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MORO - - OREGON.



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.
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Moro, - - Oregon.

Moro Lodge, No. 113,
I. O. O. F. Room, Oregon.
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evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Visiting members are
cordially invited. Mem-
bers are expected to be
present.
Wm. Rudolf, N. G.
R. M. Brash, Secretary.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 114, 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. Neva Johnson, N. G.
Mrs. Jessie Heinrich, Secretary.

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A. F. & A. M., Moro, Or.
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Thursday evenings of each
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No. 73 O. E. S.
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The Rise of William Bentley

(Original.)

William Bentley, having an enor-
mous appetite, was driven to exercise
or death. He reluctantly chose exer-
cise.

No one ever thought of calling him
Mr. Bentley or even William. He was
universally known as Billy Bentley.
When Billy announced his intention to
take exercise every one laughed. A
great many kinds of exercise were of-
fered to him, most of them for the pur-
pose of giving him. One day the do-
mestic said to him:

"Billy, if you wish to take exercise
and don't care to benefit yourself by it
except in health, why not do something
to benefit others?"

"How?" asked Billy.

"At the bureau of united charities we
need men to saw wood. Wood sawing
is the best remedy a dyspeptic can
take. Go up there every day and give
your services to the poor, and perhaps
the Lord will return them to you mul-
tiple."

Billy took the hint. Arrayed in a
frock coat, a white waistcoat and a
silk hat, he went to the bureau and
sawed wood from 3 till 5. Then he
went home, took a bath and ate a din-
ner that required another two hours'
work to digest. He felt so much bet-
ter that he kept up the wood sawing
with great regularity.

One day soon after Billy commenced
to saw there was a meeting of the
lady directors of the bureau in the
building overlooking the woodyard.
Billy was engaged in digesting his yester-
day's dinner.

"Who's that out in the yard sawing
wood?" asked Miss Arabella Stevens,
a wealthy young lady much interested
in charitable work. "He doesn't look
like a pauper."

The manager was called in and ques-
tioned. She reported that the gentle-
man's name was Bentley and that he
sawed wood, she supposed, from an in-
terest in the poor.

Now, the ladies present had husbands
or brothers or sons, but none of them
had ever seen or heard of a man who
loved the poor so well as to saw wood
for them. It was hard enough to get
the men to give money, and when a
man hadn't that to give he gave nothing.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?" said Miss
Stevens.

"Such true charity!" remarked the
president.

"Remember one of the sacrifices of the
widow who gave her mite!" observed the
secretary.

"I wonder who he is anyway?" asked
a director.

"He's aristocratic looking even while
doing a work so far beneath a gentle-
man put in another director.

"He ennobles the work," added a
third.

When after a month had rolled
round and the board met again at the
same place and hour, there was Billy
bending over a saw buck getting him-
self in shape to gorge himself again at
dinner. The board was thrown into a
flutter of admiration compared with
which the original discovery of the
friend of the poor was as nothing. How
could this charitable wonder be uti-
lized in the world of philanthropy? It
was like finding a diamond in the mud.
Billy was sent for to appear before the
board and, without being given an op-
portunity to give a true account of him-
self, was obliged to listen to adulation
that astonished him. Then he blushed
and said that sawing wood was excel-
lent exercise.

"Did you ever see such modesty?"
whispered the secretary to the treas-
urer.

"The only genuine exposition of 'Let
not your right hand know what your
left hand doeth' I have ever met with,"
replied the treasurer.

Then the president asked Billy if he
would accept the position of superin-
tendent of all the charities under the
direction of the bureau. Billy was too
astounded to reply. Then the presi-
dent told him that his charitable na-
ture was only equaled by his modesty
and he should have a vote to consider
the matter.

Before the end of the week Billy re-
ceived an invitation to dine with Miss
Stevens and ate so enormous a dinner
that he lay in bed for three days.

"Poor man! He works so hard for
others it's no wonder he needs to eat
heartily."

ZEB WHITE'S TALES.

The Old Possum Hunter Tells of
His Last Drink.

WIFE COULDN'T REFORM HIM

It Remained For Two Bears to Bring
Him to His Proper Sense, and They
Did the Reforming Act in Short
Order.

(Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)

"I reckon that every man on these
yere mountains was bring up along-
side of a whiskey jug," said old Zeb
White one evening as we sat at his
fireplace. "That don't mean that all
are drunkards. It means that they've
known what whiskey was from the
time they was b'ns, and while some
take to it others let it alone. I keep
it in the house, as you know, but I
give you my word I haven't had my
nose to the jug for the last five years.
I ain't sayin' that I didn't drink my
full share up to that time, because I did.
I reckon I got away with as much



"BETWEEN ME AND HER WAS TWO PAIN."

moonshine as any other critter fur ten
miles around, and I was fool 'nuff to
feel proud of the fact.

"When I was married, fifteen years
ago, my wife thought she could reform
me. She was a real good woman, but
year or so, but the reformin' didn't re-
form. I'd promise and promise, but
as soon as I got out with a crowd I'd
fill up. The only good thing about my
gettin' drunk was the fact that I
never raised a row at home. I sim-
ply wanted to get home and to bed,
and if left alone I'd sleep it off by
next day. I had been sober fur three
months when town meetin' day come
along. When I got ready to leave
home the old woman said:

"Zeb, you've been livin' like a de-
cent human being for some time past.
Are you comin' home drunk or sober
tonight?"

"Sober as a stump," I replied, not
fearin' myself at all.

"Why not let town meetin' slide?"
"I couldn't. I've promised to be
there to vote."

"That'll be heaps and heaps of
whisky that, won't they?" she asked.

"Fur shore. But don't you be scared
for me. I give you my word that I
won't drink nuthin' stronger'n lemon-
ade."

"That was a lively town meetin', with
whisky foun' like water, and though
I held out agin it fur an hour or so, I
had to take a drink at last. Then fol-
lowed a second and a third, and by
night I was reeled drunk and fightin'
everybody. They started to take me
home in a cart, but when a mile from
my cabin I got out and wouldn't go
any further and was left there. It
was a bright and beautiful moonlight
night. I opened my eyes and saw the
old woman on the doolstep, and
between me and her was two bears.

They would look at her and then at
me, and it was their haulin' me
around that had roused me up. I
wasn't sober yit, you understand, but
could reason thinstuff out after a fashion.

"Why don't you git the gun and
shoot the bears?" I called to the old
woman, but she never 'peared to notice
me. The bears did, however. They
turned from her to me and began a
sort of hesipity. One of them fetched
me a sort of cuff on the ear that
stretched me out and made my head
ring fur a week arter, and then they
began playin' ball with my body. I
knewed them fur bears, and I knowed
that it would be all play until I tried
to get away from them or at back.

"Well, aub, I can't begin to tell you
what them fur bears put me through
that night. They rolled me over and
over; they dragged me about feet first
and head first; they pulled me down to
the puggen and then pulled me back;
they used their teeth and claws on
me in play, but they left marks behind
that didn't go away fur two months.

Every time they rested I caught out to
the old woman, but she wouldn't an-
swer. Sometimes she looked at me in
a pityin' way, and sometimes she was
laughin' at the way I was tossed
about. The rifle was on its hooks in
the house and loaded, and in the
moonlight she could have shot one of
the varmints through the heart, but
she wouldn't move to do it.

"I reckon them bears sported with
me fur half an hour or so befo' they
had had 'nuff of play. By that time I
was in rags and just as sober as you
are now. I have thought some of
takin' out a patent on that adventure
of mine. That drunk order have lasted
me the best part of three days, but the
bears cured me of it in about forty
minits. Seem' the old woman would
do nuthin', my line was to play dead
and hope the varmints would git tired
and go away. They got tired of the
play, but they wasn't through with me
then. They began to growl and show
sign of madness, and I called out to
the old woman:

"Marry, can't you see that they all
are dun gittin' mad?"

"I kin," she said, speakin' fur the
first time and speakin' fur the last
time at that:

"They all will begin to bite 'and
claw in almost now."
"They will fur shore."
"I'll try to git away to do any thing
to help me?"

"Nothin' tall, Zeb. A man who
can't stay sober had better be dead,
and it don't make no difference wheth-
er he falls from a tree or gets clawed
up by bears."

"But yo' wouldn't see yo' own hus-
band perish befo' yo' eyes, I take it?"

"I'll think it over. If yo' are gwine
to live on yo' got to keep sober arter
this. It will be well fur yo' to have
some scars to 'plait to. Arter yo' have
been half killed maybe I'll do sun-
thin', but it don't seem pizen mean to
drive the bears away when they're hav-
in' so much fun."

"Just then the old bear took a long
look into my face and then uttered a
growl that made chills shuke me all
over. He knowed me, and I knowed
him. He was a bear I had hunted for
three years, and he had three of my
bullets in his body at that very minit.

Yes, aub, that critter knowed me
fur Zeb White, the man who never yit
had mercy on a 'var, and he seen that
his Zeb had come to git even. He
hailed off and gin me a swat that
almost stove in my ribs and then bit
me twice. His mane pitched in, and
fur the next two minits I was muled
about between 'em like a rag doll. It
was no use of my tryin' to make a
fight fur it. They was all over me all
the time, and even if I had a knife it
wouldn't have helped me out.

"What sent the pesky critters off at
last was the old woman scoldin' down
the bear's ear, but I was left in a pow-
erful state. I had scarcely a stitch
of clothes left on me, and I was one
mass of bites and claw marks. I had
to be dragged into the house and boot-
ed into bed, and I didn't tech toe to
the floor fur three weeks to come. I
hadn't any bones broke, but the claw
marks and bites of a bear don't heal
fur a long time. Durin' all the time I
was in bed and sufferin' the old wom-
an kept whisky under my nose. I had
the scent of it until I positively hated
it, and begged her to take it away.

The hell thing taken together worked
a cure so thorough that, though I ran
a moonshine still fur three years, I
never tasted a drop of the stuff."

"Did Mrs. White have anything to
say to you arter you got better?" I
asked.

"Never a word," he answered. "What
was the use? If all that bear play
wouldn't stop a man from makin' a
fool of himself agin, then words
would be thrown away. No, aub, she
never said a word, and that's what
yit I reckon she's jest the nicest and
best wife in this yere state of Tenness-
see."

M. QUAD.

Two of a Kind.

Intoxicated Individual - Shee the
show?

Enthusiast - Yes, I saw it twice.
Intoxicated Individual - So'd I - illus-
trated Bits.

Wanted to Know.

Irishman (drumming for burglers) - Is
there any one there? (No answer.) Is
there any one there? If not, speak up
and say so - Pick-Me-Up.

At the Book Club.

Vacuous Customer (in a hurry) - Can
you tell me where I can see "Pools
Rush In?"

When Nancy Dances.

When Nancy Clancy dances
Her grace throu'out entrances;
She catches all th' glances
From young men in th' hall;
She smiles so sweetly, brightly,
While I - I hold her tightly.
An' squeeze that waist so small.

At almost every turn
I tell her of a burlesque
My heart has; it's a yearnin'
To tell her mine, all mine.
She says, "I'm don't be leasin'
If me you would be pleasin'."
My heart she's fur from mine.
This bunch of grace divine.

When Nancy Clancy dances,
While both of them eyes glance,
Some night I'll learn my chance
By meetin' foot an' strong.
An' if she loves me truly
My heart will be fur gone!
Before a month rolls 'long.
- Denver Post.

What She Taught Him

(Original.)

Captain Gerald Donovan of the 4th
United States artillery took the ground
that all girls were unreliable in mat-
ters of love and a man should deal
with them according to their own
methods. Donovan was stationed at
Fort Monroe, where he studied at
the artillery school by day and flirted
with the girls at the hotels during the
evening.

Among other girls he saw a great
deal of Lorella Bertrand, the daugh-
ter of a retired army officer living in
Washington. Miss Bertrand was quite
young and very unsophisticated. Cap-
tain Donovan was the first grown man
who had ever been especially attentive
to her, and her poor little head was
soon turned. She was her constant at-
tendant at dress parade in the after-
noon and in the evening was always
sitting in one of the luxurious
chairs opposite her at the hotel where
she was staying with her parents.

Then one day came Miss Olcott, a
New York belle, and whisked most of
the young officers of the fort in her
following, as a train of cars will draw
papers on the track flying in the air
after it. Captain Donovan at once be-
came the favorite, and he made no
more of transferring his attentions
from Miss Bertrand. He was dis-
tinctly changing his uniform of khaki
to full dress. Poor Miss Bertrand met
her first attention and her first de-
scription very near together, but if the
latter troubled her she did not show it.

Outwardly at least she accepted the
situation, and, as she was just grow-
ing into attractiveness, she found no
difficulty in filling up her time with
other officers.

From Fort Monroe Captain Dono-
van was ordered to the Pacific coast.
He remained there three years, when
he was transferred to the war depart-
ment at Washington. On the evening
of his arrival at a reception of the se-
cretary of war he met Miss Bertrand.

Three years had filled out her figure
and stamped beauty on her face. She
was the same retiring, gentle creature
that she had been when Donovan had
first met her, and when he approached
and spoke to her, after a slight ap-
parent embarrassment, she received him
unobtrusively. As Donovan surveyed
her critically from head to foot he re-
gretted that he had not taken her when
she was ready to fall into his net.

However, not being troubled with back-
wardness, he manufactured a cock and
bull story about his conduct, blating
at excuses grossly to his credit, and
asked permission to call and explain.

Miss Bertrand told him that she would
be at church the next Wednesday aft-
ernoon at 4 o'clock and he might see
her there.

Donovan went from the reception to
the Army and Navy club, where he
met Major Price, with whom he had
passed some time in the Philippines
when they were both subalterns. They
sat down together at a table for re-
freshment, and Donovan, who was at
the moment full of his former love,
spoke to Price of having met her. Price
asked how she was, and Donovan gave
him an account of his attentions to
Miss Bertrand, his switching off to fol-
low Miss Olcott - "couldn't help it," she
was such a stunner - and ended by
telling of the appointment between
himself and Miss Bertrand the next
afternoon.

"Oh, she wouldn't hurt any one's feel-
ings for the world," said Price. "She's
a lovely girl and has recently inher-
ited a fortune from her grandmother."

The two parted with expres-
sions of satisfaction at having met af-
ter so long an absence, and the next
afternoon at 4 o'clock Donovan went
to the trying place. The street before
the church was filled with carriages,
which surprised the captain, who could
not understand how so many people
would attend service on a week day.

Then, seeing a canopy stretched from
the sidewalk to the church door, he
concluded that some friend of Miss
Bertrand was to be married and this
and not the ordinary service was what
had brought her to church.

He had scarcely entered when a
wedding march came rolling out from
the organ. Who should Donovan see
proceeding as the groom down a side
aisle but his friend Major Price. As-
tounded, he turned to the correspond-
ing aisle opposite, and his wonder was
tenfold at seeing in the bride the lady
he had come to meet, Miss Bertrand.

Donovan was entering a pew at the
moment and caught at its back to
steady himself. In a twinkling he saw
himself from being about to be lifted
into heaven cast down into hell. He
stood during the wedding service sup-
porting himself on the back of the pew
in front of him, and when the bride
and groom walked out through the
center aisle, passing within a few feet
of him, he stared at the bride like a
condemned man at his executioner.
But she mercifully kept her eyes to the
front.

Captain Donovan went to his room a
sadder and a wiser man. He had
flirted with women who had vented
upon him the wrath of a woman scorned.
Their treatment had only flattered
his vanity. Providence had sent the
gentle Miss Bertrand to teach him
that no pain indicated on the body can
equal that which may be inflicted upon
the soul.

Captain Donovan met Mrs. Price oc-
casionally in society, but she never no-
ticed him