The Observer.

MORO, OREGON:

FRIDAY..... Sept. 27, 1907

Personal Talk With You.

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SLEEP OF GREAT MEN

As a Rule All Famous Figures Have Been Early Risers.

SCHILLER WROTE AT NIGHT.

The German Poet Worked With Wet Towels on His Head and Strong Coffee at His Elbow—Endurance of Humboldt, Balzac and Voltaire.

"Five hours' sleep is sufficient for men," declared Napoleon; "seven for women, children and fools."

History hardly bears out the great Corsican's dictum, although there have been some notable advocates among the world's great men of the theory generally regarded as "burning the candle at both ends." Men, however, undoubtedly differ fundamentally in regard to the need of sleep as they do in other respects, and, whether great or little, each one must work out from experience a schedule of rest, as he must of diet and exercise. One fact, however, may be predicated of almost all great persons—whatever their habits as regards retiring they have been early risers. During the years of Daniel Webster's greatest congressional activity it was remarked of him that no one ever saw him reading or preparing for his speeches. This was all done, according to his own confession, at an hour when other men were still enjoying their morning slumber. Webster possessed in a high degree what is known as the "morning temperament," as distinguished from the "night temperament," and he found consequently that his mind manifested greatest clarity and productivity during the early hours of the day.

Training undoubtedly has much to do with the formation of mental habits, but it is folly, says the New York Herald, to deny the existence of an inborn inclination stronger than training or discipline. The German poet Schiller is a luminous example of the "night temperament," and he is pictured with wet towels around his head and strong coffee at his elbow as he bent over his lamp illumined manuscript. Yet, like all German boys, Schiller was trained to early rising, and if he deliberately chose the night for his time of composition it was because of an inner impulse which admitted of no refusal. With the approach of evening the heart quickens its pulsations, and respirations become more rapid, and the whole system suffers an increase of feverish activity; hence we are prepared to find the "night disposition" in the case of nervous and excitable brain workers, notably of poets and writers of fiction. To but few is it given to produce year in and year out a certain fixed daily quota, as in the case of Anthony Trollope, who early set himself to work and with whom the arrival of noon marked the completion of his day's task.

Balzac, on the other hand, that Titan of the nineteenth century, was accustomed regularly to arise at midnight and after enveloping himself in his monk's habit to seat himself at his desk and force his weary brain to its task of creation. Carried away by admiration of the "master," Theophile Gautier and a number of other ambitious youths of the day undertook to imitate this peculiarity of the "father of realism," with the result that very soon they were forced to take to their beds in earnest to make up for the hours stolen from slumber. Doctors doubtless would point to the early taking off of Balzac, who died when fifty-one years of age, as proof of the deleterious effects of such a regimen. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether his exhaustion was not due to the privations and financial troubles of his early years rather than to work at ill advised hours. It is as illogical to attribute his early death to the abnormality of his habits of labor as to attribute the long survival of Voltaire and the explorer and traveler, Alexander Humboldt, to a like cause.

On one occasion Max Muller, as related in his autobiography, was returning from an evening entertainment in Berlin with Humboldt, who was then eighty years of age, and the conversation turned upon the latter's "Cosmos." Bitterly the savant complained that he was no longer able to accomplish as much as previously, since he now required four hours' sleep instead of two, as in earlier years. "When I was your age," he remarked to the philologian, "I would simply turn down my lamp and after a nap of two hours would be as fresh as ever."

The sleeping room of Voltaire's secretary at Ferney was directly beneath that of the author, and at any hour of the day or night when moved to composition the great Frenchman was accustomed to stamp upon the floor of his chamber and summon the unfortunate scribe to take down his thoughts. When once under way it was no unusual thing for him to continue working for sixteen hours at a stretch.

Goethe despite his habit of early rising was wont to arise in the night to scribble down a poem or song, and Emerson's wife was subject to the danger of being aroused by the philosopher in his search for writing materials. "Only a thought, my dear," he would reassure her as he seized the fleeting inspiration.

During the time when suspicion pointed strongly to Sir Walter Scott as the author of the Waverley novels the closest watchfulness of his guests at Abbotsford failed to deject signs of literary activity on their host's part, the reason being that his pen had always completed its daily labors by the time the amateur detectives had arisen from their beds.

The Rescue

... By ...

C. AUSTIN JOHNSON.

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So you would like to hear how I, a poor sailor, chanced to marry a pretty wife, possessed of thousands and without exception mistress of the finest estate in Santos? Well, come out on the piazza. We have a fine view of the bay there, and I love to listen to the roar of the surf. It reminds me of old times, you know. Light a fresh cigar. You have nothing like them in the states, I can assure you of that. And now for my yarn.

Many years ago I was chief mate on board of a down east brig engaged in the South American trade. The captain was good enough at heart, but he did love a gold dollar so much that the passion of avarice at times warped the better and prevailing instincts of his nature.

I was young, careless and free, without a soul living I could claim as kin, and as happy in my lone state as you can well imagine. I had but little responsibility on my shoulders, the skipper taking entire control, even to details.

We were to the southward of the line, outward bound, and upon the eventful night in question, which was truly an era in my life, I had the first watch. The wind was light and the ocean as calm as though asleep.

We had all our light kites set to woo the gentle breeze, running through the water not over three knots an hour. Absorbed in my own thoughts and reflections, I was leaning idly over the taffrail watching the bubbles and phosphorescent light playing about the restless rudder when a touch on my arm from the man at the wheel brought me to myself.

"What do you call that, sir?" he inquired, pointing over the quarter.

I gazed in the direction pointed out by the man and, to my intense surprise, saw a bright light, not unlike a ball of fire, which threw a lurid, tremulous light across the dark waters.

"It can't be the moon, sir?" said the seaman, with an inquiring look.

"The moon rising in a quarter bearing south-southwest? No; that is some craft on fire as sure as my name is John Watkins, and I'll rouse out the captain at once."

In another instant I was rapping in no gentle manner at the skipper's stateroom, who turned out in a hurry.

"What—what is the matter?" he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "Is there a squall coming?"

"No, sir; it's as pretty a night as I ever saw. But, Captain Thompson, there is a vessel on fire to leeward of us, and I will, if you say so, run down to her assistance."

"I'll be on deck in a moment. Don't be in a hurry. Don't like to run the vessel off her course—prolongs her voyage." And, leaving the sleepy skipper grumbling to himself, I regained the deck.

In a few moments the old fellow was by my side.

"It will cost money to take all hands off yon craft and feed them till we make a port."

"True, sir; but is human life to be reckoned or valued by money? In all

"WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT, SIR?" HE INQUIRED.

probability there are poor fellows there in danger of their lives who, if we leave them to their fate, would place us on a footing with pirates." And, turning abruptly, I walked aft, having expressed my indignation in a voice tremulous with anger.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Watkins, I would not leave any one to perish. I was only calculating the chances in a commercial point of view. You can hoist the longboat out if you like and take four of the boys for a crew to pull you to her. She will burn down to the water's edge if you wait for us to get there. It is growing calmer all the time, and to tell the truth, Mr. Watkins, I shall advise you to bear a hand and get back as soon as possible, for I don't like the looks of the weather. The air is hot and oppressive-like."

In ten minutes I had the longboat over the side, and a stout, weatherly craft she was too. A bag of biscuits, with a basker of water, was stowed away in the stern sheets, and, bidding the lads to give way with a will, we shoved off from the sides of the old brig. I saw the tall, bent form of Captain Thompson peering down upon me for a moment, but the next instant the boat rose on the bosom of a swell, and that was the last I ever saw of my old skipper.

The brig quickly faded from sight, hid by a thin mist of haze which had suddenly arisen, and, in fact, I was conscious of a strange change in the appearance of the weather. The stars had entirely disappeared from the firmament, hid behind the gauzy veil which had so mysteriously arisen, and low down on the horizon I noted a dark bank of clouds. The heat was intense, the stout seamen wiping the perspiration from their streaming brows as they toiled at their oars. Not a breath of air disturbed the glassy waves. All nature appeared to be hushed into a terrible calm.

I must confess I felt rather apprehensive as I glanced about the horizon and looked back in the direction where I knew the old brig must be, rolling and pitching idly on the long swell, which every moment was increasing. But my fears and apprehensions were soon chased from my head by matters of more exciting interest.

As we neared the burning craft I read the name of La Hembrills in letters of gold on the huge stern. The light cast by the burning spars and rigging aloft afforded ample power for me to form my conclusions.

The ship was a Spaniard. The empty davits and dangling falls told their own story plain enough to a seaman's eye.

The burning wreck had been deserted.

Shooting under the broad, heavy counter, we caught at the iron works of the mizzen channels, and, directing two men to remain in the boat, I clambered on deck, followed by the other two seamen.

The ship had evidently been on fire some time, the flames having full control of the forward portion. The foremast had gone by the board. The topgallant forecastle was a sea of fire. The mainmast was already tottering, and I knew there was no time to lose. The smoke was dense and stifling, but as yet did not affect the extreme after portion of the vessel. The decks were strewn with remnants of provisions, half open cases and articles of clothing, but no trace of a human being could be seen.

Diving down into the main cabin, which was half filled with black twisting smoke, I took a hasty glance about. The rich hangings, appointments and ornamentation surprised me, showing that the unfortunate ship had been designed to carry passengers. The sharp, shooting gleams of writhing flames from aloft penetrated through the broad skylight, tingeing every object with a ruddy glaze.

From stateroom to stateroom I hurried, but found them all empty until I came to the after one. There I experienced some difficulty in opening the door, the smoke every moment becoming more dense and respiration more difficult. Exerting my strength, the woodwork gave way, revealing a confused mass of white drapery lying on the stateroom floor. The very sight made my heart beat quick with apprehension, and, stooping, I soon ascertained that it was a woman.

Placing my hand over her heart, I felt it throb, and without further delay I rushed on deck with her in my arms. Through the companionway I staggered, with a strange dizziness in my head, gasping for breath, but still retaining my grasp on her I had saved. The fresh air revived me, and the pain left my head, so that I was enabled to pay proper attention to the woman who lay helpless in my arms.

Then, for the first time, I looked at the face of my burden, and by the bright light of the wreck I discovered she was both young and handsome. At that moment the mainmast went crashing over the side, sinking with a hiss in the black water. A shower of cinders and sparks, a column of roaring flames, shot on high, followed by the excited shouts of the men, who had leaped, panic stricken, into the boat, urging me to follow.

Clasping the lady with my left arm, I used my right in gliding down the ship's side. The men's oars were poised. I gave the word, and the next instant we were clear of the vessel, which was now wrapped in flames from stem to stern.

Dashing some water into the lady's face, I began to chafe her hands. The treatment, though rough, had the desired effect. She opened her eyes, closed them again as if the awakening was painful, but in a few moments was fully herself. In a few words I told her how she had been saved and assured her that in a short time she would be in safety on board the brig.

In return she told me that her father was the Senor Jose Gonzales of Santos, the wealthiest planter in the country. She had been on a visit to Spain, where her father had a large number of relations, and had taken passage for home in the Spanish ship.

The ill fated vessel, by some means to her unknown, had caught fire during the night. A panic ensued, and, overcome by terror, she fainted away. Probably, in the excitement and alarm which followed, her absence was overlooked, and when the boats shoved off from the ship the Senorita Marie Gonzales was left unconscious in her stateroom to perish.

Glancing round the horizon, I could see no sign of the brig. Not the flash of a light betrayed the position of the vessel. But I had a compass with me and noted the course I had steered while sailing for the burning wreck.

It was not the fact of the brig being invisible that caused me uneasiness, but the startling knowledge that a great convulsion of the elements was about to burst upon us.

The dark bank I had at first noticed low down on the horizon had risen rapidly until the entire heavens were obscured. The atmosphere had grown dense, and the darkness was simply intense, relieved only by the now dismantled hulk, which occasionally threw out a gleam of light.

A strange, indefinable, rushing sound pervaded the air, a slight ripple ruffled the stagnant waters, a cold breath of air fanned my cheek, while under the black, frowning clouds I saw a white line rapidly rushing upon us.

Louder and louder grew the sounds. The men gazed at one another aghast. With a wave of my hand I motioned the seamen to pull the boat round so as to bear before it, and the next instant the hurricane burst upon us in all its fury.

The shriek of the tempest drowned my voice. The oars were dashed from the sailors' hands, while they in terror threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat.

In an agony of terror Marie clung to me, while I with all my strength and skill managed to keep the boat dead before the gale.

On rushed the frail structure through the murky darkness, enveloped in a whirl of foam which half blinded me as the salt spray filled my eyes. The water was torn up by barrelfuls and hurled with cutting force and violence through the air.

Drenched to the skin, with the delicate girl crouching by my side wrapped up in all the spare coats I could muster, I kept watch during the long hours of that eventful night.

How we ever escaped destruction a

THE HURRICANE BURST UPON US IN ALL ITS FURY.

merciful Providence alone can tell, but with daylight the fierce gale showed signs of abating, and by noon we were sailing upon a summer sea. A rough temporary sail had been rigged and the boat's head directed toward the land, for, of course, we had given up all hope of seeing the brig, for awhile at least. If we would be saved we had got to rely upon our own resources. Carefully I dealt out a slim allowance of bread and water from the scanty supplies which were in the stern sheets, cautioning the men to make the precious fluid go as far as possible.

I could enlarge upon the sufferings we endured, tell you about the calm days which succeeded, how the scorching rays of the sun beat down upon our heads and how the men with noble generosity surrendered their few drops of water to the pale, suffering woman, who never murmured once, though her brain was all but on fire and her tongue parched and swollen in her mouth.

You can imagine my feelings when the last crumb of bread was exhausted and the beaker had been drained dry. Death in its most terrible form, with the attending horrors of hunger and thirst, stared us in the face, and I groaned in anguish as I gazed upon the now inanimate form of the poor girl. She was dying—perhaps dead already—and I stretched myself by her side to meet the fate I was powerless to avert.

Well, we were picked up shortly after by a Brazilian fishing boat, placed aboard a man-of-war cruising on the coast, and the surgeon soon had us under his care. Strange to say, none of us succumbed to the privations we had undergone, but we all recovered to congratulate one another upon our escape. The Senor Jose Gonzales fairly hugged me in his delight at the escape of his daughter and insisted upon my making his residence my home. The men were rewarded by him beyond their most sanguine hopes, and I—well, I rewarded myself by marrying the fair heiress, and when her father died a few years ago I assumed full control of the estates.

As for the old brig and Captain Thompson, neither was ever seen or heard from after the terrible storm which swept the coast of South America, strewing its shores with the wreck of many a noble craft.

Penalties.

"Wealth has its penalties," said the ready made philosopher.

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox, "many is the time that I have had to pretend I enjoyed chicken salad and ice cream when I was yearning for corned beef and cabbage."—Washington Star.

Expressed Nautically.

A certain admiral upon coming on board a ship was met by an old classmate with the salutation, "Hello, old fellow, how are you?" Observing that the admiral had carefully combed his back hair forward up and over to cover the bald top of his head he added, "Well, that's the first time I ever saw afterguard doing foretop duty!"—"On a Man-of-war."

The Clumsy Eye.

The human eye is said to be a rather ill contrived piece of mechanism. A celebrated German physicist is reported to have remarked that if an artisan were to make for him a piece of apparatus so poorly adapted to its purpose he would not accept it.

The Important Thing.

"I guess I won't eat any dinner today," said the first clerk.

"Why not?" asked the second.

"Because if I do I won't have any time for my regular after dinner smoke."—Exchange.

Our Inferiors.

Willie—Pa, our "inferiors" are just people that know less than we do, aren't they? Pa—No, my son; usually they're people who merely know less than we think we do.—Philadelphia Press.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine.

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The ship's bell is the mariner's clock. The nautical day begins and ends at noon. When eight bells is struck. The bell is struck half hourly, day and night, one stroke being added for each half hour until eight is reached, when the count begins at one bell.

In the United States navy the ship's bell hangs usually under the forecastle, or just forward of the foremast. The captain's orderly keeps the time and reports to the officer of the dock the hour in terms of "bells." The officer of the deck then bids the messenger of the watch strike the bell. There is somewhat more formality at eight bells than at other times, for then the hour is reported to the captain and the bell not struck until he has said, "Make it so." Here is the routine on board a man-of-war at 8 o'clock in the morning: The orderly first says to the officer of the deck, "Eight bells, sir." The officer of the deck replies, "Report to the captain eight bells and chronometers wound." The orderly then goes to the captain and says, "Eight bells and the chronometers wound, sir." The captain replies, "Very well; make it so." The orderly goes to the officer of the deck and says, "Make it so, sir." The officer of the deck says to the messenger of the watch, "Strike eight bells," and if everybody has been prompt the messenger strikes eight bells at exactly 8 a. m.

EUROPEAN BEACHES.

Their Methods and Bathing Suits Very Different From Ours.

In Europe there is no lounging on the beach in bathing suits. On this point the foreigner is apt to criticise the American woman and to point out that when the women in Europe put on bathing suits it is for the purpose of bathing and not of sitting on the beach, high and dry, out of the reach of even the largest wave. There are many reasons for this. One is the consideration that prevents me from making any illustrations of them. They generally are not fit for sight or publication. It would take a very small wave indeed to thoroughly drench the most elaborate of the costumes commonly worn by the ladies throughout Europe when they go bathing. Of course the conditions are different. In Europe madame does not have to cross the beach in her scanty attire. When she enters her bathhouse she is in full street regalia, and as the house is then wheeled out into the water, when she emerges for her dip she is visible only for the brief time it takes to plunge into the water, and she enjoys her swim without the encumbrance of skirts. When her bathhouse is wheeled back and she appears on the beach she is again in street costume. Then, too, there are many beaches on the continent, such as the Damenstrand in Nordeney, where gentlemen are excluded until a certain hour of the day.—Charles F. Peters in Bohemian Magazine.

Words of Praise

For the several ingredients of which Dr Pierce's medicines are composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has THE BADGE OF HONESTY on every bottle-wrapper, in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English.

If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, disagreeable, catarrhal, pelvic drain, dragging down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and kindred symptoms caused by female weakness, or other derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hospital, surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the obnoxious examinations and treatments of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home. "Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription;" it will not perform miracles; it will not disolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

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

Priscilla Estelle McMillan, Plaintiff.
vs.
Richard Henry McMillan, Defendant.

To Richard Henry McMillan, 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 1st day of November, 1907, 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 willful 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 E V Littlefield, Judge of the above entitled court, duly made on the 14th day of September, 1907, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 20th day of September, 1907.

FRANK SCHLEGEL, Attorney for Plaintiff

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION — Of State Selection.

United States Land Office
The Dalles, Oregon, August 17, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that on July 5, 1907, the State of Oregon, by its duly authorized agent, in due form, filed in this office an application to select as indemnity school land the N½NW¼, and lot 1 of section 25, township 1 south, range 15 east W. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands, or desiring to object to the allowance of the same, should file their claims or objections in this office, on or before the 11th day of October, 1907.

C. W. Moons, Register

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Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4.15 p. m., returns 10.35 a.m., daily.

Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7.30 a.m., arrives 5.50 p.m. Daily.

Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4 50 p.m., arrives 8.25 a.m. Daily.

Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10.45 p.m., arrives 1 50 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

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Passes Biggs, (stops)	12.15 p.m.	4 20 p.m.
SPOKANE FLYER.	7 00 p.m. flag	8 00 a.m. no stop.
Passes Biggs	11.29p.m	3.45 a.m.

For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.

ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	7.40 p m no stop.	9.45 a.m. flag
Passes Biggs	11 39 pm.	4.51 a.m.
PORTLAND-BIGGS LOCAL, for all local points between Biggs and Portland.	8 00 a.m.	6.00 p. m.
Arrives at Biggs	12.05 a.m.	Lv. 12.15 p.m.

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Moro, Oregon.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RY.

Southbound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time table No 12 June 9, 1907 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
12:45pm	.0	.....Biggs.....	11.50 arve
1.05	5.4	...Gibsons....	11.19
1.10	7.0	.....Sinks.....	11.10
1.30	9.8	.....Wasco.....	11.00
1.45	14.1	..Klondyke..	10.45
1.50	16 1	...Sandon...	10.40
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.05	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.22
2.20	23.9	...DeMoss...	10.05
2.30	27.0	.....Moro.....	9.55
2.40	30.4	..Erskinville.	9.37
3.10	38.5	.Grass Valley.	9.20
3.25	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.55
3.40	52.5	.....Kent.....	8.40
3.50	57.3	....Wilcox....	8.30
4.30 arv	70.0	...Shaniko...	8.00 a m

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