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FANNY'S OLD-TIME FLAME

(By D. J. Walsh.)

FANNY MARSH had overslept. She had been out into the night before a party, one of those cozy affairs where eight women gather for an interchange of ideas, a bit of work and light refreshment. Fanny had come home cheered and stimulated. She had uttered no word to malign, she had made a noticeable advance in the sweater she was knitting for poor little Alice Potter, and the tea and cake had agreed with her. But even so, she had, sleeping, somehow wandered into a dream of Myron Page.

The dream lingered about her as she bathed, brushed her graying hair and dressed for the day. At last she rummaged in a drawer and found a faded picture, at which she looked thoughtfully. It was thirty years since that picture was taken. She had worn a long skirt, big sleeves and a small hat perched on top of her head. Her slim girlish waist had measured only seventeen inches. Then she could not have spaded a flower bed to have saved her life. And Myron was in his way quite as absurd. She smiled at their innocent absurdity as they stood side by side, holding hands. It was June and they were young. Now it was fall, and while she was not exactly old she was getting along. As for Myron—she had no idea what had become of him.

Could she have married him? She wondered. Her friends thought she could, had even urged her, but something had prevented her, some inherent independence or stubbornness, they believed. There had never again come a lover into her life, and, denied husband and children, she had sought to fill her life with other interests. She had succeeded admirably. At forty-seven she had come back to her old home town to live in her own house, to eat her own bread for breakfast and do as she pleased. All very pleasant—except there was that memory of her old lover buzzing around her like a discontented bee.

It was raining that morning, but she loved the rain. Oh, she had endless plans for a rainy day! Eager to enter them, she stopped at one cup of coffee and one slice of toast. Slipping on her thick coat and close hat, she ran to the garage, where stood in readiness her honest old coupe. A touch of the starter button, a roar and the Dragon was on his way.

Fanny, splashing along wet streets, stopped at various houses. She had a key for little Mrs. Bryant, who was too sick to leave her room; a lively toy for the Horton youngsters, which would amuse them, thus permitting their mother to get out her daily quota of washings, a box of homemade fudge for old Mrs. Hale, who loved sweets, and a bag of rosy apples for Grandpa Hitt.

The morning was nearly gone before she splashed homeward, humming a song that vied with the easy purr of the motor. As she raced into her own driveway she caught a glimpse of somebody ringing her own front-door bell.

Leaving the car standing, Fanny ran to investigate her visitor. He was tall and thin, his coat collar was turned up, and his hat brim turned down. He wore glasses. She thought, "I don't know him," and spoke cheerily: "Good morning."

Her approach had been so rapid and he had been so thoroughly absorbed in punching the bell that he had not seen her. Now he turned with something like a start.

"Fanny!" he said in deep tones. "Oh! Why, it's you, Myron!" She gave him the handshake he sought. "You surely haven't forgotten me!" He focused his glasses upon her reproachfully.

"Oh, no!" She laughed nervously. "Won't you come in? Let me open the door. We don't lock doors here. And it's such a joy. Locked doors seem so suspicious and—frightening. Right this way, Myron. This is the living room. Take a chair. I'll be back in one moment."

As she ran her car into the garage she thought strangely. "It is just as if I had wished for him and he came! I suppose I must ask him to lunch. There is pie enough besides other things. I am glad I cooked that chicken yesterday."

She found Myron had made himself comfortably at home during her brief absence. He was sitting in one of the easiest chairs, his legs crossed, contemplating the contents of the room. He accepted her invitation readily.

"Now don't go to any trouble for me," he said. "I didn't expect to stay to eat. I came first to your door," he glanced at his watch, "more than an hour ago. I've been spending the time with Mrs. Ota. She says you are living here alone, Fanny."

"Why not?" Fanny tried to keep her voice bright. He shook his head. "It is a life living alone. I know." He sighed. "On the contrary," Fanny began in some embarrassment. He interrupted her.

"One of anything is an absurdity. Human beings were meant to live in pairs. My own dear companion passed away a year ago." He drew out his handkerchief, removed his glasses and wiped them vigorously. Fanny arose. "If you will excuse

me, Myron, I'll get lunch," she murmured.

In the kitchen she leaned against the cupboard for a moment, then she attacked the problem of assembling her meal. Fried chicken, a vegetable salad, coffee settled with egg, apricot pie, a bit of Roquefort—she worked hastily. Well, for a single woman who had to earn her own money her table looked inviting. She was proud of it.

She went to summon her guest. As Myron's spectacles concentrated upon the contents of the dining table a change came over his face. Fanny handed him a brimming cup of coffee and he motioned it away with a gesture and yet decisive. "My stomach will not permit me to eat any more than the simplest foods. Your luncheon looks tempting, but I shall have to adhere rigidly to my rule."

He ate bread and butter, a crumb of the vegetable salad, a crumb of the fruit pie, and he looked feverish, but the delicious chicken, the luscious pie were dust and ashes in his mouth.

Afterward they returned to the living room together. As Fanny, rather exhausted, sank upon the davenport Myron took his place beside her. "I would we had not wasted our youth in separation," he sighed. "Think of the happiness that might have been ours! My wife was a good woman, but—" He shook his head. "No, we were never incompatible, but we were not born mates."

One point we entirely agreed upon—to save money. She helped me to become a rich man. He shifted his position, drew nearer, laid his hand upon Fanny's shoulder. "My dear Fanny," he said shakily. Fanny sprang to her feet. She looked girlish enough with her high flush, her sparkling eyes, to lead one to forget her hair was graying.

"Please, you are making yourself and me ridiculous," she said. He stared up at her. "Do I understand?" he gasped. "If you don't just wait, I would have married you thirty years ago, but you ran away. I let everybody, my mother, my friends, believe that I had refused you. I was unhappy a long time. But I've lived to be wise—and glad—and thankful. It's a blessed thing for me, your coming back this way. Now I have seen you—I—" She paused, struggling between a desire to laugh and cry.

He arose gliding at her. "I told my friends that I was coming back to get my old flame and make her my wife. The house is being cleared for you. I bought new carpets," he choked. Then suddenly he walked over, took up his overcoat and began to shrug it on. He fairly shook with rage and disappointment. Fanny said nothing. She looked at him, experiencing some queer emotions. "Good-by," he said with cold formality, and went out—and slammed the door behind him.

Fanny stood for an instant immobile. Then she began to laugh merrily, merrily. It was the laugh of a woman who is freed from the last obstacle to her perfect contentment!

Swindlers Never at a Loss to Find Suckers

The common assumption that women are more "easy" than men has no basis in fact, so far as my observation goes. Keyes Winter writes, in Harper's Magazine. I know a trained nurse who, by years of exhausting labor, amassed small savings, only to throw them away by the purchase of shares in a worthless gold mine. On the other hand, I know a college professor—a professor of economics, at \$100 a year, who was worth at the time perhaps \$2 and which is now worth nothing. There seems to be no sex in suckers.

One of the strangest traits of their psychology is their habit of coming back for more. No matter how much of their money the first crooked stock salesman gets, the second who approaches them will be met with open arms and whatever cash is left. "Once bitten, twice shy," does not hold true of the average sucker; of him the sage adage should read, "Once bitten, twice as eager."

Confidence men themselves understand how deep seated is this disease of being "easy." There are probably thirty places in New York city where so-called "sucker lists" are compiled and sold. Lists of persons who are believed to be gullible prospects, but who have not, as yet, fallen for a bogus money-making scheme, retail for 1 cent a name. Selected names of those who have once invested in such a scheme bring higher rates. The exclusive privilege to canvass a chronic biter is marketed for 5 cents and more.

Young Men's Bible Class

Barack is the name of a worldwide organization of young men's Bible classes. The first Barack class was organized in 1890 at Syracuse, N. Y. Such classes now exist in thirty or forty different denominations and number several thousand local groups. Barack is from the Hebrew "berakah," meaning blessing. It is the same word in a different form that appears as a proper name in 1 Chronicles 12:3. The name also occurs in II Chronicles 20:20, which reads: "And on the fourth day they assembled themselves in the valley of Berakah; for there they blessed the Lord; therefore the name of that place was called Berakah." The name is pronounced "ber-ak-ah," the first syllable being accented. Pathfinder Magazine.

"NEW FRANCE" MINE OF LEGENDARY LORE

Ancient Tales of the St. Lawrence Kept Alive.

Montreal—"I never knew that there was so much romance and legendary history connected with the St. Lawrence river," said A. C. B. Lawrence, who just returned from a tour of the principal countries of Europe, including a river trip on the famous Rhine.

"The Rhine," he said, "is not so long or wide or picturesque as the St. Lawrence, although there are more castles and ancient buildings on it. But for beautiful scenery, mountains, lofty cliffs and fountains I do not think there is any other river in the world to compare with the St. Lawrence."

"Legends and stories of long ago still haunt the shores of that 'sacred stream,' the river St. Lawrence. The first highway into the unknown continent of North America, the Middle West. A panorama of mystery and beauty was unfolded to the early-day explorers, such as Jacques Cartier, who sailed down the river forty-three years after America was discovered."

"After leaving that little bit of transplanted Brittany, Quebec, we passed the Isle Madame, where Frenchmen were buried by early-day adventures and pirates; then comes the Isle of Bacchus, so named by Cartier because of the wild grapes he found there; Riviere-du-Loup, harkling back to the time when packs of wolves frequented its banks, and then comes the lofty crags guarding the entrance to dark and austere Saguenay river. This is a region wherein was erected the first church in America, recalling the very origin of Canadian history."

Most Ancient Legend. "I shall give a part of the legends of the country traversed by this mighty river."

"Two heroic figures, John Norton, a famous trapper of olden days, and Atla, last descendant of the Iroquois or Basque people, appear in the most ancient of all Canadian legends. We see them flying for their lives before walls of searing flames on their way to Mamelone, the great sand mounds, believed to be the old geologic hearth of earliest time, that tower above the region we call Canada. There on the shifting golden sands we are told that Basque fathers of the race that dwell immemorably among the mountains of Spain anchored ships before the years of men, and that, later, savage battles were fought out between tribes and peoples now forgotten."

"It was at the period when great earthquakes appeared in this region giving rise, for instance, to such a name as Les Ebranlements, that a chief of the Lenape-Indians who fled married a Basque princess who fled leaving a daughter, Atla, the last of the race. The doom following this intermarriage which, it was prophesied would bring ruin and extinction to the tribe, could only be averted by the birth of a child whose father was free of the 'cross of red and white.'"

"It seemed as though this might come to pass, for Atla and her English lover were on their way to the priest at Mamelone when their fate overtook them. No trapper, no red hand of bush fire on the Laurent hills without remembering their ruin through the woods as he fell like burning arrows they sped, along the ridge that edges the monstrous rock, called in later days 'Cape Trinity.' And where the rock drops sheer they plunged into the black waters of the Saguenay, were rescued and taken to Tadoussac. But just as the holy man met them, with ring and book, a heavy shadow fell over the land, and the earth took back the daughter of her old race. It is said that she saw the sunrise of the world, she kept beyond dawn and fate, a symbol of old birthright in Canada."

The Phantom Head. "Two centuries ago the canoe men at Pointe Levis led a dangerous life in winter crossing to Quebec in canoes or dugouts, and the legend of the 'Phantom Head' is still being told. On a cold wintry night one Peter Soulard, a boatful of passengers from Levis to go to Quebec. They were all drowned in the ice jams except Peter and one paddler. However, later on Peter was caught in a knife-like wedge of ice, this and keen, which struck him a blow in the neck. His head bounded off and slid away, leaving a crimson trail behind it. And today the legend goes that a sailor sometimes sees emerging from the pale darkness a disk of floating silver on which seems to move restlessly a dark, shapeless thing. It is Peter's head, the 'Phantom Head' of one who thought he could outwit the ice. And they who see it must die within the year," the legend goes.

Pans \$200 Gold a Week

Near Heart of Denver Denver, Colo.—Edward Mantion, a mining engineer familiar with gold mining operations in Colorado in the 1840 "rush," has discovered that he can still get \$200 worth of gold a week from a creek within walking distance of Denver's business district. He found that waste sand washed from gravel taken out of the creek has a high gold content.

Cynical Will Left by Revolutionary Leader

Charles Lee, who was at one time second in command under George Washington in the Revolutionary war, left an odd will, the original of which still is preserved in the clerk's office of Berkeley County, W. Va. After Lee's peculiar behavior at Monmouth was court-martialed and suspended for one year. Because of his sarcastic remarks about congress he was finally dismissed entirely. He lived for a time on his Virginia farm and finally died in Philadelphia October 2, 1782. His will contained this paragraph:

"I desire most earnestly that I may not be buried in any church or churchyard, or within a mile of any Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting house, for since I have resided in this country I have kept so much bad company when I have been in it, that I do not choose to continue it when dead. I commend my soul to the Creator of all worlds and all creatures, who must from his visible attributes be indifferent to their modes of worship or creeds, whether Christians, Mohammedans or Jews, whether instilled by education or taken up by reflection, whether more or less absurd, as a weak mortal can no more be answerable for his persuasions, notions or even scepticism in religion than for the color of his skin."—The Path-finder.

Shoes kept in a warm, damp, and dark place are almost certain to mildew. Mildew probably will not seriously harm the shoes unless it is allowed to remain too long, but it may change their color. When first detected, the mildew should be washed off with soap and warm water, or simply wiped off with a moist cloth and the leather well dried. It is better to prevent mildew by keeping the shoes in a well-ventilated, dry, light place.

In recent years many grain farmers, recognizing the feeding value of dockage, are taking a greater interest in cleaning their grain on the farm or in having it cleaned at the country elevators and utilizing the screenings as feed for livestock. Country elevator operators, recognizing this demand for screenings, are making a greater effort to clean the grain before shipping it to market.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County. M. Liberty, Plaintiff.

Quincy E. Gwynne, and Anna E. Gwynne, his wife; F. R. Fortner, Administrator of the estate of J. Q. Gwynne, deceased; Wasco Warehouse and Milling Co., a corporation; Addie Stout, J. R. Kaseberg and F. R. Fortner, Defendants.

By virtue of an execution, judgment, order, decree and order of sale issued out of the above entitled Court in the above entitled cause, to me directed and dated October 12th, 1927, upon the judgment and decree rendered October 10th, 1927, and entered in the said Court on October 11th, 1927, in favor of M. Liberty, plaintiff, and against Quincy E. Gwynne, Anna E. Gwynne, his wife; F. R. Fortner, administrator of the estate of J. Q. Gwynne, deceased; Wasco Warehouse and Milling Co., a corporation; Addie Stout, J. R. Kaseberg and F. R. Fortner, Defendants. The sum of \$3,000.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 7% per annum from August 20, 1920, and the further sum of \$7,800.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 7% per annum from November 1, 1921; and the further sum of \$246.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 7% per annum from November 1, 1921; and the further sum of \$518.67, with interest thereon at the rate of 10% per annum from July 25, 1927; and the further sum of \$848.64, with interest thereon at the rate of 10% per annum from August 11, 1927, and the further sum of \$750.00 attorney's fee, together with plaintiff's costs taxed at \$29.00, and the cost of and upon this writ commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, to wit:

The West half of East half of Section Twenty-four (24); East half of Southwest quarter of Section Twenty-five (25); Southeast quarter of Section Twenty-six (26); Township Two (2) North of Range Eighteen (18) East of Willamette Meridian; also East half of Southwest quarter of Northwest quarter of Northwest quarter and Lots Two (2) Three (3) and Four (4) of Section Thirty (30), Township Two (2) North, Range Nineteen (19) East of Willamette Meridian, in all 1095.24 acres of land, in Sherman County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment, order, decree and order of sale, and in compliance with the command of said writ, I will on November 12th, 1927, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the County Court House in Sherman County, Oregon, sell at public auction (subject to redemption) to the highest bidder for cash in hand and all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants, or either of them had on February 29, 1919, the date of the mortgage herein foreclosed or since that date had in or to the above described property, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment, order and decree, interest, costs and accruing costs.

Dated October 12, 1927. HUGH CHISHAM, Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon. First publication October 14, 1927. Last publication Nov. 11, 1927.

British Birth Rate Now Europe's Lowest

London.—The birth rate in England and Wales has now fallen below that of France. With the exception of Sweden, it is lowest of the principal European countries, according to the registrar general.

The birth rate for 1926 was 17.8 per 1,000 population. Excepting the rate of 17.7 in 1918, the last year of the war, which at that time was regarded as phenomenally low, that for 1926 is the lowest recorded since the establishment of civil registration in this country.

In view of the continued decline during the first half of the current year, it is probable that the rate for 1927 will be lower than that for 1918.

It pays the farmer well to clean his wheat, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Not only does the clean wheat command a higher average price than the same grain before cleaning, but the dockage obtained has a farm feeding value that is roughly comparable to oats in composition. During 1926 dockage sold locally at country points at an average price of about \$16 a ton.

To test samples of fabric for fastness to light, cover one half with cardboard and expose the rest to direct sun light for ten days. To test for fastness in laundering, wash and dry half your sample under ordinary conditions. Certain material should be tested in these ways before purchasing, and dress goods when possible.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Sherman County Observer, published weekly at Moro, Oregon, for October, 1927.

State of Oregon. County of Sherman. Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. L. Ireland, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Sole Owner of the Sherman County Observer and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: C. L. Ireland, Moro, Oregon.

That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) C. L. Ireland, only.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Mergenthaler Linotype Co., balance due on linotype machine.

That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief that no other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) C. L. Ireland. Publisher and Owner Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of October, 1927.

J. L. Searcy, Notary Public. Commission expires March 3, 1930.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Sherman. In the matter of the estate of P. L. Schamel, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of P. L. Schamel, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, as by law required to the undersigned at the office of W. C. Bryant in Moro, Oregon within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published October 21, 1927.

ARTHUR SMITH, Administrator of the estate of P. L. Schamel, deceased. W. C. Bryant, attorney for administrator. Date of last publication November 18, 1927.

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WASCO, OREGON

Fish Made Land Animal Dr. E. A. Spaul of London university has succeeded in transforming an aquatic creature into a land-living animal. He used a species of salamander with frog-like legs for his experiment. Doctor Spaul has also caused another fish to lose its gills.

W. C. BRYANT

Attorney-at-Law

Office Phone Main 93 Moro Oregon

Dr. J. R. Morgan

DENTIST

United States Dental Examiner for this district.

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