The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....March 19, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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How Lincoln Was Abused

1809—The Lincoln Centenary—1909

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

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"TEN ANGELS SWEARING I AM RIGHT."

It has been said that the most fruitful apple tree has the most clubs under it. By this standard Abraham Lincoln was a fruitful tree. He was more profusely vilified, belittled and lied about than almost any man of our time. "Ape" was one of the mildest and most amiable of the names he was called. Many of them were unprintable and hence mercifully have been forgotten. He was even abused by his own party, among his own generals and in his own cabinet. In no way did he reveal his greatness more than by the forgiving manner in which he treated his maligners.

He looked at this misrepresentation like a philosopher. At one time there was a blunder in the southwest, which was charged to the president. An officer who knew that the blame belonged on other shoulders was one day visiting the White House and mentioned the matter. He asked if he had not better state the facts as he knew them to be.

"Oh, no," replied Lincoln, "at least not now. If I were to try to read much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Among the most virulent critics of the president was the Chicago Times. A visitor once appealed to Lincoln to suppress the paper on the ground that it was opposing the war and aiding the enemy.

"I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people," replied Mr. Lincoln. "Nothing but the very sternest necessity can ever justify that. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration than to do aught that can be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of its citizens."

Examples of his overlooking hostile criticisms were innumerable. Secretary Stanton was not the only maligner the president appointed to a position of trust. Those who had vilified him one year were accepted as supporters the next. "I choose always to make my political statute of limitations a short one," he said.

Despite the calumny heaped on him in his lifetime, Mr. Lincoln has fared much better at the hands of posterity than have most of the great souls that have uplifted and blessed the race. France never has done justice to Etienne Marcel, who was the forerunner of the French revolution more than 400 years before the beginning of that human earthquake. Although Joan of Arc saved France and was burned for it in 1431, it was less than a century ago that she received general recognition, even in the land she died to preserve.

Girolamo Savonarola preached republicanism, purity and religious liberty in Florence and was executed for it in 1498, yet it has been in only comparatively recent times that the world has begun to take Savonarola's true measure.

Gaspard de Coligny, one of the purest souls in French history, led the Huguenots in a religious revolution and fell in the infamous St. Bartholomew's day massacre in 1572, yet poor Coligny has scarcely been rated at his true worth even to this day.

Oliver Cromwell, the forerunner of modern democracy and of civil and religious liberty, died in 1658, yet not till comparatively recent times has his name been rescued from the malignant lies that were heaped upon it. The world yet has to do justice to Cromwell.

Thomas Paine, who died the very year Lincoln was born, the real author of the Declaration of Independence and the apostle of liberty in three lands, is still misrepresented, hated and reviled for the good he did. Yet the day will come when Paine will be placed as high as he has been dragged low.

Forever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done.

Compared with these, Abraham Lincoln's recognition has been swift and triumphant, indeed, it began the next day after his tragic death. Poor, insane, deluded Booth thought he was striking down Lincoln, but as a matter of fact he struck down Lincoln's traducers, stopped the lies of malice and crowned the liberator's fame with the martyr's halo.

Sadly and in silence Lincoln bore misrepresentation and calumny in his own day, but as his recompense he has gained the love of the ages.

Won on a Chance.

By JENNIE LUDLUM LEE.

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"Tom, I want you to give me a list of your rich bachelor friends," announced Bonnie Brewster at the breakfast table.

"I don't know any rich bachelors, Sis," was the discouraging response. "Every man I know is cutting down expenses, living in a furnished room instead of an apartment, and all that sort of thing. Anyway, what do you want of a list of rich bachelors? Personally I think it a most unmaidenly demand."

"Don't be silly, Tom," suggested Bonnie. "It's too early in the morning. I am going to ask all of them to give me a donation toward my fair for the crippled children, and that reminds me that you can write me a nice fat check before you go to the office this morning. Never mind the list. I can get it myself out of your address book."

"I'll give you the check," agreed Tom, "but if you don't mind I'd rather you'd keep out of my desk. Honestly, Sis, the only man I know that has a cent is Charlie Warren. You'll make a record if you get anything out of him, but you can try your charms on him if you like. His offices are in the Bullard building. I'll leave the

"BUT A CHECK WOULD DO," SUGGESTED BONNIE.

check on the library table. So long." And, picking up his morning paper, he was off.

As soon as the front door closed Bonnie slipped into the library to see if the promised check was in sight. She picked up the little blue slip of paper and found that Tom had done nobly by giving her $50 toward the cause of her crippled children.

"I wonder if this mean Charlie Warren will do as well," mused Bonnie as she was dressing her hair preparatory to making a round of appeals for her charity.

An hour later she stood face to face with a small but very officious office boy.

"Mr. Warren don't see no ladies in office hours 'cept by appointment," he informed her.

"Well, suppose you announce me," suggested Bonnie, with dignity.

"Ain't you got no card?" persisted the boy.

Bonnie gave him the small white card bearing her name, and reluctantly the boy disappeared into the inner office. He returned in a moment, his face wreathed in a broad grin.

"He says he'll see you, miss. Come right in."

Bonnie meekly followed her escort and immediately found herself in the presence of a very tall, gaunt man. His frame was powerful and his features strong in the extreme, yet his graciousness of manner at once made her feel at ease.

"You know my brother, Tom Brewster," she began.

"Well, I should say I did know him! Sit down, won't you, and tell me what I can do for you? Tom isn't in trouble, is he?" he added, with some concern.

"Oh, dear, no," assured Bonnie, "and neither am I, but—but"—

Somehow it was not so easy as she had thought it would be, this begging money. Charlie Warren, the most promising of young lawyers, looked his companion over very closely. He decided that the picture was good to look upon and he could wait for the explanation without finding time hanging heavily, either.

"You see, I am begging money for some poor children, and Tom said I"— stammered Bonnie.

"Oh, I see perfectly!" Warren helped out. "You want me to give you a subscription. But you've struck me just the wrong day," he continued. "I haven't any money about me to speak of at all."

"But a check would do," suggested Bonnie.

Warren wheeled about in his revolving chair and for an instant looked out of the window. Involuntarily his hand reached out toward his check book, but he did not pick it up.

"Well, you see—yes, well, I suppose I might as well be frank with you—my account is a little low at present, but if you could come in again, why, I'll give it to you gladly."

Bonnie rose to go, and Warren rose with her.

"I was just going out to luncheon when you came in," he said as he helped her adjust her furs. "Let's telephone to Tom, and all three of us can go for a bite."

And when Bonnie did not remonstrate Tom was called up and immediately accepted. At the end of a very elaborate luncheon Warren paid the bill from a very large roll of greenbacks. Bonnie gasped.

"Why, Mr. Warren, you told me that you had no money about you, and look at that roll," she said as she pointed an incriminating finger at the money.

"Oh, this money belongs to a friend of mine. I'm just carrying it about for him, you see," he explained rather lamely. "But, honestly, if you come in this day week I'll give you my donation."

Just one week later Bonnie again went to the office, making her call in the afternoon, and Warren handed her a check for a hundred dollars.

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Warren!" cried Bonnie. "And I'm going to run right along, because I know you're so busy."

"But I was just going your way," said Warren as he began to put on his overcoat.

"Why, how did you know which way I was going?" demanded Bonnie.

"It doesn't matter which way—that's the way I'm going," laughed Warren. "Tom has asked me up to dinner tonight, so I am going to cut the office early and tag along after you for the rest of the afternoon," he announced.

Which he did all that afternoon. Immediately after dinner Tom remembered that he had an engagement and began his apologies to Warren.

"So glad, Tom, that you have got a late, and for love of heaven get out," said Warren—"the sooner the better," he added.

At the end of a long yet to him short and happy evening Warren said good night to Bonnie.

"Can't I do something else for your fair?" he asked as he opened the door to leave.

"Yes, indeed," replied Bonnie, with enthusiasm. "You can come to it and spend a heap more money if you will. The fair is Tuesday night."

But the very next evening Warren remembered that he had left his cane at the Brewster home, and it took him just three hours to recover it. And on Sunday morning he decided that it was high time he went to church again, and when church was out he waited for Bonnie and drove her home in his motor. On Monday he suggested going to the theater as a slight diversion from the fair.

Tuesday evening was almost past, and Bonnie's eyes were tired from straining around the room trying to locate Charlie Warren. A great deal of money had been taken in, yet to Bonnie the affair seemed to lack something. It was nearly 10 o'clock when Warren appeared.

"I'm late, Miss Bonnie, I know, but I've always been told to come late to these affairs and get the bargains."

About fifteen girls pounced on him to buy chances on sofa pillows, pipe racks and the forty other things that no man ever uses. He scattered bills until his pocketbook was literally empty, and he showed Bonnie the flapping purse.

"There's nothing to do now but to put myself up at auction," he suggested.

"Oh, what fun!" cried Bonnie immediately. "Just think how handy it would be to have a lawyer that you didn't have to pay, and you're such a big, strong man. You could hang pictures and do a lot of things about the house. Here, Tom," she called as her brother passed them. "Mr. Warren is offered at auction. How much do you bid?"

"Not a plugged copper," answered Tom. "I wouldn't take him as a gift."

"That's rather discouraging, isn't it?" asked Warren. "But the fair seems to be practically over, and couldn't I take you home, Miss Bonnie? Tom seems pretty well occupied with Miss Ellston."

He put her in the tonneau of his big touring car, and the chauffeur drove slowly toward home in the crisp moonlight.

"Miss Brewster—Bonnie," Warren began in a low tone, "I didn't seem to go very well as a chance proposition at the fair tonight, but I wonder if you would accept me as a gift?"

"You mean"—

"That I love you," he interrupted. "I've loved you ever since that morning that you came to see me and I lied to you and said I had no money about me just to make you come again. And now I want you with me always. Could you give yourself to me? Would you be willing to take that chance on happiness?"

"Yes, I'll take that chance on happiness," she almost whispered, "because"—

"Because why?"

"Because I love you, too," she answered quite close to the sleeve of his fur coat.

Just Theory.

"He is an enthusiastic advocate of home rule."

"Is he a married man?"

"No."

"That accounts for it."

Stealing Time.

"Time steals by like a thief in the night."

"Yes, like one that steals our watches."

Careless Woman.

"Got any cut glass at your house?"

"We may have a few pieces my life scratched with her diamond."

Closely Related.

Mother—Samuel, where are those green apples that I left in the pantry?

Samuel—They're with the Jamaica ginger that was in the medicine chest.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Homemade Puddle.

A duckling very much desired
To have a pond (or tank)
In which to paddle till he tired,
Then rest upon the bank.

But, since a pond could not be found,
He cried like one bereft.
The teardrops splashed upon the ground
To right of him and left.

He squalled an hour, as it appears,
And then, to his surprise,
He found himself afloat in tears
And quickly dried his eyes.

—Peter Newell in Saturday Evening Post.

What He Needed.

"You can see that I am in need, ma'am," said the husky hobo. "Can't you give me a little assistance?"

"Certainly," answered the kind lady as she handed him a cake of soap. "Here is what you need."—Pittsburg Post.

A Child's Thoughts.

My little thoughts go flitting round
As quick as humming birds.
I cannot catch them, I have found,
To put them into words.

They fly about both far and near
In such a funny way.
I want to write them down, but, dear,
I don't know what to say!

—Woman's Home Companion.

Knew How to Flatter Her.

"He understands her perfectly."

"What makes you think so?"

"She remarked that she understood him better than he did himself, while he didn't understand her a bit, and he agreed with her."—Kansas City Times.

Down the River.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

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Ralph Curtis, sitting at the telephone, smiled as he listened to the words coming to him through the receiver.

"I'm angry—very, very angry," said a voice—a sweet, womanly, young voice. "You never should have allowed your cattle to trespass on my grounds. I don't think I shall ever speak to you again."

"But it really wasn't my fault, Clare," cried Ralph. "How was I to know that my cattle were trespassing? All my men have been busy during the day trying to save things from this high water. I'm sure, dear, that if I'd known what the beasts were doing I'd have shot them."

"Too late," came the answer in rather cold tones. "My garden is utterly ruined and guests coming tomorrow.

GRADUALLY THEY CAME INTO SHALLOWER WATER.

Don't call me 'dear' any more. After this please call me Miss Wellman. I shall never speak to you again. Good-by."

Ralph started to speak, but the party at the other end of the line had rung off.

"Hum," he mused, scratching his head in perplexity. "She'll never speak to me again, but I'm to call her Miss Wellman hereafter. Rather inconsistent, to say the least. I wonder who her guests are. I wonder if the other fellow— Well, well, maybe he is coming, but he'll have to hurry if he expects to reach the Wellman home without getting his feet wet."

Ralph thrust his hands deep into his pockets and strolled to the window overlooking the river which flowed between his home and Miss Wellman's. Through the gusty rain he could make out the surging stream, swollen till it nearly reached the top of the banks.

Dark, discolored, filled with branches of trees and other light material caught in its flood, the river raced sullenly onward like an unclean thing.

"It's going to rise a lot more before it goes down," he muttered.

From the river his glance sought the distant shore. Dimly he could discern pale lights through the gloom.

"Gee!" Ralph cried suddenly as he realized how much the river had risen in the past hour. "If it comes up much farther it will go hard with Clare over there."

He strode to the telephone. As he placed the receiver to his ear he caught a sharp crack and rending sound; then the wire went dead. He was cut off from communication with the outside world and with Clare.

Again Ralph strode to the window. As he looked down at the angry water it seemed to him that the river had risen materially in the moment that he had been at the phone.

The thought galvanized him into sudden action. He jumped from the window and tore out of the room into the pelting rain toward his automobile shed.

Here he quickly stripped his huge car of its gigantic searchlight and gas tank and with the apparatus rushed back to the room. In a moment he had the gas turned on, and a flood of light poured through the lens.

With care he raised the window and projected the light through the opening toward the opposite shore. The powerful light cleaved a way through the dark and rain, showing in outlines clear enough for his vision the opposite shore.

Ralph gasped at what he saw. The water was at the second story of the Wellman home. He had not before realized how much lower the Wellman home was than his. Some one came to the window directly opposite the Curtis home.

Ralph strained his eyes. Surely it was Clare and alone. Where were the others? Then he remembered that Clare's father and mother had left that morning for town and had undoubtedly been prevented from returning by the flood.

Ralph advanced to the window and waved his arms reassuringly to the girl. She responded. Quickly he turned off the light. Gathering up the apparatus in his arms, he hurried from the room out into the rain again and to the boathouse.

The frail little launch had been taken from the house when the river began to rise and moored alongside it. Now the house was wholly under water, and Ralph was forced to swim to the boat, holding the searchlight as well as he could.

In the boat he started first the light and then the engine and put out into the swollen stream. The little craft was sadly buffeted by the sticks and the waves and time and again shipped water as Ralph sturdily headed for the opposite shore.

The searchlight disclosed the Wellman home with the water now a little above the second story. In the window stood the girl, waving her hands encouragingly.

At length Ralph managed to catch hold of the window. Inside the room the girl stood nearly waist deep in the water.

"Quick!" cried Ralph. "Get into the boat!"

Silently the girl obeyed. Just as she was safely seated Ralph's grasp was broken. The water dashed them furiously away and then against the house. Something snapped. With a muttered ejaculation Ralph looked to his engine. Nothing seemed to be amiss, and he threw the throttle forward. The engine raced terrifically, and he quickly jerked the throttle back.

"The propeller shaft is broken," he announced in a voice that strove to be calm. "We'll have to float down with the current and try to land somewhere."

The girl was startled, but also tried to appear unconcerned.

"That's too bad," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I was never, never going to talk to you again, but I suppose I'll have to now."

"Oh, I'll not force you to!" growled Ralph as he puttered over the machine.

"Do you know," went on the girl, "I think your horrid old cows are the cause of all this? It was only after they trampled over my garden that the river came up. I know I can never forgive them."

"And incidentally never forgive me, I suppose," mumbled the man.

The girl said nothing. Then suddenly she lifted up her feet with an expression of dismay.

"Gracious, the boat's full of water!" she cried. "I'm so wet, anyway, that I didn't notice it before."

"Yep," replied the man shortly. "She's sprung a leak. We've got to make a landing, sure."

With the powerful searchlight, which still burned undimmed, he swept the waters.

"Look!" he cried. "If those aren't cattle I'll eat my hat!"

Ahead of them the light revealed some three or four heads rising out of the water and steadily moving from the center of the stream.

"They're walking!" cried Ralph. "They can take us ashore!"

He sprang to the steering wheel and skillfully maneuvered the boat so that it passed near the beasts. The girl saw his intention, and as they passed both jumped, landing safe on the sturdy animals.

Almost undisturbed and unswayed by the rushing waters, the cattle plowed steadily onward. Gradually they came into shallower water, and thankfully Ralph and the girl slid from the beasts' backs. Hand in hand they struggled along now, faster than the cattle. Ralph cast one last look back at the beasts and gasped.

"Why, they're mine!" he cried. "That's Bess, and there's Doll! Why, Clare, dear, do you realize that the cattle you thought had caused it all have saved us?"

"Oh!" cried the girl and turned to him.

"And look there!" cried Ralph, pointing ahead. "See what they've brought us to. See; that's the Rev. Sturgis' home on the road to your house, and look there—he's opening the door. Look, look, dear, your father and mother are with him!"

The girl looked, and then, sobbingly piteously, she threw her arms around Ralph's neck.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried. "I forgive your cows, I forgive you, and," she added ungrammatically, but soulfully, as she clung to Ralph and he held her close, "I'm never not going to speak to you again!"

What the Bridegroom Resents.

"Even the English language emphasizes the insignificance of a man at his own wedding," said the prospective bridegroom disconsolately. "There isn't an independent word to designate him. He is merely called the groom of the bride, as if he were just about on a level with the bridesmaids and a little below the maid of honor. Best man, of course, means the bridegroom's best man, but the phrase itself tends to exalt this individual at the expense of his superior.

"Then there's no adjective to describe what pertains to the male half of the affair. You can't speak of the bridegromal' trousers or necktie. On the other hand, 'bridal' applies not only to the possessions of the girl, but to what relates to both of them equally, like the trip and the bridal chamber. The very words 'matrimony' and 'matrimonial' are from the feminine side only. 'Patrimony' has nothing to do with the nuptials. It applies only to wealth and signifies that a man's part in the affair is to get out and hustle for the cash."—New York Times.

Merely Tentative.

"What is the baby's name?"

"It's Mary now, but I suppose it will be Mayme or Mae or Marie as soon as she gets old enough to notice it."—Chicago Tribune.

No Running About.

Mrs. Gadder (reading an ad.)—Shopping by mail! How ridiculous!

Mrs. Ascum—Why so?

Mrs. Gadder—Why, how can one shop by mail? You can only buy things by mail.—Philadelphia Press.

In the Neck.

The women folks at a church bazaar
But rarely loosen their purse strings far,
And married dames keep a watchful eye
That hubby shall not too widely buy,
But the bachelor—alas, alus,
He getteth it in the esophagus!

—Kansas City Times.

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances can then choke out into the blood. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. AYER'S CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

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 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.

For Particulars ask

W. B. McCoy,

Moro, Oregon.

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

Margaret M Russell, Plaintiff,
vs.
Edward M Russell, Defendant.

To Edward M Russell, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to wit: On or before the 30th day of 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 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 Ben richs, judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 18th day of March 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 19th day of March, 1909.

JAY H. UPTON, Attorney for Plaintiff

7m19.30-327]

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

William H Yank, Plaintiff,
vs.
Tillie Yank, Defendant. } Summons.

To Tillie Yank, the above named defendant In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 30th day of 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 of the plaintiff by you 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 Richards, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 18th day of March, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 19th day of March, 1909.

JOHN M. SOMMS, Attorney for Plaintiff

7m19a30-327]

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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 9th 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, in pursuance to the order of the Hon E. V. Littlefield, judge of the above entitled court duly made on the 26th day of February, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 26th day of February, 1909.

J. B. GILLIAM, Attorney for Plaintiff

7t26a9-326]

LOW RATES TO OREGON DAILY

During March and April

From all parts of the East

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The Oregon Rail Road & Navigation Company
Southern Pacific

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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	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	11.39 pm.	4.31 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 Hwaco 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	Distance from Biggs	Time table No 12 March 8, 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd 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 Jct	10.00
1.40	16.1	...Sandon ...	9.55
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
1.55	19.9	..McDonalds..	9.35
2.10	23.9	...DeMoss...	9.20
2.25	27.0	.....Moro	9.10
2.40	30.4	..Erskinville .	8.55
3.10	38.5	Grass Valley .	8.35
3.35	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.10
4.00	52.5	.....Kent	7.55
4.20	57.3	... Wilcox ...	7.45
5.00 arv	70.0	...Shaniko...	7.15 a m

For rates and information apply to

F. CRABTREE, Agent,
Moro, Or.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.,

Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

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, 8.45 p. m. Arrives 7.25 a.m., daily.

Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with trains for Mt. Angel, Silverton Brownsville, 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-Pass. Agt

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