The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....April 2, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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Lincoln and Other Great Souls

1809—The Lincoln Centenary—1909

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

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LINCOLN THE LIBERATOR.

THERE is nothing more fascinating than to compare the leaders of various ages, except to compare those ages themselves. It is not correct to say that "history repeats itself." Nothing in nature or in human progress is a repetition of anything that has ever been before. Rather history seems to advance in a spiral, this going through the same phases, but ever in a larger way. The parallels resulting are often startling, not only between times, but between men who were the chief figures of those times.

Lincoln was so peculiarly a child of our American democracy, however, that it is difficult to find his antetype.

The most obvious parallel to Lincoln is Moses. It is to be hoped that nobody will be shocked by such a comparison, and it is confidently believed that nobody but a lip server will be. There is no character in all time that will suffer any real hurt by being associated with the name of Abraham Lincoln.

The chief element in the fame of both Moses and Lincoln is that of liberator. Each led an enslaved race from bondage. The most notable thing in the character of each was his meekness. Both reached the place from which he could view the promised land, but neither was fated to enter.

There are some points of resemblance between the character of Lincoln and that of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. Both were generous, mild and pure in private life. Constantine himself was a sort of liberator, since he freed the early Christians from the bloody persecutions that had pursued them for 300 years. Not only so, but his constant cry was for union—union of the empire and union of all Christian bodies into one. Constantine, like Moses, was a great lawgiver. He was an intrepid warrior, a strong executive and for the larger part of his life exercised clemency and mercy. Unfortunately two crimes stain his last years. His marriage was unhappy, and his wife poisoned his mind against his son by another wife. As a consequence this son was put to death. Then, in a fit of profound remorse, Constantine ordered the death of his wife as a retribution. In many aspects, however, he was the greatest and best emperor of Rome. His memory was not fairly treated by the pagan writers.

This line of comparison could be carried forward indefinitely, but will not be pursued further for the reason that it may not be as interesting to the reader as it is to the writer. Measuring one great soul by another helps us to gain a juster estimate of both. It also increases our love for their common humanity. It shows us that no age and no character are remote, but may be interpreted in the terms and types of today. It illustrates one character by another, re-enforces by resemblance and brings into clearer relief by contrasts. It shows us that all humanity is one humanity, that all the past is included in the present and that the things we love about great men are immortal, for they are the same in those of 1,000 or 3,000 years ago and in those of our own time.

The man who first sees a lofty mountain does not realize its majesty nor proportions. It is only after he studies it from every angle, climbs over it, lives with it and compares it to other mountains that he gains a just estimate. It is even so with studying great souls, who are the mountain peaks of history. We must see them without and within, view them from every angle, live with them, dream of them and compare them with others who have blessed or advanced the race before we can come to appreciate their true size.

It is only genuine greatness that can stand this process of intimate study and comparison with the highest standards of the ages. Abraham Lincoln does not suffer by this method of investigation. Indeed, it heightens his fine, strong, simple and high qualities. It is this which makes it certain beyond question that he is a man for all time. His fame will wear. He spoke often of the slavery contest being a "durable struggle." Likewise was he made of durable stuff. He is universal enough to measure to all men. He is as lowly as the most lowly and tall enough of soul to stand up with the tallest. He has nothing to fear from comparison with Caesars or saints, with prophets or sages. There was nothing false about him, and all real manhood can hold up its head unabashed in the presence of all other real manhood. Lincoln himself was a prophet of democracy, a saint of mercy and a Caesar who used his great power only to extend the freedom of man.

What Caused the Scar.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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A GROUP of delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers sat in the rotunda at the Palmer House, in Chicago, telling stories.

Among them was a grizzled, oldish man from the Old Colony who had a curious red scar bending around from his forehead across his right temple and down his right cheek, with almost as regular a curve as if it had been marked there with a compass. The redness of its color indicated that the mark had been inflicted not very long ago.

The man who wore the scar had taken no part in the conversation. Presently one of the western delegates said to him:

"Come, Grandpa Hawkins, you ought to have a story to tell. How did you get that scar, now?"

The Old Colony man colored a little and looked uneasy.

"You fellows can tell stories," he said, "and I can't. But I will say this: I was never thankful for a hard blow in the face but once, and that was when I got this scar."

Then he subsided into silence, apparently supposing that there was nothing more to say. Of course the engineers about him raised a loud demand for the rest of the story, which seemed to surprise the Old Colony man. Under this pressure he went on, a little awkwardly.

"I hain't had the scar more'n about a year," he said. "I was running the 3:30 passenger train out of Boston on the Cape Cod division, as I am now, when I'm at home. We had passed Wareham one blustering, blowing, rainy November afternoon. It was half past 5 by that time, and as the sky was thick with clouds it was just as dark as pitch.

"Between Wareham and Buzzards Bay there's a stretch of woodsy, scrubby country where the track is pretty tolerably crooked, crossing and dodging the salt water inlets. You can't see far ahead of you any time.

"But if I'm going to tell you this story anywhere near right I've got to get you out of my cab and on to the Flying Dude, and that's a great privilege, I can tell you, for they say it

"HE YELLED LIKE A MADMAN."

takes a patent of nobility to make you eligible to ride on that fast express. It's a swell affair that runs down on the east shore of Buzzards bay.

"By the hour I mentioned the Dude should have been at Wood's Hole, her run made. But she had stopped at Middleboro on account of a hot box and was way behind time. She had gone on and was flying along through the woods between Wareham and Onset, not more than fifteen minutes ahead of our time, when that same box began to smoke again, hotter than fire.

"There was nothing for them to do but haul up and cool her off. But they knew that we were coming right behind. The Dude had just made a curve where the track follows the bend of the bay, and it was a bad place. I shouldn't have seen the Dude's rear lights around that curve until we were right on her. Of course they sent a man back with a lantern to signal us. The man they took for the duty was a young brakeman, not over nineteen, by the name of Jimmy Caswell. He hadn't been working for the road more than two years, but he came of a very good family of folks down to Falmouth and was a mighty bright, gentlemanly sort of a youngster—just the kind that the swells who travel down to the bay like to have on the Flying Dude.

"He'd been put forward a good deal for a fellow of nineteen, and it was somewhat the result of favor, I dare say, that he was on the train, but they all had a great deal of confidence in him. I'll leave it to you to say whether the confidence was justified.

"Well, Jimmy set out in the dark and wind and rain with his red lantern back along the track. He had to go quite a piece, for there's a second curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us there.

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of both trains—the Dude standing still and we a-coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance.

"He started to run, Jimmy did, to get around the second turn in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew that he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure.

"Just as he started up what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest come whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Jimmy's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way.

"Jimmy wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest

"HE THREW HIS LANTERN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT."

pocket after matches. No matches there. That made him feel kind of queer. Then he put his fingers in his other vest pocket. None there either.

"Then he felt in the lower vest pockets, in the inside ones, in every blessed pocket that he had in his clothes. There wasn't a match on him.

"He heard my train roaring nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Jimmy was a good deal scared.

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling that somehow or other he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he ran my headlight loomed out on him through the mist coming up around the bend.

"He yelled like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and the locomotive made together, as you all would know very well.

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick pudding of rain and mist.

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought, and the lives of 200 people depended upon his thinking to good advantage.

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smashup.

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did do. He stepped off the track—and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and, measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might through the side window of the cab.

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of the broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I had got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air brake and the train was coming to a stop.

"It was just second nature to any engineer—and Jimmy Caswell knew well it would be—to know any human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was good cause for the engine to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't when he saw the lantern come in, but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air brake.

"After the train had come to a stop and I, without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train that boy came running up alongside the cab, panting, clean out of breath, and climbed up, all wet, into the cab. 'My gracious,' he managed to get out pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'

"'Somebody hit me,' says I; 'I don't know who 'twas nor what 'twas.'

"'I threw my lantern at you,' says he as cool as a frog.

"'You did,' says I. 'Well, what did you do that for?'

"'To keep you from running into the Dude,' says he.

"By this time he was up in the cab and he and the fireman were sopping my face with water. And then my head was swimming around again and I didn't know any too well what was going on.

"But by the time the conductor and train hands and about two-thirds of the passengers had come swarming around I was able to order 'em back, and we pulled up and overhauled the express slowly.

"Jimmy he was full of apologies to me. 'My goodness,' says he, 'I hoped I shouldn't hit you, but I was bound to stop you anyway.'

"'That's so,' says I. 'Don't talk about it any more. I might have passed you and never seen you, or if I had noticed you waving your arm by the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp and like enough paid no attention to you and gone on at full speed around that next bend. But,' says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train now.'

"'I wish some of you fellows would lend me a lantern,' says he.

"I looked at his lantern and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me.

"'What's the matter?' questioned I. 'Haven't you got any more lanterns on your train?'

"'I'd rather go back with one,' says he.

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report it to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors or any of that kind of business.

"But of course it came out because, though I didn't ask any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up.

"Doctor down to Yarmouth fixed me up all right. Jimmy offered to pay the bill, but, bless you, I'd never let him do that even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't.

"I was almighty glad to get out of that scrape with a scar on my face, and I reckon it won't amount to much after it's bleached out.

"How is Jimmy getting on? Oh, first rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure he had matches with him when he started out to signal that train I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault and that the chances were that he'd make a first rate railroad man.

"He's still braking on the Flying Dude. But it won't take many years to see him a conductor, you can depend on that."

Paid In His Own Coin.

"I've got nothing else, and you'll have to take it," said the consequential man in the tram car.

"But we ain't supposed to change half sovereigns," said the conductor.

"Can't help that," said the passenger. "You'll have to find change; that's all. I'm not going to get off."

A man in the corner with a big black bag beckoned to the conductor. There was a whispered confab, and a smiling conductor returned to the wealthy passenger.

"A gentleman has offered to give you change," he said.

"Ha, ha! So you had to find change after all, my fine fellow, eh! Well, here's the half sovereign."

It was five minutes before he got his change.

When the conductor brought it, it was in a double handful. "There you are, sir," he said. And, dumping down 119 pence and a penny ticket upon the cantankerous one, he left him to gasp out his expostulations.

The man with the black bag was an automatic gas meter collector.—London Tit-Bits.

The Owl as a Helper.

A family of barn owls will number from three to seven birds. It is hard to believe what an amount of vermin a family of owls will consume. An old owl will capture as much or more food than a dozen cats in a night. The owlets are always hungry. They will eat their own weight in food every night and more if they can get it. A case is on record where a half grown owl was given all the mice it could eat. It swallowed eight, one after the other. The ninth followed, all but the tail, which for some time hung out of the bird's mouth. The rapid digestion of birds of prey is shown by the fact that in three hours the little glutton was ready for a second meal and swallowed four more mice. If this can be done by a single bird, what effect must a whole family of owls have on the vermin of a community? It would be difficult to point out a more useful bird than the barn owl in any farming country. Like many other birds, it deserves the fullest protection, but man is often its worst enemy.—American Birds.

THE CHARM OF NEW YORK.

An English View of the Metropolis of the New World.

New York ought by most artistic standards of the past to be hideous. Instead (as I made up my mind, with a shock of pleasure, a few weeks ago) she is as beautiful, as individual almost, as Venice. Of course there are her sky and her atmosphere. Even a regular old frump of a city could wear a spurious charm when golden wine of sunshine dripped over her from a crystal cup studded with turquoise or in a sunset such as heaven and Turner alone could conceive, glittering like a heap of jewels behind a veil of sprinkled gold dust. But the startling, bizarre beauty of New York could exist even in a London fog.

What is there to say of a vast city where all the architectures of the world and some that were never seen (anywhere else) on land or sea rub shoulders together? Would you not think that they would refuse to speak to each other, even if they didn't fight in disastrous battle dreadful to witness? But go to New York and see.

I said to myself as I drove about New York that the gay, colossal city was like a huge flower garden where the gardener had sown his seeds anyhow—crimson hollyhocks, golden sunflowers, dainty pinks, modest violets, tall white lilies, larkspurs, pansies and a thousand other early things helter skelter, leaving them to come up all among each other as they chose, and instead of the experiment being a failure it turned out a glorious success.—Mrs. C. N. Williamson in London Chronicle.

The Thirteen Chicks.

How difficult it is to pick out truth or fiction from apparently straightforward recitals of the actions of animals is well shown in a communication sent to one of our foreign exchanges by a man who lays claim to long experience in breeding game birds. He stated in all seriousness that only two of his pheasant hens had hatched out seventeen of the eighteen eggs placed under each one in the nests. "It is a curious fact," he continues, "that both hatched off on the same day, and each hen immediately killed thirteen out of her seventeen live chicks by pecking their brains and laid them in a row in front of her, each exactly in the same way. I shall be glad to know whether such a singular case has ever been noted before."

So shall I; but, at any rate, in this case at least, thirteen was an unlucky number for both the chicks and their owners.—Forest and Stream.

FOOD FOR THE SEINE.

An Incident of Whistler's Student Days in Paris.

The early scenes in "Trilby" have shown us the hilarious squalor of the student life in Paris when Whistler joined the studio that Gleyre carried on in succession to Delaroche. It was the Bohemia, barely modernized, of Murger's novel, and the shifts to which these raw recruits in art descended furnished Whistler for life with some of his raciest stories. Once when an American friend unearthed him Whistler was living on the proceeds of a wardrobe. One hot day he pawned his coat for an iced drink. Invited once to the American embassy, he had to borrow Poynter's dress suit. But the best story of these frolicsome days arises from the eternal copying in the Louvre, either on commission or on "spec," which kept them alive between remittances. Whistler's chum, Ernest Delannoy, had done a gorgeous replica of Veronese's "Marriage Feast at Cana" that took when framed the pair of them to carry it. They tried it on every dealer up and down both sides of the Seine until the first price of 500 francs had dropped with several thuds to 100, then 20, then 10, then 5. Suddenly the dignity of art asserted itself.

On the Pont des Arts they lifted the huge canvas. "Un," they said, with a great swing, "deux, trois—v'lan!" and over it went into the water with a splash. Sergents de ville came running, omnibuses stopped, and boats pushed out on the river. Altogether it was an immense success, and they went home enchanted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE WRONG NOTE.

Mozart's Outbreak at an Opera Performance at Marseilles.

Mozart, being once on a visit at Marseilles, went incognito to hear the performance of his "Villanella Rapita." He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied till in the midst of the principal aria the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not infure the harmony, but gave a commonplace character to the phrase and obscured the sentiment of the composer.

Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently and from the middle of the pit cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?"

The sensation produced in the theater may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamor subsided and was succeeded by shouts of applause from all sides.

It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra and directed the whole performance. This time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were surprised at the superior effect produced. After the opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel.

Who Were Going.

"And the streets are paved with real gold and there will be music and flowers, and everything will be beautiful!" finished the Sunday school teacher, who was telling her small charges of heaven.

"And now tell me," she continued, "what kind of little boys and girls are going there?"

Nobody knew. Then from one corner a small brown hand shot up. "Yes, Samuel?" the teacher smiled.

"Please, teacher, dead ones!"—Lippincott's.

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.

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$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.

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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 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

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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

7tm19a30-327]

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, to-wit: 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. A. 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

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1909 SEED CATALOGUE 100 pages of most interesting information about Flowers, Vegetables, 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. 380

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EAST YAMHILL AND FIRST PORTLAND, 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 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

7tf26a9-326]

O. R. & N.

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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.	7.46 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.

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Southbound passenger daily	Distance to 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
5.00 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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