The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... ..FEB. 12, 1909

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Lincoln as a Literary Man

1809—The Lincoln Centenary—1909

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

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LINCOLN'S STUMP SPEECH IN THE HAYFIELD.

ABRAHAM Lincoln had the soul of a poet. He loved Shakespeare and Burns, whom he quoted by rote, and had in his memory many fugitive pieces to be brought forth as suited his mood. The favorite of all these was one he himself made famous beginning, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Holmes' "Last Leaf" was also frequently on his lips, as were many others in a similar vein.

Frank B. Carpenter tells of Lincoln quoting Shakespeare with such power that he suggested the president had missed his calling and should have taken to the stage. Lincoln, however, played on a larger stage, with the ages for his audience.

Terseness, clearness, unity, are the most prominent characteristics of the martyr president's style. Where did this child of the frontier learn his use of English? Some of his utterances have become classics. How did he, with but a few weeks' schooling in his entire life, learn to write gems as durable as the language?

He himself has answered the question. He read Bunyan, Aesop, Shakespeare, Burns and the Bible. He could scarcely have had better models. He did more. When the traveling politicians stopped at his father's house they talked of the questions then agitating the country. The child had difficulty in understanding them and after climbing the ladder to his bed of leaves in the loft would lie awake for hours seeking to puzzle out what they meant. Then he would try to phrase their sentiments in simpler and clearer language, in words that any child could understand. Does not that shed a flood of light on the marvelous terseness, simplicity and clearness of his style? I know of nothing more inspiring except Benjamin Franklin's attempt to reproduce the thoughts of Joseph Addison without memorizing the language in order that by means of the comparison he might improve his own style.

Whenever he heard a sermon young Abraham would come home and try to reproduce it for the benefit of the family. Whenever there was a lull in the hayfield he would mount a stump and deliver a speech. At home he would write on the wooden shovel and shave it off, repeating the performance until the shovel was all shaved away. His means of expression were so limited he had to be terse. It would be a public blessing if all authors were forced to learn the same fine economy of words.

Lincoln even tried to write verse, but why detract from his fame by reproducing his poetry? It was about as bad as it could have been. Nevertheless he had a poet's soul, even though he was not a success at jingling his words and chopping them off at certain machine lengths. Few American poems contain more poetry than some of Lincoln's prose.

I remember once seeing in the offices of the New York World this motto: "Accuracy, terseness, accuracy. J. P." On the next post it occurred again: "Accuracy, terseness, accuracy. J. P." It was hung all over the reporters' rooms. It was one of the secrets of Joseph Pulitzer's power in building up the World and his other papers.

Mr. Lincoln's style answers that test perfectly. He was accurate because he could not be otherwise. He had to state even his opponent's position fully, fairly and completely. He could not be vague and uncertain in his use of facts. His logical mind would not permit him to wander from the truth. He was just as accurate in the statement of a principle as in the statement of a fact. He reduced everything to its primary elements. His arguments thus were as clear as sunlight. Accuracy was in his mental constitution. Terseness he imposed on himself.

The address at Cooper Union is an excellent example of his longer efforts. An examination of it gives a good idea of Lincoln's methods. It is compacted of facts. There is no flamboyant oratory, no appeal to prejudice or passion, no cheap parade of language or tricks of phrase. He takes the one theme of the attitude of the country's founders on the subject of slavery and proves it, demonstrates it, until there is scarcely another word to be said on the subject. He shows beyond any question of doubt that they had in view the gradual limitation and ultimate extinction of the "peculiar institution." With Lincoln it was facts, facts, facts, logic, logic, logic. He gestured little, his chief gesture being a downright sledge hammer blow. He was terribly in earnest. His voice was high and penetrating, but not unpleasant. At first he was awkward, but soon forgot himself and all awkwardness left him. He dealt with the substance of things, and that gave him his power.

1809—The Lincoln Centenary—1909

Lincoln's Education

He Actually Walked Miles to Borrow a Grammar and Went to School All His Life

By James A. Edgerton

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MOST of the presidents have been college men. The greatest of them, Washington and Lincoln, were not. Lincoln indeed had little formal schooling of any sort. And those who taught him were better fitted for mauling rails—and boys—than they were for teaching. According to his own word, there was less than a year all told of even this indifferent instruction. As a matter of fact, however, Abraham Lincoln went to school all his life, and he had a better teacher than any of these—himself. He was as hungry for knowledge as the average growing boy is for food. He literally devoured books, any kind of books, including the Bible and the dictionary. Books were as scarce then as new novels worth reading are now. As a result this lad with the starving mind read and reread many times every book he could procure. As Shakespeare, Aesop, the "Arabian Nights" and the prophets were among his authors, it can be seen how much better off he was than those who are flooded by latter day fustian.

Indeed, the meagerness of the future president's schooling was by no means an unmixed evil. What he did get he digested. Like Franklin, he tried to reproduce it, thus gaining a style of his own. Such a mental appetite had he that he even devoured the statutes of Indiana with as much eagerness as the schoolgirl of today reads Laura Jean Libbey. At least I presume that schoolgirls read her. Somebody must or she would not write.

It is said that Lincoln also read that impossible book, "Weems' Life of Washington," which has spread more misinformation about the Father of His Country than is told about most great men, which is literally speaking volumes. The only redeeming thing about Weems is that he wrote of Washington, and it was for this that Lincoln appreciated him. I do not know whether Washington could tell a lie or not, but I do know that both Weems and Sparks could and did. Fortunately for Lincoln, most of his biographers have been on speaking terms with verity and did not seek to elevate their hero into a demigod by placing him on a tall pedestal of eulogistic lies. George Washington was very much of a man, and it will pay the world to forget Weems and Sparks and get acquainted with the first president as he was.

Read every book he could procure.

Such an omnivorous reader was Lincoln that he actually walked miles to borrow a grammar in order that he might read that. He doubtless would have read the Congressional Record if he could have got it. The only people who read the Congressional Record nowadays are the members whose speeches are printed there. They never get a chance to deliver the great bulk of these speeches in congress, so the Record is the only outlet for their pent-up eloquence. The government printing office thus becomes the legislative safety valve. Still, that is hardly a truthful figure of speech, as there is no steam behind this oratory. As for gas, it never explodes without fire, and there is not a scintilla of fire in these speeches. It is fortunate for Lincoln and the world that the Record was withheld from him. Think about a trusting, famishing, eager eyed boy being turned loose to wander in that desert!

There is one other advantage in the Lincoln style of education. It at least left his individuality unimpaired. He was not put into a hopper and ground into the semblance of every other young man that went through the same mill. He remained as God made him, not as some board of trustees and professors tried to make him over. He was not subjected to the deadening process of educational uniformity. If there is anything that has made this Anglo-Saxon civilization worth while it has been the work of those who dared to protest and revolt, the independent, the revolutionist and the nonconformist. We have stood up for our individuality, the dearest gift of God to man. Variety makes life bearable. The whole movement of art, of civilization, of progress, is away from the stupidly regular, spiritlessly uniform, deadeningly monotonous, that would make all men on the same intellectual pattern. That all who go through the average university hopper do not have the divine spark quenched is due to the fact that their God-made individuality is stronger than the man-made molds in which they are placed. If one may order a suit of clothes to fit his individual shape, why may he not order an education also fitted to his needs? Why is an embryo poet and a merchant in the making fed the same mental food? The elective system in education has a small start, thank God, and that beginning will grow, let us hope, until public schools and universities will try to develop and bring out the peculiar difference, genius and individuality of pupils rather than seek to dwarf and repress.

The revolt against this dead level of uniformity in education is the same as that against straight lines and geometrical figures in landscape gardening, against the severely regular in art and against the stiff, the unnatural and the artificial in all departments of life. There is nothing so hideous as a row of houses made on the same pattern except a row of men made the same way. God gives us infinite variety, and we shall have a very much more interesting, creative and worth while world when we get sense enough to follow God's lead. The internal world of the individual is the most real, the most precious and the most holy thing we know. It is time that we learned to respect and venerate this thing fresh from God and made in his image. If the gardener is delicate in his treatment of the flower, how much more delicate should we be in our treatment of the individuality which is the flower of the soul!

Lincoln's form of self imparted education may have left him lacking in polish and in some sorts of culture, but it still left him Lincoln with all his virility and piquant personality, and the world is infinitely thankful for the result.

According to the omniscient Dennis Hanks, what little schooling young Abe got was due to his mother and afterward to his stepmother. "Abe was som'ers round nine years old," says Dennis, "but he never got over the mizable way his mother died. I reck on it was thinkin' o' Nancy an' things she'd said to him that started Abe to studyin' that next winter. * * * 'Abe,' she'd say, 'you l'arn all you kin an' be some account,' an' she'd tell him stories about George Washington an' say that Abe had just as good Virginny blood in him as Washington. Maybe she stretched things some, but it done Abe good."

Here is more from the same source: "'Denny,' Abe 'd say, 'the things I want to know is in books. My best friend's the man who'll git me one.'" The following, too, is from Dennis, still quoting Abe: "'Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions,' he'd say. 'I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. There's so darned many things I want to know. An' how else am I goin' to git to know 'em?'"

Poor starved child—starved in mind if not in body! Little did he dream that the world one day would be as eager to know of him as he then was to know of "things!" What tricks time plays! How could Pontius Pilate imagine the man he permitted to be executed would be powerful enough in death to conquer and outlive the Roman empire? How could the boy Lincoln foresee that his name would become the most loved of the nineteenth century?

The miracles of history! To him who reads them understandingly they are an ever unfolding revelation, a romance full of surprises, a gospel written in letters of gold by the ever moving finger of the divine. That this backwoods boy should become the chief figure in one of the world's greatest epochs—where does fiction furnish anything more romantic or improbable? One never gets over the surprise of it. The way Lincoln walked from his bed of husks to the presidency, the thrilling story of his nomination, the simple strength and patience with which he met the greatest of wars, the leaps and bounds by which he grew in the nation's and the world's esteem, his quiet faith in his second nomination and election, a faith fully justified by events, and finally the sense of personal bereavement felt by everybody at his death—all of this reads more like a tale from some divine legend, an account of some mythical hero, than a chapter from the newest of nations in our own times.

Who can fathom the education of a great soul? Who knows what forces and intelligences are testing and tempering it for its coming work? We talk glibly of Lincoln's training, but what do we see of it? Behind our knowledge are veils on veils unlifted? We do not know ourselves. How should we know one of the immortals!

Lincoln was one of those universal, many sided men who are beheld differently by every spectator. He had in him some correspondence to each of those he met, and they, beholding this, imagined they had seen the whole of him. He could seem to be giving away all his points or disclosing all his plans the while he was concealing and holding in reserve his main contention or chief design. It is never well to underrate these simple men. The very ones who are so transparent are the ones who have depths on depths we have not penetrated.

To the frontiersman Lincoln was a frontiersman; to the lawyer, a lawyer; to the politician, a shrewd party captain; to the statesman, a statesman; to the sorrowing mother, a sympathetic, tender listener, meeting all on the level, each according to his kind. This was no unsophisticated backwoodsman. This was a master of men, knowing how to shape, how to persuade and how to order. This was a keen sighted politician, a man with a far look into the future. This was a diplomat, with skill to steer away from complications with a foreign power, with skill also to win and hold the common people on whom he relied. Where did he learn it all? Right here we approach Lincoln's chief education. He imbibed all this from himself and from other men. He studied human nature—both in himself and in those he met. It was often remarked of him that every man with whom he came in contact he pumped dry. He found out all this man had to give him, extracting not only the essence of his knowledge, but perceiving the essence of the man himself. Lincoln also learned how to resolve each problem into its simplest elements. This was the most valuable lesson of all. Having schooled himself to go into fundamentals, he followed the same process in each matter that came before him. His humor aided him here, for it showed him the absurd and the incongruous. These two faculties, together with his strong logic and common sense, enabled him to strip the sham from the real and to go straight to the heart of every question. These powers were self acquired. They could scarcely have been imparted by any school or training whatsoever.

There were a wisdom and a culture in the spirit of Lincoln higher than any outward education could have bestowed. It was this inner beauty, not the outer homeliness, that was the real Lincoln.

It is this part of him that we must discover. If we do not find the soul of this meek but lofty man we miss the choicest and best of the blessing he has to give us. He was not an accident, for there are no accidents in God's humanity. He was a divine messenger sent to lead us in our dark hour and chosen unerringly by the instinct of the people. We do not know the mysteries that bring forth such miracles of human character as that of Lincoln, but we do know enough to recognize the divine impulse behind them. They are signs of the beneficent purpose that shapes the ways of humanity toward better things than we had foreseen or hoped.

THE PASSING OF WAR.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Peace, and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

His Face Not His Fortune.

In the wilds of the North island, among the members of the Arawa tribe, there lives a Maori whose face in bygone days carried with it conditions that the owner is pleased were not fulfilled. An artist looking for "subjects" was struck with the exceptional elaborate tattooing on the man's cheek, nose and forehead. The artist at once selected him as a type of the ancient Maori, but the members of the tribe, however, said that he was a "nobody" and did not deserve the honor accorded to him. They explained that he had been a slave and that his face had been splendidly tattooed in order that his head could be sold at a great price in the days when traffic in dried heads was a lucrative calling for the chiefs and notables. The man evidently circumvented the commercial instincts of his master until the grewsome trade was abolished, and after that, of course, his face was no longer a menace to his head.—Wairarapa Times.

Scripts and Manuscripts.

When a novelist delivers the manuscript of a book to his publisher his troubles are over. He can go away and forget about it or sit down and write another book. But when a dramatist turns over the "script" of his play to the stage manager his troubles have just begun; also, for that matter, his fun, for putting on a play is probably the most trying and amusing experience of the whole writing industry.

In fiction the author designs and finishes the whole work, from conception to execution, like a painter of pictures. The manuscript of his story is practically the finished product as it comes to the consumer, except that it is typewriting instead of type. But the manuscript of a play is no more a play which people will pay money to see than an architect's blueprint is a house for a family to live in.—Collier's Weekly.

Blue coral, which is the most precious kind, is obtained in the bay of Benin.

Broadening Jethro.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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The town could boast no "Seeing Concordia Car," but had one of the ubiquitous omnibuses carried visitors through the pleasant, shaded streets it is certain that Jethro Hawkins would have been pointed out as one of the objects of local interest along with the bank, and pulp mill and the house where Washington had slept when passing through the town.

In the absence of sightseers Hawkins was an object of unfeigned interest to his fellow townspeople, more especially the women, for a confirmed bachelor is ever the cynosure of matchmakers.

Other cavaliers came and wooed and won or were dismissed to woo again, but Jethro's infatuation for Andadra Wayland could be counted upon as a topic of conversation year in and year out.

When Jethro had been a great, gawky lad of nineteen and Andadra a sentimental slip of seventeen-year-old femininity he had kissed her and had asked her to wait for him. Afterward he never could tell how he had achieved either the kiss or the question.

Jethro was now thirty and Andadra twenty-eight, and they were still waiting, because Jethro was thrown into a panic at the very sight of a woman.

Andadra was patient and said "No" to half a score of suitors, but still Jethro did not speak, so the whole town, knowing the situation, came to take an interest in the affair.

That Jethro was in love was above question. Love shone in his eager blue eyes. Despairing adoration was betrayed in every line of the dejected figure.

"I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE FOR ME ANY MORE, JETH."

If tongue could have spoken his love as eloquently as his eyes Concordia's matchmakers would have ceased to worry.

Then suddenly Jethro went away. Connected with his departure was no incident, but his return was eventful.

To be sure, he planned to spend a week end with his grandmother, but to Concordians a journey of 200 miles was something more than an event, and practically the whole town saw Jethro off.

It gave him a rather good opinion of himself, and he bore himself with dignity on the journey. He assumed the airs of a traveler of long experience, and when the time came for his return he approached the railroad station with none of the embarrassment he had felt when he went to take the train at Concordia.

He even lingered on the platform until the last moment instead of climbing aboard the train the moment it pulled into the station. With a blase air he let one or two cars slip past him, and he swung himself aboard by the rail of the rear platform.

He threw open the door and passed through the corridor of the sleeper. In the wash room half a dozen men were playing cards with a suit case for a table. Most of them were coatless, and their collars and ties had been removed in the heat of the game. Jethro hurried on. He did not want a seat in the sleeper; it cost more money.

He knew that the day coaches were just ahead and vaguely wondered why one sleeper should be in the rear when all the others were up front ahead of the ordinary coaches. When he issued from the corridor he stood rooted to the floor in amazement.

Instead of the decorous, well groomed city travelers he had expected to find, some twenty flashily dressed women were scattered through the car.

As he appeared one tiny little woman with hair obviously bleached set up a cry of "Look who's here!" and the other nineteen obeyed the command. Now, even a city man may well quail before twenty actresses. What chance had Jethro against their raillery?

He was good looking, with an athletic figure, but his clothes and his manner bespoke the man of the small town. His confusion was immensely diverting to the women members of the burlesque company, who were only too appreciative of a break in the monotony of travel.

In a moment they had flocked about him and were plying him with questions. Stammeringly he explained that he was merely making his way toward the forward part of the train. They would not accept the explanation.

"Now, honest, Reuben, you came to visit us!" cried the little soubrette. "You're a sly old boy, and you can't get out of it that way. Sit down and tell us your name and all about yourself. Your name is Reuben, isn't it?"

"It's Jethro," he explained, vaguely conscious that "Reuben" held some hidden meaning not altogether free from sarcasm. "It's Jethro Hawkins, and I didn't come to see you. I got on the tail end of the train, and I want to go to one of the regular cars. I don't know what this car is, but I guess it's a lunatic asylum."

A roar of laughter greeted the comment, and the soubrette patted the bronzed cheek appreciatively.

"You're all right, Jethro," she cried laughingly. "This isn't the foolish foundry on wheels, though it will be if we have to have many more of these long jumps. This is the Gotham Gaiety Girls company, and we're awfully pleased to meet you. This car won't be cut off for three hours yet, and we can have a nice long visit."

"I don't want no visit," declared Jethro, but his wishes counted for naught. The company was train tired and welcomed the diversion of his unexpected call.

They enjoyed Jethro's embarrassment, which amounted almost to terror, and when he sought to push his way forward they clung to his neck, and he was forced to sit down, if only to escape the white arms that detained him.

Almost before he realized it he was chatting with the crowd as though he had known them for years. The men had come into the car from the card game and taken a part in the fun, and when at last they began to get ready for their journey's end he really regretted their going.

When their special car was cut off he waved them a farewell from the rear of the last day coach and then went forward to the smoker for the remainder of the trip.

It was late in the afternoon when the train halted at Concordia and Jethro descended the steps. Andadra was not on the station platform, but as Jethro was driven home in the village bus he passed the girl on her way to the postoffice.

"Leave my grip with the folks, Jim," he cried as he dropped from the step of the vehicle and, to the astonishment of the onlookers, raced after Andadra. But none of them was more astonished than the girl, for Jethro came up with a jauntiness that in him was astonishing.

"I wanted to tell you that I'm coming over tonight to see you," he explained. "I've something I want to tell you," he added importantly.

"Anything you can't tell me now?" asked the girl wonderingly.

"Oh, I don't know," was the assured response. "I just want to ask you to marry me, and I meant to do it right in your own sitting room. But I guess there's no time like the present. Will you have me?"

"I thought you were never going to speak," said Andadra, beaming her delight. "I thought you didn't care for me any more, Jeth."

"Been caring 'bout eleven years," told Jethro, "but I always seemed afraid to speak. I guess travel must broaden a fellow."

Andadra nodded her happy assent, but Jethro wisely forbore to tell her that the guying and the frank friendliness of the Gotham Gaiety Girls had cured his fear of her sex. He felt somehow that Andadra would not understand.

An Easy Problem.

Prove that 9 taken from 6 and 10 taken from 9 and 50 taken from 40 when all added together is only 6. Easy when you know how. Take IX (9) from SIX and you have S left; take X (10) from IX (9) and you have I left; take L (50) from XL (40) and you have X left, and when you add S and I and X together you have SIX, haven't you?—Pathfinder.

A Common Cold

We claim that if catching cold could be avoided some of the most dangerous and fatal diseases would never be heard of. A cold often forms a culture bed for germs of infectious diseases. Consumption, pneumonia, diphtheria and scarlet fever, four of the most dangerous and fatal diseases, are of this class. The culture bed formed by the cold favors the development of the germs of these diseases, that would not otherwise find lodgment. There is little danger however of any of these diseases being contracted when a good expectorant cough medicine like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is used. It cleans out these culture beds that favor the development of the germs of the diseases. This is why this remedy has proven so universally successful in preventing pneumonia. It not only cures your cold quickly but minimizes all risk of contracting these dangerous diseases. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

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No 78 O.E.S.

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Mrs Helen Parry, Secy

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J. O Elliott, N. G.
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640 acres, the best improved farm in the county; house cost $2,500, barn and water works cost $2,500; nice lawn and good outhouses of all kinds, for $28 per acre. Only one mile to haul grain to market; $4,000 down, the balance on good terms.

I have a farm in Morrow county consisting of 727½ acres; good wheat land plenty of water; 1½ mile from post office. $20 per acre. Would entertain an exchange proposition.

486 acres at $30 per acre, plenty of water, good house and barn, is in one of the best localities in Sherman county This is one of the best bargains I have.

320 Acres, as good farm land as there is in Sherman county, for $11,200 on easy terms; 1½ miles from station, good well of water, fair house and barn.

320 Acre farm, one of the best in the county, good house and barn, well of water, nice orchard; $2,800 down, the balance on easy terms at 6 percent, interest.

160 Acres, two good wells, about 90 acres good farm land, a snap at $12.00 per acre.

$550 will buy a 5-room cottage in the city of Kent. Will take a good team in part payment.

House and lot in the city of Grass Valley; good well of water; known as the old Holder place; $300 will buy it.

Moro Property.

$900 00 will buy a 9-room house and lot; house fitted with electric lights and patent closet, good location. Will take good team as part payment.

$550 buys a 5-room 1½ story house and 2 lots; call for terms.

$500 will buy 2-story building with basement, in good location for business. Only half what the lumber cost that is in the building.

I also have two houses and lots in Mowry's Addition to Moro; will sell cheap. Call for terms.

$500 buys house and two lots opposite Moro M. E. Church. Easy terms.

$1,600 buys 5-room house with bath room. Good well of water and 12 lots; will take part trade.

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

Rachel E Rynbergen, Plaintiff,
vs.
H O Rynbergen, Defendant.

To H O Rynbergen, 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 26th day of February 1909, 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 E. V. Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 13th day of January, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 15th day of January, 1909.

S. R. Harrington, Attorney for Plaintiff

7tj15f26 322]

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

Konstantyn Swierzbinskey, Plaintiff,
vs.
Emmila Swierzbinskey, Defendant. } Summons.

To Emmila Swierzbinskey, 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 5th day of March, 1909, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to answer or otherwise plead within said time the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in his complaint on file herein, to-wit, for a decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant and for such other and further reliefs as to the court may seem equitable in the premises.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published at Moro, Sherman county Oregon, for six weeks, seven issues, by order of the Honorable E. V. Littlefield, Circuit Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District, duly made and entered in this cause on the 19th day of January, 1909. The date of the first publication is January 22d, 1909. The date of the last publication is March 5th, 1909.

Collier & Collier, Attorneys for Plaintiff

7tj22m5 323]

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

Belle Roberts, Plaintiff,
vs.
Edgar Roberts, Defendant. }

To Edgar Roberts, 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 26th day of February, 1909, 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. E. V. Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 13th day of January, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 15th day of January, 1909.

S. R. Harrington, Attorney for Plaintiff

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O. R. & N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 Trains to The East Daily

Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City. Reclining chair-cars (seats free) to the East daily.

PORTLAND DEPOT.	Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East via Huntington.	8.30 a.m.	8.20 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8 00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.20p.m	8.45 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	11.30 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. 2.15 pm

Columbia and Willamette River.

For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Tiwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10 00 p. m. Arrives 5 00 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock. Leaves 7.00 a. m daily except Sunday. Arrives 5.30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash. Leave Riparia 5.40 a. m., or upon arrival train No 4, daily except Saturday. Arrive Riparia 4 p. m. daily except Friday.

For full information call on or address

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

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY

Southbound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 12 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	.....Sluks.....	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	Ray 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 ...	7.46
5.00 arv	70.0	... Shaniko...	7.15 a lv

For rates and information apply to

F. CRABTREE, Agent,
Moro, Or.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.,

Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route

EAST via SOUTH

Overland Express trains for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Stockton Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. Leaves Portland Union Depot, 3.45 p. m. Arrives 7.25 a. m., daily.

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

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

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

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4.50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10.40 p.m., arrives 1.50 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 4.15 p.m. Arrive Portland, 10.15 a.m.

The Independence-Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dallas and Independence.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe, also Japan, China, Honoluiu and Australia.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, Corner Third and Washington. Phone Main 721. Portland, Or.

C. W. STINGER, Gen'l Agt. Wm. McMURRAY Gen-Pass. Agt

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

G. Lewis Case, Plaintiff.
vs.
Florence Case, Defendant. }

To Florence Case, 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 26th day of February 1909, 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 13th day of January, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 15th day of January, 1909.

A. Hansen, Attorney for Plaintiff

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