

The Observer.

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FRIDAY, JAN. 14, 1910

Church and Society notices FREE, except when for money making purposes. Such notices at regular rates at the option of the publishers.

We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Renewed" settle the bill of a delinquent.

Did it ever occur to you that it costs no more to produce printing than it does to the eye than the other hand. The Observer is equipped with all modern facilities for doing good work at the very minimum of cost. Try us with an order and if it is not executed to your perfect satisfaction you need not pay for it.

Send for advertising rates.

Prof Frost has made a remarkable discovery at the Yerkes observatory: That the tail is following Halley's comet.

In all probability the nearest approach to the Puritan hell would be a place where everyone was obliged to mind his own business.

Dr Brougher says that in Portland "the new year rolled in on waves of champagne, and an awful choppy sea it was, too, about 3 am.

From Monday morning until after noon yesterday, the frosty fog has been thick and plentiful. It is the pogonip that holds Pittsburg, Pa. in its grip this week.

Americans pay \$1,200,000,000 a year for something they cannot define: They call it electricity. But they will not worry about the definition so long as the current is in good order.

Getting frost bitten in Maryland Commander Peary is not unlike that of the general who went thro' three wars and 64 engagements without a scratch and then slipped up on a banana peel and broke his neck.

The Brooklyn Eagle having said that Mr. Ballinger had put himself on record as favoring conservation, the Courier-Journal inquires: "What is Mr. Ballinger's record? Is it what he says he believes in, or what he seems to have been caught at?"

While there may be some labor agents in cities of the New West whose dealings are honest, the mayor of Spokane fears they are too few in that city to trifle with, and has announced his intention to close out all as rapidly as their permits to operate expire.

Wm McMurray, general passenger agent of Harriman lines in Oregon, is doing some splendid work in the way of advertising the state. In extending to his friends the best wishes for a happy new year, and health and prosperity for all days to come, he mailed more than 500 handsome copies of a souvenir greeting, and with it booklets bearing on the industries of various divisions. The expense of publishing these booklets is largely borne by the railway company, it paying out \$4 for every \$1 expended by communities, as Sherman county should through its Development League.

In the last five years the number of farms in the New West has doubled, until today there are 211,000, which produced crops, etc., in 1909 of a total value of \$404,000,000. The states stand as follows:

Oregon	75,000 farms
Washington	66,000 "
Idaho	40,000 "
Montana	30,000 "
Total	211,000 "

There are millions of acres of land idle now that could be put under cultivation under a revenue basis. With the return to the farm tendencies of the present day, it is certain that the number of farms in the New West will continue to increase for years. In the decade between 1899 and 1909 the annual value of American farm products increased from \$4,717,000,000 to \$8,760,000,000. In other words, the farms of the United States produced 85 percent more wealth in 1909 than in 1899. These official statistics of the secretary of agriculture afford convincing proof that in spite of the drift from farm to city, of which we have heard and witnessed so much in recent years, the great agricultural industry is far from passing into a decline.

A SOCIETY EVENT.

Sleigh Ride and Whist Party Combined Makes a Jolly Time.

Last Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Peetz and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Norcross entertained a large number of friends at the handsome new residence of Mr. Peetz. The guests numbering about fifty-six, were highly and appreciatively entertained.

After a short but fine sleighride from Moro, the snowclad fields lending a faint light to the hallowed stillness of a winter night, the moon having failed to rise in its glory, but the silvery flakes of a gently falling dew surrounded and rested upon us, suggesting "Peace, be Still."

We experienced no discomfort, however, as, though but health, good cheer and many sallies of wit and wisdom kindled the necessary warmth.

Arriving at Mr. Peetz's new home we beg space to describe what a genuine surprise awaited us. Mr. Peetz being one of our progressive and exemplary farmers, you can imagine what this new house is like. Two-story building, eleven rooms, modern in every particular; such a home that many city people would envy, and what is more, a resident of Moro the architect and builder. Mr. Peetz believes in patronizing his own county, and well he may, as from his excellent management of a good Sherman county farm, he has been able to demonstrate that we have it all right here in our midst; no use to go seeking elsewhere for homes. Sherman county for its size, age and general conditions, has not an equal in Oregon.

This ideal home has arisen in a short time from a bare spot, in a bunchgrass prairie. It is situated in a handsome grove of trees, two of which stand in front of the veranda, and although stripped at present of their summer verdure, they are still ornaments of beauty, the long and graceful branches, laden with the glistening frost of purity, seemed to wave a welcome and dominate with pride over the restful home wherein abundance of plenty appeared on every hand, from the well filled barns and granaries, to his automobile house, and well equipped gasoline engine, which furnishes power for water all over his farm.

To return to our entertainment, cards were introduced, and twelve tables were necessary to accommodate the players. The guests filling the large parlor, living room and dining room.

The soft, sweet strains of music from a distant room, entertained us, elevating our thoughts to melody and harmony.

An excellent lunch, with punch, coffee, candy, etc., was served by the two hostesses, both of whom are at home, surely, with this part of the program.

The winning numbers of the game fell to Madams Rutledge and Martin, while the gentlemen discovered in Mr. Fred Messenger, a winner of first prize—and Roy Powell walking off with the consolation.

A general handshaking, with expressions of good wishes for the hosts and hostesses closed this very agreeable evening.

Cook has been located. He is over at Rabbitville, stopping at the Bunco House, in a state of dilapidation.

Engineer Thompson of the rear train and Brakeman Geo Brown of the train crushed into near the Locks January 5th, have been held responsible for the death and destruction caused by the fatal collision.

KEEP THE KIDNEYS WELL.

Health is Worth Saving and Some More People Know How to Save It.

Many Moro people take their lives in their own hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Sick kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health, but there is no need to suffer nor to remain in danger when all diseases and aches and pains due to weak kidneys can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is a Moro citizen's recommendation.

O. P. Hulst, Moro, Or., says: "Kidney complaint annoyed me for years. I am obliged to do a great deal of driving and the constant jarring of the wagon and exposure to all kinds of weather weakened my kidneys. The secretions were scanty at times, while at others profuse and occasionally were painful in passage. I finally procured Doan's Kidney Pills at Moro Pharmacy, and the contents of one box gave me entire freedom from back-ache, benefiting me in every way." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

HOW HE GOT AWAY.

By T. ANTHONY TWINGING.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

"What's that story, Nevil, about your escape from Moro castle during the Spanish-American war?"

"I never escaped from Moro castle," "Well, you escaped from somewhere, didn't you?"

"I was captured while on picket by a troop of Spanish cavalry. The captain didn't want to be bothered with me, so he left me with an old Cuban named Campanoni, a small farmer, telling him that he would be back that way in a few days and if he didn't find me he would burn the house and tear up the little garden patch which contained all the farmer had to live on for a year."

"Well, the captain didn't find you when he came back, did he?"

"No, he didn't."

"You laid a plan, I'm told."

"No; I didn't lay a plan, though I had plenty of time. I was principally engaged killing it—the time—with my feller. You know Spaniards are the most inveterate gamblers in the world, and Campanoni beat all the gamblers I met. I had a little loose change when I was captured, and he won it all. Then he won my garments one after the other. He played fair too. I watched him closely and never caught a bit of crookedness. In fact, he was a really scrupulous in giving me every advantage. I played fair, too, when it came to playing for articles such as clothes, money, my watch and all that, but I'll admit I was not all that fair about one thing. You see, what do you suppose put into my head a way to get out of his clutches?"

"Some bones and a lead pipe."

"I explained."

"You don't see any connection between the two, do you? But there was."

The old man was very fond of shaking dice. I taught him poker dice, and he went wild over the game. He had to play for anything he had, but I hadn't anything to put up—that is, nothing available, though I had plenty of money in bank at home. I saw him if I could get the way. Singular how funny it is the way these pop into people's heads. I had borrowed my feller's dice one day to relieve the tedium, for I hadn't a book or a newspaper even in Oreg language, and suddenly looking up, I noticed the lead water pipe leaning through the room. See?"

"See? No. Go on."

"Dice and lead meant loaded dice to me. That meant freedom. I would draw my check for a lot of money and play it against myself with loaded dice. Sure thing."

"But not exactly square."

"I don't pretend it was. Didn't I tell you that I played fair in everything except one? Well, that was too important to play fair about, though the old man didn't lose anything in the end, as I will explain later. I first began to tell him about my bank up in the States and held my possessions up before him long enough to get his capidity on the rampage. Meanwhile of nights I was chipping the lead pipe, digging little holes in the dice and stuffing in the lead. Campanoni lent me a little ax, never even asking what I wanted it for. He was no jailer, simply a farmer."

"I should think you could have escaped from such a man."

"Escape? He never took his eyes off me in the day and locked me in safe at night. You see, I was a mortgage on his home to be foreclosed if not produced. Well, when I'd filled the bones I asked for pen and paper, wrote an order for \$2,000—more than twice what the farm was worth—and offered to stake it against my liberty. My jailer held out just five minutes."

"We sat down to a game of poker dice. I'd practiced rolling them, and, knowing just where I'd put the lead, I could do pretty much what I wanted with them. Whenever he'd get a full I'd get four of a kind, and he got 'fulls' pretty often, for the dice rolled nearly as well for him as for me. I didn't beat him so bad, after all. But I beat him, and I saw that he was horrified at what he had done. He was sure everything would be destroyed when the captain came back. I asked him how much he would lose, and he told me a thousand dollars. He hadn't \$500 in the world—house, farm and produce—but I was so glad to get out, besides needing a safe for my conscience, that I drew him a check for the thousand and made him a present of it. He was a condoling old fool or he wouldn't have considered it worth the bit of paper it was written on, but he never doubted and got his money too. He was as honorable as he was condoling. You see, it was the gambler in him. He considered gambling the most honorable occupation in the world and would have scorned to take the slightest advantage of his enemy in a game, though he would have cheated him out of the gold in his teeth in a bargain."

"He let me go, and I wasn't long in making my way back to camp. Who should I see there among some prisoners captured that very day but the captain who had captured me. I took particular pains that he should neither escape nor be exchanged till the way was over. I didn't want him going back to foreclose me on old Campanoni's farm."

"It seems to me you took an unnecessary trouble. Why didn't you bribe the farmer to let you go?"

"What with?"

"A check."

"Hats! He wouldn't have taken my check if I hadn't got the started through his mania for gambling. I had to work on him by degrees."

"My long lost brother!" she cried with joy.

"My long lost sister!" he cried, with more joy.

"Now, look here," interrupted the surprised witness of the happy reunion, "which of you was it that was lost?"—Exchange.

Alchemy was originally based upon the idea that material substances were base and that by a series of tortures and eliminations the good or noble part could be separated from the base and that finally the purest of all substances, gold, would be the consummation.—Exchange.

As a good old pastor came down from the pulpit one Sunday morning the sexton said:

"Your prayer for rain was soon answered, sir. It's pouring."

"Dear me, I hope not," muttered the pastor. "I came away this morning without an umbrella."

A Wild Blizzard Raging.

Brings danger, suffering, often death, to thousands, who take colds, coughs and grippe, that terror of winter and spring. Its danger signals are stuffed up nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat-gripping cough. When Grip attacks, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. L. Dunn, of Pine Valley, Miss. "After being laid up three weeks with Grip. For sore lungs, hemorrhages, coughs, colds, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, its supreme. 50c. \$1.00. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy."

Bivaled Franklin.

School Examiner—Some of our greatest discoveries, my young friend, have been made by simple means. You have all heard the story of how Benjamin Franklin went out in the storm and caught the lightning.

"Prodigy—Yes, and I heard you tell me this morning that you caught thunder when you came home from the lodge last night."

Saved at Death's Door.

The door of death seemed ready to open for M. W. Ayers, of Transit Bridge, N. Y., when his life was wonderfully saved. "I was in a dreadful condition," he writes, "my skin was almost yellow; eyes sunken; tongue coated; emaciated from losing 40 lbs., growing weaker daily. Virulent liver trouble pulled me down to death in spite of doctors. Then that matchless medicine, Electric Bitters, cured me. I regained the 40 lbs. lost and now am well and strong." For the stomach, liver and kidney troubles they're supreme. 50c. at Moro Pharmacy.

The Sharp Professor.

"Now," said the medical college professor to the class, "we will proceed to the dissecting room, where he body lies, just ahead."

"I beg your pardon, sir," remarked the fresh student, "but how can it be a body if it's just a head?"

"It can't be," replied the professor, beaming benignly over his glasses. "That's the reason I said it lies."

Making Life Safer.

Everywhere life is being made safer through the work of Dr. King's New Life Pills in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, liver trouble, kidney disease and bowel disorders. They're easy, but sure, and perfectly build up the health. 25c. at Moro Pharmacy.

A Useful Mother-in-law.

"After all, a mother-in-law is a pretty good thing to have sometimes."

"What wonderful experience have you been having lately?"

"My wife was afraid to discharge our cook, and she wouldn't go for me, so we sent for Burke's mother and turned her loose in the kitchen. They smashed some of the furniture, but the cook's gone."

A Wretched Mistake.

To endure the itching, painful distress of piles. There's no need to. Listen: "I suffered much from piles," writes W. A. Marsh, of Silver City, N. C., "till I got a box of Bucken's Arnica Salve, and was soon cured." Burns, boils, ulcers, chapped hands, chilblains, vanish before it. 25c. at Moro Pharmacy.

Strayed or Stolen

Lost from my place about Nov. 1, 1909, one light brown mare, rather old, 4 white feet, stripe in face, branded F M on left stifle, brand on left shoulder. Also one light bay gelding, 3 years old, star in face, three white feet, branded F M on stifle. Suitable reward will be paid for their recovery. Address, F. W. MATTHIAS (if 361) Klondike, Or.

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Any person or persons having horses, cattle, houses, lots or household goods for sale, exchange or parties desiring to buy such property, will find THE OBSERVER a good medium for advertising and securing a customer. Try THE OBSERVER, MORO, OR.

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