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PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

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SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

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

Five Cents

Established 1887.

Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, Sept. 4, 1908

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To those wishing such relations we heartily extend our services.

WASCO WAREHOUSE MILLING CO. BANK MORO

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First Class Barber Shop in the Hotel.

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Rooms Well Furnished, Nicely Ventilated, Newly Renovated

The Best of Table Board at Moderate Price.

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Steam Heat. Electric Lights. Electric Call Bells.

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OREGON NEEDS PEOPLE—Settlers, honest farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks, people with brains, strong hands and a willing heart—capital or no capital.

The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co.

Is sending tons of Oregon literature to the East for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this state? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about OREGON, and its opportunities.

COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER from the East to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are:

Table with 2 columns: City, Fare. From Denver \$30.00, From Louisville \$41.70, Omaha 30.00, Cincinnati 42.20, Kansas City 30.00, Cleveland 44.75, St. Louis 35.50, New York 55.00, Chicago 38.00.

Tickets can be prepaid

If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon, deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph. F. CRAPFEE, Local Agent, Moro, Or.

Wm. McTurray, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Wm. Rudolf

First street, Strong brick, Moro, Ore.

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Ice cold drinks and ice cream in season. Soda water, bottled and fountain, always on hand.

Vinton Hotel

GRASS VALLEY, ORE.

New Entirely.

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PRICES REASONABLE

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STOP AT Hotel Oregon

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.

Wright-Dickinson Hotel Co.

Chas. Wright, President.

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Esmond Hotel

Portland, Oregon.

OSCAR ANDERSON—MANAGER

Corner Front and Morrison Streets

Free bus to and from trains

Rates by the day

50 c, 75 c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.

European Plan

A Good Clean Family Hotel

Watkins Remedys

A full line of Watkins Remedys always on hand.

Every bottle positively guaranteed

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A limited number of 1908 Almanacs and Cook Books, for those who apply for them so long as they last.

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POLK'S GAZETTEER

A Business Directory of each City, Town and Village in Oregon and Washington, giving a Descriptive Sketch of each Place, Locations, Shipping Facilities and a Classified Directory of each Business and Profession. H. L. POLK & CO., Inc. Seattle, Wash.

Settled Through The Settlement.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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No one watching the line of girls thread its way through the aisles of the museum would have imagined that the serious faced young woman who acted as guide was the rich Miss Montaire. Indeed, judging from the brilliancy of appearance, the other girls looked far more the social star than did the lady of millions in her severely tailored dress and quiet hat.

To Brookfield, wandering among the antiques on the lower floor, Irma Montaire looked a teacher conducting her fashionable charges on one of their prescribed educational tours. To him the snery of the girls was real and the costly tailored gown of their self appointed guide a simple and unpretentious garment.

He could not realize that the elegant perfection of cut and cloth was the envy of every girl in the settlement class. The girls would have laughed aloud in their glee could they have read in Brookfield's thoughts the pity that he felt for their beloved leader.

This was the regular Saturday outing to the museums and galleries, where she hoped real works of art in time would give them a truer sense of artistic values.

Every week she planned something for the girls, winding up with a little lunch at her home. For the sake of the luncheon the girls endured the art lectures. So both they and Irma were happy.

They passed before a case containing an Aztec collection. The labels were on the opposite side of the case, where Brookfield, who did not require labels, was standing. Antiquities were



"THEN I SHALL HAVE TO TELL YOU HERE," he said abruptly. "Come this evening, and we will talk it over."

She handed him her card with his engraved address and hurried after the girls, while Brookfield beamed upon her from the top step.

But the beam had faded from Brookfield's face when Miss Montaire came toward him in her reception room that evening. Instead of clasping her in his arms he held her hand an instant and then raised for her to be seated.

"You must think me a presumptuous fool," he began, "to ask you to share the paltry salary which this afternoon seemed so great. I did not learn until later who you really were. It seems that I have been very dense."

"You are still dense," suggested Irma. "Do you come to ask me to withdraw my promise of this afternoon?"

"You know how impossible it would appear," he reminded. "I believed you to be a teacher."

"You were the teacher," she corrected. "You taught me what love really is. What does it matter that I have more than you?"

"I would not be considered a fortune hunter," he said slowly. "And I will not marry one," she retorted. "It is because you are not a fortune hunter, because you love me for myself, that I said 'Yes' this afternoon, and I shall hold you to your promise. Instead of your being curator of the Cheeswick collection we shall have a collection of our own."

Silently he came toward her and looked down into the tender eyes. No word was spoken, but a message was exchanged, and Brookfield knew that this love was not lightly to be set aside by pride. Slowly he sank into the seat beside her and took her in his arms.

"I am sorry that you are not what I thought you to be," he murmured. "And I," was her tender response. "Am glad that you are what I know you to be."

had sent away her carriage, intending to walk home from the museum, so she permitted him to walk beside her. From taking for a moment in Brookfield's fall she was beginning to take an interest in Tom Brookfield himself. She found him well worth her interest by comparison with the idle men of her own set. Irma's untimed action, and though Brookfield had only just passed thirty he had been a worker for half his lifetime.

He had not become a monomaniac prosperous pawnbroker for years. His little shop, located on the corner of a busy thoroughfare, showed a big profit, while large concerns in the neighborhood had failed during the hard times.

Real estate sharks had made tempting offers to Solomon for his precious corner, but he assured them all that he was doing very well and did not care to sell. Indeed, Solomon boasted of many fashionable customers, and his showcases often displayed gorgeous gems, offered for sale at temptingly low prices.

Business seldom started in until after 10 in the morning, so Solomon was standing in the open doorway smoking a cigar when his attention was attracted to a fashionably dressed young woman looking in his window. Suddenly she caught his glance and darted in the doorway.

"I want to get this watch out of pawn," she said as Mr. Isaacs followed her into the shop. "She handed him the ticket."

"Out early, ain't you?" suggested Isaacs as he glanced her over, wondering how she had happened to pawn a watch for \$5. Clearly some one had arranged the matter for her. Isaacs never forgot a business face.

He took the ticket and went to the back of the store in search of the pledged article, and Nita Norcross spent the time in looking into a tempting case of old jewelry. One old locket attracted her and on his return she asked its price.

Isaacs took out the locket slowly, still searching the girl's face. The price seemed reasonable, and she bought it. Turning to leave the shop,

"I will share it," she promised, with a radiant smile. "Come this evening, and we will talk it over."

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Redeemed Pledges.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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Oregon State Fair Exposition

FOR 1908

The Largest and Best of all the Pacific Coast Fairs

Special Railroad Rates

Salem, Oregon, Sept. 14 to 19

Greatest exhibit of any coast fair. Races every day of the Fair. Free evening entertainments. Walks and grounds the finest. McElroy's Band and Orchestra. Prominent men will speak. Agricultural College hold meetings. Fancy stock shown daily.

Reserved Boxes can be had in Advance for Races. Complete Program for Six Days. - Two Great Shows Day and Night. - Something Doing Every Hour

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A week of profit for you and the Family. Summer school for all.

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Of the Second Eastern Oregon District. Comprised of the Counties of Wasco, Hood River, Sherman, Gilliam, Crook, and Wheeler, will be held at

The Dalles, Oregon

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday

October 6th to 10th

The Main Attractions are

The Pavilion in the city. Stock Exhibit. Sped Attractions. School Childrens Exhibit. Balloon Ascensions. Arnolds Amusement Co., who will out do former efforts. All railroad and boat lines will give reduced rates of fare.

Handsome Premiums Offered for all Exhibits, Races, Etc. See premium list, which will be furnished upon application. A great exhibit of our annual resources and endless amusements in car lots are in store for everybody.

J. L. Kelly, President. J. M. Patterson, Secretary.

ed Nita. She could not explain why she had this uncommon constrained feeling when with this man. "Bully," he replied. "May I light a cigarette just to keep the bugs away?"

"You certainly may," agreed Nita. "I wonder if you would think me frightfully rude," began Mr. Hildreth, "if I were to ask you where you ran against the locket you have on your neck, Miss Norcross. It's a perfect beauty. I have seen but one other like it, and that belonged to my mother."

Nita blushed and nervously twisted the locket which hung on a fine chain about her neck. "Why, I bought it," she finally answered.

"Yes, of course, but where?" The silence which followed was painful, and Hildreth continued: "You see, my mother's locket was stolen along with a lot of other jewelry that my valet relieved me of about a year ago, and I've spent hundreds of dollars and a world of time trying to locate the stuff. What he took of mine I don't care a rap about, but my mother's keepsakes—well, you could understand that would be a different thing. In my mother's locket there is a picture of a child—a picture of me. Whom do you carry in yours, Miss Norcross?"

Hildreth waited several minutes for his answer. Finally she took the locket from her throat and reached it to him.

"Open it," she stammered. He did so and revealed the picture of a curly headed child of about six, and while Hildreth looked long at the picture the girl told the story of how she came by it.

"And isn't it absurd," she was saying. "I thought you were a thief that day when I saw you with the policeman."

"And I," said Hildreth, "though you were a society girl getting extra money to play the races or go to fortune tellers or some equally wicked dissipation." Then, changing his tone entirely, he continued: "I late to ask the return of this, but mother valued it above price. But as she is now abroad I want you to show her hold me up as well by putting it back on your

throat and wearing it while you are at Oak Ridge. When we part— He extended the trinket to her, and his hand touched hers. Without argument she clasped the fine chain once more about her neck. Nothing was said by either, but Lawrence lighted another cigarette and bit his lower lip. "I think we had better join the crowd," said Nita, "or they'll be instituting a searching party for us."

The next days and for many days after during Nita's stay at Oak Ridge, Lawrence Hildreth found an excuse to run over in his motor or to sail over in his boat to the Clyde lodge. The last evening of Nita's visit had come, and she and Lawrence were once more sitting by the water's edge. Nearly a month had passed, and another moon had come to shed its rays upon Oak Ridge.

"Tomorrow I am going home," Nita said, "so I will give you back the locket tonight. Your mother will be home soon, too, I hear."