

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF COOS.

L. G. Masters, Plaintiff

vs. Sarah Conner Riggs, Christina Conner Riggs, Ellen Conner Darnell, Alice Conner, Emma Conner Lower, Mary Conner Smith, Martha A. Cecil, Warren Conner, Jobe Conner, William Conner, Samuel Smith and J. H. Cecil, and James Conner, son of John Conner, deceased; Ann Conner, daughter of John Conner, deceased; John Doe Riggs, husband of Sarah Conner Riggs; Richard Roe, husband of Christina Conner Riggs, John Smith Darnell, husband of Ellen Conner Darnell; James Jones, husband of Alice Conner; Robert Lower, husband of Emma Conner Lower; Mary Conner, wife of Warren Conner; Jane Conner, wife of Jobe Conner; Kate Conner, wife of William Conner; Margaret Conner, wife of James Conner, and John Brown, husband of Ann Conner, defendants.

To Sarah Conner Riggs, Christina Conner Riggs, Ellen Conner Darnell, Alice Conner, Emma Conner Lower, Mary Conner Smith, Martha A. Cecil, Warren Conner, Jobe Conner, William Conner, Samuel Smith and J. H. Cecil and James Conner, son of John Conner, deceased; Ann Conner, daughter of John Conner, deceased; John Doe Riggs, husband of Sarah Conner Riggs; Richard Roe, husband of Christina Conner Riggs; John Smith Darnell, husband of Ellen Conner Darnell; James Jones, husband of Alice Conner; Robert Lower, husband of Emma Conner Lower; Mary Conner, wife of Warren Conner; Jane Conner, wife of Jobe Conner; Kate Conner, wife of William Conner; Margaret Conner, wife of James Conner, and John Brown, husband of Ann Conner, defendants.

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 within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: Within six weeks from the 23d day of March, 1908, and if you fail to answer on or before the 4th day of May, 1908, that date being the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication of this summons, judgment will be taken against you for want thereof for the relief demanded in plaintiff's complaint, a succinct statement of which relief is as follows: That the title of the plaintiff to the real property described in said complaint, and to-wit: The north-east quarter of the southwest quarter, lot two and the north half of lot three, all in section twenty-one, township twenty-six south, of range twelve west of the Willamette meridian, Coos county, Oregon, be quieted as against the defendants and each of them; that the defendants and each of them be forever enjoined and restrained from setting up any claim of right, title or interest in or to the above described real property or any portion thereof; or his costs and disbursements herein, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable.


This summons is served upon you by order of Hon. John F. Hall, Judge of the County Court of Coos county, Oregon, which said order was made on the 23d day of March, 1908, and bears said date, and by which said order you are required to answer the complaint in said suit on or before the 4th day of May, 1908.

Dated March 23d, 1908.
JOHN S. COKE,
JOHN D. GOSS,
Attorneys for plaintiff.

As Advertised. I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and found it to be all claimed for it in the advertisements. Three of the family have used it with good results in summer complaint.—H. E. Howe, publisher of the Press, Highland, Wis. For sale by JOHN PREUSS.

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J. C. WOOD
won the \$5 Stetson Hat.
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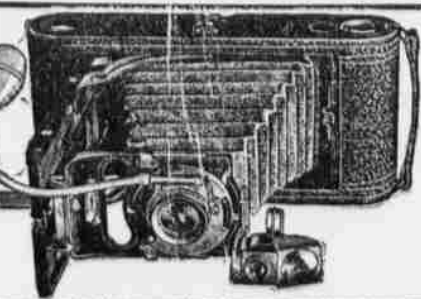
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Don't Miss It
7:30 and 8:45 - - - Admission 10c

The Rink, Saturday Night, April 18th
Grand Masquerade Carnival on Roller Skates
Usual Prices to Skaters. Spectators 10c each
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A BOWL OF BITTER TEA.
Himalayan Hospitality in a Snow Enveloped Hovel.
In spite of a poverty which limits their good intentions the inhabitants of central and south central Asia display a charming hospitality. Such, at least, is the impression gained from Mr. Ellsworth Huntington's book, "The Pulse of Asia."
At Matayan, a village in the province of Ladakh, the habitable portion of the upper Indus valley, a friendly villager invited Mr. Huntington to dive down from the crust which covered eight or ten feet of snow into a one story house. This was at an elevation of 10,500 feet.
Although it was April 11, the snow, even on a level, was higher than the tops of the houses. Where it had been shoveled off the flat roofs it formed high banks, protecting them from the wind and making them the favorite sitting room at that season and even in winter, for the sunshine is always warm in that dry, cloudless climate.
When the little black cows had been driven and pulled out of the way Mr. Huntington descended to an almost closed shed used for the two or three hardy sheep and goats and was ushered, stooping, into a dark stable containing a little pony, shaggy, like all the animals. Bending low once more, he climbed over a high sill and was in the warm, close family living room.
Light and air came in through a hole in the roof a foot square surmounted by a chimney pot a foot high made of three stones set up to keep out the snow. A few bits of ragged cloth on the mud floor for sleeping purposes, a half dozen metal utensils and an iron pot full of Himalayan tea, kept warm over some embers, comprised all the visible equipment for housekeeping.
After the host had persuaded Mr. Huntington to take a seat on the floor a half puffed old woman insisted upon ladling out for him a bowl of tea. It was surprisingly good in view of the fact that a poor grade of tea leaves had been steeped half an hour or more with milk, butter, salt and soda. In richer houses Mr. Huntington was often served with tea which had been improved by being churned violently in a slender, greasy black churn, twenty inches long by four in diameter, in order to mix the rancid butter well into the compound before it was turned into the drinking bowls.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE
FROM MANY SOURCES
Interesting Bits of Information and Entertaining Little Tales and Anecdotes Compiled and Condensed for Times Readers.

Watchdogs and Their Bark.
The watchdog's honest bark is a pretty good thing in theory and in poetry, but it's a good deal of a nuisance in real life, when the owner of the watchdog lives in your neighborhood and the honest bark is sounding away at night when you want to sleep. It is then that you would like to hear a shotgun bay deep mouthed welcome to the honest barker in question.—Emporia Gazette.

The Absinth Tippler.
The symptoms of the effects of the liquor in the case of the absinth tippler commence with muscular quiverings and decrease of physical strength. The hair begins to drop out, the face assumes a melancholy aspect, and he becomes emaciated, wrinkled and saw-low. Lesion of the brain follows, horrible dreams and delusions haunt the victim, and gradually paralysis overtakes him and leads him to the grave.

Early Croziers.
The earliest mention of the use of a crozier is of one carried by Ataldis, archbishop of Reims, who died A. D. 533. An ancient Saxon or Norman font in Winchester cathedral has a very old representation of a bishop with a crozier, probably the earliest example to be found in England. A crozier of rude shape is cut on the tomb of Bartholomew, bishop of Exeter from 1161 to 1184.

Cause of the Unrest.
"In your opinion," asked the pompous member of the investigating committee, "what is the cause of the evident unrest among the Indians?"
Comanche Pete, the noted scout, blew a cloud of tobacco smoke into the atmosphere.
Then he took his pipe out of his mouth.
"Fleas," he answered.—Chicago Tribune.

Eyes of Deep Sea Fish.
"Few people know that when deep sea fish are taken from the water their eyes pop from their heads," said a Mobile man. "This is due to being relieved of the tremendous water pressure and coming in contact with air. On the gulf coast, where thousands of fish are caught daily, one can see hundreds and hundreds of deep water fish with eyes hanging from their sockets."—Nashville Tennessean.

An Ancient Jest.
A Gentleman having lent a Guinea, for two or three days, to a Person whose Promises he had not much Faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find he very punctually kept his Word with him; the same Gentleman being sometime after desirous of borrowing the like Sum, No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am resolv'd you shan't do it a second Time.—Joe Miller's Jest Book, 1739.

Woman's Part in Commerce.
Americans are considered the most highly civilized people on earth because the men are more completely enslaved by their women. The Spartan women who made bowstrings of their hair were no more potent a factor in the military achievements of the Spartan men than are the American women in the commercial achievements of American men.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Wasted Sermon.
A good deacon was once meandering along the docks on Sunday, and, noticing a crowd of boys fishing, he commenced to reprove them for breaking the Sabbath. In the middle of his harangue he stopped suddenly to ejaculate, "Look out, bub, you've got a bite!" to a small boy whose attention had been distracted from his line. Human nature was too strong for him.—St. James' Gazette.

Washington's Estate.
When he died Washington possessed, including the land brought him by his wife and the Mount Vernon estate, more than 74,000 acres. And this did not include his city property. He was indeed a landlord on a large scale. Besides the lands he held personally Washington was partner in various land companies, though none of these appear to have survived the Revolution.

Vienna Barbers.
The Barbers and Wigmakers' union in Vienna is very stringent in its examination before it will admit any new members to the society. Only fully competent persons are allowed to practice and to prove their capabilities must first show that they thoroughly understand the disinfection of razors, brushes, etc., used in their craft and also how to keep the razors sharp and use them to the best advantage.

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Lame Shoulder.
Whether resulting from a sprain or from rheumatic pains, there is nothing so good for a lame shoulder as Chamberlain's Pain Balm.
Apply it freely and rub the parts vigorously at each application and a quick cure is certain. For sale by JOHN PREUSS.

Mild Hazing.
The proprietor of a plumbing establishment downtown has a poor opinion of goat imitations. A young man, dapper and twenty, came into his plumbing shop and asked to see an expensive porcelain bathtub. The proprietor explained at length the good qualities of a certain make.
"This seems to be an excellent one," said the young man.
Without warning he jumped into the bathtub, drew his coat closely around him and exclaimed: "Quick, turn on the water! I want to try it."
The proprietor thought he was insane and, soothing his head, said, "There, there, you're all right."
"Yes," the young man gurgled, splashing in the imaginary water; "it's very comfortable."
Then he began to squirm and splutter.
"Quick, quick!" he cried. "Turn off the water! I'm drowning!"
"Wait till I reach the faucet," said the proprietor softly, side stepping to the telephone.
Just at this moment two other young men, a trifle older, entered.
"Well, Bobby, had your bath?" they inquired.
"Yes."
"Then come down to the vegetarian restaurant and order a side of roast beef."—New York Globe.

Good as a Corkscrew.
"Do you know how to take a tight cork out of a bottle without a corkscrew?" was asked by a woman the other day at a gossip party. "It's a mighty good thing to know in an emergency."
"My sister and I were coming back from the mountains, and she got faint on the cars. I had a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia in my bag, but when I tried to get the cork out I simply couldn't make it budge."
"Let me take it out for you," suggested a man across the aisle.
"Then, borrowing my pocketknife and using his own with it, he removed the cork in a jiffy. He inserted the blades on opposite sides between the bottle and the cork, each one turned in a different direction. Then when the blades were firmly pushed in he simply pressed the two together, gave them a wrench sideways, and the cork came out without any trouble. I have since tried it on larger bottles with success. It is a trick worth knowing."—Exchange.

The Quest of Truth.
It is a good deal easier to poke fun at history than to write history meriting credence. Mr. Bodley when writing his "France" experienced the force of this in a curious way. He shut himself up in France for years to get the atmosphere and the knowledge necessary for his work. One of his trials arose over some question of electoral jurisprudence. It was not of international importance, but still interesting to students of comparative procedure. Therefore he wrote to a deputy who is a parliamentary expert to clear up the obscurity in which the text books involve the point and incorporated his reply in the text of the book. Later, being invited by an experienced mayor to be present at a poll over which he presided, Mr. Bodley put the question to him and received a quite different reply. Finally the author referred the point to a senator of indisputable authority, who showed that the deputy and the mayor were both wrong.—St. James' Gazette.

Woman's Wit.
An emperor of Germany besieged a city which belonged to one of his rebellious noblemen. After the siege had lasted for a long time the emperor determined to take it by storm and to destroy all it contained by fire and sword. He did not, however, wish to injure the defenseless women; therefore, he sent a proclamation into the town, saying that all the women might leave the place unhurt and carry with them whatever they held most precious. The nobleman's wife instantly decided to take her husband, and the other women followed her example. They soon issued from the city gate in a long procession, each one with her husband on her shoulders. The emperor was so much struck with the noble conduct of the women that he spared all; even the city itself was left untouched.

Wouldn't Tip It
A Toronto man who visited England last summer appears to think that country the champion tip taker. He says: "Well, I had tipped every man from the swell gent who seemed to own the house of commons down to the hireling who gummed the wrong labels on my luggage, and I went into the waiting room on the landing stage at Liverpool to wash my hands of everything English, and what do you think stared me in the face when I had finished? A placard saying, 'Please tip the basin.' I'll be hanged if I did!"

Monuments.
Dr. Griffin—I must say the world is very ungrateful toward our profession. How seldom one sees a public memorial erected to a doctor! Mrs. Goulight—How seldom! Oh, doctor, think of our cemeteries!—London Answers.