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The Local Churches Wasco Catholic Church. To the Catholics of Moro Mission: During my recent Easter visitation of my large missionary district, I announced to the various congregations that I visited that it was my intention to gather in to Wasco on the first of August, or immediately after the harvest moon, all the boys of my whole district of sufficient age to make their first communion and to be confirmed, and I now desire to extend through the Observer the same invitation to the parents and youth of Moro and vicinity. I also stated that I would personally bear all the expense of these boys once they came under my charge.

That is, I would board, lodge, train, educate and supply them with religious literature, without a dollar expense to themselves or parents. I remarked to the boys with whom I personally spoke on this subject, that whilst they would spend a large amount of time in religious training and in preparation for the reception of the sacraments as above, I would give them a good, pleasant time and an opportunity to indulge in healthy, boyish sports. I desire it however clearly understood by the parents, and by the boys themselves, that I require the boys to know their prayers and catechism fairly well beforehand, so that they might the better profit by the instructions I shall give them during the month or six weeks they may be under my charge. The prayers they are to memorize are: The Our Father, Hall Mary, Holy Mary, Apostles Creed, Confiteor, Acts of Contrition, Faith, Hope and Charity, Hall, Holy Queen, The Ten Commandments and the six Receipts of the church. The age of first communion and confirmation is from ten years upwards; exceptionally well instructed, good bright boys, a year younger, might be permitted to receive these sacraments.

Owing to the fact that on the 28th of May last, I met with a very severe accident, from the effects of which I am now under the doctor's care in St. Vincent's hospital, some may think that I have abandoned the idea of training these boys, as above outlined, but I have not. I am more intent now than ever, so I consider it about the only practical means of accomplishing any good on these wild missions for the dear boys themselves, and of keeping them and their parents strong in the faith. No boy or man will be shut out from this opportunity, quite a number are anxious to come, and the more the merrier. I will furnish fine, free, ample accommodations for all, and we will feed them well, too. The boys will receive the missions again by the end of July, please God, and make personal arrangements for their proposed visit to Wasco. For further information and particulars write immediately to: Rev. FATHER HICKEY, St. Michael's Church, Wasco, Or.

Moro Presbyterian Church. Services in Moro Presbyterian church next Sunday, Morning and evening. Sunday school at 10 a. m. A. J. ADAMS, Pastor. Monkland Presbyterian Church. Regular service at the usual hour next Sunday. Everyone welcome. Moro M. E. Church. Regular services every Sunday, at 11 a. m. Rev. Perry Chandler, Pastor. Sunday School at 10 o'clock a. m. P. H. Buxton, Supt. Ladies' Aid Society, every Thursday, at 2 o'clock p. m. Mrs. C. G. Huls, President.

Spaulding and Wesley Chapeis Services for the summer for Spalding Chapel, will be at 11 a. m. each Sunday, Rutledge 4 p. m. each Sunday. G. F. Pinkham, Pastor.

Additional Locals. Hot Coffee and Sandwiches, at A. B. Wolfard's, Biggs. Ladies: Dont fail to see the Dress-skirts on display at the Moro Commercial Company. For belting, hose, bolts, etc. call on the Moro Hardware and Implement Company.

For harvest supplies, oils, case of barrel, see the Moro Hardware and Implement Company. A fine lot of Plaid silk Waisting at the Moro Commercial Company store. Price cut from \$1.00 to 75 c per yard. The Implement store has received a large shipment of handy wagon and low metal wheel trucks. Ask to see them. E. W. Lewis has added an alcohol heater to his tonorial accessories which does away with a fire these warm days.

E. O. Davis, proprietor of the Grass Valley Barn, promptly attends all calls, day or night. Animals given the very best of care. Charges are right.

Journey's End By Forbes Dwight. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press. The mad gallop up the bridge path ended at the bridge across the little pond. The girl drew rein close to the stone parapet and, catching her breath, stood, whose every nerve seemed a quiver with the excitement of the wild dash, sat quietly on the saddle staring with passive eyes at the untruffled water below.

Dean rang his own horse beside the girl's, smiling as he watched the glowing color in her cheeks. All about them the trees flung their gorgeous tints of late autumn—scarlet, ochre and more subdued shades blending into a splendid, far-reaching vista. The crisp, clear air stirred the blood like wine. "The girl laughed, a trifle uneasily. "We shouldn't be doing such things," she said severely. "Of course not," said Dean, with a chuckle. "We should have maintained a strict pace. We should have contented ourselves at the most with a measured trot. It's tremendously wicked the way we smash all the conventions of this park. We'll have a mounted officer on our trail yet. Pleasant prospect—that. A glorious gallop, all the same, wasn't it, and well worth the risk of incurring the displeasure of the law?" "It was glorious," the girl admitted. "Still, we shouldn't do it." "That's where half the fun comes in," said he. "Hang their old park and its rules! Do they think we'll limit ourselves to a funeral pace such a day as this and with such a pair of steppers?"

"We really ought to," said she. Dean laughed. It was a pleasant, almost boyish laugh. His big shoulders were squared defiantly. "The things one ought to do are generally unpleasant," he observed. "Come on. We'll let them out once more." The girl shook her head. "No! Oh, no!" she demurred. She nodded. "Of the rules they are pleased to hamper us with in this 2 by 4 plot of grass?" "No; not of that," she replied. "Afraid of me, I think?" "Of me? Oh, pshaw!" Again his laugh rang out, but the girl turned to him with a sudden seriousness. "You make me rather afraid of you at times," she said. "You tempt me to do reckless things. I don't know why it should be so, but it is. I would never in the world have thought of riding here with any one else as I have with you just now, and the strange part of it is that I enjoy it so immensely."

"Doing the reckless things you inspire," Dean leaned toward her quickly. "I wish it were so," he declared. "I wish I really might inspire you to reckless deeds. I wish I might!" "Now, please," the girl begged, with brightening color. "Oh, all right!" said he good naturedly. "I know the subject is tabooed. I'll observe the conventions you've imposed upon me and keep my tongue to the funeral pace." He sat for a time staring silently into the water. At last he straightened himself in the saddle. "I'd like another gallop," he remarked. "A wilder one, a madder one. I'd like to get out of this little old park and go somewhere where there's a level stretch of road and no hampering rules of pace." A light came into the girl's eyes. She threw back her head and gathered up the reins. "So would I," she declared, a trifle breathlessly. Dean swung about to face her. There was a quiet smile on his lips. "Come, then," he said simply. "We really shouldn't," she objected. "Come," he repeated. "I'm afraid when you speak in that fashion."

He turned the horse from the bridge and headed for the gate at the farther side of the park. The girl followed silently. "Where are you going?" she asked as

he turned through the gate and made for the road that led into the country. "A place where we can let them out to our hearts' content," said he. Up the road through the afternoon sunshine they went at a sober pace, but once the city was fairly behind them Dean quickened the pace. Faster they went and faster until they were teaming along at a mad gallop. Across level stretches and over the low hills they sped. The two horses had caught the spirit of the gallop and tore along at their best pace. The girl's cheeks were glowing; Dean's eyes sparkled with the excitement of it.

They paused finally on the crest of a hill. Far behind them lay the city, its position outlined against the sky by a smudge of blue smoke. Ahead of them lay a rugged line of hills, behind which glowed a sky red with the embers of the sunset. "Well, that was a ride," said Dean, turning to the girl. "Wasn't it?" she cried. "But we must be starting back. See, the sun has set. It will be quite dark if we don't hurry."

"I'll be glad to inspire you with a thorough recklessness," he said. "You have," she said breathlessly. "Then let's go just one more mile," he urged. She hesitated. "Come," he cried at last. "Down the hill they thundered, across a bridge that spanned a little brook and up the rise on the other side. Again they drew rein. The gorgeous twilight colors were fading. Below them lay a little village, its lights already beginning to twinkle in the gloom. "Enough recklessness!" said he. "Never! This is just the beginning." "Now I'm afraid of you again," said she. "Oh, no, you're not afraid of me," he said, with a strange gentleness. "You're afraid of a few old, time worn conventions. You're afraid of all those plans that you find in the papers for the future. You're afraid to answer your own heart and go against them. You may some time do as you want and thwart your mother's schemes for you. But you're not afraid of me!"

She began to tremble. "We must go back," she cried. "Look!" said he. "Do you see that spire with the cross on it? Well, beside that spire is a little rectory, and in the rectory is a gentle old clergyman. He's watching this road down hill even now. Dorothy, he's expecting us." "Oh!" she cried, turning her face away. "Shall we disappoint him?" he asked. There was a long pause; then without looking at him the girl started her horse down the hill. At the foot of it she stopped and, turning her face toward Dean, her cheeks were burning, but her eyes never faltered. "I am afraid of you," she said, "because you will always have your way with me. You will rule me as you like, do with me as you please, even if you have done this afternoon. Yes, I am very much afraid of you—but—but—take me to your gentle old clergyman. I am very happy even in my fear."

Maryland Superstitions. There are superstitions throughout all the counties of Maryland concerning crossroads and running water. Witches are supposed to make their home at the crossing of two roads and to appear there at midnight. One peculiar thing about witches is that they cannot get across running water, and a stream of any sort always acts as a protection to the nightly prowler, who will follow along the bank of a stream in preference to the road. These are some of the things which are more generally believed in the country around Washington and along the Eastern Shore. Some of the articles of the creed of the superstitious in that neighborhood are: If you sweep your room at night you sweep away your wealth. Never shake crumbs out of a window after dark. They are supposed to fall into the eyes of the Lord and to disturb the spirits of the dead who wander abroad at night. Don't wash your hands in water in which eggs have been boiled. You are liable to become covered with warts—Baltimore Sun.

Precocity and Degeneracy. Precocity is not always a thing to be desired. Indeed, it may, just as surely as a prematurely ripened fruit indicates decay and early death, mean an early degeneration and loss of mental faculties. By many biologists it is considered an expression of premature senility. As Lombroso has indicated, many of the men of genius were subjects of degeneracy. There is a period of antenatal growth known to scientists as the senile period, embracing the fourth and fifth months of prenatal existence. It has been found that a slight arrest of development at this period is characteristic of the class of beings known as degenerates, and precocity is recognized as one of the expressions of this development defect. Relief de la Bretteuse, who composed at fourteen a poem on his first twelve loves, is a remarkable precocity. "A wit of five is a fool of twenty," is an adage founded upon the popular appreciation of this unpleasant truth.—W. A. Newman Dorland in Century.

Not So Bad. Mr. Subba (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know. Miss Flannigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room. Miss Flannigan—That's fine. I was afraid she might be waned in thin chronic kickers that are confined to the kitchen, begobal—Pack.

A Counterfeit Wedding Trip. (Original.) Olivia Kittbridge had never traveled alone, but it was necessary that she go to New York at once to join her mother, who was ill there. It was but one night's journey on the boat, and since a steamer had been provided her father felt assured that she would make the trip without annoyance.

During the early evening she sat out on the grand enjoying the view of water and land. Others were near her, among them a nun, a young sister whose face made an impression upon Olivia. The nun carried a prayer book, but did not look into it, nor did she tell the beads on the rosary that hung to her waist. Nevertheless, whether it was an appearance of holiness induced by her dress or the life led by the nun, Olivia was struck. Olivia could not keep her eyes off her. Perhaps the nun noticed the interest she had awakened, for she drew her chair nearer and spoke a few words in a peculiar contralto voice. This led to a conversation, and Olivia lamented that she must sleep in a chair during the night, every bed on the boat being taken.

Olivia had been cautioned by her father to have nothing to do with strangers. Nevertheless she did not even think of this caution in connection with this young holy girl. There were two berths in her stateroom, and what it was not a contrast with the decision of the mother, whose life was so utterly unworldly, that Olivia could comfortably alone while she might make the nun so by permitting her to occupy one of those berths? Without any forethought whatever she gave the invitation. With many heartfelt thanks the nun accepted herself of the offer. Indeed, a great load seemed to be lifted from her mind. When Olivia retired the sister told her that she would not crowd her by going to bed at the same time. She would wait until her benefactor had got into her berth. Olivia went into the stateroom, and after she had lain down the nun came in and instead of divesting herself of her clothing climbed to the upper berth as she was.

If the morning just after dawn Olivia was awakened by the boat being warped into the dock. Standing before the mirror was a young man. He was handsome, well dressed and sedate looking, but on his face was anxiety. Olivia was so frightened that she was about to close her eyes and feign sleep when the young man saw her reflection in the mirror. He turned to her and said: "Don't fear me! For heavens' sake don't fear me! I am hunted and have availed myself of your kind offer for concealment. I hoped to go out without your knowing how I have deceived you. I am no thief. Indeed, I am not that for which they wish to take me." He had scarcely spoken the last word when there came a loud rap at the door. With it flashed the last bit of color in the man's face. Then a sudden thought seemed to come to him. Bending down to Olivia's ear, he whispered: "You may save me. I shall tell them that they have made a mistake, that we are a bride and groom on our wedding trip. I implore you not to betray me." Then, suddenly summoning his resolution, he opened the door softly and said, assuming that he possessed the knock to be able to awaken passengers, "All awake here!" "Is there a nun in this room?" "No; a bridal couple on our wedding trip."

"We must satisfy ourselves." The young man looked appealingly at Olivia. It was a terrible struggle between her womanly sympathy and all a woman holds sacred. The former triumphed. "Is there no one here," she said, "except my husband and myself?" The young man shut the door, and there was no more knocking or calling. The young man as soon as he recovered his equanimity said, "The day may come when you will regret this," then stepped out through the window and was gone. Meanwhile Olivia, whose heart was beating like a kettle drum, arose, dressed herself and went into the cabin, where she found one who was to meet her coming toward her. They, then, she left the boat. Five years passed. One evening at a ball Olivia on the arm of a friend passed her many snarling with a lady companion. She knew at a glance that he was the man who had personated a nun, and he knew she was the woman who had saved him.

A few minutes later he approached her. She was eager for an explanation, and it came. "It was his father's estate. When a minor he had been attacked by a disease that had produced a temporary nervous condition and had been confined in a retreat. An uncle, his guardian, had sought to keep him there till he could cover a misappropriation of his ward's funds. The young man recovered, made his escape in a man's clothing, and placed himself in the hands of his lawyers, who protected him from being returned to the asylum and eventually gained for him control of his property. "And now," he said in conclusion, "I have been hunting for you for years. But for you I might have died in the asylum or been kept there till my uncle had absorbed my property. My life is yours to dispose of."

GRACE ADA HOWE.