# The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY.....JULY 12, 1907


**Personal Talk With You.**

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## ODDITIES IN SERMONS

ANNUAL DISCOURSES THAT ARE PAID FOR BY LEGACIES.

**The Lucky London Clergyman Who Preaches the "Golden Sermon" Receives a Fee of £150—The Text Problem of the "Museum Sermon."**

Every year on Oct. 16 is preached at St. Catherine Cree church in Leadenhall street the "lion sermon." It commemorates the escape, over two centuries back, of a then lord mayor, Sir John Gayer, who while traveling in the east encountered a lion, which, on his repeating the prayer of Daniel, allowed him to pursue his way unmolested. In gratitude for his miraculous escape the worthy citizen left directions in his will that a commemorative sermon should be preached annually, together with sufficient money to carry this bequest into effect.

Every Jan. 30 for 225 years has the "Assheton sermon" been delivered in the parish church of Downham, Lancashire. Over two centuries since Sir Richard Assheton of Downham Hall left a legacy of £4 a year, £2 thereof to be distributed among the poor and the remainder to be paid to a clergyman for an annual exposition, on the date of the testator's death, of Job xix, 25, 26, and Colossians iii, 3, 4.

The "Spital sermon," which is delivered every Easter before the lord mayor and corporation of London at Christ church, Newgate street, originated in an old custom by which the bishop of London appointed some learned cleric to deliver a sermon at St. Paul's Cross on Good Friday as a prelude to three sermons on "The Resurrection" to be given at the pulpit cross in the Spital on the following Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday by a bishop, a dean and a doctor of divinity respectively.

The following Sunday at St. Paul's Cross another divine passed judgment on these discourses, and on this occasion the mayor and corporation, who had on the preceding Monday and Tuesday been garbed in scarlet, attended, as on Good Friday and Easter Wednesday, robed in violet gowns. Ere their migration to Horsham the boys of the Bluecoat school were always present at the "spital sermon."

"Flower sermons" are still to be heard in more than one church. On Whitsun Tuesday at St. James' church, Mitre court, Aldgate, one of these is preached, while at St. Leonard's church, Shoreditch, a botanical discourse is, in accordance with the will of Thomas Fairchild, who died in 1729, annually delivered. At Stepney church the "horticuitural sermon" calls to mind the long past days when instead of being surrounded by thousands of houses the church overtopped a country village with its quaint cottages and well tended gardens.

Annually on April 6 the inhabitants of Twyning, Tewkesbury, attend the church to hear a sermon upon marriage preached in accordance with the bequest of a lord of the manor, who in 1715 left a sum of money for this specific purpose. The preacher himself receives £1, the parish clerk 5 shillings, while £3 10s. is divided among the congregation, who last year numbered seventy-one.

The handsome fee of 16 guineas is paid to the preacher of the "accession sermon" which each year on the anniversary of the reigning monarch's accession may be heard in Durham cathedral. One unusual and, as some may consider, commendable condition attaching to this discourse is that its duration must not exceed fifteen minutes.

This fee, large though it seems, is insignificant beside the £150 paid to the preacher of the "golden sermon," which may be given in any church within a six mile radius of Haberdashers' hall. This sermon had its origin in the bequest of one William Jones, who many years since left an annual sum of £400 to be given to the preacher of the most eloquent sermon within the above limit. Of this sum £150 now goes to the chosen cleric, while the remaining £250 is divided among poor clergymen of the east end.

Perhaps, however, the most original discourse delivered from an English pulpit is the "museum sermon," which is annually preached in a little chapel near the village of Buckland Newton, Dorchester. It derives its name from the fact that the clergyman, generally a stranger, finds on mounting the pulpit that its desk has been covered with various articles, of the nature of which he has been kept in ignorance, all of which are mentioned in the Bible. On these he is required to deliver an extempore sermon, fitting them all with apt text and Biblical illustration.—London Standard.

**The Liberty Bell.**

The famous Liberty bell, which has been much exhibited and written about, was originally cast in London, for the English government restricted the industries in the American colonies to such an extent that there was no place on this side of the Atlantic where such a bell could be made. The bell's weight was 2,080 pounds. It arrived in Philadelphia in 1752. When hung up and being tried for sound, "it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper without any other violence." It was recast in Philadelphia and this prophetic motto inscribed:

"Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

When the British threatened the city this bell, together with those belonging to Christ church and St. Peter's, eleven in all, were taken to Allentown, Pa., to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemies. When the war ended the bell was hung again in the place whence it had rung out the news of the Declaration of Independence.

# REUB.

## A Fourth of July Story.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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"NO, there won't be no celebratin', an' ye won't go traipsin' off to no town either. I went there last Fourth, an' the boys scairt my horse so he run off an' broke four dozen eggs. Nobody's goin' to step a foot off this farm tomorrer, not if I know it. The Fourth's all humbug an' foolishness."

"But ye said I might have a day off for workin' so hard through the spring," ventured the boy, a little rebelliously.

"Mebbe I did, an' mebbe I didn't, but 'tain't to be on the Fourth. Ye'll have the day some quiet time, when there ain't horses to scaire an' leadin's on to mischief. If ye're sensible ye'll wait till huckleberries are ripe, when ye c'n pick enough 'n a day to buy a pair o' shoes."

"But we furnish Reub's clothin', Enos," remonstrated his wife hesitatingly. "You know that was our 'greement with his uncle. An' Reub has worked awful hard since he come an' been a good boy."

"Reasonable clothin', Anna," impatiently; "that's the 'greement. I've had one suit o' clothes the last year, an' Reub's had one; I've had one straw hat an' one homemade cap, an' Reub's had jest the same, an' last Christmas I bought two pair o' fine dollar shoes. Mine's good yet, an' Reub's jest about gone. Talk o' being reasonable! Not many men would treat their help jest like themselves. When my shoes are worn out I'll buy two more pair. An' now, Reub," turning again to the boy, "ye'd best be gittin' off to bed. Ye must be up early tomorrer. Them stones must be all out an' the ground leveled by next week, so we c'n be gittin' in the turnip seed. How's it comin' on?"

"Pretty well, I guess, sir. I've got about forty big rocks drilled."

"Forty?" with some appearance of surprise, which, however, was instantly checked as he went on. "Seems to me ye might have done more'n that if ye'd hurried. Well, soon's they're all done they must be set off, so we c'n gither up the stones an' cart 'em away. If ye hurry like ye'd ought to mebbe ye can finish 'em tomorrer. Then I'll help carry down the powder, an' we'll set 'em off. Better do it 'fore it's fairly light, on account o' the pasture bein' next the main road. Some fool

ENOS JUDKINS THREW HIMSELF HALF UP.

horse might git scairt an' the owner be pesterin' us 'bout damages. Come," as Reuben stood silent, but with an odd look on his face. "Didn't ye hear me tell ye to be gittin' off to bed? An' don't come home tomorrer till the last o' them big stones is drilled."

Reuben slipped quickly from the room, glad to escape any direct questions. In spite of the hard work and lack of commendation, he had never tried to evade the truth. Enos Judkins was suspicious by nature and sometimes not overscrupulous, but he knew that he could trust the boy to do just as good work when off in a field by himself as when in full view of the house and that whatever the boy said could be relied on as being absolutely true.

"Be ye goin' to let Reub help set the rocks off?" asked Mrs. Judkins as the receding footsteps grew fainter up the attic stairs. "Powder's mighty unreliable for boys to mix up with."

"Reub's safe enough," gruffly. "He helped me last year an' has helped other folks. He don't do so much work as he ought, but he's better'n the common run o' boys. An' I don't mind sayin' he drilled them rocks quicker'n I'd 'a' b'lieved anybody could. If he finishes 'em tomorrer—which, of course, he can't—I shall be with him the day arter to look out for the blowin'."

At that very moment Reuben was throwing himself upon his cot bed in the attic, shaking with merriment. Not come home on the morrow until the last one of the rocks was drilled? Lucky Mr. Judkins had been too busy to go to the road pasture during the last few days, and lucky that tree grew just outside his attic window, so he could shin down when he wanted to do a little extra work by moonlight. Wouldn't Mr. Judkins be surprised if he knew that a considerable portion of the powder had disappeared from its dry storage in the barn and was at that moment packed solidly in the bottom of a hundred or more deep holes drilled in about forty rocks, each with a fuse leading a few inches away from the top? And he had told the truth, for there were only about forty rocks altogether. He had counted them, and Mr. Judkins had not. And, not only that, had not Mr. Judkins' words implied that he wanted the rocks "set off" just as soon as they were ready? Well, he would attend to it and would see that they were set off before it was light enough for travel to commence on the road.

Enos Judkins was an extremely early riser, sometimes not waiting for the first call from the barnyard to be up and out. But the next morning even the most alert of the roosters was asleep when there came a crash which shook the very windows of the house. Enos Judkins threw himself half up, then fell back with a snarl.

"Them loonatic Fourth o' Julyers," he grumbled; "they're startin' wuss'n they did last year. I never heerd them winders rattle afore. Folks 'd think 'twas right in the next room 'stead of in a village a half mile off. Huh!" for another tremendous crash, louder even than the first, again set the windows to rattling. "What they got over there, anyhow, gov'ment artilleries or Mount Pelees? The cannon they had last year didn't make quarter that noise. L-a-n-d!" as a succession of half a dozen explosions, followed by an almost continuous rumble, with scarcely an appreciable space between, shook the earth. "What is the matter, anyhow—the world comin' to an end?" He rose hastily and began to dress, for the roosters were now all crowing and the dogs barking, and from the barn came a frightened bellowing and stamping of cattle. In the darkness and utter stillness of the night the crashes were terrifying. Before he could don his clothes and get outside there were a dozen or fifteen more explosions, some coming singly, others in a long, scarcely broken rumble or in one great crash.

But, once outside, the mystery was partly explained, for the air was strong with the smell of burned powder. It was the Fourth of Julyers, as he had first thought, but how in the name of reason had they managed to make so much noise?

Then came the last crashing explosion, and he started, at first blankly, then with a sudden comprehension. The crash had not come from exactly the direction of the village, but from the road pasture.

"The young reprobate!" he cried wrathfully. "He's been settin' off them rocks, an' I told him plain they was to be let be till all was drilled. I might 'a' s'picioned from the way he took my scoldin' an' then slipped off upstairs. He needs a good larrupin', that's what he needs, an' I feel jest the right way now to give it to him." Then something of the humor of the situation seemed to strike him, for he commenced to chuckle, which was, however, instantly suppressed. "Didn't he make a noise, though!" he went on. "Whew! He must 'a' been up all night gettin' that powder ready. I wonder what the village Fourth o' Julyers are thinkin' of 'bout now, gittin' beat at their own game by a little farm boy they won't ask to none o' their doin's. I've a good mind to walk down that way an' see an' then come back an' give Reub his larrupin'. If 't wa'n't that he didn't wait like he was told I'd be minded to let him off easy jest for shakin' the village winders. I ain't heerd so much as a torpedo from there yet. P'raps they ain't been able to catch their breath back."

He stood hesitating for a few moments. Over in the east a long line of daylight was beginning to appear. Then came a loud barking from the road pasture, toward which the dogs had rushed at the very beginning of the explosion; then he heard Reub's voice calling the dogs. Well, he was glad the young scamp was not hurt, though of course there had been no real danger. He had never known the boy to be careless about such matters.

Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind, for he turned and walked rapidly toward the village, muttering as he did so: "I've got to larrup Reub for not waitin' till all the stones was drilled, of course, but I'm glad 'twas done so early, 'fore travel begun. I've laid awake nights lately thinkin' 'bout accidents an' damages."

The village was awake, as he had expected, but none of its own celebrating seemed to have yet commenced. Apparently its enthusiasm was momentarily paralyzed by the unexpected and tremendous noise which it could not hope to emulate. As he appeared among them, Enos could see fingers begin pointing toward him from the various groups, and he raised his head defiantly. He was accustomed to pointing fingers and even to hooting from the younger boys. He had not been a public spirited man, and the village had resented it. None from his farm was ever asked to join in the "doin's."

But now something very strange happened. Behind the pointing fingers he began to see smiling, admiring, even cordial faces. Several of the prominent men started toward him with extended hands.

"Well, Enos, you certainly did us up that time," chuckled the doctor as he held on to the horny hand and looked at its owner admiringly, "and, what's more to the purpose, you did up the folks in the town across the river. They've been crowing over us for ten years, setting themselves up as the most patriotic village in the county, and I'll admit they did make an outrageous racket on the Fourth. But this year we made up our minds we'd beat 'em if it split the last gun. And here you come in, without so much as a horn blowing on ahead, and do us both up. Well, it serves us right for not asking you to join in, though none of us thought you cared for such things. But how'd you come to hatch out such a plan, Enos?"

"'T wa'n't me. That boy Reub"—

"Oh, yes. We know that boy Reub did the firing. And I must say he's a prime hand at it. Some of the smaller boys started for your place at the first explosion, but when they got in sight of the field the air was so full of rocks and smoke they got scared and scurried back. Then some of us older ones went out and saw your boy Reub running the field like an engineer at his throttle. Well, it was certainly a great plan."

"But I tell ye 't was Reub"—

"Tut, tut! You've been having those rocks drilled for two weeks past. I've been by there and know. One day I saw you working with the boy yourself. And there hasn't been a single explosion in two weeks. Needn't talk to me. You've been saving up for this morning. But there's something else. We're planning for a pretty big day, and we want you and your folks to join in. It's late asking, I know, and we feel ashamed of having overlooked you, but you must let bygones be bygones. There's to be a big dinner in the hall, and some speeches, and in the afternoon games, and then fireworks and ice cream and some other things for the evening. And, by the way, we want that boy Reub of yours to help let off the fireworks. He's a prime hand. No," as he saw protest on Enos Judkins' face, "there isn't to be any ifs or ands. You just hurry home and tell your wife to get ready and then come right over to my house. We'll start from there. But excuse me," as a figure passed them on the sidewalk, "there goes one of my patients. I want to see him a minute."

Enos Judkins walked back toward his farm in a dazed manner. They, the villagers, wanted him to join them in everything—to be one of them. It seemed incredible. His farm people had always lived apart from the village in a social way. Even his father had felt and been considered outside. It was their way.

But something in the cordial grasp of the doctor's hand—which he had never felt before—and in the new way the people had looked at him was stirring a strange, unknown chord in the crabbed old man's heart. He had never voluntarily given a dollar for public good, and he understood that being one of the village people in a social way would involve this also, but for some reason the thought did not make him wrinkle up his face as it would have done an hour before. Indeed, it would almost seem that he found the thought a pleasant one, for more than once on the way to the road pasture he muttered: "Mebbe 'twould be wuth it; mebbe 'twould be wuth it. An' he's a real nice man, that doctor."

But when he came opposite the pasture and saw Reub working among the stones, whistling, his face hardened.

"Come here, Reub," he called angrily. Then as the boy approached, "What'd ye set them stones off for when I told ye to wait till they's all drilled?"

"WHAT'D YE SET THEM STONES OFF FOR?"

"They was all drilled," answered Reub. "I drilled the last rock an' had the powder all in 'fore I went home last night."

"Then why didn't ye tell me?"

"Ye didn't ask. Ye said they was to be set when all was done, an' ye said ye didn't want 'em set by daylight, when travel was goin' on. An'—an' today's the Fourth."

Enos Judkins' eyes twinkled a little, but his face remained grave. He continued to regard the boy for some moments in silence.

"Yes, 'tis the Fourth," he said at last. "I guess ye'd better go on to the house, Reub, an' put on your good clothes. An' tell Ann to git ready. We're goin' over to the village to help with the doin's."

**Reliability.**

"Do you regard the faith cure as reliable?"

"In one way," answered the sardonic person, "it seems quite reliable. There appears to be no doubt whatever about its paying dividends."—Washington Star.

**In the Wrong Place.**

Chapleigh—I say, dwuggist, can you—aw—give me something to—aw—bwighten me up, doncher know?

Druggist—You're in the wrong place, young man. This is a drug store, not a night school.—Chicago News.

**Carrying Out Instructions.**

There was a young man whose social education had been somewhat neglected, and it chanced that he received an invitation to a church wedding. The morning of the ceremony found him quite excited, and he started for the church some time before, as he would have said, "the show was billed to come off." Under his arm he carried a small bundle, and before he had proceeded far he met a friend.

"Hello," said the friend, "and where are you going all dressed up at this time in the morning?"

"Wedding," answered the young man briefly and proudly.

"Indeed! Going to do some errands on the way?"

"Certainly not."

"But you're not going to a wedding with a bundle under your arm?"

"Of course I am. That's my present."

"Present! But you don't take your present with you, man. You send it beforehand."

"That's all you know about it. I've got a card right here in my pocket, and the card says, 'Present at the church.'"

**Mean.**

"I'd like to see you change my mind."

"I would be pleased to do so, but I haven't got small enough change for it."

**After Big Game.**

Were it not such a little thing,
Too tiny to despise,
You'd ask a corn why it does not
Take some one of its size.

**The Reason.**

"She isn't a marrying girl."

"Why?"

"The men she knows seem to be just like her."

**Looks That Way.**

"The world owes me a living."

"Well, I should say that the debt is outlawed by this time."

When the berries on a spike of the pepper plant begin to turn red the spike is cut off and the berries gathered. If left too long, until perfect ripeness is attained, there is a great loss occasioned by the berries falling off, and the quality of the product is by no means so good.

Beachy Head is one of the highest of the English cliffs. Its summit is 564 feet above the sea. The Welsh coast has several cliffs higher than Beachy Head. Holyhead is 719 feet and Great Orme's Head 678 feet. St. Catherine's cliff, Isle of Wight, beats all these. It is 830 feet high!

## A Breach of Confidence.

(Original.)

Why her father and mother didn't give her the name of Mephistophelia instead of Jaqueline I can't imagine. They certainly would have done so had they known how she was to turn out. As it is, nobody ever calls her anything but Jack, and in speaking of her to those who have never seen or known her one necessarily conveys the idea that she is a boy—not only a boy, but a boy of the worst kind.

The way she has treated me and her sister certainly deserves a hundred lashes, and I would like to be the fellow to lay them on. I have always been taught to consider one who would betray a confidence as worse than a thief. Jack betrayed our confidence in the most unblushing manner. It all happened only yesterday, and perhaps I'm not in a condition to look upon her act with charity. I hope I'll never come into a frame of mind to excuse her abominable treachery.

It was this way: Mr. Merryman wanted his daughter—his eldest daughter, Harriet—to marry some big gun. He had no objection to me other than that I was neither president, member of the cabinet nor one of the justices of the United States supreme court. Harriet had tried to get his consent to marry me, but he always put her off by saying, "What do you want to marry a man for who couldn't even set a small rivulet afire, let alone a river?" Then Harriet would expatiate on my good sense, good heart and a good many other things that big guns don't generally possess, especially the good heart, for they are usually diabolically selfish. But her father only laughed at her.

How we ever came to take Jack into our confidence when we came to an agreement to elope I don't know. Harriet thought she couldn't make her preparations without Jack's knowing of them, but I rather put it down to the fact that she must tell some one. At any rate, she told her. Jack clapped her hands, and her eyes glistened with glee. An elopement! How romantic! Just too lovely for anything! She'd help us all she could, and, as for keeping the secret, it would be buried away down in her guileless heart.

We didn't need anything especially elaborate—no rope ladder, fast team, and all that. We concluded just to board a train, go up the road some thirty miles to where a former family dominie, Mr. Strickland, lived and get him to marry us. We would go in the morning, take the afternoon train back and be forgiven in time for dinner. Of course I engaged the parson for a specified day and hour. Jack was intensely interested in it all and made us give her every detail, promising to prepare her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merryman, for what was to come, so that it wouldn't be so much of a shock.

Harriet met me in the open square near the station. She was trembling all over, but I reassured her. To avoid observation we went to where the foremost car would stand on the track when the train came in. We got away on time and had the satisfaction to be in a car that was nearly empty. The train stopped at the next station on the road a mile beyond. There the door opened, and I heard a familiar girl's voice say: "Come in here. There's lots of room in this car."

I turned with a rubadub heart to see—whom do you suppose? Jack beckoning to her father and mother, who were mounting to the car platform. There they all three bustled into the car we were in, Jack exclaiming:

"Goodness gracious, if there isn't Hat! And, I declare, Ben too! Where in the world are you two going?"

The astonishment of the father and mother was very much overdone. It didn't deceive either of us. I glanced at Jack and avoided meeting the eyes of the parents. Mr. Merryman seemed overjoyed that our parties should have met on what he called an improvised excursion. He asked me where we were going, and it was no use to lie, for my ticket would give me away. So I told him, and he was delighted that we were all going to the same place.

Of the two halves of the party one was jubilant, the other mad and mortified. We were obliged to spend an hour and a half in this way before reaching our destination. There we all got out, and Jack proposed a stroll. She walked with her father, while her mother walked with us. The little villain led the way to the parsonage, stopped before the door and proposed a call on the parson. Without waiting for consent, she rang the bell, and we all went in. The parson was expecting us, but since I had told him we would be alone he was a trifle surprised.

"This would be a good time for you and Hat to get spliced," said Jack to me.

The dominie got his book and waited for us to take position. What could we do? I didn't know what Mr. Merryman was going to do, but since he made no move I took Harriet before the clergyman, and we were married. Mr. and Mrs. Merryman came up, gave me a hand and embraced their daughter. Harriet didn't know whether to burst into tears at having had her confidence so abused or to rejoice that she did not have to go back and ask her parents' forgiveness.

When Mr. Merryman put a check for $10,000 in her hand, joy triumphed.

We took the afternoon train back, reaching home in time for a hasty meal, after which our most intimate friends came pouring in for a wedding reception. They had been invited previously.

CHAUNCEY WARDWELL.

**Long Live the King**

Is the popular cry thruout European countries, while in America the cry of the present day is, "Long live Dr Kings' New Discovery. King of Throat and Lung Remedies!" of which Mrs Julia R Paine, Truro, Mass. says: "It never fails to give immediate relief, and to quickly cure a cough or cold." Her opinion is shared by a majority of the inhabitants of this country. New Discovery cures weak lungs and sore throats after all other remedies have failed; and for coughs and colds its the proven remedy. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy. 50c and $1.00 Trial bottle free.

The seal's appetite is phenomenal in captivity, fifty or more pounds of fish being required daily for a single meal. After gorging himself he goes to sleep, floating on his back, with flippers folded, his head bobbing up and down upon the waves as peacefully as upon a bed of roses.

**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.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies on being taken to a warmer climate recover themselves and fly away.—London Telegraph.

**"The Blood is The Life."**

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgement are affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, it enriches and purifies the blood thereby curing, pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

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Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4.15 p. m., returns 10.35 a.m., daily.

Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7.30 a.m., arrives 5.50 p.m. Daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4.50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10.45 p.m., arrives 1.50 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.
Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 4.15 p.m. Arrive Portland, 10.15 a.m.

The Independence Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dallas and Independence.

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C. W. STINGER, City Ticket Agent. Wm. McMURRAY Gen-Pass. Agt

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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. | 8.30 a.m. | 8 20 p.m. |
| Passes Biggs, (stops) | 12.15 p.m. | 4 20 p.m. |
| SPOKANE FLYER. | 7.00 p.m. flag | 8 00 a.m. no stop. |
| Passes Biggs | 11.29p.m | 3.45 a.m. |
| For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points. | | |
| ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington. | 7.46 p.m no stop. | 9.45 a.m. flag |
| Passes Biggs | 11.39p.m | 4.51 a.m. |
| PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland. | 8.00 a.m. | 6.00 p. m. |
| Arrives at Biggs. | 12.05 a.m. | Lv. 12.15 p.m. |

Columbia and Willamette River.

For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco 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
Wm. McMURRAY
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.
W. R. CROGAN, AGENT,
Moro, Oregon.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

| Southbound passengr daily | Distance fr Biggs | Time table No12 June 9, 1907 STATIONS | Northbnd passenger daily |
|---|---|---|---|
| 12.45pm | 0 | Biggs | 11.50 arve |
| 1.05 | 5.4 | Gibsons | 11.19 |
| 1.10 | 7.0 | Sinks | 11.10 |
| 1.30 | 9.8 | Wasco | 11.00 |
| 1.45 | 14.1 | Klondyke | 10.45 |
| 1.50 | 16 1 | Sandon | 10.40 |
| | 19.2 | Hay Canon Jct | |
| 2.05 | 19.9 | McDonalds | 10.32 |
| 2.20 | 23.9 | DeMoss | 10.05 |
| 2.30 | 27.0 | Moro | 9.55 |
| 2.40 | 30.4 | Erskinville | 9.37 |
| 3.10 | 38.5 | Grass Valley | 9.20 |
| 3.25 | 45.8 | Bourbon | 8.55 |
| 3.40 | 52.5 | Kent | 8.40 |
| 3.50 | 57.3 | Wilcox | 8.30 |
| 4.30 arv | 70.0 | Shaniko | 8.00 a m |

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

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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

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