The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY..... JUNE 10, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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A Diamond Ring

By M. QUAD

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Peter Holt had been born of farmer folks. He had worked on a farm all his life and at the age of forty was still a farmer's hired man. Peter was not stupid, but he was slow. He had little education, but he got around to things if given time. Being slow and good tempered and without argument, Peter was taken by some folks as weak in the top story.

One day Peter had to make a journey by rail. It was his first ride on the cars, but he made no mistakes. He gave the conductor his ticket, hung on to his seat with both hands, and whenever the train stopped at a station he stopped with it. It tickled him to find that he could catch on so easily. By and by he had a seat mate. It was a sorrowful young man, who kept one eye on the conductor and wept with the other. His mother, who lived in Chicago, was dying, and he had no money to go to her and receive her dying blessing.

As the young man continued to weep he aroused Peter's sympathies, and he finally got around to say so. Then the young man explained that there was a way, and one way only, open for him to reach Chicago before the spirit of his dear mother took its flight. He had a diamond ring with him—one that had been presented to him by Mr. Rockefeller for not climbing Mount McKinley and tearing his clothes. It was a souvenir that he hated to part with, but when a young man's mother is dying what would you have? He showed the jewel, but showed it very carefully. It was wrapped in seven folds of tissue paper. The diamond itself was not quite as large as a walnut, but those things cannot always be regulated to within a carat or two. The value was $300. Under the circumstances he would part with it for $25. The sacrifice of $275 showed how he loved his mother—how anxious he was to press her wrinkled hand for the last time.

Peter Hoit had $25 and a little more. The money went out of his pocket, and the ring went in, and for an hour he trembled for fear the young man would back out.

As a farmer's hired man Peter was slammed around any old way, and most anything was considered good enough for him. When he returned with that ring he learned more of human nature in ten minutes than in all his life before. A special supper was placed before him, and he was told that he needn't milk the cows that night.

Very soon after breakfast the farmer's wife began smiling at Peter. She also used words of flattery. She also hinted that as he had no use for a diamond ring he present it to her. It would be something for her to remember him as long as she lived. Peter said he'd think it over.

The farmer had a daughter named Betsey. That was the reason she called herself Adele. Peter had tried to fall in love with her, but she had informed him that the gulf between them was as wide as the Atlantic ocean. Now she showed a disposition to narrow the gulf to the width of the Erie canal.

Next day the farmer took Peter out to the barn and told him he was such a driver of work that his wages must be raised. He also said that Peter was sharper than a razor and that there wasn't a lightning rod man in the state who could hold a candle to him. He had had forty hired men in his time, but never one like Peter Holt. Then he wound up by offering Peter a three dollar calf for the $300 ring. Peter asked for six months' time in which to make up his mind. There was a Widow Glenn on the next farm who he had thought to court. When he began to tell of his love he was hustled out of doors. As he was going the widow flung after him:

"Why, Pete Holt, you don't know enough to come in when it rains. Do you think I'm going to the idiot asylum for a husband?"

A week after the diamond ring was brought home the widow called to Peter over the fence to come down that evening and pop her some corn and see what was the matter with one of her hens. Peter went. His hair, ears and nose were praised; it was predicted that he would run for office some day; it was remarked that his wife, when he came to get one, would be a proud woman. Other remarks were remarked, and poor Peter was about to declare his love again when she asked for the ring as a souvenir to enable the widow to remember that she was forty years old that day. She would take it as one of the nicest, sweetest things ever done for her. Pete didn't leave the ring. He wanted time to think about it.

Then the owner of the next farm down the road wanted to hire Peter away from his employer. He had a wife and three daughters and all wanted that ring. None of them got it. Then it was suggested that he present it to a church and let it be raffled for the benefit of the heathen. Peter didn't fall for it. He was still hanging on and enjoying the situation when a wire fence man came along and pronounced the diamond nothing but a piece of glass. It was taken to town, and the jeweler said the same thing.

"Villain! Deceiver! Swindler! Get out of this!" shouted the farmer who employed Peter.

"Oh, you rascal, but it's prison for you!" cried the Widow Glenn.

And poor Peter Holt fled in the night and took his ring with him.

THE ROONEY WILL

BY

FRANK H. SWEET

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THE lawyer—a dry little man—said it was the strangest will he had ever helped to draw up. He felt he owed an apology to the relatives of the deceased for its peculiar phraseology. But they must please understand that he was not to blame. He had begged the testator to allow the terms to appear in the ordinary legal forms. He had argued, got angry even, but in vain. The stubborn old gentleman insisted on wording the will in his own way.

The deceased man's nearest relative was old Tom Gaynor, who, it was said, fully expected to come in for the bulk of the hoard. A proud, hard man was Tom, wealthy as wealth goes in rural Ireland, but as grasping of the penny as if he had nothing. The pride born of his wealth was shown in the way he treated suitors for the hand of his pretty daughter, Kitty. Decent, well to do farmers came seeking her, but old Tom would have none of them. It was said he was waiting till the possession of Rooney's money brought some of the big graziers of the neighborhood to his door, hat in hand, looking for Kitty.

Pretty Kitty, however, had already made her own choice, which by a certain lovable perversity was none other than Frank Murtagh, the very poorest of her suitors, himself also a relative of John Rooney. When his parents died John had taken him in and reared him as his own son. It was said that the two men had failed to hit it off together in later years. Frank was a merry, light hearted blade, and it was a matter of popular conjecture that his easy going ways had alienated whatever affection old Rooney may have entertained for him originally, and in the scale of expectations he was put down at a very low altitude.

But all suspense on this important matter would soon be at an end, for the lawyer, having cleared his throat, now commenced to read the will:

"I, John Rooney, sound of mind, do herewith make this my last will and testament. To that sorra-may-care rascal, Frank Murtagh, I bequeath the house and land about it on condition that he does not sell it for less than £200 for the far field and £500 for the house and near field, and, as this is about six times its value, he is not likely to get anybody fool enough to buy it of him. And I give my old clothes—not a thing more—to that niggard, Tom Gaynor"—

All eyes were turned on Tom, who, strange to say, took his treatment with perfect composure, except for a slight flush at the testator's personal reference. The lawyer gave a discreet cough and went on:

"He treated me like a dog when I was poor and fawned on me when he thought I had grown rich. And there's my old bamboo stick, that I used for many years, I leave to Frank Murtagh to belt ("my apologies, but belt is the—er—extraordinary word, the testator insisted on using," mournfully protested the lawyer)—belt Tom Gaynor off these premises and lands if he dares to show his face on them. This duty I enjoin solemnly on Frank Murtagh,

HE DRAGGED THE VESSEL OUT OF THE HOLE.

and if he fails to perform it everything I have left him goes to Cooldara chapel. And now I've bequeathed every penny I was possessed of, and much good may it do those that have got it."

And so the peculiar will came to an end. Astonishment gripped the room. Not a small amount of their wonder was expended on the calm way old Tom Gaynor had met the shattering of his expectations he was known to have entertained for Rooney's hoard.

But they would have ceased to wonder had they been privileged to know what was passing in Tom Gaynor's mind at that moment. On his way home he had paused at the road gate of one of Frank's fields and stood looking toward a hillock on the top whereof flourished a small tree.

"I'm too knowing for ye, John Rooney," said he. "I can see ye now—God be good to ye—as I saw ye that night six months ago dhragging the big iron pot and burying it close to that tree there, and there it is now, with the American money in it safe and sound for me when I like to go for it," and he gave a chuckle. "I'll go take a look to see the exact spot where the ould lad buried it."

Forgetting the terms of the will that warned him under penalties off the land, he crossed the gate. Frank, however, had perceived the movement from the kitchen window and, mindful of his testamentary obligations, snatched up the bamboo stick and charged down upon Tom, who thereupon regained the right side of the gate with alacrity. Frank was full of apologies for the harsh duty that had been imposed on him, but Tom made light of the matter, merely turning it to account to say a few indulgently sarcastic remarks about the queer, eccentric nature of old John Rooney. All the time his eye glittered on the hillock.

Now, though the hiding place of the treasure was known to Tom, there was one great difficulty still in the way of its acquisition. To enter a man's field and take something out of it was nothing short of theft. Therefore while the field belonged to another Tom was debarred by the most elementary principles of honesty from at-

HE MADE A FIERCE BLOW AT TOM.

taching the treasure. The only resource left, then, was to wheedle Frank into selling the valuable piece of land.

The realization of this project was made easy by the appearance that evening of Frank Murtagh, bent on asking Tom to give him Kitty. When they were wrapped in the secrecy of the parlor Tom craftily introduced his scheme. He was aware of Frank's circumstances, he went on to say, and how small was the amount of ready money old John Rooney had left him to carry on the work of the farm. Knowing this, he felt certain he would not be able to sleep o' nights if Frank's position was not made easier. He had thought the matter over and evolved a very good idea. It was to buy the far field of Frank—yes, even at the prohibitive price old Rooney had put upon it.

Frank, sorely in need of money, met the offer with mingled wonder and delight.

When the matter was arranged Frank took occasion to venture his proposal for Kitty. Tom's good humor at once evaporated. He shook his head severely.

"Don't let that idea into your head, my boy," said he. "Ye're no match for her. 'Tis one of them big graziers Kitty will be getting. No, no; thry somewhere else." Then, anxious to avoid offending Frank, he added in a softer tone: "Ye see, Kitty's only a young girl yet. She won't be on for marrying these years. An', sure, haven't you time enough yourself too? Musha, what hurry's on ye to get yerself spanchelled? Mebbe in a year or two ye'll be bether off than ye are now. Then come to me an' we'll talk about Kitty."

The day he entered into possession of the field was a great day for Tom. When all were abed that night he took a spade from the stable and cautiously made his way to the hillock where he had seen old John Rooney burying the iron pot. Feeling round the brow of the hill, he found the loose scraws of earth and knew that the treasure could not be more than two feet away from him. Seizing his spade, he commenced excavating with feverish eagerness. In a very short time—two minutes perhaps—the spade struck metal. Bending, he groped for the handle of the pot and, seizing it, dragged the vessel out of the hole. The mouth of the pot was merely covered with rough sacking, but with admirable self restraint Tom determined to refrain from making acquaintance with the contents till he had reached the friendly haven of his own kitchen.

With a cool deliberation, remarkable when the occasion is considered, Tom lit a lamp when he had placed the pot on the floor. Then he bent down and with just a slight trembling of the fingers proceeded to untie the rope that bound the sacking. The knot was presently loosened; it fell away, off came the sacking, and Tom's eyes glared vacantly at—stones.

"It must be underneath," he muttered hoarsely.

But when the contents were strewn on the floor nothing was shown but stones mingled with sand and ashes.

"The villain—the old schaming rogue! Full of tricks he always was!" muttered Tom, and that was all he said during the half hour he sat staring wildly at the heap, occasionally turning, with a start, to hear in the chirrup of a cricket the jeering cackle of old John Rooney.

Presently he rose, cleared the rubbish into the yard and went to bed.

Next morning the first poignancy of his disappointment was passed. Indeed, the matter that stood most prominently in his mind was the loss of the £200 he had paid for the field. But on further thought he was able to relieve his depression by the conclusion that he would have small difficulty in coaxing the amount from easy going Frank and so restore affairs to their original condition.

With this purpose in view he set out to call on Frank, quite forgetting the warning in the will and the bamboo stick.

Frank, too, appeared to have permitted his testamentary duties to slip his memory, for he bade the old man welcome and haled him to the parlor with every demonstration of respect. The object of Tom's visit filled him with delighted speculation. Was it something about Kitty? Had Tom repented of his harsh opposition?

His heart leaped wildly, but grew calm enough again when Tom referred with mournful air to the matter of the purchase of the field as the reason of his call.

The mention of Kitty was enough for Frank. Up he jumped and, going to the press in the corner, extracted from a little box the check just as Tom handed it to him.

Tom's eyes glittered as he crushed it into his pocket.

"You're a thoroughbred, Frank," said he, "and if I can do anything for ye, my boy, command me."

"Give me Kitty, then," said Frank, promptly seizing the opportunity.

Good humor instantly fled the old man's face. It became hard, flinty. But, conscious that he owed Frank something for the ready return of the check, he resorted to diplomatic evasion to smooth over the incident.

"Before I answer that let me ask you a question," he said.

"Well?"

"Have you ever made a search for Rooney's money that he got by the American uncle?"

"Indeed I did. I searched everywhere in the house, but not a thrace of it could I find."

"But it must be somewhere, Frank. Ould John couldn't have taken it away with him."

"That's thrue."

"Well, now, just listen to this. If you find that money I'll give you Kitty."

Frank's eyes rolled wildly in the excitement of the prospect this remark opened out to him. In one of these revolutions they encountered the bamboo stick. A chill struck him, for he was at once reminded of the duty imposed by the will, which left him no alternative but to "belt" out of the house the man whom it was his best interest to propitiate. But, though his soul girded at the task, the bamboo drew him as if the very spirit of old John Rooney possessed it.

"Sorry I am, Tom Gaynor, but ye must get out of this," he said, leaping to his feet and running to the corner. "Remember what the will said, man. You're to be belted out of this place every time Ye come into it. Be off now, if you plaze. Quick, man! Sure it's not my fault, but it can't be helped anyway."

Frank purposely fumbled with the stick to allow Tom to collect faculties grievously scattered by the abrupt outburst.

"Are ye gone?" cried Frank, waving the bamboo menacingly as he swung around, just in time to see old Tom's coattails disappear through the door.

Down along the path sped Tom, with Frank not a yard behind, improving his position gradually by way of demonstrating that there was no deception in his effort. To give further evidence of his determination to carry out his testamentary obligations, he made a fierce blow at Tom just as he flew through the gate. The blow missed Tom, as indeed it was intended to do, but struck the gate with terrific force.

Now in safe territory, Tom drew up, gasping for breath, while Frank gazed ruefully at the bamboo broken across the middle.

"Begor, I've done for ould Rooney's bamboo," said he. "But what's this here?" gazing closely at the silt. "It's hollow within, and there's something in it. What can it be?" he added, pulling out a long tube of papers.

"There's more of them here up the hollow," he said, throwing the papers on the ground and proceeding to further investigation. "This is something ould Rooney hid here, I'll hould ye. What can it mane, I wondher?"

"Mane!" cried Tom, who had picked up the roll and opened it. "What can it mane!" with a hoarse shout. "It manes that these are bank notes for £50 apiece; aye, and here are more for £100."

The pair stood and gasped their astonishment.

"The American legacy," whispered Frank when he had caught his breath.

"That's just what it is," returned Tom, vaulting from trembling excitement to genial enthusiasm. "Frank, my boy, I congratulate ye. Ye're the richest man in the county this minyet."

"And—and"— murmured Frank.

Old Tom saw the question in the young man's eyes and cut his hesitation short with a laugh.

"Don't throuble to say another word," he said. "Kitty's yours, my boy, and my big blessing on ye both."

Origin of Tory.

Sir Walter Scott's explanation of the origin of "tory" as "give me" is not quite the same as that of other inquirers. According to a high authority, the word is Irish for a "pursuer" and was at first given to moss troopers, who for their own villainous purposes pretended to be on the side of the crown and the constitution and the rights of property and in that disguise haunted the bogs of Ireland, robbing the inhabitants in the name of the king. About 1680 those who "contended for the extreme prerogatives of the crown" had this contemptuous term applied to them by their opponents, and thus we arrive at the meaning of today. Macaulay points out as a curious circumstance that "whig" and "tory" originally applied as a term of insult should so soon have been assumed with pride. An odder circumstance is that two great English parties should have taken their titles the—one from the bogs of Ireland and the other from the lowlands of Scotland.—London Times.

Gilbert Islands Tipple.

Neither tea nor coffee is drunk in the Gilbert Islands, but liquor named karafee, or toddy. It is the juice of the cocoanut tree, from which it is drawn daily at sunrise and sunset. To obtain it the natives climb up the tall trees and while extracting it keep up a constant yelling to let those below know that they are at work. The sap when fresh is a harmless and delicious beverage, but after it has been kept a day or two fermentation sets in and it becomes intoxicating. Karafee does not, however, fly to the head, but a man who drinks it to excess loses the control of his legs. However, when this befalls a native he has sense enough to remain indoors and shows his face to no one, for if his chief should ever hear of it he would be tried and sentenced to hard labor and a heavy fine. In former days a native found intoxicated was tied to a tree and received a hundred lashes, the blood fairly streaming down his back. Besides this, all his lands were confiscated to the king forever.

Explained.

"That De Lancey von Wynkoop girl certainly isn't young."

"No; she's twenty-nine."

"She looks a good deal older."

"Well, she belongs to a family that prides itself on its oldness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

BOLD HUNTER OF CRIMINALS.

Methods Used by Thomas F. Byrnes to Convict a Murderer.

Probably no man was better known in the world of police and none more feared in the underworld than was Thomas F. Byrnes, formerly superintendent of police and head of the detective department in New York, who recently died at his home in that city.

Courage, shrewdness and persistence advanced him from the ranks as a policeman to the head of the department and gave to him international fame as a bold and successful hunter of criminals. He it was who made Mulberry street the peer of Scotland Yard and spread the fame of his creations, "the dead line" and "the third degree," to the four quarters of the earth.

In his methods there was nothing of the Vidocq, but he had traits which the detective of fiction lacked. His own story of how he got the evidence to convict young Michael E. McGloin of the murder of a Frenchman in New York shows how he effected what appeared to be impossible.

"I knew he committed that murder," said Byrnes, "but how to prove it was the question. I even hired a woman to keep him company for six weeks, and she would have lost an arm before she would have given him away if she had known what I wanted him for. But all she had to do was to keep me informed as to what he was doing, where he went and whom he associated with. At last, in desperation, I played my last card. I had him arrested, and I arrested his three accomplices, each being taken separately and all kept apart. I took McGloin into a little room looking out on the central court of the headquarters building, and I seated him so that he was facing the window and could see what went on in the courtyard. I sat facing him with my back toward the window.

"All around the room were nooses of hangmen's ropes, black jacks and other things associated with crime and punishments. I kept him there forty-five minutes, and at the end of each fifteen minutes one after another of his accomplices was taken across the courtyard as if he had just been arrested. Not a word was said by me. He kept asking me what I wanted of him and what he had done. As each of the first two of his accomplices was brought in I could see him start. Then a pawnbroker came into the room and handed me the pistol with which the murder was done. The pawnbroker went out, and I sat there playing with the pistol. Just then Banfield, the last of the accomplices, was brought through the yard handcuffed to a detective. McGloin dropped to his knees in agony of terror and begged me to save him from the gallows."

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

World Gathering in Washington Expected to Be Largest Ever Held.

The World's Sunday School association is to meet in triennial convention in Washington May 19-24. The plans include so many unusual and spectacular features that there seems to be warrant for the confident expectation of the enthusiastic leaders that this will be the most impressive demonstration of organized Christianity the United States has ever seen.

It is a far cry from the obscure and sneered at "ragged school" of Robert Raikes, little more than a hundred years ago, to the Washington convention, with a president, governors, senators, congressmen, supreme court justices and world famous business men in attendance, not to mention the hundreds of representative Christian leaders from all climes.

One of the spectacular exhibits at the Washington convention will be an array of letters from the foremost public men in America, reciting their personal relationship to the Sunday school. This will be a rather astonishing showing, the convention leaders declare, revealing a real connection between Sunday school training and success in life. A great parade of members of adult Bible classes will proceed down Pennsylvania avenue. It is expected that several thousand men will be in line. A children's parade for one afternoon of the convention is also projected.

A women's mass meeting and a men's mass meeting are other program items. The afternoon sessions will be devoted to hearing from the foreigners, and these will be called "a congress of the world."

The 1910 gathering in Washington is expected to be the largest of all.

Census Enumerator's Story.

Census Enumerator Conklin of Millerton, N. Y., recently reported a curious incident on Silver mountain, where people live to be quite old. Finding an aged man sitting on the front [illegible] and weeping bitterly, the enum[illegible] inquired the trouble, whereupon the man ejaculated:

"My dad licked me."

"How old are you?" asked Conklin.

"Eighty-nine," was the reply.

"Where is your father?"

"He's behind the house splitting wood."

Conklin found the old man engaged at the wood pile and among other questions asked him why he had whipped his son.

"Why, the little cuss was throwing stones at his grandad!" the woodchopper answered. Conklin then inquired, "Where is his grandfather?"

The man said as he resumed his attack on the wood pile, "Oh, he got hit on the head and has gone in to have his mother put on some sticking plaster!"

A Resented Caress.

Jennie kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the spot she sat in.
Jennie's kiss was cold and wet.
With the hand I held my hat in
I repulsed her—pushed her back.
If you like you may put that in.
Jennie did not mind my lack
Of enthusiasm. Twist me
On the wheel if it was foll?
I exhibited. I jolly
Well defy you to, by golly!
Jennie was an eager collie—
Jennie kissed me.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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

Turner's Little Afterthought.

An English critic's reference to Turner's fine picture "The Wreck Buoy" reminds a faithful newspaper reader of a curious anecdote in connection with it. When Turner first sent this picture to the Royal academy it was hung among severest brilliantly colored pictures. On varnishing day Turner found the effect of his dull gray rendering of a stormy sea altogether spoiled by its bright surroundings. Without a moment's hesitation he painted in the lighted buoy in the foreground, and its dab of crimson light showed so brilliantly in its gloomy setting that Turner's picture became the prominent one, and its rivals on each side were cast into the shade. It is curious, if true, that the most noticeable feature of the picture should have been an afterthought.—Boston Transcript.

The Shrewd Banker.

Thirteen years ago a banker lent a farmer $1,000 with which to buy stock. The farmer, of course, gave his note. The borrower lost on the stock deal and had hard luck generally, so he couldn't pay the note. Later he went away, and after many years he made good again and returned. The banker tried to collect his note, but it was outlawed by a lapse of thirteen years. One day the banker stopped at the man's farm and admired his fine pumpkins. The farmer made him a present of two large ones.

"I'll just credit these pumpkins on your old note," the banker said.

"All right," the farmer said.

That revived the obligation. The banker brought suit and recovered in full for the note and interest.—Kansas City Star.

Life's Limits.

All indications point to the fact that less than ten miles below our feet a red heat is maintained permanently and within twenty a white heat. Ten miles above us we have the pitiless cold, far below zero, of interplanetary space. To what a narrow zone of delicately balanced temperature is life confined?

Long Drawn Out.

Judge—What is your name? Prisoner—J. J. J. J. John Jones. Judge—Why do you have so many J's in your name? Prisoner—The preacher who christened me stuttered, sir.—London Answers.

Very Annoying.

"It is annoying to watch for a train that's late."

"Yes, and it is even more annoying to wait for a train that was discontinued the week before."—Washington Herald.

A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Bucklen's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poison or gangrene. Its the quickest, surest healer for all such wounds as also for burns, boils, sores, skin eruptions, eczema, chapped hands, corns or piles. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Didn't Call Him Names.

Mickey's mother visited a young schoolteacher on the east side the other day, says the New York Sun. As nearly as she could make out from the mother's splutterings the teacher had been calling Mickey "names that no lady would use and no dacint mother would stand for." The teacher thought hard, but could recollect no time when she had given way to an impulse to call Mickey dreadful names.

"Sure but you did," insisted the mother. "I don't know what you meant by it, but scurvy elephant is no nice name to call a boy. That's what he said you called him—a scurvy elephant."

"Scurvy elephant! No," said the teacher in a relieved voice; "I didn't call Mike a scurvy elephant. I called him a disturbing element, and I reiterate my statement."

Mickey's mother went home partially satisfied, but not quite sure that the teacher hadn't been calling her names too.

To the Highest Bidder.

Even tobacco buyers have their troubles. One of them, who represents a New York house, met a Connecticut man who had sold his crop. The buyer was amazed at the price the man said he had received.

"You have been cheated," said he. "You are entitled to more money than that."

"Well," replied the farmer, "nothing has been paid to bind the bargain."

"Then I'll give you 5 cents more a pound and a bonus of $100 for the crop."

"Agreed," exclaimed the farmer, and he received a check for the full amount.

"Oh, by the way," observed the buyer, "who was my rival in this transaction?"

He was informed.

"I might have known it," said he sadly. "That man is my partner."—New York Press.

Kept the King at Home

"For the past year we have kept the king of all laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—in our house and they have proved a blessing to all our family," writes Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y. Easy, but sure remedy for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

One of That Kind.

"What kind of a girl is she?"

"One of the kind that think you don't care for them unless you spend at least $8 on champagne the first evening."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gone.

The sage looks on as the earth doth whirl,
And over the changes he grieves.
Oh, what has become of the charming girl
Who gathers and presses the leaves?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Woman's Great Idea

is how to make herself attractive. But without health, it is hard for her to be lovely in the face, form or temper. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion, good health. Try them. 50c at Moro Pharmacy.

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No smoke, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.

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

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

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

There is a large, deep and mysterious pool in the valley of the upper Kafue river, northwestern Rhodesia. This wonderful pool lies in flat country, and one comes to it quite suddenly, its banks being concealed by dense forest. There is a small native village near the pool, and the inhabitants have a superstitious dread of it. They refuse to drink the water or use it for any purpose whatever. To sit beside this still, pellucid pool of unknown depth, surrounded by precipitous walls in the heart of the tropical forest, would induce a feeling of awe in the breast of even the most civilized man.—London Mail.

THE ONLY WAY

Many Moro 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.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, In and for the county of Sherman.

J M Brown, Plaintiff,
vs
Margaret N Brown, Defendant.

To Margaret N Brown, the above named defendant

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 8th day of July, 1910, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you; to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of wilful desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem quitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon E. V. Litti field, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 2d day of October, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 27th day of May, 1910.

CLAUD STRAHN, Attorney for Plaintiff

7tm27jy8 20]

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	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	.....Sluke.....	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.

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 Observer Office

EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.

MORO - - OREGON.