbye."

He asked for a parting kiss, but she
refused him. "How could I look my
dear father in the face," she said,
"when he has been killed by a Yankee?"
Nolan sighed and, mounting, rode away.

When the Union army left the Lava-
lette plantation the place at once sank
into its accustomed quiescence. There
was nothing but the waving trees, the
hum of insects, the songs of birds. Not
again did any part of either the Union
or Confederate armies visit it. Rosalind
Lavalette spent her time comfort-
ing her mother for the loss of her brother,
who had been killed in a skirmish with
the brigade that had been encamped
on the plantation. Lawrence Nolan
gave the order in the name of his gen-
eral to send the body to the mother
and sister, and though he believed that
his heart would remain forever where
he had bestowed it, he gave up all
hope that Rosalind would ever be his
wife.

When peace came several years later
the episode of the Lavalette planta-
tion had become a pleasant dream to
Nolan. He was even then but twenty-
two, and his impressions were the
evanescent impressions of youth. He had
had several other later affairs during
the war, and these had tended to wear
upon the effect of the first. He left
the army and began the study of a
profession. Occasionally he would be
seized with a desire to go south and
seek Miss Lavalette, but he feared that
if she would not listen to him, he would
before his corps had killed her brother
she would not listen to him after that
distracting event. He had not the
nerve to ask the hand of one whose
hospitality had been thus repaid. He
must study his profession for several
years and even after acquiring it must
wait patiently for an income. And so
the matter of his first love gradually
slipped away from him.

Forty years passed, Nolan, who had
become prominent in his profession,
was elected to congress. One evening
soon after his arrival at the capital he
was introduced to a white haired woman
of refined appearance and with a
southern accent.

"When? Where?"
"During the civil war, in the south,"
Nolan looked at her inquiringly.
"That was a long while ago," he said.
"Indeed it was, but I have remem-
bered you, long though it is."

"You can't be the girl who nursed
me when I was wounded?"
"No. You were perfectly well when
I nursed you."

"Nor the girl I met at Richmond at
the close of the war—the one over
whose home I stood guard one night?"
"Nor that one either. You gave me
a headache at parting and have it yet."

"Oh, I know you. I remember well
that evening in your garden at Char-
leston when I gave you a rose and you
said you would keep it as long as you
lived."

The lady smiled. It was a very sad
smile.
"Guess again," said Nolan, seeing that
he was continually getting deeper into
the mire. The lady moved some lace
about her neck and showed an army
button that formed the head of a stick-
pin.

"Do you remember giving me that
button?"
Two men approached.
"Miss Lavalette," said a voice, "per-
mit me to introduce my friend, Colo-
nel R."

"Lavalette?" mused Nolan, moving
on, with a troubled brow. "Who the
deuce was Miss Lavalette?"
F. A. MITCHELL.

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 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 point,
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