The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....March 12, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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Lincoln the Man of Mercy

1809—The Lincoln Centenary—1909

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

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BLESSED BY THE TEARS OF A HUMBLE MOTHER.

OF all Mr. Lincoln's titles to fame that of "the liberator" is the most enduring. Of all his qualities that will endear him to the heart of the future that of his mercy, though the gentlest, will be most powerful. The hearts of men are moved to him whose heart is moved to others. The picture of Lincoln that will be longest treasured will be that of his shedding tears over the case of some mother whose soldier boy had been sentenced to death. The most immortal words that flowed from his pen were his signature to the emancipation proclamation and to the innumerable pardons which set the prisoners free.

The quality of mercy is not strained.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mighty. It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

So sang Lincoln's favorite poet, Shakespeare. Measured by this standard, our meek and patient American president was the most godlike ruler in history, for he showed most mercy.

War and force we have had long. The world does not need these. What she does need is love. The disinterested, divine compassion that would do good to all men, that would pardon the offender, that would take the chain from all hands and the tears from all eyes—it is this for which humanity thirsts.

Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Of Paul's immortal picture of love Abraham Lincoln was the most perfect incarnation seen in modern times. In his own life few men have been more righteous than he. It would be hard to place a finger on a single flaw in his conduct or his public or private morals. At the same time few men have been so indulgent or forgiving of lapses in others. Meanness or injustice aroused him to sudden fury, but mere weakness and human stumblings found him ever compassionate.

Judge Bates, Lincoln's attorney general, once said of his chief:

He lacks but one thing. * * * His deficiency is in the element of will. I have sometimes told him, for instance, that he was unfit to be intrusted with the pardoning power. Why, if a man comes to him with a touching story his judgment is almost certain to be affected by it. Should the applicant be a woman, a wife a mother or a sister, in nine cases out of ten her tears, if nothing else, are sure to prevail.

May it not be that Lincoln was right and his attorney general wrong? May it not be that this "quality of mercy," here denominated his one defect, may turn out his chief glory? He showed no lack of will in other things. No man could be more firm where a great principle was at stake. May this not be a case in which

Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice?

It seems to me if I had to throw away all pictures of Lincoln but one I would retain that of his being blessed by the tears of a humble mother whose son he had pardoned or of a humbler slave whose chains he had broken.

It was objected that his leniency interfered with discipline. Perhaps it did, but even that is open to question. Suppose we grant it, however? What then? Discipline is a great thing, but love is a greater. The world has been taught discipline for countless ages, but Abraham Lincoln's example of forbearance and mercy has sunk deeper into its heart and made more for righteousness than many years of discipline.

If men can be ruled more by love than fear, if an appeal to their better natures is more powerful than one to their lower selves, then Lincoln's new way of enforcing discipline is better than the old. He made all the soldiers feel that he was their friend. They observed better discipline because of their love for him. There were but few he pardoned, and it is not recorded that much, if any, harm came from them afterward, but the softening influence of his acts went out to the entire army, to the entire nation and to the ages. The poorest people loved him most. Those whose need for the leadership of a great soul is sorest turn with surest instinct to him. The reason is that he loved and trusted the plain people; he opened the prison doors; he turned the bondman free.

1809—The Lincoln Centenary—1909

Democracy of Lincoln

Loved the Common People and Was One of Them. Using an Enemy—"Public Opinion Baths."

By James A. Edgerton

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REAL greatness needs no trappings to make itself seem great. Thus the most noble and kingly souls have been most common and mean in their outer guise. Homer begged his bread. Buddha threw away his crown and became a mendicant. Socrates went barefooted. Jesus consorted with poor people and publicans. Savonarola wore a patched habit. Franklin was a printer, wrote mottoes for common folks and wore plain clothes at court. Robert Burns was a plowman. Abraham Lincoln throughout his life remained one of the plain people.

This was in no sense condescension on the part of the great souls. In many cases it arose from bitter necessity. In others it was their method of proclaiming themselves one with the most numerous class of men. It was their method of preaching the gospel of equality. It was their manner of showing contempt for outer distinctions, the trappings of show that small natures prize so much.

Democracy is a spiritual thing. Men are not equal in outer ways. They differ in talents, education, bodily form, heredity, wealth and all externals. They are only equal in fundamental manhood, in being children of a common Father. God is no respecter of persons. His rain falls on the just and unjust. His law—natural law—treats all the same. Human law must be modeled on this eternal law and thus must show no favoritism, must treat all alike, must be based on fundamental equality. Whenever it departs from that even by a hair it does violence to the divine and eternal plan.

Of those who attain the kingdom immortal the newest comer is equal to the oldest archangel. This is the model for all democratic institutions. They have their origin in the spiritual nature of things. They approximate the unerring and impartial justice of the sunshine and the attraction of gravitation.

Jesus was the first democrat. Lincoln was the most natural and unassuming democrat seen in modern times. It must be understood that this term is used in its original and fundamental, not its derived and partisan sense. I have no desire to arouse partisan clamor in seeking to convey an idea. Some things in partisan Democracy are as remote from real democracy as some things in institutional Christianity are remote from the teachings and life of the Nazarene.

There is more than a pleasantry in Lincoln's remark that "God must love the common people, he made so many of them." Like most of his humorous quips, that will bear serious study. Lincoln also said that nothing could be inherently wrong which most of the people practiced, or something to that effect. I am not so sure about that doctrine, but it shows the great liberator's attitude. It grew out of his overwhelming desire to make himself one with his fellow men, especially the poorest of his fellow men. He had not in his makeup one shred of the "holier than thou." He was the furthest removed from the Pharisee. He saw clearly the fundamental difference between democrat and aristocrat. He not only perceived this, but lived it. He did not feel himself better than others, but felt himself just as good as any man on the planet. This was the quality in him which has scarcely been analyzed, but which so endeared him to the mass of men. In his life he changed democracy from a theory to a practice. He incarnated it, so that all the world might see. His upholding of the plain people was not a pose. It was his method of building a government of the plain people through all the years that are to be. It was his method of recognizing mass against class, his profound plan of making the lowest strata of society better by thinking them better and so inducing them to think themselves better.

Small minds affect to despise the common. Great souls behold in that which is most common that which is most universal and therefore most divine. Herein is the deep philosophy of Lincoln's remark about God's love for the common people.

What is more common than the grass, yet what is more beautiful? Hills, mountains, rivers, forests, oceans—these are seen of all men, yet they are the most enchanting things of life. What flower is so common, yet so beautiful, as the rose?

So it is in men. That which is greatest in any mind is that which it has in common with all other minds. Genius is the power of stating fully and adequately what everybody else thinks. He is greatest who is most universal, who includes most of what is in others. If man is made in the image of God, then all men are made in the image of God, and he includes what is in all men. The more, therefore, that we can include of what is in others the more godlike we become. This is one part of the philosophy of democracy, a phase so amply and happily illustrated in the life of Lincoln.

But this divinity of the common is not all there is of democracy, nor all that Lincoln embodied of it. It is best for people to govern themselves because they thus develop their powers and bring out their inherent possibilities. One of the worst things about a monarchy is that the people learn to depend on the king to do for them what it would be better for them to do for themselves. By depending on another their own faculties became atrophied through lack of use. Thus the best one man government is worse than the worst popular government. If the masses lean on one or on a few all their own higher powers which are called forth in government remain dormant. Men are as good and as great for the most part as they think themselves. They can do what they are compelled to do. The reason that government is best which governs least is that it makes the individual do for himself. Use makes for growth. The man who has to use his will, his judgment and his inventiveness develops his will, his judgment and his inventiveness. Centuries of popular government, popular education, universal self respect, equality and freedom breed a race worthy of all these high attributes of the full grown man.

Lincoln Riding His Circuit.

Lincoln knew these things, and, what is better, he practiced them every day of his life. He wanted to get away from the littleness of class into the bigness of the mass. He knew the worst enemy of man is that very habit of separating ourselves from others because we think we are better than they. Because of conduct or convention or blood or dollars or some other purely external or accidental thing we exclude somebody. By so doing we exclude God, who is universal and has all in His image. By so doing we exclude our own complete and higher natures, for in us is a correspondence to all other beings. Caste is a prison to those in it and an insult to all others. It dwarfs the individual and divides the state. It is artificial and denies the universality of God's love. It is doomed to die with the other lies of an outworn age. Such souls as Lincoln have given the race a new and broader outlook. We now see he is greatest not who is most exclusive, but who is most inclusive. He is highest who has most completely and adequately what is in all other men. Common sense thus becomes the most precious kind of sense. It is the wisdom derived from all experience. That which is most common is most universal and that which is most universal is most divine. If we get deep enough into this philosophy, we shall have explained the homely anecdotes, the unassuming clothes and manners and the democratic attitude of Abraham Lincoln, likewise his love for the plain people. We have not had democracy as yet. He was the prophet of the democracy that is to be.

A kindred trait in Lincoln is likewise illuminative. He saw the clear distinction between private and public. He was most charitable to private faults the while he fought public ones. With the first he had little or no concern. They were none of his business. With the last he had every concern, for, he being a part of the state, the public faults to that extent were his faults. He was responsible for them, along with all other citizens. This attitude he carried through life. Rigidly opposing every public wrong, he was most lenient and merciful to the individual wrongdoer. He pardoned such whenever he could do so without injury to society.

The same tendency was shown in another way and brought on Lincoln criticism from his old Illinois friends and relatives. He refused for the most part to appoint them to office, holding that the private attachments of Lincoln the individual should in nowise influence the acts of Lincoln the president. He believed his old friends and neighbors to be incompetent for the offices they asked for. However much he wanted to accommodate them, however much their ill feeling would hurt him, he could not allow personal feelings of this nature to govern his acts as a public official. That would be akin to treason to the state. Nepotism was impossible to this pure minded man, and graft, private gain at public expense, would have seemed the greatest of crimes because a crime against society.

Just as he would not appoint his friends to office if he thought them incompetent, so he would not refrain from appointing his enemies if he thought the state needed their services. A conspicuous example is found in the naming of Edwin M. Stanton for secretary of war, at the time the most important place in the government second to that of the president himself. Stanton had been criticising Lincoln in the most persistent and offensive fashion. He had called him ape and other names quite as uncomplimentary. Once in a lawsuit in Cincinnati he had snubbed Lincoln and hurt him cruelly. But Stanton was a Union man and one of great energy and acknowledged ability. Mr. Lincoln believed him the man to place at the head of the war department. Notwithstanding Stanton's irascible temper and other faults the step has been approved by history. What other president, with the possible exception of Washington, was great enough to place a personal enemy in his official family on the sole ground that the nation needed him? Where was there ever a more perfect example of dividing private from public concerns?

On the circuit Lincoln rode at first an old horse and afterward drove a dilapidated looking buggy. He carried a faded umbrella and wore for the most part a hat that had seen better days. He was one of those meek and uncomplaining men that landlords and other like important personages imposed on. In the presidency he was open to access by everybody. His desire to meet people amounted to a passion with him all his life. He would stay out on the circuit Sundays or wander around the streets of evenings to meet people and tell stories. He called his receptions in Washington his "public opinion baths." He genuinely loved all kinds and conditions of men. What wonder that they love him!

Mr. Lincoln's typical democracy is happily illustrated by a story:

A German lieutenant who had been compelled to leave his fatherland gained admission to Lincoln and made such a favorable impression that he was given a commission in a cavalry regiment. Thinking to impress the president still more, he recounted that he belonged to one of the oldest and noblest houses in Germany. "Oh, never mind that," said the common people's president. "You will not find that an obstacle to your advancement."

The martyred president's name and fame are now familiar in all lands. The hearts of human beings are touched by the same emotions and respond to the same human call on whatever curve of the earth they beat. Liberty and democracy are growing in all nations, and, that being true, the fame of their apostles must likewise grow. Of these Abraham Lincoln was by no means the least.

Cleared His Doubts.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

Home, Sweet Home.

The old man sat on the park seat, rivers of tears flooding his clothes. A sympathetic passerby, noting the high tide, stopped and asked if he were ill.

"Yes, sir," said the sorrowing old fellow. "I've jest 'ad bad news from 'ome. The 'ouse that 'as sheltered me for years is to be torn down, and I 'aven't a penny to my name to stop it. Everybody will be turned out, and goodness knows what'll 'appen to 'em!"

"Poor soul!" said the sympathetic passerby, bestowing a penny on the sad old man. "That isn't much, but you are welcome to it. And where is this old home of yours, my friend?"

"Up at the joli, sir," replied the old man. "It seems very hard. I've lived there five and twenty years."—London Opinion.

How to Make a Cup of Cocoa.

Take a tablespoonful of cocoa and put it in a tin cup. Add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Mix well, so that there will not be any lumps of cocoa. Pour a little less than one-half pint of milk into a saucepan and cook it, stirring all the time, until it is scalded—that is, until a film forms on it and it begins to bubble a little. Stir the cocoa mixture into this and cook until it boils up.—Delineator.

Businesslike.

The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not businesslike. Stern Parent—Certainly; he's only after you for your money. Beloved One—Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's businesslike?—Kansas City Independent.

Not a Matter of Chance.

The Vicar—Is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy—There ain't no chance about it, zur; they all cheats!—London Opinion.

What Paulding Collected.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"Want to go into business, do you?" repeated Peter Paulding as he regarded the erect form before him. "I had begun to think that you were trying to qualify as a salesman in a sporting goods store."

Dick Paulding smiled grimly at this allusion to his athletic prowess. "In any event," he reminded his father, "my medal winning should assure you that you will get a sound mind in a sound body."

"I wish I could be as certain of the mind as I am of the body," was the sharp retort as the older man regarded with frank admiration his boy's physique. "You know what I told you,

HE REMINDED PETTIS EVERY MORNING OF HIS JUST DEBT.

boy. If you want to come after me in the bank you'll have to start at the bottom."

"And sweep out the floor," asked Dick quietly. "I guess I can do that, sir."

"We're not educating you to be a janitor," explained the elder hastily. "I mean at the bottom of the financial ladder. You will have to start as a runner."

"Is that one of those chaps who go to the other banks to collect drafts and things and carry wallets attached to chains?" asked Dick, with interest.

"Just that," said the father dryly. "It will be a novel experience for you to have about you any money that is chained. I trust the sensation will inculcate lessons of industry and prudence. There is some collecting to be done that is not from banks—from Hiram Pettis, for instance. He owes $200,000 that he won't pay. See what you can do with that."

"Why, I thought that old Pettis was good for millions," cried Dick wonderingly.

"So he is—when he wants to pay. The trouble is that in this instance he thinks that he has been badly treated by the bank, and he says we can wait his pleasure. We don't want to sue, so I guess that you had better go after him. That will keep you busy for awhile."

"I'll run over to his office right away!" cried Dick alertly. "I guess it won't take long to get that out of him."

"Wait and see before you brag," warned Peter. "Anyway, don't go to his office. This is a personal matter, and you want to go to his house. Pettis is a crank about keeping his personal affairs out of the office of Pettis, Pinkerton & Permain. You might run up this evening."

Dick nodded, and, after some talk about other business matters, he left the bank firmly convinced that his new life was not going to be so bad after all.

On leaving college he had asked that he might have a couple of years in which to travel, but instead he swung to athletics. Thus four years had passed while he was acquiring a case of trophies, and he was now content to begin his business training.

He had rather dreaded that beginning, for his father, though just, was strict, and his son knew that it meant starting at the bottom.

It was rather good fun to be sent after Hiram Pettis. Dick had never met the eccentric old millionaire, for he had mixed little with society while in training, and, on the other hand, Pettis was breaking into society on his daughter's account.

Dick had heard many odd tales of the old man, and he thought it would be more or less of a lark to camp on his trail for awhile.

He was even better content after his first visit, and he rather hoped that the collection would not be made quickly, for on that occasion he met Eleanor Pettis. She was indeed good to look upon.

He had not seen much of the women of his mother's set. He had made athletics his hobby, and he had noticed women only at the track events. Then they formed merely a mass of brilliant color in the stands, and he thought of them only in the plural.

For the first time he now thought of but one woman, and he mentally decided that Eleanor Pettis was the one woman worth while thinking of at all.

For her sake he took up his social duties. Hypocritically he pretended to himself that it was merely for the sake of being able to meet Pettis without seeming to seek him.

So it came about that he held only brief conversations with the old man about the collection and extended chats with Eleanor about themselves. She had become interested in the matter of the loan, and with most unfilial but feminine prejudice she sided with the younger man.

It was she who told him of the projected trip abroad and suggested that perhaps the interests of the bank required that he follow. Dick was delighted with the suggestion, and to his greater delight his father approved.

"Keep after that old swindler until he pays up," Peter Paulding growled. "I have made good in the bank myself, and I'll keep after him and get it if I have to sue his executors. Follow him to the north pole if he wants to go there."

Dick nodded and withdrew, and when the ocean liner carried Hiram Pettis to Europe Dick was a fellow passenger. As in duty bound, he reminded Pettis every morning of his just debt. The rest of the day he spent on deck with Eleanor, and each day he grew more firmly convinced that breaking into business was an entirely delightful process.

During the return trip some three months later he mustered up courage to propose to Eleanor.

"I suppose that it will be hard to persuade our fathers to be friends," she said when they came back to earth again. "I don't know how we ever shall be able to do it, Dick."

"Leave that to me," he said confidently. "You forget that I am a business man now, and these little problems in diplomacy are the things I have to meet. Do you think that we want a house or an apartment in some hotel? We may have to take to a flat, for that matter, in case dad proves nasty."

"As long as it is with you, dear," was the tender reply, and again earth faded into visions of paradise.

A week later Dick came into his father's bank and laid upon the desk a package of thousand dollar bills.

"Why didn't Pettis give you a check?" demanded the elder Paulding.

"You said that I might make some slight concessions and left the amount to my judgment," reminded Dick. "I told him that if he would pay you would not gloat over the fact and that you would not even mention the matter again. He is paying in specie so that the check will not remind him of his surrender."

"I see," was the grim comment. "Anything else?"

"Only that I am to be married next month," was the calm response. "You see, Eleanor—Miss Pettis—and I came to know each other very well and—well, you can't know Eleanor without loving her. I want you to meet her."

Apparently the prediction was a truthful one, for Peter Paulding regarded his daughter-in-law elect with approval, and the marriage was quickly arranged.

Dick wondered when among the presents he saw a sealed envelope on which was written the injunction that it was not to be opened until after the wedding.

Not until they were comfortably installed in Pettis' private car on their wedding journey did Dick think of the letter.

As he unfolded the sheet three slips of colored paper fluttered to the floor of the car, and Eleanor gave a little cry as she picked them up. Dick was too deep in the letter to realize that he had dropped anything, for he found it interesting reading.

"Dear Dick," it ran, "I am inclosing you your own check for the money that Pettis owed. Pettis and I are each adding a like amount to get you young people started. We feel rather proud of our matchmaking. If we had been a couple of ambitious mothers we might have made the error of trying to force you two to marry.

"Instead we invented this debt of $200,000 and gave it to you to collect. That brought you and Eleanor together, and the trip abroad was for the purpose of bringing things to a head. I guess that we are able to beat out any of the matchmaking hens that ever mussed things up. It was all I could do to keep from laughing in your face when you gave me your own money and told me it was from Pettis, so that I would consent to your marriage. I'm telling you this so you'll have something to laugh over on your honeymoon."

"And we thought that we were fooling them all the time—the mean things!" cried Eleanor.

"Mean!" cried Dick reproachfully. "When they brought us together?"

"But we thought our plan was so tactful," she pouted. "It was to show that you had been broken into business."

"I guess I haven't even commenced," admitted Dick. "But I've some one to work for now. You watch me!"

A Gift Time Thought.

Pessimist—I'm going to quit grumbling about my lot. I seem to be comparatively well off.

Optimist—Ah! What made you see the light?

"I've just been thinking how many poorer relatives I have."—Kansas City Times.

Said What He Meant.

The visitor had dropped a penny into the little two-year-old boy's bank.

"What do you say now, Jamie?" prompted papa.

"More!" answered Jamie to papa's horror.—Chicago Tribune.

Near Goodness.

Mother—Have you been a good girl while I've been away?

Little Girl—Not quite.—New York Life.

Always the Way.

This jangling world is out of chime—
You see it now, you bet—
The things you'd like at Christmas time
Are those you never get.
—New York Telegram.

The Point.

Nothing takes the point out of a joke so much as for somebody else to get it off ahead of you.—New York Sun.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater.

A Boy With a Future.

Farmer Jeames was a skinflint. He had already put in the bank $5 a year for fifteen years and confidently expected to die a millionaire. One day he hired a country youth to help him with his work, and as the boy turned up at 6 o'clock he was at once set down to breakfast.

After the boy had eaten his fill the farmer suggested that while they were at it they should eat dinner. The lad agreed and managed to get down a little more. Seeing that his new helper was by this time quite replete, the foxy Jeames suggested eating supper and thus get the meals through and done with.

"Right-o!" murmured the boy, and swallowed half a crust of bread.

"And now," cried the happy farmer, thinking with glee of the saving in food that he had just effected, "let's get to work."

"Oh, no," answered the boy slowly, "I never work after supper! I go to bed!"

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If he tells you to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for your severe cough or bronchial trouble, then take it. If he has anything better, then take that. We have great confidence in this medicine. So will you, when you once know it.

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Real Estate Snaps

620 acres 2½ miles from Moro, 400 acres farm land; plenty of water, very good improvements. Can give a buyer good terms on this tract.

320 acres east of Monkland; will take part trade, will take $20. pr acre

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 an 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.

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

For Particulars ask

W. B. McCoy,

Moro, Oregon.

SUMMONS—

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

Monroe Palmer, Plaintiff,
vs.
Anne Belle Palmer, Defendant.

To Anne Belle Palmer, 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 April, 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, pursuance to the order of the Hon. E. V. Littlefield, judge of the above entitled court, made on the 26th day of February, 1909, and the date of the first publication hereof is the 26th day of February, 1909.

J. B. GILLIAM,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

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AND UNION PACIFIC
3 Trains to The East Daily

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

PORTLAND DEPOT.	Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East via Huntington.	8.30 a.m.	†8.20 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	3.45 a.m.

For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p.m no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11.39 p.m.	4.51 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	8.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrives at Biggs	12.05 a.m. Lv.	2.15 p.m.

Columbia and Willamette River.

For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10.00 p. m. Arrives 5.00 p. m. daily except Sunday.

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

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

For full information call on or address

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

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Distances from Biggs	Time table No. 12 March 8, 1908 STATIONS	Northbound passenger daily
12.35pm	0	.....Biggs.....	11.05 arve
12.55	5.4	...Gilsons.....	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
5.00arv	70.0	... Shaniko...	7.15 a m

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 Browns ville, 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, Honolulu and Australia.

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

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

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A Business Directory of each City, Town and Village in Oregon and Washington, giving a Descriptive Sketch of each place, Location, Shipping Facilities and a Classified Directory of each Business and Profession.
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