July 22, Oct 7 - 1910
Rent for May 2024

Or.Hist.Soc., City Hall.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER
PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.
$1.50 per Year; 12½c. per Month
Agents for any Magazine or Newspaper printed in the United States.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER.

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING
Of Every Description to Order
Quick and Cheap!
Rubber Stamps Furnished.
Ink for Typewriters, Typewriter Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887. Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, Jan 7 1910. Five Cents

The Grain Growers Conveniences

Are not alone confined to Rural Free Delivery of mail and the Telephone. There is another convenience which all farmers should have — and many do have — a checking account with a good bank. The possessor of such an account avoids the risk of having his money on his person or about his home where it is in danger of fire and thieves.

His bills paid by check are not only a valid receipt, but also a convenience in his home transactions where very often the necessary change for concluding settlement is not at hand Don't stop to think this over, but start an account now with

The Wasco Warehouse Milling Co. Bank, of Moro.

MORO PHARMACY

Expert, Experienced, Registered Pharmacists
Medicines Carefully Compounded.
Complete Assortment of Silverware and Jewelry
FORMALDEHYDE, RUBBER GOODS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, COMBS, SPONGES, CIGARS.
Any and all Kinds of Patent Medicine Always In Stock

FURNITURE
... AND ...
UNDERTAKING
O. W. AXTELL
Moro - Oregon.

OUR LETTER HEADS ARE

COME IN AND PLACE YOUR ORDER
WORK IS RIGHT --- PRICE IS RIGHT

HOTEL MORO

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot.
Sunday Dinner 35 cents.
Table the Best the Market will Afford
Opposite Post Office
Moro, Oregon.

STOP where the people stop
The Umatilla House
The Dalles, Oregon.
Steam Heat. Electric Lights Electric Call Bells.
HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.
All O R & N Trains Stop at Front Door
Railway Ticket Office in the Lobby.
T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

A CHRISTMAS BILL.

Dot Was Very Much Worried as to How It Was to Be Paid.

By MARY A. BOWERS.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"Two dollars a visit!" cried Dot in dismay, forgetting entirely that she had come to look for a spool of No. 40 in mamma's drawer, and opening her brown eyes wider and wider as she read the heading of an old bill of Dr. Cogswell's.

"Two dollars a visit!" she repeated. "Oh, why doesn't Donnie get well? And where is all the money to come from?" she asked herself sadly. "We will get very poor," continued Dot, shaking her little brown head slowly over the bill. After thinking awhile she slipped the paper in her pocket and went downstairs.

Mamma and Sister Margie were sewing. Dot went quietly to Mrs. Ledyard and whispered:

"We'll feel very poor afterward, won't we, mamma?"

Mamma smiled—a sad smile, Dot thought—as she replied: "You're better at guessing than we supposed. Now, why don't you take your trimming, little daughter, and go into the library? There's a nice fire on the hearth, and you can work away like a bee. We'll need it soon, you know," added mamma, for Dot was rather inclined to dream when she was alone.

"We'll need it soon," repeated Dot as she climbed up in the big library chair. "We'll need it soon. Oh, why didn't they tell me? Why did they leave me to find it out for myself? I might have worked yards and yards by this time and sold them for ever so much, but I supposed it was just to give me something to do, and I've sometimes not done more than one scallop in a whole afternoon," confessed Dot as she made her little ivory needle fly in and out of her work, as if any one could ever make up for time wasted.

Tom went into the barn to clean his gun. Dot saw him.

"I'll ask him," she decided as she put her work hurriedly in a little silk

"I'M GOING TO HAVE MY BILL SETTLED TODAY."

handkerchief and started with it for the barn. "He won't tease me when he knows how badly I feel."

It was a very sad little face that peered in at the barn door.

"Hello!" was Tom's greeting. "Been crying?"

"Yes," admitted Dot in a voice that could leave no doubt of it.

"What's up?" asked Tom as he rubbed away at his gun. "Want any help?"

"Oh, yes, Tom. That's just what I've come for. Won't you talk real sober with me?"

"Nary a smile from me," said Tom. Then, glancing sidelong at the little face in the doorway, he added: "Come in and state your case. Here's a seat on the hay," as he lifted her gently upon a pile he had just brought down for the horses. "There! Are you cold?"

"Not a bit," said Dot.

"All right, then. Go ahead," said Tom cheerfully.

"Well, you know, Tom," began Dot in her sweet, timid voice, "there's a secret in there," pointing toward the house, "and I never found it out till this morning."

"So you found it out, did you? Well, I told 'em you would."

"I wouldn't but for the bill."

"You wouldn't what?" asked Tom, who was rubbing away again.

"I'll tell you about that afterward. When I went into the sitting room mamma and Margie were sewing."

"That certainly didn't surprise you!" laughed Tom.

"Oh, Tom! How can you make fun of it all? Mamma looked just ready to cry, and—oh, oh, oh! What can we ever do about it?" as she threw herself face downward on the hay and sobbed as though her little heart would break, while Tom stood by in speechless astonishment.

"Does she know, after all?" he asked himself. "I mustn't forget my promise to mother, but I must give the child some comfort," he thought as he went over to the little blue cloak on the hay.

"Come, Dot," said he tenderly. "Don't cry. You haven't told me yet what the matter is. Now, we'll sit right up here while you tell Tom all about it."

After awhile Dot managed to say:

"Does Dr. Cogswell charge people who are ill $2 every time he goes to see them?"

"Something like that, I believe," answered Tom wonderingly.

"It's exactly that," said Dot, feeling for the bill. "Oh, Tom, we must owe him hundreds of dollars!"

There was a queer look in Tom's eyes.

"I suppose we do," he said.

"But have we got the money to pay him?" questioned Dot, the brown eyes swimming again.

"No; I don't believe we have."

"Then what are we going to do?" said Dot, with another sob.

"There, Dot," said Tom soothingly. "Don't be so foolish as to cry. It's all coming out right. I can't tell you just now, but take my word for it."

"Tom," called Mrs. Ledyard, "they're all waiting for you."

"The boys have come, Dot," said Tom, giving her a hasty kiss. "Now, remember not to worry. It's coming out all right."

Dot sat a long time on the hay.

"Tom always thinks everything's going to come out all right," she said, determined to be miserable. "He doesn't know anything about money. Margie says so, and I know myself he doesn't, 'cause I once owed him 5 cents for weeks, and then when I went to pay him he'd forgotten all about it and said I must have dreamed it.

"He's gone off now to sleigh ride and doesn't care how hard we're all working," and the little needle flew faster than ever. "I just know he thinks Dr. Cogswell isn't going to charge, but he is, for here's one bill, and he's probably got another all ready.

"He could just as well not charge," she went on, "for Edith Olcott told me he was ever and ever so rich and that he's got a house in the city even prettier than this. But how could one be?" she wondered. "How could any room be lovelier than the one Mrs. Crane took Edith and me into the other day, the little one with the window looking on the lake, and the little bed with curtains and everything blue, carpet and all? Dr. Cogswell calls it his little sister's room, and she's coming in the spring."

The little fingers never did better work than that day, for "mamma wouldn't have told me they needed it if they didn't." Dot kept assuring herself. "Tom just wanted to comfort me. He doesn't know how hard they are working and crying."

That night Dot added to her prayer the words, "O God, please don't let it be more than we can pay!"

"Let what?" asked mamma as she tucked her in bed.

"The doctor's bill," whispered Dot, her arms very tight about Mrs. Ledyard's neck.

Mrs. Ledyard smiled. She thought Dot was half asleep, so she tiptoed quietly downstairs to the library and there found Tom telling Margie about Dot's trouble.

The young doctor must have been there, too, or heard of it in some way, for he happened in the next morning right after breakfast, and the first thing he said was:

"I'm going to have my bill settled today, little Miss Dot," as with quite a grave face he took out a memoranda.

"Let me see," he mused. "I began coming in May. Two visits a day till—why it's nearly Christmas, isn't it? Now, how much should you think it would come to?"

"Hundreds!" said poor little Dot faintly.

"We want to be businesslike," said Dr. Cogswell. "Suppose you get your slate and figure it."

Dot ran. "He isn't going to let us off a penny," she moaned.

"Now, let's do a little sum in arithmetic," said the doctor. "What does M. stand for?"

"One thousand," said staggered little Dot, pushing the crochet work way down in her pocket.

"Very good," said the doctor. "Now, what does C. stand for?"

"One hundred," said Dot, trying to be brave.

"And altogether?" was the next question.

"Eleven hundred," said Dot tearfully.

"H'm!" coughed Dr. Cogswell. "Now, can you think of anything else they might stand for?"

"No, sir," said Dot.

"Why, yes, you can, Dot!" cried Donald, who had just been wheeled into the room. "M. C.!" clapping his hands. "Why, Merry Christmas! Don't you see?"

Dot smiled.

"Then there isn't any bill?" she asked Tom.

"Nary a bill," said Tom, "but can't you think of anything else the letters might stand for?"

"No," said happy, stupid little Dot.

"I can!" cried Don, catching sight of some glances being exchanged and Margie's pretty cheeks aglow. "Margie Cogswell!"

Then they all laughed, and the doctor caught Dot up and set her on his shoulder and pranced with her into the cozy sitting room. Pretty soon Don was wheeled into the sunny bay window, and there they all sat the rest of the morning.

Dot had to submit to a good deal of teasing, but she was very happy notwithstanding and wrote in her diary that night in such big letters that she went right over two or three of the following days:

"The doctor wasn't coming to see Donnie, after all, and there wasn't any bill. I am going to be bridesmaid and wear white. There isn't any little sister but me, and I'm going to have the little blue room whenever I want to go there to visit."

A NEW YEAR GIFT.

By BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"Mr. Bickford," said the president, "you are aware, I suppose, that this business is solely for making money. What pays goes; what doesn't pay does not go. Besides, my stockholders keep me up to making dividends. If I don't pay dividends my head goes off. We can get your work done for half of the salary we pay you. We shall not need your services after the 1st of January."

"But, Mr. Tinkham, I've been with you sixteen years. I'm now thirty-six. Places are being filled by younger men. I fear I may not get another."

"That is your misfortune."

"I don't know what I shall"—

"I have no time to listen to what your future may be. I have other matters to attend to."

Bickford fretted over his discharge till it made him ill. One day a chum said to him:

"Bickford, I tell you what you do. You've got $1,600, I know. Spend half of it having a good time. Resign your position and go off where you'll find something to distract your attention from this bugbear. When you feel strong come back and go to work at anything you can get to do. If you stay here you'll go under."

Bickford took the advice. He went to Florida, putting up at a hotel where he paid $5 a day for his board, and stayed there a month. Instead of getting matters into a better he got them into a worse fix. He fell desperately in love.

The object of Bickford's affection was Miss Maida Tibbetts, a young girl who was staying at one of the less pretentious hotels. It was more quiet and comfortable than the caravansary where Bickford was staying, and Miss Tibbetts' mother, an invalid, was with her, and the house was better fitted for such a person. Nevertheless from appearances there was no money in the Tibbetts family. Bickford felt that he was playing a contemptible part in making it appear by the amount that he daily expended for board that he was opulent when in reality he was without any income whatever. But in his affair with Miss Tibbetts he found at least a temporary mental relief from his troubles and had no heart to break with her till he was obliged to. When his $300 was spent, except enough for his railway ticket home, he found himself in a position to make an explanation. He told the girl the facts.

Probably she would have blamed him for what he had done had it not been for her repugnance to the treatment he had received.

"These modern ways of doing business," she said, "are execrable. As soon as a mean man has established a successful business he capitalizes it. This gives him a board of directors, to whom he pretends to be responsible. This in turn gives him an ostensible excuse to run the business without a soul. Then he gits rid of those who have helped him build it up and replaces them by cheaper men, mere cogwheels in the great machine he has been constructing."

The question between Bickford and Miss Tibbetts was what should they do. They loved, and Bickford could not support a wife. Miss Tibbetts was an ardent believer in love as a basis of matrimony, with or without money. She said that when she got back to the north she thought she could find something among her relatives for Bickford to do. He had $300 in bank at home, which, with some funds of hers, would last them for several months. Bickford saw that she favored the plan of being married then and there, and, with many misgivings, he consented. He had come away without any income with which to support even himself. He went back with a wife requiring—so he considered it—a far greater income than for one.

Mrs. Bickford after the marriage insisted on remaining a month longer in Florida. Her mother needed to stay there and would stand the additional expense. The young wife did a great deal of writing and received a number of letters, with the contents of which her husband was not made acquainted. When the extra month had passed they all packed their trunks and went back north.

They arrived in the city in the morning of Jan. 1. Miss Bickford sent her mother home in a carriage, while she and her husband remained in the business district, where they breakfasted. After breakfast the young wife told her husband that she had a position for him and would make the final arrangements before going home. She led the way and stopped at the building where he had been employed.

"What does this mean?" asked Bickford.

"Take me to the president's office."

"But this is New Year's morning. He will not be here."

"I think he will."

Bickford led her to Mr. Tinkham's private office. True enough, the president was there, evidently waiting for something in a mystified condition.

"Mr. Tinkham," said the wife, "you have been notified, I believe, that the purchaser of a certain block of stock recently giving the purchaser the control of this corporation wished to see you this morning at your office. I am that purchaser. I desire to put the concern in other hands for the ensuing year. I would like your resignation."

"And whom do you propose to put in my place?" cried the astonished man.

"I shall give it as a New Year's present to my husband, Mr. Bickford."

SIRES AND SONS.

Prince Tsai Hsun, head of China's navy administration, is making a tour of Europe to study general navy conditions there.

At fourteen years of age Abraham Lincoln could not read big words, but at twenty-five he was one of the biggest men in the Illinois legislature.

Edward Sawtelle of Farmington, Me., who is thirteen years old, sawed a cord of slab wood in seven hours, cutting each stick twice. His friends think this is a record for a boy of his age.

Deacon Stillman has just celebrated his fortieth year of service on the New York Sun staff, but still sits up with the youngest cub after the paper has gone to press and talks about the wonderful days of old.

The new commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, Samuel R. Van Sant, is a native of Illinois and served in the Ninth Illinois cavalry. His later life has been spent in Minnesota, of which state he was governor from 1901 to 1905.

Herbert J. Gladstone is mentioned as the probable first governor general of United South Africa. Mr. Gladstone has not been considered a great success as secretary for home affairs, and there have been many hints of his removal to another sphere.

For fifty-one years Isaac W. Hallam has served the same telegraph company at Wilmington, Del. During all that time he has not missed a day at his desk, with the exception of a furlough of one week that he took in 1864 for a honeymoon. Mr. Hallam is now in his eighty-second year.

Things Theatrical.

Ada Rehan, who spent some months in England, has returned to this country.

Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook will star in a comedy called "Bright Eyes."

Jules Eckert Goodman, the author of "The Test," has written a new play called "Mother."

The revision of "The Return of Eve," in which Bertha Galland is appearing, was made by Carolyn Wells.

George V. Hobart and Victor Herbert have collaborated on a play called "Sweet Sixteen," in which Willis P. Sweatnam will have a leading role.

Charles Richman, who is to be leading man for Mary Mannering, plays the role of a newspaper reporter in that actress' new play, "A Man's World."

Church and Clergy.

Young Lone Wolf, a Kiowa chief, is a Baptist minister. He is a Carlisle graduate and reads his Greek testament every morning.

The smallest church in Milwaukee is out of debt. The church is only 22 by 30 feet and has sometimes been called Milwaukee's Little Church Around the Corner.

Rev. Mark B. Shaw, one of the most popular ministers of San Bernardino, Cal., has resigned as pastor of the First Baptist church. He intends to engage in the undertaking business.

There is one church in New York city where the hat, the real article, is still passed for the offering. It is a colored church and has small quarters west of Ninth avenue. One man makes the collection.

Short Stories.

A cubic foot of marble weighs 160 pounds.

Three-fourths of typhoid patients are under thirty.

Coolies in Borneo are indentured at $18 to $36 per year, with board and clothing.

Australian boomerangs and noiseless guns are both now seen in the same New York shop window.

In the matter of medicines and chemicals the United States does four times the trade in Canada that Great Britain does.

Alaska has three times the placer area California had. California has produced in fifty-nine years $1,400,000,000 in gold, and Alaska will produce three times as much when properly developed.

Home Helps.

When suede shoes become worn or shiny rub them with emery paper, and they will look like new.

To make silk that has been washed look like new put a teaspoonful of methylated spirits to a pint of rinsing water and iron while damp.

"To feed pared apple to the baby," says a woman, "run a white tape or cord through the apple and hang the cord around baby's neck. The apple cannot get away."

Never "boil" clothes. To do so makes them yellow. Instead prepare a boiling hot suds and pour this over them. Wash through this by hand, rinse and blue, and they will be white, and you will have no steamed up house.

British Briefs.

Officers of the civil service in New South Wales must insure their lives.

The city of London corporation consists of the lord mayor, twenty-five other aldermen and 206 common councilors.

The director of the Bank of England has a salary of only $10,000 a year. Of the 1,300 employees about 100 are women. The first cashier gets nearly twice as much as the director, and the total payroll amounts to over $1,000,000.

Groceries
Preferred Stock Brand
SPECIAL PRICES ON
Salmon, Oysters,
Tomatoes, Corn.
Monkland Cash Store
C. A. NISH, Manager.

IN THE LAND OF TAILLESS CATS.

In the Isle of Man are many curious beliefs. The last night of the old year was called Quaaltagh, and it was the custom for parties of young men to visit from house to house and sing a song wishing the inmates long life and happiness and plenty of potatoes and herrings, butter and cheese, that they might sleep well during the year and not be disturbed by even "the tooth of a flea." On finishing the song the party was invited into the house, the darkest member being always the first to enter, and they were regaled with good cheer. For a light haired man or any woman or girl to enter a house on New Year's day is dreaded by all. If such a catastrophe takes place, on him or her will be cast the blame for every accident that befalls the home during the year.

Great care is taken to brush the carpet of a room from the door to the hearth and not from the hearth to the door. This makes all the difference between good and bad luck, health and death, to the family during the year. On New Year's eve it was also the custom to rake the ashes of the fire over the kitchen floor. The next morning the ashes were eagerly examined for the trace of a footprint. If one was discovered with the toes pointing to the door it signified that death would certainly carry off one of the household during the year; if the foot, however, pointed from the door to the hearth then an addition would be made to the family before twelve months had gone.—San Francisco Chronicle.

How the Shortsighted See.

The shortsighted and those in possession of perfect sight look upon the world from totally different aspects. The latter see spaces between the clearly defined leaves of a tree and the light shining through those spaces, the former gaze at a soft, blurred mass with no spaces.

A shortsighted man gets quite used to addressing people who are apparently without eyes and nose, and out of doors faces at quite a short distance melt into the atmosphere and become simply a cloud. Looking down a brilliantly lighted street you would probably see a long procession of lamps, twenty yards distant, and each having a distinct flame, but your shortsighted friend would see a conglomeration of shining circles shutting out the rest of the street. But, by way of compensation, color to the shortsighted becomes much softer and more beautiful. A coarse red face appears to wear only a becoming blush and the sky seems nearer to a short than to the normal sighted person.—London Answers.

Punished With Starvation.

In the whole wide world there is not a class of people to be found who inflict severer punishment upon themselves than the Caribs of Central America. Their religion, which is one of the most peculiar kind, demands self punishment for sins intentionally or unintentionally committed. The punishment takes the form of starvation and close confinement. If the sin be in the form of a lie, no matter whether it is calculated to injure another or not, the sinner goes without either food or drink for three days, at the end of which it is believed that the offender has paid the penalty for his or her sin. Blaspheming and using bad language are punishable by absolute starvation for two days. Assault, drunkenness and other serious sins call for four days' starvation for one week, three days' starvation for the second week, two days' starvation for the third week and one day's starvation in the fourth week. All sins are punished with starvation. For that reason crime is very low among the Caribs, who are among the best behaved and most truthful people in the world.—Exchange.

Pathetic Pride.

Willie had had a tumble when he was a baby, and his hip was so hurt that ever after he was obliged to use a crutch. On one occasion, when his mother had bought him a new crutch of the latest and most approved style, Willie expressed his enthusiasm and delight in the roundest terms. "And, oh, mother," he exclaimed in conclusion, referring to a little friend of his who, having the use of both legs, had no need of crutches, "won't Johnny Knowles be jealous!"—New York Times.

How a Plant Protects Itself.

One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks. The plant has sharp pointed green leaves. These are placed close together, with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath. The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception.—London Standard.

"What We Want Are Facts."

The sentence "What we want are facts" is correct, says the Literary Digest. This decision is based on the following from Goold Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars," page 289: "What is a kind of double relative, equivalent to that which or those which" (making it singular or plural according to the meaning). On page 300 of the same work occurs the following: "Obs. 9. The pronoun what is usually of the singular number, though sometimes plural, as: 'I must turn to the faults, or what appear such to me.—Byron.' 'All distortions and mimicries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure.—Steele.' 'Every single impression, made even by the same object, is distinguishable from what have gone before and from what succeed.—Kames' 'Elements of Criticism.'"

An Englishman in Philadelphia.

"I was in Philadelphia the other day," said an Englishman resident in New York, "and, having a little leisure to dispose of and also some curiosity to be satisfied, I took passage on one of those rubberneck vehicles and listened to the professor in charge. He told us a great lot of things about the town that were quite interesting and unknown in New York, but the most remarkable information he gave us was about the large statue of the late William Penn at the top of the city hall tower. He said the nose of the figure was thirteen inches long and if it were an inch shorter the nose would be a foot. Most of the sightseers laughed, but why? It seems to me that if Mr. Penn had a foot growing out of his face it would not only be quite unbecoming, but would really be a misfortune."—New York Herald.

Irving Hacked a Portrait by Sargent.

John Sargent once painted Henry Irving when he was fifty, and the work was exhibited in the Royal academy in 1888. It was, of course, a clever likeness, but not a pleasant one. The great painter showed you points in the great actor, as he so often does in his sitters, which you had never seen before, points which his searching eye could not help seeing and which, once having seen them, you cannot afterward help seeing always. Irving disliked this portrait and thought it a failure. For some years it was hidden away in a garret, and when he left the old Grafton street chambers, his solitary home for many years, for Stratton street he came across it and hacked the canvas to pieces with a knife. What a treasure lost! What an end to befall such a man's work of such another man!

Mathematics and Launching.

The launching of a vessel is primarily a matter of mathematics. In a ship of immense size it calls for a vast amount of calculation before the first step is taken in the actual work. In the first place, the specific gravity of the vessel must be figured out so as to allow for the various strains to which the hull is subjected on its slanting journey into the water, with its sudden plunge as the bow drops from the ways. An enormous amount of data must be collected to fix this center of gravity. The weight of all the material that has gone into the vessel up to the time of the launching, the distribution of this weight, the weight of chains and anchors and other material placed on board preparatory to the launch must all be considered. When the center of gravity is fixed the successful shipbuilder knows just how to build his launching ways and just where to strengthen them. He knows then by a little calculation how long each part of the vessel will be subjected to certain strains and how best to prepare for them. He can figure almost to the second how long the ship will be in sliding into the water.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA