

A TRICK IN FENCING

One Highly Distressing to an Accomplished Swordsman.

Turns a Duel into a Farce.

Used by a Weak or a Timid Opponent It Renders His Adversary Practically Helpless—A Case of Two Playing at the Same Game.

A long and interesting chapter might be written on the humors of duels which never came off or which in some way fell short of deserving the name. A case which occurred a few years ago in Paris, the particular home and harvest field of the habitual duelist, merits mention.

A peaceable looking gentleman was walking down one of the boulevards with a lady on his arm when out of a cafe sprang a man, who dealt him a violent kick. The victim turned, only to meet the horrified apologies of the aggressor, who begged to assure him that it was wholly a mistake in identity. Instead of insisting upon an exchange of cards and the other customary forms, the kicked man answered, with much warmth, but admirable self control: "I cannot, sir, accept your expression of regret as sufficient. Your action may have been a mistake, as you say, but acquaintances of mine may have witnessed it and will go away and spread the news that I have submitted to an insult without avenging it. I must therefore and instantly slap your face with equal publicity." The other most becomingly assented, the first sufferer administering a ringing blow on his ear, and the affair ended with entire satisfaction on both sides.

Weak or timid fencers are sometimes taught by their masters to keep a more skillful antagonist busy by fixing the sword in one position, aimed straight at his sword hand, and then not moving except to retreat when pressed too hard. It is highly distressing to an accomplished swordsman to have to face a learner so instructed, for it means a great outlay of energy and wind to little purpose.

Comte de Dieu once thus chased a retreating adversary across plowed fields for a mile and a half and finally under the wheel of a cab for the poor satisfaction of giving him a slight prod in the back. Dr. Clemenceau in his famous duel with M. Deschanel, after a swift and wearisome pursuit, halted, shouldered his rapier like a walking stick and strolled back to his original place, throwing the contemptuous remark over his shoulder, "And now, monsieur, I will await you here."

Catulle Mendes had a similar run after Eugene Poe through the forest of St. Germain, which he ended by flinging his own sword into the bushes, with the angry exclamation, "I am willing to die from exhaustion by the roadside, if need be, but not from running after a poltroon."

A yet funnier incident was that which occurred in Toulouse, where a lawyer of some note named Cazeheuve was called out by a landed proprietor whom he had offended by a speech in court. He repaired at once to a fencing master, as he knew nothing whatever about handling a sword. This teacher gave him the usual advice about keeping his adversary at arm's length with the poised and immovable rapier, but strongly enjoined him not to retreat. It so happened that the fabled proprietor, being equally ignorant, applied to the same master for instruction. The master, who was somewhat of a wag, gave him the lawyer's lesson in duplicate.

When the two men met and their seconds had duly placed them a long and tedious stillness ensued. For more than five minutes each foeman stood with his sword arm extended at full length, waiting for the other to advance. Then the seconds intervened, claiming that both had proved themselves men of honor and courage and that nothing further was necessary but to shake hands and be reconciled.

And this recalls the occasion when Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely of our army while in the Mexican war was sought by two young officers who had quarreled and each of whom wished the lieutenant for his second. It was finally arranged that he should act as second for both. On the field, where the adversaries were armed with shotguns, Ridgely measured off a line of ten paces and placed them respectively at its two termini, cocked his own revolver and announced that he would give all the orders himself and in his own way and that he would shoot down whichever of his principals disobeyed him in the slightest particular.

Then came the orders, very deliberately uttered: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Take aim!" They took careful aim and waited almost breathlessly for some minutes for the command to fire. It never came. Instead came the orders: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Right about face!" "Front!" "Forward march!"

They recognized his commands as given in dandy earnest and knew that it would be instantly fatal to rebel. He kept them marching till they reached his tent. There he halted them and bade them stand at parade rest till they had listened to a lecture on the folly of dueling which fairly made their ears ring. But he seasoned his dose of rebuke with a few words of praise for the soldierly mettle they had shown in facing each other's gun without flinching, and the two men became fast friends from that hour.—New York Post.

THE CAMPHOR LANGUAGE.

Used In Johore Because of a Malay Superstition.

In Johore, on the Malay peninsula, there is employed one of the strangest languages in the world, used for a most curious purpose. This tongue is called Pantang Kapor or "camphor language," and is a medium employed by natives and others engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor tree, but only when they are at work.

It is a superstition of these natives that should they use the language of the district, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, they would be unable to obtain their camphor.

The Malay natives firmly believe that each species of tree has a spirit or guardian angel that presides over its affairs, this spirit being known by the name of Bisan. This divinity's resting place is near the trees. Then, too, the spirit of the camphor tree is held to be extremely jealous of the precious gum, so that it becomes necessary to propitiate her, inasmuch as she would, should she learn that hunters were in quest of it, endeavor to interpose obstacles to their mission. Accordingly the natives speak in a tongue that the tree spirit may not understand. It was for this purpose that the mysterious "camphor language" was invented, and it consists of an odd mixture of Jakun and Malay words that have been curiously altered and reversed.—Harper's Weekly.

CRATER LAKES.

Mexico Has Some of the Most Perfect of These Peaceful Pools.

The mere words "crater lake" carry with them a charm and mystery that are akin to romance. But Mexico, with all her romance, has never given abroad any description of some of the most beautiful crater lakes in the world. Valle de Santiago, a little town of the state of Guanajuato, boasts four of the most perfect and beautiful of these lakes.

The village nestles among eleven "craters," all formed in some past age by sudden explosions from the interior of the earth, explosions that blew out a great amount of earth, formed low cones and subsided without flow of lava or other demonstration than the single explosion. They are what are known to science as "explosion craters."

The calm restfulness of the crater lake is unlike anything in the world. One finds lakes and solitary pools in forests or mountain fastnesses, and the calm there is akin to witchery, but they are stirred sometimes by passing breezes, and the trees will wave above in the wind. But in a crater lake there is not a breath that will stir it, and even a stone cast into its bosom creates ripples that seem as though they would be swallowed ere they are born. Peace is a word without a meaning until one lies silent on the slope of such a crater, with such a lake at his feet.—Mexican Herald.

Bedouins and Water.

It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstemiousness, as this would be sure to make their next water fast all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with religious economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and goats, which they take with them on their herbage and foliage of the thorny mimosa. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

Mice That Subsist on Scorpions.

Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous hooked sting. When disturbed it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

A Point of Information.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death the prisoner cannot be convicted."

An hour later a messenger came from the jury room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, my lord," he said, "desire information."

"On what point of evidence?"

"None, my lord. They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—London Answers.

His Last Words.

Detective (in search of clue)—Can you recall the last words your husband addressed to you before he went away? Deserted Wife—Yes. He said, "Maria, for heaven's sake do hush!"—Sheffield Union.

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

THE MASTER SUN.

Sirius, the Dog Star, May Be the Center of Attraction.

Astronomers once believed that the entire starry universe revolved around a center of attraction, and the star named Alcyone, in the group of the Pleiades, was selected by Maedler as marking that great center.

It has long been known, however, that Maedler's conclusion, which was based on the apparent motions of the stars, was incorrect, and if any universal center exists it has not yet been discovered. In fact, many of the stars seem to be moving in straight lines, some in one direction and some in another, and among these is our own sun. But it is possible that further observations will show that all the stars are really moving in curved lines.

In the meantime it has been found that there are certain groups or sets of stars which appear to travel together. To what set, if any, the sun belongs we do not yet know, but De launey has presented reasons for thinking that those stars whose distances have been measured (that is to say, those which are nearest to us) group themselves around Sirius, the dog star, in a manner similar to that in which the inner planets are grouped around the sun.

If this be correct Sirius may possibly be the master sun of which our orb of day is a distant satellite.—Harper's Weekly.

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Morrow, State of Oregon, dated the 26th day of May, 1910, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein The First National Bank of Heppner, Oregon, a corporation, plaintiff, recovered judgment against Jennie W. Matlock and H. J. Matlock, Defendants, for the sum of Eleven Thousand nine hundred ninety-one and 80/100 (\$11,991.80) dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 22nd day of March, 1910, and the further sum of eleven hundred and no 100 (\$1100.00) dollars attorney's fee, and costs and disbursements taxed at fifty-six and 20/100 (\$56.20) dollars, on the 22nd day of March, 1910.

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Notice is hereby given that I will on Saturday, the 26th day of June, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the front door of the Court House in Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property, to wit: The southwest quarter of section thirty (30), the east half of the southwest quarter and lots three (3) and four (4) of section nineteen (19); the east half of the northwest quarter and lots one (1) and two (2) of section thirty one (31), all in township two (2) south of range twenty-seven (27) E. W. M.; also the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section twenty-five (25); the southeast quarter and the south half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-four (24) and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter and the north half of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six (36) all in township two (2) south of range twenty-six (26) east of the Willamette Meridian.

Taken and levied upon as the property of the said Jennie W. Matlock and H. J. Matlock or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of the First National Bank of Heppner, Oregon, a corporation and against said Jennie W. Matlock and H. J. Matlock, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

E. M. SHUTT, Sheriff.

By GUS MALLORY, Deputy.

Dated at Heppner, Oregon, May 26, 1910.

May 26 June 23.

HIS ACCOMPLICE.

The Obliging Old Lady Who Helped the Struggling Boy.

When a kind old lady in walking along a north side residence street beheld a small boy struggling vainly to reach something between the gratings of a tall iron fence surrounding a palatial residence she paused to watch his operations. The object of his quest she discovered to be a handsome mechanical toy, an automobile that would run when wound up. The boy had a stick with which he was trying to pull the machine toward him, but as he could scarcely reach it the struggle was well nigh hopeless.

"Let me try it," said the old lady.

"My arm is longer than yours."

"All right," replied the youngster, relinquishing the stick.

Getting down on her knees, the old lady, by dint of much stretching and careful manipulation, gradually worked the machine toward the fence and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little boy grasp it with eager fingers.

"Now," she said, "you must be more careful and not let it get away from you again."

"Gee," said the boy, "it never got away from me, an' it ain't goin' to neither."

"Wh-wh-why," faltered the old lady, with the dawning of a horrible suspicion, "isn't it yours?"

"You bet it's mine now," said the kid, and away he scampered, leaving the good old lady alone with her conscience.—Atlanta Constitution.

DODGED THE DUELS.

Voltaire's Disastrous Attempts to Make De Rohan Fight.

Literary men in dueling times and countries have always been rather prone to get into trouble from which only a passage at arms could extricate them. Voltaire had at various turns a number of duels on his hands, but counted among them two which did not reach the expected climax.

One of these was his affair with the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot, who goaded him to the point of fighting and then, instead of giving him the satisfaction demanded, had him lured into a coach and soundly whipped with switches by some hirelings concealed there.

Voltaire, after trying in vain to induce one of his noble friends to back him in his further pursuit of his enemy, appealed to the municipal authorities in these phrases: "I humbly represent that I have been brutally assaulted by the courageous Chevalier de Rohan, aided by six cutthroats, behind whom he was bravely posted. Ever since that time I have sought to restore not my honor, but his, a task too difficult."

As this public affront failed to produce any effect, Voltaire hunted out the chevalier one evening at the theater and flung insults in his face there. Rohan at last consented to meet him, but contrived to let the news reach other members of the Rohan family, who had Voltaire arrested and thrown into the Bastille.—New York Post.

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Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior.
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 25th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Albert T. King, of Ione, Oregon, who, on April 20, 1909, made homestead No. 04777, for SW 1/4 section 27, township 1 south, range 24 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. C. Patterson, United States Commissioner at his office, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 2nd day of July 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses.

Laxton McMurray, Robert Capen,

Mathias Halvorsen and Thomas Down-

ing, all of Ione, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
June 2-30

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