The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....JUNE 15, 1906

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer Why Not?

We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for $2 50; one year $1 50; 12½cts month is n't much. Try it. Order by Postal Card, and pay for it when you can.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrearages 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.

When Corenca Willed

By XENO W. PUTNAM

Copyright, 1905, by Xeno W. Putnam

It hardly seemed a chance at all, but we were forced to call it one so long as there was nothing better. Of course 'twas Tarpon's work, Tarpon, whose murderous hand my stout friend had restrained and who had done this other murder just to bring an avenging posse down on Jack in a humor that would render inquiries few and explanations useless.

Bill Morgan brought the word. It seemed a strange unbending of the outlaw's spirit. Perhaps his own wild, hunted life led him to pity in his uncouth way a victim run to earth without warning, or possibly he had some personal memories to be avenged. Anyway he told us just before daybreak of the cowardly crime that had been fastened so unmistakably and so unjustly upon Jack and of the furious pursuers close upon our trail.

Before us were the mountains, grim and full of dangers for the stranger fugitive, but to this score of relentless followers home. Some forty miles behind lay Halseyville—and safety, for half her leading citizens—the mayor himself, to say nothing of his fair daughter—would have sworn to Jack's presence at a banquet given in our honor at the very time the murder was committed miles away. But between our camp and vindication rode a relentless, uninquiring foe with a single purpose—and a halter. The outlook was gloomy enough for poor Jack.

It seemed that I was not connected with the crime. That, too, was Tarpon's skillful planning or perhaps my government position saved me. Vengeance was to be taken upon Jack alone, my great, rough, burly friend with the heart of a lion or a woman, as the occasion called for courage or for kindness.

When only a single course is possible one can think quickly what to do. I gathered in Corenca, loath to be gathered from the luxurious pasture of the foothills, and, throwing the saddle over her back, jerked up the girth so tightly that she flinched and snapped at me. Then, flinging the other saddle on Jack's horse, we headed her off across the country toward her old home alone. As she turned and looked back at Corenca, pawing impatiently at the restraint, a sharp crack of the whip encouraged the eagerness of her departure. Soon she disappeared from view in the dim light, leaving a plain but bootless trail behind for our pursuers to presently follow a few miles in their quest for Jack. Then, after a silent handshake that said more than words, my friend went dodging in among the heavy shadows of the mountain canyons, leaving me alone with my wonderful Corenca, whose speed was matchless and whose temper was the devil's own. If he could only evade capture while I rode to Halseyville for help! Twice forty odd miles would have to be covered, and the hope was slight, but Corenca was a wonderful foundation upon which to build it. If the foe should lose even a little time on the false trail of the other horse

IT SEEMED AS IF SHE KNEW THE NEED FOR HASTE.

and Jack get a few extra hours, just a few, where each moment gained was glinted with gold!

My thoroughbred mare, chafing and tugging at the bit as we swept out into our long, hard trip, set me to wondering whether I spared her most by holding her in or letting her have her head. I tried to compromise, but she willed it otherwise, and the ground slipped away under her feet like a smooth running belt from the flywheel of some ponderous machine. It seemed as if she knew the need for haste and scorned a suggestion of her own limitations. The only notice my restraining hand received was an impatient toss of her shapely head and a savage jerk at the reins.

In less than an hour—only an hour behind poor Jack, I thought, with a sinking heart—I saw our grim pursuers in the road before me, but all that I feared from them was delay. They knew I was not the man they wanted and were themselves there to uphold their idea of the law and human justice in their fierce, crude way. They might attempt to take me back with them—the one thing that I really dreaded—but of personal violence I had no fear. My government position would again protect me, and whatever time they hindered me Jack would also gain from them.

As we approached I got the halting signal, but the little mare rushed ahead, alike unmindful of their shouting and my hand. Two men dismounted hurriedly and made a rush for my bridle as we passed. In a flash Corenca's fighting blood was up, and, with gnashing teeth and eyes like a dragon's, she was upon and over them and dashed ahead. A dozen mounted men spurred after us with the act. They might as well have chased the wind, for the very dust from the little mare's feet fell short of their leader. They dare not shoot lest Uncle Sam should hear the echo presently and only wasted a little time for Jack to profit by.

Once clear of pursuit Corenca fell off a little in her speed, but not in her independence, as I quickly learned in my first attempt to juggle with the reins. After all, why should I not let her have her way now that no special cause for speed bursts lay ahead? She was a willful child of the plains. Let her sweep them to suit her fancy. She would lose no time and perhaps, better than I, could judge of her own endurance. So we left the dubious miles behind us in pursuit of the miles ahead that she rapidly found and conquered one by one. Sometimes the pace was a moderate canter, sometimes swift as the wind, but I watched the flanks beneath me in vain for a labored breath. She seemed to temper her speed to the limit of what she could endure without drawing upon that wonderful reserve force that made her at once the pride and the terror of the plains.

So thirty odd miles lay behind us presently, and the game little beast had drawn up only once for a drink as she forded a stream. Still, more than one sign now told me that she had made her run at an awful expense to herself. Once she began to show fatigue, it seemed as if her dissolution was to be as rapid as her flight had been. The willful flirt of her head she had left miles behind, and she stumbled a little sometimes as she still galloped faithfully on. Each breath was a heave and a gasp now, and the white foam that fell from her mouth was occasionally colored with red. Should I dismount and feed her or try to crowd her through? Back among the mountain canyons I could see a kindly, rugged face, now stern and resolute, at bay. Before me, only a few miles ahead, lay Halseyville and rescue. Already I could almost see the stately mayor and a few chosen friends rushing away on their errand of mercy and justice. Nor could I quite forget the sweet faced girl, in whose eye a tear had stood so close behind the laugh she had given Jack at parting. And it all tempted me forward. Still, it would be a foolish thing to ruin all so near my journey's end by letting my now suffering horse go off from her feet for want of a few minutes' rest.

Corenca stood quiet enough now, with head down and heaving sides, but with the fire still unquenched in her flashing eyes. Reluctantly I dismounted and loosened the saddle girth a little. Then a sight met my eyes that stayed my hand at the fastenings while I looked again, to bring me a moment later back into my seat. For the first time that day I urged Corenca beyond the limit of her chosen speed, and right nobly did she struggle to respond. But the heaving sides told their own story of a conquered body still reeling forward under the impetus of an unyielding will. Poor, faithful servant! It was, then, to be a race to the death—of my horse or my friend—and in that choice of course the dumb brute had to lose.

Now that the decision had been forced upon me I spared the use of neither whip nor spur upon Corenca—Corenca, to whom no one had ever before dared to teach the use of either. No more thought of trying to save her—just to get the last ounce out of her before she fell. Far ahead, just leaving Halseyville, I could see a queer little red spot rushing toward us, which I realized to be the mayor's automobile, bearing him rapidly away to a neighboring town. For a few miles his route lay straight toward me, but presently the road forked, and the red spot would bear out of reach the one man whose presence would awe Jack's pursuers into submission at a word. If I could reach those forks in time it would save me a smart little ride to the town. If I failed I feared me much that all my efforts were doomed to failure—that the game was up. Well, it would never be Corenca's fault. As I noted her trembling and unsteady gait I could not but hope that when she did go down she would be out of her misery soon. Again and again I urged her on, heartsick as I felt the futile struggle she was making under me. It was a losing race. Still, she lost it by so narrow a margin that she won for me.

Already the electric steed was about to swing around the curve and leave me such a few rods behind when Corenca, as though still obedient to her unconquered will, plunged wildly into the air and sank dying to the earth. Her race was over, but she had been grit to the very end.

A pair of sharp eyes, not the mayor's, saw the accident and gave in quick report. So it happened that instead of leaving me helpless they presently drew up by my side and looked down on me crouching by the dumb brute's head.

It wasn't the mayor who first comprehended the story I tried to tell them of Jack, and it wasn't his voice that ordered me into the vacant seat nor his hands that suddenly took control of the machine and gave it motion. I cast one bitter look back at my dying horse stretched there along upon her side, but I hadn't the time to end her misery with a pistol shot, as I was minded to do. Now at last was Halseyville behind me and ahead the mountains—and Jack. I stole a glance at the slight girlish figure whose guiding hands now seemed like steel, but over whose face had come something that was neither a smile nor a tear.

How the wind came up and rushed in our faces as the auto gathered speed! It wasn't a flight, but a melting away of objects. Things were and then were not. The belt over which we had galloped, Corenca and I, now changed to a smooth zone of marble, flanked on each side by a ribbon of greenish gray. We didn't seem to advance; just swayed and tilted, while the green gray ribbons on either side of us rolled into a tangle of mist just ahead, into which we were constantly trying to plunge. One could not determine where the real joined forces with the imagination. Somewhere between the two the real became invisible and the invisible seemed almost real. There wasn't a thought of fear, but a half formed wish that something would happen to add variety to this throbbing, undulating sensation, without particular motion and with nothing to see. Where we were or what we were doing not one of our senses could tell. We were only ethereal spots in the

"JACK!" CAME A FEMININE SCREAM.

midst of an infinite nowhere, at one end of which lay my dying horse and at the other the friend I was trying to save.

I knew in a half dazed way we were rushing ahead at a speed that was terrific, but felt impatient that it was not greater still. The breath of the whirlwind might have been tame to my quivering, overwrought nerves. Shut out of the material world by this cloud wall, I longed for a thrill of expectant danger to break up the depressing sense of isolation. It wasn't the call for haste so much as the call of impatience—a mind taken entirely out of its realm of accustomed comparisons and clamoring for sensation rather than accomplishment.

Such were some of my chaotic impressions when I suddenly became conscious of objects about me and realized that we were slowing down. The green gray ribbons took on a spotted aspect, which gradually expanded into some of nature's own pattern, and I was conscious of a sudden relief to get back into the world again. The gray marble pavement shook out into the swift flying belt of the morning, then gradually came to a stop in the midst of mountains, trees and human forms and a few other things.

"Jack!" came a feminine scream from the front seat of our vehicle. Then I noticed for the first time my friend in the midst of the group of men, still on his feet, but with a telltale rope dangling from a limb directly over his head.

We carried him back with us presently seated considerately on the back seat beside the feminine voice, while the mayor and I, as befitted our official rank, rode in front. Thus we proceeded back toward Halseyville, attended on either side for some distance not by the green gray ribbons of a short half hour before nor even by the shapes of my morning fancy, but by a good, stout guard of armed and penitent men, now anxious to do homage to the man they meant to have slain in the name of the law. In a little real haste and a good bit of spite we hit up their gait quite briskly ere they finally parted company with us after many a goodly wish and shake of Jack's hand; then away like the wind for Halseyville.

Faster and faster over the road that Corenca had galloped so well till the ribbons swung up to their old place again and cut off our view of the plains, on past where the avengers that morning had thought they would stop me and while getting their lesson in thoroughbred temper lost just the small margin of time that saved Jack until our return, on splash through the ford where my horse slaked her thirst just before rushing on to her death, on past where I held up to rest and to feed her—a brief rest it proved and the last she was ever to have—on past where she fell and doubtless now made up her part in the greenish gray ribbon which unrolled beside us. Then we rolled into Halseyville and found some unusual excitement ahead, where a group of rough men were attempting to corral a game little mare whose speed, they declared, was as swift as the wind and who still held the devil's own temper.

Prejudiced.

"Are you in favor of government ownership?" asked Meandering Mike.

"No," answered Plodding Pete. "De only gover'ment institutions dat I've had any experience wit is jails. An' de way dey're run don't make no hit wit me."—Washington Star.

A Statesman's Whiskers.

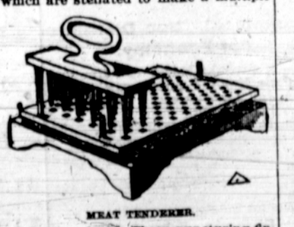
Representative Graham of Pennsylvania has whiskers that do not meet at all points. There are too many intervals between them. Two of his colleagues were discussing him in the house lunch room.

"In my opinion," said one of them, "Graham's whiskers are punctuated too liberally."

"Yes," said the other, who used to be an editor, "they are what you might call double leaded whiskers."—New York Times.

Useful Kitchen Utensil.

The meat tenderer herewith shown is simple and can be conveniently and quickly manipulated to effectually sever all sinewy particles in the meat and yet leave it in a compact and tender condition. The tendering tool is formed of a handle and puncturing fingers, which are stellated to make a multiple



MEAT TENDERER.

of cutting edges. These puncturing fingers are arranged in rows corresponding to openings in the bedplates. In operation the meat is placed smoothly between the bedplate and the guide plate and the tendering tool forced into the opening, the blades penetrating the meat and severing the sinews. The operation is repeated until the entire surface of the meat has been satisfactorily worked over.

Death from Lockjaw

Never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaer, NY, writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures wounds burns, and sores. 25c at RW Montgomerys drug store.

The Illinois Central

Maintains unexcelled service from the West to the East and South, making close connections with all transcontinental lines. Passengers are given their choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through these points to the far east. Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspondence with the following representatives:

B. H. Trumbull, Commercial Agent, 142 Third st., Portland, Or.
J. C. Lindsey, Trav. Passenger Agent, 142 3d st., Portland Or.
Paul B. Thompson, Passenger Agent, Colman building, Seattle.

Following The Flag

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines health was the most important consideration. WT Morgan retired commissary sergeant, of rural route 1, Concord, NH., says "I was two years in Cuba and two years in Philippines and being subject to colds I took Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption which kept me in perfect health, and now, in New Hampshire, I find it the best medicine in the world for colds, coughs and throat and lung diseases. Guaranteed by RW Montgomery, druggist. 50c and $1. Trial bottle free.

Cheap Fare East.

The passenger department of the OR & N has issued a circular announcing special excursion rates for the coming summer season. One limited first class fare, plus $10, is the rate for round trip tickets to all the principal points of the east and middle west. Tickets on this basis may be purchased for Chicago, St Louis, St Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas city, St Joseph, Atchison, Omaha, Leavenworth, Council Bluffs and Sioux city. The dates on which these rates will obtain are July 24 and 31, August 7th, 8th and 9th, September 8 h and 10th. The time limit is placed at 90 days. The same rate will be made to Milwaukee, Wis., August 7th, 8th, and 9th, only.

Screen doors. The Wind River Lumber Co. now have a nice stock of these doors, of both plain and fancy patterns, in assorted sizes, all strong and well built. Do you not need one or more of them?

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative BromoQuinine tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E.W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

HARRY LIEBE.
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler.
THE DALLES, - - OREGON
303 Second Street, next door to the Pacific Express Company.
Mail orders promptly attended to All work warranted.

FACTS IN NATURE.

Not Only Do We Get Inspiration From Nature, But Health as Well.

For people who are run-down and nervous, who suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, or torpid liver, coated tongue with bitter taste in the morning and poor appetite, it becomes necessary to turn to some tonic or strengthener which will assist Nature and help them to get on their feet and put the body into its proper condition. It is becoming more and more apparent that Nature's most valuable health-giving agents are to be found in forest plants and roots.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. R.V. Pierce, now consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N.Y., discovered that by scientifically extracting and combining certain medicinal principles from native roots, taken from our American forests, he could produce a medicine which was marvelously efficient in curing cases of blood disorder and liver and stomach trouble as well as many other chronic or lingering ailments. This concentrated extract of Nature's vitality he named "Golden Medical Discovery." It purifies the blood by putting the stomach and liver into healthy condition, thereby helping the digestion and assimilation of food which feeds the blood. Thereby it cures weak stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, or biliousness, and kindred derangements.

If you have coated tongue, with bitter or bad taste in the mornings, frequent headaches, feel weak, easily tired, stitches or pain in side, back gives out easily, and aches, belching of gas, constipation, or irregular bowels, feel flashes of heat alternating with chilly sensations or kindred symptoms, they point to derangement of your stomach, liver and kidneys, which the "Golden Medical Discovery" will correct more speedily and permanently than any other known agent. Contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed in plain English on wrapper.

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make a little more profit. He gains; you lose. Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative; two or three are cathartic.

HILL MILITARY ACADEMY.

A private school for boarding and day pupils. Prepares boys for admission to any scientific school or college, and for business life. New and completely equipped building. Thorough instruction according to the best methods. Good laboratories. Manual training. The principal has had twenty-three years' experience in Portland. Office hours, 9 to 11 A. M., and 1 to 2 P. M., at 231 Marshall street. For catalogue and pamphlet containing letters of testimony, etc., address,

J. W. HILL, M. D.
Principal.
P. O. Drawer 17. Portland, Or.

The W. A. Gordon Co.
Bankers and Grain Dealers.
Moro and Grass Valley.
Receives Deposits, Sell exchange, and do a General Banking business.
S. S. Hayes, Manager at Moro.

E. V. LITTLEFIELD
Attorney at Law.
MAIN ST., MORO, OREGON,
J.O. Elrod's brick, next door to S. T. Co's. Store.

FRANK MENEFEE FRED WILSON
MENEFEE & WILSON
Attorneys-At-Law.
POST BLOCK. THE DALLES, OREGON

J. B. HOSFORD W. H. RAGSDALE
HOSFORD & RAGSDALE
Attorneys-at Law,
Office in The Ginn Brick
Moro, Oregon.

DR. RAY W. LOGAN.
Physician and Surgeon.
MORO, OREGON.
Office on Main St., up stairs in the Ginn Building.

DR. O. J. GOFFIN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
DR. MARIE M. GOFFIN.
Diseases of Women & Children a Specialty
Office in The Goffin Building, 1st St. Moro, Oregon.

DR. J. F. JAMES
DENTIST
Opera House Building,
MORO - - - - - OREGON.

H. O. SHUGART
Contractor & Builder
MORO, OREGON.
Plans, Specifications and Estimates Cheerfully Furnished for all kinds of Buildings in the Country as well as the City.
Headquarters at the W. R. Lumber yards.

J. M. Parry.
Notary Public.
Attorney for the State School Fund for Sherman County.
MORO, OREGON

James Stewart
Stock Inspector
Sherman County,
Oregon.
Address: MORO, OREGON.

A Blue Mark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

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

Hotel Hood
Four Blocks from Union Depot.
6th and Everett sts.
New Brick Building Newly Furnished.
Rates 50, 75, $1 per day
Best accommodations in the city for the money.
P. A. VILES, Proprietor, Portland, Or

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

When in Portland
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.
M. C. Dickinson, Manager.

Moro Lodge, No. 113, I. O. O. F. Moro, Oregon. Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting members are cordially invited. Members are expected to be present. Wm. Henrichs N. G. R. M. Brash, Secretary.

Lupine Rebecca Lodge No. 116, I. O. O. F. Meet regularly every Friday evening. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us. Home members are expected to be present. By order of the Lodge. Mrs. Jennie Foss, N. G. Miss Ora Lewellen, Secretary.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A. F & A. M., Moro, Or. Meets the first and third Thursday evenings of each month Visiting members cordially invited to meet with us. By order of the W. M. J. M. Parry, Secretary.

Bethlehem Chapter. No 78 O.E.S. Regular communication each 2d and 4th Thursday evenings monthly. By order W.M. Ella Hayes, Secretary.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of the Interior, Land Office. The Dalles, Or., May 26th, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Francis M. Burnison, of Ajax, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9281 made April 29, 1901, for the S½SE¼, SE¼SW¼ Section 33, Tp. 1 S, R 19 East and lot 4 Section 3, Township 2 S, Range 19 E, W M, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on July 19th, 1906.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: E O Maley, George Crum George Smith, and Walter Smith, all of Ajax Oregon.

6jle1j6—222] Michael T. Nolan, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Department of The Interior, Land Office at The Dalles, Or., May 26, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Alida A. Francis, formerly Alida A. Hermans, of Monkland, Or., has filed notice of her intention to make final five-year proof in support of her claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 8596, made Oct. 23, 1900, for the W½ of the NW¼ Section 35, Township 1 S, range 18 E. W M, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon on July 17th, 1906.

She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of the said land, viz: Hugh Morton and I Hathaway, of Monkland, Oregon, James Stewart of Rutledge, Oregon. H M Shull, of Kent, Oregon.

5rj-1j6—221] Michael T. Nolan, Register

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE
To all whom it may Concern.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County court of the state of Oregon, for Sherman county, administrator of the estate of Carrie Hansen, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby notified and required to present the same duly verified, to the undersigned administrator, at his office in the W. A. Gordon Companys Bank, in the city of Moro, in said Sherman county, state of Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 15th day of June, A. D. 1906. N. P. HANSEN,

Administrator of the estate of
5j-15jy13-223] Carrie Hansen, deceased
DUFUR & MENDELL, Attorneys for Admr

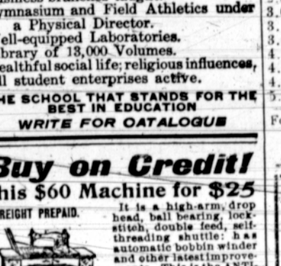
PACIFIC UNIVERSITY
FOREST GROVE, OREGON.
A HIGH-GRADE COLLEGE WITH SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT.
Beautifully located twenty-six miles from Portland.
Full regular college courses.
Academy gives strong preparatory and High School courses.
Conservatory of Music and School of Art, with superior instructors.
Business branches taught.
Gymnasium and Field Athletics under a Physical Director.
Well-equipped Laboratories.
Library of 13,000 Volumes.
Healthful social life; religious influences.
All student enterprises active.
THE SCHOOL THAT STANDS FOR THE BEST IN EDUCATION
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Buy on Credit!
this $60 Machine for $25
FREIGHT PREPAID.

It is a high-arm, drop head, ball bearing, lockstitch, double feed, self-threading shuttle; has automatic bobbin winder and other latest improvements. This is the ANTI-TRUST MACHINE. It is the same machine agents are asking you $60 for. All attachments go with each machine. Sold for only $25 cash and $3 monthly. Write TODAY for free FURNITURE CATALOGUE showing elegant household goods we will ship (freight Prepaid) on Easy Payments—our new CREDIT plan.
Gevurtz Furniture Company
173-175 First St., PORTLAND, OR.

AGUINALDO
The Celebrated Jack
Will make the breeding seasons of 1906 at the old Strahl place near DeMoss Springs, will be handled by A. B. Nelson an experienced horseman who claims Aguinaldo is best blooded and has more points of perfection than any other Jack in this part of the country. See his colts for evidence of this fact.
Terms: $12 for one; $22 for two, and a greater number in proportion, payable when mare is known to be with foal.
Aguinaldo has splendid action and is a fine walker.
JOHN H. DEMOSS,
214] DeMoss Springs, Or

DUPLEX
My Celebrated Mammoth
JACK



Will make the breeding season of 1906 at my farm, east of Moro until about the 1st of July, when he will be taken to my John Day ranch in Sherman county.
Pasture will be furnished for all breeding mares at going rates.
Terms: $15 to insure, money due when the mare is known to be with foal. J. R. MARTIN, Owner.

F. A. FLEMING
Transfering, Trucking and Draying
MORO - - OREGON
I'm Here to Stay.
Reports to the Contrary Notwithstanding.
Live and Let Live is My Motto.
All work will be Promptly attended to

O.R.&N.
UNION PACIFIC
OREGON SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC
3 Trains to The East Daily
Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City. Reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

PORTLAND DEPOT.	Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL, for the East via Huntington.	9.30 a.m.	5 00 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	1.15 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	6.15 p.m. daily	8 00 a.m. no stop.
Passes Biggs	10.12p.m.	5.57 a.m.

For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	8.15 p.m no stop.	7 15 a.m. 5 flag
Passes Biggs	12.09 pm	3.09 a.m.

PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	8 15 a.m.	6.60 p. m.
Arrives at Biggs	11.30 a.m.	Lv. 12.15 pm

Columbia and Willamette River.
For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Hwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p.m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10 00 p. m Arrives 5 00 p. m. daily except Sunday.
For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock Leaves 7 00 a. m daily except Sunday. Arrives 5.30 p.m. daily except Sunday.
For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash. Leave Riparia 5.40 a. m., or upon arrival train No. 4, daily except Saturday. Arrive Riparia 4 p. m. daily except Friday.
For full information call on or address
A. L. CRAIG,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.
W. R. CROGAN, AGENT,
Moro, Oregon

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY

South-bound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 11 May 20, 1906 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1.20 pm	0	....Biggs....	11.50 arve
1.40	5.4	...Gibsons....	11.19
1.44	7.0	.....Sinks....	11.10
2.04	9 8	.....Wasco....	11.00
2.17	14.1	..Klondyke...	10 45
2.23	16 1	...Summit...	10.40
2.40	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	10.24
2.41	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.22
2.53	23.9	... DeMoss...	10 05
3.04	27.0	.....Moro....	9.55
3.13	30.4	..Ershlaville.	9.37
3.44	38.5	..Gribs Valley	9:20
4.00	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.55
4.16	52.5	.....Kent....	8 40
4.26	57.3	...Wilcox...	8 30
5.00 arr	70 0	.....Shaniko....	8.00 a m

For rates and information apply to
W. R. Crogan, Agent
Moro, Or.

SEE
Nature's Wondrous Handiwork
DENVER & RIO GRANDE R.R.

THROUGH UTAH and COLORADO Castle Gate, Canon of the Grand Black Canon, Marshall and Tennessee Passes, and the World-Famous Royal Gorge.
For Descriptive and Illustrated Pamphlets, write to
W. C. McBRIDE, Gen. Agt.
121 Third Street, PORTLAND, OR.

The Chicago Milwaukee And St. Paul Railway
The Milwaukee
Pioneer Limited, St. Paul to Chicago.
Overland Limited, Omaha to Chicago.
Southwest Limited, Kansas City to Chicago
No train in the service of any railroad in the world equals in equipment that of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. They own and operate their own sleeping and dining cars and give their patrons an excellence of service not obtainable elswhere.
Berths in their sleepers are Longer, Higher and Wider than in smaller cars on other lines. They protect their trains by the Block System.
H. S. ROWE, General Agent,
134 Third St., Portland, Or.

The Dalles, Portland and Astoria Navigation Co.
Regulator Line
Portland, The Dalles and way points
Steamers leave Portland and The Dalles daily except Sunday at 7 a. m. arriving at about 5 p. m., connecting at Lyle with the
Columbia River & NorthernRyCo
For Goldendale and Klickitat valley points. Train leaves Goldendale at 5:30 a. m daily except Sunday, arriving at Lyle at 7:30 a. m., connecting with down river boat for Portland and intermediate points.
Leaves Lyle for Goldendale on the arrival of the up river steamer.
Good Accommodations for Teams and Wagons.
For any further information write or call on the nearest Agent, or the General Office at Portland.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE
Is The Only
Double-Track
Railway between the
Missouri River
and
Chicago
The Chicago-Portland Special, the most luxurious train in the world. Drawing-room sleeping cars, dining car, buffet smoking and library car (barber and bath). Less than three days Portland to Chicago.
TWO
Through Trains
to Chicago are operated daily via the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, Oregon Short Line Railroad, Union Pacific Railroad and Chicago & North-Western Railway to Chicago from Portland and points in Oregon.
Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars from Portland, Los Angeles and San Francisco, through to Chicago without change.
E. B. RITCHIE, Gen'l Agt., 627 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
A. C. BARKER, Gen'l Agt., 102 Third St., PORTLAND, ORE.
Chicago & North-Western Ry.

BEGINNING FEB. 15, 1906
THROUGH
TOURIST
SLEEPERS
EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
BETWEEN
SEATTLE and CHICAGO
VIA THE
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
"The Comfortable Way"
Route of the famous Oriental Limited
For detailed information, rates, etc., call on or address
S. G. YERKES, A. G. P. A., Seattle, Washington.
Or H. DICKSON, C. T. A., 122 Third Street, Portland, Or.
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer
Makes the hair grow long and heavy, and keeps it soft and glossy. Stops falling hair and cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair. Sold for fifty years.
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.