The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY.....SEPT. 18, 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.

REQUESTS TO TAFT.

Woman Seeks Loan, Requesting Nominee to Risk Payment.

GIRL WANTS A YALE PIN.

California Cripple Begs Picture of Candidate For Advertising Board and Wheel Chair—Says It Is Only Way He Can Help Himself Along and Wants to Know Value of Scheme.

"Would you stake a loan of $200 to an utter stranger and take chances of reimbursement by Jan. 1?" William H. Taft would not, even though he is a candidate for the presidency and temperamentally inclined to oblige rather than disappoint.

The question was put in a letter received recently from a Newark (N. J.) woman. It is only a fair sample selected from hundreds of begging letters which are found in Mr. Taft's mail. Most of the applicants for loans or aid of another character give some explanation of the need which has led to the making of application to the candidate, but the Newark woman says only, "Needless to add, the necessity is indeed pressing for me to call on you."

The requests for gifts range from a horse and wagon or a cow to jewelry. Here is one from a young lady in El Paso, Tex., who wants a Yale pin for her collection:

Dear Sir—Please pardon this bit of audacity in my writing you, but I have taken a great interest in your life and affairs since I heard of the candidates for the presidency. Now I wish a favor at your hands.

I am a young girl in high school who is collecting pins. But as luck would not favor me I have not obtained one which I greatly desire—namely, one from Yale. Many girls buy the pins, but I prefer none if they cannot be given to me, for the giver adds half the pleasure. Now, I ask you, if not too much trouble, to break luck's spell and gratify the wish of a humble friend and send her a Yale pin. I sincerely hope I may some day see you as president of the United States. I should then be extremely proud if you would be so kind as to send me a Yale pin.

Mrs. Taft also gets her share of the applications for aid to churches, fairs and guilds. "Send just a little thing for the fancy table," is a frequent appeal, and had she time Mrs. Taft could be as busy as her husband.

One of the most original requests comes from a cripple in California, who says that he goes about in a wheel chair and proposes to sell the advertising privileges of the chair back to Mr. Taft. This man says:

I have an invalid chair which friends gave me and go out and sell small stuff of all kinds to help myself along. During election or campaign times I have an advertising board on the back of my chair on which I place all of the candidates whom I work and vote for. I wish to place your photo in the center of my advertising board and ask you to kindly send latest cut of yourself to place there. I go all over the country and in the small towns. On Sept. 9 I shall be in a town where there are 100,000 or 100,500 people, and my advertisement can be seen by all.

As this is the only way I have to help myself along send what you think it is worth.

P. S.—Win we must or bust, and let no teaser come to hush me up.

While Mr. Taft's mail is lighter than in July, it still keeps busy an office force of four, under the direction of Fred W. Carpenter, his private secretary.

PYGMY CLIFF DWELLERS.

Tiny Roomed Houses Found by Explorer on Mexican Mountains.

Henry O. Flipper, an American archaeologist, who has been searching in the Sierra Madres in the western part of the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, for homes of cliff dwellers, has found a house on Carabato creek, a tributary of the Rio Chico, containing eighty-two rooms.

There are two or three houses on the Rio Chico and two near Guaynopa. Flipper says all are typical cliff dwellings similar to those in the United States. They are made of stone, with mud cement and plastering of mud. The roof is the overhanging cliff.

The houses are from one to three stories in height, with walls about five inches thick. Mr. Flipper says the most remarkable thing was the tininess of the rooms, which were about 5 by 5 feet, with doors about twenty-one inches high by twelve inches wide. He believes that the cliff dwellers were a very small people.

Society May Be Trained In Laughing.

Although society seems to be absorbed in the dance just now, it is reported that the latest fancy will be learning to laugh in tune. A school of music, which will include lessons in laughing in its curriculum, a foreign newspaper says, will be founded shortly in Milan. One well known woman in New York suggests that a school of this sort should be organized in the United States, as the Americans as a nation are noted for their discordant laughter. Most Americans laugh in their throats, and the result is a discord. In many cases laughter does real harm, says a musical expert. "One often hears the expression, 'Laughing has tired me out.' This should not be. A properly produced laugh is a healthy form of exercise and can never tire one. A wrongly produced laugh is unmusical, conducive to hoarseness because of the strain and irritation to the vocal chord."

Leather Gowns.

"Dresses of leather are fashion's latest fancy," says a dressmaker in New York. "They are coming from Paris for woman's wear during the winter season. The dresses will be made of a very soft leather, which has been prepared by Paris leather merchants."

BRICKDUST ROW

By O. HENRY.

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BLINKER was displeased. A man of less culture and poise and wealth would have sworn, but Blinker always remembered that he was a gentleman, a thing that no gentleman should do. So he merely looked bored and sardonic while he rode in a hansom to the center of disturbance, which was the Broadway office of Lawyer Oldport, who was agent for the Blinker estate.

"I don't see," said Blinker, "why I should be always signing confounded papers. I am packed and was to have left for the North woods this morning. Now I must wait until tomorrow morning. I hate night trains. My best razors are of course at the bottom of some unidentifiable trunk. It is a plot to drive me to buy rum and a monologuing, thumb handed barber. Give me a pen that doesn't scratch. I hate pens that scratch."

"Sit down," said double chinned, gray Lawyer Oldport. "The worst has not been told you. Oh, the hardships of the rich! The papers are not yet ready to sign. They will be laid before you tomorrow at 11. You will miss another day. Twice shall the barber tweak the helpless nose of a Blinker. Be thankful that your sorrows do not embrace a hair cut."

"If," said Blinker, rising, "the act did not involve more signing of papers I would take my business out of your hands at once. Give me a cigar, please."

"If," said Lawyer Oldport, "I had cared to see an old friend's son gulped down at one mouthful by sharks I would have ordered you to take it away long ago. Now let's quit fooling, Alexander. Besides the grinding task of signing your name some thirty times tomorrow, I must impose upon you the consideration of a matter of business—of business and I may say humanity or right. I spoke to you about this five years ago, but you would not listen. You were in a hurry for a coaching trip, I think. The subject has come up again. The property"—

"Oh, property!" interrupted Blinker. "Dear Mr. Oldport, I think you mentioned tomorrow. Let's have it all at one dose tomorrow—signatures and property and snappy rubber bands and that smelly sealing wax and all. Have luncheon with me? Well, I'll try to remember to drop in at 11 tomorrow. Morning."

The Blinker wealth was in lands, tenements and hereditaments, as the legal phrase goes. Lawyer Oldport had once taken Alexander in his little pulmonary gasoline runabout to see the many buildings and rows of buildings that he owned in the city, for Alexander was sole heir. They had amused Blinker very much. The houses looked so incapable of producing the big sums of money that Lawyer Oldport kept piling up in banks for him to spend.

In the evening Blinker went to one of his clubs, intending to dine. Nobody was there except some old fogies playing whist who spoke to him with grave politeness and glared at him with savage contempt. Everybody was out of town. But here he was kept in like a schoolboy to write his name over and over on pieces of paper. His wounds were deep.

Blinker turned his back on the fogies and said to the club steward who had come forward with some nonsense about cold fresh salmon roe:

"Symons, I'm going to Coney Island." He said it as one might say: "All's off. I'm going to jump into the river."

The joke pleased Symons. He laughed within a sixteenth of a note of the audibility permitted by the laws governing employees.

"Certainly, sir," he tittered. "Of course, sir. I think I can see you at Coney, Mr. Blinker."

Blinker got a paper and looked up the movements of Sunday steamboats. Then he found a cab at the first corner and drove to a North river pier. He stood in line, as democratic as you or I, and bought a ticket and was trampled upon and shoved forward until at last he found himself on the upper deck of the boat staring brazenly at a girl who sat alone upon a camp stool. But Blinker did not intend to be brazen. The girl was so wonderfully good looking that he forgot for one minute that he was the prince incog. and behaved just as he did in society.

She was looking at him, too, and not severely. A puff of wind threatened Blinker's straw hat. He caught it warily and settled it again. The movement gave the effect of a bow. The girl nodded and smiled, and in another instant he was seated at her side. She was dressed all in white. She was paler than Blinker imagined milkmaids and girls of humble stations be, but she was as tidy as a cherry blossom, and her steady, supremely frank gray eyes looked out from the intrepid depths of an unshadowed and untroubled soul.

"How dare you raise your hat to me?" she asked, with a slight reserved severity.

"I didn't," Blinker said. But he quickly covered the mistake by extending it to "I didn't know how to keep from it after I saw you."

"I do not allow gentlemen to sit by me to whom I have not been introduced," she said, with a sudden haughtiness that deceived him. He rose reluctantly, but her clear, teasing laugh brought him down to his chair again.

"I guess you weren't going far," she declared, with beauty's magnificent self confidence.

"Are you going to Coney Island?" asked Blinker.

"Me!" She turned upon him wide open eyes full of bantering surprise. "Why, what a question! Can't you see that I'm riding a bicycle in the park?" Her drollery took the form of impertinence.

"And I am laying brick on a tall factory chimney," said Blinker. "May not we see Coney together? I'm all alone, and I've never been there before."

"It depends," said the girl, "on how nicely you behave. I'll consider your application until we get there."

Blinker took pains to provide against the rejection of his application. He strove to please. To adopt the metaphor of his nonsensical phrase, he laid brick upon brick on the tall chimney of his devoirs until at length the structure was stable and complete. The manners of the best society come around finally to simplicity, and as the girl's way was that naturally they were on a mutual plane of communication from the beginning.

He learned that she was twenty and her name was Florence, that she trimmed hats in a millinery shop, that she lived in a furnished room with her best chum, Ella, who was cashier in a shoe store, and that a glass of milk from the bottle on the window sill and an egg that boils itself while you twist up your hair make a breakfast good enough for any one. Florence laughed when she heard "Blinker."

"Well," she said, "it certainly shows that you have imagination. It gives the Smiths a chance for a little rest, anyhow."

They landed at Coney and were dashed on the crest of a great human wave of mad pleasure seekers into the walks and avenues of fairyland gone into vaudeville.

With a curious eye, a critical mind and a fairly withheld judgment Blinker considered the temples, pagodas and kiosks of popularized delights. Hot pollol trampled, hustled and crowded him. Basket parties bumped him. Sticky children tumbled, howling, under his feet, candying his clothes. Insolent youths, strolling among the booths with hard won canes under one arm and easily won girls on the other, blew defiant smoke from cheap cigars into his face. The publicity gentlemen with megaphones, each before his own stupendous attraction, roared like Niagara in his ears. Music of all kinds that could be tortured from brass, reed, hide or string fought in the air to gain space for its vibrations against its competitors. But what held Blinker in awful fascination was the mob, the multitude, the proletariat, shrieking, struggling, hurrying, panting, hurling itself in incontinent frenzy, with unabashed abandon, into the ridiculous sham palaces of trumpery and tinsel pleasures. The vulgarity of it, its brutal overriding of all the tenets of repression and taste that were held by his caste, repelled him strongly.

In the midst of his disgust he turned and looked down at Florence by his side. She was ready with her quick smile and upturned happy eyes, as bright and clear as the water in trout pools. The eyes were saying that they had the right to be shining and happy, for was their owner not with her (for the present) man, her gentleman friend and holder of the keys to the enchanted city of fun?

Blinker did not read her look accurately, but by some miracle he suddenly saw Coney aright.

He no longer saw a mass of vulgarians seeking gross joys. He now looked clearly upon a hundred thousand true idealists. Their offenses were wiped out. Counterfeit though the garish joys of these spangled temples were, he perceived that deep under the gilt surface they offered saving and apposite balm and satisfaction to the restless human heart. Here at least was the husk of romance, the empty but shining casque of chivalry, the breath catching though safe guarded dip and flight of adventure, the magic carpet that transports you to the realms of fairyland, though its journey be through but a few poor yards of space. He no longer saw a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal. There was no magic of poesy here or of art, but the glamour of their imagination turned yellow calico into cloth of gold and the megaphones into the silver trumpets of joy's heralds.

Almost humbled, Blinker rolled up the shirt sleeves of his mind and joined the idealists.

"You are the lady doctor," he said to Florence. "How shall we go about doing this jolly conglomeration of fairy tales incorporated?"

"We will begin there," said the princess, pointing to a fun pagoda on the edge of the sea, "and we will take them all in, one by one."

They caught the 8 o'clock returning boat and sat, filled with pleasant fatigue, against the rail in the bow, listening to the Italians' fiddle and harp

"Thank you for a very pleasant afternoon."

Blinker had thrown off all care. The North woods seemed to him an uninhabitable wilderness. What a fuss he had made over signing his name! Pooh, he could sign it a hundred times! And her name was as pretty as she was. "Florence"—he said it to himself a great many times.

As the boat was nearing its pier in the North river a two funneled, drab, foreign looking seagoing steamer was dropping down toward the bay. The boat turned its nose in toward its slip. The steamer veered as if to seek midstream and then yawed, seemed to increase its speed and struck the Coney boat on the side near the stern, cutting into it with a terrifying shock and crash.

While the 600 passengers on the boat were mostly tumbling about the decks in a shrieking panic the captain was shouting at the steamer that it should not back off and leave the rent exposed for the water to enter. But the steamer tore its way out like a savage sawfish and cleaved its heartless way, full speed ahead.

The boat began to sink at its stern, but moved slowly toward the slip. The passengers were a frantic mob, unpleasant to behold.

Blinker held Florence tightly until the boat had righted itself. She made no sound or sign of fear. He stood on a camp stool, ripped off the slats above his head and pulled down a number of life preservers. He began to buckle one around Florence. The rotten canvas split and the fraudulent granulated cork came pouring out in a stream. Florence caught a handful of it and laughed gleefully.

"It looks like breakfast food," she said. "Take it off. It's no good."

She unbuckled it and threw it on the deck. She made Blinker sit down and sat by his side and put her hand in his. "What'll you bet we don't reach the pier all right?" she said and began to hum a song.

And now the captain moved among the passengers and compelled order. The boat would undoubtedly make her slip, he said, and ordered the women and children to the bow, where they could land first. The boat, very low in the water at the stern, tried gallantly to make his promise good.

"Florence," said Blinker as she held him close by an arm and hand, "I love you."

"That's what they all say," she replied lightly.

"I am not one of 'they all,'" he persisted. "I never knew any one I could love before. I could pass my life with you and be happy every day. I am rich. I can make things all right for you."

"That's what they all say," said the girl again, weaving the words into her little reckless song.

"Don't say that again," said Blinker in a tone that made her look at him in frank surprise.

"Why shouldn't I say it?" she asked calmly. "They all do."

"Who are 'they?'" he asked, jealous for the first time in his existence.

"Why, the fellows I know."

"Do you know so many?"

"Oh, well, I'm not a wallflower," she answered, with modest complacency.

"Where do you see these—these men? At your home?"

"Of course not. I met them just as I did you—sometimes on the boat, sometimes in the park, sometimes on the street. I'm a pretty good judge of a man. I can tell in a minute if a fellow is one who is likely to get fresh."

"What do you mean by 'fresh?'"

"Why, try to kiss you—me, I mean."

"Do any of them try that?" asked Blinker, clinching his teeth.

"Sure. All men do. You know that."

"Do you allow them?"

"Some; not many. They won't take you out anywhere unless you do."

She turned her head and looked searchingly at Blinker. Her eyes were as innocent as a child's. There was a puzzled look in them, as though she did not understand him.

"What's wrong about my meeting fellows?" she asked wonderingly.

"Everything," he answered almost savagely. "Why don't you entertain your company in the house where you live? Is it necessary to pick up Tom, Dick and Harry on the streets?"

She kept her absolutely ingenuous eyes upon his.

"If you could see the place where I live you wouldn't ask that. I live in Brickdust row. They call it that because there's red dust from the bricks crumbling over everything. I've lived there for more than four years. There's no place to receive company. You can't have anybody come to your room. What else is there to do? A girl has got to meet the men, hasn't she?"

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "A girl has got to met a—has got to meet the men."

"The first time one spoke to me on the street," she continued, "I ran home and cried all night. But you get used to it. I meet a good many nice fellows at church. I go on rainy days and stand in the vestibule until one comes up with an umbrella. I wish there was a parlor, so I could ask you to call, Mr. Blinker. Are you really sure it isn't Smith, now?"

The boat landed safely. Blinker had a confused impression of walking with the girl through quiet crosstown streets until she stopped at a corner and held out her hand.

"I live just one more block over," she said. "Thank you for a very pleasant afternoon."

Blinker muttered something and plunged northward till he found a cab. A big gray church loomed slowly at his right. Blinker shook his fist at it through the window.

"I gave you a thousand dollars last week," he cried under his breath, "and she meets them in your very doors! There is something wrong; there is something wrong."

At 11 the next day Blinker signed his name thirty times with a new pen provided by Lawyer Oldport.

"Now let me go to the woods," he said surlily.

"You are not looking well," said Lawyer Oldport. "The trip will do you good. But listen, if you will, to that little matter of business of which I spoke to you yesterday and also five years ago. There are some buildings, fifteen in number, of which there are now five year leases to be signed. Your father contemplated a change in the lease provisions, but never made it. He intended that the parlors of these houses should not be sublet, but that the tenants should be allowed to use them for reception rooms. These houses are in the shopping district and are mainly tenanted by young working girls. As it is, they are forced to seek companionship outside. This row of red brick"—

Blinker interrupted him with a loud, discordant laugh.

"Brickdust row for an even hundred!" he cried. "And I own it! Have I guessed right?"

"The tenants have some such name for it," said Lawyer Oldport.

Blinker arose and jammed his hat down to his eyes.

"Do what you please with it," he said harshly. "Remodel it, burn it, raze it to the ground. But, man, it's too late, I tell you. It's too late. It's too late. It's too late."

For Emergencies.

A banking reserve is for use, not merely for show. It is for use in times of emergency. Yet some bankers look upon their reserves very much as the superintendent of a hospital regarded its emergency bed. A patient all banged up in an accident was brought to the hospital one night and was told that there was no room for him. "Why not put him in the emergency bed?" it was suggested. "If we put him in the emergency bed," it was replied, "then we would have no emergency bed."—Wall Street Journal.

A Clever Scheme.

Mother (examining school report)—How did you come to have such good marks in arithmetic this week? Tommy—Well, you see, it was this way: We had ten examples a day, and I got the teacher to help me to do five, and Eric Jones got her to help him on the other five. Then we swapped helps. See?—Harper's.

Ungallant.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Well," he replied, "poverty is no disgrace, but it's awfully inconvenient at times."

IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Differences Among Republicans and C. W. Swisher, Nominee of "Regulars."

The split between the Republicans in West Virginia over the governorship has attracted national attention on account of the possible effect of these differences in the party on the national ticket. There has been much speculation as to whether or not the split will hurt Judge Taft's chances of carrying the state. There are two gubernatorial tickets in the field claiming to be Republican. The so called "regular ticket" is headed by C. W. Swisher, and the other, the "Lincoln ticket," has in the first place the name of Arnold C. Scherr. The Democrats are united and have put in the field Lewis Bennett, a former speaker of the legislature. Mr. Scherr has served as state auditor, and Mr. Swisher has been prominent in his party for some years. Supporters of both the Republican nominees are declaring their loyalty to the national ticket, and it is claimed by some that Judge Taft's vote will not be lessened by the party controversies in the commonwealth. On the other hand, it is said that strenuous efforts will be made to induce the warring factions to compose their differences and eliminate one or the other of the candidates.

C. W. SWISHER.

Roosevelt carried the state four years ago by a majority of 31,700. In 1900 the Republican majority was 21,000, and it was 11,500 in 1896. Cleveland obtained the electoral vote in 1892 by a majority of 4,124.

MME. JOMELLI.

Noted Soprano, Who Will Tour Country This Autumn.

Mme. Jomelli, the noted soprano who goes on a concert tour this season under the management of R. E. Johnston, has been connected with the companies of both the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera houses, New York, and has been principal soloist with several leading orchestras and other musical organizations. She will not return to the operatic stage until next spring, when she will appear at Covent Garden, London, in a new opera, creating the principal role, which is based on the life of Michelangelo. In her tour of the United States Mme. Jomelli will travel in a private car fitted up with a gymnasium, for wherever she may be the soloist insists on taking what she considers a proper amount of exercise. Recently on being asked who her beauty doctor was she pointed to a pair of dumbbells in a corner of her room, with the remark that one was a complexion specialist as well.

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MME. JOMELLI.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nervine. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeons' knife, would, it is believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

Indignities to a Statue.

The equestrian statue of the Prince of Orange on College Green, Dublin, has literally withstood the storms of centuries. The statue has had many an escape from destruction. On one occasion a fervent patriot was found astride the steed calmly cutting off the head with a saw. Later still, in the last century, the statue was blown up with gunpowder. On that occasion the late Ralph Bernal Osborne (so the story goes) sent an urgent message to Sir Philip Crampton, a leading Dublin surgeon, to attend "a titled gentleman" who had been thrown from his horse in College Green and badly hurt. During a strike of police in Dublin the effigy was crowned with a battered tin can.

How to Thread Needles.

Persons with defective sight when threading the needle with white thread should hold it over something black and when threading with black thread hold it over something white. It also applies to threading the machine needle.

Impartial.

"Mr. Scatterton prides himself on being strictly impartial."

"Yes," answered the unamiable man. "I once went shooting with him. He didn't seem to care whether he hit the rabbit, the dog or one of his friends."

The Dangerous Case.

One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments.

Man's wrinkled face is the original time table.—Dallas News.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Tme tble No 12 March 8, 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passe nger daily
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
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
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	57.3	... Wilcox ...	7 45
5.00 arv	70 0	...Shaniko...	7.15 a m

For rates and information apply to

F. CRABTREE, Agent,
Moro, Or

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

Maud E Scofield, Plaintiff, vs. John W Scofield, Defendant.

To John W Scofield, 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 30th day of October, 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 habitual gross drunkenness, 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 16th day of September 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of September, 1908.

W. D. FARMER,
7ts18-30-309] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

Bertha M Winton, Plaintiff, vs. Charles B Winton, Defendant.

To Charles B Winton, 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 23d day of October, 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 10th day of Sept., 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 11th day of Sept., 1908.

JEFFREY & LESON,
7ts11o23-308] Attorneys for Plaintiff

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

Doris B Ruggles, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas D Ruggles, Defendant.

To Thomas D Ruggles, 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 16th day of October, 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 A. D 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 7th day of August, 1908.

SENECA FOUTS, Attorney
7ts7a18-308] 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, 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 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 16th day of September 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of September, 1908.

TYSON RISKILL,
7ts4o16-306] Attorney for Plaintiff

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Not Coal Land.
Department of the Interior.
Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon.
Sept. 1, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Noah B Stanley, of Ajax, Oregon, who, on December 14, 1903, made Homestead Entry (serial No. 0817) No. 13171, for SE¼ NW¼ S½ NE¼ section 28, and SW¼ NW¼ section 27, township 1 south, range 19 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Charles H Horner, County Clerk, at his office at Condon, Oregon, on the 14th day of October, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: George Smith and Walter Smith of Ajax, Oregon, and John Gibson of Monkland, Oregon and A K York of Ajax, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
7ts11o9]

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

Emma J Amell, Plaintiff, vs. Francis D. Amell, Defendant.

To Francis D Amell, 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 9th day of October, 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 26th day of August, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 28th day of August, 1908.

CARTER & DUFUR,
7ta28o9-306] Attorneys for Plaintiff

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

Robert M Adison, Plaintiff, vs. Harriet Adison, Defendant.

To Harriet Adison, 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 2d day of October, 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
7ts7a18-308] 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 9th day of October, 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 26th day of August 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 28th day of August, 1908.

CARTER & DUFUR,
7ta28o9-306] Attorneys for Plaintiff

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

William A Fox, Plaintiff, vs. Arabella Fox, Defendant.

To Arabella Fox, 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 9th day of October, 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 5th day of August, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 7th day of August, 1908.

SENECA FOUTS, Attorney
7ts7a18-308] for Plaintiff

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

Harlan P Hatch, Plaintiff, vs. Eldora P Hatch, Defendant.

To Eldora P Hatch, 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 9th day of October, 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 26th day of August, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 28th day of August, 1908.

JAY C. UPTON,
7ta28o9-306] Attorney for Plaintiff

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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.	8.00 a.m.
	no stop.	flag
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.	7.40 p.m	9.45 a.m.
	no stop.	flag
Passes Biggs	11.39 pm	4.51 a.m.

PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland. Arrives at Biggs

	8.00 a.m.	6.00 p. m.
	12.05 a.m.	Lv. 12.15 p.m.

**Columbia and