The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... MARCH 10, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

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.

TIMIDITY OF LOVE

A Veteran of the Civil War Quails Before a Woman

By ARNOLD BROWN

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It was April —, 1861. The —th regiment was ordered to march the next day to the defense of Washington. A reception was to be held the evening before departure in the armory, at which mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts could bid adieu to their loved ones, some of whom might not return. During the afternoon previous to the reception young Norman Egerton, second lieutenant of G company, sat at a desk in his comfortable home writing. This is what he wrote:

I have delayed to speak, fearing to be repelled, but now at the last moment I must tell you that I love you—love you better than my life—everything but my duty. May I hope if I return that I may claim you for my wife? If "Yes," wear one of these flowers tonight at the reception.

The words, such as a boy would write who realized into what he was going, were intended for Miss Mabel Harding, even younger than himself. They were written on a bit of thin paper, which he folded into a small compass, and, taking up a bouquet that lay beside him, he thrust his missive into its center, covering it with the flowers as if fearful the girl would find it. Calling a servant, he directed him to carry the flowers to their destination and report to him that they had been received by the young lady. Then he walked the floor till the report had been made.

That night at the armory he watched eagerly for the signal. Presently he saw Miss Harding walking toward him on the arm of a man whom he had feared as a rival. She wore no flowers. The young officer, like many a man in his first fight, quailed. He left the hall and did not return to it.

Egerton proved the reverse in war of what he was in love. He returned with an empty sleeve and a colonel's commission, with brevet rank of brigadier general. But he had no sooner reached home than his lover's cowardice got the better of him. Sensitive to a high degree, he dreaded meeting the girl who had refused him, his dread being enhanced by the absence of his right arm. A mutilated man nurses his misfortune, and it is doubtful if any soldier is proud of the loss of a limb. The general rankled at his maiming, for he considered that it removed him further, if that could be, from the woman he still loved. To escape a meeting with her as soon as he was mustered out of the service he made a tour abroad. But this only deferred the meeting, and at last he summoned courage and went back to the city where they both lived.

On the street one day he saw her coming. If he continued to advance he would meet her face to face. He looked about him, as he had seen many a man do on the field of battle, for cover. An alley was near. It was a narrow, mean looking lane, but he dashed into it. It led nowhere, and he found himself in a pocket flanked by the rear of small shops. He stood trembling till he knew that his enemy must have passed, then slunk out of it and pursued his way.

A few days later he received a fright that took away his breath. It was an invitation to an evening function given at Miss Harding's home. Fortunately the date of the affair was some days away. He resolved a dozen times to "regret" to go, but, having time to get up a little courage at the last moment, sent an acceptance. It had no sooner been dispatched than he wished to recall it. But it was too late.

On the appointed date he got into evening dress, pinned up his empty sleeve, heaving a deep sigh as he did so, and went to the house. Half an hour in the robing room was necessary to give him the requisite courage to go below. The hosts were drawn up to receive their guests, to Egerton appearing like an opposing line of battle to a raw recruit. He approached, saluted and, seeing a look of embarrassment on Miss Harding's face, as soon as the ceremony was over beat a precipitate retreat.

Later he was stalking about, wondering if sufficient time would ever pass to enable him to depart with propriety, when he felt a hand slipped on his arm and, turning, saw the girl who had refused him.

"General," she said, with her eyes on the floor, "why did you not come to see me after your return from the war?"

"I—why—I went abroad."

"Then why not since your return?"

There was a warm hand on his left arm that imparted courage to his heart.

"I—didn't suppose—that you wished to see me."

"Why not?"

There was a pause before the reply it came at last. "Do you remember that I sent you a bouquet of flowers before the reception given the evening previous to our departure?"

"I do."

"And the scrap of paper in it?"

"The scrap of paper?"

"Yes."

She had led him into a corner where no one but themselves was present.

"Wait here," she said.

Darting away, she ran upstairs and returned with a withered bouquet. Diving into it, she withdrew his note written six years before and, opening it, read for the first time his message. Then, taking all that was left of a rose, the stem, she inserted it in her corsage.

A PROPOSAL.

It Occurred at the Moment the Lady Wished It.

By JANE PINCKNEY BURNETT.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Dr. Pitman was an excellent matrimonial catch in every way except in that of fortune. Socially he stood as high as any one can stand in American society. His manners were refined. He was not only conversant with conventional customs, but knew the social rights of every one. In his relations to others it would have been impossible for him to commit a social error. People whose education or instincts were not of the highest type would watch him at a dinner party or any social function and follow his lead. They knew he would not eat meat with his fish fork.

There was an exact counterpart of the doctor among the women of the place where he lived and practiced. A young widow, Mrs. Gwendolin Whiting, was never known in the whole twenty-four years of her life to offend against good taste. She had the faculty when "out" not only of keeping off such men as were considered least desirable attendants without seeming to dismiss them, but of attracting and retaining those who were from a social point of view particularly desirable. She had never known any other condition than that of wealth, consequently did not know the value of money. In the choice of a second husband, therefore, it was no object to her.

"HOW LOVELY OF YOU!"

One evening Dr. Pitman was about to keep an engagement with one of his patients, a maiden lady and a hypochondriac whose fancy for medicines was a source of considerable revenue to him. Just as he was leaving the house there came a ring at the telephone.

"Is Dr. Pitman at home?"

"This is Dr. Pitman."

"Please, sir, Mrs. Whiting is not feeling very well this evening and would like you to call."

"Say to Mrs. Whiting, please, that I am about to visit another patient and will call later in the evening."

There was a pause, broken by the maid:

"Please, sir, Mrs. Whiting is feeling rather strange and would like you to come at once."

"Very well; I will be there directly."

The doctor made the reply after consideration. Each woman expected a preference, and it was a question which of the two he should prefer. The hypochondriac was good for at least his office rent, while the widow was ordinarily in excellent health. But the widow was attractive, and listening to the aches and pains of the hypochondriac was a bore. This was the reason he decided to go first to the widow.

He found her sitting or rather half reclining on a lounge beautifully and becomingly dressed. Mrs. Whiting was born with a fine sense of harmony in color and had chosen a shade for the lamp on the little table beside her with a hue contrasting with her costume. Being a light shade of rose, it also gave her complexion the warmth it needed.

Leaving his satchel in the hall, Dr. Pitman entered the room with the encouraging smile that was his invariable preliminary tonic in visiting a patient. The widow gave a feeble return of the smile and extended her hand, displaying to the elbow a shapely arm. The doctor clasped the hand lightly in his own and placed the tips of the fingers of his other hand on the wrist.

"Slightly above normal," he said, "but no fever."

The physician then gave the patient a professional look with his large handsome eyes, which meant "tell me your symptoms." It was not usual with him to ask questions of his lady patients. He left them to give their information themselves.

"I was sitting in the library after dinner," said Mrs. Whiting, "when a singular feeling—well, it is best described as loneliness—came over me. I felt the need of a stimulant and drank a glass of wine. It did me no good. Indeed, the requiremnt was not a physical but a mental or rather spiritual one. I have never suffered any symptoms of melancholia, but I should fancy my feelings were of this order."

"Any unusual action of the heart?" asked the doctor, his finger tips still on the lady's wrist.

"Yes; a slight fluttering."

"Painful?"

"No."

"Disagreeable in any respect?"

"Rather pleasant."

"H'm!" said the doctor, withdrawing his touch upon the wrist, and, bending down, with an apologetic "Excuse me," placing his ear over the heart, he listened for several minutes, then, rising, looked at the patient with an expression that was more than professionally sympathetic.

"I suppose," he said, "that there is no one very near or dear to you—that there is a void which needs to be filled. It is this that is affecting the action of your heart."

"I am sure your diagnosis is right, doctor. I am lonely. I have the means to acquire anything I wish except love."

This statement commended the lady especially to the doctor's delicate sensibilities. Another woman might have put it bluntly, "One of the advantages a man, especially a poor man, may derive from marrying me is my wealth." Instead of this harsh announcement Miss Whiting had said, "I have the means to acquire anything I wish except love." And another man would have made bold to interpret this as it was intended. Not so the refined Pitman. He ignored it, except in a professional sense.

"I think, dear Mrs. Whiting," he said encouragingly, "that what you need is not drugs. I found a slightly accelerated cardiac action when I listened to your heart beat just now and could give you a sedative, but I doubt that it is necessary. You need rather to mingle more with the world. We medical men are now inclined to build up the whole system rather than an affected part, the part deriving benefit from the whole and being thus strengthened to throw off the trouble. I wish you to cultivate such associations as are pleasing to you. If there is any one whom you wish to be with you a great deal yield to the longing. I need not say that in the case of so charming a woman"—

"Oh, doctor, how good of you!"

"Have you any engagement for tomorrow afternoon?"

"No."

"The first dose I shall give you is fresh air. I will call at 3 and take you to drive. Have you seen 'Lohengrin' with Mme. —— as Elsa?"

"I have not, doctor."

"I will secure seats for Wednesday night, and I wish you to continue my treatment in this respect during the season. Are you fond of flowers?"

"Passionately."

"I will leave an order at the pharm—I mean the flower shop—for some roses to be sent in the morning."

"How lovely of you!"

"And now I must leave you to see a patient I was about to visit when your call came."

"A lady?"

"Yes; an elderly lady, a hypochondriac who tries me dreadfully. I shall prescribe for her, as in your case, not drugs, but with a view to build up her system."

"What do you mean by that, doctor?" anxiously.

"I shall send her off on a long trip."

Dr. Pitman kept his engagements with Mrs. Whiting—at least as soon as he had seen his hypochondriac patient safely off on an ocean liner, with a medicine chest made up by himself to suit her especial case—sent her flowers regularly, and each day his manner became more endearing. He was gradually leading up to a proposal that the widow knew was coming, that he knew she knew was coming, but between two persons of such delicate sensibilities must be made as a male angel would make it to a female angel, provided there were marriage and giving in marriage in heaven.

It came one October evening when Mrs. Whiting felt that she needed Dr. Pitman's professional services or Dr. Pitman, as the case may be. She was sitting before a fire of real blazing logs—Mrs. Whiting scorned to use any of those devices for imitating an open wood fire—dressed in a tea gown that was extremely becoming to her. She had been putting off Dr. Pitman's proposal until she felt exactly in the mood for it. Dr. Pitman, with exquisite tact, aware that she desired to lead in the matter, left everything to her. He was no stupid blunderer to step in at the wrong moment and was prepared to speak when he received the signal. Nor was it necessary for the widow to make that signal inordinately plain. The doctor could breathe it in with the perfumed air that surrounded her lovely person.

Dr. Pitman had come in early and was dressed for the evening when he received a telephone call from Mrs. Whiting's maid that her mistress would like to have him come over if he could do so at once. In ten minutes he was with her, though he had stopped on the way for flowers. His patient was discernible only by the firelight. Without rising she gave him her hand, and when she looked up at him there was that in her eyes which told him the hour had come. He retained her hand for a moment, returning her glance, while with his other hand he tossed the flowers he had brought into her lap.

"You are looking so well, so charming, this evening," he said, "that I am sure you have not sent for me to minister to your health, and I am pleased that it is so, for I have something to say to you that I have been putting off from day to day. But before I say it promise me, my dear Mrs. Whiting, that whatever it be it shall not break up that delightful friendship which has come to be a necessity with me."

"I promise," she said in a low tone.

Then, bending low over her, he said: "My whole being is dissolving in an all absorbing love for you. May I dare hope that you will be my wife?"

A Dean Ramsay Story.

Dean Ramsay's memoirs contain an anecdote of an old woman of Strathspey. Just before her death she solemnly instructed her grandnephew, "Willy, I'm deein', and as ye'll hae the charge o' a' I have, mind, now, that as much whisky is to be used at my funeral as there was at my baptism."

Willy, having no record of the quantity consumed at the baptism, decided to give every mourner as much as he wished, with the result that the funeral procession, having to traverse ten miles to the churchyard on a short November day, arrived only at nightfall. Then it was discovered that the mourners, halting at a wayside inn, had rested the coffin on a dike and left it there when they resumed their journey. The corpse was a day late in arriving at the grave.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

TIMELY BREVITIES

The population of Australia is not much more than that of Greater New York city.

Official figures show that the average ages at which men and women marry are rising.

Smokeless fuel is now made from coal by removing the greater portion of volatile matter.

The river Jordan is soon to be harnessed by a power company and made to turn out electric lights.

Nervous dyspepsia and chronic gastritis, with nausea and vomiting, are troubles now traced to eye strain and curable by proper eyeglasses.

Records of the port of New York since the beginning of the year show that the nation wil receive 1,000,000 immigrants before 1911 comes.

Canada is second only to Great Britain as a source of supply of paper for Australia. All this paper is made in Quebec and Ontario provinces.

The laying of the new cable between Nagasaki, Japan, and Tamsui, Formosa, to cost $562,000, will be begun at once by the Japanese government.

Tobacco promises to be a source of considerable wealth to Korea. Already 34,000 acres are devoted to growing it, and Japanese settlers are pushing the matter.

One of the novelties in the field of aviation is a triplane invented by an Englishman, who guides it from a seat suspended between two sets of three planes each.

An effort is being made in England to found and endow a chair of English literature at Cambridge. A committee of representative men has the work in charge.

Clothing "sweatshops" have practically passed from New York city. Each large manufacturer has his own tailoring shops and work is not given out to contractors.

An international congress of all the Indian tribes of the United States and several tribes from Canada and Mexico is planned to be held in Muskogee, Okla., early this fall.

The gold output of Australia continues to decline. In the first four months of 1910 it was 1,033,000 ounces as compared with 1,077,000 in the same period of 1909 and 1,138,000 in 1908.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

Something Between Them.

"What seems to be the trouble between you and the pretty Miss Spudlong?"

"Er—yes; you mustn't say anything about it, old chap, but every time I've called at the house lately there's been a savage bulldog."—Chicago Tribune.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

The Matinee Girl.

The matinee girl existed as early as the eighteenth century. In Japan girls in those days used to throw their fans and purses at the feet of the "leading man" as he minced along "the flower walk" to the stage. Pictures of these "heroes" were an early product of Japanese wood engraving, and these portraits were secret treasures of many maidens.

MAY PROVE FATAL

When Will More People Learn the Importance of It?

Backache is only a simple thing at first;
But when you know its from the kidneys;
That serious kidney trouble follows;
That diabetes, Bright's disease may be the fatal end,
You will gladly profit by the following experience.

'Tis the statement of a Moro citizen.

P. P. DeMoss, of Moro, Or., says: "I am just as willing to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills at this time as I was several years ago when I gave a public statement in their favor. A too frequent desire to pass the kidney secretions, especially at night, caused me no end of annoyance and I was anxious to get relief. When an acquaintance who had taken Doan's Kidney Pills with benefit advised me to try them, I did so, procuring my supply at the Moro drug store. This remedy brought prompt relief and corrected the difficulty in a short time. I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills since then and they have always benefited me."

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.

Gone Before.

"When antiseptic surgery first came in," said a medical writer, "the doctors operated right and left. The widow of one poor chap put on his tombstone:

"'To memory of my dear husband. Gone to join his sciatic nerve, his large intestine, his eardrum, his liver, his left cuspula, and a leg inadvertently removed by a surgeon, who was given to fits of absentmindedness.'"

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

Short of Bedclothes.

In some of the smaller Russian hotels visitors are obliged to find their own bedclothes.

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

Interest In Ancient Days.

As a rule, the ancients frowned upon the idea of interest. They called it usury, and, except in the case of wardships and trusts, when the law insisted upon money being usefully invested they looked upon the man who lived by investments as a bad character and his trade as a disreputable one. Even Aristotle, a most advanced thinker in many respects, talked most energetically against money, calling it a "barren thing, which could produce nothing without violating nature." It was not until the crusades that the money lender had any standing or respectability in Europe.—New York American.

Sunday Traveling.

Old time acts of parliament in Great Britain aimed to stop Sunday traveling. In 1669, for example, two men were found guilty of the crime of walking from Bristol to Bath on a Sunday and were at once fined 20 shillings ($4.80) each. All business was at a standstill on a Sunday. Nothing was allowed to be sold except milk. For all the traders of England the milkman, and the milkman alone, was allowed to pursue his calling for the whole seven days of the week.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order from the County Court of the state of Oregon for Sherman county, made and entered of record on the 6th day of March, 1911, in the matter of the estate of P M Ruggles, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of said estate, will from and after Friday, the 7th day of April, 1911, proceed to sell at private sale all of the following described real property of said estate, to-wit: All of the estate, right, title and interest which the said P M Ruggles, deceased, had at the time of his death in and to Lot Eleven [11] of Section Thirty [30], in Township One [1] South of Range Nineteen [19] East of Willamette Meridian; and Lots Two [2], Five [5] and Six [6], in Section Thirty-one [31], in Township One [1] South of Range Nineteen [19] East of Willamette Meridian, all of said real property being situated in the Counties of Sherman and Gilliam, State of Oregon.

Together with all the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

TERMS OF SALE

At private sale, for cash or upon credit; the entire tract of land herein described to be sold as a whole, on the following terms, to-wit: Not less than $100.00 of the purchase price to be paid in cash, and a term of credit not exceeding one year on the remainder; purchaser to execute and deliver a promissory note or notes of approved form, and secure the same by a first mortgage on the said premises. All of said deferred payments shall bear interest at not less than eight per cent per annum. Said sale will be subject to resale and confirmation by the court in the same manner as other sales of property by administrators or executors.

Dated at Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, this 10th day of March, 1911.

Date of first publication March 10, 1911.
Date of last publication April 7, 1911.

O. N. RUGGLES,
Administrator of the estate of P M Ruggles, deceased. [5t.m10a7.73

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the estate of Frank S Clark, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly itemized and regularly verified, at the law office of S. W. Stark, in Hood River, Or., and all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are requested to pay the same.

Dated this, 7th day of February, 1911.

NANNIE E. CLARK,
5:f24:m14.71] Hood River, Oregon

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

L J Hollenbeck, Plaintiff,
vs
Nina Hollenbeck, Defendant.

To Nina Hollenbeck, 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, towit, on or before the 31st day of March, 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein, 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 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 10th day of February 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 17th day of February, 1911.

GEO. P. LENT,
7t.f17m31.69] Attorney for Plaintiff

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

Geo. H. Witter, Plaintiff,
vs.
Lillie E. Witter, Defendant.

To Lillie E. Witter, 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 21st day of April, 1911, 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 6th day of March 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 10th day of March, 1911.

First publication March 10, 1911
Last publication April 21, 1911.

BRYANT & WHEALDON
7t.m10-21.70] Attorneys for Plaintiff

O-W. R. & N. SHANIKO BRANCH

South-bound passen-ger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time Table Aug. 21, 1910 STATIONS	North-bound passen-ger daily
6.15 pm	70	Shaniko	8.15 am
5.15	57	Wilcox	8.50
5.00	52	Kent	9.00
4.45	45	Bourbon	9.20
4.20	38	Grass Valley	9.45
4.00	30	Erskine	9.55
3.45	27	Moro	10.10
3.35	23	DeMoss	10.20
3.25	19	McDoneld	10.35
3.10	16	Sandon	10.50
3.05	14	Klondike	10.55
2.55	9	Wasco	11.10
2.30	7	Sink	11.25
2.20	5	Gibson	11.30
2.00 Lv	0	Biggs	11.55 Ar

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W. C. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot. Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.

SUNDAY DINNERS 35c.
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You are cordially invited to make the
HOTEL DALLES
Your resting place between trains at The Dalles, Oregon,
An excellent restaurant at moderate prices.

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New brick building newly furnished.
Sherman county people made welcome at all times.
One block from depot. Rates 50c and up.
E. C. SMITH, MANAGER

ESMOND HOTEL
OSCAR ANDERSON, Manager.
Cor. Front and Morrison Sts. Portland, Oregon.
Free Buss to and from Trains. Rates 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. European plan. Sherman County headquarters.
A GOOD CLEAN FAMILY HOTEL.

NEW HOTEL PERKINS
Portland, Oregon.
Opened June, 1908.
Eastern Oregon Headquarters.
Positively most centrally located. Fifth St. cars pass the doors every few miutes
Attractive Cafe and Grill Music
European Plan. Rates $1.00 and up
L. Q. SWETLAND. Secy. and Mgr.

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CHAS. WRIGHT, President
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Corner of 7th and Stark Street.
It is new, and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates $1 per day and up
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T. N CROFTON, Proprietor
THE DALLES, OREGON.
Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Electric Call Bells. O. R. & N. Local Trains stop at front door. Railway Ticket office in the Lobby.
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Entirely new, convenient to business. Clean beds, and table the best the market will afford. Prices reasonable. Commercial trade solicited.
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