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for any Magazine or Newspaper
printed in the United States.

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Of Every Description to Order
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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, July 19, 1907

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Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

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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.



More 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. Jessie Henrich, Secretary.



Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 118, I. O. O. F.
Meets the first and third
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. M. H. Harnum, N. G.
Mrs. Jessie Henrich, Secretary.



Eureka Lodge No. 121,
A. F. & A. M. Moro, Or.
Meets the first and third
Thursday evening of each
month. Visiting members
cordially invited to meet
with us. By order of the W. M.
J. M. Parry, Secretary.



Bethlehem Chapter
No. 78 O.E.S.
Regular communication
each 24 and 4th Thurs-
day evening monthly.
By order W.M.
Mrs. F. J. Mendl, Secy.

Dr. C. Hartley
Dentist

Charges reason-
able, all work
guaranteed.

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

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

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

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MORO - - - OREGON

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Attorney - at - Law

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Attorney - at - Law

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Frank Menefee. Fred Wilson

Menefee & Wilson

Attorneys - at - Law

Office in the Vogt Block, upstairs

THE DALLES - - - OREGON

Linda's Lovers

By MARTHA
MCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Copyright, 1907, by Mary McKean.

"Linda, do tell a fellow how to
do it. You're no beauty—positively
your nose is a snub—yet here you have
Lewton's three best buds so fascinat-
ed they won't look at another girl
when you're around."

Derry's voice was judicial, but the
twinkle in his eyes belied his measured
note. Linda Bryson chose to answer
the eyes rather than the words.

"Unless you stop being tiresome I
shall call Aunt Pam," she said. "I
know she is dying to have you tell her
all about the Greer funeral."

"Ray, do you know there's a law
against cruel and unusual punish-
ments?" Derry asked, with an accent
of deep injury.

"Is there? Dear me! How do you
happen to know it—being a lawyer?"
Linda swung back at him. "People say,
you know, that the less law you have
the more cases you win."

"People in this case meaning Phil
Gray. I didn't think he's so natty
over the drubbing I gave him," Derry
said tranquilly. "I shall have to look
out for myself. Unless old Phil had
been more than professionally jealous
he never in the world would have said
such a thing."

"Why should he be jealous of any-
body? We're engaged—have been
since last Thursday."

Linda pouted. Derry breathed her
just once, then caught both her hands
and pressed them warmly, saying: "I
see, you had to console the boy. He
was pretty crestfallen when he left the
courthouse that afternoon. Of course
I wish you joy—all kinds of joy—doub-
le riveted, copper fastened, and I con-
gratulate him with all my heart. But,
honestly, Lin, are you sure?"

"Sure of what?" Linda asked sanely,
though with the least shake of the
voice.

"Why, that you love Phil well enough
to live with him all your life?" Derry
began.

"Are you sure you love Julia Moro
that way?" Linda countered.

Derry stared at her. "Julia Moro!
What has she got to do with it?" he
asked.

"Linda hung up her head.

"She must have a heap to do with
it, since you are going to marry her."

Allen took the yellow slip, but the
words on it danced before him. It was
Phil's last good deed to read to him.
That the mine, so long held worthless,
had turned out to be enormously rich.
All the money that had been sunk in
it would come back a hundredfold.

"You'll be rich, you two—so rich you
can buy all Lewton," he said at last,
smiling. Linda held out her hand to
him. So did Derry as together they
said, "And be sure we will marry and
live happy ever after."

There was no doubt in the minds
of people who knew the Camerons
to who was the head of the house in
every sense of the word. So accus-
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small, to look to "father" for advice
and opinions on every subject that
they unconsciously afforded more or
less amusement to their friends.

"Do you mind this extreme cold
weather, Mrs. Cameron?" some one
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for everybody than last winter," she
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"Indeed!" said the friend, with a
sneer of malice. "I thought I heard
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"Yes, so we have," admitted the
adoring wife, "but as father says, he
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so suddenly while he was in New
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HE HELD HER FACING HIM AND LOOKED
HER FULL IN THE EYES.

"Hush!" she saw Derry about to
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"When?" Derry asked, his voice low
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"It was some time last week," she
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of hospitable plenty. Aunt Pam had
the house; Linda, a narrow income.
Therefore they lived without work, as
became gentlemen born, though Linda
was more than a little restless.

"What if I am a born Bryson? It
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knows I do enough of it for invita-
tions and "Thank you, dear," And I do
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Pam and Aunt Pam's ideas had pre-
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with some good steady fellow of de-
cent patrimony and the knack of get-
ting on in the world.

Phil Gray had both, hence stood high

with Aunt Pam. She liked Allen Derry
well enough. His mother had been her
dearest friend. But there were the
debts—the only thing Judge Derry had
left his son. A spotless reputation, of
course, did not count against lack of
financial foresight. The judge had been
bequeathed not only into risking his own
money, but into giving his neighbors
bad advice. It was the neighbors
Allen was paying, although they had
not the least shadow of legal claim.
Phil Gray had said it was "magnificent,
but not business." Aunt Pam agreed
with him heartily. Still, she had been
always motherly kind to Allen, having
no suspicion of what was in his heart
and Linda's.

Allen stopped his pacing abruptly
and said, looking over Linda's head:
"Phil is a good chance, also a good fel-
low. I hope he'll make you happy as
the day is long. I know he'll try. But
—tell me, have you put on his ring?"

"Not yet," Linda said very low.
Derry caught her hands and drew her
to her feet. He held her facing him
and looked full in her eyes as he said
brokenly: "Then—give me one little
look of love. I know you love me—
—I shall no more than kiss you—once.
All I want is to have you look up at
me from my breast and say, 'Allen, I
love you—with the love that cateneth
out all fear!'"

"Allen, I love you with the love that
cateneth out all fear," Linda repeated
submissively, laying her head against
his shoulder. His arms folded her.
For a long minute they looked silent,
trembling through and through with
a sense of sacred farewell. Then Allen
bent and kissed her, saying gently
as he put her away from him: "Remem-
ber, no matter what happens here, you
are mine through all eternity."

"Goodby," Linda said, her voice clear
and unshaken. "Goodby," Allen echoed
and turned toward the door. He stood
open, infirmly Phil Gray, whose face
was very white, but whose eyes were
steady and kindly. He came to the
two at the hearth with outstretched
hands, saying: "I did not mean to say
you; but, thank God, I heard. The
mistake that has been made is not past
undoing. Linda, I set you free. Now
choose between us."

With a happy cry, Linda put her hand
in Derry's and hid her blushes upon
his breast. Gray drew a hard breath,
but smiled gallantly as he asked: "Are
you sure you love me here? I am
surprised to be here. But there's a rea-
son for it. Allen, old man, read that.
It came to us an hour back. You know
our firm settled up your father's af-
fairs."

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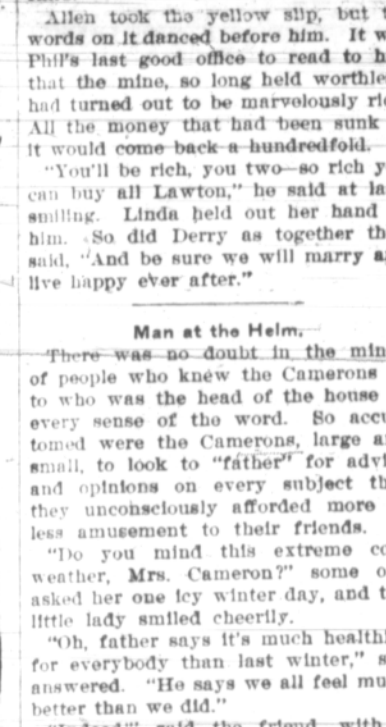
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ting on in the world.

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Rackets.

There is a good deal of simplicity
about the game of rackets, but it is
so fast that one has to move into posi-
tion rapidly, hit rapidly and recover
rapidly. The movements of a player
must be almost instinctive. This is the
reason why those who learn the game
very young have better prospects. The
greatest mistake of men who take up
rackets in this country is that they
often learn bad form at the start, which
only the most careful practice
will enable them to ever overcome. As
a matter of fact a good many of our
players do not care to take the time
to learn the game. Bad footwork and
fall of nearly all of our second and
third class players. Plenty of men,
physically well equipped for the most
strenuous rackets, will peg a long
time and never learn the game prop-
erly, simply because they began badly
and have never learned the game prop-
erly. George H. Brooks in Out-
ing Magazine.

Exactly.

A good English country major found
himself at table in a large restaurant
between two young men, who began
to make fun of him.

"I see you're a young man," he said, "that
you are making fun of me, but I as-
sure you that I am neither stupid nor
an ass."

"Ah," said one of them, "perhaps
you are between the two."

"Exactly," was the prompt reply.
"I'm between the two."

THEIR WEDDING DAY

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

Her wedding gown was Mary's first
pretty dress. All her little girl life
she had worn the cut down and pleated
together garments of Lella and Mar-
garet.

Lella and Margaret were the hand-
some sisters. Mary was little and
thin, her one beauty, a thick braid of
red gold hair that she wound about
her head like a coronet.

When she slipped the shining wed-
ding dress over her shoulders and
looked at herself in the glass she
laughed a little.

"Why, I'm almost pretty," she said
to her sisters.

Lella and Margaret were dressed in
pink. They were to be her brides-



"I DON'T LOVE HER AS I DID YOU, MARY,"
maids, and they carried big bunches
of carnations.

Mary's bouquet was of lilies of the
valley and violets.

"Wasn't it nice that Walter remem-
bered?" she said.

"Remembered what?" Margaret
asked.

"That I liked violets."

"You aren't the first girl of Walter's
that has liked violets," Lella told her.
Mary dashed.

"I don't think Walter has had so
many girls that he needs to say that,
Lella," she said.

"Lella's eyes sparkled above the
pink carnations."

"Oh, well, of course you aren't the
first."

"Perhaps not the very first that he
thought he liked," Mary said slowly.
"But the first he really wanted to
marry."

"Walter doesn't tell everything,"
Lella said meaningly.

Mary turned away from the glass.
"I guess they're waiting for us," she
said, and then they went downstairs
together.

Every one said it was a pretty wed-
ding, but the bride was rather pale.

"But then Mary never did have
much color," was the conclusion of the
village folks, who pinned their faith in
beauty to the rose milkmaid variety
and had little admiration for Mary's
delicacy and pallor.

Walter spoke of it on the way to the
station.

"You ought to have had red cheeks
for me today, Mary," he said, and she
resembled a little as he laid his hand
over hers.

They went to the city, reaching there
after dark. In their room at the quiet
hotel they found flowers—violets and
carnations sent by one of Walter's busi-
ness friends.

"I told him you liked violets," Walter
said as he helped her off with her coat
and kissed her.

Mary, with her hat still on, stood by
the table and looked at the flowers.
Suddenly she asked, "Who was the
other girl who liked violets?"

"The other girl?"

He was on the opposite side of the
table, smiling at her, his boyish face a
little tremulous with the thought of the
place and the hour. "There was never
any other girl, Mary," he said.

"Lella said there was," she persisted,
"and you used to send her violets."

"Lella?" he stammered.

"Yes, Lella," she said.

He came around the table and took
her hands. "You will not let what
Lella said spoil our wedding day, will
you?"

"She said you hadn't told me every-
thing," Mary said, "and I think I
ought to know."

"She spoke before her steady
girl."

"Lella shouldn't have said anything."
"Who was the girl?" She laid her
hand on his arm and shook it a little.
"Who was the girl, Walter?"

"He looked down at her, troubled.
"It was Lella," he said finally, and
his face was white.

"Oh," Mary gasped. "Oh, Walter!"
He thought she was going to cry.
She dropped into a chair and sat there
shaking and trembling, but she did not
cry.

Walter knelt beside her. "I didn't
love her as I did you, Mary," he whis-
pered.

"But you loved her, and she would
have married her, and she would have
been here if you had had your way,"

Mary accused him, "here on your wed-
ding day!"

He tried to take her hand, but she
drew back and hid her face in the
cushions of the chair. "And Lella is so
much prettier than I am, she said be-
tween quick breaths.

In another moment she was sobbing
wildly. "You ought to have told me."
"Hush," he said, with his hands on
her shoulders. "Hush." And there
was a man's masterfulness in his tone.

"Look at me, Mary." He drew her
up out of the chair and held her hands
so that she could not put them over
her face. "Look at me."

"I ought not to have told you," he
said as she, still sobbing, lifted her
heavy lids and met his glance. "You
are wrong. I ought not to have told
you. No one should have told you. I
ought not to tell you now—no man has
a right to talk of these things—
Lella has brought it on herself. I was
nice to her, and I thought I loved her,
and I told her so, and at last we were
engaged."

"Oh," Mary said and drew away,
but he held her firmly.

"And I did send her violets, but after
while I began to send her roses, big
scintillating ones, and she asked me why,
but I did not like to tell her that it was
because she reminded me of them; that
I had not found any sweetness or
fragrance in her, and that I dreamed
the day when I must take her to my
heart—and then, oh, Mary—you came."

He paused and went on, with a
break in his voice: "The first time I
saw you after you came home from
teaching in the country I knew you
were the girl I had been looking for
all my life. And one day I told Lella,
I don't suppose it was the thing that
a man would do in a story book or in
a play. They always marry the wrong
ones, you know. But I felt that mar-
riage without love would be as bad
for Lella as for me, and I knew by
that time that she did not really care
for me."

"Lella didn't let any one know of the
engagement, and so when it came to
an end there wasn't any talk. But
Lella couldn't forget me—and if she
had left it alone you need never have
known, you needn't have been un-
happy, you needn't have distrusted
me."

Mary's face was hidden against his
coat.

"I've been unhappy all day," she
whispered.

"On our wedding day?" Mary?

"I'm sorry," she whispered again.

Outside the night deepened and dark-
ened. The house had grown quiet;
the noise of the busy streets was
stilled.

He lifted his head, with a little laugh
that had in it a deeper ring than that
of gaiety. "I'm not sorry," he said.
"For now the last barrier of distrust
is down, and you are mine and I am
yours, and ahead of us is only hap-
piness—Mary."

A Good Reason.

Mary's face was very pale, his little
son. He knew that the boy had got to
grow up a sensible member of society,
and he (Manders) will see that he does.
He had just spoken very sharply to
the boy for asking questions without
thinking what he was asking, and
Tommy was sitting in the corner with
his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"Do you think you will get a prize
for good conduct at school, Tommy?"
asked Manders, anxious to create a di-
version.

"I don't think so, ma," responded
Tommy timidly.

"How's that?" asked Manders sternly
before mamma could interfere.

"Haven't you been behaving yourself?
Why won't you get a prize for good
conduct? Answer me at once."

"Cos they don't give any, father,"
answered the boy.

Father went on to himself, and when
he saw his wife smile he went out and
slammed the door after him.—Pearson's
Weekly.

Trials of the Unemployed.

Once there was a young Bostonian
who had money. One day he looked at his
clothes, of which he had a great many,
and he saw that they needed to be
brushed and he asked his servant
to do it for him. Then he went
downstairs and noticed that all his
manuscripts were in disorder, so he
hired a man to sort them out and to
make a list of them. Next he went to
the stable and found one of his horses
sick, so he asked a man to get him an-
other one. The other horse needed ex-
ercise, so he engaged a groom to ex-
ercise the horse.

He looked at a puppy which he had
and said, "Why, it's time that puppy
was trained to find birds," so he sent
the puppy away to a man to be taught.

Then he went into the house and
saw that "Dear me," said he, "how
dull it is with nothing to do! I wish I
had something to do."

The Boetians were barbarians—
Puck.

Smoking in Church.

The old time citizens smoked even in
church. All such offenders were ex-
communicated by Urban VIII. in 1624
and again by Innocent XII. in 1659.

There was William Bredon, too, vic-
ar of Thornton, England, of whom the
astrologer Lilly says that "when he
had no tobacco he would cut the bell
ropes and smoke them."

Prohibitions of the customs were fre-
quent. "Item, you shall not utter," en-
joins an alchouse license of the time
of James I., "nor willingly suffer to be
uttered, drunk or taken any tobacco
within your house, cellar or other place
thereunto belonging."

Charles II. sent a letter to the Uni-
versity of Cambridge forbidding the
members to wear periwigs, smoke ta-
bacco or read the sermon. A writer
has recorded a visit to an Essex
church about 1830 on which he saw
pipes stowed ready for use on the fol-
lowing Sunday.—Chicago News.

PROVE IT ANY TIME

By the Evidence of More People

The daily evidence citizens right here
at home supply is proof sufficient to
satisfy the greatest skeptic. No better
proof can be had.

Here is a case. Read it:

Mrs. Mary Clark, of 218 West Second
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