

The Observer.

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D. C. IRELAND, Editor.
C. E. IRELAND, Manager.

FRIDAY, December 6, 1912

If you do not read The Observer, why not?

We would like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for \$2.50, one year \$1.50; 12¢ a month in advance. Try it. Order by postal card, and pay for it when you can.

Church and Society notices FREE, except where for money making purposes. Such notices at regular rates at the option of the publishers.

We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the notification of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a delinquent.

Did it ever occur to you that it costs no more to produce printing than it does to the eye than the other kind? The Observer is equipped with all the modern facilities for doing good work at the very minimum of cost. Try us with an order and if it is not executed to your perfect satisfaction you need not pay for it.

Send for advertising rates.

The Turks ask better terms, but unpreparedness and cholera are hard bargainers.

A weed protest meeting was held in Grassvalley Monday, and when the legislature meets something 'll be doin'.

China is reported to be about to go to war with Russia; almanacs can safely announce that there will be some fighting in 1913.

The Bulgarians circled freely in aeroplanes over the Turkish fortified lines; war bureaus have made no mistake in taking aviation seriously.

The late Senator Heyburn, republican, will be temporarily succeeded by a democrat, and the late Senator Rayner, democrat, by a republican; which illustrates the mutability of modern politics.

Our National Treasury deficit is less last month than \$2,000,000, as compared with over \$20,000,000 in November 1911; at the finish there was a surplus last year, but a larger one is now in prospect.

Designating the Pendleton round up as "cruel, demoralizing, and degrading," the American Humane Society has passed resolution to petition congress to have it discontinued and forbid pictures of it being shown.

A square test would show that at least 3/4 of the voters of the United States favor the reasonable protection of American wages and industries; the present political situation is therefore abnormal, and transient.

Thirty-four states have now ratified the amendment to the federal constitution providing for an income tax; with the endorsement of two more states, which seems likely, the amendment will be adopted and congress will have authority to tax incomes.

Since the Turk learned that the holy war means to the Christians, the shooting of Moslems full of holes, there is less talk about it. Now the threat is one of blowing up the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Gladstone nearly expressed it all in calling him "the unspcakable Turk."

The Supreme court decision in the bath tub trust case practically is that the tariff is not responsible for the high prices the combination has been charging; the 'trust' is in violation of the Sherman law, a statute however, having no connection with Schedule K, or any duty, specific or ad valorem.

Six tons of peaches, consigned to a Portland middle man by the producer, last fall, which went to cold storage to await the rise, rotted on a falling market and instead of selling them at the lower price while yet eatable, the city was last week put to the expense of cremating them. This is one other transaction in Portland that needs investigating.

Parcel Post Law a Study.

January 1st, 1913, the parcels post law will go into effect, allowing parcels up to 11 pounds to be mailed in zones, with distinctive parcels post stamps. Such matter bearing ordinary postage stamps will be treated as held for postage. Parcels can only be mailed at post offices or branches. All parcels must bear the return card of the sender, otherwise they will not be accepted for mailing. The postage will be from six cents for the first pound or fraction thereof, and two cents for each additional lb. up to 11 in the first zone, to 12 cents for the first pound or fraction to 10 cents for each additional lb. in the last, or longest zone.

Neat Texas Cattle at Strong's Farm.

Mrs. H. W. Strong aided Mr. S. at the stock farm over Thanksgiving. Mrs. S. says there is a wrong impression abroad concerning the disposition of the Texas cattle, she found them gentle and as docile as lambs about the place. Mr. Strong will soon have a car load of them feeding at the home place near this city.

In Memory of John Christianson

Whereas, The Messenger of Death has taken across the threshold of the Grand Lodge above, the spirit of our Brother John Christianson, who for many years was a faithful member of Eureka Lodge No. 121, A. F. & A. M., and a consistent follower of the pure principles of our beloved order, and who was a Mason in fact as well as in name;

Whereas, By the death of Bro. John Christianson, this lodge has lost a true brother, his family a loving husband and father, and the community in which he has lived for so many years a useful citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Charter of our Lodge be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this lodge; that a copy, under seal of the lodge, be furnished the widow of our beloved brother; and a copy be handed The Sherman County Observer for publication.

Fraternally submitted,
W. H. RAGSDALE,
W. D. WALLAN,
P. H. BUXTON,
Committee,
Eureka Lodge, 121, A. F. & A. M.

Infection in the Home.

A German medical journal draws attention to a possible factor in the spread of infectious conditions of the mouth, nose and pharynx that is infrequently recognized in many households. It points out that common table utensils, such as forks, spoons and glasses, which come into contact with the mouth, are usually washed all together, often with little care, and dried on the same cloth. This gives great opportunity for the distribution of infective agencies. For this reason particular care should be exercised in families where any member may be suffering from an infectious disease to sterilize the table utensils used in boiling water. People who complain of "itching throats" in many instances are actually catching infection from little understood and easily preventable sources. The infectious germ is so minute that the eye does not detect its presence. It is necessary, therefore, to keep up a constant effort for the destruction of harmful germs and germ carriers by introducing as far as possible the precautionary practices of sanitary science into domestic life. Philadelphia Record.

Juggling a Photograph.

"We've sometimes asked to do queer stunts with our pictures," said a New York photographer. "About the most unusual was a trick I had to play with a photograph taken of a large gathering of some organization. The committee in charge of the affair wanted one prominent man to take a conspicuous place in the group and so arranged the group. At the last minute a less desirable member of the organization crowded in and got the choice position, making him the most prominent person in the finished photograph. In desperation the committee came to me to help it out. When I suggested changing heads and putting the head of a prominent member on to the body of the undesirable one, it was declined. Fortunately it was a seated group, and the man's figure didn't make much difference at that way. The exchange of heads was a great success, and the committee got a lot of praise for the way I had me juggle with that photograph."—New York Sun.

Complimentary.

Uncle Tom:—Have you named your dog yet, Harry? Harry:—Sure thing, I named him after you, Uncle Tom. That's not very complimentary, is it? Harry:—Oh, well, he hasn't got sense enough to know the difference. Chicago News.

His Busy Time.

"How busy did he do with his time?" "Oh, long, man! You think he had time for measure de distance?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Prophetic Strokes

A Clock Whose Hands Had Not Moved For Years Suddenly Strikes at Night

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the Hars mountains stands the castle of Wertheim, though it is now a ruin. In the castle tower was a clock, which was said to be one of the first ever made. During the period when the castle was last inhabited this clock had long ceased to strike the hour. Its clumsy frame was still perched away up in the tower, so rusty that even a strong man could not wind it even if the weights were removed. The old baron remembered having heard of a strike when a child, but he was sixty years old and the only one in the castle or in the neighborhood who remembered the sound of its bell. But it was even then like the death rattle in the throat of a giant.

Since that day the staircase in the tower ascending its four sides in frequent right angles some seventy feet had completely rotted away, leaving the clock on the strong floor that had been built for it.

Baron Ludwig Wertheim was the owner of the castle at the period of this story. He had but one son, below



"THAT'S NOT NEWS TO ME!"

where there was no male heir to the title. Casper was forty years old and his wife thirty-eight, and they had no children. This was a source of distress to the old baron, realising, as he did, that with his son the title would become extinct. Since it was one of the oldest and most respected in the land those living in the vicinity felt the same regret.

One night when a bleak November wind was blowing these steep in the castle and those at the base of the hill were awakened by a strange sound; a sound that thrilled them and filled them with wonder. They heard the stroke of a tower clock. To those on the hill it sounded close by. To those at the bottom it seemed to come from a distance. The only clock capable of creating such strong vibrations within a hundred miles was the one in the tower of Wertheim castle.

And what a sound it was! Some said that it seemed to them like the distant boom of a gun on a storming ship, some that it was a knell, some like the angelus that summons mortals to prayer. All agreed that it was a dirge, and to all there were that night the hoarse wheezing and creaking that might be expected from long disused and rusty mechanism. One, two, three! There was a silence, while the listeners counted the beating of their hearts; at the end of which the strokes were resumed.

But what a difference between the first and last series of beats! Instead of being funeral the second was joyous. Could those silver tones come from the old clock in the tower? Aull ret what clock was there near by that could be heard so distinct, so vivid? None. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! The strokes were counted by every person in the castle, beneath the castle and within hearing distance of the castle. They were heard by persons living ten miles away. These joyous strokes sounded differently to different persons. To some they were like the sound of wedding bells, to some the chimes of Easter, to others those which ring out at a christening.

Of all who heard them the old baron was the only one to interpret them. He counted the first stroke and when he heard the third knew that his brother, as he sometimes called the clock, had sent him a message. Then when the ten strokes that followed ended he sank into a restful slumber such as he had not known for years.

The next morning the castle yard was filled with people looking up at the tower and the clock above. There was a babel of voices, some asserting that a trick had been played upon them by some mischievous person who had climbed up to the clock and struck the bell, that it was superstition or imagination alone that led those who heard the sounds to attribute to them different intonations. One of these skeptics entered the tower at the bottom and looked up, to determine if he could see any evidence left above as to how it could have been scaled. There was nothing but the four interior sides, showing marks here and there of where the staircase had been built

against the wall. However, this man bent a heavy iron rod, while he stood gazing upward a piece of stone or mortar fell from above, landing within a few feet of him. He was too frightened to notice what it was, and no one else dared enter the tower.

Only the baron dared to discuss the cause of the old clock suddenly resuming the strokes that it had given for 300 years and had ceased to give for nearly sixty. But it was noticed that from that memorable night he who had appeared youthful and vigorous for his years, began to show signs of decay. A cold storm in December brought on a chill, from which he emerged much weakened. In February he received a shock from which it was evident he would not recover.

One day his son entered the room where he lay with news that he hoped might rouse his father to illness. But he came clamored and called her husband. The baron was dead.

"That is not news to me," said the old man, and turning over, fell into a sleep. Hours after this his daughter-in-law approached the old man's bed to receive his congratulations. He was still sleeping and so still that she became alarmed and called her husband. The baron was dead.

A great concourse of people attended the funeral of the man they loved so well. It was held in the chapel of the castle, and after the ceremony the body was lowered into a vault under the chapel floor. Thus the striking having left many a century on the place, the baron's death, withdrew.

That night it was rather in the small hours of the morning—those sleeping in the castle were awakened by a crash so loud that it was heard, like the mysterious sounds of the bell, for miles around. No one got out of bed to learn the cause of the noise; all sleeping with the first light of day many jumped out of bed and, putting on their clothes, went out into the court yard with a view to learning what had disturbed their slumbers. They huddled together exchanging remarks and looking about them to see if there was any evidence that any part of the old walls had fallen. But the walls were the same as the night before. Then one man went to the clock tower and looked inside. He saw a heap of old rusty iron and rotten wood. It was the clock.

The event, happening the night of the baron's funeral, strengthened the position of those who had asserted that there was something more than living in the mysterious strokes which had been heard at the close of the previous year. Might not they have forestalled the baron's death?

"How could that be," protested the doctors, "since there were but three strokes and the baron did not die for four months?"

"Granted," was the reply. "But he died in the third month of the year. As, so to the clock, surely it gave notice of its own as well as the baron's death."

One thing puzzled all—the fact that the old man when his son announced to him that a grandchild would be born to him not only replied that it was not news to him, but manifested an interest in it, might be a beginning of them believe that, whatever the message the clock had given, the baron alone was accorded a power to understand it.

In time it was announced that the child would be born in October. This some one remembered that October was the death month in the year and that the month of the second stroke of the clock had been given by the old clock had been ten.

At this discovery every eye, one who had doubted the supernatural behavior of the clock gave in, and those who did not admitted that if Baron Ludwig's grandchild should be a boy, he, too, would be covered. On the 10th day of October a baby boy came into the world, and not a soul within the castle inclusive or among the retainers living roundabout but believed that the baron's "brother" had foretold the day of his death of its own destruction, and that he would be blessed by the birth of a male child to perpetuate the family name of which he was so proud.

The announcement of this prophetic announcement was nothing to that of one who was in the secret of the mysterious strokes. A young man with a mantle for slinging, by throwing a looped rope over a projection of the tower, had succeeded in getting up to the clock and had made three sounds with a piece of iron, which he followed by just once with a piece of wood. So astounded was he with the coincidences which subsequently occurred that he almost believed he had been sent to the tower by some guardian spirit of the baron to make the announcement to him of events that afterwards occurred. When the first flash of wonder had died out the child, or confessed, he had done the thing. Only a few believed him, and they accused him of vituperation.

He left the place to save himself from being burned alive and never returned. The child born at the time became the father of many children, most of them boys, and the title is still in existence.

China's Haunted Spots.

In China there is a strong belief that spots in rivers, creeks and ponds where people have been drowned are haunted by specters who spring out upon the unwary and drown them should the hapless swimmer very frequently the spot is exceeded. This ceremony consists in the despatch of a white horse by a specially selected executor on the site of the hauntings. The head of the slaughtered animal is placed in an earthenware jar and buried in the exact spot where it was killed, which spot is usually marked by the erection of a stone tablet.

Shipwrecked.

Beltime women wear the most curious kind of underclothing. Its peculiarity being that it is made of the skins of birds. These skins, before being sewed together, are dyed with the various shades of red, green, blue and black. About a hundred skins are required to make a shirt, and the labor of chewing the skins which furnish the garments is quite enough to account for the general well-developed jaws of Beltime women.

Abraham Lincoln as a Knocker.

Abraham Lincoln could knock his own town office in a while. It is a well authenticated story that while he was secretary of state of Illinois he had occasion to answer the application of a certain minister to deliver a lecture in the hall of representatives at Springfield. "What is the subject of the lecture?" asked Mr. Lincoln. "The second coming of our Lord," answered the man; "No use here," said Mr. Lincoln, "you'll only be wasting your time; if the Lord has been in Springfield once, he will never come the second time."

Citizens' Mass Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that a mass meeting of citizens of Sherman county will be held at the I. O. O. F. Hall, Grass Valley, at one o'clock p. m., Dec. 14, 1912, for the purpose of securing weed legislation. This is important, and all persons are earnestly urged to be there and take part in the proceedings. By order of THE COMMITTEE, Grass Valley, Or.

Teachers' Examinations.

Notice is hereby given that the County School Superintendent of Sherman county will hold the regular examination for applicants for state and county papers at the Court house in Moro, Oregon, as follows:

- FOR STATE PAPERS:
Commencing Wednesday, December 18 at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, December 21, at 4 p. m.
Wednesday forenoon—Writing, U. S. History, Physiology.
Wednesday afternoon—Physical Geography, Reading, Composition, Methods in Reading, Methods in Arithmetic.
Thursday forenoon—Arithmetic, History of Education, Psychology, Methods in Geography.
Thursday afternoon—Grammar, Geography, American Literature, Physics, Methods in Language, Thesis for Primary Certificate.
Friday forenoon—Theory and Practice, Orthography, English Literature.
Friday afternoon—School Law, Botany, Algebra, Civil Government.
Saturday forenoon—Geometry, Geology.
Saturday afternoon—General History, Book-keeping.

W. C. BEYANT,
School Superintendent.

Polan China Boar for sale

Thirty months old, full blood Polan China boar for sale. Apply to or address C. W. SMITH, Box 35, Moro, Or. 246*161

Photographs at a Bargain

Two Edison phonographs, one never has been used. Give your home a Christmas present that all can enjoy. Moro Hardware and 246*161 Implement Co.

White Leghorns for Sale

S. C. White Leghorn cockerels for sale at \$4.00 each. Apply to or address Mrs. J. STEWART, Moro, Or. 161*161

Giant M. B. Turkeys for Sale.

My Turkeys won two blue and two red ribbons at Moro; also two blue and two red ribbons at Condon, and the \$10 special prize for the best trio of Turkeys at the tri-county fair; I also have some fine SC W Leghorn cockerels at \$2.00 up, and young Toms at \$5.00 each. J. P. McMILLIN, Box 276, Moro, Or. 151*159

Separator and Incubator

For sale; 220 egg McCham's ham incubator, used one season, price \$15; also United States cream separator, used three months, price reasonable. Both in good condition. Write or phone FREDERICK HERRING, Moro, Or. 151*159

Travelers at Biggs

Should try our famous chicken plate dinner; all kinds of nice sandwich, pie, cake, good coffee. WOLFARD LUNCH COUNTER

Want to Buy Cattle

We are in the market to buy cattle of all kinds; are paying all the market will stand for either stall or beef cattle; if you have cattle to sell give us a chance to pay you a good price. T. J. & J. J. MILLER, Biggs, Or. 3m25*157

Calts and Horses For Sale

Twelve head of calts for sale, from 1 to 4 years old, all are of large stock; eleven mares and one gelding. They can be seen at the W. S. White place near Biggs, now being operated by N. J. Willard; or write J. W. S. FISH, Moro, Or. 161*147

SAD IT MUST BE

At times, not to be able to get what you want.

Such sadness is being rapidly dispelled at this store under the new management; the time is not far off when this will be one of the best equipped drug stores in the state of Oregon. We especially call your attention this week to a list of items which may help, considerably, to solve what is said to be

Christmas Troubles

Toilet Sets	Calander Pads
Fancy Hand Painted Dishes	Holiday Post Cards
Ladies Hand Bags and Leather Goods	Crepe and Tissue Paper
Books and Novels	Christmas Seals and Stickers
Photographs and Records	Christmas Bells
Novelty Jewelry, etc.	Moro Pennants
Christmas Perfumes	Santa False Faces
Childrens Story Books	Christmas Garlands
	Christmas Tree Decorations

We have received from Portland leading Rose Petal Bead maker a small but elegant assortment of Rose Petal Bead Necklaces, which are open to your inspection.

MORO PHARMACY

DO A LITTLE MISSIONARY WORK IN YOUR idle days by telling your neighbors of the good qualities of The Observer. If you can't get their subscriptions, send us their addresses and we will send them sample copies. We pay for all soliciting you do. Subscribe for The Observer. Best Weekly published in the Inland Empire. Everyone reads it.

MORO BRANCH

TUM A LUM LUMBER CO.

H. U. MARTIN, Manager.

WOOD - COAL - POSTS

Lumber, Cement and Lime, Windows, Doors, Moulding.

Special prices on Wood in car load lots where one or more are buying.

Every Sack Guaranteed

Makes the whitest, sweetest, and most nutritious bread of any brand on the market.

Makes more loaves of bread than any other brand.

Has been a leader in this county for five years and is gaining in popularity, with not one complaint.

Makes the house wife happy, the children healthy, and the buyer a satisfied customer.

If your grocer cannot supply you let us know and we will see that you get it.

Pacific Coast Elevator Co

Wasco, Oregon.

Flour

When we get your wireless call for HELP, we will come to the rescue with good old PRINTER'S INK

GOOD ADVERTISING HAS SAVED MANY BUSINESS MEN FROM FINANCIAL SHIPWRECK