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HERE LIETH
THE OLD YEAR

ORPHAN HOURS THE
YEAR IS DEAD.
COME SIGH
COME AND WEEP
MERRY THOUGHTS
SMILE INSTEAD
FOR THE
YEAR IS BUT ASLEEP
SEE IT SMILES AS IT
IS SLEEPING.
MOCKING YOUR UNTIME-
LY WEEPING.
SHELLEY.

DR. DEANE'S
RENUNCIATION.

A Story and a Lesson For the
New Year.

It was the evening of Dec. 31, and the year was ending with glorious winter weather. The ground was hard frozen, but not even a holly or an evergreen rustled, and the branches of the bare trees were perfectly still.

Dr. Deane stood in his doorway. Presently there came a sliding sound, a muttered exclamation, a heavy fall. He hurried out, to find horse and rider gone down on the slippery roadway, but without serious injury, for both were already rising.

"Can I do anything for you?" was his natural question under such circumstances.

"Well—yes; I think you can," said the stranger, a man whom the brightening moon revealed as tall, broad shouldered, dark and not of prepossessing appearance. "That is," he added, "if you have a horse near at hand," and he felt one foot and leg thoughtfully.

"Within three yards," the doctor pointed toward his garden gate. "I

see to it. Let me lead your horse, and do you lean on my arm. My man is gone home, but I can stable your steed. I often do so for my own if I come in late. Please walk in and make yourself as comfortable as you can. I will be with you in ten minutes. The door, as you see, stands open. The room on the left hand side has a very good fire."

Until the injured foot had been attended to and bandaged the stranger kept silence, but his piercing eyes were studying the countenance of his host with an expression of astonishment.

"No," he exclaimed at last, "you have no fear of me, though, for all you know, I might be a robber or a murderer. May I learn your name?"

"Certainly. It is John Deane. And yours?"

"Deane—John Deane?" he repeated.

"It must be fate, hard and relentless fate, which brought me to your door tonight, then," said the man at last.

"If I had known you were living in this place I should have given you an exceedingly wide berth, Dr. John Deane."

"You are speaking in riddles," said the doctor. "It is not wish for an explanation. I will ring for something in the form of supper and then, with your permission, light you upstairs to the room where I hope you will rest comfortably for such time as it seems best for you to be my guest."

"Well, have it so if you will," murmured the other.

The meal, a very simple one, was eaten in silence. As it concluded Dr. Deane suggested that a good night's rest was next to be thought of, but the guest shook his head.

"As you will," he said, with a slight hesitation. "Only you will, I am sure, pardon me if I give myself up to thinking instead of talking. Sometimes the dead past seems revived. It is so with me on each Dec. 31, and I do not resist its power."

The other answered nothing, but leaned back in his chair, gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

The little timepiece struck the hours of 10 and 11, yet still these two men sat on in absolute silence, each apparently absorbed in his own reflections.

"Deane—John Deane?" he repeated.

"What—what is it?"

"This I can't sit here by your fire-side and keep silence. I wonder now whether I could not manage to ride another five or six miles farther."

The strange guest looked fixedly at the doctor's face.

"You are changed by the passing years, are you? Think back a bit. Did you never vow that you would be revenged on one who wronged you?"

"Yes—once and only once, if my memory is true. If there could be any excuse it would be that I was a very young man and hotly of temper, as

the young often are. That vow of mine has been repented of long since. I would like nothing better than to clasp the hand of him who injured me and tell him I have long since made renunciation of that first purpose."

"You—would—do—that?" The words came slowly, one by one. "Why?"

"Because the past is past, and life is not long enough to be burdened with anger and resentment. Besides—"

But at this point Dr. Deane was interrupted.

"I am Frederick Watson."

A strange silence fell upon these men, and it lasted several minutes, during which the thoughts of both had traveled back many years.

"I represented you as guilty of an act of which you were innocent; con-

sequently you were disinherited—and in my favor."

Again that silent movement of the head.

"Well, you have waited long, but here I am, thrown upon your hands by an accident. Expose me to the world if you will. I deserve it."

But the doctor rose and stood still. The bells were already ringing in the new year, and a smile came upon his lips as he listened and then held out his hand.

"Long ago I made renunciation of that purpose to be revenged," he said, "and henceforth I am a new man."

Marcia knitted calmly, the warm red wool of the mittens threading her strong fingers like rippling flames. It was not easy to realize that she was practically engaged to Captain Ladd. The old sailor had pursued her ever since Jeremiah's departure fifteen years before.

"You can have the house repaired if you want to, Marcia," said the good captain after awhile.

"All right," agreed Marcia in a muted voice.

"I'm going to buy a new carriage,

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

A New Year's Story.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

It was New Year's eve, and Marcia Scott sat staring into the fire with unseeing eyes and compressed lips.

"I told him I'd wait fifteen years and no longer," she sighed. "The fifteen years are up tonight at 12 o'clock. If he doesn't appear then with the fortune he promised I shall start the new year by marrying Captain Ladd!"

Marcia's eyes blazed indignantly as she made this declaration. Fifteen years ago Jeremiah Allen had kissed her goodby and gone away to the gold fields to seek a fortune for them both.

"I'll come back within two years, Marcia," he had boasted at the last. "I'll be rich then, and you'll marry me, won't you? You'll wait for me two years. There ain't any money in farming—"

HE TRUDGED AWAY you'll wait for me just two years, Marcia, won't you?"

"I'll wait fifteen years, Jer," she had promised. "That is an awful long time, and it proves how much I care!"

Jeremiah had admitted tenderly that it did prove Marcia's love, and so he had trudged away into the west. The years had dragged by, and Jeremiah had not made a fortune, but Marcia was still waiting.

Every month her lover had written a long letter, and these letters became at last a history of disillusionment and hard, hard work—a history of digging underground, of great "strikes" and disastrous business deals in which Jeremiah Allen always came out a poorer and wiser man than when he entered. It would seem that with so much poverty and wisdom thrust upon him Jeremiah might have done better, but he never did.

His last letter had contained glowing accounts of a new camp in the Klondike. He was there now, she thought. "If Jeremiah doesn't come tonight I shall marry Captain Ladd in a month," averred Marcia again as she stared steadily at the fire.

The clock ticked above the high mantelpiece, the cat purred noisily in the warm corner, and the logs hissed and spat in the fireplace. Outside it was snowing softly, and now and then a large flake touched the window pane with a muffled rap.

"It's his doesn't come tonight," she argued with herself, "he can't expect me to wait for him any longer. I'm thirty-eight now. I shall marry Captain Ladd in a month." She shuddered at the sight of Captain Ladd's rufous visage peering at her around the clock on the shelf.

"I don't s'pose Jer'd want to see that picture on the shelf," she mused as she hid it in a drawer. "He used to be jealous. I expect he's an old man now. He must be forty-two. I hope he is rich. I can't stand another year of poverty—it's too grinding. If he comes back penniless I shall marry Captain Ladd anyway!"

With this resolution the door opened, and in walked the captain, his hair and beard sprinkled with clinging snowflakes until he looked like a veritable Santa Claus.

"Thought I'd watch in the new year with you, Marcia," he puffed as he unwound himself from several yards of woolen muffler. "I thought to myself that as we were likely to go through the year together as man and wife maybe it'd be a good idea. Watch in the new year in together, eh?"

Marcia hesitated. "Well," she murmured, with a reluctant glance at the clock, "I kind of expected some one else tonight—some one who promised to be here—but I guess he—she ain't coming."

"Does that mean you want me to stay, Marcia?"

Marcia nodded gravely. "If the right company 'T WANT COMPANIONSHIP," she said.

Marcia knitted calmly, the warm red wool of the mittens threading her strong fingers like rippling flames. It was not easy to realize that she was practically engaged to Captain Ladd. The old sailor had pursued her ever since Jeremiah's departure fifteen years before.

"You can have the house repaired if you want to, Marcia," said the good captain after awhile.

"All right," agreed Marcia in a muted voice.

"I'm going to buy a new carriage,

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Tomatoes, Corn.

Monkland Cash Store
C. A. NISH, Manager.

too, so we can drive to town in proper fashion. The old buggy is all in tatters."

"That will be nice," murmured Marcia.

"We might get married on Valentine's day. That'll give you time to get ready, eh, Marcia?" he said playfully.

"Very well," consented Marcia mechanically. The hours wore on. She put refreshment of cider and doughnuts before her sailor lover, but she did not touch them herself.

"Why, I am rich." When the clock chimed 12 he arose and turned a merry eye toward her. "Here's to your health, Marcia Scott, soon to be Marcia Ladd. Give me a kiss, my dear, to seal the bargain." He leaned toward her suggestively.

"No, no," cried Marcia vehemently. "I have made a mistake—I can't marry you, Captain Ladd. I am waiting for some one else. Oh, I cannot marry you—not this year!"

The captain glared angrily at her. "This year or none, ma'am! You've been putting me off more times than I want to remember! Shall we begin this new year together or not?"

"Not!" said Marcia firmly. "My mind's made up for good and all."

"Good night, and a happy new year to you, ma'am!" snapped Captain Ladd as he strode from the house.

"I didn't mean fifteen years, Jeremiah," whispered Marcia softly to herself as she thrust Captain Ladd's picture in the fire. "I meant I would wait always. I've just found it out."

There was a little contented smile on her face now as she dreamed before the fire, and so she did not hear a low tap at the door. Again it sounded, louder, and she rose to her feet, with a little frightened cry.

The door swung open, and this time a tall form entered and stamped the clinging snow from his feet.

"Marcia—little Marcia," he cried eagerly, "I ain't too late? You're waiting for me yet?"

"Yes," sobbed Marcia in Jeremiah's strong arms.

"I ain't rich, Marcia. I'm a dead failure at getting rich. I've come back to buy a farm and settle down. I've got just enough for that. Do you want me now, Marcia? I ain't rich, but I've got my two hands and you. Why, I am rich!" he laughed delightedly.

"And I am rich, too," sighed Marcia happily. "I have got you!"

The new year had already begun.

Not Such a Handicap.

Spratt—Yes, I know I'm a very abominable fellow, but I'm always glad of it on New Year's.

Snags—How so?

Spratt—Why, you can break all my New Year's resolutions without causing any comment in the family.

The New Year's Shooter.

This is the day when shooters shoot. And then go home and "resolute" their next year's resolutions.

They will not shoot on New Year's day.

TO NINETEEN-TEN.

Child of eternity, child of the silence,

Fair New Year,

Wise with the wisdom sages have left thee,

Read thine ear,

Lift up the veil that covers thy features,

Strange New Year,

Rainbow a promise over the darkness,

Last we fear!

Bury out yesterday, foolish and empty,

Leave the mound unmarked, untended,

Where they sleep.

Then shall the morrows find us valiant,

Scorning fear,

Meeting thy glance with glance undaunted,

Glad New Year!

THE JOLLIEST SHOW
IN ALL AMERICA.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

HE most remarkable circus in the world is the one that is given every New Year's eve in the New York Produce Exchange. The rich members of the exchange, who during the rest of the year are busy trading on the floor of the big building, knock off business for the afternoon and give up the floor to a circus performance for the delight of the poor children who live in the lower section of the great city.

The Produce Exchange stands close to the lower end of the island, on which the older part of New York city is built. This is not a residential section, being the area, in which the wonderful skyscraper sky line of the city appears to the view of people a-sail on the bay or the rivers. Yet many families inhabit the older and shabbier buildings in the vicinity. Most of these families are quite poor and the children numerous. Santa Claus frequently forgets to visit them, but the children have their Christmas tree provided by the Produce Exchange men. A huge tree trimmed with candles, lanterns and all the tinsel of Santa Claus Land is lighted up for the children, while hundreds of baskets of luxuries and necessities are distributed.

Rows of seats arranged in a circle, tier upon tier, accommodate the delighted little ones. In the center is a real circus, with tankard on the floor—same as Barnum's, Last New Year's

ever a uniform band of eighty-five pieces from Boston, Catholic institutions in the neighborhood furnished all the music the children wanted and more than some of them cared for, inasmuch as the lots were there to yell with delight when the ringmaster, a member of the exchange, stepped into the ring, cracked his long whip and introduced the performers.

There were bareback riders, pony races, trained horses, trapeze performers, magicians, educated dogs, jugglers and—clowns! Of course there were clowns. "What would a circus be without them?"

Acting in Retirement.

Many actors have lived long after retiring from the stage. Macready, retiring in 1851 at the age of fifty-eight, passed an honored leisure till his death at Cheltenham, England, in 1873. After Mrs. Siddons' farewell appearance as Lady Macbeth in 1812, being then in her fifty-seventh year, she spent her remaining years in almost unbroken retirement. The record in this respect, however, is held by that famous Master Betty, whom, in 1804, London acclaimed as the Infant Roscius. His positively last appearance was made on Aug. 9, 1824, at the age of thirty-two. He died in August, 1874, a "resting" of half a century, London Standard.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA