# The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....March 26, 1909


**Personal Talk With You.**

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## The Lincoln Centenary

### The Assassination of Lincoln

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

HE RESENTED HAVING A GUARD.

WE still stone our prophets. We do not literally shy rocks at them in these days, but pelt them with bullets or with adjectives quite as hard. Woe to the man who tries to help us onward, for we repay his love and service with hatred and reviling and usually wind up by murdering him in cold blood. Then we try to make up for our base ingratitude by praising him after he is dead and writing his name in stone, ready to repeat our outrageous treatment of him on the next great soul that comes to help us up the path through the ages.

Lincoln's assassination had been threatened from the moment of his nomination for the presidency. The only wonder is that it was averted until the close of the war. While he paid little or no attention to the menacing hints that came in every mail, his many private and public references to the subject show that he expected a tragic death.

He often jokingly said that he was a physical coward, yet no man ever showed higher bravery or greater unconsciousness of danger. When at the front during a battle he needlessly exposed himself. He resented having a guard placed about him and never rested until it was removed. He went about Washington unattended at all hours of the day and night, and, while his own utterances showed that he was fully alive to the dangers, he never made any provision against them.

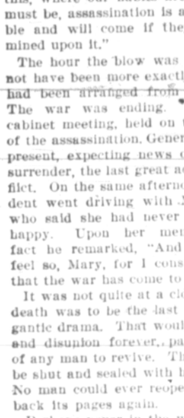
"If they kill me," he said philosophically, "the next man will be just as bad for them, and in a country like this, where our habits are simple and must be, assassination is always possible and will come if they are determined upon it."

The hour the blow was struck could not have been more exactly timed if it had been arranged from all eternity. The war was ending. At the last cabinet meeting, held on the very day of the assassination, General Grant was present, expecting news of Johnston's surrender, the last great act of the conflict. On the same afternoon the president went driving with Mrs. Lincoln, who said she had never seen him so happy. Upon her mentioning this fact he remarked, "And well I may feel so, Mary, for I consider this day that the war has come to a close."

It was not quite at a close. His own death was to be the last act of the gigantic drama. That would end slavery and disunion forever, past the power of any man to revive. The book would be shut and sealed with his own blood. No man could ever reopen it and turn back its pages again.

Perhaps never in the world's history has grief been more universal and profound than at President Lincoln's death. This man had the heart of the common people. To the private soldier he was a father, to the negro a liberator, to the nation a savior, to the lowly man of every clime a brother. His death revealed his supreme greatness. The cowardly assassin that sneaked into his box and shot him from behind in reality shot rebellion and calumny to death, but never harmed Abraham Lincoln. He was secure in the world's heart forever. His work was done. The Union was saved and slavery was ended. Government "of the people, for the people and by the people" had been vindicated and perpetuated. One more stone had been lifted into place in the temple of democracy.

As to the fate of the assassin and of the other conspirators, why speak at all? Nothing can be gained by reviving that painful episode now. That there was a conspiracy there can be no doubt, and that substantial justice was done seems to be the consensus of the world's opinion. The only regret in connection with it all is that a woman should have been executed. Lincoln's life was so merciful and charitable, he so frequently protected the weak, he hearkened so often to the cries of the mother heart, that the fate of Mrs. Surratt seems an unfitting accompaniment in the setting of his own tragic death. Nothing of vengeance or harshness has any place even in the shadows at the end of Lincoln's pathway.



SHOT HIM FROM BEHIND.

## The Manner of Man.

By HARRISON SMITH.

Copyrighted, 1908, by the Associated Literary Press.

The young man who had been sitting in a corner of the smoking compartment consulting impatiently the time table and lighting cigarette after cigarette arose hurriedly as the train, a half hour late, pulled into the station.

He grasped his suit case, swung himself down from the platform before the train had come to a stop and hurried through the waiting room at a pace approximating a shambling run.

Into a waiting taxicab he tumbled, turned up the collar of his overcoat, for the evening was decidedly chilly, and gave an address brusquely to the chauffeur.

"And, look here, my son," he added, "get a hustle on. How long will it take to get me there? A half hour, eh? Well, there's a quarter in it for you for every minute you take off that half hour—see? Now let her out. Never mind the speed regulations. Take a chance!"

The taxicab hurried away, and the young man lighted another cigarette, smoking furiously and pausing only to urge the chauffeur to even better speed.

They swung into the avenue, dodged in and out amid the stream of traffic, turned into a side street, shot round a corner and stopped finally before a shabby looking brownstone house which was identical with every other brownstone house as far as the eye could see.

The young man sprang from the cab, thrust a bill into the chauffeur's

"MARGARET!" HE CRIED, HIS EYES GLOWING.

palm and, mounting the steps, gave the bell a vigorous tug. Presently the door was opened by a middle aged and rather frowsy woman, who surveyed him suspiciously.

"Is Miss Evans in?" the young man demanded.

The woman's face became more forbidding. "No, she's not," said she.

"Do you know when she will be?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say."

"Very well. I'll wait for her." And the young man calmly pushed his way into the dingy little hall, lighted dimly with its single gas jet turned low.

"In here, if you please," the woman suggested, opening the door of a big, bare front room. The young man hesitated.

"Where is Miss Evans' room?" he demanded.

"Third flight, back."

"I'll go up there and wait for her," said he. And before the other could remonstrate he was halfway up the first flight.

"Three flights, back," was a dingy little side room, a veritable hole in the wall. There was but one window, which commanded an unimposing view of the littered back yards on either side of a none too clean alley.

The young man lighted the one gas jet on the wall and looked about him. Close to the window was a table—a work table evidently—covered with boxes of water colors, pencil sketches and partly finished designs on bits of academy board.

Vaguely he recognized the original drawings for fashion plates. He looked them over silently, almost reverently.

His inspection of the table finished, he let his eyes wander about the narrow room. It was decidedly cheerless, with its couch and a patent rocker of red plush. He sat down in the red plush rocker, which squeaked complainingly beneath his weight.

"Humph!" he mused. "She's plucky, all right. Imagine spending your days in a hole like this!"

There were light steps outside. The door was pushed open, and a girl stood staring at him from the doorway as if she could not credit her eyes.

She was a pretty girl, with dark eyes and cheeks at that moment decidedly rosy. She carried several parcels, two of which fell unnoticed to the floor as she gazed at the apparition in the red plush chair.

"Philip Holt!" she gasped at length. "What on earth are you doing here?"

The young man sprang up, with a bound. "Margaret!" he cried, his eyes glowing. "Margaret!" He caught both her hands in his own, while the rest of the parcels slipped from her arms.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded again when she had recovered somewhat from her surprise.

"I? What am I doing?" said he. "Why—why"—

"You have broken the truce," she said severely. "The year is not up yet. Why are you here?"

He drew her into the room and gathered up the fallen parcels, while she sat down on the couch.

"I came," said he, "because—because—well, I thought you'd be glad to see me; because I imagined—had an intuition, you know, that you were living in some such sort of dingy house as this on just such a shabby street; because I had another premonition that you weren't succeeding tremendously and that you might even be living on these," he ended calmly, fishing a doughnut from one of the paper bags he had picked up and holding it out accusingly.

The girl's eyes flashed. Her lips curled. The color in her cheeks deepened.

"You had no right," she said quickly. "You are spying. You have broken the truce. You said a year, or, rather, you agreed that for a year"—

"I was a fool," said he, with conviction, "an insufferable fool, ever to be a party to such a silly agreement. I didn't realize that when you went away the place would be so barren, so utterly impossible. But I kept my mouth shut and plugged along. Then we had a streak of luck, Tom and I. We sold the Sunk Hill lode to a couple of capitalists and got close on to $75,000 apiece out of it. That settled it. Year or no year, I had to come. So I came," he finished ingenuously.

"And your promise counted for nothing," said she. "In another month the year would have been up, and then"—

"Then what?"

"You could have come without violating any promise."

The young man sat down in the red plush rocker again. In his agitation he began to swing to and fro, while its rusty springs sent out a veritable babel of discordant sounds.

"I am very glad I have violated the promise, as you choose to call it," he declared. "I expected something like this"—he waved his arms toward the four walls of the room—"when I came here tonight, but frankly nothing quite so bad.

"Margaret, how do you ever stand it—you who have had those hills out there to roam over all your life and the four winds of heaven for your playmates? What sort of cooped up life is this anyway? What are you getting out of it?"

"Well, experience, for one thing," said she.

"You'll not get much more of it," he remarked.

"Won't I?" she asked archly.

"You will not. You've had experience enough of that sort," he maintained; "you and your side room and your sketches and your impossible landlady and—and your doughnuts," he ended, with ridiculous emphasis. "You know well enough why I have come here. I telegraphed Jimmy Dean to have his mother on hand at 8 tonight sharp. I telegraphed the day I left Seavern's Buttes. I also wired him to have the clergyman picked out and to"—

"Phil," she cried, her face burning, "hush! I shan't listen to you!"

"Come without listening, then," said he. "One thing is certain—I'm not going to move one step until you promise me to marry me—not in a year nor in six months, but tonight in the Deans' front parlor, with Jimmy and his mother for witnesses."

Suddenly the girl covered her face with her hands and began to sob. Holt looked at her helplessly, his face a study of contrition.

"There, there, Margaret," he said at length, "I didn't mean to be a brute about it. I—I"—

The girl's face was lifted. She smiled through her tears.

"Phil, you stupid, blundering man," said she, "it's because—well, because I'm not sorry you broke the truce and came. Now run along and get a cab to take us to Jimmy Dean's. I'll be ready at half past 7."

**Cruel Contests.**

Bird singing contests for money and other prizes used to be frequent in England. Many of the little competitors, notably chaffinches, were subjected to dire cruelty on these occasions. To make them sing their eyes were pierced by a redhot needle for the purpose of completely blinding them. This was done to prevent any opposing exhibitor from frightening the birds and stopping their singing, an end which was obtained by waving some object in front of them. Blinded, the birds could see nothing, and they sang. The cruel practice has been practically stamped out by the action of the Royal Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which issued numerous summonses against offenders. It may be that in some dark corner of the country the same cruelty is still practiced, but the custom as a system is now done away with.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Quite Plebeian.**

"Now that there is fashion even in diseases, I wonder why mumps are not more in style?"

"Mumps! Good gracious! Why should they be fashionable?"

"Because they're such a swell thing to have."—Baltimore American.

Discontent is the want of self reliance. It is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

**Her One Ambition.**

She wanted a job, she told the manager of the big store, and everything about her, from drooping eyelashes to neatly molded instep, indicated that she would draw enough trade, or ought to, to cover her salary.

But the manager told her that for one of her inexperience she would command only about $6 a week.

She accepted this, if it was the best he could do, but as she was about to turn away she hesitated and asked demurely, looking at him through the drooping lashes, "Do you suppose you could make that $7 a week, so I could have a little laundry done once in awhile?"—St. Louis Republic.

**Long Love.**

The word "love" in one of the Indian dialects is "chemlendamoughkunagogagu." Fancy a sweet forest maiden telling her copper colored brave that she "chemlendamoughkunagogagus" him. The conjugation of the verb "to love" in that dialect must take at least a year to recite.—Pathfinder.

**Origin of Ozone.**

According to Messrs. Henriet and Bonyssy, ozone is produced by the ultra violet rays of the sun in the upper atmosphere, and the amount contained in the air near the ground increases when air currents descend from the upper regions. Sometimes also it increases during rains. It has been observed that there is a reduction of the proportion of carbonic acid in the air when the amount of ozone increases. This is regarded as an indirect effect due to dilution of the lower air by the purer air descending from above.

## FAMOUS LONDON TREE

### The Cause of Several Hard Fought Legal Battles.

### ITS SITE WORTH MILLIONS.

**But the Lawyers Never Have Been Able to Break Through the Phalanx of Legal Enactments That Preserve the Old Landmark In Cheapside.**

There is a tree in Cheapside, London, that may be described as the most expensive of its kind on earth. If five dollar gold pieces filled the entire trunk and five dollar bills fluttered in place of every one of the leaves it would not buy the terra firma it occupies, for the land on which it stands, the northwest corner of Wood street and Cheapside, is worth $4,500,000 an acre. The tree has stood on the spot for more than 200 years, while its site has augmented in value to almost fabulous proportions.

There have been several hard fought lawsuits over this plot of ground, the right having been carried even to the house of lords. But so far the lawyers never have been able to break through the phalanx of legal enactments which preserve the tree. In the first place, there is a law in England which prohibits builders from putting up a structure which shall keep out the light from windows which bear the mysterious words "ancient lights." This tree in Cheapside literally is surrounded by a number of "ancient lights" proprietors whose consent never has been obtained when it came to cutting down the tree and putting a modern structure on its site. For the same reason the storekeeper who rents the tiny two story structure on the corner just in front of the tree never has been able to put his building up beyond its present height.

Some years ago one builder, who thought himself more "cute" than the others, started to take the law into his own hands and put up a building, thinking to "arrange" with the owners of the "ancient lights" afterward. But he was met with a perfect shower of injunctions, proceedings, writs and indictments, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom, and it is said he never has been able to pay the thousands of dollars of law costs which his little experiment resulted in.

A few years ago some gardeners were ordered to lop off certain limbs of the tree which hung over Cheapside. If was done really to save the life of the tree and with the consent of the parish clerk and churchwardens of St. Peter's, Cheapside, the ancient little Norman church in Foster lane, near by, who guard this tree from the vandals' clutches. When the men began to work on the tree, however, it created a big sensation in Cheapside. "They are chopping down our tree," went up from a thousand angry throats in the district. Policemen were called, and doubtless there would have been another shower of writs, injunctions and proceedings had not the minister of the parish explained the real reason for the lopping operations.

Another almost impassable barrier which protects the tree in its position is the fact that it grows in sacred ground. There is a law in London that no building can be erected on sacred ground without special act of parliament, and woe betide the unhappy man who dares to put up even a shanty within the sacred precincts of a graveyard in England.

This particular corner of Cheapside has been immortalized by Wordsworth:

At the corner of Wood street when daylight appears
There's a thrush that sings aloud; it has sung for three years.

This bird was wont to perch in the now famous tree, and it attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who used to breakfast in a little shop near by. As far back as the year 1392—just a hundred years before Mr. Columbus discovered America—another tree stood in this graveyard and is spoken of by Chaucer:

That whosoever ploynes it away,
He shall have Chrystis' curse for aye.

The tree is therefore a direct descendant of perhaps the oldest tree on record in England, and it may almost be described as an English institution.

This particular portion of Cheapside is back of the general postoffice and is one of the finest pieces of real estate in the world. With the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of its being built over—the sanctity of the land itself and the power of the "ancient lights" statute—it is probable that this piece of ground will remain "unimproved" for another century or two. In a recent interview the manager of the real estate agents who control nearly all the land in the district declared that "the old tree in Cheapside occupies a position which is likely never be built upon." There would be a perfect howl of execration from all sides if any one were to attempt to put up a modern building there, for Wood street itself is so narrow that the people on both sides of the street have a right to claim "ancient lights," and the builder who went in for improving this property would have to "square" so many people that he would never be able to get any profit out of the building.—New York Press.

**The Fraction.**

"The average family in America comprises 4.6 persons." "I guess I'm the .6 of this family," murmured Paw Hoptoad, a trifle acridly.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A Tremendous Task.**

"So you are going to study law?"

"Yes."

"Going to make a specialty of criminal law?"

"No."

"Corporation law?"

"No. Both are too easy. What I want is to be accurately and reliably informed as to what months in the year and days in the week it is permitted to shoot certain game in the various sections of the country."—Washington Star.

**A Patron of Art.**

"So you enjoy reading all the extravagant praise that is printed about that opera singer?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It kind of helps me to feel that maybe those tickets were worth what I paid for 'em."—Washington Star.

## HER MISTAKE.

**The Way It Was Explained to Her by the Clumsy Man.**

Owing to the fact that the car lurched suddenly as he was passing along the aisle Bronson was deprived of his balance, with the result that in attempting to save himself from falling he clutched one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat. Moreover, he knocked her beautiful hat awry and with great difficulty avoided stepping on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamppost or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support. You ought to ride in a cattle train. You have no right to crowd in where you can tear other people to pieces with your big, awkward hands. You pitiful clown! You ought to be thrown out into the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of refined people. You unmannerly bumpkin! You deserve to be"—

"Excuse me, madam," Bronson managed to say, "you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" the lady demanded, her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## THE CLERMONT.

**First Passage by Steamboat From New York to Albany.**

In August, 1808—the exact day is a matter of dispute—the steamboat Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 150 miles, was covered in thirty-two hours, a record hailed as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Clermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to it. Previously boats had been held for two hours at the request of passengers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—Anaconda Standard.

**A Willing Victim.**

"Well, Mr. Bickers," said Lawyer Breef, "your wife sues for divorce and asks $5,000 a year alimony. Of course we will defend it."

"No, Mr. Breef, we will not defend," replied Mr. Bickers.

"But that is an enormous alimony."

"That's all right, but I am for peace at any price."—Detroit Free Press.

**Juvenile Wisdom.**

"What did people do before steel pens were invented?" asked the teacher.

"The pinions of one goose were used to spread the opinions of another," answered the wise boy at the pedal extremity of the class.—Judge.

It is said that the Parisian gives up about 20 per cent of his income for taxes.

The native dress of the better class of Japanese of both sexes is a loose wrapper open at the chest and at the waist confined by a girdle.

## 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; $800 will buy it.

Moro Property.

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

$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.**


## The Taking Cold Habit

The old cold goes; a new one quickly comes. It's the story of a weak throat, weak lungs, a tendency to consumption. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral breaks up the taking-cold habit. It strengthens, soothes, heals. Ask your doctor about it.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

**Ayer's** SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

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

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills, just one pill each night.


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 theSherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm Henrichs, 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

7tm19a30-327]

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 Henrichs, 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. SOMERS, Attorney for Plaintiff

7tm19a30-3:7]

**The Observer Book Store, Moro,**

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

Clara E. King, Plaintiff,
vs.
Edward King, Defendant.

To Edward King, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon—

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, towit: on or before the 7th day of May, 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. R. B. Butler, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 22d day of March, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 26th day of March, 1909.

JAY H. UPTON, Attorney for Plaintiff

7tmch26my7 327]


**1909 SEED CATALOGUE**

100 pages of most interesting information about Bulbs, Field Seeds, Grains, Grasses, Plants, Shrubs, Garden Supplies, Poultry Supplies, Fertilizers, Sprays. Twenty years experience in seeding the Pacific Northwest speaks to you in this our very latest CULTURAL DIRECTIONS PREMIUM OFFERS JUST OUT—Write for it—Ask for No. 190

PORTLAND SEED CO. Portland, Oregon—Spokane, Wash.


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 an 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

7tf26a9-326]


**LOW RATES TO OREGON DAILY**

During March and April

From all parts of the East

via

Union Pacific
Oregon Short Line
The Oregon Rail Road & Navigation Company
Southern Pacific

$33 from Chicago
$30 from St Louis
$25 from Omaha
$25 frm KansasCty

All Points Correspond Low

**To the Public**

Write letters to every body you know in the east, tell them about these low colonist rates. Send them literature about Oregon, or send their addresses to us and we will do it. In this way you can be a great help in the growth and progress of your state.

**You Can Prepay Fares**

for anyone from any place if you want to. Deposit the necessary amount with our local agent and he will telegraph ticket promptly.

Inquire of agents or write to

**Wm. McMurray**

General Passenger Agent

Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co
Southern Pacific Co. lines in Oregn

Portland, Oregon.

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See the hollow steel standard

See metal covered hub supports spokes on sides; flat sides of spokes don't touch the metal; blacksmith sets easy as old style

KING OF THE ROAD

I-BEAM AXLE

Hub thoroughly seasoned before metal bands are pressed on

Tires set by heating in oven

See that I-beam axle

Made especially for rough conditions on the PACIFIC COAST

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| SPOKANE FLYER. Passes Biggs | 7.00 p.m. flag 11.29p.m | 8 00 a m. no stop 3.45 a.m. |
| For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points. | | |
| ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington. Passes Biggs | 7.40 p.m no stop. 11.39 pm. | 9.45 a.m. flag 4.51 a.m. |
| PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland. Arrives at Biggs | 8.00 a.m. 12.05 a.m. | 6.00 p. m. Lv. 2.15 pm |

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**Wm. McMURRAY**

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Portland, Oregon.

**COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.**

| Southbound passenger daily | Distance fr 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... | 10.00 |
| 1.40 | 16 1 | ... Sandon ... | 9.55 |
| .... | 19.2 | Hay Canon Jct | .... |
| 1.55 | 19.9 | ..McDonalds.. | 9.35 |
| 2.10 | 23.9 | ... DeMoss ... | 9:20 |
| 2.25 | 27.0 | .....Moro..... | 9.10 |
| 2.40 | 30.4 | ...Erskinville.. | 8.55 |
| 3.10 | 38 5 | Grass Valley. | 8 35 |
| 3.35 | 45 8 | ... Bourbon'... | 8.10 |
| 4.00 | 52.5 | .....Kent..... | 7.55 |
| 4.20 | 57.3 | ....Wilcox.... | 7.45 |
| 5.00 arv | 70 0 | ... Shaniko... | 7.15 a m |

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

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.

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