The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY....., MAY 20, 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.

THE KISS.

How It Made a Man's Fortune and What Followed.

By THEODORE BROWN.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Three students were walking on the ramparts of Copenhagen. Two of them were wealthy noblemen. The third was a young man of promise, but with no fortune, a necessary adjunct in old countries for assisting one to a career. The commoner was telling his friends of his desire to make something of himself and his inability to do so with no means at his command.

"I must go abroad," he said, "see other countries, mingle with other people. Here we are all frozen up like a glacier and move just about as fast."

"And what will you be if you go away?" asked one of his companions.

"I don't know. I shall at least have an opportunity for development."

The two noblemen were more interested in a lady sitting at a window on the other side of the street bordering the ramparts doing some kind of embroidery than in the aspirations of their companion. If they desired a career there were plenty of avenues open to them by virtue of their rank, but their desire was rather to partake of the sweets of life attainable by means of their fortunes. It was not remarkable that their eyes should be on the lady at the window, for she was young and comely. She had withal an interesting face, bespeaking a kindly nature, and modesty was stamped on every feature.

"Poul," said one of his friends, "do you see that Madonna face over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you will get a kiss from those red lips we will defray the expenses of this foreign tour you are so anxious to make."

"Do you mean that?" asked Poul.

Both his friends agreed that if he could get the kiss—willingly, not by

"I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT YOUNG AND ENTHUSIASTIC FACE."

force or trickery—they would furnish the required means.

Poul looked long and earnestly at the lovely face, then suddenly started for the house in which the girl sat. The window was on the ground floor, and the two friends saw him go and stand before it, hat in hand. The girl raised the sash and the young men saw that Poul was telling her of their offer with its provision, for she looked up at them while he spoke. Then she drew him toward the window and gave him a kiss.

The noblemen kept their word, and the commoner went abroad.

It was some years after this incident that a distinguished army officer was recalled by the king from a distant station to Stockholm to receive the appointment of adjutant general, which meant chief of staff, or, in other words, commander in chief of the army.

General Lovenorn was the recipient of a great deal of attention. He was unmarried and many a young girl of Copenhagen set her cap for him, for he was a bachelor and in his prime, being not yet forty years old. Even daughters of noblemen were "thrown at his head," but he would have none of them. One day while riding on horseback, with a couple of orderlies behind him, he passed a lady in a carriage who especially attracted his favorable attention. She was at an age just before women usually pass from youth to middle age.

General Lovenorn returned to his quarters to dream of the lady who had thus impressed him. Courted though he was, a trusted servant of the king, admired for his ability and courage, yet there was a void in his heart that needs to be filled in the heart of every man and every woman. For the first time in his life he had seen one whom he thought capable of filling that void.

The next day he rode over the ground he had traversed before and at the same hour, hoping that he might again meet her. But he was disappointed. He would have sought her out, but there was no distinguishing mark by which he could describe her. In vain he looked for her in the gay throngs of young people in the parks, at the theaters, at balls. Months passed, during which he treasured a vision he had seen but once. Instead of diminishing, his monomania, as he called it, increased. Beautiful women, not knowing of his predisposition, continued to try to charm him, but he listened to what they said without hearing and to their efforts gave no response.

Finally at a social meeting of a scientific association while strolling with a lady on his arm he came face to face with the subject of his dreams. He would have left his companion to follow the unknown had that been admissible, but since it was not he was obliged to content himself by asking who she was. He learned that her name was Ingeborg Vinding; that she was not known in society, her family not being noble; that she had a fine mind, but, owing to a retiring disposition, did not assume that prominence to which her endowments entitled her.

General Lovenorn as soon as he was free from attendance upon the lady who gave him this information lost no time in securing an introduction to Ingeborg Vinding. He passed the rest of the evening with her and received permission to call upon her.

There was curiosity on the part of several women who had each set her cap for General Lovenorn when he was conspicuous for his absence from the next notable social function. When two or three of such affairs had passed without his being present curiosity had grown into alarm. When it finally began to be whispered that the general was devoting himself to a lady to whom royalty had not given a ticket to the court circle alarm gave way to consternation. When he was seen at the opera with the lady who had unconsciously occasioned this disquietude necks were craned and lorgnettes were leveled at the couple from the circle where sat the aristocracy of Copenhagen.

General Lovenorn asked Ingeborg Vinding to be his wife. The manner with which she received his declaration was a puzzle to him. There was not that heartiness in her reply which he had hoped for. He felt toward her a certainty of his own feelings which did not meet with a response. He knew that she was the only woman he had ever wished to marry and was disappointed that she should have doubts as to her wish to marry him.

"I must ask for time," she said, "in which to consider so important a decision."

Days passed, during which the wooer's fate hung in the balance. At last she sent for him.

"There is but one thing," she said, "that separates me from you. Years ago, when I was in the first freshness of youth, I met a young man to whom I gave my heart. He did not enter into my life. Our acquaintance was the briefest, but from that day to this the dream of a young girl has been with me. I have not seen him for years. I may never see him again. It was the part of a girl just coming to womanhood so suddenly and uninvited to surrender to a man; but, having done so, I have never since been able to break the bonds that have held me to him. I will not deceive you. It would be dishonorable in me to marry you with this dream still in my heart."

"Your keen sense of honor only makes me more desirous of possessing you. I have heard of cases where a young girl has given her heart in that way, and there are such cases among men. I, too, once met a girl of whom I dreamed till I met you. Now that dream has vanished before mature love."

"That is the difference between the loves of the sexes," she replied, smiling. "A woman's love is more enduring."

"These heart flushes of youth, I admit, are refreshing. Would you mind telling me about this young lover who caught your young fancy so suddenly and has held it so long?"

"When I was very young," she said, "we lived in a house close beside the ramparts. One day while I was sitting by a window a young man I had never seen before tapped upon the pane. I raised the sash and listened to what he said. Pointing to two young men on the ramparts, he told me that they would furnish him with the means to enable him to make a mark in the world if I would give him a kiss."

She paused a moment, then continued:

"I shall never forget that young and enthusiastic face, full of eagerness; the intellectual cast of head, the"—

"You have forgotten!" exclaimed the general, starting up. "It is I who have been true to my dream. Yours has passed into mockery. It is the man who is true, the woman who worships a fancy that has faded."

"You are"—

"The man you kissed. Thank heaven, who has guided me to you, to thank you for that favor. To it, to you, is due all that I am today. Without it I should have remained here, thankful for an occasional crumb dropped by some patronizing noble. By it I have received the confidence of a king."

He was standing when he said this, and she, too, arose, peering into his face as if to recall an image she had long held in memory.

"Yes," she said presently, "it is the head, but the features are much changed. I did not recognize in the man of today the youth of yesterday. But I, too, have changed. After all your boasted constancy you have not recognized me."

The next day it was announced that General Poul Vendelbo Lovenorn was to marry Ingeborg Vinding, and the wedding ceremonies were graced by the presence of the king and queen.

Society at the capital from that day welcomed the wife of the distinguished general. The story is often repeated in Denmark, though different versions of it are given. But in the matter of Poul Lovenorn getting the kiss and attaining by it his marked success all versions agree.

Melancholia.

One peculiarity of melancholia is that the victim of it actually enjoys the despondency and often doesn't want to be cured.

A Tea Test.

To test tea burn a small quantity on a metal plate. With good tea the amount of ash remaining is small, increasing in quantity as the quality of the samples tested deteriorates.

The Early Telegraph.

The earliest telegraph records were four or five words a minute.

Baha Oranges.

Travelers and connoisseurs who have tasted all the fruits of the world are of one voice and rapt opinion in pronouncing the oranges of Baha, Brazil, the king of all fruits.

THE WOOING OF A MAN FROM TEXAS.

Wiles of Cupid Supplemented by a New York Policeman.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

It was only a cheap downtown restaurant that reeked with the odors of cabbage and onions and boiled dinners, and the cashier's desk itself was an affair of a secondhand auction house, but the girl behind it had the air of a duchess extending her hand to be kissed. When the red faced proprietor scolded her she listened indifferently or with the slightest upcurl of her lip, and when he tried to be jocose or to make love her manner was just the same. Many times he had threatened to discharge her or to marry her offhand, but before her superbly indifferent eyes the words had died in his throat, and he had apologized and scowled and grumbled in the same breath. She was good at figures, was absolutely trustworthy, was a draw to trade, and these attributes were valuable to a man who could neither read nor combine figures himself. Besides, his hold upon her father was sufficient to make her marry him whenever he wished. So, whatever his determination in secret, in her presence he quailed and waited.

In the cashier's desk was a book on etiquette which bore the marks of much study, and with it were several novels of the old school type, where the heroines were proudly indifferent or sentimentally silly. These books had molded the aesthetic side of Big Kate's life, as had her determined attendance at night schools.

Suitors Big Kate had had in plenty, though her home life was in a cellar, with the perpetual steam of her mother's washtubs and the smoke of her father's pipe stifling the atmosphere and with the scolding of the one and the utter shiftlessness of the other stirring her to early and abnormal activity. Big Kate's beauty was of an unusual and stately type for such environment, and her very indifference made her seem more desirable. To not one of the suitors had she shown kindness, however, and least of all to Red Pete, the restaurant owner, to whom it was an open secret that her father had promised her in return for unlimited and perpetual whisky. The girl herself was aware of the promise and that two years of it had been paid when she entered upon her duties at the restaurant.

As customers came in her eyes gave them a single glance, and if by rare chance one of them was of the world described in the novels her eyes followed him down the restaurant to one of the oilcloth covered tables and watched him more or less attentively through the meal. In her secret heart—her aesthetic heart—she had determined to marry a hero if she ever married at all—not a back alley fighting hero, but one of the novel class—a man who had never smelled soapsuds and boiling cabbage in all his life and who had been able to ride in carriages without thought of expense. A few such men had come into the restaurant

A MAN CAME IN WHO CHALLENGED HER ATTENTION.

in the two years, but the ones she approved of had scarcely noticed her, while those who paused at the desk with bold admiration had been sent on their way by a single inquiring glance of her cold eyes.

Then one day a man came in who challenged her attention at the very start, he was so big and strong and friendly looking. But his trousers were thrown negligently into long, unblacked boots, and he wore a wide brimmed hat, which flapped as he walked, and there was a huge belt about his waist and a bright handkerchief knotted carelessly about his throat. As her eyes took in these damaging facts they returned to the book of etiquette which lay open among her businesslike pile of coins.

But a moment later their corners saw something that made them lift again and look straight down the restaurant. Two young girls were seated at one of the tables, and a flashily dressed youth had taken a chair and pushed it directly between them, to their evident annoyance. The newcomer's comprehensive glance seemed to take in everything in the room, and this situation among the rest. As he passed the girls one hand removed the broad brimmed hat, while the other dropped upon the youth's shoulder and lifted him with a strong, easy motion high into the air. In that position the youth was carried two tables down and dropped into another chair with the remark, plainly audible through the room: "There, sonny; that's the cheer ye'd ought to 'a' took. Now, don't git flustered an' cry, but eat your mush an' molasses like a nice little boy should an' then run out an' play. I'll take this next chair, an' we'll be a little family sasherbile, you an' me."

Involuntarily Big Kate smiled her warm approval of the act, and the stranger, whose glance was again roving about the room, caught the smile direct. Instantly he rose to his feet and came straight to her, his face full of responsive interest.

"Thank ye for that smile, miss," he said frankly. "It's the first real friendly look I've had since I left Texas. This city seems to be mostly on a stampede, with nobody to round up. Don't it seem that way to ye?"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely. "I've never thought about it that way. But, then, you see, I've never been out of the city in my life."

"Never been out the city!" in amazement. "Good Lord! An' I've never been in one like this before. Say, what do folks do here for amusement—grass fed country folks, I mean? Ye see, I only come in last night with a bunch of cattle, an' I've got to stay here a whole week to end up the sale. What'll I do evenin's an' off times?"

"Why, there is the bridge," doubtfully, "and trolley rides. Strangers do them, I believe. Then there are the theaters."

"That's so," with jubilant relief in his voice. "I've heared 'bout the New York theayters. Of course I must see them. But I'm feared I'll be like the bull in the china shop that I've read of if I try to do the thing alone. I don't s'pose ye'd be—be willin' to sort of start me this first evenin'? Ye see, I've never been in a theayter in all my life. Of course, I know it ain't the real proper way"—hurriedly. "There should be introducin's an' time to git acquainted an' all that, but I don't know a single man in all New York. Down to Texas we don't stand much on ceremony like ye do in a city, but I could put up a stake or—or a margin with a policeman or somebody to show I mean square an' am well heeled. Will ye go?"

Big Kate considered. At first her eyes had returned to her book of etiquette, then after a little had gone up to the frank, boyish face looking down at her. It was an open, manly face, with straight, honest eyes.

"Yes, I will be glad to go," she answered. "You may call for me a little before 8 at"—she was about to say the restaurant, but substituted instead, with a direct look at him—"the cellar below the Chinese laundry on the corner. My people live in a cellar."

The next morning the Texan came into the restaurant for his breakfast and stopped at the cashier's desk longer than was necessary on his way out, and the same at dinner and at supper. At supper he remained long enough at the desk to obtain Big Kate's consent to go with him again to the theater.

The third evening when he stopped at the desk with his supper check Red Pete appeared.

"Look-a-here, Mr. Cowboy," he blustered, "we don't want any more o' this. I'm willin' for the men to talk with Big Kate, for it draws trade, but it mustn't go too fur. I don't want any more theater goin'. She's my promised wife."

The Texan flashed a quick look at the cashier. She smiled calmly.

"It's the old man's promise, Red Pete," she said serenely, "not mine. Yes," to the Texan, "I'll go with you. I thought the cellar would make some difference. I'm glad it don't."

Red Pete broke into a torrent of oaths, stamping his feet.

"If he does go with ye, it'll be clubs for him. I've got good friends on the street."

When he went out the Texan saw a policeman a few doors away. Obeying a sudden impulse, he went to him. This was unfamiliar ground, and it might be well to play the game shrewdly.

"Hello, pardner!" he began affably. "Reckon you've got a toler'ble broken range on this street. Plenty o' stampedin' an' buckin', ain't they?"

"It's a little rough, if that's what you mean," replied the officer doubtfully.

"I s'posed so from the way things boil. Well, if ye ever want quiet come down to Texas, an' if ye ever come near the XXX ranch ask for Many Horse Charlie—that's me. I'll put the world up to ye right. Money's easy down there. Here, drop this into your pocket," transferring a note that made the officer's eyes glisten. "I don't reckon the city pays more 'n half what ye earn, an' it's a duty for the people to make up the rest. Well, so long."

The officer's eyes followed him gratefully.

"That's a gentleman," he soliloquized as he carefully folded the note and put it away into a place of safety. "If he ever needs a friend I hope I may be near."

The next day was a busy one, for the Texan was closing out his herd and the deal would take him until late in the evening, but he made time for a few minutes' run into the restaurant.

"I won't be able to git round for the theayter tonight, Katie," he said as he leaned over the desk, "but it won't matter so much now, after what we talked over last night. It seems a good deal o' hurry, don't it? But the

"NOW, YOU TWO SCUD UP THAT SIDE STREET."

herd 'll be closed out today, an' I must be gittin' back to the ranch. There's a thousand horses needin' my 'tention right now. The wust is hurryin' you so. But after what ye said 'bout—'bout the house folks I thought mebbe ye wouldn't mind much. I'll find a nice down there—house an' fixin's an' all—an' I'll try to make it up to ye for havin' to take all on—on trust."

Big Kate lifted her eyes toward him. The etiquette book and the novels were on the desk, covered with a lot of papers. She had not looked at them for two days. There was a new expression on her face.

"I'm not taking a thing on trust, Charlie—not a single thing," she declared. "It's all in your face plain and in your eyes. I know every word you've said is perfectly true. It seems strange though. I've often thought about marrying, but the man never looked the least bit like you, and now," a soft flush stealing over her face, "it don't seem as if I could want to marry a man who looked any different, boots or hat or—or anything."

"Thank ye, Katie. An' now there's another thing," lowering his voice. "Your folks ain't done what they ought by ye, but they're your folks just the same. Now, I want ye to take this," slipping a roll of money into her hand, "an' spend it on 'em in any way ye think best. No," at the look in her face, "ye mustn't feel put out or—or mortified. 'Tain't nothin' to what ye're doin' for me—takin' everything on trust. An', besides, ye'll be my wife tomorrow, when it'll be all right for ye to take anything. Why not a few hours sooner, when ye can lay it out on 'em yourself an' see it's done like ye want? There, that's right," as she slipped the money into her dress with heightened color, but trustful eyes. "Now I'd better be goin'. Red Pete's tearin' this way fit to kill, an' I don't want to start a row today. Remember, tomorrow at noon. I'll have a license, an' we'll find a preacher somewhere. Goodby."

He bent over suddenly and pressed a kiss upon her forehead. As he did so there came a wild bellow of rage from Red Pete. The Texan dodged through the door, laughing, followed by a choking: "Don't ye ever come in here ag'in! Don't ye ever dare!"

The following noon Red Pete was waiting for him. He had been waiting all day. As the Texan appeared he sprang forward savagely.

"Get out o' here!" he yelled. "If ye don't I'll have ye 'rested. I'll set the whole street on ye. They're all my friends."

"Come, Katie," said the Texan quietly.

As she stepped from behind the desk Red Pete rushed to the door.

"Police! Police!" he shouted.

A policeman was standing on the corner, and he responded quickly. He took in the situation at a glance.

"I want ye to 'rest this man," stormed Pete. "this cowpuncher. He's tryin' to run off with my cashier. I s'pect he's been stealin'—I s'pect both of 'em have. I want him 'rested."

"All right," assented the policeman. "That's a pretty serious charge. I guess you'd better come with me, my man," dropping his hand heavily upon the Texan's shoulder.

"That's the way," approved Red Pete. "Don't ye let him git off now, officer. Big Kate, ye git behind your desk, an' don't let me see ye speakin' to another man in a month."

"Hold on!" interposed the officer. "The girl will have to come with me too. You included her in the charge."

"But I didn't mean"—

"Too late for that now. I will have to arrest both. If the girl's innocent she will get off."

"Well," doubtfully, "if ye say so. But, remember, I'll go bail. Send her back soon's ye can. I'd go along if I could leave the business, but I can't."

"Of course not," agreed the policeman. "I'll attend to it all right. Now come along, you two."

He grasped the prisoners roughly. Big Kate looked frightened. The Texan after one look into the officer's face went along quietly.

At the corner the policeman stopped.

"Now, you two scud up that side street," he ordered. "A parson lives the second door from the next corner. Get it over soon's you can and then jump on a trolley and be off. Red Pete's got friends on this street, and they're a hard crowd. He could make you trouble. Hurry now, and good luck to you!"

THE FACE OF A CHILD.

There is so much of good in the worst of us
And so much of bad in the best of us
That it scarcely behooves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Whoever wrote the above lines, assuredly there is in them more of truth than of poetry.

The other night a burglar, masked and armed with a revolver and a "jimmy," entered the home of Adolph Hubert of Rogers Park, Ill.

He held up Hubert and his wife in their bed at the muzzle of his weapon and got $5, all the money in sight.

The burglar started to back away when he caught sight of little Marie Hubert, aged four years, asleep in her crib.

What was it?

Did he have children at home, or was it some tender resolution?

Anyway, this burglar who a few moments before was a desperado went over to the crib and looked a long time down in the face of the sweetly sleeping child.

Then he went back to the bedside of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert, handed over the $5 he had taken, dug up a quarter besides and said:

"This is my change, and I haven't got a whole lot either. I need it, but I'm going to leave it for the little kid."

His voice grew husky.

"Just hand her this quarter when she wakes up, will you? She's all right."

Then he went away.

What is there in the old book about babes "stilling the avenger?" And it says "a little child shall lead them."

There was a good spot in the burglar, and the face of the child caused invisible fingers to touch that spot.

Dickens, you remember, says there is a way to every heart, though it may be up a winding stair.

Who knows what a crisis in the life of that man may have been made by the little one there sleeping the breathless slumber of childhood?

Anyway—

It doesn't behoove the best of us to talk about the rest of us.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FOLLOWING THE BAND.

Pageantry Appeals to the Negro's Tropical Imagination.

Once upon a time a Philadelphia lawyer came south. He had a pair of big spectacles, an inquisitive mind, and he wanted to know, says Harris Dickson in Success Magazine. With his southern friend he was hurrying to the courthouse. A negro parade blocked the street—negroes in carriages, on horseback, on foot; negroes with swords and axes, stumpy negroes with Masonic banners, lean negroes with Pythian devices, fat negroes with Odd Fellows' insignia, miscellaneous negroes with miscellaneous emblems.

The Philadelphian pushed through the crowd and ran back in great excitement. "What's it all about? What are they doing?"

The southerner couldn't explain, but beckoned to a very intelligent young negro—who, by the way, was a prominent politician—and asked, "Tom, what's the occasion for all this parade?"

The young negro laughed. "Now, Jedge, you ought to know dat a nigger don't need no 'casion for a parade."

Tom had spoken a mouthful. Pageantry appeals to the negro's tropical imagination. Churches and lodges furnish most of the social life that he knows. He does not ask why the brass band is playing. He keeps step with the fellow that beats the drum and is happy.

In the Soup.

And still the cost of living
Gets higher every day.
And the ultimate consumer
Is in the consomme.
—Kansas City Times.

Defined.

"What is a grafter?"

"One of the other party who gets what one of your party wants."—Harper's Weekly.

Gumdrops.

Little drops of sirup
Jellied into gum
Fed to arctic natives
Keep us guessing some.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

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.

THE CABINET LEAK.

Daniel Webster Was Not Long In Discovering Its Source.

Once years ago, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state, there was an important foreign matter up for discussion before the cabinet, and the utmost secrecy was of course maintained, but the whole thing was blazoned about in a few hours after the cabinet meeting. So the president hastily sent for his cabinet to talk over this leak. Each man had a different idea of it.

Finally Mr. Webster arose, saying, "You, gentlemen, go on with your discussion, and I'll be back in a minute." In a few minutes he returned and repeated every word that had been spoken in the room in his absence. He explained that if by standing close to the door outside the cabinet room you held your ear to it you could not distinguish one intelligible word, but if moving back from the door and a little to one side upon a certain spot in the carpet you kept an attentive ear every word could be plainly heard as though whispered. Some enterprising eavesdropper had been experimenting with the door and had found that upon that exact spot there was some acoustic property of the door or room that conveyed the sound in perfect entirety.

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.

EDISON'S
MOVING PICTURE SHOW
MORO, OREGON,
Complete Change of Program
Thursday and Saturday Evenings

Friday Evening Program.

LOCAL VIEWS
By W. A. Raymond.
DRAMA
"Way of Man."
A DRAMA
"Hector, the Angel Child."
A DRAMA
"Honey Industry in France."
ILLUSTRATED SONG
"Won't You Come Over to My House?"

Three Shows For 10 Cents

Saturday Evening Program

LOCAL VIEWS
By W. A. Raymond.
COMEDY
"Batchelor's Love Affair."
A DRAMA
"Christian Martyrs."
ILLUSTRATED SONG
"Come Take a Swim in My Ocean."

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

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Good Roads Meetings.

A special representative of the United States Department of Agriculture, Dr. Maurice J. Eldridge, of Washington, D. C., the best known authority on good roads in this country, will speak on that subject at the following points on the dates named:

	May.
Baker city	16th
Enterprise	18th
LaGrande	19th
Heppner	20th
Pendleton	21st
Condon	23d
Moro	24th
The Dalles	25th
Hood River	26th
Dallas, Polk county	27th
Portland	28th
McMinnville	30th
Forest Grove	31st
	June 1st
Oregon city	" 2d
Salem	" 3d
Albany	" 4th
Corvallis	" 6th
Eugene	" 7th
Roseburg	" 8th
Grants Pass	" 9th
Medford	" 10th
Ashland	

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.

The Code of Hammurabi.

The so called "code of Hammurabi" was brought to light during the excavations on the site of Babylon and is looked upon as being one of the very oldest if not the oldest of all known records. It is believed to be at least 1,000 years older than the Mosaic law. King Hammurabi reigned over Babylon about the year 2300 B. C., and the laws he inscribed on the clay tablets for the most part no doubt long antedate that time. The Mosaic law is supposed to have been given to Israel about 1200 B. C., and it would appear, therefore, that the Hammurabi code has the much greater antiquity.—New York American.

Witness My Hand.

In the early days only a few scholars knew how to write. It was then customary to sign a document by smearing the hand with ink and impressing it upon the paper, accompanied by the words, "Witness my hand." Afterward the seal was introduced as a substitute for the hand mark and was used with the words above quoted, the two forming the signature. This is the origin of the expression as used in modern documents.

THE ONLY WAY

Many More Citizens Have Discovered It.

Just what to do when the kidneys are affected, is a question that concerns both young and old.

Weak kidneys neglected in childhood lead to life-long suffering. People of advanced years, with less vitality, suffer doubly. In youth or age, languor, backache, urinary irregularity, dizziness and nervousness make life a burden.

There is one remedy that acts directly on the kidneys and cures these troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills owe their world-wide fame to the fact that they cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Follow the example of this Moro citizen and you will be convinced that this is so.

H. Benson, of Moro, Oregon, says: "We have used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family for backache and kidney trouble and the best results have always been received. I consider this remedy worthy of endorsement."

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.

English Boys Want Easy Jobs.

Among the English boys the long drudgery of learning a trade, even if the opportunity offers, which it seldom does, is shirked. The easy job of errand boy, shop boy, office boy, messenger boy or van boy is much preferred. The consequence is that seventy-five boys of every hundred leaving elementary schools enter unskilled occupations. Of London boys 40 per cent become errand, van or boat boys, 14 per cent shop boys, 8 per cent office boys and junior clerks. Under 30 per cent go definitely into trades.—Westminster Review.

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	Express & freight	Time table No 12 May 16 1909 STATIONS	Northbound Passenger daily
1 00 pm	0	....Biggs....	12 10 arve
1 15	5.4	...Gilsons....	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 40	45 8	... Bourbon	9.25
4.05	52 5	.....Kent	9 10
4.20	57.3	... Wilcox	9 00
6 00 arv	70 0	... Shaniko	8 30 a m

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 door every few minutes.
Attractive Cafe and Grill Music
European Plan. Rates $1 00 and up
L. Q. SWETLAND, Secy. and Mgr.

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO OBSERVER will reach more people in Sherman County than by any other medium available.

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
EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.
MORO - - OREGON

SHERMAN COUNTY
The Paper that [illegible] the News of County and Delivers Your [illegible] Every Evening for only $1.50 a year. Get [illegible], Take The Paper.