The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... Sept. 20, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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OUR IDEALS.

[Original.]

Isabel and I lived in a residential park on the side of what was called Lake mountain.

It was a summer morning. The mountain side on which the park was situated faced east, and the sun shone bright and warm on the face of every house, sparkling on the dew it had not yet dried from leaves and flowers. Every garment we wore was white, Isabel's being lawn, I believe; mine, thin flannel. I would have scorned to wear a hat. Hats in summer for young bloods have gone out of fashion. There was a walk shaded by many trees beside a rivulet running through a deep ravine. We turned from the road into this ravine. Presently we came to a large flat stone, on which we sat. Below us the water gurgled and bubbled and sparkled. I love the sound of running water.

We were at that age—I was twenty, Isabel nineteen—when a boy and a girl must talk philosophy or at least what they think is the bedrock of those principles which are to govern their lives. The visible world they have already seen. They are just getting their first glimpse of the world of thought. Beneath both is a mingling of the spiritual and the sensual, the former of which charms them to a want of recognition of the latter.

"Robbins is back from college," I remarked. "He spoke the valedictory at commencement, I believe."

"I haven't seen him yet," said Isabel indifferently.

"Perhaps you don't fancy scholars?"

"Not if scholarship is all there is to them."

"What is your ideal in a man?"

"Well," meditatively, "I think I should like him tall, slender and with raven black hair. His eyes"—

"I don't mean physically; I mean his moral and intellectual makeup."

"Oh! I should want him to be morally brave. He should always choose the nobler part. He must never do anything mean, be always generous, kind, forgiving, honorable."

I was troubled. I feared I was not quite up to her standard. Indeed, if she knew of sundry small acts of mine she would despise me.

"Then I should like him smart," she went on, warming with her subject—"not one of those blear eyed, spectacled persons who if you speak to them appear to wake up as from a dream and gape at you; I mean, rather, one of those fellows who can take prizes with theses at the same time they are winning the game for their college on the gridiron, who can leap streams and walls on horseback, who sing delightfully—I always prefer a tenor voice—who are sure to take a high stand when they get into the broader battlefield of the world."

It did not occur to me that this ideal demigod was not likely to be realized in one and the same person. I was intent only on the great height on which he stood—that is, the distance between him and me. I was one of the kind who could not learn without "digging," and I confess I was too lazy to dig. I couldn't engage in games because I was nearsighted, rather small and a trifle lame, though the latter defect I managed to conceal. What under heaven could Isabel see in me to love with this ideal hero in her mind?

"Shall I give you my ideal of a woman?" I asked.

She stirred the dirt with the tip of her parasol meditatively.

"No," she said after consideration. "I know your ideal of a woman."

This was remarkable, since I had no ideal. Young fellows don't spend their time conjuring up ideal girls. There are lots of other things to take up their attention.

"What is my ideal?"

"Nettie Sackett."

I had spent some time with Miss Sackett at the tennis court the previous afternoon, Isabel being present. Miss Sackett didn't play tennis, and I couldn't, on account of my lame leg. We couldn't very well help being together.

"Then you have only to give me Miss Sackett's traits to express my ideal."

"You don't care for beauty. Miss Sackett is not beautiful, you know—nobody pretends to call her so—and an intellectual girl would bore you. Miss Sackett wasn't remarkable at school. Indeed, she failed at the final examination. You like wit in a girl, and you'll find it in Miss Sackett. Her tongue is sharp as a razor. The only objection I have to this feature is that she slashes people behind their backs."

I picked up a stone and threw it into a little pool in the stream below. There was a sound I always like to hear—a sort of plunk. I was meditating on the difference between Isabel's ideal of a man and mine of a woman. Isabel sat unconcerned. Since she pictured my ideal herself it didn't require a very high appreciation of herself to rise above it. There was something unfair about the proceeding, but my limited knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of women did not admit of my getting at the bottom of it. I have since learned of those enormous gaps women skip in arrogating things to themselves.

"It is impossible that you and I should make a match," I said.

There was no reply.

"Your ideal is too high; mine, too low."

I spoke the last words with some hauteur and arose. She sat immovable. But I couldn't withstand that look of reproach. I stole an arm about her waist, and in another minute we were engaged. What a senseless proceeding the whole affair was.

ALEXANDER ELY.

The Walking Kettles.

By FLOYD INGALLS.

Copyright, 1907, by James Schreiber.

I WAS introduced to them in an unexpected way, and I did not soon recover from the intense curiosity excited by my first impressions of them.

I had gone to the old Minot house, in Dorchester, Mass., to take dinner with my aunt. We two, my aunt and I, had wandered over the house, up the huge stairway and down into the cellar. Suddenly aunt opened the door of an old pantry on the floor of the porch and said, "Child, look here!"

"What, aunt?"

"The two brass kettles."

Two enormous brass kettles met my eyes. They were turned over on the floor, and each would have held the contents of a half barrel.

"Those are the ones, my dear."

"What ones, aunt?"

"The ones that saved the two children from the old Indian straggler."

"What Indian straggler?" I asked, with intense interest.

"Oh, the one in King Philip's war. Didn't you ever hear the story?"

"No, aunt."

"Well, I'll get Uncle Zebedee to tell it to you after dinner. Come."

"But what could any one do with such kettles as these? Where did they hang them?" I continued.

"Come here, and I will show you."

She swept away, and I shut the door of the dark room, which was lighted only by opening the door, and followed her. We went into the kitchen. She pointed to an enormous fireplace and said, "There, child."

"But, aunt, how did the two brass kettles save the children?" I asked again.

"Oh, they crawled about all over the floor here, there and yonder," pointing.

"Which crawled about, the kettles or the children, aunt?"

A din here fell upon the air and echoed through the great, fortress-like rooms. It was the huge bell for meals.

"Come, child, let's go. Uncle Zebedee will tell you all about it."

In a moment we were in the dining hall. How grand it all seemed! The sideboard was full of baked meats and steaming pies. Over it hung a flintlock gun or a blunderbuss. The room had been decorated for the occasion with creeping jenny and boughs loaded with peaches that had been broken off by a September gale. There was a whitewashed beam across the room on which were great hooks and staples. The table was oak, and the chairs were of a curious old pattern. At the head of the table was a great chair, and in it sat Uncle Zebedee, a good old man, now nearly ninety years of age.

After the family were seated Uncle Zebedee was asked to say grace. He had a habit of saying "and" after ending a sentence, and this made another sentence necessary, often when he had nothing more to say. It was so even in his prayers and was very noticeable in his story telling. There usually followed an "and" when the story was done.

It was a queer structure, the old Minot house in Dorchester. It was

TWO ENORMOUS BRASS KETTLES MET MY EYES.

really a brick house incased in wood—a fort house it was called. It was built in this way to protect the dwellers against rude Indian assaults. There were many such houses in the old colonies, but one by one they grew gray with moss and vanished. The Minot house itself was burned about twenty years ago after standing about 230 years.

The old people of Dorchester and Neponset must remember it. It rose solemn and stately at the foot of the high hills overlooking the sea meadows. The high tide came into the thatch margins near it and went out again, leaving the abundant shellfish spouting in the sun. The fringed gentians grew amid the aftermath of the hayfields around it. The orioles swung in the tall trees in summer time, and ospreys circled and screamed in the clear sky over all.

But the orchards! Here were the fullness and perfection of the old New England orchards! The south winds of May scattered the apple blossoms like snow over the emerald turf and filled the air with fragrance. The earliest bluebirds came to them, and there the first robins built their nests. How charming and airy it all was in May, when the days were melting into summer, and how really beautiful and full of life were all of these venerable New England homes!

After the old house was burned I visited the place and brought away a few bricks as a souvenir of a home of heroic memories—of happy memories, too, if we except a single tragedy of the Indian war. The great orchards were gone, the old barns and their swallows. Only the well remained and a heap of burned bricks and the blackened outline of the cellar wall.

It was a house full of legends and stories—wonder stories that once led a stranger to look upon it with a kind of superstitious awe. It had its historic lore, and, like all great colonial houses, its ghost lore, but the most thrilling legend associated with the old walls was known as "The Two Brass Kettles." The legend may have grown with time, but it was well based on historic facts and was often told at the ample firesides of three generations of Dorchester people.

The dinner, like Uncle Zebedee's prayer, seemed never to end. After the many courses of food there was an "and"—and pies and apples and nuts and all sorts of sweetmeats.

"Uncle Zebedee," I piped.

"Well, dearie."

"Aunt said that you would tell us the story of the two brass kettles after dinner."

"Why, dearie; yes, yes. I've been telling that story these eighty years, come October. Didn't you never hear it? I thought all little shavers knew about that. The two brass kettles—yes.

"They're in the old cupboard now. Bring them out, and I will tell you all about 'em. I shan't live to tell that story many more years. Maybe I shall never tell it again."

The servants brought out the two kettles into the kitchen where we could see them through the wide dining room door.

"Put 'em in the middle of the floor before the window," said Uncle Zebedee. "There, that will do. That is just where they were when the Indian came. You see the window?" he added.

It had a great, deep set casement. Grapevines half curtained it now on the outside, and the slanting sun shone through them, its beams glimmering on the old silver of the table. It was past the middle of the afternoon of the shortening days of autumn.

"You have all heard of Philip's war," continded Uncle Zebedee, leaning forward from his chair on his crutch. "Everybody has. It destroyed thirteen towns of the old colony and for two years filled every heart with terror. Philip struck here, there and everywhere. No one could tell where he would strike next. The sight of an Indian lurking about in the woods or looking out of the pines and bushes usually meant a massacre.

"One Sunday in July, in 1675, the family went to meeting, leaving two small children, a boy and a girl, at home in the charge of a maid named Experience. The kitchen then was as you see it now. The window was open; the two brass kettles had been scoured on Saturday and placed bottom upward on the floor just as you see them there.

"It was a blazing July day. The hayfields were silent. There was an odor of hayricks in the air, and the bobolinks, I suppose, toppled about in the grass and red winged blackbirds piped among the wild wayside roses just as they do now. I wish that you could have seen the old hayfields in the long July afternoons, all scent and sunshine. It makes me long for my boyhood again just to think of them. But I shall never mow again.

"Let me see. The two children were sitting on the floor near the two kettles. Experience was preparing dinner and had made a fire in the great brick oven, which heated the bricks, but did not heat the room.

"Well, on passing between the oven and the window she chanced to look toward the road, when she saw a sight that fixed her eyes and caused her to throw up her hands with horror, just like that."

Uncle Zebedee threw up both hands, like exclamation points, and let his crutch drop into his lap.

"Well, the maid only lost her wits for a few moments. She flew to the window and closed it and bolted the door. Then she put one of the children under one of the brass kettles and the other child under the other kettle and took the iron shovel and lifted it so and waited to see what would happen, and"—

Uncle Zebedee lifted his crutch, like an interrogation point, and we could easily imagine the attitude of the excited maid.

"And—where was I?"

"The children were under the two brass kettles, and the maid was standing with the fire shovel in her hand so," said aunt. "La, I've heard that story ever since I was a little girl."

"Yes, yes; I have it all now," said Uncle Zebedee. "She was standing with the fire shovel up so, when she discovered that the Indian had a gun—a gun.

"You see that old flintlock there over the sideboard? I used to fire it off every Fourth of July, but the last time I fired it kicked me over once. Don't you never fire it, children. It always kicked, but it never knocked me over before. I don't think I am quite as vigorous as I used to be, and"—

"What did the maid do with the gun?" asked aunt.

"The gun—yes, that was the gun, the one up there. The gun was up in the chamber then, and she dropped the shovel and ran upstairs to find it. But it was not loaded, and the powder was in one place and the shot in another, and in her hurry and confusion she heard a pounding on the door, just like that."

Uncle Zebedee rapped on the old oak table with startling effect, and then, after a moment's confusion, continued: "She loaded the gun and went down to the foot of the stairs and looked through the latch hole of the stair door, so—and—yes, and the Indian was standing at the window—that window. His two eyes were staring with wonder on the two brass kettles. He had probably never seen a kettle like these before, and he did not know what they were.

"While he stood staring and wondering the kettles began to move. Two little hands protruded under the bail of each of them, like turtles' paws, for the kettles stood on their ears, which lifted them a little way from the floor. One of the children began to creep and to cry, moving the kettle. The other began to do the same. The cries caused the kettles to ring. Two creeping kettles! They looked like two big beetles or water turtles, and such the Indian might have thought them to be, but they bellowed like two brazen animals, and—did you ever hear a child cry under a kettle?" said Uncle Zebedee, with a curious smile.

We all confessed that we never had.

"Then, child, you just get under one of those kettles and holler. You needn't be afraid. There ain't no Indians now to do you any harm. Holler loud!"

I did so.

"Do you hear that?" said Uncle Zebedee. "You never heard such a sound as that before. Hollow as a bell.

Another child was placed under one of the kettles and uttered a continuous cry. The sound rang all over the room.

"There!" said Uncle Zebedee. "Did any one ever hear anything like that? It rings all over the room, scary-like.

"Well, the children did not know about the Indian, and they began to creep toward the light of the window, moving the kettles like two enormous beetles and crying and making the kettles rumble and rumble all around, boom-oom-oom, just like that. The Indian's black eyes glowed like fire, and he raised his gun and fired at one of the kettles. But nothing came of it. The shot did not harm the children under the kettle. It frightened both of the children and made them cry the louder and louder and scream as though they were frantic. 'Ugh!' said the Indian. 'Him no goot!'

"The kettles were all alive now, moving and echoing. He was more puzzled than before. What kind of creatures could these be with great brass back and living paws and full of unheard of noises like those? 'Ugh, ugh!' said he, just like that. The kettles kept moving

A FEW DAYS AFTERWARD THE INDIAN'S BODY WAS FOUND.

and sounding, and the Indian grew more and more excited as he watched them. Suddenly he threw up his great arms and turned his back, and— Now it all goes from me again."

"He said 'Ugh!' and threw up his arms and turned his back," prompted aunt.

"And the maid opened the stair door and fired," continued Uncle Zebedee. "She drew quickly back and waited for the family to return. The children continued to cry. But they were safe, as they could not overturn the kettles and bullets could not reach them. The family came in an hour in great alarm. They had seen human blood in the road, but no Indian.

"A few days afterward the Indian's body was found in some hazel bushes by the brook. It was buried in the meadow there, and"—

"The Indian's grave," said aunt, prompting.

"Yes, I used to mow over it when I was a boy and"—

"That is all, Uncle Zebedee," said aunt. "You've got through now."

"Yes, I've got through now. I don't think that I shall ever tell that story again and"—

There was something pathetic and yet beautifully prophetic in the continuance. The slanting sun shone through the old window, and the chippering of birds was heard in the fields.

Uncle Zebedee never did tell the story again. The final conjunction of his long, peaceful life came soon after he told the tale to me. The violets and mosses cover him in the old Dorchester burying ground. The old house is gone; the two kettles, the gun and even the gray stone from the field that rudely marked the Indian's grave.

Funds to Rebuild Kingston.

The British government has decided to donate $730,000 for the rebuilding of Kingston, Jamaica, and the people of England have further subscribed $243,000.

Summer Girls.

Some are summer girlies;
Some are summer guys;
Some are priceless pearlies;
Some are simply pies;
Some are svelte and dainty; some are otherwise.

Some are summer beauties;
Some are summer bugs;
Some are tootsy wootsies;
Some are merely mugs;
Some are fit for heaven; some are fit for hugs.

Some are summer fairies;
Some are summer freaks;
Some are certain marries;
Some are maiden meeks;
Some are chatty chummies; some are solely cheeks.

Some are summer seraphs;
Some are summer swells;
Some are fleeing sheriffs;
Some are finding shells;
Some are fresh and bonny; some are chestnut belles.

Some are summer dimples;
Some are summer dots;
Some are partly crimples;
Some are purely clo'es;
Some are sweet and sunny; some are just so-so's.

Some are summer sillies;
Some are summer sads;
Some are seeking Willies;
Some are following fads;
Some are mamma's darlings; some of course are dad's.

Some are—some are—quit it,
Oh, my summer muse!
If we must admit it,
In the book of "Who's Who In Summer Gridom" some are goo-goo-goos!

—Robertus Love in New York Sun.

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The Rainy and the Dry Days.

The owner of the ranch in one of the arid regions of the great west was entertaining an eastern relative. He showed him over his broad acres, spoke of the difficulties that had been overcome in making the desert blossom as the rose and outlined his plans for the future.

"But is it possible," asked the visitor, "to make more than a bare living on such land and in such a climate as this?"

"It is. I have made considerably more than a bare living on this land."

"I am glad to hear it, Cyrus. Then you have something laid by for a rainy day, have you?"

"Not exactly," rejoined the host with a laugh. "On the contrary, with the help of an occasional rainy day, I have managed to lay something by for the dry days."—Youth's Companion.

The Stormy Gulf.

The gulf of Mexico is a water of storms, not frequent, but frenzidly violent. It is, in effect, an immense scallop cut from the land, and hurricanes seem to gravitate to it naturally. They are born in the neighborhood of the Saragossa sea, strike the West Indies and not infrequently leave those islands at a tangent, just as a ball thrown at an obtuse angle against a wall slides along it for a little space and again seeks vacancy. These erratic forces of the air strike the coast of Mexico or the coast of Texas, according to their angle, and death is in their track. The things called "tidal waves" in that section are not really tidal waves. They are not caused by an upheaval. They are merely local in effect. They are not vast walls of water moving with resistless speed and weight over the face of the ocean. They are waters banked up against a low coast by wind pressure until they overflow. In many instances the submergence is gradual, and ample opportunity for escape is given. Other times the violence of the air makes them sudden, and people are drowned.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Resemblance.

"It is easy to see that the baby takes after me," Mr. Nupaw asserted. "He is as bald as I am, his eyes are brown as are mine, he resembles me in features, he"—

"Also," cut in the wife as the kid set up a howl for his noonday meal, "he goes after the bottle about as often as you do."

Mrs. Nupaw did all the talking for the rest of the evening.—Bohemian Magazine.

The Song of the Hair

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

Priscilla Estelle McMillan, Plaintiff.
vs.
Richard Henry McMillan, Defendant.

To Richard Henry McMillan, 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 1st day of November, 1907, 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 willful 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 E V Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 14th day of September, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 20th day of September, 1907.

FRANK SCHLEGEL, Attorney for Plaintiff

7tx3:n1-274]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Of State Selection.

United States Land Office
The Dalles, Oregon, August 17, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that on July 5, 1907, the State of Oregon, by its duly authorized agent, in due form, filed in this office an application to select as indemnity school land the N½NW¼, and lot 1 of section 25, township 1 south, range 15 east W. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands, or desiring to object to the allowance of the same, should file their claims or objections in this office, on or before the 11th day of October, 1907.

C. W. Moore, Register

6tx30x27-272]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at The Dalles, Or.,
August 7, 1907

Notice is hereby given that Nelson Dade, of Moro, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,807 made Nov 20, 1906, for the E½ NE¼ and E½ SE¼ of section 29, township 1 south, range 16 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: B F Shull, of Monkland, Oregon, and A H Barnum, William Sherar and Otto Peetz, all of Moro, Oregon.

6tx16x20*271] C. W. Moore, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land office at The Dalles, Oregon,
August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Thomas E Scott, of Ajax, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 8964, made February 5, 1901, for the lot 2 and SW¼NE¼ of section 3, township 2 south, range 19 east, and S½SW¼ of section 34, township 1 south, range 19 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: L L Furney, George Smith, Ellen Cannon, Walter Smith, all of Ajax, Oregon.

6tx16x20*172] C. W. Moore, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon,
August 12, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Lonis C Davis of Monkland, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14,074, made December 16, 1904, for the lots 7, 8 and 12, of section 19, and lot 1 of section 30, township 1 south, range 19 east, W. M., and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver, at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 23, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: Olande Spoon, W H Taylor, John Gibson, P M Ruggles, all of Monkland, Oregon

6tx16,20*272] C. W. Moore, Register

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Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with trains for Mt. Angel, Silverton Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8.30 a.m. arrives 5.55 p. m.

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.

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C. W. STINGER, Gen-Pass. Agt
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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	9.45 a.m.
Passes Biggs	no stop.	flag
	11.39 p.m.	4.01 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. CROCAN, AGENT,
Moro, Oregon.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Distance from Biggs	Time table No 12 June 9, 1907 STATIONS	Northbound 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..	10.22
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.

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 6 p. m., connecting at Lyle with the

Columbia River & Northern Ry Co

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.

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