The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY.....August 20, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED PEOPLE

By HORACE GAYLORD.

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George Atherton, an American, visited London, and, being without letters of introduction and the English people not being prone to make friends of strangers, he had a lonely time of it. One spring morning he was sitting on a bench in Hyde park looking at some budding plants when a well dressed man sat down on the other end of the bench. Atherton had failed so often at scraping an acquaintance with Englishmen that he determined not to speak to the man, who sat idly tapping his boot with his cane. But good fellowship or the natural animal trait of segregation or whatever it might be called was too strong in him, and he at last remarked:

"Fine morning, sir."

"Very; just the morning for the flowers," replied the stranger genially.

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it the proper attention."

"Our tastes agree. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love England. And what is England but one big garden?"

"That's what makes America look unfinished to us here. We're used to seeing every bit of ground made beautiful."

"Have you been in America, sir?"

"Never, but I have met several Englishmen who have, and I once knew an American quite well. Introduced him to a life entirely new to him."

"Indeed! He doubtless found you more obliging than I have found your countrymen. I've now been in England a month and have found no one inclined to know me, much less introduce me."

"Have you been presented at court?"

"I have not."

"Then I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you."

"You Englishmen are wedded to your precedents."

"Why should we not be? Our constitution is made up of them. Formerly there was the all powerful king and a subservient people. A man in my position then could introduce the lowest subject into a life entirely strange to him simply at a word from the king. Today the king has only to perform his part of a form. The man is presented at court and may then be at once launched into a social circle from which the sovereign has no power to recall him."

"But what entitles him to be presented?"

"Oh, there are various things. He must be known—in fact, well known—that is, if I have anything to do with his case. He must have done something to warrant my taking him up."

"Does wealth have anything to do with one's securing your good offices?"

"Nothing whatever. I make no inquiries as to the size of one's pocketbook. But there is a feeling among Englishmen that rich people are less liable to be turned over to me to be introduced than those who are poor."

"How would you advise me to proceed in order to be presented at court and then turned over to you to be introduced into society?"

"You must become notable for something. But I must bid you good morning, sir. I have an engagement to make an introduction within a couple of hours. I must leave you."

"Hope I may meet you again," said Atherton.

The man raised his hat politely as he walked away, but made no further reply.

"That's an Englishman all over," muttered Atherton. "He'll take no responsibility in vouching for a stranger. All must go through the proper form."

At that moment who should come sailing down the way but Tredegar, an American resident of London whom Atherton had known years agone.

"Hello, Atherton!" said Tredegar after looking at the departing stranger with apparent interest. "You over here?"

"Yes, I've been here some time. Note that man who has just left me. I wish to ask you about him. He says that a stranger here, after having been presented at court, is turned over to him for introduction into society."

"Oh, he did, did he? To what kind of society did he say he introduced people?"

"The highest circles."

"What else did he say?"

"He said, for one thing, that to be presented at court one must be notable—at least he never takes up any but notable people. He says one doesn't need to be wealthy to secure his good offices."

"He told you all this, did he? Now, hear what I have to say about him. To secure his attention you would have to be presented at court, but it would be the criminal court, and to do this you would need to become notable by committing a murder. The higher circles to which he would introduce you would be the angels. You would more likely fall into his hand being poor than rich, for the expenses of defense are large, and the poor can't afford them. True enough, the sovereign who once condemned a subject to the block by a word now has no power of life and death. This man who occupies such an important position is none other than Calcraft, the hangman."

"And I said I hoped I'd meet him again!"

"If you did he'd introduce you to a life from which even the king couldn't recall you. But I'll take care of you. I know some nice people here."

The Temple In the Woods

By OLIVE HARPER.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Down where the waving willows 'neath
the sunbeams smile
Lived a maiden fair and lovely called
sweet Annie Lyle."

THIS time honored melody was sung in a rather quavering voice by an old man who was sitting under towering trees in a beautiful valley. His table was a large packing box and his chair the stump of a tree.

A dog lay at his feet, and a yellow cat slumbered on his coat, which was thrown rather carelessly on the ground. The old man was busily engaged mounting some squirrels, and from time to time he turned and watched the living squirrels running

"THIS HUT IS HIS CASTLE."

up and down the trunks of the trees, apparently greatly interested in his work.

A shotgun and a rifle stood against another tree, around the trunk of which a tiny hut had been built. There was a small campfire burning, and a savory smell of meat floated on the air, causing the dog to lift his head occasionally and sniff with anticipation.

A bird hopped along in front of the old man, and he smiled as he recited in such a peculiar manner that he who heard it would at once have said, "This man is an actor."

And the assertion was or would have been true, for Eben Harrison had been an actor, and a good one, but the stage has no use for old actors or actresses. He repeated:

Little bird with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed!
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me.
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng,
To them we do not belong.
Daily to my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
That I'll cast a crumb to thee,
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye.

"What is it, Friend? Are you growing very hungry? Well, we'll see if it is done."

The dog wagged his stump of a tail, and together they went—the dog and the old man, who limped painfully as he walked—to the kettle, which was sending forth its clouds of steam.

"Yes, Friend, it is done. Stewed squirrel is cheap and 'werry fillin' ' at the price, as Sam Weller says. With good ship's biscuit it is by no means bad, though it sometimes does get monotonous. But with little Snipsy at school we must economize so that she will not want for anything. Dear me, how the time flies!

"Come on, and we will have our midday repast and let good digestion wait on appetite. True, it is 'toujours perdrix' and 'Monsieur Tonson come again,' but we must be thankful that we have it. You see, it is an economy of life and meat. I must kill the squirrels for science, and I eat the meat for my own need—the meat for me and Buzzer and the bones, broth and biscuit for you, an even division, doing the greatest good to the greatest number."

During this soliloquy the old man broke up the biscuit into a dish and poured the broth over it and then cut all the meat from the bones—no, not all—and gave the mixture to the dog and then fed the cat, after which he ate his own portion, saying as he did so:

"Hunger is a famous cook, I read somewhere. I wish I had some coffee, and it is kind of hard to go without a smoke, but Snipsy must be able to hold her head up with the other girls. I can't get orders enough to pay for tobacco and coffee and tea for her, too, so if you have finished, friend, we will go for some water and see if we have trapped that saucy otter yet and incidentally take a look at the muskrats in their habitat, so I can fill the order for a muskrat colony as soon as the squirrels are done. I'll take my glasses, and I'll finish my letter to Snipsy when we return."

The old man took his gun, a large tin pail and his binoculars. The dog followed close at his heels, while the cat returned to his place on the old coat.

Scarcely had the old man gone when there was a soft rustling in the bushes surrounding the place. Then a pretty face was thrust through, and this was followed by a dainty young girl of some fifteen years. She stepped timidly in, and then she recognized an exceedingly disreputable old pipe as belonging to her guardian, whom she always had called uncle grandpa. Tiptoeing about, she saw the tiny cabin and then the table with its strange outfit of tools. The mounted squirrel was duly admired, and then there was nothing more to do but sit down and wait. Then the girl, Mildred Browning, saw the unfinished letter to herself and salved her conscience by saying, "Well, it is my letter anyhow, finished or not, so I'm going to read it."

Dear Little Snipsy—At this minute my castle is resounding with a concert, yet in spite of that I write to you, letting the music continue. Last night at dinner I entertained so many guests that my head is half dazed with it all. This afternoon I am going to the temple, where I have passed many worshipful hours. One of my friends is going along, while the rest will remain in my castle, preferring to sleep. I am ashamed to say that I have been overeating lately and smoking too many cigars.

"Hum!" said Snipsy, looking around. "I think I see. This hut is his castle, and his luxurious repasts seem to me to be soup and crackers. And here is his pipe. I'll just bet he hasn't a bit of tobacco in the world! And—well, if he has been deceiving me and making me think he is rolling in riches while he is just fairly starving I'll never forgive him. I am a little wretch and a brute! See my bills for caramels and matinee tickets and he—oh, I can't bear it!"

Here the child began to cry dismally, when she was roused by the sudden arrival of a mongrel dog without any tail, which gave one bark of warning and then backed off, waiting developments.

The old man hastened his halting steps. As he saw Mildred standing there he stopped short and looked at her as though he feared she had died and this was her ghost. That she should have found his retreat, where he worked for several museums gathering insects and mammals, mounting them and following nature so closely in his preparation of their habitats that he found a ready sale for them, was astounding. He gasped.

"Well, uncle grandpa, you don't seem to be glad to see your little Snipsy. Let me tell you I have found you out. You have deceived me. Here is your grand castle, here your faithful friends, but where are the great temple and the musicians? Smoke up now and tell me," said she, handing him his pipe.

Too shocked and crestfallen over her discovery of his bitter poverty when she had been led to think he was "rolling in riches" and even encouraged in extravagance, he had not one word to say, but sank down on the stump and felt in all his pockets for the tobacco to fill the pipe, but found none.

"A-ha, I knew it! Here! I got this in the village. Now smoke and tell me all about it."

Saying this, the child sat down on the edge of the box. The sight of the tobacco was all the old man could grasp for the moment, and he did smoke with the gusto of a man deprived of his favorite solace. As he smoked his ideas began to take a more normal form.

"How did you find me, Snipsy?"

"Oh, easy! I looked at the postmark on the letters and got off the train there and asked my way. I asked what kind of tobacco you smoked, for I thought if you smoked you wouldn't scold me. I've run away from school."

"Snipsy!"

"Yes, and now I want to know all about it. I know that you saved me from the fire when poor mother was killed and that you were never well in your foot after, but I did not know that you were so poor. I'd never have remained one hour in that school. My mother was an actress, and I am sure that I have some talent and—temperament."

The old man groaned.

"Yes, and I could have been making lots of money for us both. You could have trained me, and, anyway, I'll not go back to school."

"Well, dearie, I am not so badly off. My wants are few, and I am able to do fairly well catching and mounting bugs, butterflies and small animals for the museums."—

"M-m-m, and where do you live in the winter?"

"Oh, I have to be near the"—

"Now, I've heard enough. I just simply won't go back to school. You adopted me, and now I have some say. I won't let you sacrifice yourself for me an hour longer."

"My dear little girl, it isn't a sacrifice, but a pleasure."

"I haven't said all I had to say. I'll finish it later. Now, where is your temple? Where are all your ten servants? Oh, yes; I see your ten fingers. But where are your friends?"

"Here is one and there the other. And as to the temple—ah, child, that is real. Up at the end of the valley is a high rock, near half a mile high, almost perpendicular, and over the top of this flows a stream of water, a river in the spring. As it falls over the edge it plunges down straight to a rocky hollow caldron worn by its volume beneath it. When it strikes this caldron it is like ten thousand thunders rolling and reverberating along the valley, and the water dashes up in a seething foam terrible to see, frightful to hear.

"All down the sides of this rocky precipice there are interstices where ferns and flowers have found a footing, but they would perish were it not for the wisdom of God who orders it. The wind seizes the thin stream and carries it aside and causes it to float like a misty veil back and forth, so that it dashes over the plants and makes them sparkle with life and beauty.

"While the water is floating on the wind and blessing the great cliff with a beauty of verdure, the thunder of the torrent in the caldron below is hushed, and suddenly the birds break into song, thousands and thousands of them, so that the very air pulsates in unison, and the soul is lifted far above the little things of this earth, and then the wind dies down to let the water form again into one column, which strikes again in its hollow with a reverberation like thunder and a trembling of the ground like an earthquake. Thus it goes on forever, this great organ in God's own temple, the tree rimmed valley. Ah, child, it has made me a better man to live here alone so close to nature and nature's God and Creator!"

"Uncle grandpa, you were good enough before. But would you not be willing to leave it all if, for instance, you could be manager of your own company—in Shakespeare, you know? I could be Imogene or Cordelia or something else after you had taught me."

"My child," it has always been the dream of my life to do just what you say, but with my halting steps I can never play, and I should never survive to have it said 'superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.' Why speak of that?"

"Why? I'll tell you why. You know that mean old real uncle, mother's brother, who wouldn't take me, a little orphan, because his sister had gone on the stage? Well, he died, and I have all his money, and as you are my guardian and adopted father, why, you will have the care of it, and it is over a hundred thousand dollars. Now, will you be good and say that we will start out in the Shakespearean drama? You know I'll never go back to school again."

"This staggers me, Snipsy, and I don't know what to say. Of course, and I will not deny it, I feel that I should like to be a manager and start out with you for a star, but it is too sudden. It has come upon me too late in life, as Dickens said. It is a matter for careful consideration."

Even as he said these words the old man stood up and began to stride about, the limp almost disappearing from his walk, while his features took on a new and tragic air. The old spirit was not dead.

"Well, then, since it is all settled, we will go up the valley and see your temple and hear the choristers and then go to the village. What will we

"UNCLE—GRANDPA, WE'LL ALL GO."

do with your friends! Take them, I say—anyhow the dog."

As she said this Friend, the dog, got up deliberately and went and stood up beside the cat in a protecting attitude.

"I understand, doggie, and we'll all go. But, uncle grandpa, we can come back here summers, can't we?"

"We can and we will, Snipsy, but we must have better accommodations. We can arrange to bring the whole company here for a rest."

Beriberi and Harakiri.

The busy man, who only has time to read the headlines of a newspaper, hustled up to a bunch of his friends the other day with the remark: "Remarkable case, that. Very seldom you ever hear of a Chinaman committing suicide." "I should say it is," said one of the friends. "Did a Chinaman commit suicide?" "Yes, indeed; fellow committed beriberi down at Point Breeze. He was a sailor." "Indeed? I was always under the impression that beriberi was a disease and not a method of self destruction." "Not on your life," said the busy one; "beriberi is one of the most horrible forms of suicide known." At this juncture another in the group remarked: "Don't get beriberi confused with harakiri. Harakiri is a way to commit suicide, but beriberi is a tropical disease." "Now, there's just where you're wrong," said the wise one. "Harakiri is the Japanese word for suicide, but beriberi is the Chinese name." It was several hours before they finally convinced him of his mistake.—Philadelphia Record.

More Than One Way.

"John, dear," purred his wife, "what do you think I ought to wear to Mrs. Highmore's party week after next?"

"Oh, wear anything you like!" impatiently answered John.

"That's awfully good of you, dear. I shall like to wear a new silk gown trimmed with old point lace, and I thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

How to Care For Lamps.

So often people complain that their lamps give poor light. Perhaps they do not give them half the attention they require, yet if done regularly it takes but a short time each day. In buying lamps select those in which the end of the burner is elevated above the body (or tank) of the lamp. Watch your wicks closely and change them before they become short. Do not trim or cut wicks—it is almost impossible if you do to get them straight—but scrape off the charred black crust with a piece of cardboard, and to avoid an odor of oil wash and boil the burners every two weeks. Clean the glass chimneys as soon as they begin to look cloudy. Keep your lamps well filled with the best kerosene oil obtainable and never attempt to fill a lighted lamp or to burn one when it is nearly empty. Carrying lamps should be of metal and have firm handles, so if they are dropped they will not break or explode. See that hanging or bracket lamps are put up securely and never allow a lighted lamp to be in a current of air, as it will smoke if it does nothing worse. If burning oil should get on the floor or table smother the flames with a woolen blanket or rug, but not with cotton material. Cotton ignites very quickly and is dangerous in case of fire. Remember never to throw water on burning oil. Always keep the oil can well corked and away from the range or any other heat or fire.

How to Wash Blankets.

When blankets are to be washed soap should be cut into small pieces and dissolved into a jelly. This should be added to warm water, enough to form a suds, and borax put in for softening and purifying purposes. Into this the blankets should be entirely immersed and allowed to remain for half an hour. The water should not be allowed to get cold. After the blankets are soaked through they should be soused up and down to release the dirt, then put through a wringer. After this the blankets are put through a second suds prepared in the same way as the first. They are squeezed, but not rubbed. A board should not be used, and, above all, soap should never be rubbed directly on the blanket. This not only causes it to shrink, but the small hairs are all matted by the soap, and the blanket loses its fluffy appearance. They should be rinsed in warm water with borax or ammonia added to keep them soft and dried on a day of sun and wind.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Mansfield's Baron Chevrial.

Richard Mansfield's first great success in January, 1883, was as Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance," a part that came to him through the refusal of the veteran J. H. Stoddart in A. M. Palmer's Union Square company to play the part. Mansfield gave many hours to a study of its possibilities and the details of a realistic makeup.

"It was probably the most realistically detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage has ever seen. For a moment after the curtain fell there was a hush of awe and surprise; then the audience found itself and called Mansfield to the footlights a dozen times. But neither then nor thereafter would he appear until he had removed the wig and makeup of the dead baron. There was no occasion to change his clothes. He wore the conventional evening suit. The effect of shriveled undersizedness was purely a muscular effect of the actor. The contrast between the figure that fell at the head of the stairs and the athletic young gentleman who acknowledged the applause was no anticlimax."—"Richard Mansfield, the Man and the Actor," by Paul Wilstach.

Cholera Infantum Cured

"Something like two years ago my baby, then about a year old, was taken seriously ill with cholera infantum, vomiting and purging profusely, says J F Dempsey, of Dempsey, Ala. I did what I could to relieve her, but did her no good, and being very much alarmed about her went for a physician but failed to find one, so came back by Elders store, and he recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I procured a bottle of it, went home as quickly as possible and gave the baby a dose of the remedy. It relieved her in 15 minutes and soon cured her entirely." For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Pipe Lines For Oil.

The first pipe line used for oil in the United States was a small affair an inch in diameter. This was in 1865. By 1879 there were lines five inches in diameter and a hundred miles long. Today the line from Oklahoma to New York by way of Chicago measures nearly 1,500 miles, and our enormous annual production of petroleum is transported chiefly through these lines. The price of this transportation from the oil fields to the Atlantic coast is only about 3 cents a barrel, or, if interest and cost of replacements every fourteen years be taken into account, 11 cents a barrel. Pipe lines are now common in other petroleum producing countries, notably in the neighborhood of Baku, where one line across the Caucasus range is nearly 600 miles long.

What is Best for Indigestion?

A Robinson of Drumquin, Ontario, has been troubled for years with indigestion, and recommends Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets as "the best medicine I ever used." If troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial; they are certain to prove beneficial, they are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price 25c. Samples free. For sale at Moro Pharmacy

Banks.

It was in the City of Brotherly Love that the first bank was established in 1781. It was incorporated by congress under the name of "The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of North America." Three years later the second bank in the country was opened in Boston and called the Massachusetts bank.

In the same year the Bank of New York was founded.

The first United States bank was founded in 1785 and the second in 1816, in which year the first savings banks were established, one in Philadelphia, the other in Boston.

Intensely Colicky Pains Relieved

"For years I suffered from intense colicky pains which would come on at times, and from which I could find no relief," says I S Mason, of Beaverdam, Ky. "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was recommended to me by a friend. After taking a few doses of the remedy I was completely cured four years ago, and there has been no return of the symptoms since that time." For sale by Moro Pharmacy

Giving Him a Hint.

Papa—Are you writing to that sweetheart of yours again, Edith? Why, you seem to have been doing so for years. How do you sign your letters? Edith—Oh, I always say, "I remain over your loving Edith Jones." Papa—Oh, well, strike out that "I remain" and the "ever" and put three scores under the "Jones." It's time that young man was coming to the point.

Never Known to Fail

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since it was first introduced to the public, in 1872, and have never found an instance where a cure was not speedily effected by its use. I have been a commercial traveler for 18 years, and never start out on a trip without this remedy, my very faithful friend," says H S Nichols, of Oakland, I T. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

Waiters on Horseback.

In great French houses of days gone by dinner was announced by the blowing of hunting horns, and it is on record that at certain gala feasts the dishes were brought in by servants in full armor mounted upon caparisoned horses, a practice we could only look for during the reign of chivalry. Of the attendants at dinner the carver and server took precedence over all the others. They stood probably on each side of their lord. The server, it may be mentioned, was the officer who placed the dishes on the table.

Granulated Sore Eyes Cured

"For 20 years I suffered from a bad case of granulated sore eyes, says Martin Boyd, of Henrietta, Ky. In February, 1908, a friend asked me to try Chamberlain's Salve. I bought one box and used about two-thirds of it, and my eyes have not given me any trouble since." For sale by Moro Pharmacy

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A COMMON ERROR.

The Same Mistake Is Made by Many Moro People.

It's a common error
To plaster an aching back,
To rub with liniments rheumatic joints,
When the trouble comes from the kidneys.
Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills.

Wm McLarty, 16th and Washington streets, Oregon city, Oregon, says: "I had a persistent back ache and pains through my loins. On account of this trouble I did not sleep soundly, consequently in the morning had but little energy. Seeing Doans Kidney Pills advertised I procured a box and when I had used half the contents my condition was so greatly improved that I thought it unnecessary to take any more. I give this sterling remedy my highest recommendation."

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.

Soldering a Hole.

If a large hole is to be soldered in tin or enameled ware hold several sheets of paper over the hole on the opposite side from where the soldering is done and the solder will bridge over and cover the hole.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Wm. Rudolf
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Every kind of rig to order, and all orders prompt and satisfactory at reasonable prices.
Farmers teams fed as well as they are fed at home, if not better. Telephone at our expense.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

In the matter of the estate of Benjamin F. Shaeffer, deceased.

To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Benjamin F. Shaeffer, deceased, has filed with the clerk of the above entitled court, his final report and account as such administrator, and that Monday, the 4th day of October, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the county court room in Moro, county of Sherman, state of Oregon, as by the order of said county court duly made and entered on the 11th day of August, 1909, being duly appointed as the time and place for the settlement of the said final report and account, and for the hearing and determination of objections thereto, if any there be.

Dated at Moro, Sherman county, Oregon this, 11th day of August, 1909

JOHN J. SCHAEFFER, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin F. Schaeffer.
MEINDL & BRYANT, Attorneys [345.5u13s10

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

In the matter of the estate of Rebecca McLane, deceased.

To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Rebecca McLane, deceased has filed with the clerk of the above entitled court, his final report and account as such administrator, and that Monday the 4th day of October, 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the county court room in Moro, county of Sherman, state of Oregon, as by order of said county court duly made and entered on the 11th day of August, 1909, being duly appointed as the time and place for the settlement of the said final report and account, and for the hearing and determination of objections thereto, if any there be.

Dated at Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, this, 11th day of August, 1909.

JOHN J. SCHAEFFER, Administrator of the estate of Rebecca McLane
MEINDL & BRYANT, Attorneys. [345.5u13s10

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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, 21st 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, to-wit: 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 equitable and just.

This summons is published pursuant to an order made and dated on the 8th day of July, 1909, by the Hon Wm Henrichs, 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

341§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.

Eva McCuaig, Plaintiff, vs. M J McCuaig, Defendant.

To M J McCuaig, 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 3d day of September, 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 wilful 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 Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 16th day of July, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23d day of July, 1909.

J B GILLIAM, Attorney for Plaintiff

342-23s6] for Plaintiff

SUMMONS—

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

Frank C Aldrich Plaintiff, vs. Annie Aldrich, Defendant.

To Annie Aldrich 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 3d day of September 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 wilful 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 Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 16th day of July, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23d day of July, 1909.

J B GILLIAM Attorney for Plaintiff

342§23s6]

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

Josephine Myrtle Blumer Plaintiff, vs. Jacob Franklin Blumer Defendant

To Jacob Franklin Blumer 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 3d day of September, 1909, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm Henrichs, judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 16th day of July, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23d day of July, 1909.

W D FREEMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff

342§23s3]

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

Clara Baker Plaintiff, vs. Frank E Baker, Defendant. } Summons.

To Frank E Baker 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 3d day of September, 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 wilful desertion for a period of more than one year 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 Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 16th day of July 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23d day of July, 1909.

J Fred Yates, Attorney for Plaintiff

343§23s3]

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

Ion Garbarino, Plaintiff, vs. E. G. Garbarino, Defendant.

To E. G. Garbarino, 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 10th day of September 1909, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon Wm Henrichs, judge of the County Court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 23d day of July, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 30th day of July, 1909.

WILBER & SPENCER, Attorneys for plaintiff

343-30s10]

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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	19.4	..McDonalds..	10.35
2.35	23.9	... 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	....Wiloox ...	8.15
6.30 arv	70.0	...Shanilco...	7.45 a m

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