

SAD AND SORROWFUL IS SECRET SERVICE

FEDERAL SLEUTHS DOWED WITH WEIGHT OF GRIEF

Wounded in Its Espion de Corps, Its Pride Injured and Its Vanity Smarting Because One of Its Prominent Members Is Victim of a "Common Thief."

Washington.—The whole secret service is downcast, and gloom prevails wherever a federal sleuth is sleuthing.

That magnificent organization of special agents and soft-shoe men, presided over by Sherlock Holmes Winkle, has been wounded in its tenderest spot—its esprit de corps.

It's all the fault of "Jack" Wheeler, who is "Jimmy" Sloan's partner in that thrilling continuous vaudeville performance, "Guarding the President." Both Wheeler and Sloan are honored Attaches of the secret service, although they look more like youthful bank presidents.

Well, the dire deed that has cast the service into gloom happened weeks ago, but the sleuths have, up to now, kept their sorrow buried, lest the public know the disgrace. Some resolute, however, going his way in sadness, with sorrowing heart, let the secret slip.

A thief—a common, ordinary, garden variety of thief—looted a secret service man, and, worst of all, looted "Jack" Wheeler, pride of the white house.

Jack had purchased a refrigerator. 'Twas a magnificent ice box, and Jack was proud of it. But while the wagon, with the freezer, was standing before the Wheeler residence, the driver having entered the house to find the exact spot on which it was to be placed, some one stole it—lifted the refrigerator bodily, horse, feet and guns, slipped it into a spacious pocket, or hid it beneath a voluminous coat, or perchance, walked away with it beneath his arm. Anyway, the ice box was gone.

For weeks the secret service Sherlocks, the Lecons, the Dupins, analyzed and deduced, but alas, without result. The refrigerator can not be found.

So the secret service carries a collective long face, and has a secret sorrow gnawing at its collective heart for a secret service man has been "done" by a common thief.

If you value your life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, speak not of refrigerators to a secret service man.

MURDERED MARQUIS HAD EVENTFUL CAREER

Rome.—The Marquis Bonomi, who recently was murdered by armed rebels near Tals, an ancient town in the region of the Yemen, was a remarkable man in the restlessness of his temperament and his love of travel and adventure.

He had been a colonel in the Italian army, and was one of the most noted Italian writers and parliamentarians and was consular agent, at Mecha just before starting upon the expedition into the Yemen which resulted in his death. In fact, he resigned that office to join with Herr Bruckhardt, a wealthy German, in that venture. With a small caravan they set out from Sanaa along a camel track which, after crossing the Yemen, leads to Aden by a long and dangerous route. Near Tals the caravan was attacked and both of the adventurers were killed.

Mark Twain's daughter has married a bifalutin Russian by the name of Ossip Grabitowitsch, and Mark doesn't think there is anything funny about it.

WEAK STOMACH.

Test Sample of Mi-o-na Free.

If you have indigestion, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness or biliousness, no matter how long standing, Mi-o-na stomach tablets will cure, or your money back.

Thousands are getting rid of indigestion by using Mi-o-na. Here is what one man writes: "I want to speak a good word for Mi-o-na and what it has done for me. I suffered something terrible with dyspepsia and indigestion. It was almost impossible for me to eat anything. One day I read your ad in the Bangor Daily News. I got a box and before it was gone I could sit down to the table and eat anything, thanks to Mi-o-na."—Herbert L. Patterson, Brewer (Bangor), Me., 1909.

Mi-o-na stomach tablets are made from the best prescription ever written—they cure to stay cured. They relieve distressed stomach in a few minutes. They are sold by druggists in every town in America, and by Talman & Co. A large box costs but 50 cents. Test samples free from Booth's Mi-o-na, Buffalo, N. Y.

CALL FOR BIDS FOR STEEL BRIDGES.

The county court of Umatilla county, Oregon, invites bids for the construction of four steel bridges in said county, as follows: Across the Walla Walla river at McCoy's ranch, length 110 feet; across Dry creek at Blue Mountain station, length 50 feet; across Butter creek near the mouth of Butter creek, length 40 feet; across the Walla Walla river at Milton, length 90 feet. Plans and specifications will be on file at the office of the county clerk of Umatilla county, Oregon, on and after the 20th day of January, 1910. Bids will be opened on February 3rd, 1910. Certified check for 5 per cent of total amount to accompany each bid. The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated this 12th day of January, 1910. FRANK SALING, County Clerk.

LIGHTNING A MYSTERY

This Phenomenon of Nature is a Puzzle to Science.

THE THEORY OF THUNDER.

In a General Way it is Understood; but, as a Matter of Fact, the Bolt From the Storm to its Erratic Tendencies Defies the Investigator.

In a general way we understand the theory of thunderstorms. As a matter of fact, there is no phenomenon of nature, but excepting even earth quakes, of which we know so little.

Massive lightning—that is, electricity of the highest power, which we can artificially produce—will go according to certain known laws. It will, for instance, travel along a conductor of metal.

But a flash of lightning will frequently leap from a well defined metallic path and launch itself through the air or some adjacent object which is an infinitely poorer conductor.

This may be due to the almost inconceivable force of a flash of lightning. It is estimated that a flash of lightning a mile long represents a pressure of discharge equal to 3,000,000,000 volts.

As such a flash lasts only about the thousandth part of a second the energy dissipated by the discharge is equal to 300,000 horsepower. Put in other words, if we could find some means of saving and using lightning we should be the richer by a good round sum for every flash.

Lightning is, as we know, usually accompanied by a peal of thunder which is louder the nearer the hearer is to the point of the discharge, but this is not an invariable rule. There are cases on record of most destructive lightning flashes which were unaccompanied by sound.

Such a phenomenon occurred at Bradford some years ago. What is described as "a silent thunderbolt" fell in a graveyard, destroying one monument and smashing to atoms nearly seventy glass cases containing wreaths and flowers.

In the same summer Swansea, in Kent, was terrified by a freak of lightning. All of a sudden "a great mass of blue fire" swept along the street, and next moment it was seen that the fine old parish church, built nearly 700 years ago, had been struck.

The building, with all its fine old carved oak, was soon a roaring furnace, and only a part of the chancel was saved.

Scientists are still hopelessly at sea as to the cause of that peculiar phenomenon known as globe lightning. At Coventry some years ago during a violent thunderstorm it passed along a street like a soap bubble built of blue fire and drifted into a shed, where it exploded, blowing the roof off the place.

At Rheims, in France, a similar fire ball came into a cobbler's shop through the open window. The solitary occupant of the place sat perfectly still, paralyzed with terror, while his fearful visitor hovered for several seconds overhead. Then it moved toward the fireplace and presently passed up the chimney.

Next moment there was an explosion like a shell bursting, and the upper part of the chimney came crashing down.

Not long ago Count G. Hamilton made a record of a similar freak of electricity. He was sitting at dinner at a house on Lake Wener, in Sweden, when just after a vivid flash of lightning a brilliant white ball appeared over the table and after hanging poised there for some seconds went off with a loud bang.

Fortunately it did no harm to any one, although it was quite close to several people. Those who saw it suggested it was like a ball of cold lightning.

In November, 1902, Sydney, Australia, was visited by a terrific dust storm, in the midst of which a perfect rain of electric fire balls began to fall. These set fire to a number of houses, and a most appalling panic set in. A cry was raised that the end of the world was at hand, and people rushed out of their houses into the ink black, dust deep streets.

The most amazing and terrifying displays of the power of lightning are seen on mountains. In 1809 a party was on the top of a mountain in the Caucasus when a huge violet ball, surrounded by vivid rays, struck a rock near by and, exploding like a bomb, burst into atoms. One of the party was badly hurt.

Stilton Cheese.

The secret of making Stilton cheese was for some time confined to the family of the original inventors, who were under an engagement to sell all they could make to the famous Cooper Thornhill of Stilton. Being thus to be obtained of him alone, it received the appellation of Stilton cheese, but it would have been more appropriately named Wicheota cheese, being first made in that village, on the eastern side of Leicestershire, about thirty miles from Stilton.—London Standard.

Helping Him.

Mr. Backward—Well—er—yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller. Miss Coy—To find out whom you will marry, eh? Mr. Backward—Why—er—yes. Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune teller's fee toward the price of the ring?

The thicker the grass the easier to mow.—Mark.

You don't have to buy an automobile if you go to the show.

SPECULATING ON MARGIN.

American and English Ways of Doing It Are Very Different.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and nothing more.

On the London Stock Exchange another method prevails which, says Moody's Magazine, it is probable has done more in the long ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges. In London after the inevitable introduction to a broker the new customer gives his order, but makes no deposit at all.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to "commit himself." Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required to pay the differences, as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a contango for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be trading on a few points margin in reality or, in fact, on no margin at all. He may be utterly penniless without the broker knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the fact that the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an introduction means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business department of his friend.

It is worth while observing and this is the exception referred to above that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an infrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss. If he wins his brokers remit to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to offend a very powerful client by troubling him for funds, and hence takes risks with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

Could Do For Himself.

She was a very delightful but a very aged lady—over ninety—and her friends and relatives and even chance acquaintances, drawn by her exquisite personality, all did her homage and, as the saying is, "waited on her hand and foot."

She accepted it all very graciously, but with some inward rebellion, for to a very old and close mouthed friend she once said, with a quaint pucker of lips and brows:

"I am reminded sometimes of the old lines:

"'Twa were blowin' at her nose,
And three were buckin' at her shoon."
—Youth's Companion.

A Word For the Tightwad.

In France they have an expressive phrase, "liquid money." It means that part of the family income which is used for the necessities and luxuries of life. It is quite apart from and kept apart from the more serious, substantial part of the income, which is the saved part. In America the entire income is "liquid, and the man who attempts to make part of it solid is called a "tightwad." A "tightwad" is really a man who creates a principal—a capital, in other words—and he is the living example of what every private business must be and of how the country's resources should be handled.—Argonaut.

Voting In Spain.

Voting in Spain is held to be a duty to the community, not merely a privilege of the individual, and neglect of civic obligations carries its own penalty. Male adults of legal age and under seventy, with the exception of priests, notaries and judges, are required to vote in municipal elections. Failure to cast a ballot is punishable by having one's name published as censure for neglect, by having taxes increased 2 per cent, by suffering a deduction of 1 per cent in salary if employed in the public service and for the second offense the loss of right to hold elective or appointive office.

His Landscapes.

A nouveau riche recently attended a picture sale. A friend who had noticed him at the sale asked afterward: "Did you pick up anything at that picture sale, Jorkins?" and the other responded: "Oh, yes; a couple of landscapes. One of 'em was a basket of fruit and the other a storm at sea."

Rather the Other.

"Don't you know that tune? I forget the name of it, but it goes like this." And he whistled it.

After he had finished his friend turned to him with a sigh. "I wish to goodness you had remembered the name and not the tune," he said.—Lippincott's.

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—Faber.

It looks like that new, gaily colored comet was a rank interloper.

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OF THE.

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\$500 in prizes. Largest scorecard show in Oregon

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