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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.
And our work—if it's not right, send it back.
Try us. We Print anything.

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Collector Cupid

By ESTHER HARMON

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Peggy Hall sat among her shattered
household idols and wept.

The particular idol which she had
selected to molest with bitter tears was
a small desk of mission wood, against
which had centered her happy home-
hold interests. How she had kept her
accounts, calculating with minute
pains her steadily reduced living ex-
penses! And she had written to the
little town in New England letters
which fairly brimmed with the content-
ment she had found in her life in the
bustling city which would have terri-
fied most girls from her native village.

For she had been content—nay, more,
she had been happy. She had done
her best, too, to make things move
smoothly, but now—

No, she would not say that she hated
Kit and Lucy, but she did think they
were playing a very small part. Then
she dried her eyes, pulled out her bank
book and a sheet of blank paper and
began to figure. At the end of five
minutes down went her head again,
and this time a sheet of paper sprang
up all over with restless figures re-
ceived the flood of tears.

Perhaps at this time Kit and Lucy,
who worked in the suit department of
Keith & Blank's store, felt a bit un-
happy too. It was a rainy, depressing
day, and customers were few. The
doorwalkers went downstairs to con-
sult with the head of the advertising
department, so Kit and Lucy stood
shoulder to shoulder in the big square
window overlooking the rain swept
street.

"I never dreamed she'd take it so
hard," remarked Kit, with slight asper-
ity in her voice.

"Why, she just acted as if we were
cheating or doing something dishonest."
Lucy looked at her in a puzzled way.

"I'm sure we haven't hurt the
company, and the company has had more
than rent on it. They'll polish it up
and sell it for new."

"I don't think it was the furniture
exactly," said Kit. "Peggy is just
crazy about keeping house, but for my
part I don't think girls in business have
any right to do housework. I got so I
just had to think of going home and
waiting on myself."

"Mrs. Hopkins says we can have our
old room back at the same figure. She
knew we'd get sick of light housekeep-
ing. She says the head bookkeeper
always has the second story back,
and he plays the piano splendidly.
Maybe we can get up some Friday
night dances."

"Well, anyhow, I'm glad we're giv-
ing up the apartment. Peggy makes love
to a fellow dressed in fudge, but I can't
make a bed decently, so housekeeping
was a mistake so far as I am con-
cerned."

Talking in this strain, each imagined
that she was deceiving herself, if not
her companion, that they had treated
Peggy in a perfectly fair way and were
altogether justified in their position.
Down in their hearts they did not
feel quite comfortable about the order
which they had given for herself, they
had left in their small living room.

Peggy, Kit and Lucy had met at a
noonday lunch room in the days when
Peggy was working in a fashion syn-
dicate office for \$10 a week. A kind
dread of homesickness had brought
them together, and when Peggy
had pushed her way to the point
where she could afford a tiny studio
of her own and command regular or-
ders she had fled the offices of the fash-
ion syndicate and had asked the girls
to start up a small establishment with
her. They had selected an apartment
with a northern exposure for Peggy's
work, furnished it on the installment
plan, and for a time all went well.

Peggy, being most domestic in her
instincts, picked up the burden of
household management, and in time
the other two girls not only depended
upon her for managing the little estab-
lishment, but failed to do their share of
the work. In her first enthusiasm
Peggy bore this meekly, but very soon
she found that the two girls not only
refused to do their share of the work,
but behind her orders, and then, di-
plomatically and kindly, she took up
the question with her housemates. Kit
and Lucy promptly announced that
they were disappointed in the house-
keeping scheme, and they would be
only too glad to return to boarding,
where working girls belonged. If she
wanted to pay the rent on the furni-
ture and keep the flat open for herself,
they would not begrudge what they
had spent.

And that was just what Peggy found
she could not do—meet the rent and
furniture payments. She sat up, wiped
her eyes and figured some more. The
girls were leaving Saturday, the rent
was paid for two weeks longer, and
the collection day for the furniture
company was ten days distant. She
would enjoy it all while she might.

She felt somewhat that the furniture
company would get the best of her,
and yet she would be breaking
her word for the first time in her
brief business history, and this hurt.

Henry Brightwell, with a clipping
from the want ad, columns of a print-
ing paper, stepped into the collec-
tion office of the Jones & Grab Furniture
company.

"I don't know what your job is," he
said easily as the chief collector motioned
him to a chair and looked him
over shrewdly, "but I'm sober, indus-

trious and strong, and I want work—
any kind to get a start."

"You look as if you might do," re-
plied the collector dryly. "But looks
don't count much in this business. It's
your ability to get the money or the
goods. We sell furniture on the in-
stallment plan. A lot of people forget
the last few installments. That's where
our profits come in. You get the last
payment on the furniture. We don't
care which. Want to try it?"

"Yes," replied Brightwell promptly.
"When do you want me to begin?"

"Right now."

After a brief discussion of terms,
hours, etc., Brightwell sallied forth,
armed with the book of his predecess-
or.

He ran down the list. "Moore,
Greene, Hall," all within a block
of each other. Moore and Greene
were marked as "slow." The name of
Hall had this memo, written after it:
"Heard that two of the family have
skipped out. Expect trouble."

It was characteristic of Brightwell
that he started at the hard end of the
game and rang the bell marked "Hall."
He climbed the narrow stairs and
knocked on the door. He rang the
private bell on the second floor.

"Is Mrs. Hall in?" Peggy—why, Peg-
gy Hall? he exclaimed. Then he stepped
quietly inside and closed the door
behind him.

"I-I thought it was the furni-
ture," Henry Brightwell, what are you doing
here? However is your mother getting
along without you?"

She had led the way into the tiny
living room and now stood regarding
him with a severe look not at all
keeping with the song he had heart in
singing.

"I decided that Alf was big enough
to look after mother and that if I ever
won you I'd have to follow you to New
York and make good, as you have done,
or you'd grow away from me."

Peggy's gaze fell. Henry had never
told her he loved her or wanted to
win her, but of course she had thought—
He drew her very close. Perhaps he
had recognized this as the psycholog-
ical moment.

"I struck a job the first place I went,
Peggy, dear. I think I can make my
way here. Will you help me?"

Fifteen minutes later he remembered
the firm of Jones & Grab.

"I was looking for a family by the name
of Hall that owes my firm some money."

Peggy turned scarlet.

"I'm the Hall, and I can't pay you.
The girls," her eyes snapped—"the girls
went back on me."

Henry Brightwell sat down very sud-
denly on the sofa on which \$7.50 was
yet due.

"Well, what do you think of that?"
Then his face cleared. "Green cleared
newly asserted itself. He began to fig-
ure, and Peggy helped him.

That afternoon he walked into the
office of the collection department and
laid down his book and a roll of bills.
"Moore and Greene," he said, "are de-
bts. Miss Hall is up against it. Her two
partners skipped and left her with all
the furniture on her hands. She wants
to keep it if she can. There's \$92.50
still due. Will you let me compromise
with her for \$75 cash?"

"I guess I'd better be moving on,"
said the collector.

"I kind of thought you would, so I
took the \$75 while she was in the
frame of mind. You never can tell how
women will jump, you know."

"You're all right, young man. You
can have a berth here as long as you
keep up this pace."

The head bookkeeper from Almsley's
did not find Mrs. Hopkins' select board-
ing house to his liking, and the Friday
evening dances never materialized, but
sometimes when Kit and Lucy went to
the dancing place, they found the girls
always guests worth meeting. Then
they got back to the third story front,
with its cheap brass beds and moth-
eaten hangings, and one says to the
other:

"Well, of course we get no credit for
it, but we helped to pay for Peggy's
pretty things."

The Turk and His Toilet.

Though the dress of the Turk is elab-
orate, he is most fastidious when it
comes to questions of dress. He gives
one hour or more to the adorning of his
mustache. It is no mean task to change
it from flaxen to jet black, perfume it
with rose and amber and soothe the
straggling ends. Another hour is given
to the drying of his lips and the caring
for his eyelids and another in practis-
ing his most fascinating smile. He
gives the same attention to his wearing
apparel. It is of finest broadcloth or
heavy cloth. His arms and chest are
left bare to show the splendid polish
of his ebony skin. Grace is added by
his capote, draped with great ease. But
this splendor would be nothing with-
out a sword with gilt handle, a watch
pouch of knitted gold and a pistol often
studded with precious stones.—Chicago
Tribune.

Do Ostriches Ever Die?

Nothing is positively known as to
how long an ostrich will live. Some
writers claim that it will live 100
years. Ostriches which are shown to
have been in captivity for forty
years, a vision of delight to
farmers that among the birds
having good nutritious green feed
deaths seldom occur except as the re-
sult of accident. A dog or other small
animal will sometimes frighten ois-
triches and cause them to run into the
fence, which may result in a broken
leg. When this happens the bird may
as well be killed, as few ever recover
from such an injury.—National Geo-
graphic Magazine.

The Great Unknown

By ...

Martha McCulloch Williams

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"I can't hear you! I won't, I won't,
I won't! Anyhow, I wouldn't have you
if you were made of diamonds and
white sugar!" Nora cried saucily, stick-
ing her fingers in her ears, but not very
deep.

Her suitor, Calvin Burrows, Esq.,
laughed heartily.

"Don't you think you'd accept me if
I got myself made over into a Chris-
tian name card?" he asked, his eyes twin-
kling.

Nora turned her back to him.

"Some people are pigs for obstinacy—
yes, pigs—and blinder than moles into
the bargain. They never can see when
their room is better than their com-
pany."

"Dear me! How distressing!" Bur-
rows said equably. He had a notion
that he had brought Nora up, and so
knew everything about her. "I know
whom you mean," he ran on. "It's that
dreadful little Jimmy Dolan. Next
time he comes and tries to wear out
his welcome you have Hannah blow
the horn for me."

Nora laughed in spite of herself.

"Jimmy Dolan is never tiresome. He
knows things to talk about—news and
funny things—and even books. You sit
nearly-chance half the time. When a
man has nothing to talk about, don't
you think he had better go home?"

"And leave the prettiest little girl in
the county all by her lonesome? Not
much," Burrows said, reaching toward
his pipe pocket.

Nora eyed him with fresh disdain.

"You're a regular chimney," she said.
"What is the saying about smoking
chimneys?"

"Oh, it goes on to mention scolding
wives!" Burrows interrupted. He had
by this time filled the pipe and was
crowding the tobacco well down in the
bowl. When it was packed to suit
him he lit it, puffed once or twice,
then stood up, pulled the door and
said: "I shall have the paper with the
birds put on the parlor, Nora, and that
pink flowered pattern in the hall. I
think that's what you said you'd like
best?" pausing with his hand on the
knob, his lids downcast, but a veiled
twinkle behind them.

"You know I said no such thing. If
you go and buy those taggy green
birds, I'll never set foot in your new
house—not while they're on the walls."
Burrows said. "And pink roses in a
hall? My heavens! That's just like a
man. It's nothing to me—nothing in
the world—but I do hate to see good
money wasted, so I'm going with you
to town and pick out something de-
cent."

"I'm obliged to you; so will my wife
be," Burrows said civilly, turning back
to her. He had the look of one pon-
dering a new and strange idea, but
came out of his daze quickly and said:
"I've thought all along you were in fun;
that after awhile you'd agree with me;
that you might as well take me. But
today you've shown me better. I don't
want to go with you. I don't want to
be the sort to whom you say, 'You're
not the sort to whom I'd like to have
a bargain, right here and now—you
help me fix my house up so any other
girl will be glad to take me for it,
and I'll do you very best to bring Amy
Bennet round about Jimmy Dolan. Jim-
my is not such a bad sort. The worst
that can be said is that there isn't
much to him. That won't matter in
the least seeing he has money enough
to insure rations for two. You—any
girl—might do a lot worse than to take
him."

"Why, you've said many a time the
reason he was no worse was that he
hadn't sense enough."

Burrows gave her a quick look, but
went on steadily: "Maybe I did; but
you, you must allow something for
jealousy. I was jealous of Jimmy, but
I am not any more. The case is, I don't
want to go with you. I don't want to
be the sort to whom you say, 'You're
not the sort to whom I'd like to have
a bargain, right here and now—you
help me fix my house up so any other
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to insure rations for two. You—any
girl—might do a lot worse than to take
him."

"The Opal Superstition.

The world is full of superstition, and
one of the worst is that the opal is
"unlucky." This is the "black death" swept Europe.
At that time the opal was very popu-
lar, and some noticed that when a vic-
tim of the disease was dying the opal
on the finger brightened and when he
was dead it became dull. Of course
this took the popular fancy, and at once
the opal became "unlucky" and have re-
mained so ever since. Very likely they
do not change at all on the fingers of
a dying person, and the whole matter
is like that question which once caused
so much discussion in the scientific
world—i. e., why is it that when you
put a fish in a bowl of water the
weight of the bowl of water is not in-
creased? Many learned answers were
given, but finally one duffer weighed a
bowl of water with and without the
fish in it and thus settled the matter.

Dangerous Good Measure.

A well to do elderly gentleman liv-
ing in one of the suburbs of Philadel-
phia is known in the neighborhood as
something of a miser and has made
himself extremely unpopular with lo-
cal tradesmen by always pleading for
good measure and his slowness in
settling his bills. Quite recently he
was feeling ill and consulted a phy-
sician, who wrote him a prescription,
which he took to a drug store near his
home to have filled. He was sure and let
me have good measure, won't you, Mr.
Blank?" said he, with his customary
smirk, and a broad smile came over
the face of the druggist as he read the
prescription. "For once," he said,
"I would be glad to do it if it were
for I put in one grain more than this
prescription calls for you would
be dead in five minutes."—Phila-
delphia Record.

who's behind them most as well as I
do," he said to Nora. "Poor basest!
To think they'll soon have to be taking
some one else to town!"

"Who?" Nora said crossly. "Of course
you know. That was all make be-
lieve, your wanting me or wanting me
to tell you things. You wouldn't head
a word I'd say. I know men—oh, a
whole lot better than they know them-
selves!"

"No doubt. That's a woman's privi-
lege," Burrows said, smiling. "But I
really have not made up my mind.
There are six girls, any of whom would
do mightily well. Trouble is—will any
of the six have me? I doubt it."

"I don't, not the least. Girls are
almost killed me. If you take Eklira
I shall think you want to commit sui-
cide."

"There is one you don't know, so I
shan't name her," Burrows said, with
a crafty smile. "Suppose I name them
alphabetically. What would you say to
Miss Alice Bane?"

"She shan't have you. She's a cat! I
hate her," Nora said suddenly, sitting
very upright. Burrows looked prop-
erly humbled. "How about Cora Eton?"

he asked. Nora almost stamped her
foot. "She's pretty enough, but the
greatest gaby." To this Burrows an-
swered only with an inaudible chuckle,
and for at least two minutes there was
no sound but the rattling of hoofs.

Then Nora broke out: "I know Eklira
Vance is on your list. Did you ever
almost killed me. If you take Eklira
I shall think you want to commit sui-
cide."

"By-by, Friday. Nobody can say that
about Susie Moran," Burrows said,
with another chuckle. This time out
loud. Nora shot a glance at him and
shrugged her shoulders, saying: "No,
but if I wanted a pincushion I'd buy
it rather than marry it. In five years
Susie Moran will be a perfect lump—
worse than her mother, and she's had
enough dead hounds."

"See here! This is getting serious.
You are bent on making me take the
girl you don't know," Burrows said.

Nora nodded.

"Tell me what she's like," she said.
"But, of course, you think she's an an-
gel."

"I do not. She's far from it," Bur-
rows protested. "In fact, that's just
what she particularly is not. She's not
exactly