The Observer

MORO, OREGON,
FRIDAY.....May 24, 1912

Personal Talk With You.

At any timewhen 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.

BRIEF NEWS OF OREGON

The Haines water system has been completed.

Asa Holaday, a well known pioneer of 1853, is dead at Scappoose, aged 84 years.

The annual Lincoln county Fair and Festival will be held at Toledo August 20 to 23.

Superintendent of Banks Wright has appointed H. E. Albert as state bank examiner.

The senate has confirmed the nomination of William E. Tate to be postmaster at Wasco.

Of the 298 pupils who took the state eighth grade examinations in Linn county last week 133 passed.

Out of the 109 children of the Hood River valley who took the eighth grade examinations, but 42 passed.

Portland folk so far have contributed $443.25 toward the fund for the relief of 3,000,000 starving people in China.

Former Cashier James Evars, of the defunct Philomath State Bank, will receive no clemency from the state parole board.

Frank Allen, insane, ringleader in an escape of five men from the state asylum for the insane recently, has been deported.

There has probably not been a time during the past 20 years when the ranges of Grant county were in as good condition as the present time.

It is probable that the Illihee club, of Salem, organized 25 years ago, and which has played a prominent part in the social life of the capital, will disband.

The state railroad commission has named June 18 as the date for a hearing at Baker on the question of the valuation of the Sumpter Valley railroad.

Thirty or more southern Oregon physicians assembled in Roseburg Saturday for the twenty-first annual session of the Southern Oregon Medical association.

There promises to be a very active street campaign in Eugene this summer. The city council has ordered three miles of streets paved and there are petitions in for another mile.

Representation in the legislature based on the population as shown by the 1910 census is proposed by the People's Power league. This idea is incorporated in the measure to be submitted to the voters of the state

More than 200 persons, representatives of threshing machine concerns and others interested in grain farming in Oregon will attend the fourth annual convention of the Oregon State Threshers' Association, which meets at Condon Thursday and Friday.

F. W. Waters, representing the Welch railroad interests which recently purchased the Salem street car system, announces that his company is preparing to expend not less than $3,000,000 in extension and development of their lines in and about Salem.

With a view to eliminating saloons from the Oregon Electric depot at Jefferson street, Portland, Railroad Commissioner Miller directed Attorney-General Crawford to look up the law on the subject, and should he find that it is possible, he will bring a suit.

Positive assurance is given that the Eugene-Coos Bay railroad will be built at once, with construction commencing from the Marshfield end. The McArthur-Perks contracting company and Porter Brothers have secured the contract from the Southern Pacific.

That the Harriman interests will build a railroad up the South Santiam valley from Lebanon to a point above Foster this summer is indicated by the filing in the county clerk's office at Albany of a copy of a resolution authorizing the construction of the line.

Bell, Wildman & Co., a Portland firm, has been awarded the contract for constructing the $50,000 storage plant of the National Apple company at Hood River. The plant will be 80 by 100 feet, four stories, and will have a capacity of 120,000 boxes of apples.

A new coal mine, which it is claimed will be the best ever opened in the Coos Bay country, is to be developed at once by a new company which has been formed with C. A. Smith at the head. The mine is on Isthmus Inlet and it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 tons above water level.

The 1912 schedule is out for the twentieth annual session of the Southern Oregon Chautauqua assembly, which will continue for 11 days, beginning with July 2. The program will embrace musical attractions, lectures, readings and sermons, some of the foremost talent coming from beyond the Atlantic.

Congressman Hawley has been advised that an appropriation of $225,000 for the reimbursement of settlers of Sherman county who were compelled to abandon lands because of The Dalles military road grants, has been agreed upon by the house claims committee, and will be reported with the next omnibus claims bill.

Although the law passed by the people in 1910 provided that necessary expenses of delegates to national conventions up to $200 should be paid by the state, the last legislature failed to make a specific appropriation for this purpose, and the delegates will have to await the mercy of the next legislature before they receive their money.

TWO DINNERS

A Thanksgiving Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When Jack Hilliard announced that he expected to spend a lonely Thanksgiving, as his family had not returned from Europe, Harry Clifton, his fellow clerk in the insurance office, laid aside his pen and whirled around on his high stool.

"Come and eat dinner with us, Jack," he said cordially. "We would be glad to have you."

"Thank you, Harry. I will come," accepted Jack. "It's mighty nice of you to ask me."

Jack Hilliard was only a clerk in the insurance office, but his position was a more desirable one than any of the others. His father was the president of the company, and young Jack was learning the business from the bottom up. He had commenced as office boy and was now a senior clerk. So well had he progressed, however, that his father had decided to promote him to an official position at the beginning of the new year. This was a secret that Jack did not know.

He had accepted Harry Clifton's invitation to dinner mainly because he sincerely liked the ambitious young man who had worked so conscientiously at his elbow for several years. He and Harry Clifton had worked their way up in the office side by side, and when the time came for his father to promote Jack Hilliard there was a strong probability that Jack would urge that Harry Clifton was equally deserving of promotion, and there was also a strong probability that Harry would receive it.

This conversation had taken place the day before Thanksgiving, and that evening Jack Hilliard, who was dining at restaurants during the absence of his parents, met at dinner a pleasure loving friend.

"Doing anything tomorrow?" asked Fred Simpson.

"Yes; I've got a dinner engagement," said Jack.

"Can't you forget it or something?" went on Simpson eagerly. "A lot of us fellows are going to motor down

THE GIRL HE HAD DREAMED ABOUT.

to Feben's place, on the Bleak road, and have a high old dinner, and Manson's going to sing his latest song. Come along with us."

"Couldn't possibly, thanks," said Jack easily.

"Why not? Dining with your grandmother?"

"No; with friends."

"Bet there's a girl in the case."

"You're mistaken, Fred. I'm sorry about your dinner, though. I haven't met Manson in several years."

"And you won't see him again in five years, for he's off for Scotland the day after. This is a flying visit. You'll be justified in breaking your engagement and"— Simpson paused suggestively.

Jack's face was a study in perplexity. Manson was a college friend of whom he was particularly fond, and he would have liked to see him. On the other hand, he had accepted Harry Clifton's invitation to dinner, and he would not withdraw under any consideration. The Cliftons lived modestly, he knew, and Harry had invited him cordially to partake of this family feast. Manson would have to go back to Scotland without seeing him. He would not wound Harry Clifton's feelings.

"I'm sorry, Fred, but I can't break the engagement," he said firmly. "Remember me to old Manson and tell him if he will phone me what his boat is I'll run down and see him off."

Thanksgiving day was a gray, sunless day, with a bitter little wind that whined plaintively around corners and rattled shutters when there were any to rattle and made itself generally disagreeable. It was the sort of weather that invited one to lounge before a crackling wood fire or a glowing coal grate.

The Cliftons lived in a small apartment that had once formed part of an old fashioned mansion, and Harry had named the dinner hour as 6:30. Jack Hilliard chose to walk the distance between his home and the Cliftons', and as he strode along the bleak streets he could not help regretting that he was not to see his friend Manson. Then he thought of Simpson's remark about there being "a girl in the case."

There was a girl in the case so far as Jack himself was concerned, but it was rather a strange case, too, for he had seen the girl only twice, and he did not know her name. Her face was hauntingly sweet, her hair and eyes were brown, and she had the most charming flickering pink color in her cheeks.

Jack Hilliard had never cared much for girls. He had always been too busy with lusty out of door sports to care about them or to think about them. But when his eyes met those of the girl with the brown eyes his heart had throbbed queerly, and it continued to perform in the same odd manner whenever he thought of her.

He was still thinking of this unknown girl when he reached Clifton's home, but her face vanished with his entrance into the softly lighted private hall, where Harry divested him of his overcoat and pushed him into the small parlor.

It was a pleasant little room, charmingly furnished, with an open piano and a bright fire glowing in an open Franklin fireplace.

"My mother and sister will be in presently," said Harry as they sat down before the fire. "You know, we keep no servant, and they are putting the finishing touches to the dinner."

"I'm afraid I have made extra work for them," said Jack regretfully, but Harry Clifton reassured him, and soon the two became deeply interested in a small model of a new invention that was then stirring the world.

"The father of a friend of mine invented that," observed Jack as he turned the model over.

"Do you know Silas Manson?" asked Harry in surprise.

"Why, yes. His son and I were classmates."

"Silas Manson is my uncle. Jerry is our own cousin. He is dining with us tonight," said Harry.

"Well, by Jove, but I'm glad!" cried Jack, concealing his surprise at the newly discovered relationship. "I heard that Jerry was dining down on the Bleak road and would sail for Scotland tomorrow morning. I was disappointed not to see him."

"He's going to dine here first and go down with his friends at 9 o'clock," said Harry; then, rising, he added, "Ah, that is his ring now!" Excusing himself, he left the room to return with Jerry Manson.

The two college friends greeted each other joyfully, and there was a half hour of excited talk before dinner was announced.

Presently Mrs. Clifton appeared, a small, delicate looking little lady with snow white hair and brown eyes. Jack Hilliard bowed low over her little hand, stained as it was with preparations for the Thanksgiving feast. She was as gracious and self possessed as his own mother, whose fingers had never prepared a meal in her life.

"We are rather old fashioned people, Mr. Hilliard," she said. "We cling to old family customs, and we do like to observe our festivals at home. A Thanksgiving dinner eaten in a fashionable restaurant never tastes quite so good to me."

"I feel sure that this is going to mark an era in festivals with me," smiled Jack, and then he stopped short and was guilty of staring.

He had been seated facing an old fashioned pier glass between the front windows, and now he saw reflected in its depths the form of his brown eyed girl—the girl he had seen twice, the girl he had dreamed about. It was too wonderful to be true, and yet it must be true, for Harry and Manson had arisen, and Jack found himself on his feet and turning to be introduced to Alice Clifton. When their eyes met he was sure there was a gleam of recognition in their brown depths.

Alice Clifton was wearing a pale pink frock, and pink was undoubtedly her color. It flushed her delicately until she looked like a sweet pink rose.

"To think of what I might have missed if I had thrown over Harry's invitation," said Jack to himself, as they went in to dinner and he found himself facing Alice Clifton. "To think of what I would have missed if I had not come tonight! It's all too wonderful for anything—to have old Manson here too!"

It was a delicious dinner and was marked by much fun and merriment. From the very beginning Jack Hilliard had no eyes for any one but lovely Alice Clifton. He was afraid that this might be a delightful dream from which he would awaken to find her vanished from his sight as had happened before.

It was late when he left the Cliftons' home and at the foot of the steps he paused and looked up at the sky, which had now cleared. The stars shone brightly down and a moon hung high in the heavens.

Jack Hilliard had never been a religious youth, but now his heart was so full of joy and gratitude at the happenings of the eventful day that a new understanding of things came to him and remained with him ever after.

He looked up at the sky and his eyes seemed to pierce beyond the stars. "For meeting her—for all these things—for everything—thanks!" he said solemnly and went on his way.

The Penknife.

Everybody knows that a penknife is no longer a penknife. In the days of the squeaky quill pen, before the introduction of steel pen points, the penknife was used for the purpose of trimming the quill and keeping it in good writing order. It was made with a folding blade, so that it could be carried around in the pocket where it would be easily found whenever needed.

Also Colored.

"Yes; I was fined £50 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter."

"Well, didn't you deserve it?"

"Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the magistrate who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—London Opinion.

No Tip.

Penam—Colonel Bloodyman's old war traits still cling to him. Nicks—How so? Penam—I dined with him last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter.—Harlem Life.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old.—Shenstone.

ASLEEP AT HIS DESK.

Lincoln Was Worn Out, but Hadn't Forgotten His Caller.

One day a very energetic lady called on me to take her to the president and aid her to get a private soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to death for desertion and was to be shot the very next morning. It was late in the afternoon when we got there, and the cabinet was still in session. I sent my name in to Mr. Lincoln, and he came out, evidently in profound thought and full of some great subject. I stated the object of our call and, leaving the lady in one of the antechambers, returned to the senate, which had not yet adjourned.

The case made a deep impression on me, but I forgot it in the excitement of the debate and the work of my office until perhaps near 10 o'clock that night, when my female friend came rushing into the room, radiant with delight, the pardon in her hand.

"I have been up there ever since," she said. "The cabinet adjourned, and I sat waiting for the president to come out and tell me the fate of my poor soldier, whose case I placed in his hands after you left. But I waited in vain—there was no Mr. Lincoln. So I thought I would go up to the door of his cabinet room and knock. I did so, and as there was no answer I opened it and passed in, and there was the worn president asleep with his head on the table resting on his arms and my boy's pardon signed by his side. I quietly waked him, blessed him for his good deed and came here to tell you the glorious news."—John W. Forney in "Anecdotes of Public Men."

Shooting With a Revolver.

Very few people, even accomplished shots know how a revolver ought to be handled.

Troops are taught in aiming never to look at the weapon at all, but to keep their eyes on the object to be struck. In quick firing, and especially in shooting from horseback, much better results are obtainable in this way.

A man throwing a stone does not look at his hand; neither does a billiard player sight along his cue. The same rules apply to the use of short weapons. Men have been trained to shoot excellently at a mark when they could not see their pistol sights at all.

Pieces of pasteboard were fastened just in front of the cylinders, which effectually prevented the men from using their foresights and greatly increased the rapidity of their fire.

Nearly any one can sight a pistol correctly, the inaccuracy of the aim being due to the trembling of the hands before the trigger is pressed. By hiding the sight the temptation to hold too long is removed and the first aim, generally the most accurate, is preserved.—Pearson's.

Lots of Them.

Gerald—I have my faults. Geraldine—What a group picture they would make!—New York Press.

The End of The World

should it come tomorrow would find fully ½ of the people suffering with rheumatism of either slight or serious nature. Nobody need suffer with rheumatism for Ballard's Snow Liniment drives away the trouble, relieves the pain instantly and leaves the user as well and supple as a two year old. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

How the Scotch Like Golf.

The Ameerican is apt to seek in playing golf chiefly excitement, struggle, the winning of a purse, the "licking" of an opponent. The European, on the other hand, views it in a larger, soberer way. The spirit of the answer given by a Scotch golfer to an invitation to visit America and its links illustrates what I mean by a "larger way."

"Laddie," said he, "I could na' leave the links here. The smell o' the sea, the sheep bleatin', the wee ba' running in and oot o' bunkers fashioned hundreds of years syne; na, na, I'm goin' to gowf in Scotland till a' dee."—Walter M. Cabot in Forum.

Why He Was Late.

"What made you so late?"

"I met Smithson."

"Well, that is no reason why you should be an hour late getting home to supper."

"I know, but I asked him how he was feeling, and he insisted on telling me about his stomach trouble."

"Did you tell him to take Chamberlain's Tablets?"

"Sure, that is what he needs." Sold by all dealers.

Primitive Man and Exercise.

Exercise in primitive times was the price of life. It was only after we had learned to live by our wits and exercise became a luxury that it began to run into fads. If primitive man neglected his al fresco Delsartean exercises and let his muscles soften he simply provided a tender tidbit for some of his confreres, carnivore or cannibal. It was a case of eat or be eaten, and his motto was, "Do it first." The gorgeous possibilities of power through repose had not yet dawned on him. In those days man did not exercise. He just "humped." He had to.—From "Exercise and Health," by Woods Hutchinson.

"My little son had a very severe cold. I was recommended to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and before a small bottle was finished he was as well as ever," writes Mrs. H. Silks, 29 Dowling Street, Sydney, Australia. This remedy is sold by all dealers.

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Prize Collection Salad, 11 varieties; Lettuce, 12 kinds; Tomatoes, 11 the finest; Turnip, 7 splendid; Onion, 5 best varieties; 10 Spring Beauties; Radish—11 varieties in all.

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Good Reason.

"Judge," said the caller, "I wish you'd tell me what I have to do to get my name changed."

"What is your present name?"

"Bennet Lemuel Zebulon Bubb."

"You wish to have 'Bubb' changed to something else?"

"No; I want a new one entirely, something like William Thompson or George Jones—something short and easy, you know."

"Your objection to your name, then, is that it is too long, I presume. Why can't you just use your initials?"

"That only makes it worse, judge. Whenever I give my name as B. L. Z. Bubb somebody snickers."—Chicago Tribune.

Poison Oak Poisoning

Ballard's Snow Liniment cures it. Mr O H Cornelius, Turner, Oregon, writes: "My wife has discovered that Snow Liniment cures poison oak poisoning, a very painful trouble. She not only cured a case of it on herself, but on two of her friends who were poisoned by the same ivy. Price 25c, 50c, and $1.00. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

A Story of a Scholar.

Theodor Mommsen, the famous historian, had not only the appearance, but the manner, of a scholar. Once during the half hour's drive from Berlin to Charlottenburg the car in which the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed, and the stranded car was left until help could be found. Mommsen remained, reading his book. An hour passed, and the sound of levers and jacks and the plunging of horses' hoofs aroused him from his reverie. With no sign of discomposure he arose from his seat and went to the door. "Ah," said he, "we seem to have come to a standstill."

A Smile

is a pretty hard thing to accomplish when you're blue, bilious and out of sorts. There is a sure cure for all kinds of stomach and liver complaints—constipation and dyspepsia. Ballard's Herbine is mild, yet absolutely effective in all cases. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

A Long Range Shooter.

A local young man who is going to spend part of the winter in the south and who expects to do some shooting while there went into a hardware store one day last week to buy a gun.

"I am going after big game," he told the salesman, "wildcats, deer and bear."

"Then you want a good gun," said the clerk, "and I have just the thing. Here's one that we will guarantee to kill a bear at three miles."

Taking the gun in his hands and turning it over and over in a gingerly manner, the young man stammered:

"B-b-but isn't three miles pretty close to get to a bear?"—Youngstown Telegram.

Boys Will be Boys

and are always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. Don't neglect such things—they may result serious if you do. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment according to directions right away and it will relieve the pain and heal the trouble. Price 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

In the Matter of the Estate of W. B. McCoy, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order issued out of the above entitled court on the 4th day of March, 1912, finding and authorizing the undersigned as administrator of the estate of W. B. McCoy, deceased, to sell all of the following described real property belonging to said estate, to-wit:

Lot Seven (7) of Block Ten (10) in the town of Kent, in the county of Sherman and state of Oregon, according to the plat thereof as the same appears of record in the County Clerk's office in said county and state, on which said real property there is a five-room dwelling house, said real property with said improvements being appraised at three hundred ($300.00) dollars;

Also an undivided one-half interest in and to Lot Four (4) of Section Thirty (30) and Lot One (1) and the Northeast quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section Thirty-one (31) in Township Two (2) North of Range Twelve (12) East of the Willamette Meridian, situated in the County of Wasco, State of Oregon, said undivided one-half interest being appraised at three thousand ($3,000.00) dollars.

The undersigned, as administrator, will, from and after Monday the 3d day of June, 1912, proceed to sell at private sale for cash in hand the above described real property at the office of said administrator in the W. W. M. Co. Bank at Moro, Sherman County, Oregon.

Dated May 3d, 1912. L. BARNUM, Administrator.

GEORGE MOWRY, Attorney for Estate. (1st-5-31-12)

CLUBBING OFFER

Semi-Weekly Oregon Journal, one year $1.50
Sherman County Observer 1.50
Total $3.00

BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR $2.00

THE SEMI-WEEKLY Oregon Journal

Publishes the latest and most complete telegraphic news of the world; gives reliable market reports, as it is published at Portland, where the market news can be and is corrected to date for each issue. It also has a page of special matter for the farm and home, an entertaining story page and a page or more of comic each week—104 times a year.

The Sherman County Observer

Gives the local news and happenings and should be in every home in this county. The two papers make a splendid combination. You save $1 by sending your subscription to the

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Corner of 7th and Stark Street.

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NEW HOTEL PERKINS

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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.

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CONDUCTED ON THE BEST PRINCIPLES.

Talking to Himself

A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied:

"In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man.

"In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk."

We talk out loud for the Scotchman's reasons.

Would rather talk on P-r-i-n-t-i-n-g than on any other subject.

We don't say a word about prices—it goes without saying that prices are right.

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