The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... June 18, 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.

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A PSYCHOLOGICAL INTRUSION.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

No one, excepting the sick restored to health, has reason to feel more thankful for that wonderful advance science has made within the last ten or twenty years than I. But right here in the beginning I must break away from my subject to tell a story.

Margaret May charmed me by what I consider the higher traits. She was a sober girl of an intellectual type, with excellent principles and elevated ideals. I am not a man to be pleased with a gay, frolicsome girl, however kind hearted, however winning. It was, therefore, natural that I should yield to the characteristics of Margaret. We became engaged, and everything looked well for our future happiness when my fiancee began to show a succession of singular changes. One evening when I went to see her she bounded into the room like a holden, threw her arms about my neck, kissed me several times in rapid succession and, beginning with "You bad boy," upbraided me for not having come earlier. When I asked her for what she had wished me, she said that a circus had come to town, and she was "dying" to attend that evening's performance. Astonished, I asked her if the next night would not do as well. She said it would not, and when I pressed her for a reason the only one she could give was that she couldn't wait.

It was altogether too late to go to the circus that evening, so I spent the rest of it with her in the cozy library where we had passed so many happy hours, often taking book after book from the shelves, rambling in them together and calling each other's attention to favorite passages. But, alas, there was no such enjoyment for us tonight. Margaret spoke of the books as "musty, dusty things," in which she had no interest, and insisted in talking only upon the most frivolous topics.

It is needless to say that I was not only disappointed, but shocked. Could this be my steady, well balanced, intellectual Margaret? I was inclined to doubt it. Could it be her twin sister? I knew that she had no twin sister. I endured her prattle as long as I was able; then, telling her that I had some work to do before going to bed, I rose to go.

"And you will take me to the circus tomorrow night?" she asked, with a pout.

"Certainly if you wish it," I replied and when I could escape from an exuberance of caresses left her.

That night and the next day my brain was in a turmoil. I was like a man who had lost his love. I brooded instead of working till after office hours and in the evening called to take Margaret to the circus. The maid who received me at the door went upstairs to announce me and, returning, told me that Miss May was not feeling well and had gone to bed. There was no message of disappointment at missing the performance nor at not seeing me. Indeed, the maid told me that she thought her mistress had not expected me that evening. This would have been natural had it not been for the engagement, since it was an evening I seldom called.

The next of my usual weekly visits was Sunday, and I called, dreading to again find the holden. I was agreeably disappointed. Margaret was her usual self except that she showed signs of overstrained nerves. Something told me to refrain from mentioning her singular personality when I had last seen her, to wait and observe. During the visit and the next two visits she was her own sweet self, barring her altered health. Finally I referred to her desire to visit the circus. She seemed surprised, mystified, and when I told her the whole story said, with a nervous tremor, "Oh, she'll ruin me!"

"Was some one else than you with me that evening?" I asked.

"Yes—no. I was with you, but she dominated me." And she hurried out of the room.

I was not admitted to see Margaret—indeed, I did not care to see her; I was dissatisfied—for a month. Then I called on her. What was my surprise to find her a different person from either of the two I had known. From the moment we met she talked of women's rights, women's voting, women's superiority to men and finally told me that if I interfered with her in any of these objects to which she proposed to devote her life we must proceed by separate paths.

I left her maddened. Had I not been puzzled as well I would have broken my engagement then and there, but curiosity prevented. Several months passed in which I continued to visit her, hoping that she would settle down into her old personality resolutely. When she was another I would turn away from her; when she was my own Margaret I loved her still the same. As the holden I found it possible to be amused with her; as the "strong minded" woman I could not endure her. I was not able to get the real Margaret to talk of the other two, but from hints she dropped I inferred that she knew of their existence, and she hated them.

One day I received a call from a psychical specialist. He informed me that Margaret was under his care; that two other personalities besides her own appeared to inhabit her body and at times dominated her. By psychic methods of his own invention he was trying to enable her to dominate them and thus return to a normal condition.

He succeeded, the intruders were driven out, and Margaret is my wife.

LAWRENCE FOSTER CHURCH.

A Garden Of Roses.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The "tea garden" had flourished from the moment the idea of it had entered Natalie's pretty blond head. No tourist visiting this sunny southern spot would have thought of leaving it without sipping his favorite brand at least once out of the old fashioned Sheldon china.

There were many who continued to come day after day who were really not tea drinkers at all, only wicked pretenders. It is to be suspected that they found their refreshment in watching Natalie's graceful little figure as she sat behind the tall antique silver service under the rose covered pergola leading into the garden.

Among these pretenders, as any one in Bellair could have told you, were Dwight Ellsworth and the major. Dwight would never forget (and for that matter neither would Natalie) the day he and his father had brought their big dusty machine to a halt under the quaint little sign of the "tea garden."

Natalie herself, all fresh, crushable pinkness from the tip of her aristocratic little ears to the train of her gown, had answered the tinkling bell. Could they be served to tea perhaps? The men managed to stammer it simultaneously. Most certainly they could, and would they follow Natalie?

Delightedly, indeed, they would. Indeed, the younger man registered in his heart the vow to follow her always, anywhere, although it was his first sight of her.

So out under the rose bower into the garden they trailed their dusty motor coats in the wake of Natalie's rose

"I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE SAID TO HER."

rivaling dalutiness, and while waiting for the tea to be brewed they reveled in the picturesqueness of the spot.

Against the gray walls of the quaint little stone house leaned the high stalks of Easter lilies, some already bursting into bloom. Flanking the trim little garden walks were roses in profusion, pink and yellow and red and white. Away off in one corner was a wide patch of dark green violet leaves.

"Think of violets outside of a hothouse!" exclaimed the younger man. "I suppose the privilege of picking them wouldn't come within the limit of any ordinary mortal's finances."

Natalie, approaching just then with a trim colored maid behind her, overheard and laughed delightfully.

"They are free for the picking," she answered, with charming hospitality—"to my guests."

Dwight's gallantry rose instantly to meet her graciousness.

"Could one encroach further," he asked, with polite humility, "and beg the lady of the garden to gather them for the guests herself?"

Natalie, blushing, for she was very young, tripped down the garden walk in a twinkling.

As she knelt in the cool, rich depth of green, her slender white hands deftly gathering the long stemmed violets, the sunlight resting on the gold of her hair, Dwight Ellsworth watched and utterly forgot to drink his tea, even in make believe.

Not so with Major Ellsworth. His attention was riveted on the silver spoon which he held in his hand.

"This must be a very old piece," he said, glancing up at Natalie as she showered upon them violets and roses and jasmine, with the simple apology, "You might not happen to come again, you see."

"Do you know what the initials 'N S.' stand for?" he added.

"Natalie Sheldon," she told him—"my great-aunt's name, which is mine."

Major Ellsworth started.

"Natalie Sheldon!" he repeated. "Is your aunt still living, Miss Sheldon?"

"Oh, no!" Natalie answered. "She died very soon after the war."

"Very strange—very interesting," murmured Major Ellsworth absently. Then, speaking directly to Natalie again: "You see, I have a spoon exactly like this in my possession. It belonged to my father, the real Major Ellsworth (I am major only by courtesy), and it was given to him by Natalie Sheldon, with whom he fell in love at the time of the war. After the war he lost all knowledge of her. I've often heard him tell"—

"Oh, you must meet mother," interrupted Natalie excitedly. "She knows all about Aunt Natalie's love affair. Oh, isn't this just like a story book?"

To the romantic tale of the days that the mother and the father of these two impressionable young people thereupon pieced together out of their fragmentary knowledge Natalie and Dwight listened with all their sympathetic young souls.

It was the old story of a southern girl falling in love with a young northern officer, and of her father's relentless opposition to the match, even to forbidding the girl from ever writing to her lover or of letting him know her whereabouts after the war.

The girl had died of a broken heart. The man married, to be sure, but to his son he bequeathed with loving remembrance the little silver spoon marked "N. S."

On the strength of this mutual bond of sentiment it was natural that the Ellsworths—both father and son—fell into the habit of frequenting the little tea garden.

Not always at the popular social hour, to be sure. In fact, to Natalie's delight, they pointedly avoided that gregarious part of the day, sometimes deferring their visit till the sun had gone down, and, on rarer occasions still, till the moon even had stolen its way into the fragrant garden.

"I've brought you something tonight, Natalie," announced the major on one such occasion, unfolding from its crumpled tissue wrappings a tiny silver spoon. "You see," he added, "it really belongs to you, my dear young girl, and I thought that just now would be an appropriate time to give it over into your keeping—a sort of engagement present, you know."

"An engagement present!" gasped Natalie. "But I'm not engaged."

"Oh, well," laughed the major teasingly, "I may be a little anticipating, but"—

"Natalie!" called Dwight from the garden. "Aren't you ever coming? It's heavenly out here tonight."

"Then, again, I may not," continued the major, looking down on Natalie with affectionate understanding. "What do you think?"

"I'll tell you later," Natalie evaded archly, giving the major a hurried but very emphatic hug as she called out to Dwight to "wait just a minute."

"Was there ever such a night, Natalie!" exclaimed Dwight tenderly as side by side they strolled through the little moonlit garden.

Natalie was conscious of the tremor in his voice, but her mischievous mood was still upon her.

"Yes; I think I know of one," she answered, with a lingering emphasis upon the "one" that smote a hitherto untouched chord of jealousy in Dwight's worshiping heart. He had a rival, then. Natalie had only been playing with him.

"Who is he?" he blurted out abruptly. Natalie stared at him.

"I mean—when was it?" he corrected in confusion.

"Before the war," answered Natalie serenely.

Dwight's expression changed instantly.

"And the girl's name was Natalie," he added softly, falling into the trend of her thought. "And her lover's name was Dwight, and I think I know what he said to her."

No word from Natalie, but they had come to the rose arbor again, and all unconsciously she stopped and leaned against it, waiting for the words that should set her heart thumping.

"And he said," went on Dwight, taking possession of both her slender white hands, "you are the flower of my heart, beloved. Lift your sweet face, for I love you."

And Natalie raised her pretty head, and the lover lowered his till their lips met.

The roses seemed suddenly to exhale great waves of perfume and all the little leaves to tremble with delight.

The Bride's Souffle.

"I have cooked a little surprise for you, dear," said young Mrs. Justwed, "an almond souffle for after dinner. I got the recipe from that new cookery book that came as a wedding present, and the instructions are most clear. Handy, isn't it, a book like that? I'm sure the thing will turn out a success."

Arthur smiled in a dubious sort of way and temporized about the success as he looked at the souffle.

"Can't say I like it," he said after the first mouthful. "Sure you got the instructions right, darling? It tastes very funny."

"Oh, yes!" responded Eleanor, with tears in her eyes. "I can say them by heart from the book. Just hear me." And she reached down the volume.

"Take half a pound of grated almonds"—

"Quite right," interrupted Arthur, following with his finger.

—"one pound of caster sugar; mix well with white of three fresh eggs"—

"Correct," said her spouse as she continued breathlessly.

—"add a pinch of white pepper"—

"Pepper! Great goodness!" said the unhappy man as he turned over the leaf.

—"two large carrots chopped into dice, a spoonful of mustard, four chopped onions and"—

"Stop! Stop! You must be wrong, I'm sure. Why, my dear, I thought so. You are muddling up almond souffle with Irish stew. You've forgotten to cut the leaves of this blessed cookery book."

No Object.

"Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"No."

"Why?"

"The doctor said it wouldn't injure my health."

Some Advice.

When you can't jest see the light,
When things ain't a-goin' right
Or the way you think they should,
Wait and see how they turn out.
Don't go bellerin' about.
Jest saw wood!

—Indianapolis News.

A Suspicion.

"Bliggins says he is an idealist."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I am afraid that he is one of those who believe that the first test of an idealist is to be idle."—Washington Star.

Fate.

It's been my observation in
This world of strife and worry
You always break your shoestring when
You're in the biggest hurry.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Human Radistor.

"You're lookin' fine, Weary? Ain't you cold?"

"Nope. I slep' in a garage las' night an' drunk a gallon of anti-freeze mixture."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Leads.

He leads her to think he loves her.
She leads him to propose.
He leads her to the altar.
She leads ever after.

—Minneapolis Journal.

Common Ailment.

Giles—Peckem has a bad case of matrimonial dyspepsia.

Miles—How's that?

Giles—His wife doesn't agree with him.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Moro Homes.

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

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If women only knew the cause—that Backache pains come from sick kidneys, Mrs J T Holman, Main St., Hood River Ore., says: "I suffered from backache and other annoyances arising from disordered kidneys. I tried so many remedies without being helped that I did not have much confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills, but I nevertheless procured a box. I received quick relief, continued, and was cured so completely that I have not had the least sign of kidney trouble since. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills knowing them to be a reliable remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doans—and take no other.

He Wonders Why.

His carriage takes him to the car.
Before his desk he sits all day.
"What rests," he says, "these golfers are
To waste their precious time at play?"

At night he lolls within a chair.
He never deigns to shovel snow
And never ventures anywhere
If they are forced to walk who go.

His waist is large, a pudgy bag
Hangs on the cheek beneath each eye,
His heart is weak, his shoulders sag,
And, much perturbed, he wonders why.

Sore Nipples.

Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be affected Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the babe to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with best results. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

When All Jokes "Go."

"Getting a bit 'tight' makes one see double even when looking at a joke."

"Eh?"

"Makes it seem twice as funny."—Kansas City Times.

Not What He Thinks He Is.

The man who doesn't toil or spin
To meet his earthly need
May think he's in the lily class,
But he's just a measly weed.

—Chicago News.

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No one has ever made a salve, ointment, lotion or balm to compare with Bucklen's Arnica Salve; the one perfect healer of cuts, corns, burns, bruises, sores, scalds, boils, ulcers, eczema, salt rheum. For sore eyes, cold sores, chapt hands it is supreme. Infallible for piles. Only 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

The Reason.

The Lady—Why do you men tramp about the country?

The Hobo—Gee! A guy can't lay down an' sleep all de time, can he?—Cleveland Leader.

The Joy of Giving.

He asked her for a Christmas kiss,
And, true as I am living,
She gave him two or three—and this
All for the joy of giving.

—Town Topics.

Unlucky.

"He seems awfully unlucky."

"Unlucky! Why, that man couldn't use a safety razor without gashing his jugular."—Denver News-Times.

Women Who are Envied.

Those attractive women who are lovely in face, form and temper, are the envy of many who might be like them. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable; constipation or kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. For all such, Electric Bitters work wonders; they regulate stomach, liver and kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion. Many charming women owe health and beauty to them. 50c at Moro Pharmacy.

Probably Not.

Breathes there a girl on earth today
With hair that's slowly turning gray
Who in the mirror scans her head and
ne'er unto herself hath said as she lets
out a soulful sigh, "I really think I
ought to dye?"—Chicago News.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

The best on the Market. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and find it to be the best on the market," says E W Tardy, editor of the Gainsboro, Tenn, Sentinel. "Our baby had several colds the past winter and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy always gave it relief at once and cured it in a short time; I always recommend it when opportunity presents itself." For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

A Household Mystery.

Every morning I am waked
By my big brother Ted.
Then I tickle Tommy's toes
Till he rolls out of bed.

Sister Nan calls brother Ted,
And she is roused by pa.
Ma wakes him at half past six.
Now, who on earth wakes ma?

—Woman's Home Companion.

Echoes of Leap Year.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Dash. "Mr. Smith to marry Miss Proper? Why, I never had an idea that he would ever propose to her."

"Perhaps," murmured Mrs. Blank thoughtfully—"perhaps he didn't."—

Stomach Troubles.

Many remarkable cures of stomach troubles have been effected by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One man who had spent over $2,000 for medicine and treatment was cured by a few boxes of these tablets. Price 25c. Samples free at Moro Pharmacy.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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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 parts become inflamed and swollen. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Honest Ball Player.

Here's a new one. The Secretary of the New Castle (Pa.) baseball team claims he has secured a contract from one of the candidates for a place on the team which is unique, in that the player agrees that if he does not hit at a .250 clip for the season he will not ask for any pay for the final month of the season. The secretary will not give out the player's name, as he claims that if it were known every pitcher in the league would work overtime trying to beat the player out of that month's salary.

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.

Pleasing Augury.

An era of good feeling is promised for the Taft Administration. The newspapers of all parties North and South are wishing the new President all kinds of good fortune and even predicting success. It is a pleasing augury.—Adrian (Mich.) Times.

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 lung 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.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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

Maud R Patterson, Plaintiff,
vs.
John T Patterson, Defendant.

To John T Patterson, 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 July, 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 R R Butler, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 15th day of June, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of June, 1909.

EVANS & COAN, Attorneys
310-je18j 30] for Plaintiff

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

Ethe 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, to-wit: 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
335-m28j9] for Plaintiff

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, to-wit, on or before the 26th 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 R R Butler, 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 & DURUN, Attorneys
383[may14june25] for Plaintiff

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

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

To Ivy S Chitty, the above named defendant—

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled suit 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 2d 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
335-m28j9] for Plaintiff

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

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 26th 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 R R Butler, 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 & DURUN, Attorneys
383[may14june25] for Plaintiff

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

John R Burns Plaintiff,
vs.
Barbara N Burns, Defendant.

To Barbara N Burns, 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 23d 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, Judge of the County court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 10th day of June, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 11th day of June, 1909.

JEFFERY & LINDN, Attorneys
339je11j23] for Plaintiff

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

Laura Estelle Congdon, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ray Congdon, Defendant

To Ray Congdon, 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 6th day of August, 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 abandonment, 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 7 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 R Butler, Judge of the above entitled court duly made on the 13th day of June, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of June, 1909.

TYLER RUSSELL, Attorney
340-je18-6] for Plaintiff

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Passes Biggs	11.59 p.m.	3.45 a.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	9.50
....	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
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