The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... .. July 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.

What a Child Saw.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

"And this is the place?"

"It is."

"Where is the ghost?"

"The ghost, herr, is only to be seen by children. They describe it as a woman raking leaves. When she looks up at them they see only a skull instead of a face. She may be raking over there now. Yet we cannot see her."

Annette, who was with me, looked at me with a frightened expression. We were in the valley of Chamonix surrounded by snowy peaks, among which Mont Blanc rose highest. Hearing of the legend, I had engaged a guide to conduct us to the spot the ghost was said to inhabit.

"Your children hereabout," I said to the guide, "are doubtless under the influence of the story. Imagination paints the image on the retina of the child's eye."

The guide shook his head negatively. "If herr will bring a child here who has never heard of the legend he will know better."

"That is a proposition which meets my concurrence. An American family arrived at the hotel this morning, among them a little girl of seven. What do you say, Annette? Shall we make the test with her?"

Annette winced. She placed the tips of her fingers on my sleeve as if for protection.

The act gave me a suggestion. It was not clearly defined, nor had I much faith in it. Nevertheless, I had a mind to proceed.

"We will bring the child here," I added, then, turning to the guide, "and, Herman, if she sees the ghost I will give you an American gold eagle for a memento of the occasion."

"Thanks, herr. I consider myself richer by that amount."

"Don't say *we* will bring her here," said Annette, with a shrug. "I shall have nothing to do with the matter."

"Surely you do not expect—well, then, Herman must lose his eagle."

"I'll come," said Annette after a bit of struggle with herself.

We succeeded in getting permission from the child's parents the next afternoon to take her to walk with us. I felt sure that if spirituality would enable her to discern the ghost she would see it. She was like a waif from spirit land, large dreamy eyes—wonder eyes I would call them—the face of a child Madonna, sens'tive lips, the figure of a sprite. She walked with us in silence, treading the ground so lightly that I sometimes wondered if she touched it at all. Annette could not keep her eyes off her, seemingly enthralled by her, though our quest may have had much to do with that.

Besides, our surroundings were impressive. What is there more typical of the infinite than a mountain raising its white head into the heavenly blue? And what more typical of infinity than a host of such mountains looming on all sides, three snow fringed glaciers wriggling like serpents down their sides? Our little friend looked up at the peaks with a sort of trustfulness, as if they were animate—her older brothers, resting, silent, conscious of latent power. The wind was fresh, and it seemed that it would take up the child and carry her to some far peak glided by the afternoon sun where she would be nearer her own country.

As we drew near the spot we sought Annette weakened. I saw in her expression that she feared we would have evidence of the specter's presence. The child was walking before us, and Annette, sidling toward me, laid her hand on my arm, as before, this time clutching it in terror.

We stood on the ground we had occupied the day before, looking out on the spot Herman had referred to when he said, "She may be raking over there now." A wind rolled over some dead leaves where we fancied the woman worked. Annette drew near me—so near that her silken sleeve rubbed against my arm. The child stood a few steps before us, looking at the mountains, the valleys, anything, everything that made up the view.

"Herman has lost his eagle," I said in a low voice to Annette. "She sees nothing unusual."

"Thank heaven!" was the whispered reply.

"What a desolate spot!" I remarked aloud. "Not a living thing here but ourselves."

"Yes, there is," said the child. "There's a woman over there raking dead leaves."

I felt a convulsive grip on my arm. I knew Annette needed support, and I put my arm about her to steady her. I confess I was startled myself.

"Where?" I asked of the child.

"Over there," pointing. "She sees us. There are only holes where the eyes should be."

"Oh, come away!"

It was Annette who wailed the words. But she had no power to go. My plan had worked too well. Its object—to excite in her that craving for protection which would throw her into my arms—had succeeded, but I feared the shock. I took her in my arms and put my face against her cold cheek. I looked love into her wild eyes. All to no purpose. I could get nothing but convulsive shudders, clutchings.

That was a long while ago. Annette is my wife, but I have never ceased to regret that I uncovered her heart in a way so dangerous. She was long in recovering from the shock, and even now I do not dare refer to the matter. No explanation of the wonder has ever come to me. I have no theory concerning it and don't wish any. All I ask is that I and Annette may forget it.

MURIEL E. GRAY.

How They Struck Oil

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

HAD Cicely's aunt died and left her the farm in midwinter, when the mercury stood at zero and the wind was howling around the street corners, it is more than probable that the outcome would have been different.

But the news of her inheritance reached her early in the spring, when the buds were swelling on the trees and the corner groceryman was selling radishes not as big as the end of your thumb for 5 cents a bunch—five in a bunch. It was the radishes that finally decided Cicely. She had read of women who had made fabulous sums out of just such radishes, together with lettuce and peas and new laid eggs and young broilers. Cicely was filled with a strong desire to go and do likewise.

She resigned from the kindergarten where she taught, and she induced her dearest friend, Madge Carton, who worked in a downtown office, to do likewise. Madge had been born on a farm, so naturally she would be a most desirable partner in the chicken raising and truck gardening industry.

On the journey Cicely was dreamy and pensive. Occasionally she wept a little. She had never liked her aunt, and she had fancied her dislike returned with interest. Now she suffered the pangs of remorse.

When after two days and nights of travel they reached the farm she wept again, tears of good, honest rage.

"I always knew Aunt Harriet disliked me," she wailed, "but I didn't suppose she hated me like this."

The outlook was certainly discouraging. The farm was for the most part rocks, the kind that go deep down under the surface and multiply as they go. The house was no bigger than it should be to shelter two people and no better than it had to be to keep from tumbling down over their heads.

Madge undoubtedly would have wept, too, had she not recognized the necessity for at least one of them keeping up a good, stiff front.

When Cicely's angry sobs had subsided into pathetic gulps they started on a tour of investigation. Flowers or shrubbery there were none and but one tree, a forlorn and stunted maple with a few sickly green leaves struggling out on its bare branches. Half a dozen bedraggled fowls were scratching about its roots, and a dejected mule was biting at its lower branches. He was thin and hungry looking, but in him Madge saw possibilities.

"He's our only hope," she said. "We'll fatten him up and sell him. Perhaps he'll bring enough to get us back home."

Cicely sniffed dolefully, and they went back to the house. At the back door they found a man waiting for them. He said his name was Victor Ellwood and that he lived on the farm next theirs. He was a young fellow, tall and broad shouldered. His hands were the hands of one who toils, and his face was tanned by sun and wind. But his eyes were humorous and kindly, and his smile warmed you through and through. His arms were full of suggestive brown paper packages.

"Some groceries the last people left here," he explained. "I took them home with me for—er—safe keeping.

He was drawing somewhat upon his imagination, but the two girls, lonely

"OH, YES, I KNOW," SAID MADGE.

and homesick and hungry, blessed him for his kindly tact and forethought.

"They told me in the village," he went on, "that you had come." His eyes rested on Cicely, small and slender and dainty as a Dresden shepherdess. "It's a shame," he blurted out indignantly, "a howling outrage! If I had known to whom this pile of rocks had been left I would have written you not to come."

Cicely's lips began to quiver, and Madge hastily interposed.

"We're going to fatten up the mule," she said, "and sell him for money to go back on. And," she added, "we'll throw in the farm."

Mr. Ellwood grinned appreciatively. "That's a good scheme," he said. "And while he's being fattened wouldn't you like to make him self supporting?"

"Yes," said Madge, "we would, particularly if he has a large appetite."

"Then," said Mr. Ellwood, "with your permission I'll take him home with me. You see," he explained, "I have a lawn, and if he'll eat the grass for me it will save cutting it."

Madge thanked him and invited him to stay for supper. In view of the fact that he had furnished the supper she could not well do otherwise, even had she so desired, which most emphatically she did not.

He looked at Cicely a good deal while they ate—Cicely was very good to look upon—but his conversation was addressed for the most part to Madge. As a matter of fact, it had to be that way. Cicely's accumulated woes pressed so heavily upon her that she was utterly incapable of anything beyond an occasional subdued "Yes" and "No."

Madge, however, chatted gayly. To her mind the situation was decidedly tolerable and growing more so every minute. And when next she looked upon the bleak vista of rocks that made up the immediate landscape she found it almost attractive.

* * * * * * *

"The only hope," observed Madge, "has come home again."

Cicely joined her in the doorway. "And he's thinner than ever," she declared pessimistically.

Then Mr. Ellwood came into view. He was doing an elaborate imitation of a man who has been running fast.

"He got loose," he panted. "And I've been following"—

"Yes," Madge broke in genially. "I know you have. I've been watching you down the road for the last five minutes." She waved a hand toward the mule. "I never in all my life," she said, "saw anybody so reluctant to take advantage of a handicap. How on earth did you induce him to get here first?"

Mr. Ellwood had the grace to blush.

"It—it's a very warm day," he stammered, tactfully trying to shift the conversation to a safe topic of general interest.

"It is," Madge agreed. "And I don't believe so much exercise is good for the mule. Besides, it will take a lot of your time to lead him home with you every night and dri—follow him back here every morning. Why don't you bring his meals to him?"

"Every day?" inquired Mr. Ellwood hopefully.

"Well, I really think he ought to be fed every day, but I'll leave that to you."

Cicely, who wondered miserably at her friend's high spirits, had retired into the other room, mopping her eyes.

"IF I WANT YOU," HE SAID.

"She doesn't like it," Madge observed confidentially to Mr. Ellwood.

"And no wonder," he rejoined sympathetically. "You're going to stay?" he added.

"We must," said Madge, "for we've no money to get away on. And anyway," she added after a moment's pause, "I believe it isn't going to be half bad."

"If I can help it," said Mr. Ellwood heartily, "it's not."

He was as good as his word, and better. For Cicely he brought a hammock and flowers in pots and many little comforts that helped to render her life more tolerable. He treated her as might an elder brother a lovable but incapable sister.

But Madge was his comrade and friend. She had assumed the burdens Cicely was incapable of bearing, and he very naturally thought her the owner of the farm. He liked her pluck that wrested her hardly won garden from the rocky soil and her sturdy independence that always returned favor for favor. His own little place took on an added value because she had approved it. He gave the house a new coat of paint and planned when the crops should have been harvested to build a bigger porch. And he evolved little conveniences for the kitchen, shelves and closets and a flour bin, things of which his masculine housekeeping had not felt the need. He whistled as he worked, and before him there was ever a girl's face, a laughing face growing daily rosier and more sunburned—and happier.

"The only hope," observed Cicely complacently, "is certainly growing fat. If we could sell him by the pound as they do 'beef on the hoof,' I think they call it, we'd get quite a lot for him."

"He's too fat," Madge objected. "He looks stuffed. I think you feed him too much, Cicely. If Mr. Ellwood were at home I'd ask him to take a look at him. I'm quite certain his eyes ought not to have that glassy stare."

Later in the day the only hope succumbed.

"I don't really blame him for dying," said Cicely, who was weeping over the remains. "I suppose he was just naturally tired and discouraged and didn't care whether he lived or died—I've felt that way myself—but I do think it was most inconsiderate of him."

"He might at least," said Madge, "have gone off and done it somewhere else. Then we could have pretended he wasn't ours. As it is, we'll have to bury him, and how on earth we're ever going to dig a hole big enough to hold him I'm sure I don't know."

"We'll leave it to Mr. Ellwood," Cicely suggested. "We can wait till he gets back."

"I suppose we can," said Madge, "but there are reasons why the only hope cannot. I'm going to the village to secure expert assistance."

It was growing dusk when she returned. She was dusty and disheveled, but in her eyes was the light of triumph.

"I have exchanged half the chickens," she announced, "for a stick of dynamite and a man to set it off. The only hope has played us a shabby trick, but he's going to have a first class funeral, little as he deserves it."

The next morning the man came, bringing the dynamite. The explosion rent the rocks and shattered all the windows. Then things began to happen.

"There's such a peculiar odor," said Madge, who was first to venture out of doors. "Don't you notice it, Cicely?"

But Cicely, divining what had happened, thrust her friend aside and sped on ahead. Madge found her staring down into a ragged hole from which there oozed up something that decidedly was not water.

Cicely turned and threw herself into the other girl's arms.

"Oh, Madge!" she cried hysterically. "Oh, Madge, we've struck it! The only hope has saved us!"

* * * * * * *

"It'll make you a mint of money," said Mr. Ellwood glumly.

"You don't seem at all glad," said Madge, who always went straight to the heart of things.

"I'm not," said Mr. Ellwood bitterly. "You'll be rich, and you'll go away. I'm a beast and a cad, and I know it, but I can't help it. I don't want you to be rich. I was glad you were poor. All summer long we've worked together and helped each other. And I wanted it to go on just that way, for I loved you, Madge, and I wanted you to stay—with me. But now"—

A cool little hand slipped into his.

"I'm just as poor as ever I was," a voice whispered very close beside him. "Didn't you know? The farm and the oil and the money are Cicely's. And if you want me, dear"—

Victor Ellwood turned and swept her into his arms.

"If I want you!" he said. "Oh, Madge!"

No Wonder He Felt Hurt.

John Jeffs, who was remarkable for his large ears, has had a falling out with Miss Esmeralda Strype, toward whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions. Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Strype were not out driving as much as usual, to which he replied that he did not propose to pay trap hire for any woman who called him a donkey.

"I can't believe that Miss Strype would call any gentleman a donkey," was the reply.

"Well, she didn't exactly say that I was a donkey, but she might just as well have said so. She hinted that much."

"What did she say?"

"We were out driving, and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I felt a raindrop on my ear, and what do you suppose she said?"

"I have no idea."

"Well," she said, 'The rain you felt on your ear may be two or three miles off.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Help for Those Who Have Stomach Trouble.

After doctoring for about twelve year for a bad stomach trouble, and spending nearly five hundred dollars for medicine and doctors' fees, I purchased my wife one box of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which did her so much good that she continued to use them and they have done her more good than all of the medicine I bought before, says Samuel Boyer, Folsom, Ia. This medicine is for sale by Moro Pharmacy. Samples free.

Writers' Problems.

To say something new and at the same time true.

To say many things in a little space and keep them all clear.

To talk long and not get anything out of place. Never to say the same thing twice.

To say something weighty and at the same time interesting.

To say something true without any truism.

To say something good without any platitude.

To say exactly what one means and all that he means.

To say exactly what is true with no admixture of the false.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera

Diarrhoea Remedy the best and surest: "It affords me pleasure to say that I consider the preparation known as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy the best and surest of good results of any I have ever used in my family," says P D Harrington of Mt Aerial, Ky. This is the universal verdict of all who use this remedy; its cures are so prompt and effectual that people take pleasure in recommending it. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Sir Conan Doyle nobly acknowledges having received the inspiration for his Sherlock Holmes stories from Poe. Poe got a pallet of straw and a crust for the output of his genius, while the Briton who worked out the vein got rich.

When King Edward travels abroad "strictly as a private citizen" he takes along a retinue of retainers and a bodyguard of police so as to prevent the common people from seeing through his nature fake.

Even the "first lady in the land" has her troubles, for hired girls in the White House get "sassy" and quit the same as they do outside.

In the fight for national supremacy in sea power it's the longest purse that gets there.

If congress will press the button on tariff settlement the people will do the rest.

Tortured on a Horse.

"For ten years I couldn't ride a horse without being in torture from piles," writes L S Napier, Rugless, Ky., "when all doctors and other remedies failed, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me." Infallible for piles, burns, scalds, cuts, boils, fever sores, eczema, salt-rheum, corns, 25c at Moro Pharmacy guarantee

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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The School that Places You in a Good Position

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HANDICAPPED.

This is the Case with Many More People.

Too many Moro citizens are handicapped with a bad back. The unceasing pain causes constant misery, making work a burden and stooping or lifting an impossibility. The back aches at night, preventing refreshing rest and in the morning is stiff and lame. Plasters and liniments may give relief but cannot reach the cause. To eliminate the pains and aches you must cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

John Sieber, 813 Federal street, The Dalles, Oregon, says: "I suffered from severe backaches and pains across the kidneys. If I contracted a slight cold it would invariably settle on my kidney causing me added suffering. I was in this condition five years, using many preparations, but was unable to obtain relief. I finally learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box. I improved from the first and the great benefit I derived leads me to recommend this remedy highly."

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.

The Acorn.

Take a large acorn, suspend it by a thread so as to nearly touch the water in any glass vessel, set it upon your mantelshelf, bracket or table and let it stand there for about two months without in any way interfering with it excepting to supply fresh water. The acorn will burst, throw a root down into the water and a stem upward, sending out from the stem beautiful green leaves.—Home Notes.

Bowel Complaint in Children

When six months old the little girl of E N Dewey, a merchant of Agnewvil, Va., had an attack of cholera infantum. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was given and effected a complete cure; the remedy has proven very successful in cases of bowel complaint in children and when given according to directions can be relied upon with perfect confidence. When reduced with water and sweetened it is pleasant to take, which is of great importance when a remedy must be given to young children. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Answered.

A group of men were discussing politics. As young fellow joined in the conversation, but his argument did not please the others, and one of them said to him:

"Be quiet! At your age I was an ass myself."

"You are wonderfully well preserved, sir," was the immediate and crushing reply.

Sees Mother Grow Young.

"It would be hard to overstate the wonderful change in my mother since she began to use Electric Bitters, writes Mrs W L Gilpatrick, Danforth, Me., although past 70 she seems really to be growing young again. She suffered untold misery from dyspepsia for 20 years. At last she could neither eat, drink nor sleep. Doctors gave her up all remedies failed till Electric Bitters worked such wonders for her health." They invigorate all vital organs, cure liver and kidney troubles, induce sleep, impart strength and appetite. Only 50c at Moro Pharmacy.

Just a Lawyer.

"Has your son had any success as a lawyer?"

"Well, no; to tell the truth, he hasn't. He has been practicing now for nearly eleven years, and he has never been elected to the legislature or been appointed receiver for anything or even become president of any railroad company. It begins to look as if he may have to eke out a living just practicing law."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Night Rider's Raid.

The worst night riders are calomel, croton oil or aloes pills; they raid your bed to rob you of rest. Not so with Dr King's New Life Pills; they never distress or inconvenience, but always cleanse the system, curing colds, headache, constipation, malaria, 25c at the Moro Pharmacy.

Proper Treatment for Dysentery

And diarrhoea. The great mortality from dysentery and diarrhoea is due to a lack of proper treatment at the first stages of the disease. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is a reliable and effectual medicine, and when given in reasonable time will prevent any dangerous consequences. It has been in use for many years and has always met with unvarying success. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

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Every kind of rig to order, and all orders prompt and satisfactory at reasonable prices.
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To Omaha and return $60
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To St Louis and return $67.50
To Chicago and return $72.50
and to other principal cities in the East, Middle West and South, correspondingly low fares; on sale June 2, 3; July 2, 3; August 11, 12
To Denver and return $55
on sale May 17, July 1, August 11
Going transit limit ten days from date of sale, final return limit, October 31st. These tickets present some very attractive features in the way of stopover privileges, and choice of routes; thereby enabling passengers to make side trips to many interesting points enroute.
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Full particulars, sleeping car reservations and tickets will be furnished by any O R & N local agent or F. Crabtree, Moro, or Wm. McMurray, Gen'l Passenger Agt Portland, Oregon

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

Fred J Hartley, Plaintiff,
vs.
Lola Hartley, Defendant.

To Lola Hartley, 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 above entitled court and suit on or before Saturday, 31st day of August, 1909, which is the last day prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons for you to appear, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief prayed for in his complaint in the above entitled suit, towit: That the marriage contract now existing between said plaintiff and said defendant be dissolved, annulled and held for naught, that plaintiff be forever divorced from said defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem meet and equitable.

This summons is published pursuant to an order made and dated on the 9th day of July, 1909, by the Hon Wm Henriehs, County Judge of the county of Sherman, state of Oregon, by which order it is directed that this summons be published in the Sherman County Observer once a week for six consecutive weeks and the date of the first publication is the 9th day of July, 1909.

C. B. LAFOLLETT and
J. B. Hosford, Attorneys
for Plaintiff

841]9-20] First publication, July 9th, 1909, last publication, August 20th, 1909.

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

John H 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 Henriehs, 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

JEFFREY & LENON, Attorneys
339je11jy23] for Plaintiff

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, towit, 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
340-je18j 30] 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, towit: 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 there 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 15th day of June, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of June, 1909.

TYSON KISSELL, Attorney
340-je18-6] for Plaintiff

SHERRIFF SALE

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of a writ of execution and decree issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Sherman, to me directed, dated the 12th day of July, 1909, in a suit therein pending wherein May Enright is plaintiff and John W Brown, Nancy J Brown, H M Shull, and Bank of Grass Valley is defendants, commanding me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said cause on the 12th day of July, 1909, in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant, John W Brown, Nancy J Brown, H M Shull, and Bank of Grass Valley, for $3,284 51 with interest thereon from the 12th day of July, 1909, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and $300 attorney fee, and the further sum of $34.75 costs, and accruing costs, I will, on

Monday, 16th day of August, 1909,

At the hour of 1:30 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the Court House door in Moro Sherman county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the following described real property of the said defendants, to-wit: The south one half of the north east quarter and lots numbered three, four, and five, and the south east quarter of the north west quarter all in section six in township four south of range seventeen east of Willamette meridian. Also the west one half of section thirty two, in township three south of range seventeen east of the Willamette meridian, all of said property being situated in Sherman county, Oregon.

J. C. FREEMAN, Sheriff of
3125tjy16-13] Sherman county, Oregon

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SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	8.45 a.m.
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ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p.m no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11.39 pm.	4.51 a.m.
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Arrives at Biggs	12.05 a.m. Lv.	2.15 pm

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Southbound passenger daily	Distance to Biggs	Time table No12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1.00 pm	.0	.....Biggs.....	12.15 arve
1.20	5.4	...Gibsons...	11.45
1.25	7.0	.....Sinks.....	11.35
1.35	9.8	.....Wasco.....	11.20
1.50	14.1	..Kloudyke..	11.05
2.00	16 1	...Sandon...	11.00
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.20	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.35
2.35	28.9	...DeMoss...	10.20
2.50	27.0	.....Moro.....	10.05
3.10	30.4	..Erskinville..	9.45
3.50	38.5	.Grass Valley.	9.20
4.20	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.50
4.45	52.5	.....Kent.....	8.30
5.05	57.3	....Wilcox....	8.15
6.30 arv	70.0	...Shaniko...	7.45 a m

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