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Agent for the Best Steam Laundry
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EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.
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.
And our work—if it's not right, send it back.
Try us. We Print anything.
Observer Printing Office
Moro, - - - Oregon.

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. By order of the
Lodge.
Mrs. Neva Johnson, N. G.
Mrs. Jessie Henrichs, Secretary.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 115, 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 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.
J. M. Parry, Secretary.

Bethlehem Chapter
No. 73, O. E. S.
Regular communication
each 2d and 4th Thurs-
day evening monthly.
By order W. M.
Mrs. F. J. Mendel, Secy.

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and do a General Banking business.
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Attorney at Law.
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James Stewart
Stock Inspector
Sherman County,
Oregon.
Address: MORO, OREGON.

The Purser's Confidence
By HUNTLEY WEYMAN
Copyrighted by E. C. Parcells

It was spoken of, as the slickest robbery
ever perpetrated on a London
jewelry house. Lady Stanton was
looking at a diamond tiara and being
waited on by one of the partners when
a gentleman lounged forward, familiarly
addressed her and, picking up
the tiara, walked out of the store with
it. The act was so audacious that he
was given time to mix with the throng
in the street and get safely away.
It was a jewelry house that had
never been robbed before, and the de-
cision was immediate to spare no ex-
pense to run the robber down. The
case was given to the police, with a
grand reward attached, and Scotland
Yard put its best detectives to work.
Two or three private agencies took up
the trail for the reward there was in it,
and when a clew seemed to lead to
Paris a French detective prepared to
follow it. From some line of reasoning
not made public all the officers came to
an agreement that the robber was an
American and that he would seek to
get away on the Blue Star liner Monarch.
The press didn't say anything
about trails, but four of the detectives
followed their noses at least and se-
cured passage on the Monarch. Had
one of the male passengers come to
them half an hour before sailing and
admitted that he was the robber and
held out his hands for the bracelets
none of the four would have sailed. As
it was, no one came forward, and they
felt it a duty to make the voyage to
New York and keep an eye on every
fellow passenger. They knew nothing
of each other's presence and, posing
as if they were alone, they gave the
purser's confidence to any one, the purser
was the man to whom to go, and it was
not long before he had a call. It was
a Scotland Yard man. He was wear-
ing false side whiskers and posing
himself off as a retired English retail
grocer who was making the trip to see
his sister in New York.

"I think I have a clew already," he
said as the purser promised to respect
his confidence and assist him in any
way he could. "There is a Frenchman
aboard calling himself Dubois. He
speaks English passably well and
claims to be going over in the inter-
ests of the wine business, but he isn't
talking straight. He's a corker. I've
seen him in a jewelry store and picked
up a bundle of diamonds and walked
out again as a retired man going
to work. I happened to be right light
the store at the time, and I didn't
know but what they would arrest me.
The fellow got away, but I'm pretty sure
I saw him and would know him again."
He would then lounge out on deck,
and the game would soon break up, and
one of the officers would hunt up Uncle
Abijah to get further particulars. He
would intimate that he had seen the
robber among the passengers aboard
New Hampshire, and would suggest
that he might give him away on land-
ing, and thus the four officers would
be further puzzled and mystified.
Each one was invited to New
Hampshire over and over again, and
before Sunday, they were sighted, each
of the old man's history, from the
day he was born. No arrests were
made at quarantine. It had been left
to the purser, and he had telephoned
up. Four interviews had been held
between the men and the purser, and
each one was given a chance to tell
his plan.

Three hours later the four men, ac-
companied by two detectives from
headquarters, boarded the Monarch to
ask of the purser what he knew of the
old fellow who called himself Barnes?
"Nice old man and innocent as a
child," replied the official. "Say, now,
he's gone off and forgotten his plan."
If he returns for it, tie a string
around his wrist and hold him fast,"
laughed one of the headquarters men.
"He's the chap that took the dia-
monds!"
The Value of Lifeboats.
Considerably more shipwrecked sail-
ors are saved by their own boats than
by any other means, says London As-
surers. Thus of 2,150 persons saved
on the coasts of the United Kingdom
in 1903-04, 165 were saved by the
rocket apparatus and assistance from
the shore, 423 by lifeboats, 143 by
coast guard boats and other craft, 641
by passing ships and 735 by their own
boats.
The total number of seamen and pas-
sengers saved from wrecks of British
vessels everywhere and of foreign ves-
sels on or near the coasts of British
territory during the year 1903-04 was
4,080, of whom 2,180 were saved on
the coasts of the United Kingdom,
1,782 on the coasts of British posses-
sions abroad, 1,345 on the coasts of
foreign countries—all from British
wrecks, he remembered—and 802 on
the high seas. Of the 3,927 persons
saved from British wrecks abroad
2,593 were saved by their own boats
and 659 by passing ships, while only
28 were saved by lifeboats and 149 by
rocket apparatus.

An Impression.
"Did that lawyer get a clear view of
the case?" inquired the litigant's friend.
"No, I'm afraid he didn't. I told him
that my trouble was about money, and
he seemed to be proceeding on the the-
ory that by relieving me of my money
he would cause the trouble to disap-
pear."
That Yurp is a great country, but I
don't seem to spot like old New Hamp-
shire since I went away. Ever get up
that far?"
"I never have," replied the purser as
he wondered how Uncle Abijah had
escaped the pitfalls that must have
been set for his feet.
"If you ever have a chance, come up
and stay with me for a week, and it
won't cost you a red cent. If you've
got a wife and children, bring 'em
along. If you could come in the win-
ter, I'd take you to half a dozen spell-
ing schools, and we'd slide down hills
on hand sleds. I own a hill over a mile
long, and my old woman can make
huckleberry cakes to beat the home-
say. Now, is there any danger of any
one stealing my package from you?"
"Not the slightest."
"Because there are some suspicious
characters aboard. I've run across
four different men that I wouldn't
trust to go to my barn and get a peck
measure of oats. They call themselves
Stone, Dubois, Saunders and Wilkin-
son. They got the reddish up in my
state that look more honest than these
men do. I'm right on to 'em, however,
and they can't fool me."
At least once a day during the rest
of the voyage each of the four detec-
tives sought out the purser and re-
ported progress and planned what should
be done when quarantine was reached.
While each one had only suspected
another on the start, only three
days had passed when each man's sus-
piciousness included the three others in
the quartet. Uncle Abijah bothered them
from the start. He insisted on butting
in at all times and under all circum-
stances. If one detective had another
aside to pump him, the old man from
New Hampshire presently appeared
and carelessly said:
"Gentlemen, I hope I don't intrude,
but were either of you ever up in Sock
company, N. H.?"
"Never," was the reply.
"Then you've missed a great thing.
We haven't got no Niagara falls up
there, but sliding down hill in the
winter beats anything you can find
outdoors. You load up a big sled
with guns and dogs and head her down
hill and let her go, and the first thing
you know you are two miles away. I
hain't got but one spare bed in the
house, but Martha and me will sleep
on the floor if you'll come up."
"Then you're whether any of you fellows
heard about that big robbery in Lon-
don or not, but it was a corker. Folks
walked into a jewelry store and picked
up a bundle of diamonds and walked
out again as a retired man going
to work. I happened to be right light
the store at the time, and I didn't
know but what they would arrest me.
The fellow got away, but I'm pretty sure
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between the men and the purser, and
each one was given a chance to tell
his plan.

The Girl From the West
By OTHO B. SENGU
Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Satchell

Paul Alger looked firmly into Mrs.
Elliott's face.
"You don't realize what you're ask-
ing, Aunt Ruth," he said.
"I'm not asking," calmly. "I'm sim-
ply telling you what I expect of you.
The girl will be here tomorrow. My
will is made with these plans in view.
If you don't fall in with them, you're
disinherited absolutely; that's all."
Alger rose.
"Aunt Ruth, you've been more than
a mother to me, and I'd like to do ev-
erything I can to please you, but this
is expecting too much. I must reserve
the right to select my own wife."
Mrs. Elliott was stubbornly silent,
and after a moment the young fellow
said earnestly, "Aunt Ruth, give me
the money to the girl if you want to, but
don't let her come between you and me."
"Don't talk to me, Paul," impatiently.
"I shall give it to you two-together
or not at all."
"Who is this girl?" Alger demanded
with heat, "that she should be thrust
upon me in this style?"
"She is the daughter of my husband's
brother. When this girl and my Fred-
erick were children the brothers
promised each other that the children
should marry when they were old
enough. Frederick died, and after your
mother's death I adopted you. You
have taken Frederick's place in every-
thing else. You must in this. Promise,
Paul!"
"It is utterly impossible!" firmly.
"Paul," temptingly, "she is very
pretty."
Alger smiled and shook his head.
"And, Paul," playing her trump card,
"she is musical."
"Music was Alger's passion.
"Yes," indifferently. "She plays the
violin."
"What insufferable presumption!" im-
patiently. "A girl from the wild west,
brought up on a cattle ranch, you said.
Doubtless she can ride a broncho or
lasso a steer, but she shouldn't meddle
with the violin. She probably never
heard of Bach or Mendelssohn and
wouldn't know a sonata from a sand-
wich. Aunt, I can fancy her bringing
her violin in her arms and playing for
the delectation of the other passengers
in the Pullman. Ugh!"
"You refuse, then?"
"Most decidedly."
"Very well," he said. "I accept your de-
cision as final."
The next day Alger from his desk in
the library saw the girl as she entered
the adjoining room, where Mrs. Elliott
waited to greet her. She was tall and
graceful, with a high bred air of ease
that surprised him. Her voice was
clear and well modulated.
"Upon my word," he muttered, "I ex-
pected her manner of speech to be a
cross between a cowboy's yell and an
Indian warwhoop."
He saw the servant come in with a
violin case.

"With madam have this in the music
room or—"
"Oh, no, here." And Vera held out
her hands.
"You brought this yourself, Vera?"
Mrs. Elliott's tone held the slightest
suggestion of annoyance.
"In my arms literally," laughed Vera.
Alger in his dim corner smiled.
Vera gently placed the case on the
door and lifted out the instrument as
tenderly as a mother lifts her babe
from its cradle.
"Oh, Aunt Ruth," fervently, "when
you see it you will understand my
beautiful violin."
She clasped it to her bosom with a
gesture of tenderness. The beauty of
the girl, the unaffected grace of her
pose and her evi-ent artistic appre-
ciation stirred Alger to instant admi-
ration.
He met the girl at dinner. She gave
him one long, earnest look that he felt
at once an inquiry and a challenge,
and then she directed her conversation
to Mrs. Elliott.
Alger was piqued. He was accus-
tomed to more attention from young
women. She related some of the in-
cidents of her trip.
"We had a concert each evening.
There were three girls in our Pullman
coming to Boston to study music. They
sang well."
"And you played, I suppose, Miss
Elliott?" Alger could not forbear the
question.
She turned her glance upon him
briefly. "Oh, I scraped my little best,"
coolly.
Alger felt the rebuff, but he shot a
triumphant glance at his aunt.
As the evening progressed Alger be-
gan to wish that he could win some
pleasant look or word from the girl
and to deepen recently his inability to do
so.
"Will you play for us, Miss Elliott?"
he asked, more humbly than was his
habit.
She was about to decline, but Mrs.
Elliott added quickly: "For me, Vera,
dear, I am so anxious to hear you."
The instrument with which Vera re-
turned to the room caught Alger's dis-
criminating eye at once.
"Where did you get this, Miss Eli-
ott?" almost abruptly as he recognized
its rarity and value.
"It is a gift from my master. He
had owned it for many years. He has
also a Guarnerius and an Amati. But
this was his 'sweetheart.' He always
called it so."
"A master of the violin does not pre-

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sent the instrument he loves best—a
Stradivarius almost beyond price—to a
pupil who merely 'scrapes,' thought
Alger.
"Did he have many pupils, Miss Eli-
ott?" he inquired.
She smiled the smile and played.
"No one but myself. He is old and
can no longer play. Age has stiffened
his fingers. But he played once—oh,
how he could play! He taught me from
a little child, and when I could play—
to please him—he gave me this."
"Your teacher was a German?" ten-
tatively.
"A Belgian," quietly. "Now you shall
hear the voice of the Stradivarius."
She tuned the strings and played.
There was certainly of chord fingering,
a strength, an almost manliness, com-
bined with emotional warmth, about her
interpretation of the difficult Bach
sonata that amazed Alger.
"Bach's D Minor Sonata is not for
amateurs," he said gravely to his aunt.
"Miss Elliott's gift is beyond question.
She would rank with the great violin-
ists of the present day."
"I think John possessed some musical
ability," replied Mrs. Elliott serenely.
The girl raised her bow with an in-
describable gesture of reverence. "My
mother," proudly, "was a De Beriot.
My master is my grandfather. He did
not wish to seem to boast. He is
Francis Auguste de Beriot."
"And this from the cattle ranch?"
thought Alger.
"As the days went by he found him-
self desperately in love with the girl
and unable to win from her anything
more than the most chilling courtesy.
He had not even the satisfaction of
confiding in Mrs. Elliott. Once when
he tried to speak of Vera, meaning to
confess his love for the girl, his aunt
interrupted him coldly: 'Say no more,
Paul. I accepted your decision as final,
you will remember, and a later will
leave all I possess to the Home For
Aged Men.'
She swept angrily from the room.
Alger stood for a moment as if stun-
ned; then he laughed aloud. "That's
good news! Now there's no money in
the way, and I'll move heaven and
earth to win the loveliest girl that
ever—"
"Come out of the west," quoted a
merry voice, and the portiers parted
and Vera stepped from the window
seat into the room.
"What forward beast!"
"Vera," eagerly, "you've known all
the while that I love you!"
"A girl from the west, brought up on
a cattle ranch?" she questioned, hold-
ing him back with her hand on his
breast.
"I don't care where you're from, or
anything else, if you'll only say you
love me, Vera," pleadingly.
"A girl who doesn't know a sonata
from a sandwich?" mischievously.
"Vera, forgive me for that and say
you love me."
"Paul," seriously, "I've loved you
ever since I was a little girl. See?
She drew a locket from her bosom and
pressed back the cover.
Alger gazed in bewilderment. It was
his own face that looked up at him.
"Aunt Ruth sent that to my father.
I claimed it as mine and have worn it
always."
"Vera," with his arms about her,
"why have you been so cruel to me
when I've tried so hard?"
"I feared you might propose to me
to please Aunt Ruth and—because
of the money."
"Here, here! What's all this about?"
Aunt Ruth's voice sounded harshly at
the door.
They turned toward her together.
"Vera has promised to marry me,
Aunt Ruth."
"Was never forward to marry me."
"And my latest will!"—She fairly
buried the words at them.
"We don't mind!" they cried togeth-
er rapturously.
"Was never signed," added Aunt
Ruth in a changed voice, and they
heard her laughing as she softly closed
the door and left them to their hap-
piness.

Burns and Pierle Acid.
Dr. Thierry, one of the surgeons in
attendance at the Paris Charity hospi-
tal, was in the habit of using pierle
acid as an antiseptic, and his hands
were therefore impregnated with the
solution. One day in lighting a cigar-
rette a portion of the burning match
fell on his hand; but, instead of feel-
ing it, he did not notice the slightest
pain. A short time afterward, while
in the act of sealing a valuable letter,
a portion of the burning was stuck to
his finger, and though it cauterized
the skin, it was no more painful to him
than if it had fallen on an armored
glove of steel. This curious lack of
feeling set the doctor's wits to work,
and he soon arrived at the conclusion
that the acid had, to use his own
words, acted upon the tissues and
tightened them. He then began a se-
ries of experiments in treating burns
with a saturated solution of pierle
acid. In every case he treated all pain
was instantly suppressed.—Philadel-
phia Record.

"Chap" as a Man.
Not until the end of the sixteenth
century did "chapman," a trader or
peddler, get contracted into "chap"
even in vulgar speech, and even then
for a long time it did not advance be-
yond the meaning of buyer or custom-
er. In this sense Steele speaks of
"hunting after chaps," and Wilkes
writes that "perhaps Mrs. Mead would
buy, but she would be a hard chap."
"Chap" seems to have reached its ulti-
mate stage as a casual equivalent of
"man" through the intermediate sense
of a man with whom one has dealings,
not of business, but of good fellowship.
The case of "customer" is very simi-
lar. Shakespeare used it to mean a
boon companion, but "a queer custom-
er" now means little more than "a
queer man." There is a trace of the
old companionship idea, however, when
a young woman speaks of "my chap."
—London Chronicle.

420 RTANT 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 coast 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
30-15; Convention of Baptist YPU
Spokane, July 4-7; Grand lodge of
10GT Seattle, July 16-22; rate of
one lowest normal 1st class limited
fare for round trip 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 of 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 20th to May 15th final return
limit July 31st, and for NEM asso-
ciation, sales dates June 8th to 15,
with final return limit August 21st.
W. M. McMurphy, G. P. A.,
OR&NCO and SP&RY, Portland, Or

Additional Local Mention

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Book Store.
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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.

**For Thin,
Poor Blood**

You can trust a medicine
tested 60 years! Sixty years
of experience, think of that!
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saparilla; the original Sarsa-
parilla; the Sarsaparilla the
doctors endorse for thin blood,
weak nerves, general debility.
But even this grand old medicine cannot do
its best work if the liver is inactive and the
bowels constipated. For the best possible re-
sults, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's
Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla.

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