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COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING
Of Every Description to Order
Quick and Cheap!
Ibber Stamps Furnished.
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Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, August 9, 1907

Five Cents

Wasco Warehouse Milling Co.

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CAPITAL, - - - \$300,000

Transacts a General Banking Business.

Banks at Moro and Wasco

Representatives at Kent, Grass Valley, Moro,
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Collections carefully made. Fire and Grain Insurance
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Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed
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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-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.

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. 78 O.E.S.
Regular communication
each 2d and 4th Thurs-
day evenings monthly.
By order of the W. M.
Mrs. F. J. Meindl, Secy.

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
W. M. F. J. Meindl, N. G.
Mrs. J. E. Jamies, Secretary.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge
No. 118, I. O. O. F.
Meets regularly every
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. Mae Barum, N. G.
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Charges reason-
able, all work
guaranteed.

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Opposite the O. T. Co. store.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

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Diseases of Women & Children a Specialty

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Physicians

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Day or Night.

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Next Door W.W.M.Co. Bank

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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

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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

Coppering Caverly.

By Benson Graydon.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

"I don't care what it costs," declared

Caverly. "This man's father nearly

ruined me once with his speculations.

Now comes his son, who not only fol-

lows his father's footsteps in the street,

but he clandestinely wins my daugh-

ter's heart."

"Those Newtons always were greedy,"

agreed Tait, fanning the flames of the

other's anger. "I don't suppose you

want to figure in this matter."

Caverly shook his head. "Not yet,"

he explained. "Time enough to tell

him when he is ruined."

"Trust to me," said Tait confidently.

"We will jolt the young man consider-

ably."

Caverly went out chuckling. The

night before Emory Newton had had

the audacity to demand Belle Caverly's

hand in marriage. He made light of

the old enmity that had existed be-

tween his father and Caverly and sug-

gested that Kentucky feuds and Cor-
sican vendettas were out of fashion in

New York. Caverly had ordered him

from the house; and now he was

scheming with Tait to ruin the boy.

For a week or two Newton did not

suspect that his brokers were betray-

ing him to Tait. He was of hard-buck-

le common sense enough on Wall street,

and he simply seemed to have struck

an unusually bad one; that was all.

It was Belle who gave him the hint

when they met.

"Are you having bad luck with your

stocks?" she asked as they sat in the

Hargrave conservatory.

"Who told you?" she smiled. "Since

when did you busy your pretty head

with stocks and things?"

"I heard father talking over the tele-

phone," she explained. "I don't know

just what he meant, but it seemed as

if he was worried."

"You asked for the interview," he

said. "I knew that my man was selling

me out to Tait. By coppering my opera-

tion I have won double what I had

been the gainer. Caverly was an old

man, and suddenly he felt very young

and feeble."

"I think I'm getting out of the

game," he said, with a sigh. "What

is your price for this stock?"

"Belie," answered Newton. "She's

worth every share and script in the

market."

For a moment Caverly hesitated. It

was hard to surrender, but in the end

he knew that Newton would win in

his love affair as he had won in the

street. He was the son of Caverly's

ancient enemy, but nothing mattered.

He touched a bell, and the butler en-

tered.

"Send for Miss Caverly," he ordered,

and Newton knew that he had won.

a check for the profits; wants to know

if we keep a bucket shop."

"Send him in," said Tait in a husk-

y voice. It looked like trouble. And

Newton had been tramping the city

had been permitted to rise a few paces

Tait had supposed that a check to

the increase would be sufficient.

Siegist insisted upon the actual

livery of the stock and he could neither

buy nor borrow, he would be expelled

from the exchange for "bucketing" the

stock. Before the broker entered he

turned to Caverly.

"You will have to make good with

your stock," he snarled. "If you don't,

I'll tell just how it happened."

Caverly knew that if he offered stock

with no intention of letting it go he

was in the same boat with his broker,

and in the end he had to send over to

his office for the necessary shares.

There was a heated session between

the two men after Siegist left, but

that did not bring back the stock. The

registry books closed the following

day, and Caverly had lost control—his

some 2,000 shares which he could not

readily replace in time for the meet-

ing.

That evening Belle was surprised to

see Emory Newton passing through the

hall into the library. Evidently he

was expected, for Caverly looked up

coldly.

"You asked for the interview," he

snapped. "What is it you wish?"

"I wanted to explain something to

you," said Newton. "As you are to be

my father-in-law some day, I hate to

see you lose control of the P. and N.

I bought a put for 7,000 shares at 97 1/2

cents. In trying to stick me you sold to my

agent shares that you were forced to

deliver. If you want to purchase them

back, they are in the market. I have

lost Siegist's account," he declared. "Sie-

gist your agent?"

"My agent's broker," he explained.

"I knew that my man was selling me

out to Tait. By coppering my opera-

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and Newton knew that he had won.

A Hunting Dialogue.

"Do you know of a dead sure way to

start a good fire with your last match?"

asked a sportsman of his guide.

"Not a dead sure way exactly," an-

swered the guide. "But I know a way

that I'd be willing to count on."

"No, but a dead sure way," persisted

the sportsman. "A dead sure way to

start a fire with your last match?"

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