The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....MAY 1, 1908

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 a 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 arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

A Cowtown Episode.

By Thomas B. Montfort.

Copyright, 1907, by Thomas B. Montfort.

"SEE them two old plugs over there?" the landlord of the Maverick hotel asked, pointing across the street. The grocery drummer, who had been caught over Sunday in the little Kansas cowtown, looked up and saw two grizzled, gray old men sitting peacefully side by side on a dry goods box in the shade of a building.

"As mild and quiet as a pair of little innocent lambs," the landlord added, with a chuckle, "and dwellin' together jest like they was own twin brothers!"

The grocery drummer yawned and took up a paper and began to read. The old men did not interest him in the least. It was no uncommon thing in his experience to see a couple of old fellows loafing on a village street.

"But that's jest the way they always are," the landlord went on. "You hardly ever see 'em when they ain't together. Wherever one goes the other goes, and whatever one does the other does. Ever since a feller come along here and put us on to it we been callin' 'em Damon and Pythias. You've heard tell of them chaps, I reckon?"

The drummer nodded.

"Well, these two old cubs is jest like that so far as their friendship goes—stand by each other through thick and thin, and either of 'em would fight to the last breath for the other. And quiet and peaceable! You would naturally think they'd been raised up in a Sunday school and hadn't never heard tell of nothin' but the Bible all their lives."

The drummer made no reply, and a long silence followed. At last, however, the landlord emitted a soft chuckle and, pointing across the street, said:

"You wouldn't ever guess, now, a-lookin' at them settin' there that way, that they used to be two of the toughest cusses that ever run the range and that for two years they tried their very best to kill each other. Now, would you?"

"Hardly," the drummer answered.

"Yit it's even so. I bet each of 'em has got a pound of lead in him now that the other put there, and as for scars—well, I reckon they've branded each other up about as complete as they could without puttin' the scars on double."

The drummer began to show interest. He laid aside his paper and asked for the particulars.

"Well, it's like this," the landlord began. "Joe Kern—that's the one on the right there—he used to be a cowboy and worked on the Triple X ranch, 'bout twenty miles south of town. And he was shore a holy terror. There was lots of mighty tough cowboys round here in them days, but the toughest of 'em was as mild and harmless as babies compared with Joe. Their little scrappin' and shootin' wa'n't much more than Sunday school work when looked at alongside of what he done.

"Among the eccentric notions Joe got into his head was one to the effect

"THE BALL CUT A LOCK OF HAIR FROM AB'S HEAD."

that this town didn't need no marshal and shouldn't have none. Accordin'ly, as soon as that idea hit him he sent in word to the marshal invitin' him to resign or move away and sayin' that he would be up in a few days and would be under the painful necessity of vacatin' the office with his six shooter if the marshal disregarded his well meant invitation.

"The marshal was a young feller, and he hadn't never felt any special longing to quit this world for another that he didn't know anything about, so he suddenly decided that he'd give up his job and go away to some place that was more conducive to longevity. Accordin'ly, he tendered his resignation and without waitin' for it to be accepted lit out.

"After that there were other marshals, but none of them held the office very long. As fast as they were elected Joe invited them to resign, and they showed respect for his wishes. Some of them were a little slow, though, and he had to come in and press his invitation by firin' a few shots just close enough about their heads to make them nervous and loosen up the muscles of their legs.

"Well, things went along that way for 'bout a year. Then one day a long ganglin' feller with a mild eye, a soft voice and a solemn lookin' face happened into town. His name was Ab Case, and that's him a-sittin' over there on the left.

"Ab he was lookin' for a job, and the town it was lookin' for a marshal jest then, so the two gits together and strikes up a deal. Ab says he ain't never been a marshal, but 'lows he can manage it all right, and the town is findin' it difficult to get anybody to take the job with Joe Kern and shore death hangin' over it, so to speak.

"Well, Ab is sworn in and puts on the star, and then here comes a invite to him from Joe, askin' him to resign. Ab listened to Joe's message, which was delivered by another cowboy, then shrugs his shoulders and replies that he don't never accept invitations second-hand.

"'If Mr. Kern wants me to consider any proposition he has got to offer along that line,' he says, 'he will have to come in and see me pussonally.'

"About three days later Mr. Kern did come in. Down at the saloon he told them why he had come. It was to convince the new marshal that he ought to resign and go away.

"'And I have brought my very best arguments with me,' he finished, 'arguments that ain't never failed as a last resort.'

"He shore had them, too—a Winchester and a brace of six shooters. And he knowed how to handle them arguments 'bout as eloquently as any man that ever lived.

"He irrigated his system at the bar, coolly lighted a cigar and then went out to look up the marshal and pay his respects to him. And he didn't have to go far, either, for he was scarcely out of the saloon when somebody pointed out Ab standin' on a corner 'bout half a block away.

"'Are you shore that's him?' Joe asked. 'I'd rather not make any mistake and kill an innocent man if it can be helped.'

"'That's shore him,'" they answered.

"Joe smiled and raised his gun.

"'I'll sorter wake him up,' he said. 'I won't hurt him at first, but jest call his attention that I'm here.'

"He fired, and the ball cut a lock of hair from Ab's head. Ab looked around sort of casual to see what it meant and the next instant sent back an answer to Joe's shot. That answer plowed a furrow along the side of Joe's head.

"From that they went at it in dead earnest. Everybody else got out of the way and give 'em a clear field. There

"IF THERE'S ANY MORE SHOOTIN' DONE, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT!"

wa'n't no backin' down and no runnin' on the part of neither of 'em. They jest stood up there and pumped lead at and into each other as carelessly and cheerfully as you please.

"After 'bout ten minutes the firin' ceased, and then we all cautiously peered out to see how it had ended. They was both down on the ground helpless, but still tryin' to shoot.

"When we come to examine, we found 'em pretty badly riddled up, but with no wounds that promised to be fatal. We carried 'em off, and the doctors patched 'em up, and for a long time they remained quiet in bed.

"Some of us reckoned the matter would end there, as they had both shorely had enough, but the older men thought different. One of 'em said:

"'It won't ever end while they both live. Kern will never give up, and it's pretty evident Care won't either. When they get out, they'll be at it again, and they'll keep at it till one of 'em is done for.'

"And it proved that he was partly right. The very first time they met after their recovery they took another round of shootin' at each other.

"The result this time was similar to what it had been before. Both were badly used up, but neither injured fatally.

"And so for two years it continued. Every time Joe came up to town there was a shootin' bout. They fought to kill, too, and, both of 'em bein' good shots, we reckoned every time one of 'em would be shore to git it. But, strange to say, neither of 'em ever did. They riddled each other all up, but they was never able to git in a finishin' shot.

"'I'll git him yit, though,' Joe declared. 'I'm jest bound to do it before I quit.'

"Ab made the same declaration, and we was all shore one of 'em would be killed before the thing come to an end. Didn't seem like it could wind up any other way.

"But it transpired that we was all entirely mistaken, as you can see for yourself.

"One day, 'bout three months after the last shootin' scrape and jest when we was expectin' Joe to make another appearance, a covered wagon drove into town and stopped in front of the mayor's office. The wagon was from the Triple X, and we couldn't understand its bein' covered that way, so we all gathered round to see what it meant.

"In the bottom of the wagon was some straw, and lyin' stretched out on the straw was Joe Kern. We see at a glance that Joe was mighty sick, for he jest lay there and moaned and didn't take no notice of nobody nor nothin'.

"While we was standin' there gapin' like a passul of idiots Ab come up and pushed his way through the crowd to the wagon. We 'lowed shore as soon as Ab got his eyes on Joe he'd plug him, but right there we was mistaken some more.

"Ab looks at Joe a minute, then turns to the driver and says:

"'What's the matter of the cuss?'

"'Smallpox,' the driver replies.

"In about half a minute that identical part of town became rather scarce of population. All of us except Ab, Joe and the driver happened to simultaneously remember that we had more pressin' business other places, and we hurried off to tend to it.

"It seemed, as we learned afterward, that Joe had been exposed to the smallpox somewhere and that the first thing they knowed he took down with it. The ranch wa'n't no fit place for a sick man to stay, so they loaded him up and sent him into town, expectin' the mayor to take him in hand and do somethin' with him. But it happened that the mayor was away from home and wouldn't be back for a week.

"Ab studied a little while. Then he said to the driver:

"'Take him down to my house. I'll keep him and do the best I can for him. That seems to be all there is for it.'

"So the driver went on down to Ab's house, and he and Ab took Joe from the wagon and carried him in and put him in Ab's bed. Ab turned nuss and stayed right there with Joe, sleepin' on a blanket on the floor.

"Of course we was all surprised at Ab doin' that way, seein' that he and Joe were such bitter enemies, and we talked about it and wondered at it. Joe couldn't understand it, either, so one day when he was gittin' better he says to Ab:

"'There's one thing I want to know, Mr. Case. I've puzzled about it a good bit lyin' here, and I can't seem to git the hang of it. I would like to know why you took me in and nussed me this way?'

"'I hope,' Ab replied, 'that you ain't got no notion that I done it for love?'

"'Hardly,' Joe answered. 'But that is what makes it harder to understand.'

"'Then I'll explain,' Ab said. 'First, I wouldn't be brute enough to let a sick dog suffer for attention if I could help it, and, second, I didn't want you to die a natural death and cheat me out of the pleasure of shootin' you.'

"Joe's face broke into a smile, and he reached out and took Ab's hand and pressed it warmly.

"'Your words are a great relief to me,' he said. 'I was afraid you was goin' to place me under obligations not to kill you, and it worried me. But now I understand, and it's all right. As soon as I get out of this we'll take up the fight, and we'll keep it up till I git you.'

"'Till I git you, you mean,' Ab corrected.

"'Do I? Well, you'll see.'

"It went on till at last Joe was able to be up and around; then I'm blamed if Ab didn't turn in and take down with the smallpox. Then them two jest reversed things. Ab took the bed, and Joe nussed him and slept on the floor. Ab was mighty bad off for awhile, but finally he begun to git better.

"One day when Joe was sittin' by the bed Ab broke a long silence by saying:

"'I'll be out soon now, and then I reckon we'll be done with this cussed smallpox.'

"'Yep, I reckon so,' Joe replied.

"'And it won't be long either,' Ab went on, 'till we can resume our little pastime of shootin' each other up.'

"Joe turns around and looks Ab straight in the eyes and says:

"'You may think me a coward if you want to, but I say right now that if there's any more shootin' done you'll have to do it. I'm through for my part. Before I'll shoot a man who took me in and cared for me like you did I'll pull up stakes and leave the country.'

"Ab looked surprised for a moment, then he stretched out his hand and said:

"'Put 'er thar, pard. Them's my sentiments exactly.'

"And from that day them two fellers has been jest like you see 'em now, quiet and peaceful as lambs, the very best of friends and always hangin' around together."

A Well Mannered Bus.

Riding in an omnibus up Regent street recently, an old lady was annoying the other passengers by her remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle, and behave as such."—London Spectator.

Making Good.

There is no way of making *lasting* friends like "Making Good;" and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have *not* made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.** It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secrets, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore *don't accept a substitute* that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. *Insist* on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for woman's *special* ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine it is unequaled. It won't satisfy those who want "booze," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the *original* Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—one to three a dose. Much imitated but never equaled.

WHISTLER AND MONEY.

The Eccentric Artist's Utter Lack of Business Instinct.

The Dundee Advertiser tells a story illustrating Whistler's forgetfulness and utter lack of business instinct. Being hard pressed for a debt and having finally been informed he would be sued unless a check for the amount was sent by return post, the artist mentioned the matter to one of his friends who lived near him. Explaining that he had a few pounds in the bank, the exact sum unknown, he requested his friend to stop at the bank on the way to business to ascertain what was required to make his account good for a check of slightly over $90 and to deposit that amount for him as a loan.

The friend was quite willing and in due time stood at the cashier's desk of Whistler's bank asking the amount of his balance and explaining the errand. The cashier was interested. He went to the big book of balances, turned over a few pages, wrote down some figures and in a moment placed them before the astonished friend. Whistler's balance was more than $30,000.

The artist was delighted, but found it difficult to remember when he had deposited so much money or where he had got it.

Had to Have a Passport.

In the Caucasus some years ago a German lady was dangerously ill when the local police master called at the house and asked for her passport. The husband, an easy going man, said he had not got one, or, rather, that it was twenty years old, and therefore useless, and, as his wife was dangerously ill and the doctor doubted her living through the day, the demand, to say the least, was ill timed.

"What!" exclaimed the police master. "Dying without a passport! She can't die without a passport!"

And she didn't.

Always Unfortunate.

Here I stand within the hall,
For the elevator bawl
With a frown.
"Going up?" I loudly cry,
And the urchin makes reply,
"Going down."

Here you see me buying stocks,
Hoping to acquire both rocks
And renown.
"Going up?" I loudly say,
But my broker answers: "Nay.
Going down."

When old Charon I shall meet,
Looking mystical, but neat,
In his gown,
"Going up?" I'll murmur low,
And he'll doubtless answer: "No.
Going down."

—Washington Herald.

Drawing the Line.

"I see where a man editor out west has accepted the leap year proposal of a woman editor, provided she can cook."

"Yes, but I'll bet he draws the line at her making 'pi.'"—Baltimore American.

TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

Stephen A. Douglas.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

He was a giant in intellect.

VERY early in his career Stephen A. Douglas became known throughout the country as "the Little Giant." The sobriquet was a fit one. Physically he was short and slight—a little man. Mentally he was big from his boyhood. His head was large and correspondingly brainy. He was a giant in intellect.

Douglas was daringly ambitious. His goal was the presidency of the United States. As a schoolboy in Vermont and western New York the familiar paradoxical fact that "any American boy can become president" seems to have taken possession of him. He settled in a new state, Illinois, to grow up with the country and work himself into leadership. Though he failed of the presidency, he was in the whitest heat of the presidential limelight for years.

Perhaps no man in American history rose to national eminence so rapidly as did Douglas. He almost won a nomination for congress at the age of twenty-five. Only three years later he was a member of the supreme court of Illinois, resigning this office at the age of thirty to enter congress. In the lower house Douglas became at once a national figure. Entering the senate a few years later, his fame widened and deepened with each succeeding year. Douglas was a far more prominent man in 1852 than was Franklin Pierce, who defeated him for the Democratic nomination for president and was elected. Douglas was still under forty. Four years later the engrossing slavery problem had so divided his party that again he failed to win the nomination. In 1860 he was nominated by the northern section of the Democracy.

It was his espousal of the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," which contended that every territory should be permitted to vote for itself on the question of slavery, that cost Douglas the presidency.

Douglas died at the early age of forty-eight, a few months after the inauguration of his greatest opponent, Abraham Lincoln. It is to his everlasting credit that he upheld Lincoln in the effort to preserve the republic. This fact may be taken as the moral measure of the man. His last words to his political adherents were:

"There can be no neutrals in this war."

MORO PHARMACY

Expert, Experienced, Registered Pharmacists
Medicines Carefully Compounded.

Complete Assortment of Silverware and Jewelry

FORMALDEHYDE, RUBBER GOODS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, COMBS, SPONGES, CIGARS.

Any and all Kinds of Patent Medicine Always in Stock

THE DALLES HOSPITAL

A modern hospital for the treatment of all medical and surgical diseases, except such as are contagious.

Rates, from $10.00 to $21.00 per week, according to room

Ambulance will meet all trains and boats if hospital is notified.

For Further Information Address

Drs. Ferguson and Reuter,

Medical Directors.

Isn't Reading a Delight Now

"It certainly is, and I thank you, Mr. Optician for fitting my eyes so perfectly. I have had glasses of all kinds, but this last pair I got of you beats them all."

We coaxed that man

a long time before he would let us fix his eyes. He said all glasses were alike and what was the use. Now you could not get him to go elsewhere. We are perfect "eye fitters," and that's why we please our patrons.

F. W. Clark, Jeweler, & Optician

THE DALLES, OREGON.

When writing for Catalog

LARGEST CATALOG and Mail Order House in the Northwest
GROCERIES
Hardware, Dry Goods and Supplies of all kinds quoted in our regular Monthly Catalog

JONES
ECONOMIZE THRO JONES

JONES CASH STORE
Offers a saving on whatever you may need. Send for Catalog.
The Buyers Guide
Front and Oak Sts
PORTLAND OR

Mention this paper

O. B. UNCLE SAM

Moro,

City Dray

Express and Freight
Delivered to any Part of the City
Piano and Furniture Moving.
Trunks and Grips Delivered
To and From all Trains.

O. R. & N.

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.	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	8.45 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, C eur 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	11.39 p.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.

MORO'S BARBER SHOP

Porcelain Bath Tubs.

Everything First Class and Up to date.

Agent for the Best Steam Laundry
Shop in Brick Building next Observer Office

EDGAR LEWIS, Proprietor.

MORO - - OREGON.

International Correspondence SCHOOL

SCRANTON, - PENNSYLVANIA.

Architecture Bookkeeping Stenography
Banking and Banking Law, Commercial Law, Advertising
Show Card Writing Chemistry
Mechanical Drawing Electrical Engineering
Newspaper Illustrating, Civil Engineering, Steam Engineering
Civil Service, Mechanical Engineering,
Gas Engineering, Mining Engineering, Locomotive Running,
Plumbing, Heating and Ventilating,
French, German, Spanish, taught with Edison Phonograph.

Full information furnished free upon request by

H. V. REED, Representative,

64 1-2 Sixth street, Portland, Ore.

"Everyone Exclaims About Our Lights!"

"THE LAMPS are splendid. Everyone exclaims about the amount of light they give," writes Mrs. W. T. Reese, Tiffin, Ohio. "My City friends visiting here say they are as good as Gas. In fact, my home is now considered the best lighted house in the county. Why, when we are visiting our neighbors of an evening it is hard to keep from exclaiming about the poor light they have!"

The Angle Lamp is the *new* method of burning common kerosene oil, and is as different from the ordinary lamps in *results* as it is in *appearance*. It makes common kerosene the best, the cheapest and the most satisfactory of all lighting methods. Safer and more reliable than gasoline or acetylene, yet as convenient to operate as gas or electricity.

The Angle Lamp

Is lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods a room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal.

And yet the lamp *actually pays for itself*. For while the ordinary round wick lamp, usually considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about 5 hours on a quart of oil. The Angle Lamp burns a full 10 hours on the same quantity. But send for our catalog "explaining the new principles employed in this lamp, and for our [illegible] offer for selling on

30 DAYS TRIAL

Wouldn't you like to have your home admiringly referred to by your neighbors as "the best lighted house in the country"—if you knew such a light would cost no more than your present system, or to pay for itself in a few months? Then write for catalog" describing The Angle Lamp fully and telling [illegible]

THE ANGLE MFG. CO., 139 to 141 WEST 24th STREET, NEW YORK.

PIONEER BLUE BARN

MORO, OREGON.

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES.

J. M. DUNAHOO, Proprietor and Manager.

Teams from The Dalles or any Sherman county points at our expense.
Stages furnished to or from Moro to any points.
OUR MOTTO "Please the public."

EVERYTHING NEW AND UP-TO-DATE,
SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

Grand Ronde Chief

Black stallion, 15.3, weight 1137 lbs. Record 2:34½. No. 18671.

SIRED BY ALMONT MEDIUM, 2:18

Sire of Prince Almont, 2:13¼, Lynmont 2:23¼ [sire of Deimont 2:10¼] and eleven others in the list.

First dam Ursina, by C. M. Clay Jr. 22, sire of 35 producing dams, including Tecora, the dam of Chehalis 2:04¼; Del Norte 2:08; and others.

Second dam Mary Coleman, [dam of Linda Sprague 2:19], by Mambrino Chief, son of Mambrino Chief II, the sire of Lady Thorne 2:18; and others.

Third dam, by Toronto. Fourth dam, by Keokuk, son of Imp. Truffle.

Grand Ronde is a substantially built horse; the kind that can go to town and come back; has style and trotting action that he transmits; he has had but little track work, but has trotted halves in 1:09 and quarters in :83; Grand Ronde will make the season of 1908 at

At my farm, six miles south east of Moro, each Monday.
Grass Valley, each Tuesday
Wasco, each Thursday
Moro, each Friday and Saturday

Terms of Service. Single service $5, payable at time of service. The season $12.50, payable October 1st. To insure $17.50, payable when mare is known to be with foal. Mare and colt to stand good for services. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will be responsible for none. Trading, selling, or removing the mare from the neighborhood forfeits the insurance and money becomes due. If mare is not properly returned it is understood to be the fault of the owner of the mare.

R. T. Morgan, Owner