

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 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 for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

THE WINNING OF NELLIE

By M. QUAD

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Jacob Briff was a farmer, a dairyman and a cattle raiser, and he was worth \$40,000. He kept eight or ten men the year round, and he was a good man to work for. His family consisted of only wife and daughter, the latter being named Nellie.

Jacob Briff was not a boaster in a general way. There was only one particular thing he boasted of, and that was that he had never been taken in and done for by a sharper. He had no sympathy for a man who had. Not that he was always bound to get the best of a bargain, but that he wanted to protect himself.

When Nellie Briff was nineteen years old along came a college chap seeking employment for the summer. He was so superior to the average farm hand that he was taken into the house to lodge. The father and mother saw the college chap and their daughter falling in love and for a time had little to say. The day came, however, when Jacob said:

"Look here, Mary, that young man is going to ask us for Nellie pretty soon."

"Yes, I think so."

Two weeks later the young man approached the father in the usual way and put the question in the usual way, and the answer was:

"I'm not saying yes or no just now. I'll wait a week."

The next day but one Mr. Williams was told to take a certain horse to town and effect a trade. What was wanted was a heavier horse for the farm work. The animal he took was perfectly sound in wind and limb, though nothing was said about that. He was simply contented as to the weight and strength of the other.

"Is it a test?" asked the wife of her husband when the young man had gone his way.

"Aye, Mary. I'm no horse trader, but I do contend that the man who gets the worst in a horse trade will get the worst in everything else. Williams gets or loses Nellie on this."

"But he has never traded horses before, and he isn't used to the way that men lie and deceive."

"But it's his native wit and keenness I'm testing. I'm looking for him to get cheated a little, but not too much."

Five hours later Williams came back on the horse he had traded for. His look told of exultation. Jacob Briff received the end of the halter from him and began a thorough lookover. At the end of twenty minutes he said:

"There are wind galls, there are spavins, there is a quarter crack, the horse is blind in the left eye, and he has a touch of the heaves."

"Yes, but the other had both, poll evil and was going blind in both eyes. He was hip locked to boot."

"Who told you so?"

"Why, the fellow I traded with."

"Humph! Sound as a bell. Mr. Williams, you can't have Nellie."

"Because I've been cheated in a horse trade?"

"Aye, it was a test. You haven't got the sharpness to hold your own. You'll have to go."

"But, Mr. Briff, you have been cheated!" was protested.

"Tell me when."

"Then you will be. No man is so sharp that he can't be taken in."

"Eh? Eh? Well, you wait till it happens and then come back for Nellie, providing she is ready to wait a hundred years. Aye, and you shall have half of what I'm worth to boot. We'll talk no more now. Have one of the men take this pocket out and shoot it. I'm \$250 out of this wreck and it was in one night, and the stranger was satisfied with his end of the business. He had Mr. Briff's \$200 in greenbacks."

A week passed away, and Jacob Briff was arrested for passing counterfeit money. Not a coin of that treasure was genuine. And then along came Mr. Williams, and in a most jovial way he announced that he was after a wife and half the farm.

"Did you do it?" asked the farmer.

"I did. I borrowed the counterfeiters from the officers who had seized them and then hired the stranger to play his part."

"But I thought you had no wit."

"Well, haven't I won Nellie?"

"Aye, you have, and now, as you are to be my son-in-law, you must get me out of this scrape. No decent young man would want to have his father-in-law in jail when the wedding cake was eaten."

Where it is always Easter

By Peter McArthur.

(Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.)

When with the reapers I could hear
(Such power bath a believing ear)
The whisper of the falling grain,
"In season due we'll rise again."

In winter, when the snow was deep
And life was in its frozen sleep,
I heard a murmur, "Soon the spring
To us will resurrection bring."

In springtime, when the world awoke,
From all the fields a voice there spoke,
And all things sang with one accord,
"We rise as rose our buried Lord."

And all the surging summer through
As grew the flowers my spirit grew.
With all that grows I claim my part—
"We always Easter in my heart."



Incorrigible Rose's Easter

By William H. Hamby

(Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.)

WE did not know what to do with Rose—had not known for a long time. She was incorrigible—an incorrigible giver. She would give away anything, from her slippers to the plume on her hat.

She did that very thing once—took an eighteen inch ostrich plume from her hat and gave it to a girl book agent. And when chided by my sister she merely opened wide her lovely gray eyes and exclaimed:

"Why, Mary Ennis, that girl had never had an ostrich plume in her life, and she looked so tired and discouraged. I just could not buy her book—it was about the horrors of something or other. But you ought to have seen the light in her face when I gave her that beautiful plume."

Perhaps it would have been good to see the light in the girl's face, but the light in Rose's was enough to disarm Sister Mary. It always ended that way. Dozens of Rose's friends had undertaken to scold her roundly for her foolish generosity, but always when she had explained one felt that only a brute could have done differently.

Rose had just begun to have some success with her drawings and was earning a little money.

"It will be such a help to her," said a friend. "She loves pretty things so and has very few of them, poor child!"

Mary sniffed, out of patience: "Help? What do you suppose she did with the \$30 she got last month for those sketches? Buy her some gloves and neck ribbons and a new waist? Not a bit of it. She sent \$5 to some girl she used to know in school who is in Colorado for her health and \$5 to some crippled second cousin in the east, gave \$5 to the heathen in India and spent the rest on the sick negro that does her chores and on her washerwoman's kids."

The worst of it is Rose's wardrobe. Her soul revels in beauty. She loves pretty things with the ardor of a child. But the prettier a thing is the surer the idea will pop into her head. "What a delightful present for somebody!" It requires the eternal vigilance of Mary and five or six of her intimate friends to keep Rose presentable.

All her friends tried, singly and collectively, to make Rose over "for her own good," and all, singly and collectively, failed utterly. We gave up then and just enjoyed her as she was, for she certainly was a delight. After that we spent our time trying to devise gifts of a sort and give them at a time when they would stick.

Two years before we learned it was utter folly to give Rose things at Christmas, provided one wanted her to keep them.

The girls made up that year a magnificent Christmas box full of all manner of dainty and beautiful things for her attractive person and bony room.

But, alas, Christmas afternoon Rose was found in the highest state of delight. It was a beautiful world, she had the dearest friends in it, and this was the best Christmas in nineteen hundred years. We were suspicious at once, and when we had heard the story of the girl who had lost her place in the store, of the crippled girl next door, of the old lady with the bronchitis, of the preacher's pretty little homelick wife, of the washerwoman's five children, we had heard the complete story of all our Christmas presents, except a little book of poems which I had sent.

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"To remember your presents by."

About the 1st of April Mary had an idea.

"Harvey Ennis," she said, "I tell you what we girls are going to do. You can help anonymously if you want to. The 24th is Rose's birthday. There does not happen to be a single holiday near it, and surely not more than one or two of her friends have a birthday at the same time. So we are going to make her up just a wonderful birthday box, and maybe she will get a little good of it."

It was magical the way the friends responded to Mary's suggestion, and there were lots of friends, for everybody loved Rose and liked to give her things.

The box was a beauty. It looked to me as if it contained everything a girl could use or want, and more, and everything was of the finest and daintiest.

The box went Thursday evening. Friday was her birthday. Saturday afternoon as sister and I had started downtown Mary said:

"Look at North Conway. I never saw her go like that before. What do you suppose 't' matter with her?"

Norah is a slow, awkward girl of sixteen. She was half runnin' and tumbling down the street in great excitement with a bundle under her arm. Every few minutes she bent her head and peeked through a tear in the paper wrapper at something inside.

"I have it," said Mary, brightening. "She has something new for tomorrow."

"Harvey Ennis!" She stopped and clutched my arm. "Didn't she come down that street?" pointing to the one Rose lived in.

I nodded and bit my lip.

"She's giving them away," Mary said, with wrathful conviction. "Come on, I am going to see!" And she turned me about and started toward Rose's home.

On the way we met three other bundles and excited happy faces.

"Rose Merrifield," began Mary, more nearly angry with her friend than I ever had seen her.

"Now—now, honey!" Rose kissed her and patted her on the back with a sigh of resignation. "Come on, I'm giving them away. They did not have anything new, you know, for tomorrow, and Mary, tomorrow is Easter! I've had the loveliest time giving Easter presents. And a faraway light came into her eyes.

"Presents?" echoed Mary. "Why, people don't give presents on Easter."

"That is just it," said Rose. "No body was expecting presents, and I had the most glorious time."

And she had—we know she had, as she stood in happy thought looking out of the window at the newly blossoming earth caressed by the sunshine and kissed by the breeze. There was a light in her face that made us forget clothes and presents and anger and think only of Easter.

As we went away neither of us said anything for some time. At the corner we met old Buck Ticknor and his cane that forever went peck-peck-peck along the walk.

For many years old Buck had been saving up for a rainy day.

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die because he was too stingy to have a doctor, and all his children had died before they were scarcely grown. His grating mouth, his withered, wrinkled face, his narrow suspicious eyes, always made me shudder.

"Isn't he horrid?" Mary spoke first when we were past.

And then in a moment as her eyes wandered to the blossoming orchard at the edge of town she sighed resignedly:

"I don't know what we will ever do with her, but isn't she a dear? And if one must go to the extreme I guess it is best to take the highest one."

"I am going to, if I can," I said, and Mary looked at me wonderingly.

Next morning was Easter indeed. The world was full of sunshine and early flowers and songs of birds and soft winds.

Rose came to the door herself, for the church bells were just ringing. Never had she looked more beautiful, and that is the end of praise. I stepped into the hall and closed the door behind me. She looked up at me a little surprised, a little agitated.

"Rose"—her lids drooped and hid her soft gray eyes, and she breathed a little quickly—"you have made everybody happy by your gifts, everybody from Bombay to Maine, everybody but me. Won't you make me a present, an Easter gift?"

"What?" she said softly, and her voice faltered.

"The lady with the lily soul." And I held out my arms waiting.

When we went out into the sunlight a little while later I said most sincerely and gratefully:

"Those you are such a wonderful giver!"

Easter Morning.
Waken, little people:
Waken, children, dear!
Linen! From the steeple
Bells are pealing clear:
"We ring
For the birthday of the spring:
We bring
The happy Easter day."

Bells of silver lilacs
Softly stir today.
Though their chime so still is,
Yet they seem to say:
"We ring
Only perfume music as we swing.
We spring
On the happy Easter day."
—Youth's Companion

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. 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.

The Lion's Share.
It is really not the male lion, with his terrific roar and formidable appearance, that the explorer fears, but his mate. "The male lion is a good looking power, but when it comes to business it is his wife who counts, a la the African native. Game is pulled down by the female lion, and then the male beats her off until he has feasted to repletion, when she may have what is left; hence 'the lion's share.'"

The Mulberry Tree.
From a twenty-year-old mulberry tree 235 pounds of leaves have been picked in a year.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

Wily Optimism.
Husband—When I see all these bills I am tired of life. Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be out of debt? Wife (cheerfully)—Why not, darling? You know that you are carrying an exceptionally large life insurance.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains there is no better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

Asiatic Turkey.
Asiatic Turkey had a civilization thousands of years ago. The interior of that country is populated today by farmers to whom modern knives and forks are unknown; the spoons they use are of wood, and each family makes its own.

When your feet are wet and cold, and your body chilled through and through from exposure, take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are almost certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by all dealers.

Opals.
Opals are so sensitive that their beauty is frequently destroyed by their wearer's proximity to an open fire. The luster of this stone is caused by the presence of myriads of little fissures, which deflect the light into the characteristic prismatic color of the gem. The tiniest of these fissures is likely at any moment to destroy the stone.

Leaf Trees.
Before it produces bark of commercial value a cork tree must be fifty years old.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of J. C. F. F. F.

Q. W. R. & N. SHANIKO BRANCH

South-bound passenger daily 7:00 pm

North-bound passenger daily 7:30 am

Time Table Apr. 9, 1911

STATIONS

Shaniko 7:30 am

Wilcox 8:15

Kent 8:30

Courbon 8:50

Grass Valley 9:10

Moro 9:30

DeMoss 9:50

McDonnell 10:05

Sandon 10:40

Kendrick 10:45

Waco 10:55

Sink 11:25

Gibson 11:30

Biggs 11:55

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

DO IT NOW

Moro People Should Not Wait Until It's Too Late.

The appalling death-rate from kidney disease is due in most cases to the fact that the little kidney troubles are usually neglected until they become serious. The slight symptoms give place to chronic disorders and the sufferer goes gradually into the grasp of diabetes, dropsy, Bright's disease, gravel or some other serious form of kidney complaint.

If you suffer from backache, headache, dizzy spells, if the kidney secretions are irregular of passage and unnatural in appearance, do not delay. Help the kidneys at once.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for kidney disorders—they cure where others fail. Over one hundred thousand people have recommended them. Here's a case at home:

Mrs. Hans F. Peetz of Moro, Oregon says: "A member of our family suffered from kidney trouble and on a neighbor's advice, began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy effected a cure."

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.

His Recommendation.
"Senator Dash," said a southern orator, "prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash in his youth had worked with the colored men in the cotton fields. Boasting at a political meeting about his rise, the senator singled out Uncle Calhoun Webster among his audience and said: 'I see before me old Calhoun Webster, beside whom, in the broiling southern sun, I toiled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell me, all, back was I or was I not a good man in the cotton fields?'

"'You was a good man, senator,' the aged negro replied; 'you was a good man for a fack, but you sut'ny didn't work much.'"

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could not help me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

Man the Brute.
"They do say," remarked Brown as he pushed back his chair from the dinner table, "that a woman's work is never done."

"And they are right when they say so," rejoined the wife.

"But what makes you think of it at this moment?"

"That shoulder of mutton!" replied Brown as he made a rapid exit.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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

Geo. H. Witter, Plaintiff,
vs.
Lillie E. Witter, Defendant.

To Lillie E. Witter, 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 21st day of April, 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, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of 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 a period of six consecutive 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. Hearshie, County Judge for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 6th day of March, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 10th day of March, 1911.

First publication March 10, 1911.
Last publication April 2, 1911.

RAYMAN & WHEALDON
714-10-21 707 Attorneys for Plaintiff

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

Dana G. Armstrong, Plaintiff,
vs.
Charles Armstrong, Defendant.

To Charles Armstrong 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 25th day of April, 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, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of 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 a period of six consecutive 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. Hearshie, County Judge for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 14th day of March, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 17th day of March, 1911.

JOHN A. BERRY Attorney for Plaintiff

714-17-28 881

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

Charles S. Elton, Plaintiff,
vs.
Anna DeForest Elton, Defendant.

To Anna DeForest Elton, 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 25th day of April, 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, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of 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 a period of six consecutive 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. Hearshie, County Judge for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 14th day of March, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 17th day of March, 1911.

ALLAN R. JOY, Attorney for Plaintiff

714-17-28 881

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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.

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.

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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

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.

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Attractive Cafe and Grill Music. European Plan. Rates \$1.00 and up.

L. Q. SWETLAND, Secy. and Mgr.

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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.

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THE DALLES, OREGON.

Steam Heat, Electric Lights,