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Portland, Ore.

Cap and Bells

By CASPAR JOHNSON.
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through the score of rocky little islands behind which lay the quiet water of inland bay.

Although the wind was screaming through the rigging and the great sea that rushed past them were decked with an angry white foam, he was loath to run for shelter. This combination of wild water and wider wind suited his mood admirably.

As far as he was concerned personally, he was willing to take his chances of riding it out or sinking, it mattered but little one way or the other to him.

Still, he had no right to sacrifice the sailing master and the crew because a woman had made a fool of him. He drew out a fresh cigar and lit it from the stump of the one he had just consumed.

She had made a fool of him. There was no doubt about that. She had led him on and on—him, John Barrows Ferrol, the conservative, the man who had always vaunted that he was immune from the wiles of women, and then she had tossed him aside calmly like any toy that had lost its novelty.

He chewed his mustache nervously and swore under his breath. What sort of spell had she cast over him? He ought to hate her, yet in his most honest heart he knew that even now he loved her with all the intensity of his nature.

The little islands slipped past one by one. The yacht ceased her wild plunging and entered the quiet water of the bay sedately. A few sharp orders from the sailing master and the sails came rattling down and the anchor was dropped with a clatter of cable.

Before them the shore was dotted with twinkling lights that shone cheerfully through the murky gloom of the gray twilight. The rain was beginning to fall in long, slanting lines. Ferrol still stood by the rail, smoking and absorbed in his own bitter thoughts.

He would send her a message. He would not let her know how deeply he was hurt, but he would let her know that he understood now the whole import of their little affair. He was turning to the sailing master, who was preparing to go below.

"Order the gig lowered, Mr. McGraw," he said tersely. "I'm going ashore."

During that pull shoreward Ferrol was turning over in his mind the message he would send, and from somewhere in the archives of his memory came a quotation from Sir Launfal that fitted his needs to a nicety. It set him smiling angrily as he sat in the stern sheets of the gig, the little ropes in either hand.

He landed at the little pier and splashed through the mud and rain to

the nearest hotel. At the telegraph desk he filled out a blank:

Miss Annette V. Morley, Hotel Jackson, Wanona Beach.
Pleasant and safe our lives we pay.
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.

Then he went back to the yacht, smoked a while, paced the wet, dreary deck, and finally went below. He tumbled on to a wide leather seat that ran the length of the cabin and went over it all again and again—his walks, their drives, their little quarrels, the happiness that had been his until that last bitter night—until at last, smoothed by the monotonous drip-drip of the rain, he fell into a doze.

He was awakened by a hail from the darkness outside. The light was burning dimly. The brass chronometer above the chart locker showed that it was nearly midnight. He hurried to the deck and found a launch chugging along.

"This the Alfrida?" cried a voice in the launch.

"Yes. What is it?"

"Mr. Ferrol aboard!"

"I am Mr. Ferrol."

"Telegraph for you, sir," said a man, scrambling aboard and handing him a yellow envelope, which was addressed, "Mr. J. B. Ferrol, Yacht Alfrida, Indian Bay."

Ferrol tore it open and read "Better read the next line."

That was all, save the heading, "Hotel Jackson, Wanona Beach."

He stood there for a moment frowning in puzzled fashion. Then, like a flash, the text of that next line came to him. "This heaven, sir, is given away."

"Any answer, sir?" asked the waiting man.

Ferrol seemed suddenly aware of his presence.

"No. No. Hold on a minute, though. Is there any train out of here before morning? I've got to get to Wanona Beach at once. Out at 12:40, you say? Wait just a minute till I have the sheet of yellow telegraph paper lying on the deck. He picked it up and read it.

"That next line, whatever it is, must be a corker," he chuckled as he went down the companionway.

The Longest Telegram.

The longest telegram ever transmitted by wire was the sending of the entire revised version of the New Testament to a Chicago daily newspaper from New York on May 22, 1882. The issue of the paper containing that single telegram comprised twenty pages, sixteen of which were taken up with the brand new version of the New Testament, which had been prepared previous to its official publication. The New Testament contains 27 books, 230 chapters, 7,559 verses and not far from 130,000 words.

Some years ago the circulation department of a London newspaper offered a prize for the longest telegram transmitted previous to its official publication. The prize was a gold watch. Out of 450 telegrams received this one gained the prize.

"Administrator general's counter-revolutionary intercommunications under circumstances. Quartermaster general's disproportionate characteristically counterdistinctionless unconfessionally incomprehensibilities."

This contains exactly 230 letters, and the telegram needs two periods, two apostrophes and one hyphen to make it proper English. And it does not contain the longest word—substantiationally, either!—Chicago Record-Herald.

Near, but Not Quite.

Mrs. Fitznoodle had two "stars" in her great social gathering—Herr Schmutz, the great, if unknown, pianist from the fatherland, and Dr. Bumpfeller, the world famed, if fake, phrenologist.

"Listen," said Mrs. F. just before the latter entered the room. "I am going to let the professor feel Herr Schmutz's bumps. He is a wonder. I'll wager anything he'll be able to tell that Herr Schmutz is a musician."

Excitement ran high. Dr. Bumpfeller entered and began playing a finger exercise that would have done credit to Schmutz himself on the musician's classic cranium.

"Here," he began, "here—ahem!—is a practical business man, a man of great common sense, with no nonsense about him. No wasteful arts for him! No wonderings in the realms of fancy! No dreamer off!"

He caught the hostess's pleading eye. She was playing wiles upon her lap. He winked a blissfully unconscious wink.

But his breathless audience missed it.

"Ah," he concluded, "this gentleman lives by the skill of his hands. I should say that he is one of the most expert typewriters in the kingdom!"—London Express.

Banish us Now.

Jack—What is the true inwardness of this suffrage movement?

Bill—Just an advance notice to men to get off the earth.

Jack—But where will we go?

Bill—Wherever they tell us to.

Next Best Thing.

"How is this property selling?"

"It is going for a song."

"I wish I could sing."

"I'm afraid you will just have to whistle for it."

Like it Then.

"Do you like to work?"

"Yes, when I have a good thing."

VICE ADMIRAL MAY.

British Naval Officer Who Commands Strongest Fleet in the World.

It is Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., first lord of the admiralty, who in "Pinafore" sings about his rise from "office boy to an attorney's firm who polished up the handle of the big front door." Without ever serving in the navy he nevertheless came to be its head, so he sings:

Take my advice and never go to sea,
And you all may be rulers of the queen's navy.

Somewhat similar has been the experience of Vice Admiral Sir William H. May, who recently supplanted that bluff old sea dog, Admiral Charles Beresford, in command of the channel fleet, and also took command of others constituting the main fleet of Great Britain's powerful navy. Though he has been forty-six years in the service, he has yet to smell the smoke of real conflict. The fleet which he controls is the largest and strongest that ever has been gathered together, not excepting even the round the world fleet of Uncle Sam. It has just been formed by the amalgamation of the channel, the North sea and the home fleets, each of which was in itself an extreme strong and wickedly aggressive force of fighters.

Germany having massed her entire fleet in the North sea, England found



THE CHYSANTHEMUM.

Japanese Legend of the Origin of the Many Petalled Flower.

The Japanese have an interesting legend in connection with the origin of the chrysanthemum. In a garden bathed in the soft moonlight a young girl plucked a flower and commenced to stomp the petals to see if her fancy loved it truly. Of a sudden a little god appeared before her and assured her that her fancy loved her passionately. Your husband will live, he added, as many years as the flower which I will let you choose has petals.

With these words he disappeared. The young girl hastened to search the garden for a flower which should have an abundance of petals, but each one appeared to promise but a brief future for her beloved.

At length she picked up a Persian carnation, and with the aid of a gold pin taken from her hair, she separated each of the petals of the flower so as to increase the number of folioles and the happy future which her rise had assured her. So, runs the legend, was the chrysanthemum created one moonlight night in a Japanese garden where silvery brooks murmured softly as they ran beneath the little bamboo bridge.—London Globe.

Could Do It.

It was a mean trick, but, then, that is the kind that's usually successful.

"That dog," said the owner, "will bring me anything I send him for, and I am willing to bet on it."

Straightway a bet was arranged, and then the manager of the billiard hall suggested that he would like to have the pool table brought to him.

"Certainly," answered the owner of the dog, and he pointed to the table and said, "Fetch it!"

The dog raced around it once or twice and then grabbed a pocket and tore it off.

"Fetch it!" cried the billiard man.

"He'll ruin the table."

"Of course," answered the owner of the dog, "but if you give him time he'll get it all over here. You didn't suppose he could bring it in one trip, did you?"

But the billiard man paid the bet.

PLAYING AEROPLANE DIABLO.

ions of the young people in the form of the aeroplane diablo, but is utilized in various amusement centers as the people's pleasure grounds. There are several such resorts in France, which have as attractions a merry-go-round whose patrons can take trips in airships built on the dirigible balloon plan. The latter takes the place of the customary horses. Another attraction at such resorts is a sort of Ferris wheel in which the cars are built on

A CAREFUL JUDGE.

The Way the Law is Administered in Merrie England.

A friend of mine, wishing to make a present of a ring to an acquaintance who was on the eve of being married, bought the article and handed it to the jeweler, with instructions to have a suitable inscription engraved upon it, making a stipulation that it should be finished and returned by a certain date, otherwise it would be useless.

Months elapsed before the ring was delivered. It was sent back to the jeweler. The tradesman took out a summons, and my friend had to come back to town and sit in a stuffy little all day without the case being called. Next morning he bribed the usher to let him know when the case was called. He was sent for at lunchtime and sat till a quarter past 4 listening to anything but edifying matters which had to be disposed of first. By this time the old gentleman on the bench was fast asleep. The jeweler's case was called, and my friend's solicitor started the defense. At its close the legal functionary slowly disentangled himself from the embrace of Morpheus, opened one eye, grunted, "Verdict for plaintiff," and lumbered heavily out of court. My friend was furious and addressed the judge in terms the reverse of polite. The usher endeavored to pacify him and eventually led him out of court, and after pocketing another half sovereign he remarked: "Yes, sir; it's very hard, I know. But, you know, sir, the allers give a verdict for the plaintiff after 4 o'clock!"—London Standard Magazine.

LONG ON ROOSEVELT HUNT.

Well Known Naturalist Calls "Whole Bloody Business" Brutalizing.

Dr. William J. Long, the former minister and naturalist, whose writings were bitterly attacked by Theodore Roosevelt, talked recently about Mr. Roosevelt's African hunting trips.

Dr. Long declares the worst feature of the whole business is the brutalizing influence which the reports from Africa have on thousands of American boys.

"In one dispatch I notice that when he could not find buffaloes he had to content himself by shooting wart hogs and other offensive creatures. As the buffaloes are fast disappearing from Africa and as Mr. Roosevelt had already killed several, why in the name of science should he go out to kill more, and why, failing to find buffaloes, should he content himself by slaughtering other creatures?"

"The whole thing is atrocious. It is exactly like his own record of killing eleven bull elk on one trip and then, on his way out, killing two more that he found fighting. Their meat was unfit to use and was left in the woods. Then he preached to us on the virtue of game protection, and when he comes back from this trip you will hear his righteous dissertation on the necessity for preserving game in Africa, of course, after he has killed everything he could find."

"The only thing we will get out of the hunt heralded trip will be some more hunting jargon, almost as vain as Mr. Roosevelt's account of his heroic exploit at San Juan Hill, and some more skins and bones, of which we already have too many. The only one who will ever learn or teach anything of value to the man who sends the living animal, not the man who glazes over a dead one."

"The worst feature in the whole bloody business is not the killing of a few hundred wild animals in Africa, but the brutalizing influence, which these reports have upon thousands of American boys."

"Only recently I met half a dozen little fellows in the woods. The biggest boy had a gun and a squirrel tail in his hat, and he called himself Bwana Tumbo. They were shooting everything in sight, killing birds at a time when every dead mouse meant a nestful of young birds slowly starving to death. And how could I convince them of the value of the man who sends the living animal, not the man who glazes over a dead one?"

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COOKED BY THE WIND.

An English firm of electricians recently exhibited a dainty luncheon cooking in an electric stove, the only fuel of which was the wind. Two chickens and a fruit tart were browned nicely.

The dining device was what the inventor calls a wind turbine—a special form of windmill, which automatically faces the wind by an ingenious system of plane directors. The wind wheel in being blown around drives a dynamo, which generates electricity and charges a set of electrical accumulators. From these the electric current is obtained for lighting and heating.

When the wind blows strongly and the dynamo tends to generate too much current an automatic device is operated which checks the generating power, so that there is no fear of too rapid charging of the accumulators.

As the Twig Bends.

Kendall had a son who was the pride of his heart. One day he found one of his favorite cherry trees cut down.

"Jack," he said, "did you do that?"

With quivering lip Jack replied: "Father, I can't deceive you. I did not cut the tree down. Billy Brown did it. But I missed the job."

Tears of joy sprang into the father's eyes. "Bless you, my boy," he said. "Billy will be president of the United States, but you will be chairman of the national committee—Success Magazine."

Cunning of the Fox.

A fox on emergency will sham death to perfection. A master of bounds once posed a fox in a whip as he belted before a terrier. The fox appeared to have been strangled. When held up by the scruff of the neck his eyes were seen to be closed, his jaws gaping, and the body hung limply down from the hand. He was placed tenderly on the ground, only to dash off to court—London Standard.

Not Quite.

"I sleep with your letters under my pillow," the modern lover wrote.

Then he yawned and muttered to himself:

"At least I go to sleep over the letters. I suppose it's the same thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Board.

Sam Sparks—Oh, yo' ain't do only seed in de sunflower. Der's lots ob udder gals dat hab called me "Sugah" befo' Ah ebber heahd ob yo'. Belinda Sparks—Well, may I say dey called yo' "Sugah" dey shoud' must hab meant loaf sugah.—Chicago News.

MONKLAND CASH STORE.

Dealers in General Merchandise

No Rent to Pay
No Clerks to Pay

Harvest Goods, Canned Goods, Evaporated and Dried Fruits, Everything eatable. Special prices on Corn and Tomatoes by the case.

Cooking utensils in Tin and Granite ware

C. A. NISH, Manager.

A COMMON ERROR.

The Same Mistake is Made by Many More People.

It's a common error
To plaster an aching back,
To rub with liniments rheumatic joints,
When the trouble comes from the kidneys.

Wm McLarty, 16th and Washington streets, Oregon city, Oregon, says: "I had a persistent back ache and pains through my loins. On account of this trouble I did not sleep soundly, consequently in the morning had but little energy. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills advertised I procured a box and when I had used half the contents my condition was so greatly improved that I thought it unnecessary to take any more. I give this sterling remedy my highest recommendation."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMullen Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

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

Electric Rifle Sights.

Tests are being made at the Springfield (Mass.) armory of an electric invention to light the barrels of rifles at night. On each side of the tip end of the gun barrel is a tiny electric bulb about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. On the other side of the rifle stock is a battery, and on the steel trigger guard is a button used to turn on the lights.

These bring the rifle sight on top of the barrel into the clear vision of the shooter. If the tests substantiate the claims made for the device it will probably be made a part of the regulation small arms. It is said that ex-President Roosevelt's outfit includes rifles equipped with the electric sights.

Intensely Colicky Pains Relieved.

"For years I suffered from intense colicky pains which would come on at times, and from which I could find no relief," says I. S. Mason, of Beverdam, Ky. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended to me by a friend. After taking a few doses of the remedy I was completely cured four years ago, and there has been no return of the symptoms since that time." For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Never Known to Fail

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since it was first introduced to the public, in 1827, and have never found an instance where a cure was not speedily effected by its use. I have been a commercial traveler for 18 years, and never start out on a trip without this remedy, my very faithful friend," says H. S. Nichols, of Oakland, I. T. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Year is Shortening.

Many eclipses are noticed in the records of all ages. Astronomers can determine accurately when eclipses must have occurred, and the eclipse records are proving valuable to historical students as a means of determining the dates of important events. From these studies P. H. Cowell has found evidence that our year has decreased within historical times.

Granulated Sore Eyes Cured

"For 20 years I suffered from a bad case of granulated sore eyes, says Martin Boyd, of Henrietta, Ky. In February, 1903, a friend asked me to try Chamberlain's Salve. I bought one box and used about two-thirds of it, and my eyes have not given me any trouble since." For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA