The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... APRIL 51, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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THE WEAK SPOT IN HIS ARMOR.

By M. QUAD.

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Deacon Joab Carter lived in the village of Oldham, and when his great temptation came to him he was over fifty years old.

Six evenings per week Deacon Carter went to the postoffice. He averaged only about four letters per year, but his trips to the postoffice were made just the same. On one particular evening a letter was handed him which excited surmise and curiosity. It was postmarked at New York, and it had a business look and feeling. Those standing around when the letter was passed out looked for the deacon to open it then and there and give them a chance to comment; but, greatly to their chagrin, he placed it in his pocket and started off home. On reaching there he ought to have sat down and opened his letter, but something restrained him. He said nothing of its receipt even, and it was not opened until his good wife threw a shawl over her head and went over to a neighbor's to have a bit of gossip.

Deacon Carter trembled when he carefully cut the envelope of that mysterious letter with a table knife and saw greenbacks in it. Yes, there were a two dollar bill and a one dollar bill, and both were brand new and full of crackle. Who had sent him money? Why had it been sent? His heart was beating faster as he unfolded a typewritten letter accompanying the cash. It was from a party in New York. The party had heard of the deacon and was going to trust him with a great secret. The party was manufacturing greenbacks—not counterfeits, but the genuine thing, same as the inclosed same as those turned out by Uncle Sam. The party felt that he had at least a moral right to do this. All governments were oppressors; all individuals had a right to better their condition. He was bettering his and at the same time not hurting the government or any of his fellow men. In fact, he was benefiting the country by putting more money in circulation and making it easy to get.

The church to which the deacon belonged wanted to raise the minister's salary; it wanted to repair the spire of the edifice; it wanted to replace the old pew cushions. The congregation was waiting for the deacon to lead off with a liberal subscription, but as a matter of fact he was hard up, having been aiding some of his relatives. He looked at the bills before him and hankered. If he had only $50 he would ask for no more. Would it harm the government or any one else for him to get the $50 in the way suggested?

"Of course it would," said the good man to himself as he heard his wife returning and hastily pocketed the money and circular, and he went to bed determined to return the epistle on the morrow. He awoke with the same determination, but his wife was to be the cause of a change of heart. At the breakfast table she said:

"Joab, we are out of brown sugar."

"Um!"

"We must have tea today."

"Um!"

"And you'll have to take my shoes to Smith's and get 'em fixed. I got my feet damp last night."

An hour later Deacon Carter started out on his errand. He had a silver dollar in his pocket, but as he was about to enter the store the idea came to him to hand out the new dollar bill received in his letter. No second thought came. He handed it over when his purchases had been made, and the merchant received it and made change without a word. That settled matters. The money was not counterfeit, and no one was being harmed by handling it. That afternoon a letter was written to the party in New York. The deacon started out to say that he would buy $50 of the money, but made it $200 instead. He would go to the city at any date and take $100 in Uncle Sam's money with him. He knew where he could borrow that sum for a few days. He would deal just once and no more.

Then followed a considerable correspondence. A date was set for the deacon to show up, and he was so strongly advised to take $500 instead of the lesser sum that he agreed. He had to sell one of his cows, two hogs and two calves and do some borrowing to make up the amount, and he had to dodge many questions from his wife, but the day finally arrived when he started for the city. He was a "come along" at last. He was to be met at the depot, and he was met. The man who met him gave a word, and the deacon replied when a couple of detectives arrested both.

At the police station the deacon showed his letters and told his story, while the green goods man took care to say nothing. The deacon was not arrested. He was simply talked to and sent direct home.

Don't you imagine that the people of this town have ever heard these things of Deacon Carter. I am giving you a private tip in telling you, and his standing has not in the least been impaired. Only when Thursday evening comes around and the deacon rings the bell for prayer meeting he rings in a sort of rejoicing way, as one that has escaped a peril, and when he drops the bellrope to lead his good neighbors in prayer there is a deeper feeling in his tones as he petitions:

"And may our feet be kept from straying into forbidden paths and the pitfalls of the world no longer allure us."

Tales For a Winter Evening

The Antiquers

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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W'VE all got a crazy streak in us somewheres, I cal'late, only the streaks don't all break out in the same place, which is a mercy when you come to think of it. I take summer boarders maybe, and you collect postage stamps. Oh, we're all looney, more or less, every one of us.

Speaking of collecting reminds me of the "Antiquers"—that's what Peter T. Brown called 'em. They put up at the Old Home House summer before last, and at a crank show they'd have tied for the blue ribbon.

The dowager fetched port first. She hove alongside the Old Home one morning early in July, and she had "my daughter" in tow. The names as entered on the shipping list was Mrs. Milo Patrick Thompson and Miss Barbara Millicent Thompson, but Peter T. Brown he had 'em re-entered as "the dowager" and "my daughter" almost as soon as they dropped anchor. Thompson himself came poking up to the dock on the following Saturday night. Peter didn't christen him, except to chuck out something about Milo's being an "also ran."

The dowager was skipper of the Thompson craft, with "my daughter" (that's what her ma always called her) as first mate and Milo as general roustabout and purser.

'Twould have done you good to see the fleet run into the breakfast room of a morning, with the dowager leading in under full sail, Barbara close up to her starboard quarter and Milo tailing out a couple of lengths astern. The other boarders looked like quahaug dories abreast of the Marblehead Yacht club. Oh, the Thompsons won every cup until the Smalls arrived on a Monday. Then 'twas a dead heat.

Mamma Small was built on the lines of old Lady Thompson, only more so, and her daughter flew pretty nigh as many pennants as Barbara. Peter T. had 'em labeled the "duchess" and "Irene dear" in a jiffy. He didn't nickname Small any more'n he had Thompson and for the same reasons. Me and Cap'n Jonadab called Small "Eddie" behind his back 'count of his wife's hailing him as "Edwin."

In a week the four women was thicker than hasty pudding and had thrones on the piazza, where they could patronize everybody short of the Creator and criticise the other boarders. Milo and Eddie got friendly, too, and found a harbor behind the barn where they could smoke and swap sympathy.

'Twas fair weather for pretty near a fortni't, and then she thickened up. The special brand of craziness in Wellmouth that season was collecting "antiques," the same being busted chairs and invalid bureaus and sofys that your great-grandmarm got ashamed of and sent to the sick bay a thousand year ago. Oh, yes, and dishes! If there was one thing that would drive a city woman to counting her fingers and cutting paper dolls 'twas a nicked blue plate with a Chinese picture on it.

One noon the dowager sails into the dining room and unfurls a brown paper bundle.

"I've captured a prize, my dear," says she to the duchess—"a veritable prize. Just look!"

And she dives under the brown paper hatches and resurrects a pink plate suffering from yaller jaundice, with the picture of a pink boy wearing curls and a monkey jacket holding hands with a pink girl with pointed feet.

"Ain't it perfectly lovely?" says she, waving the outrage in front of the duchess. "A ginuwine Hall nappy! And in such condition! If you knew how I've planned and contrived to get this treasure. I've schemed— My, my! My daughter says she's actually ashamed of me. Oh, no! I can't tell even you where I got it. All's fair in love and collecting, you know, and there are more gems where this came from."

She laughed, and "my daughter" laughed, and the duchess and "Irene dear" laughed, too, and said the plate was "so quaint" and all that, but you could fairly hear 'em turn green with jealousy.

And sure enough, in a couple of days they bore down on the Thompsons, all sail set and colors flying. They had a pair of plates that for ugliness and price knocked the "ginuwine Hall nappy" higher 'n the main truck. And the way they crowed and bragged about their "find" wasn't fit to put in the log. The dowager and "my daughter" left that dinner table trembling all over.

Well, you can see how a v'yage would end that commenced that way. The dowager and Barbara would scour the neighborhood and capture more prizes, and the duchess and her tribe would get busy and go 'em one better. There was a chill setting in round them piazza thrones, and some of the sarcastic remarks that was casually hove out by the bosom friends was pretty nigh sharp enough to shave with. As for Milo and Eddie, they still smoked together behind the barn, but the atmosphere on the quarterdeck was affecting the fo'castle, and there wa'n't quite so many "old mans" and "dear boys" as there used to was.

The spell of weather developed sudden. One evening me and Cap'n Jonadab and Peter T. was having a confab by the steps of the billiard room when Milo beats up from around the corner. He was smiling as a basket of chips.

"Hello!" hails Peter T., cordial. "You look as if you'd had money left you. Any one else remembered in the will?" he says.

"No," says Milo, laughing. "Nothing like that. But I have got hold of that antique davenport Mrs. T.'s been dying to capture."

One of the boarders at the hotel over to Harniss had been out "antiquing" a week or so afore and had bagged a contraption which, answered to the name of a "ginuwine Sheraton davenport." The dowager heard of it, and ever since she'd wished she was lucky enough to have that kind of a man; but, no, she had to depend on herself, and etcetery and so forth. Maybe you've heard sermons similar.

So we was glad for Milo and said so. Likewise we wanted to know where he found the davenport.

"Why, up here in the woods," says Milo, "at the house of a queer old stick, name of Rogers. I forget his front name—'twas longer 'n the davenport."

"Not Adoniram Rogers?" says Cap'n Jonadab, wondering.

"That's him," says Thompson.

Now, I knew Adoniram Rogers. His house was old enough, Lord knows, but that a feller with a nose for a bargain like his should have hung on to a salable piece of dunnage so long as this seemed most too tough to believe.

"Well," says Small, "what do you think of it?"

"Well, I swan to man!" says I. "Adoniram Rogers! Have you seen the—the davenport thing?"

"Sure, I've seen it!" says Milo. "I ain't much of a jedge, but it's an old davenport, and it's got Sheraton lines, and I've got the refusal of it till tomorrow, when Mrs. T.'s going up to inspect."

"Told Small yet?" asked Peter T., winking on the side to me and Jonadab.

Milo looked scared. "Goodness, no!" says he. "And don't you tell him neither. His wife's davenport hunting too."

His tops'ls hadn't much more 'n sunk in the offing afore who should walk out of the billiard room behind us but Eddie Small.

"Brown," says he to Peter T., "I want you to have a horse and buggy harnessed up for me right off. Mrs. Small and I are going for a little drive to—to—over to Orham," he says.

'Twas a mean, black night for a drive as far as Orham, and Peter looked surprised. He started to say something, then swallered it down and told Eddie he'd see to the harnessing. When Small was out of sight, I says:

"You don't cal'late he heard what Milo was telling, do you, Peter?" says I.

Peter T. shook his head and winked, first at Jonadab and then at me.

And the next day there was the dickens to pay because Eddie and the duchess had driven up to Rogers' the night afore and had bought the davenport, refusal and all, for $20 more 'n Milo offered for it.

'Twan't nothing but a ratty old cripple of a sofy, with one leg carried away and most of the canvas in ribbons, but four men lugged it up the steps, and the careful way they handled it made you think the Old Home House was a receiving tomb and they was laying in the dear departed.

'Twas set down on the piazza, and then the friends had a chance to view the remains. The duchess and "Irene dear" gurgled and gushed and received congratulations. The dowager sailed over, tilted her nose up to the foretop, remarked "Humph!" through it and come about and stood at the other end of the porch. "My daughter" follers in her wake, observes "Humph!" likewise and makes for blue water. Milo comes over and looks at Eddie.

"Well," says Small, "what do you think of it?"

"Never mind what I think of it," answers Thompson through his teeth. "Shall I tell you what I think of you?"

And after that the cold around the throuca was so fierce we had to move the thermometer, and we had to give the families separate tables in the dining room so's the milk wouldn't freeze. You see, the pitcher set right between 'em, and— Oh! I didn't expect you'd believe it.

The "antiquing" went on harder than ever. Every time the Thompsons landed a relic they'd bring it out on the veranda or in to dinner and gloat over it loud and pointed, while the Smalls would pipe all hands to unload sarcasm, and the same vicy versy when 'twas t'other way about. 'Twas interesting and instructive to listen to and amused the populace on rainy days, so Peter T. said.

Adoniram Rogers had been mighty scurce around the Old Home sense the davenport deal. But one morning he showed up unexpected. A boarder had dug up an antique somewheres in the shape of a derelict plate and was displaying it proud on the piazza.

Adoniram grunted. "Huh!" says he. "Tain't nothing but a blue dish. I've got a whole closet full of them."

"What?" yells everybody, and then, "Will you sell 'em?"

"Sell 'em," says Rogers, looking round surprised. "Why, I never see nothing I wouldn't sell if I got money enough for it."

Everybody wanted to get Adoniram one side and talk with him, and everybody else was determined they should not. Wherever he moved the "antiquers" moved with him. Rogers got scared.

"Look here," says he, starting sort of wild like at the boarders. "What ails you folks? Are you crazy?"

Well, he might have made a good deal worse guess than that. I don't know how 'twould have ended if Peter T. Brown, cool and sassy as ever, hadn't come on deck just then and took command.

"See here, Rogers," he says; "let's understand this thing. Have you got a set of dishes like that?"

Adoniram looked at him. "Will I get jailed if I say yes?" he answers.

"Maybe you will if you don't," says Peter. "Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, this is something we're all interested in, and I think everybody ought to have a fair show. Rogers will bring those dishes down here tomorrer, and we'll put 'em on exhibition in the hotel parlor. Next day we'll have an auction and sell 'em to the highest cash bidder. And, provided there's no objection, I'll sacrifice my reputation and be auctioneer."

So 'twas agreed to have the auction.

Next day Adoniram heaves alongside with the dishes in a truck wagon, and they was strung out on the tables in the parlor. And such a pawing over and gabbling you never heard. The "antiquers" handled 'em and admired 'em and p'inted to the three holes in the back of each dish, the same being proof of age, and got more covetous every minute. But the joy was limited.

Milo and Eddie was the most worried of all, because each of 'em had been commissioned by their commanding officers not to let t'other family win.

That auction was the biggest thing that ever happened at the Old Home. We had it on the lawn out back of the billiard room, and folks came from Harniss and Orham and the land knows where. The sheds and barn was filled with carriages, and we served thirty-two extra dinners at a dollar a feed. The dishes was piled on a table, and Peter T. done his auctioneer preaching from a kind of pulpit made out of two cracker boxes and a tea chest.

But there wa'n't any real bidding except from the Smalls and Thompsons. A few of the boarders and some of the out of towners took a shy long at first, but their bids was only ground bait. Milo and Eddie, backed by the dowager and the duchess, done the real fishing.

The price went up and up. Peter T. whooped and pounded and all but shed tears. If he'd been burying a competition hotel keeper he couldn't have hove more soul into his work. 'Twas, "Fifty! Do I hear sixty? Sixty do I hear? Fifty dollars! Think of it! Why, friends, this ain't a church pound party. Look at them dishes! Look at 'em! Why, the pinfeathers on those blue dicky birds in the corners are worth more 'n that for mattress stuffing. Do I hear sixty? Sixty I'm bid. Who says seventy?"

Milo said it, and Eddie was back at him afore he could shake the reefs out of the last syllable. She went up to a hundred, then to one hundred and thirty-two, and with every raise Adoniram Rogers' smile lengthened out.

And just then two things happened. One was that a servant girl come running from the Old Home House to tell the duchess and "Irene dear" that some swell friends of theirs from the hotel at Harniss had driven over to call and was waiting for 'em in the parlor. The female Smalls went in, though they wa'n't joyful over it. They give Eddie his sailing orders afore they went too.

The other thing that happened was Bill Saltmarsh's arriving in port. Bill is an "antiquer" for revenue only. He runs an antique store over at Ostable, and the prices he charges are enough to convict him without hearing the evidence. I knew he'd come.

Saltmarsh nods to Peter T. and picks up one of the plates. He looks at it first ruther casual, then more and more careful, turning it over and taking up another.

"Hold on a minute, Brown," says he. "Are these the dishes you're selling?"

"Sure thing," comes back Peter. "Think we're serving free lunch? No, sir! Those are the genuine articles, Mr. Saltmarsh, and you're cheating the widders and orphans if you don't put in a bid quick. One thirty-two fifty. I'm bid. Now, Saltmarsh!"

But Bill only laughed. Then he picks up another plate, looks at it and laughs again.

"Good day, Brown," says he. "Sorry I can't stop." And off he puts toward his horse and buggy.

Eddie Small was watching him. Milo, being on the other side of the pulpit, hadn't noticed so partic'lar.

"Who's that?" asks Eddie, suspicious. "Does he know antiques?"

I remarked that if Bill didn't then nobody did.

"Look here, Saltmarsh!" says Small, catching Bill by the arm as he shoved through the crowd.

"What's the matter with those dishes—anything?"

Bill turned and looked at him. "Why, no," he says slow. "They're all right—of their kind."

But Eddie wa'n't satisfied. He turns to me. "By George!" he says. "What is it? Does he think they're fakes?"

"One hundred and thirty-three!" hollers Peter, fetching the tea chest a belt. "One thirty-four do I hear? Make it one thirty-three fifty! Fifty cents do I hear? Come, come! This is highway robbery, gentlemen! Mr. Small—where are you?"

But Eddie was talking to Saltmarsh. In a minute back he comes, looking more worried than ever.

"One thirty-three!" bellers Peter. "One thirty-three! Oh, how can I look my grandmother's picture in the face after this? One thirty-three—once! One thirty-three—twice! Third and last call! One—thirty"—

Then Eddie begun to raise his hand, but 'twas too late.

"One thirty-three and sold to Mr Milo Thompson for $133!"

And just then come a shriek from the piazza; the duchess and "Irene dear" had come out of the parlor.

Well! Talk about crowing! The way that Thompson crowd rubbed it in on the Smalls was enough to make you leave the dinner table.

As for poor Eddie, when he come up to explain why he hadn't kept on bidding his wife put him out like he was a tin lamp.

"Don't speak to me!" says she. "Don't you dare speak to me!"

He didn't dare. He just run up a storm sail and beat for harbor back of the barn. And from the piazza Milo cackled vainglorious.

Me and Cap'n Jonadab and Peter T. felt so sorry for Eddie, knowing what he had coming to him from the duchess, that we went out to see him. He was setting on a wrecked hencoop, looking heart broke, but puzzled.

"'Twas that Saltmarsh made me lose my nerve," he says. "I thought when he wouldn't bid there was something wrong with the dishes. And there was something wrong too. I b'lieve yet he thought they were imitations. Oh, if they only were!"

And then, lo and behold you, around the corner comes Adoniram Rogers. I'd have bet large that whatever conscience Adoniram was born with had dried up and blown away years ago. But, no; he'd resurrected a remnant.

"Mr. Small," stammered Mr. Rogers, "I'm sorry you feel bad about not buying them dishes. I—I thought I'd ought to tell you—that is to say, I— Well, if you want another set I cal'late I can get it for you—that is, if you won't tell nobody."

"Another set?" hollers Eddie, wide eyed. "Anoth— Do you mean to say you've got more?"

"Why, I ain't exactly got 'em now, but my nephew John keeps a furniture store in South Boston, and he has lots of sets like that. I bought that one of him."

Peter T. Brown jumps to his feet.

"Why, you outrageous robber!" he hollers. "Didn't you say those dishes were old?"

"I never said nothing except that they were like the plate that feller had on the piazza. And they was too. You folks said they was old, and I thought you'd ought to know, so"—

Eddie Small threw up both hands. "Fakes!" he hollers. "Fakes! And Thompson paid $133 for 'em! Boys, there's times when life's worth living. Have a drink."

We went into the billiard room and took something—that is, Peter and Eddie took that kind of something. Me and Jonadab took cigars.

"Fellers," said Eddie, "drink hearty. I'm going in to tell my wife. Fake dishes! And I beat Thompson on the davenport."

He went away bubbling like a biling spring. After he was gone Rogers looked thoughtful.

"That's funny, too, ain't it?" he says.

"What's funny?" we asked.

"Why, about that sofy he calls a davenport. You see, I bought that off John, too," says Adoniram.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

"Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Moro Homes.

Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that Backache pains come from sick kidneys.

'Twould save much needless woe.

Doan's Kidney Pills cures sick kidneys.

Many residents of this vicinity endorse them.

Mrs. J. T. Holman, Main St. Hood River, Or., says: "I suffered from backache and other annoyances arising from disordered kidneys. I tried so many remedies without finding relief, that I did not have much confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills, but I nevertheless procured a box. I received quick relief from their use and was soon cured completely. I have not had the least symptom of kidney trouble since. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing them to be a reliable remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Good Things Are Great.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great, said Demosthenes.

Daly's Impecunious Employes.

Augustin Daly had in his employment a man who always addressed him a note periodically asking for an advance of money. This note was invariably answered by a most abusive letter in almost insulting terms and threatening instant discharge if the offense was ever repeated—and inclosing a check for the money!

At regular intervals of about three months the man invariably made the same request, with the same results, always, however, getting a check inclosed. And thus it continued until Mr. Daly's death.

The Demon of the Air

is the germ of la grippe, that, breathed in, brings suffering to thousands. Its after effects are weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the splendid tonic, blood purifier and regulator of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system and restore health and good spirits after an attack of grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50c. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

South African Diamonds.

According to official estimates, the value of diamonds yet in the ground in German South Africa is $250,000,000.

Sure He Knew Best.

Mamma—Dora, your father says that that young man of yours, Mr. Hartt, is deceiving you.

Dora—But he isn't, mamma, for I asked him, and he said he wasn't. Of course he knows better than papa.—Boston Transcript.

Saved From the Grave

"I had about given up hope, after nearly four years of suffering from a severe lung trouble," writes Mrs M L Dix, of Clarksville, Tenn. "Often the pain in my chest would be almost unbearable and I could not do any work, but Dr King's New Discovery has made me feel like a new person. It's the best medicine for the throat and lungs." Obstinate coughs, stubborn colds, hay fever, la grippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, and hemorrhages, hoarseness and whooping cough, yield quickly to this wonderful medicine. Try it. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

A Clam That Pearl Divers Fear.

All sorts of superstitions prevail among the pearl fishers of Ceylon, and a large business is done by sorcerers who sell charms to restrain the appetite of the sharks and to drive away the diabolical stingrays. Another peril which the diver dreads more than either stingray or shark is the giant clam, that weighs nearly half a ton when full grown. It will snap off a man's legs like pipestems if the victim chances to thrust a limb between its open jaws, or, at all events, will hold him until he drowns miserably.

The Call of The Blood

for purification, finds voice in pimples, boils, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin,—all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills makes rich red blood; gives clear skin, rosy cheeks, fine complexion, health. Try them. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

To Whom Honor Is Due.

As a pendant to the story of the professor who upon being questioned on the witness stand declared that he was "the greatest living scientist," saying apologetically afterward that he "was on oath," comes the following anecdote from a New England college:

Dr. H. had been unfolding to his class in physics a new and startling idea, and at the end of the explanation one of his students said deferentially, "Is that your own theory, professor?"

"No," the professor replied, "but," he added reassuringly, "it's a good one."—Youth's Companion.

Worse Than Bullets.

Bullets have often caused less suffering to soldiers than eczema. L W Harriman, Burlington, Me., got in the army and suffered with forty years. "But Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured me when all else failed," he writes. Greatest healer for sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, wounds, bruises and piles. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Santo Domingo's Minerals.

Minerals found in Santo Domingo are gold, silver, iron ore, copper ore, lignite, salt and petroleum.

The Result.

"What has society done for us?"

"Increased the number of our inferiors."—Brooklyn Life.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Comforting the Sick.

Louise Jebb—And tell Tom not to worry about me.

Mary—I did. He said he wouldn't.

"The horrid brute!"—Life.

The song that nerves a nation's heart is in itself a deed.—Tennyson.

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

Beeswax.

Bees secrete wax only when necessary to furnish storage room for honey or brood.

Once a Deer Paddock In Yonkers.

In the early days of the Philipse Manor House at Yonkers, N. Y., a deer paddock was maintained in the rear of the mansion. Sometimes they would escape and swim the Hudson river, disappearing in what is now New Jersey.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Isolated tract). Public Land Sale. No. 4867.

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, March 21st 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No 308, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9 30 o'clock a m, on the 3d day of May 1910, at this office, the following tract of land to wit, NE¼SE¼, Section 7, and NW¼SW¼ Section 8, Township 1, S. R. 19 E., W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims or objections on or before the day above designated for sale.

9-m25-a29] C. W. Moons, Register

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

J M Eddy, Plaintiff,
vs.
Dora Eddy, Defendant.

To Dora Eddy, 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 15th day of April, 1910, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, towit: 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 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 William Henrichs, County Judge of said Sherman county, Oregon, duly made on the 1st day of March 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 4th day of March, 1910.

BRYANT & MOWRY,
m4s15,6] Attorneys for Plaintiff

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

Edith S. Warner, Plaintiff,
vs.
Clarence E. Warner, Defendant.

To Clarence E. Warner, 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 1st day of April, 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 17th day of February, 1910, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of February, 1910.

ALAN I. JOY,
5 7tf18s1] Attorney for Plaintiff

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1.00 pm	0	.....Biggs.....	12.10 arve
1.15	5.4	...Gibbous....	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

For rates and information apply to

F. CRABTREE, Agent,
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COLONIST RATES to OREGON
And the Great Northwest

The management of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. and Southern Pacific Co. (Oregon Lines) take great pleasure in announcing that the low rates from Eastern cities, which have done so much in the past seasons to stimulate travel to and settlement in Oregon, will prevail again this spring DAILY from March 1 to April 15, inclusive.

People of Oregon

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Wm, McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.

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