The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY.....Nov. 26, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

If you do not read The Observer *Why Not?*

We should like to have you take it, and we know it would be profitable to you to become a subscriber. We send it two years for $2.50; one year $1.50; 12½cts a month is n't much. Try it. Order by Postal Card, and pay for it when you can.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

Let Us Be Thankful For The Good Things of Life

HER THANKSGIVING DINNER

YOUNG Mrs. John Vincent Harris approached the butcher's block timidly.

"How do you do, Mr. Butcher? Please wait on me. I don't know what I want exactly. I want something for a Thanksgiving dinner. No—that is, I don't think I want a turkey unless—perhaps you have one ready filled. Either chestnuts or oysters would do. You haven't? Then I think I won't take a turkey. These all look so—so difficult.

"You see, my husband"—the word comes with difficulty—"has asked his family to take their first meal—I mean they are to dine with us for the first time since we went to housekeeping, so I want everything to look as if I were accustomed to it. No, I am not used to such a large family, and you must help me to calculate. There are his father, mother, the girls and a son-in-law. You see, Alice, the second daughter, was married in an autocar, but maybe you don't care for romantic marriages.

"I MUST NOT KEEP YOU WAITING."

"I asked Mr. John Vincent Harris when he kissed—that is, when he left me this morning what I should buy, and he said to get— I declare, I believe I've forgotten! Oh, yes, now I know. He spoke of 'a bird and a bottle.' Have you any birds in bottles? No? That's too bad. And after I had been so careful to remember too! Perhaps a duck would be nice, only ducks have such homely feet. No, I just couldn't serve a duck to his family. Why, all his sisters are so proud of their feet and wear French heels. There are five of them—sisters, I mean—and they will all be there. I almost wish I could have married a man with half as many sisters. Why, how funny! Then there'd be two and a *half* sisters, and that's not possible, you know.

"Of course I must not keep you waiting. I don't really mean to monopolize your time, but— Oh, dear! What shall I get? I guess you may send me a squib—that's a young dove, you know. I ate one at a restaurant once just after I was engaged. That's quite awhile ago, because we've been married ever so long. You just ought to see my presents. I've got them all spread out and— What? You don't think a squib—squab, I said—will be large enough? Well, maybe not.

"What shall I get? Let me see. Geese! Yes, you may send me three geese—not too small. Please be sure to cover their feet, and—no, you need not dress them, because I don't want to make you extra work, and you know I'd have to undress them before I baked them. And, please, Mr. Butcher, see that their eyes are closed, for I never could have the heart to put them into the oven if they were looking at me.

"NOW, DON'T YOU FORGET."

"Thank you. You have been so kind that I have a notion to tell you a secret. Yes, I will. This is my first experience at a meat store. Yes, I think I've done pretty well. I am afraid I did fib just a little to you about being married a long time, because, really, you know I haven't. Why, how did you guess it? We have just got back from our trip to Niagara.

"No, I won't keep you any longer. By the way, I shall want a few pounds of giblets—no, giblets—for gravy, so please send them. Don't forget about closing the eyes. Thank you. Good day."

She returns hastily. "Oh, I nearly forgot to order salt pork. Mr. John Vincent Harris is so fond of it for breakfast. Please don't send any fat with it, because we are not Jack Spratt and his wife. What? No, they are not neighbors. I thought you might know them. No, they don't trade here. Now, don't forget the things I've told you. Good day."—Chicago News.

The Testaments.

The period in which the Old Testament was being written covers 1,000 years, while the period of the composition of the New Testament covers about 100 years. The oldest poems in the Old Testament date back to about the year 1200 B. C., while some of the Psalms and Book of Daniel are placed at the year 200 B. C. The earliest part of the New Testament was written about the year 50 A. D. and the latest part about 150 A. D.

Veal and Goose.

Roast veal is the most indigestible of butcher's meat. It takes five and one-half hours to digest. Roast goose takes two and one-half hours.

MEMOIRS OF A YELLOW DOG.

Secrets of Flat Life Divulged by a Canine of Low Degree.

By O. HENRY.

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

I don't suppose it will knock any of you people off your perch to read a contribution from an animal. Mr. Kipling and a good many others have demonstrated the fact that animals can express themselves in remunerative English, and no magazine goes to press nowadays without an animal story in it except the old style monthlies that are still running pictures of Bryan and the Mont Pelee horror.

But you needn't look for any stuck up literature in my piece, such as Bearoo the bear and Snakoo the snake and Tammanoo the tiger talk in the jungle books. A yellow dog that's spent most of his life in a cheap New York flat, sleeping in a corner on an old satin underskirt (the one she spilled port wine on at the lady longshoremen's banquet), mustn't be expected to perform any tricks with the art of speech.

I was born a yellow pup; date, locality, pedigree and weight unknown. The first thing I can recollect an old woman had me in a basket at Broadway and Twenty-third trying to sell me to a fat lady. Old Mother Hubbard was boosting me to beat the band as a genuine Pomeranian-Hambletonian-Red Irish-Cochin China-Stoke-Pogis fox terrier. The fat lady chased a "V" around among the samples of grosgrain flannelette in her shopping bag till she cornered it and gave up. From that moment I was a pet—a mamma's own wootsy squidlums. Say, gentle reader, did you ever have a 200 pound woman breathing a flavor of Camembert cheese and Peau d'Espagne pick you up and wallop her nose all over you, remarking all the time in an Emma Eames tone of voice, "Oh, so's um oodlum, doodlum, woodlum, toodlum, bitsy witsy skoodlums?"

THE FAT LADY CHASED A "V" AROUND.

From a pedigreed yellow pup I grew up to be an anonymous yellow cur looking like a cross between an Angora cat and a box of lemons. But my mistress never tumbled. She thought that the two primeval pups that Noah chased into the ark were but a collateral branch of my ancestors. It took two policemen to keep her from entering me at the Madison Square Garden for the Siberian bloodhound prize.

I'll tell you about that flat. The house was the ordinary thing in New York, paved with Parian marble in the entrance hall and cobblestones above the first floor. Our flat was three fl—well, not flights—climbs up. My mistress rented it unfurnished and put in the regular things—1903 antique upholstered parlor set, oil chromo of geishas in a Harlem tea house, rubber plant and husband.

By Sirius, there was a biped I felt sorry for! He was a little man with sandy hair and whiskers and feet like mine. Henpecked? Well, toucans and flamingoes and pelicans all had their bills in him. He wiped the dishes and listened to my mistress tell about the cheap, ragged things the lady with the squirrel skin coat on the second floor hung out on her line to dry. And every evening while she was getting supper she made him take me out on the end of a string for a walk.

If men knew how women pass the time when they are alone they'd never marry. Laura Lean Jibbey, peanut brittle, a little almond cream on the neck muscles, dishes unwashed, half an hour's talk with the iceman, reading a package of old letters, a couple of pickles and two bottles of malt extract, one hour peeking through a hole in the window shade into the flat across the air shaft—that's about all there is to it. Twenty minutes before time for him to come home from work she straightens up the house, fixes her rat so it won't show and gets out a lot of sewing for a ten minute bluff.

I led a dog's life in that flat. Most all day I lay there in my corner watching that fat woman kill time. I slept sometimes and had pipe dreams about being out chasing cats into basements and growling at old ladies with black mittens, as a dog was intended to do. Then she would pounce upon me with a lot of that driveling poodle palaver and kiss me on the nose. But what could I do? A dog can't chew cloves.

I began to feel sorry for hubby, dog my cats if I didn't. We looked so much alike that people noticed it when we went out. So we shook the streets that Morgan's cab drives down and took to climbing the piles of last December's snow on the streets where cheap people live.

One evening when we were thus promenading and I was trying to look like a prize St. Bernard and the old man was trying to look like he wouldn't have murdered the first organ grinder he heard play Mendelssohn's wedding march I looked up at him and said in my way:

"What are you looking so sour about, you oakum-trimmed lobster? She don't kiss you. You don't have to sit on her lap and listen to talk that would make the book of a musical comedy sound like the maxims of Epictetus. You ought to be thankful you're not a dog. Brace up, Benedick, and bid the blues begone."

That matrimonial mishap looked down at me with almost canine intelligence in his face.

"Why, doggie," says he, "good doggie. You almost look like you could speak. What is it, doggie? Cats?"

Cats! Could speak!

But of course he couldn't understand. Humans were denied the speech of animals. The only common ground of communication upon which dogs and men can get together is in fiction.

In the flat across the hall from us lived a lady with a black and tan terrier. Her husband strung it and took it out every evening, but he always came home cheerful and whistling. One day I touched noses with the black and tan in the hall, and I struck him for an elucidation.

"See here, Wiggle and Skip," I says, "you know that it ain't the nature of a real man to play dry nurse to a dog in public. I never saw one leashed to a bowwow yet that didn't look like he'd like to lick every other man that looked at him. But your boss comes in every day as perky and set up as an amateur prestidigitator doing the egg trick. How does he do it? Don't tell me he likes it."

"Him?" says the black and tan. "Why, he uses nature's own remedy. He gets spiffificated. At first when we go out he's as shy as the man on the steamer who would rather play pedro when they make 'em all jackpots. By the time we've been in eight saloons he don't care whether the thing on the end of his line is a dog or a catfish. I've lost two inches of my tail trying to sidestep those swinging doors."

The pointer I got from that terrier—vaudeville please copy—set me to thinking.

One evening about 6 o'clock my mistress ordered him to get busy and do the ozone act for Lovey. I have concealed it until now, but that is what she called me. The black and tan was called Tweetness. I consider that I have the bulge on him as far as you could chase a rabbit. Still Lovey is something of a nomenclatural tin can on the tail of one's self respect.

At a quite place on a safe street I tightened the line of my custodian in front of an attractive, refined saloon. I made a dead ahead scramble for the doors, whining like a dog in the press dispatches that lets the family know that little Alice is bogged while gathering lilies in the brook.

"Why, darn my eyes," says the old man, with a grin—"darn my eyes if the saffron colored son of a seltzer lemonade ain't asking me to take a drink! Lemme see, how long's it been since I saved shoe leather by keeping one foot on the foot rest? I believe I'll"—

I knew I had him. Hot Scotches he took, sitting at a table. For an hour he kept the Campbells coming. I sat by his side rapping for the waiter with my tail and eating free lunch such as mamma in her flat never equaled with her homemade truck bought at a delicatessen store eight minutes before papa comes home.

"WHY, DARN MY EYES!" SAID THE MAN.

When the products of Scotland were all exhausted except the rye bread the old man unwound me from the table leg and played me outside like a fisherman plays a salmon. Out there he took off my collar and threw it into the street.

"Poor doggie," says he, "good doggie. She shan't kiss you any more. 'S a darned shame. Good doggie, go away and get run over by a street car and be happy."

I refused to leave. I leaped and frisked around the old man's legs happy as a pug on a rug.

"You old flea headed woodchuck chaser," I said to him; "you moon baying, rabbit pointing, egg stealing old beagle, can't you see that I don't want to leave you? Can't you see that we're both pups in the wood and the missis is the cruel uncle after you with the dish towel and me with the flea liniment and a pink bow to tie on my tail. Why not cut that all out and be pards forever more?"

Maybe you'll say he didn't understand; maybe he didn't. But he kind of got a grip on the hot Scotches and stood still for a minute, thinking.

"Doggie," says he finally, "we don't live more than a dozen lives on this earth, and very few of us live to be more than 300. If I ever see that flat any more I'm a flat, and if you do you're flatter, and that's no flattery. I'm offering 60 to 1 that Westward Ho wins out by the length of a dachshund."

There was no string, but I frolicked along with my master to the Twenty-third street ferry. And the cats on the route saw reason to give thanks that prehensile claws had been given them.

On the Jersey side my master said to a stranger who stood eating a currant bun:

"Me and my doggie, we are bound for the Rocky mountains."

But what pleased me most was when my old man pulled both of my ears until I howled and said:

"You common, monkey headed, rat tailed, sulphur colored son of a doormat, do you know what I'm going to call you?"

I thought of Lovey, and I whined dolefully.

"I'm going to call you Pete," says my master, and if I'd had five tails I couldn't have done enough wagging to do justice to the occasion.

The Mysterious Dispatch.

The club conversation turned to the Spanish-American war. One member of the party noted for his boasts of being a man of the world began:

"I tell you, boys, one of the strangest incidents of the war, one which never became public, was a mysterious dispatch given to a secret agent of the Spanish government to carry to the head of the Spanish spy system in the United States and which came under my observation."

Everybody leaned forward to hear the expose of the diplomatic secret. Continuing, the globe trotter said:

"This agent, who boarded the same steamer on which I had taken passage home, could not read the dispatch because it was in French. He was afraid it was some sort of a frame up on the part of a higher unfriendly official to get him in bad with his other superiors at home.

"We became chummy, and owing to my fluency in speaking Spanish I easily passed for a Spaniard. When he learned that I also knew French he mentioned the dispatch and suggested that I translate it for him. I was more than willing to learn something that might be of advantage to my Uncle Samuel and assented. He drew the precious paper from his breast and handed it toward me when"—

At this point every listener was on the edge of his chair with bulging eyes.

"Suddenly a gust of wind swept the deck and blew the paper from his hand into the sea," concluded the narrator, with a smile.

As the smile grew into a hearty laugh the others knew they had been stung.—Philadelphia Times.

Fighting Water Fires.

It falls to the lot of few to set the river on fire, and, despite the tradition that the feat is the quickest way to fame, the names of those who have done it never seem to survive.

But that many a man can and does set a river on fire is so true that invention has had to concern itself with means for putting out those very blazes.

They occur usually when petroleum, gasoline or some other liquid hydrocarbons spread on the water's surface and happen to be ignited before their spread has too greatly broken up and thinned them. Whole ports, with their shipping, are endangered.

In Germany they have devised two solutions which, mingling as they are poured, instantly raise a thick, tenacious foam. One solution is composed of potash, alum and sodium sulphate, the other of sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate and licorice root extract.

The soapsuds appearance of the foam in reality covers an inert gas, which, spreading over the entire burning surface, acts as a blanket and instantly kills the flames for want of oxygen.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Natural History Mystery.

The principal of the Peterson Preparatory school had a penchant for distributing prizes. "Prizes mean parental pride and consequently more pounds and pence for me," he would tell himself. "The dear fathers and mothers imagine their children are progressing amazingly, and I get the credit and cash!"

And he was a wise principal, for when Willie, aged six, returned home with an award for his scholarship his fond mamma beamed with maternal joy.

"Splendid, my dearest pet!" she exclaimed. "But how did you gain it?"

"I was first in natural history," proclaimed the prodigy.

"Natural history at your age?" exclaimed mamma. "How did that happen?"

"Oh, they asked me how many legs a horse has," answered Willie, "and I said five."

"Five!" cried mamma. "But a horse hasn't five legs, child!"

"I know," explained Willie, "but all the other boys said six!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Subtle Advertising.

"A temperance society in the middle west," said a temperance worker, "once had a splendid lecturer, a reformed drunkard. This lecturer, after a year or so, was discharged. An admirer asked why he had been released, and the society's president answered:

"'Don't you remember how he continually referred to the irresistible seductions of a certain brand of beer, attributing his downfall to it? Well, it turns out that the brewer paid him a quarter for every time he rang in the beer's name.'"

SKIPPER BEN'S GIRL.

The Treasure That Came to the Lonely Fisherman.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

If in your travels you ever visit the rugged coast of New England you may come upon the Cove, with its cluster of brown, gray and black wooden houses, having queer, uneven roofs and crooked chimneys, and its narrow strip of pebbly beach, backed by high, forbidding rocks.

You are very likely to find boats drawn up upon the beach, some of them overturned for calking, and great heaps of kelp and seaweed and layers of salt hay, showing how far up the water comes at high tide.

And climbing over the boats or playing along the beach I am quite sure you will find a little girl—a brown faced, barefooted little girl in a faded pink frock, whose hair is like seaweed, a rich chestnut underneath, but faded to a sort of nutty tinge where the sun strikes it.

If you ask this little girl who she is she will peep shyly up at you through her tangled hair, with a pair of eyes that will win your love and admiration at once, and will answer, "Dolly!"

LYING ON THE BEACH WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

Then she will run away and hide among the boats, with her brown curls shaken over her blushing cheeks.

But if you ask any one else, say the old lobster man yonder examining his lobster pots beside his warped and leaky old dory, or, better still, old Captain Graves as he stands on the wharfs every day or sits by the stove in Lisha Tucker's store telling of the fishing when he was young, he will say:

"Thet? Oh, thet's Skipper Ben's gal!"

It is a strange story, and it all happened some years ago—a great many years ago, Dolly would say—when Skipper Ben was not a skipper at all, but merely a brown skinned young fisherman.

He lived with his old mother in the little brown house that stands quite by itself by the waterside and whose eaves almost touch the ground. And over in the blackish looking cottage, with the shingles down the sides, lived his sweetheart, a rosy lass named Dolly.

They had always been friends ever since they were old enough to go about and sailed boats together in the pools among the rocks or fished from the wharfs. As they grew older the cove "just kind of understood" that they were to be married as soon as Ben should become owner or part owner of a fishing vessel.

Ben was an industrious fellow and was always off on the banks. Each time he came home he laid a little money away in an old stocking, for he was saving up to buy his boat, and once while he was on a fishing cruise with Captain Pratt the captain told him of a prime little schooner he had at home in the cove, which Ben might secure for the contents of his stocking and in payment for his services that season.

Ben came home a happy youth. He had already christened his new possession the Dolly. And as he walked up the narrow, crooked street of the little fishing town he wondered why all of his old comrades should look at him with such solemn, pitying glances.

Poor Ben! He soon learned why they all looked pityingly at him. His sweetheart, Dolly, was dead. Two weeks before she had been buried in the little graveyard on the hill.

Poor Ben, indeed!

He was never the same man afterward. He kept the Dolly and took a pride in her, going off to the banks and becoming in time one of the first fishermen in the Cove. But he never was a boy again. All his old light heartedness had vanished, and he became grave, moody and silent. For some years he lived, when he was at home, alone in the little brown house—for his old mother was dead, too. A lonely time he had of it when he was not at the banks. In the evenings he would sit for hours with his pipe, staring into the fire and thinking how different it all might have been if only Dolly had lived.

One night there was a terrible storm, and Skipper Ben sat by his lonely hearth smoking and thinking. The wind blew and howled about the little brown house. It rushed down the chimney and beat against the side of the house until it rocked. But Ben does not notice a bit of wind.

Presently his gloomy thoughts got the better of him. The tiny room seemed to grow as narrow and as suffocating as a grave, and he rushed out into the night and the storm, where he could draw in deep breaths of the wild salt air.

There was no rain, but the clouds were scurrying swiftly across the sky. And well they might with such a wind at their heels.

Such a wind! If Ben had not been the broad, sturdy fellow that he was it would have blown him off his feet. But as it was he strode up and down the beach with long, fierce strides and heeded neither the wind nor the roaring surf.

Was it strange that, with the fierce storm ranging without and the equally fierce storm raging within, Skipper Ben should not have heard the shrieks and cries of distress that night? Not so very strange, I think, but what was strange was that above all the din and commotion he should have heard a feeble wail—the faintest little wail in the world.

But he heard it at any rate and hurried to the spot whence it came.

There, lying on the beach, with its frock securely fastened to a broken spar, was a little child.

"Why, you poor little creeter!" exclaimed Ben as he unfastened the dress. "How'n the world did you git out here?"

The baby stopped crying as soon as she saw him and, stretching out her tiny arms, gave a little chuckle of delight.

He picked her up tenderly and, wringing out the soaked little garments, which were like cobwebs and were trimmed with the finest lace, buttoned her up inside his heavy jacket.

Then it was that he heard the shouts and cries for the first time and saw men running helplessly up and down the beach and gazing seaward.

What were they looking at? Looking at nothing. They were staring and gaping at the place where a good ship had just gone to pieces. Could no one be saved? No; it was impossible. No boat could live in such a surf, and there is, moreover, no lifeboat at the Cove.

The ship went to pieces where she struck. Of all the crew not one lived to tell the tale, and of all the passengers not one was saved except the little baby buttoned up under Skipper Ben's rough pilot jacket.

But the baby lived and was like a sunbeam in the little brown house, for no one talked of putting her in the asylum. Nor is there any orphan asylum at the Cove, though there are orphans in plenty, for many a good fellow goes to the banks never to return, not supposing that he has said goodby for the last time to the youngsters at home.

The baby cried for "mamma" a little at first, but she soon learned to say "Ben" instead. And from that day on the little room never became narrow and stuffy, and Ben's pipe was the pipe of peace and comfort.

The next year, when he went to the banks, he left her in the care of Lisha Tucker's wife at the store, but the year after she cried so hard when he was going that he took her with him. And ever since she has been his constant companion, and he named her Dolly.

Five years have passed since that stormy night, and Dolly is six years old. She is a bright, happy little girl, and she loves the grim old ocean dearly, even if it did so nearly become her tomb.

Sometimes in the evening when the wind is blowing and shaking the little brown house and the fire is roaring brightly and merrily up the chimney Skipper Ben will tell Dolly how he found her lying on the beach securely fastened to a broken spar.

Then he will pull out a little old, worn leather trunk and will take from it the once dainty baby clothes. They are yellow now and still stained with sea water. He will hold the delicate fabric in his hard, rough hand with reverential awe and look with wonder at the little faded blue ribbons that once were shoulder knots.

"I wonder who your parents was?" he says to Dolly. "Only think what you might ha' been! Why, you might ha' been a markis!"

Skipper Ben's round blue eyes become rounder and bluer at the thought, and he takes his pipe from his mouth.

"You might ha' been a dorchess!"

But Dolly shakes her head with her brown curls and lays her cheek against Ben's rough coat, saying: "No, no! I'd rather be Skipper Ben's girl!"

When a man tells his wife of an increase in his wages she doesn't burst out in congratulations. She has an absentminded look in her eyes as if calculating just about how many yards it will take for a dress she had hitherto felt that she couldn't afford.—Atchison Globe.

A Peculiar Wrench

of the foot or ankle may produce a very serious sprain. A sprain is more painful than a break. In all sprains, cuts, burns and scalds Ballard's Snow Liniment is the best thing to use. Relieves the pain instantly, reduces swelling, is a perfect antiseptic and heals rapidly.

Price 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by Moro Pharmacy.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

A Methodist Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

I have used Chamberlains Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years for diarrhoea. I consider it the best remedy I have ever tried for that trouble. I bought a bottle of it a few days ago from our druggist, Mr. R. R. Brooks. I shall ever be glad to speak a word in its praise when I have the opportunity."—REV J D KNAPP, Pastor of M E church, Miles Grove, Pa. For sale at Moro Pharmacy.

Butterfly Pastry.

The favorite delicacy of the native Australian are bugong-cakes, which are made from a species of butterfly. Fires are lighted under the trees upon which the butterflies settle, and, suffocated by the smoke, they drop to earth. The bodies are pounded into pulp and made into cakes, which have a very pungent odor, and they have the undesirable effect of making the eater very ill for several days. But if the diet is persevered with the unpleasant symptoms pass away, and the invalids digest them well and become exceedingly fat.

A Broken Back.

That pain in your back caused by lumbago, stiff muscles or a strain is an easy thing to get rid of. Ballard's Snow Liniment cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore and stiff muscles, sprains strains, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds and all aches and pains. You need a bottle in your house. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

Water Like Steel.

Water can be put through a nozzle so fast that it becomes as hard as steel, and if struck with a sword the weapon is broken or dented. Similarly the track of water behind a big speeding ocean liner is like rocks and may buck ferryboats or buckle or break the rudders off tender craft that thoughtlessly push and paddle into this dangerous, rigid undertow.—New York Press.

Consumption Statistics

prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Hoarhound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and make you feel well again. For sale by Moro Pharmacy.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. (Publisher)

Not Coal Land.

Department of the Interior, U.S Land office at The Dalles Oregon, November 4, 1909

Notice is hereby given that Oscar N Huggles, of Monkland, Oregon, who, on November 14th, 1904, made homestead (serial No 03576) No 18975, for the W½ SE¼, and Lots 7 and 8 Section 31 Township 1 south range 19 east Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the United States Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 13th day of December, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses John Gibson C W Brock and Frank Miller all of Monkland, Oregon, and James Stewart of Moro, Oregon.

358-o12 d10] C. W. Moore, Register

SUMMONS.

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

W A Raab, Plaintiff,
vs.
Victoria Raab, Defendant.

To W A Raab, 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 17th day of December, 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, 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 Sherman county duly made on the 4th day of November, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 5th day of November, 1909.

CARTER & DUFUR, Attorneys
357.n5t17] for Plaintiff

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

Mary J Erwin, Plaintiff,
vs.
David Samuel Erwin, Defendant

To David Samuel Erwin, 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 31st day of December, 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 the period of six successive weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon R R Butler, Judge of the above entitled court duly made on the 16th day of November, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 19th day of November, 1909.

O. M. HICKEY, Attorney
7n19d31.360] for Plaintiff.

MODERN SWEETS

O.R.&N.

OREGON SHORT LINE

AND UNION PACIFIC

3 Trains to The East Daily

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

PORTLAND DEPOT.	Lv. Daily.	Ar. Daily.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL, for the East via Huntington.	8.30 a.m.	8.20 p.m.
Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4.20 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7.00 p.m. flag	8.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.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 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

Columbia and Willamette River.

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

For Dayton, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash street dock. Leaves 7.00 a. m. daily except Sunday. Arrives 5.30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

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.

For full information call on or address

Wm. McMURRAY

Gen'l Passenger Agent
Portland, Oreg

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

South-bound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time tble No 12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbound 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	23.9	... 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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Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with trains for Mt. Angel, Silverton Brownsville Springfield, Wendling and Natron. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8.30 a. m. arrives 5.55 p. m.

Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton locals. 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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CITY TICKET OFFICE, Corner Third and Washington. Phone Main 724 Portland, Or.

C. W. STINGER, City Ticket Agent. Wm. McMURRAY Gen-Pass. Agt

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