The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... MAY 27, 1910

Personal Talk With You.

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WHO DRANK THE TODDY?

The Major Who Mixed It Really Could Not Tell.

IN August, 1862, the armies of General Lee and General Pope confronted each other on the Rappahannock river, in Virginia. General Lee had determined to attack Pope and conceived a plan as brilliant as it was daring. He purposed to leave one half of his army under Longstreet in front of Pope and throw the other half, under Jackson, by a circuitous march to a point twenty one miles exactly between him and Washington.

In pursuance of his plan and to facilitate its execution a day or two before Jackson started Lee determined to throw his cavalry, under Stuart, twelve miles in Pope's rear at Catlett's Station, a point on the railroad connecting Pope with his capital.

At that place were encamped the reserves, baggage and ammunition trains of Pope's army. There, too, were his headquarters tents, with his personal effects. Stuart captured a number of officers and men, a large sum of money in a safe in one of the tents and dispatches and other papers, but the rain fell in such torrents and the night was so dark that it was not possible for Stuart to damage the railroad to any extent or to burn the railroad bridges or the acres of wagons before him, all of which, with the telegraph wires, would have seriously crippled Pope.

My command was in advance on that terribly rainy night. I was riding with the lieutenant commanding the platoon which formed the advance guard when I suddenly saw between the flashes of lightning a man run across the road.

Under the influence of the spur my horse in a single bound reached the man, and under the influence of a pistol held to his head he told me that he was a servant of General Pope and was there with his headquarters tents, which, he said, were pitched in a clump of pines close by.

I made him get up in front of one of the troopers and guide a squadron, which I detached from the leading regiment, to the tents in the pines. On reaching the spot I quickly surrounded the Federal headquarters, and, seeing a light in one of the tents, I dismounted and with one of my men entered it.

It was vacant, but filled with a large number of papers showing where

THE INFLUENCE OF A PISTOL

some one had been recently writing. There were also two glasses of toddy on the table.

A few days thereafter I captured a squadron of the Federal dragoons, under Major Thomas Hilte of the regular army, whom I had formerly known when a cadet at West Point.

One of the officers, who had just arrived from Washington, told me that he was at Willard's hotel, in that city, and, seeing a crowd around Major Clary, Pope's chief quartermaster, joined the group and found Clary telling of his escapes from the rebels at Catlett's Station a few nights before.

The major said that he and Lewis Marshall, the latter being an aid-de-camp of Pope and a nephew of General Lee, were in one of the tents that night and that he had been working all day over his quartermaster papers, and in view of the fact, as well as the tempestuous character of the night, he proposed to Marshall that they should take a drink.

"The whisky was brought out," continued the major, "and sugar was put in glasses with the proper amount of water, to which a liberal allowance of whisky was added. I was just pouring the toddy from one glass to the other, thinking how soon the situation would be improved by swallowing it, when I heard the noise of horses' hoofs and the report of one or two pistol shots. I quickly put the glasses down, saying, 'I believe that is some of that d——d rebel cavalry.'

At this point of the narrative the major paused and after looking around added: "Gentlemen, if you believe me, I do not know whether I drank that toddy or not. The rebels were on us so quick that Marshall and I lifted the side of the tent and rolled down into a friendly ravine and remained there shivering in the drenching rain until the rebels rode off."

It only remains to say that Clary and Marshall did not drink the toddies they mixed, but that they rapidly disappeared down the throats of the two wet rebels who found them.—Pittsburgh Leo.

HIS RETIREMENT.

How a Famous Duelist Gave Up the Practice.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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Count Andreas Mennerzek, a Hungarian who had fought many duels, after having safely come out of his fifteenth encounter determined to retire from the field. On doing this he resolved to give a banquet to those only who could prove that they had participated in at least five duels. Selecting three of his friends, all of whom were entitled under the condition to an invitation, he asked them to examine the credentials of those who claimed the right to be present.

As I have said, the count proposed to retire after his fifteenth encounter. Some said that at his twelfth he had shown a lack of nerve, which was repeater and grew upon him in his subsequent encounters, and that the reason why he intended to retire was that he dare not continue in the field. His twelfth meeting was with a mere boy barely eighteen years old. The challenge was sent with a statement that the count had killed the challenger's brother. Whether it was the youth of

EVERY MAN ROSE.

this his twelfth adversary or the circumstance of that adversary's fighting to avenge his brother or some superstition no one knew, but Mennerzek showed an extreme distaste for killing the boy, intending to pink him. But the youth fought so desperately that the count was finally obliged to run him through to save his own life. The youth did not die, but it was said that he would never recover from his wound.

All these facts and encounters were the talk of Vienna, and never was there so much interest manifested in any function as "the immortal's" banquet celebrating his retirement from the field in which he had so long held the most conspicuous place. For two months the committee examined credentials. Among the applicants was one woman. She had been out only once, but claimed that for a woman to fight a duel with a man was equivalent to the record of "the immortal" himself. She declined to appear before the committee, but sent a certificate of a physician who had attended her after her encounter in which she had been wounded. The committee, all of whom were gallant gentlemen, unanimously voted to admit the applicant.

When the evening for the banquet arrived Count Mennerzek received his guests in an anteroom communicating with the banquet hall. He looked about as if for some one and said:

"But I have been told that I am to entertain a lady. I don't see her."

"She wrote, count," said one of the invitation committee, "that since a woman would be out of place among so many men she would merely appear for a few minutes after coffee is served."

The host led the way into the banquet room and stood at his seat at the head of the table flanked by a man on his right who had fought the next greatest number of duels—thirteen—and on his left by one who had fought the next number—eleven. The others were arranged in accordance with their records. One seat was not occupied—that at the end of the table opposite the count. It was reserved for the lady.

For three hours there was the hum of conversation, naturally about the encounters of the conversers, while the popping of corks represented those contests wherein pistols or rifles had been used. In several cases men met men who had been adversaries. It was singular to hear them discuss in a friendly way combats in which they had tried to kill each other. Then there were those who had fought and had never been reconciled. Despite the injunction of the host that every man should be every other man's friend some of these glared at one another as though they would like to go out again and settle their quarrel. One couple attempted to leave the room for such a purpose, but found themselves locked in. The count had foreseen that the meeting of so many men who had so often fought might kindle anew some smoldering flame and had taken the necessary precautions.

Coffee had been brought on and had been drunk and still the one guest in whom was felt more interest than in all the rest together did not appear. Mennerzek, whose spirits were at the highest, called out to the committeeman who had told him the lady would join them at coffee to know why she did not appear.

"I told her, count," was the reply, "that I could not name the exact time coffee would be served, but I thought it would be at 12 o'clock. She will be here at that hour."

There was something in this fighting woman connected with the witching hour of night that added to the zest of her expected entrance. A clock resting on a mantel over a broad fireplace marked the hour, and many were the glances cast at it by the revelers. When the hands were near the hour of 12 every face was turned toward the door at which the guest would enter. The count, who sat facing the entrance, gave an order that the door should be unlocked. This was done, and the conversation gradually dropped off until the clock struck 12, when it ceased entirely.

A few minutes after 12 the door was thrown open by a servant, and the lady stepped into the apartment. Every man rose.

The woman who was entitled to a place among these duelists was about twenty-five years old, of medium height, a willowy figure and very dark hair and eyes. She wore a cloak, which she handed to the servant who had admitted her. It was evident that she had been beautiful and that her beauty had been lost by sorrow, for her face bore unmistakable signs of having suffered. She advanced to the vacant chair at the end of the table opposite the host, and as she seated herself the others resumed their chairs.

Meanwhile the expression on the count's face changed to one of serious and eager curiosity. He was the first—naturally the first since he was the last—to speak.

"Your face is familiar to me, madam. May I ask where I have met you?"

The answer came icy cold:

"On the field. It's to my encounter with you that I am entitled to the honor of a place among you here."

"Pardon me; I have never fought a woman."

"You fought one you thought to be a beardless boy. I was that boy."

The count started. A slight pallor overspread his face. The woman continued:

"The duel you fought before that, count, was with my husband the day after our marriage. I offered my fortune to any man who would kill you. One tried to oblige me, but lost his life in doing so. Then I felt that it was my own time to act." Personating the brother of this man who tried to avenge me, I challenged you and was carried off the field, as it was supposed, mortally wounded."

There was a pause. The clock on the mantel ticked loudly in the otherwise silent room. Then the woman continued:

"As you see, I recovered. I was planning further effort to punish you for your many crimes when I heard that you were about to retire from the dueling field. I secured an invitation here in order that you might grace your retirement with one more victim. I have a proposition."

The count continued to stare at his only woman guest, but did not speak.

"Gentlemen," continued the lady, "I have no formal challenge for our host. I simply request that we be furnished with pistols and that some one of your number will give us a signal. We can do so as we sit and with a large number of expert witnesses to see fair play."

No one spoke for a few moments; then the man on the host's right said:

"Gentlemen, you hear the lady's proposition. It seems to me that we are in honor bound to accord her the opportunity she asks provided our host consents to her terms."

"I will not fight a woman," said the count, almost with a groan.

"You *shall* fight a woman," said the lady, "or I will post you as a coward all over the capital."

All looked toward the count. It seemed that he read the hand of fate in the coming of this woman whose life he had wrecked. He sat irresolute, as if trying to make up his mind what to do, whether to sacrifice her or himself. There were too many witnesses for him to act any other part than that of a man. He could not kill a woman before them, especially one he had so injured. If he did not kill her she would kill him. He must accept one or the other of these alternatives.

"Come, count," said his friend on his right, "what is your decision?"

"Bring the pistols," he replied in a scarcely audible voice.

A smile of triumph lighted the face of his adversary.

One of the guests who was to stand as second in an affair to come off in the early morning had a case of dueling pistols within reach. They were brought. The count appointed one of his guests to act for him, and the lady appointed another to act for her.

But such action was superfluous. The count knew that he was doomed and it mattered not whether he was or was not properly served. As for the lady, she cared not for her life provided she could kill the man who had slain her husband almost at the very bridal.

The pistols having been examined, one was handed to the count, the other to the lady. One of the guests rose from his chair, holding a handkerchief in his hand.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Ready," said the lady in a firm voice.

The count gave the speaker a look to signify that he was ready.

The handkerchief fluttered to the table. A single shot rang out. The count fell dead. His weapon had not been discharged.

An Ordinary Fire.

The heat of an ordinary fire is 1,140 degrees F.

DANCING ROLAND.

A Scotch Shepherd's Remedy For All Kinds of Maladies.

A highland shepherd, one Donald McAlpin, a famous dancer, was reputed to have cured his mistress of a mysterious malady by means of dancing a reel with her, and this story being noised abroad gained him the reputation of being a successful physician. His humble cottage in Slockmuick, overlooking Strathspey, was besieged with crowds of patients who hoped to get rid of their ailments by a dance with Donald. The shepherd did not hesitate to take advantage of this stroke of good luck and soon had a large and thriving practice.

The treatment adopted was very simple, the main features being as follows: In cases of indigestion moderate doses of medicated "aqua" were taken, followed by the ceum shuil, or promenade step. For catarrh Donald prescribed in order to produce perspiration a large dose of gruel mixed with honey and butter, followed by ceum crask, or highland fling. All the different processes terminated in the patient being well wrapped up in warm blankets, and the doses of medicine and dancing were repeated, according to the patient's constitution and the nature of his disease.—British Medical Journal.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

How Longstreet Bluffed Custer at Appomattox.

From the sound of firing in front it was evident that Gordon and Fitz Lee were attacking Sheridan's cavalry, who outnumbered them four to one, and had also the comforting assurance that the Army of the James was not far off to support them if needed.

When my march brought me to the hill I espied Generals Longstreet and Alexander, chief of artillery, sitting on a log. Alexander got up and came toward me. I said to him: "General Lee instructed me to stop here for orders. What do you want me to do?" He replied, "Turn into that field on the right and park your guns." Then he added in a low tone, "We are going to surrender today." We had been thinking that it might have to come to that sooner or later, but when the shock came it was awful. Alexander cautioned me to keep the news quiet, and I moved into the field designated with a heavy heart and parked my batteries. Colonel Haskell's battalion was already in park near me in the same field. The firing continued in front for some time, and Gordon drove the "invincible troopers" more than a mile and sent back a large number of prisoners and two pieces of artillery which he had captured. The latter were placed in Haskell's park. Had it been only Sheridan that barred the way the surrender would not have occurred at Appomattox, but Gordon drove back the cavalry only to find himself confronted by the Army of the James, and its bayonets could now be seen advancing through the trees, and the road was blocked with ten times his numbers. It was then that a flag of truce was raised by agreement with Sheridan and Gordon.

Presently a Federal calvary officer was observed coming down the road toward our forces. He wore his hair very long, and it was of a light or reddish color. In his hand he carried a white handkerchief, which he constantly waved up and down. He inquired for General Lee and was directed to General Longstreet upon the hill. Upon approaching the general he dismounted and said: "General Longstreet, in the name of General Sheridan I demand the surrender of this army. I am General Custer." General Longstreet replied: "I am not in command of this army. General Lee is, and he has gone back to meet General Grant in regard to surrender." "Well," said Custer, "no matter about General Grant. We demand the surrender be made to us. If you do not do so we will renew hostilities, and any bloodshed will be upon your head." "Oh, well," said Longstreet, "if you do that I will do my best to meet you." Then, turning to his staff, he said: "Colonel Manning, please order General Johnston to move his division to the front and right of General Gordon. General Latrobe, please order General Pickett forward to General Gordon's left. Do it at once." Custer listened with surprise depicted upon his countenance. He had not thought so many of our troops were at hand with Longstreet. He, cooling off immediately, said: "General, probably we had better wait until we hear from Grant and Lee. I will speak to General Sheridan about it. Don't move your troops yet." And he mounted and withdrew in a much more quiet style than in his approach. As he passed out of hearing Longstreet said quietly, with that peculiar chuckle of his, "Ha, ha, that young man has never learned to play the game of 'brag.'" The divisions of Johnston and Pickett were only a myth and had no existence whatever after the fight at Five Forks.—From "In Camp and Field."

HIS MOTHER.

There was a certain man named Godell who began at the bottom and made good in the railroad world.

The proof of his efficiency is a fine, sumptuous private car presented to Superintendent Godell by James J. Hill, owner of the big northern system of railroads.

Godell got his new car just before Thanksgiving.

And where do you suppose he made his first trip?

Down to Des Moines, Ia., to give his mother a Thanksgiving dinner.

So the first big dinner served in the beautiful car was served for the little old mother in the Hawkeye capital.

A little thing? But—

Man! Think of its significance!

In the first fine flush of high promotion most men would center their thoughts upon themselves.

Mr. Godell might have said to himself: "This honor I have won for myself and by myself. The recognition is mine, and the honor is mine."

But he thought first of the sweet faced little woman he called mother.

In the stir and rush of sudden responsibility thrust upon him Mr. Godell might have filled his mind with anxious thought for the future.

He thought first of mother.

Surely she must be a fine old mother to have such a royal hearted boy.

Mother! Your mother—

How long since you have written her a letter or honored her with a dinner?

How many times, do you think, has your mother thought of you?

Why, child—big child or little—she thinks of you always, even in her dreams!

Or maybe your mother has passed into the unseen holy. What honors would be hers could you bring her back from the echoless shore!

Do not wait to put your flowers on mother's coffin lid.

An Obliging Father.

A man who grew rich had a son of whom he disapproved, and when the son was married against the father's wishes the father made him an allowance of $20 a week and said that was all he could have.

Awhile later he was discussing the matter with a friend of his pioneer days. "Do you think $20 a week is enough for the boy?" he asked.

"Well," replied the friend judicially, "I don't know about that."

"It's a darn sight more than we had when we started in," argued the father.

"Perhaps it is," said the friend, "but you must remember that times have changed. We used to dig clams for our dinner."

"By George," said the father, "I guess I have been too severe with him! I'll be kinder in the future. I'll buy him a spade and show him where the clams are."—Exchange.

A SLANDER ON WOMAN.

Listen to this:

"The American woman will leave a three-months-old child to the tender mercies of an ignorant maid, and, dressed according to the dictates of this higher civilization, so she suffers every time she draws a long breath, she will ride around fondling a Pomeranian pup."

Who wrote that?

Some English newspaper man?

Or is it a passage from the new book of some foreign tourist who spent two weeks in New York city and Boston "studying" the Americans?

Strange to say, the excerpt is from a New York newspaper.

Mind you, the writer does not say "some American women" nor "the women of the Four Hundred," leaving the inference that his characterization applies to the average American woman.

Which is a patent slander.

The average woman of this country does not neglect nor desert her child in order to parade with a pup.

On the contrary—

The average American wife and mother not only yearns to have children of her own, but her devotion to her flesh and blood is limited only by her physical strength and heart power.

The American woman lavishes love on her offspring and stints and sacrifices herself for the sake of her little ones as much as any woman or any nation on the earth.

Of course we have freak women.

And in many communities there are American women who, through mistaken devotion to public service or desire for society, somewhat neglect their children for attendance upon women's clubs or lodges or what not. But—

Think of it!

Does the description printed above fit your wife or mother or sister or daughter, Mr. Man? Or does the description fit the wife or mother or daughter or sister of any man in your immediate neighborhood?

The average American woman of the average community is the salt of the earth. No woman on this earthly footstool makes a better mother.

Your mother and mine—God bless them!—need no vindication from the slander of a provincial and unpatriotic New York writer who does not know what he is talking about.

But it stirs one's righteous blood to read this reflection on the beautiful name of the American woman.

A DARING RIDE.

Feat of a Union Officer That Won Confederate Cheers.

One morning in February, said General Wesley Merritt, my division of cavalry started with instructions to discover the extent of Lee's forces on the Rapidan without bringing on a general engagement. In due time we found ourselves face to face with the enemy and the river between. A lively skirmish with small arms began, but the result was insignificant. The enemy declined to show force beyond what was necessary to engage our skirmish line. The breastworks were long and formidable, but whether they were occupied by few or many soldiers our ingenious plans failed to discover.

It was finally decided that the only way to make the enemy show force was to try to cross the ford in our front. If this succeeded, the enemy was to be driven out of his works if possible; if not, he would drive us back across the ford, probably with severe loss to our troops. Reluctantly, under these conditions, the division was organized for the work.

Leading the advance guard, which consisted of a squadron of cavalry, was Captain Ash. His instructions contemplated that only his advance guard should cross. It was hoped that this maneuver would draw the enemy from behind the breastworks and cause him to display his force. Ash advanced with his squadron amid the stillness of death. The skirmish firing was hushed, and the silence which prevailed showed that the enemy was intent on keeping us in ignorance of its numbers and determined to make us pay heavily for information.

The anxiety was intense. We knew that when the enemy opened fire at short range our loss would be great and that the advance guard must be the first and greatest sufferers. Ash, with his small command, moved on. The works in front, gloomy, silent, denuded, seemed deserted. The men started to cross the ford, and Ash pushed on ahead. He gained a point of vantage where, because of a turn in the river, he could see the interior of the breastworks.

Just then the Confederates opened fire with a withering volley. Suddenly Ash commanded his squadron to retreat, while he, bending forward on his horse's neck, rode at a rapid gallop along the river bank parallel to the breastworks, followed, as he came opposite each new part of the works, with volley after volley.

There seemed no hope for him, and we waited in intense anxiety. Oh he kept in spite of the storm of lead. Then, as he reached a point where his view of the Confederate lines was still more extended, he raised his hat and waved it over his head. It was a signal of triumph.

To our amazement the Confederates, moved by admiration, ceased firing. Instead, they mounted on their breastworks as thick as they could stand and, throwing their hats into the air, cheered him again and again.

Ash reined up his horse and, turning toward the Confederates, raised his hat in a graceful salute. Then he rode leisurely into our own lines, amid the cheers of both sides. He had accomplished the work without the loss of a man and had for himself seen and displayed to every one else a full force of infantry occupying the Confederate works.

Captain Ash said afterward that he had not thought of the scheme of drawing out the enemy's force until he had reached the brink of the river and seen the great number who occupied the works. To go on meant certain death to many of his command; to retreat in the direct line of fire was equally disastrous, and the inspiration to act suddenly seized him.

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

PROVED HIS BRAVERY.

How a New Hampshire Lad Resented Epithet of "Coward."

A Washington newspaper man, one of the few survivors of the Fifty-ninth Massachusetts regiment, recently told this story:

"A young New Hampshire lad of sixteen, Sumner Elliott, was a member of Company I, my company. In some way a companion had been moved to call him a coward at Spottsylvania. The epithet was undeserved, for Elliott was a brave boy.—He thrashed the man who called him a coward, but the insult rankled. On the march to North Anna river he brooded over it. We led the corps across the river and advanced on the enemy. A rattling musketry fire was dotting the ground with our dead and wounded.

"Presently young Elliott sprang ahead of the advancing line, and as he waved his musket over his head he shouted out in broad New England accent:

"'Sergeant Mertin, am I a coward?'

"The enemy opened a masked battery full on our front and under a thousand yards from their line. The guns were loaded to the muzzles with grape and canister, and as the sward we were tripping over was perfectly level great gaps were made in our ranks. Nevertheless we rushed on, cheering. Sumner well in the lead. Presently he went down, full length, and as we swept over him the gallant lad was still faintly shouting:

"'Sergeant Mertin, a-m I a c-o-w-a-r-d?'

"His kneecap had been broken with a grapeshot, and when subsequently removed to the field hospital our first sergeant, John H. Mertin, managed to visit him. As the poor boy, laid out on the rude operating table, grasped the sergeant's hand he faintly muttered, 'S-e-r-g-e-a-n-t M-e-r-t-i-n, am I a c-o-w-a-r-d?'

"The sergeant pressed his hand and replied with tears in his eyes, 'No, Sumner, my lad; New Hampshire never raised a coward.'"

THE ONLY WAY

Many Moro Citizens Have Discovered it.

Just what to do when the kidneys are affected, is a question that concerns both young and old.

Weak kidneys neglected in childhood lead to life-long suffering. People of advanced years, with less vitality, suffer doubly. In youth or age, languor, backache, urinary irregularity, dizziness and nervousness make life a burden.

There is one remedy that acts directly on the kidneys and cures these troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills owe their world-wide fame to the fact that they cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Follow the example of this Moro citizen and you will be convinced that this is so.

H. Benson, of Moro, Oregon, says: "We have used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family for backache and kidney trouble and the best results have always been received. I consider this remedy worthy of endorsement."

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.

Unsentimental.

A veteran of the civil war was asked if he felt that interest in Memorial day was dying. He answered the question with a question:

"You will die, won't you? Nothing lasts forever. It's natural that this change should come."

"Then you aren't indignant that a feeling of indifference should be manifested by a younger generation?"

The old soldier said:

"No. Why should I be? I don't care a fig. Talking about the war won't make heroes. I dare say if there was an occasion for it the young men of today would make as good a record as they made forty years ago. But you can't expect young people today to feel about the war the way we older fellows do. They aren't close enough to it.

"I know that's so, because when I was a boy I was just about as far away from the war of 1812 as you are from the civil war, and I know people didn't take any account of it. It's just as well, it seems to me. War is a bad remedy—necessary sometimes, but bad, all the same.

"Naturally I don't like to see the observance of Memorial day becoming more slack. It is an indication of the advance of time—nothing more. You can't say it shows deficient patriotism, for it's simply human nature, and I can't see that we're any different from what we've ever been.

"People aren't any more selfish than they ever were. It seems to me that they are just the same. The old soldiers have had a good deal done for them."—New York Evening Post.

A Regular Tom Boy

was Susie—climbing trees and fences, jumping ditches, whittling, always getting scratches, cuts, sprains, bruises, bumps, burns or scalds. But laws! Her mother just applied Bucklen's Arnica Save and cured her quick. Heals everything healable—boils, ulcers, eczema, old sores, corns or piles. Try it. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

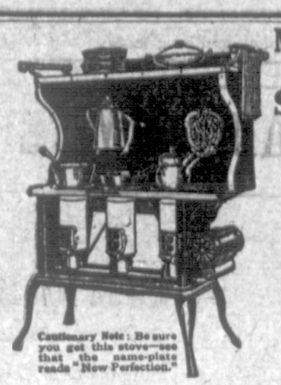
Sport and Athletics in America.

Sport and athletics in America are vastly different terms. Sport should be play, not work. Athletics as practiced in general are too strenuous, too spectacular and too exclusive. We are not an athletic nation. Far from it. We talk athletics, but there is too much grand stand and too little actual participation in games.—Malcolm Kenneth Gordon in Century.

A Man Wants to Die

only when a lazy liver and sluggish bowels cause frightful despondency. But Dr. King's New Life Pills expel poisons from the system; brings hope and courage; cures all liver, stomach and kidney troubles; imparts health and vigor to the weak, nervous and ailing. 25c at Moro Pharmacy.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA



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

Many Women who are Splendid Cooks

dread having to prepare an elaborate dinner because they are not sufficiently strong to stand over an intensely hot coal range. This is especially true in summer. Every woman takes pride in the table she sets, but often it is done at tremendous cost to her own vitality through the weakening effect of cooking on a coal range in a hot kitchen.

It is no longer necessary to wear yourself out preparing a fine dinner. Even in the heat of summer you can cook a large dinner without being worn out.

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

Gives no outside heat, no smell, no smoke. It will cook the biggest dinner without heating the kitchen or the cook. It is immediately lighted and immediately extinguished. It can be changed from a slow to a quick fire by turning a handle. There's no drudgery connected with it, no coal to carry, no wood to chop. You don't have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes till its fire gets going. Apply a light and it's ready. By simply turning the wick up or down you get a slow or an intense heat on the bottom of the pot, pan, kettle or oven, and nowhere else. It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for coffee, teapot or saucepan, and even a rack for towels. It saves time, worry, health and temper. It does all a woman needs and more than she expects. Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner sizes 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)

Lion Fondles a Child.

In Pittsburg a savage lion fondled the hand that a child thrust into his cage. Danger to a child is sometimes great when least regarded. Often it comes through coughs, croup, whooping cough. They slay thousands that Dr King's New Discovery could have saved. "A few doses cured our baby of a very bad case of croup," writes Mrs. George B Davis, of Flat Rock, N. C. "We always give it to him when he takes cold. Its a wonderful medicine for babies." Best for coughs, colds, la grippe, asthma, hemorrhages, weak lungs. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

Parrots.

Some parrots are very quick in acquiring words and are generally fond of displaying these new acquisitions, but occasionally a bird will be profoundly silent until the teacher despairs of her mastering a certain phrase or word; then all at once and unexpectedly the "scholar" will repeat her lesson.

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Salt lagoons and lakes are distributed over most parts of the Russian empire and principally in the region of the Black and the Caspian seas.

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is patient, even with a nagging wife, for he knows she needs help. She may be so nervous and run-down in health that trifles annoy her. If she is melancholy, excitable, troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, constipation or fainting and dizzy spells, she needs Electric Bitters, the most wonderful remedy for ailing women. Thousands of sufferers from female troubles, nervous troubles, backache and weak kidneys have used them and become healthy and happy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Moro Pharmacy.

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

J M Brown, Plaintiff,
vs
Margaret N Brown, Defendant.

To Margaret N Brown, the above named defendant

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 8th day of July, 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 wilful 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 E. V. Litt field, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 2d day of October, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 27th day of May, 1910.

CLAUD STRAHN, Attorney for Plaintiff

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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	...Gibsons....	11.45
1.25	7.0	.....Sinks.....	11.40
1.40	9 8	.....Wasco....	11.25
1.55	14.1	..Klondyke ...	10.20
2.05	16 1	... Sandon ...	11.00
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.20	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.45
2.35	23.9	... DeMoss ...	10.30
2.45	27.0	.....Moro	10.15
3 00	30.4	..Erskinville .	10.05
3.20	38 5	.Grass Valley	9 45
3.50	45.8	... Bourbon .	9.25
4.05	52.5	.....Kent	9 10
4 20	57.3	.... Wilcox ...	9 00
5 00 arv	70.0	... Shaniko...	8.30 a m

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