

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON: FRIDAY, Jan. 17, 1908

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; 12 cents a month is 15 cents. Try it. Order by Postal Card, and pay for it when you can.

NEW ALASKAN TRIBE.

High Type of Red Men Discovered by Archaeologist.

CRIME IS UNKNOWN TO THEM

Strange People of the North Who Dress in Feathers Found by Dr. George B. Gordon of University of Pennsylvania.

A new tribe of aborigines hitherto unknown to science is reported by Dr. George B. Gordon, curator of the department of American archeology of the University of Pennsylvania, who recently returned to Philadelphia after a dive into the Alaskan wilderness, says the New York Evening Sun.

The tribe was discovered 800 miles from the mouth of the Kookokwim river, and Dr. Gordon has named them "Kukwagmites." Instead of wearing furs the people dress in the skins of birds, making clothing from the best feathers of loons. The explorer brought home a collection of their clothing and utensils.

When the collection arrives at Philadelphia he and other ethnologists will try to determine whether the tribe came from Asia or whether it migrated from Lower California. Dr. Gordon believes the race has been gradually driven by Athabascan Indians and Eskimos to its present quarters, which is a natural fortress. They represent perhaps the most ancient dwellers of Alaska, who made their way there from Asia. They are monogamists, and no such thing as vice is known among them. They are permitted by their priests to have more than one wife, but never do so. The men are tall and strong physically and the women graceful and good looking. Dr. Gordon says there are only 400 of them left.

The members of the tribe show a high mentality and intelligence that any of the known inhabitants of the far north. They alone of all the tribes north of Mexico and southern California possess the art of pottery making and are believed to be the only people of undiscovered races on this continent to be brought to light. Dr. Gordon heard of them when he was in Alaska in 1905 and determined to find them, although it necessitated his penetrating an unknown Alaskan wilderness.

Dr. Gordon lived for several months with these strange people of the Kookokwim to study their language, religion and habits. He found them remarkably free from crime and with no set laws, being governed by priests who are patriarchs. The exploring expedition was fitted out by Mrs. Charles C. Harrison of Philadelphia and set out last spring.

As a companion for the journey he engaged a guide. They took steamer as far as Fairbanks, the largest mining camp in the Alaskan interior. At Fairbanks they built a canoe and made their way in it to the mouth of the Kookokwim river, a hitherto uncharted and unnamed river emptying into the Tanana fifty miles below Fairbanks.

Although this river is as large as the Delaware at Philadelphia the geography of the northwest is on no tremendous scale, says Dr. Gordon, that hitherto it has been ignored as an insignificant creek. Dr. Gordon resolved to go up it as far as possible and trust fortune to his finding a portage from its head to the Kookokwim.

He camped one night near the mouth of the stream in an Indian village. One of the young men declared that he had crossed the divide between the two streams and volunteered to make a map of the portage for the doctor's guidance. Accordingly the youth drew on birch bark a map of a route up the Kookokwim to its source, a hitherto unknown lake, Mntnauk, within fifty miles of Mount McKinley, the tallest peak in North America, and across by an easy portage of ten miles to the Kookokwim, whose course he outlined for a considerable distance both ways.

The canoe was forced up the river, which ran so swiftly that it was necessary constantly to resort to the tump line—a line attached to the forehead of one of the travelers, who walks in the stream and pulls the canoe while the other steers. After 250 miles of this heart-breaking work Dr. Gordon came to Lake Mntnauk, nestling at the foot of Mount McKinley, and found the "easy" ten mile portage. It took him six days to traverse the ten miles. Once across, for two solid months the party paddled down the Kookokwim, making geographical and ethnographic researches as they went.

On his return journey from the mouth of the Kookokwim river to Nome, a distance of over 100 miles, Dr. Gordon nearly died of starvation and thirst. He was compelled to abandon the stony trip in a twenty foot trading skiff. On the first day out a storm arose, and the skiff was driven across Bering sea to the Siberian coast. For twenty days the doctor and his companions were blown by the wind in the neighborhood of Bering strait. On short rations from the first, after the first five days there was nothing to eat but hard-boiled blubber. Near the end of the voyage water gave out, and only the sighting of Siberia, where the water was filled from a stream, saved the party from the horrors of thirst. At the time of the landing in Siberia the provisions ran out, and the party was compelled to hunt for food. The water was filled from a stream, saved the party from the horrors of thirst. At the time of the landing in Siberia the provisions ran out, and the party was compelled to hunt for food.

On his return journey from the mouth of the Kookokwim river to Nome, a distance of over 100 miles, Dr. Gordon nearly died of starvation and thirst. He was compelled to abandon the stony trip in a twenty foot trading skiff. On the first day out a storm arose, and the skiff was driven across Bering sea to the Siberian coast. For twenty days the doctor and his companions were blown by the wind in the neighborhood of Bering strait. On short rations from the first, after the first five days there was nothing to eat but hard-boiled blubber. Near the end of the voyage water gave out, and only the sighting of Siberia, where the water was filled from a stream, saved the party from the horrors of thirst. At the time of the landing in Siberia the provisions ran out, and the party was compelled to hunt for food.

On his return journey from the mouth of the Kookokwim river to Nome, a distance of over 100 miles, Dr. Gordon nearly died of starvation and thirst. He was compelled to abandon the stony trip in a twenty foot trading skiff. On the first day out a storm arose, and the skiff was driven across Bering sea to the Siberian coast. For twenty days the doctor and his companions were blown by the wind in the neighborhood of Bering strait. On short rations from the first, after the first five days there was nothing to eat but hard-boiled blubber. Near the end of the voyage water gave out, and only the sighting of Siberia, where the water was filled from a stream, saved the party from the horrors of thirst. At the time of the landing in Siberia the provisions ran out, and the party was compelled to hunt for food.

On his return journey from the mouth of the Kookokwim river to Nome, a distance of over 100 miles, Dr. Gordon nearly died of starvation and thirst. He was compelled to abandon the stony trip in a twenty foot trading skiff. On the first day out a storm arose, and the skiff was driven across Bering sea to the Siberian coast. For twenty days the doctor and his companions were blown by the wind in the neighborhood of Bering strait. On short rations from the first, after the first five days there was nothing to eat but hard-boiled blubber. Near the end of the voyage water gave out, and only the sighting of Siberia, where the water was filled from a stream, saved the party from the horrors of thirst. At the time of the landing in Siberia the provisions ran out, and the party was compelled to hunt for food.

Fun For the Staff.

By WILL S. GIDLEY.

(Copyright, 1907, by Will S. Gidley.)

On that day the Argus staff had had an unusually trying time of it. To begin with, the press dispatches had consisted chiefly of Russian war news, which had been pouring in steadily all day, filled with an unusual and discouraging quantity of unpronounceable and unspelling names—that is, to any one except an expert in Russian and Asiatic nomenclature. To an ordinary editor, proofreader or typesetter they were simply so many jangled mountain chains of consonants, with an occasional vowel thrown in for good measure. To cap the climax one of the hand set columns got knocked into it just as the paper was about ready for press, which made a great improvement in the spelling of some of the names, but ruined the article in other respects, so that it was necessary to reset it, which was done, putting all hands on the work and rushing it through at race horse speed in order not to delay the edition more than could be helped.

The result was—well, the Argus got out about on time, but as managing editor of the paper Barney Blake had no reason to feel proud of that particular column of war news as it appeared in print. Some of it was still in, but it came out all right in the second edition, also in the third and fourth. Blake saw to that personally, as he expected Colonel Starbuck, the proprietor of the Daily Argus, in some time during the afternoon, and, knowing him to be of an excitable temperament—the colonel often swore the Argus with his blunders would be the death of him—he did not care particularly to have him see that dispatch as originally printed, but to do so at the usual hour, however, and Blake was rather glad than otherwise, because he didn't.

What he needed—in fact, what the entire Argus staff needed, just then—was a little wholesome recreation instead of an interview with or a lecture from Colonel Starbuck—something to take off the tension instead of screwing it up tighter.

The opportunity in question came in the shape of a caller—one of the oddest looking fish that had drifted into the Argus office in many moons.

One quick glance at the linen duster which hung loosely about his robust form and the last year's straw hat

"Oh, I see," said Barney smoothly. "A trifle touchy on the glock brick matter, eh, Mr.—er—Hayseed, is it?"

"Not quite. Hayden happens to be my name. Didn't make quite as strong a guess as you did on the Horace. But go ahead and call me Hayseed if you like. You can remember that name better than Hayden probably, and I guess it fits me about as well as the other, anyhow. Don't it strike you that way?"

"Oh, no, you're no hayseed! You're right from Chicago or New York city—anybody could tell that from the cut of your jaw!" And Barney again passed off the wink to the others, who all felt in duty bound to roar at the managing editor's wit.

"Nice, genial staff you've got. Chuck full of fun, ain't they? I hope they're not laughing at me. Haven't got 'Plum' back Mr. sign pinned to my back, have I?"

"That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Why, how d'ye do, major?" exclaimed the colonel.

"Most respectfully solemn of them all as he stepped forward and gravely handed him a folded document.

"That was our baseball editor who did that," explained Barney coolly. "Force of habit, I suppose. He probably imagined he was throwing a ball at him, but don't let that happen again, Higgins."

"All right, sir," glibly responded the young man who had thrown the paper. "Mistake, anyhow. I was aiming at the wastebasket!"

"Now, Mr. Hayseed—I should say Hayden—you have already been introduced to our baseball editor, secretary, and if you will cast your eye over the rest of the collection of geniuses before you I will enlighten you as to their duties, so that when you go back to the farm you will understand the secret of the Argus staff, and below the gathering and disseminating the daily news of the entire world, including the city and county of Boonopolis."

"The exceedingly tall, thin young man with the short hair and prominent nose, Mr. Perkins, our news service reporter and war correspondent. His build, as you will notice, fits him admirably for the position. He is so thin he can crawl over a transom without the slightest difficulty."

"You don't say?"

"Fact, I assure you. And that is why a thin man has a marked advantage over a 200 pounder. It requires less gas to carry him, and if he falls from a balloon it doesn't mumm him up so much as it would a fat man, thereby effecting a big saving in doctors' bills for repairing broken ribs, etc."

"I see. Quite an idea, that thin man occupies less space and leaves more room in the basket of the balloon for the wireless message apparatus. You see, as fast as the war correspondent in a balloon gets a message ready to send in to the paper he grinds it out on a wireless sending machine, something like a phonograph, and it goes flying off into space until it strikes the Aerial Wireless Telegraph line, over which it whizzes through the air with almost lightning speed until it reaches the Argus office. It would do you good to see our office boy catching the messages in a wire basket as they come flying in at the window."

"Well, well!"

"Oh, I tell you there is a pile to learn about the newspaper business when a fellow once sets about it. Now, I rather imagine you've learned a few things in that line today, Mr. Hayseed—I mean Hayden—that you never knew before."

"I reckon I have picked up just a few stray hints about the newspaper business," drawled the man in the linen duster, and then suddenly straightened up, and the awkward countryman of a moment before was transformed into something quite different as he went on in crisp, business-like tones: "Excusing you this morn'g, too, most of them. Now, seeing I've been running a newspaper myself for the past fifteen years, I had a glimmering sort of an idea when I drifted in here today that possibly I knew something about the business, but I find I'm mistaken. I'm only a newspaper editor in the newspaper business, from the Argus standpoint, and, having bought the paper, I've got to start in at the bottom and learn the trade all over again from its highly accomplished and courteous staff. Good-bye to me, Mr. Blake, isn't it?"

Barney—not to mention the rest of the Argus staff—looked as if it would be a great relief to him at that moment if the earth were to open and swallow up the entire establishment.

"Why—er—who—who are you?" he stammered uneasily.

"I? Oh, I'm nobody much. I'm only Uncle Horace, the old hayseed that dropped in on you a few minutes ago to take lessons in journalism and the art of entertaining callers. But here comes Colonel Starbuck. Perhaps I can get him to introduce me. How are you, colonel? A trifle late in keeping your appointment, aren't you?"

"Why, how d'ye do, major?" exclaimed Colonel Starbuck cordially. "I am sorry I've kept you waiting, but it has given you a chance to learn something about the Argus establishment and the staff."

"Yes, it has," interposed the caller dryly.

"Pretty bright looking crowd, major, aren't they? Boys, this is Major Hayden, the former owner and editor of the Centerville Courier. He has bought out my interest in the Argus, taking possession at once, and I trust the new relationship between you as employer and

"Hello! What has been going on here? What is that sign you are carrying around on your back, major? Here, let me remove it. 'Turnips For Sale,' eh? I surely hope that miserable attempt at wit was not placed on your back by any one connected with this establishment."

"I am afraid it was, colonel," was the calm reply. "You see, the boys mistook me for one of your rural subscribers, and they have been having some amusement at my expense. But I see they are pretty well worked up over it, so perhaps we had better finish our interview in your private office and give our humorous friends a chance to think the matter over quietly by themselves."

Half an hour later when the new proprietor of the Argus emerged from the inner sanctum he found a rather solemn looking crowd awaiting his appearance, and Barney Blake's erstwhile smiling countenance was the last to see.

"That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

"Yes, 'Plum' back Mr. sign?" Barney asked. "That's all right, Uncle Horace," purred Barney. "Don't go to getting excited. The boys are just spoiling for a little fun, and you're under steam pressure today—just none of them would ever be guilty of—er—by George, they have, just the same! But it doesn't read 'Plum' back Mr. sign?"

TORN BY A LION.

Tamer Crippled For Life in a Pittsburgh Theater.

J. V. Briggs, a lion tamer whose home is in New York city, was crippled for life at a theater in Pittsburgh by a lion.

During the early part of the week one of the largest lions became ill. Briggs treated the animal, but he did not seem to improve. When Briggs

entered the cage the lion sprang at him and straddled the seat from his right leg with his teeth.

The screams of Briggs brought other attendants to the rescue, and one of them shot the lion through the eye. Briggs was dragged from the cage in an unconscious condition. He was hurried to the East End hospital, where it was stated that he would recover, but was to be a cripple for life.

LIGHTNING SCARES WHALE.

Tug's Officers Tell a Quack Tale of Puget Sound.

Lightning is of such rare occurrence on Puget sound that even a whale was frightened by the vivid flashes and crashing peals of thunder in a recent storm.

According to the officers of the tug Eli, returning to Tacoma from a tow, the whale became frantic during a storm, thrashing the water into a milky white color, and displaying its huge tail, and in its madness almost demolished the boom of logs which the tug was towing to Ballard from South bay.

The tug was off Robinson's point when the wharftan was first seen several hundred yards to the right. It was raining hard at the time, and the mammoth aquatic animal was apparently enjoying a shower bath.

Then there came a pyrotechnical display of signal lightning, accompanied by the usual roaring noise, and the whale seemed to go wild.

"I never saw anything like it in my life," said Chief Engineer Bouscher, who has seen hundreds of whales, speaking of the tug's experience.

"The lightning and thunder must have scared the whale badly, for it almost leaped from the water. We saw several of its body and it reared its measured ninety feet in length.

"It lashed the water with its tail, making a nasty swell. The next thing we knew the monster came up under our boom and broke our swivels—the lines running across from one boom stick to another.

"Several of the logs were lifted out of the water on the whale's back, and I feared our entire boom would be broken. Fortunately only a few of the smallest logs became separated."

Lungs That Are Starved.

It is a fact that most of us are victims of our own laziness and deprive ourselves of oxygen that is so necessary if we would keep our bodies at their highest point of efficiency. Oxygen is absolutely necessary to the life of every living creature. Man gets oxygen from air breathed into his lungs. Besides introducing oxygen into the blood, the lungs act as excretory organs, removing undesirable elements from the system at each breath.

In ordinary or unconscious breathing only 10 to 15 per cent of the air in the lungs is changed at each breath, leaving 85 to 90 per cent of the lung capacity filled with stale air. Food and water are absorbed directly with pure air of the outside world—Baltimore.

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for do-nothing ailments. He has published a book, "The Great Kidney and Bladder Trouble," which is not only a full and complete list of all the symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble, but also a full and complete list of all the symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble, and a full and complete list of all the symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble.

It Quiets the Cough

This is one reason why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so valuable in consumption. It stops the wear and tear of useless coughing. But it does more—it controls the inflammation, quiets the fever, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about this.

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

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Sole Manufacturers SARGAPARILLA, KIDNEY PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

James Stewart Stock Inspector Sherman County, Oregon.

W. A. Gordon Co. Bankers and Grain Dealers. Moro and Grass Valley.

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 Laxative 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.

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. Furthermore, 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 27c.

THE OBSERVER BOOK STORE, Moro, Or

Vinton Hotel GRASS VALLEY, ORE. New Entirely. Convenient to Business. PRICES REASONABLE. Conducted on Best Principles. Commercial Trade Solicited.

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, can 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.

Phallmont Livery Co. Wasco, Oregon. Harleigh Glass, Proprietor.

Every kind of rig to order, and all orders prompt and satisfactory at reasonable prices. Farmers teams fed as well as they are fed at home, if not better. Telephone at our expense.

You want to get your washing to the Barber Shop Monday, as the basket leaves for the laundry at an early hour Tuesday without a mis- E. W. Lewis

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.

THE NEW YORK WORLD THIRCE 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. Equ. 1 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 fore-shadowed, and every day 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 for 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, artions and interesting fiction by standard authors. All for \$2.50. D. C. IRELAND & SON, Moro, Or

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 bring- 27c.

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.