The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.... FEBRUARY 10, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

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.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD.

Alabama Congressman Who Will Head Ways and Means Committee

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MISSOURI'S CAPITOL BURNS TO GROUND

Jefferson City, Mo.—The Missouri capitol building was totally destroyed by fire. The total loss, including the building and many records and state papers, is estimated at $1,000,000, with no insurance.

Lightning which struck the dome shortly after 7 o'clock, spread the flames to the roof. Because of the inadequate water pressure, the fire could not be reached, and no aid could be rendered for some time by the local fire company. The penitentiary fire department was called to the scene and the convicts worked heroically, scaling walls and taking dangerous chances.

The records of the House of Representatives were destroyed, while those of the Senate were saved. The legislature will determine whether to continue its sessions here or elsewhere in the state. The loss of the House records practically necessitated the work of the present session being done over.

SNOW BURIES EAST

Huge Drifts Hide Chicago and Tracks Can't Be Cleared.

Chicago.—The snow storm that struck this city, filling the streets with huge drifts, delaying railroad transportation and temporarily tying up street-car and elevated train service, has passed on to the east.

The loss to traction, telephone and telegraph companies is estimated at $1,000,000. Surface transportation companies came to a practical standstill for several hours.

Eight Slain in Coal Mine Riots.

Salt Lake City.—An armed uprising of Greek coal miners at Kenilworth, Carbon County, Utah, was suppressed after eight men had been killed, one man mortally wounded and several others slightly hurt by flying bullets.

REDUCED RATES FOR COAST

Colonist Period Extended and Homeseekers May Come West at Any Time of Year.

The Pacific Northwest will benefit by the action of the Transcontinental Passenger Association in voting an extension of the period in which special railroad rates will be allowed homeseekers in the Northwest.

The homeseekers' rates heretofore effective to the North Pacific Coast and intermediate territory in January, February and March was extended to include the entire year.

A special colonist rate of $33 from Chicago to North Pacific, California and Mexico points from March 10 to April 10 was decided upon.

THE MARKETS.

Portland.

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 81c; bluestem, 83c; red Russian, 75c.

Barley—Feed, $23.50; brewing, $27.50.

Oats—No. 1 White, $27.50 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley $19@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $21@22; alfalfa, $12.

Butter—Creamery, 33c.

Eggs—Ranch, candled, 34c.

Hops—1910 crop, 18½c; 1909, 12c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 12@18c lb.; Valley, 17@19c lb.

Mohair—Choice, 30c.

Seattle.

Wheat—Bluestem, 83c; Club, 81c; red Russian, 79c.

Barley—$27 per ton.

Oats—$31 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, $24 per ton; alfalfa, $17 per ton.

Butter—Washington creamery, 36c.

Eggs—Selected, local, 37c.

THE LIGHT IN THE TOWER.

It Brought the Heartsore Lovers Together Again.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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The little motorboat chugged cheerfly up the lake as the girl who was its only occupant directed its course. Her brooding eyes gazed unconsciously upon the water as it parted and closed before her. Then presently she turned with a start of surprise to find that the shore had been left so far in the distance. She had wished to be alone, with no fear of interruption—alone to think things over, to live again in memory the days that had preceded her broken engagement, to ask herself for the hundredth time if she had acted fairly and justly in sending Paul away.

It had all happened a year ago, but the rippling lake, even the cottages huddled along the sandy beach, brought back so vividly the many happy hours they had spent together. She hesitated now with her hand upon the wheel.

A nervous fear possessed her at the thought of returning alone across this vast expanse of waters, and then,

"YOU'LL NEVER BE ALONE LONG AGAIN."

as she raised her eyes, glistening white against the blue sky, like a great beckoning finger, shone the lighthouse. The girl leaned forward eagerly.

She remembered when Paul and she had climbed to the top of the tower and had stood there long in the silence. The old lighthouse keeper had made much of them. He had gathered great bunches of wild flowers for her, and his eyes had twinkled merrily as he wished them "happiness and a fair voyage" when they departed. He came to meet her now as the nose of her boat ground into the sand and reached out a helping hand to draw it nearer. She sprang out lightly and stood smiling up into his rugged face.

"You don't remember me, of course," she said, "but I visited your island last summer and would like to do so again."

"You are very welcome," he said gallantly. "And there are some folks one never forgets."

An old lady sat knitting upon the rough wooden platform before the lighthouse door. She arose and put forth her hand in greeting.

"This is my wife," the keeper explained. "She comes up from the village to visit me sometimes, and my boy calls to take her home in the cool of the evening. She'll be real glad to make you a cup o' tea, but she can't be very sociable on account o' being deaf." And the old lady resumed her knitting.

The little emerald isle was fragrant with blossoms, the water lapped its shores soothingly, and the girl breathed a sigh of contentment. The lighthouse keeper slowly lighted his pipe, regarding her the while.

"Well," he asked at length, "you came alone this time. Where is Paul?"

"Paul!" she said sharply. "What do you know of him?"

"Not much now," the old man responded, "for he left these parts some time ago, but I knew him considerable well when he was a lad back there in the village. A good lad he was, too, barring his foolish notion o' being a great artist. Many a time he used to come rowing up here to sketch me or the light or some crumbling old thing that he called 'picturesque,' and he would be talking about going abroad to study—when he could raise the money."

"Yes," the girl said quickly, with a strange bitterness in her sweet voice, "that was the trouble—he needed money."

The old man looked at her gravely.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Since the day she had put Paul out of her life forever the subject had been forbidden even her dearest friend. No one dared mention his name in her presence. Yet now she decided suddenly to unburden her heart to the man whose stern gaze was fixed upon her, and the decision of right or wrong upon her part should be left to his judgment.

"When I went to spend last summer over there upon the lake shore," she said, "it was well known that I had been left a large fortune through the death of my parents, and, though my aunt did her best to warn me against fortune hunters, her teachings were all forgotten the moment I met Paul. He had fixed up a temporary little studio down there upon the sand, and I was greatly interested in his work and in the future which he described in such glowing terms, and—well, at last we became engaged. He had determined never to reveal his love for me for my money formed up a great obstacle to his pride, but the question had seemed to ask itself as we walked together one moonlight evening, and after that we were very happy until—I learned the truth. It was told to aunt by a mutual friend. Paul had been in love all his life with poor little Bessie Roberts, then teacher of the village school.

And when she had discovered my fondness for him she agreed to sacrifice her life's happiness that through my wealth he might realize his one great ambition. They were still known to meet occasionally, the friend had said, and the girl's eyes would be wet as they parted at the pier.

I was indignant when I first heard the story and tried to believe my faith in Paul unchanged; then he began to send regretful little notes begging off from various pleasure trips which we had planned, pleading as his excuse the urgent need of working steadily upon a portrait which must be finished at the given time. As I was returning alone from the pier one day I met the girl who had been pointed out to me as Bessie Roberts. She came from the direction of Paul's studio, and, following an impulse, I retraced my steps and entered the sunny little room.

It was entirely empty, but upon an easel stood a covered picture, and as I raised the drapery Bessie Roberts' pretty face, pictured with unusual beauty, confronted me. I ran blindly up the sands to our hotel and wrote a note to Paul telling him that I was convinced he desired only my money and refusing to see or hear from him again." The girl's voice faltered.

"If he had not deceived me," she said haltingly, "I might have found a way to help them both."

The old keeper aroused himself with a start. His pipe had gone out. He spoke huskily.

"I knew Bessie Roberts as I did Paul," he said. "They have always been friends—no more. And now she is married to a rich broker fellow who came to the point about the time you did last year. They have a big summer home over there, and Paul's portrait of Bessie hangs in the hall. The broker fellow paid him well for painting it, they say, and I fancy it was one of Bessie's ways of helping her old friend on."

The girl sat speechless. Her face had grown very white.

"Don't you fret, child," the old man said compassionately. "He'll come back, for I've found that love is like a light shining over stormy waters—it generally leads us back to port, and—bless me," he exclaimed, "I've got an errand to do over at the other island. It will only take a jiffy. See that black cloud yonder? That means a breeze and a shower—be all over pretty soon, but promise me you won't start out to navigate till I get back."

He was already running down the path to his boat.

"Promise?" he called back, and the girl nodded a smiling assent.

The old lady had fallen asleep over her knitting, so she stood uncertain for a moment in the great stone doorway, then, entering, ascended the iron steps, which resounded beneath her tread as she followed the winding way up and up, coming out at last upon a little balcony with the lake and hills stretching far below. The breeze came up quickly, tearing at her skirts and tossing the hair about her eyes as she groped confusedly for the handle of the little iron door, but even as she reached to grasp it the door blew shut, there was a metallic click, and she knew that in closing the door had locked itself.

Then in vain she pressed her weight against it as the raindrops fell upon her face; then, leaning dizzily over, she tried to make her voice reach the deaf ears below. The keeper's wife would think she had gone away with him, she reflected despairingly.

She sank down on the narrow platform and looked at her watch—5 o'clock. In an hour or two at the most he would return to light the lamps—if she could only fight off this strange giddiness till then. Resolutely she buried her face in her arms, fearing to look down. Hours afterward—or could it have been moments?—she heard steps bounding up the stairs, the doorway thrown open, and she uncovered her eyes to look up into Paul's own eager ones.

"Oh," she cried breathlessly, "I have been alone so long!"

He drew the wet little figure quickly into shelter.

"You'll never be alone long again if I can help it," he said fervently.

And just then the blue cap of the lighthouse keeper appeared at the top of the stairs, and from beneath its brim his eyes were twinkling.

"Where did you find him," the girl asked joyously, "to bring him back to me?"

"My light searches out all the hidden places," he answered, with a subdued chuckle.

And, as they came out hand in hand through the stone doorway and stood looking far over the darkening lake, suddenly across its broad surface there flashed a rippling path of golden light—a light that led the mariner who had been far from home on the trackless deep back into a haven of rest and often to those for whom he has striven at sea.

"Paul," the girl repeated softly, "love is like a light shining over stormy waters—it leads us back to port."

The Loving Cup.

There are a great many stories told of the origin of the loving cup, and perhaps the following is the most interesting:

In the eleventh century Margaret Atheling, the wife of Malcolm Kenmore, became disgusted with the way in which the Scotch nobles left the dining table before her chaplain had time to say grace. So she promised all those who could be induced to wait for this ceremony a draft of the choicest wine from a large gold cup, which was passed from man to man around the table after grace had been pronounced. The bribe offered by the beautiful young queen was too inviting for the nobles to refuse, and they all stayed in consequence. The custom of passing around the "grace cup," as it was called at first, became so popular that it was observed all over the country, and every person of importance in the middle ages could boast of being the owner of one.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Different Place.

"Don't use too long words," said an author. "On the way to Reading by train and at a town nestling beside the river I came out on the platform and drew in deep breaths of the pure, delicious air.

"'Isn't this invigorating?' I said to the brakeman.

"'No, sir; it's Consbohocken,' said he."

The Caddie's Comment.

"Yes, sir." The caddie regarded the corrugated turf at the tee with a thoughtful frown. "Yes, sir, since you ask me the question, there are worse players than you."

"I thought so; I thought so," said the golfer.

"But they have the sense," added the expert, "not to play golf, but to stay at home and do fret sawing."—London Answers.

Just a Little Exercise.

The elevator conductor of a tall office building, noticing that the colored janitor had ridden up with him several times that morning, remarked: "Sam, this is the fifth time I have taken you up, but you have not come down with me." "Well, you see," Sam replied, "Ah been washin' windows on de 'leventh floor, and every now and ag'in Ah misses mah hold and falls out."—Success Magazine.

Photography.

Photography was discovered in this way: Daguerre was lying on a couch in his attic abode and saw a sunbeam fall upon a spot in the darkened room. He was startled to see the objects on the street vividly portrayed in all their colors in fact, a panorama of the incidents outside. He studied the subject, and his search in the mystery was the beginning of all that is beautiful in photography today.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. H. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

Buried Alive.

In the early history of Japan it was decidedly a dubious honor to be closely related to any person of note, for one of the laws at that time decreed that when a person of rank or importance died all the immediate relatives must be buried alive in a perpendicular position around the personage's grave. Their heads were left above the earth, and thus they remained until welcome death came to free them.

CASE AFTER CASE

Plenty More Like This in Moro.

Scores of Moro people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

Carl Peetz, near Cottage Hotel, Moro, Oregon, says: "Since publically recommending Doan's Kidney Pills in 1907, I have taken them whenever I have been in need of a kidney medicine and I have always received relief. I still hold this remedy in high esteem. Kidney complaint made me miserable for years and at times my condition was so bad that I could scarcely walk. My whole body was sore and my back ached a great deal. I had to arise several times at night to pass the kidney secretions and thus my rest was disturbed. Visits to hot springs relieved me for awhile, but as soon as I caught cold, my back bothered me as badly as ever. Finally I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and as they were strongly recommended, I procured a supply at the Moro Drug Store. The contents of the first box helped me and I continued their use until I was relieved of the backache and trouble with the kidney secretions. I do not think that I could get along without this 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.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

The Word Derrick.

The word derrick for a machine used to lift heavy weights is curiously derived from a London hangman in the beginning of the seventeenth century whose name was Theodoric and who is often mentioned in old plays. "He rides circuit with the devil, and Derrick must be his host and Tyborne the inn at which he will light" occurs in "The Bellman of London," published in 1616. The name thus corrupted came afterward to be applied by an easy transition to the gallows and later still to any frame or contrivance resembling it in shape.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

The Great Chain.

The "great chain," the links of which were two and one-half inches square and one foot long, each link weighing 140 pounds, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point, just below Fort Clinton, May 1, 1778, to prevent the British warships from ascending the river. The total weight of the chain was 180 tons, and its length was 450 yards. Parts of it are still preserved at West Point.

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

Jewelry in the Laundry.

"Yes, these are genuine diamonds, all right," said the owner of a downtown laundry as he drew a pair of heavy links from a gentleman's shirt. "Often happen? Why, look here!" and he drew open a small box and displayed a dozen links and collar buttons. "These came in this week. Some are valuable, some are not, but a dishonest dealer could really make a small fortune in a year's time. We don't find much jewelry in women's apparel. They are not as forgetful as men in this respect."—New York Sun.

Scriptural Misquotations.

"He who runs may read" sounds very Scriptural, but it is in reality a mangled version of the verse in the prophet Habakkuk. "Write the vision and make it plain upon the table that he may run that readeth it." Another Biblical misquotation is "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," the real text in Genesis being "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And when we pour "oil on the troubled waters" thousands search the Scriptures in vain for the metaphor.—London Chronicle.

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

Cora E. Simmons, Plaintiff
vs.
A. G. Simmons, Defendant.

To A. G. Simmons, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to wit: on or before the 24th day of February 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, towit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of non-support and desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for 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 Wm. Herrichs, County Judge for Sherman Co., duly made on the 11th day of January 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 13th day of January 1911.

E. B. DUFUR, Attorney for Plaintiff

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SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of an execution in foreclosure and decree issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Sherman, to me directed, dated the 30th day of December 1910, in a suit therein pending wherein Mary E. Coleman, is plaintiff, Louisa Coleman Hoskinson, and Clay D. Hoskinson, Buell E. Hoskinson, Robert L. Hoskinson and Jessie Hoskinson, minor heirs of R. L. Hoskinson deceased, are defendants, commanding me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said cause on the 22d day of November 1910, in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants herein above named for $1163.60 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum, from the 22d day of November 1910, and for the further sum of $718.20 with interest thereon from said 22d day of November, 1910, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and the further sum of $50.00 attorney fees, and the further sum of $24.50 costs and accruing costs and disbursements, I will on

Wednesday, February 15th, 1911,

At the hour of 1:00 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the Court House door in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the following described real property of the said defendants, to wit: Lots numbered six [6] seven [7], eight [8], nine [9], and ten [10], in block twenty-four [24], in Moore's first addition to the town of Moro, in Sherman county, Oregon, according to the plat of said addition to said town; and also that certain piece, tract or parcel of land described as follows: Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of block number twenty-four [24] of said Moore's first addition to said town of Moro, in Sherman county, Oregon, thence in a Northeasterly direction one-hundred and eighty [180] feet to the County Road; thence due North along said County Road five hundred and eighty [580] feet to the North line of Section eighteen [18], township one [1] South, Range seventeen [17] East of the Willamette Meridian, thence West along the section line five-hundred and twenty-one [521] feet, thence due South two hundred and sixteen [216] feet to a point at the Northeasterly terminus of Adams Street in said town of Moro, thence in a Southeasterly direction six hundred [600] feet to the place of beginning; together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or appertaining.

J. C. FREEMAN, Sheriff of Sherman county, Oregon

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NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 9th day of January, 1911, duly and regularly appointed by the Hon. D. R. Parker, Judge of the Circuit Court in and for Sherman county, state of Oregon, as Referee in the suit where J. R. Kaseberg was plaintiff, and Frank E. Kaseberg and Lizzie Kaseberg, were defendants, to sell following described real property, to-wit:

Section twenty-two (22) and the South half (S½) of Section nine (9), in Township one (1) North of Range sixteen (16) East of the Willamette Meridian, in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

Now, therefore, in pursuance to said appointment and order of said Court, the undersigned, as such referee, will, on

Monday, the 20th day of February,

1911, sell at public auction at the Court House, to-wit: In Moro, Oregon, at the hour of two (2) o'clock P. M., on said date, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property, to wit:

Section twenty-two (22) and South half (S½) of Section nine (9), in Township one (1) North of Range sixteen (16) East of the Willamette Meridian in Sherman county, State of Oregon.

W. B. McCOY, Referee.

Date of first publication January 20, 1911.
Date of last publication February 17, 1911.
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O-W. R. & N. SHANIKO BRANCH

Southbound passenger daily	Distance to Biggs	Time Table Aug. 21, 1910 STATIONS	Northbound passenger daily
6.15 pm	70	Shaniko	8.15 am
5.15	57	Wilcox	8.50
5.00	52	Kent	9.00
4.45	45	Bourbon	9.20
4.20	38	Grass Valley	9.45
4.00	30	Erskine	9.55
3.45	27	Moro	10.10
3.35	23	DeMoss	10.20
3.25	19	McDonald	10.35
3.10	16	Sandon	10.50
3.05	14	Klondike	10.55
2.55	9	Wasco	11.10
2.30	7	Sink	11.25
2.20	5	Gibson	11.30
2.00 Le	0	Biggs	11.55 Ar

For information and rates, apply to A. ROSE, Agent, Moro, Or.

HOTEL MORO
W. C. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.
Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot. Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.
SUNDAY DINNERS 35c.
Opposite Postoffice
Moro Oregon.

VINTON HOTEL
Grass Valley, Oregon.
Entirely new, convenient to business. Clean beds, and table the best the market will afford. Prices reasonable. Commercial trade solicited.
CONDUCTED ON THE BEST PRINCIPLES.

WHEN IN PORTLAND STOP AT
HOTEL OREGON
CHAS. WRIGHT, President
M. C. DICKINSON, Manager.
Corner of 7th and Stark Street.
It is new, and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates $1 per day and up
WRIGHT-DICKINSON HOTEL COMPANY

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.

ESMOND HOTEL
OSCAR ANDERSON, Manager.
Cor. Front and Morrison Sts. Portland, Oregon.
Free Buss to and from Trains. Rates 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. European plan. Sherman County headquarters.
A GOOD CLEAN FAMILY HOTEL.

HOOD RIVER
HOTEL OREGON
New brick building newly furnished.
Sherman county people made welcome at all times
One block from depot. Rates 50c and up.
E. C. SMITH, MANAGER.

On your way
TO AND FROM PORTLAND
You are cordially invited to make the
HOTEL DALLES
Your resting place between trains at The Dalles, Oregon,
An excellent restaurant at moderate prices.

UMATILLA HOUSE
T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor
THE DALLES, OREGON.
Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Electric Call Bells. O. R. & N. Local Trains stop at front door. Railway Ticket office in the Lobby.
HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.