

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!

 Rubber Stamps Furnished.
 for Typewriters, Typewriter
 Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, Dec 27, 1907

Five Cents

**THE HAPPIEST AMERICANS,
THE OREGON FARMER**

Be wise and buy your

**Surries, Buggies, Wagons
Implements and Machinery**

From L. R. FRENCH, Moro, Oreg

PLUMBING AND STEAM FITTING

All kinds of Reservoir and Cistern work in connection 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
Esmond Hotel

Portland, Oregon.

OSCAR ANDERSON, MANAGER

Corner Front and Morrison Streets

Free bus to and from trains

Rates by the day

50 c, 75 c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.

European Plan

A Good Clean Family Hotel

**When
in
Portland**
**STOP AT
Hotel Oregon**

 Corner 7th and Stark Streets.
 It is new and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates \$1 per day and upward. Highest priced room \$3 per day.

 Wright-Dickinson Hotel Co.
 Chas. Wright, President.

M. C. Dickinson, Manager.

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.

Sunday Dinner 35 cents.

Opposite Post Office

Moro, Oregon.

STOP where the people stop

The Umatilla House

The Dalles, Oregon.

Steam Heat. Electric Lights. Electric Call Bells.

HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.

 All O R & N Trains Stop at Front Door
 Railway Ticket Office in the Lobby.

T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING

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.

About Women.

When Brains Are Antagonistic to Clothes—The Elastic Feminine Conscience—The Misery of Not Being One-self at All Times.

"Why," remarked Mrs. Cynical, "should a woman's brains be antagonistic to her clothes?"

"Meaning the short haired variety?" put in the bachelor.

"Meaning the shabby, dowdy kind," she returned. "There's Mrs. Brightly."

She writes for the magazines. Well, you ought to see her at the breakfast table. She's a perfect sight. Little Mrs. Pluffy, on the other hand, whose brain resembles that of a sparrow, makes a picture of herself in a crisp muslin trimmed with pink ribbon and simper bewitchingly over the coffee cup at her adoring husband. She doesn't have to utter epigrams, but just to sit still and have him look at her. Mrs. Brightly, on the other hand, might be a silver tongued orator and the man sitting opposite her would never notice anything but the spots on her kimono and her curl papers.

"Why, there were two girls I knew," she went on, "both married. The first was a college graduate, a very clever girl. Her people gave her a pretty trousseau, and everything started out well. After her baby was born, she went all to pieces as far as dress was concerned, wore sloppy blouses and twisted ribbons around her neck instead of wearing collars. The other girl was the stay at home kind. She made nearly all of her modest trousseau. After she became a mother she was quite ill for a long time, but her first act on becoming well enough to be on her feet again was to fix over and have new clothes made, which gave her a more attractive appearance than ever. Today she has three children, and you would take her for a

professor. Professor Obermayer, who had charge of the case, on hearing this story from the man's relatives, decided to try the effects of counter suggestion and advised Weiss relatives to recover the deed of sale.

Krauss, however, declared that since he had bought the other man's salvation his own business had prospered exceedingly, and he refused to give up under \$200. Weiss was unable to pay this, but finally the chief rabbi of Presburg, to whom the matter had been reported, induced Krauss to hand the deed back to the sick man on receipt of \$100.

The effect was most marked. Weiss, reassured as to the fate of his soul, immediately improved. A new deed was drawn up, in which Krauss solemnly reconveyed the other man's salvation to him. This was witnessed by two doctors, and Weiss has now been discharged as cured.

PUT OUT FIRE WITH POP.

Policeman's Presence of Mind Saves Skating Rink.

The presence of mind of a policeman and the presence in the building of 100 cases of assorted flavors of pop saved the Princess roller skating rink, on Beaver avenue, Allegheny, Pa., from total destruction. The building is of frame, and when Policeman Ward saw flames coming from the windows he

girl, while the brainy woman with only one child to take care of is slipshod in dress, manner and appearance. "I wonder why," she concluded. And the bachelor echoed, "Why?"

A Matter of Conscience.

Women are adepts at juggling with their consciences. They do just as had things as men, but tell them to their faces that they do and there will be trouble. They always have some delicate diplomatic way of refraining from calling a spade a spade.

Here's a case that will illustrate my point.

A highly religious woman had a husband who was running for office. She knew that a certain workingman would not vote unless he was paid for it, and it was a case where every vote counted. So she said to her husband: "Don't buy his vote, of course. That is horrible. But give him this two dollar bill as a little present for himself, and be sure when you give it to him that you say, 'This is just a little gift for you,' as if she didn't know and the man didn't know, and—oh, what's the use?"

That's just a woman's conscience—and the way it works!

Nothing Equal to Dignity?

Blessed be the woman who cannot be overawed!

I don't mean the bold type, but she whose quiet dignity and justified good opinion of herself make her feel free from awkwardness in any gathering. She is never betrayed into self-consciousness by any turn in the conversation, and the little annoyances that rattle most women do not distress her. She rises absolutely superior to them all.

There is no slavery more galling than that which forces us to conceal our real thoughts through motives of policy or from fear. And there is nothing more humiliating than to feel awkward in the presence of people who are only superior to us because we think them so.

I would like to say to every woman, "Speak your mind like a free woman, regardless of consequences, and hold up your head high, with a proper respect for your own dignity, no matter where you may be."

MAUD ROBINSON.

SOLD HIS SOUL FOR \$2.

Harassed Hungarian Buys It Back Again For \$100.

A remarkable case, in which the effects of mediæval superstition and suggestion are curiously mingled, has come under the notice of the doctors of the Rudolf hospital, in Vienna.

A Hungarian tradesman named Weiss was recently admitted to the hospital suffering from an illness which caused him continually to lament the loss of his salvation. It appears that some weeks before Weiss was sitting with some friends in a coffeehouse in Presburg when the conversation turned on religion and a future life.

Weiss declared that there was no such thing as a future life or salvation and added, "I would sell my chance of salvation for \$2."

A Jew named Krauss accepted the offer on condition that the transaction was put in writing. A regular deed of sale conveying Weiss' salvation in the next world to Krauss was thereupon drawn up, executed by Weiss and duly witnessed. Krauss took the deed and handed over the \$2 to Weiss, who boasted that it had been easily earned.

A fortnight later Weiss lost his wife, who was killed in a carriage accident. He regarded this accident as a sign of the divine anger at his impious bargain, and the idea so preyed on his mind that his reason gave way, and he was taken to the hospital.

Professor Obermayer, who had charge of the case, on hearing this story from the man's relatives, decided to try the effects of counter suggestion and advised Weiss relatives to recover the deed of sale.

Krauss, however, declared that since he had bought the other man's salvation his own business had prospered exceedingly, and he refused to give up under \$200. Weiss was unable to pay this, but finally the chief rabbi of Presburg, to whom the matter had been reported, induced Krauss to hand the deed back to the sick man on receipt of \$100.

The effect was most marked. Weiss, reassured as to the fate of his soul, immediately improved. A new deed was drawn up, in which Krauss solemnly reconveyed the other man's salvation to him. This was witnessed by two doctors, and Weiss has now been discharged as cured.

PUT OUT FIRE WITH POP.

Policeman's Presence of Mind Saves Skating Rink.

The presence of mind of a policeman and the presence in the building of 100 cases of assorted flavors of pop saved the Princess roller skating rink, on Beaver avenue, Allegheny, Pa., from total destruction. The building is of frame, and when Policeman Ward saw flames coming from the windows he

girl, while the brainy woman with only one child to take care of is slipshod in dress, manner and appearance. "I wonder why," she concluded. And the bachelor echoed, "Why?"

A Matter of Conscience.

Women are adepts at juggling with their consciences. They do just as had things as men, but tell them to their faces that they do and there will be trouble. They always have some delicate diplomatic way of refraining from calling a spade a spade.

Here's a case that will illustrate my point.

A highly religious woman had a husband who was running for office. She knew that a certain workingman would not vote unless he was paid for it, and it was a case where every vote counted. So she said to her husband: "Don't buy his vote, of course. That is horrible. But give him this two dollar bill as a little present for himself, and be sure when you give it to him that you say, 'This is just a little gift for you,' as if she didn't know and the man didn't know, and—oh, what's the use?"

That's just a woman's conscience—and the way it works!

Nothing Equal to Dignity?

Blessed be the woman who cannot be overawed!

I don't mean the bold type, but she whose quiet dignity and justified good opinion of herself make her feel free from awkwardness in any gathering. She is never betrayed into self-consciousness by any turn in the conversation, and the little annoyances that rattle most women do not distress her. She rises absolutely superior to them all.

There is no slavery more galling than that which forces us to conceal our real thoughts through motives of policy or from fear. And there is nothing more humiliating than to feel awkward in the presence of people who are only superior to us because we think them so.

I would like to say to every woman, "Speak your mind like a free woman, regardless of consequences, and hold up your head high, with a proper respect for your own dignity, no matter where you may be."

MAUD ROBINSON.

PUT OUT FIRE WITH POP.

Policeman's Presence of Mind Saves Skating Rink.

The presence of mind of a policeman and the presence in the building of 100 cases of assorted flavors of pop saved the Princess roller skating rink, on Beaver avenue, Allegheny, Pa., from total destruction. The building is of frame, and when Policeman Ward saw flames coming from the windows he

girl, while the brainy woman with only one child to take care of is slipshod in dress, manner and appearance. "I wonder why," she concluded. And the bachelor echoed, "Why?"

A Matter of Conscience.

Women are adepts at juggling with their consciences. They do just as had things as men, but tell them to their faces that they do and there will be trouble. They always have some delicate diplomatic way of refraining from calling a spade a spade.

Here's a case that will illustrate my point.

A highly religious woman had a husband who was running for office. She knew that a certain workingman would not vote unless he was paid for it, and it was a case where every vote counted. So she said to her husband: "Don't buy his vote, of course. That is horrible. But give him this two dollar bill as a little present for himself, and be sure when you give it to him that you say, 'This is just a little gift for you,' as if she didn't know and the man didn't know, and—oh, what's the use?"

That's just a woman's conscience—and the way it works!

Nothing Equal to Dignity?

Blessed be the woman who cannot be overawed!

I don't mean the bold type, but she whose quiet dignity and justified good opinion of herself make her feel free from awkwardness in any gathering. She is never betrayed into self-consciousness by any turn in the conversation, and the little annoyances that rattle most women do not distress her. She rises absolutely superior to them all.

There is no slavery more galling than that which forces us to conceal our real thoughts through motives of policy or from fear. And there is nothing more humiliating than to feel awkward in the presence of people who are only superior to us because we think them so.

I would like to say to every woman, "Speak your mind like a free woman, regardless of consequences, and hold up your head high, with a proper respect for your own dignity, no matter where you may be."

MAUD ROBINSON.

PUT OUT FIRE WITH POP.

Policeman's Presence of Mind Saves Skating Rink.

The presence of mind of a policeman and the presence in the building of 100 cases of assorted flavors of pop saved the Princess roller skating rink, on Beaver avenue, Allegheny, Pa., from total destruction. The building is of frame, and when Policeman Ward saw flames coming from the windows he

girl, while the brainy woman with only one child to take care of is slipshod in dress, manner and appearance. "I wonder why," she concluded. And the bachelor echoed, "Why?"

A Matter of Conscience.

Women are adepts at juggling with their consciences. They do just as had things as men, but tell them to their faces that they do and there will be trouble. They always have some delicate diplomatic way of refraining from calling a spade a spade.

Here's a case that will illustrate my point.

A highly religious woman had a husband who was running for office. She knew that a certain workingman would not vote unless he was paid for it, and it was a case where every vote counted. So she said to her husband: "Don't buy his vote, of course. That is horrible. But give him this two dollar bill as a little present for himself, and be sure when you give it to him that you say, 'This is just a little gift for you,' as if she didn't know and the man didn't know, and—oh, what's the use?"

That's just a woman's conscience—and the way it works!

Nothing Equal to Dignity?

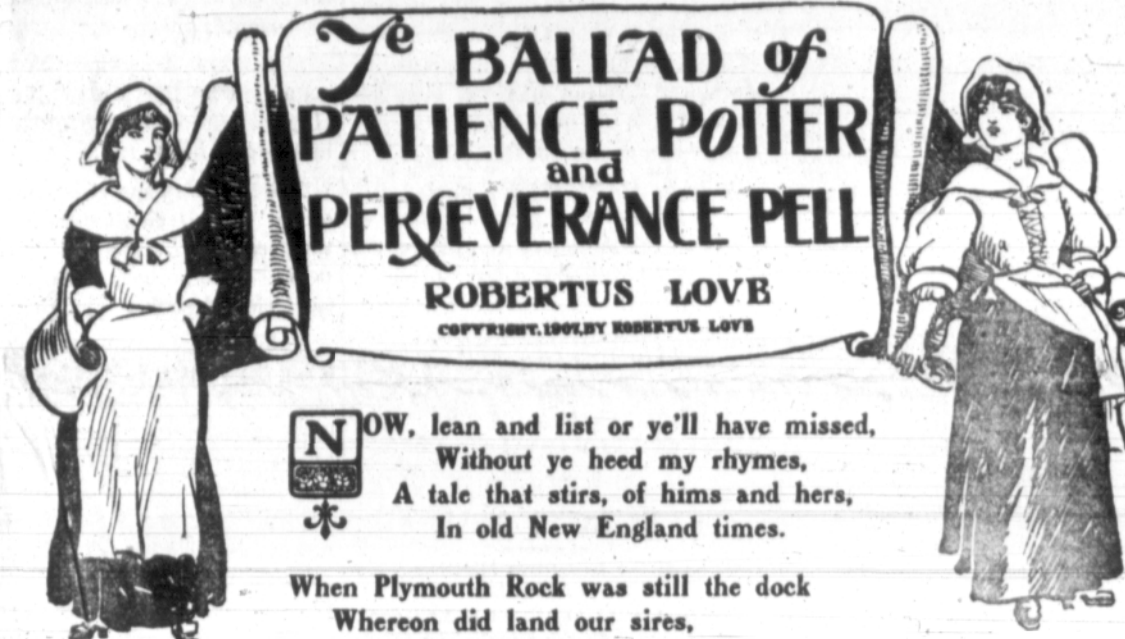
Blessed be the woman who cannot be overawed!

I don't mean the bold type, but she whose quiet dignity and justified good opinion of herself make her feel free from awkwardness in any gathering. She is never betrayed into self-consciousness by any turn in the conversation, and the little annoyances that rattle most women do not distress her. She rises absolutely superior to them all.

There is no slavery more galling than that which forces us to conceal our real thoughts through motives of policy or from fear. And there is nothing more humiliating than to feel awkward in the presence of people who are only superior to us because we think them so.

I would like to say to every woman, "Speak your mind like a free woman, regardless of consequences, and hold up your head high, with a proper respect for your own dignity, no matter where you may be."

MAUD ROBINSON.


 An eke anear, for neighbor's cheer,
 Did Goodman Potter bide,
 Whose pilgrim soul was sound and whole—
 Forsooth, it had been tried.

 A maid as sweet as man may meet
 Was Perseverance Pell,
 And there were swains of mickle brains
 Loved Patience Potter well.

 Ye maid of Pell he loves full well,
 Ye Potter lass ye same,
 But for his life which one to wife
 Poor Ezra cannot name.

 "My only loves," quoth
 Ezra, "doves
 Fit each to share my
 cote,
 Upon my mettle ye'll
 have to settle
 This matter by a
 vote."

 So on ye street, with
 gong to beat,
 Ye Crier of ye town
 To warn and call ye
 good men all
 Went loudly up and
 down.

 "Come one, come all, to
 Publick Hall!"
 Ye lusty Crier cried.
 "That maid ye name is
 fairest, same
 Is Ezra White his
 bride."

 So gathered they to have his say,
 Each man, and claim a kiss
 From her who might be Mistress White—
 Elected to the bliss.

 Then up rushed Ez. "See here!" he says,
 "My choice in truth ye make.
 One kissed by twenty is kiasse-plenty,
 And her I will not take!"

 But these two fairs with proudsome airs
 Ye common flock disdain
 And set them both to plight their troth
 To but a single swain.

 This favored wight is Ezra White.
 A fairsome youth is he.
 But 'twixt ye twain this fuddled swain
 Cannot himself agree.

 Ye maid of Pell he loves full well,
 Ye Potter lass ye same,
 But for his life which one to wife
 Poor Ezra cannot name.

 Sweet Patience there upon her chair
 In wistful patience sat,
 While Perseverance by prompt appearance
 Was ready for her fate.
 Ye votes are cast; all in at last,
 Ye tellers make ye score.
 For Patience ten are told—but, then,
 For Perseverance more.

 Eleven polls (bless God their souls!)
 Made Maiden Pell the winner.
 So they begun, those twenty-one,
 And kissed her—every sinner!

 While Patience sat, demure, sedate,
 And Ezra, much amazed,
 Upon that kissing himself was missing,
 Quite starkly, darkly gazed.

 Then up rushed Ez. "See here!" he says,
 "My choice in truth ye make.
 One kissed by twenty is kiasse-plenty,
 And her I will not take!"

 "Fresh lips for me, say I!" says he.
 So Ezra White did grab
 Sweet Patience Potter ('twas thus he got her)
 And kissed her right smack-dab!

 So they were wed and lived, 'tis said,
 In lifelong wedlock well,
 While lived and died as no man's bride
 Poor Perseverance Pell.

 Then up rushed Ez. "See here!" he says,
 "My choice in truth ye make.
 One kissed by twenty is kiasse-plenty,
 And her I will not take!"

 "Fresh lips for me, say I!" says he.
 So Ezra White did grab
 Sweet Patience Potter ('twas thus he got her)
 And kissed her right smack-dab!

 So they were wed and lived, 'tis said,
 In lifelong wedlock well,
 While lived and died as no man's bride
 Poor Perseverance Pell.

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-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

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

The New York Tribune Farmer.

Horses, cattle, sheep and swine, are owned probably by four-fifths of the readers of The Observer, and all farmers and the man with but one horse or cow, in country or village, would be greatly benefited by reading from week to week the fine articles on the care and treatment of live stock, by Dr. C. D. Smead, the world famous veterinary writer, in the New York Tribune Farmer. Dr. Smead's articles appeal to practical men, and no live stock writer in the United States gives more information of every day actual value, prolonging the usefulness, and saving the lives of valuable animals. These articles, with the other departments, poultry, horticulture, dairy, science, mechanics, etc., keep the N. Y. Tribune Farmer in the lead of the Agricultural press of the United States. Subscribe now. At The Observer Book Store, Moro, Or. See the club rates in another place today.

The Companion as a X-Mas Gift.

Nobody is too young, nobody too old, to enjoy reading The Youth's Companion. For that reason it makes one of the most appropriate of Christmas gifts. One of the few whose actual worth far outweighs the cost. Welcome as the paper may be to the casual reader on the train, at the office in the public library, it is, after all, the paper of the home. The regularity and frequency of its visits, the cordial sincerity of its tone, make for it soon the place of a familiar friend in the house. Like a good friend, too, it stands always for those traits and qualities which are typified in the ideal home, and are the sources of a nation's health and true prosperity. Is there another Christmas present costing so little that equals it?

On receipt of \$1.75 the year's subscription price, the publishers send to the new subscriber all the remaining issues for 1907 and the calendar in full color for 1908. Full illustrated announcements of new volume for 1908, with sample copies to any address, free.

Intending subscribers can get the benefit of clubbing rates, by subscribing at The Observer office.

Additional Local Mention

Carbon paper, any size to order, at The Observer office.

Get one of our indelible pads and stamp for marking linen.

Inks, mucilage, cards, envelopes, paper of every kind, tablets, every style, at The Observer Book Store.

Ladies' Fancy Note Paper, large assortment with envelopes to match, at The Observer Book Store.

To insure publication, articles for The Observer must reach the office before noon Wednesday. The mail comes daily.

If you want to keep posted on all that is going in Sherman county, you want The Observer. Terms \$1.00 per year.

The Observer is prepared to turn out any class of up-to-date job printing. New stock, steam presses, new type, satisfaction guaranteed.

A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Moved" settle the bill if a delinquent.

Difficulty in having your Observer changed may be avoided by sending the desired alteration to this office. Always give the name of the office from which you want it changed, as well as the one to which it is to be sent.