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SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

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Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, February 7, 1908

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Esmond Hotel Portland, Oregon. OSCAR ANDERSON MANAGER. When in Portland STOP AT Hotel Oregon Corner 7th and Stark Streets. Wright-Dickinson Hotel Co. 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. HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU. All OR & 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." Observer Printing Office Moro, Oregon.

CONSCIENCE STRICKEN

Escaped Convict Returns to Finish His Term in Pen.

CONVERTED ON THE PRAIRIE.

Turned Preacher and Was Successful as an Evangelist—Then Remorse Drove Him Back to Jail.

Immaculately attired as a minister of the gospel, a stranger entered the office of the Indiana state prison at Michigan City, Ind., and declared that he was an escaped convict and had come to serve the rest of his sentence.

"My name is Allan J. Lawrence, and I escaped from this prison in September, 1906," he said. Then Warden Reid told his strange story. He traced his wanderings in the harvest fields of Kansas and Nebraska, where he sought only to keep from too close association with his fellow men lest his secret be discovered.

He described an accidental visit to a revival meeting on the prairie, where in the flickering light of torches pitched in front of the "prairie schooner" of a wandering missionary there was opened the vision of the comfort which came with a belief in God. Then he told of his decision to preach the gospel and of the success which had attended his efforts as a Methodist evangelist.

June was usually a month with us. From the coast we caught the new crop Japan teas and the fall importations of China silks. California still sent her fruits, and Colorado was beginning cattle shipments. From Wyoming, shortly marmosets and strawberries jam. Among his impediments were portable bathtub and a hot water heater.

Stillman possessed the finest set of gears ever taken into Wyoming, but Rhodes says he lost twenty pounds trying to drive a bunch of tame elk close enough for the New Yorker to shoot one of them. At last the tame elk, which had strayed from Yellowstone park, were marshaled into position, and Stillman began pumping bullets at a big bull, which was broadside on about fifty yards away.

In Cody, Wyo., near where the hunt took place, the story of a "fake" fight got up for Stillman's benefit is told. One night when camp had been made the horse wranglers were sitting around the campfire playing cards.

Stiller was looking on. A row occurred, and the wranglers, grabbing their guns, began shooting each other. With men falling on every side, Stillman took to the woods, and it required half the night to find him. When he found the fight was a "fake" and had been arranged for his benefit he took it good naturedly and offered to "set 'em up" to orange marmalade from his supply.

Lawrence was sentenced in April, 1906, from Laporte, Ind., where he had been employed as a laborer. He was found guilty of attacking a girl and was sentenced to serve from two to fourteen years. After he had been in the prison less than five months he was made a trustee. Almost immediately he escaped.

His wife, whose belief in his innocence had never faltered until he escaped, declared then that if he had really been guilty he would never have run away. She applied for a divorce immediately, and it was granted.

Had the Smallest Brain. Professor John E. Larkin of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and Dr. O'Hanlon, coroner's physician, after an autopsy on the body of Daniel Lyons at the New York city morgue discovered what is believed to be the smallest brain ever taken from an adult human body.

Balloons Spoiled the Tart. The following advertisement is taken from a newspaper published at Hoechst, near Wiesbaden, Germany: "Can any one favor me with the names of the balloonists who when passing over the village of Ried last Thursday evening dropped a bag of brilliant downy pyrimines and completely ruined a tart which I was cooking? Julia Schmidt, 14 Britzhausen, Ried."

JEER "DUDE" HUNTER.

Cowboys Have Some Fun With James Stillman's Son.

"Moris" Stillman, son of James Stillman of the National City bank, New York, is supplying no end of fun for the citizens of Wyoming as the result of his recent hunting trip in the northwestern part of the state.

When in the Zanesville yards still fell in their shuffles of the night the Blackwood bridge went out on the hill, and the Denver fire caught at the foot like a rat in a trap.

Ben Buckley was only a big boy then, breaking on freights. I was patching under Al Campbell on the West End. Ben was a tall, loose jointed fellow, but gentle as a kitten; legs as long as lynch bars, yet none too long runnular for the Beverly switch that night. His great chum in those days was Andy Cameron. Andy was the youngest engineer on the line.

It was putting on new men every day then. We start them at braking on freights. Usually they work for years at that before they get a train, but they must have them and can only press the best material within reach.

I spoke brusquely, though I knew without even looking at my service card just how long it was. "Three months, Mr. Reed." It was right to a day.

"I'll probably have to send you out on 77 this afternoon." I saw him with a long ramrod. "You know we're pretty short," I continued. "Yes, sir, I'd like one first rate, but you know I haven't been braking very long, Mr. Reed," said he frankly.

"How long have you been in the train service?" "I've been in the train service for three months, Mr. Reed." "It was right to a day." "I'll probably have to send you out on 77 this afternoon."

"Buckley, they'll telescope us." "Can you pull ahead any?" "The bridge is out."

"Get out your passengers," said Ben's brakeman. "There's no time," cried the passenger conductor wildly, running off. He was panic stricken. The porter tried to speak. He took hold of the brakeman's arm, but his voice died in his throat. Fear paralyzed him.

When the fier pulled in from the west in the afternoon it carried two extra sleepers. In all eight Pullmans, and every one of them loaded to the vestibule with passengers. The train was changing engines and crews the excursionists swarmed out of the hot cars to walk up and down the platform. They were from New York and had a band with them—as jolly a crowd as I ever hauled—and I noticed many boys and girls sprinkled among the grown folks.

Half an hour after the fier left, 77, the fast stock freight, wound like a great snake around the bluff after it. Ben Buckley, tall and straight as a pine, stood on the caboose. It was his first train, and he looked as if he felt it.

In the evening I got reports of heavy rain west of us, and after 77 reported the rain from the divide toward Beverly it was storming hard all along the line. By the time they reached the hill Ben had his men out setting brakes—tough work on that kind of a night, but when the big engine struck the bluff

the heavy train was well in hand, and it rolled down the long grade as gently as a curtain. Ben was none too careful, for half way down the hill they exploded torpedoes. Through the driving storm the tall light of the fier were presently seen. As they pulled carefully ahead Ben made his way through the mud and rain to the head end and found the passenger train stalled. Just before them was Blackwood creek, bank full, and the bridge swinging over the swollen stream like a grapevine.

Second Seventy-seven

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright, 1908, by Frank H. Spearman

It is a bad grade yet. But before the new work was done on the river divide a Beverly hill was a terror to the trainmen. On rainy Sunday days old switchmen in the Zanesville yards still fell in their shuffles of the night the Blackwood bridge went out on the hill, and the Denver fire caught at the foot like a rat in a trap.

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It was a chance—single, desperate, but yet a chance—the only chance that offered to save the helpless passengers in his charge.

If he could reach the siding switch ahead of the runaway train he could throw the deadly catapult on the sliding and into his own train and save the unconscious travelers. Before the words were out of his mouth he started up the track at topmost speed.

The angry wind staggered him. It blew out his lantern, but he flung it away, for he could throw the switch in the dark. A sharp start tore half his rain coat from his back. Ripping off the rest, he ran on. When the wind took his breath he turned his back and fought for another. "Slipping! Slipping! Slipping!" he cried, his feet slipping down the track caught his feet. As he slipped he tripped him, and, falling headlong, he struck his head on the rails and knees like broken glass.

In desperate haste he dashed ahead again. The headlight leaped before him like a mountain of flame. There was light enough now through the sheets of rain that swept down on him, and there ahead, the train almost on it, was the switch.

Could he make it? A cry from the sleeping children rose in his heart. Another breath's instant foundering, a slipping, leaping, and he had it. He pushed the key into the lock, threw the switch and snapped it shut to make doubly sure, braced himself against the target rod. Then he looked.

No whistling now. It was past that. He knew the freeman would have jumped. Cameron too? No, not Andy, not if the pit yawned in front of his pilot.

He saw streams of fire flying from many wheels, he felt the glare of a dazzling light, and, with a rattling crash, the ponies shot into the switch. The bar in his hands rattled as if it would jump from the switch, and, lurching frightfully, the motor, too, the siding. A flare of lightning lit the cab as it shot past, and he saw Cameron leaning from the cab window with face of stone, his eyes riveted on the gigantic drivers that drew a sheet of fire from the rounded rail.

"Jump!" screamed Ben, useless as he knew it was. What voice could live in that hell of noise? What man escape from that cab now? One, two, three, heavy cars pounded over the split rails in half as many seconds. Ben, running dizzily for life to the right, heard above the roar of the storm and screech of the sliding wheels a ripping, tearing crash. The harsh scrape of scoping steam, the hoarse cries of the wounded cattle. And through the dreadful dark and the fury of the label the wind howled in a gale and the heavens poured a flood.

Trembling from excitement and exhaustion, Ben staggered down the main track. A man with a lantern ran against him. It was the brakeman who had been back with the torpedoes. He was crying hysterically. They stumbled over a body. Seizing the lantern, Ben turned the prostrate man over and wiped the mud from his face. Then he held the lantern close and gave a great cry. It was Andy Cameron, unconscious. That is a private matter between them and us.

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"Daley," he cried in a voice like a pistol crack. "Get those two stockmen out of our caboose! Quick, man! I'm going to throw Cameron into the cat."

It was a chance—single, desperate, but yet a chance—the only chance that offered to save the helpless passengers in his charge. If he could reach the siding switch ahead of the runaway train he could throw the deadly catapult on the sliding and into his own train and save the unconscious travelers. Before the words were out of his mouth he started up the track at topmost speed.

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WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO. Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood; they work night and day. When healthy they remove about 600 grains of impure matter daily; when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms: pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, feeblity, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you'll have no trouble from your kidneys.

L. Seale, living in Moro, Or., says, "I have the most perfect stilled with kidney trouble. I never suffered much from backache, the principal symptom being a weakness of the kidneys. There was almost constant inclination to pass the secretions, and I had to arise very often during the night on this account. I had used Doan's Kidney Pills, previous to this time, and they had proven so satisfactory that I procured a box. They gave me relief at once and I am glad to recommend them to others suffering from weak kidneys. A number of my friends whom I induced to try them obtained the same satisfactory results."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McIlwain Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan—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. Sneed, the world famous veterinary writer, in the New York Tribune Farmer. Dr. Sneed'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.

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