

## By the Merck Waves

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

During the winter of 1914, being in England and desiring to see something of the pan-European war, I crossed the channel to Flanders. But when I got there I was not permitted to go to the scene of conflict. Not caring to return immediately I went to a hotel on the seashore, intending to spend several days there.

The weather was cold, and the channel, stretching out indefinitely toward the northwest, was a gloomy sight to behold. One morning I heard a booming out at sea, but had no knowledge of what it portended. During the day there was always booming on the land north and south of me, and sometimes it came faintly from the east. These sounds continually reminded me that I was surrounded by war and its consequent distress.

But it was the channel that most affected me. I knew that out there many a merchant crew was sailing in danger of being sent to the bottom of the cold, black waters. Many a submarine crew was dreading lest their vessel become entangled in the enormous wire nets laid by the British trawlers to trap them.

One evening when there was a misty moonlight I was tempted to go out and walk on the beach. I was warmly clothed and enjoyed the icy air that blew against my cheeks. So enjoyable was my jaunt to me that I walked for an hour toward the north, then was about to turn and retrace my steps when I saw something denser than the surrounding atmosphere a short distance ahead of me.

I stood watching it. A thin cloud that had covered the moon passed from its face, giving a slight increase of light and revealing what seemed to me to be a knot of men huddled together. I had once seen a ship at sea about to founder, and these shadowy beings reminded me of its crew standing together about a mast, doubtless gaining some slight comfort from one another while waiting for the fatal plunge.

Curiosity led me to approach what I saw, and I walked forward. But somehow I got no nearer to them, though they gradually became less indistinct, for by keeping my eyes fixed upon them they became individuals, though confused with one another. Their relative position was that of men discussing some momentous question. Nevertheless I heard no sound, nor could I discern any one of them addressing the rest.

Then it seemed to me that they were all looking toward me, but this was rather their position with reference to one another, for I had no evidence that they were facing me. Immediately after this they began to move away from me. I followed, and since I did not gain on them I hastened my steps. But the faster I walked the quicker they receded. Sometimes it seemed that they were tramping, sometimes that they were moving from me without taking steps.

When at last I saw them, or what they appeared to be, leave the beach and move out on the surface of the water I began to suspect that something was wrong with me. I swung my arms, pinched myself, rubbed my eyes. The group remained in my vision till they had gone a few hundred yards from the shore, then stopped and slowly settled down. It seemed, into the water—either this or they faded before me; I could not tell which.

This was the end of my dream, hallucination or whatever it might be. I waited for some time, peering out to where the men had disappeared, wondering if they would return, but they did not, and I considered it high time that I went back to my hotel. Before doing so I noted the locality that I might know it again. There was a little stream of running fresh water that flowed from a lake or swamp a short distance from the beach.

The next morning after an early breakfast I started to go over my walk of the night before. Soon after leaving the hotel I found myself in an unfrequented region. There was not a house in sight. I walked to the tunnel I had seen and knew that I was where my vision had disappeared. Turning seaward, I scanned the waters. It was ebb tide. The waves were high under a west wind. Presently, after a wave had rolled over a certain point, I saw in the hollow it had left something that looked like the top of a small steamer's smokestack. Another wave passed over it, and when it had moved on I saw the article again.

I had no glass, and the interval between the waves was too brief to enable me to get a good view of it. So far as I could judge, I saw the top of a smokestack of a sunken vessel. I concluded to return to the hotel and report what I had seen. I made no mention of my vision. After a good deal of talk and many assurances that I had seen evidence of a wreck a tug was sent to examine what I had seen. I was aboard and directed the captain to the point sought. As we approached it he swept the water with a pair of binoculars and presently exclaimed: "It's the periscope of a submarine."

And so it was. It was subsequently raised and proved to be a German torpedo boat. In it were twelve Germans, all dead.

This is the only mention I have ever made of my vision or whatever it was, and to this statement my true name is not appended. I do not care to be considered either a liar or a fool or to have broken down nerves.

## CLOUD FORMATIONS.

Why the Masses of Moisture Are Able to Float in the Air.

Clouds consist of particles of condensed water vapor and in some cases of extremely fine particles of ice, which is also formed from water vapor. Water vapor which arises by evaporation from the surface of seas, lakes, etc., is lighter than dry air at the same temperature and pressure. It is also invisible.

It disseminates itself through the atmosphere and ascends to great heights. There, owing to the fall of

temperature and to other causes, it begins to condense into particles which are lighter than air and which become visible clouds.

Owing to the influence of winds and of rising currents as well as to the fact that the condensed particles are nearly as light as air the clouds remain floating like fine suspended matter in water, until further condensation creates particles of sufficient size to form raindrops, whose relative great weight brings them rapidly to the ground.

That clouds do slowly descend even when not condensed into rain may be observed when they are seen to dissolve and disappear without apparent cause. This is caused by the cloud's descent to a level where a rise of temperature causes the condensed water vapor to revitalize, thus becoming again invisible.—New York Journal.

## MOST ANCIENT TREATY.

Carved in Stone on the Walls of Two Egyptian Temples.

On the walls of two of Egypt's greatest temples, that of Karnak and the Ramesseum at Thebes, carved in the everlasting stone of the dry land of the Nile, says the Christian Herald, is the oldest international treaty known to man. Rameses the Great, one of the signers, is the best known man of remote antiquity. Kheta (the car of the Kheta or Hittites), the other party to the treaty, is unknown except to a few, and his nation is little known even to the scholars.

The Hittites were a mighty race, whose empire, equal in rank with the mighty empire of Egypt and Babylonia, once extended over 400,000 square miles of territory in Asia Minor and Syria. A few years ago practically nothing was known of the life and civilization of these mysterious people.

They are mentioned in the Bible and in the Egyptian and Assyrian records, but until very recently their own story had never been read by modern man. Today, thanks to the excavations that were carried on at the capital city of Carthage, much has been learned about this great group of tribes, and orderly evidence about them is now available for the first time in 2,000 years.

## Scientist Who Couldn't Light a Fire.

Lord Kelvin, like Lord Morley, once amused a Scottish audience with a display of ignorance. At a lecture in Edinburgh, with Lord Kelvin in the chair, the Duke of Argyll was taken suddenly ill. "When the aged peer was carried down to one of the ante-rooms," said a local paper, "one of the first things he thought of was the lighting of a fire, and this task was tackled by the duke's host, Lord Kelvin. But instead of placing some paper in the grate and some wood on that in the orthodox manner, he amazed the on-lookers by desperate efforts to kindle a handful of sticks at a gas burner. Ordinary mortals may be pardoned for taking some satisfaction in the fact that even so great a philosopher as Lord Kelvin did not know how to light a fire."

## Oddest of Queer Fishes.

A queer fish that does not swim is the "sargasso fish," known to sailors as the "frogfish." It lives in that vast mass of floating seaweed called the Sargasso sea, in mid-Atlantic.

Its pectoral fins are so modified and developed as to resemble arms, and it uses them for clinging to the weed. Very gaudily colored, it changes its hues to match the aquatic vegetation by which it is surrounded, and when the latter decays and turns brown it assumes a corresponding shade.

The fish lays its eggs in a jelly-like mass, which, absorbing a great quantity of water, becomes three times as big as the mother fish herself, assuming the form of a narrow raft three or four feet long and two to four inches wide.

## Looking Back.

"This car of yours seems to give you great pleasure."

"Yes. I often wonder how I ever got along without it," answered the motorist loftily. "Walking tires me dreadfully and is—er—somewhat plebeian."

"Pardon me for reminding you of the painful past, but I happen to know that you used to cover considerable territory as a mere pedestrian."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## After the Wedding.

"Your car promised to give a dowry of 20,000 marks. When is he going to pay?"

"Well, if he promised 20,000 marks he meant 2,000, and you ought not to insist on such a trifling sum!"—Meggendorfer Blätter.

## McSwine's Gun.

McSwine's gun is a prodigious cavity in the cliffs on the coast of County Donegal, Ireland, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound like the booming of a cannon, which can be heard twenty or thirty miles away.

If then art a man admire those who attempt great enterprises, even though they fail.—Seneca.

## Hugo and His Disciple.

A young man, an admirer of the great poet, attended one of Victor Hugo's recitations, became engaged in argument and lost his temper. Hugo solemnly rebuked him, and he subsided. Presently the guests retired. One of them, however, had forgotten his umbrella and returned to get it. Looking through an open door from the vestibule, he perceived the young man on his knees before the poet, sobbing out his apologies for his disrespectful, while Victor Hugo, with almost regal dignity, extended his hand to him and bade him rise.

## R. L. Stevenson and Women.

It may perhaps be recalled that it was to the late Dr. Trudeau that Stevenson, once admitted that he felt he had been rash when he promised a lady over the dinner table that he would put a real woman into his next book. "I've often wondered, Stevenson," said the doctor, "but never thought to ask, why do you never put a real woman in a story?" "Good heavens, Trudeau," was the reply, "when I have tried I find she talks like a granddier!"—Westminster Gazette.

The will of John Kienl, late of Cedar Mill, was filed today, and a brother, Geo. Kienl, will act as executor. The estate is valued at about \$20,000. The will gives to the indigent ministers of the German Synod, Reformed Church, of Wisconsin, \$1000; the Orphan Home at Ft. Wayne, Ind., \$1000; Mission Home at Sheboygan, Wis., \$1000; Scotland Academy, Scotland, S. D., \$1000; and \$500 each to the following: Board of Home Missions, Sheboygan, Wis.; Indian Mission, River Falls, Wis.; Foreign Missions, German Reformed Church; Same church extension fund; Mrs. R. Kienl, Hartford, Wis. Residue to his brother and sister, Geo. Kienl and Mary Hirscher, share and share alike.

Recorder J. H. Davis has filed his candidacy with Clerk Luce.

## HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Things That Are More Comforts Now Used to Be Luxuries.

No economist has put enough emphasis on the fact that if the cost of living is higher now it is to a large extent because the average man is demanding more comforts and luxuries, and these must cost more. Before the days of plumbing and bathrooms the workman missed some queer bills, but he is not ready to throw the plumbing out of the house.

Oil is cheaper for light than electricity, but people pay more for a modern light because they want the better service even at the higher price. Workmen by the thousands have phonographs, a form of entertainment unknown until a very few years ago.

Even street cars are rather a new thing, and the poorest families spend many dollars every year for this service, which has become indispensable. Magazines are purchased now by many people who ten years ago had never subscribed for such a publication.

Thousands of articles are for sale in every department store, of which a large percentage are purchased at some time or other by the average wage earning family.

Modern living does cost more assuredly, but it also yields more.—Milwaukee Journal.

## SPEED OF A STAR.

With a Thought That Points a Moral to Impatient Humanity.

There is a star—a reddish star known as Arcturus—that is traveling at the rate of 150 miles a second, and what is interesting about it is it is coming this way and will come for many years, but it is so far away that it doesn't seem to have any motion at all. It is in exactly the same spot, so far as our vision is concerned, where it was a century ago.

There is another star known as the "runaway" whose speed is twice that of Arcturus—that is, it could sweep across Ohio in a second of time.

We refer to this fact that the gentle reader may understand how insignificant are the little concerns of life that tear his patience into tatters and turn the world into woe. Long after he has gone Arcturus will be traveling 150 miles a second and to all appearances not budging an inch. How modest and patient should this touch of near infinity make us all! And yet, as Tenyson says:

We cannot be kind to each other here for an hour  
We whisper and hint, and chuckle and grin at a brother's shame.  
However, we brave it out: we men are a little breed.

—Columbus Journal.

## Saves the Tires.

He doesn't look like a very important part of a big automobile organization, this stooped, grizzled man, but the president of a great motorcar company says that "Magnet Bill" saves his salary a dozen times over every day he works. Rain or shine, summer or winter "Magnet Bill" may be seen walking slowly about the automobile plant, his eyes on the ground. "Magnet Bill" gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of one tin bucket and a big steel magnet strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tires by removing from the roadway every nail and bit of metal that might cause a puncture. Thousands of cars are run over the roadway to the testing place, and it is figured that without the precaution taken by "Magnet Bill" the cost for cut and punctured tires would be \$20,000 every year.—Popular Science Monthly and World's Advance.

## Origin of a Japanese Dance.

The origin of the Kume-mai, the dance performed at the coronation of the mikado, is traced to Jimmu Tenno, an early hero, who while on his eastern expedition found a certain chief-tain called Puchigumo most obstinate in his resistance and unsuitable. Thereupon he ordered O Kume Nushino Mikoto to entice out the chieftain, to whom sake was offered and dances were shown, with the result that finally he was overcome and slain. The descendants of O Kume Nushino Mikoto, from this fact into songs and music, from which sprang the dance.—Argonaut.

## From the Ship's Well.

An old lady on board a vessel observed two sailors pumping up water to wash the decks, and the captain being near, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, captain, so you've got a well aboard, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am; always carry one," said the polite captain.

"Well, that's clever. It's so much better than the nasty sea water, which I always dislike so."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Fate of a Duchess.

We have had excellent morals drawn from the substantial waist of the Venetian of Mito for the admonition of the fashionable woman. But what can we say about the Duchess de Mazarin, who (G. Duval tells us in "Shadows of Old Paris") died in 1775 from tight lacing, although she had posed for a statue of Venus?

Entered at the Post-office at Hillsboro, Oregon, as second-class matter.

L. A. LONG, Editor.

## County Official Paper

Subscription: \$1.00 per Annum.

Issued Every Saturday

—BY—

LONG & McMINN

Should Theodore be nominated we wonder what "Dear William" will do when he visits the election booth.

Sweden and Norway are still neutral, and if they are making powder and ammunition we may expect them to continue on the fence.

The Argus shall not be surprised if we will have our choice between Teddy and Woodrow this Fall, with but few taking to the timber.

It is a cinch that the big Eastern manufacturer of ammunition and powder, and the maker of war materials, will be more than pleased to see the war in Europe continued indefinitely. This is now their chief stock in trade and they are making millions. So shines naughty deeds in a good world.

Wilson T. Hume will have done some service to those who enjoy a game of baseball if he shall succeed in holding up the Sunday law until it can be taken back to Washington. Portland is safe in Sunday baseball—the only day that a working man can get away to see the national game without financial loss—but there are many counties in the state that would have been minus that pleasure.

The manager of the Grand has cancelled the Creation pictures.

Fred Berger, of Bethany, was a city caller today.

E. W. Dant, of Reedville, was a city caller yesterday.

Dr. G. F. Via, of Buxton, was a city caller yesterday.

Ed. Schlegel, of near Banks, was a county seat visitor Monday.

For Sale—Some White Minorca and White Leghorn hens, Chas. F. Lard, Argus office.

Geo. Shirley, of Scholls, reports that C. R. Adams had two porkers stolen the past week.

Marriage license has been granted T. H. Payne, of Robinson Co., Tenn., and E. Frances Brackell, of this county.

John Nyberg, of Tualatin, was up Tuesday. He has filed as commissioner for the primary election, on the Republican ticket.

Mrs. Bergen, mother of Wm. and J. D. Bergen, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ethel, departed yesterday for the East, and will make their future home in New Jersey.

Siegus Berthold, aged 16, a son of Rev. Berthold, of Cornelius, died last Friday. The parents and five sisters and a brother survive. The young man was a student of the Forest Grove High School, where he had many friends.

W. R. Frenzels has contracted for an aeroplane from a Seattle factory, and returned from placing his order, Wednesday. Frenzels took four student trips during his absence, and expects to have learned to operate it and have the machine here by the time Spring opens.

A. B. Flint was up from Scholls, yesterday. A. B. thinks the next legislature should pass a law that auto men may buy a tag from the state and then every year thereafter go before the county clerk and register the number, paying a fee, and thus keep more money at home. He thinks the state makes too much out of the license proposition as it is, and the proposed method would be economical as well as reduce expenses, such as buying new tags, outright, each year.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Writ of Execution issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, dated the 25th day of January, 1916, in favor of Theodore Benard, plaintiff, and D. Replitto and Luigia Replitto, his wife, W. E. Fly, Western Bond & Mortgage Co., a corporation, and Hillsboro National Bank, a corporation, defendants, for the sum of \$100.00 and the further sum of \$112.50 with interest thereon from the 1st day of April, 1915, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and for the further sum of \$100.00, attorney fees, and also the further sum on judgment in favor of W. E. Fly, against the said D. Replitto and Luigia Replitto, his wife, and each of them for the sum of \$350.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from June 22nd, 1914, and the further sum of \$150.00, attorney fees and the further sum of \$100.00 costs, to

J. E. REEVES,  
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.  
By J. C. APPELEGATE, Deputy.  
John M. Wall, Attorney for Plaintiff.

# PUBLIC DANCE

There will be a Public Dance at

## MOOSE HALL

In Hillsboro, on the Evening of

Friday, January 28

Best of music will be rendered and at midnight light lunches will be served. This will be the best affair of the winter season. Dancing until 2 A. M. You are cordially invited. Tickets \$1.00.

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Tomorrow and Saturday  
See the famous MISS  
ALICE BRADY in  
**AS YE SOW**

Coming Sunday only another great Fox Feature

Should a  
Mother Tell  
?

Parents Bring your  
Family. Prices 5-10c

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1:30 A. M.  
CALIFORNIA EXPRESS

12:40 P. M.  
EXPOSITION SPECIAL

3:40 P. M.  
SHASTA LIMITED  
Train De-Luxe

8:15 P. M.  
SAN FRANCISCO EXPRESS

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John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, duly appointed administrators and administrators respectively of the estate of Polly C. Butler, deceased, and have duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against the estate are hereby notified to present the same to us with the proper vouchers at the law office of W. N. Barrett, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this January 27, 1916.

James H. Butler and Lottie H. Butler, administrators and administratrix respectively of the estate of Polly C. Butler, deceased, with the will of said deceased annexed.

W. N. Barrett, Attorney for said estate.