The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....January 31, 1913

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when 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.

FROZE A SOAP BUBBLE.

Then Broke It In Pieces and Floated Them on Liquid Air.

A frozen soap bubble broken in two and floating like an iridescent, transparent eggshell on the surface of a vessel of liquid air was one of the marvels exhibited by Professor Dewar in a lecture before the Royal Institute of Great Britain.

The lecture was upon the subject of atmosphere and the curious effects of intense cold, the liquid air and soap bubble being adjuncts introduced to facilitate some explanations.

A few spoonfuls of liquid air were poured into a vessel, and the intense cold caused by evaporation immediately brought on a minature snowstorm in the atmosphere directly above the vessel. A soap bubble was then placed in the freezing stratum. Almost instantly there was a change in the color of the transparent globe, the bubble becoming much darker; the movements of the rainbows film grew slower; it contracted somewhat in size, and a little later it froze.

A slight but dexterous movement of the rod upon which the bubble was suspended broke the latter into two pieces, which fell upon the liquid air and there floated for an hour, gradually accumulating a tiny snowdrift from the almost imperceptible precipitation constantly going on in the freezing atmosphere above.

STEVENSON'S GRAVE.

Its Romantic Site, In Samoa, Atop the Forest Clad Valia.

No English novelist rests in a more eccentric spot than that chosen by Robert Louis Stevenson, who is buried on the summit of the forest clad Valia, in the island of Samoa, that genial spot in the south Pacific that the gifted writer loved so well.

The day after his death at Vailima, in 1894, his remains were carried to the top of this precipitous and picturesque peak by sixty sturdy Samoans, who had loved and now mourned their dead chief, Tusitala.

A party of forty had previously cut a pathway through the thick, tangled wood with knives and axes, while another party had prepared the grave. With infinite care and trouble they bore him shoulder high over the rough ground to his last long home, and there, under the starry sky, they left him to sleep forever, with the Pacific at his feet.

On either side of his tombstone is a bronze plate. One bears the words "The Tomb of Tusitala," while the other is inscribed with his own requiem, beginning:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.

The Parrot Fish.

There are water parrots as well as land parrots. The parrot fish come from the tropics, are brilliantly colored and have beaks something like those of the parrot, for use in breaking off the coral shell in order to get at the living polyp. Not all of them, however, live on animal food, some species being herbivorous. One species is found in the Mediterranean sea, where it has been known for thousands of years. The Greeks and Romans regarded it for a time as the first of fishes, and Pliny tells us how it was introduced into the Italian sea in the course of the reign of Claudius. It was known as the "scarus" by the ancients, who told some wonderful stories about its love, its wisdom and its rumination. Some having a length of sixteen inches have been captured alive.

Doncaster Races.

Doncaster is one of the four places—the other three being Chester, Epsom and Lincoln—that claim to be the cradle of the British turf. In May, 1600, the minutes of the corporation record that "Hugh Wyrrall hath caused a stoope," or post, "to be sett on Doncaster More at the west end of the horse-race," which was ordered to be "cutt down." A few years later "for the preventinge of sutes, quarrells, murders and bloodsheds" it was agreed "that the race on Doncaster More be discontinued." Eventually the corporation, with the true Yorkshire combined love of "t' brass" and sport, took the horse racing under its patriarchal care and turned the meeting into a source of profit.—London Standard.

The French.

The French were first mentioned as the Franks, a tribe of warlike Germans in the northwestern part of the region now known as Prussia. They came into notice about 240 A. D. and with other German tribes invaded the Roman empire in the fifth century and settled in the country now known as France. The word Frank, or Frankman, means freeman. After their conquest of Gaul they named the country Frankenrick, or Frank's kingdom.

Getting Him Inured.

"What makes Bliggins compel his boy to practice standing bareheaded in inclement weather?"

"He has an idea the boy will be president of the United States some day and wants to have him well rehearsed for inauguration."—Washington Star.

She Agreed.

Mr. Gnaggs—I want you to understand, Mrs. Gnaggs, that I am no fool. Mrs. Gnaggs—For once I agree with you. A fool and his money are soon parted, and I have never been able to get a dollar out of you.—Philadelphia Record.

He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man.—Burke.

A DIVORCE CASE

How Law Was Introduced Into the Town of Harmony

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

The first transition that came over Harmony was when certain citizens, realizing that there must be something done to improve the situation, organized a town government and established a court. The latter was opposed by some on the ground that it would stand in the way of finding out "who done things." But the conservatives said that it was not their object to bring in all the devices lawyers use to obscure crime, but to have just a citizen judge who should tell the jury what kind of a verdict to bring in. This was considered well enough in its way, and Jim Simpson was appointed city judge. Jim kept the supply store of the place and had once sued a man for defamation of character. His knowledge of the law acquired at that time was all there was in the town.

A young graduate of an eastern law school who had gone west to grow up with the country, hearing that Harmony had established a court, determined to settle there. His reception was not cordial. A number of citizens who had patiently endured certain wrongs, finding that they had a lawyer willing to right them, concluded to have them righted by legal process. This rendered Mr. Cartright, the attorney, unpopular, the wag of the place asserting that his coming had deprived the town of the right to its name.

John Burrage and his wife had lived together peaceably for twenty years. They had had their spats and got over them, finally settling down to that condition common between most couples who have learned to work in double harness—that is, their bickerings, when they occurred, which was not often, were not considered of much importance. But one day after the organizing of the court and the advent of the lawyer Mrs. Burrage had a headache, or a toothache, which is worse, and

"IT'S MY INTENTION TO PUT HER THERE," REPLIED THE JUDGE.

when John came in for dinner he found her spoiling for a fight. John could have undoubtedly pacified the woman, but the toothache was another matter. He was obliged to go out again, leaving her wrathful.

Mrs. McGuire, her next door neighbor, received an account of her "ill treatment" and declared she wouldn't live with a brute like that for anything. When Mrs. Burrage asked what she would do in the premises, Mrs. McGuire said she would get a divorce, and she kindly offered to introduce her friend to the lawyer, just to see what could be done about it. Mrs. Burrage was ready to go with her right off, toothache and all, to Mr. Cartright's office.

The result was that before Mrs. Burrage realized what she was about she had paid the lawyer $20 as a retaining fee. That settled the prosecution of her divorce suit. She could not recover the fee, and she did not propose to lose it. She had always got the worth of her money and must do so now.

John Burrage was much astonished on returning to supper to find his wife gone, the lawyer waiting for him to serve a notice upon him that she had left his bed and board and would sue for a divorce with alimony. He couldn't quite make it out. The disagreement that had bloomed into a divorce case was a mere bagatelle compared with past squabbles that had been weathered without any unpleasant result. But there was the lawyer, and there was the document with red tape and red ink embellishment. The wife was evidently under other influences, and John believed that an attempt on his part to dissuade her from following the course injected into her would be unsuccessful. He therefore decided to let the case go to trial.

Judge Jim Simmons not having a judicial gown did the next best thing to putting one on by wearing his coat and refraining from putting his legs on the table before him. It had been found necessary to appoint some one to counteract the effect of the lawyer, so Cy Harkness had been made prosecuting attorney, with instructions to content himself with preventing his opponent from obstructing justice to horse thieves, but on no account to interfere in any other case. When the court was ready to try the Burrage divorce case the plaintiff's counsel stated her reasons for applying for the separation. He did so in legal phraseology, concluding with the words, "The said John Burrage, her lawful spouse, had by his cruelty rendered her life miserable and utterly unbearable." While the lawyer was making the statement the judge showed considerable feeling, changing his position in his chair several times. When it was finished he said:

"Young man, do you mean to say that our respected feller citizen, John Burrage, is the kind of man to mistreat a woman?"

"Such is the allegation, your honor."

"And who's the alligator?"

"My client, the plaintiff."

"Air you shure there ain't no other alligator in the case?"

At this point one of the defendant's particular friends interrupted the dialogue.

"Jedge," he said, "I reckon my wife can tell you who's the real alligator behind this case. My wife says she overheard Mrs. Burrage's next door neighbor, Mrs. McGuire, pumpin' light inter"—

"I object, your honor," interposed the plaintiff's counsel. "This is not only evidence coming through a second person, but is not properly brought forward. It is not yet time for the witnesses for the defense to testify."

"Jedge," Mr. Harkness spoke up, "as prosecutin' attorney o' this yere town, I want to say"—

"Your honor," Mr. Cartright interposed, "this is not a case requiring a prosecuting attorney. The defendant is entitled to counsel, and if Mr. Harkness represents him he should be heard; otherwise"—

"It don't matter what you call him," interrupted the judge. "He's an officer o' this court, and I don't want you to try to run him out by slingin' these law names at him. Cy Harkness, what was you goin' to say?"

"I was goin' to say that as prosecutin' attorney or counsel for the defendant, or whatever I am, I want to object to a citizen o' this yere town in good standin' like John Burrage, who gives good measure and has never been known to pass a counterfeit bill, bein' called names even if they be law names by a stranger who has come among us to throw dust in our eyes by his law talk. Ef he's a mind to come down to plain American languidge and tell us what John Burrage's wife has got ag'in John Burrage let him do it; otherwise let him ever after hold his peace."

"This ain't a weddin', Cy," said one of the jurymen, pulling the speaker's coat sleeve; "it's a divorce. You got the marriage service in the wrong place."

"Your honor," said the plaintiff's counsel, "we're making no headway with this case. If you will allow me to give you a bit of posting, I would say that in courts of law the plaintiff's testimony is brought forward, then the opposite side is introduced, and the rebuttal"—

"I want you to understand, young man, there'll be no buttin' in yere in this court. You needn't try it neither. But we ain't gettin' on nohow. There's too much city law in the case. Everybody's talkin' but the pussen as ought to talk. You, Susan Burrage, stand up and tell the court what you got ag'in yer man."

Mrs. Burrage arose. The toothache had subsided, and she was in an excellent humor. She made something like a courtesy to the judge and smiled at the jury.

"It is not my intention to put my client on the witness stand," Mr. Cartright interposed.

"Well, it's my intention to put her there," replied the judge, "and if you interferes with any o' your law flugo I'll put you out. Now, Susan Burrage, fire away."

"Well, judge, it's this way: My husban' comes home when I wasn't feelin' very well, and I sasses him. He didn't sass back, and that made me mad. The most excoriatin' man is one as won't sass back. Ef he'd a stayed a minute longer I'd 'a' throwed a plate at his head. But he got out, and I was tellin' my troubles to my neighbor, Mrs McGuire"—

"The alligator?" interrupted the judge.

"I dunno. Mrs. McGuire, she introduced me to Mr. Cartright to find out what could be done between me and John. The first information he give me was that he wanted a restrainer fee of $20. Well, I went to John's stockin', where he keeps his money, and got the $20 and tuk it to the lawyer, and he talked a blue streak, and when my tooth stopped achin' I found myself in a divorce suit."

"Well?"

"What could I do but go on with it or lose my money? If I don't get my divorce I'll be out $20."

The effect of this evidence on the court and spectators was such that Mr. Cartright turned pale.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "it bein' my duty to instruct you as to the law in this case, I'll tell you that it's all on the side of John Burrage. You got nothin' to do with no divorce. What you got to do is to bring in a verdic' returnin' Susan Burrage her $20 restrainin' fee. Then you want to put the costs on Cartright, with the request that he make himself scarce before sundown tonight with all his law books and sich. This yere town is not to be improved by city law, and we don't want none of it in Harmony."

The judge's instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Cartright was escorted out of town, and John and Susan Burrage went home together, feeling that they had escaped the horrors of a divorce by the skin of their teeth.

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.

Why Tears Flow.

All human emotions, however slight they may be, either decrease or increase the circulation of the blood. Those emotions that bring tears cause the blood vessels around the eyes to expand, thus flooding the lachrymal or tear glands with blood. The tear glands always secrete a little to keep the eyes cool and moist and carry off specks of dust through the nasal passages, but the extra supply of blood increases this secretion to such an extent that it cannot go off in the usual way, so overflows.

HYGIENE OF VIOLINS.

The Proper Kind of Case For These Sensitive Instruments.

The violin and violoncello are most sensitive to atmospheric conditions and suffer from atmospheric variations quite as much as the tender vocal cords of the singer. Those who have attempted to make the violin an ornament by hanging it upon the wall have had reason to repent taking such a liberty. The violin loses its varnish and gradually its pitch and timbre. The artificial heat of rooms in winter makes its tone raucous when it does not obliterate it entirely. Metal cases, morocco covered, are equally unfit for it. A strong, well varnished wooden case, even though it be not especially attractive to the eye, suits the susceptibilities of the violin much better.

Certain qualities, sometimes unsuspected, in the wood play an important part in the fabrication of notes, causing progressive deterioration. There was a time when manufacturers applied to their product several coats of "paint"—i. e., a concentrated solution of bichromate of sodium potash in boiling water. The wood soon acquired a yellow tone, and under the action of light after drying the color darkened and took on the aspect of very old paint.

For commercial purposes this was all very well, but what happened to the purchaser was that as soon as he began to use his instrument exposed to the light the bichromate worked on the gelatin, which the manufacturers employed to color the wood and prevent the penetrating of the varnish, while some element in the bichromate of soda was converted into stone. The violin suffered petrifaction, which impeded its tone and rendered it useless.—Harper's Weekly.

First Night Critics.

In an article in the American Magazine, Walter Prichard Eaton writes:

"The theater door man is an important person on first nights, because as he passes out return checks between acts he hears the comments of the audience. His ears are wide open on such occasions, and, mingling with the crowd in the lobby, are other attaches of the theater, all seeking to overhear the comments, and all rushing to report to the manager. Not long ago the last act of a play in New York was entirely changed after the opening night solely because the women in the audience, as they left the house, were nearly all complaining of the tragic finish. When a piece hangs in the balance between success and failure, when 'tinkering' can perhaps turn the scale, these frank comments overheard in the lobby are of great importance to author and manager. In other cases they are a barometer of success or failure, though the ultimate test, of course, is the subtle attitude of the audience in the auditorium, its spontaneous enthusiasm or its coldness and signs of boredom."

A Household Maneuver.

"And what," asked the caller after he had been shown all over Mr. Bobbs' new house, "is that pretty little article hanging over the piano?"

"Don't you know?" answered Mr. Bobbs enthusiastically. "Why, that is a handy match receiver, made by Mrs. Bobbs. I scratch a match and use it. It must not be thrown on the floor. There is the receiver. Holding the burned match carefully in my fingers, I move the piano away from the wall to the center of the room. Then I go down in the basement and get the stepladder. I place the stepladder against the wall, mount it, deposit the match in the receiver, climb down again. I then return the stepladder to the basement, come back and move the piano into its former position. There's nothing like having these things about the house. It makes neatness and discourages smoking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Recipes For Long Life.

The late John Bigelow, the patriarch of diplomats and authors, and the no less distinguished physician and author Dr. S. Weir Mitchell were together several years ago at West Point. Dr. Bigelow was then ninety-two and Dr. Mitchell eighty.

The conversation turned to the subject of age. "I attribute my many years," said Dr. Bigelow, "to the fact that I have been most abstemious. I have eaten sparingly and have not used tobacco and have taken little exercise."

"It is just the reverse in my case," explained Dr. Mitchell. "I have eaten just as much as I wished, if I could get it; I have always used tobacco, immoderately at times, and I have always taken a great deal of exercise."

With that ninety-two years shook his head at eighty years and said, "Well, you will never live to be an old man."—Lippincott's.

A Free Hotel.

At Miramar, on the island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean, is a free hotel, where accommodations may be had for three days upon application to the agents of the Archduke Luis Salvator of Austria. It is a beautiful spot, and the entire neighborhood is full of attractions to the traveler. Attendants in charge look after the welfare of guests, who must, however, provide for their own food. Beds, linen and table appointments they receive gratis, and bread and wine can be obtained very reasonably. It is said that this provision is due to the gratification the Austrian owners felt years ago when they first came to live at Miramar. Such peace and such loveliness, they felt, should be shared by all lovers of nature who passed that way.—Argonaut.

One of the Antiques.

"There," said the man who had purchased a pedigree that reached back to the "coming over" of William the Conqueror, "is a gold snuffbox that was used by one of my great-great-grandfathers."

"Very interesting," replied the gentleman who was examining the thing. "Very interesting, indeed. I had no idea that the 'made in Germany' mark had been in use as long as that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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.

Feeling For Death.

For a week the self appointed guide to the blind on their daily walks had noticed that the two men who were her special charges felt carefully of the wall on either side of the door of the asylum when passing in and out. Since she was there to lead them, that precaution seemed not at all necessary, and she finally asked their reason for it.

"I am looking for crape on the door," one old man told her. "They don't like to let us know here in the asylum when any one dies for fear of making us feel bad, but they put crape on the door, and by feeling for it when we pass in and out we can find out for ourselves when one of us has gone."—New York Times.

A Train For Tyler.

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the presidential office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction and sent his son Bob to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong Whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president and informed Bob that his road did not run any special trains for the president. "What!" said Bob. "Did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road."

Neighborly.

Dobbs—So you're living in the country, eh? What kind of neighbors have you? Are they desirable? Hobbs—Desirable! Great Scott! We haven't a thing they don't desire, especially in the way of gardening implements.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Wind Month.

November was called by the ancient Saxons the wint monat, or wind month, on account of the gales then prevalent. It was also named the blot monat, or blood month, from the ancient practice of then slaughtering cattle for the winter provisions.

Society takes us away from ourselves.—De Lambert.

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.

Clay's Ready Wit.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election, at one of his mass meetings an old hunter of wide political influence said, "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote (which he named) I'm goin' ag'in you."

"Let me see your rifle," said Clay.

It was handed to him.

"Is she a good rifle?"

"Yes."

"Did she ever miss fire?"

"Well, yes, once."

"Why didn't you throw her away?"

The old hunter thought a moment and then said, "Harry, I'll try you again."

And Harry was elected.

Bright Scholars.

Examination "howlers" are by no means confined to schoolboys, as an "information test" of freshmen at New York university showed. The definitions of "hypothecate" as "a druggist" and "esophagus" as "a tomb in which dead kings were placed" were worthy of lineal descendants of Mrs. Malaprop, while the statement that "Beowulf was a character in Shakespeare's 'Ivanhoe'" rivals the classic account of Aesop as "a man who wrote fables and traded the copyright for a bottle of potash."—New York Tribune.

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.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Linn County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry Hennagin, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Henry Hennagin, deceased, by the county court of the state of Oregon for Linn county, and that she has duly qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and requested to present the same, duly verified and with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned executrix at her home, R. F. D. 8 Corvallis, Oregon, within six months from the date of first publication of this notice. Dated this 9th day of January, 1913.

VIRGINIA M. HENNAGIN, Executrix.
J. B. HORNER, Attorney for Executrix.
First publication January 3rd, 1913. [46]

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX SALE.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order from the County Court of the state of Oregon for Sherman county, made and entered of record on the 6th day of September, 1904, in the matter of the estate of Charles N. McCaleb, deceased, the undersigned administratrix of said estate, will from and after the 21st day of February, 1913, proceed to sell all of the estate, right, title, and interest which the said Charles N. McCaleb, deceased, had at the time of his death in and to lot eight (8), in block three (3), in the city of Moro, Sherman county, state of Oregon, said lot being 50 by 100 feet in size, and having a wooden building thereon, formerly occupied and used as a store, together with all the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Terms of sale: At private sale, for cash or upon credit; the entire tract of land herein described to be sold as a whole on the following terms, to-wit: Not less than $100 of the purchase price to be paid in cash, and a term of credit not exceeding two years on the remainder; purchaser to execute and deliver a promissory note or notes of approved form, and secure same by a first mortgage on the said premises. All of said deferred payments shall bear interest at not less than seven per cent per annum. Said sale shall be subject to resale and confirmation by the court in the same manner as other sales of real property by administrators or executors.

Dated at Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, this 21st day of January, 1913.

PRUDE C. McCALEB DeMOSS,
Administratrix of the estate of Charles N. McCaleb, deceased.

Date of first publication, January 24, 1913.
Date of last publication, February 21, 1913.

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