

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER
PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.
\$1.50 per Year; 12c. per Month
Agents for any Magazine or Newspaper
printed in the United States.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER.

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING
Of Every Description to Order
Quick and Cheap!
Ink Stamps Furnished.
For Typewriters, Typewriter
Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, May 31, 1907

Five Cents

Wasco Warehouse Milling Co.
Bankers,

CAPITAL, - - - \$300,000

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Banks at Moro and Wasco

Representatives at Kent, Grass Valley, Moro,
Wasco, Rufus, Biggs, DesChutes,
Collections carefully made. Fire and Grain Insurance
Drafts issued on any point in Europe.

PLUMBING AND STEAM FITTING

All kinds of Reservoir and Cistern work in con-
nection with water systems installed in first
class style and all work done guaranteed.
Dynamite and powder work on all kinds of Rock Excavations

H. A. Stuart, Moro, Oregon.

PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.

Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

Opposite Post Office
Moro, Oregon.

Painting, Paper Hanging

Satisfaction Guaranteed
Both in Workmanship and Price
Office at Furniture Store.

F. R. AXTELL, MORO, OR

L. W. SHANKS & SON

Grass Valley, Oregon

Manufacture and Keep in Stock

HARNESS SADDLES HALTERS

Repairing Solicited. All Work Guaranteed.

MORO'S BARBER SHOP

Porcelain Bath Tubs.

Everything First-Class and Up to date.

Agent for the Best Steam Laundry
Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office
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.
R. M. Brash, Secretary.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 118, I. O. O. F.
Meets regularly every
Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
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. 102, O. E. S.
Regular communication
each 2d and 4th Thurs-
day evenings monthly.
By order W. M.
Mrs. F. J. Mendel, Secy.

Dr. C. Hartley
Dentist

Charges reason-
able. All work
guaranteed.

WASCO OREGON
Opposite the O. T. Co. store.

DR. O. J. GOFFIN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DR. MARIE M. GOFFIN,
Diseases of Women & Children a Specialty

Office in The Goffin Building, 1st St.
Moro, Oregon.

Dr. H. E. Beers **Dr. W. N. Morse**

Drs. Beers and Morse
Physicians
and Surgeons

WASCO OREGON
Calls Promptly Attended
Day or Night.

W. H. Ragsdale
Attorney at Law.

Office Ground Floor Ginn Brick
Next Door W.W.M.Co. Bank

MORO - - OREGON

F. J. Meindl **W. C. Bryant**

Meindl & Bryant
Lawyers

Rooms 1 and 2 The Ginn Brick
Over W.W.M.Co. Bank

MORO - - OREGON

M. E. Miller
Attorney - at - Law

Office upstairs Rooms 5 and 6
Opera House Building

MORO - - OREGON

E. B. Dufur
Attorney - at - Law

Office 737 Chamber of Commerce
Corner Third and Stark

PORTLAND - - OREGON

FRANK MENEZES **FRANK WILSON**

MENEZES & WILSON
Attorneys-At-Law.

WASCO OREGON

WISBROS
DENTISTS

WASCO OREGON

WISBROS
DENTISTS

WASCO OREGON

WISBROS
DENTISTS

WASCO OREGON

WISBROS
DENTISTS

**Nan's
Wooring**
By TAYLOR WHITE
Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastman

"I simply must make that train,"
said Nan. "I must get home."

Bert looked at his mother. She made
business gestures.

"I don't see how it can be done, my
dear Nan," she said weakly. "Both
of the horses have gone lame, the liv-
ery has no horse in, and the expres-
man cannot come for your trunk until
this afternoon."

"Can't we beg, borrow or buy a rig?"
she demanded briskly. "I really every
horse and cart in Pleasantville is not
engaged."

"I guess you'll have to stay over un-
til tomorrow," said Bert blandly. "I
can get a horse by then."

"I'm going to get one right away,"
she said decidedly. "I promised Nell
Taylor when we were at school that I
would be her bridesmaid and I'm go-
ing to."

Mrs. Montrose started. "My dear
Nan," she said coldly, "I hope you will
do nothing to excite comment."

Nan stared. She had told them a
week ago that she must leave on Thurs-
day, and they had made no move
toward looking after her departure.

Now that she had been forced to take
the matter into her own hands this
placed remark irritated her.

"I am going to get that trunk to the
train if I have to hire a circus parade,"
she said spiritedly as she darted out
of the door.

Mrs. Montrose held up her hands in
pleading horror. "My dear Bert," she
said, "it is almost impossible that the
girl will not have you."

"Nothing of the sort," was the brutal
response. "I need the money, and you
know I do. If you hadn't made that
now about the riding horse it
would have been all right. I was hop-
ing if I forgot about the baggage she
might stay on, and I could patch it
up."

"Well, let us hope that the girl does
not entirely disagree us," was the wait-
ing rejoinder as Mrs. Montrose went
into the parlor, where she could com-
mand a view of the street.

Nan Udell had been a thorn in her
side ever since she had come from the

chosen president of the Meadville Sav-
ings bank and owner of the fastest
trotter on the Meadville county fair
race track. He looked at her help-
lessly and cleared his throat.

"But we could keep a hired girl, El-
len," he said, and brightening, "you
could drive Fanny G. wherever you
liked. You wouldn't be tied down.
We'd run up to Chicago often to the
theater. You would have a much
easier time than any of the girls," he
finished proudly.

Ellen looked at him a moment pity-
ingly. How apparent were the limita-
tions of his mind! Then she fired a
death dealing bomb into the enemy's
camp.

"I'm going to study art," she said
triumphantly.

"Ellen, no!" The horror in his voice
was genuine.

Years ago another rebellious maiden
of Meadville had expressed the same
resolve, and it was like "Jane, Jane,
she never was the same." There were
dark hints of unseemly behavior, and
the girl never became an artist and
never returned home.

To young Maxwell's mind his sweet-
heart was as good as lost already, though he brood-
ed the possibility of marrying him,
and then seeking the higher plane which
the dalliance of Meadville seemed to
render imperative, but she quickly
snatched the heart out of him.

"No," she said; "I shall be wedded
to my art instead. It isn't that I want
to do it exactly," she added, in a quick
plea. "Maybe some time I'll find that
you are the best, Ellen, but not now.
I must try. I'm so deathly sick of
matrimony by the job lot!"

The amateurish daubs on the four
sides of the little parlor appeared
rightfully and unpromptly as she
turned from watching Ellen walk
down the street, the spring gone from
his step, his face paler than she had
ever seen it. But she must try! A year
ago she had given her two eyes for
the love she had so lightly refused
today, but that was before she had
climbed the hill of knowledge and re-
alized that her only habitation thence-
forth must be in the realm of art, not
stale old Meadville. She was packed,
ready to go the moment the director of
the big art school should say the word.

Her father stepped gingerly into the
best room.

"A letter, Ellen. Must be from that
art school. Have you got your things
all packed ready to go? I reckon you'll
be back 'bout the biggest picture
painter in the country. Won't scarcely
know us then, will you?"

The unwonted tenderness in her fa-
ther's voice and the real mingling in
the last sentence, ill disguised by the
short laugh, made her heart suddenly
contract. How good every one was to
her! Even her father and mother were
ready to sacrifice painfully, even to the
point of placing her on a plane where
she would be ashamed to recognize
them as her humble Meadville parents
if thereby she would be rendered
happy.

She clung to her father in an unac-
customed, wholly demonstrative fas-
hion that embarrassed him.

"There, there," he said, patting her

be said quietly, "but I guess they don't
travel in the Pleasantville set." He
laughed as he thought of the snobbish
social circle of the little suburb where
even the trolley was barred. Nan read
his thoughts and laughed in sympathy.
Her visit had not been pleasant.

She chatted on as they sped along.
The man was singularly intelligent for
a workman, and she enjoyed his chat
as much as she did the presence of a
real man after six weeks with the pale
youths who constituted the male ele-
ment of Pleasantville society. She was
almost sorry when they reached the
town and drove up to the station.

The driver ushered her into the wait-
ing room, purchased her ticket and
sleeper, checked her trunks and finally
came toward her. "Here is what I
had to pay out," he said, offering a neat
recessed bill. "This is the change?"

"This is the change?" she
glanced at the coins and smiled.

"That's the last of my greenbacks,"
she laughed. "Now I'll get gold again.
I like it lots better."

"It's not done to it on here," he
smiled.

"But I've got to give you one," she
said. "I have no more bills."

She held out a five dollar gold piece,
and after a pause his hand closed over
it. "Thank you," he said. "But you
would have been welcome to my serv-
ice. I hope you have a pleasant trip."

"That's a real goodbye," she said im-
pulsively, remembering the frigid fare-
well of the house. "Will you shake
hands?"

His hand closed over hers with a
pressure that almost crushed it; then,
with a bow, he turned and left the
room, while she settled herself for the
hour wait.

Nan was in time to be a bridesmaid,
and when she had written a long ac-
count to Mrs. Montrose she sought to
put thoughts of Pleasantville out of her
mind. It was easy enough to forget
Mrs. Montrose and the colorless Bert,
but somehow the expressman would
drop up in her memory.

She assured herself over and over
again that she did not care for an ex-
press man, and yet all the time she
knew that she did care, and when a
few weeks later she entered the Crom-
well's ballroom and at the far end saw
a face she thought familiar her heart
gave a bound.

It could not be the expressman, she
assured herself. The Cromwells were
most exclusive, and yet— He came
toward her with his hostess on his arm.

"Mr. Newhall has been asking about
you, my dear," smiled the old lady.
"It seems that you met back east."

"I do not flatter myself that Miss
Udell recalls me," she smiled. "But I
had the good fortune to be of some
slight service at her departure."

"Well, you can recall it to her," said
Mrs. Cromwell placidly. "I must go
and look after that Trempton girl.
Look after Paul, my dear."

"I suppose you are surprised to see
me here?" she smiled. "May I ex-
plain? The conservatory is very
handy."

Nan bowed, and he led the way.
"You see," he began when they had
found a palm screened nook, "my fa-
ther has some old fashioned ideas
about work. He says that a man who
commands must first be able to obey,
and he put me on with the men on pre-
cisely the same footing. He even docked
me half a day's pay for going to
town without permission and chuckled
when I told him I was still \$2 to the
good."

"Then you are not a regular expres-
man?"

"That was the mill wagon. It had
express printed on it when we bought
it, and we did not take the trouble to
paint it out."

"What did you think of me?" she
gasped.

"I thought that a girl with your ca-
pacity was worth knowing," he said
promptly. "So I made a note of your
name and address, which were on your
trunks, remembered that Mrs. Crom-
well was a school chum of my moth-
er's and came out to see her."

"I suppose she feels highly com-
plimented," suggested Nan.

"Oh, I told her why I came," he said
calmly. "She quite indorses my opin-
ion and my quest."

"When do you return?" asked Nan,
to change the topic.

"As soon as you have promised to
marry me," he said promptly. "It's
a brief wooing, Nan, but I can't wait.
Will you give me encouragement, dear?"

"Yes," said Nan. "I—do like you."

He slipped a ring on her finger.

"I am going to have that five dollar
piece made into the wedding ring," he
said. "That was why I took it that
day."

"You loved me then?" she asked, sur-
prised.

"That's funny," said Nan musingly.
"I guess I did too."

Mark Twain's Criticism.

"I once had the honor of reading a
tale of mine to Mark Twain," said an
author, "and thanks to his criticism,
the tale was greatly improved. Orig-
inally it was too high down. He brought
it down to earth and made it homelier
and more convincing."

"For instance, the tale concluded
with these words:

"Mabel's lovely eyes drooped for-
ward, a faint flush tinted her cheek,
and she gave him both her hands, and
there, in the old orchard, in the shade
of the heavy fruited trees, he drew her
to his breast, and raising her long ring-
lets to his lips, kissed them reverently."

"The story," she said penitently, "but
I just had to get home, and they knew
it. I'm glad I found you."

"So am I," he laughed.

"You ought to be out west," she said,
with a comprehensive gaze that was
not impertinent because it was so frank.
"You're more the type of west-
ern man. They don't have a lot of
men of your type here."

The driver smiled. "We have them,"

**In the Bondage
of Meadville.**
By RITA KELLEY.
Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"It's no use talking to me," Ellen ex-
claimed. "My mind is fully made up."

The man rose and, walking over to
where the girl sat, stood looking down
at her intently. She shifted uncon-
sciously under his gaze and finally
slipped from her chair and fled igno-
miniously to the window, where, she
felt sure, he was too proud to follow
her.

"Oh, I know you are shocked," she
cried. "It's plainly a girl's mission in
life to marry the first man who thinks
he wants her and settle down to dis-
washing and wiping the children's
noses."

She shivered in disgust, ig-
noring the look of pain that crossed
his face. "That is what all the girls
in town have done," she continued.

"And because I am palled by the very
wholesale monotony of it you think
me an anomaly, an unwomanly girl, a
reprobate. Bah!"

The defiant little rebel against the
conventions of Meadville struck terror
to the heart of Elton Maxwell, lately

hair awkwardly. "Read your letter.
Mebbe they don't want you to come so
soon. I must go wash for supper."

It was true—they didn't want her to
come so soon. In fact, they didn't
want her to come at all. The director
unkindly said satirical things about
her cows—a study from nature—and
suggested housework as a surer means
of gaining renown.

It was a horrible shock. She did not
cry; she was too stunned and humiliated
for that; she had only enough reason
left to wonder doubtfully how she
could tell her parents that their sweet
confidence had been misplaced—that
their child always was and always
would be a nobody.

The stuffy little parlor, the hateful
daubs, had grown intolerable. Pulling
a shawl from its hook in the narrow
hall, she fled from the house and up
the narrow street, redolent of best-
stock, coffee and "hot" cakes—Mead-
ville's favorite supper. Every one left
the blinds up in Meadville, and there
was a panorama of warm interiors,
romping children, contented husbands
and active, happy wives. Ellen, hur-
rying along in the chill gloom, felt like
a parish and passed quickly out of the
din of diswashing on to the country
road.

She was brought at last to a realiza-
tion of her whereabouts by a startled
cry and jumped back barely in time
to escape a horse's hoofs that just
grazed her sleeve as the horse was
pulled back on its haunches. The star-
light was sufficient to indicate her
close call. She uttered a belated, re-
frightened shriek.

"By George!" exclaimed the man
somewhere back of the horse. "What
are you doing out here? Are you
drunk?"

"Say, are you hurt?" he continued in
alarm, as there was no reply. He
sprang to the ground, groped his way
forward and plucked at her sleeve.

"Ellen!"

She began to sob. She couldn't help
it. There had been too many shocks
in Meadville that day.

It did not take Elton long to get her
into the runabout and start up the
erstwhile spurned Fanny G. Ellen
continued to be so distressed that El-
ton, ignoring her, slipped his arm
around her and was not repulsed. Un-
fortunately, so it seemed, his extreme
kindness and lack of curiosity about
her plight served only to increase her
discomfiture until, as he helped her to
alight from the vehicle at her gate, she
caught him close about the neck and
told him the whole miserable story.

"How can I tell father and mother?"
she cried.

"Leave that to me," he whispered
jubilantly, "and cheer up."

The old people jumped to their feet
as the door flew open, and a look of
intense relief crossed their faces at the
sight of Ellen and Elton.

"Oh, we didn't know what had be-
come of you the last night you were
here," said her mother a little re-
proachfully, but she smiled indulgently
at Elton, and he smiled back.

"And whom should she be with?" he
cried. "But I have good news for you.
She isn't going away. She's promised
to become a Meadville matron."

If Ellen had had fears, they were
immediately dispelled by the warmth
of her mother's embrace and the happy
ejaculation of her father as he grasp-
ed Elton's hand. It dawned upon her
at the instant that they were happier
to know she was to marry the most
promising young man in Meadville
than they would be if she could sur-
pass all the artists in history, and sud-
denly it appeared to her that she was
the happiest of all and that Meadville
was a garden of Eden.

A Financial Genius.

"Sonny," said a company promoter
to his youngest son the other day, "I'll
give you 5 shillings if you dig that
patch of ground all ready for your sis-
ter to start her flower garden."

"Right you are, guv'nor," said young
hopeful thoughtfully, "but I shall have
to ask you for 25 per cent of the cost
of the ground in advance, not as an ad-
vance of good faith, but simply as
working capital."

"Working capital? What do you
mean?" said the father.

"Well, you see, I'll bury a shilling
somewhere and tell all the boys in the
neighborhood that I have found out
that an old miser buried his treasure
in our field. When they strike that
tanner they'll go on digging like Tre-
janus, I can tell you. In that way I
reckon I can clear about 50 per cent.
In fact, I can."

"Well, what?" inquired the proud
parent.

"In fact, I don't so much know but
what I can also arrange to find that
shilling myself."

And father wept tears of joy as he
thought of what a rough