

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

\$1.50 per Year; 12c. per Month

Agents for any Magazine or Newspaper printed in the United States.

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER.

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

Of Every Description to Order

Quick and Cheap!

1000 Stamps Furnished. For Typewriters, Typewriter Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, April 17, 1908

Five Cents

PLUMBING AND STEAM FITTING. All kinds of Reservoir and Cistern work in connection with water systems installed in first class style and all work done guaranteed. H. A. Stuart, Moro, Oregon.

When You Want. Incubators, Brooders, Bone Cutters, Shipping Cases, Egg Boxes, Leg Bands, Poultry Foods of any kind, Remedies, or good up-to-date Poultry Books on the different branches of Poultry Keeping, consult our latest catalog No. 301. Portland Seed Co.

Painting, Paper Hanging. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Both in Workmanship and Price. Office at Furniture Store. F. R. AXTELL, MORO, OR.

Best Seeds for the West. Send your orders to a house that understands Western conditions and you will get satisfaction. Portland Seed Co.

HOTEL MORO. Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Banks and Depot. Sunday Dinner 35 cents. Opposite Post Office Moro, Oregon. T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

Wm. Rudolf. Confectionery. Cigars, Tobaccos. Billiard and Pool Tables. Ice cold drinks and ice cream in season. Soda water, bottled and fountain, always on hand.

Vinton Hotel. GRASS VALLEY, ORE. New Entirely. Convenient to Business. PRICES REASONABLE. Conducted on Best Principles. Commercial Trade Solicited.

Wright-Dickinson Hotel Co. Corner 7th and Stark Streets. It is new and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates \$1 per day and upward. Highest priced room \$3 per day.

Esmond Hotel. Portland, Oregon. OSCAR ANDERSON MANAGER. Corner Front and Morrison Streets. Free bus to and from trains. Rates by the day 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2. European Plan. A Good Clean Family Hotel.

Remarkable Cure. M. L. Evans of DeMoss has been laid up with rheumatism for some time and suffered untold agonies, but is now up and perfectly well. Ask him what cured him and he will say less than a 50c bottle of Watkins' Rheumatism and Gout Tablets.

A Social Impossibility. By Donald H. Haines. Copyright, 1907, by Donald H. Haines.

DESBRO shifted in his seat, settled his eyes more firmly upon his nose and, with his gloved hands folded on the top of his cane, turned his glance again to the field of play. On all sides of him men and women were abandoning themselves to excesses of enthusiasm but his cold neutral tinted eyes followed the movements of the muddy figures on the gridiron without a trace of excitement, though they lost no details of the play.

"I beg your pardon," Desbro's high pitched, nervous voice cut incisively into the throaty cheer of which the man next to him was delivering himself—"but can you tell me who is the black haired man at tackle?"

"That name you mentioned was Morton, wasn't it?" Desbro's eyes were dead, devoid of the gleam of interest which had been in them when he asked the question.

found himself in the center of a press of struggling figures. He received blows and felt the impact of his hand against flesh as he returned them. "Where are you, Desbro?" he shouted. "Sting out!"

"Here," came a choking voice from behind him. "Quick!" A club struck Babbington's arm with a numbing shock, but he kicked the man who wielded it into insensibility and the next instant was tearing another ruffian from off Desbro's prostrate form.

"I say," he commenced, then stopped abruptly. "So this is the cheap 'conals' of first method you pursue, is it?" he continued, with a sneer. A sudden easy smile passed over Babbington's face.

"I thought possibly I hadn't understood," Babbington explained, backing awkwardly toward the door. "And I did know a man named Horton." A few moments later Desbro passed the door of the billiard room, wearing the raincoat and slouch hat which he invariably wore on the evening walks which were as much a part of his existence as his meals.

At the gate Desbro paused to light a cigarette, and the flare of the match as he shielded it from the snappy October breeze brought his thin features into prominence against the darkness.

He leaned forward in his chair. His manner was pleadingly earnest. Drusilla moved uneasily. "Why don't you offer yourself, then, and have it over?" she asked. "I do offer myself, Drusilla," said he. "My silence has been such a long one the air should be doubly merry," he added bitterly.

"I'll be glad to see you," she said. "I did," he affirmed. "Had a sort of an all gone air about him." Drusilla was silent. "Looked as if he needed some one to sympathize with him—or kick him," Ackroyd pursued.

"What's the same old story?" she said, with some emphasis. "Got his congs eh?" "What are you talking about?" "Ted Briggs."

"Well, what have you?" "He seems to have been cast into the outer darkness with his innumerable predecessors," Ackroyd observed. Drusilla shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't see why I should fret myself over that," she said. "For casting him there, of course," said Ackroyd severely. "Admitting I did," said Drusilla with challenge in her voice.

THE OUTER DARKNESS. By SIDNEY H. COLE. Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Ackroyd moved his chair from the corner that he might have an unobstructed view of Drusilla's face. She was seated near the piano lamp, ostensibly examining the score of a recent musical farce he had brought her. Her chin rested in one little upturned palm, and her eyes were fixed pensively on the music in her lap.

"I saw Ted Briggs today," he said at length, and he said it with the evident expectation of a flutter of excitement on Drusilla's part. In this, however, he was disappointed. She turned a page of the score without raising her eyes.

"Did you?" she said calmly. "I did," he affirmed. "Had a sort of an all gone air about him." Drusilla was silent. "Looked as if he needed some one to sympathize with him—or kick him," Ackroyd pursued.

"What's the same old story?" she said, with some emphasis. "Got his congs eh?" "What are you talking about?" "Ted Briggs."

"Well, what have you?" "He seems to have been cast into the outer darkness with his innumerable predecessors," Ackroyd observed. Drusilla shrugged her shoulders.

Drusilla regarded him amusedly. "I think it would be interesting to meet some of that class," said she. "I can introduce you to one," said he. "When?" Drusilla inquired eagerly. "Now," said he, rising and bowing gravely.

"You?" she gasped. "Even I?" he said, smiling. There was a somewhat embarrassed pause. Ackroyd broke it. "I shall never be happy until I offer myself to you. I don't expect to be happy afterward. I shall merely join the others in the outer darkness, and the suspense will be over."

Drusilla rested her chin on her palm again. A bit of added color flushed her cheeks. Her eyes were pensive. "I've been very much a coward," said Ackroyd. "I was afraid you'd laugh. That is why I've been silent so long."

He leaned forward in his chair. His manner was pleadingly earnest. Drusilla moved uneasily. "Why don't you offer yourself, then, and have it over?" she asked. "I do offer myself, Drusilla," said he. "My silence has been such a long one the air should be doubly merry," he added bitterly.

Drusilla turned to the piano. She ran her fingers over the keys in sort little minor harmonies. Ackroyd waited impatiently; then he strode to the piano and bent over her. Something glistened on her lashes, and there was a shining streak down either cheek.



"WELL YOU SHAKE HANDS, BABBINGTON?" HE ASKED.



"NOW," SAID HE, RISING AND BOWING GRAVELY.

FARMERS READ THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN OF PORTLAND. For the general news of the World also for information about how to obtain the best results in cultivating the soil, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing etc. You can secure this excellent paper by addressing the Sherman County Observer and enclosing \$2.50, when we will send you the Sherman County Observer, price \$1.50 and the weekly Oregonian, price \$1.50 each for one year, you saving 50 cents by so doing.



"NO," HE ANSWERED. "THIS IS WHAT I GAVE YOU."