The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... Oct. 15, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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THE KISSING FETE.

By ROBERT C. WARNER.

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The fete was a great sucess. Long before the hour announced for the beginning of the festivities crowds of people were flocking to the entrances of the park, and during the evening many thousands came and went. Of these there were the young and the older, married, the former as participants, the latter as spectators.

And what was the occasion of the fete? An edict had gone forth that between the hours of 8 and 12 any young man might kiss any girl in the park provided he wore in his cap a green feather. This provision was introduced to enable any girl opposed to strange embraces to take to flight on the approach of a would be kisser.

As the clock struck 9 two young girls entered the park arm in arm. One was tall and stately, with very black eyes, a cable of plaited black hair hanging down her back. The other was smaller, a blue eyed beauty, with hair of spun gold drifting in the breeze. They had no sooner passed the gate than green feathers began to flutter in their path. Many a young man approached, but was deterred by a repellent glance from the queenly brunette. For an hour the pair walked about the park watching the others. Now and again some young girl would suddenly dart away on seeing a youth approach whom she wished to avoid or to appear to avoid. Here and there would be heard suppressed screams and giggles, while smacks resounded like pistol shots.

But the two girls walked untouched. Many persons noticed them, but no one seemed to know them. It was supposed that they were of high degree, daughters of noblemen who had come to witness the kissing without taking part in it, and it was even whispered that they were from the court. But there were men present from the court, and none of them had ever seen the girls before. The people wondered why these gallants dared not offer to kiss two such beauties.

Near midnight a man with a black beard entered in company with one who appeared to be his son. It was apparent that both were disguised. Passing the two girls, they turned and looked at them, then, walking in a circle, met them again. At this second meeting the younger man darted toward the blue eyed girl. Seeing him coming, she left her companion and ran away. Those watching these unknown people then saw the older man approach the girl who was left. They expected that she would wither him with a glance. What was their surprise to see her after a faint resistance submit to be kissed. Then when he offered his arm she took it, and they walked on together.

"You are very bold," said the lady.

"Such beauty as yours would inspire boldness in a coward."

"You had no right to kiss me. You do not wear the green feather."

"True. I never thought of that. But such beauty as yours makes one forget."

"You may have a ladylove."

"Such beauty as yours would win me from her in spite of my best resolution."

"You do not deny that she exists."

"I do not. Whatever or whoever I am, I am no liar."

"But would you break a heart for a stranger?"

"It is she who is the stranger. I have never seen her."

"Never have seen her! What manner of man are you who wooes without seeing her you woo?"

"I see her I woo. I have not seen her I have intended to make my bride."

"There comes my friend with your boy. I must rejoin her. This is but the adventure of an evening. Farewell."

"We will not part without the pledge of another meeting. Tell me when and where I may communicate with you tomorrow."

"You may call upon me tomorrow evening." She gave him the location of a villa where she said she lived. "But you will not. You will think of this affair overnight and resolve to be true to that which I surmise is to your interest."

"Wait and see."

The next evening the stranger drove up to the villa in question. He was ushered in by lackeys with every evidence of profound respect. He seemed surprised. In a sumptuous salon he was received by the lady who had so suddenly inspired him. She was smiling at him with an air of triumph.

"I am surprised to see your majesty," she began, but he interrupted her.

"Majesty!"

"Yes. You were known to me from the first."

"Who are you?"

"First let me know your royal decision. For me will you break with the Princess Margaret?"

"The Princess Margaret! What do you know of the Princess Margaret?"

"Will you cast her off for one you have seen but once?"

"I will wed no one at present. I ask to be permitted to pay my addresses to you with a view to raising you to a throne."

"So you are not so sure of this newborn love after all?"

"I am. I wish time to prepare my people for the change."

The lady turned her head aside. The king took one of her hands in his and poured forth a torrent of words. Suddenly she stopped him.

"I am the Princess Margaret."

"You the Princess Margaret!"

SHELDON'S HOUSEKEEPER.

A Wager and What It Won For the One Who Lost.

By HAROLD STRONG LATHAM.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"I speak from experience, Stewart, and I say most emphatically that it is impossible to secure an all round satisfactory housekeeper."

"What's troubling you? Has that latest and most hopeful one of all departed?"

"Yes—today. She drank."

"Another one in view yet?"

"No, and how I wish there never had to be! They're all alike."

"Oh, pshaw! You're a pessimist."

"Well, they are—housekeepers and women in general; good to look at—some of them, anyway—but that's as far as they go."

"Hold on there, old man! Just remember that you're talking to one who

IT WAS WHILE SHE WAS DUSTING THE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.

has lately taken unto himself a spouse. You aren't fair. You pass judgment upon the whole sex when all that you really know about them is what you have learned from the few whom you have hired to work for you."

"I'm judging from all the women that I ever knew. My mother died when I was a baby, and I have no sisters. Just look at the girls of my set. They dance and sing, but what earthly thing are they good for?"

"If that is the case it is about time that you made some new acquaintances."

"Seeing is believing with me."

There was a pause in the conversation. The two men were seasoning their argument with periods of thought and smoke. They were good friends, though differing widely in material circumstances and usually in convictions. One, Frank Sheldon, was rich and single; the other, Stewart Van Cleate, was rather poor and married. Both were young. The silence, which had lasted for several minutes, was finally broken by Van Cleate.

"Humph!" he said, drawing his pipe slowly from his mouth. "I've got an idea."

"How unusual!" Sheldon laughed.

"My wife is dying for a piano," the other went on, paying no attention to the raillery, "and I think I see how to get her one."

"Wish I saw how to get a housekeeper," came lazily through the tobacco smoke in reply.

"The two things are connected in my idea. You say women are all alike and that it is impossible to hire a good housekeeper. I dare you to back it up with a bet."

"A bet! On a housekeeper?"

"Yes."

"Well, fire ahead. What is it?"

"Simply this—that I can produce a housekeeper who will prove entirely satisfactory to you and that aunt of yours who lives with you."

"What are the terms?" Sheldon asked abruptly.

"If I win you buy me a piano. If I lose I pay the girl's wages. Is it a go?"

"Indeed it is. I've got to strike out upon the housekeeper market again, and if you want to make an employment bureau out of yourself I'm sure I don't care. But you'll lose."

"Don't be too sure of that. But, by the way, there must be a time limit to this. You might like her, but she might not like you, you know. Suppose we say that she is to stay for three weeks, longer if you want her to and can persuade her to do so."

"Agreed. But, really, I'm awfully sorry for you. I hate to see you lose." Sheldon said in mock concern.

"You'd better spend your time visiting the piano dealers," the other retorted good naturedly.

Two days afterward "the girl" put in her appearance and was hired, Sheldon transacting that business himself, for he had learned by sad experience that where servants were concerned the more his too exacting aunt could be kept in the background the better.

"The girl" was at first shy and doubtful about her work, but day by day she grew more skillful until, at the end of the third week, Sheldon was forced to admit that she realized his highest ideals. And then he fell in love with her!

It was while she was dusting the books in the library that he asked her to be his wife. He had hardly begun his fervent avowal of love when she interrupted him.

"Mr. Sheldon. I cannot let you go on," she said and turned her face away from him. "What you ask is impossible, or at least—oh, I cannot, I will not, say anything more! See Mr. Van Cleate. He will tell you that I, that we, have been deceiving you." With that she hurried out of the room.

Sheldon was very much bewildered at her actions, but he lost no time in going in search of Van Cleate. In less than an hour he returned.

He found "the girl" in the hall just ready to leave. He took her by the hand and led her to a seat and then sat down beside her. He did not speak for a moment, and when he did his voice was very low and gentle.

"Dear," he said, "I love you all the more now, my plucky little housekeeper."

"You know, then?" she asked.

"I know that you, besides being the best girl that I ever knew, are the sister of my most intimate friend, Stewart Van Cleate. Tell me, why did you do it?"

"You said that women were only good to look at."

"And it was that remark that did it all?"

"Yes; I wanted you to see that there were women who were good for something, and then," she added bashfully, "Stewart told me of your bet, and I wanted him to win that piano."

Sheldon smiled. "He certainly has won," he said. He took her hand and continued: "Once there was a fellow who was neither very good nor very bad, but he had a great dislike for women. He had never been fortunate enough to meet one that he could respect through and through, and so he had grown to believe that there was none who came up to his ideal. But one day, quite by chance, there came into his life one whom he saw to be the realization of his dreams. He knew then that his opinions were all wrong. Marie, I can't go on this way any longer. You are the one woman. You have restored my faith. Will you be my wife?"

He caught her to him, for he had read her answer in her eyes.

It was not until two weeks later, however, that he was allowed to put the ring upon her finger, for she had argued that it would be better for them to meet under conditions to which they were both accustomed and in their proper social spheres.

The lights were very low in the Van Cleate library on that happy evening, and two chairs were very close together. What was said was spoken so softly that no one could hear. But finally the two came out of their seclusion and went into the parlor, where they found Mrs. Van Cleate seated at a new and shiny piano, happily playing.

"I made you lose your bet," Marie whispered.

"But I won a wife," Sheldon replied lovingly.

A Picturesque Survival.

Along the Pfalz and on the hills of Thuringia and also in some parts of eastern Prussia the traveler on midsummer eve may still see the bonfires and even if he be favored the flaming wheen (image of the descending sun) hurled down the bank into the river; also in quite a number of places he may be present at the "fire dance," for, though the dance round and over the midsummer fire is a heathen rite, it has come to be associated with a sort of superstitious loyalty to the house of Hohenzollern. It was while attending the rite of the fire dance in the market place at Tangermuende that "Fair Else of Bavaria" received from a witch woman the prophecy, "Of thy seed shall blossom a race of emperors." Now Fair Else—that is, Elizabeth of Bavaria—married Frederic I. of Hohenzollern, elector of Brandenburg, and his descendant now sits on the imperial throne. Between the prophecy and its fulfillment at Versailles there elapsed 440 years.—London Graphic.

Men's Lengthy Goodbys.

The stenographer sighed audibly and threw down her pencil.

"What's the matter now?" asked the little office girl.

"Talk about women!" replied the stenographer. "Did you ever see any women beat that record?"

"What record?"

"Why, those men saying goodby. Here I've been waiting for twenty minutes for that man to go. I want to take dictation. Every time he takes a step toward the door Mr. B. says 'Hold on a minute' or something. And if Mr. B. doesn't stop him he turns back of his own accord. For twenty minutes they've been bidding each other farewell and remembering something they'd forgotten. Every few seconds they get a little nearer the door. I suppose they'll finish up by going out together. I've often heard how long it takes two women to say goodby to each other, but I get a good chance to see how long the men take, and I'm blessed if it isn't longer."—New York Press.

No Hair Splitting.

"But," argues the exasperated automobilist who has been haled before the country justice, "you haven't the shadow of a reason for arresting and trying me. Why, man, my machine was standing stock still, absolutely motionless! Even the constable will tell you that."

"The automobull was a-standin' still all right," acknowledges the constable, "but its engine was runnin' full blast, an' it sounded just like they do when they go forty miles a hour."

"But my machine was not moving! Judge, this is prepos"—

"The evidence is all against you," coldly decides the justice. "Twenty dollars and costs. This is not the time or place for idle technicalities."—Judge.

Milkweed and Ivy Poison.

A writer in "The Emergency Service" says: "Ragged milkweed will cure oak or ivy poison. This fact should be generally known by all who love to roam the woods. Being in the woods nearly all the time, I used to be bethered every summer, getting poisoned two or three times every season. I learned of the milkweed cure accidentally, as I would rub the itching places with all kinds of shrubs and weeds until one day I let the juice of a milkweed run on some of the ridges on my hands and noticed that it dried up the blisters and stopped all itching. Since then I have tried this remedy in many different cases and at all stages, and it has invariably cured every case. I have had to cure some people two or more times before they would believe in the milkweed, as they were using other things at the time the milkweed juice was applied."

English Dislike of Humor.

It is sometimes a matter for wonder that humorists are allowed to live. Deep down in our English characters is a conscious dislike of laughter. Laughter is an expression of emotion, and we have a horror of it. It may be that this secret objection to the comic muse is a surviving relic of the sturdy old puritanism which has done so much for the race in many directions and handicaped it in others. When Disraeli began to be prominent in the house of commons it used to be said of him that, though he was a very amusing fellow and made the house laugh, he could never hope to take rank as a statesman. Lord Randolph Churchill went through exactly the same experience in his early days. Few people would admit that a man who expressed himself humorously had any claim to be taken seriously.—London Black and White.

DONE BY A CANOE.

The Way the Parted Lovers Brought the Judge to Terms.

By DONALD ALLEN.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"No, I won't have it—I won't have it! He must cease to call here!"

"But mamma has no objection."

"That makes no difference. Your mother is not running this family."

"Isn't Mr. Graham of good family?"

"He may be, but he doesn't own the clothes he stands in, and as near as I can find out he's a dawdler and will never amount to shucks."

"But Mr. Graham is an artist and is making his way. He has already painted and sold"—

"He has daubed paint on to canvas and roped some idiot into buying it for a landscape. Don't talk about it any more. When it is time for you to fall in love I'll take the case in hand and see that it is with a proper young man."

Judge Talbot was a brusque and blunt husband and father. He prided himself on being practical. He had known in a general way that Will Graham, the artist, had been calling at the house far more frequently than any other young man and had had nothing to say about it. It was only when Mrs. Talbot timidly wondered if Elsie and Will were engaged that he suddenly sat up and roared out:

"What! What! Our Elsie engaged to be married! What are you talking about?"

"But I think—think"—

And then the judge said he would see about it, and the daughter was sent for and told what was what and sent away with tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat. As a matter of fact the father had made no inquiries

THE WHITE RAG WAS HUNG ON THE BUSH FOR THE LAST TIME.

concerning the young man in the case. Had he done so he would have learned nothing to Graham's disadvantage.

On the day after the judge's dictum two young ladies paid a visit to Will Graham's studio. While one of them wandered about looking at the pictures on the wall, the other had something to say that was strictly private. It was a hard thing to say that the young man had been forbidden the house, and she got it over with as soon as possible, to add:

"And you were telling me a few days ago that you had a married sister living down near Bayshore and that you might spend a month there this summer?"

"Yes?"

"Well, papa has rented a cottage down there, and we are all to go down. Is that good news?"

"But if I can't see you?"

"Oh, but you can—that is, you can after awhile. That is"—

"That is what?"

"That is, if you save father's life. Fathers are always grateful when their lives have been saved, aren't they?"

And then Miss Elsie lowered her voice still another key and told a little story, and even if the other girl had been listening with both ears she couldn't have caught a word.

Judge Talbot's sole reason for wanting a cottage at Bayshore was that he had suddenly got it into his head that he wanted to paddle a canoe. Now, the judge weighed 200 pounds, and he could not swim, but there is no accounting for a man's fads. He had been neither encouraged nor discouraged at home, but after that talk in the studio Miss Elsie began to take a fervid interest in his fad. She went with him to see canoes. She offered to get his paddles hand painted. She held up visions of him skimming over Long Island sound in the dusk of evening in search of Hiawatha. All this, but not another word about the artist.

At last Judge Talbot and wife and daughter were installed in their cottage at the shore. A birch bark canoe rested on the sands near by. Will Graham, too, had taken up his abode at his sister's, half a mile down the shore, with a skiff drawn up on the beach ready for an emergency.

Judge Talbot never had known what fear was until he had that canoe ready to launch. He made ready five different times before he gave it a trial, and five different times his daughter hung a white rag on a bush as a signal. Then the judge grew desperate. He ridiculed himself and called himself a coward and marched forth to do or die. He took his practice cruise in the mouth of a creek. How he got from the canoe to the bottom of the creek he never could explain, but the feat was accomplished. It was worked successfully three times in one day. On the fourth trial he remained in the canoe, much to his own surprise.

Wherein the birch bark or any other sort of canoe deceives everybody but an Indian is in giving the canoeist confidence too soon. The judge reasoned, like many another, that because the little barkie had ceased to play circus it had decided to be good, and he refused to believe that an ambush had been prepared for him.

The sun was going down on the second day after the first capsize when he made ready to enjoy the pleasures he had long anticipated. The swallows were flying homeward, the whippoorwills putting in their best licks, and the spirits of a dozen Indian maidens seemed to be hovering over the waters and bidding him come. As he was getting ready the white rag was hung on the bush for the last time, and as he was gently pushed from shore by his daughter's hands a long, rakish craft took to the water half a mile below.

It took the judge five minutes to ascertain whether he was frightened or exultant. It took him three more to decide whether to use the paddle or wait for a steamboat to come along and tow him back to shore. He finally lifted the paddle and made a stroke. One was sufficient. The canoe had been waiting for it. It turned bottom up like a flash, and there were screams from the shore. There were also shouts from the man in the rakish craft. It arrived just as the judge's head appeared above the surface. He sputtered and coughed and gasped, but he was not to be cut down in his prime. A hand reached forth and clutched his hair, and, with the other hand using an oar, the rescuer towed the victim to the beach.

By and by, when the canoeist could talk, he expressed his gratitude in words that came from a wet but grateful heart. All at once he remembered to ask for the name of his preserver. Miss Elsie took it upon herself to reply:

"Father, this is Mr. Graham, the artist. Wasn't it splendid that he happened to be so near at hand?"

The judge turned and went into the bungalow and sat down to think. He was thinking for twenty minutes; then his judicial opinion was ready, and he came out and delivered it.

"Yes, it was very splendid and very singular that he happened along just then. Smart couple, you two! What sort of a conspiracy would you have put up if I hadn't been idiot enough to buy that canoe? Well, I suppose I must let the case go to the jury."

And, that there might be no further interference, he took himself off to await the verdict of the young people.

A Real Phenomenon.

One of the hobbies of the old school of negro preachers is long words—words that roll out of their mouths melodiously and that ring with incomprehensibility to their congregation, and the more incomprehensible they are the greater is the effect on the average darky.

Preacher Jones had devoted an extra long session to a study of Webster during the week, hunting for some particularly strong "soul movers," and his sermon the following Sunday bore eloquent fruit of his labor. It was simply "loaded to the guards" with sin twisting jawbreakers. One word seemed to have appealed to him particularly, the word "phenomenon," and he bore down on it hard and often. Br'er Johnson was moved; he wanted light. What did the word "phenomenon" mean? The old preacher had forgotten what it really did mean, so he said he would tell him the following Sunday, and this was his definition:

"Now, Br'er Johnson, ef yo' see a bird a-settin' on a thistle an' a-singin'—why, that 'ar ain't no phenomenon, an' if yo' see a cow eatin' grass that thar ain't no phenomenon; but, Br'er Johnson, ef yo' should see a cow settin' on a thistle a-singin' like a bird—why, that thar would be a phenomenon. An' now, Br'er Johnson, your impertinent question has been explationated."—New York Times.

Queen Wilhelmina as Peacemaker.

A pretty little story comes from The Hague of one occasion on which Queen Wilhelmina acted as peacemaker. The late king of Holland was, as is well known, a man of ungovernable temper, and when he was annoyed over anything it was quite useless to attempt to argue with him. On one occasion he was very angry over the manner in which one of the Dutch newspapers had criticised his actions. He refused to see his ministers and stamped up and down a corridor at his palace, storming and gesticulating, as was his wont.

The cabinet was becoming desperate since some important papers demanded his immediate attention. It was left to one of the ladies of the court to solve the difficulty. She sent little Princess Wilhelmina, then about five years old, into the corridor to meet her father. She watched him for a moment unnoticed and then imitated his actions, stamping backward and forward, with her fists tightly clinched.

His majesty caught sight of her and was unable to help laughing as he paused to watch her. Half an hour later the premier found the king seated on the floor playing contentedly with his little daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached, and quite unruffled.—Dundee Advertiser.

Synonymous.

"You used to say I was the light of your life," says the unhappy wife, "but now you never speak unless it is to kick about my bills."

"Well," growls the brutal husband, "it amounts to the same thing. I'm simply kicking about the gas bills."—Chicago Post.

Mr. Newed—Well, dearest, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits. Mrs. Newed—No, George; you generally expand them.—Judge.

Train and Track.

On a two rail line it is impossible to prevent derailment of trains occasionally. On the monorail derailment is impossible, even at hundred mile speeds.

The first meter gauge railway to climb a mountain in India is the Ootacamund road, which is eleven miles long and runs from the sea level to a height of 7,300 feet.

The reason that the driving wheels of the swiftest locomotives are made large is that they revolve so rapidly that if made smaller the piston would have to move faster than the steam could escape from the cylinders.

Electric Sparks.

A short circuit lasting eight hours will ruin almost any dry battery and do almost as much damage to a liquid one.

An endless roll of linoleum, charged with electricity, is used in the Paris postoffice to pick up letters from drop boxes and convey them to the sorting office. The electricity successfully attracts the letters to the linoleum.

The largest static electric machine ever built is owned by a New York physician. Twenty forty-inch glass disks revolve against twenty others to produce sparks thirty inches long by three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

NATURES WARNING.

More People Must Surely Recognize and Heed it.

Kidney ills come quietly, mysteriously.

But nature always warns you.

Notice the kidney secretions.

See if the color is unhealthy,

If there are settlings and sediment.

Passages frequent, scanty, painful.

It is time, then, to use Doan's Kidney Pills.

To ward off Brights disease or diabetes Doan's have done great work in Moro

P. P. DeMoss, of Moro Or., says: "The chief symptom of my kidney complaint was the irregularity in the passage of the kidney secretions, forcing me to arise many times during the night. It was advised by an acquaintance, who had used Doan's Kidney Pills with excellent results, to give them a trial, and I secured a box at The Moro Pharmacy. I used them according to directions and received prompt relief. I have taken them on several occasions since then and the results have been highly satisfactory."

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.

Doctor—Most—er—fortunate you consulted me. I'm the very man to—er—cure you.

Patient—Ah, that's lucky! You are familiar with my complaint, then?

Doctor—Familiar? My dear sir, I've had it myself—er—this twenty years!—Comic Cuts.

"I suppose," said the visitor, "it's like pulling teeth to get any money out of your husband these days?"

"Oh," chipped in little Tommy before his mother could speak, "ma don't have any trouble pullin' teeth. She just takes 'em out and puts 'em in a glass."—Philadelphia Record.

For Chapped Skin

Chapped skin whether on the hands or face, may be cured in one night by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It is also unequaled for sore nipples, burns and scalds. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked as they were about to retire for the night.

"No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new hat, and we needn't fear burglars."

"But they might sit down on the hat, you know."—Washington Post.

"It requires great facility of language to enable a man to say exactly what he thinks," remarked the literary person.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton reflectively, "and in addition it often requires a great deal of courage."—Washington Star.

Book Agent—Madam, here is an admirable work I have on how to manage servants.

Housewife—Don't want it. You can't get any help to manage.

Book Agent—Then, madam, here is a still better series on self help.—Baltimore American.

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon."

"That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said that she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Chicago News.

More than Enough is too

To maintain health a mature man or woman needs just enough food to repair the waste and supply energy and body heat. The habitual consumption of more food than is necessary for the purposes is prime cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism and disorders of the kidneys. If troubled with indigestion, revise your diet, let reason and not appetite control and take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be all right again. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

"Yes," said the suburbanite as he wielded a hoe, "I am fond of poultry dinners."

"Then it is a wonder you don't raise chickens instead of flowers," remarked the mutual friend.

"Oh, what's the use? My neighbors raise the chickens."—Cleveland News.

Well Known Hotel Keeper

Uses and recommends Chamberlains Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. J C Jenkins, of Glasgow, Ky, says, "I take pleasure in saying that I've kept Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my family medicine chest for about 15 years, and have always had satisfactory results from its use. I have administered it to many traveling men who were suffering from troubles for which it is recommended, and have never failed to relieve them." Remedy is for sale by Moro Pharmacy

Stella—Does she accompany on the piano?

Bella—No; she just sits in the audience and hums.—Puck.

"I say, Hicks, what is your rule for the use of 'shall' and 'will?'"

"Whenever I think it ought to be one I use the other."—Exchange.

The Best Plaster

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with lame back, or pains in the side or chest give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief it affords; this liniment also relieves rhumatic pains and is certain to please any one suffering from that disease. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

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

How to Cure a Cold

Be as careful as you can, you will occasionally take cold, and when you do, get a medicine of known reliability, one that has an established reputation and that is certain to effect a quick cure. Such a medicine is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

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 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 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.

JOH A. WILSON, Attorney for Plaintiff

347-s3o15]

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

L Getz, Plaintiff,
vs.
Mary E Getz, Defendant,

To Mary E Getz, 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 12th day of Nov 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 Henrichs, judge of the County Court for Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 28th day of September 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 1st day of October, 1909.

BRYANT & MOWRY, Attorneys for Plaintiff

351.o1o12]

SUMMONS—

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

E E Kaseburg and A C Kaseburg, Plaintiffs,
vs.
J B 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 Henriehs, 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 Plaintiffs

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Date of first publication, September 24, 1909
Date of last publication, November 5, 1909

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, Attorneys for the estate.

[349.s17.o15]

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, Heimut 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. Henriehs, 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]

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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.	4.20 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	11.39 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.

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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.

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For Lewiston, Idaho, and way points from Riparia, Wash. Leave Riparia 5.40 a. m., or upon arrival train No. 4, daily except Saturday. Arrive Riparia 4 p. m. daily except Friday.

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COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1.30 pm	.0	.....Biggs.....	11.30 arve
1.50	5.4	...Gibsons....	11.00
1.55	7.0	.....Sinks.....	10.50
2.05	9.8	.....Wasco.....	10.35
2.20	14.1	..Klondyke ...	10.20
2.30	16.1	... Sandon ...	10.15
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.50	19.9	.McDonalds..	9.50
3.05	23.9	... DeMoss ...	9.35
3.20	27.0	.....Moro	9.20
3.45	30.4	..Erskinville .	9.00
4.45	38.5	.Grass Valley .	8.35
5.15	45.8	... Bourbon...	8.05
6.00	52.5	.....Kent	7.45
6.30	57.3	.....Wilcox ...	7.30
7.30 arv	70.0	... Shaniko...	7.00 a m

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Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4.15 p. m., returns 10.35 a.m., daily

Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7.30 a.m., arrives 5.50 p.m. Daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4 50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10.40 p.m., arrives 1.50 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

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