The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY..... May 2, 1913

A MOONSHINE LEGISLATOR

By M. QUAD

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"It was ten or twelve years ago when our member of the legislachur turned agin moonshine whisky.

"That meant that somebody else must be elected in his place, and what did the pesky people around yere do but cum to me and want me to stand. They cum to my cabin a dozen at a time, and they shook hands and called me an honest man and all that, and the mo' I hung back the mo' they wanted me to run. When they got me into a tight co'ner I says:

"'I can't skassly read, and I can't skassly write, and yo' all know that I can't get up before that legislachur and speak ten words, and what good could I do down to Nashville?'

"They purtended to give in at that, but what did the critters do but put me up to be voted fer when the time cum, and the fust thing I knowed I was 'lected by 400 majority. When I heard the news I told it to the old woman and said:

"'Waal, what am I gwine to do about it? I've either got to hunt fer a cave and hole myself up or go to Nashville.'

"'Yo'll go to Nashville,' she says.

"'And what'll yo' do?'

"'I'll go with yo'."

"Waal, we started off one day and got aboard of the railroad kyars. I was a little narvous, and the old woman braced her feet and hung on with her hands, but we got along without any calamity. In about an hour, when she dared to open her eyes and draw her breath, she says to me:

"'Zeb, how many houses have yo' seen since we left home?'

"'More'n a hundred,' says I.

"'And how many people?'

"'More'n a thousand.'

"'Shoo! Then we must bev got clear around the world and back home ag'in!'

"When we got down to Nashville thar was so many people and so many houses and such a movin' around that I got the old woman behind me and prepared to fight to the death, but not a critter laid hands on us. Some of 'em laughed at my cowhide boots, and some of 'em grinned at the old woman's poke bonnet, but everything was good natured. We went to a tavern to git board, and when the old woman sees the carpets on the floors, the stuft cheers standin' around and the lookin' glasses as big as a tablecloth she turns pale and puts her arms around me and says:

"'Zeb, I kin see now why thar ar so many sinners in this world. If a critter kin bev all these things, he don't keer a pesky drat about gwine to heaven. I'm afeared we'll be bad 'nuff to steal hawgs in a week.'

"At the end of three days the legislachur opened, and I had to go up to the statehouse. Lordy, stranger, but I'd rather tackled three old b'ars at once! I had goose flesh as I struck that crowd, and the old woman wasn't around to incourage me. I went into the statehouse with the crowd, and I'd jist found a seat when a feller comes around and says:

"'Excuse me, but ain't that a rifle yo're got thar?'

"'She be,' says I. 'It's a rifle which has killed mo' b'ars and wildcats than yo' could count in an hour, and she's still ready fer the next varmint.'

"'But yo' can't bring no deadly weepin' yere,' he goes on. 'This ain't no jumpin' match nor hoss race, but the legislachur of Tennessee.'

"I told him I knowed whar I was, but that I should keep tight holt of that rifle till I knowed I was out of the woods, and he goes away growlin' to hisself. Mebbe it was half an hour arter that when a feller stands up on a platform and looks at me and says:

"'Does the honorable member from Beaver Cove expect to find any b'ars on the flooh of this house?'

"'I ain't sayin' as I do,' I answers, 'but if thar is a riot over moonshine whisky I might want sunthin' better than a club!'

"Rimeby that same feller stood up ag'in and says, as slick as yo' please:

"'Mebbe the honorable member from Beaver Cove would like to be excused for half an hour while he takes his gun home.'

"'Do any critter yere want to pick a fuss with Zeb White?' says I as I stands up.

"Everybody laughs and claps his hands, but no one comes nigh me, and I puts on my cap, shoulders my rifle and says as I walks out:

"'It's an onery crowd, and thar ain't a man among yo' who kin pull a rabbit out of a boiler log!'

"I went straight to the tavern, and thar I found the old woman shiverin' and shakin fur her life.

"'What's the matter?' says I.

"'They've put piller cases trimmed with lace on our bed,' says she, 'and the gorgeousness of it will bring on heart disease! Zeb, fur the Lawd's sake, let's go back home!'

"'But I'm here to watch moonshine,' says I.

"'Never mind moonshine nur nothin' else on the face of this airth, but let's be a-gittin'. This world ain't fur us, Zeb. We is like two lost children wanderin' through the woods and expectin' to be eat up any minit, and I'm so skeart and flustrated that I shan't live two days longer! Zeb, if yo' love me, come home!'

"'I'll do it,' says I. And she got on her poke, packed our carpetbag, and we was out of the town of Nashville befo' sundown, never to go back."

Wise Woman.

Mrs. Jones—Why are you going home so soon? Surely your husband can get along without you.

Mrs. Smith—I know it, but I don't want him to find out that he can.—New York World.

ADMIRED HIS BRAVERY.

A Nervy British Boy and His Reception by the Enemy.

Mere boys have often shown the greatest heroism in the face of peril, both on and off the battlefield. How many know the story of the little British bugler who accompanied Colonel Rennie's column in the disastrous advance against General Jackson's intrenchments at New Orleans a hundred years ago?

A withering fire of cannon and musketry greeted the British troops as they charged the American redoubt—a fire that for deadly accuracy has rarely been equaled.

The young bugler at once climbed into a small tree and straddled a limb. From this conspicuous position he continued to sound the vibrant call to the charge. Cannon balls and bullets killed scores of men beneath him and even tore away branches of the tree in which he sat. But above the thunder of the artillery, the rattling of musketry and all the din of strife the shrill music, blown with all the power of the little fellow's lungs, rose unceasing.

Colonel Rennie and most of the regimental officers fell, mortally wounded; the shattered ranks began to fall back. But the bugler still blew the charge with undiminished vigor.

At last, when the British had entirely abandoned the field, one of the American soldiers ran out from the lines, took the youngster prisoner and brought him into camp. Great was the boy's astonishment when, instead of treating him roughly, according to his expectations, the warm hearted southern soldiers, who had observed his gallantry with admiration, actually embraced him. Officers and men vied with each other in acts of kindness toward this brave young Briton.—Youth's Companion.

ELEPHANTS AS WORKERS.

Without Them Burma's Teakwood Trade Would Languish.

Since 1886 the export of teakwood from Burma has increased enormously; but, despite the phenomenally high price of the wood, it would not be profitable to work it, even in these days, without the elephant. In this trade the Burmese elephants, massive animals whose strength is almost unlimited, are seen at their best as beasts of burden.

From the time when the forest areas are purchased, before the trees are felled, to the hour of export on the ocean going vessels at the port on the Indian ocean the elephant is the main worker. Far away in the malarial swamps and almost impenetrable jungles this majestic beast first tramps down a passage through the undergrowth. Then, guided by his Indian keeper's prong, the elephant commences his arduous labor of dragging the felled trees to the river, whence they are conveyed by raft down country to the sawmills.

These enormous trees, untrimmed and cumbrous, are sometimes dragged up and down the jungle and mountain forest pathways en route to the river with rare precision. At the mills again the work of packing and stacking is done exclusively by elephants. When the trees are sawed into lengths the elephants do the piling, bringing the huge planks from the sheds and arranging them in an orderly manner in numbered piles.—Argonaut.

Hard on the Lawyer.

Sir William Jones was receiving a visit from Mr. Day, a man of some note at that time. During a conversation Sir William moved a book from its place, and a large spider dropped to the ground.

"Kill that spider, Day! Kill that spider!" cried the great scholar.

"No," said Mr. Day, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I don't know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose now that you were going down to Westminster hall in your carriage and some superior being, who might have as much power over you as you have over this spider, should call out: 'Kill that lawyer! Kill that lawyer!' How should you like that, Jones? And I am sure that to most people a lawyer is a more noxious creature than a spider."

Why Is It?

That a legless man can "put his foot in it?"

That persons who are "consumed by curiosity" still survive?

That frequently a sinking fund is used to meet a floating debt?

That straining the voice is not the proper way to make it clearer?

That we speak of a stream running dry when the only way it can run is wet?

That wives should expect their husbands to foot the bills without kicking?

That we talk of some one "going straight to the devil" when he has to be crooked to go there?—Boston Transcript.

Two Things Distinguish Men.

The essential things which distinguish one person from another, which give one man a higher place and another a lower, are just two.

First of all, perseverance—the ability to keep everlastingly at it, and second, imagination or vision—the ability to see beyond the present and to understand that the work at hand reaches beyond the present moment and so is worth while.—St. Nicholas.

Naturally.

Youth—Can you tell me which is Mr. Ponsonby. Lady—The man with the gray hair talking to those ladies over there. I am Mr. Ponsonby's wife. Youth—I know you are. That's why I asked you, as I thought you'd be sure to know.—London Punch.

His Opportunity.

"Harry, I've been reading up on parliamentary usage. I've got to preside at a meeting of our girls' club. But there's one thing I don't quite understand—what is the 'previous question?'"

"It's the question I've been trying to ask you for a whole year, Mabel, but you never would listen to me. You'll let me ask now, won't you?"

"I—I suppose so, Harry, if—you are sure it's parliamentary."—Chicago Tribune.

A FUGITIVE

By EDWARD STAGER

I lived in a brick row in the city in a comfortable house of my own.

The street against which my house backed was largely occupied for shops. The building whose rear confronted the rear of my house was occupied below for millinery goods, while girls worked above on the goods sold in the store. The third story seemed to be used for sleeping rooms for the girls who worked on the premises during the day.

One afternoon when I came home and stood looking through my bedroom window I saw in an upper window of the house back of me a young girl who differed entirely from those I had been used to seeing there. In the first place she was singularly beautiful; in the second she was dressed like a lady, and in the third her features seen through a pair of opera glasses were of a very refined type. She was evidently in a room by herself on the third story and was working at trimming hats.

Why was that high bred young woman there working in that fashion? She must have been educated, and educated girls when they occupy positions don't usually take up manual labor. The bee of curiosity had got into my head and kept a continual buzzing. I watched the girl till nightfall, when she shut her window, and the first thing in the morning I looked for her. She was there working again the same as the day before. For several days I kept feasting my eyes upon her, when one day, suddenly turning her face in my direction, she saw me looking at her through my glasses. Having her face in focus, I saw a frightened expression come over it. She withdrew from the window, and, though I often looked for her, I did not see her there again. I cursed myself for a fool in not keeping back where she could not have seen me.

Her disappearance showed me that if the bee curiosity had effected an entrance into my head an arrow of love had been shot into my heart. I was astonished at the loneliness that came over me. The night after my mother's funeral, when I found myself for the first time alone in the house, I had been oppressed by the solitude, but this sensation was different. Then there was something lost that I had no idea of regaining. Now that which had been shut off from my vision I felt must be restored to me.

In the financial center of the city I had heard rumors of trouble on the part of a certain wealthy man who had been speculating. Being a banker, the matter had come to my ears long before its publication, since the bank in which I was employed had made large loans to the speculator and was therefore interested in his getting out of his difficulty without a failure. His embarrassment was kept as quiet as possible. Nevertheless I learned that if he didn't pull through he would be prosecuted criminally. Meanwhile he was working night and day to bring about an adjustment.

One evening while dining with the cashier he told me that, while there was criminality in the case of this man who owed us money, it was not he who had committed fraud, but a member of his family, who had disappeared with securities that he was interested in keeping out of the reach of the law. But he added that the police had got on to the fugitive's hiding place and expected to make an arrest very soon.

What it was that induced me to put this information and the girl of the hat factory together I don't know, but I did. My romance would not permit me to think that she had run away with securities to which she had no right. I believed that she was acting with her relative to extricate him from his complications. At any rate, if the hat girl was this person the police were after I proposed to warn her. Leaving the cashier after dinner, I made straight for the building in which I had seen her.

I was received by the woman who ran the establishment. I asked to be permitted to see the lady who occupied a back room on the third story. The woman looked at me suspiciously and said there was no one occupying either of the back rooms on that story. This confirmed my suspicion that the girl I had seen was in hiding.

"When did the girl who has been working there at a window for several days go?" I asked, giving the woman a searching glance. I saw by her expression that she felt the game was up.

"Let me see her," I added in a confidential tone. "I have news for her in which she is greatly interested."

"Are you a friend of hers?"

"I would serve her."

She led the way to a salesroom, then went upstairs and came down with the girl in question. She was what I suspected her to be. Her father was in trouble, and she was helping him. I proposed to give up my house to her and the woman who was harboring her for another hiding place. The offer was accepted, and they went there at once, I going to my club. They had not been gone an hour before the police went to the millinery factory to make the arrest.

By this bit of financiering that was executed by the daughter the father pulled through, paid dollar for dollar and saved his good name. I now manage the estate he left, for I am the husband of his only heir.

Youthful Forbearance.

Because he had been a naughty little boy—a very naughty little boy—he was sent to bed without any pudding. But in the evening, when his brothers and sisters all were fast asleep, he crept downstairs, a tearful little white robed figure, and, going into the library, said to his mother:

"Mummy, you told me never to go to sleep till I'd made peace with my enemies. So I've come down to forgive you and daddy for being so rude to me at dinner tonight."

THE SAVAGE ABORS.

They Sacrifice Men, Women and Animals to Their God of War.

More unattractive savages than the Abors it would be hard to find. Of Tibeto-Burman origin they speak a language which is allied to that of the Tibetans, while their arts, such as they are, probably come from Tibet.

Their religion is animistic. The deity, Piang, is the god of war and the chase, and is believed to favor attacks on defenceless neighbors and the ruthless destruction of all game. In pursuance of a policy to propitiate him, men and women are killed or taken as slaves, big game is hunted, birds, squirrels and fish are trapped.

The elemental belief in man as the hunter, and consequently the more fitted to be the protector, still holds good, so the women and slaves toil unceasingly at the crops as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and my lord, bow in hand and with quiver on his shoulder, stalks off on the warpath, his arrows poisoned with aconite or croton berry.

Their burial rites present points of interest similar to those of African savages. Over the grave of each defunct warrior is a grass shelter, where are hung his cane helmet, dao, bow and arrows, the horns of the tame bison which furnished the funeral feast, with a basket containing food to propitiate the deity.—New York Telegram.

PAMPERED PRINCES.

Luxurious Lives of the Gilded Young Rajahs of India.

"It is almost impossible for an American boy or girl to imagine the extravagance and luxury that surround some of these young India princes," says a writer in St. Nicholas. "Servants attend them night and day, fan them, dress them and obey their slightest wish. If a wind stirs while they sleep curtains are drawn that they may not be disturbed. When they drive out a mounted escort accompanies them, and all the people salaam as they pass.

"Once when taking tea with a rajah in his garden I was amused to notice that as he moved about among his guests a servant followed carrying a cup, which he kept always within reach of his master's hand. The rajah would take a sip of tea and with perfect unconcern set his cup down in midair. With unfailing dexterity the saucer was placed under it by the servant in time to avoid accident.

"One prince had suspended from the ceiling a silver couch, which was kept gently swaying while he slept or read. Another had a beautiful vine covered arbor, where artificial rain was made to fall while the nabob sat under a marble canopy in the center, cool and refreshed, with the rest of the world broiling about him."

Hardy Shetland Ponies.

The cost of raising Shetland ponies is remarkably low. These little animals are natives of a rough and semi-barren locality, where they are used to rustling for every mouthful of their food. When they are first brought over to this country they don't know the difference between oats and rice. They are complete strangers to a grain ration. In the Shetland islands they run out the year round, without any shelter, and pick their living from between the rocks. For generation after generation these ponies have had to make this kind of a struggle for existence, and the result is a race of hardy little animals that are able to thrive on the coarsest food and to stand an amount and degree of exposure that would put an ordinary American horse out of business.—National Stockman and Farmer.

Burmese Tartar Wooing.

Wooing as done among Burmese Tartar tribes is as simple as it is idyllic. On the first day of winter the tribe holds a great feast at which all the marriageable girls gather and listen to the music made by the bachelors, who sit under the "desire tree" and play their favorite instruments. As the maiden he loves passes him a youth will play louder and more feelingly. If she ignores and passes on he knows she will have none of him. If she steps up to him and lays a flower upon his instrument he jumps up, takes her by the hand, taking care not to drop the flower, and off they wander.—Argonaut.

Sea Anemones.

Sea anemones, delicate and sensitive though they look, may attain great age. Sir John Dalyell, a Scottish naturalist, captured in 1828 a sea anemone of the liver colored sort so common around our shores. Its age was then estimated at seven years. It flourished in Edinburgh until 1887 and was just attaining a vigorous and sober maturity when from some unknown cause it died.—London Express.

It Hurt Him.

Tommy—Did the fowl hurt you, Mr. Squires? Mr. Squires—What d'you mean, my dear? What fowl? Tommy—Well, I wanted to know if it hurt, 'cause mummy said you had been henpecked for twenty years.—London Strand Magazine.

A Rare Feat.

"The patent sprinkler which is such a success for its inventor is a contrary sort of thing."

"In what way?"

"It raises the dust for him, you know, by laying it for other people."—Exchange.

Rough on Pa.

"Pa, what's a genius?"

"Ask your mother; she married one."

"Why, I didn't know ma had been married twice."—Houston Post

A Bay Rum Fountain.

Not even Cologne has the perfume that is named for it flowing free. But down on the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, there is a fountain that gushes forth the great specialty of the place—bay rum. The fountain is on the balcony of a cafe and would attract more attention were not bay rum the dominant odor of St. Thomas. This town is the great rum market of the world, and everywhere it fairly assails the sense of smell.—New York Press.

The Rev. Mr. Muldoon

By F. A. MITCHEL

"Jack," said Deacon Henderson to his daughter, Jacqueline, "a new minister is coming to occupy the pulpit made vacant by Jornegan, whom you drove out of it."

"Papa!"

"You know very well that you flirted with him, then refused him."

"But I didn't drive him away."

"When he handed me his resignation he told me that it would be impossible for him to live near you and forget you."

Jacqueline hung her head.

"This young man who is coming in his place has been accepted at my instigation because he is painfully homely. He has fiery red hair and freckles; he is long boned and disjointed."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"A great deal. It is impossible for you to let a handsome, attractive man alone. I expect Mr. Muldoon to repel you by his ugliness. We are getting tired of hunting up ministers for you to make fools of and drive away. We are going to try one of a different kind."

"Why not get an old married man?"

"You know very well what the salary is. If we should do as you suggest we would have a family to support besides the minister, and we are too poor for that."

"Well, papa, if Mr. Muldoon is as hideous as you say I don't think you will be put to the trouble of getting another man on my account."

The first Sunday the new clergyman preached Jacqueline was indisposed and should not have gone to church, but she was so curious to know how homely he really was that she went to hear and see him. He was homelier than he had been painted. Besides his natural blemishes there was an artificial one. When a boy he had fallen against a buzzsaw, which had left a frightful scar on his left cheek. Then when preaching, having made a point that especially pleased him, he would smile, and the contortion his face took on was expressive of a pain in his stomach.

At first it did not seem to Jacqueline that she could endure to look at him. But he had a remarkable intellect and the gift of expressing his ideas in words. For awhile she listened to him with her eyes turned away. By degrees she was enabled to endure the sight of him for a few minutes at a time, and before the end of his sermon she had quite forgotten his ugliness.

The next Sunday she was obliged to begin all over again, but the process of getting used to looking upon him, his fiery red hair, his scarred cheek and worst of all that dreadful smile at clinching an argument, required less time than the Sunday before. Moreover, his intellectual part began to influence her. What comprehensive ideas! What heart! What a different way of looking at things from the cut and dried theology that had come down through the centuries! How her heart bled for those whom he pictured driven by their surrounding circumstances into crime. "The children of the poor," he said, "are sent to jail, the children of the rich to dancing school."

And so he accounted for that growing criminality among the children and youth of the land, filling more and more the columns of the newspapers, illustrating their inevitable course by such graphic words as those quoted. Jacqueline went home from church and all the rest of the day was thinking on that fearful procession of little children with but one path before them, and that leading to crime. And mingled with this picture was the face of the minister, but one engaging feature in it—sympathy lighted by protest against this human injustice.

For a time Jacqueline tried to stop her ears against this childish wail. Any effort to relieve it seemed hopeless. But she was at last won over by the minister's exhortation to work under the inspiration of faith and leave the rest to Providence. And so under his direction she became the leader of an association of women workers in the field of charity. While the handsome, gentlemanlike pastors of her church had discoursed to her from the pulpit, upon theological principles that had been wrangled over for ages and at other times had poured soft nothings into her willing ear this "fright" by a sympathy for his fellow beings had unconsciously walked by a straight path to her heart. The hair was still a fiery red; the scar, the excruciating smile, were as hideous as before, but not to her, for she did not see them. They had been obscured by a divine light that emanated from the spiritual part of this repellant body. One day the deacon, Jacqueline's father, said to her:

"Jack, I have noticed that you are taking a great interest in the work inspired by Mr. Muldoon. I brought him here thinking that his ugliness would protect him. I fear that it has failed."

"Father," said the girl impressively, "when again you choose for such a purpose a homely man to occupy the pulpit of our church I would advise you to select one without the gift of intellectuality and the divine attributes of a real Christian. If you intend to warn me it is too late. But this time it is he who has won the game, not I. Last evening while here he asked me to be his wife, and I gladly consented."

Ancient Rock Temples.

Rock temples at Ipsampool, on the Nile, are believed to be the world's oldest architectural ruins.

Straight at It.

There is no use of our "beating around the bush." We might as well out with it first as last. We want you to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the next time you have a cough or cold. There is no reason so far as we can see why you should not do so. This preparation by its remarkable cures has gained a world wide reputation, and people everywhere speak of it in the highest terms of praise. It is for sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

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