

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, June 15, 1917

The price of The Observer is \$1.50 per year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for four months—but if paid in advance we accept \$2.50 in full for 2 years. Shorter terms than on year 12 1/2 cents per month.

A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Chest.
The sailor's a contortionist.
One of the very best.
For I have seen him light his pipe
And sit down on his chest.

Corn-Cobb.
Miss Margaret Corn was married to Stanley Duncan Cobb Monday at the home of the bride's parents. When Cobb went to the clerk's office for the license he was refused, the clerk thinking it was a joke. Cobb finally convinced the clerk that it was a genuine Corn-Cobb marriage, and he shelled out \$1.75 for the license.—El Paso (Tex.) Cor. Teupple (Tex.) Times.

Walk.
The errand boy's a plodder who
Goes mighty little dough;
He has a walk in life, that's true,
But it is very slow.

Holler.
"Why do you refer to the hypocrite
as the human Swiss cheese?" asked the old fog.
"Because he always has an 'I am
holler than thou' expression," replied the grouch.

Ode to a Calf.
Bleat not, oh, calf! For unto thee
I now devote this little ballad;
Cheer up! For some day you will be
The chicken in a chicken salad.

The Wise Fool.
"Misfortune comes in pairs," quoted the sage.
"Yes," agreed the fool, "if the other
fellow holds three of a kind."

Wuff!
This has no business in our quips.
We'll class it with our ravings;
A carpenter's known by his chips.
A barber by his shavings.

Poor Old Paw.
Willie—Paw, can I ask you a question?
Paw—Yes, my son. What is it?
Willie—Why, could you say that electric
signs are light reading matter?

Artists All.
"The dentist is an artist," said
the funny Mr. Heath.
The pencil doesn't earn him bread,
But I've seen him draw teeth."

"The merchant is an artist, too,"
said witty Mr. Wade.
"His line of ads is always true,
So he can draw your trade."

Pleased to Meet Them.
Dear Luke: George F. Steer is superintendent and Fred Tongue is manager of the Armstrong Beef Packing company of Dallas, Tex.—B. B.

Ouch!
Dear Luke—When the professor had concluded his lecture to his class of dental students, one student asked this question:

"What relation does the oblique-asymmetrical bear to the inferior maxillary sinus during the mastication of spring chicken?"—J. A. Throckmorton, Sidney, O.

But Are They Near the Crematory?
Luke would inform some seventy-five correspondents that he entered the firm of Geter & Baker, the Jacksonville (Fla.) undertakers, in the club several months ago.

Name Is Names.
Nast T. Mann lives at Dennison, O.

Things to Worry About.
The world receives an average of 186 earthquake shocks every year.

Our Daily Special.
Much feeding maketh a full man.

Luke McLuke Says:
When a woman has seven or eight children she is always taking something old and making it over into something new.

You can give a girl all the higher education you please, but her husband's excuses will never sound as logical to her as they do to him.

When father gets home after midnight and tries to get through the house in the dark so as not to wake mother he wonders what ever possessed him to put on his nightgown and socks since he left the house the morning before.

There are a whole lot of church members who know that a tickle makes more noise than a dollar bill when it is dropped into the collection plate.

There are plenty of promising young men who never pay.

Religion is a great force for good. But so is the fear of being found out. Before he gets her he says that she doesn't eat any more than a bird. And after he gets her he realizes that an ostrich is a bird.

It is a mighty dumb mule that can't learn something about kicking from the average man.

When she is sixteen nothing less than a prince and a golden palace will suit her. But when she is twenty-six a common ordinary provider and a house with plenty of closets look mighty good to her.

The average business man can tell you that a course in stenography includes almost everything except spelling.

An Ingenious Woman

A Story of the Days of Witchcraft.

By F. A. MITCHEL

There was once a young man named Conrad who married a girl named Joan. They were vassals on the estate of a baron who owned and ruled over a great territory. The man and the woman were both poor, and their neighbors wondered how they would get on. Nevertheless they prospered, and their prosperity was all on account of Joan, who was very shrewd. One thing puzzled those who knew her. She did everything in a way so queer that some of them thought her demented. And yet her acts resulted to her benefit.

One person, and one person alone, came to understand her. Her husband, Conrad, was a stupid man, and it was this that was the reason why he came to be an excellent auxiliary to his wife. Having no ideas of his own, he was readily recipient of hers. For ten years she kept instilling her way of doing things into him, so that at last not only could she trust him to follow her lead, but at times to take the initiative on her methods.

There was much warfare in a small way in those days, attacks being made by one suzerain upon another. In one of these incursions upon the domain of Baron Elgibrod, where Conrad and his wife lived, Count Hastings, the incursionist, took Conrad away with him, having learned that he and his wife had accumulated money, and held his prisoner for ransom.

Conrad was thrown into prison and told that he should stay there till he paid the ransom. He remained a captive some time, then sent word to his wife that if he would send him a messenger with an order to pay the ransom, the count at once furnished the messenger, and Conrad wrote the following message to Joan:

My Dear Wife—I wish you to pay the ransom demanded by Count Hastings for my release. I will wait for you to do so. I am not liberated. I will hang myself in the chimney of the room where I am confined. Your loving husband, CONRAD.

This letter was submitted to the count, who read it with satisfaction. "For," said he, "if the woman is inclined to dicker as to the amount she shall pay, the threat of her husband to hang himself will influence her to pay any sum I ask." And he doubled the amount demanded for the ransom.

When the messenger delivered the note to Joan and she read her husband's threat to hang himself she fell over in a faint. The messenger did what he could to revive her and endeavored to reassure her by pointing out the impossibility of the prisoner hanging himself in the chimney, since, in the first place, he had no rope, and, in the second place, even if he had there was nothing in the chimney to which he could attach a rope.

This seemed to comfort Joan, and, gathering her strength, she wrote her husband a note stating that she would be unable to raise the money required for the ransom in so short a time, but she would do so as soon as possible. She added a note begging him not to hang himself, thus depriving her and the children of his care and the pleasure of having him with them.

The messenger went back to the count with Joan's letter, and it was read with satisfaction, for it was evident that she was so terrified at her husband's threat, notwithstanding the fact that it would be impossible to carry it out, that she would do all in her power to raise the money for the ransom. So the message was delivered to Conrad, who read it, evidently pleased at the prospect of getting his liberty.

A week passed, and the night came on which Conrad had threatened to commit suicide unless his wife had by that time paid the ransom and set him free. His jailer, when he brought in the prisoner's supper and set it down on the table, said jokingly:

"Well, Conrad, are you going to hang yourself tonight?"
"Why should I? My wife has said that she might not be able to raise the money for my ransom so soon, but I am sure she will do so in time. I am aware that she must sell everything we have, including our home, to raise so large an amount, and I don't expect that she will be able to turn it all into ready money in less than another week, at least."

"Why, then, did you name a period insufficient for her to raise the ransom?"
"Because I did not wish her to lose any time."

"Well, I'm glad you have no reason to hang yourself. For if you did I should have to sit up and watch you tonight, and I prefer to be asleep in my bed."

So the jailer left his prisoner to eat his supper, and when he returned Conrad was snoring loudly on his cot. The keeper went away satisfied that there was no danger of the prisoner cheating the count out of his ransom by killing himself, and he, too, betook himself to his bed and was soon snoring as loudly as Conrad.

When the next morning the jailer took Conrad's breakfast to him, expecting to see his prisoner sitting, as usual, at the table waiting for it, he was astonished not to see him at all. Moreover, there was a strange stillness in the room, the silence of absence of any living thing. The man, thinking that, after all, his prisoner might have carried out his threat, went to the chimney, fearing that he might see his body dangling there. There was nothing in the lower part, and, looking up, he saw only a small patch of blue sky.

With fear and trembling the jailer went word to the count that his prisoner had vanished. In order to shield himself, he declared that he had heard strange sounds overhead during the night. He believed that his prisoner

had carried out his threat to hang himself and that the jailer had carried off the body.

That was an age when people, instead of looking for natural causes, inferred everything to supernatural interference. The count so far leaned to the jailer's opinion that he did not look for a means of the prisoner's escape. He examined the only outlet, the chimney, and satisfied himself that Conrad could not have climbed the flue. In those days chimneys were very large, and for one to work himself up a flue by his knees on one side and his back on the other was impossible. Conrad must have hung himself, and there was no accounting for the disappearance of the body except that the jailer had carried it off.

The jailer's suggestion saved him from punishment, and the count was obliged to forego the ransom. He was becoming reconciled to his disappointment when one day a neighbor of Conrad's came across the border and reported the suicide living at home in comfort with his wife and children.

The count was astonished. Indeed, he would not believe the report until he had sent a spy into the enemy's country to learn the truth. When the spy returned and said that he had seen Conrad sitting before his door, the count was convinced that he was there. But the spy, believing that witches had assisted Conrad to get away, supposed himself to be under the influence of his imagination. Conrad was sitting motionless at the time, and the spy got the idea into his head that he was a corpse. He reported that he had watched the figure ten long minutes, in all of which time it made no motion.

The count, disgruntled at having lost his ransom and not satisfied with his spy's report, sent another, who saw Conrad chopping wood. This disposed of the theory that witches had carried back the corpse of a suicide, and the count determined to make a raid into the domains of Count Elgibrod with a view to again carrying off the wealthy Conrad.

Now, Conrad's home was near the border, and all the count had to do was to send a force across, kidnap Conrad and carry him away before any of the baron's forces could be brought to protect him. But it happened that Joan had been looking out of the window when the second spy saw her husband chopping wood and watched the man slipping away, as he supposed, unnoticed. Joan suspected what this meant and straightway took precautions. She sent one Oldershow, a neighbor, to Count Hastings' domain to win the confidence of the count and agree for a consideration to entice Conrad away from his home so that he could be readied for his escape. At the same time he was instructed by Joan to report that Joan was a witch.

This confirmed Count Hastings' belief in the jailer's suggestion that witches had been instrumental in Conrad's disappearance, but he attributed the removal to "one witch," Conrad's wife. Nevertheless, he was so averse to being beaten even by a witch that he accepted Oldershow's offer and, having paid him a round sum, sent a dozen men with him to kidnap Conrad. The expedition approached Conrad's house in the evening gloaming, and what was their horror to see the man they were after hanging by the neck to a tree near his house. They at once took to flight and never stopped running till they had reached their starting point, having left Oldershow behind them. They reported what they had seen to the count, and Oldershow, returning, entered Conrad's house and poured a heap of gold he had received for his work in Joan's lap.

This ended Count Hastings' efforts to regain possession of Conrad, for he was convinced of his being managed by a witch, that witch being Joan. But he sent a messenger to Baron Elgibrod to say that the baron had a witch in his dominions, and if he did not get rid of her she would infect the whole country.

Upon this the baron sent for Joan and asked her what truth there was in the count's charge.

"Please your worship," replied Joan, "when Count Hastings raided your domain he carried off my husband and held him for ransom. When the prisoner wrote me that if I did not pay the ransom by a certain date he would hang himself in the chimney I knew that there was a chimney in the room where he was confined and that he meant that I should on a certain night send some one or go myself, get on the roof and let a rope down by which he could climb. I sent one Oldershow, who succeeded in doing that, and my husband escaped."

"Suspecting that the count would try again to make my husband's prisoner, I sent Oldershow to win his confidence and plot a party to make the capture. I made a stuffed figure of my husband and hung it to a tree near the house. When they came to take him they were frightened and ran away. Instead of the count getting a ransom, I got the money he paid my messenger to lead his men into a trap."

The baron was so well pleased with Joan's story that he gave her a tract of land near his castle, where she and her family would be in less danger from Count Hastings' incursions.

EARLY RAILROAD FLIERS.

When the Threat of Twelve Miles an Hour Was Called Nonsense.

When the first passenger railroad ever built was opened in England in 1825 the train traveled from one end of the line to the other, a distance of twelve miles, in two hours. And Wood, one of the best known writers on the subject of railroads at that day, wrote as follows:

"Nothing can do more harm to the adoption of railways than the promulgation of such nonsense as that we shall see locomotives traveling at the rate of twelve miles an hour."

Today, with locomotives traveling at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, one can look at Wood's warning with a feeling of amusement.

In 1829 a locomotive was introduced in this country, and in the following year Peter Cooper experimented with a locomotive on the B. and O. railroad. The flues of the boiler were made from gun barrels. The boiler was about the size of a flour barrel.

Some Easy Marks

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

To let you into a part of the plot at the beginning, so that it may not be so great a puzzle to your brain, it may be stated that there was a widow named Ridgeway living at Colville, a town of 2,000 inhabitants.

There was living, also, at Beach Hill a lawyer named Hammond. Beach Hill and Colville were forty miles apart, but the lawyer and the widow had somehow become acquainted, and perhaps they would have fallen in love had either been able to support the other. Five miles from Beach Hill was a place called Widowville. There was a good reason for it. Five widowers, all farmers, had built their houses there. Each widower had a lot of children, numbering from five to eight.

Between Beach Hill and Widowville was a farm of eighty acres called the Lester farm. In seven years it had had five tenants. The soil was so poor that they all starved out. This farm the widow Ridgeway leased.

Of course the five widowers of Widowville heard of the widow's arrival and what she proposed to do, and they pricked up their ears and said that something would be doing. Enos Cook, who had the biggest number of children, was the first one to drive over and introduce himself.

Jason Turner was the next caller, and he went over the same ground and came away feeling just as good. So it was with Luke Harper, Moses Swift and Philetus Johnson. All looked upon the Widow Ridgeway as a prize to be won, and each one determined in his own mind to win her, though he didn't say anything to the others about it.

Two weeks had passed when they all called again, and this time their talk with the widow was more free.

It was at the third call that the plot developed. If the farmers could spare a little time from their own work they might plow a little and plant a little for her and thus help her along. Of course they would. They would be only too glad to do it. What crop did the widow think would pay her best? She promptly answered that potatoes would probably be the best selling crop.

How many acres? Why, she had figured out that about sixty acres would be the right thing.

Sixty acres of potatoes! Why, the average farmer thinks he has a big planting if he puts in ten. The widowers elevated their eyebrows in something like horror, but after a conference lasting an hour it was agreed to come to the widow's figures. When it came time for plowing the five brought their teams and plows and worked happily together.

When they couldn't come themselves they sent their hired men. Sixty acres is a big field, but it was eventually plowed and dragged. It was then that the widow made an announcement. She gathered together the five hired men at the back door and said:

"My friends, do not think I lack modesty when I tell you that I know you are all in love with me and intend to propose marriage. I like you all as yet as yet that I prefer one to another, but I am going to carry out a plan. The one that does the most for me in this matter of the potato crop I shall look upon as being the most worthy to become my husband."

Satisfaction gleamed in the eyes of every widower.

To plant sixty acres of ground takes a heap of seed potatoes. The widow didn't have a peck. The five farmers chipped in and bought them for her. They planted them for her. When it was time they plowed them out and when the tubers were ripe for digging the potato trust sent a man to offer 50 cents a bushel, which was the usual price. Two weeks later, after it had been ascertained that not another potato would be offered for sale in that part of the state, it raised its offer to 75 cents, and the widow took it.

When the last potato had been loaded up and drawn away the widow Ridgeway gave a banquet to the five farmers, and it was known that her choice was to be announced. The farmers noticed that eight plates were placed on the table. That meant two more persons were to sit down. They arrived. It was Lawyer Hammond and the Baptist preacher from the village. What business had brought them? Inquired each farmer of himself, but no one had solved the question when the banquet was finished, and the lawyer rose up and said:

"Gentlemen, this has been a great treat for me, and I should have the widow's heart and hand. You have all done nobly. Each one of you has shown himself to be a good and true man. In fact, you all have been so worthy of this good woman's love that she cannot decide which one of you to accept. She cannot marry the whole five of you, as you must know, and rather than give herself to one and make the four others miserable for life she has decided to marry the sixth man, which is me." The marriage took place, but there were five men who did not smile nor offer a congratulation. Their faces were very solemn as they slid out of the house and started for their homes, and on their way "rather each one remarked to himself:

"Gal darn my cats and dogs! If any man had told me that I was such an easy mark I'd have kicked him all over a ten acre lot!"

Knocked Down.
Some years ago in a certain county court, which was not one of the best fitted up places, three auctioneers were seated in a pewlike contrivance awaiting the judge's order to give evidence.

All at once there was a terrible noise in court, and a dense cloud of dust flew up.

"What's that?" asked the judge.

"Oh, it's nothing, your honor," replied a ready and facetious lawyer. "It's only three auctioneers gone off in one lot."

The seat had given way.—Chicago News

DUBLIN IS VERY ANCIENT.

It May Have Been in Existence in the Time of Ptolemy.

Do you know how old Dublin is? Probably not. Few cities tell their correct age, but there is a rumor that the Irish capital, the picturesque city on the banks of the Liffey, at the entrance to Dublin bay, is much older than she pretends to be. In fact, it has been asserted by some ungalant scholars that she was already a buxom girl when Ptolemy sat on the throne of Egypt, and that the fair city on the western island was mentioned in the writings of that day. In later times, say about 212 A. D., it already had a history. When the Danes came, some 600 years later, the Celts had been at peace so long that they fell victims to the invaders, but submission was no part of their program.

The inhabitants of the island are Celtic to the very core, and never have they become reconciled to the idea of sharing their beautiful country with either Saxons, Danes, Teutons or Norse. At one time, when the city of Dublin had become pretty thoroughly English in its feeling, the people of the hill country came down and massacred most of the inhabitants in the year 1170. Richard de Clare, known as Rich and Strongbow, the second earl of Pembroke, crossed the Irish channel with a great host and captured the city. But he became governor of the island only after he married the daughter of one of the Celtic kings.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

The First Steam Engines.

The first known steam engine to drive a kind of steam engine was described by Hero of Alexandria, probably in the first or second century B. C. But the first real steam engines were those used at the end of the seventeenth and in the early eighteenth centuries for pumping water out of mines. Newcomen's engine was used in English mines about 1711.

Another Story.

A Glasgow antiquary recently visited a ruined castle and asked one of the villagers if he knew anything of an old story about the building.

"Aye," said the rustic, "there was another old story, but it fell down long since."—London Telegraph.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Directors of School District No. 17, Moro, Oregon, until 7:00 p. m., June 15, 1917, for the erection and completion of a Public School building, according to plans and specifications prepared by Charles Burgraff, architect, Albany, Ore. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check payable to School District No. 17, Moro, Oregon, for the sum of 3% of the amount of bid, as a guarantee that the contractor will furnish an approved bond equal to 50% of the contract within ten days after the awarding of the contract. The lowest bidder will be required to furnish references satisfactory to the board.

All bids must be made out on blank proposals for the same. Blanks furnished upon application by the clerk or architect. Plans and specifications may be seen at Clerk's office, Moro—Record-Abstract office, Portland, Oregon, or at Architect's office.

The school board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
By order of School Board No. 17.
W. C. Bryant, Chairman.
F. E. Fortner, Clerk.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.
In the matter of the estate of Luther B. Hill, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator de bonis non, under the will of said deceased, has filed his final report and account of his administration of all of said estate remaining after the resignation of his predecessor, and that Monday, the 24 day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. thereof, has been appointed as the time and the county court room in the county court house at Moro, in said county and state, as the place of the hearing and settlement of said report and account, the objections thereto if any, the determination and settlement thereof and of the said estate, and for such other relief as the court shall deem proper.
Dated at Moro, Ore., this 17th day of May, A. D. 1917.
J. F. Foss, Admr.
D. B. N., under the will of said deceased.
Bright & Bryant, Attys. for Admr. m185

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county:
Rosalie Belle Bayliss, plaintiff,
William A. Bayliss, defendant.
To William A. Bayliss, 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 court and cause on or before the 7th day of July, 1917; and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her said complaint, to-wit: For a decree that the marriage contract now existing between the said plaintiff and yourself be dissolved, annulled and held for naught.

This summons is published in the Sherman County Observer by order of Hon. D. R. Parker, judge of said Circuit Court, made, dated and entered in said cause on the 21st day of May, 1917, and directing the publication of said summons be made once a week for six successive weeks.

The date of first publication is May 25, 1917.

J. B. Hosford,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.
In the matter of the Estate of James M. DeMoss, deceased.

To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 24 day of July, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, be and the same is hereby appointed as the time and the County Court room in the County Courthouse, in Moro, in said county and state, has been appointed as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto, if any, and the settlement of the said estate.

Dated and first published on the 24th day of May, A. D. 1917.
Julia DeMoss Manning,
Administrator of the said Estate.
Bright & Bryant, Attys. for Admr.

MORO BARBER SHOP

Porcelain Bath Tub.

Everything First Class and up to date.

Agent for Model Steam Laundry of The Dalles

Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office

E. W. LEWIS, Proprietor.

MORO, ----- Oregon.

BUY HARNESS NOW!

Buy It From Us

You may think you can get along without that new set of harness this winter, and possibly you can—BUT WILL IT PAY YOU? The time lost in repairing and tinkering and cussing on old and broken and unreliable harness will just about pay for a new one. And time is money these days.

Then broken harness often cause runaways, and they often result fatally to the driver or the animal. No, unreliable harness does NOT pay. Buy a new set NOW, and buy it from US, where it is BEST and CHEAPEST.

J. F. BELSHEE
Prop.

FOSS & CO. INC.

MORO, ORE.

GARAGE

Blacksmith and Machine Shop

Firestone **TIRES** Goodyear

Gas, Oils, Grease and Accessories

Auto Repairing and Storage

Iron, Steel and Coal, Hardwood Carriage and Wagon Material.

HOTEL ALBERT

THE DALLES, ORE.

Is noted for its comfortable surroundings and the courteous attention received by the traveling public.

Rates moderate priced. Rooms equipped with modern conveniences and newly furnished throughout.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED

Special Rates

NEW HOTEL PERKINS

Fifth and Washington Sts.
PORTLAND, ORE.

Room with privilege of bath, single, 75c up; double \$1.00 up
Room with private bath, single \$1.50 up; double \$2.00 up
Auto Meets Trains. Street cars from Union Depot pass our doors.
Transfer at 5th and Glisan streets from North Bank Depot.

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co

R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

DEALERS IN

Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

MANUFACTURERS OF

MILL FEED AND FLOUR.

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

BY AUTO
AND VISIT THE DALLES

STORE YOUR CAR

In the concrete, recently completed, fully equipped, roomy garage of Walther-Williams Company. Competent workman always ready to help you in any way they can at least expense to you. For any service rendered the charge will always be reasonable.

WALTHER-WILLIAMS GARAGE

THE DALLES, - - OREGON.

Good Stationary, nicely printed is one of the first requirements of a good business. We can supply you.