The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY.... JANUARY 6, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

DRIVEN OUT ON HER BRIDAL DAY

How an Exile's Return Made a Joyful Christmas.

"I reckon this is goin' ter be er buster," said old Uncle Billy Botsworth as he came into the family sitting room of the old farmhouse with a great load of wood on his shoulders.

Grandma Botsworth, who sat in her accustomed corner by the "jamb," busy with her knitting, made no reply, while Uncle Billy proceeded to remove his coat, hat and boots and filled and lighted his pipe. Presently his two sons, Jacob and Milton, came in.

A little later Mrs. Botsworth joined them, and then the family circle was complete—no, not complete, either; a daughter was missing. Three years ago this Christmas eve she had gone out from the parental roof to marry the man she loved, but whom her father had forbidden some time before to enter his doors. But Mary had gone, and she and her husband, a poor mechanic, went out west to build up for themselves a home and fortune. After they were married, a day or two before they were to start for Dakota, Mary and her husband drove to the old home, where she got out of the buggy and started to go into the house to say goodby. She did not ask nor expect forgiveness from her father for what she had done, but she knew her mother and her brothers still loved her and would gladly have her come to see them. So she just had her hand on the gate latch and, with tear filled eyes, was taking in the dear and familiar surroundings when her father, coming round the corner of the house, saw her.

"Don't yer come in here!" he yelled hoarsely. "Don't step your foot inside o' that gate, Mary Ellen Botsworth! You're no darter o' mine. Take yer hatchet faced paint slinger an' git."

From that time on Uncle Billy had never spoken his daughter's name.

But on the Christmas eve that I have introduced him to your notice he sat by the fire thinking, and his thoughts were of her. He had long ago admitted to himself that he was too hasty when he drove his only daughter away from his home, but he still remained silent. As he was busy with his thoughts, gazing the while moodily into the fire and now and then punching up the fore sticks in a spiteful sort of way, Grandma Botsworth suddenly spoke up and said:

"Tomorrer'll be another white Christmas. This makes two on 'em right hand runnin'."

"I reckon it'll be good sleighin' tomorrer," observed Uncle Billy, "an' all the folks'll come over in the bobs. Eh! What's that?"

The exclamation with which he concluded his remark was caused by the furious barking of old Maje, the watchdog, the sound of voices in the front yard and what seemed to be the cry of a child in fear.

The two boys started for the front door, while the remainder of the family sat intently listening and wondering who could be their visitors. They had not long to wait, for a minute later the sitting room door was flung open and Jacob strode in, bearing in his arms a bright and lusty two-year-old boy. Almost snatching the wraps from about it and holding the little fellow up, he shouted: "Pap, look at your grandson! Mary's come, an' this is her boy."

"The devil it is!" roared Uncle Billy, springing to his feet with a face as black as a thundercloud. "Take him away; I don't want ter see him."

"Hold on a minute!" shouted a clear strong voice in the doorway. It was the son-in-law who had spoken and who stepped into the room, his figure erect and eyes blazing with anger. "Hold on a minute, I say," he continued; "I want a word. Bill Botsworth, I can buy and sell you. I am a rich man, but you don't have to own me for a son-in-law on that account. As for me, I can get along without you. But Mary here wanted to come back and see her mother and all of you once more, and I said she should, and, more than that, I said you should treat her and baby right or I'd make you, and, by thunder, I'll do it!" Even while he was talking mother and daughter were weeping in each other's embrace, and Grandma Botsworth, rising with difficulty from her seat, laid her hand on her son's shoulder. "William," she said, "now's as good a time to give in as ye'll ever have. If Mary an' Will can afford to fergive you I don't see how you can help fergivin' them. Come now, son, do right."

For an instant he stood struggling with his passion; then love conquered. Extending his hand to his son-in-law, he said: "Billy, I knock under. I've made a mistake an' am sorry for it. Daughter, come here."

With a glad cry Mary put her arms about his neck and kissed him again and again.

"There, there, child," the old fellow murmured in a voice husky with emotion, "it's all forgot now, an' "—

But he did not finish the sentence. And while Mary was kissing grandma and all were silently crying for joy he began to hustle round and get on his boots to go out and "see about the horses."

That night Uncle Billy built up such a fire in the old fireplace as it had not seen for many a day, and as they all sat around it and talked until after the stroke of 12 it was indeed to them a happy Christmas.

A LOVERS' CONSPIRACY

The Father of a Girl Falls Into a Trap

By F. A. MITCHEL

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In the Pitti gallery at Florence, Italy, is a celebrated portrait before which is always a crowd of gazers. It is the likeness of a Mme. Le Brun and was painted by herself during the eighteenth century. She is represented sitting beside her easel with her head turned toward those before her, and it seems that real eyes are looking from the canvas and real lips are parted, showing real teeth.

One morning Lina King, the daughter of a wealthy American banker and member of that set which claims to be the cream of New York society, being in Florence and in the Pitti gallery, stopped before this portrait. A young artist was copying it. His clothes were shabby, but there was an ideal look in his face that at once drew one's attention. His eyes were large and lustrous, reminding one of those of the Christ child of Raphael in the celebrated painting of the Sistine Madonna.

Miss King had stopped to have a look at the portrait, but remained to feast her eyes on the copyist. She spoke some Italian and asked him a few questions as to the original of the portrait. He replied in the same language, but, not getting on very well, supplied certain Italian words with English ones. Miss King laughed and replied in first rate New York English, whereupon the artist confessed that he was an American art student.

Miss King artfully drew from him how long he would be engaged on the copy and at what hours he would work on it. He was as artful as she, telling her that he might be several weeks in completing the copy and he worked every morning from 11 to 12 o'clock. He was making it for an English lord who would pay him enough for it to enable him to pursue his studies in Florence for a whole year.

Edwin Winston possessed great artistic talents. Miss King frequently visited the Pitti gallery between 11 and

EVERY DAY MISS KING VISITED THE STUDIO.

12 o'clock and usually found him at work there. She was a lovely girl, and Winston was very much attracted to her. She told him among other things that her mother had recently died and her father had since been trying to find an artist who could paint from photographs, miniatures and other likenesses a portrait that would represent his wife as he wished to remember her; but, though a number of prominent artists had made the attempt, none had pleased him.

Those who are natural mates recognize each other very quickly. There was nothing like a courtship between these two. They loved from the moment they met before the Le Brun portrait. Miss King, who was traveling with an aunt, occupied apartments on the Arno, and the artist would stroll by on the quay when the evening glow mingled with the artificial lights lining both sides of the river, while Lina was sitting on a balcony. In this way the twain secured a coveted sight of each other after their usual meeting in the morning. The aunt had been commissioned to keep away from her charge all persons with whom Lina might fall in love who were not desirable parties, thus meaning that she should not be permitted to drift into a love affair with any one unless, perhaps, a nobleman with estates as well as title; consequently Lina did not feel at liberty to ask her lover to see her at her hotel.

But those stolen meetings! How much more delicious than a free access. One day it would be in the Boboli gardens, with landscape gardening of a couple of centuries ago; another in the great Duomo cathedral, with its bell tower built by the famous artist Giotto, and again on the hill above the city where stands the statue of David, by Michelangelo. Florence is a city for artists and for lovers. One of these two was an artist and both were lovers. In such an atmosphere the little god had it all his own way, and, while the duenna was carefully guarding, as she supposed, her charge from an alliance not in accord with her social position, Lina and her lover were engrossed with each other.

Probably the most inventive genius is Cupid. The adage, "Love laughs at locksmiths," is a verification of this. When Mr. Benjamin King at New York received a letter from his daughter in Florence suggesting that that city was the place—the only place—where he might have a picture painted of her mother which would suit him he did not dream that the suggestion was a lovers' trap. He straightway packed all the photographs and other pictures of his wife and, boarding a steamer for Naples, in a couple of weeks was in Florence.

Then when, the day after his arrival, his daughter took him to the Pitti gallery and showed him the portrait of Mme. Le Brun he was not aware that it was a second link in the chain which was to lead him into the trap.

"Now, papa," said the girl, "if we could only have a picture of mamma to look out at us as that does wouldn't it be nice?"

Mr. King declared that he would give half his fortune, if not the whole of it, for such a picture.

"Would you kindly move aside a little, sir," said a voice behind them.

Turning, the banker saw a young man looking at him through Raphael eyes, who had come in with an easel and a canvas and had planted the one with the other on it before the Le Brun portrait. The artist was Winston and on his easel was his finished copy of the portrait. He had been watching for the father and daughter and soon after their appearance had set up his easel and pretended to be putting finishing touches on the canvas. Mr. King turned and saw a duplicate of the Le Brun portrait, the copy having the same living attributes as the original. Indeed, it would have been impossible for him to tell the original from the copy.

Within half an hour the artist was commissioned to paint the picture upon which the widower had set his heart. One thing puzzled Mr. King—the artist would not set a price on his work, declaring that the purchaser might not be satisfied with it. But as the banker could stand a pretty stiff charge this did not trouble him. Besides, from the moment he saw the specimen of the artist's work no amount of money would stand in the way of having the portrait executed by one possessing such powers.

While this bargaining was going on the girl who had brought it about was looking at other pictures with apparent indifference. When her father announced that Winston was to paint a portrait of her mother she found it difficult to restrain her excitement. Her father had walked into the trap. Would the lovers be able to spring the lid?

The artist was invited to call at the Kings' apartments that afternoon, where the material for the portrait was shown him.

"I see," he said to Mr. King, "a remarkable likeness between your daughter and her mother. That life which is in the Le Brun portrait cannot be obtained from these photographs. But it is fortunate that Miss King is the image of her mother, for, while I shall get the features from these pictures, I shall endeavor to draw the vital spark from your daughter."

And so the preliminary features of this conspiracy were established. The artist was to have the girl he loved sit for her mother's portrait. For hours during successive days he would be permitted to gaze on her beloved features. This was but a temporary pleasure. Winston intended to make the effort of his life to instill the face of a living girl into the painted features of one who was dead.

Every day Miss King visited the studio of the artist, accompanied either by her father or her aunt. Usually her father was her chaperon, for he was watching the face and figure of his wife slowly grow upon the canvas. When Miss King was not present Winston worked upon details he found in the material furnished him, but as soon as Lina appeared with the love light in her eye he began to transfer it to the canvas. He did not need to call it forth by his own lover's glances. Two love stories were being intertwined. The picture growing up on the canvas was rather a creature of the past than of the recent present. It was rather the girl that had loved and been loved a quarter of a century ago than the mother of a grown daughter. Yet so skillfully did the artist blend the two that he produced both.

When the portrait was finished, to the bereaved husband it was priceless. He drew his check for a sum so large that he believed the artist would be surprised. To his own astonishment it was returned with a message stating that the portrait could not be bought with money.

Now came the most delicate part of this lover's plot. Would all be lost in passing from what had been accomplished to the ultimate object? The artist left all to the girl. Her father showed her Winston's note and asked her what it meant. She was prepared for what was to come and responded:

"He wants me, papa."

"You?"

"Yes. And, what is more, I want him."

The banker looked at his daughter with a greater surprise than ever.

"May I ask," he said, "how long this affair has been going on?"

"Since soon after my coming to Florence."

The matter could not be settled in a moment. The banker held it in abeyance, desiring to discover how far his daughter's life happiness was conserved, and he loved her too well to wreck it.

Two forces prevailed—the husband's desire to have his wife always with him as Winston had depicted her and the fact that Lina's heart was irrevocably given. Besides, the portrait, having been hung for a time in a private gallery, gave evidence that if seen by the world it would make the artist who executed it famous.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Life Saving Elephant.

A few years ago two children were bathing in the sea at a little town on the coast of France when suddenly, for some reason or other, they were carried out of their depth. In a few moments their cries as they struggled in the deep water aroused attention, but before any one could reach them they were rescued in an altogether unexpected manner.

An immense elephant belonging to a traveling circus happened to have been led down to the sea that morning to bathe, and as he was enjoying his bath close at hand he heard the cries of the children. Plunging through the water toward them, he lifted them very gently one at a time and carried them to a place of safety.

This elephant, whose name was Gus, died not long ago at Hereford, England, from the effects of a severe cold. He was said to be 135 years old.

About the Pelican.

This bird is found spread over many portions of Africa and Asia and is also found in some parts of southern Europe. The wings of the pelican are very strong and powerful.

The pouch of the pelican is enormously large, capable of containing two gallons of water, and is employed by the bird as a basket wherein to carry the fish which it has caught.

The pelican is a good fisherman, hovering over the water watching for a shoal of fish near the surface. Down swoops the bird, scoops up a number of fish in its capacious pouch and then generally flies off homeward. In its homeward flight it is often robbed by hawks, which attack it and cause it to scream. Once the pelican's mouth is open the hawk snatches the fish out of the bird's pouch.

Very Curious.

Among the czar's possessions are some ancient coins which came to him in a curious manner. Some years ago a certain man dreamed three times that the spirit of the Czar Alexander III. appeared to him and told him that some coins which he owned and which had been procured from a wonder working minister had the power of shielding any one from all evil and begged the man to give them to Nicholas II. The old man was greatly impressed by his visions and at once sent the coins with an account of his dreams to the Russian ambassador at Vienna, who had them conveyed to Nicholas.

When your feet are wet and cold, and your body chilled through and through from exposure, take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are almost certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by all dealers.

Tears.

"What's Maude crying about?" asked the father, home from work.

"She's crying over the play she saw at the matinee."

"And what's Maymie crying about?"

"She's crying because she couldn't go."—Washington Star.

The quicker a cold is got rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

Adam's Polite Act.

Mrs. Benham—Men aren't as chivalrous as they used to be. Benham—Oh, I don't know; I never heard of Adam giving up his seat in a street car to a woman. Mrs. Benham—Perhaps not, but he gave up his rib to one.—New York Press.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by all dealers.

The Sea Horse.

The hippocampus, or sea horse, is by no means an extinct creature, nor is it a creation of the old "mythologies" or "fairy tales." Hippocampus, though very small, is [illegible] reality and not a [illegible] order of the class of [illegible]

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Notice to all whom it may concern:

The undersigned, John Venable, will on Monday March 6th, 1911, make application to the county court in and for Sherman county, Oregon, for a license to sell and dispose of spirituous, vinous, and malt liquors and fermented cider, commonly known as hard cider, in less quantities than one gallon in the town of Rufus, Grant precinct, No. 1, Sherman county, Oregon.

JOHN VENABLE.

In the county court for Sherman county, state of Oregon:

In the matter of the petition of John Venable for a liquor license in the town of Rufus, Grant precinct, district No one, Sherman county, Oregon.

To the honorable body, the county court of Sherman county, Oregon, we, the undersigned legal voters and residents of Grant precinct district No one, Sherman county, Oregon, do pray or petition your honorable body for a license granting to John Venable the right to keep for sale and sell spirituous, malt, or vinious liquor in less quantities than one gallon for the term for which his receipt may call for, in the town of Rufus, Grant precinct, district No one, Sherman county, Oregon

L C Hailey	P A Venable
F Y Hulery	Charles Tom
Anson Tom	W E Bozarth
Silas Bookly	Frank Medler
W E Phillips	Geo W Ramey
George Stalfox	Fred Loubocher
J S Fowler	Geo Blackburn
C M Kuypers	J Y Addington
Alfred Hines	O Henderson
Chas R Fields	Bruce Millard
R Dingle	R E Bozarth
J L Thompson	J W Underhill
C C Deyo	L A Ellsworth
R C Wallis	W A Tate
S J Bock	Chas Hill
J A Pyburn	O Hoffman
A S Striker	

5td30j27-63

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Moss P Martin, Plaintiff,
vs
Patrick E Martin, Defendant.

To Patrick E Martin, the above named defendant

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, towit, on or before the 20th day of January, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you; to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon William Henricks, County Judge of said Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 7th day of December, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 9th day of December, 1910.

E. B DUFUR,
Attorney for Plaintiff

7d9j20 61

WEAK WEARY WOMEN.

Learn The Cause of Daily Woes Then End Them.

When the back aches and throbs
When the housework is torture
When night brings no rest nor sleep.
When urinary disorders set in
Women's lot is a weary one.
There is a way to escape these woes.
Doan's Kidney Pills cures such ills
Have cured women here in Moro
This is one Moro woman's testimony.

Mrs. H U Martin, of Moro, Oregon, says: I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills highly. My back ached severely and my health became all run down as the result of disordered kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills corrected these difficulties and proved of benefit in every way."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

In the matter of the estate of J. B. Wheat deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executor of the estate of J B Wheat, deceased, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present them, duly verified with proper vouchers therefor, within six months from the date of this notice, to the undersigned at the office of Bryant & Whealdon, in Moro, Oregon.

Dated this 30th day of December, 1910.

DON C. WHEAT, Executor
of the estate of J B Wheat deceased

Bryant & Whealdon, Attorneys for estate
5t.d30 j27 63]

SUMMONS — In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county

Mettie McKibben, Plaintiff,
vs.
Byron McKibben, Defendant.

To Byron McKibben, the 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 suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 27th day of January, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon Wm Henrichs, Judge of the County court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 15th day of December, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 16th day of December, 1910.

W. B. DAGGETT, Attorney
for Plaintiff

7td16j27 62]

SUMMONS — In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

Pearl E Purdy, Plaintiff,
vs
L D Purdy, Defendant

To L D Purdy, the 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 suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication to wit: on or before the 13th day of January, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and wilful desertion and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon R R Butler, Circuit Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 21st day of October, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 2d day of December, 1910.

J H UPTON Attorney
for Plaintiff

7td2j13 60

SHERIFF SALE

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of an execution in foreclosure and decree issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Sherman, to me directed, dated the 30th day of November 1910, in a suit therein pending wherein Ferd H Dietzel is plaintiff, T Clay Neece, Susan E Neece his wife; John P Neece, M Rachel Neece his wife; William F Neece, Georgia Neece his wife, Ellis Neece Mrs Ellis Neece, Grace Neece, John Clark, Ray Neece, Theodisia Tozier and James Tozier are defendants, commanding me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said cause on the 22d day of November 1910, in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants herein above named for $200 00 with interest thereon at 10 per cent per annum, from the 9th day of October 1908, and for $75.00 attorney fees and the further sum of $45 50 costs, and accruing costs, I will, on

Thursday, January 12th, 1911,

At the hour of 1.30 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the Court House door in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the following described real property of the said defendants, to wit: The north west quarter of the south east quarter, the south east quarter of the north west quarter, and the east half of the north east quarter of section thirty four township five south of range seventeen east of the Willamette meridian, in Sherman county, Oregon, containing 160 acres.

J. C. FREEMAN, Sheriff of
Sherman county, Oregon

5td9j6.61]

O. R. & N. SHANIKO BRANCH

South-bound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time Table Aug. 21, 1910 STATIONS	North-bound passenger daily
6.45 pm	70	Shaniko	7.15 am
6.00	57	Wilcox	7.50
5.55	52	Kent	8.00
5.30	45	Bourbon	8.20
5.05	38	Grass Valley	8.45
4.45	30	Erskine	8.55
4.30	27	Moro	9.10
4.20	23	DeMoss	9.20
4.10	19	McDoneld	9.35
3.55	16	Sandon	9.50
3.50	14	Klondike	9.55
3.35	9	Wasco	10.10
3.15	7	Sink	10.25
3.05	5	Gibson	10.30
2.45 Lv	0	Biggs	10.55 Ar
2.44 Lv	0	Biggs	10.55 Ar
2.32	4	Des Chutes	11.03
2.25	8	Celilo	11.10
2.15	13	Sumit	11.20
2.00	20	The Dalles	11.35

For information and rates, apply to
A. ROSE, Agent,
Moro, Or.

HOTEL MORO
W. C. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.
Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot, Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.
SUNDAY DINNERS 35c.
Opposite Postoffice
Moro Oregon.

VINTON HOTEL
Grass Valley, Oregon.
Entirely new, convenient to business. Clean beds, and table the best the market will afford. Prices reasonable. Commercial trade solicited.
CONDUCTED ON THE BEST PRINCIPLES.

WHEN IN PORTLAND STOP AT
HOTEL OREGON
CHAS. WRIGHT, President
M. C. DICKINSON, Manager.
Corner of 7th and Stark Street.
It is new, and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates $1 per day and up.
WRIGHT-DICKINSON HOTEL COMPANY

NEW HOTEL PERKINS
Portland, Oregon.
Opened June, 1908.
Eastern Oregon Headquarters.
Positively most centrally located Fifth St. cars pass the doors every few miutes
Attractive Cafe and Grill Music
European Plan. Rates $1.00 and up
L. Q. SWETLAND, Secy. and Mgr.

ESMOND HOTEL
OSCAR ANDERSON, Manager.
Cor. Front and Morrison Sts. Portland, Oregon.
Free Buss to and from Trains. Rates 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. European plan. Sherman County headquarters.
A GOOD CLEAN FAMILY HOTEL.

HOOD RIVER
HOTEL OREGON
New brick building newly furnished.
Sherman county people made welcome at all times.
One block from depot. Rates 50c and up.
E. C. SMITH, MANAGER

On your way
TO AND FROM PORTLAND
You are cordially invited to make the
HOTEL DALLES
Your resting place between trains at The Dalles, Oregon,
An excellent restaurant at moderate prices.

UMATILLA HOUSE
T. N CROFTON, Proprietor
THE DALLES, OREGON.
Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Electric Call Bells. O. R. & N. Local Trains stop at front door. Railway Ticket office in the Lobby.
HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.