The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....Sept. 24, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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THE HIDDEN RANSOM.

Story of an American's Experience in Italy.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

Rowland Hill, a young American, was walking one morning on the Via Caracciolo at Naples. On one hand was the park, teeming with tropical plants, statuary and fountains. On the other were the waves of the Mediterranean, splashing against the sea wall that protects the street from their encroachment. Far out on the bay the sun was shining on the haze enveloped island of Capri, casting a white light on the water directly beneath it, causing it to appear as if resting on a sea of silver.

But Rowland Hill, though an artist, thought nothing of this. His mind was occupied with a misfortune which had happened him several years before and which had separated him from the girl he loved. His head was bowed, and he did not notice either the beautiful scene or the people he met. But suddenly one of those strange mental influences for which we cannot account caused him to look up. His eyes met those of a man he immediately recognized and who recognized him. Hill started; the man scowled. Hill advanced a step, and the man put his hand under his coat as if for a weapon, then said in Italian:

"If you inform the police you die!"

On the other side of the street two men in cocked hats (such as the great Napoleon wore) and long military cloaks emerged from the park. They were government policemen. Hill made a dash for them, and as soon as his opponent took in the situation he, too, ran like a deer. He was too late. Hill pointed to him, the officers gave chase, and he was captured.

"Who is he?" asked his captor.

"Luigi Binetti!"

Great was the surprise of the government officials when they learned that the most desperate bandit that had ever infested the environs of Naples had ventured into the city, had been recognized and arrested. His capture was most interesting to the man who had brought it about. Rowland Hill five years before had gone from America to Florence to study art. His father had recently left him $30,000. In Florence the young man had met Signorina Bianca Favari of an aristocratic family, dwelling on the Parco Marguerhita, which climbs the cliffs back of Naples. To Naples he followed her, proposed and was accepted.

Hill was fond of roaming and one day while walking on a lonely road near the village of Casoria, not far from Naples, was taken by the bandit, Luigi Binetti, carried to the neighboring mountains and held a prisoner. Meanwhile the bandit went to Naples, learned the exact amount of his captive's fortune and gave him the choice between turning it in as a ransom or death. Hill arranged for the conversion of his property into gold and its transfer to the bandit. He returned to Naples a free man, but he had lost not only his fortune, but his love. Signor Favari declined to permit his daughter to marry a penniless man.

From that day till he met his captor on the Via Caracciolo the American lived a wretched life, and, though he did not know it, Bianca was equally miserable. The bandit was executed. But this only satisfied Hill's craving for revenge. Before the execution Luigi Binetti told his jailer that he had hidden in the cliffs behind Castellamare, some fifteen miles south of Naples, a treasure that he would give him provided he would secure him a pardon. The jailer did not believe his story, but passed it on to Hill later on.

Now, when Hill had been liberated by the bandit a bandage was taken from his eyes, and he found himself on the high rocks overlooking Castellamare from the south. The description of the place where the robber had claimed he had hidden the treasure corresponded with the spot where Hill had been kept a captive. He had walked or been carried blindfolded for half a day from the place before being liberated. He believed that the hidden treasure was his own gold and that it was located in the neighborhood of Castellamare.

Hill searched the heights about Castellamare for weeks, when one morning in a gulch some distance behind and far above the town he came to an excavation in the rock partly built up in its front that he judged might have once been a Roman peasant's abode. Like a flash it came to him that it had been the place of his captivity. Within he found scratched on the rocky wall a rude drawing of an anvil, from which pointed an arrow in a northeasterly direction and the figures 160. Seizing at once the idea that this was a key to the hiding place of the treasure, he proceeded—the distance was 160 paces—to a rock which bore some resemblance to the drawing. Digging at its base, he soon came to a flat stone beneath which glittered every dollar of his ransom.

Returning to Naples, he reported his find to Signor Favari, who withdrew all opposition to the match between the young American and his daughter, and there was a brilliant wedding up on the Parco Marguerhita, at which the best citizens were present.

The story of Roland Hill's achievement reaching the ears of the king of Italy, the American was invited to reorganize the detective system of the kingdom on the American plan, but declined. He did not have confidence in the mental construction of the Italian race producing American results.

THE SKYLIGHT ROOM.

How Dr. Billy Jackson Found the Girl It Sheltered.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

First Mrs. Parker would show you the double parlors. You would not dare to interrupt her description of their advantages and of the merits of the gentleman who had occupied them for eight years. Then you would manage to stammer forth the confession that you were neither a doctor nor a dentist. Mrs. Parker's manner of receiving the admission was such that you could never afterward entertain the same feeling toward your parents, who had neglected to train you up in one of the professions that fitted Mrs. Parker's parlors.

Next you ascended one flight of stairs and looked at the second floor back at $8. Convinced by her second floor manner that it was worth the $12 that Mr. Toosenberry always paid for it until he left to take charge of his brother's orange plantation in Florida, near Palm Beach, where Mrs. McIntyre always spent the winters that had the double front room with private bath, you managed to babble that you wanted something still cheaper.

If you survived Mrs. Parker's scorn you were taken to look at Mr. Skidder's large hall room on the third floor. Mr. Skidder's room was not vacant. He wrote plays and smoked cigarettes in it all day long. But every room hunter was made to visit his room to admire the lambrequins. After each visit Mr. Skidder, from the fright caused by possible eviction, would pay something on his rent.

Then—oh, then—if you still stood on one foot, with your hot hand clutching the three moist dollars in your pocket, and hoarsely proclaimed your hideous and culpable poverty, never more would Mrs. Parker be cicerone of yours. She would honk loudly the word "Clara!" She would show you her back and march downstairs. Then Clara, the colored maid, would escort you up the carpeted ladder that served for the fourth flight and show you the skylight room. It occupied 7 by 8 feet of floor space at the middle of the hall. On each side of it was a dark lumber closet or storeroom.

In it were an iron cot, a washstand and a chair. A shelf was the dresser. Its four bare walls seemed to close in upon you like the sides of a coffin. Your hand crept to your throat, you gasped, you looked up as from a well—and breathed once more. Through the glass of the little skylight you saw a square of blue infinity.

"Two dollars, suh," Clara would say in her half contemptuous, half Tuskegeenial tones.

One day Miss Leeson came hunting for a room. She carried a typewriter made to be lugged around by a much larger lady. She was a very little girl, with eyes and hair that had kept on growing after she had stopped and that always looked as if they were saying: "Goodness me! Why didn't you keep up with us?"

Mrs. Parker showed her the double parlors. "In this closet," she said, "one could keep a skeleton or an aesthetic or coal"—

"But I am neither a doctor nor a dentist," said Miss Leeson, with a shiver.

Mrs. Parker gave her the incredulous, pitying, sneering, icy stare that

"I'M JUST A POOR LITTLE WORKING GIRL."

she kept for those who failed to qualify as doctors or dentists and led the way to the second floor back.

"Eight dollars?" said Miss Leeson. "Dear me! I'm not Hetty, if I do look green. I'm just a poor little working girl. Show me something higher and lower."

Mr. Skidder jumped and strewed the floor with cigarette stubs at the rap on his door.

"Excuse me, Mr. Skidder," said Mrs. Parker, with her demon's smile at his pale looks. "I didn't know you were in. I asked the lady to have a look at your lambrequins."

"They're too lovely for anything," said Miss Leeson, smiling in exactly the way the angels do.

After they had gone Mr. Skidder got very busy erasing the tall, black haired heroine from his latest (unproduced) play and inserting a small, roguish one with heavy, bright hair and vivacious features.

"Anna Held 'll jump at it," said Mr. Skidder to himself, putting his feet up against the lambrequins and disappearing in a cloud of smoke like an aerial cuttlefish.

Presently the tocsin call of "Clara!" sounded to the world the state of Miss Leeson's purse. A dark goblin seized her, mounted a stygian stairway, thrust her into a vault with a glimmer of light in its top and muttered the menacing and cabalistic words "Two dollars!"

"I'll take it," sighed Miss Leeson, sinking down upon the squeaky iron bed.

Every day Miss Leeson went out to work. At night she brought home papers with handwriting on them and made copies with her typewriter. Sometimes she had no work at night, and then she would sit on the steps of the high stoop with the other roomers. Miss Leeson was not intended for a skylight room when the plans were drawn for her creation. She was gay hearted and full of tender, whimsical fancies. Once she let Mr. Skidder read to her three acts of his great (unpublished) comedy, "It's No Kid; or, The Heir of the Subway."

There was rejoicing among the gentlemen roomers whenever Miss Leeson had time to sit on the steps for an hour or two. But Miss Longnecker, the tall blond who taught in a public school and said "Well, really!" to everything you said, sat on the top step and sniffed. And Miss Dorn, who shot at the moving ducks at Coney every Sunday and worked in a department store, sat on the bottom step and sniffed. Miss Leeson sat on the middle step, and the men would quickly group around her.

Especially Mr. Skidder, who had cast her in his mind for the star part in a private, romantic (unspoken) drama in real life. And especially Mr. Hoover, who was forty-five, fat, flush and foolish. And especially very young Mr. Evans, who set up a hollow cough to induce her to ask him to leave off cigarettes. The men voted her "the funniest and jolliest ever," but the sniffs on the top step and the lower step were implacable.

* * * * * * *

I pray you let the drama halt while Chorus stalks to the footlights and drops an epicedian tear upon the fatness of Mr. Hoover. Tune the pipes to the tragedy of tallow, the bane of bulk, the calamity of corpulence. Tried out, Falstaff might have rendered more real romance to the ton than would have Romeo's rickety ribs to the ounce. A lover may sigh, but he must not puff. To the train of Momus are the fat men remanded. In vain beats the faithfulest heart above a fifty-two inch belt. Avaunt, Hoover! Hoover, forty-five, flush and foolish, might carry off Helen herself. Hoover, forty-five, flush, foolish and fat, is meat for perdition. There was never a chance for you, Hoover.

As Mrs. Parker's roomers sat thus one summer's evening Miss Leeson looked up into the firmament and cried, with her gay little laugh:

"Why, there's Billy Jackson! I can see him from down here too."

All looked up, some at the windows of skyscrapers, some casting about for an airship. Jackson guided.

"It's that star," explained Miss Leeson, pointing with a tiny finger. "Not the big one that twinkles—the steady blue one near it. I can see it every night through my skylight. I named it Billy Jackson."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "I didn't know you were an astronomer, Miss Leeson."

"Oh, yes," said the small star gazer; "I know as much as any of them about the style of sleeves they're going to wear next fall in Mars."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker. "The star you refer to is Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia. It is nearly of the second magnitude, and its meridian passage is"—

"Oh," said the very young Mr. Evans, "I think Billy Jackson is a much better name for it."

"Same here," said Mr. Hoover, loudly breathing defiance to Miss Longnecker. "I think Miss Leeson has just as much right to name stars as any of those old astrologers had."

"Well, really!" said Miss Longnecker.

"I wonder whether it's a shooting star," remarked Miss Dorn. "I hit nine ducks and a rabbit out of ten in the gallery at Coney Sunday."

"He doesn't show up very well from down here," said Miss Leeson. "You ought to see him from my room. You know, you can see stars even in the daytime from the bottom of a well. At night my room is like the shaft of a coal mine, and it makes Billy Jackson look like the big diamond pin that Night fastens her kimono with."

There came a time after that when Miss Leeson brought no formidable papers home to copy. And when she went out in the morning, instead of working, she went from office to office and let her heart melt away in the drip of cold refusals transmitted through insolent office boys. This went on.

There came an evening when she wearily climbed Mrs. Parker's stoop at the hour when she always returned from her dinner at the restaurant. But she had had no dinner.

As she stepped into the hall Mr. Hoover met her and seized his chance. He asked her to marry him, and his fatness hovered above her like an avalanche. She dodged and caught the balustrade. He tried for her hand, and she raised it and smote him weakly in the face. Step by step she went up, dragging herself by the railing. She passed Mr. Skidder's door as he was red-inking a stage direction for Myrtle Delorme (Miss Leeson) in his (unaccepted) comedy, to "pirouette across stage from L to the side of the count." Up the carpeted ladder she crawled at last and opened the door of the skylight room.

She was too weak to light the lamp or to undress. She fell upon the iron cot, her fragile body scarcely hollowing the worn springs. And in that Erebus of a room she slowly raised her heavy eyelids and smiled.

For Billy Jackson was shining down on her, calm and bright and constant, through the skylight. There was no world about her. She was sunk in a pit of blackness, with but that small square of pallid light framing the star that she had so whimsically, and, oh, so ineffectually named. Miss Longnecker must be right—it was Gamma, of the constellation Cassiopeia, and not Billy Jackson. And yet she could not let it be Gamma.

As she lay on her back she tried twice to raise her arm. The third time she got two thin fingers to her lips and blew a kiss out of the black pit to Billy Jackson. Her arm fell back limply.

"Goodby, Billy," she murmured faintly. "You're millions of miles away, and you won't even twinkle once. But you kept where I could see you most of the time up there when there wasn't anything else but darkness to look at, didn't you? Millions of miles. Goodby, Billy Jackson."

Clara, the colored maid, found the door locked at 10 the next day, and they forced it open. Vinegar and the slapping of wrists and burnt feathers proving of no avail, some one ran to phone for an ambulance.

In due time it backed up to the door with much gong clanging, and the capable young medico, in his white linen coat, ready, active, confident, with his smooth face half debonair, half grim, danced up the steps.

"Ambulance call to 40," he said briefly. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, yes, doctor," sniffed Mrs. Parker, as though her trouble that there should be trouble in the house was the greater. "I can't think what can be the matter with her. Nothing we could do would bring her to. It's a young woman, a Miss Elsie—yes, a Miss Elsie Leeson. Never before in my house"—

"What room?" cried the doctor in a terrible voice, to which Mrs. Parker was a stranger.

"The skylight room. It"—

Evidently the ambulance doctor was familiar with the location of skylight rooms. He was gone up the stairs, four at a time. Mrs. Parker followed slowly, as her dignity demanded.

On the first landing she met him coming back, bearing the astronomer in his arms. He stopped and let loose the practiced scalpel of his tongue, not loudly. Gradually Mrs. Parker crumpled as a stiff garment that slips down from a nail. Ever afterward there remained crumples in her mind and body. Sometimes her curious roomers would ask her what the doctor said to her.

"Let that be," she would answer. "If I can get forgiveness for having heard it I will be satisfied."

The ambulance physician strode with his burden through the pack of hounds that follow the curiosity chase, and even they fell back along the sidewalk abashed, for his face was that of one who bears his own dead.

They noticed that he did not lay down upon the bed prepared for it in

LET LOOSE THE PRACTICED SCALPEL OF HIS TONGUE.

the ambulance the form that he carried, and all that he said was "Drive like sin, Wilson," to the driver.

That is all. Is it a story? In the next morning's paper I saw a little news item, and the last sentence of it may help you as it helped me to weld the incidents together.

It recounted the reception into Bellevue hospital of a young woman who had been removed from 40 East — street, suffering from debility induced by starvation. It concluded with these words:

"Dr. William Jackson, the ambulance physician who attended the case, says the patient will recover."

A Quaint Tract.

A quaint tract entitled "Woe to Drunkards," being a sermon by Samuel Waid, preacher of Ispwich, was printed in London in 1627. The preacher based his remarks upon Proverbs xxiii. 29-32. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," etc., and illustrated his arguments by examples from various parts of the kingdom of "God's judgments on drunkards." Among other instances he quotes the following one from Tenby: "At Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, a Drunkard being exceedingly drunke broke himself all to pieces off an high and steep rock in most fearefull manner, and yet the occasion and circumstances of his fall so ridiculous as I thinke not fit to relate, lest in so serious a judgement I should move laughter of the Reader."—Cardiff Times.

THE BABY CROP.

Worth More Than All Other Crops as a National Asset.

When you come to think of it, there's no escaping the conclusion that the baby crop is worth more to this good country of ours than all the corn, wheat, cotton, beef and poultry products put together—worth more in dollars and cents. Untimely frosts, the boll weevil, the wheat rust, the green aphis and all the other crop and animal scourges couldn't work so great a national disaster as a genuine baby famine.

And it is simply appalling to think what would happen to our national temperament if babies were abolished. Our sense of humor would instantly go glimmering, and smiles would become rarer than black hollyhocks. The education of parents in all the little arts of tenderness would go into instant decline, and we would speedily become a nation of ossified hearts and sour faces.

Babies are the chief apostles of unselfish affection. All the world admits that. The mother who has constantly maintained an attitude of unalloyed selfishness toward all the world will go to the depths of self denial and sacrifice for the helpless child, and men of fiery and autocratic temperament become meek and plastic disciples in schools of patience and restraint where in their own babies are the teachers and disciplinarians.—Red Book.

Gloom Spread by Book Agents.

"When I was a small boy living in Huntsville, Mo., an early day book agent came up from St. Louis by steamboat and flooded our country with a harrowing volume entitled 'Agnes—The Key to Her Coffin.' Everybody bought the thing and everybody wept over it," remarked a Macon resident. "Its influence descended upon the community like a nightmare. It reeked with shrouds, funerals and graveyards. For a long while 'The Key to Agnes' Coffin' was the sole diversion of certain portions of the populace. They seemed to take a pure and chastened joy in the awful weight of woe that oozed out from between its lids, and it made them feel better. There were not many books in the country in those days, and the sagacious agent had sized the community's taste up about right. The book was supposed to be very consoling to the distressed in that it told of worse troubles than their own."—Macon Republican.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HIDDEN DANGERS.

Nature Gives Timely Warning That No More Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

Danger signal No. 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick. Well kidneys excrete a clear, amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy, or a thick, red, ill smelling urin full of sediment and irregular of passage.

Danger signal No. 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetus and Brights disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently Here's Moro proof:

L. Sells, of Moro, Or., says: "Unlike most people afflicted with kidney trouble, I never suffered much from backache; the principal symptom being a weakness of the kidneys. There was a frequent inclination to pass the secretions and I had to arise during the night on this account. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at the Moro Pharmacy gave me relief at once and I am glad to recommend them to other persons suffering as I did."

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.

Turn About.

Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him. When Mr Kipling moved out of earshot, Mr Hardy observed to the occupant:

"I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

"Is that so?" she replied. "I never heard the name before."

Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady and remarked:

"Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here today is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author."

"Oh, indeed," was her reply. "I don't know his name."—London Chronicle.

A Sprained Ankle

As usually treated a sprained ankle will disable the injured person for a month or more, but by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle faithfully, a cure may, in most cases, be effected in less than one week's time. This liniment is a most remarkable preparation try it for a sprain or a bruise, or when laid up with chronic or muscular rheumatism and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

The Scent of Books.

The publisher shut his eyes.

"Bring me books," he said, "and by the smell alone I'll tell what country each was published in."

He did indeed distinguish in this manner a French, an English and an American book.

"English books have the best smell," he said. "French come next. Our own come last. Our own smell salty. The others smell fresh and sweet. Have a try?"

The skeptical clubmen in their seats, snuffing the books, were soon able in their turn to distinguish them by the odor.—Exchange.

Why Druggists Recommend

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Frank C Hanrahan a prominent druggist at Portsmouth, Va. says, "for the past 6 years I have sold and recommended Chamberlains Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a great remedy and one of the best patent medicines on the market. I hand e others for the same purposes that pay me a larger profit, but this is so sure to effect a cure, and my customer so sure to appreciate my recommending it to him, that I give it the preference." For sale by Moro Pharmacy

Zoology and Flags.

Zoology figures very largely on the flags of different nations. On the British royal standard is the lion. It was Richard Coeur de Lion, by the way, who altered the device from leopards to lions on the king's standard. The eagle appears on the standards of both Russia and Germany and both the lion and the eagle on that of Spain. Bulgaria has a lion, China a dragon and Mexico a bird quarreling with a snake. Taken together with the animals that appear on nations' arms, the royal unicorn and Australian emu and kangaroo, a fairly comprehensive collection could be made from national emblems.

Best Treatment for a Burn.

If for no other reason Chamberlain's Salve should be kept in every house on account of its great value in the treatment of burns, it allays the pain almost instantly and unless the injury is severe heals the parts without leaving a scar; is unequaled for chapped hands, sore nipples and diseases of the skin. Price 25c. For sale at Moro Pharmacy

The constitution provides that the term of the president shall be four years, and nothing short of an amendment can change the day on which the presidential term shall begin. But there is nothing in the constitution to prevent congress from appointing another day than March 4 for the celebration of the incoming of a new administration.

Good for Billiousness.

"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night, and I feel 50 percent better than I have for weeks, says J J Firestone, Allegan, Mich. They are certainly a fine medicine for billiousness." Samples free. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

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

THE SPANIARD.

His Primitive Instincts of Hospitality and Charity.

Havelock Ellis in his "Soul of Spain" has revealed intimately and charmingly the temperament of the Spanish people. According to him, the Spaniard is still fundamentally primitive. In proof of his possession of the primal instincts of hospitality and charity he quotes the following anecdote from an Aragonese newspaper of a few years ago, at a time when there was much distress in Aragon:

A laborer out of work came on the highroad determined to rob the first person he met. This was a man with a wagon. The laborer bade him halt and demanded his money.

"Here is $30, all that I have," the detained man replied.

"There is nothing left for me but robbery. My family are dying of hunger," the aggressor said apologetically and proceeded to put the money in his pocket, but as he did so his mind changed.

"Take this, chico," he said, handing back $29. "One is enough for me."

"Would you like anything I have in the cart?" asked the wagoner, impressed by this generosity.

"Yes," said the man. "Take this dollar back too. I had better have some rice and some beans."

The wagoner handed over a bag of eatables and then held out $5, which, however, the laborer refused.

"Take them for luck money," said the wagoner. "I owe you that."

And only so was the would be robber persuaded to accept.

Why?

From a small beginning the sale and use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has extended to all parts of the United States and to many foreign countries. Why? Because it has proved especially valuable for coughs and colds. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

SUMMONS—

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

E E Kaseburg and A C Kaseburg, Plaintiffs,
vs.
J R Kaseburg, Mary Kaseburg, W R Copeland, Augusta Copeland, H J Kaseburg, Annie Kaseburg, Lizzie Bennett, W C Bennett, Herbert Root, Amelia Root, Frankie Kaseburg and Lizzie Kaseburg, (minor heirs of W H Kaseburg, deceased), Defendants.

To W R Copeland, Augusta Copeland, H J Kaseburg, Annie Kaseburg, Lizzie Bennett, W C Bennett, Frankie Kaseburg, and Lizzie Kaseburg, (minor heirs of W H Kaseburg, deceased), the above-named defendants.

In the name of the state of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer to the complaint filed herein on or before the 5th day of November, 1909, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the court for a decree that referees be appointed, and that section twenty-two (22) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian in Sherman county, state of Oregon, be sold according to law, and that the proceeds arising from the sale of said property be divided according to the respective interests of the plaintiffs and defendants, and for such other and further relief as may seem meet and equitable in the premises.

This summons is served upon you by publication by authority of an order of Hon Wm Henrichs, County Judge of Sherman county, Oregon, which said order was made and entered on the 16th day of September, 1909, and requires you to answer the complaint within six weeks of the date of the first publication of this summons.

E. V. LITTLEFIELD,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

349] Date of first publication, September 24, 1909. Date of last publication, November 5, 1909

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, (Publisher)

Not Coal Land.
Department of the Interior, U S Land office at The Dalles, Oregon, Sept. 1st, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that George L Crum of Condon, Oregon, who, on October 31st 1908, made homestead (serial No 03016) No. 13028, for the NE¼NE¼ section 10, N½N W¼ section 11, SW¼SW¼ section 2, township 2 south, range 19 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before George W Farman, United States Commissioner, at his office at Condon, Oregon, on the 12th day of October, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses, William Underwood, of Condon, Oregon, L L Turney, Oscar Simmons, Walter Smith, of Ajax, Or.

348-s10.o8] C. W. Moore, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION, (Publisher)

Not Coal Land.
Department of the Interior, U S Land office at The Dalles Oregon, Sept. 1st, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Charles R Fagan, of Ajax, Oregon, who, on April 19th, 1904, made homestead (serial No 03146) No 13390, for the E½SW¼, W½SE¼ Section 21 Township 1 south range 19 east Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before George W Farman, United States Commissioner at his office at Condon, Oregon, on the 12th day of October, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses, Walter Smith, George L Crum, L L Turney, Burrel Brown, all of Ajax, Oregon.

348-s10.o8] C. W. Moore, Register

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

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

In the matter of the estate of Jane W. Williams, deceased.

To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Jane W. Williams, deceased, has filed with the clerk of the above entitled court, his final report and account as such administrator, and that Monday, the 1st day of November, 1909 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in the county court room in Moro, county of Sherman and state of Oregon, as by the order of said county court duly made and entered on the 14th day of September ,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, 14th day of September, 1909.

John Williams, Administrator of the estate of Jane W. Williams, deceased.

BRYANT & MOWRY,
[349.s17.o15] Attorneys for the estate.

CITATION

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

In the matter of the estate of Henry Schlegel, deceased.

To Richard Schlegel, Carl Schlegel, Walter Schlegel, Helmut Schlegel, Therese Schlegel, Minnie Schlegel, the next of kin, and all persons interested in said estate, known and unknown, Greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County court of the State of Oregon for the County of Sherman at the court room thereof at Moro, in the County of Sherman, on Monday, November 1st, 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of the petition of administrator of the above named estate asking that order be made authorizing him to sell the hereinafter described real property belonging to said estate be not granted, to-wit: The south half of the northeast quarter and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter, and the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section seventeen (17) in township one (1) south of range nineteen (19) east of the Willamette Meridian, in the counties of Sherman and Gilliam, state of Oregon, containing one hundred and sixty acres, more or less.

Witness the Honorable Wm. Henrichs, Judge of the County court of the State of Oregon for the county of Sherman, with the seal of said court affixed, this 14th day of September, 1909.

Attest: H. S. McDANIEL
[Seal] Clerk.
[349.s17 o15]

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

Lethia J. Mester, Plaintiff,
vs.
Ferdinand J. Mester, Defendant.

To Ferdinand J. Mester, 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 court and suit on or before Friday, 8th day of October, 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 the 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, on the grounds of desertion, 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 24th day of August, 1909, by 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 27th day of August, 1909.

SPRAGUE & CRAWF, Attorneys for Plaintiff

345a27o8]

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

J D. Jewett, Plaintiff,
vs.
Elizabeth McDonald Jewett, Defendant.

To Elizabeth McDonald Jewett, 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 8th day of October, 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 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 24th day of August, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 27th day of August 1909.

J. B. GILLIAM
345a27o8] Attorney for Plaintiff

SUMMONS—

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

J R. Kaseburg, Plaintiff,
vs
W R. Copeland; Augusta Copeland; H J. Kaseburg; Annie Kaseburg; Lizzie Bennett; W. C. Bennett; Frankie Kaseburg and Lizzie Kaseburg, (minor heirs of W H. Kaseburg, deceased) E. E. Kaseburg; Evelyn Kaseburg; A. C. Kaseburg; Herbert Root and Amelia Root. Defendants.

To W. R. Copeland, Augusta Copeland, H. J. Kaseburg, Annie Kaseburg, Lizzie Bennett, W. C. Bennett, Frankie Kaseburg and Lizzie Kaseburg, (Minor heirs of W. H. Kaseburg, deceased.) the above named defendants. In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer to the complaint filed herein on or before the 8th day of October, 1909 and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a decree that referees be appointed and that the South Half [8½] of Section nine [9] in Township one [1] North of Range Sixteen [16] East of the Willamette Meridian in Sherman County, State of Oregon, be sold according to law and that the proceeds arising from the sale of said property be divided according to the respective interests of the plaintiff and defendants and for such other and further relief as may seem meet and equitable to the premises.

This summons is served upon you by publication by authority of an order of Hon Wm. Henrichs, County Judge of Sherman County, Oregon, which said order was made and entered on the 24th day of August, 1909, and requires you to answer the complaint within six weeks of the date of first publication of this summons.

E. V. LITTLEFIELD,
346a27o8 Attorney for Plaintiff.

Date of first publication Aug. 27, 1909.
Date of last publication Oct. 8, 1909.

SUMMONS:—

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

Mrs. H. Carey Plaintiff
vs
Albert P. O'Leary and Mrs. J. C. O'Leary, Defendants

To Albert P. O'Leary and Mrs. J. C O'Leary, the above named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon: You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and action on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons towit October 8th, 1909, and if you so fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgement against you for the sum of $400 gold coin of the United States, with interest thereon in like gold coin at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from October 9th, 1899; for the further sum of $100 attorney fees and for plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein; and will apply to the court that the real property heretofore attached herein to wit, the S. E. ¼ of Section One and the W ½ of Section 12, in Tp. 3 S. R 17 E. of the Willamette Meridian, and the W. ½ Section 7, Tp. 3 S. R. 18 E. of the Willamette Meridian, be sold to satisfy said judgement.

This summons is served upon you by order of the Hon. William Henrichs, Judge of Sherman County, Oregon, which said order is dated August 23d, 1909 and the date of the first publication of this summons is August 27th, 1909, and the date of the last publication thereof will be October 8th 1909.

FRED W. WILSON,
346 Attorney for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS

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

Minnie Montgomery, Plaintiff,
vs.
Robert Montgomery, Defendant

To Robert Montgomery, 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 15th day of October, 1909, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed hegin 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 failure to provide, 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 Sherman county duly made on the 27th day of August, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 3d day of September, 1909.

JOE A. WILSON, Attorney
347-s3o15] for Plaintiff

NOT COAL LAND
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
(Publisher)

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at
The Dalles, Oregon, August, 31st, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Albert K York, of Ajax, Oregon, who, on June 16th, 1904, made Homestead, (Serial No. 03231) No. 13612, for W½ NE¼, NE¼, NW¼, Sec. 33 and SE¼ SW¼ Sec. 28, Township 1, South, Range 19 E. Willamette M. has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Chas. H. Horner, County Clerk, at his office, at Condon, Oregon, on the 8th day of October, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: P. Workinger, Oscar Simmons, George Smith, Walter Smith, all of Ajax, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE,
347Sts8o1] Register.

O. R. & N.
OREGON SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC
3 Trains to The East Daily

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

PORTLAND DEPOT. Lv. Daily.		Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL, for the East via Huntington.	8.30 a.m.	8.20 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.20p.m	3.45 a.m.

For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p.m no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11.30 pm.	4.51 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	8.00 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrives at Biggs	12.05 a.m. Lv.	2.15 p.m.

Columbia and Willamette River.

For Astoria and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach. Steamer Hassalo, Ash street dock. Leaves 8.00 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Saturday 10.00 p. m. Arrives 5.00 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock. Le