

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 in Order
Quick and Cheap!
Ink Stamps Furnished.
For Typewriters, Typewriter Supplies, Ribbons, Etc.

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, April 24, 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.
PLASTERING, BRICK AND CONCRETE WORK

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 Free on request.
Portland Seed Co.
Portland, Oregon
Spokane, Wn.

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 order to a house that understands Western conditions and you will get satisfaction.
Portland Seed Co.
Spokane, Wash.

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

STOP where the people stop
The Umatilla House
The Dalles, Oregon.
HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.
All OR & N Trains Stop at Front Door
Railway Ticket Office in the Lobby.
T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor.

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.

Wm. Rudolf
First street, Strong brick; Moro, Ore.
Confectionery
Cigars, Tobaccos
Billiard and Pool Tables

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

When in Portland
STOP AT
Hotel Oregon
Corner 7th and Stark Streets.
Wright-Dickinson Hotel Co.
Chas. Wright, President.
M. C. Dickinson, Manager.

Esmond Hotel
Portland, Oregon.
OSCAR ANDERSON MANAGER
Corner Front and Morrison Streets

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.

Dorothy's Dime.
By CARL WILLIAMS.
Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Grayce looked grim as he threw open the door and stumbled over the roll of rug that lay just within.
"Another night has come, and the landlord still lives his evil life," he called, and from the dimly lighted parlor came an answering snuff.

He was tired when he sought his home that night but the thought that he would see the girl again on the morrow gave him a feeling that the day had been well spent. He carefully slipped the dime in a pocket which he had finished and was cleaning up. There came a ring at the door, and he opened it to confront a young woman who radiated confusion and penitence.

"Are you sure?" demanded Mrs. Grayce wistfully. "If you are, we will not have the gas turned on again."
"Here are electric lights in the new home," she reminded. "You will forget these nights of Egyptian darkness, and the next time we move we shall not order the current turned off until we are safely out of the house."

"To think that at the last moment, with all packed and ready to move, this strike should have come up!" said Mrs. Grayce with a groan. "Are you positive, Bert, that the painter you have engaged will not be over by the strikers?"

"Never more certain of anything in my life," was the laughing response. "The painter is no less a person than your accomplished son. I stopped in and ordered the paint sent over this morning. Tomorrow I shall go and wield the brush, so you must wake and call me early. I must put in a full day."

Bert passed on to his own room, lighting his way with matches, and his mother heaved a sigh of relief. For eight days they had virtually camped in the apartment they had given up, waiting for their new quarters to be finished. The packers had done their work, the man had come to cut off the gas and the moving vans were backed up to the door when a telephone message came to the effect that, owing to a strike of the painters, the new rooms were not yet ready for occupancy. From day to day the landlord had done at once, but now a full week had passed, and hope had commenced to fall until Bert decided to do the work himself.

day here, when I need you so much more. Come on, please."
She turned to lead the way as though there was no argument to be made, and Bert, grinning over the ridiculousness of the affair, followed after. He saw with pleasure that the other apartment was only across the hall from his own. It was a much smaller place, and it did not take Bert long to paint the floors. The girl stood in the doorway superintending the work, and Bert was sorry when at last he rose from his knees and announced the completion of the job.

"You will still have time to finish the other apartment," said the girl severely. "Next time do as you are told, and you will have less trouble. You know very well that the agent told you to do this apartment first. He promised me that he would."

"That promise anything," began Bert grimly, but the tiny foot stamped a warning. The girl did not care to argue the point with a workman, and she dismissed him with a nod.
"Come in tomorrow and give it a second coat," she commanded. "Wait a moment," she added as Bert turned to go. "Buy yourself a good cigar," she finished as she handed him a coin.

Bert dropped the dime in his pocket with a murmured word of thanks and backed out of the door. Once on the other side, his embarrassment died down, and he paused long enough to ascertain from the card on the door that it was Dorothy Remsen who occupied the apartment. That she was a china decorator he already knew, and vaguely he remembered having heard of her skill.

He was tired when he sought his home that night but the thought that he would see the girl again on the morrow gave him a feeling that the day had been well spent. He carefully slipped the dime in a pocket which he had finished and was cleaning up. There came a ring at the door, and he opened it to confront a young woman who radiated confusion and penitence.

"Are you sure?" demanded Mrs. Grayce wistfully. "If you are, we will not have the gas turned on again."
"Here are electric lights in the new home," she reminded. "You will forget these nights of Egyptian darkness, and the next time we move we shall not order the current turned off until we are safely out of the house."

"To think that at the last moment, with all packed and ready to move, this strike should have come up!" said Mrs. Grayce with a groan. "Are you positive, Bert, that the painter you have engaged will not be over by the strikers?"

"Never more certain of anything in my life," was the laughing response. "The painter is no less a person than your accomplished son. I stopped in and ordered the paint sent over this morning. Tomorrow I shall go and wield the brush, so you must wake and call me early. I must put in a full day."

Settlement In Full.
By LULU JOHNSTON.
Copyrighted, 1907, by N. E. Daley.

Dick Staley, perched on a furniture crate, looked disconsolately at Billy Blaine, who was regarding the wall paper and trying hard not to laugh.
"Get a man in to scrape the twirling corners of his mouth curved, and as he met Staley's eye he exploded in a roar of laughter which served only to deepen Staley's gloom."

"Laugh, confound you," growled Staley. "It's funny to you. It's not so funny to me. I've got to get this place settled in five days, and upon my soul I don't know what to do first."

"The first step is easy," chuckled Blaine. "Get a man in to scrape the twirling corners of his mouth curved, and as he met Staley's eye he exploded in a roar of laughter which served only to deepen Staley's gloom."

"I know it," admitted Staley, "but that doesn't help matters. It only serves to make them worse. I want to settle the matter by bringing her to her own home instead of taking her to a hotel. She hates to give up her old home, and I wanted to make the change as easy as possible."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," suggested Blaine. "Let's go downtown for some lunch. I'll phone Neil for one of those professional fixers for you. She knows a crackerjack, a girl who used to move in good society and whose father lost his money. She knows what's what and how to do it, and Neil will get her to do it for you."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," suggested Blaine. "Let's go downtown for some lunch. I'll phone Neil for one of those professional fixers for you. She knows a crackerjack, a girl who used to move in good society and whose father lost his money. She knows what's what and how to do it, and Neil will get her to do it for you."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," suggested Blaine. "Let's go downtown for some lunch. I'll phone Neil for one of those professional fixers for you. She knows a crackerjack, a girl who used to move in good society and whose father lost his money. She knows what's what and how to do it, and Neil will get her to do it for you."

gan to realize that the years had been lonely.
Marion was not at the house when he dropped in the following morning, nor did he see her again until Friday afternoon, when he went to make his final inspection of her work.

"I should be delighted if you could arrange to be here tomorrow," said Staley. "I am sure that my mother will wish to add her thanks to mine for the beautiful home you have provided. You will stay to dinner?"

"I don't have to thank me for what I have done. My charges cover all services, you know."

"I don't insist," the girl answered softly. "I have been much interested in your devotion to your mother, and I am sure that I shall be glad to know her better. She must be a dear old lady to deserve such affection."

"I want you to know her very well," explained Dick. "You see you have only partly settled mother. You have provided her with a home, but I want a home of my own, and I want you to furnish it complete."

"I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

"As a business woman I have always considered propositions," she said, with a laugh, but the look in her eyes belied the briskness of her words, and Dick realized that when they should know each other better there was a prospect of being settled "in full," as he termed it some months later when he placed a solitaire on Marion's finger.

"I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

A FANCY APRON.
Intended For Use In Serving a Charming Dish Supper.
The fancy apron now plays a more important part in the wardrobe of the up-to-date woman than for some time past. The popularity of the chafing dish has been a factor in this development, and the young girl or matron who does not own one or more fancy aprons is an exception. Fine, sheer materials naturally have the preference, and white takes the lead, but among the daintily figured stuffs that are so alluring are many that serve admirably for the fashioning of these aprons.



APRON OF FIGURED LACE.
Aprons is an exception. Fine, sheer materials naturally have the preference, and white takes the lead, but among the daintily figured stuffs that are so alluring are many that serve admirably for the fashioning of these aprons.

"I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

"I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

"I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

"I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"

"I don't ask an answer now, but will you consider the proposition?"