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PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK



FOUR LEGGED TURKEY

By FRANK H. SWEET

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WHY, mother, if tomorrow ain't Thanksgiving?" said Jacob Bennett, bronching the subject as if it had just occurred to him, though one might have known by the troubled expression of his kindly face that it had been for some time under silent consideration.

Looking at Jacob with indifferent interest was a boy of fourteen years, who sat curled to a restful attitude with his feet on the round of the low, splint bottomed chair, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hand, thankful that the labor of turning the grindstone was accomplished.

Since she and Jacob were married all their Thanksgivings had been spent in the homely comfort of the "old place," as they always called their late home on the hundred acre farm.

"Never you fear, Jacob, of man. I'll fix things all right yet," Bently had said.
Jacob bore his changed fortune patiently and set himself to earn what he could by day labor for the support of his family.

"Waal," said Jacob, "pumpkin pies is jest the thing for Thanksgiving."
"Of course they be, but they kinder want something to be 'em out, seen's thought. An' we hain't got a thing provided, only pork an' potatoes."

"An' onions," Jacob suggested.
"Why," said the daughter, lifting her pale, patient face, lighted with a smile from her sewing, "with pork fried as mother fries it, an' such potatoes as we've got, an' onions an' pumpkin pies, I don't know what letter anybody need ask for. I'm sure we can be thankful with it an' for it."

"You're always thankful," said her mother, "Thankful by name an' thankful by nature. We named you well."
"Why can't we have a turkey, same's we used to?" asked the boy without changing his position or diverting his gaze from his father's occupation.

"An' that's considerable compared to what some's got," Jacob said. "We've got a good ruff over our heads, an' me an' bub's earnings 'nough to pay the rent on't for six months to come. We chop an' put up our two cord a day. I tell you, bub's gettin' to be a master hand with his ax. An' now 'at he's got a chance to do chores for his board an' go to school he's fixed complete for winter."



"See, it's holler!"

"So we have, dear heart, an' what have we can't be thankful enough. 'Tisn't holler 'tween some folks seem'd yam mittens," she remarked as she looped blue yarn on a needle with her finger. "Miller, down to the Holler, says he c'n sell all I c'n knit for a month, an' three pair a week ain't no great stin'."

The bracing air, tempered by unclouded sunlight, stirred the blood of the man and boy alike with healthful vigor as they trudged across the fields and entered the woods. Every brown, outstretched twig, every tiny, close wrapped bud, had its coping and cap of pearl gleaming in sunlight or blue in shadow, and the rans of corded wood were roofed with it.

"Birds an' covering was already marked with the tracks of scampering squirrels, the broad pads of hares, the pronged print of the partridge's devious course, the dainty seam of wood mouse paths.

"Why, hey, it's a coon, an' he's laid up for the winter in this here tree. See, it's holler. An' there's the like, an' there's the like. Now, we'll just have his pelt nailed up on the wood shed door. I shouldn't wonder if it was pretty high prime, for it's had three R's to get so in. They say fur's good in every month that's got here an' in he's ain't not in September nor scarcely in October-an' it begins to get faded in April, some kinds does. But now it's most December, an' an' we'll jest go for the feller, seen' 'at we're goin' to git down half a cord of wood at the same lick. Look out sharp at the hole when the tree comes down, for like's not he'll cut an' run. We'll fall it right in here where it's all clear."

"Now, hey, you just stan' off out there an' keep your eye on the hole the minute the tree falls, an' if he offers to come out 'fore I git there whack him on the head."
Jacob spat upon his hands and resumed his chopping, expertly with each blow a gasping "hah" that less effective strokes on the other side.

"Where in the livin' earth did you get that pig?"
"Where in the livin' earth did you get that pig, Jacob? It is a pig, ain't it?" she asked, scanning it with admiring eyes and poking its fat ribs with a cautious forefinger.
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and, barely dodging the blow that Isaac aimed at him, came scrambling out with more speed than his short legs would seem to warrant. A surer blow from the more deliberate hand of Jacob prevented his escape.

"Well, he is a good one—fifteen pounds or upward," said Jacob after careful and deliberate hand weighing.
"An' just feel of the fur—as thick as wool! I reckon his pelt 'll fetch half a dollar, an' you shall have it all. Now let's skin him 'fore he gets cold."

"Sho, bub, that 'ould be lyn'!" said his father in an uproar as he cut off the feet and long-leg tail. "But," he said at last, smiling quizzically on the boy, "I don't know as we're obliged to tell a body exactly what it is. We'll carry it home an' see. Now we'll go down to the brook an' wash our hands, an' then we'll go to work."

"An' you went right on 'an' cooked it an' eat of it just to please me an' the children? Waal, I s'pose for it, Mahaly Bennett, you be a good woman!"
She poured out a second cup of tea, cleared her throat and began with hesitating words:

"I kind of forgot—an' kind of hated to tell you what Mrs. Barker said yesterday, Jacob."

"Mrs. Barker's cousin 'at has been out west they see Abram Bently, an' he laud he bought there ten years ago for most nothin' has his so on account of a big town growin' up 'long side of it 'at it's made him rich."

"You don't say?" Jacob laid down his knife. "Waal, I'm glad on't for his sake an' for ourn. He'll come back an' pay up every cent he owes if he's able."

"That's what she says he says he'll do, but I shall believe it when I see it," and she shook her head. "It's hard payin' for a dead horse."

the mouth, Mahaly. Maybe they wanted the skin and maybe that's their way of dressin' 'em. Just look at the crumbly bark fetched, his found 'em in the woods, an' ain't they nice ones?"

As the next forenoon advanced the little kitchen was filled with a savory odor of baking meat and boiling onions that, whenever the door was opened, escaped abroad in appetizing whiffs that made Isaac's mouth water.

"Now, mother, what part of the—ah—critter will you try?" Jacob asked as he skillfully carved the inviting roast.

"An' now, not to be desairful, I'm s'posed to tell you what you've been eatin' of."

"You needn't tell me, Jacob," said his wife, shaking with laughter. "It wa' coon."

"Why, I s'posed at first you was s'posed to, an' when I see a great long black and white hair into the meat I know it wa' no pig; that's it, I've growed on an' when I come to find the ring tilted skin under a barrel in the wood shed it was all plain."

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Thanksgiving In Georgia.

De rich ain't hongry 'nuff ter eat—
Dyppiepa got 'em prancin'—
But a sack er flour er side er meat
Des set a nigger dancin'.
Han's roun', believe,
Walk de happy way!
Tilt de can er fill de cup,
Kaze yo' ain't got long ter stay!

PILGRIM PARTY.

Pretty Thanksgiving Entertainment For the Children.
A pilgrim party was primarily intended to amuse and instruct the children, but every member of the family entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and welcomed the children in the costume of that period.

The girls wore the quaint pilgrim costume made of simple material, with the kerchief, cuffs and cap, while the boys were attired in the picturesque tall hat, ash, cuffs and collar. The hats were made from pasteboard or buckram, covered with cloth, and there were gorgeous buckles fashioned from cardboard covered with tin foil, some of them studded with glistening colored beads.

The rooms, excepting the dining room, which had been converted into a bower suggestive of the long ago, were simply decorated. Pictures of Dutch scenes and the pilgrims adorned the walls, and an old fashioned grandfather clock ticked away in one corner, while old china and pewter plates and bowls were placed on cabinets and mantel. Bows and arrows, wood cards, spinning wheels and various other articles were artistically arranged about the room.

The table was covered with a white cloth. At each corner a silver candlestick, holding a white candle without a shade, was placed. The place cards consisted of tiny balls folded from water color paper. Souvenirs of the happy occasion were pumpkin shaped cases filled with delicious homemade candy.

After this the children, and the older ones as well, examined the quaint old articles about the room, told stories of the pilgrims and sang patriotic songs, closing with "America."—Alice Page Robinson in Pilgrim.

First Catch Your Hare.
Mrs. Snuggs—John Henry, here's an article on how to carve a turkey. I wish you'd read it and learn not to be so awkward at dinner time in company.

ESKIMOS' THANKSGIVING

Whale, Seal and Walrus Take the Turkey's Place.
In striking contrast to the joyous and lavish Thanksgiving dinners of American families are the frugal repasts of the natives who live on the coasts of Alaska and who are forced to wage a ceaseless warfare upon the whale, seal and walrus for subsistence.

In gathering materials for their Thanksgiving feast the efforts of the whole household are engaged. A young Alaskan girl will sit on blocks of ice, covered with a few skins, all day, fishing in the face of a bitter wind, with the temperature 60 degrees below zero.

Where the Pumpkin Came From.
It is hardly to be supposed that in this country expression of thanksgiving in that form for many years following the first feast was any preparation of a menu of the feasting on the day of celebration. And it is quite certain that the viands enjoyed were simply excellent preparations by capable housewives of the list of the articles that each provider possessed.

Thanksgiving Fashion Notes.
The subject of dressing is just now much discussed. Popular taste for the Thanksgiving season inclines toward sage effects, somewhat stuffed in the waist.

First American Thanksgiving.
In 1621, so historians say, was held the first American Thanksgiving celebration. That was when the party of colonists having been decimated by death and menaced by insupportable perils, Governor Bradford called the survivors together for the expression of gratitude to God. In that festival, when they, responsive to the dirk, consumed many a "turkey."

Suppose Either's Way.
I'm sure you are going to be thankful on Thanksgiving day?
"Yes," said the man of gentle pathos, "if I have turkey and fixings I'll be thankful for them. And if I don't I'll be thankful I am not going to get into a quarrel."—Washington Star.