The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

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Personal Talk With You.

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THE FASCINATION OF FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

By HENRY S. SPICER.

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Being junior member of the firm of Bunker & Co. of New York, whose business involved some correspondence with olive oil merchants in Italy, I concluded to learn the Italian language in order to be able to write those in their own tongue from whom we bought oil. I inquired of a friend for a teacher. He told me that he could recommend one, a young woman, a native of Italy, but there must be one condition attached to her giving me lessons—I must promise not to make love to her. Somewhat surprised that such a promise should be exacted, I asked a reason for it, but received no satisfactory reply. As I had no intention of making love to any one, I readily agreed to the terms. It is only too true, however, that such a promise was very inconsiderate on my part, for several episodes in the past had demonstrated my extreme susceptibility to the Goddess Love and her subtleties. But my word had been given and in all the verities I was placed upon my honor.

Miss (or, rather, Signorina) Aboni turned out to be a teacher in the New York public schools. She was about twenty-five years old, with the dark hair and eyes prevalent among her countrymen and, unlike most Italian women, possessed a very sweet voice. No language is musical when rapidly spoken and in a rough voice, but as Miss Aboni spoke Italian to me slowly and softly it was very mellifluous.

Now, I verily believe that if it had not been for the promise I had made I might have taken lessons of Miss Aboni for an indefinite time without danger to my bachelorhood. I should not have thought of making love to her. But all the while she was instructing me my mind, instead of being on the Italian language, was on the question, "Why was I pledged not to make love to my teacher?" That we wish to do what we are forbidden to do is a curious psychological condition for which I cannot account. I can more readily understand why one should dislike to do what he is compelled to do, and yet this condition is by no means so universal as the other. However this may be, I was soon seized with an uncontrollable desire to make love to my teacher. I resisted till I had been some time under her tuteiage, then made a break.

The pain expressed in her face told me that I had in some way hurt her, and a sudden sensation of shame told me that I had dishonored myself. I stammered an apology, promising not to break my word again, a condition like that laid down by the poet when he says it is "weakness to be wroth with weakness." The poor girl could only accept the apology and hope that I would be stronger in future.

But I was tampering with a passion, and the passions usually master conscience. The only safe way out of the matter was to acknowledge myself beaten in the first encounter and avoid a second by ceasing to take lessons of Miss Aboni. This course occurred to me, but I persuaded myself that it would be more manly to conquer myself than to ingloriously run away. I continued to receive instruction, but there had come a feeling of constraint between me and my teacher. I went on conquering myself, as I persuaded myself I was doing, listening to the melodious Italian sentences as they gilded from my teacher's lips. Then, too, we frequently read from the same book, and this compelled us to sit side by side, a dangerous position for those who are forbidden to be lovers.

One day while thus looking over the same page I suddenly found my hand resting on my teacher's waist. I can only assert that I did not put it there; it put itself there. Then another unfortunate circumstance led to a fatal step. Feeling a tress softly graze my cheek, with my hand—the hand not on her waist—I turned her face to mine and kissed her on the lips.

I shall never forget the shudder that passed over her frame. I knew at once that I had done something terrible. But terrible things cannot usually be undone. Whatever it was, it must stand. One thing was certain—I had given my word and broken it.

"I am beneath contempt," I cried.

"No. I have made a mistake."

"What mistake?"

"Instead of exacting a promise I should have taken you into my confidence. But you were a stranger to me and if you told—"

"Well, if I told, what then?"

"I would lose my position; we would starve."

"We? Who are we?"

"I and my husband. Married women are not permitted to teach in the public schools of New York. My marriage has been kept a secret."

The announcement that she was a wife fell like a load on my heart. What had started in a desire to break in upon forbidden ground had resulted in a passionate love.

The husband of her who passed under her maiden name was an invalid and supported by his wife. I did not see her after the denouement for three years. Then, learning of her husband's death, I renewed the acquaintance, not for the purpose of taking lessons, but to offer her my heart and hand, an offer which was accepted.

Notwithstanding that I would not now exchange my wife for a throne, I still maintain that she would not now be my wife had I not given a promise not to make love to her.

IN A NOOSE.

Miss Nina's Desperate Resolve and the Way It Ended.

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Things had gone wrong with at least one of the guests of the Mountain House. Miss Nina Haslett had gone up there with her maiden aunt as chaperon, and they had scarcely got their things unpacked when that maiden aunt began to lecture her on the frivolity of flirting.

Miss Nina had not flirted. She had simply let her eyes dwell for a moment on a good looking young man. Can't one sex look at the other sex without being made to toe the mark for so doing?

And then when the trunks had been unpacked, but not all the dresses yet hung up, the girl had gone walking by herself in the hotel grounds, and upon her return, bubbling over with enthusiasm, the maiden aunt had met her with the statement that she had done a highly improper thing and needn't be surprised if the other young ladies cut her dead.

Improper for a girl of nineteen to walk in the hotel grounds at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to view the fountain and the wolf in a cave? Nonsense! When she could have returned the smile of the bandmaster, but made up a face at him instead!

And after dinner, because a young man and his sister sat opposite and because the young man instead of his sister remarked that it had been a glorious sunset, Nina's maiden aunt said that girls in her time kept their eyes on their plates when eating. Of course it had been a glorious sunset. Of course the sister would have said so had she not been too busy with her soup. Of course the young man knew that the glorious sunset would have to be paid for with other extras, but he

HE WALTZED WHILE THE GIRL SCREAMED.

wasn't going to spread a pall over the table by saying that it had been a five cent sunset.

There was one more trial for the young girl that evening. She wanted to sit in a grotto and hear the fountain splash and the band play "A Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight." The aunt made objections, but finally consented. They hadn't been sitting ten minutes, however, when she declared that she smelled liniment and that the man in the next grotto must be using it on a lame leg. They must not tarry another moment—that lame leg might be catching. And what was a grotto, anyhow, but a pile of stones? And what was a fountain but a lot of water going to waste when it could be utilized in washing dishes? And the band—it was playing for money, anyway!

Miss Nina awoke next morning determined to be very good, but things began to happen again. She overheard her aunt telling them at the office to deliver all mail to her personally, and in her anger her eyes filled with tears and she jumped up and down. Her letters—her love letters—to go to her aunt first and perhaps be read by her! She would die first!

The girl had just composed herself when she received a telegram from Jimmie saying that he would be up on the afternoon train. Jimmie was Mr. James Tillinghast, to whom Miss Nina was so nearly engaged that they had discussed the question of whether they should keep three servants or four. The aunt was handed the telegram. She read and returned it with the observation that it was a wonder how he had allowed himself to be noosed.

Jimmie arrived. There was no one at the depot to meet him. At the hotel he had to wait thirty minutes before the answer to his card came back. The aunt greeted him effusively. That was reason enough why the niece should greet him coolly. Been noosed, had he? Been roped like a spring calf, caught on the fly before he had time to know his own mind! She would see about that! Of course Jimmie had wit enough to see that he had struck a snag of some sort, and he proposed a veranda promenade and explanations.

The aunt chimed in. But, looking him straight in the eye, the girl replied:

"Mr. Tillinghast, kindly excuse me. Consider yourself unnoosed from this time on."

It was while the lover and the aunt were occupying chairs on the veranda and trying to explain matters that Miss Nina slipped out of the hotel and took the path past the wolf's den and up the mountain. She wanted to get off by herself and think and shed tears and—and probably commit suicide. Yes, that would end all. The aunt would have to weep, Jimmie would go around wishing the noose was around his neck again, and the papers would publish her latest photograph and speak of the affair as a romance. Suicide by all means! One plunge from the precipice, 500 feet high, would do the trick.

Miss Nina had left the hotel half a mile behind and was surveying the country for suitable precipices when a sudden sight caused her to scream out.

Around a bend in the path came a big black bear. He halted at sight of the girl. She screamed. He was used to it. He belonged to an Italian stroller who danced him from one resort to another. He stood on his hind legs and waltzed while the girl screamed. He stood on his head and growled while she sank down in a heap and faintly called for help. She forgot that she had broken with Jimmie, and she called on him.

The bear's master was resting and eating lunch a hundred yards behind the bend. He heard no commotion, and he did not worry. When a young lady has made up her mind to commit suicide she should not be particular as to whether she leaps over a precipice or is devoured by a bear. But Miss Nina was inconsistent. She felt herself on the point of being devoured, and she kept calling for help. Indeed, she wanted to live just as long as that old fellow referred to in all well regulated family Bibles.

If a good looking girl in peril calls for her sweetheart long enough he is bound to come. In this case Jimmie had dropped the aunt as soon as he decently could and was taking a stroll in the forlorn hope that the niece might be met with outside. It was a very fresh kid with a very fresh wink to his eye that said to him:

"She went off up that path, and she's probably expecting you."

Jimmie didn't exactly hustle until he heard faint calls for help. Then he was all lightning. As he came in sight of the bear and the girl he took in the peril. There was a dead limb almost under his feet, and he seized it and sailed in. The bear came down off his head and on to his four feet with promptness and dispatch. He had taken hundreds of kicks from his master and the public, and he took some more now as being all in the day's work. Jimmie was still on the job when the Italian heard the rumpus and appeared to call out:

"Whata you doa? Why you wanta keel my Joseph? He circus bear. He no hurta nobody."

"My dear girl!" shouted Jimmie as he turned to Nina.

"Is it you—is it Jimmie?"

"Of course it is. Thank heaven I came in time!"

"Yes; he was getting ready to eat me up. Oh, how I screamed for my aunt!"

"For your aunt?"

"I mean for you. Oh, Jimmie"—

"Well?" he asked as he helped her to her feet and threw a quarter to the Italian to pay the damages.

"Mr. Tillinghast," with sudden dignity, "I have released you from the noose. Pray excuse my emotion."

"And what in cats is all this talk about nooses?" he demanded.

"Why, aunty says that I have noosed you."

"The spiteful woman! You haven't noosed me yet, but now is the time to do it. I love you, and I saved you from the bear. Don't leave room for me to jerk my head out. There—that's the proper noose, and we'll go back and hear the band play 'Where Is My Aunt Tonight?'"

Diagnosed.

"My little boy," said a matron, "used to bite his nails."

"'Now, see here,' his nurse said to him one day, 'if you keep on biting your nails like that, do you know what will happen to you?'

"'No. What?'

"'You'll swell up like a balloon and burst.'

"My little boy believed his nurse. He stopped biting his nails at once. That was about a month ago, and yesterday we had a very corpulent friend at luncheon.

"Jimmy, when our guest entered the room, looked at him with stern disapproval. Then he walked over to him.

"'You bite your nails,' he said."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Scientific Experts in the Kitchen.

"But," says the lady of the house to the applicant, "you really should not ask such high wages from me when you consider the conveniences with which my house is equipped—electric cooking range, electric washing and ironing machines, vacuum sweepers and dusters, pneumatic parcel carriers from and to all floors and rooms, phones and annunciators in each room, sanitary wall and floor finishes, filtered air, filtered water, antiseptic refrigerator"—

"Yes, mum," interrupts the applicant, "but the likes of you ought to know that a scientific expert draws a lot more money than a kitchen mechanic."—Judge.

The English Football.

Few people have any idea of the amount of labor expended in the making of a football. The leather used is "split" cowhide, ordinary cowhide being too thick for the regulation weight. Previous to splitting the leather has been soaking in the tan pits for ten or twelve months. The "split" hide is well softened with tubbin and then passed to the cutter, who cuts out the various sections, which, sewed together, make a perfectly round ball. The bladder is made of Para rubber. This is inflated by machinery, and the ball is then laced up. Finally it passes through the hands of the shaper, who pats down any inequalities in the seams or contour of the ball.—London Globe.

Liberty Versus Greens.

A colored man from Georgia had lived in Washington but a few days when he was arrested for some slight violation of the city ordinances. Upon hearing that the negro was in jail the secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. secured the services of a minister to go with him and sign the prisoner's bail bond. They reached the jail shortly before noon and told the negro the object of their visit. In response to the proffered kindness he said:

"Mistah Johnsing, I sho is glad you all is gwine tah git me out, but I wants you all to fix it so I can't git out till late dis sheein'."

Of course the two Samaritans were somewhat taken aback by the unusual request. But a moment later they lost their breath when in answer to the secretary's question the Georgia negro replied in a whisper:

"Well, sah, dey's a-gittin' dinnah ready, an' dey's cookin' greens, an' I sho would like to git some o' dem greens befo' I leabes dis place!"—Lippincott's.

A Lofty Bounding Mark.

The highest placed monument in the world is on La Combra, the summit of a pass in the Andes, and marks the frontier of the Chilean and Argentine republics. It stands at an altitude of 12,750 feet above the sea level.

GATHERING CHESTNUTS.

A Shot at a Squirrel That Brought Down a Girl.

By LAWRENCE CLAY.

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The first frost of the season had come, and Miss Dolly Meserve was on her way down to the back lot with a basket on her arm. A big chestnut tree had stood there for no one could remember how long, and this fall it simply hung loaded with burs. The frost probably had opened hundreds of them.

The back lot was half a mile back of Farmer Meserve's house, and the girl with the basket was his daughter, who had just completed a term at a seminary and was home for good. It was a biting morning, and she had donned her mother's hood and shawl and borrowed a pair of yarn mittens from Brother Will.

Yes; the frost and the morning breeze had done their work. A bushel of chestnuts peppered the earth and more were falling, and the basket Miss Dolly had brought held only about

"YES, YOU HAVE! YOU HAVE TRIED TO KILL ME!"

two quarts. She was a girl who doted on chestnuts and hadn't had any for three years, so it was easy to tell what she would do on finding the ground covered with them. She sat down and began to shuck and eat. She turned her back to the wind, smuggled the old gray shawl closer and began to eat and eat and eat. She hunted for the very biggest and fattest and didn't mind the squirrel chattering and scolding on the limbs above.

She knew he was there to get his share, and she had a half formed idea that when she got through eating she would throw clubs and give him a scare. Had she been familiar with squirrel lore she would have understood him during the first five minutes to be saying:

"Well, upon my soul this is cheeky of you! Haven't you been to breakfast? Have you got to lay in a store or starve through the winter? Go to, girl, and give us squirrels a show!"

Pretty soon she noticed that his chatter had changed, but she didn't look up nor try to interpret it. What he was saying was:

"A young man! A young man! A young man is coming this way!"

Of course Miss Dolly would have scrambled up to look for the young man and make out whether he was tall or short, light or dark, handsome or homely. Not getting the alarm, she continued to devour fat chestnuts.

"He's got a gun! He's got a gun! He's got a gun on his shoulder!" exclaimed the squirrel as he hid behind a limb and peeped out with one eye.

They ought to have been plain to the girl as Greek, but she never even missed a bite. It couldn't be charged that she was thinking of a man, young or old, and so in an absentminded state.

"And he's going to pepper me—me—me!" shouted the squirrel as he disappeared into a hollow limb.

This time Miss Dolly faintly comprehended and looked up. Flash—bang—scream! She scrambled up and down again with a moan and was too overcome to hear the squirrel shrieking out:

"He's shot a girl! He's shot a girl! He's missed me and shot a girl!"

"What is it? What have I done? What's happened?" cried the voice of a man bending over her, and Miss Dolly shrank away and looked up to see a young man, with a gun in his hand, at her side. Her hand was clasped to her chin, and blood was oozing from under her fingers.

"I—I have wounded you!" gasped the young man as he turned pale.

"Yes, you have! You have tried to kill me!"

"Oh, no, no, no! I shot at a squirrel in the tree. I give you my word I shot at a squirrel."

"But I was sitting on the ground here."

"Yes, but one of the shots must have struck a knot and been deflected. I am sorry, so sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am. May I see the wound? Perhaps the shot only glanced off."

"And perhaps I shall carry a horrible scar there all my life!" she replied, with a stamp of her foot. "You are a nice man to be given charge of a gun. How many other folks have you killed or wounded this morning?"

"Go for him, Dolly; go for him!" chattered the squirrel. "He tried to kill us, and don't you let him talk about any deflected shot."

"So sorry, you know; so sorry!" the young man kept stammering. "I wouldn't have shot you for $5. Honest I wouldn't. Is it a bad wound? Is it painful? Do you think it is mortal?"

"I fear it is," replied Miss Dolly as a spirit of mischief bubbled up. "Yes; it may be fatal, and I don't know what excuse you can urge before a coroner's jury. You will be declared my murderer."

"He will! He will! Whoop! He will!" chattered the squirrel.

"Be quiet, so quiet!" said the confused and upset young man. "I can't call an ambulance here, you know, and—and I don't see any doctors' signs around. Can I help you home, and then—then"—

"I think I have the strength to walk home, but you may run to the village and tell Dr. Smith that you have shot me and ask him to come. Tell him it's probably a mortal wound. Tell him that it's Miss Dolly Meserve you tried to kill. Better throw away that gun or you'll be shooting the doctor."

"Yes, yes; surely I will. Yes; I'll get Dr. Smith. So sorry, you know. Do you think you can reach home without help? Yes, certainly." And he was gone.

It was true that some of the bird shot with which the gun had been loaded had struck something and been deflected. Two of them were buried in the quilted hood, and two or three others were found in the folds of the heavy shawl. Only one had struck Miss Dolly as she raised her face, and that was in the center of the chin. It had not penetrated deeply. As a matter of fact, she dug it out with her finger nail on the way home. The doctor arrived in his gig with his horse on the gallop. At first he was inclined to be angry, but when the story was told and when a little plan was unfolded he laughed and offered his services.

Two hours later, when Will Bailey, son of Lawyer Bailey of the city, called at the farmhouse to repeat that he was so sorry and to say that he was visiting the Scotts and doing a little shooting he found a young lady on the sofa with her head, chin and neck done up and a strong smell of drugs in the room. He was told by Miss Dolly that the doctor had said that she would probably pull through if given the best of care, and he went away a happy young man. He sent to the city for flowers and fruits and books. He presented Brother Sam with the shotgun, and he told the father that he would be only too happy to pay all expenses.

Of course the patient began to get better. At about the third call of the doctor she had dispensed with most of the bandages. At about the fifth there was only a piece of plaster covering the wound. After three weeks he called one afternoon to find the plaster gone, and after a look he cried out:

"Why, Miss Dolly, you've got the prettiest dimpled chin in all America! Really, now, but"—

No; it was a month later that he proposed. And he took her down to the old chestnut tree where the squirrel chattered:

"I thought so! I thought so! First you shoot a girl and then you tell her how much you love her and ask her to be your wife! Go on, both of you!"

Mother.

Young people, look in those eyes, listen to the dear voice and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while you have the most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world for the deep, sweet security I felt when on an evening, resting on her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since I laid her by my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from her grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory.—Lord Macaulay.

Stern Reality.

"I dreamed last night that, beginning with a hundred dollars, I pyramided my bets on the stock market so that in a little while I had $2,000,000,000," said one of the artist colony in West Sixty-seventh street the other day. "A crowd of people came to me and besought me to cease speculating. They pointed out that I had more money than I could ever spend and that if I kept on I would own all there was in the world. I replied that I wanted a billion dollars more for my own use and that I proposed with the two billion I already had to establish a great institution where all the artists and writers and sculptors might work free from pecuniary annoyances and raise the standard of beauty in all the arts throughout the world. The last man who came to beg me to stop making money was my attorney. I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and finally he sternly demanded of me the $2.50 that I had borrowed from him last week. Then I woke up."—New York Press.

A Man and His Room.

"Play cards with a man for an hour and you will know him better than if you had met him in the drawing room every evening for a year," says a German writer. But Sonia in the Paris Figaro suggests another character barometer. A never failing test is the hotel room. The way a man arranges his room in a hotel shows whether he has been well reared, what his ideas of propriety are, whether his bump of order has been developed, whether he is methodical or slovenly, and one may even know by the way wearing apparel, ornaments and baggage are disposed of in a room which the occupant knows he will remain in only a few days whether he is thoroughly or superficially educated. "If I had a daughter for whom a young man sued," says Sonia, "I would have him go to a summer resort where I could surprise him in his hotel room. In less than fifteen minutes my verdict would be rendered on the basis of the room's appearance."

Moonlight in Cuba.

Moonlight most intense sometimes causes sore eyes in Cuba, and the natives navigate and perambulate with umbrella and parasuna.

Liberia.

The mineral resources of Liberia are practically unknown. Prospecting in that part of Africa is a matter of extreme difficulty, owing to the density of the forests and the disturbed state of the country.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Harrows and Their Uses.

The fine tooth harrow has a place on every farm. It levels and disintegrates and comes in handily for tillage. It is just the tool also for corn and cotton after planting is done, and it is good for the pasture field. It often pays its way in wheatfields in the spring, and for covering clover and grass seed it often cannot be beaten. The spring tooth harrow has earned its right to a place on the farm also. When leveling and smoothing are to be done or soil mellowing is required after a heavy rain has compacted the soil, leaving it too hard for seeding purposes, the spring tooth harrow fills the bill, and fills it well.

Then you need a disk or cutaway harrow, a tool not only invaluable, but quite indispensable for many kinds of farm work. It takes the place of the plow in seeding wheat or rye after cotton or cowpeas or potatoes and in some types of soil is just the tool to prepare the land for oats.

Late winter disking, followed by the plow, is coming in vogue in some corn sections, giving admirable results. To get the best results from thorough land preparation the harrow tools are indispensable.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Corncob Charcoal.

The man who has never fed cob charcoal will be surprised at the amount of it the hogs will eat. For each ten or twelve hogs it will require a common sized pailful each day. The cobs from the corn fed, then, will just about furnish the coal they will eat—no more, no less.

In addition to this cob charcoal they should have all the salt and ashes they want, but the three should never be mixed. No one can mix them in the right proportions. They should have ashes lying by them, but of this they eat but little. They should be salted twice a week. They should be fed each day what coal they will eat.

If the hogs are well and thriving, don't be silly enough to feed them drugs. How can it make them better? It may and often does do great harm. —American Agriculturist.

Leghorns For the Farm.

Leghorns are good foragers because they are light birds and get about quickly. They roam much farther afield than some of the heavier breeds. They are thus cheaper to keep on a farm than some of the breeds that show an inclination to hang about the barns and sheds and wait for feeding time. Besides, they are more useful from the standpoint of insect destroyers. This is a matter of considerable importance in some years when the grasshoppers are very numerous. The foragers get a better quality of food than the birds that depend on getting grain feed, for the reason that insects are very rich in nitrogen. For the general farm it is doubtful if any breeds excel the Leghorns so far as looking out for themselves is concerned.

Horse Notes.

There is good money in every well bred, well grown colt.

As a rule, a horse broad in the forehead will be intelligent and kind.

In training a colt do not make any of its lessons too long and wearisome.

Standards are becoming higher every year. Be sure you breed to meet them.

Do not use grease or blacking on the hoofs to close the pores and prevent the entrance of moisture.

Too much hay at a time is never good for the horse. Better feed a fair ration of hay and a little more grain.

An ideal ration for the work horse is corn and oats, half and half. It is more costly than all corn, however. Plenty of corn is good.—Farm Progress.

The Aim In Hog Raising.

In these days the American pig makes a speedy journey from farrowing bed to scalding tub, and the aim of the judicious feeder is to add constantly to the flesh acquired while suckling, bringing the hog up to 250 or 450 pounds as early and on as inexpensive feed as possible. The young animal will naturally put on weight more cheaply than an older one, and gains after ten months cost considerably more per pound than those made earlier. A pig which is being fattened should gain from one to two pounds a day and weigh alive 250 or 350 pounds when nine to twelve months old.—Coburn's "Swine In America."

Cleaning Milk Vessels.

In cleaning milk dishes try the following method: First wash them with warm water containing a good washing powder. A brush should be used. Then they should be scalded with boiling water and turned upside down to dry. Wiping the dish with the ordinary dish towel should be condemned, as it undoes the effects of the boiling water, and the heat of the dishes immersed in hot water is sufficient to dry them. The rays of the sun will also dry the dishes and destroy any bacteria.—Michigan Dairy Farmer.

Age to Breed Heifers.

When everything is considered we think it is the best policy not to have young heifers freshen before they are two years old, and in some instances thirty months is better. Breeding a heifer too young is very apt to produce undersized cows and prevent their proper development. We do not lay great stress upon size as an indication of constitution and ability to produce large flows of milk, yet it is our firm opinion that an animal should be of normal size in order to obtain the best results.—Hoard's Dairyman.

London, Ex-Watering Place.

Time was when London was a watering place, whose wells, if not rivaling Bath or Harrogate, were widely famed and frequented by people from all quarters. In South London there were quite a number of spas. Lambeth wells, which sold water for a penny a quart and gave it to the poor for nothing, St. George's wells, Sydenham wells and Dulwich wells being the best known.—London Graphic.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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An Easy Riddance.

Mr. Hardrocks—By George, I was relieved this morning! Mrs. Hardrocks—Why, Silas, how? Did somebody pick your pocket? Mr. Hardrocks—No. Young Berkleigh came in to see me. I thought he was certainly after our daughter, but he merely wanted to borrow $10. He'll never bother us any more. I let him have it.—Cleveland Leader.

His Reason.

"Why do you always ride in the smoking car? You don't smoke."

"I ride in the smoking car," replied the man to whom the question was addressed, "to escape from the effusive gratitude of the young women to whom I always have to give up my seat when I ride in the other cars."

But there was a hard, metallic, ironical sort of ring in his voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Giving Himself Away.

"You are married, aren't you?" she asked as they took their seats at the table at the dinner party.

"Yes," he acknowledged. "How did you know?"

"You opened the door for yourself," she answered, "then went through, leaving me to follow, instead of holding it and letting me pass through first."—New York Press.

How It Helped.

"Are you still helping that poor family?"

"I'm trying to help them. I gave the mother some money the other day so that she would feel independent of her drunken husband."

"Well?"

"Well, she had her husband arrested for beating her and then paid his fine with the money I gave her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Von Bulow's Threat.

So far as the audience was concerned, Von Bulow always made a point of doing exactly as he pleased. On one occasion when a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him in spite of his repeated refusal to play again he came forward and said, "If you do not stop this applause I will play all Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues from beginning to end!"

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

Harry H Connor, Plaintiff,
vs.
Helen Connor,, Defendant.

To Helen Connor, 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 13th day of January, 1910, 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 Henriche, Judge of the County court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 30th day of November, 1909.

JOHN M. SOMERS,
391-7td3[13] Attorney for Plaintiff

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 Ruggles, of Monkland, Oregon, who, on November 14th, 1904, made homestead (serial No 03876) No 13978, 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-n12 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 1st 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 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 Henriche 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.n5d17] 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
71n19d31.360] for Plaintiff.

MODERN SWEETS

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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. Sag	8.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	8.40 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 Sag
Passes Biggs	11.39 pm.	6.51 a.m.
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Arrives at Biggs	12.05 a.m. Lv.	2.15 pm

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

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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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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

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