The Observer.

MORO, OREGON :

FRIDAY..... Oct. 29, 1909

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SINS OF THE FATHERS

By GEORGE A. PARKER.

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From an old manuscript:

I was born and reared on the coast of Norway. Until I was twenty years old I had never been in a town, and then only in a small village. My associates were untutored people, and I received but the elements of education. Nevertheless they seemed to look upon me as superior to themselves. Whether that was because I bore the marks of having been born of superior stock or that my name was English I did not know. My father died when I was ten years old, and I remembered him as always with a sad look on his face, which was reflected in my mother's. When I grew older I asked her why my father and she had always appeared sad. She could not bring herself to tell me the reason, and I remained in ignorance.

When I was twenty my mother died, and I resolved to leave the desolate place where I had been born and seek a more active field. Before going I made inquiries of a neighbor concerning my parents' sojourn in those parts and was told that they had come there several years before my birth and had for a time lived as gentle folk, but subsequently they dwelt as did their neighbors. My father had from his coming appeared to have a cloud on his mind. My mother had told me before her death that a sum of money had been put in a bank for me at the nearest town, and, going there, I claimed it and took passage for England.

On my arrival in London I went about looking for work. Going into the office of a merchant for the purpose, he asked me my name. When I told him he looked up at me in surprise.

"Where were you born?" he asked.

I told him all I knew about myself. He regarded me with compassion and gave me employment.

At intervals when introduced to a person I was regarded with a certain interest or curiosity—I could not tell which. I noticed that such persons were always of superior education. No illiterate person even manifested any especial interest in me. Sometimes these people who did would turn away from me with apparent disgust, while others regarded me compassionately. One day I asked my employer for an explanation of the mystery that hung over me. After thinking some time he told me that it would be better for me not to know it. He advised me to change my name.

I tried to be contented to remain in ignorance, but the secret weighed upon me, and I longed, yet dreaded, to know it. Finally I decided to try another country, thinking that whatever it was hung over me would not be known there. America seemed the most inviting ground, and I went to New York, reaching there shortly before the breaking out of the second war with England. Registering at a hotel, the clerk looked up from my name to me in astonishment.

"Well," I exclaimed, irritated, "what is it?"

"What is it? Why, nothing. Will you go to your room, sir?"

I found in America that more people showed that dreaded interest in my name than in England, and a different interest. On being introduced to me most persons showed a repulsion, though many strove to conceal it. I burned with a desire to know what it all meant; but, remembering the advice of my London employer, I refrained from asking, and no one offered to enlighten me. To occupy my mind I went to a library to read. There I stumbled on the secret.

The wisdom of the advice given me by my former employer was now apparent. Under an assumed name I enlisted in the American army to fight against England. I knew now that, though I had been born abroad, America was my native land. I burned to do some important work for her, to die for her on the field of battle.

There were no important engagements except that at New Orleans, which was fought after peace was declared. As I had entered the army, a private, I came out a private. Under my assumed name I went into business and prospered.

Then I fell in love. I had vowed that I would never bring a child into the world to suffer the blight under which I suffered, and I strove to crush the natural longing that had taken possession of me. My sufferings were trebled when they had been before. Meanwhile it was evident that I had won the heart of the girl I loved. It was essential that I should explain my conduct toward her. I told her my secret.

She loved me all the more, from pity, that I suffered from another's fault. She reminded me that each successive decade would carry me and mine further from the original transgression and that my successors would feel it less than those of my own generation. Persuaded by this view, I asked her to marry me. I continued to live for a time under my assumed name, but when I joined the tide of emigration settling westward I resumed my own.

This is my secret. In the Revolutionary war an officer of great merit and prominence on the patriot side turned traitor, attempted to deliver to the British an important strategic position and fled to the enemy. Living in England, where he was despised, he brought up a family. My father, one of his descendants, shrinking from the stain, went where he would be unknown. He must have been an especially sensitive man, and I doubtless have inherited his disposition.

A FEUD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The Avenger Forgets His Enmity to Perform a Noble Deed.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"Somebody 'll be made ter pay fer this!" The words were hissed rather than spoken, and the boy's fingers closed convulsively on the barrel of his long rifle. It was not yet noon, but the shadows of the forest were thick around him. Stray gleams of sunlight came through occasional openings in the foliage, and one of these fell at the boy's feet and rested upon the dead body of a large deerhound. It just touched the delicate face and ears, but left in pitying shadow the ugly wound made by the bullet. As the young mountaineer gazed at the dark scar his eye gleamed fiercely.

"Somebody 'll pay fer hit," he repeated savagely, "an' I 'low thet somebody 'll be Tom Peters—the low down, sneakin' spy an' traitor! He's driv pap into the mountains by his lyin' an' tale bearin', an' now he thinks he'll do what he likes with our fambly cos I'm a boy. But I'll show him! Hit shan't be said I'm the best shot in the quar'l now fer good 'n' always."

Then his mood changed. Letting his rifle fall upon the ground, he threw himself beside the dead body of his friend.

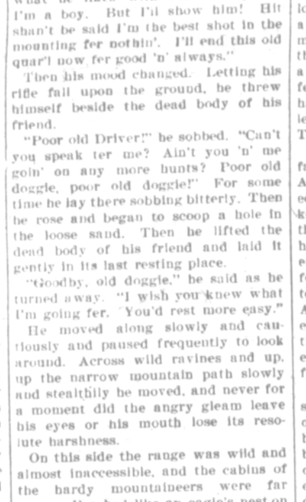
"Poor old Driver!" he sobbed. "Can't you speak ter me? Ain't you 'n' me goin' on any more hunts? Poor old doggie, poor old doggie!" For some time he lay there sobbing bitterly. Then he rose and began to scoop a hole in the loose sand. Then he lifted the dead body of his friend and laid it gently in its last resting place.

"Goodby, old doggie," he said as he turned away. "I wish you knew what I'm going fer. You'd rest more easy."

He moved along slowly and cautiously and paused frequently to look around. Across wild ravines and up, up the narrow mountain path slowly and stealthily he moved, and never for a moment did the angry gleam leave his eyes or his mouth lose its resolute harshness.

On this side the range was wild and almost inaccessible, and the cabins of the hardy mountaineers were far apart. Perched like an eagle's nest on a narrow shelf of rock and hidden from the valley below by a thick growth of chestnuts was the home of Tom Peters. His nearest neighbor was Jake Winthrop, who had built his cabin in the wildest part of a gloomy ravine three miles down the mountain.

Time was when these two men had been good friends, but that was years ago. A sudden quarrel at a shooting



"GOODBY, OLD DOGGIE," HE SAID.

match had begun the feud. Tom Peters was badly wounded and confined to his bed for months. In his first anger he had sworn to kill Winthrop on sight, but as he recovered he seemed to think better of it.

As the years went by the breach became wider, and the children grew up with the feud as part of their heritage.

It had long been suspected in the valley that Winthrop was engaged in moonshining, but proof was difficult. Several times the officers had made sudden descents upon his place, only to be surprised by his blank looks of wonder and willingness to show them around.

But at last they had their revenge. One dark night they stole into the ravine and found him at work. He had escaped himself, but the still and the supply of whisky were destroyed. Since then he had kept in hiding. Food and information were brought to him by his son, and the two spent long hours in discussing plans of revenge. Both were [illegible] Peters was the instigator of the raid. He had known of the existence of the still. Indeed, he had helped to make it many years before. He was familiar with the secret entrance to the ravine and knew all about Winthrop's habit of working at night. And only a few weeks before the boy had seen him in the settlement talking with one of the officers. No; there was no doubt who was the secret enemy!

As Bob Winthrop made his way up the mountain path his eyes grew more fierce and angry. He thought of his father hiding among the rocks, of the ruins of the still, of gentle old Driver buried in the gloomy depths of the ravine.

After awhile he began to move more slowly and cautiously. At last he paused near a sharp turn in the path. Then he dropped upon his hands and knees and crawled stealthily around the turn. Before him was a sharp descent of a few rods and beyond this a dense fringe of chestnut trees. Above the trees was a column of black smoke.

"He's cert'nly ter home," he said, with a grim smile of satisfaction. "That smoke means dinner."

It took him but a few minutes to pass through the fringe of woods, and he paused in the shelter of a large clump of chinquapin bushes and glanced sharply around. No one was in sight, but the entire roof of the cabin was in a blaze, and smoke was coming thickly from the door and windows. Bob gazed at it curiously.

"Queer there ain't nobody argun'," he muttered.

"Mebbe they're in the cabin tryin' ter get things out. Well, hit's good time's any. I'll jes' wa'n him, an' then hit'll be one or t'other."

He stepped from the bushes and gave a loud shout. Then he cocked his rifle and waited.

"Somebody mus' be ter home, or how'd the fire get started. They shorely wouldn' set hit on purpose." He gave another shout and moved slowly toward the cabin. A few moments and there came the frightened wail of an infant.

"A baby!" he cried wonderingly. "Why don't the fools bring hit out?" Then a terrible thought occurred to him. Perhaps they were all dead or away. For a moment he stood irresolute; then a quick flush of pity drove the anger from his face.

"I ain't fightin' babies!" And, dropping his rifle upon the ground, he sped toward the cabin. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed into the wall of smoke and flame. But only for an instant. The heat was too much for him, and he staggered out weakly and half blinded. A large spring of water bubbled up in front of the cabin, and the sight gave him a new idea. A quick bound took him into the spring, and a moment later he once more rushed into the cabin with the water streaming from his clothing. This time he remained longer. When he came out he carried a small bundle in his arms. But almost before he was beyond reach of the flames he stumbled and fell. After a moment he rose and staggered on a few steps and fell again. Before he had reached the place where he had left his rifle he had fallen three times. The last time he did not rise.

At last the small bundle which had fallen upon the ground began to stir. A few frantic movements, and it opened, and a baby crawled out. The blanket was scorched and blackened, and there were great holes which the fire had made, but the baby was apparently unhurt. It gazed about curiously for a moment and then crawled over to the unconscious figure of the boy. After awhile it reached up and touched the blistered face. A shudder ran through the boy's frame, and he opened his eyes. Then he rose slowly to his feet.

"Sorter seems like I fainted," he said in a wondering voice. "I thought only gals did that. But I reckon I'd better be gettin' home 'n' hev these burns looked after. Smart like they's consider'ble bad. Lucky I kept my eyes shet." A low wail at his feet drew his attention. "Yes, baby; I'm goin' ter take you 'long o' me," and the ghost of a smile flickered across his blackened face. "Seems like you sorter belong ter me now. I 'low your folks hev deserted you."

He reached down, but as his blistered flesh came in contact with the baby he drew back, with a low cry of pain. Then, as though ashamed of his weakness, he picked up the baby and his rifle and walked quietly toward the woods. But his progress was slow.

At length he reached the sharp turn in the path. As he did so he fancied that he could hear some one coming up the mountain. A keen scrutiny and he stepped quickly from sight.

"It's him," he muttered fiercely. "Now we'n settle hit fer good an' all."

Moving back into the bushes, he laid the baby upon a bed of leaves. Then he returned and took up a position behind a rock.

The figure came on rapidly. When it was within hailing distance Bob stepped from his concealment.

"You, Tom Peters!" he called sharply. "Is your gun loaded?"

"Yes," in startled accents from below.

"Then aim 'n' fire! Quick!"

Almost with the words came the sharp report of a rifle, and a bullet whistled past. The boy laughed derisively.

"Now hit's my turn." And he brought his rifle into position and took deliberate aim. But even as he pulled the trigger his strength failed him. He staggered weakly for a moment and then sank upon the ground. The bullet flew wide of its mark.

Tom Peters came on deliberately. He was a large, powerful man, with a heavy beard and keen, restless eyes. When he reached the prostrate figure of the boy he gazed down at him regretfully.

"I didn't 'low ter kill him," he said, and there was real concern in his voice. "But hit all come so sudden I might have aimed closter'n I thought. Well, he brought hit on himse'f. But hit's queer he's so burned."

He kneeled down and examined the figure more closely.

"Hair 'n' clothes nigh burned off'n him," he said wonderingly, "an' face 'n' han's a solid blister. Well, he's cert'nly been where there's fire."

A quick glance around showed him the black smoke which was still floating above the chestnuts. He sprang to his feet, with a low cry of dismay.

"So that's how come ye got burned!" he hissed. "Fired my cabin an' mebbe killed my fambly. You—you scoundrel!" He raised his rifle and then lowered it, with a bitter laugh. "Hit's a sin ye're dead!"

A shadow fell across his path, and he looked up. Several vultures were circling about overhead. A quick shudder ran through his frame. At the same instant he was conscious of hurrying feet. A woman rushed past him sobbing wildly.

"My baby! Oh, where's my baby?" Then, catching sight of the prostrate figure, she threw herself upon it. "Oh, my boy, my boy!" she cried. "Thank God, thank God!"

"What's the matter, Alice?" the man asked sternly. "Are you crazy?"

"No, but hit's a wonder I'm not. Oh, Tom, hit was awful—awful!" And once more she began to sob wildly.

"What was awful?"

"The fire. I saw hit all. Me 'n' the children went roun' on t'other side the ravine fer—fer berries. I 'lowed the baby 'd sleep till we got back. I'd wrapped hit up keerful. We seen the fire plain, but we couldn't get back. Hit's a long way roun' the ravine. Then I prayed fer he'p, an' the boy come an' saved the baby. He went in twicet." Her sobbing had gradually ceased, and she now looked up, with a pitiful inquiry in her eyes.

"Where's my baby?" she asked wistfully. A low cry from the bushes answered her. In a moment the baby was brought and placed in her arms.

"An' did the boy get all them burns a-savin' hit?" Tom Peters asked, with a strange look on his face.

The woman nodded.

"I thought hit war an angel," she said simply, "sent ter answer my pra'r."

Unconsciously her hand began to stroke the boy's face. Either the pain or something in her touch seemed to arouse him. After a moment he opened his eyes and gazed at them curiously. Then he recognized Peters.

"Is your gun loaded?" he asked confusedly.

"No," and the strong voice trembled a little. "I 'low there won't be no more use fer guns atween us."

"But I 'low there will." And by a desperate effort the boy struggled to his feet. "I feel sorter queer, but I reckon I'm hold a gun. An' hit's time this quar'l war settled."

The man folded his arms.

"You'n shoot ef you like ter," he said quietly, "but I'm through."

The boy's eyes blazed scornfully.

"So you're a coward's well's a spy 'n' dorg killer?" he taunted.

"YOU, TOM PETERS!" HE CALLED SHARPLY.

A quick flush passed over the man's face.

"I don't know what you mean by spy 'n' dorg killer," he said, "but Tom Peters ain't gen'rally spoke of as a coward."

"Didn' you bring the officers down on pap's still?" fiercely. "Didn' you kill my dorg? Ain't you been a sneakin' spy all 'long?"

"I never heered of the still bein' took till this mornin'," was the calm answer, "an' I ain't a man as kills dorgs. I seen a lot o' settlemint boys huntin' yesterd'y, an' mebbe some o' them shot him." Then he added gently, "You 'n' me can't fight any more."

The fierce light died slowly from the boy's eyes.

"But I seen you talkin' with the officer down to the settlemint," he said doubtfully.

"He war askin' me 'bout a darky who used to work fer you all. He 'lowed on bribin' him, but I had no idee what 't war fer."

The baby began to coo softly, and the boy reached out to touch it. The poor blistered face could not smile, but the eyes had grown very soft and tender.

"Then there ain't no cause fer quar'l atween us," he said musingly. "I'm right glad. Pop thought a heap o' you. That's what made him so bitter. He 'lowed you war spyin' ag'in him."

"I'd ruther be frien's with your pap than with any man in the whole worl'," was the quick answer. "I'd 'a' made up long 'go, but I knew 't war no use. He war that bitter he'd 'a' shot me on sight."

A faint shadow across the sun made them look up. Far away in the sky and almost lost to view were several dark spots. They were the vultures. Even as they looked the spots disappeared.

The boy reached out his hand, and the man grasped it warmly.

SIRES AND SONS.

Winston Churchill, British minister of commerce, always carries a cane and actually went to church with it when he was married.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has resigned as president of the American Forestry association. He will be succeeded by W. S. Harvey of Philadelphia and New York.

It is said that the Duke of the Abruzzi is planing to climb Mount Everest next spring. This Himalayan peak rises 20,000 feet and is one of the most dangerous climbing propositions in the world.

Lieutenant Calvin P. Titus has resigned from the army, and the president has accepted the resignation. Titus was the one who, as a private, was the first man of all the allied army of the world to scale the walls of Pekin.

Switchman James Thomas Giblin of Jersey City was pensioned off recently—his seventieth birthday—after thirty-five years in the service of the Pennsylvania railroad. In all that time he never once crossed the ferry and visited New York.

Ambassador Bryce tells of an interesting experiment he has made. "I have committed fifty lines each of Homer, Virgil and Milton to memory, and I have found that I could commit Homer three times as fast and Virgil twice as fast as Milton."

"Taffy," the big Englishman who played so lovable a part in George Du Maurier's novel "Trilby," died the other day at his home in England. His name was Joseph Rowley, and he was a magistrate in Flintshire. In his student days in Paris, where he was a contemporary of Du Maurier and Whistler, he was noted for his size and athletic prowess.

Safe Security.

The great banker looked keenly at the young man. "So you are temporarily embarrassed, eh?" he asked kindly.

"I am sorry to say I am," said the young man, emboldened by his manner.

"How much do you want?"

"A hundred pounds would tide me over."

"And what security can you offer?"

"I can offer you," said the young man impressively, "my own personal security."

The old man arose with a slow smile and raised the lid of an iron-bound chest which stood in the corner. "Will you get in here, please?" he said.

"In there? Why?"

"Because," was the reply, "this is the place in which I always keep my securities."—Pearson's Weekly.

AUNT NAN'S MISSION

By M. QUAD.

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Being she had never married, and being she had reached the age of forty-five, most of the people of the village of Millville spoke of Miss Spooner as Aunt Nan, and she raised no objection. She had an income, and she lived alone. It was said of her that she was a disappointed woman. She was, but not in the sense that she had loved and lost. So far as any one knew she had never loved at all, though several widowers had cleaned their muddy feet on her doormat and tried to interest her in affairs matrimonial. Just what was the matter with Miss Spooner was that she was a woman with a mission, and did not know exactly what that mission was. Up to the age of thirty she had thought it was to convert the heathen of China and Africa, but the returns were so uncertain that she had finally decided that she was on the wrong track. Then it dawned on her to take up the temperance question, but here she was handicapped. Old Soi Pritchard was the only one in the village that got drunk, and his wife said that she would rather have him come home drunk than sober, as he broke fewer dishes.

There is nothing more discouraging than feeling that you have a mission and having that mission dodging you and keeping you in suspense. The only thing that can be done, however, is to wait. Miss Spooner waited, and at length her mission hove into view. It was in the form of a tramp. It called at her house for something to eat. She sat it down at the table and bade it fill up. While it was doing so she ran into a neighbor's to see if that neighbor couldn't spare an old coat, and when she returned the tramp had departed; also her watch and chain and other things.

Miss Spooner was justly indignant. She gave the alarm, the fellow was overhauled, and before night he was in jail at the county seat, six miles away, on a three months' sentence. The justice of the peace, the constable and others applauded her action, and for two or three days she felt that she had done her duty. Then the still small voice began to whisper to her. She had tempted the wayfarer. He had probably been driven to tramplsm by misfortune. He might have been an honest man up to this time. In fact, she made a dozen other excuses for him, and all at once it dawned on her that here was her long sought mission. There would be more joy over saving one tramp than in sending a million tracts to the heathen. She recalled that the man looked lonely and downcast, as if he realized that the world was against him, and she wasn't quite sure that he didn't have tears in his eyes as he sat down to the spread.

You probably know how conscience works when it gets out of leading strings, and it is useless to relate that within a week Aunt Nan was asking admission to the county jail. She had a friend in town and had driven over to tell her all about it and to stop for a few days. She began with the tramp by begging his pardon. He would have been no tramp at all if he hadn't taken his cue from this. He pleaded sudden impulse and stoutly asserted that he had turned about to restore the property when arrested. It was the only theft he had ever committed. He had been poor, but honest.

There was a second visit and a third. The tramp grew more mellow at every visit. He was ready to and did promise everything asked of him, including truth, sobriety, industry, economy, ambition and excelsior. Then Aunt Nan went home and enlisted the aid of her minister in the mission. They worked for a pardon, but failed to get it. No one else seemed to have a spark of sympathy for a downtrodden man who wanted to climb up. Then came a mental struggle in which the minister did not participate. It was all Miss Spooner's secret. She wanted that tramp out of jail that he might lose no time beginning a new life.

When Miss Spooner visited the jail again she carried a couple of files with her, and they were left there. She had convinced herself that her mission was greater than the law. It took the tramp two nights to file through the bars, but on the third night, as the spinster sat alone in her house with swelling heart, he entered by the back door. She was expecting him. She was to give him $10 to go far away and make a new start. He was to keep her in his thoughts as he climbed up and write her once a fortnight. The money was ready for him, as well as a package of provisions. She was giving him sisterly advice as to his future conduct when all of a sudden she was thrown to the floor. Before she could scream a second time there was a gag in her mouth, and then her hands and feet were tied, and she was helpless.

Then the tramp hummed a cheerful tune as he began a search of the house. He got her jewelry again; he got $90 from a bureau drawer; he got her Sunday dress and her silver spoons and forks. She had some currant wine down cellar, and he drank three bottles and sat down beside her and delivered a brief lecture on missions and ended by calling her an idiot. Then he walked out and went over and stole the minister's horse and buggy and drove away. Three days later Aunt Nan called on the good man to ask:

"Parson, do you really believe I had a mission?"

"If you did you made a fool of it!" was his blunt reply as he thought of his lost horse and buggy.

—London Mail.

Student of Astronomy—I have discovered a new star, professor.

Professor—What's she playing in, my boy?—Harvard Lampoon.

"If it takes one boy one hour to do two errands, how long will it take two boys to do one errand?"

Answer—Half a day.

Rhodes, the city of the Colossus, still survives, a mediaeval city in all its defensive war gear of tower and curtain and keep.

The Royal Academy of England was founded in 1768. The building, in London, in the renaissance style, was erected by Smirke in 1868-9.

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.

Uncle Caleb—Have you named your dog yet, Clarence?

Little Clarence—Yes, sir; I called him after you.

Uncle Caleb—That isn't very complimentary.

Little Clarence—Oh, well, he hasn't got sense enough to care.—Exchange.

The small child had been silent for half an hour, and her anxious mamma at last found her with an alarm clock tied to her foot.

"What mischief are you up to now, darling?" she inquired.

"Foot's asleep, and I want to waken it," was the reply.

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

Reached the Limit.

An old sailor noticed something suspicious about a sack of meal that was being swung by a crane at Port Noiloth on to his hip. The sailor told the captain there seemed to be something moving in that particular sack, and the captain said:

"Aha, a stowaway, I guess! Keep it till the last. Then sling it to the yard and let it hang there."

The sailor kept the sack till the last. Then he swung it up over the hold, and as the winchman was going to lower it he shouted:

"No, no! Don't lower down! Let her hang!"

And there the sack hung in midair. The ship put out to sea. The sack swung this way and that with the rolling of the waves. Now it spun like a top. Now it bumped against the mast. And for nearly three hours this swaying and banging, this bumping and spinning, went on, but never a sound came from the sack.

Finally the captain winked and shouted:

"That sack's damp. Drop it overboard."

There was a muffled aerial shriek, and the sailor lowered the sack with a great splash into the sea; then he hauled it up again at once.

"Lemme out! Lemme out!" spluttered a terrified voice, and the sack was opened, and out rolled a gigantic Kaffir, his superb endurance at last broken.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Stung Party.

"What was going on at your place last night, squire?" inquired Hi Spry. "The house was all lit up and"—

"Eh, yah!" returned the old codger grimly. "They were having a stung party, and it was an unqualified success."

"A stung party?"

"Yep! Lot of people came to spring a surprise party on me, and I failed to show up."—Puck.

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

The Assassin's Day.

Almost everywhere within the range of Christendom Friday is a day of proverbial ill luck. The following list of assassinations tends to confirm this superstition:

William of Orange, July 10, 1584, a Friday; Henry III. of France, Aug. 1, 1589, a Friday; Henry IV. of France, May 14, 1610, a Friday; Gustavus III. of Sweden, March 16, 1792, a Friday; Lincoln of the United States, April 14, 1865, a Friday; McKinley of the United States, Sept. 6, 1901, a Friday.—Exchange.

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.
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DURABLE INK.

The Secret of Its Manufacture Seems to Have Been Lost.

The ink manufacturer has made great strides in his field. He has produced many colored fluids that seem well adapted to ordinary use. But how long will this ink last without fading?

Did you ever pick up a letter written ten or fifteen years ago and note how much of it is illegible because the ink has faded? Some precious documents not a century old are preserved today in air tight cases, so that the ink will not fade any more. Others have been copied in order to retain the exact chirography of the original authors.

Fading ink is one of the things in which the ancients did not believe. Many of the mediaeval manuscripts six and seven hundreds years old have their letters formed of ink that is as black and bright as on the day when first written.

Who has the secret of this lost art of making durable ink? It is another one of the lost arts that is worthy of investigation. The ancients had fewer materials to work with and less facilities for laboratory tests, but we must acknowledge that there are some things in which they excelled us.—World Today.

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 rheumatic pains and is certain to please any one suffering from that disease. For sale by Moro Pharmacy

An Arabian Story.

According to the story widely believed throughout Islam, a dog approached Allah while the latter was engaged in the construction of Eve and, seizing the rib which the Almighty had just taken from Adam's side, ran off with it. Allah, it is said, followed in hot pursuit and managed to grasp the tail, which the dog had neglected to tuck away. The tail remained in Allah's hands, the dog escaping with the rib. Allah thereupon utilized the dog's tail instead of Adam's rib for the construction of the mother of mankind, and it is owing to this, according to the Arabs, that woman is just as incapable of remaining quiet and motionless for two minutes together as is the tail of a dog.

Had the Old Man Cornered.

"Do you think you can support me in the style to which I have been accustomed?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied, "but I know this—I'll be able to support you in a better style than you will be accustomed to after this if you don't accept me. Your dad has sold short on wheat, and I've got it cornered."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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 Henriehs, 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 & MURRAY, Attorneys
351 oct12 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 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,
349] Attorney for Plaintiffs
Date of first publication, September 24, 1909
Date of last publication, November 5, 1909

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AND UNION PACIFIC
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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	11.29 p.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	11.59 p.m.	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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COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbud passenger daily
1 00 pm	0	....Biggs....	12 10 arve
1.15	5.4	...Gibsons....	11.45
1.25	7.0	.....Sinks.....	11.40
1.40	9 8	.....Wasco.....	11.25
1.55	14.1	..Klondyke..	10.20
2.05	16 1	...Sandon...	11.00
....	19 2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.20	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.45
2.35	28.9	... DeMoss ...	10.30
2.45	27.0	.....Moro.....	10.15
3 00	30 4	..Erskinville..	10.05
3.20	38 5	Grass Valley	9 45
3.50	45 8	...Bourbon...	9.25
4.05	52 5	.....Kent.....	9 10
4 20	57.3	....Wilcox...	9.00
5.00 arv	70 0	...Shaniko...	8.30 a m

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Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route
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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.

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