# The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....Dec. 20, 1907


**Personal Talk With You.**

If you do not read The Observer Why Not?

We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for $2.50; one year $1.50; 12½cts a month is n't much. Try it. Order by Postal Card, and pay for it when you can.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.


**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.

**Bethleham Chapter,**
No 78 O.E.S.

Regular communication each 2d and 4th Thursday evenings monthly. By order W.M.
Mrs F.J.Mendl, 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. Members are expected to be present. Fred J Meindl, N. G.
G E James, Secretary.


SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

Pearl Etta Tonkin, Plaintiff,
vs.
W C Tonkin, Defendant.

To W C Tonkin, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: On or before the 30th day of January, 1908, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of willful desertion; and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. E. V. Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled Court, duly made on the 17th day of December, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 20th day of December, 1907.

JAY H. UPTON, Attorney
7td20]31-280] for Plaintiff

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

M J McNutt, Plaintiff.
vs.
Hettie C McNutt, Defendant.

To Hettie C McNutt, the above named defendant—

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to wit: on or before the 30th day of January, 1908, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of willful desertion; and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon E V Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 17th day of December, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 20th day of December, 1907.

JAY H UPTON, Attorney
7td2 31-280] for Plaintiff

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
December 7th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Frank C. Miller, of Moro, Oregon; has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,905 made January 2, 1906, for the NW¼ SE¼ lots 1 and 3, of section 26, and lot 4 of section 25, township 1 south, range 18 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on January 25th, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: O J Goffin of Moro, Oregon, William Taylor and P M Raggles, each of Monkland Oregon, and James Stewart of Moro Oregon.

6td13]17-280] C. W. MOORE, Register


**W. H. SIMON,**
Main St MORO Oregon
Next door to Hotel Moro.

Boot and Shoe
**REPAIRING**
A Speciality.

All work guaranteed, and prices satisfactory. Bring in your articles for mending while you wait.

**Cord Wood Sale**

Round Pine, $5.00
Split Pine, $5.50
Oak, $6.50

F.O.B. Mosier, car measurement.

Address
D.W. Hudson, Mosier, Ore

**REED HULSE**
Proprietor of
**CITY DRAY NO. 2**
Draying of all Kinds.
Trunks and Grips Hauled to and from all trains


# A CHRISTMAS STORY

## BY FRANK H. SWEET.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY FRANK H. SWEET.

ON the morning before Christmas day ten years ago, when I was living in the Prickly Pear canyon, twenty-five miles northwest of Helena, Mont., my wife said to me:

"Charley, wouldn't it be nice if we had a venison steak too?"

The "too" meant in addition to a turkey, a pair of chickens, a boiled ham, a plum pudding and I don't know how many kinds of cakes and pies that she had planned for our Christmas dinner.

"Well, Nelly, as there's only yourself and the baby and me at dinner, I don't suppose we'd starve without a venison steak," I said, laughing. "But there'll be some fun getting a black tailed deer."

So I took my Winchester late in the forenoon and started for the mountain after kissing my young wife and the baby—our first. If Nelly had asked for an elephant steak, I dare say I'd have tried to get one. She had come out to the far west with me after I had visited home in Michigan, only two years before, and my pride was that she should want for nothing. We had done well from the start, and so we do yet, thanks be to God and steady work in season.

The night before I started up the canyon with my rifle and hunting knife there had been a fall of about six inches of snow. This would make it easy to track game. So I went along in good spirits, struck the foot of the mountain two miles from home and decided to go up an immense gulch straight in front of me.

I soon reached the head of the gulch and the top of the mountain. Then I turned around on the backbone of the mountain and went back nearly in the same direction I had come, only about a thousand feet higher. It was here I sighted my game, a fat doe, on the west side of a backbone, just on the edge of a gulch. This was about 8 o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was already low.

"I SIGHTED MY GAME."

The doe had not seen me, and I did not mean she should till I could get close enough to make sure of that steak. So I worked over on the east side of the backbone and went along till I got right on top of a slope directly above a great wall of mountain that I had admired on the way up. I was then watching for the doe more than for my steps, and that carelessness nearly finished me. Suddenly my feet slipped, and I went sliding down the sloping mountain side.

I was not more than fairly on my back when I understood what had happened. I had trod on the old drifts of snow which had been melted on the surface by the Chinook winds a few days previously and had then frozen again a hard slope of ice. This was covered by the fresh snow of the night, and so I had not noticed the danger. The fresh snow went with me. I could not hold on by it at all, and I was making a quick trip down. The slope was about 250 feet long. Where it stopped the straight wall began. It was about 400 feet high. I slewed round somehow and went heels first, then head first, fist on my back.

You may suppose I had not time to think much on my way down, but I saw a great deal. I saw Nelly and the baby all alone in the house waiting for me. I saw what I should look like after falling 400 feet on bowlders. I saw Nelly's people a thousand miles away and more, and she with the baby in her arms and without $10 in the bureau drawer, hoping many a day and night for the bundle at the cliff's foot to walk in alive. It was hard to see all that and feel myself sliding to destruction.

As I slewed around a second time and found myself going on my stomach, head first, I saw a stunted pine close ahead. My Winchester was still in my right hand. Somehow I had clutched it by the muzzle. In a flash I threw out my hand, hoping to fling the gun round the little pine and stop myself, but the hammer of the gun struck the pine, and the charge was fired into me. The bullet plowed through the muscles of my forearm, made a flesh wound in my right side and cut away my cartridge belt.

I had slid about 150 feet when this happened. The shock of the noise and the bullet stunned me, I suppose, for the next thing I knew was that I lay in a clump of small bushes.

The sun had gone down, but there was still a clear afterglow when I came to my full wits, in surprise to find myself alive. For an instant I wondered if I had dropped over the cliff. I tried to rise, but in doing so looked through the bushes.

There was nothing just in front of them. They grew on the cliff's top for about twelve feet wide along its very edge. I had nothing but those frail bushes between me and the bowlders far below.

Seeing this, I trembled and crouched down. Then I noticed the blood from my wounded arm. It was dripping to the snow at roots of the bushes, and my movements had already sprinkled many red spots around.

"I THREW OUT MY HAND."

I lay a long time in the snow, keeping my right side to the bushes, for I feared that I should go through if I lay uphill and pressed against them with only the breadth of my feet. Then I lifted up my wounded arm, hoping to stop the flow of red. Perhaps the loss of blood had helped to break down my nerves. At any rate, I shuddered and shook and thought I was about to faint. It seemed a great time before I could control myself sufficiently to seek for some means of escape. But I did not look down over the cliff. It seemed that one more sight of that abyss would lure me to jump over in despair. I looked up the slope.

The track I had made was as if a very wide broom had swept snow off hard white ice. But I reflected that this was only a thin sheet of ice covering deep snow. I could not break through the slippery crust with hand or foot, but I might cut holes in it with my pocketknife and climb by these.

So I put my hand in my pocket to search for the knife. It was not there. It was not in any of my pockets. I suppose it had slipped out during my head first sliding. For a moment hope went out of me. Then it sprang up fresh. My hunting knife! How could I have forgotten it? I put my hand to the sheath. The sheath was empty!

Now it seemed certain that I must die—so certain that the raving spirit of protest was stilled in my heart. I resigned myself to God. There was nothing to do except go mad or accept my fate, and to accept is to be calm. I think I then had the very feeling with which so many of the dying turn their faces silently to the wall when told that death is near. Evening had now come on.

To the bushes I turned my face, letting my wounded arm, which pained me little, come to the snow. With that movement of resignation my thoughts flew again to my wife and child. It was as if my soul sought communion with them for the end. Then the question as to how I should be found set me again to trouble.

"I BEGAN HACKING OUT HOLES."

I was lying on a place seldom seen by any hunter on the mountain. If I should remain there my bones would bleach perhaps for years unfound. Only the foxes and the carrion birds would visit them. They might in a season be overgrown by the bushes and hidden forever from mortal eye.

I pictured the agony of my wife waiting in uncertainty. The shocking thought that some wicked person might persuade her that I had deserted her came into my brain. Would it not be merciful to her to push through or to one side of the bushes and fall over the precipice? Below there on the bowlders my body might soon be seen by some hunter, and certainly my clothing and bones would be found in the spring or sooner. But what of God? In his sight I should be guilty of suicide if I anticipated by but a little what seemed my doom!

I half rose in this new agony and put my right hand among the bushes, meaning to lean and peer over the cliff. Now the moon was clear. My hand hit something hard. With a loud cry of joy, I was grasping my hunting knife! This had slipped out of its sheath during my sliding and lodged among the bushes.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! My heart was mightily cheered with the sense that he had not forsaken me. As I turned to the steep slide and began hacking out holes for climbing I had little thought of how small was still my chance of escape.

But I was very careful, working there in the moonlight. Should my knife slip from my hand it would hardly be stopped again by the fringe of bushes. Should hands and feet fail of their hold on the slope I might slide aside from that fringe and go over to death.

I picked and dug until I had three pairs of holes extending as far up as I could reach. Then when I had moved my feet into the lowest of these holes and was cutting a fourth pair at my full reach my new strength left me suddenly. There I rested, face down, for many moments.

Again I set to work; again I drew myself up; on I went as far as my strength would allow; and again exhaustion forced me to rest. But now I was up twenty-five or thirty feet from the clump of bushes, and the fear that I might slip, slide down and miss them in sliding became extreme horror. I could not endure this. Very cautiously I let myself down again till I lay once more among the friendly bushes.

The tale would be long to tell how I went up again and again, each time gaining a short distance and each time compelled to descend by the fear of losing my grip or fainting and sliding aside from the bushes. My weakness, probably from loss of blood, was such as I cannot describe to the understanding of one who has never felt the like. My limbs trembled as with an ague. And all this time I had to work with and place my main dependence on my awkward, unwounded left hand and arm.

After a long time I reached the stunted pine against which my Winchester had been exploded in my descent and rested, straddling the tree, holding my arms around it and looking down toward the cliff. Now the moon was often obscured by clouds, a strong wind had risen, and I expected a regular Montana blizzard. But it proved to be only a squall, and again I turned to my work.

THEN NELLY CAME.

To let go of the tree and turn round safely put me to an agony of doubt, but I did it and lay trembling, face down, with my feet against the tree, till I found strength to back and dig again. I can remember little of what I did after that till at last I drew myself up and lay on top of the mountain.

For some time I could not move, and when I did stand up I doubted whether I had strength to escape, after all. My steps were feeble, and my brain reeled, but still I staggered on toward Nelly and the baby. It was not till I had passed almost to the foot of the mountain, keeping always in my morning tracks, that I sank down and found myself unable to rise.

Then Nelly came. That brave little wife of mine had actually left the baby sleeping and set out all alone across the snow in the moonlight to track me. She had come two miles. She had begun to climb the mountain when I saw her suddenly but a few yards away.

The bottle of tea she carried wrapped in a cloth was still warm when she knelt beside me, and it roused me quickly to some strength. Certainly she saved my life, for I could not have risen again and should have been frozen to death but for her bravery. How we got home to the baby is a story I need not dwell on.

What Nelly did with all that Christmas dinner I do not know, for I was sick and senseless for more than two weeks. But in the end I was as well as before except that I had paid a good Winchester and a belt of cartridges for a venison steak that the fat black tailed doe continued to carry where it grew.

**The Old, Old Story.**

Hot, tired and dusty, the excursion was returning from the seaside day trip, and Simkins, a little bald man with big ears, overcome with his day of happiness, dropped off to sleep. In the hatrack above another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket, and when Simkins went to sleep the crab woke up and, finding things dull in the bucket, started exploring. By careful navigation Mr. Crab reached the edge of the rack, but the next moment down it fell, alighting on Simkins' shoulder. Not feeling quite safe, it grabbed the voluminous ear of Simkins to steady itself, and the passengers held their breath and waited for developments. But Simkins only shook his head slightly.

"Let go, Eliza," he murmured. "I tell you I have been at the office all the evening."—London Pick-Me-Up.

**Given Her Choice.**

Little Harry's experience with death was limited to the decease of a pet canary which had been sent to a taxidermist and now adorned the parlor mantel.

His grandmother, of whom he was very fond, was taken suddenly ill. For some time after he learned of her condition he sat in a brown study. Then, as if coming to a sudden resolution, he tiptoed into the sickroom and, cautiously approaching the bed, fixed his serious big brown eyes upon his dear relative and said, with a little quiver in his voice:

"Say, grandma, if you die, which would you rather be—buried or stuffed? 'Cause if you're buried we can't see you no more, but if you're stuffed we can set you in the parlor."

Grandma immediately began to mend.—London Scraps.

**Deer Kills a Bulldog.**

A bulldog and a deer fought for an hour or more on the tracks of the Cleveland and Pittsburg railway at the Bessemer avenue crossing in Cleveland, O. It resulted in the death of the dog under the hoofs of the bleeding and almost spent deer. When the deer, which had escaped from the zoo, ran upon the tracks in the early afternoon the dog was at his heels and is believed to have pursued the animal for miles. At bay, the deer turned on its tormentor and, with lowered antlers, charged time and again at the bulldog, which, with characteristic tenacity, returned as often to the attack. It was not until more than an hour after the battle was first noticed by employees of the National Refining company that the dog finally was ground under the heels of the deer, which jumped from the track at the approach of a freight train.

# WEIRDEST BANQUET.

## Beggars' King Holds Court In Russian Cemetery.

## HAS ONE THOUSAND GUESTS.

**Ivan Stepanoff of St. Petersburg Celebrates Thirty-fifth Anniversary of Accession to Hobo Throne—Feast Served on Tops of Tombs.**

Before and since Belshazzar's famous feast many strange banquets have been witnessed by the world. Weirdest of them all was one spread recently for a host of enthusiastic diners—there were at least a thousand of them—in St. Petersburg.

Ivan Stepanoff, "king" of Russian beggars, was host, for in that way he elected to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of his "sovereignty."

His guests were gathered from the highways and byways of the Russian capital. They were the tramps and beggars of the city and suburbs.

For his banquet hall Stepanoff chose the principal cemetery of the city, at the gates of which he has stood for thirty-five years and solicited alms. He purchased wagon loads of edibles and great baskets of vodka and had these good things spread on the tombstones. The beggar "king" presided at a great mausoleum, the family vault of a prince.

This strange merrymaking continued from noon until it was time to close the cemetery for the night.

There was a deliberate tinge of grewsomeness given this banquet of beggars because the cemetery where the festivities were held contained the bones of thousands of the noblest and in life the richest of the empire.

They feasted there, those beggars, in wassail as lordly and as high as any that was reveled in by the copious drinkers whose day was past, and over whose bodies, done forever with the table's joys, the ill shod feet of living beggardom trampled in full fed content.

A weird feast in the rich yet wretched land where two kings can rule, one in happiness, peace and plenty because of the lowliness of his estate, the other in hourly peril and contumely because he has been so hugely exalted above his people!

Stepanoff is sixty years old now, hale, hearty and quite distinguished in appearance. Persistency, industry and the other virtues, steadily practiced in the humblest of vocations,

HOOK THE HOBO!

have at last overcome all prejudice, conquered all envy, broken down all barriers.

Russian beggardom long ago acclaimed him as its "czar," and even the law, as embodied in the St. Petersburg police, has come to treat him as an institution too venerable to be disturbed. From the time he sent out his "royal" invitations to the feast until the last of his subjects reeled replete away from the banquet boards they desecrated no one interfered by so much as an uplifted whip.

Ivan Stepanoff is rich, for beggary is a profitable industry in Russia, and for years he has tramped all over the empire asking alms. He has sent both his sons to college and bought fine furs and finer diamonds for his "poor" wife, who can be seen daily, dressed like the spouse of a nobleman, driving behind her blooded steeds in the Nevsky Prospect.


**A Lazy Liver**

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in small of back, gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, sick headache, dizzy spells, "fluttering" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE of known composition.

**For that Dandruff**

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

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

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

**James Stewart**
Stock Inspector
Sherman County,
Oregon.
Address: MORO, OREGON.

**The W. A. Gordon Co.**
Bankers and Grain Dealers.
Moro and Grass Valley.
Receives Deposits, Sell exchange, and do a General Banking business.
N. P. Hansen, Manager at Moro

**F. W. Clarke**
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Particular Attention Given to Optical Work
THE DALLES, - - OREGON

**You Cannot Afford to take chances**

Of course those who are acquainted with Watkins Liniment would not be without a full supply at any time as it is good both internally and externally for man and beast.

**For Coughs and Colds** try our Cough Cure, money back if not satisfied

**Watkins Laxtone** is the very best liquid laxative made, as over 400 customers in Sherman county can testify, it not only acts as a laxative but tonic as well.

Alex. Hunter, Agt., Demoss, Oregon

**FURNITURE**
...AND...
**UNDERTAKING**

My Motto Is
Quick Sales and Small Profits.
Live and Let Live.
Call and Examine My Stock of FURNITURE and SIDE LINES before buying

**O. W. AXTELL**
Moro - Oregon.

**O. B. Messinger**
Moro, Oregon.
City Dray
Express and Freight
Delivered to any Part of the City
Piano and Furniture Moving.
Trunks and Grips Delivered To and From all Trains.

**Office Supplies.**

We carry a surprisingly large and complete stock of office supplies.
Inks for Copying, Typewriting, and Book-keeping.
Letter and Bill Files, and Filing Cases.
Look here for the next thing you are needing.
Observer Book Store,
Moro, Oregon.

We are here to do printing, and if you want some done bring it to us or let us know and we will see you. If you think we are not extensive enough for your consideration—oh, go 'long.

**gas engine service**

Uncle Sam uses the UNION GAS ENGINE for his field outfits in the artillery and wireless telegraph service. This rough treatment is a true practical test of efficiency and durability. The UNION GAS ENGINE is constructed in such a superior manner and of such fine material that it starts easy, works easy and runs easy under ordinary, every-day, rough farm usage. Before you invest a cent in a gas engine write for our free catalog

Union Gas Engine Co.
62-66 First St., Portland, Oregon
F. P. Kendall, Sales Agent

**The Secret of a Beautiful Face**

lies in keeping the skin protected as well as cleansed. Just washing is not enough—that only leaves the delicate surface more exposed to the irritation of dust and germs; to merciless attacks of sun and weather. After washing, apply Robertine and experience its delightful refreshment. You will admire the line-less softness it imparts to face, neck and arms. It not only stimulates a radiant glow, but protects the skin from becoming coarse. Prevents burning, tan and freckles.

Ask your Druggist for a free sample and—TRY
**ROBERTINE**

**The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.**
Regulator Line
Portland, The Dalles and way points

Steamers leave Portland and The Dalles daily except Sunday at 7 a. m. arriving at about 5 p. m., connecting at Lyle with the

**Columbia River & Northern Ry Co**

For Goldendale and Klickitat valley points. Train leaves Goldendale at 5:30 a. m. daily except Sunday, arriving at Lyle at 7:30 a. m., connecting with down river boat for Portland and intermediate points.

Leaves Lyle for Goldendale on the arrival of the up river steamer.

**Good Accommodations for Teams and Wagons.**

For any further information write or call on the nearest Agent, or the General Office at Portland.

**FARMERS**
READ THE
**WEEKLY OREGONIAN**
OF PORTLAND

For the general news of the World also for information about how to obtain the best results in cultivating the soil, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing etc. You can secure this excellent paper by

**Joining The Observer Club**
Moro, Oregon.

AMERICA'S GREATEST WEEKLY

The Toledo Blade, Toledo, Ohio.
Best Known Newspaper in The United States.

Popular in every state. Circulation 180,000. In many respects The Toledo Blade is the most remarkable weekly newspaper published in the United States. It is the only newspaper specially edited for National circulation. It has had the largest circulation for more years than any newspaper printed in America. Farthermore, it is the cheapest newspaper in the world, as the news of the world is so arranged that busy people can more easily comprehend, than by reading cumbersome columns of dailies. The only paper published especially for people who do or do not read daily news papers and yet thirst for plain facts. That this kind of a newspaper is popular is proven by the fact that the Weekly Blade now has over 180,000 yearly subscribers and circulates in all parts of the United States. In addition to the news the Blade publishes short and serial stories, and many departments of matter suited to every member of the family. $1 per year, sample copy at

THE OBSERVER BOOK STORE,
277] Moro, Or


## The Observer Club Rates.

| | |
|---|---|
| Observer 12 months | $1.50 |
| Blade 12 months | 1.00 |
| Total | $2.50 |
| Observer and Blade Club | 1.75 |
| Observer Subscriber saves | .85 |
| Observer 12 months | $1.50 |
| World 12 months, thrice a week | 1.00 |
| Total | $2.50 |
| Observer and World | $2.15 |
| Observer Subscriber saves | .35 |
| Observer 12 months | $1.50 |
| Oregonian 12 months | 1.50 |
| Thrice-a-week World 12 mos | 1.00 |
| Toledo Blade 12 months | 1.00 |
| Total | $5.00 |
| All 4 with Observer 12 months | 3.15 |
| Observer Subscriber saves | $1.85 |

See Best list on 2d page.


**Commercial Job Printing!**
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER
NEAT QUICK, AND CHEAP
AT THE OBSERVER OFFICE

Our "ads" attract attention and advertise. When you get our advertising, you get business bringers.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE A WEEK EDITION

Read Wherever the English Language is Spoken.

Any paid-up-to-date subscriber to The Observer will be furnished the N Y World three times every week, and The Observer, each 12 months, for $2.50. Equal to any 4 papers at $1.50. $6.00 for $2.50.

The thrice-a-week World expects to be a better paper in 1907-8 than ever before. In the course of the 12 months the issues for the next great Presidential campaign will be foreshadowed, and everybody will wish to be informed. The Thrice-a-week World, coming to you every other day, postage paid, serves all the purposes of a daily newspaper, and with The Observer all it costs you is $2.50. A news service of this arrangement, constantly increasing, and accuracy of reports, promptness in publishing events occurring anywhere in the world, and all that is worth reading about home, here in Sherman county, make this the best combination in the state. The political news will be found impartial, giving you facts, not opinions and wishes; full market reports, cartoons and interesting fiction by standard authors All for $2.50.

D. C. IRELAND & SON,
Moro, Or