The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... MAY 6, 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 $1.50; 12½ cts a month isn't much. Try it. Order by postal card, and pay for it when you can.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

Tales For a Winter Evening

His Native Heath

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Copyright, 1907, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

I NEVER could quite understand why the folks at Wellmouth made me selectman. Anyway, I was elected unanimous at town meeting, and Peter was mighty anxious for me to take the job.

"Barzilla," says Peter, "I jedge that a selectman is a sort of dwarf aldermun. Now, I've had friends who've been aldermen, and they say it's a sure thing, like shaking with your own dice. If you're straight there's the honor and the advertisement; if you're crooked there's the graft. Either way the house wins. Go in, and glory be with you."

So I finally agreed to serve, and the very first meeting I went to the question of Asaph Blueworthy and the poorhouse comes up. Zoeth Tiddit (he was town clerk) he puts it this way:

"Gentlemen," he says, "we have here the usual application from Asaph Blueworthy for aid from the town. I don't know's there's much use for me to read it—it's tolerable familiar. 'Suffering from lumbago and rheumatiz'—um, yes. 'Out of work'—um, just so. 'Respectfully begs that the board will'—etcetery and so forth. Well, gentlemen, what's your pleasure?"

Darius Gott, he speaks first, and dry and drawling as ever. "Out of work, hey?" says Darius. "Mr. Chairman, I should like to ask if anybody here remembers the time when Ase was in work?"

Nobody did, and Cap'n Benijah Poundberry (he was chairman at that time) he fetches the table a welt with his starboard fist and comes out emphatic.

"Feller members," says he, "I don't know how the rest of you feel, but it's my opinion that this board has done too much for that lazy loafer already."

"He ain't sick, except sick of work. Now, it's my idea that, long 's he's bound to be a pauper, he might 's well be treated as a pauper. Let's send him to the poorhouse."

"But," says I, "he owns his place down there by the shore, don't he?"

All hands laughed—that is, all but Cap'n Benijah. "Own nothing!" says the cap'n. "The whole rat trap, from the keel to main truck, ain't worth more 'n $300, and I loaned his sister Thankful $400 on it years ago, and the mortgage fell due last September. Not a cent of principal, interest nor rent have I got since. Whether he goes to the poorhouse or not, he goes out of that house of mine tomorrer. A man can smite me on one cheek and maybe I'll turn t'other, but when, after I have turned it, he finds fault 'cause my face hurts his hand, then I rise up and quit. You hear me?"

Nobody could help hearing him unless they was deefer than the feller that fell out of the balloon and couldn't hear himself strike, so all hands agreed that sending Asaph Blueworthy to the poorhouse would be a good thing. 'Twould be a lesson to Ase and would give the poorhouse one more excuse for being on earth. Wellmouth 's a fairly prosperous town, and the paupers had died, one after the other, and no new ones had come, until all there was left in the poorhouse was old Betsy Mullen, who was down with creeping palsy, and Deborah Badger, who'd been keeper ever since her husband died.

The poorhouse property was valuable, too, specially for a summer cottage, being out on the end of Robbin's point, away from the town, and having a fine view right across the bay. Zoeth Tiddit was a committee of one with power from the town to sell the place, but he hadn't found a customer yet. And, if he did sell it, what to do with Debby was more or less of a question. She'd kept poorhouse for years and had no other home nor no relations to go to.

Well, we voted to send Asaph to the poorhouse, and then I was appointed a delegate to see him and tell him he'd got to go. I wasn't enthusiastic over the job, but everybody said I was exactly the feller for the place.

"To tell you the truth," drawls Darius, "you, being a stranger, are the only one that Ase couldn't talk over."

So, as there wa'n't no way out of it, I drove down to Asaph's that afternoon. He lived off on a side road by the shore, in a little rundown shanty that was as no account as he was. When I moored my horse to the "heavenly wood" tree by what was left of the fence, I would have bet my sou'wester that I caught a glimpse of Brother Blueworthy peeking round the corner of the house. But when I turned that corner there was nobody in sight.

I knocked on the door, but nobody answered. After knocking three or four times I tried kicking, and the second kick raised from somewheres inside a groan that was as lonesome a sound as ever I heard. No human noise in my experience come within a mile of it for dead, downright misery—unless, maybe, it's Cap'n Jonadab trying to sing in meeting Sundays.

"Who's that?" wails Ase from t'other side of the door. "Did anybody knock?"

"Knock!" says I. "I all but kicked your everlasting derelict out of water. It's me, Wingate—one of the select men. Tumble up, there! I want to talk to you."

Blueworthy didn't exactly tumble, so's to speak, but the door opened, and he comes shuffling and groaning into sight. His face was twisted up, and he had one hand spread fingered on the small of his back.

"Dear, dear!" says he. "I'm dreadful sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Wingate. I've been wrastling with this turrible lumbago, and I'm 'fraid it's affecting my hearing. I'll tell you"—

"Yes? Well, you needn't mind," I says. "'Cording to common tell, you was born with that same kind of lumbago, and it's been getting no better fast ever since. Jest drag your sufferings out on to this bench and come to anchor. I've got considerable to say, and I'm in a hurry."

Well, he grunted and groaned and scuffled along. When he'd got planted on the bench he didn't let up any—kept on with the misery.

"Look here," says I, losing patience, "when you get through with the Job business I'll heave ahead and talk. Don't let me interrupt the lamentations on no account. Finished? All right. Now you listen to me."

And then I told him just how matters stood. You never see a man more surprised or worse cut up. Him to the poorhouse—*him*, one of the oldest families on the Cape? Well, the dignity didn't work, so he commenced on the lumbago, and that didn't work neither. But do you think he give up the ship? Not much! He commenced to explain why he hadn't been able to earn a living and the reasons why he'd ought to have another chance.

I actually pitied him. It seemed a shame that a feller who could argue like that should have to go to the poorhouse. He'd ought to run a summer hotel. Thinks I, "I'm an idiot, but I'll make him one more offer."

So I says: "See here, Mr. Blueworthy, I could use another man in the stable at the Old Home House. If you want the job you can have it, only you'll have to work, and work hard."

Well, sir, would you believe it? His face fell like a cookbook cake. "I'll—I'll consider your offer," he says.

That was too many for me. "Well, I'll be yardarmed!" says I and went off and left him considering. I don't know what his considerations amounted to. All I know is that next day they took him to the poorhouse.

And from now on this yarn has got to be more or less hearsay.

Seems that while I was down notifying Blueworthy Cap'n Poundberry had gone over to the poorhouse to tell the Widow Badger about her new boarder. The widow was glad to hear the news.

"He'll be somebody to talk to, at any rate," says she. "Poor old Betsy Mullen ain't exactly what you'd call company for a sociable body. But I'll mind what you say, Cap'n Benijah. I'll make that lazy man work or know the reason why."

So when Asaph arrived per truck wagon at 3 o'clock the next afternoon Mrs. Badger was ready for him. The minute he landed she sent him out by the barn with orders to chop a couple of cords of oak slabs that was piled there. He groaned and commenced to develop lumbago symptoms, but she cured 'em in a hurry by remarking that her doctor's book said vig'rous exercise was the best physic for that kind of disease and so he must chop hard. She waited till she heard the ax "chunk" once or twice, and then she went into the house, figgering that she'd gained the first lap anyhow.

But in an hour or so it come over her all of a sudden that 'twas awful quiet out by the wood pile. She hurried to the back door, and there was Ase setting on the ground in the shade, his eyes shut and his back against the chopping block and one poor, lonesome slab in front of him with a couple of splinters knocked off it. That was his afternoon's work.

Maybe you think the widow wa'n't mad. She tiptoed out to the wood pile, grabbed her new boarder by the coat collar and shook him till his head played "Johnny Comes Marching Home" against the chopping block.

"You lazy thing, you!" says she, with her eyes snapping. "Wake up and tell me what you mean by sleeping when I told you to work!"

"Sleep!" stutters Asaph, kind of reaching out with his mind for a life preserver. "I—I wa'n't asleep."

"You wa'n't, hey!" says Deborah. "Then 'twas the best imitation ever I see. What was you doing, if 'tain't too personal a question?"

"I—I guess I must have fainted. I'm subject to such spells. You see, ma'am, I ain't been well for"—

"Yes, I know. I understand all about that. Now, you march your boots into that house, where I can keep an eye on you, and help me get supper!"

Blueworthy, he marched, but 'twa'n't as joyful a parade as an Odd Fellers' picnic. He could see he'd made a miscue—a clean miss, and the white ball in the pocket. He knew, too, that a lot depended on his making a good impression the first thing and footed of that he'd gone and "spoiled his approach," as that city feller said last summer when he ran the catboat plump into the end of the pier. Deborah, she went out into the kitchen, but she ordered Ase to stay in the dining room and set the table—told him to get the dishes out of the closet.

All the time he was doing it he kept thinking about the mistake he'd made and wondering if there wa'n't some way to square up and get solid with the widow. If he could only find out something that Deborah Badger was particular interested in, then he believed he could make a ten strike. And all at once down in the corner of the closet he see a big pile of papers and magazines. The one on top was the Banner of Light, and underneath that was the Mysterious Magazine.

Then he remembered all of a sudden the town talk about Debby's believing in mediums and spooks and fortune tellers and such. And he commenced to set up and take notice.

At the supper table he was as mum as a rundown clock—just set in his chair and looked at Mrs. Badger. She got nervous and fidgety after a spell and fin'ly bu'sts out with, "What are you staring at me like that for?"

He didn't answer for a minute, but he looked over her head and then away across the room, as if he was watching something that moved. "Your husband was a short, kind of fleshy man, as I remember, wa'n't he?" says he absedtminded-like.

"Course he was. But what in the world"—

"Twa'n't him, then. I thought not."

"*Him?* My husband? What do you mean?"

And then Asaph begun to put on the fine touches. He leaned acrost the table and says he in a sort of mysterious whisper, "Mrs. Badger," says he, "do you ever see things?"

"Mercy me!" says the widow. "No! Do you?"

"Sometimes seems 's if I did. Jest now as I set here looking at you it seemed as if I saw a man come up and put his hand on your shoulder."

Well, you can imagine Debby. She jumped out of her chair and whirled around like a kitten in a fit. "Good land!" she hollers. "Where? What? Who was it?"

"I don't know who 'twas. His face was covered up, but it kind of come to me—a communication, as you might say—that some day that man was going to marry you."

"Land of love! Marry me? You're crazy! I'm scart to death."

Ase shook his head, more mysterious than ever. "I don't know," says he. "Maybe I am crazy. But I see that same man this afternoon when I was in that trance, and"—

"Trance! Do you mean to tell me you was in a trance out there by the wood pile? Are you a medium?"

Well, Ase, he wouldn't admit that he was a medium exactly, but he give her to understand that there wa'n't many mediums in this country that could do business 'longside of him when he was really working. Course he made believe he didn't want to talk about such things, and, likewise of course, that made Debby all the more anxious to talk about 'em. She found out that her new boarder was subject to trances and had second sight and could draw horoscopes, and I don't know what all. Particular she wanted to know more about that "man" that was going to marry her, but Asaph would not say much about him.

"All I can say is," says Ase, "that he didn't appear to me like a common man. He was sort of familiar looking, and yet there was something distinguished about him, something uncommon, as you might say. But this much comes to me strong: He's a man any woman would be proud to get, and some time he's coming to offer you a good home. You won't have to keep poorhouse all your days."

So the widow went up to her room with what you might call a case of

"Your husband was a short, kind of fleshy man, wa'n't he?"

delightful horrors. She was too scared to sleep and frightened to stay awake. She kept two lamps burning all night.

You can see how things went after that. Blueworthy was star boarder at that poorhouse. Mrs. Badger was too much interested in spooks and fortunes to think of asking him to work, and if she did hint at such a thing he'd have another trance and see that man, and 'twas all off. And we poor fools of selectmen was congratulating ourselves that Ase Blueworthy was doing something toward earning his keep at last. And then—long in July 'twas—Betsy Mullen died.

One evening, just after the Fourth, Deborah and Asaph was in the dining room figgering out fortunes with a pack of cards when there comes a knock at the door. The widow answered it, and there was an old chap dressed in a blue suit and a stunning pretty girl in what these summer women make believe is a sea going rig. And both of 'em was sopping wet through and as miserable as two hens in a rain barrel.

It turned out that the man's name was Lamont, with a colonel's pennant and a million dollar mark on the foretop of it, and the girl was his daughter Mabel. They'd been paying $6 a day each for sea air and clam soup over to the Wattagonsett House in Harniss, and either the soup or the air had affected the colonel's head till he imagined he could sail a boat all by his ownty-donty. Well, he'd sailed one across the bay and got becalmed, and then the tide took him among the shoals at the mouth of Wellmouth crick, and there, owing to a mixup of tide, shoals, dark and an overdose of foolishness, the boat had upset and foundered and the Lamonts had waded half a mile or so to shore. Once on dry land they'd headed up the bluff for the only port in sight, which was the poorhouse, although they didn't know it.

The widow and Asaph made 'em as comfortable as they could, rigged 'em up in dry clothes which had belonged to departed paupers and got 'em something to eat. The Lamonts was what they called "enchanted" with the whole establishment.

"This," said the colonel, with his mouth full of brown bread, "is delightful, really delightful. The New England hospitality that we read about, so free from ostentation and conventionality."

As for Mabel, she was one of them gushy, goo-gooey kind of girls, and she was as struck with the shebang as her dad. She said the house itself was a "perfect dear."

And after supper they paired off and got to talking, the colonel with Mrs. Badger and Asaph with Mabel. Now, I can just imagine how Ase talked to that poor, unsuspecting young female. He sartin did love an audience, and

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

here was one that didn't know him or his history or nothing. He played the sad and mysterious. You could see that he was a blighted bud, all right. He was a man with a hidden sorrer, and the way he'd sigh and change the subject when it come to embarrassing questions was enough to bring tears to a graven image, let alone a romantic girl just out of boarding school.

Then after a spell of this Mabel wanted to be shown the house, so as to see the "sweet, old fashioned rooms." And she wanted papa to see 'em too. So Ase led the way, like the talking man in the dime museum. And the way them Lamonts agonized over every rag mat and corded bedstead was something past belief. When they was saying good night—they had to stay all night because their own clothes wa'n't dry, and those they had on were more picturesque than stylish—Mabel turns to her father and says she:

"Papa, dear," she says, "I believe that at last we've found the very thing we've been looking for."

And the colonel said yes, he guessed they had.

Next morning they was up early and out enjoying the view. It is about the best view along shore, and they had a fit over it. When breakfast was done the Lamonts takes Asaph one side, and the colonel says:

"Mr. Blueworthy," he says, "my daughter and I am very much pleased with the Cape and the Cape people. Some time ago we made up our minds that if we could find the right spot we would build a summer home here. Preferably we wish to purchase a typical, old time colonial homestead and remodel it, retaining, of course, all the original old fashioned flavor. Cost is not so much the consideration as location and the house itself. We are—ahem!—well, frankly, your place here suits us exactly."

"We adore it," says Mabel, emphatic.

"Mr. Blueworthy," goes on the colonel, "will you sell us your home? I am prepared to pay a liberal price."

Poor Asaph was kind of throwed on his beam ends, so's to speak. He hemmed and hawed and finally had to blurt out that he didn't own the place. The Lamonts was astonished. The colonel wanted to know if it belonged to Mrs. Badger.

"Why, no," says Ase. "The fact is—that is to say—you see"—

And just then the widow opened the kitchen window and called to 'em.

"Colonel Lamont," says she, "there's a sailboat beating up the harbor, and I think the folks on it are looking for you."

The colonel excused himself and run off down the hill toward the back side of the point, and Asaph was left alone with the girl. He see, I s'pose, that here was his chance to make the best yarn out of what was bound to come out anyhow in a few minutes. So he fetched a sigh that sounded as if 'twas racking loose the foundations and commenced.

And then he told Mabel that her dad and her had been deceived; that that house wa'n't his nor Mrs. Badger's; 'twas the Wellmouth poor farm, and he was a pauper.

She was shocked all right enough, but afore she had a chance to ask a question he begun to tell her the story of his life. 'Twas a fine chance for him to spread himself, and I cal'late he done it to the skipper's taste.

Well, now, you take the green girl, right fresh from novels and music lessons, and spring that on her! What can you expect? Mabel, she cried and took on dreadful.

"Oh, Mr. Blueworthy," says she, grabbing his hand, "I'm so glad you told me. I'm so glad! Cheer up," she says. "I respect you more than ever, and my father and I will"—

Just then the colonel comes puffing up the hill. He looked as if he'd heard news.

Mabel took her dad's arm and went off down the hill, mopping her pretty eyes with her handkerchief and smiling back every once in awhile through her tears at Asaph.

Now it happened that there was a selectmen's meeting that afternoon at 4 o'clock. I was on hand, and so was Zoeth Tiddit and most of the others. Cap'n Poundberry and Darius Gott

"Your wife?" hollers everybody.

were late. Zoeth was as happy as a clam at high water. He'd sold the poorhouse property that very day to a Colonel Lamont, from Harniss, who wanted it for a summer place.

"And I got the price we set on it, too," says Zoeth. "But that wa'n't the funniest part of it. Seem's old man Lamont and his daughter was very much upset because Debby Badger and Ase Blueworthy would be turned out of house and home 'count of the place being sold. The colonel was hot foot for giving 'em a check for $500 to square things. Said his daughter made him promise he would. Says I: 'You can give it to Debby if you want to, but don't lay a copper on that Blueworthy fraud.' Then I told him the truth about Ase. He couldn't hardly believe it, but I finally convinced him, and he made out the check to Debby. I took it down to her myself just after dinner. Ase was there, and his eyes pretty nigh popped out of his head.

"'Look here,' I says to him; 'if you'd been worth a continental you might have had some of this. As it is, you'll be farmed out somewheres—that's what'll happen to you.'"

And as Zoeth was telling this in comes Cap'n Benijah. He was happy too.

"I cal'late the Lamonts must be buying all the property 'alongshore," he says when he heard the news. "I sold that old shack that I took from Blueworthy to that Lamont girl today for $350. She wouldn't say what she wanted of it, neither, and I didn't care much. I was glad to get rid of it."

"I can tell you what she wanted of it," says somebody behind us. We turned round, and 'twas Gott. He'd come in. "I just met Squire Foster," he says, "and the squire tells me that that Lamont girl come into his office with the bill of sale for the property you sold her and made him deed it right over to Ase Blueworthy as a present from her."

"What?" says all hands, Poundberry loudest of all.

"That's right," said Darius. "She told the squire a long rigamarole about what a martyr Ase was and how her dad was going to do something for him, but that she was going to give him his home back again with her own money. The squire tried to tell her what a no good Ase was, but she froze him quicker'n— Where you going, Cap'n Benijah?"

"I'm going down to that poorhouse!" hollers Poundberry.

We all said we'd go with him, and we went, six in one carryall. As we hove in sight of the poorhouse a buggy drove away from it, going in t'other direction.

"That looks like the Baptist minister's buggy," says Darius. "What on earth's he been down here for?"

Nobody could guess. As we run alongside the poorhouse door Ase Blueworthy stepped out, leading Debby Badger. She was as red as an auction flag.

"By time, Ase Blueworthy," hollers Cap'n Benijah, starting to get out of the carryall, "what do you mean by—Debby, what are you holding that rascal's hand for?"

But Ase cut him short. "Cap'n Poundberry," says he, dignified as a boy with a stiff neck, "I might pass over your remarks to me, but when you address my wife"—

"Your wife?" hollers everybody—everybody but the cap'n. He only sort of gurgled.

"My wife," says Asaph. "When you men—church members, too, some of you—sold the house over her head I'm proud to say that I, having a home once more, was able to step for'ard and ask her to share it with me. We was married a few minutes ago," he says.

"And, oh, Cap'n Poundberry," cried Debby, looking as if this was the most wonderful part of it—"oh, Cap'n Poundberry," she says, "we've known for a long time that some man—an uncommon kind of man—was coming to offer me a home some day, but even Asaph didn't know 'twas himself. Did you, Asaph?"

We selectmen talked the thing over going home, but Cap'n Benijah didn't speak till we was turning in at his gate. Then he fetched his knee a thump with his fist and says he in the most disgusted tone ever I heard:

"A house and lot for nothing," he says, "a wife to do the work for him and $500 to spend! Sometimes the way this world's run gives me moral indigestion."

NEW THEORIES OF SLEEP.

Professor Wenley Says Blood Goes to the Brain and Extremities.

An outline of the results of experiments that have been conducted in the University of Michigan with the object of solving the mysteries of sleep was recently made public by Professor R. M. Wenley.

According to his statement, one long accepted theory is overturned. It has been accepted as a fact that the loss of consciousness was due to a lessened flow of blood to the brain. Professor Wenley says his experiments show that the size or volume of the brain increases when the individual goes to sleep and decreases when he awakens, and the same is true of the hands and feet. It was noted that in some cases the brain became smaller at first and then increased as sleep became deeper.

One of the delicate devices used recorded a "breathing wave" from the brain and hands and feet. The fall of circulation corresponded very closely to an inspiration and rise to an expiration.

OPERA BY WIRELESS.

Guests of a Telephone Inventor Enjoy an Unusual Experience.

Opera by wireless telephone was heard at the Coliseum in Chicago the other night during the electrical show. A small party of electrical men, guests of Frederick Collins, the inventor, heard the first act of "Il Trovatore", as presented at the Great Northern and later some of the numbers on the program of the Boston Opera company at the Auditorium.

A representative of Mr. Collins had placed a portable transmission on the two stages, and every one in the little party at the Coliseum distinctly heard the voices of the singers, both in ensemble and in solos. Mr. Collins asserted that without the interference of the maze of metallic wires and braces in the electrical show the success of the test would have been even more satisfactory.

Alabama's Capitals.

When Alabama was a territory its capital was at St. Stephens, in Washington county. The convention that framed the constitution under which it was admitted into the Union was held in Huntsville, where the first legislature met in October, 1819, and the first governor was inaugurated. Cahaba became the seat of government in 1820. In 1825 the capital was removed to Tuscaloosa, and in 1846 it was again removed, this time to Montgomery.

Didn't Want to See Much.

"What are you wearing that monocle for?" asked the theatrical manager. "You paid to see the show?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "but I can see all I want of this show with the monocle."—Yonkers Statesman.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

TO KEEP BOYS ON THE FARM.

Novel Experiment to Improve Country Life in Virginia.

With the co-operation of the United States department of agriculture, Superintendent of Public Instruction J. D. Eggleston, Jr., recently launched the first practical movement looking to the end advocated by writers and speakers during the last few years of keeping the Virginia boys on the farms of the commonwealth.

Mr. Eggleston's plan, which he communicated to twenty division school superintendents, contemplates the selection of two to six boys from each of two to ten schools in each county. These boys are to be given the use of an acre of land by parents, are to be aided by the government demonstrators and are to receive instruction from their teachers. It is suggested that after the crop is gathered exhibits or fairs be held in each county and prizes offered for the best showing. Corn growing alone is contemplated this year.

The plan is briefly as follows:

The boys, who must be regular attendants in the public schools, are to be chosen by the superintendents. Each boy selected shall have on his home place one acre of land. On this acre, which is not to be the best acre nor the worst, but an average one, the boy is to raise a crop of corn under the definite instruction of the government demonstrator, assisted by the teacher. He is to bind himself to follow carefully the instructions laid down by the demonstration agents through their circulars and bulletins.

The superintendents are instructed to select not less than two nor more than ten schools in the county, preferably of the consolidated type, in which to begin. The work is not to be attempted at any school where the teacher cannot or will not take hold of it with sympathy and determination. In each of the schools there are to be selected from two to six boys who are willing to take up the work during the year.

No boy is to be chosen whose parent or guardian will not permit him to have the acre of land, either free or rented at a reasonable rent by the boy, to cultivate as directed and to own all the products of his labor when the crop is gathered.

Wind Velocity.

The majority of people are unable to determine the wind's velocity. When the smoke from a chimney moves in a straight, vertical column, it means that a one to two miles an hour breeze is blowing. A three miles an hour wind will just stir the leaves on the trees. Twenty-five miles an hour will sway the trunks; at forty the small branches will break, and it takes a mile a minute gale to snap the trunks of big trees.—London Answers.

Advice.

"Nobody listens to advice."

"You're wrong. One fellow always does."

"Who's that?"

"The fellow who's giving it."—Cleveland Leader.

A Regular Tom Boy

was Susie—climbing trees and fences, jumping ditches, whittling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Bucklen's Arnica Save and cured her quick. Heals everything healable—boils, ulcers, eczema, old sores, corns or piles. Try it. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

How to Lie When Sleeping.

The correct posture for sleep is to lie on the right side with the limbs stretched out to their full length and the arms either straight down by the body or in any comfortable position, provided they are not raised above the head. The mouth should be closed, and all the muscles of the body should be relaxed.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

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.

Sounds Right.

Willie—Pa, what are false eyes made of?

Pa—Glass.

Willie—But what kind of glass?

Pa—Oh—er—looking glass, I suppose. Now run off to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

A Man Wants to Die

only when a lazy liver and sluggish bowels cause frightful despondency. But Dr. King's New Life Pills expel poisons from the system; brings hope and courage; cures all liver, stomach and kidney troubles; imparts health and vigor to the weak, nervous and ailing. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Bobbed Up.

"See what our ship news man says about the late Captain Tepnotcher?" queried the editor.

"What was it?" said the reporter.

"Why, he says the captain chose the sea for his life work and began at the bottom."—Exchange.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE PLANET VENUS.

Night Eternal Reigns Over One-half of Her Globe.

To have the same hemisphere exposed everlastingly to sunlight while the other is in perpetuity turned away must cause a state of things of which we can form but faint conception from what we know on earth. Baked for aeons without letup and still baking, the sunward face must if unshielded be a Tophet surpassing our powers adequately to portray. And unshielded it must be, as we shall presently see. Reversely the other must be a hyperborean expanse to which our polar regions are temperate abodes, for upon one whole hemisphere of Venus the sun never shines, never so much as peeps above the star studded horizon. Night eternal reigns over half of her globe. The thought would appall the most intrepid of our arctic explorers and prevent at least everybody from going to the pole, or, rather, what here replaces it, "through the dark continent." It exemplifies the eventual effects of a force in astronomical mechanics the importance of which is only beginning to be appreciated, tidal friction. It has brought Venus as a world to the deathly pass we have contemplated together. Starting merely as a brake upon her rotation, it has ended by destroying all those physical conditions which enable our own world to be what it is. Night and day, summer and winter, heat and cold, are vital vicissitudes unknown now upon our sister orb. There nothing changes while the centuries pass. An eternity of deadly deathlessness is Venus' statuesque lot.—Dr. Percival Lowell.

Lion Fondles a Child.

In Pittsburg a savage lion fondled the hand that a child thrust into his cage. Danger to a child is sometimes great when least regarded. Often it comes through coughs, croup, whooping cough. They slay thousands that Dr King's New Discovery could have saved. "A few doses cured our baby of a very bad case of croup," writes Mrs. George B Davis, of Flat Rock, N. C. "We always give it to him when he takes cold. Its a wonderful medicine for babies." Best for coughs, colds, la grippe, asthma, hemorrhages, weak lungs. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

English Etchings.

Baron was formerly the only title in the peerage.

Each of the British Dreadnoughts has a hospital with a capacity for sixty patients.

Before a sailor in the English navy can be put in a cell or sent to prison he must be reported medically fit to undergo the punishment.

A domestic servant in England may be dismissed without notice for (1) absence without leave, (2) utter incompetence, (3) willful disobedience to reasonable orders or (4) gross misconduct.

An Ideal Husband

is patient, even with a nagging wife, for he knows she needs help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters, the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, backache and weak kidneys have used them and become healthy and happy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Delayed by Bugs	Time table No 12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbound passenger daily
1 00 pm	.0	....Biggs....	12.10 arve
1.15	5.4	...Gibsons....	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. CRABTREE, Agent,
Moro, Or.

HOTEL DALLES
Opened December 1st 1909.
HEAD QUARTERS FOR SHERMAN COUNTY PEOPLE.
We solicit your patronage. Assure you most courteous treatment at reasonable rates.
N. K. CLARK, Manager.

NEW HOTEL PERKINS
Portland, Oregon.
Opened June, 1908.
Eastern Oregon Headquarters.
Positively most centrally located Fifth St. cars pass the doors every few minutes
Attractive Cafe and Grill Music
European Plan. Rates $1.00 and up
L. Q. SWETLAND. Secy. and Mgr.

MORO'S BARBER SHOP
Porcelain Bath Tubs.
Everything First Class and Up to date.
Agent for the Best Steam Laundry
Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office
EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.
MORO - - OREGON.

ORDERING SUPPLIES by TELEPHONE

The retail merchant's telephone serves not only as a salesman, but also as a purchasing agent.

When a merchant finds that he is going to run out of a line of goods, he can call up the wholesaler or factory and not only order a new stock, but come to an agreement on price and time of delivery.

The unexpected needs of his customers can be met with the least possible delay.

If the merchant cannot fine what he wants in town, the Long Distance Service of the Bell System brings him into immediate communication with other cities and other markets.

Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER
The Paper that Prints the News of Sherman County and Delivers You the Goods Every week for only $1.50 a year. Get Wise, Take The Paper.