The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....April 9, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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Influence of Lincoln at Home

1809—The Lincoln Centenary—1909

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

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LINCOLN DENOUNCING THE GOLD HOARDERS.

IT is hard to measure the effects of any man's work and example. With one who becomes known to all lands and all time it would be almost as easy to measure the effects of the sunshine or the rain. The least of the influence exerted by such a soul is that which is tangible and known. The causes set in motion by his acts, his words and his example are so widely ramifying that they cannot be traced. If these are true and durable they go on forever. They win and shape unconsciously. They are seeds blown about the earth, and every heart is a receptive soil into which they may fall. In this view the results of Lincoln's life, toil and faith have only begun. They will furnish a light for men's feet and will lead them to liberty, truth and mercy so long as America is a nation or there is a republic upon the earth.

That Lincoln preserved the Union and freed the slave is much. That he showed us what American manhood can be, that he gave us an everyday illustration of democracy, that he taught us charity and forgiveness, that he proved to us over and over again that nothing is durable but truth, that he revealed to us how a high soul can overcome poverty and that he held before us the white example of a blameless life are more.

Fortunate is the land which has such a man for its patron saint. His life becomes an inspiration for the young, his precepts a guide for the old. He has marked out new moral paths and pointed the way to new individual and social heights. Because he went through the wilderness of trial and temptation and turned not aside we can better find our way. Because he was so gentle, so honest, so true and so friendly in all the relations of life we can all be gentler and truer, more honest and more friendly than we should have been without his helpful example.

America is just beginning to know Lincoln. She has yet to learn the real depth of his political philosophy, his unwavering confidence in the triumph of right, his contempt of money and all that money can buy, his divine faith in the masses of men, the unselfishness of his motives and, last and highest of all, his supreme spiritual quality. There are enough lessons in Lincoln to afford profitable study for a century. If any man can go to school to that life and not get over being a snob, a prig or an aristocrat, it will be because the pupil has not enough brains to comprehend what the master is trying to teach.

Already it is safe to say that no American has been so illustrious since Washington. Concerning none has so much been written, nor has what has been written been so eagerly read. This interest has grown up spontaneously from the people themselves. That is the beauty of it. There is nothing forced nor artificial in his fame.

When certain bankers of New York tried to corner the supply of gold during the war, Lincoln rather heatedly said of them that they ought to have their "infernal heads shot off." He uttered other opinions in kind. About the only really biting things the Nazarene ever said concerned the "scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites," and in the same way the most caustic of Lincoln's remarks related to the money changers and other like gentry who are the modern counterparts of those denounced by the Master. Lincoln had enough real insight to see just who are the worst enemies of the human race.

No, it is not from these that the phenomenal growth of Lincoln sentiment has come. It is from the toilers in the fields, the shops and the mines, from the lowly race he freed, from the soldiers he befriended, from the young to whom he gave inspiration, from the average man and average woman, who felt in him a brother and a friend.

One of the manifestations of the Lincoln wave that has swept the country has been seen in the celebration of his birthday. This was by no means general at first, but was spontaneously taken up by societies and soldiers' posts, finally by states and a few years since was made a holiday by the national government. It has now culminated in making his birthplace a shrine and his centenary a worldwide celebration.

As America grows more democratic, as all forms of slavery disappear, as genuine manhood and womanhood are more highly prized, as forms are abandoned and spirituality becomes manifest, as mercy, charity and brotherhood are enthroned, as the plain people come to their own and as men grow in their love of truth, of righteousness and of mercy, the fame of Abraham Lincoln and his influence over his country will increase, for of all these things he was the champion and the exemplar.

An Easter Cherub

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE

Copyright, 1908, by Emma A. Coe

THE beauties of a perfect Easter Sunday morning were being ignominiously drenched in the vicinity of Madison square, New York city.

Simultaneously the puffing, middle aged, well groomed, frock coated, silk hatted Mr. Rodney Alexander Tichenor and the small, wasplike eight-year-old Mary Burns lunged for the same uptown street car.

"Fares, fares!" called the conductor, elbowing his way toward them.

Mary Burns went on a wild excursion into the fingers of her gloves for car fare. By the time she had wriggled a coin to the surface Tichenor had handed the conductor a dime.

"I paid you fare, little girl," he told her pleasantly.

She held her nickel reflectively for a moment, then slipped it back into her

"I PAID YOUR FARE, LITTLE GIRL."

little fist, the sudden and unexpected pleasure of being 5 cents richer than she had anticipated beaming from every lineament.

Presently, with feminine instinct, it occurred to her that so nice and so generous a man was worth while visiting with.

"I'm going away up to Fifth avenue," she ventured when Tichenor a few moments later dropped into the space made vacant beside her.

"Uh—huh!" she went on. "I ain't never been there alone before, but I gueth I won't get lotht, will I?"

"I think not," reassuringly.

"I'm going to see a nithe big girl who's going to get married thith week. She's an awful nithe girl!"

"Indeed!" Tichenor shifted his position a trifle and looked at her questioningly. He also was acquainted with a very nice young woman living on Fifth avenue who was to be married within a week.

"Yep!" continued the talkative and confiding woman child, regarding the toes of her new shoes that were sticking straight out into the aisle. "And the girl don't like the feller she's going to marry, not a bit!"

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Tichenor, with an unconscious wince.

"Ain't it, though?" acquiesced Mary Burns. "The girl feels tho bad that I'm going up there to give her these," stretching a side pocket of her coat and showing a flat little parcel done up clumsily in a piece of dirty newspaper.

"Kind of you!" commented Tichenor formally.

"Oh, I dunno," she replied quickly. "She's always giving me lots of things. I just love her like everything. So doth"—

"She should be very happy in"—

"But she ain't," interrupted the ardent friend of the Fifth avenue bride elect. "She cryth and cryth and cryth all the time!"

"Sad!"

"Yep, ain't it?" agreed Mary Burns. "She likes another feller, and her maw's making her marry the old duffer 'cause his folks is the stuckup kind and his name's purty."

"Er—ah"— commenced Tichenor, noticing the growing interest of their fellow passengers.

"Uh—huh!" rattled on the child. "And my br"—

He made a noise away down in his throat and quite loud.

"You got the conthumption?" she asked him, with apparent alarm.

"Oh, no."

"Well," she resumed, satisfied of her traveling companion's health, "if I wath Katherine"—

"Sh!" admonished Tichenor suddenly and sharper than he realized. "Sometimes," he added [illegible] startled the child, "it isn't quite the thing to mention people's names in street cars, you know." And he patted her hand tenderly and tried to smile.

* * * * * * *

Jacques, the butler, came hurrying upstairs, fetching another box of cut flowers.

Quickly, eagerly, Katherine Abbott scanned the card accompanying the Easter gift, but a shade of disappointment overspread her features in spite of the fact that the bit of pasteboard bearing the name of Mr. Rodney Alexander Tichenor dangled conspicuously from the enormous bunch of lilies of the valley which she lifted from the box.

"Nothing from Sam—not a flower!" she sighed. "Last year he sent me a big pink azalia," shaking her head solemnly.

She crossed the room and seated herself before an ornate rococo desk and picked up the photograph of a man. Leaning forward on her elbows, she commenced to talk to it.

"I suppose you are right about it," she said. "But I'd rather have—Sam Burns. I'd rather receive merely a withered, dried up flower from you than all the lilies, the roses, the orchids and things in New York from the rest of them! Oh, Sam, why didn't you come or write or"—

A sudden choke came into her voice. Unable to restrain the tears longer, her head went down on her arms, and she burst out crying. She sobbed out loud, so audibly, in fact, that her father had entered the room and was lifting her up to him before she was aware that he was near.

"What's all this about?" he asked, tenderly brushing back the silky, dark curls from her forehead.

Then his gaze caught the photograph, now all blistered with tears.

"Say, little girl," exclaimed John Abbott, with a catch of surprise, as he held her tighter and rocked her to and fro as he used to do when she was a baby, "you—you just go on and cry! Cry it out! Cry as hard as you want to! It'll do you good!" His face settled into a lowering frown.

When the tempest cleared her father led her to a divan and drew her down beside him.

"So," he said, looking steadily at her, "it's Sam, after all."

"Yes," she answered despondently. "But what's the use? It's all over now."

"Why?"

"Why?" she repeated. "Why? Because it's too late, with the wedding arranged for Wednesday and—and the way Sam has acted!"

"What has he done that is so reprehensible? I always regarded him as a pretty decent sort of fellow."

"After mother talked to him the way she did he never came to the house again—never even so much as wrote me!"

"What did your mother say to him?"

"Oh, so many distressing things," she replied vaguely. "And when Sam suggested writing to you she told him it was absolutely useless; that you agreed with her completely on the matter."

"She did, did she?"

"Then, of course, Sam felt hurt. Oh, father"—

"And who rang in this Tichenor, a man as old as I am? I wish I had come home sooner."

"Oh," resignedly, "mother managed it!"

"Why didn't you mention some of these things to me in your letters?"

"I couldn't, father. I simply couldn't trouble you with my affairs when you were in the midst of all that worry about the mines. It was good of Mr. Tichenor to help you out with money, wasn't it?"

"Help—me—out—with—money!" roared John Abbott, jumping to his feet with more alacrity than he had exhibited for many years. "Money? What in"— He checked himself from uttering a strong mining camp expletive. "Well! What do you mean?"

"Didn't Mr. Tichenor lend you a large sum of money to tide over financial difficulties this winter?" she asked in wide eyed amazement at her father's perturbation. "Mother said he did."

"Good Lord, no!" he shouted, striding about the room as red faced and angry as Katherine had ever seen him. "It's a lie—a confounded, inhuman lie!" he went on stormily, looking and acting very much like a very large volcano. Then anger commenced to settle into disappointment and disappointment into dejection.

"WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT IT?"

She went to her father and leaned her head against his shoulder. Each understood the sorrow of the other, and they exchanged mute comfort.

* * * * * * *

An hour later three persons were assembled in the library of the Abbott mansion. Two were very miserable (Katherine and John Abbott), but the third (Mary Burns) was roaming around in an extremely happy state of mind, examining everything within reach and eating bonbons as fast as she could stuff them down.

Glances directed toward Mary Burns were frequent and anything but approving.

"What will you do about it?" asked John Abbott.

"Oh," cried the unhappy Katherine, "I scarcely know. I should like to shake that little rat good and hard!" referring to the disinterested visitor.

She did nothing of the sort, however. When Mary Burns a moment later came and perched herself on the arm of Katherine's chair and commenced to maul and kiss her, the caresses were tenderly reciprocated.

"If you hurry up and write them over again I'll take them back and give them to Sam. I can read writing now, and I don't want them any more," the occupant of the chair's arm suggested to Katherine Abbott obligingly.

A crumpled piece of newspaper lay on the floor with a piece of dirty string. Half a dozen well worn mussed and mud hued letters lay in Katherine's lap. They were her letters to Sam Burns. They had been in recently intercepted by his ambitious sister Mary and used by her as a very delightful means in her endeavors to fathom the intricacies of orthography in script.

"And you say Sam never received these—never saw them?" asked Katherine again.

"Nope!" one cheek swollen to enormous proportions by the inside application of a candied peach and her face in the vicinity of her mouth all chocolate colored.

"But don't you know it is very naughty to take people's letters?"

"Uh—huh? Some people," modifying the situation. "But Sam he don't care what I do. He loves me tho. I gueth he wouldn't think it was naughty—I gueth he wouldn't," seeming to reflect for the first time on what she had done. "Anyway, I'll give them to him if you'll make them all over again—nithe and clean. Will you?"

"Talk about imps!" exclaimed John Abbott, raising his hands summarily.

"I gueth I'd better be going home," suggested Mary Burns, with dawning apprehension.

"You certainly are going home," nodded Katherine Abbott, "and I am going with you! You have run away and I can imagine how your people are hunting the city for you even now. Besides," she added, turning to her father, "no matter what mother shall say, I must see Sam!"

"Yes, go," replied Abbott. "I'd rather you would. It will be better to have this letter affair understood. And, daughter," looking at her knowingly, "if you and Sam—my girl, I'll stand by you and Sam to the end of everything!"

Some one arrived just then, and Jacques appeared and announced Sam Burns. Mary Burns had inadvertently mentioned her destination to her chum, and a brief interview with that personage had apprised the Burnses where Mary might be found. Sam Burns had come to reclaim the lost.

Presently, when John Abbott saw Burns staring at some grimy letters on the library table, he discreetly withdrew, taking along with him the object upon whom censure was liable to fall in warrantable measure. He escorted her into the music room and drew the portieres together behind him.

Mary Burns was enthusiastically introducing John Abbott to the melodies of a five finger exercise when Tichenor entered.

"O-o-o!" she squealed, jumping down

WHAT THEY SAW.

from the piano bench and running to him. "If here ain't that nithe man! I know him!"

"Mr. Abbott," said Tichenor, taking Abbott's extended hand and drawing the elfish Mary to his side, "I should like to see you and Mrs. Abbott alone for a few minutes."

"Mrs. Abbott is at church."

"Then you," he replied. "This cherub," patting Mary Burns on the head as he seated himself, "who happened to be a fellow passenger on a street car with me this morning, accidentally conveyed a bit of information which will enable me—which makes it my duty—er—"

"Abbott," straightening with determination, "by the innocent prattle of this child I have learned that Katherine does not love me and that she does love some one else.

"It isn't right, it isn't fair," he went on, "to wreck that dear girl's life! I love her—but"—

He broke off and bowed his head for a moment. Then he rose and went toward Abbott. "What can we do?"

During the few seconds that the two men stood confronting each other in their heart reaching perplexities Mary Burns was testing her hopping abilities by leaping from one figure to another in the oriental rugs. As she neared the portieres which separated her from the library she noticed the drawing cords of the heavy hangings. Grabbing both ends, she ran back quickly.

Instantaneously, silently, the curtains parted. Surprised at her achievement, she stood speechless. Abbott and Tichenor stood silent also, for they were amazed at what they saw.

CHINESE METHODS.

Why a Street, Newly Paved, Was Torn Up by Official Order.

M. Monnier, the French Asiatic traveler, vouched for the truth of the following story of how his friend, Hop Sing, a man of means and refinement, was on one occasion sorely victimized. Hop Sing lived in the street of the roasted corn, as unsavory and as ill paved a street as any in all Pekin. The local mandarin was an intimate friend of his, and Hop Sing availed himself of this friendship to press the mandarin to have the street repaved. Certainly at once. The men would be at work on it before Hop Sing could get back home. A week passed, then another visit, and so on until, in despair, Hop Sing determined to have the street repaired at his own expense. The work was satisfactorily completed.

The surprise of Hop Sing was only equaled by his indignation when on awakening one morning he found a gang of coolies upheaving the newly flagged street. His surprise grew when he heard from the mandarin's own lips that the men were there at his orders.

"You see, my dear friend," said the mandarin, "I am expecting the head inspector around here in a few days. Now, if he were to see the beautiful pavement you have laid down in your street he would come to the conclusion that there was money about, and he would assuredly bleed every vein in my body. This would mean my ruin. Don't you see why your pavement really must come up? It cost me one fortune to secure my post. I don't want to spend another in keeping it."

The Year Without a Summer.

The year 1816 has a remarkable cold weather record and is known as "the year without a summer." In that year there was a sharp frost in every month, and the people all over the world began to believe that some great and definite change in the earth was taking place. The farmers used to refer to it as "eighteen hundred and starve to death." Frost, ice and snow were common in June. Almost every green thing was killed, and the fruit was nearly all destroyed. During the month snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and Massachusetts and ten inches in Maine. There were frost and ice in July in New York, New England and Pennsylvania, and corn was nearly all destroyed in certain sections. Ice half an inch thick formed in August. A cold north wind prevailed all summer.

Couldn't Chill His Wit.

Mme. Modjeska and her company were playing one winter in the extreme north, much to the discomfort of Count Bozenta, the Polish star's husband. But at that time the show business was at a very low ebb in the south. One particularly cold day Mme. Modjeska found the count shivering from head to foot in spite of the steam heat in the hotel.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he implored. "Let us go south for the rest of the season. This climate will kill us."

"But, my dear," replied madame, "the south is dead."

"Yes," said the count, "but she is such a be-autiful corpse."

The Best Inheritance.

Property left to a child may soon be lost, but the inheritance of virtue—a good name, an unblemished reputation—will abide forever. If those who are toiling for wealth to leave their children would but take half the pains to secure for them virtuous habits how much more serviceable would they be! The largest property may be wrested from a child, but virtue will stand by him to the last.

A Lesson In English.

A Philadelphia capitalist went to Chicago and was very much disgusted with the Chicago accent.

"You speak," he said to a Chicagoan, "a wretched patter, don't you? But we Philadelphians, I've been assured, speak a very pure English indeed—in fact, a pure Oxford English. Ah, how do you account for the difference?"

"Well," said the Chicagoan, "the only way I can account for it is that you Philadelphians entertained the British army a good long time in your town, while we Chicagoans never had any such—er—honor."

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. Correct any constipation by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

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Real Estate Snaps

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

160 Acres, 4wo 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.

$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 locationfor business. Only half what the lumber cost that is in the building.

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W. B. McCoy,

Moro, Oregon.

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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, towit: 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

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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. Lillie Yank, Defendant. } Summons.

To Lillie 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. 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 26 h day of March, 1909.

JAY H. UPTON, Attorney for Plaintiff

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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 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. 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 26 h day of March, 1909.

JAY H. UPTON, Attorney for Plaintiff

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Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	3.45 a.m.

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PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	8.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
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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

For rates and information apply to

F. CRABTREE, Agent, Moro, Or.

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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.

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

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 26.h day of February, 1909.

J. B. GILLIAM, Attorney for Plaintiff

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