The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY. . . . January 10, 1913

Personal Talk With You.

At any timewhen requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

AN INTERRUPTION

By ANNABEL BRINSMADE

Preparations were being made for a funeral in the Margot family. The body of Betty Margot, aged eighteen, was to be buried at 11 o'clock, and it was now 10. A great deal of sympathy was shown the family, for there were very sad circumstances attending the young girl's death. In fact, it was considered a case of suicide.

About a year before Betty began to show signs of despondency. She had left school and was ready to take a social position among the young people of the town in which she lived. Her mother, partly to divert her from her condition of mind, did what she could to induce her to do so. Betty did not refuse to go among those of her own age, but when with them, instead of being the bright, cheery girl of a year before, she was listless. The young men and maidens who had grown up with her endeavored for awhile to draw her from her lethargy, but, finding their efforts futile, at last gave up trying.

The family physician was, of course, consulted. He talked with Betty, asked her a great many questions, prescribed a tonic to be taken "three times a day before meals," but told her mother that he could find no organic disease. He thought that change of scene might be beneficial, but the Margots could not afford to take the patient away. Besides, she said she didn't care to go away. The doctor suggested that there might be a young man in the case, but Mrs. Margot declared that her daughter had never shown any preferences for any of her male acquaintances. To this the doctor replied that first love on the part of a young girl from sixteen to twenty was apt to assume very singular forms. He had treated cases of supposed physical malady which eventually had turned out to be simply lovesickness. One of his patients had shown signs of a breaking down in health simply because she could not make up her mind between two suitors and had finally eloped with a third, to whom her parent had no objection whatever.

One morning when the good lady went into her daughter's room with the usual toast and coffee—she would not permit Betty to arise before 11 o'clock—the room was empty. The bed had not been slept in. The frightened matron rushed from the room, calling her daughter wildly. The household, Betty excepted, responded, and eventually the whole town was roused.

The day passed with no word from the missing girl. She must have departed in the night, for no one had seen her go. Every village in the neighborhood received telephone messages describing Betty's personal appearance and inquiring if she had been seen. All her relatives far and near were notified. Not a hopeful word came from any point.

Mrs. Margot, after she became so far calmed as to express an opinion on the cause of her daughter's departure, said she believed that Betty's mind had been affected through some disease which "that stupid doctor" had failed to discover. The people of the town had many and diverse opinions. Mrs. Griffin, across the street, who had heard Mrs. Margot—an impatient, excitable woman—scold her daughter, averred that the latter had been driven away by cruelty. Some of the neighbors—old maids or married women who had adopted dogs in lieu of children—said that Betty had not been properly brought up and had gone to the bad.

One day a fresh impetus was given to these conjectures by the discovery of a body of a woman in the river. It was bloated beyond recognition, but it was about Betty's height, and the hair was about the same color as hers. The consensus of opinion was that it was her remains; that in a fit of temporary insanity she had escaped from home and drowned herself. The sight was so awful that the parents were persuaded not to look at it. An undertaker prepared it for burial, and this brings us to the beginning of our story, which is also the end.

Persons were assembling at the Margot home to pay their last respects to the dead. The clergyman had arrived, the undertaker was going about with soft tread giving directions in a modulated voice, when a young man and woman turned a corner and caught a view of the hearse and carriages standing before the door. The lady sank on the man's bosom with a gasp; but, recovering, the two pursued their way to the house of the funeral. The clergyman was mentioning some lovely traits of the deceased when the chief mourners uttered an exclamation of surprise and made a bolt for the hall, where stood the newcomers.

"Oh, Betty!" exclaimed both father and mother in a breath.

The obsequies were discontinued on account of the appearance of the object for which they were held, and a great relief, a great joy, reigned in their stead. This was Betty's explanation:

"George met me when I was a schoolgirl, and we loved. Then that horrid Kate Baxter came between us, and for a long while I was afraid she'd get him away from me. But one day he wrote me that she had been telling lies about me, and I concluded to go and give her a piece of my mind. The result was that George and I thought we'd better be married. So here we are."

The doctor's diagnosis of the case was, "The insanity of juvenile love."

His Avenger

A Story of the Cuban Revolution

By CHRISTOPHER ARNOLD

When I was in college I formed the acquaintance of a young Cuban, with whom I became chummy. His name was Enrique Molina. He was a member of the class ahead of mine, but this did not make any difference in our intimacy. There was a manliness about Enrique (or Henry) Molina that I admired and a gentleness that drew me to him. At that time Cuba was in a state of discontent with Spanish rule which had become chronic, and my chum was greatly interested in the cause of the coming revolution. It seemed to me that if his countrymen should make an effort to throw off the yoke of Spain he would be an active participant. When we parted after graduation Molina exacted a promise from me to visit him, and the next winter I determined to do so. I had some property and thought I might find in Cuba an opportunity to invest in a way to increase it. This idea was vague, but my desire to see my old chum was real.

I found Molina living on his father's plantation. The premonitions of a serious conflict between the revolutionists and the Spanish government were

HENRY MOLINA WAS IN THEIR MIDST.

much more clearly defined than when we were in college, and Henry's interest in it had also become intensified. But I was surprised to find that he was not openly advocating the Cuban cause. Whether the interest of his family, fearing destruction or confiscation of the estate, prevented him from doing so, I did not know. I judged that the daughter of a neighboring sugar planter had something to do with his failure to come out as an advocate of throwing off Spanish rule. This young lady, Concia Sierra, was the gentlest little body in the world. She must have carried northern blood in her veins, for she had not the dark complexion of a Cuban. Indeed, she was a veritable blond, with light hair and blue eyes. It occurred to me that she would restrain the man she loved from taking risks, and that she loved Molina was evident to me the moment I saw them together.

I soon found that there was another force drawing Henry in the opposite direction. This was Inez de la Barra, one of a family whose members, all except herself, supported the Spanish cause. Inez was bitter in her advocacy of the Cuban cause. Unlike the Molinas, the La Barras had little or nothing to lose by Spanish antagonism, for they lived on a small estate and were poor, though in Spain they had formerly been grandees. It was this latter fact that kept them loyal to Spain. Why Inez sympathized with the Cuban cause I could not understand.

Notwithstanding our intimacy Henry Molino did not give me his confidence in these matters. Evidently there was a rivalry for him between the two girls. The one drew him by silken cords, the other by glistening chains. Inez de la Barra was entirely Spanish. Her complexion was olive, her hair jet black, while over her dark eyes waved the long lashes of a Spanish woman.

While I was in Cuba General Weyler began his efforts to strangle the revolution by a vigorous prosecution of those who aided and abetted it. Though I knew that Henry Molina was one of its advocates, outwardly he remained neutral. Whether his family or Concia Sierra restrained him I did not know, though I fancied that Senorita Sierra was the chief cause of his remaining inactive. Nevertheless he was much with her rival, and whenever I saw him and Inez together I noticed that they conversed with a great deal of intensity and usually in a low tone.

These were dangerous times in Cuba General Weyler had carte blanche from the Spanish government to imprison or execute as he liked, and I felt uneasy for a Cuban who possessed my friendship. Though protected by my United States citizenship, I would have left Cuba had it not been for this little drama in which my chum was playing the principal part. Many on both sides were looking to see for which cause he would declare, and both sides claimed him.

One night as I was going to bed Henry followed me into my room, shut the door and said:

"I must leave you here to be entertained by others of my family, for at daylight in the morning I go to put in operation a scheme for which I have been preparing. I have secret information of a force of Spanish troops who are about to make a descent upon a number of prominent Cuban patriots and gather them in for the bloodthirsty Weyler. Joined by some of my neighbors and those they control, we are to oppose the passage of this Spanish force till our friends can arrange either to get away or prepare for defense."

While he spoke I was thinking of the two influences that had been drawing him, the gentle Concia and the aggressive Inez.

"Where did you get your information as to this move of the Spaniards?" I asked.

A singular look came over his face, a look in which I fancied I saw something of doubt, of pain, as he replied:

"I have the right to tell you anything that concerns only myself. I have no right to implicate another."

"Well," I added, "you have taken sides at last. I hope you have decided for the best."

"That remains to be seen."

We parted with a firm hand grip. I went to bed, but not to sleep.

There was a faint glimmer of dawn at the windows when I heard sounds without—the tread of horses' hoofs, men talking. Then there was a loud rap on the main door below. It was not answered and was followed by a kick. Then a window was shattered.

I arose, threw on a double gown and went downstairs. The hall was lighted and filled with Spanish soldiers. Henry Molina was in their midst, dressed, and as I looked was marched away. It was plain to me what had happened. The wily governor had through his spies learned of his contemplated move, nipped it in the bud and possessed himself of its leader.

My view of Henry Molina passing out of his home to go to prison ended my immediate cognizance of what was leading up to a tragedy. If I could have got my friend out of the clutches of General Weyler I would have taken some chances to do so. It seemed wiser for me to depart and leave the struggle going on in Cuba to those directly interested. So I sailed away from Havana and felt that I could draw a free breath as soon as I was out of the harbor.

But the blowing up of the Maine gave our people an interest in the Cuban struggle for independence that led to its attainment, and I was one of those who went to the island for the purpose. It was not till it was all over and I had been mustered out of the United States service that I returned to Cuba with a view to learning what had become of Henry Molina.

I gathered the story gradually. The first part of it I heard was that Henry had been taken to Morro castle at Havana and had been condemned to death, but had escaped the day before he was to have been executed. How he escaped I did not learn, but it was reported that a boy some seventeen or eighteen years old had visited his prison and managed to convey to him saws with which to remove a bar in his window. He had joined the revolutionary forces, but had done more for the cause in other ways than as a commander. This I could understand, remembering his education at an American university.

The next chapter in the story was that Inez de la Barra had been found on the grounds of her home with a bullet hole in her left breast and in a dying condition. She had been assassinated, but could not or would not tell who had been her assassin. It was well known, however, that she had been a spy of General Weyler, and, the Molina plantation having been confiscated by the Spanish government, she had received a large sum of money. Lastly, I heard that my chum had regained possession of his estate, his father having died, and the son had just been married to Concia Sierra.

Naturally I put these facts together and filled out the story in my own way, but I could not tell how far I was right or how far wrong. I lost no time in going to the Molina plantation, where I found its owner recovering from the privations he had endured since I had parted with him. He was rejoiced to see me, and, after I had been received by his wife, he took me apart and told me that Inez de la Barra had entrapped him and caused his arrest. He gave me a surprise when he said that Concia had been the means of his escape from Morro castle, having gone there disguised and bribed a guard to give her secret access to her lover.

All this interested me, but the climax to the drama, the assassination of Senorita de la Barra, was what I wished to have explained.

"Who killed the woman who betrayed you?" I asked.

A singular expression came over Henry's face in which I fancied there was something of pain. He turned his eyes away from me and did not reply.

"One question," I added, "and I will ask no more. Surely you did not do this deed?"

"No," he replied. "I did not."

I made my own inference as to who had avenged him; but, since I may be mistaken and do not wish to name the wrong person, I leave my reader to make his or her own inference.

California Woman Seriously Alarmed.

"A short time ago I contracted a severe cold which settled on my lungs and caused me a great deal of annoyance. I would have bad coughing spells and my lungs were so sore and inflamed I began to be seriously alarmed. A friend recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, saying she had used it for years. I bought a bottle and it relieved my cough the first night, and in a week I was rid of the cold and soreness of my lungs," writes Miss Marie Gerber, Sawtelle, Cal. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Roasting Coffee.

In Norway, where superb coffee is made, a bit of butter is added to the beans while they are roasting in the covered shovel used there for that purpose. In France as well a piece of butter the size of a walnut is put with three pounds of the coffee beans and also a dessertspoonful of powdered sugar. This brings out both flavor and scent and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which will be remembered as a pleasing part of French coffee.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Railroad Laborers Quit Work.

Marshfield.—Excessive charge for inferior fare and accommodations, charge for hospital fees, inflated prices for goods sold by the contractors, bad working conditions and employment under misrepresentation are reasons alleged for the strike of a number of laborers employed on the construction work of the Willamette-Pacific by Copenhagen Bros., contractors, at the Gardiner end of the line. The men quit work this week.

Biehl Found Guilty of Fraud.

Portland.—After brief deliberation, a jury in the United States court found A. Biehl guilty on three of four counts of an indictment charging him with fraudulent use of the mails in exploiting the Columbia River Orchards company. Biehl is liable to a sentence of five years in the federal penitentiary on each of the three counts.

STATE DEBT IS SMALL

Cost of Running Oregon 2 Years Was $5,240,704.

Salem.—During the biennial period from October 1, 1910, to September 30, 1912, the office of secretary of state issued warrants aggregating $5,240,704.54, according to the biennial report of Secretary of State Olcott. Outstanding warrants on October 1, 1910, amounted to $37,171.55, while outstanding warrants at the close of this biennial period amounted to $30,198.90.

The only outstanding indebtedness is a small amount of "Certificates of evidence of allowance of claims," and "Certificates of indebtedness," issued according to law and for which appropriations will have to be made by the legislature.

The total amount of revenue required for state purposes for 1911 was estimated at $2,082,909.09, which included $33,795.50 for the normal school at Monmouth. Of this amount $697,293 was receipts from indirect sources, such as fees, licenses, etc., and $1,385,615.84 was raised by direct taxation.

For 1912 it was estimated that $3,656,633.66 would be needed, of which $592,817.91 came from indirect sources and $3,656,633.66 came from direct taxation.

Eastern Oregon Without Mail.

Burns.—Burns has been without mail communication with outside points since Tuesday. C. M. Kellogg, contractor on the Prairie City-Burns route and four other routes, all of them centering in this section of Oregon, refuse to handle the mail on the ground that the government violated the present mail contracts by the enactment of the parcel post law.

Lumber Shipments Are Big.

Astoria.—During the year of 1912 there were 381 vessels which loaded at the mills in the Astoria customs district and their combined cargoes totalled 290,509,033 feet of lumber. Of these vessels, 51 carrying 60,180,000 feet of lumber went to foreign ports, while 330 vessels with cargoes amounting to 230,329,033 feet of lumber went to domestic points.

INSTITUTE WORK CLOSES

Final Session Is Held at Crowfoot Grange, Near Lebanon.

Corvallis.—The farmers' institute work of the extension division of the Oregon agricultural college, in which a number of faculty members have been engaged under extension supervision during the Christmass recess, came to a close Saturday—the final day of vacation—with an all-day institute at the Crowfoot Grange, near Lebanon. Three members of the college faculty conducted the Crowfoot meetings, and gave instruction in dairying, field crops and home economics.

Institutes were held Friday at Tualatin and at Ashland. These institutes marked the suspension of the work until after the close of the winter short courses at the college, which opened when class work was resumed Monday, and will continue until February 6.

Woman Mayor in Office.

Warrenton.—Oregon's first woman mayor, Miss Clara C. Munson, was inaugurated at a meeting of the city council, when she and the three newly-elected council members took their oaths of office and succeeded the retiring officials.

Gun Clubs Organize State League.

Eugene.—Represented either in person, or by proxy, delegates from the gun clubs of Eugene, Portland, Salem, Albany, Ontario, Joseph and Coquille City met in the rooms of the Eugene commercial club and organized a state league for the promotion of sport.

Barely Remembered.

"I suppose your late uncle didn't fail to remember you in his will," said the sympathetic friend.

"You can hardly call it a remembrance," replied the poor relation. "It was more like a faint recollection."

Cured of Liver Complaint.

"I was suffering with liver complaint," says Iva Smith of Point Blank, Texas, "and decided to try a 25c. box of Chamberlain's Tablets, and am happy to say that I am completely cured and can recommend them to every one." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

THE PASTOR SPRINTED.

He Made a Good Run in Record Time With Plenty of Reason.

One of the traditional stories of the town of Fairfield, Conn., recounts a wild dash from the pulpit made by a worthy and beloved pastor of the Episcopal flock, Dr. Labaree.

It was on a Sunday more than a hundred years ago. The service had been read, the prayers said, the hymns sung, and the parson began his sermon. As he proceeded his gestures became very energetic. He brought his right hand down with great force. Then he turned pale, cleared the pulpit stairs at a bound, dashed out of the church door and ran toward the pond a short distance away.

The congregation followed in bewildered pursuit and saw their venerable pastor with flying robe rush into the water until it came to his neck. Then, turning round, he faced his astonished audience and said:

"Dearly beloved brethren, I am not crazy, as no doubt many of you think, but yesterday at the drug store I bought a bottle of nitric acid and carelessly left it in my pocket today.

"My last gesture broke the bottle. I knew the suffering the acid would cause when it penetrated my clothing and rushed for the water to save myself pain."

He drew several pieces of glass from his pocket in witness of the tale. Then he dismissed the company and hurried home.

FROZEN WITH HEAT.

A Remarkable Process Known as the Caloric Paradox.

Freezing is usually associated with cold, but water can be frozen on a red-hot plate. This pretty experiment has rightly been called the caloric paradox.

If a drop of water is placed on a red-hot or white hot metal plate it does not suddenly flash into steam under the influence of the great heat. It does not even boil. It simply evaporates quietly and slowly as it rolls about the plate. Now, suppose that the drop on the plate is a volatile liquid like sulphurous acid. It will evaporate, and this evaporation will produce cold. Let a drop of water fall in the sulphurous acid drop and it will be frozen in spite of the heat.

M. Boutigny thus froze water on a white hot platinum capsule. Faraday carried this remarkable experiment even further. Pouring some ether and solidified carbonic acid gas on a red-hot platinum capsule, he formed a spheroidal mass which evaporated very slowly. He then brought some mercury into contact with it, and this was instantly frozen. Now, mercury requires a temperature of 40 degrees below zero to solidify it, and here it was frozen on redhot platinum.

Oldest Candy in World Is Licorice.

Most of the black licorice comes from Spain, where it is made from the juice of the plant and mixed with starch to prevent it from melting in hot weather. The licorice plant is a shrub about three feet high and grows wild where its roots can reach the water. It grows largely on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

As the valley of the Euphrates contained one of the earliest civilizations in the world, it is probable that licorice is about the oldest confection in the world and that the taste which boys and girls like so well today was enjoyed by the boys and girls of Babylon and Nineveh 3,000 years ago.

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No "Deadhead" Trip.

One of the most famous of American shipping lines in the palmy days of our marine was the Cope line, which ran between Philadelphia and Liverpool, says the author of "Memoirs of Charles H. Cramp." By this line John Randolph of Roanoke determined to go to Russia when he had been appointed minister to that country by President Jackson. Entering the office of the company in Philadelphia, he said to a clerk in his usual grandiloquent manner:

"Sir, I wish to see Thomas P. Cope."

He was shown to Mr. Cope's office.

"I am John Randolph of Roanoke," he said. "I wish to take passage to Liverpool in one of your ships."

If he expected to be tendered a pass he was grievously disappointed.

"I am Thomas Cope," replied the head of the line. "If thee goes aboard the ship and selects thy stateroom and will pay $150 thee may go."

An Ants' Sewing Circle.

A party of German naturalists recently returned from Ceylon have reported the existence of a species of ant that has been observed in the act of sewing two leaves together for the purpose of forming a nest. This report confirms the observations of the English naturalist Ridley, made in 1800. They saw a row of the insects pulling the edges of leaves together, then others trimming and fitting the edges, and finally the completion of the work by still other ants which fastened the edges with a silky thread yielded by larvae of the same species the workers carried in their mandibles. It is said that the sewing ants pass the thread-giving larvae like shuttles through holes in the edges of the leaves.—Boston Post.

Bound to Disagree.

Hicks—The idea of his marrying Miss Roxley! Why, he's a dyspeptic! Wicks—What has that got to do with it? She has plenty of money, and—Hicks—That's it. She'll never agree with him; she's too rich.—Exchange.

How to Bankrupt the Doctors.

A prominent New York physician says: "If it were not for the thin stockings and thin soled shoes worn by women the doctors would probably be bankrupt." When you contract a cold do not wait for it to develop into pneumonia but treat it at once. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is intended especially for coughs and colds, and has won a wide reputation by its cures of these diseases. It is most effectual and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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