The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... DEC. 24, 1909

Personal Talk With You.

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Christmas Long Ago

By FRANK H. SWEET.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

A GOOD old fashioned Chris'mas
with the logs upon the hearth,
The table filled with feasters an' the room a-roar with mirth,
With the stockin's crammed to bustin' an' the medders piled with snow—
A good old fashioned Chris'mas like we had so long ago!

Now that's the thing I'd like to see ag'in afore I die,
But Chris'mas in the city here—it's different, oh, my!
With the crowded hustle-bustle of the slushy, noisy street
An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh, there's buyin', plenty of it, of a lot of gorgeous toys.
An' it takes a mint of money to please modern girls an' boys.
Why, I mind the time a jackknife an' a toffy lump for me
Made my little heart an' stockin' just chock full of Chris'mas glee.

An' there's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with these stuck up city folk! -
Why, you have to speak in whispers, an' you dar'sn't crack a joke.
Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your kin,
When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the merry din.

You see, I'm so old fashioned-like I don't care much for style,
An' to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I wouldn't go a mile.
I'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarb dinner set
With real old friends than turtle soup with all the nobs you'd get.

There's my next door neighbor, Gurley—fancy how his brows 'u'd lift
If I'd holler: "Merry Chris'mas! Caught, old fellow! Chris'mas gift!"
Lordy sakes, I'd like to try it! Guess he'd nearly have a fit.
Hang this city stiffness, anyways! I can't get used to it.

Till your heart it keeps a-swellin' till it nearly busts your side,
An' by night your jaws are achin' with your smile four inches wide,
An' your enemy, the worst one, you'd just grab his hand an' say:
"Mebbe both of us was wrong, John Come, let's shake. It's Chris'mas day."

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls,
Where each snowflake brings a soot-flake for a brother as it falls—
Mighty little Chris'mas spirit, an' I'm pinin', don't you know,
For a good old fashioned Chris'mas like we had so long ago.

CALISTA'S CHRISTMAS

How a Girl Was Changed From Selfishness to Charity.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

For twelve long years Calista Thorp had fought against that grim fate which had removed her loved ones within the space of a short twelve-month and left her hopeless and dry eyed in the midst of an empty house, even now echoing with happy voices stilled forever.

She was a frail little woman, with a bruised heart which she hid behind a cold exterior, defiant blue eyes and a bitter tongue. All the softness of her youth had congealed. She was estranged from happiness.

Twelve times since that awful year had Calista hung the stockings before the fireplace in the sitting room—mother's warm woolen hose, father's large sock, Bobby's two stockings (gaping expectantly), little Ann's white ones and, last of all, her own limp black one.

And twelve times had Calista filled them with shining eyes and swelling heart. Then when Christmas morning dawned and she awoke to the bitterness that awaited her in the silent house and in the sight of the row of bulging stockings hanging before the smoldering fire she would fly down to the sitting room and tear them from the shelf and empty each one of its burden.

The bureau drawers in the slant roofed bedrooms were filled with the little treasures Calista had bought for her loved ones.

Again it was Christmas eve, and Calista had come home from shopping. Her arms were full of parcels, and the snowflakes powdered the dark hair that framed her small pale face—paler than usual, for the young minister had met her at the corner and walked home with her.

At the gate he had timidly relieved himself of a burden that troubled him. He had remonstrated with Calista Thorp because of her selfishness.

Her cheeks burned as she remembered how his spectacles had reflected

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISS CALISTA!"

the moonlight until they seemed like luminous supernatural eyes reading her soul.

He had ventured only a few words, and his concluding sentence still rang in her ears:

"Surely there is room in your heart for others outside your loved ones who have gone! God grant you a happy Christmas, Miss Calista!"

He was very young and very poor and very much in earnest, and he had a young wife and family at home awaiting him, yet he had found time to concern himself over Calista Thorp, the most skeptical member of his flock.

For the first time a light broke in on Calista's brain. For the first time she saw herself in her true character. She saw that in giving herself up to those who were gone she was hiding her talent in a napkin.

It was not those loved ones she was benefiting; it was the living she was denying. What right had she to keep all for the dead, who could use nothing she would give them?

Was she not in giving it to them hoarding it for herself? All of a sudden a realization of her true position rushed upon her with resistless force.

And how long had she shut herself in this world of her own selfish making? Twelve years.

A shame came in her heart that she had all this while taken no interest in a single living being at Christmas time.

There were the children among her relatives, the children of her friends, but, above all, the children of the poor.

When she thought of the many little ones whom even a penny toy would delight she was seized with a desire on this Christmas to wipe out the stain.

The parcels rattled to the floor—the pipe which her father would never smoke, the soft wools which her mother's fingers would never knit, the toys with which Bobby might not play, the wax doll which could not afford little Ann any delight!

The next morning, when Christmas broke over the world, Calista Thorp was stirring around her house. Two great baskets were filled with gifts from the overflowing drawers in the closed chambers, and Calista's best cloak and hat lay on the sofa.

The poorhouse was three miles away on the highroad, and a snowplow had leveled a broad track to the very door. So Calista, clad in her best, put on her overshoes and sfarted forth, a basket in either hand.

She was quite pale and tired when she turned into the high white gate and advanced up the path, bordered on either side with gloomy cedar trees.

Dr. Keyes was the overseer of the Cloverdale poorhouse, and it was considered the best managed institution of its kind in the state.

Breakfast was being served in the long dining hall when Calista rang the bell, and when the door opened the bluff, brown eyed doctor himself stood before her.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Calista! So you are playing Santa Claus this morning! I am glad of that, because some of my old people are feeling very blue today."

He relieved her of the baskets and led the way into the cheery warmth of his comfortable office, where Calista sat down before the glowing stove and thawed out her frosty fingers. When she spoke her eyes were fastened on the red coals, and the words came hesitatingly.

"I've kept Christmas alone—for twelve years. Somehow I didn't care about seeing anybody. I just wanted to try to bring back things as they used to be—before"—

Dr. Keyes wiped his glasses and replaced them on his fine nose. Had he not stood side by side with little Calista Thorp and fought hopelessly the battle of life and death—and lost? And had not Calista turned on him like a little wild animal and condemned him because he had failed?

She had avoided speaking to him afterward, and this was the first time they had met, and she was talking to him now as if she had forgotten that he had lost the grim battle for her loved ones.

—"before my folks died," went on Calista steadily. "But it can't be done. The minister talked to me about it, and I got to thinking last night maybe the best way to live over happy times is to give them to somebody else that never had any, so I've brought all the presents I've given mother and father and the children ever since—then—and I want the folks here to have them."

Two tears rolled down her cheeks from Calista's overcharged heart, and others followed and fell into the glass of grape juice which Dr. Keyes held at her lips, and perhaps it was that or the large warm hand which rested on her shoulder that revived the little woman to renewed strength.

"You need never be without a family, Miss Calista," said the doctor at last in a husky voice. "I have a family here—forty people—old and young, and little children. They need help and encouragement and comfort. Some may have another chance in the world if they receive a word of womanly sympathy in season. Will you be my right hand here?"

"I'd like to," sobbed Calista thankfully.

Together they distributed the contents of the two baskets, and Calista found her tongue saying soft pleasantries and her cold face responding warmly to grateful smiles.

She saw her mother's kindly look and her father's approving nod in the faces of many of these indigent old people, and the delight of Bobby and little Ann were repeated tenfold by the orphaned poor children of the doctor's household.

"You have been an angel in disguise to them this Christmas day," said the doctor as he carried Calista home in his sleigh that evening, for Calista had stayed to the dinner of pork tenderloin and apple sauce, with vegetables and many dainties contributed by the good overseer from his own scanty pocket.

Calista Thorp's house was empty no longer. There was always room for some broken soul from the poorhouse—some one who drooped in the atmosphere which could never be inseparable from the institution and who needed comfort and encouragement before taking up the burden of life and attaining independence in the end.

The following Christmas Calista was welcomed as an old friend by the inmates of the poorhouse.

At her bidding each one had hung his or her stocking on a line stretched before the dormitory doors, and that evening Calista and Dr. Keyes had filled them all.

Calista's blue eyes were shining with happiness as the doctor drove her home under the Christmas stars.

"We remembered every one," she said contentedly, leaning back among the soft robes.

"Every one?" he repeated doubtfully.

"Why, who have we forgotten?"

"Me," he said gravely.

Calista's heart thumped painfully at the new note in his deep voice.

"You have forgotten me, Calista. I have given you my heart. That is my gift. You have God's gift, too, the love of my poor people and his love in your heart. I, too, want a gift."

There was a hushed silence then until Calista found courage to ask shyly, "What shall I give—to you—my best friend?"

"Give me a place in your heart, Calista. I must be there also. We will work together. Surely you have room in your heart for me too!"

He leaned over and looked in her eyes, where joy shone serene.

She gave her hand into his with simple faith.

"There is room in my heart for you, Henry—room for the memory of my dear ones, room for the whole world."

SIRES AND SONS.

George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railway company, is sixty-seven years of age.

Captain R. F. Scott, R. N., who is organizing a new British expedition to the antarctic at a cost of $200,000, commanded the national antarctic expedition in 1900-4.

A. B. Stickney, former president of the Chicago Great Western railroad, is writing a book on freight rates. He expects to devote the next six or seven months to the work.

Admiral von Holtzendorff, who succeeds Prince Henry of Prussia as commander in chief of the German navy, is fifty-six years of age and has commanded the first squadron of the high seas fleet since the year 1906.

The Duke of Buccleuch has an annual revenue of nearly $500,000, is known to own art treasures worth $1,500,000 and maintains a great London house and at least six country homes in Scotland and England.

Harry P. Whitney began his business training as a bank clerk at $20 a week. He now has charge of the $30,000,000 estate left by the elder Whitney, and it is said that his trusteeship has increased the family fortune.

Jose M. Herraro of the class of 1890 in the Agricultural college, Amherst, whose name in the "Index" was starred, marked deceased, with the explanation, "Died at the hands of the Spaniards in Cuba," astonished his friends recently by calling on them hale and hearty and very much alive.

Advice.

The more we need advice the less likely we are to appreciate the kind we get.—Exchange.

'TWIXT MAID AND MISTRESS.

The Event That Brought a Love Affair to Its Climax.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.
[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Maude Forbes, maid to Miss Ann Peabody, felt her heart thrill as she glanced at the bulky figure of the big chauffeur beside her.

John Winthrope was a well built man. Tall and handsome, with the muscles of an athlete, he was enough to make the heart of an impressionable girl palpitate abnormally. And when a pretty girl like Miss Forbes was really in love with him then his proximity was sufficient to bring blushes of delight. Winthrope's one great fault in Miss Forbes' eyes was his innate bashfulness.

"Do you know," she whispered confidently in his ear, "I believe that you are in love with Miss Peabody."

Winthrope's face turned red under her twinkling gaze; but, although Miss Forbes was apparently greatly delighted at the result of her words, she was secretly dismayed. Was it possible

MISS FORBES SAW THAT SHE HAD FAINTED.

that he really was in love with Miss Peabody? For some time she had thought that his attentions to her mistress were more assiduous than was actually necessary. It was with a view to finding out his real state of feeling that she had made the suggestion as to his love affair.

"Of course I'm not!" declared Winthrope savagely as he jerked the steering wheel of the car.

"Oh, you don't need to say that," replied Miss Forbes. "I'll not tell any one about your affinity. You might confide in me. We're good friends, aren't we?"

"Yes, good friends," Winthrope answered shortly.

Again Miss Forbes felt a sinking at the heart. So they were nothing more than friends!

"Of course," she went on, "it does seem rather presumptuous of you to aspire so high, but stranger things have happened. I've often thought—that is, it has seemed to me that she has looked on you and talked to you as if she were interested. Naturally I wish you all the luck in the world. I—I hope you'll succeed."

"Aw," growled Winthrope, "I"— But the rest of his sentence was lost in the grinding of the gears as he violently pulled the car to a stop. Miss Peabody was waiting for them in front of a department store.

"I'll sit in front with John," Miss Peabody announced brightly as the car drew up. "I want him to give me a final lesson in driving the car."

As Miss Forbes reluctantly climbed from her seat in front and made her way into the tonneau she felt a distinct pang of jealousy. To her distorted vision it seemed that Winthrope gladly welcomed the change. To her it appeared that his hand rested almost too caressingly on Miss Peabody's hand as he aided her in guiding the huge car through the streets; that his glance was almost too noticeably tender as he whispered his instructions to her. Miss Forbes sighed.

The car sped through the streets and in a short time reached the countryside. Miss Peabody's fresh laugh rang out as they raced along. She seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. Miss Forbes wished that she were having so good a time.

They had reached a broad country road, and Winthrope had practically resigned control of the machine to Miss Peabody. The road made a sharp turn, and as the automobile raced around the curve Miss Forbes saw a temporary bridge spanning a stream a short distance to the side of the spot where the old bridge had formerly stood. The temporary bridge was a frail structure with no side rail.

Instinctively Miss Forbes felt disaster coming her way. She closed her eyes and heard Winthrope call to Miss Peabody:

"To the right, quick!" he cried.

Miss Forbes opened her eyes. Perhaps Winthrope's cool head would save them, after all. She saw Miss Peabody drop the steering wheel and throw her arms about Winthrope's neck. Winthrope tried desperately to disengage her hands and to reach the wheel, but without avail. Miss Forbes saw that the car was headed for the river, and again she closed her eyes.

In a moment the car seemed to leave the earth and soar into the air. Then came the sound of a huge splash as it struck the water. Icy cold water enveloped Miss Forbes.

To Miss Forbes' surprise she did not lose consciousness. She fought desperately to reach the surface, and as she fought she wondered, oddly enough, what Winthrope and Miss Peabody were doing. She wondered if Miss Peabody still had her arms about Winthrope's neck, and even then she felt a pang of jealousy.

Finally Miss Forbes got her head above water, and then, to her further surprise, she did not sink. In a moment more she realized that she was standing on a seat in the tonneau and that her head was above water. She glanced about, in front of her were Winthrope and Miss Peabody. The latter still had her arms about Winthrope's neck, and Miss Forbes saw that she had fainted.

Winthrope caught sight of the girl, and she was sure that a flash of joy swept across his face. "But of course he'd be glad anybody wasn't drowned," she told herself.

"Can you wait until I take Miss Peabody to the shore?" Winthrope cried.

Miss Forbes nodded. She watched him strike out with strong, sturdy strokes, and her heart thrilled at the sight. Well might Miss Peabody or any one else be proud of such a man. In a short time Winthrope had reached the shore and deposited the still form of Miss Peabody on the ground. Then he plunged into the water.

"You aren't frightened, are you?" Winthrope asked as he neared Miss Forbes.

"Not at all."

Miss Forbes noticed that the man's face was thin and drawn. His hands trembled as he caught her from the seat.

When they had reached the shore Miss Forbes' eyes fell upon her mistress. Miss Forbes watched her face brighten as her eyes fell upon Winthrope. She extended her hands toward him.

"My hero!" she murmured softly.

Resolutely Miss Forbes turned her eyes away, although her heart was thumping painfully. She caught sight of Winthrope staggering toward her. His foot, she saw, was oddly twisted, and he seemed to be wholly unmanned.

Wholly disregarding Miss Peabody, he fell on his knees beside Miss Forbes and caught her hand in both of his.

"My dear, my dear!" he murmured.

Miss Forbes caught her breath quickly. She looked wildly at her mistress and saw the latter, with a hurt look in her eyes, turn away. Then slowly the maid bent over and kissed Winthrope.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Nellie Horton of Fort Worth has been elected treasurer and secretary of the Farmers' union of Texas. She has just passed her twenty-fifth birthday.

Mrs. George W. Childs has sold her home in Pasadena and will return to Philadelphia after a long absence to pass her remaining days with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Danforth Williard Blanchard, one of the oldest woman suffragists in the world, is ninety-nine years of age and lives with her niece, Mrs. J. B. Booth, in Detroit.

Mrs. Jennette Ryder, an American woman who has been doing humane work in Cuba for the last ten years, is said to have done more to suppress bull and cock fighting on the island than any other one person.

Miss Ivy E. Woodward, M. D., has been admitted to full membership in the Royal College of Physicians of London. It is the first time in its history that this body has conferred the coveted M. R. C. P. upon a woman, although some women have been licensed to practice the medical profession.

Miss Ellen Day is said to be the oldest organist in London. She is eighty-one and has been before the public ever since she was eight, when she created so great a sensation by her skill on the piano that she was called to play for Queen Victoria. Miss Day knew Mendelssohn, Liszt and Chopin and gave music lessons to the children of Balfe.

Pen, Chisel and Brush.

A monument to the French painter Cezanne is to be erected at Aix-en-Provence. The work will be given to M. Matllol, the sculptor.

Marcel Prevost, the new French academician, has recently been christened the "dressmaker novelist." The name fits him. He has a most exceptional weakness for describing dress.

William J. Locke, the author, was born in British Guiana and finished his education at St. John's college, Cambridge. He taught for thirteen years and then accepted a position as secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects, holding that place for eleven years and publishing six novels.

Maurice Hewlett, the most fanciful of the romanticists, comes, oddly enough, from a family of lawyers. He has himself studied law, and he was called to the bar several years ago. It was on account of his health that he gave up his law practice, and, following a trip to Italy, he began doing literary work.

Dress Hints.

To cleanse the collars of garments dissolve one part salt in four of alcohol and apply with a sponge and rub well.

Felt hats may be cleaned by dipping a hard brush which has short hairs into spirits of ammonia. Rub well until the grease disappears.

Never roll gloves into each other, for they will never look so well after. They should be stretched out to dry; otherwise the moisture from the hands will make them dry hard.

If you will slip a thin piece of whalebone into the hem where hooks and eyes are to be sewed you will avoid running the thread through on the wrong side. Slip the whalebone out after the work is completed.

The Cookbook.

When frying mush dip the slices first in the white of an egg. This makes it crisp.

The white mayonnaise prepared by foreign chefs calls for cream, lemon juice and the white of an egg instead of the oil, vinegar and egg yolks used in the ordinary mayonnaise.

When baking apple pie put a teaspoonful or two of strong cold tea in the filling; also try the same in your apple sauce or baked apples and notice the improved flavor of the apples.

The objectionable sputtering and flying of the hot fat when eggs, hominy, apples and like things are dropped into it to fry may be prevented if a little flour is sifted into the fat just before they are added.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Servants of Santa Claus

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

THE usual conception of Santa Claus is that of a rather innocent, unsophisticated, though benevolent old gentleman who visits all the houses in Christendom the night of Dec. 24 and leaves presents for all good children and even remembers some who are not so good. But this idea fails to do the busy old saint full justice. As a matter of fact, he has to be quite up to date to attend his numerous customers. He is so much a man of affairs that it is necessary for him to adopt modern methods. Nowadays it is essential for every large business to be carried out through an army of assistants and deputies, and who, pray, has a larger business than Santa Claus? When he first started in the Christmas line it might have been possible for him to make a personal visit to all the homes where his gifts were expected, but now all that is changed. So he drafts the expressman, the messenger boy,

SANTA DRAFTS THE EXPRESSMAN.

the postman, the delivery man and a whole lot of other folks into his service.

For example, he appoints as deputies at least half a million extra expressmen in the United States alone. Ordinarily the express companies have about that number of employees, but during the two weeks before Christmas, when Santa calls on them to carry so many of his packages, they have to double their forces. To gain an idea of the immensity of the burdens the old gentleman imposes on them a few figures are necessary. The Christmas packages delivered by the express companies in the city of New York alone amount to over two millions, in Chicago and Philadelphia about a million and a half each, in Boston over a million and in other cities a proportionate number. When it is reflected that this is an average of nearly one package for every man, woman and child and that there are something over eighty millions of men, women and children in Uncle Sam's domain, the stupendous proportions of this Christmas business can be realized. On account of the expense of sending packages by express it is estimated that few if any of these Christmas bundles are worth less than $2, while some of them are valued at hundreds of dollars. It is thus seen that the Christmas business handled by the express companies alone represents a value of hundreds of millions.

This does not take into account the great number of bundles carried by the messenger boys. In the four cities above mentioned these amount to nearly a half million in number. The jovial old saint could scarcely get along without their help.

In addition, it is necessary for Santa Claus to enlist the services of an army of extra store clerks, delivery wagons and teamsters. It can readily be seen that for a couple of weeks he is about the biggest business man on earth. If his army were one of war rather than peace he could conquer the world.

Then he musters in a large array of Salvation Army and Volunteer lads

THE SAINT AND THE MESSENGER BOY.

and lasses to gather and cook Christmas dinners for the poor and to help distribute his presents in the tenement districts. He never forgets the needy.

But among his great array of deputies let us not forget the postman. Who has not seen the faithful servant staggering under his great loads on Christmas morning? The business done by Uncle Sam's postoffice for the two weeks before Christmas is just about double what it is at ordinary times. All this is because of Santa Claus, so the extra clerks and postmen needed must be credited up to him.

Steered Straight.

"If I thought that any girl would accept me," casually remarked the bashful Mr. Man. "I'd propose tomorrow."

"Why not this evening?" asked Miss Fosdick coyly.

The affair will take place in about a month.

Marriages in Portugal.

In Portugal "men" frequently marry at fourteen and "women" at twelve years of age.

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

Ill Health is More Expensive

Than any cure. The country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions seeking that which gold cannot buy. Nine-10ths of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but undo the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale at Moro Pharmacy.

REFEREES SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned were on the 17th day of November, 1909, duly and regularly appointed by Hon. R. B. Butler, Judge of the Circuit Court in and for Sherman county, state of Oregon, as Referees in the suit wherein E. E. Kaseburg and A. C. Kaseburg were Plaintiffs, and J. H. 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, were Defendants, to sell the following described real property, to-wit, All of Section twenty-two (22) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

NOW THEREFORE, in pursuance of said appointment and Order of said Court, the undersigned, as such Referees, will on the 15th day of January, 1910, sell at public auction at the Court House door in Moro, Oregon, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. on said date to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property to-wit All of section twenty-two (22) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

W. M. BARNETT,
H. S. McDANEL,
I. D. PIKE,
Referees

Date of first publication, December 17, 1909
Date of last publication, January 14th, 1910

REFEREES SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned were on the 17th day of November, 1909, duly and regularly appointed by Hon. R. B. Butler, Judge of the Circuit court in and for Sherman County, State of Oregon, as Referees in the suit wherein J. R. Kaseburg was the Plaintiff, and 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), E. E. Kaseburg, Evelyn Kaseburg, A. C. Kaseburg, Herbert Root and Amelia Root were the Defendants, to sell the following described real property to wit: the South one-half of Section (9) nine in Township one (1) North of Range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette Meridian in Sherman County, State of Oregon.

NOW THEREFORE, in pursuance of said appointment and Order of said Court, the undersigned, as such Referees will on the 15th day of January, 1910, sell at public auction, at the Court House door in Moro, Oregon, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. on said date, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property to wit The South one-half of Section nine (9) in township one (1) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Willamette meridian, in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

W. M. BARNETT,
H. S. McDANEL,
I. D. PIKE,
Referees.

Date of first publication Dec. 17th, 1909.
Date of last publication Jan. 14th, 1910.

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 14th 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 R R Butler, Judge of the County court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 30th day of November, 1909.

JOHN M. SOMERS,
201-7td3j14] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

William Gardiner, Plaintiff,
vs.
Katherine Gardiger, Defendant

To Katherine Gardiner, 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 4th day of February, 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. R. B. Butler, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 14th day of December, 1909, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 24th day of December, 1909.

J. A. WILSON, Attorney
7td24 4. 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. BICKEY, Attorney
7tn19d31.360] for Plaintiff.

MODERN SWEETS

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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	6.00 a.m. no stop
Passes Biggs	11.25p.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	11.20 pm.	4.01 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

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COLUMBIA SOUTHERN R.

South-bound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbound passenger daily
1 00 pm	.0	.....Biggs...	12 10
1.15	5.4	...Gilsons...	11 45
1.25	7.0	.....Stike..	11 40
1.40	9 8	.... Wasco..	11 2
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

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

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

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

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

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