The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY..........April 16, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer Why Not?

We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for $2.50; one year $1.50; 12½cts a month is n't much. Try it. Order by Postal Card, and pay for it when you can.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

The

Lincoln Centenary

Lincoln's Influence on the World

By JAMES A. EDGERTON

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

THE WORLD'S TRIBUTE.

It is said that Queen Victoria had a high appreciation of President Lincoln. In the simple goodness of their hearts, which, after all, is the highest strain in man or woman, the two were not unlike. They had in them the true kingly and queenly quality which is not due to the accident of birth, but comes from a love of humanity and a desire to serve and benefit the race.

With this exception and a few others less notable Lincoln in his own day had little friendship in Europe. He was not of a type to appeal to bureaucracy and formal institutionalism. At the beginning of the war he was little known or, if known at all, was regarded as a country lawyer of slight education, little experience and inferior talents.

His method of handling the Mason and Slidell episode and the general conduct of our diplomatic affairs raised the world's opinion of him as his administration progressed, but still the feeling was not cordial. The temper of Europe was such in that contest that a slight misstep might have plunged us into war. One of Lincoln's greatest triumphs was that he kept us clear of these foreign difficulties. It was not so much hostility to Lincoln as it was hostility to the Union that had to be feared. By caution, patience and statesmanship all this hostility was made powerless to work us harm, and gradually the chancelleries of Europe awakened to the fact that a master mind was in charge at Washington. They also began to understand that the master mind was Lincoln, "the country lawyer," and not Seward, his secretary of state. If Seward had been given his way a war with one or more European nations could scarcely have been averted.

The triumph of the north had a powerful influence in melting foreign hostility. Success succeeds even better with diplomats than with ordinary mortals. The republic divided and threatened with annihilation was one thing. The same republic reunited and more firmly established than ever was quite another. The change of attitude naturally included the head of the nation as well as the nation itself.

It must not be imagined, however, that all European sentiment was hostile to the Union. Many of the best men and women in all lands were naturally our friends both because of opposition to slavery and friendship to republicanism. The hearts of the masses for the most part were with us as they ever have been. This sentiment was augmented as the struggle neared a close.

Lincoln's assassination brought out all the latent and active friendship for him abroad as well as at home. It silenced the tongues of his enemies. Following so close upon the termination of the war, it focused the attention and touched the heart of the world. The universal and profound grief shown for the murdered president in his own land revealed to those of other lands that he was a man out of the ordinary, a fact that they had already begun to suspect. The changed attitude toward him was shown in the fine poem written by the editor of the London Punch.

When the world's universal republic is established, of which our own republic is but the forerunner; when there is liberation in all lands that are fanned by the free air as it sweeps about the earth; when self government and the individual strength it fosters have become as common as the sunshine and the rain; when there is a universal religion based on the divinity in man and the common love of God and humanity; when purity of life, loyalty to truth and the sacrifice of self on the altar of the common good are everywhere recognized and practiced, then Abraham Lincoln, who stood for all of these things, will have taken his place among the world's few supremely great souls. That day for all mankind is much nearer because he lived and died. If this nation had been rent asunder in the civil war, if free government had then proved a failure, if slavery had triumphed over freedom, that new era for mankind might have been delayed for centuries or forever. Therefore Lincoln's work in that crisis was not for his own land alone, but for all lands. It was not only to give the black race liberty, but to give all races liberty. It was not merely to assure the Union of these states, but meant eventually that there should be a union for peace and for universal freedom as wide as the earth and as long as the ages.

All these things Lincoln's life and death helped to make possible. Therefore when the "parliament of men" shall indeed come his name should be one of the foremost honored among those who prepared the way.

The Almost Tragic Tale of An Easter Hat

By MARION C. SMITH

Copyright, 1908, by M. C. Smith

Mr. ARTHUR AVERY was in a bad humor. He glared suspiciously at his coffee, tasted it as if he suspected it of being poisoned, scowled viciously at his boiled egg and pushed it from him.

"Hard as a brickbat," he snapped. "Can't you get a cook who can read the clock?"

He was one of those men who are always in a bad humor when their consciences are out of order. He had just refused his wife the money for an Easter hat, and she had borne the disappointment with becoming meekness. She did not know the reason for the refusal, but he did, and that was the trouble. He wanted to join another club.

Mrs. Avery surmised that his conscience was uneasy and took heart. She hoped that he would come around. There were still four days to spare, and even if he did not come around until after Easter she could bear it if only the one hat she wanted had not been sold in the interval. It was a hat worth waiting for, and it matched her new spring suit to perfection.

Nothing else would do. The hats that year were monstrosities. Mrs. Avery was a woman of excellent taste and knew what she wanted. She also knew that her husband was very much in love with her. Surely he would come around!

He did not come entirely around that day, however. He went so far as to telephone to his friend in the new club, asking him not to propose his name just yet. There was a little uncertainty. He would let him know in a day or two. The next day at lunchtime he went uptown and flattened his nose—figuratively—against one of the show windows at Mercer & Milner's.

He couldn't remember the price she had mentioned. Was it $15 or $20? Absurd, of course, but not extravagantly high, as hats go. He would just go in and price them.

"It must be blue, because she said it matched her suit, and I know that's blue," he said helplessly to the saleswoman.

"Blue? Oh, we have a model hat in blue," said that astute young person,

"AND THEY DON'T EXCHANGE HATS!"

going up to one of the many huge glass cases which were dazzling the bewildered eyes of Mr. Avery.

"This is a Parisian hat," she said, with a grand manner that disarmed criticism. "And a wonderful bargain, only $25!"

Twenty-five! Well, the dues and initiation fee of the club would amount to more than that. If Edith liked it—

"Isn't it—rather large?" he faltered.

"I'm sure this is the right thing," she said, with increased confidence. "I think I remember a lady of that description admiring this hat and saying she might come back and buy it if her husband was willing."

That didn't sound like Edith, but it furnished a clew, and Mr. Arthur Avery was tired and felt very helpless. There really seemed nothing to do but to order the hat sent home.

Mrs. Avery came in with a friend that afternoon and saw the box, which the maid had placed in the middle of the bed.

"Laura, look at that!" she exclaimed apprehensively. "He's bought me a hat—bought it himself!"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the friend.

"I don't know about that! I—I'm afraid to look at it. There was just one hat I wanted, and I never allow any one, not even Arthur, to choose for me."

"Oh, Edith, hurry and open it! I'm sure it's all right. It's so good of him! I wish my"— But she stopped short as Edith suddenly opened the box and stood transfixed in horror.

"Laura Glenn, will you look at that! And they don't—exchange—hats!"

She slowly drew it from its tissue paper wrappings and held it up in all its blue and pink radiance.

"It—why, Edith," faltered Laura, "it isn't so very bad. It's in the very latest style."

"I wouldn't be found dead in it!" broke out Edith. "Latest style! This blue will fairly shriek at my new suit. My hat was a toque with the most exquisitely delicate flowers, and only $15! What poor Arthur must have paid for this horror! What shall I do? I can't tell him his gift didn't suit me. He'll never forgive me, and it was a sacrifice on his part too. Poor dear Arthur! O-o-oh!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Glenn had been trying on the hat. She was short and dark, and the effect upon her was appalling.

"There, you see!" exclaimed Mrs. Avery. "No one could wear it! It's a monstrosity."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Glenn calmly, "the hats this year are monstrosities. I've got one myself."

"Well, I don't care what you've got. I won't wear a monstrosity! The one I chose was a dear, and they don't exchange hats!"

"Perhaps they will this time. I can testify that you didn't try it on. They will never think of my having tried it on."

"Oh, do you think I can persuade them? Come with me at once!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Glenn resignedly. "I suppose I'll have to see you through."

Suddenly Edith dropped into a chair, with a tragic gesture.

"I can't, Laura!" she exclaimed. "I can't change Arthur's choice! He will be wounded. He'll think I don't love him."

"My dear, don't be any more foolish than you absolutely have to be. Men are not like that—only women. Arthur won't care a button if only you're pleased."

"You don't know Arthur."

"I know men, and I don't mind saying that I'm older than you, for you know it already. You can trust me."

"And you think he won't be hurt?"

"I know he won't."

"But I'm not sure!"

"Oh, well, wear the hat, then. It's the only alternative."

Edith shuddered.

"Unless," pursued Mrs. Glenn, "you can make him think they sent the other by mistake."

"What, deceive him? How can I? And yet better deceive him than hurt him. How can I tell him I despised his choice?"

"Oh, come along, Edith; there's no time to waste. Telephone for a cab."

In due course of time Edith was relieving her feelings by reproaching the head saleswoman in the millinery department at Mercer & Milner's for having persuaded Mr. Avery to buy such a hat. The girl looked abashed. She had not believed that the gentleman wanted it for any one like Edith. But she sulkily persisted that it was a Parisian model!

"It's a Parisian horror!" cried Edith.

The head of the department was called, and, with a man's susceptibility to a pretty woman's distress and upon Mrs. Glenn's testimony that Mrs. Avery had not ever tried it on, he consented to effect the change, provided that the difference in price was not refunded by the firm. Edith accepted the condition and joyously carried off her first choice.

"Thank goodness that's over!" cried Laura as they dismissed the cab and guiltily brought in the box.

"It's over, but I've deceived him, and I'm miserable," bewailed Edith.

"Tell him all about it, then!"

"Never! I must suffer in silence!"

That night upon Arthur's return Edith flung her arms about him and with her face buried in his coat collar, thanked him almost tearfully for the loveliest hat she had ever had.

"The very one I chose!" she gasped.

"Good! Let's see it on."

With trembling hands she drew from the box a hat of moderate proportions and graceful arrangement—a very symphony in blue and white—and set it upon her golden locks. The effect was magical.

"But—but," stammered Arthur, "it's not the one I bought!"

Edith turned her back and busied herself with the hatpins.

"N-not the one you bought?" she faltered.

"No; that was much larger and more expensive, I'm sure. This won't do at all! They've sent the wrong one, and they must give me the other or refund the money. It was much handsomer!"

"Oh, Arthur, I want this one! I must keep it! You see yourself"—

"But it isn't worth $25."

"Twenty-five dollars! Dear, did you pay all that? How extravagant, but how lovely of you!"

"I'll go tomorrow morning"—

"No, no! Leave it to me. Men always muddle such things. I'll—I'll settle it. Arthur, please! I'm afraid of losing this hat."

"Very well, but they must refund the difference. Stupid fools! It's lucky they hit upon the hat you liked, but the other was so much handsomer."

"This is ideal," said Edith, but her voice trembled.

"I must get the $10 out of my savings bank fund," she thought. "Oh, what a tangle of deceit! He'll find it all out and never love me again!"

The next day was Good Friday, and Edith went to church, but she came home with a headache. On Saturday morning she could not get up. He was seriously troubled about her.

"I'll send up Dr. Moore, dear," he said. "You must get well and wear that Easter hat tomorrow. I've set my heart on it."

Upon that, to the poor man's utter amazement, she burst into a torrent of tears and sobs.

"I'll never, never wear it!" she cried. "Oh, I'm a wicked, wicked woman!"

"Edith, my love! For heaven's sake! Wicked? Absurd! You're nervous and worn out. I told you you were going to church too much this Lent and working too hard over Beedy's new clothes. Darling, don't cry so. I've got to leave you—business appointment at 9 o'clock. I can't put it off, and I can't bear to leave you like this. That's right! Try to smile and tell me it's all nonsense."

"It's—it's all nonsense," she quavered piteously.

But after he left her he was not so sure of the nonsense theory. Why should Edith call herself wicked? Was it only the effect of religious excitement or was it anything tangible? He recalled the fact that John Dent had talked to Edith quite a good deal of late whenever they had been out together. Could it be that her fancy had turned that way? Arthur turned cold with horror.

As ill luck would have it he met John Dent in the street.

"Hello! Changed your mind about the club?" called out the unconscious object of his wrath.

"No, confound it, and I won't change it!" snapped Arthur. "Can't you take a man's word for it that he knows his own mind?"

"Whew—ee—ee!" whistled Dent. "What's the matter with you, old man? Want to take my head off?"

But Arthur was off, muttering inaudibly, "I'd do it for 5 cents!"

Meanwhile Edith knew that she had made disclosure inevitable, and she despairingly prepared herself for the sacrifice. Arthur came home in the evening, pale and ferocious of mood, to find her sitting in an armchair looking equally pale, clad in a long white tea gown, her hair parted over her ears, her eyes strained and wistful.

She looked up piteously, but Arthur did not smile. He set his teeth hard, drew up a chair and sat down in front of her with stern and tragic mien.

"Edith," he said, "what is the meaning of all this despair, of your self accusation? I have been thinking of it all day. I have been a wretched man. I am determined now to sift this thing to the bottom!"

She broke down and sobbed, but he did not waver.

"You have called yourself a wicked woman," he proceeded sternly, "and here and now you must tell me why!"

She clasped her hands hard together and drew in her breath. The moment had come.

"I—I—have—deceived you!" she gasped.

His face whitened, and a terrible look came into his eyes.

"Deceived me?" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes. Oh, you'll never forgive me! You bought the hat. You made a sacrifice. That horrid John Dent said you wouldn't join the club."

Hat! Horrid! What was this? A strange revulsion of feeling came over him.

"You don't like John Dent?" he interrupted, with seeming irrelevance.

"I never liked him! I don't see why you do. He doesn't like me, I know. He talks to me, but he makes fun of me. I deceived you about the hat. I changed the one you bought for me!"

"You did? So the mistake wasn't theirs? But what does that matter? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you that I had rejected your choice! Oh, Arthur, when you thought you were pleasing me! But I couldn't. I—it didn't match my suit. And—a smaller one seemed better. You know the hats this year are— But, oh, I deceived you! I've destroyed your love for me!"

Arthur had been walking up and down, trying to control a feeling of mingled anger and relief. To think

"AND SO ARE YOU!"

that he had suffered so all day for nothing! And she had made herself ill for nothing! But now, at her last words, he turned and took her in his arms.

"Oh, Edith, you dear, foolish little girl!" he cried. "You don't know what you've put me through, accusing yourself for nothing"—

"For nothing!" Her tone was tragic, but thrills of bliss were running all over her.

"As if I cared about the hat, only so you were pleased," he said. "If you'd told me I would have had it exchanged gladly. I didn't like it much myself, but the girl said it was just the thing, and I supposed the hats this year were all monstrosities and it couldn't be helped. Was this all your trouble?"

"I should think it was enough! I did deceive you. I thought"—

"I know what you thought, foolish child. But you don't know what— Well, never mind. Now you'll sleep well tonight and wear the hat tomorrow—eh?"

"Of course I will," she answered happily. "I don't deserve it, but—it really is a perfect dear, you know, Arthur. And so are you!"

ALL THE WAY ROUND.

An Odd Sort of Dinner and the Reason of It.

Lord Polkemmet, a Scottish lord of session, usually retired to his country residence during the part of the year when the court does no business. John Hagart, the Scottish advocate, equally idle from a similar cause, went to shoot, and, happening to pass Lord P.'s property, he met his lordship, who politely invited John to take, or, as he said, to tak', a family dinner with himself, his wife and daughter.

John accepted the invitation, and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table and stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, calf's head on one side of the soup and veal cutlets on the other, calf's foot jelly between the soup and roast veal and calf's brains between the stewed veal and the soup.

"Noo," said his lordship in his own blunt way, "Mr. Hagart, you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner, but ye'll no wonder when you hear the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. Hagart, and my daughter here caters for our table. The way we do is just this: We kill a beast, as it were, today, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."

Steady Grind.

Jokesmiths work from pun to pun
And rhymsters' work is never done.
—Kansas City Times.

Have You Noticed?

Harker—Say, Coggwood, you are up on automobile lore. When you have to spin out five or ten miles over smooth roads to tow in a broken down friend, what do you call it?

Coggwood — Blamed lot of trouble and big sacrifice.

Harker—And then when you start on a thirty mile spin through rain and mud what do you call it?

Coggwood—Why, man, that's fun!—Chicago News.

Flora and Fauna.

Blue roses are a common thing,
And cherries to the same stems cling
With peaches fat.
Strange vegetation, you'll agree,
Is the observer apt to see
Upon a hat.

I've seen a squirrel with a beak
Aligned beside a furry freak
Just like a bat.
You'll notice fauna rare and queer
Hobnobbing with the other gear
Upon a hat.
—Washington Herald.

ONCE A COWBOY.

Taft's Secretary of Interior a Son of the Western Plains.

From cow puncher in southwestern Kansas to the position of secretary of the interior is a far cry, but that is the range of the career of Richard A. Ballinger of the state of Washington, former commissioner of the general land office, ex-mayor of Seattle and until recently vice president of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. A remarkable coincidence is that he succeeds James R. Garfield, his classmate in Williams college, who afterward made him general land commissioner.

The interesting phases of Mr. Ballinger's frontier career are being told in his own words. He said:

We were living at Verdin, Ill., and in 1873, when I was fifteen years of age, my father, who had served through the civil war, being mustered out as colonel in the Third Illinois regiment, took up a soldier's homestead near Larned, Kan., and, as that was then in the heart of the cattle country, I soon became a cowboy.

On one occasion it was necessary to take a ride of seventy-five miles alone across the plains to Larned, and I was compelled to pass the night on the Rattlesnake creek, which was properly named. Before I could go to sleep I had killed three rattlers.

My most memorable experience as rider on the plains came when a wild horse got the better of me. That was at Spring creek. I got the thong rope over the animal's head all right and managed to get him up to the snubbing post, where the horses are branded. Gradually I worked up to the untamed animal until I was within ten feet of it. With a motion as quick as lightning—so it seemed to me—the horse raised itself on its hind legs and struck me to the earth. When I came to the horse was gone and I needed medical attention.

While I was on the range I rode seventy miles every Sunday to recite Latin to the steward at Fort Larned, where several companies of soldiers were stationed. My ambition was to go to college as soon as I could, and I spent three years at the State University of Kansas and at Washburn college at Topeka.

Mr. Ballinger was deputy clerk and afterward deputy treasurer of Pawnee county, Kan., for two years.

While at Washburn, Mr. Ballinger met Senator John J. Ingalls, who advised him to take a course at Williams college, in Massachusetts. He did this and was graduated with the class of 1884, of which James R. Garfield was a member.

LINCOLN'S DOUBLE.

Daniel Walford's Strong Resemblance to the Martyred President.

Daniel Walford, who recently died at the home of his daughter in New York city, in his younger days bore a remarkable resemblance to Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Walford, who was eighty-six years old, was born in Gloucestershire, England, and was six feet two and a half inches tall. He had the same slightly stooping shoulders and large frame, the same melancholy eyes and sad but winning smile that the martyred president had. His mouth was strikingly similar to Lincoln's.

Mr. Walford was an ardent supporter of the temperance cause all his life. Once in 1854 he was delivering a lecture in the Bowery mission, at New York, on this subject when some one informed him that "his brother" was in the back of the hall. This "brother" turned out to be Abraham Lincoln, who, being on a visit to New York, had gone to the mission with friends. When the two men met Lincoln said, "Walford, you couldn't look any more like me unless you were me."

They became fast friends, the friendship continuing until the president's death. President Lincoln gave Mr. Walford a model of his hand, which the latter carefully preserved.

Excused.

He asked her if she'd be his wife.
The question quite amused her.
She said, "You must excuse me, sir!"
He foolishly excused her.
—Yonker's Statesman.

A New Kind.

"Pa, what is the deadly parallel?"

"I guess, son, it is somewhere about the one where work in the tropics is located."—Baltimore American.

Real Estate Snaps

620 acres 2¼ miles from Moro, 400 acres farm land; plenty of water, very good improvements. Can give a buyer good terms on this tract.

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

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

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

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

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

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

160 Acres, two good wells, about 90 acres good farm land, a snap at $12.00 per acre.

$550 will buy a 5-room cottage in the city of Kent. Will take a good team in part payment.

House and lot in the city of Grass Valley; good well of water; known as the old Holder place; $300 will buy it.

Moro Property.

$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 MISSING MISSIVE.

One Romance of Uncle Sam's Dead Letter Office.

Something like 2,000,000 letters annually fail of delivery in the United States owing to insufficient postage or incorrect addresses. The dead letter office at Washington employs a large force of clerks to handle these. The packages that have been received at the dead letter office have contained false teeth, glass eyes, brass keys and thousands of other things that one would never expect to find in the mails.

It would be interesting to know how many engagements have been broken, how many friends have been estranged, how many fond hearts have not been reunited, how many deals have fallen through, how much money has been lost and how many quarrels have been prevented by letters that never came.

A pretty romance was revealed at the dead letter office the other day when a young woman called there to see if a wrongfully addressed letter had been received. It had, and she was greatly relieved. "I heard that Jack was untrue," she said, "and wrote him breaking our engagement. The day after I wrote I found out that I was wrong. My heart was almost broken, but Jack kept right on coming to see me and never mentioned the letter. I began to think I must have misdirected it and find that I did. It must have been fate. Now he will never know."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

No Apologies to Make.

Nan—Your nice new waist is all crumpled.

Fan—Well, suppose it is! Do you think Jack is an armless wonder?—Chicago Tribune.

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 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

7m19a30-327

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. SOMMERS, Attorney for Plaintiff

7m19a30-3.7

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

7mch26my7 327

For Thin, Poor Blood

You can trust a medicine tested 60 years! Sixty years of experience, think of that! Experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; the original Sarsaparilla; the Sarsaparilla the doctors endorse for thin blood, weak nerves, general debility.

But even this grand old medicine cannot do its best work if the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. For the best possible results, you should take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills while taking the Sarsaparilla.

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

Ayer's HAIR VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHERRY PECTORAL.

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

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

A FAMILY LIBRARY

The Best in Current Literature

12 COMPLETE NOVELS

MANY SHORT STORIES AND PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

$2.50 PER YEAR; 25 CTS. A COPY

NO CONTINUED STORIES

EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

LOW RATES TO OREGON DAILY

D[illegible] 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 everybody 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.

MacKINNON WAGON

Made especially for rough conditions on the PACIFIC COAST

Axles, bolsters, hounds, reach, tongue, double trees, and neck yokes all best Wisconsin oak.

Only wagon having metal covered hub, axle and bolster. Axle and hub are dust proof.

MacKinnon I-beam greatest known tensile strength for weight of material. Catalog free. Insist on seeing the MacKinnon Wagon. Investigate. If your dealer hasn't a MacKinnon, write us. Ask for descriptive catalog

BEALL & Co.

EAST YAMHILL AND FIRST PORTLAND, OREGON

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. 180

PORTLAND SEED CO

Portland, Oregon—Spokane, Wash.

HOLMES BUSINESS COLLEGE

WASHINGTON AND TENTH STS PORTLAND, OREGON

WRITE FOR CATALOG

The School that Places You in a Good Position

O.R.&N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 Trains to The East Daily

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

PORTLAND DEPOT.	Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East via Huntington.	8.30 a.m.	8 20 p m
Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4 20 p m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7 00 p.m. flag	8 00 a m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m.	3.45 a. m.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.46 p m no stop.	9 45 a m flag
Passes Biggs	11.39 pm.	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.	2 15 pm

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 [illegible]

For Dayton, O[illegible] River points, Ash [illegible] Leaves 7 00 a m daily ex[illegible] Arrives 5.30 p m daily except [illegible]

For Lewiston, Idaho, [illegible] from Riparia, Wash. [illegible] 5.40 a. m., or upon arrival [illegible] daily except Saturday. Arrive Riparia 4 p. m. daily except Friday

For full [illegible]

Wm. McMURRAY

Gen'l Passenger Agent, Portland, Or.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Time table No 12 March 8, 1908

Southbound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	STATIONS	Northbound 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

For rates and information apply to

F. CRABTREE, Agent, Moro, Or.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.,

Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route

EAST via SOUTH

Overland Express trains for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Stockton Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East. Leaves Portland Union Depot, 8.45 p. m. Arrives 7.25 a. m., daily.

Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with trains for Mt. Angel, Silverton Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8.30 a. m. arrives 5.55 p. m.

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

Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7.30 a.m., arrives 5.50 p m. Daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4.50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10.45 p.m., arrives 1 50 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

PORTLAND OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 4 15 p.m. Arrive Portland, 10.15 a.m.

The Independence Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co's trains at Dallas and Independence.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe, also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia

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

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