The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... DEC. 31, 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 for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

REFORM BEGUN AND ENDED.

"NOW, Nancy, dear, the comin' year,"
Quoth Jarley to his wife,
"Let's try and see if you an' me
Can't live a peaceful life.
We've jawed an' fit like the old split
Sence last year fust begun.
But my mind's sot—next year our lot
Must be a pleasant one."

"NOW, NANCY, DEAR."

"OH, well and good, and so it should,"
His worthy spouse replied.
"I'm sure that peace should never cease
In this house to abide.
'Twixt you and me I can't quite see
Why trouble need creep in,
And for my part I've got the heart
To do the best I kin."

"YES, yes, I know you allus show
A very willin' heart,
An' when there's work you never shirk,
But allus do your part.
But, tell me now, when ther's a row
Who allus does begin?
An' tell me, too—I dar' ye to—
Who allus must gin in?"

"WHO ALLUS DOES BEGIN."

"NOW, Jabez, sho! You'd otter know
That ain't no way to talk.
I never seen a man so mean,
Not by a good, long chalk.
You have your say and have your way,
Let come what will to me,
And when I try to argufy
You never will agree!"

"WELL, well, there now, by gum, I vow
If that don't beat me out!"
And Jarley roared a big cuss word
That put his wife to rout.
But as she fled she turned her head
And hissed most spitefully,
"Jabe Jarley, you your whole life through
A sinful brute will be!"

"A SINFUL BRUTE WILL BE!"

THUS do we see how speedily
Good resolutions fail—
How weak the mind of human kind
When inner foes assail.
On New Year's day—it is our way—
Our failings we arraign,
But ere the year does disappear
We often fail again.
—Frank B. Welch.

New Year's Calls.

"Madam," began the red nosed tramp, "this is just a little New Year's call, and"—

"And so is this," interrupted the farmer's wife as she came out into the yard. "Here, Tige! Here, Tige!" she called. "Sick 'em, Tige!"

And the caller and the called disappeared in the distance.

A CHRISTMAS LONG DELAYED.

Woman's Loyalty Recompensed After Many Weary Years.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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She was just a common, everyday sort of woman, a woman of the people, a product of poverty and yet a heroine as noble as ever was immortalized by poet's pen. Her wasted form was scarcely hidden by the limp, angular folds of her scanty calico skirt and the shawl about her shoulders. Her name was Mary, and as for her other name—it does not matter. She had hardly dared to use it for eighteen long years, and she thought of this as she drew near the big stores which were filled with happy Christmas shoppers.

She could just faintly remember that first sad Christmas thirty years before when her father, mother and herself were taken to the city pesthouse. She never saw them after that day, for when she left the hospital she went away alone. Mary was only six years old then, and her life seemed to have begun in her uncle's tenement, where the health officer had left her. It was even then a life of poverty and hunger. Her uncle was a strange man and before she came had lived all by himself.

When she was a little older he sent her out upon the streets to beg and then cursed her because she was so timid and got so little. She was begging one night by the Common when she met her first friend, a very kind young man, who took her hand and told her she mustn't beg. He took her down into Pie alley and gave her supper there with the newsboys and promised that she should become a news girl herself next day, which was better than begging. "Mary the news girl" they called her then.

Her second friend was a new neighbor's girl, who moved into the same house where she lived. This neighbor's girl worked as a "cash" in a big store, and when Mary's uncle disappeared one night and did not come back the neighbor's girl lent her a dress, found her a place also as cash girl and persuaded her mother to take the orphan into the family. Then began the best part of Mary's life. Dora and her mother were honest, if poor, and they gave Mary as good a home as they could for her meager wages. But the hours of work were long and weary, with no money for finery and no time for play. It was scarcely easier when Mary became a clerk, with better pay, but with greater expenses for board and decent clothes. She was old already at seventeen, a pale, shy girl, when she came to know Tom Haley, who was a janitor in the store. It seemed very strange that Tom, who was several years older, should care for her and should want to take her to walk on Sunday afternoons, but when they knew each other better and after Tom had asked her to marry him he said that the reason he liked her was because she was so good. That did not clear the mystery for Mary, but she worshiped Tom.

She promised to marry him, and yet she held with timid obstinacy that

"MARY, MARY, ARE YOU MAD?"

there was a great deal to be done before then. Homeless as she had always been, a waif of the street, she knew that Tom was scarcely better off than herself, yet she could not bear to think of marrying without a home. A home was her great ambition, and it could not be realized without money—a great deal of money, as it seemed to her, at least $500. And her lover came to share that ambition.

Late one Saturday night when Mary and Dora went home together to the tenement down in the Cove district they saw a fierce looking man sitting on the doorstep. His rough hands stopped Mary as she tried to pass, and she felt the return of the old sickening fear as she recognized her uncle. He did not say why he had deserted her or tell where he had been, but harshly ordered her to pack her "duds" and go with him. The thought of Tom Haley was the first that came to her mind, and it gave her courage to say that she would not go. Then as the tears started to her eyes she jerked away her hand and ran up the stairs, breathless and sobbing. A little later the uncle followed and told Dora and her mother that he was Mary's guardian and was going to have his rights. Mary had locked herself in an inner room, and, although her supposed uncle swore that he would have the law on them all, he finally left the house defeated.

Tom Haley came that Sunday afternoon, as usual, and when he found what had happened he was pale with anger. He and Mary talked the matter over with the hopeless calm of people who are accustomed to misfortune. It did not seem impossible that Mary's uncle might have the law on them, as he threatened. They could not help sharing the fear that all the old neighbors felt for the man. It seemed to Tom that the only thing they could do was to be married at once. But Mary would not listen to this proposition.

It was eighteen years since all this had happened, yet it did not take Mary a moment to remember it all. She had been wrong. She ought to have listened to Tom's pleadings, and, once married, they might both have escaped the misery that followed. The faded woman drew her ragged shawl closer and shivered from something sharper than the December wind. She was living it all over again. She had not dared to leave the house on that Sunday long ago, not even to take her accustomed walk with Tom. Before he left her lover had promised to protect her on her way home the next night if she would wait outside until he had closed the store. That night she had waited and let Dora go home alone. When Tom appeared they walked together down to the Cove district, and, as they had feared, Mary's uncle was waiting in the doorway of the tenement. He scowled as they stopped before him.

"Who is that man?" he demanded of Mary.

"I am the man she is going to marry," said Tom, answering for her. Mary clung to her lover's arm. She felt a thrill of pride in Tom, followed by a nameless dread of what might happen to him. Her uncle's quick anger was aroused. He cursed Tom as a liar and abused Mary in the vilest way. Suddenly he stopped and, slouching down the steps, said to Tom: "If you are going to marry her I've got something to say to you first. Meet me at Jones' place, and we will have it over."

He brushed them as he passed and disappeared around the corner of the court. Tom's hands were clinched, and he would have followed at once had not Mary hung so heavily upon him. She was more frightened than before, it was so strange, so unnatural. Tom was eager to go to the saloon around the corner and find out what her uncle had to say. He had nothing to fear, he said, and would be right back. When he had gone Mary bolted the door and sat waiting fearfully in the dark. Then the minutes dragged more heavily, because she thought it was time for Tom's return, and she breathed more freely when she heard a man's step upon the stairs and a bold knock upon the door.

"Is that you, Tom?" she said. She hardly noticed that his voice sounded strange when he answered. She drew the bolt, but it was her uncle who put his foot against the door and forced his way into the room. Seizing the almost paralyzed girl by the arm, he held up a bottle which she could just see in the dim light.

"It's vitriol," he hissed. "It will burn like a flame and eat like a tiger. Now, come along and don't make any fuss."

She dared not resist, but went along with him, wondering, with sickening dread, what terrible thing he had done to the man she loved. When they got into the court by the flicker of a street lamp they saw Tom coming toward them.

"Tell him you are going with me and won't have anything more to do with him, or I'll give him the acid," muttered her uncle. Mary, half stupefied with fear and wishing to save Tom from her uncle's fiendish threat, obeyed. She coldly passed Tom by and told him "not to bother her" then, as she had important business with her uncle.

"Mary, Mary, are you mad?" Tom cried, but she walked on, leaving him standing as if he had been stung. Her uncle chose the quietest streets, and they walked rapidly across the city toward the north end. She thought many times of calling for help, but the bottle of liquid fire was still in his hand, and she knew only too well that he would use it. The real terror of the situation seized her when they came to an old wooden rookery that had once been a mansion, but was now dark and empty. Her uncle opened the street door and almost dragged her up the three flights of old fashioned stairs. "I'll have you safe enough in a minute," he said as he fumbled with the key. It was too much for Mary's weakened nerves. She lost all sense of fear and control and, crying, "Tom, help!" slipped from her uncle's grasp to the floor. As the old man bent over her he heard quick steps coming up the stairs and a voice he recognized saying, "Yes, Mary, I'm coming!" Tom had followed them unseen to learn just what the mystery of Mary's coolness meant and was on hand to rescue her. But the thought of the dreadful bottle in her uncle's possession aroused Mary, and, seizing her uncle's hand, she screamed: "I'm all right, Tom! Go away!"

"What does this mean?" asked the panting Tom as he burst into the room and glared at Mary's uncle. The old man was cursing under his breath and, clearing himself from Mary's grasp, sprang savagely toward him.

"The vitriol, the vitriol!" was all that Mary could say. It was all over in a moment. The men grappled. Tom bent the old man over the banisters, only half realizing the danger, while Mary wrenched the bottle from his grasp and threw it away. Suddenly the old banister broke, and with a gasp of horror Tom and Mary saw the old man topple headlong heavily to the floor below.

When Tom reached him there was no sign of life. The man's neck had been broken, and Tom had just made sure of this fact when a policeman put his head in the door and asked in a gruff voice what was the matter. Why Tom Haley attempted to escape he could never tell. Terrified and dazed, he made a blind rush for the back door, but found himself in a yard surrounded by a high fence with the policeman at his heels. The hand of the officer was on his collar, and his struggles to free himself were soon quieted with stinging blows on his head.

There were long months in jail until the indictment was brought against Tom and more delay before the case finally came to trial.

Oh, justice had been blind! The revolver Tom had in his pocket he had borrowed "for an old man," as the lender testified. Jones said that he had been to his place "looking for an old man." A neighbor had seen Mary's cold greeting as she started away with her uncle and had heard Tom's threat of vengeance afterward. The policeman had seen Tom entering the house and had found him bending over the dead man.

All hope had left Mary's heart when she heard Tom sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Even the assurance that it would not be over eighteen years with good conduct on Tom's part failed to brighten her despair, for that term seemed almost a lifetime. The thought of the jail haunted her everywhere, and instead of trying to get back into the store where she had worked with Dora she found a place as waitress in a restaurant down by the market, but she was recognized even there, and when she found that men came to see her as a curiosity she would not stay. She no longer dared to be a waitress and for years lived as dishwasher in restaurants and cheap hotels. The pay was scarcely enough to keep her alive, yet she saved a few cents week by week, never failing in her hope and her trust for Tom. When his time was nearly up she was more feverishly eager to save, for after all her hardships she had but little, scarcely $200, in all these weary years. Then she had a long sickness of typhoid fever that in three months swept all her precious savings away.

* * * * * * *

This was her first day out after her convalescence. She was still very weak and without a dollar. But what did it matter? This was Tom's day of delivery. She knew the hour when he was to be set free.

She wanted Tom, and the long deferred hope of a happy home seemed a slight thing compared to her great longing. The great prison which she knew so well was almost in sight. At last she reached the shelter of the high wall and looked up the passageway that led to the entrance. She felt a sudden consciousness of her ragged clothes, of the limp calico skirt and of the holes in her shoes. She would not disgrace Tom by going inside, but would wait in the street where no one could see her.

What was she bringing her lover after all these years? She had neither youth nor health nor money nor home. She almost dreaded to see him in the new clothes that she knew the state would give him. He was coming. She

AND FROM THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY CAME THE PEAL OF BELLS.

heard his footsteps on the walk, but she could not bear to put him to the test yet and tremblingly crouched by the great wall.

He came to the street and looked about him. How old and gray he seemed, but how handsome still! Dejectedly he walked away from where she was hiding, failing at first to recognize her. Her weakness and her longing overcame her and, huskily crying "Tom, Tom!" she staggered out before him.

"Mary!" he gasped and ran to her as she was sinking to the pavement.

"I worked for you, Tom, but was sick and lost it all. I have no money for our home," she said.

She was fainting on his shoulder, and the big tears rolled from his eyes and his voice choked him as he replied:

"God bless you, Mary! You're too good for one like me."

And from the churches of the city came the peal of the bells ringing the chimes of Christmas eve.

When Pop Swore Off.

When pop swore off last New Year's
My maw was awful glad,
Although she sorter cried a bit,
But that's a way she had.
Pop said that he'd 'a' done it
Jest after Crismas night
Except that he was waitin' fer
New Year's to do it right.

When pop swore off last New Year's
It seemed like he was sore.
He scolded maw an' kicked the cat
Clean through the kitchen door.
An' as fer me, good gracious,
He licked me good enough
Jest 'cause I asked him how it felt
To do without the stuff!

When pop swore off last New Year's
He didn't smile fer days,
But seemed to mope around the house
With jest a stony gaze,
An' there was simply nothin'
That seemed a-pleasin' him.
I never see a man so stern
An' grumpy-like an' grim.

When pop swore off last New Year's
It lasted fer a spell,
But when he started up again
Maw said 'twas jest as well.
I guess she knows her business,
It made pop act so queer
I hope he ain't a-goin' to do
No swearin' off this year!
—Sam S. Stinson.

An Ancient Tree.

A mammoth olive tree in the garden of Gethsemane is at least a thousand years old.

TWELFTH NIGHT CAKE.

A Twelfth Night cake in England is as much a part of the holiday festivities as is the Christmas tree itself. On Twelfth Night various gayeties and revels are arranged, the cake being finally drawn in by the children on a decorated cart or borne aloft by the servants on a board trimmed with Christmas greens. A recipe for making the cake comes from England. Beat to a smooth cream two pounds of unsalted butter, then add two pounds of powdered sugar, a whole nutmeg grated and an ounce each of powdered cinnamon, ginger, mace and allspice. Beat this mixture ten minutes and add gradually twenty eggs, beating the cake after that for twenty minutes. Stir in, a little at a time, two pounds of flour, four pounds of currants, a half pound of bruised almonds and half a pound each of candied orange and lemon peel and citron, beating the cake lightly after each addition. Last of all add a claret glass of brandy. Line a large cake tin with well buttered paper and fill it three-quarters full of the dough, which will leave room for the cake to rise. Cover the top with the buttered paper, and if the oven bakes fast at the bottom put a tin under the cake to keep it from burning. It should bake for four and a half hours in a slow but well heated oven.

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH.

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

Peter Young and Frederick Ayres were playmates in childhood, attended the same school and left the same college in the spring of 1861 to enlist in the same regiment in the Union army. They campaigned together and after each fight immediately sought each other to learn of their mutual safety. On one occasion Young shot a Confederate who was about to run a bayonet into his friend's breast. On another Ayres carried Young, who had been wounded, for miles on a retreat, saving him from a southern prison and perhaps death. Their devotion to each other was well known in the army in which they served, and they were referred to as furnishing an example of a typical friendship.

In the fourth and last year of their service they quarreled. Both had become subaltern officers and were tentmates. One day Young entered their tent and, looking under his cot, missed a chip he kept there as a rest for his soap.

"What's become of my soap dish?" he asked his friend.

"What soap dish?"

"That chip I had here."

"Oh, that dirty thing! I threw it out."

"What did you do that for?" angrily.

"Because I propose to have the tent I live in respectable."

"And I propose to have something to put my soap on, and I won't allow any man to interfere with it."

It is not essential to give the steps by which these two bosom friends became more and more angry and finally alienated. The contemptible cause was a chip which its owner considered a soap dish and his friend as not sufficiently aesthetic to grace their canvas habitation. They did not speak to each other during that campaign and before another Ayres had been transferred to the staff and assigned to duty with a different corps.

In 1865 Young and Ayres were both again in civil life. On Christmas morning of the next year on going to the postoffice for his mail Ayres was handed an envelope addressed to him in the familiar handwriting of his friend. Opening it, he drew forth a card on which was a picture of a dove with an olive branch in its mouth. Nothing was written on the card, nor did any letter accompany it, but the recipient knew that his friend had remembered his birthday and sent a peace offering. He was not a demonstrative man—nor was Young, for that matter—so he put the card in his pocket, saying nothing to any one about it, but thinking on it a great deal.

The next Christmas morning Young's wife, whom he had just married, handed him an envelope the superscription on which was in Ayres' handwriting. It contained the Christmas card he had sent Ayres on his twenty-third birthday. Mrs. Young asked her husband what it all meant. He prevaricated. He was ashamed to tell her the story—firstly, on account of the insignificant cause that had separated him from his friend; secondly, because he blushed at this missive passing between them, worthy rather of two schoolgirls than two veterans of a great war.

For forty years the card continued to pass at Christmas time between the two friend-enemies. Picture processes improved, and the little dove of 1865 was a sorry looking bird beside the dove of the twentieth century. Besides, the card was worn and soiled. Possibly had the two friends been near each other they would have returned to a closer relationship. But in all these years they never met. Ayres never married, and Mrs. Young, who meanwhile had come into possession of the story of their quarrel, said facetiously that she believed he loved her husband too well to marry a woman.

A Christmas came round when Peter Young was in no mood to remember to send the card with the dove and olive branch. A crisis had come in his affairs, and what he had been for years building fell with a crash. The crown of his and his wife's sorrow was that his health broke down under the strain.

Had he not after these many years come to tread in a rut he would have written to learn the cause of his not receiving his token. But he had never written a line or spoken a word to the man with whom he had quarreled in his youth, and it seemed too late for him to begin. The result was that he refrained from writing and worried.

One day—it was shortly before Christmas—Mrs. Young, rummaging in her husband's desk, found the old card. It occurred to her at once that in her husband's preoccupation and distress he had for the first time forgotten it. She had saved a paragraph taken from a newspaper mentioning her husband's failure in business and another stating that he was suffering from nervous prostration. Placing these items with the card in an envelope, she sent it to Ayres.

Christmas morning brought a letter from Ayres inclosing his check for $10,000 and a note stating that it was sent in the hope that it would place his friend again on his feet. The Christmas card he would thereafter keep in his possession.

That was the end of the partial estrangement. Mrs. Young telegraphed Ayres urging him to join them that evening at a Christmas dinner. Ayres took the first train and reached the house of his old friend to find him and his wife waiting for him. And there and then they laughed over the soap dish incident.

A Mournful Outlook.

"You say we must be good and not want things we haven't got, and you say if we're bad we won't get anything. It ain't a very hopeful Christmas, is it, grandpa?"—Judge's Library.

Looking to the Main Chance.

"I don't believe in gimcrack gifts," Said good old Deacon Dole. "On Christmas days I give my wife Soap, flour, terbacker, coal."
—Boston Transcript.

Quite Cool.

The Captured Burglar—Say, boss, would ye mind telephonin' my wife not to keep breakfast fer me?—Life.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A SHOCKING NEW YEAR'S DIVORCE.

OLD pipe of mine, we've got to part.
I leave you soon forever.
Though you are twined about my heart,
We'll meet in future—never.
I'll swear you've faithful been and true,
You've put dull care to chase,
But there has come 'twixt you and me
That woman in the case.

WE'VE GOT TO PART.

OLD pipe of mine, the day draws near
When from me you must roam.
No longer may I know the cheer
You brought into my home;
No longer when the shadows fall
And night comes on apace
I'll take you up. Oh, cup of gall
That woman in the case!

I LOVED you first, I hear you say,
I pledged my troth to you,
And I have loved you from that day
I promised to be true.
'Tis so, but I was young and green,
A youth with beardless face.
I little thought there'd come between
That woman in the case.

A YOUTH WITH BEARDLESS FACE.

YOU were my love in days of old,
Old pipe, I love you still,
But there's a woman in the fold
That has a stronger will.
Forever from my life you're banned,
Denied your fav'rite place.
Ejected by supreme command,
The woman in the case.

NO longer when my heart grows sad
Will you bring peace to me.
The comforts you and I have had
In future cannot be.
You will not soothe my aching brow,
My drooping spirits brace,
There stand to separate us now
The woman in the case.

ANOTHER RULES MY HEART.

OLD pipe, farewell, a long farewell,
For you and I must part.
With me no longer may you dwell,
Another rules my heart.
You think I'm cowardly to go
Desert you in disgrace,
But then, old pipe, you do not know
The woman in the case.
—Detroit Free Press.

Modernized.

Jason—This old sofa has changed much since we have been courting on it for the last six years. Cynthia—Well, Jason, in one way it is more modern. Jason—Modern? How so? Cynthia—Why, it is wireless.—Chicago News.

The Nettle.

The nettle, which has eighteen common varieties, is the most widely spread of any wild plant.

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. R. Kaseburg, Mary Kaseburg, W. R. Copeland, Augusta Copeland, H. J. Kaseburg, Annie Kaseburg, Lizzie Bennett, W. C. Bennett, Herbert Root, Amelia Root, Frankie Kaseburg and Lizzie Kaseburg, 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.

FOW 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. McDANIEL,
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. McDANIEL,
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 Wm Henrichs, Judge of the County court of Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 30th day of November, 1909.

JOHN M. SOMERS,
391-7t(38)14] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

William Gardiner, Plaintiff,
vs.
Katherine Gardiner, 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, towit: 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
7td24f 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, 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 B 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
7tu19431.360] for Plaintiff.

MODERN SWEETS

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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	11.20p.m.	8.45 a.m.

For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p.m. no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11.30 p.m.	4.51 a.m.

PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.		
Arrives at Biggs	8.00 a.m. 12.05 a.m.	6.00 p.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 add

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COLUMBIA SOUTHERN R.

South-bound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	North-bound passengr daily
1.00 pm	.0	....Biggs..	12.10
1.15	5.4	..Gilmore...	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.

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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