

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON. FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1908

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Binoculars...Of Love.

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys. Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.

"I tell you," said Callender, "she thinks you are too formal, too out and dried, too wrapped up in your profession. To her you're a fossil."

"Oh, I'll do worse than that to him some time," returned young Dr. Abbott, glaring with comic malevolence at Callender.

"No, Folsom," he replied at length; "I don't feel unusually foolish at present. But this grand air and this sunshine and—well, life in general greatly appeals to me today, and so there's no telling when I shall find it necessary to break out again. By Jove, I went on, and then I'll operate on him. Don't you feel the approach of another foolish attack, George?"

"The three young men sat in the shade of a huge mass of rock that marked the end of a long, irregular ridge of hills which jutted out from the main range to the west. At the mouth of a tiny canyon just visible from the rocks a cluster of summer cottages showed white against the brown and gray of their surrounding slopes."

"Dear, dear," said Hiram Gattley; "anybody else in the party?"

"No, none that I can make out. Hold on, though; yes, there is. They're passing Evergreen inn now, and that discreditably simian Ramage has joined them. I believe, Abbott, that's what you called him, wasn't it—a discreditably simian?"

"Callender," demanded Abbott sternly, "does Miss Alice know, and that you two ungraciously wretches enticed me away with you this morning without letting me know that she and other ladies were bent upon a picnic today?"

"Miss Alice?" queried Callender. "Oh, you mean little Alice, my wife's sister. Now that I think of it, Folsom, I believe she did say something about asking you to have lunch with them on Flagstaff hill today. She asked if I thought you would care to leave your bug hunting and whether you would make one of so informal a party. I believe I told her—"

"Well, well," cried Abbott impatiently, "what reply did you make? Something absurd, I suppose. Give me those glasses."

Callender adroitly moved out of reach of Abbott's arm and continued, "I forgot just what I did say, but it must have been something worthy of so ungraciously a wretch. They're up on the hill now, Folsom, and Ramage has taken his place beside Alice and is carrying her basket."

"That's a bad sign," Gattley put in. "That's what I began on the day I asked Ella to be my wife. You remember that picnic, George?"

"Certainly. Picnics are fatal affairs. I have no doubt that if Folsom were on Flagstaff hill today he'd be the happy man instead of Ramage. By Jove! He and Alice have strolled away from the rest and are picking wild flowers."

Abbott growled. "And I thought you were my friends—my boyhood friends. Here, give me those glasses, I say!"

Agnis Callender eluded his grasp and lightly sprang across a tree trunk which spanned the creek that rattled down from the range of hills and into the plain. Once safely across, he pulled away the log and set it floating downstream.

"We are your friends, Folsom," he declared from the opposite bank. "Haven't we patiently listened to your ravings about Alice for the past six months? Didn't we bring you out with us today on purpose to talk about her?"

"And you," cried the young doctor, turning to Gattley, "I suppose you're in this attempt to keep me away from Alice—from the picnic?"

"Don't speak so harshly, Folsom," Gattley returned. "Let's go leave George and hunt fossils or something."

"I've a notion to hunt you," Abbott answered, and he stepped toward Gattley.

"Oh, don't, doctor; don't, doctor!" Gattley screamed in a high falsetto as he sprang down the hill, with Abbott at his heels.

At the creek bank Gattley paused to look back, and, seeing the doctor still coming, he leaped into the stream and floundered across it.

Abbott stopped at the bank and began to throw stones at his tormentors. They moved out of range of the missiles and walked downstream until the settlement of cottages came into view from behind the rocks where they had been sitting on the other side of the creek.

Abbott followed them downstream on his side and bawled out half angry epithets at them. Callender, after a prolonged look through the glasses at Flagstaff hill, called out:

"Oh, horrors, Folsom, Ramage has taken Alice for a stroll to the top of"

morning dropping and picking up parcels. But Priscilla, catching sight of the woman in whose care she had left her little charge, rushed past her, grabbed up the child and commanded Gerald to follow her.

Imagine Mrs. Horrigan's surprise a few days later, when she came in from her day's cleaning, to find seated by a crackling hot stove, with little Jim in her arms, an "illigant gentleman wid a fur coat at the back o' his 'n, and, more than that, shandling 'n, a stirring crust as if her life depended on it, a beautiful young lady with cheeks glowin' like roses."

The woman listened like one spell-bound to the explanations that followed, only half comprehending how it was that a gentleman who had become interested in little Jim and morning should for that reason be now holding the child in his arms "in all the world."

"As if he was Jim's father that's dead, bless his soul!" Nor was Priscilla's part in the fairy story perfectly clear, either.

However, there was one thing Mrs. Horrigan grasped with true feminine instinct. "You was saying you was looking for some one to cook yer New Year's dinner for, wasn't you? Now let's see what's further thinkin' if you'd thrust me!"

"Oh, would you help me out, Mrs. Horrigan?" begged Priscilla gratefully.

"At this moment Priscilla in great excitement had forgotten the utter failure of her domestic quest.

"Shure I'll help ye out, miss," returned Mrs. Horrigan, beaming. "But she had done it so plenty to do wid I could make th' best 'tings to eat av any woman ye ivir saw."

"I'm sure of it, Mrs. Horrigan," Gerald agreed enthusiastically, "but you can't cook anybody's New Year's dinner tomorrow. You've got to cook your own. Just look at the things piled up on the table there, and there'll be a fat turkey waddling over tomorrow. Miss Ballad doesn't need your house to dinner."

"Why, Gerald?" interposed Priscilla incredulously.

"Yes, you are. I shan't accept any excuse. I wanted you to all the time, only I didn't say so. Now let's get started for home and give Mrs. Horrigan a chance to hold her own child."

As they hurried along in the fast falling darkness outside both looked down remarkably happy, even taking into account that tomorrow was to be New Year's day.

"Oh, I just love that little Jim Horrigan!" Priscilla suddenly exclaimed. "Don't you, Gerald?"

"Oh, I'm not losing any sleep over him. But there's some one else that I do love, Priscilla. What do you say to our announcing our engagement at dinner tomorrow?"

Gerald beamed under the effulgence of his inspiration and gave Priscilla's hand an ecstatic little squeeze.

"I didn't know we were engaged," demurely commented Priscilla.

"But don't you think we could arrange to be by tomorrow, dearest?"

"Well," answered Priscilla condescendingly, "suppose you come over this evening, and we'll see what we can do about it. It's so very sudden."

"If I should say 'Yes,' Gerald, would you promise to give little Jim Horrigan a turkey every New Year?"

"Every New Year and birthday and Christmas," promised Gerald indignantly.

And Jim got his turkeys.

A FLOATING SNAIL.

Peculiar Ways of This Wonderful Little Creature. There is a small snail which is so fond of the sea that it never comes ashore, and it builds such a capital boat for itself and its eggs that while large ships are sinking and steamers are unable to face the storm it tosses about in perfect safety.

The little snail is of a violet color and is therefore called launthina. It has a small shell, and there projects from the upper part of the body a long, tongue-like piece of flesh. This is the raft, and it is built upon most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad and the air compartments are underneath, so that it cannot capsize.

Moreover, the snail knows how to stow away its cargo, for the oldest eggs and those which hatch the soonest are placed in the center and the lightest and newest on the sides of the raft. The launthina fills its own air compartments by getting a globule of air underneath its head. The body is then curved downward beneath the raft, and the head being tilted on one side, the air rushes up and fills the spaces. It feeds on a beautiful little jellyfish, which has a flat, raft-like form with a pretty little sail upon it, and they congregate in multitudes when the sea is calm.

Sometimes specimens are washed upon the north-western coast of France, and when they are hatched they give out a violet dye.

LIQUOR IN NORWAY.

Laws by Which the Sale of Intoxicants is Controlled. The Saniag system in Norway gives power to municipalities to grant all the retail spirit licenses which it deems necessary to a company which would bind itself to carry on the traffic in the interests of the community, with a fixed annual return of not more than 5 per cent on its paid up capital.

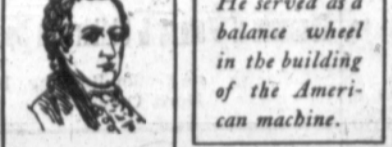
In establishing the system the question of compensation does not appear to have presented much difficulty. When the Saniag was introduced two kinds of licenses were in existence—first, those granted annually or for a term not exceeding five years, and second, privileged licenses, granted for the life of the licensee. In the case of the first no compensation whatever was paid to those disposed of their licenses.

In regard to the latter compensation was granted in the form of an annuity equal to the average yearly profits for the three years preceding the suppression of the license.

With these provisions the aims and principles of the Saniag are summarized as follows: The elimination of private profit and securing the monopoly value for the public, insuring highest quality of liquors sold, the reduction of the number of licenses, the easy enforcement of the law, the destruction of the power of the spirit trade and the furtherance of all progressive measures of reform. —New York Herald.

Alexander Hamilton.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.



He served as a balance wheel in the building of the American machine.

NOW that the people of the United States are in the throes of a renewed discussion of "centralization of power" as opposed to local state authority it is fitting to recall the man who in the formative period of our nation advocated more urgently and persistently than any other a strongly centralized federal government with correspondingly lesser authority for the individual states. This man was Alexander Hamilton. He stood for theories of government which, in the opinions of many persons of his day and this, tended toward monarchical rather than republican institutions.

Hamilton in the constitutional convention of 1787 proposed an independent executive to hold office for life or during good behavior, a senate whose members were to have a like tenure of office, governors of states to be appointed by the federal executive, thus making the states essentially subordinate to the central government in a sense much more emphatic than our present constitution requires.

Yet Hamilton vigorously supported the constitution as adopted by the convention. In Washington's cabinet he became the first secretary of the treasury, and his services in that highly important post were of supreme value to the nation. His efficient and patriotic work in shaping the financial policies of the new nation gives him a secure place high among the founders of the republic. Though for the most part his intensely federal ideas have not been adopted into our national fabric, though he distrusted the common people and believed in a government by the aristocracy rather than by the democracy, many of his theories were shared and accepted by his confederates. Hamilton, it may be said, served as a balance wheel in the building of the American machine, preventing a construction tending too far toward pure democracy which would have a republic was still an experiment.

Hamilton's conception of patriotic duty prompted him to accept the challenge of Aaron Burr to the fatal duel at Weehawken. Hamilton, who regarded a duel as a dishonorable and a refusal to meet Burr would impair his future usefulness to his country.

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