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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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Moro, - - - Oregon.

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I. O. O. F. Moro, Oregon.
Meets every Saturday
evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Visiting members are
cordially invited. May-
ber are expected to be
Fred J. Melndi, N. G.
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THE DALLES OREGON

CAP AND THE CAT.

By Judson Welles.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Hank Hinman sat on the front porch
and gazed frankly and longingly across
the neat fence to where Mattie Forsman
worked in the garden and apparently
gave him no heed. Hinman had yet to
find that a woman may look north of
south and yet be seeing east or west.
Mattie very much approved of Hank
Hinman's attitude. He hummed up and
down the fence, and as a rule, those should-
ers were accustomed to swag, and
it was the swag to which Mattie had
objected. Just because they were en-
gaged she did not concede his right to
order her about, and the engagement
had been broken.

Now that he was in this frame of
mind she was quite willing to make up
her mind to let the overture come from
her would be a tactical error, and it
did not look as though Hank would
ever be enough himself again to make

"What is it?" Hank asked, bewildered
for the first time. She was rather sorry
for him and just a tiny bit contemptu-
ous.

"This might have been the end of the
story had it not been for Miss Mar-
den's cat. Hank had been looking at
her cat and all else that was hers.
Having failed to acquire a proprietary
right to a man in her younger days,
she was venting herself upon the
cat by leading the women's rights
movement in Carradale.

"It was she who had incited those
advanced notions in Mattie, and Hank
cordially hated her. It was Captain
Hinman's dog, looked up, with wagging
tail and appeal in his soft brown eyes.
Hank nodded.

"Get her, Cap," he urged, but Cap-
tain needed no urging. With a yelp of
delight he was off down the side of
the plot. Hank's full name was
Susan B. Anthony looked up to find
himself cut off. There were no trees in
the Hinman front yard, and she made
for the next lot. She scrambled through
the wide set pickets, and Captain took
the fence with a leap, landing against
Mattie, who was just planting a bulb.
He precipitated her into the middle of
the tulip bed. Then he dashed on in
pursuit of the cat, now comfortably in-
trapped up an apple tree.

Hank sprang to Mattie's rescue, but
before he could leap the fence she had
scrambled to her feet and was facing
him, her face white with anger save
for the red spots that glowed on either
cheek.

"You set the dog on me," she de-
clared, with a stamp of her foot. "I
never thought that you could be so-
me!"

"I didn't," defended Hank before she
could find an adjective commensurate
with the offense.

"You did," she contradicted. "I heard
you. You said, 'Get her, Cap,' and then
he!"

"Nothing of the sort," protested
Hank hotly. "Old Miss Marsten's fam-
iliar spirit came over into my yard. Cap
wanted a run, and I told him to
get after her. She ran into your yard,
and there she is now up a tree, just
like her mistress should be."

Cap's canine entreaties to the cat to
come down and be annihilated were
too vociferous to be overlooked. Mattie
took a fresh tack.

"Anyhow," she sniffed, "you were
cruel to dumb animals. That's bad
enough."

"She's not a dumb animal," insisted
Hank. "She's a demon in a cat's skin.
I think she puts her mistress up to all
these tricks."

"What tricks?" demanded Mattie truth-
fully.

"The women's rights things and all
that. I heard her telling you the other
night that it was traitorous to the
cause to stand my bullying. I heard
her, I wasn't bullying. I was telling
you for your own good that Jim Sears
was set a bit person for you to know."

"And because you think that she in-
fluenced me you are taking it out on a
poor little kitten?"

"Kitten?" she scoffed. "She's no more
kitten than is Miss Marsten."

"We shall all be old some day," she
reproved. "It is not Miss Marsten's
fault."

"It's her fault that she's a middle-
some old maid," he persisted. "It's her

fault that she keeps a cat that is a
thorn in the flesh of all her neighbors."
"I love her," announced Mattie just to
be contrary. Hank whistled, and Cap
came to his side, carefully picking out
the walks in his approach.

"A love of cats is the second stage of
spinsterhood," he said stiffly. "If
that's the way you are getting to feel I
guess Cap and I had better be going
home."

"You are perfectly hateful this morn-
ing," she pouted.

"That statement is beginning to look
frayed on the edges," he reminded. "It
is what you said last night, also day
before yesterday."

"Well, you are," she repeated. "Here
I was enjoying the nice morning, and
you race your dog after a cat and spoil
my flower beds. Then because I am
naturally annoyed you tell me that I am
a confirmed old maid."

"If a second degree old maid," he re-
minded. "The third degree is cork-
ers, curls and a pointed chin. There
is still hope for you."

"I am grateful that you concede any-
thing," she said stiffly.

"In nothing if not honest," he re-
ported.

"No, always," she insisted. "What
you said about Jim Sears, for in-
stance."

"He was arrested last night for run-
ning a dog fight last week. That was
my kink. I knew about it when I
spoke. Both dogs were killed."

"Perhaps you were right," she shud-
dered. "I didn't care about Jim Sears,
but I don't like your distasteful man-
ner."

"Thank you, Miss Marsten," he con-
tended. "I'll bet she told you that if
you gave her before marriage you would
encourage a tyrant husbanding. Then
she said, 'You're right,' she asked quickly.

"No one, I just know how she talks.
She knows everything about husbands
except how to get one."

"It wasn't that I am guided by her,"
he declared. "I was just trying to slip
through. There was a scurry, a howl and the cat
lay dead on the grass."

With a cry of anger Mattie sprang
forward, Hank following more slowly.
It was not Hank who got caught in this
fashion. Usually she could beat
the pointer, Newfoundland, or even
the cat, straightened up and patted Cap's
head.

"Good old dog," she praised. "Nice
old fellow."

"What is it?" cried Hank, bewildered
by the sudden change. She held out a
little ball of yellow.

"I was cleaning Dicky's cage," she
explained, "and left him out on the
porch. That horrid brute knocked over
the cage and killed him."

"So that's why she couldn't make her
get away," he murmured. "I knew
she was too fast for Cap."

"I'll call the bird Cap," she promised.
"And there won't be any horrid cat to
kill him."

He glanced at the solitary restored to
her finger.

"And if Miss Marsten interferes
we'll set Cap on her," he promised.

"Come, Cap," Good old dog.
"Good old dog," echoed Mattie as she
kissed the precious ring.

Money and Kisses.

A man living for the time being in
Columbus, Ohio, is in the habit of
giving his wife a generous roll of bills
the first day of every month for her pin
money complained the other day that
she owed him \$2.50 for acting as her
cudde while on the golf links during a
visit to the sunny south. She demurred,
but asked if he would be willing to
take the pay in kisses. Although a
Benedict of long standing, he still
adores his wife, and he agreed to this
method of payment.

While they were at breakfast on the
first day of the following month he
drew out his pocketbook and began
counting out various bills of large de-
nominations, while she, with hand out-
stretched, waited eagerly for the roll,
marking that her last month's allow-
ance was all spent.

"Wait a moment," he said. "I be-
lieve I'll give you kisses instead." And
the money was stuffed back in his
pocket, much to her dismay.

"It is only fair to say, however, that
she later received both money and
kisses.—Columbus Dispatch.

Too Low!

A well known sportsman had become
very tired of listening to a series of
shooting yams that some friends had
been spinning. At last he launched
his first and only story that night. "I
went into a field one day to have a
shot," he said. "The only game in
sight was an immense flock of black-
birds. I should say there were 10,000
in the flock. I fired both barrels, and
how many do you think I killed?" Different
guesses were made, ranging
from twenty to a hundred birds. "Not
one," said the stranger, "but I went
out to look for results and picked up
thirty bushels of eggs. I had shot a
little too low."—Tatler.

Early Pottery.

One of the principal territories of the
potters for centuries was King's Chin,
the finest pieces being made during the
Ming dynasty. It is stated that the
fine specimens were made with so
much care that out of 200 pieces they
would sometimes destroy 100. It is re-
corded in 16th that a titled man in
Japan had one of his attendants of
rank whipped for breaking a cup and
then sent to China at his own expense
to buy another.

THANKS TO THE METER.

By James Clegg.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Please, have you a quarter?"
The girl from across the hall held out
a tiny hand, in the palm of which were
displayed these nickels and a dime.

Keenly conscious that there was a
sole, a most comfortable and satisfac-
tory hole, in the elbow of his smoking
jacket, Digby held out his own hand,
unclenching his fingers to display the de-
sired coin.

"Did you know what I was coming
after?" she said, with a laugh. Digby
had never heard her laugh before. It
was a low, rippling laugh, almost as
attractive as her smile. He wondered
how he could improve his opportunity.

Ever since she had moved in he had
wanted to know the girl across the
hall. Had his mother been home it
would have been all simpler, but he
had been keeping bachelor hall for
nearly three months.

"Did you know I wanted the quar-
ter?" she repeated. Digby pulled him-
self together.

"Yes, when?" she cried. "The other
day we only had a check, and no one
could cash it."

"Say no more," he commanded trag-
ically. "I know the rest."

"I'm very much obliged," she said
gratefully. "You are sure you won't
need one?"

"Not at all," he assured. As though
to prove him false the gas in his hall
grew dim. "I have more change," he
explained, "and it's all right."

He watched her regretfully as she
slipped back into her own apartment.
He had planned many brilliant encoun-
ters in which he would hold her en-
thrilled by his wit, and they would live

"It was awfully brave of you, Ben,"
she whispered as he bent over her.
"When that explosion came the first
thing I thought was that I was so glad
that you were there. I knew you
would help me. The doctor says you
saved my life by putting the fire out so
quickly."

"Any one could have done it," he
protested, "but I'm glad it was I."
"So am I," she answered.

"I'd like to be around all the time, if
you'll let me," he went on in sudden
bravery.

"I was afraid you were getting to
look on me more as a sister," she said
as the blood came slowly into her
cheeks. "Are you sure, Ben, that it's
not just because of the accident?"

"The accident has nothing to do with
it," he protested, "except that the
thought of how I might have lost you
gave me the courage to speak."

"I think," she smiled faintly, "that
you ought to be very grateful to that
gas meter. That's how I first met you,
you remember."

never got acquainted with any one.
All of our friends live on the other
side of town."

"We come from the country, where
we are used to being neighbors," she
explained. "I want you to feel that
you are welcome here any time."

There was a sincerity in her tones
that brought a genial glow to Digby's
heart, and the girl (he knew now her
name was Ethel) seconded her mother
with a glance.

"That night was but the beginning of
a new life for Digby. The following
evening he brought home a box of
candy as a return courtesy and was in-
vited to spend the evening, so grad-
ually he fell into the habit of dropping in
after dinner. There were trips to the
theater, little excursions on Sunday,
and even when he had word from his
mother that she had decided to remain
west for the summer he did not offer
objection.

The more he was with Ethel the
more deeply in love he became. He
had never known many women, and
this charming girl was the first he had
ever loved. Often he would declare
to himself that he would propose, but
each time his courage failed him.

Then one night came the climax. The
gas began to flicker and burn low, and
Ethel left the room to drop in the coin
that would turn on the flow again. He
heard a small strike in the kitchen,
where the gas had not been lit, then
came an explosion, and he rushed down
the narrow hall.

In some fashion the meter had
sprung a leak, and the lighted match
had caused the ignition of the gas.
Ethel, her light gown ablaze, came
staggering blindly toward him. He
grasped her and tried to smother the
flame with his hands. Great as the
thrust of the blaze might not be able to
gain headway toward her face. The gas
in the apartment had been extinguished,
and he was forced to work in the dark, but he
rushed into the kitchen to check the
flow of gas.

It was easy to extinguish the flames
there and shut off the gas at the inlet.
Then he opened the doors from their
apartment to his and lo! there in his
arms to his mother's room. Mrs. Fal-
low followed and took charge of the
girl while he went for the doctor.

It was some hours later that he was
permitted to see Ethel. She had asked
for him, her mother said, and he stole
gently into the room. She put out her
uninjured hand and smiled up at him.
In some miraculous fashion her face
had not been touched by the flames,
though her masses of golden hair were
crisp and blackened.

"It was awfully brave of you, Ben,"
she whispered as he bent over her.
"When that explosion came the first
thing I thought was that I was so glad
that you were there. I knew you
would help me. The doctor says you
saved my life by putting the fire out so
quickly."

"Any one could have done it," he
protested, "but I'm glad it was I."
"So am I," she answered.

"I'd like to be around all the time, if
you'll let me," he went on in sudden
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look on me more as a sister," she said
as the blood came slowly into her
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it," he protested, "except that the
thought of how I might have lost you
gave me the courage to speak."

"I think," she smiled faintly, "that
you ought to be very grateful to that
gas meter. That's how I first met you,
you remember."

History of Ivory.
The earliest recorded history—what
might be prehistoric—the hieroglyphic
script—that has come down to us has
been in carvings on ivory and bone.
Long before metallurgy was known
among the prehistoric races carvings
on reindeer horn and mammoth tusk
evidence the antiquity of the art. Fragments
of horn and ivory engraved with
excellent pictures of animals have
been found in caves and beds of
rivers and lakes. There are specimens
in the British museum, also in the
Louvre, of the Egyptian skill in ivory
carving attributed to the age of Moses.

In the latter collection are chairs or
seats of the sixteenth century B. C.
inlaid with ivory and other pieces of
the eleventh century B. C. Carving of
the "precious substance" was exten-
sively carried on at Constantinople dur-
ing the middle ages. Combs, caskets,
horns, boxes, etc., of carved ivory and
bone, often set in precious stones, of
the old Roman and Anglo-Saxon peri-
ods are frequently found in tombs.

An Eskimo Legend.
Among the Eskimos, the angkas or
sorcerer who would visit Sedna, the
goddess who lives underground or in
the depths of the ocean, presiding over
one of the countries to which souls go
after death, must first pass the ardu-
ous dwelling of the happy dead, and
then cross an abyss in which a
wheel as slippery as ice is constantly
turning round. Arriving at the house
of Sedna, he finds it guarded by ter-
rible animals, sometimes described as
seals, and sometimes as dogs, and
when within the house passage he has
to cross an abyss by means of a bridge
as narrow as a knife edge.

Keeping Up Appearances.
The tall man in the suit of faded
black went into the first class restau-
rant and seated himself at a table in
a far corner. Linger there a minute
or two, he rose stately and went to
the cashier's desk. "If a gentleman
can't be waited on promptly in this
place," he said, with a frown, "there
are plenty of other places." Then he
strode leisurely out, picking his teeth,
and presently wound his way unob-
trusively to the five cent lunch counter
around the corner.—Chicago Tribune.

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
street, Albany, Oregon, says: "I have
suffered from kidney trouble and back-
ache so badly as to be entirely helpless
at times. When I got Doan's Kidney
Pills, at the drug store, I had no idea
that they would help me so much.
A few days use, however, banished the
backache, and regulated and strength-
ened the action of the kidneys. I then
started treating two of my children
who were afflicted with embarrassing
weakness of the kidneys. The natural
symptoms promptly disappeared, and
both children have been completely
cured."

I look upon Doan's Kidney Pills as a
god-send.

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