The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.......... Oct. 22, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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IS GENIUS DEVISABLE?

By HARRIET COWLEY.

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Whoever is born with superior mental powers must pay a penalty. Such persons are not satisfied to work in a common field. They struggle for a higher one to which admittance is denied them until their fitness for it is recognized. And how many a "mute inglorious Milton" has lived and died without any such recognition while his untalented brother has won a high position! The same is often true of one who loves madly. The very intensity of his person robs him of his coolness. He frets and fumes while a rival unmoved by sentiment lays siege to the maiden and wins her by regular approaches.

When John Gregory went to college he expected to lead his fellow students as he had led his schoolmates and afterward to lead the world as he had led his university associates. The only other being he loved except himself was Bertha Avery, and he loved her far better than himself. It was Bertha who was accountable for her lover's self admiration. She recognized his superior endowments and called his attention to them. Therefore he, believing that through them he would win and hold her love, came to set great store by them.

John was graduated at the head of his class. Not only this, but he was the college literary light of his time, editor of the university magazine and winner of all the prizes given for essays. Indeed, so marked was his success as a college scribbler that he determined to enter the field of literature. He was never quite sure that Bertha loved him—indeed, she had never told him that she did—and he did not expect to make the conquest of her heart till he could lay a laurel wreath at her feet.

John entered his chosen field encouraged by all. There was no doubt that he had very superior literary faculties. He entered the editorial service of a magazine for an income, proposing to write out of office hours. He soon concluded that to win the success he coveted he must furnish something in an original vein. To swim in the great ocean of the commonplace did not please him. The first important story he wrote was a satire on certain fads of the day. He had resolved not to embarrass his employers by offering them any of his work, so he sent his satire to another magazine. It was returned with the indorsement that it was too good for the class of readers of that particular magazine.

Meanwhile as editor he was accepting stories of one Jefferson Spangler. They were not to be considered as within the realms of literature, but they seemed to please people who had little or no literary taste. Spangler was a connection of Bertha Avery's, and she had introduced him to John, asking him to help one of whose literary ability she had a poor opinion, but who was a very "amiable, deserving fellow." John published some of the young man's productions partly to favor Bertha and partly because they helped to widen the circle of the magazine. At least so thought the editor in chief and owner.

While John was experimenting with different novelties to attract the attention of the public to his work he maintained a sort of indefinite understanding with Miss Avery. He would not ask for her till he had met the coveted success. He always had something under way or finished which he hoped would make the expected hit. Bertha encouraged him to push on and he would eventually reap the reward of his perseverance. But, though many of his works were recognized by a few as scintillations of genius, only those of which he himself had an indifferent opinion found their way into print. One or two stories of marked originality were published and attracted some favorable comment, but not enough to fix the attention of the public on the writer.

Meanwhile Jefferson Spangler was plowing in the field of mediocrity. In time he published a novel which met with a moderate success. John Gregory, surprised, read it, or all of it he could force himself to read, and wondered. But what was his chagrin when the owners of the magazine with which he was connected told him that the next issue would contain a likeness and notice of the "new literary light" and that they had decided to "boom" him.

While Gregory had been trying to dash in upon the public by a brilliant stroke, humble Spangler had been slowly crawling up upon it. He possessed a homely faculty of portraying the common events entering into the lives of ordinary people. Having reached a point where capital concluded that it could make his work profitable, he had nothing more to do but wield his pen. Capital did the rest. Within a few years publishers were competing for his next novel and offering him fancy royalties for it.

The next chapter in John Gregory's life was the receipt of a letter from the girl he adored announcing her engagement to Spangler. Since John had never made a formal proposal for her hand, there was no occasion for her entering into any explanation or apology. She did say, however, that she was not to marry her ideal, but people never did that.

John Gregory is getting old and is a bachelor. He is second assistant editor of the magazine that "boomed" his rival, without prospect of ever attaining any greater prosperity. Different opinions are given as to the cause or causes of his not having succeeded, the most common of which is that "he flew too high."

AT AUNT NANCE ALFORD'S CABIN.

Story of a Tragedy Averted by a Woman's Determination.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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Alford's Cabin was the name of a stagecoach eating station halfway between two thriving Rocky mountain mining towns. It was kept by Mrs. Nancy Alford, a small, cheery and exceedingly active woman, who claimed for herself the distinction of having crossed the plains with an ox team in 1859 and the further honor of having been the first white woman to enter Fairplay gulch, in which her cabin stood.

Her husband's grave, over which the snows of three winters had drifted, was under a clump of stunted and gloomy pines up the rocky slope of the mountain.

There were two little grassless and sunken graves beside that of Aunt Nancy's husband. In one of them her little girl of five years had been laid and in the other her boy of six.

"I ain't never been back to the states sence I come out here, and I never expect to go now. All I care for in this

"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU!"

world is up there," Aunt Nancy would say, with a wave of her hand toward the pines under which were the three graves.

The cabin was a long and narrow one story structure of three rooms. Its exterior was dreary and without a suggestion of the brightness and comfort within save for the turkey red calico curtains with white lace borders.

But within things were very different. Aunt Nance Alford's cabin, Aunt Nance's grub and Aunt Nance herself were topics on which the stage drivers discoursed until Aunt Nance's fame had spread far and wide.

She was a short, slender and wiry little woman about fifty years old. She always wore a plainly made, starched calico gown, with a white apron tied around her waist, the strings in a neat bow in front.

One day in the early spring Jack Hughes, one of the stage drivers, brought Aunt Nance a letter from the nearest postoffice, eight miles distant. Letters came rarely to Aunt Nance, and they always filled her with pleasurable excitement.

This was in a large brown envelope, and Aunt Nance drew out a photograph with the letter.

She glanced at it eagerly and saw the face of a young and delicate girl of perhaps fifteen years.

"Who in the land can she be?" said Aunt Nance. She unfolded the letter, glanced at the signature and read it aloud, "Your affectionate niece, Marcia Merrick."

"I declare I'd most forgot I had such a niece," said Aunt Nance. "But of course she's my sister Lucy's girl. Lucy's name is Merrick. I ain't heerd from her for two years. It's time some of 'em was writin'."

She sat down and read the letter slowly, her eyes filling with tears as she read. She wiped them on a corner of her apron when she had finished the letter and said to Kate Dooley, her "help:"

"It's from my sister's girl. My sister is dead, and so is her husband. Their girl, Marcia, seems to be all alone in the world and not very strong. She wants to come out and stay with me awhile and try this mountain climate for her health.

"Well, she can come. I'll make her more than welcome. It's [illegible] year since I see any of my own folks, and it'll do me good to see somebody right from New Hampshire with the Doolittle blood in her veins. I was a Doolittle, Kate."

She read the letter again. It was well written and stated briefly, in addition to the news which Aunt Nance had already communicated to Kate, that the writer was nearly sixteen years old and that she would have her own living to make, for her parents had left her little more than enough money to take her to Colorado.

"We'll talk about her supportin' herself when there's occasion for her to do it," said Aunt Nance as she folded the letter and restored it to its envelope.

She took up the photograph and looked at it long and lovingly.

"She's a Doolittle, out and out," she said. "She has the reg'lar Doolittle nose and her grandfather's chin right over ag'in. She's downright purty; she looks like her ma, and Lucy was the best lookin' one of our family. But she don't write a word about her brother! I wonder how that is. Lucy had two children."

Three weeks later the stagecoach came whirling up to Aunt Nance's door, and Jack Hughes called out when he saw Aunt Nance at the open door:

"Light load today, Aunt Nance—only one passenger, and I guess she's the one you're lookin' for."

A young girl, her plain black dress and hat covered with dust, stepped to the ground. Aunt Nance embraced her warmly.

"You're sister Lucy's Marcia!" she exclaimed excitedly. "I know without askin'. You're a reglar Doolittle, and you don't know how glad I am to see you!"

"You don't really look strong," Aunt Nance said while Marcia was eating the elaborate dinner prepared expressly for her. "But, la, my dear, you'll look like another girl after a summer up here in this mountain air."

Then she suddenly asked in a softer tone, "Where is your brother David, Marcia?"

Marcia's smile gave place to a pained and troubled look.

"I don't know, aunt," she said.

"Don't know? Why, how is that?"

"It is more than a year since we have heard anything from David," said Marcia. Then she added: "That is one reason why I wanted to come west, Aunt Nancy, besides what the doctor told me about my health. I think David is out here. I did not write anything about it, for I thought I would rather tell you all about it myself. I thought you might understand the story better and feel more kindly toward him to see you!"

It was a brief and sorrowful little story of a boy's waywardness that she told, not an uncommon story of a naturally well disposed boy being led into wrongdoing by evil companions and finally running away after bringing disgrace upon his home.

"All we have known for nearly two years is that he is in the west. We heard once of his being in this state. If I could only find him, I am sure he could yet be saved. He is so young—not yet twenty."

"I'll help you find him," said Aunt Nance earnestly. "We'll begin at once. I know all the stage drivers around here and people in nearly all the mountain towns. If he's anywhere in this part of the state we'll find him, dear. Merrick ain't a common name."

The mountain summer soon came on in all its soft and tender beauty. Marcia lived out of doors much of the time. She rode on horseback down into the grassy gulches or far up to the mountain summits, where the snow lay in little patches throughout all the summer days. Soon the color came to her cheeks. Her thin shape grew rounder and fuller.

The night of the 19th of August was one long remembered by the dwellers on that mountain side and by those in the gulch below. They referred to it long afterward as "the time of the big storm."

At 9 o'clock the wind abated its fury. At 10 it had died away so that no sound was heard but the pouring of the rain. Marcia and Kate Dooley went to bed.

It was 11 o'clock when Aunt Nance, rising to go to bed, stopped suddenly, threw up her head and listened.

The rain was falling softly now, and high above its gentle sound she heard a voice shriek out as if in mortal terror. Then she heard men's voices shouting wildly.

"What in the name of wonder is goin' on up there on Taylor mountain at this time of night?" she asked herself as she hurried to a door and looked out into the darkness.

"Dear, dear!" she said, with more of irritation than of fear in her voice. "I wonder when this country's ever goin' to get civilized so folks 'll live as if they was Christians! There's mischief goin' on up there! I saw them Taylor mountain boys whisperin' together and lookin' savage when they were down here to dinner today. I've a notion to— Who's that?"

The rear door of the room had opened suddenly and been closed.

Aunt Nance turned quickly. Before her, his back to the door, his hands spread out upon it as if he would hold it against all resistance, stood a hatless and coatless young man, his clothes drenched and tattered, his face ashen pale, his eyes wild and staring, while his slender form quivered with fear.

"Oh, please come in and shut that door!" he cried, stretching out one hand imploringly. "They're after me—those men are! Can't you hide me? I haven't done what they say I have. Hide me! Hide me!"

Aunt Nance slowly closed the door, but seemed to hesitate.

"Ma'am," said the young man, "I've been wild for a long time, but I am innocent of this wrong, and if you'll help save me I will live a right life from this moment. I'll go back home tomorrow—back to New Hampshire!"

"New Hampshire!" Aunt Nance caught eagerly at the words.

"Are you from New Hampshire?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, yes! Oh, are they coming?"

"From what town?" she asked eagerly.

"The town of Rockingham."

"Now tell me your name, quick!"

"David—David Merrick."

She took his wet cheeks between her hands and drew his face down to hers, while she kissed him soothingly.

"I thought so—I thought so," she said, with her arms around his neck. "You've the Doolittle eyes, David. Don't be afraid."

The door of Marcia's room had opened suddenly, and she stood there with a shawl thrown lightly around her. The next instant she cried out:

"Oh, it's David—my brother David!"

The tramp of feet was heard outside. The look of amazement on the boy's face gave place to one of terror, and Aunt Nance said quickly:

"Go in there with your sister, David."

A moment later six or seven rough looking men filed into the cabin. Aunt Nance knew them every one. She met them standing with her back to the door of the room David and his sister had entered.

"He come in here, didn't he, Aunt Nance?" said Joe Haskin, the leader of the crowd. "We seen him, and we want him. Now, didn't he come in here?"

Aunt Nance replied fearlessly: "I don't tell lies, and I won't tell one now. He did come in here, Joe Haskin. He's in here now, and, what's more, he's goin' to stay in here!"

"Do you know what him and another feller done?"

"I neither know nor care," replied Aunt Nance boldly, "but I know this—you men ain't his judges. Vengeance don't belong to you. It belongs to Him!"

She pointed upward as she spoke, and then she added: "You can't lay your hands on that boy tonight. He's in this room behind me, and you are six or eight men to one woman, but there's not one of you that'll lay your hands on me to move me from this door.

"You wouldn't, Joe Haskin, when you remember how I walked three miles in the worst snowstorm we had last winter to nurse you back to life and strength when you was at death's door with pneumony.

"You wouldn't, Hi Sanders, when I had you brought right here and took care of you myself when you had that broken leg last fall.

"You wouldn't lay hands on the woman who closed your wife's eyes in death less than a year ago, Tom Leesom. Every man of you has set at my table ag'in and ag'in, with or without money—it made no difference.

"Touch me? Why, I don't believe I myself could keep you from usin' that rope you've got outside on the man who'd lay rough hands on Aunt Nance Alford."

"No, you couldn't," said Joe Haskin. "You're right—we'd make mincemeat of him! And if you're goin' to stand 'fore that door and"—

"I am," interrupted Aunt Nance, "and there ain't no other way into the room."

She waved her hand lightly toward the open door. "Good night!" she said.

They went out into the darkness.

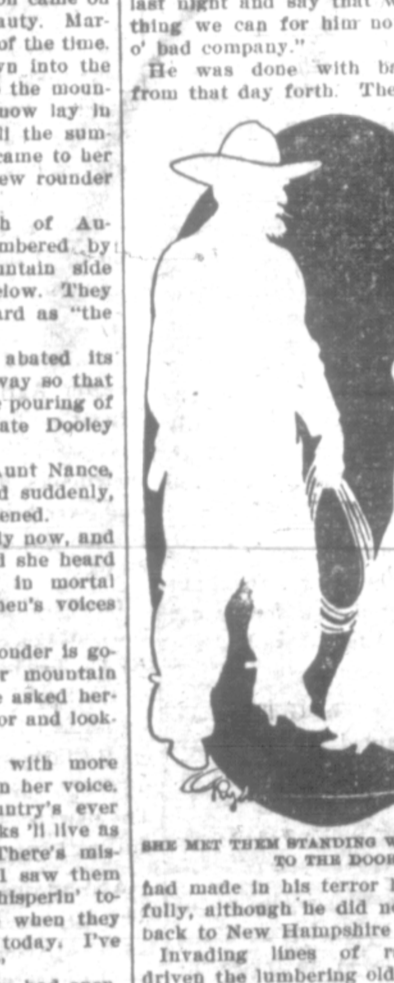
Before noon the next day Joe Haskin rode up to Aunt Nance's cabin. She went to the door, and he did not dismount.

"Well," he said, "if things don't turn out queer sometimes! We got after the wrong fellow sure enough last night. You see, there's been a gang of cutthroats and hoss thieves lurkin' about on Taylor mountain. The boys got tired of 'em, and last night they took after a couple of the sneaks.

"It seems that this young fellow told the truth when he said he didn't b'long to 'em. He was wanderin' along on his way to Eagle cliff and took refuge from the storm with some o' the gang.

"The guilty ones was caught this mornin' down in Deer gulch, and they'd the grace to say that the young fellow with 'em didn't belong to their gang. If you've got him in your cabin yit you sort o' 'pologize to 'im for the little inconvenience we put 'im to last night and say that we'll do anything we can for him now't he's out o' bad company."

He was done with bad company from that day forth. The promise he



SHE MET THEM STANDING WITH HER BACK TO THE DOOR.

had made in his terror he kept faithfully, although he did not have to go back to New Hampshire to keep it.

Invading lines of railroad have driven the lumbering old stagecoaches and their jolly drivers to other parts of the mountains, and there is now a little brown railroad station on the spot where the cabin of Aunt Nance once stood.

It is a dinner station, famous all along the line, and if you were to travel that way you would be likely to be met at the door by a tidy and talkative old lady, who would be no other than Aunt Nance herself, while David and Marcia Merrick, in homes of their own, may be found in the little town but a few miles distant.

Minutes and Seconds.

At least twenty-five centuries before Christ the Babylonians used a sexagesimal system of notation, consisting of sari and sossi, of which we have vestiges when we reckon 60 minutes to the hour and 60 seconds to the minute, or 3,600 seconds—that is, a saros of sossi—to the hour. That we count 12 inches to the foot, 24 hours to the day, 360 degrees of longitude around the equator, 90 degrees of latitude from the equator to the poles and 60 miles to a degree may also be traced to the same duodecimal Babylonian system of numeration, which originally reckoned 60 shekels to the mina and 60 minas to the talent. All these numbers are factors or multiples of the saros, or 60. Our measures of time, money, of linear and angular space are all derived from the Greeks, who obtained them from the Babylonians, probably through the Phoenicians.

Japanese Self Control.

The Japanese are trained to conceal unhappy feelings and only to publish to the world the record of things bright and cheerful. Of this wise discipline of self Lafcadio Hearn gives a good instance in his "Kokoro:"

"I had a male servant in the house who seemed to me to be the happiest of mortals. He laughed invariably when spoken to, looked always delighted at work and appeared to know nothing of the small troubles of life. But one day I peeped at him when he thought himself quite alone, and his relaxed face startled me. It was not the face I had known. Hard lines of pain and anger appeared in it, making it seem twenty years older. I coughed quietly to announce my presence, and at once the face smoothed, softened, lighted up as if by miracle. It was a miracle, indeed, of perpetual and unselfish control."

Red Bean Fricassee.

Take a pint of red beans which have been soaked overnight and drained. Cover with plenty of fresh water, bring them slowly to boiling point, then let them cook gently until tender. Put two tablespoonfuls of minced white onion in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter and cook until a pale straw color. Then put in the drained beans, add a level tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and half a pint of water in which the beans were cooked. Simmer for half an hour, then add a tablespoonful of lemon juice beaten up with the yolks of two eggs. Stir gently and let get steaming hot and serve with stuffed green peppers.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE DEACON'S DAY.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Deacon Hardstone of Riverton was a good man. He was a man of years and dignity. He was a man always to be found on the side of law and order and charity. The only thing in this world that troubled him and his good wife was the fact that they had a nephew over at Saltville who was a loud young man. Money had been left him by an aunt, and he sported. He not only sported at home, despite the protests of his widowed mother, but he came over to Riverton and sported there. The deacon struggled and struggled with him, but it did no good. He would drink cocktails, and he would speed his auto around the town and on the highways, and finally he was ordered out of the deacon's house and told never to return. Then the sporty youth began to study how to get even.

Now, the deacon had a weakness for sweet cider, though he didn't go telling it around. When cider making time came he carted apples to the mill and had one barrel of cider made—never more. The cider would retain its sweetness for about a month. When it began to get an edge on it, it was provided with "mother" and rolled aside to become vinegar.

Of course this little one barreled affair was known to the nephew, and after a little thought he saw his way clear. When the apples and the barrel had been taken to the mill he was ready with his plot. Perhaps he had the aid of the owner of the mill, but that has never been satisfactorily settled. There are thirty-two gallons of cider in the average barrel. How many gallons of something else went into the barrel has not yet been solved by Sherlock Holmes. It was sufficient, no matter what the number.

When the deacon went after his barrel it was ready for him, and never did a cider barrel look more innocent. It was rolled down cellar to cool and was not tapped until the afternoon of the next day. Then the deacon's wife went out to visit a neighbor, and he put a spigot in the barrel and drew a glass to drink. He had been drinking cider for twenty-three years, but never did cider taste like that before. It had a peculiar taste. It had an agreeable taste. The palate just cried out for more. The deacon gave it more. He was a little bit frightened when he found himself laughing, for he had not laughed for sixteen years by the almanac, but he drew another glass and slowly sipped it and figured that he must have mixed a lot of Seek No Further apples in with the pippins. At any rate, he wasn't going to seek any further for a good thing. Who can tell just how many glasses of sweet cider a man will drink under favorable conditions? You can't even guess at it.

When Deacon Hardstone ascended from the cellar his eyes were shining and his hair curling. He put on his hat and walked out to the gate, wondering why his heels were so springy, and down by the postoffice he saw an auto. It was the one belonging to his sporty nephew. He walked down there to give the young man a blast; but, not finding him, he was seized with a sudden desire to take a ride all by his lonesome. He had been shown how to start and stop the machine. Before leaping in he whooped. He didn't mean to whoop, but the whoop sorter whooped itself. Then he whooped again as he started off.

The town of Riverton will never forget that day. In fact, it is observed as a sort of holiday under the name of "deacon's day." He put that auto at its fastest clip and went up and down the four or five streets. He drove everybody within doors. He immolated twenty different runaways. He whooped at the corners, and he whooped in the middle of the blocks. Sometimes he whooped and swung his hat at the same time.

When this happened the machine either grazed a tree or took to the sidewalk and cleared off the kerosene barrels in front of the groceries. Of course it was plain that something was wrong, and a hundred people would have extended help if they could, but the trouble was they couldn't.

But they stopped the deacon at last. They piled dry goods boxes on the street and ran him into a millinery store and captured him. He was still whooping, but he didn't fight back when they carried him home and put him to bed. Of course there was something done about it. No deacon can perform that way after so many years of probity without a bit of scandal following. He had to toe the mark before his church. He was dimly conscious that he had drunk too much cider, and he intended to own up like a man and ask that the contents of the barrel be investigated. He was saved from this, however. A brother deacon suggested that he submit his head for medical examination, and the suggestion was followed. A doctor felt of his bumps, asked him a lot of questions and then made a medical report to the effect:—

"This is to certify that I have carefully examined into the mental condition of Deacon Hardstone, and I find that his late performance was begot, superinduced, encouraged and finally developed by what is known to alienists as a brainstorm. I don't think he'll be dangerous again for several years to come."

And after the charges against the deacon had been dropped he went home and said to his wife:

"Should our nephew Henry call and ask to be forgiven for drinking cocktails I think we'll try and do it, and tomorrow I'll knock the bung out of that barrel and let it begin to sour."

The swiftest of the smaller birds is the Virginia rainpiper, which has accomplished measured flights of 7,500 yards in a minute.

Blobbs—So he broke off the engagement, eh? Did she take it to heart?
Slobbs—No; to court.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Jones (going out)—You won't be lonely, dear, will you? Mr. Jones—No, ducky. I shan't miss you at all. The parrot's here, you know.

"Fohgive yoh enemies," said Uncle Eben, "but don' let yoh forgiveness go so far as to tempt yoh to git sociable an' trade hosses."—Washington Star.

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.

An English Stew.

The supper we read of in the "Old Curiosity Shop," provided by the landlord of the Jolly Sandboys for the itinerant showmen, may also be quoted as a vindication of British fare. "It's a stew of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips, "and cow heel," smacking them again, "and bacon," smacking them once more, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and peas, cauliflower, new potatoes and sparrowgrass, all working up together in one delicious gravy, and it'll be done to a turn at twenty-two minutes before 11."—London Chronicle.

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

Most Deadly of African Fevers.

We often hear of the African fever, or jungle fever. But speak of the fever to the man who has been in the regions where it prevails and he will tell you that it is more feared by the explorer than the most dangerous animal. There is a malarial fever that the African mosquito will put into you with its bite. It may stay in you six or seven years, but you can finally get rid of it by proper treatment. But the black water fever of German East Africa comes on you and catches you when you may think the trouble is only a little malaria. Unless there is a physician in the party who knows its signs the man who is stricken with it seldom comes back in the civilized world alive.—Van Norden Magazine.

The Sorrowful Tree.

There is a tree in Persia to which the name "the sorrowful tree" is given, perhaps because it blooms only in the evening. When the first star appears in the heavens, the first bud of the sorrowful tree opens, and as the shades of night advance and the stars thickly stud the sky the buds continue gradually opening until the whole tree looks like one immense white flower. On the approach of dawn, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the sorrowful tree closes its flowers, and ere the sun is fully risen not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower dust as white as snow covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is actively preparing for the next nocturnal festival. The fragrance of the blossoms is like that of the evening primrose. If the tree is cut down close to the roots a new plant shoots up and attains maturity in an incredibly short time. In the vicinity of this singular tree there usually grows another, which is almost an exact counterpart of the sorrowful tree, but less beautiful, and, strange to say, it blooms only in the daytime.

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

"What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.

"I was just looking at the money market," he answered.

"Oh, dear! Do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?"—Exchange.

"Dearest Ethel," began the young man fervently, "you are different from any other girl I ever knew!"

"In what way?" asked his blushing bride to be.

"Why—er—you see," he replied, rather at a loss how to proceed, "you accepted me."—Young's Magazine.

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 at Moro Pharmacy

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

SALVATION FREE.

But There Was a Collection and Also a Reason For It.

The colored parson had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation Am Free" and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and his family. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church.

"Look a-yeah, pahson," he interrupted; "yo' ain't no sooner done tellin' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go askin' us fo' money. If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' I tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goin' to gib yo' nothin' until I find out. Now"—

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the parson. "I'll 'lucidate. S'pose yo' was thirsty an' come to a river. Yo' could kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'? An' it wouldn't cost yo' nothin', would it?"

"Oh cou'se not. Dat's jest what I"—

"Dat water would be free," continued the parson. "But, s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house, yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yas, suh, but"—

"Waal, brudder, so it is wid salvation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Pass de hat, deacon; pass de hat."—Everybody's Magazine.

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

Concerning Nice Things to Eat.

Odd that the things we like are always bad for us. Why, for instance, should old bread be more wholesome than new? The latter's reputation is simply shocking, and the excellence of the stale loaf is preached in every household. Yet does bread fresh from the oven actually possess injurious qualities which it loses in a day or two, or is it only our fancy? asks Rosaline in Black and White. Hard boiled eggs when hot and not included in pie or curry are dangerous to tackle, but when cold and savory titbits on toast one may eat them with impunity. Of course plum pudding, salmon, all nice eatables, have a bad character, and sometimes one speculates if it may not be due to their very niceness and had its origin in bygone puritanism.

No doubt good people once believed it chastened the spirit to deny the flesh the delicacies it desired. Their sense of personal virtue waxed stronger after a meal of crusts and lentils than after one of turtle and fat capon, and it is not impossible that in the course of time we have confused physical with moral well being.

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.

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, to-wit: 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
351 o1o12] for Plaintiff

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 B 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 B 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,
349] Attorney for Plaintiffs
Date of first publication, September 24, 1909
Date of last publication, November 5, 1909

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SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8 00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	8.45 a.m.
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 pm.

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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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