The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

RIDAY .... AUGUST 14, 1908

Personal Talk With You.

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The Flower Widow.

[Original.]

Alicia Sayles was troubled. What troubled her was her own secret and was not suspected by any one. Indeed, it was not suspected at all that she was troubled. Why should she be? She owned the finest farm in the county, was a college graduate and comely. True she was an orphan, but as far back as she could remember she had always been an orphan. Her home was with an uncle and an aunt.

What troubled her was this: She had nearly passed what might be considered the best age for women to marry —she was twenty-seven—and was not married. Had it not been for her property she might have been married long ago. None of the young men of her acquaintance dared to aspire to the hand of the heiress, especially an heiress who was a college graduate. Nevertheless Alicia was a country girl and desired to remain a country girl. If she married she would marry a farmer.

On her return from college she did not think of marriage. She had resources within herself which were greatly broadened by her education. For a time she read books on the lines marked out for her in college and was satisfied. But one morning she awoke to the fact that she was drifting into perpetual spinsterhood. The prospect did not please her. In her childhood and youth she had been deprived of that affection which exists in families and was averse to passing the latter half of her life without husband and children. She thought over the bachelors of her acquaintance and after some deliberation settled on Silas Blakely, a young farmer with little on his farm except a mortgage. On him she resolved to bestow her hand.

She did not know that Blakely would care to marry her, though she rather thought he would. But, considering she was well to do and he was poor, she knew he would not have the assurance to propose to her. She must propose to him. How should she propose?

One evening Alicia saw Blakely coming up the road, driving the stock from pasture. Hurrying into the garden, she gathered a bouquet and said to it, "I take you beautiful flowers, with your pink and blue and crimson and white complexions, to be my wedded husband." Then, calling to her aunt, she told her to take them to the well and throw them in as soon as Blakely came opposite, making sure he saw her doing so. The aunt took the bouquet, went to the well and when the young farmer passed acted as she had been told.

"Why do you throw those beautiful flowers away?" called Silas.

"They are my husband," said Alicia from the porch. "I'm a widow."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Have you ever heard of the proverb 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise?'"

"Yes."

"Well, if you wish to know the meaning of my being married to the flowers, go to your books, and if you hunt patiently you will find out."

With this she went into the house.

Blakely hurried on to overtake the stock which had passed during the brief dialogue, but he knew not of horses or cows; the strange episode had got into his head, and he was filled with wonder as to what it meant. While Alicia had been telling him that she was a widow she had looked upon him kindly, and her voice, which was sweet, still sounded pleasantly in his ears.

Now, Silas Blakely was no fool. His education was good for a countryman, but he neither had the books nor the inclination to hunt through them for any interpretation of such an inane proceeding. One of his schoolmates, however, had gone to college and had become a professor. To him Blakely wrote an account of the episode, asking for an interpretation.

Alicia possibly wished to test Silas' common sense. To hunt for the explanation himself would have been like looking for a needle in a haystack and while doing so his farm would have been sold out under the hammer.

It was a long while before he received the interpretation to the conundrum, but when it came he opened his eyes and his heart started up at a gait of a hundred beats to the minute. The same evening, getting off his farm clothes and into a very respectable outfit, in which, by the way, he looked very well, he went to call on Alicia.

"I have come," he said, "to offer all I have—that is, my farm with a mortgage on it—for the flower widow."

"And how," she asked, blushing and smiling, "did you learn what is meant by a flower widow?"

Blakely told her of his application and showed her the reply, which was as follows:

In India a man often remains unmarried longer than he would desire simply because he cannot afford to pay the sum the father of a desirable daughter demands of his would be son-in-law. Widows, however, are cheap, and a wily father who finds his daughter is getting on in years while suitors tarry takes advantage of this fact. He marries his girl to a bunch of flowers, which he then throws into a well. Thus the lady becomes technically a widow, and as such she is a bargain in the marriage market. Thus the flower widow is secured as a wife by a suitor who would not have dared offer a small sum for her before her so called marriage.

Alicia found in Silas Blakely the man she desired for a husband. He not only lifted the mortgage from his farm, but managed hers for her so that both prospered. Through her life Alicia was devoted to her husband and her children, and when the former died no flowers were thrown in the well. She remained a real widow.

F. A. MITCHEL.

TWO THANKSGIVING DAY GENTLEMEN

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by the S. S. McClure Co.]

THERE is one day that is ours. There is one day when all we Americans who are not self made go back to the old home to eat saleratus biscuits and marvel how much nearer to the porch the old pump looks than it used to. Bless the day! President Roosevelt gives it to us. We hear some talk of the Puritans, but don't just remember who they were. But he can lick 'em, anyhow, if they try to land again. Plymouth Rocks? Well, that sounds more familiar. Lots of us have had to come down to hens since the turkey trust got its work in. Bet somebody in Washington is leaking out advance information to 'em about these Thanksgiving proclamations.

The big city east of the cranberry bogs has made Thanksgiving day an institution. The last Thursday in November is the only day in the year on which it recognizes the part of America lying across the ferries. It is the one day that is purely American—yes, a day of celebration, exclusively American.

And now for the story which is to prove to you that we have traditions on this side of the ocean that are becoming older at a much rapider rate than those of England are—thanks to our "git-up" and enterprise.

Stuffy Pete took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain. Every Thanksgiving day for nine years he had taken his seat there promptly at 1 o'clock, for every time he had done so things had happened to him—Charles Dickensy things that swelled his waistcoat above his heart and equally on the other side.

But today Stuffy Pete's appearance at the annual trysting place seemed to have been rather the result of habit than of the yearly hunger which, as the philanthropists seem to think, afflicts the poor at such extended intervals.

Certainly Pete was not hungry. He had just come from a feast that had left him of his powers barely those of respiration and locomotion. His eyes were like two pale gooseberries firmly imbedded in a swollen and gravy smeared mask of putty. His breath came in short wheezes. A senatorial roll of adipose tissue denied a fashionable set to his upturned coat collar. Buttons that had been sewed upon his clothes by kind Salvation fingers a week before flew like popcorn, strewing the earth around him. Ragged he was, with a split shirt front open to the wishbone. But the November breeze, carrying fine snowflakes, brought him only a grateful coolness, for Stuffy Pete was overcharged with the caloric produced by a superbountiful dinner, beginning with oysters and ending with plum pudding and including, it seemed to him, all the roast turkey and baked potatoes and chicken salad and squash pie and ice cream of the world, wherefore he sat, gorged, and gazed upon the world with after dinner contempt.

The meal had been an unexpected one. He was passing a red brick mansion near the beginning of Fifth avenue, in which lived two old ladies of ancient family and a reverence for traditions. They even denied the existence of New York and believed that Thanksgiving day was declared solely for Washington square. One of their traditional habits was to station a servant at the postern gate with orders to admit the first hungry wayfarer that came along after the hour of noon had struck and banquet him to a finish. Stuffy Pete happened to pass by on his way to the park, and the seneschals gathered him in and upheld the custom of the castle.

After Stuffy Pete had gazed straight before him for ten minutes he was conscious of a desire for a more varied field of vision. With a tremendous effort he moved his head slowly to the left. And then his eyes bulged out fearfully, and his breath ceased, and the roughshod ends of his short legs wriggled and rustled on the gravel.

For the old gentleman was coming across Fourth avenue toward his bench.

Every Thanksgiving day for nine years the old gentleman had come there and found Stuffy Pete on his bench. That was a thing that the old gentleman was trying to make a tradition of. Every Thanksgiving day for nine years he had found Stuffy there and had led him to a restaurant and watched him eat a big dinner. They do those things in England unconsciously. But this is a young country, and nine years is not so bad. The old gentleman was a stanch American patriot and considered himself a pioneer in American tradition. In order to become picturesque we must keep on doing one thing for a long time without ever letting it get away from us, something like collecting the weekly dimes in industrial insurance or cleaning the streets.

The old gentleman moved straight and stately toward the institution that he was rearing. Truly the annual feeding of Stuffy Pete was nothing national in its character, such as the Magna Charta or jam for breakfast was in England, but it was a step. It was almost feudal. It showed at least that a custom was not impossible to New Y—ahem!—America.

The old gentleman was thin and tall and sixty. He was dressed all in black and wore the old fashioned kind of glasses that won't stay on your nose. His hair was whiter and thinner than it had been last year, and he seemed to make more use of his big knobby cane with the crooked handle.

As his established benefactor came up Stuffy wheezed and shuddered like some woman's overfat pug when a street dog bristles up at him. He would have flown, but all the skill of Santos-Dumont could not have separated him from his bench. Well had the myrmidons of the two old ladies done their work.

"Good morning," said the old gentleman. "I am glad to perceive that the vicissitudes of another year have spared you to move in health about the beautiful world, for that blessing alone this day of thanksgiving is well proclaimed to each of us. If you will come with me, my man, I will provide you with a dinner that should make your physical being accord with the mental."

That is what the old gentleman said every time—every Thanksgiving day for nine years. The words themselves almost formed an institution. Nothing could be compared with them except the Declaration of Independence. Always before they had been music in Stuffy's ears. But now he looked up at the old gentleman's face with tearful agony in his own. The fine snow almost sizzled when it fell upon his perspiring brow. But the old gentleman shivered a little and turned his back to the wind.

Stuffy had always wondered why the old gentleman spoke his speech rather sadly. He did not know that it was because he was wishing every time that he had a son to succeed him—a son who would come there after he was gone, a son who would stand proud and strong before some subsequent Stuffy, and say, "In memory of my father." Then it would be an institution.

But the old gentleman had no relatives. He lived in rented rooms in one of the decayed old family brownstone mansions in one of the quiet streets east of the park. In the winter he raised fuchsias in a little conservatory the size of a steamer trunk. In the spring he walked in the Easter parade. In the summer he lived at a farmhouse in the New Jersey hills and sat in a wicker armchair, speaking of a butterfly, the Ornithoptera amphrisius, that he hoped to find some day. In the autumn he fed Stuffy a dinner. These were the old gentleman's occupations.

Stuffy Pete looked up at him for a half minute, stewing and helpless in

The old gentleman was coming across Fourth avenue.

his own self pity. The old gentleman's eyes were bright with the giving pleasure. His face was getting more lined each year, but his little black necktie was in as jaunty a bow as ever, and his linen was beautiful and white, and his gray mustache was curled carefully at the ends. And then Stuffy made a noise that sounded like peas bubbling in a pot. Speech was intended, and as the old gentleman had heard the sounds nine times before he rightly construed them into Stuffy's old formula of acceptance.

"Thankee, sir. I'll go with ye, and much obliged. I'm very hungry, sir."

The coma of repletion had not prevented from entering Stuffy's mind the conviction that he was the basis of an institution. His Thanksgiving appetite was not his own. It belonged by all the sacred rights of established custom, if not by the actual statute of limitations, to this kind old gentleman who had pre-empted it. True, America is free. But in order to establish tradition some one must be a repetend—a repeating decimal. The heroes are not all heroes of steel and gold. See one here that wielded only weapons of iron, badly silvered, and tin.

The old gentleman led his annual protege southward to the restaurant and to the table where the feast had always occurred. They were recognized.

"Here comes de old guy," said a waiter, "dat blows dat same bum to a meal every Thanksgiving."

The old gentleman sat across the table glowing like a smoked pearl at his cornerstone of future ancient tradition. The waiters heaped the table with holiday food, and Stuffy, with a sigh that was mistaken for hunger's expression, raised knife and fork and carved for himself a crown of imperishable bay.

No more valiant hero ever fought his way through the ranks of an enemy. Turkey, chops, soups, vegetables, pies, disappeared before him as fast as they could be served. Gorged nearly to the uttermost when he entered the restaurant, the smell of food had almost caused him to lose his honor as a gentleman. But he rallied like a true knight. He saw the look of beneficent happiness on the old gentleman's face—a happier look than even the fuchsias and the Ornithoptera amphrisius had ever brought to it—and he had not the heart to see it wane.

In an hour Stuffy leaned back with a battle won.

"Thankee kindly, sir," he puffed, like a leaky steam pipe, "thankee kindly for a hearty meal."

Then he arose heavily, with glazed eyes, and started toward the kitchen. A waiter turned him about like a top and pointed him toward the door. The old gentleman carefully counted out $1.30 in silver change, leaving three nickels for the waiter.

They parted, as they did each year, at the door, the old gentleman going south, Stuffy north.

Around the first corner Stuffy turned and stood for one minute. Then he seemed to puff out his rags as an owl puffs out his feathers and fell to the sidewalk like a sun stricken horse.

When the ambulance came, the young surgeon and the driver cursed softly at his weight. There was no smell of whisky to justify a transfer to the patrol wagon, so Stuffy and his two dinners went to the hospital. There they stretched him on a bed and began to test him for strange diseases, with the hope of getting a chance at some problem with the bare steel.

And, lo, an hour later another ambulance brought the old gentleman, and they laid him on another bed and spoke of appendicitis, for he looked good for the bill.

But pretty soon one of the young doctors met one of the young nurses whose eyes he liked and stopped to chat with her about the cases.

"That nice old gentleman over there now," he said, "you wouldn't think that was a case of almost starvation. Proud old family, I guess. He told me he hadn't eaten a thing for three days."

Monkeys Play Pirates on Seas.

Animals Escape and Swarm Over Rigging, Hurling Belaying Pins at Crew For Two Days.

An exciting adventure with monkeys that to the number of 400 ranged over the ship, hurling belaying pins and other missiles at the men, is the story brought in by the crew of the British steamer Braunfels, which arrived in Philadelphia from Calcutta.

The ship carried a cargo of assorted jungle folk, and the escape of the monkeys was brought about by Lizzie, a mascot baboon of the Braunfels. Lizzie, who had the freedom of the vessel, on March 11 made her way between decks, where the monkeys were confined, and liberated 400 of the 600, which were in a large cage. The monkeys took to the rigging, and for two days there was no rest among the officers or crew.

According to the men, the monkeys, led by a wiry tailed specimen, frequently rushed down on the decks and picked up belaying pins or other handy objects, which they would let fly whenever an officer or sailor walked across the decks.

Finally Captain Weitman obtained a large quantity of molasses, mixed with it three quarts of strong brandy and, putting it in pans, placed it about the decks under the rigging where the monkeys had congregated. Attracted by the sweet odor from the pans, the monkeys lost no time in making for the pans and started to devour the contents.

Soon there were 400 monkeys staggering around the decks. This ended the trouble, for as soon as any showed signs of stupor the animals were picked up, two or three at a time, and placed back in the cages, where they sobered up in a day and have been on their good behavior since.

COMMUTING BY AIRSHIP.

Practicable Now to Go to Business on Aeroplanes, Says A. M. Herring.

A. M. Herring and Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, both of whom are building airships for the United States government, the former an aeroplane and the latter a dirigible balloon, have expressed keen interest in the recent remarkable flight of twelve hours over Switzerland by Count Zeppelin in his dirigible airship, carrying fourteen men.

"The dirigible balloon is here to stay," said Captain Baldwin. "Its success has only begun to appear, and greater triumphs will be seen within a short time. There can no longer be any doubt that the worst problems of air navigation have been solved, and the time is almost upon us when the airship will be a practical necessity."

A. M. Herring, whose interest lies more in the aeroplane type of machine, said:

"The dirigible balloon and the aeroplane will certainly be developed side by side for practical purposes. Both will be the war airships of the future. The dirigible, which will naturally be much the larger of the two, will represent the battleship of the ocean, carrying a number of men with plenty of stores and supplies, while the aeroplane will represent the torpedo and scouting boats."

At the coming tests in August at Fort Myer the government will test the Wright brothers' machine and the one that Mr. Herring is building. While he was naturally guarded in giving any inkling of the new ideas to be brought out in his machine, Mr. Herring did say that he could fly with one man with a machine only fourteen feet in length, while it would be possible to carry three men on a twenty-seven foot machine.

"I am perfectly convinced by my experiments," added Mr. Herring, "that the aeroplane of the immediate future will be not only safe, but eminently practical. I say with perfect assurance that if I wanted a fast machine for getting over the country I would buy an aeroplane instead of an automobile.

"If I were a business man in some town outside of New York, say, living in Greenwich and doing business in Hartford, I would have no hesitancy in using an aeroplane to travel to my place of business and back. The only trouble in coming to a big city like New York would be the difficulty in landing, but in any stretch of open country where safe landing might be made I could go anywhere."

Mr. Herring was asked if these sure thing trips between objective points would not depend for success considerably upon the wind.

"No," he replied. "I can sail in any wind that a catboat would be safe in. I can pick out my terminal point and will guarantee to land within three inches of the spot where I wish to come down."

OFFICIAL GLOBE TROTTER.

Czar's Envoy at Sixty-one Walks From Chicago to New York.

Carrying the weight of sixty-one years and the story of an ancient ancestry, H. J. M. Nikoloff recently arrived at New York after a pleasant month's walk from Chicago. He is the czar's representative and has traveled in all lands studying all peoples. He created a sensation when, with an interpreter, he reached the Waldorf-Astoria. Nikoloff's whiskers, though uncaressed by a barber in thirty-two years, contain not a single bird's nest.

Nikoloff says his father is 118, his mother 114 and his brother is 90 years old. His grandfather, only 140 years old, expects to live twenty-five years more.

Held prisoner for ransom by bandits in Zanzibar, escape by poisoning the drinking water of his guards, subsistence on snakes after he got free, captured by Turkish soldiers, liberated and sent with escort of troops, captured by Raisuli, who killed his escort; audiences with the empress of China and the emperor of Japan and many other interesting things are on his record book.

He has traveled as the czar's representative for eight years.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Book Title Tea a Fine Way to Amuse Youngsters.

A new and pleasant birthday party for children of the school age is a book title tea. The tea is on the same plan as that of their elders, but with titles of juvenile books instead of adult works represented for guessing.

Cards which give the different book names should be prepared in advance of the occasion.

As each boy or girl arrives a ribbon on which a card is swung is hung around his or her neck, pencils and paper being distributed at the same time.

On each card is a number as well as the illustration representing the book title. When all have arrived a bell rings as a signal for the guessing to begin. Players now commence writing down the names of the books as they think them to be.

Examples of juvenile book titles pictorially represented are given below for the benefit of the entertainer who wishes to try this plan:

Picture of Mme. Recaimer or any other famous beauty colored black as if in silhouette. "Black Beauty."

Sketch of a slipper or a tiny crystal slipper (one of those sold as favors for holding candy) sewed on card. "Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper."

Map of Arabia and pictures of medieval chevaliers. "Arabian Nights."

A spray of American Beauties represented as fully opened. "Rose In Bloom."

Sketch of katydid followed by a question mark. "What Katy Did."

Picture of a knight in armor followed by the word Christmas. "The Night Before Christmas."

These suggestions are merely hints of what can be made a clever and amusing puzzle.

Each guest examines the cards on the other guests as well as his own, and writes his answer after the correct number on the paper. An interesting book will make an appropriate prize for the winner.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

Planned a Century Ago and In Beautiful Condition Today.

A former American minister to the court of the mikado tells of a wonderful Japanese garden, in the center of which was a little lake that had a tiny island with miniature mountains and peach trees, with pines and azalias, some of them a century old, yet which had not mounted to more than a foot in height.

Seen in its relation to other things, this island looked small, a veritable toy island, but viewed from a certain angle of the veranda, so that no external objects helped to give an idea of proportion, the island appeared to be a large piece of land perhaps half a mile away, with trees, mountains and all the rest their normal size.

The genius who conceived this island has been dead perhaps a century, but his successors in the craft have kept it up to date and every year have so contrived that when the springtime came it was in the condition to give greatest pleasure to its wealthy owner.

Water lilies, lotus plants, iris plants, moss—all these figure in these exquisite creations in which man wields the brush, but nature mixes the colors. The very last refinement of natural pleasure is to be found in the surroundings which the man of wealth has prepared for himself by his experts in the Japanese season of the buds, blossom and early flowers.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Mercerized gingham is a suitable material for making a plain dressing sack. Make it collarless and outline the opening, fronts and sleeves with a two inch fold of white or use white embroidery.

A pretty card holder is made with a large piece of heavy cardboard, with the three points joined at the top to form a triangle shaped receptacle that will hold a ball of cord. Make a hole in the bottom of the box and draw the end of the cord through. Fasten the sides together with little bows of baby ribbon and tie at the top with baby ribbon.

Next to leather itself, nothing is more useful for covering shirt waist and other utility boxes than burlap. Then, too, if the color selected harmonizes with the color scheme of the room it combines beauty with usefulness. The edges of the box should be finished off with linen braid of the color of the burlap and held in place by button tacks. Both the braid and the tacks may be bought of any upholsterer or in any drapery department of any general furnishing store. Burlap can be used with splendid effect for portieres where an inexpensive, yet attractive, material is desired.

The Story of a Medicine.

Its name—"Golden Medical Discovery" was suggested by one of its most important and valuable ingredients—Golden Seal root.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. Pierce discovered that he could, by the use of pure, triple-refined glycerine, aided by a certain degree of constantly maintained heat and with the aid of apparatus and appliances designed for that purpose, extract from our most valuable native medicinal roots their curative properties much better than by the use of alcohol, so generally employed. So the now world-famed "Golden Medical Discovery," for the cure of weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, or billousness and kindred derangements was first made, as it ever since has been, without a particle of alcohol in its make-up.

A glance at the full list of its ingredients, printed on every bottle-wrapper, will show that it is made from the most valuable medicinal roots found growing in our American forests. All these ingredients have received the strongest endorsement from the leading medical experts, teachers and writers on *Materia Medica* who recommend them as the very best remedies for the diseases for which "Golden Medical Discovery" is advised.

A little book of these endorsements has been compiled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., and will be mailed *free* to any one asking same by postal card, or letter addressed to the Doctor as above. From these endorsements, copied from standard medical books of all the different schools of practice, it will be found that the ingredients composing the "Golden Medical Discovery" are advised not only for the cure of the above mentioned diseases, but also for the cure of all catarrhal, bronchial and throat affections, accompanied with catarrhal discharges, hoarseness, sore throat, lingering, or hang-on-coughs, and all those wasting affections which, if not promptly and properly treated are liable to terminate in consumption. Take Dr. Pierce's Discovery in time and persevere in its use until you give it a fair trial and it is not likely to disappoint. Too much must not be expected of it. It will not perform miracles. It will not cure consumption in its advanced stages. No medicine will. It will cure the affections that lead up to consumption, if taken in time.

COMFORTING WORDS.

Many a Moro Household will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed; to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words to hundreds of Moro readers.

Mrs P S Plummer, 612 Second street, The Dalles, says, "I feel it a duty to recommend Doans Kidney Pills to any one who suffers with kidney complaint I suffered for several years with a deranged condition of the kidneys and severe back ache. At times it was difficult for me to get around and attend to my household duties. The action of my kidneys was weak and irregular, causing me much annoyance. I decided to try Doans Kidney Pills as they were highly recommended to me. I obtained relief from the very first, and soon the back ache and other symptom disappeared, the kidney action became normal, and I improved in every way. Doans Kidney pills effected a complete cure and I am glad to add my name to the list of advocates of this reliable remedy.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

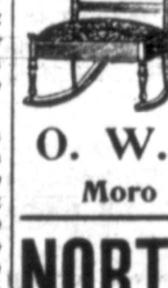
Remember the name—Doans—and take no other.

THE SCIENTIFIC FARMER.

Tells all About the Dry Farming Process, Profitable Reading.

Here is a publication that we can consistently recommend. A publication that should be in every farm home: Campbell's Scientific Farmer. And only $1.00 per annum. Subscribers to The Observer will be served at 75c a year, where they are up to date, and a year ahead. Campbells' Scientific Farmer is devoted entirely and solely to subjects along lines of tillage of the soil with special reference to securing results in regions where the rainfall is deficient or irregular. It is for the farmer in the dry country, but at the same time the principles which Prof. Campbell puts forth are applicable to good farming anywhere. The Scientific Farmer is edited by Prof. H. W. Campbell, father for the new movement for successful semi-arid farming which has taken such deep hold in recent years. The first number is illustrated and filled with readable articles on the subject.

FURNITURE
... AND ...
UNDERTAKING



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Mingle with the gay care-free throng, whilst sweet nature rebuilds worn tissues and renews life, energy, and vitality.

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12:35pm	.0	.....Biggs.....	11.05 arve
12.55	5.4	...Gibsons....	10.35
1.00	7.0	....Sinks.....	10.25
1.15	9.8	....Wasco.....	10.15
1.30	14.1	.. Klondyke ...	10.00
1.40	16 1	... Sandon ...	9.55
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1.55	19.9	..McDonalds..	9.35
2.10	23.9	... DeMoss ...	9.20
2.25	27.0	.....Moro	9.10
2.40	30 4	..Erskinville .	8.55
3.10	38 5	Grass Valley.	8 35
3.35	45.8	... Bourbon ...	8.10
4.00	52.5	.....Kent	7.55
4.20	57.8	... Wilcox ...	7.45
5.00 arv	70 0	... Shaniko...	7.15 a m

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

W E Dull, Plaintiff,
vs.
Alice A Dull, Defendant.

To Alice A Dull, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court, 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 4th day of September, 1908, 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 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 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. Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 20th day of July, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 24th day of July, 1908.

CLAUD STRAHN,
7tjy24s4-302] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

Frank Richeson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mary Richeson, Defendant.

To Mary Richeson, 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, towit: On or before the 11th day September, 1908, 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 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 Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 20th day of July, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 31st day of July, 1908.

ELLA CRIM LYNCH,
7tjy31s11-302] Attorney for Plaintiff

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Willie C Oliver, Plaintiff,
vs.
Katherine F Oliver, Defendant

To Katherine F Oliver, 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, towit, on or before the 21st day of August, 1908, 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 cruel and inhuman treatment, 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 6th day of July, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 10th day of July, 1908.

SENECA FOUTS,
7tj10a21-300] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

Charles E Wuensch, Plaintiff
vs.
Bertha Wuensch, Defendant

To Bertha Wuensch, the above named defendant—

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court 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 21st day of August 1908, 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, towit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment, 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 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 6th day of July 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 10th day of July, 1908.

W D FREEMAN,
7tj10a21-300] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

Frances Beylund, Plaintiff.
vs.
Gus E Beylund, Defendant.

To Gus E Beylund, 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 18th day of September 1908, 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 cruel and inhuman treatment 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 Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 5th day of August A. D. 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 7th day of August, 1908.

SENECA FOUTS, Attorney
7ta7s18-303] for Plaintiff

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

George Robert Game, Plaintiff,
vs.
Zernene Game, Defendant.

To Zernene Game, 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, towit: on or before the 18th day of September, 1908, 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 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 the 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 Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 5th day of August, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 7th day of August, 1908.

SENECA FOUTS, Attorney
7ta7s18 303] for Plaintiff

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Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.
Passes Biggs	flag 11.29p.m	no stop. 3.45 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p.m. no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11.89 pm	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 pm

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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.

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

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