

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, FEB. 25, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer, why not? We would like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for \$2.50; one year for \$1.50; 12¢ a month in advance. Try it. Order by postal card, and pay for it when you can. At any time when you "deserted" to do the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is only to ask for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

The Financial Check on Alaska Coal.

The Gugenheim-Morgan-Alaska syndicate will corral at least \$25,000,000 on the investment of \$250,000 in Alaska coal if they can hold the stock; and the evidence before the senate committee places the probable output of the entire Bering river coal district, of which the Gugenheim group is a part, at 500,000,000 tons, with a net value of \$200,000,000 and a gross value of \$900,000,000.

Some Cold Storage Figures.

While housewives are being driven by the high prices to boycott meat, here is what the ice and refrigeration Blue Book says is being held in cold storage:

Six million calves.
Fifty million hogs.
Fourteen million cattle.

Twenty-five million sheep and lambs.
This meat is being held in 558 cold storage plants.

According to those figures from the official guide book, circulated only among the cold storage men, there is in storage one entire animal for each adult in the United States, with enough whole animals left over to give 2 to each family. In addition it may interest the worried housekeeper to know that in 78 fish-freezing plants in this country there are fish waiting to be doled out that are valued at \$25,000,000.

In other cold storage plants during any year now, according to the storage men's own statistics, the struggling wage earner will find:

1,800,000,000 eggs; 130,000,000 lbs. of poultry; fruits valued at 50,000,000 dollars.

Then besides there are millions of pounds of potatoes, onions, etc., thousands of turtles, eels, cases of canned goods, milk butter and cheese, valued at \$100,000,000.

The total value of meat and food stuffs placed in cold storage during one year at present, is close to \$3,000,000,000.

What do you think of that as a booster for "high prices" in restraint of trade?

Sensible Talk From a Horse.

Don't make me back with blinds on; I'm afraid to.
Don't let some blockhead drive me that has less sense than I have.
Don't run me down steep hills, for if anything should give way, I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened or I will expect it next time and may make you trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have you, the buggy and myself to carry. Try running up hill with a load yourself.

Don't drive me with an "over-check" on; the sun hurts my eyes and I can't see where to step. It's inhuman and cruel.

Teach me to stop when you say "whoa," and this you can do without jerking my head off or tearing my mouth. It may check me if the lines should drop or break and save a runaway and smashup.

The Blue Bucket Mine.

After the death of the last pioneer of the Lost Train knowing anything about the Blue Bucket Nuggets, found in what is now Grant county, the lost mine may be "found" and the "history" of it "fully written up," by some modern pencil-shaver at so much per line. The Observer don't claim to know it all—but we've never changed an opinion about it formed from part observation years ago, that the creek bottom in which the nuggets were found was Granite creek, above Canyon city, and that the canyon was buried by land slides (probably through water spouts). Facts attested by the disappearance abruptly of the old Joe Mack trail leaving a jump off, of at least 200 feet in one place, spoken of by numerous prospectors of the early Sixties who have been there.

A Washington's Birthday Experiment

By EDGAR E. WEBB

Copyright, 1908, by C. N. Loria.

LAME that pisheded

Schmidt? "You're Hardy was in the sitting room talking to his wife. "To think of his kiddy just because the little schoolman is bound to celebrate the day and wants leave to use the schoolhouse!"

"It's a well meaning, peaceable neighbor, Hiram," said the wife placidly.

"So's horses and cows, Hiram folks that's got some public spirit in 'em. Why, there ain't been a mite of public improvement done this ten year back."

"Oh, now, Hiram, we've got the postoffice."

"Yes, much thanks to the rest of 'em! It was me worked and kicked and badged till I got them a tri-weekly mail, and much use they make of it!"

"I don't recollect much public improvements ever being in Hardyville," said Hardy dryly.

"There would 'a been," said his husband testily—"there would 'a been if the Americans had stayed here and the Germans hadn't gone."

"Goin'—yes, goin' to rack and ruin all the same! Schoolhouse lookin' like sixty, and catch 'em taxin' themselves for a new roof! I wonder Miss Atworth can stay in the place, her and the children 'til she's month deep in mud to get to school in the winter. Hello! Here comes Jack with the mail bag."

A little while later Squire Hardy was all contents when two farmers walked in without even stopping to stamp the mud of their cowhide boots. Mrs. Hardy kept on placidly knitting beyond the fireplace. She was used to such invasions of the sitting room, from which she had removed the carpet soon after the postoffice was granted to the sleepy settlement.

"Draw up to the fire, Mr. Gates," she said hospitably. "Take that rocker, Mr. Schmidt."

Mr. Gates kicked his feet against the andirons to rid them of clay and snow.

"Cold day," he remarked, settling his coonskin cap more firmly on his head. "What is this I hear about the new teacher?"

"Well, what?" snapped the squire, looking around.

"Some say she's dead not on gettin' up them don't on Washington's birthday."

"Well, 'spos she is," said the squire. "She ain't askin' nothin' but the schoolhouse for an evenin', and I've got power to let her have that."

"I don't say the contrary, but to my way of thinkin' she's just a wastin' time over a lot of foolishness. Hey, Schmidt?"

"Yah, das ist so!" assented the man in the rocking chair as he took his pipe from his mouth. "I told me when I shut dook him out of school and put him to work in I hear some more of dose crazy ideas."

"Crasy? Notlin' crasy about it!" interrupted the old squire hotly.

Mr. Gates gave a snarl. "They say she's had a piano hauled out from the city, too," he said. "Hope she don't intend to levy on the parents to pay for it. She'll get nothin' out of me. I'll tell her that right now."

"Shucks!" cried the squire as he handed Schmidt his Zeitung. "Neither of you need't worry. She's too smart to expect to get ahead out of trumps."

"Yah, all I haf to say," was Schmidt's parting remark as he wound his blue woolen muffler about his neck. "It she keeps on mit dose foolishness I daks nash Karl out of school right every streety. Dot vos bettel det he rook as to vas his time so."

"Poor little Miss Atworth!" sighed Mrs. Hardy as she watched the two men tramp off together. "I'm powerful glad she's boarding with us. The whole neighborhood is down on her newfangled ways. I'm going right out now and make something extra nice and hot for supper. It's pretty near sundown, and she'll come in soon all worn out with her day's work."

The little teacher did use the good cheer and "extra nice" supper that awaited her in the cozy kitchen, for she had felt much discouraged as she trudged homeward through the falling snow, and she'll come in soon all worn out with her day's work.

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birthday. The indifference or hostility of the parents had but roused the American spirit, even to the resolve that she would bear the entire expense herself if none would contribute from their plenty.

"Ten dollars," she reflected, "will buy decorations and material for costumes."

As it subsided Miss Atworth stepped forward to announce the last song, but Peter Dowling, his face aflame with new delight and old memories, rose, stalked up the aisle as if unconscious of all the eyes fixed on him and swung himself up on the platform with one long step.

"Friends," he began, "I've been living kind of dead among ye for many's the year. Now I want to say a word or two. I ain't no great at speechifyin', but these old songs and pieces we've been a-listenin' to have sprited me up like the trumpet does an old war horse."

"I want to say that I fit for that old flag, and yet, livin' here so long and never a celebration for young or old, I'd half forgot my patriotism. It's our schoolteacher has woke me up to see in the truth."

"I propose that we all get out our pocketbooks and throw in to get a handsome flag to fly over this schoolhouse. Take an old soldier's word for it, there ain't no better inspiration for a fellow put in his best ticks and come out on top. Now, Miss Teacher, I'll just get the name of this meetin'."

He paused a moment, then turned to the audience. "All who want to express their thanks for this evening's entertainment and are willin' a collection should be took say 'Aye!'"

Such a storm of eyes followed that Peter caught up his shawl and hat and began to pace around with his only arm. Dimes and quarters clinked into it, while an occasional dollar showed how deeply selfish hearts had been stirred by the uplifting influences of the hour.

Miss Atworth seated herself at the piano and beckoned to the bewildered Goddess of Liberty to lead the states again across the stage. Some of the smaller ones struggled sadly on out of line, but as Karl, driven by his teacher, caught the great flag from his place and stood with it in the midst of them every voice rang out full and true on the chorus:

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, We'll shout the battle cry of freedom! People seemed loath to go when it was all over. They came up to the teacher with awkward expressions of pleasure and appreciation.

"I'll never forget this night," drawled one faded, overworked woman, to whose eyes the rich colors and tinsel of the stage decorations had been a part of a fairytale.

"That music was like a picture with her hair curled and that beautiful dress on you made her. I really didn't know she was so pretty. I'm going to let her give her a lot of nice things after this."

"Well, it was worth while," said the little teacher as she dropped into her chair at home, too tired to take off her wraps.

"Indeed it was," answered the squire. "Jah! Schmidt's new patriotism rose so he said he'd put a walk on each side of the school for half a mile, even if nobody'd help him. Then he set of 'em began to trot it over. That was the first time he'd been to school."

"The next Monday morning Karl stopped at Miss Atworth's desk to say joyfully: 'Oh, teacher, father was so pleased! He is going to hire another hand and let me keep on till the end of the term.'"

"Then I need never regret my acquaintance with the happy girl!"

That celebration was the beginning of better times in Hardyville. When the doors were barred for vacation and the grass grew rank on the bare playground the new flag still floated.

The Dress of General Washington. This great man was very particular about his personal appearance. He took pains with everything he did and showed off his clothes to advantage.

There have been some interesting details of past lives of what he wore from 1783 to 1793. The general writes himself in ordering his clothes, "Plain clothes with a gold or silver button if worn in general dress are all I desire."

He imported his best clothes from England, but on ordinary occasions wore native homespun when out of uniform.

For receptions he had a black velvet coat and breeches; the coat a long cut away, square at the ends, having a small standing collar. There were two buttons on the right breast, with blind buttonholes four inches long made of black silk braid on the opposite side.

The coat had pocket flaps treated in the same way; also cuffs, which were five inches wide, with two big buttons at the back. The garment was very long waisted, and the lapels of the coat flaps and hip buttons were on a line with the lowest of the breast buttons. It was lined with white satin, accompanied by black velvet breeches, with small buttons and knee buckles; the waistcoat of white or pearl colored satin, with a small standing collar and a single pocket flap; a fine muslin shirt, with standing ruffles, repeated at the wrists, and the skirt of the period; white silk stockings; low cut shoes, with large silver buckles. A dress sword, with silver hilt, suspended by a chain from a belt worn under the waistcoat and a linen stock completed the costume. He wore a bag wig, but not powder.

A man hurried into a quick lunch restaurant recently and called to the waiter, "Give me a thermos two big bottles for the sandwich."

"Both," was the unexpected but obvious reply—"Ladies' Home Journal."

It was long past three-year-old Norton's bedtime, but he still stood in his crib, looking on in bewilderment at the people below, when a lady living next door called up to him: "What! Aren't you in bed yet?"

"Yes," he called back; "my feet is just my head hot."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

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A HARD STRUGGLE

Many a More Citizen Finds the Struggle Hard.

With a back continually aching, With distressing urinary disorders, Daily existence is but a struggle. No need to keep it up. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. One hundred thousand people endorse this claim.

Here is one case: Mrs. Martha W. Rigby, Hood River, Ore., says: "I suffered from backache and other distressing symptoms of kidney trouble and although I used numerous remedies, I was unsuccessful in finding relief. I finally learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box. In a short time I began to feel a great deal better and continued use brought a complete cure."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McLure Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Sound Absorbers. Objects and materials in an auditorium absorb sound in a striking degree. The standard of perfect absorption taken is an open window, through which sound passes and does not return. A large audience absorbs 99 per cent of the sound; a Persian rug, 99 per cent of the sound; upholstered furniture or oil paintings, 98 per cent; curtains, 88 per cent; floor on the floor, 12 per cent; glass flooring, 6 per cent; glass, 54 per cent; brickwork or plaster, 24 per cent. This explains why it is necessary to speak louder to a large than to a small audience; also why a hall with unpleasant echoes when empty may be come easy to speak in when filled.

Won't Need A Crutch. When Editor J. P. Sposman of Cornelius, N. C., badly bruised his leg it started an ugly sore. Many salves and ointments proved worthless; then Bucklen's Arnica Salve healed it thoroughly. Nothing is so sure for sprains, bruises, burns, cuts, corns, sores, pimples, eczema; 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Animal Life. Phasants sometimes live fifteen years. A pig has lived 100 days without food. A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. Kangaroos will, it is declared, soon be extinct. Large elephants weigh six tons; large whales, 150 tons.

Took All His Money. Often all a man earns goes to doctors for medicines. To cure a stomach, liver or kidney trouble, Dr. King's New Life Pills would quickly cure at slight cost. Best for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, indigestion, jaundice, malaria and debility. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

To E. J. Johnson, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 25th day of February, 1910, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and your self, on the grounds of desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six consecutive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Hendricks, Judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, dated the 15th day of January, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 15th day of January, 1910.

CLAYTON A. AM. ROSE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Lizzie Frazer, Plaintiff, vs. Daniel O. Frazer, Defendant.

To Daniel O. Frazer, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 25th day of February, 1910, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and your self, on the grounds of desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

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CLAYTON A. AM. ROSE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Edith S. Warner, Plaintiff, vs. Clarence E. Warner, Defendant.

To Clarence E. Warner, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 25th day of February, 1910, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and your self, on the grounds of desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

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CLAYTON A. AM. ROSE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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