The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... June 4, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer Why Not?

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An Exchange of Heads.

A Story of the Future.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

It was fifty years ago, in 1908, that the first experiments in transplanting organs of the lower animals were made and made successfully. It was then announced by one vivisectionist that he had transplanted dogs' heads with preservation of cerebral and bulbar function.

During the decade that followed this discovery the technique involved in transplanting the head of one dog to the body of another was very much improved, and surgical scientists began to covet an opportunity to try the experiment upon men. But it was not until 1915 that Dr. Therapeutus Scalpel succeeded in obtaining the requisite human subjects. The courts that had sentenced two murderers to be electrocuted consented that they should instead be decapitated by Dr. Scalpel with a view to an exchange of heads. The prisoners gladly consented because they would have a chance to live again, though under a swapped identity.

Patrick Flanagan and Gottlieb Shuman were the subjects. Dr. Scalpel before making the experiment spent three months in educating an eminent vivisectionist and four young physicians to assist him. Just before the heads were severed the last rights of the church were administered to the convicts, after which they were placed on operating tables side by side.

The period of occlusion (shutting off the circulation) was but twenty minutes. This brought it within the limit of time necessary to prevent coagulation. During this period each head was removed from the body, transplanted, the arteries, muscles and nerves suturated, the point of cutting of the spinal chord being especially carefully adjusted.

Suspended animation returned as soon as the anaesthetic began to lose its effect, and within a few hours Dr. Scalpel began to feel that the experiment had been successful. But it was ten weeks before the patients were discharged.

Up to this time it had been supposed that the individuality of a person was solely in the brain. The case of Flanagan and Shuman demonstrated that, though this is partially correct, it is not entirely so. Flanagan on the day of his discharge headed straight for a saloon and shouted to the barkeeper, "Ye spalpeen, gimme"—he hesitated and instead of calling for a glass of whisky finished—"ein glass beer." Shuman, who followed him into the place, succeeded in correctly giving an order for whisky, but the barkeeper, being inattentive or thinking he said beer, handed him a glass of that beverage, whereupon he berated the Teuton.

"What d'ye mane, ye heathen? Fon glass visky, I said, und a sweitzer case sandvich."

Here Flanagan—that is, Flanagan's body with Shuman's head on it—took a hand. Turning to Shuman's body with his own (Flanagan's) head, he growled:

"And it is the likes of ye's that's pokin' fun at the Irish race by mixin' wid its illigant talk yer beastly Dutch spreken? Gott in himmel! Vas y' mean?"

Shuman's Dutch body (Irish head) retorted:

"Mein friend, I kilt dat man mit a hammer. If you say another wort, ye murtherin' Irishman, Oi'll mash yer Dutch head wid dot beer glass!"

Flanagan's Irish body (Dutch head) looked at his companion's Hibernian features contemptuously.

"So y' killed him wid a hammer, did ye? I spoilt my man's skull wid a sthick lacken a shillalah. Git out mit yourself!"

Reaching over the bar, he seized a stone pitcher, his enemy meanwhile raising a beer glass. Then the two drew apart, each poising his weapon and glancing at the other.

Dr. Scalpel on discharging his patients (so to speak) had directed one of his assistants to follow them to watch their movements, notice their idiosyncrasies and report to him. At this juncture the shadower rushed into the doctor's vivisecting room and excitedly informed him that the men were quarreling in a mixture of Hibernian and German and he feared they would do each other bodily harm. Dr. Scalpel, feeling that some of the reunited parts might not yet have sufficiently healed to warrant a scrimmage, seized his hat and rushed out with the informer to the saloon. He found the Irish body dancing around with the true motions of an angered Hibernian, its serious German face scowling, the lips occasionally muttering in the German language. The German body was standing stolidly in one place, its Irish face lighted with enmity, the lips pouring forth a torrent of abuse in its native parlance.

"Hi, you two! Stop this!" cried the doctor. "If you throw those weapons I'll not be responsible for the consequences. The severed parts haven't yet had time to strengthen."

He was too late. The stone pitcher and the beer mug exchanged positions, each striking a head. The Hibernian cranium rolled on the floor, the German head toppled and hung suspended by such muscles as had firmly knit.

Doctor Scalpel surveyed this finale of his work with disappointment. He had proved that the transplanting could be successfully accomplished in the case of human beings, but only a tithe of the effect upon the individuality had been determined. However, it had been demonstrated that the brain is not all of the individual. At any rate, it is influenced by the rest of the body, which is not only a mechanical contrivance, but a living thing.

OSCAR COX.

THE PENITENT WIFE.

By ARTHUR MAXWELL.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"Mary!" called Mrs. Fenton, the pretty, young, but rather jealously inclined wife of George Fenton. Mrs. Fenton was plainly angry and held in her hands a letter which showed signs of having been carried long in a pocket with tobacco and pencils.

"Yis, ma'am," answered Mary, coming to the door. This door led to the dining room, and it was from there that Mary came.

The little parlor of the tiny flat had another door which led to the bedroom and still another which gave out into the general hall. And Mary stood looking with surprise at her young mistress, for it was evident that she was laboring under some heavy strain.

"Mary, oh, Mary, just to think! I have found this letter in George's pocket, and I am heartbroken. I never thought he would do such a thing. He always pretended to love me so." And here she dissolved in tears.

"Oh, don't take on so! Now, belorke it wor somethin' he picked up in the strrte to show you."

"Oh, every one told me not to marry a commercial traveler. Listen: 'My own lovey dovey. Your own ownest chicky wicky will wait at the gatey patey at 9. *Don't forget your Dotty Dimple.*"

"Now, Mary, I am sure this letter is not an old one. I'll punish him! I'll put his love to a test that will show whether he loves me or Dotty Dimple best. Mary, I'll be dead when he comes."

"Oh, Mrs. Fenton!"

"Now, don't cry, Mary. I don't mean really dead, but I'm going to pretend it, and you must help me."

Mrs. Fenton was very young.

"I'll go and get out my old crape veil and tie it on the doorknob and get some flowers and all sort of things. When he comes bring him right in here. Lower the curtains, and I'll be laid out on the table, and you get out two of my best sheets and a pillow. We'll put these two tables together end for end, and I'll be laid out on them, and you pretend to cry. But you must put the flowers on first. Then watch him closely and tell me afterward what he does. His train will be here a quarter to 8, and we must hurry. You get the things ready while I am out."

Mary grumbled to herself that this was the foolishest thing her young mistress, who was so very emotional, ever did, and she did not at all like the idea of pretending to be dead. But "hers not to reason why," and she did as she was told.

Mrs. Fenton had gone out through the dining room and down the back stairs, while Mary went to the linen closet and looked for the "best sheets," and this took several minutes. Anyhow it took long enough for George Fenton to open the hall door with his pass key and come in quietly. He looked sleepy and as though a shave would do him good. His jolly face was wreathed in smiles, which faded slowly as he saw that his wife was not there. His cigar had gone out, and he yawned widely, saying:

"Now, where is Annie? Well, the game lasted until daylight, and I am in just $600. Well, as she is not here I guess I'll take a nap and a shave.

"WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH HER?"

She's probably gone to market, and as she doesn't expect me on this train, why, I have half an hour anyhow."

Saying these words, George, the handsome; George, the best traveling salesman east of the Alleghenies; George, the inveterate poker player, took his gripsack and went quietly into the bedroom. There was a fearful and wonderful screen before this door, and one in that room could hear and see all that was taking place in the parlor, himself unseen.

It was not very long before George heard Mary in the parlor moving the tables, but he never interfered in the household matters, and indeed Annie was a famous housekeeper. His face was covered with lather besides. Then he heard the door open and his wife enter. He could not decently rush out and kiss her until he had got the lather off his face, so he hastened the operation, but was suddenly checked by hearing his wife say:

"Now, hurry, Mary, and get the tables together over here by the window and draw the curtains. I've tied the crape on the door. It is nearly time. Mary, I will get up on the table and lie down, and then you cover the sheet over me and lay the wreath on my breast and scatter the other flowers along the sheet. Then when he comes in you tell him that I found this letter on the floor, and—mind that I say on the floor—and that I gave one piercing shriek and fell dead."

"I will, ma'am," said Mary, taking the ragged letter.

In the meantime Mrs. Fenton had pushed a chair to the side of the table and prepared to mount, while she said plaintively:

"Oh, Mary, I feel like some of the people they write about—the Indian girls that leap from precipices, singing their death songs.

"Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing but the waves and I
Can hear their ghostly murmurs sweep.
There, swan-like, let me sing and die."

Annie stepped to the table from the chair preparatory to lying down and assuming her corpselike position. Mary gathered her skirts around her feet. Mrs. Fenton had on a very pretty white dress with much lace around the waist. She prepared to "be dead," as Jenny Wren calls it, when George, who had got nearly all the soap out of his eyes and off his face, stepped forward to surprise his pretty wife, whom he sincerely loved. But the strange words and actions caused him to stop, listen and look through a hole in the screen. At first he thought of rushing out and surprising her. But he didn't and stood quite still, awaiting developments.

At last Mrs. Fenton managed to get down to the table, and Mary adjusted her head and the clothes about her feet. Mrs. Fenton closed her eyes and folded her hands across her breast; then she was suddenly struck by a thought.

"Mary, don't cover my face until just before you go to the door. Oh, I forgot to loosen my hair! George likes to see it so! And, Mary, I do hope and pray he may repent after this."

"Well, ma'am, he ought to, but I don't see what he has done."

While this was being said and done George said to himself:

"By Jinks, this is getting interesting. I'll help carry this thing out in fine style. It is a joke that can cut two ways. I'll slip out the back way and ring the bell and come in, and I'll bet a stack of little round silver dollars she'll never play such a trick again." And he took his gripsack and went out the back way.

Mary continued arranging the corpse and set all the chairs around the walls

"WRETCH! VILLAIN! HOW DARE YOU?"

as if for a funeral. Then the bell rang suddenly and hard. Mary jumped. Mrs. Fenton said:

"Hurry, quick; give me the powder box!" And she put the powder on so thickly that she did look very white. She continued hurriedly:

"Now, Mary, cover my face carefully so I won't sneeze. Now go and let him in."

As she said this Mrs. Fenton suddenly began to quiver and lift her knees under the sheet and sneezed three times, while Mary was fairly dancing with fear as the bell rang again, this time furiously.

At this minute George was at the door and bounced in, laughing heartily, while Mary looked too shocked for words. He threw the bag down with a slam as he shouted:

"So the old hen has kicked the bucket, hopped the twig, passed in her checks and gone to kingdom come! Well, I'm not going to cry over it. What was the matter with her?"

Mary remembered her instructions and with a tragic air handed him the letter.

"This, sor!"

George took the letter and read it, laughing still harder.

"Yis, sor; she found it on the flure—on the flure—yis, on the flure—and fell did on the spot."

"What spot?" asked George, looking about him curiously.

"Lor', I don't know, sor," replied the girl, who was beginning to be rattled with the turn affairs were taking.

"Well, I don't care. Now, Mary, this letter was written to her by a big lummux of a galoot, and I wish he had married her."

At this studied insult Mrs. Fenton lifted her head under the sheet. Mary only saw it and stifled a cry.

"I say, Mary," said George, "you are a nice looking girl, and I know you are tidy and a good cook. Now, what do you say to taking the old hen's place. I've had my eye upon you for a long time."

There was another subdued commotion under the sheet.

"Just as soon as she is planted, for it would be an awful bother to break up housekeeping, and you could have all her clothes, her sealskin coat—and—ah—her table linen. (This last was Annie's joy and pride.) Oh, say, I'll have her cremated! I suppose there'll be a coroner's inquest and an autopsy. Yes, I'll have the autopsy, for she swallowed a gold dollar once. And, Mary, get your scissors. I'll cut her hair off. She won't need it where she's gone, and I guess it's worth at least $25. And, Mary, you take out her teeth. They cost $35. And then the sheet quivered again. But he kept his back turned. He continued:

"Well, it was a kind of sudden taking off. But then I save the expense of a doctor's bill, and she was getting along in years—yes, fifty if she was a day."

Mary stammered:

"Laws! I wouldn't have gave her over twenty-two." Mary saw the fist that now protruded. George lighted a cigar and continued:

"Oh, women have a way of fixing themselves up. Now, you wouldn't believe it, but she had a cork leg!"

At last Mary understood that Mrs. Fenton wanted her to get him out of the room and said:

"Ah, Mr. Fenton, won't you come to the dinin' room and eat a bit of somethin'? You haven't had your brikfast yit."

"No, Mary, I'm having too good a time in here. This is the first time I've ever smoked in my own parlor. I say, Mary, you are a nice girl. Get some whisky and bring it here. She would never let me have a drop in the house. If I had been all the reprobates she called me— Well, Mary, you are a girl after my own heart."

"Oh, Mr. Fenton, please don't talk so. The missis"—

"Is dead. Long may she stay so. Here, let me put this wreath on your golden head, Mary."

This George proceeded to do, and Mary nearly fainted. Mrs. Fenton, who had borne all she could, sat up, throwing off the sheet, flowers and all and, weeping into one corner of the sheet, she cried:

"Wretch! Villain! How dare you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? I'll leave you this very hour, making fun of me and lying—yes, you did, you did; you know you did!"

With the powder on her face and her disheveled hair she looked very wild. He turned and said disgustedly:

"Ah, why didn't you stay dead?"

"I never thought you could be so unfeeling. I thought you cared a little for me, and I wanted to teach you a lesson. Mary, come here and take out my teeth—if you can. Both my legs are cork, since I was born in Cork. You hateful thing, wanting to get married again before I was cold! Mary, I give you warning. You are a bold, bad thing! Bring me my things. I'll go home to my mother."

"Mary," said George seriously, "bring a damp towel to wipe off this powder. Listen, Annie. I was on to this from the first. I am heartbroken." As he said these words George threw himself flat on the floor, sobbing aloud: "You might have killed me with the shock, Annie. I hastened home, counting the hours. I came home while you were out, and I went into the bedroom to shave so you would not be disgusted with my rough face. I heard the whole plot. How could you treat an adoring husband like that—so cruelly? Oh, Annie!"

"But—I found a letter"—

"I picked that up in the street—ah—to—do some figuring. You will find figures on it. But, oh, Annie! Your lack of confidence!"—

"Oh, George, forgive me! Of course—but I didn't see any figures on it, and, oh, do say you forgive me, George! I am so unhappy."

"I will, Annie, I will, but don't ever doubt me again."

As George took his repentent young wife in his arms she turned and said:

"Mary, you are to stay. George, you are an angel to forgive me so, and you may smoke where you please, and, oh, I'll go and fix my hair."

The Bedtime Bear.

Down the dark corridor, hunting for me,
Comes when I'm tucked into bed
The hungriest bear that you ever did see,
And, though I bury my head
Deep in the pillow and 'tend to be sleeping,
Still he comes prowling and growling and creeping.

Nearer and nearer, till, just when I seem
To shiver all over with fright,
He catches and smothers me so I can't scream
And squeezes me dreadfully tight.
Then I'm not scared, but I just hug him, too,
And say, "Daddy, dear, I just knew it was you."

—J. Adair Strawson in Harper's Weekly.

Of Interest to Farmers and

Mechanics. Farmers and mechanics frequently meet with slight accidents and injuries which cause them much annoyance and loss of time. A cut or bruise may be cured in about one third the time usually required by applying Chamberlain's Liniment as soon as the injury is received; this liniment is also valuable for sprains, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains; there is no danger of blood poisoning resulting from an injury when Chamberlain's Liniment is applied before the part become inflamed and swollen. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Knew Arithmetic Anyhow.

A teacher of music in one of the public schools in the south desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "f" and "ff" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "f" meant forte he said, "Now, children, if 'f' means forte, what does 'ff' mean?"

Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright little fellow shout, "Eighty!"

A Thrilling Rescue.

How Bert R Lean of Cheney, Wash was saved from a frightful death is a story to thrill the world. "A hard cold he writes, brought on a desperate lung trouble that baffled an expert doctor here. Then I paid $10 to $15 a visit to a long specialist in Spokane, who did not help me. Then I went to California, without benefit. At last I used Dr King's New Discovery which completely cured me and I am now as well as ever." For lung trouble, bronchitis, coughs and colds, asthma, croup, and whooping cough, it is supreme; 50c and $1; trial bottle free; guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

Not at Home.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" inquired the caller.

"No, ma'am, she isn't," replied the maid.

"Then it was you who was singing so dreadfully out of tune when I turned the corner," said the caller.

"No, indeed, ma'am!" cried the indignant maid. "That was missus."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If You are Worth $50,000 Don't

Read this. This will not interest you if you are worth $50,000, but if you are a man of moderate means and cannot afford to employ a physician when you have an attack of diarrhoea, you will be pleased to know that one or two doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure it; this remedy has been in use for many years and is thoroughly reliable; 25c For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

She—What a good likeness of you that is!

He—No, it isn't. I was not feeling well, and I looked like an idiot that morning.

She (intently studying the photograph)—Well, it looks exactly like you, anyway.—London Mail.

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"An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal."

"Yes. I wish I had enough money to buy one."

"Why do you want an elephant?"

"I don't want an elephant at all. I merely expressed a wish for the money."—Exchange.

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

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

Effie McGovern, Plaintiff
vs.
W A McGovern, Defendant.

To W A McGovern, 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 9th day of July, 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. Wm Henricks, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 26th day of May, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 28th day of May, 1909.

COLLIER & COLLIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff
335-m28j9]

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

Earnest Bonnett, Plaintiff,
vs.
Zadie Bonnett, Defendant

To Zadie Bonnett, 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 25th day of June, 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 Henricks, judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 8th day of May, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 14th day of May, 1909.

CARTER & DUFUR, Attorneys for Plaintiff
333may14june25]

SUMMONS — In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county:

Louis E Chitry, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ivy S Chitry, Defendant.

To Ivy S Chitry, the above named defendant—

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court 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 23 day of July, 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, towit: 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 Wm Henricks, County Judge for Sherman county duly made on the 14th day of May, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 21st day of May, 1909.

SENECA F FOUTS, Attorney for Plaintiff
334m21j2]

SUMMONS—

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county

Minnie Beaulieu, Plaintiff,
vs.
Steve Beaulieu, Defendant

To Steve Beaulieu, 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 11th day of June, 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 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 Wm Henricks, judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 23d day of April, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 30th day of April, 1909.

SENECA F FUTS, Attorney for Plaintiff
331.a30j11]

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County.

Emma B Jacques, Plaintiff,
vs.
David S Jacques, Defendant.

To David S Jacques, 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 11th day of June, A D, 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 Henricks, judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 23d day of April, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 30th day of April, 1909.

A. HASSER, Attorney for Plaintiff
331.a30j11]

SUMMONS—

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

Saichi Kagikawa, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ikoma Kagikawa, Defendant.

To Ikoma Kagikawa, 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 25th day of June, 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 Wm Henricks, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 8th day of May, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 14th day of May, 1909.

EVANS & COAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff
333may14june25]

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SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.20 p.m.	8.45 a.m.

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Passes Biggs	11.30 p.m.	4.35 a.m.

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Arrives at Biggs	12.00 n.m.	Lv. 2.15 p.m.

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Southbound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No12 March 8, 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
12:35pm	0	....Biggs....	11.05 arve
12.55	5.4	...Gibsons....	10.35
1.00	7.0	.....Sinks.....	10.25
1.15	9.8	.....Wasco.....	10.15
1.30	14.1	..Klondyke....	10.00
1.40	16.1	... Sandon ...	9.55
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
1.55	19.9	..McDonalds..	9.35
2.10	23.9	... DeMoss ...	9.20
2.25	27.0	.....Moro	9.10
2.40	30.4	..Erskinville..	8.55
3.10	38.5	Grass Valley	8.35
3.35	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.10
4.00	52.5	.....Kent	7.55
4.20	57.3	....Wilcox ...	7.45
5.00 arv	70.0	...Shaniko...	7.15 a m

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