

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!

Printer Stamps Furnished.
For Typewriters, Typewriter
Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, July 5, 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
Wm. Rudolf, N. G.
R. M. Brash, 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 evenings monthly.
By order W. M.
Mrs. F. J. Meindl, 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 Menefee. Fred Wilson
Menefee & Wilson
Attorneys - at - Law

Office in the Vogt Block, upstairs

THE DALLES OREGON

Her Last Alias

By HORACE REMSTREY

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parsons

Clayton looked up from his book. He had not realized that anything unusual was going on until a screen from the girl roused him. "Two men were arguing with her. She, white faced, but determined, held her ground."

"There must be some mistake," she insisted. "I am the daughter of the baron. I am on my way to meet a party of friends, with whom I am going abroad. If I miss the boat, I shall not only lose the trip, but I shall find myself in New York alone and friendless. Can't you believe me?"

"We believe the going to Europe part all right," grinned one of the detectives. "That's the only part that sounds good to us. Come ahead! We can't keep the train waiting for you!" He laid his hand upon her shoulder, and the girl gave a little cry. Clayton



"I have seen more than I should have seen. I saw her slip down the stairs. I saw her fall. I saw her hit her head. I saw her bleed. I saw her die. I saw her last alias."

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Why do you stare at me like that?"

"This isn't a lady. She is a confidence queen," said the detective roughly. "Don't you come butting in or we'll have to run you in too."

"There's some mistake here," Clayton said quietly. "I presume you are making the arrest on information?"

The detective drew a printed slip from his pocket and passed it to Clayton. It recited that Los Cogswell, alias Prefect, alias Hay, alias Goodrich, was wanted in Chicago for swindling. She was supposed to be making her escape to London or Paris. The description in a general way fitted the girl, but Clayton saw that some mistake had been made. He had been looking at the girl all the afternoon, and he would have sworn that she was no criminal. That her distress was real was apparent.

"This is all wrong," he said decided. "That description would fit hundreds of women who have passed through this station today. If you arrest Miss Ormiston, you will be sued for false imprisonment. I know her to be the person she says she is."

"One of her pals, eh?" sneered the detective. "I guess we'd better take you too."

Clayton headed the man a card. "If you want to mess things up still further," he said quietly, "go ahead."

The officer looked at the card. "Got any letters to back this up?" he demanded. Clayton produced several from his coat. The detective touched his hat.

"I guess we made a mistake," he said uncertainly. "Sorry we troubled the lady. I hope this will go no further, sir."

"It's all right, I suppose," was the careless answer. "If Miss Ormiston will excuse you, I have nothing more to say."

The girl bowed her willingness, and the two men fled sheepishly out of the car. Arresting a confidence queen was one thing. Mistaking a friend of the son of the governor of the state was quite another. They were glad they were let off so easily.

Una turned to Clayton. "I am very much obliged to you," she said softly. "I don't know what I should have done had they taken me off the train. I am to sail in the morning with Uncle Jim and a party of friends. Father sent him a draft for my expenses, and I should have landed in New York without funds or friends had I been detained."

"I am glad to have been of service," Clayton said. "May I sit down here for a few minutes? You see, the other passengers are looking, and since I so boldly claimed acquaintance I would look odd if I returned to my own seat."

"It was a daring thing to do," she smiled. "How do you know that I am not the confidence queen?"

"That's easy," he declared. "You do not look the part. I think I am a better judge of human nature than the chaps with the badges."

She bowed her acknowledgment of the compliment. "I should hate to feel that I looked like a swindler," she laughed. "You look more like an angel," he said daintily and looking into the clear eyes. "It was that that first attracted my attention."

"I saw you looking several times," she said demurely. "You certainly made an exhaustive study."

"I did not mean to be impertinent," he said. "I did not know that I was rude."

"You were not," she conceded. "It was just that I was well, let's say, observant."

Clayton flushed. Somehow the girl had made an impression on him when she first came into the car. It was pleasant to think that she, too, had been interested. The thought gave him courage, and almost before he realized it the porter began to brush the passengers down.

"Mercy!" she cried. "I did not know that time was passing so. We are almost in New York."

"I wish we were headed the other way," he said regretfully. "May I call before you go?"

"I am sorry that I cannot say yes. You see, I don't know what plans have been made for this evening, and it might not look well to have you calling upon me."

"May I write?" he asked eagerly. "I do not want to have you slip right out of my life."

"I think it would be better," she said slowly. "I wish you would even forget my name. I—I cannot explain."

"I'll think of you as Miss Alias," he said promptly. "Your double had so many names that I shall pretend that you are she."

She had risen and was standing on the platform of the Pullman. She put her hand in his.

"Perhaps I am," she said softly. "Thank you so much for your kindness, and goodbye."

She had slipped down the steps and was lost in the crowd before Clayton had recovered from the audacity of that last speech. He knew that it could not be true, yet for a moment the suggestion shocked him. He hurried down the platform after her, but the porter was just leaving her carriage as he passed through the gate, and she was lost.

For weeks Clayton puzzled over that speech. He knew very well that she was not the swindler, yet why did she choose to create the impression? There were no reasons the more he puzzled he became. Only one fact stood unchanged. He loved her. That was certain.

Business called him to London, and there, away from his friends, he came to his decision. The business affairs were straightened out he would go straight to Detroit and see if he could locate the Ormiston.

But he did not have to wait that long. He took the boat at Southampton, and at Cherbourg the passengers from Paris came on board. Clayton, leaning over the rail on the upper deck, saw a figure ascending the gangway that caused his heart to beat faster.

It could be none other than Miss Alias. He hurried down to the lower deck, but could not find her, and though the passenger list gave her name, for two days he looked for her in vain.

Then, late in the evening, a wan little figure was helped out on deck and escorted to a steamer cab. Clayton hurried toward her.

"I have been looking for you for two days," he said with greetings had been exchanged. "Where have you concealed yourself?"

"In my berth," she explained. "I have been most miserably seasick. Why did you search for me?"

"I wanted to ask you to become my wife," he said directly.

"Not knowing whether I am a confidence worker or not?" she demanded. "Knowing in my heart that you are not," he corrected, "why did you seek to raise such a doubt?"

"As a test," she said. "Had you not believed in me you would have lost interest, and I wanted to see—"

"Are you content?" he asked as his hand closed over hers. "I have never lost faith."

She spoke no word, yet Clayton knew that he had won, and he bent and kissed her. "We shall add Clayton to your aliases," he smiled. "That will be the last."

What Books Do. Books are friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me. They are all new and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some refer to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon this information I safely rely in all emergencies. In return for all these services they only ask me to accommodate them with a convenient chamber in some corner of my humble habitation, where they may repose in peace, for these friends are most delighted by the tranquillity of retirement than with the tumults of society.—Francisco Petrarca.

Complimented. "What do you think of my latest poem?" inquired the young man with pink fingers.

"It proved that you possess certain highly admirable traits," answered Miss Cady. "My composition showed great industry and its publication great moral courage."—Washington Star.

she said demurely. "You certainly made an exhaustive study."

"I did not mean to be impertinent," he said. "I did not know that I was rude."

"You were not," she conceded. "It was just that I was well, let's say, observant."

Clayton flushed. Somehow the girl had made an impression on him when she first came into the car. It was pleasant to think that she, too, had been interested. The thought gave him courage, and almost before he realized it the porter began to brush the passengers down.

Drusilla's Choosing

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham

Gordon Keith and Ted Rogers were eating supper in what they called the "living room" of the shack when the stage, dust covered and lumbering, drew up in front of the door. There was a girl on the seat by the driver. She leaned forward impulsively.

"This is El Paso, Mr. Keith's ranch, isn't it?" she demanded by way of introduction. "I'm Drusilla Cameron, and I've come to surprise my brother Ned."

And before the astonished Keith could reply she had scrambled down over the wheel, while the stage driver grinned widely in delight at the situation and in admiration of the girl.

She was all in brown, from her pongee dust coat to her low shoes. Her hair was chestnut color, and so were the eyes that looked out frankly from under the rim of her smart traveling hat.

"Beside," she continued, "I knew that if I telegraphed beforehand you'd have everything all fixed up for me, and I wanted to see you just as you really are."

"You're certainly done that, Miss Cameron," laughed Keith, with a rueful glance at the better suited supper table and the walls, where leather saddles and skins and gayly colored magazine covers jostled for prominence. Rogers, who had sat speechless, coffee cup in hand, at her first entrance, now went to help the driver with his luggage, while Keith, rising to his duties as host, bade her welcome and hung up her hat and coat on a peg on the wall. He apologized profusely for the appearance of the supper table, the heavy china and the plated knives and forks, from which every vestige of silver was fast disappearing, but Drusilla laughed and said it was just as she hoped it would be, and, please since she was ravenously hungry, couldn't she begin right away?

And where was Ned all this time, she questioned, and when would he be

"I'm sorry," she said softly, "oh, so sorry! It would be venal to tell you how much your friendship has meant to me—your love, your help, your sympathy. But what you ask is impossible."

"Then you do not care?" "Care?" Her voice wavered on the word. "Ah, you don't know how near I've come to loving you and how I've fought it down, for I knew I couldn't give up what's calling to me from the city I've left—all the collars and dainties and teas of the life I love. And you once belonged to it too. You've confessed as much. Why, then, did you make a little beseeching gesture, 'why did you ever give it up?'"

"Because I was sick of being a puppet in a great play, because I was tired to death of the shame and the tinsel and the falsest, and I wanted to get out where I could breathe deep and look up to the stars and feel that I was a man, Drusilla!"

"No, no," she begged. "Don't ask me, for I couldn't, I couldn't!" In silence they rode toward the shack. The long light of the sunset glow was across the plains. Bright clouds were piled in the west. Against the molten sky of red and gold a cowboy, rider loped in picturesque silhouette.

"It's big and free and beautiful," Drusilla murmured to herself, "but it's not for me!"

A week later she went east, and her going left a great gap in the life of the three men at El Paso. Ned perhaps missed her least of all, for he was to go home in November. Rogers openly mourned her departure.

"Don't seem natural," he complained, "not to hear her step about the house or her songs in the evening."

But Keith, who felt her going most keenly, carrying with him a long that would not be satisfied.

Drusilla had given her promise to write, yet she was slow in fulfilling it. Even Ned grumbled as day after day went by and no word came from her save a telegram saying she had arrived safely and a few picture postal cards covered with hastily scrawled lines. Rogers made excuses for going to the mail often than was really necessary, and his persistency was at length rewarded, for one day he returned with three letters in Drusilla's handwriting. His was full of amusing incidents. Ned's of gossip and sisterly affection, but to Keith she wrote:

"You are right after all. I am smothered with conventionality and weary of riding my prescribed length in the park. It's all such a social circus. And it isn't the call of the plains that's drawing me. It's the call of the heart. Do you hate the metropolis too much to come here to marry me?"

"Well," observed Rogers, standing in the doorway a few minutes later and watching Keith galloping into the distance, "it's the call of the heart. Do you hate the metropolis too much to come here to marry me?"

Beards and Shaving. Peter the Great once forbade beards throughout his realm, but finding how deeply the Russian loved his beard, Peter allowed him to keep it if he was a noble on payment of a tax of 100 rubles (about \$51), and if he was a peasant or a priest, by paying a kopeck (about 1/100 of a dollar) for every hair of the gate of a city. A large revenue was produced by the tax, in return for which the collectors gave a small copper coin called the "borodovnik," or "beard coin," and every man whose beard was shaved was obliged to produce this when he entered a town. In default he was thrown into prison. Dr. John Bulwer in his "Anthropometeorology" or "Man Transformed," (1890), writes angrily: "Shaving the chin is justly to be accounted a note of effeminacy. What greater evidence can be given of effeminacy than to be transformed into the appearance of a woman? A woman's hair is the crown of her head, the oracles of the prophets, the plights of the councils and the judgment of learned men." But, in spite of these fustianations, the custom soon became universal, among soldiers as well as civilians.

Stimulants. "How do you like married life, Harter?"

"Well, I wish I had remained a bachelor. There is so much expense and so many breakdowns."

"Expense and breakdowns? Gracious, old chap, perhaps you bought an automobile license instead of a marriage license?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Point Blank. A traveler was startled by hearing on a lonely road at night this piercing appeal: "Will the kind gentleman please help a poor, unfortunate man? I have nothing in the world but this loaded revolver."—Harper's Weekly.

THUMPING HEADACHES

Many More Women Have Them, But Few Know The Real Cause.

Dull, thumping headaches; Sick, prostrating headaches; Dizzy, whirling, blind headaches; Point to disorders of the kidneys. Tell of uric poisons in the blood. Narcotics may ease the pain. But won't cure the cause.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys; Remove uric poisons, purify the blood, Banish headache, backache, urinary ills. Mrs. J. Mueller, 438 East 4th St. Albany, Or., says: "It is not often one finds a remedy so good as Doan's Kidney Pills, and I feel it almost a duty to tell my experience with this medicine. I had been suffering with kidney complaint which brought on backache, pain in the loins, headache and dizziness. There was much annoyance also from irregularity of the kidney secretions. Though I used several remedies trying to get relief, Doan's Kidney Pills procured at a drug store, were the best. In fact, there was really no comparison. They did all else had failed to do, and I cheerfully give them my endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBirney Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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 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 through California, has been named to North Pacific coast points and Spokane from Chicago, St. Louis, Missouri river and Colorado points. Sale dates of east Colorado points, June 20th to July 12th, west June 21st to July 13th, final return limit Sept. 15th.

Account National Electric 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, June 8th to 15th, with final return limit August 21st.

Wm. McCumby, G. P. A., OR&NCO and SPRAY, Portland, Or.

The Charming Woman

Is not necessarily one of perfect form and features. Many a plain woman who could never serve as an artist model, possesses those rare qualities that all the world admires; neatness, clear eyes, clean smooth skin and that sprightliness of step and action that accompany good health. A physically weak woman is never attractive, not even to herself. Electric Bitters restore weak women, give strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, beautiful complexion. Guaranteed at Moro Pharmacy 50c.

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and rough of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair tonic. The hair stops coming out, grows faster, keeps soft and smooth. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures sick hair, makes it strong and healthy.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Ayer's

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufactured at SASSAPARILLA, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.