MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY.....APRIL 29, 1910

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Tales For a Winter Evening

The Meanness of Rosy

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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CAP'N JONADAB said that the south seas and them islands was full of queer happenings, anyhow. Said that Eri's yarn reminded him of one that Jule Sparrow used to tell. There was a cockney in that yarn, too, and a south sea woman and a schooner. But in other respects the stories was different.

"You all know Wash Sparrow, here in Wellmouth," says the cap'n. "He's the laziest man in town. It runs in his family. Washy's brother Jule—Julius Caesar Sparrow—he was as no account and lazy as the rest. When he was around this neighborhood the only thing that would get him livened up at all was the mention of a feller named 'Rosy' that he knew while he was seafaring way off on t'other side of the world. Jule used to say that 'twas this Rosy that made him lose faith in human nature.

"The first time ever Julius and Rosy met was one afternoon just as the Emily—that was the little fore and aft south sea trading schooner Jule was in—was casting off from the ramshackle landing at Hello island. Course that ain't the real name of it. The real one is spelled with four o's, three a's, five l's and a peck measure of h's and x's hove in to fill up. No white man ever said the whole of it. Them that tried always broke down on the second fathom or so and said 'Oh, the hereafter!' or words to that effect. Course the missionaries see that wouldn't do, so they twisted it steru first, and it's been Hello island to most folks ever since.

"Why Jule was at Hello island is too long a yarn. B'iled down it amounts to a voyage on a bark out of Seattle, and a first mate like yours, Eri, who was a kind of Christian Science chap and cured sick sailors by the laying on of hands—likewise feet and belaying pins and ax handles and such. Him and Julius had their final argument one night when the bark was passing abreast one of the Navigator islands, close in. Jule hove a marline spike at the mate's head and jumped overboard. He swum ashore to the beach, and inside of a week he'd shipped aboard the Emily.

"George Simmons, a cockney Britisher he was and skipper, was standing at the schooner's wheel, swearing at the two Kanaka sailors who were h'isting the jib. Julius, who was mate, was roosting on the lee rail amidships, helping him swear. And old Teunis Van Doozen, a Dutchman from Java or thereabouts, who was cook, was setting on a stool by the galley door ready to heave in a word whenever 'twas necessary. The Kanakas was doing the work. That was the usual division of labor aboard the Emily.

"Well, just then there comes a yell from the bushes along the shore. Then out of them bushes comes tearing a little man with spectacles and a black enamel cloth carpetbag, heaving sand like a steam shovel and seemingly trying his best to fly. And astern of him comes more yells and a big, husky Kanaka woman, about eight foot high and three foot in the beam, with her hands stretched out and her fingers crooked.

"Julius used to swear that that beach was all of twenty yards wide and that the little man only lit three times from bush to wharf. And he didn't stop there. He fired the carpetbag at the schooner's stern and then spread out his wings and flew after it. His fingers just hooked over the rail, and he managed to haul himself aboard.

"Cap'n George Simmons looked down at the wrecked flying machine an grunted.

"'Umph!' says he. 'You don't look like a man the girls would run after. Lady your wife?'

"The little feller bobbed his specs up and down.

"'So?' says George. "'Ow can I bear to leave thee, 'ey? Well, ain't you ashamed of yourself to be runnin' off and leaving a nice, 'andsome, able-bodied wife like that? Look at 'er now over there on 'er knees a-praying for you to come back.'

"'The ain't praying,' her husband pants, ducking down again quick. 'She's a-picking up stones.'

"And so she was. Julius said he thought sure she'd cave in the Emily's ribs afore she got through with her broadsides. The rocks flew like hail. Everybody got their share, but Cap'n George got a big one in the middle of the back.

"'You mis'rable four eyed shrimp!' he says. "'Twould serve you right if I 'ove to and made you swim back to 'er. Blow me if I don't believe I will!'

"'Aw, don't, cap'n! Please don't!' begs the feller. 'I'll be awful grateful to you if you won't. And I'll make it right with you'too. I've got a good thing in that bag of mine—yes, sir, a beautiful good thing.'

"'Oh, well,' says the skipper, bracing up and smiling sweet as he could for the ache in his back, 'I'll 'elp you out. You trust your Uncle George. Not on account of what you're going to give me, you understand,' says he. 'It would be a pity if that was the reason for 'elpin' a feller creat—Sparrow, if you touch that bag I'll bi your blooming 'ead. 'Ere, you; 'and it to me. I'll take care of it for the gentleman.'

"All the rest of that day the cap'n couldn't do enough for the passenger. Give him a big dinner that took Teunis two hours to cook and let him use his own pet pipe with the last of Jule's tobacco in it, and all that. And that evening, in the cabin, Rosy told his story. Seems he come from Bombay originally, where he was born an innocent and trained to be a photographer. This was in the days when these hand cameras wa'n't so common as they be now, and Rosy—his full name was Clarence Rosebury, and he looked it—had a fine one; also he had some plates and photograph paper and a jug of 'developer' and bottles of stuff to make more, wrapped up in an old overcoat and packed away in the carpetbag. He had landed in the Fijis first off and had drifted over to Hello island, taking pictures of places and natives, and so on, intending to use 'em in a course of lectures he was going to deliver when he got back home. He boarded with the Kanaka lady at

"I've got a good thing in that bag of mine."

Hello till his money give out, and then he married her to save board. He wouldn't talk about his married life, just shivered instead.

"'But w'at about this good thing you was mentioning, Mr. Rosebury?' asks Cap'n George, polite, but staring hard at the bag.

"'That's it,' answers Rosy, cheerful.

"'W'at's it?'

"'Why, the things in the grip, the photograph things. You see, my experience has convinced me that there's a fortune right in these islands for a photographer who'll take pictures of the natives. They're all dying to have their photographs took. Why, when I was in Hello island I could have took dozens, only they didn't have the money to pay for 'em, and I couldn't wait till they got some. But you've got a schooner. You could sail around from one island to another, me taking pictures and you getting copra and—and pearls and things from the natives in trade for 'em.'

"'Old on!' Cap'n George had been getting redder and redder in the face while Rosy was talking, and now he fairly b'iled over, like a teakettle. "'Old on!' he roars. 'Do I understand that *this* is the good thing you was going to let me in on—me to cruise you around from Dan to Beersheby, feeding you and giving you tobacco to smoke'—

"'Twas my tobacco,' breaks in Julius.

"'Shut up! Cruising you around, and you living on the fat of—of the—the water and me trusting to get my pay out of tintypes of Kanakas! Was that it? Was it?'

"'Why—why, yes,' answers Rosy. 'But, cap'n, you don't understand.'

"'Then,' says George, standing up and rolling up his pajama sleeves, 'there's going to be justifiable 'omicide committed right now.'

"Jule said that if it hadn't been that the skipper's sore back got to hurting him he don't know when him and the cook would have had their turn at Rosy, 'cause they wanted a turn on account of the tobacco and the dinner, not to mention the stone bruises. When all hands was through, that photographer was a sp'iled negative.

"And that was only the beginning. They made him work his passage, and every mean and dirty job there was to do he had to do it. They took his clothes away from him, and while they lasted the skipper had three shirts at once, which hadn't happened afore since he served his term in the Sydney jail. And he was such a comfort to 'em. Whenever the dinner wa'n't cooked right, instead of blaming Teunis they took it out of Rosy. By the time they made their first port they would not have parted with him for no money, and they locked him up in the fo'castle and kept him there. And when one of the two Kanaka boys run away they shipped Rosy in his place by unanimous vote. And so it went for six months, the Emily trading and stealing all around the south seas.

"One day the schooner was off in an out of the way part of the ocean, and the skipper come up from down below, bringing one of the photographing bottles from the carpetbag.

"'See 'ere,' says he to Rosy, who was swabbing decks just to keep him out of mischief, 'w'at kind of a developer stuff is this? It has a mighty familiar smell.'

"'That ain't developer, sir,' answers Rosy, meek, as usual. 'That's alcohol. I use it'—

"'Alcohol!' says George. 'Do you mean to tell me that you've 'ad alcohol aboard all this time and never said a word to one of us? If that ain't just like you! Of all the ungrateful beasts as ever I'—

"When him and the other two got through convincing Rosy that he was ungrateful they took that bottle into the cabin and begun experimenting. Julius had lived a few months in Maine, which is a prohibition state, and so he knew how to make alcohol 'splits'—one-half wet fire and the rest water. They 'split' for five days. Then the alcohol was all out and the Emily was all in, being stove up on a coral reef two mile offshore of a little island that nobody 'd ever seen afore.

"They got into the boat—the four white men and the Kanaka—h'isted the sail and headed for the beach. They

I reckon a dozen of fifteen husky cannibals with spears, dressed mainly in bone necklaces and sunshine.

"The darkies tied 'em up good and proper and then held a committee meeting, arguing, so Julius cal'lated, whether to serve 'em plain or with greens. While the rest was making up the bill of fare a few set to work unpacking the bags and things, Rosy's satchel among 'em. Pretty soon there was an awful jabbering. They was wildly excited, and two or three of 'em was waving square pieces of cardboard in their hands.

"And here's where the Emily's gang had a streak of luck. The Kanaka sailor couldn't talk much English, but it seems that he could manage to understand a little of their lingo.

"'Picture!' says he, crazy-like with joy. 'Picture, cappy; picture!'

"When Rosy was new on board the schooner he'd taken the cap'n's picture and Julius' and Van Doozen's. The pictures was a rogues' gallery that would have got 'em hung on suspicion anywhere in civilization, but these darkies wa'n't particular. Anyhow, they must have been good likenesses, for the committee see the resemblance right off.

"'They t'ink witchcraft,' says the Kanaka. 'Want to know how make.'

"'Lord!' says George. 'You tell 'em we're witches from Witch Center. Tell 'em we make them kind of things with our eyes shut and if they eat us we'll send our tintypes to 'aunt 'em into their graves. Tell 'em that quick.'

"Well, I guess the Kanaka obeyed orders, for the islanders untied the feet of their Sunday dinners, got 'em into line and marched 'em off across country, prodding 'em with their spears, either to see which was the tenderest or to make 'em step livelier, I don't know which.

"Julius said that was the most nervous walk ever he took; said afore 'twas done he was so leaky with spear holes that he cast a shadder like a skimmer. Just afore sunset they come to the other side of the island, where there was a good sized native village with houses made of grass and cane and a big temple-like in the middle, decorated fancy and cheerful with skulls and spareribs. There was a great chair arrangement in front of the temple, and on it was the fattest, ugliest old liver colored woman that Julius ever see. She was rigged up regardless with a tooth necklace and similar jewelry, and it turned out that she was the queen of the bunch. Most of them island tribes have chiefs, but this district was strong for woman suffrage.

"Well, the visitors had made a hit, but Rosy's photographs made a bigger one. The queen and the headmen of the village pawed over 'em and compared 'em with the originals and powwowed like a sewing circle. Then they called up the Kanaka sailor, and he preached witchcraft and hoodoos to beat the cars, lying as only a feller that knows the plates are warming for him on the back of the stove can lie. Finally the queen wanted to know if the 'long pigs' could make a witch picture of her.

"'Tell 'er yes,' yells George when the question was translated to him. 'Tell 'er we're picture makers by special app'intment to the queen and the Prince of Wales. Tell 'er we'll make 'er look like the sweetest old chocolate drop in the taffy shop. Only be sure and say we must 'ave a day or so to work the spells and put on the kibosh.'

"So 'twas settled, and dinner was put off for that night, anyhow. And, the next day being sunny, Rosy took the queen's picture. 'Twas an awful strain on the camera, but it stood it fine, and the photographs he printed up that afternoon was the most horrible collection of mince pie dreams that ever a sane man run afoul of.

"But her majesty thought they was lovely and set and grinned proud at 'em for hours at a stretch. And the wizards was untied and fed up and given the best house in town to live in. And Cap'n George and Julius and the cook got to feeling so cheerful and happy that they begun to kick Rosy again, just out of habit. And so it went on for three days.

"Then comes the Kanaka interpreter, grinning kind of foolish.

"'Cappy,' says he, 'queen likes you. She likes you much lot.'

"'Well,' says the skipper, modest, 'she'd ought to. She don't see a man like me every day. She ain't the first woman,' he says.

"'She like all you gentlemen,' says the Kanaka. 'She say she want witch husband. One of you got marry her.'

"'Hey?' yells all hands, setting up.

"'Yes, sir. She no care which one, but one white man must marry her tomorrow, else we all go chop plenty quick.'

"'Chop' is Kanaka English for 'eat.' There wa'n't no need for the boy to explain.

"Then there was times. They come pretty nigh to a fight, because Teunis and Jule argued that the skipper, being such a ladies' man, was the natural born choice. Just as things was the warmest Captain George had an idea.

"'Rosy!' says he.

"'Hey?' says the others, then 'Rosy? Why, of course, Rosy's the man.'

"But Rosy wa'n't agreeable. Julius said he never see such a stubborn mule in his life. They tried every reasonable way they could to convince him, pounding him on the head and the like of that, but 'twas no go.

"'I got a wife already,' he says, whimpering.

"'I tell you, says Julius. 'We'll be square and draw straws!'

"'Wa't?' hollers George. 'Well, I guess not!'

"'And I'll hold the straws,' says Jule, winking on the side.

"So they drew straws, and, strange as it may seem, Rosy got stuck. He cried all night, and, although the others tried to comfort him, telling him what a lucky man he was to marry a queen, he wouldn't cheer up a mite.

"And next day the wedding took place in the temple in front of a wood idol with three rows of teeth and as ugly almost as the bride, which was saying a good deal. And when 'twas over the three shipmates come and congratulated the groom, wishing him luck and a happy honeymoon and such. Oh, they had a bully time, and they was still laughing over it that night after supper when down comes a file of big darkies with spears, the Kanaka interpreter leading 'em.

"'Cappy,' says he, 'the king say you no stay in this house no more. He say too good for you; say bimeby, when the house been clean up, maybe he use it himself. You got to go.'

"'Who says this?' roars Cap'n George, ugly as could be.

"'The king, he says it.'

"'The queen, you mean. There ain't no king.'

"'Yes, sir. King and queen now. Mr. Rosy he king. All tribe proud to have witch king.'

"The three looked at each other.

"'Do you mean to say,' says the skipper, choking so he could hardly speak, 'that we've got to take orders from 'im?'

"'Yes, sir. King say you no mind, we make.'

"Well, sir, the language them three used must have been something awful, judging by Jule's tell. But when they vowed they wouldn't move the spears got busy, and out they had to get and into the meanest, dirtiest little hut in the village, one with hardly any sides and great holes in the roof. And there they stayed all night in a pouring rain—the kind of rains you get in them islands.

"The only thing they could agree on was that Rosy was what the skipper called a 'viper' that they'd nourished in their bosoms.

"Next morning 'twas worse than ever. Down comes the Kanaka with his spear gang and routs 'em out and sets 'em to gathering breadfruit all day in the hot sun. And at night 'twas back to the leaky hut again.

"And that wa'n't nothing to what come later. The lives that King Rosy led them three was something awful. 'Twas dig in and work day in and day out. Teunis had to get his majesty's meals, and nothing was ever cooked right. And then the royal army got after the steward with spear handles. Cap'n George had to clean up the palace every day, and Rosy and the queen, who was dead gone on her witch husband and let him do anything he wanted to, stood over him and found fault and punched him with sharp sticks to see him jump. And Julius had to fetch and carry and wait and get on his knees whenever he spoke to the king and be helped up again with a kick, like as not.

"Rosy took back all his own clothes that they'd stole, and then he took theirs for good measure. He made 'em marry the three ugliest old women on the island, his own bride excepted, and when they undertook to use a club or anything he had them licked instead. He wore 'em down to skin and bone. Jule said you wouldn't believe a mortal man could treat his feller creatures so low down and mean, and the meanest part of it was that he always called 'em the names that they used to call him aboard ship.

"For a good six months this went on—just the same length of time that Rosy was aboard the Emily. Then one morning early Julius looks out of one of the holes in the roof of his house, and off on the horizon, heading in, he sees a small steamer, a pleasure yacht 'twas. He lets out a yell that woke up the village and races head first for the Emily's boat that had been rowed around from the other side of the island and laid there with her oars and sail still in her. And behind him comes Van Doozen and Cap'n George.

"Into the boat they piled, while the islanders were getting their eyes open and gasing at the steamer. There wa'n't no time to get up sail, so they grabbed for the oars. She stuck on the sand just a minute, and in that minute down from the palace comes King Rosy, running the way he run from the first wife over at Hello. He leaped over the stern, picked up the other oar, and off they put across the lagoon. The rudder was in its place, and so was the tiller, but they couldn't use 'em then.

"They had a good start, but afore they'd got very far the natives had waked up and were after 'em in canoes.

"'Ere!' screams Cap'n George. 'This won't do! They'll catch us sure. Get sail on to 'er lively! Somebody take that tiller.'

"Rosy, being nearest, took the tiller, and the others got up the sail. Then 'twas nip and tuck with the canoes for the opening of the barrier reef at the other side of the lagoon. But they made it first, and just as they did out from behind the cliff comes the big steam yacht, all white and shining, with sailors in uniform on her decks and awnings flapping and four mighty pretty women leaning over the side. All of the Emily-gang set up a whoop of joy, and 'twas answered from the yacht.

"'Saved!' hollers Cap'n George. 'Saved, by thunder! And now,' says he, knocking his fists together—'now to get square with that four eyed thief in the stern! Come on, boys!'

"Him and Julius and Teunis made a flying leap aft to get at Rosy. But Rosy see 'em coming, jammed the tiller over, and the boom swung across and swept the three overboard pretty as you please.

"There was a scream from the yacht. Rosy give one glance at the women. Then he tossed his arms over his head.

"'Courage, comrades!' he shouts. 'I'll save you or die with you!'

"And overboard he dives, kersplash!

"Julius said him and the skipper could have swum all right if Rosy had give 'em the chance, but he didn't. He knew a trick worth two of that. He grabbed 'em round the necks and kept hauling 'em under and splashing and kicking like a water mill. All hands was pretty well used up when they was pulled aboard the yacht.

"'Oh, you brave man!' says one of the women, stooping over Rosy, who was sprawled on the deck with his eyes shut. 'Oh, you hero!'

"'Are they living?' asks Rosy, faint-like and opening one eye. 'Good! Now I can die content.'

"'Living!' yells George soon 's he could get the salt water out of his mouth. 'Living! By the 'oly Peter! Let me at 'im! I'll show 'im whether I'm living or not!'

"'What ails you, you villain?' says the feller that owned the yacht, a great big Englishman, Lord Somebody-or-other. 'The man saved your lives.'

"'He knocked us overboard!' yells Julius.

"'Yes, and he done it a-purpose!' sputters Van Doozen well as he could for being so waterlogged.

"'Let's kill him!' says all three.

"'Did it on purpose!' says the lord, scornful. 'Likely he'd throw you over and then risk his life to save you. Here!' says he to the mate. 'Take those ungrateful rascals below. Give 'em dry clothes and then set 'em to work—hard work, understand? As for this poor, brave chap, take him to the cabin. I hope he'll pull through,' says he.

"And all the rest of the voyage, which was to Melbourne, Julius and his two chums had to slave and work like common sailors, while Rosy, the hero invalid, was living on beef tea and jelly and champagne and being petted and fanned by the lord's wife and the other women. And 'twas worse toward the end, when he pretended to be feeling better and could sit in a steamer chair on deck and grin and make sarcastic remarks under his breath to George and the other two when they was holystoning or scrubbing in the heat.

"At Melbourne they hung around the wharf, waiting to lick him till the lord had 'em took up for vagrants. When they got out of the lockup they found Rosy had gone. And his lordship had given him money and clothes and I don't know what all.

"Julius said that Rosy's meanness sickened him of the sea; said 'twas time to retire when such reptiles was

"The islanders marched 'em off across country."

afloat. So he come home and married the scrubwoman at the Bay View House. He lived with her till she lost her job. I don't know where he is now."

* * * * * * *

'Twas purty quiet for a few minutes after Jonadab had unloaded this yarn. Everybody was busy trying to swallow his share of the statements in it, I cal'late. Peter T. looked at the cap'n admiring, but reproachful.

"Wixon," says he, "I didn't know 'twas in you. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh," says Jonadab, "I ain't responsible. 'Twas Jule Sparrow that told it to me."

"Humph," says Peter, "I wish you knew his address. I'd like to hire him to write the Old Home ads. I thought my invention was A1, but I'm in the kindergarten. Well, let's go to bed before somebody tries to win the prize from Sparrow."

'Twas after 11 by then; so, as his advice looked good, we followed it.

Cook in Comfort You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives **no outside heat.** All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking — none in outside heating.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is **no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.**

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. One wipe with a cloth cleans it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

A GREAT ORATOR.

Where the "Holler" Was More Impressive Than the Words.

The appeal that a fine flow of oratory will make to men and women was amusingly exemplified one night at a meeting in West Philadelphia, says a Philadelphia paper. A noted speaker was appealing to a gathering to give funds toward the work of cleaning the slums, making life healthy and happy for the poor and other utopian schemes of men and women whose hearts throb with longing to help their kind.

For half an hour he drew pictures of the conditions; then with expressive gestures and his voice throbbing with enthusiasm he poured out a flow of rhetoric.

"Our duty, our flag, our country," dotted the speech with italics. The audience shouted and cheered, and the women wept, while a storm of applause swept the room when the speech was over.

"That's going some, eh?" said one man to another in the cloakroom later.

"Fine sentiments, real feeling—great, great!"

"I'm so deaf," spoke up another, with disappointment in his voice, "that I couldn't hear. What did he say?"

"Say—say!" stammered the others, looking into each other's faces. "Why—he—he—er—hanged if I know!" And to this day they don't know. It was only the "holler" that got them, not the words.

This is, however, what makes the orator.

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What a Heap of Happiness It Would Bring to Moro Homes.

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that Backache pains come from sick kidneys.

'Twould save much needless woe.

Doan's Kidney Pills cures sick kidneys.

Many residents of this vicinity endorse them.

Mrs. J. T. Holman, Main St. Hood River, Or., says: "I suffered from backache and other annoyances arising from disordered kidneys. I tried so many remedies without finding relief, that I did not have much confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills, but I nevertheless procured a box. I received quick relief from their use and was soon cured completely. I have not had the least symptom of kidney trouble since. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing them to be a reliable remedy."

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.

A Change.

"Did you enjoy the visit to the city?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "it was somethin' of a change to see the sign 'Beware of Pickpockets' in the depot instead of 'Look Out For the Locomotive' here at the grade crossin'."—Washington Star.

The Call of The Blood

for purification, finds voice in pimples, boils, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin,—all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills makes rich red blood; gives clear skin, rosy cheeks, fine complexion, health. Try them. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Experienced.

He—The love I have declared for you, my dear, is a perfect love.

She—And will you swear that you have never loved another?

He—Ah, darling, you forget that I just told you that practice makes perfect.

The Demon of the Air

is the germ of la grippe, that, breathed in, brings suffering to thousands. Its after effects are weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the splendid tonic, blood purifier and regulator of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore health and good spirits after an attack of grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50c. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

CASTORIA
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Children Cry
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CASTORIA

A Remarkable Suicide.

One of the most remarkable cases of suicide was that of the king of Faisha, on the west coast of Africa.

The king was attacked by a Mohammedan force, and, finding resistance impossible, he assembled his family and principal officers, and after addressing them and intimating his determination never to accept Mohammedanism and inviting those who did not agree with him to go away he applied a light to a large quantity of gunpowder collected for the purpose and blew into atoms the palace and all who were in it.

Saved From the Grave

"I had about given up hope, after nearly four years of suffering from a severe lung trouble," writes Mrs M L. Dix, of Clarksville, Tenn. "Often the pain in my chest would be almost unbearable and I could not do any work, but Dr King's New Discovery has made me feel like a new person. It's the best medicine for the throat and lungs." Obstinate coughs, stubborn colds, hay fever, la grippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, and hemorrhages, hoarseness and whooping cough, yield quickly to this wonderful medicine. Try it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

Kept Her Promise.

"Billy, dear," said his young wife coaxingly, "tell me the password of your lodge."

"But I pledged myself never to disclose that, Bella."

"You're not disclosing it when you give it to me. You know we have no secrets from each other."

"If I tell you what it is, dear, will you promise sacredly never to repeat it to a living soul?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Well, here it is—Chattybiddybeechittybiddybipsaraparagoolagaritherowkaspecklybexlybim."

True to her word, the young wife never repeated it to anybody.—Chicago Tribune.

The Thermometer.

A thermometer the bulb of which contains mercury will not register under 28 degrees F. below zero—that is to say, mercury will freeze at that point. Of course in this country little practical use is found for thermometers showing more than 28 degrees below zero, but in the arctic and antarctic they are essential. Such instruments, however, contain spirits in the bulbs instead of mercury, but even this fluid becomes sluggish when 40 or 50 degrees below zero is recorded, and it will seldom show 60 degrees below.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Isolated tract). Public Land Sale. No. 4567.
United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, March 21st 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9 30 o'clock a m, on the 3d day of May 1910, at this office, the following tract of land to wit, NE¼SE¼, Section 7, and NW¼SW¼ Section 8, Township 1, S. R. 19 E., W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims or objections on or before the day above designated for sale.

9 m25 s29] C. W. Moore, Register

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 12 May 15 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1 00 pm	0	....Biggs....	12.10 arve
1.15	5.4	...Gibson....	11.45
1.25	7.0	....Sinks....	11.40
1.40	9.8	....Wasco....	11.25
1.55	14.1	..Klondyke..	10.20
2.05	16.1	...Sandon...	11.00
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.20	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.45
2.35	23.9	...DeMoss...	10.30
2.45	27.0	.....Moro.....	10.15
3.00	30.4	..Erskinville..	10.05
3.20	38.5	.Grass Valley.	9.45
3.50	45.8	...Bourbon...	9.25
4.05	52.5	.....Kent.....	9.10
4.20	57.3	....Wilcox....	9.00
5.00 arv	70.0	...Shaniko...	8.30 a m

For rates and information apply to
F. GRABTREE, Agent,
Moro, Or.

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EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.
MORO - - OREGON.

COLONIST RATES to OREGON
And the Great Northwest

The management of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. and Southern Pacific Co. (Oregon Lines) take great pleasure in announcing that the low rates from Eastern cities, which have done so much in the past seasons to stimulate travel to and settlement in Oregon, will prevail again this spring DAILY from March 1 to April 15, inclusive.

People of Oregon

The railroads have done their part; now its up to you. The colonist rate is the greatest of all homebuilders. Do all you can to let eastern people know about it, and encourage them to come here, where land is cheap and homebuilding easy and attractive.

FARES CAN BE PREPAID at home if desired. Any agent of the roads named is authorized to receive the required deposit and telegraph ticket to any point in the east.

REMEMBER THE RATES—from Chicago $33; from St Louis, $32; from Omaha and Kansas City $25. The reduction is proportionate from other cities.

Wm. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.

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