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FRIDAY, November 10, 1911

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How did they ever get the name of trusts, when everybody suspects them?

President Madero spent \$300,000 in his conquest of Mexico; pooh, in Wisconsin and Illinois that'd be considered cheap campaigning.

Over 600 asteroids travel with the earth through space; as a sphere twirler Mother Nature holds the permanent championship.

The Chinese government seems to have reformed too late; a trouble that appears to be afflicting a good many modern statesmen in this country.

Persons connected with trusts, who expect to be called on the witness stand should never waste their time trying to cultivate a good memory.

A wireless message has been sent from San Francisco bay to a battleship near Boston; this method of crossing the continent was undreamed of but very few years ago.

The commission form of government may be all right, but no one has been able to explain why it should be substituted for the simpler and less expensive system of the present; that is what practical voters should consider; they should not rush into the trial of experiments, and theories, without some real reason for it.

Orville Wright in one of his recent flights remained stationary in the air for ten minutes; that's nothing to the good. In Rogers flight from sea to sea across the continent last week he made faster time than the fastest railway trains, three days 10 hours and 4 minutes, from Sheephead bay to Pasadena, 4231 miles. Its going some that counts now, not standing still.

President Taft has issued his annual Thanksgiving proclamation, calling upon citizens of the United States to celebrate Thursday the 30th day of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. His proclamation strikes a high level of spiritual vitality; it is replete with the religion of a virile man; it recognizes the Rock of Ages on which human society rests. Let all join in offering praise to Almighty God and devout thank for the loving mercies he has bestowed upon us.

Quite recently 50 carloads of blue stem wheat have been sold by local parties for shipment to Minneapolis mills. The idea of eastern interests are now falling in line with conditions in the Pacific New West; recently several of the largest firms of the Central West have sent representatives out here to look up the situation. With the greatest crop of blue stem wheat ever gathered, this year's supply in the Pacific New West has been selling at a smaller premium over club than for many years; blue stem is especially sought by eastern millers whenever their best varieties show a short crop.

This Will Be a Central Oregon City.

Since the construction of railroads into Bend tubful of printer's ink has been daubed over clean paper exploiting "A New Empire opened to settlement," meaning Malheur and Harney counties, yet farther removed from business than was Bend, before the advent of the DesChutes and Oregon Trunk parallel railways.

Along with the advance of civilization, however, a former patron of The O. Man of this shack while publishing The Astorian, Mr. W. G. Howell has seen the handwriting on the wall, and established the new town of Wellington, midway between Harney and Malheur lake, 75 miles south of Burns, the promised terminus of the Hill lines. With the extension of this route as contemplated Wellington will become the metropolis of Central Oregon.

Mr. Howell who conceived the idea, to carry out his plans acquired a total of 13,000 acres in that region, in the center of which he has platted Wellington, that promises to become a city of 25,000 people within the next five years. No mistake about that: just keep an eye on Wellington!

Arrangements are already made by Mr. Howell to establish a number of commercial enterprises at Wellington, notable among which at the beginning will be a modern 60-room hotel, a bank of \$100,000 capital, and a first class printing establishment.

It is a well known fact that Central Oregon, the great undeveloped Inland Empire of this state, is rich in soil and various mineral resources; at present some of the largest cattle ranches in the state are maintained there, and it is the intention of Mr. Howell to augment this industry by furnishing the capital to allow stock men to increase and market their herds with each succeeding year. He also has under consideration the development of oil and gas wells, which geologists predict may be operated in unlimited abundance.

A Miracle Worker.

It is announced that a traveling and singing evangelist will offer as a part of the service, at one of the churches, a demonstration of the ability of man to do by faith alone whatever the savior of man was able to do. The obvious, or at least the necessary, inference is, that Jesus of Nazareth was no more divine than any of us and that he performed miracles only because of his faith in his ability to perform them.

This strikes us as being something new under the sun; Voltaire even, never ventured it, preferring to deny that miracles ever were performed by anybody. Voltaire never aimed such a blow at the christian doctrine of the immaculate conception as this newfangled evangelist advertisement certain is.

State Capital Cleanings

James Walton, pioneer of the Willamette Valley, died at his home in Salem, aged 89.

According to a statement given to the state board by Superintendent Steiner, of the asylum for the insane, that institution is \$6989 ahead of its maintenance.

Governor West has ordered that W. Cooper Morris be brought back to the penitentiary from Portland, where he has been examining the books of the Oregon Trust & Savings Bank.

Next month will be the time for the semi-annual opening of bids for supplies for the state institutions for the ensuing six months. The date has not been fixed, but it will be during the latter part of December.

Professor George L. Schreiber, instructor in art in the public schools of this city, has established himself in the hearts of Salem business men by showing success at the Omaha land show with the wonderful panorama which he made for the Oregon state fair.

A car shortage even of a more serious nature than that of 1907 is indicated in Western Oregon, from the great number of complaints which have been pouring into the state railroad commission during the past few weeks. These complaints are registered from points between the Blue Mountains and Huntington.

Judge Kelly in circuit court overruled the motion of State Printer Dunniway's attorneys in the forcible entry and detainer case brought by Secretary Olcott to oust the state printer from the state capitol, the motion being for the plaintiff to distinguish between Secretary of State Olcott and the State of Oregon in the pleadings, or in other words, to make the complaint either come from Olcott or from the State of Oregon. He gave 10 days in which to answer.

The Portland-Medford Boom to Blame.

Evening Telegram: There is no more important question facing Oregon than getting people back to the farm; the state is now sending outside for entirely too much of its food products. It is one of the elements that go to make up the high cost of living. Many people are flocking here, but fewer of them are going back to the soil than is healthy for the state.

It is barely possible that the price of land has something to do with it; in a recent address at a private dinner, James J. Hill suggested that if some of the land were sold at lower figures than it is now held for, the balance of it would bring a bigger profit in the end through the enhanced value that would come from the development of the country.

If prices are too high for profit, we will not attract here the sort of people that will make effective producers. The population of our cities and towns is growing, but the population of the country is not keeping up with the urban growth. If we want to keep our money at home and thus encourage the up-building of the country, we must get intelligent farmers who know how to produce those things we most need and which we are now sending out of the state to get.

Reports that the steel trust is trying to unload the Tennessee Iron and Coal Company, give one a heartening feeling that at last the panic is over.

With ice in Arkansas, and zero weather along the upper Mississippi, and that river frozen over above Minneapolis, Oregon looks more than ever like a pleasant fall and winter resort.

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

The Lane County apple show closed Saturday after a successful exhibition. The Hume estate of 16,000 acres at the mouth of the Rogue River was sold for \$250,000 to the Macleay estate.

A dairymen's association has been organized composed of farmers and ranchers in the western part of Crook County.

Redmond's first annual potato show drew a crowd of people from all parts of the country and the exhibit of potatoes was better than was expected.

United States Senator Gore of Oklahoma, known as the "blind orator eloquent," was in Eugene Saturday and spoke at the University of Oregon.

The Lebanon City Council has finally received a favorable opinion from the eastern attorneys, who passed on the legality of the \$70,000 issue of sewer bonds for the city.

The election of Mrs. H. C. Macpherson of Illinois to the faculty of the Oregon Agricultural College has just been announced. Mrs. Macpherson will occupy a position in the department of botany.

Oregon Horticultural Society will hold a banquet at the Portland Commercial Club Thursday night, November 16, in honor of Dr. J. R. Cardwell and E. L. Smith, two of the oldest members of the society.

Part of the femur of a mammoth was found while workmen were digging a well for the Hillsboro water system. The bone was found 11 feet in the earth, on a beaverdam deposit, and must have been buried for thousands of years.

Eugene for the past five years has been known up and down the coast for its good record in the building line and this year has been no exception to the rule. For three consecutive years the building record has reached about \$1,000,000 a year.

Rev. Chauncey O. Hosford, 81 years old, pioneer Methodist preacher of 1846, survivor of the First Methodist Conference of Oregon, who preached a sermon in Portland when it was a hamlet of only 14 log cabins, died at his home Saturday in Mount Tabor.

The total assessed value of Linn County property, exclusive of that owned by public service corporations, is \$28,365,560. When the state tax commission reports its assessment of public service corporation property the total of the roll will be more than \$28,000,000.

Professor V. R. Gardner, of the horticultural department of the Oregon Agricultural College, is gathering one of the most complete collections of pomological specimens ever assembled anywhere in the country. This collection will be used in Professor Gardner's course of systematic pomology.

At the annual meeting of the Oregon Anti-Saloon League, held at the Y. M. C. A., Portland, J. Frank Burke, who for the last six years has headed the anti-saloon forces in New Jersey and for the four previous years had acted as counsel for the same league in Illinois, was elected superintendent. He succeeded Rev. J. R. Knodell, who has been superintendent for four years.

Hot Air Shortstop.
The meanness to play on a man who likes to argue is to agree with him.—Atlanta Journal.

THE SHADOW

A Story of Hypnotism

By ETHEL B. HAYNES

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Estella Brooks looked wistfully at the prospective buyer. "I'm very anxious to sell the place," she said slowly. "Your offer is satisfactory to me, but I hardly think you will want it after I have told you about the shadow." As she uttered the last word all the color forsook her cheeks, and she looked years older.

"You needn't say a word about it unless you want to relieve your mind. I'll take it even if the shadow is a ghost," assured Mr. Baker warmly. "It isn't an ordinary ghost," protested Estella. "In fact, it isn't a ghost at all. I tell myself I can't believe in them and be a member of the church at the same time, but it's very queer that the shadow should be there, just the same."

"Show it to me, please," requested Mr. Baker, and in silence Estella led the way down the front steps to the gate that opened into the highroad. Here she paused and turned, facing the long farmhouse, with its low pitched roof and many gabled windows.

"Look there," she said simply, pointing up at the roof of the house. "The sun is behind the clouds, yet what is there to cast a shadow like that on the roof?"

Mr. Thomas Baker scanned the red stained shingles with a critical eye. He glanced up at the sky, a mass of gray leaden clouds; he looked at Estella standing beside him with every muscle tensed, her wide brown eyes staring at the roof.

"I can't see anything, Miss Brooks," he said gently. Estella turned a disappointed face to his. "I was afraid you couldn't see anything. But it's there, right between the two chimneys, a great black shadow as plain as can be on the roof. I suppose it's only for the family to see and remember."

"Tell me about it if you care to, Miss Brooks. But I assure you that it won't make any difference in my decision. I'll take Wistaria farm if you will accept my offer."

"I'll tell you about the shadow first," said Estella, leading the way back to the deep shaded veranda. "After that, if you want to conclude the bargain, I am quite ready. My father was a very stern man, cold by nature, but possessing a powerful magnetism that bound his family to him by cords of fear as well as love. My mother died while I was a little girl, and my sister and I were brought up under my father's strict rule. As Barbara, my sister, grew older she seemed to develop the same magnetism, and so it was that her will and my father's often clashed over little matters and at last over larger affairs."

"About ten years ago Barbara was twenty and I was twenty-five. My sister met and fell in love with a young man who wrote poetry for a living. He was spending the summer in Riverdale, and he wrote verses about Barbara's beautiful eyes and her lovely hair, and of course he was in love with her. My father discovered the verses and forbade him the house, arranging him in the most stinging terms, accusing him of seeking to marry Barbara for the little patrimony that would one day be hers, calling him a beggarly scribbler and saying other terrible things, although he really was a most worthy fellow, and I liked him exceedingly. As for my sister, poor Barbara was deeply in love with him from the beginning, and when my father sent her lover away, tossing the despised verses after him, Barbara defied father to his face and declared she would marry Allen in spite of everything."

"That night she bade me farewell and went away with Allen Searle and was married by her own minister here in Riverdale. In the morning when my father discovered her flight and read the letter she had left for his personal he led me out to the gate under and, pointing to the roof of the house, he said solemnly: 'Estella, there is a shadow on our house. Do you see that grim, black shadow of disgrace staining its pure roof? Look long at it. Your sister's defiance of me and her elopement with a penniless stranger has broken my heart. Mark well the shadow on our roof, for it will never pass away—not in your lifetime or mine!'

"I looked, and, Mr. Baker, I saw the shadow, grim and black and shapeless, lying there where no shadow had ever rested before. The day was cloudy and forbidding, even as it is now, and yet the shadow lay there, and it has always lain there since that day when my sister went away. Nearly every day my father would take me out to the gate and show me the shadow and repeat his denunciation of Barbara. He died five years ago, and I have been left alone with the shadow on the roof, for beyond a letter now and then I have rarely heard from Barbara."

"I see," said that gentleman, with an air of sudden enlightenment. "Now, before I go back to town this afternoon and before I pay the money to bind the bargain I would like to ask you a question, Miss Brooks. Now that you have honored me with your confidence, will you tell me whether you would change your mind about selling the farm if the shadow were removed?" He bent forward and scanned her face with eager eyes.

"If there was no shadow there—and if Barbara could come back sometimes—if we could be reconciled—I would be the happiest woman in the world, Mr. Baker," she cried, with tears in her eyes. "Wistaria farm."

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has always been my home—always would be if it were not for the shadow. Besides, you see my father disinherited Barbara, and I want to give her her rightful share of his estate. If it is turned into money I can accomplish it better."

"I see—I see," murmured Mr. Baker thoughtfully. "I believe I'll take that \$200 back to town, but first I'll pay something down to bind the bargain, and if you change your mind about selling it I'll let you off. I shall return tomorrow, and with your permission, I will bring a friend with me."

The next day he came down from the city in a large touring car that contained several well-dressed and gaudy passengers in the summer. Mr. Baker came down the path, accompanied by a short, stout man with prominent blue eyes behind thick lashed spectacles. Estella met them at the front steps.

"Won't the lady come in?" she inquired as she led the way into the darkened parlor and threw open the blinds.

"Not now, thank you, Miss Brooks. Allow me to present my friend Dr. Ganung. Would you object to telling the doctor the story of the shadow on your roof? He is an expert at expelling shadows of that sort."

There was no resting Thomas Baker's winning smile, and so heartily Estella related the story of her sister's flight and how her father had shown her the shadow on the roof.

Dr. Ganung listened intently, never once removing his bright eyes from Estella's mild brown orbs. When she had concluded he spoke brusquely. "If you will accompany me to the gate, Miss Brooks, I will dispel the shadow forever. Have no doubt, have no fear, madam," he assured her as Estella's brows were arched anxiously. "Come with me to the gate, and I will dispel the shadow," he repeated in a monotonous voice.

A dreamy look came into Estella's eyes, and in utter silence she arose and preceded the two men out of the house and down the path to the gate. The three turned and faced the house. The summer sunshine lay warm on the red roof, and there was no shadow save the foreboding shadows of the two great chimneys.

Dr. Ganung lifted his hands impressively before Estella's face. "Do you see the shadow, Miss Brooks?" he inquired harshly.

"Yes," she said evenly. "It lies between the two great chimneys, a large, irregular blot on our roof, yet there is nothing between that and the sun to cast a shadow, not even a passing cloud."

"Now you do not see the shadow because it has never been there. You will never see it again. There never has been a shadow on the house, and you will forget all about it and never think of it when you awake." The doctor repeated his hypnotic suggestions with monotonous regularity until Estella's eyes closed. They carried her to a summer house near by, and placed her in a chair, and she continued in the hypnotic sleep until the motor returned and the valued lady awoke and came down to the summer house accompanied by a tall, stately, intellectual looking man. The woman fell on her knees beside Estella and wept bitterly.

When Estella awoke she was alone with her mother Barbara and Allen Searle. "I've had such a terrible dream, Barbara," she said after the delirium of her sleep was over. "I remember it so distinctly to tell you, but it hung over me like a black cloud, but the cloud has departed."

"Forever, dear Estella," whispered Barbara as she placed her arms around her dazed sister. "I came very near selling the place, Barbara, dear. I don't know what to do about it," said Estella, puzzled.

"Keep it or sell it to Tom Baker, as you please, dear. Tom is Allen's half brother, and they are in business together in town. It will make a lovely summer home for all of us so we which member of the family owns it, in the winter you shall come to us."

"Mr. Baker writes poems, too, I suppose," murmured Estella, glancing with interest at the tallest of the three men standing in a little group outside the arbor.

Barbara uttered her old light hearted laugh. "Dear me, no! Allen is a poet by nature and has scribbled lots of pretty verses, but as for making a living by it, he simply can't do it. I hope you won't be shocked, but Tom and Allen are in the most romantic sort of business imaginable."

"What is that?" inquired Estella eagerly, for she discovered a growing interest in big Tom Baker.

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