The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY . . . . Oct. 9, 1908

Personal Talk With You.

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PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

Why A. H. Howell Urges That They Be Saved.

MANY KILL BOLL WEEVILS.

Biological Survey Expert Tells of the South's Need of Them—Protection to Cotton Industry the Keynote of the Warning From Washington.

Protection for the birds of the United States is being urged by the biological survey of the department of agriculture. The economic importance of such protection to the cotton industry is pointed out in a recent circular prepared by Arthur H. Howell, assistant in the biological survey, who has in recent months made a minute study of the extent to which the boll weevil is destroyed by birds.

Something over a year ago the biological survey took this matter up and sent out literature urging bird protection. It was pointed out that the residents in the northern states could do a great service to the south by seeing to it that the birds that nest in the northern latitudes in spring and summer and go to the south in winter were shielded from destruction. The interest awakened in this matter was great, and there was eager response from farmers, school children and others. Now, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Globe, in the light of more recent investigations showing that the boll weevil is destroyed by birds to a greater extent than was at first realized, another plea for the protection of the birds is being put forth.

The region now infested by the cotton boll weevil includes the greater part of the cotton growing area of Texas and Louisiana and parts of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Mississippi. Texas and Louisiana produced in 1906 more than 5,000,000 bales of cotton, valued at upward of $276,000,000. The loss caused by the boll weevil is variously estimated at from 10 to 50 per cent of the crop, or even more in badly infested areas. Even at the lowest reasonable estimate the loss to the cotton planters of Texas and Louisiana from the ravages of the pest yearly aggregates many millions. As the weevil extends its range eastward into the more humid regions of the lower Mississippi valley, the damage it does will be proportionately greater than in the drier regions to the westward.

Investigations conducted by the biological survey on the food habits of birds in Louisiana in January and February, 1908, showed that more birds were feeding upon the weevils and that many more weevils were destroyed by them than in any of the western localities where birds have been collected at a corresponding season. The destruction of weevils in winter is much more important than in summer, since the death of every weevil at that season prevents the production of a highly numerous progeny in the early summer and postpones the date when the increase will become so great as to destroy the cotton squares as fast as they appear.

"The service rendered by the vast army of birds which occupies the cotton plantations of the south during the winter months," says Mr. Howell, "is only beginning to be appreciated. During the first season in which birds were studied in their relation to the weevil only twenty species were discovered to feed upon the insect, and it was supposed the influence of birds in keeping down the pest was slight. Later investigations, however, carried on during several years and at all seasons have shown that no less than fifty-three species of native birds feed upon the pest, many of them destroying large numbers of weevils during the most critical period of the insect's life—winter and early spring.

Various kinds of blackbirds, meadow larks, sparrows, pipits or titlarks, wrens and titmice are mentioned as useful in the destruction of the boll weevil, and many other well known birds, such as the oriole, the swallow and the mockingbird, are in the list of those that feed upon the pest of the cotton regions.

Milk Diet For Austrian Soldiers.

Some interesting experiments in the direction of vegetarianism in regard to soldiers' diet are being made by the Austrian military authorities. The various commissariat departments have received orders to test the value of milk and milk products, especially cheese, in the daily dietary of the troops. Skimmilk, which is usually rather despised, is also to be taken into account. It is suggested that recruits would form a very good subject for experiment and that they might be given smaller rations of meat, with increased allowances of vegetables and pastry and puddings composed of milk and cereals. The war office is especially anxious to ascertain how such a reformed scale of diet would meet the requirements of the troops in maneuvers and field exercises. It is understood that the private soldiers are by no means enthusiastic about the new dietary.

Boats of Concrete.

A writer in Harper's Weekly makes the interesting statement that the use of concrete in boat building will largely take the place of iron and steel. Large boats of re-enforced concrete have been built already in Italy, and five of these, of 120 tons and more, are in commission in the Italian navy. Experiments and trials on a much larger and more important scale will shortly be conducted.

ACCORDING TO THEIR LIGHTS

By O. HENRY.

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SOMEWHERE in the depths of the big city, where the unquiet dregs are forever being shaken together, young Murray and the captain had met and become friends. Both were at the lowest ebb possible to their fortunes, both had fallen from at least an intermediate heaven of respectability and importance, and both were typical products of the monstrous and peculiar social curriculum of their overweening and bumptious civic alma mater.

The captain was no longer a captain. One of those sudden moral cataclysms that sometimes sweep the city had hurled him from a high and profitable position in the police department, ripping off his badge and buttons and washing into the hands of his lawyers the solid pieces of real estate that his frugality had enabled him to accumulate. The passing of the flood left him low and dry.

One month after his dishabilitation a saloon keeper plucked him by the neck from his free lunch counter as a tabby plucks a strange kitten from her nest and cast him asphaltward. This seems low enough. But after that he acquired a pair of cloth top, button congress gaiters and wrote complaining letters to the newspapers. And then he fought the attendant at the municipal lodging house who tried to give him a bath. When Murray first saw him he was holding the hand of an Italian woman who sold apples and garlic on Essex street and quoting the words of a song book ballad.

Murray's fall had been more Luciferian if less spectacular. All the pretty, tiny little kickshaws of Gotham had once been his. The megaphone man roars out at you to observe the house of his uncle on a grand and revered avenue, but there had been an awful row about something, and the prince had been escorted to the door by the butler, which in said avenue is equivalent to the impact of the avuncular shoe. A weak Prince Hal, without inheritance or sword, he drifted downward to meet his humorless Falstaff and to pick the crusts of the streets with him.

One evening they sat on a bench in a little downtown park. The great bulk of the captain, which starvation seemed to increase, drawing irony instead of pity to his petitions for aid, was heaped against the arm of the bench in a shapeless mass. His red face, spotted by tufts of vermilion, week old whiskers and topped by a sagging white straw hat, looked in the gloom like one of those structures that you may observe in a dark Third avenue window, challenging your imagination to say whether it be something recent in the way of ladies' hats or a strawberry shortcake. A tight drawn belt, last relic of his official spruceness, made a deep furrow in his circumference. The captain's shoes were buttonless. In a smothered bass he cursed his star of ill luck.

Murray, at his side, was shrunk into his dingy and ragged suit of blue serge. His hat was pulled low. He sat quiet and a little indistinct, like some ghost that had been dispossessed.

"I'm hungry," growled the captain. "By the top sirloin of the bull of Bashan, I'm starving to death! Right now I could eat a Bowery restaurant clear through to the stovepipe in the alley. Can't you think of nothing, Murray? You sit there with your shoulders scrunched up, giving an imitation of Reginald Vanderbilt driving his coach. What good are them airs doing you now? Think of some place we can get something to chew."

"You forget, my dear captain," said Murray without moving, "that our last attempt at dining was at my suggestion."

"You bet it was!" groaned the captain. "You bet your life it was! Have you got any more like that to make—hey?"

"I admit we failed," sighed Murray. "I was sure Malone would be good for one more free lunch after the way he talked baseball with me the last time I spent a nickel in his establishment."

"I had this hand," said the captain, extending the unfortunate member—"I had this hand on the drumstick of a turkey and two sardine sandwiches when them waiters grabbed us."

"I was within two inches of the olives," said Murray, "stuffed olives. I haven't tasted one in a year."

"What'll we do?" grumbled the captain. "We can't starve."

"Can't we?" said Murray quietly. "I'm glad to hear that. I was afraid we could."

"You wait here," said the captain, rising heavily and puffily to his feet. "I'm going to try to make one more turn. You stay here till I come back, Murray. I won't be over half an hour. If I turn the trick I'll come back flush."

He made some elephantine attempts at smartening his appearance. He gave his fiery mustache a heavenward twist; he dragged into sight a pair of black edged cuffs, deepened the crease in his middle by tightening his belt another hole and set off, jaunty as a zoo rhinoceros, across the south end of the park.

When he was out of sight Murray also left the park, hurrying swiftly eastward. He stopped at a building whose steps were flanked by two green lights.

"A police captain named Maroney," he said to the desk sergeant, "was dismissed from the force after being tried under charges three years ago. I believe sentence was suspended. Is this man wanted now by the police?"

"Why are ye asking?" inquired the sergeant, with a frown.

"I thought there might be a reward standing," explained Murray easily. "I know the man well. He seems to be keeping himself pretty shady at present. I could lay my hands on him at any time. If there should be a reward"—

"There's no reward," interrupted the sergeant shortly. "The man's not wanted. And neither are ye. So get out. Ye are frindly with um, and ye would be selling um. Out with ye quick, or I'll give ye a start."

Murray gazed at the officer with serene and virtuous dignity.

"I would be simply doing my duty as a citizen and gentleman," he said severely, "if I should assist the law in laying hold of one of its offenders."

Murray hurried back to the bench in the park. He folded his arms and shrank within his clothes to his ghost-like presentment.

Ten minutes afterward the captain arrived at the rendezvous, windy and thunderous as a dog day in Kansas. His collar had been torn away; his straw hat had been twisted and battered, his shirt with ox blood stripes split to the waist. And from head to knee he was drenched with some vile and ignoble greasy fluid that loudly proclaimed to the nose its component leaven of garlic and kitchen stuff.

"For heaven's sake, captain," sniffed Murray, "I doubt that I would have waited for you if I had suspected you were so desperate as to resort to swill barrels. I"—

"Cheese it," said the captain harshly. "I'm not hogging it yet. It's all on the outside. I went around on Essex and proposed marriage to that Catrina

"Is that you Mac?" he said.

that's got the fruit shop there. Now, that business could be built up. She's a peach as far as a dago could be.

"I thought I had that senoreena mashed sure last week, but look what she done to me! I guess I got too fresh. Well, there's another scheme queered."

"You don't mean to say," said Murray, with infinite contempt, "that you would have married that woman to help yourself out of your disgraceful troubles?"

"Me?" said the captain. "I'd marry the empress of China for one bowl of chop suey. I'd commit murder for a plate of beef stew. I'd steal a wafer from a waif. I'd be a Mormon for a bowl of chowder."

"I think," said Murray, resting his head on his hands, "that I would play Judas for the price of one drink of whisky. For thirty pieces of silver I would"—

"Oh, come now," exclaimed the captain in dismay, "you wouldn't do that, Murray! I always thought that kike's squeal on his boss was about the lowest down play that ever happened. A man that gives his friend away is worse than a pirate."

Through the park stepped a large man scanning the benches where the electric light fell.

"Is that you, Mac?" he said, halting before the derelicts. His diamond stickpin dazzled. His diamond studded fob chain assisted. He was big and smooth and well fed. "Yes, I see it's you," he continued. "They told me at Mike's that I might find you over here. Let me see you a few minutes, Mac."

The captain lifted himself with a grunt of alacrity. If Charlie Finnegan had come down in the bottomless pit to seek him there must be something doing. Charlie guided him by an arm into a patch of shadow.

"You know, Mac," he said, "they're trying Inspector Pickering on graft charges."

"He was my inspector," said the captain.

"O'Shea wants the job," went on Finnegan. "He must have it. It's for the good of the organization. Pickering must go under. Your testimony will do it. He was your 'man higher up' when you were on the force. His share of the boodle passed through your hands. You must go on the stand and testify against him."

"He was"— began the captain.

"Wait a minute," said Finnegan. A bundle of yellowish stuff came out of his inside pocket. "Five hundred dollars in it for you—two-fifty on the spot and the rest"—

"He was my friend, I say," finished the captain. "I'll see you and the gang and the city and the party in the flames of hades before I'll take the stand against Dan Pickering. I'm down and out, but I'm no traitor to a man that's been my friend." The captain's voice rose and boomed like a split trombone. "Get out of this park, Charlie Finnegan, where us thieves and tramps and boozers are your betters, and take your dirty money with you."

Finnegan drifted out by another walk. The captain returned to his seat.

"I couldn't avoid hearing," said Murray drearily. "I think you are the biggest fool I ever saw."

"What would you have done?" asked the captain.

"Nailed Pickering to the cross," said Murray.

"Sonny," said the captain huskily and without heat, "you and me are different. New York is divided into two parts—above Forty-second street and below Fourteenth. You came from the other part. We both act according to our lights."

An illuminated clock above the trees retailed the information that it lacked the half hour of 12. Both men rose from the bench and moved away together as if seized by the same idea. They left the park, struck through a narrow cross street and came into Broadway, at this hour as dark, echoing and depeopled as a byway in Pompeii.

Northward they turned, and a policeman who glanced at their unkempt and slinking figures withheld the attention and suspicion that he would have granted them at any other hour and place, for on every street in that part of the city other unkempt and slinking figures were shuffling and hurrying toward a converging point—a point that is marked by no monument save that groove on the pavement worn by tens of thousands of waiting feet.

At Ninth street a tall man wearing an opera hat alighted from a Broadway car and turned his face westward. But he saw Murray, pounced upon him and dragged him under a street light. The captain lumbered slowly to the corner, like a wounded bear, and waited, growling.

"Jerry!" cried the hatted one. "How fortunate! I was to begin a search for you tomorrow. The old gentleman has capitulated. You're to be restored to favor. Congratulate you. Come to the office in the morning and get all the money you want. I've liberal instructions in that respect."

"And the little matrimonial arrangement?" said Murray, with his head turned sidewise.

"Why—er—well, of course your uncle understands—expects that the engagement between you and Miss Vanderhurst shall be"—

"Good night!" said Murray, moving away.

"You madman!" cried the other, catching his arm. "Would you give up two millions on account of"—

"Did you ever see her nose, old man?" asked Murray solemnly.

"But listen to reason, Jerry. Miss Vanderhurst is an heiress, and"—

"Did you ever see it?"

"Yes, I admit that her nose isn't"—

"Good night," said Murray. "My friend is waiting for me. I am quoting him when I authorize you to report that there is 'nothing doing.' Good night."

A wriggling line of waiting men extended from a door in Tenth street far up Broadway on the outer edge of the pavement. The captain and Murray fell in at the tail of the quivering millipede.

"Twenty feet longer than it was last night," said Murray, looking up at his measuring angle of Grace church.

"Half an hour," growled the captain, "before we get our punk."

The city clocks began to strike 12. The bread line moved forward slowly, its leathern feet sliding on the stones with the sound of a hissing serpent as they who had lived according to their lights closed up in the rear.

TAFT'S INJUNCTIONS.

I ask that every responsible and fair-minded labor leader, every responsible and fair-minded member of a labor organization, read these (Taft's) injunctions for himself. If he will do so, instead of condemning them he will heartily approve of them and will recognize this further astonishing fact that the principles laid down by Judge Taft in these very injunctions, which laboring people are asked to condemn, are themselves the very principles which are now embodied in the laws or practices of every responsible labor organization. The principles which he therein so wisely and fearlessly laid down serve as a charter of liberty for all of us, for wage workers, for employers, or the general public; for they rest on the principles of fair dealing for all, of even-handed justice for all. They mark the judge who rendered them as standing for the rights of the whole people; as far as daylight is from darkness, so far is such a judge from the time-server, the truckler to the mob, or the cringing tool of great, corrupt and corrupting corporations.—President Roosevelt.

CURE FOR BURNS.

How to Quickly Stop Them From Being Painful.

The following cure for burns is given with approval in the report of the inspectors of factories for Ontario. The suffering caused by a burn upon the skin, whether small or great, is intense, as every one knows, and medical science has only been able thus far to palliate the pain, but not to remove it entirely. Chance led to the discovery in the Paris Charity hospital of a remedy which, it is claimed, will cause burns to cease from being painful as soon as it is applied and which will cause injured flesh to heal with marvelous rapidity, says Chamber's Journal. Dr. Thierry, one of the surgeons, was in the habit of using picric acid as an antiseptic, and his hands were therefore impregnated with the solution. One day in lighting a cigarette a portion of the burning match fell on his hands, but instead of feeling it he noticed not the slightest pain. A short time afterward while sealing a letter some of the burning wax stuck to his finger, and, though it cauterized the skin, he felt no sensation.

This set him thinking, and he arrived at the conclusion that the acid had, to use his own words, acted upon the tissues and tightened them. He began a series of experiments in treating burns with a saturated solution of picric acid. All pain was instantly suppressed. He says in his report that after having bathed the wound in a solution of this acid blisters did not form and a cure was effected after four or five days. The only inconvenience was that the acid, which is commercially used in the manufacture of dyes, colored the skin yellow, but these stains rapidly disappeared when washed with boric acid.

How to Destroy Blister Beetles.

Look out for the blister beetles, more scientifically known as lytta—long, slim, grayish black bugs that about this time of the year suddenly appear in swarms. They have a great liking for clematis and Japanese anemones and usually touch nothing else as long as these last. These voracious eaters will clean up a large vine in two or three days' time, leaving only bare stalks. They should be fought promptly and vigorously and none left alive. One way to do this is for several to attack them at once. Jar the vines and every beetle drops to the ground in a counterfeit death, but only for a moment, and then they scamper off at a lively space. Quick work with clubs while the bugs play possum will finish most of them if several unite in the work. An hour later the same thing can be repeated. Another way is to use insect powder, puffing the powder in a cloud of dust over the vines. It kills every beetle it touches and is the easiest way of all. Repeat the dust shower if more beetles appear, for the insect powder soon loses its power after the oxygen of the air strikes it.

The Force of Habit.

A certain accountant is so devoted to his profession that when he has nothing else to do he casts up his eyes.

A PRINCESS NOW

The Former Countess de Castellane as Bride of Prince de Sagan.

Photographers keep on the trail of the Prince and Princess de Sagan, and their honeymoon can hardly be said to be a quiet one. The snapshot reproduced in the picture was obtained

SNAPSHOT OF THE PRINCESS DE SAGAN.

shortly after the brief and informal ceremonies which made the daughter of the late Jay Gould the wife of the French prince. The informality of these nuptials was in contrast to the doings when she married Count Boni de Castellane. The recent marriage seemed more like the wedding of two ordinary middle class people than the union of one of the richest of American heiresses to a scion of one of the oldest and noblest houses of Europe. However, the bride wore a stunning gown of white cloth and Paris make with a splendid lace collar on this occasion, and a "Merry Widow" hat and necklace of pearls completed her costume.

An Ambidextrous Stenographer.

The late John J. McElhone, for so many years head of the corps of stenographers of the house of representatives at Washington, broke his right arm below the elbow. It remained in a weakened condition so long that he grew impatient and quickly learned to take his notes with the left hand. In after years it was interesting to watch him use first one hand and then the other. Stenography got to be so easy with McElhone that he was often known to carry on a conversation with a member and keep up his reporting at the same time.

Some Famous Salt Lakes.

The Dead sea is forty miles long and nine miles wide. The Great Salt lake is seventy miles long and eighty miles wide, the largest body of brine in the world. There is evidence to show that once the Great Salt lake was at least 350 miles in length and 150 in width, nine times its present area. The Dead sea contains about 24 per cent of solids, one-third of which is pure salt, while of the 23 per cent of solid matter in the waters of Great Salt lake nearly all is salt.

Russia's National Anthem.

Russia's present national anthem is probably the only one that was ever adopted as the result of an open competition. The musical committee appointed to do the first rough work of selection rejected all the anthems sent in except two, the respective merits of which were left for the emperor himself to determine. One was by Glinka, the renowned composer of "Life For the Czar." The other was by Lvoff. Glinka's hymn was thoroughly Russian in character and in the form of a march. Lvoff's was more solemn, but much less original. He knew, however, that a highly military style of instrumentation would appeal to the imperial ear, and his drums and trumpets decided Nicholas in favor of it.

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody, Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formulæ, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great, blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet *does cure* all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" *in time* and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a *thorough* and *fair* trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

"A STATESMAN WITH A CONSCIENCE."

Description of the Republican Presidential Candidate by Senator Borah of Idaho.

(From Senator Borah's Boston Speech.)

"Now, it seems to be conceded by friend and foe that few men have been nominated for the presidency whose experience, whose training and whose sound and wholesome fashion of grasping and dealing with public questions were equal to those of William H. Taft.

"He is not a crusader, he is a statesman with conscience. He has won his present position through a cheerful, unhesitating and undeviating devotion to duty, through actually achieving things on the open field of action, through an intelligent conception of the strength and worth of our great government with its checks and balances; and the strength and capacity of our citizenship with its loyalty and its patriotism.

"No man ever had a deeper regard for the fundamental principles and precepts upon which this government is founded, and no one ever had a firmer conviction that the constitution is a sufficient chart by which to measure all rights and obligations and to gauge all the demands and all the aspirations and restrain and control all the recklessness of this indomitable race of ours. Trained in the law, eleven years on the bench, he explored well the sources of jurisprudence and carried away from his work an everlasting devotion to order and justice.

"Under all circumstances and under all emergencies, he has proved himself a brave, clean-minded, self-poised and courageous statesman. No man can put his finger upon a little or cowardly act, an incompetent or questionable piece of public service—no stain upon his private life, no shadow upon his public career. And standing now in the full fierce light which beats upon a throne, with eager eyes scrutinizing every act of a long and arduous public career, no doubt arises as to his experience and ability, no challenge comes to his fine sense of duty or his patriotism."

I believe our strong party, with its great principles is only in its infancy. Our glory as a nation has but just begun. There are mighty problems yet to be solved, grave questions to be answered, complex issues to be wrought out, but I believe we can trust the Grand Old Party and its leaders to care for the entire future of our Nation and of our people as it has cared for them so well in the past.—Hon. James S. Sherman.

In Des Moines Mr. Bryan talked free trade, in Indianapolis sailed into corporations, and in Topeka proclaimed the necessity of the guarantee of bank deposits. Mr. Bryan is geographically adjustable at a moment's notice, and never dismayed when one of his paramount issues blows up.

Where Idols Are Eaten.

At certain seasons in some parts of India it is the duty of every devout person to eat a special sort of confectionery. Every confectioner in October, for instance, has a pole about six feet high at his door, and to this is nailed a great hook about a foot long and thick in proportion. On one side of this is a brisk fire, with a huge earthen pan on it. Before the pan a man may be seen sitting, for nobody stands when he can sit, with a kind of wooden ladle, and with this he briskly stirs a quantity of bubbling, black looking sugar till it becomes quite tough. He then scrapes it together and puts it on a piece of board to cool a little, and then, getting up and dexterously throwing it on the large hook, he begins to pull out the tough substance. He draws it out to the length of four or five feet at a time and throws it back and elongates it again, and so he manipulates it till the mass becomes as white as snow. This composition so treated is manufactured in all sorts of sacred forms—figures of little idols and gods—and is eagerly bought for consumption.—Strand Magazine.

Had a Close Call.

Mrs Ada L Croom, the widely known proprietor of the Croom hotel, Vaughn, Miss, says: "For months I suffered with a severe cough, and consumption seemed to have its grip on me, when a friend recommended Dr King's New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles effected a complete cure." The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer, is world wide. Sold at Moro Pharmacy, 50c and $1; trial bottle free.

SEEDS

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Watkins Remedys

Until further notice I will not carry with me on my trips over the county any medicines, salves or liniments; but a full stock will be kept on hand at my store and all mail orders will be promptly filled.

Alex. Hunter, Agt., Demoss, Oregon

POLK'S GAZETTEER

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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, towit: 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 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, towit, 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 H UPTON,
7ta28o9-306] 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 H Stanley, of Ajax, Oregon, who, on December 14, 1903, made Homestead Entry (serial No. 0817) No. 13191, 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.

*5tsl1o9] C. W. MOORE, Register

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 the order of the Hon Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 27th day of August, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 4th day of September, 1908.

TYSON KINSELL,
7ts4o16-306] Attorney for Plaintiff

SUMMONS—

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon county of Sherman.

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.

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; 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 & LEMON,
7ta11o23-308] Attorneys for Plaintiff

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.

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CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL, for the East via Huntington.	8.30 a.m.	8.20 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop.
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	3.45 a.m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.45 p.m. no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11.39 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 full information call on or address

Wm. McMURRAY
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No12 March 8, 1908 STATIONS	Northbound passenger 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

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

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Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4 50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

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

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, towit: 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. FREEMAN,
7ts18o30-309] Attorney for Plaintiff