

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

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Weather, the common, steady, reliable, Sherman county sort that Jupiter Pleuvius generally gives this section, seldom receives more than passing notice, when a wind storm hits the high places as did the storm of Sunday night, then we have to mention that the wind gauge came near being dislocated by the pivotal action of the elements upon its superimposed an-

atomy. That may be going some for language, but the wind was a close second.

It has been demonstrated that over grazed range in the national forests can be brought back to use under a system of regulated grazing faster than if they are left unused.

Makers of phonographs are aiming to use wood instead of metal in all parts of the instrument where this is possible, in order to increase the mellowness of the tone.

A rancher has applied for the renting of 320 acres of national forest in Colorado, to be used in connection with other private land for raising elk as a commercial venture.

Recent experiments conducted by the postoffice department with a view of increasing the weight limit of the parcels post have proven so successful that parcels weighing 100 pounds soon may be shipped by mail. The weight is now 50 pounds within the first 150 miles and 20 pounds to all outside of the first two zones.

Because of an over supply of New Zealand butter at Seattle that article took a drop in price in that city last week. It is said there is a 150,000 pounds of foreign butter in Seattle with no market for the stuff; the last shipment of 14,600 pounds that was received was sent to Spokane and Chicago. Dealers in butter are losing money rapidly in that city just now.

The state food commissioners office have arrested a number of southern Oregon merchants for selling short weight butter and butter not having the makers name.

Our second cold snap is now with us, but the snow first was a visitor and the ground is most generally covered with snow that will minimize the freezing weather.

According to the annual report of the Portland Union Stockyards Company, Oregon marketed more livestock during the past twelve months than during any other similar period in the state's history. Not only was 1913 a record breaking year but Oregon farmers received the best prices ever paid in the west for all classes of meat animals, the prices for hogs, especially, being higher than in any other market in the United States.

Each of the 12,600,000 nails used in the construction of the palace of machinery, the largest building at the Panama-Pacific international exposition, were placed end to end, they would stretch along for 497 miles, or as far as from San Francisco to Grant's Pass, Oregon. This calculation is based on the estimates of the engineer in charge of construction. The contents of the 1800 kegs, estimated at 12,600,000 nails were used in erecting the building.

Corn growing in the northwest succeeds wherever acclimated seed corn is used and proper cultural methods are observed. The O. A. C. will furnish seed of an acclimated corn known as Minnesota No. 13, which has been made the subject of special adaption to Oregon conditions during the last seven years. Many samples of this corn have been distributed widely throughout the state and has been the largest single factor in the demonstration of successful corn growing in the sections indicated.

Parcel post is proving a terror to star route mail carriers, not withstanding that the law contains a provision by which the hardships imposed can be remedied. Merchants every where are beginning to ship by freight to the nearest railroad point and then have their goods forwarded by mail. Shipments of as high as 50,000 pounds are becoming common; while the mail carrier goes broke or faces a suit with the powerful United States government for breach of contract. A mine in Idaho is shipping ten ton of ore from its mine to the smelter by parcel post, and laying off its teams and workmen to have it done.

Governor West is continuing the use of militia at Copperfield because as he claims the city officials will not resign their offices. If they have been guilty of malfeasance in office, the governor is not compelled to request their resignations; if the district attorney of Baker county has been guilty of such conduct, it is more dignified, at least, to force him out of office instead of publicly calling him a near-pauper and every printable unprintable name in the English language; now the governor is after Attorney General Crawford to cancel the charter of Copperfield, but as usual he keeps all the "evidence" he claims to have carefully concealed. The town has a bonded debt which must be satisfied before the governor whom can be allowed.

The boys and girls of Oregon who will earnestly strive to make themselves proficient in potato growing, raising corn, vegetables or pigs, will find themselves entitled to a reward well worthy their best efforts. The Agricultural College is planning to give to at least two boys from each county a trip to Salem for the entire week of the state fair. In addition, at least ten of the highest scoring prize-winners will have all their expenses paid on a visit to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco next year. In the gardening contest fractional tracts must be cultivated and accurate records of every detail of the work and its results must be kept. It is hoped that a large percentage of all the school children in the state will take part in this contest.

Gustav Schreiber's Music Box

An Attempt to Produce Human Feeling Automatically.

By F. A. MITCHEL

In a Swiss chalet looking out on Lake Lemán, directly below, and on Mont Blanc, in the distance, lived a musical instrument maker. His workshop was near his house, and all day he worked at making those little mechanical contrivances in which steel prongs are made to discourse melodies by means of a revolving cylinder.

Gustav Schreiber gradually increased the size and scope of his instruments, constantly endeavoring to make a better one than any he had yet made, and when he had done so setting out again to make a still more exact one. In this he displayed a human trait which, when kept within bounds, is a valuable one, but which uncontrolled is liable to produce bad results. Schreiber in his old age set about making a music box which was to be far more wonderful than any he had yet produced. It was to play a dozen different melodies. Each melody was to be a gem and be rendered with a sweetness, a strength or a rapture equal to that of a human being. In order to accomplish this he must have the pieces he used played by a musician whose touch, expression—indeed, all those qualities that go to make up perfection in music—were of the highest order.

The old man found such a one in his daughter, Hilda. She was noted far and wide for her rendering of all kinds of music, from that portraying a cascade to that descriptive of the storm wind. Schreiber kept Hilda playing for him, first trying to produce in his box delicate airs, and, failing in this, he tried different kinds, hoping to succeed better in one kind than another; but



EVERY DAY SHE WAS OBLIGED TO PLAY FOR HIM.

though he secured some remarkable results, still there was something in Hilda's rendition of every piece that he could not reproduce mechanically. He fretted did the girl become that at last her power of expression departed, and her music, instead of partaking of human feeling, became mechanical like the air rendered by the box. Then the old man began to curse and swear at her, and at last, setting her violin, brought it down on an iron lathe and broke it in pieces. Hilda fled to the house, where her sobs and cries reached the neighbors, one of whom, a woman, cried out:

"The devil take old Schreiber's music box! He will drive poor Hilda into bedlam."

Schreiber heard the woman say, "The devil take old Schreiber's music box!" and she had scarcely spoken the words when his gate clicked and, looking out through the open door, he saw a man walking up the steep path that led to the shop with a step as light as if he had wings at his ankles.

The stranger came straight up to Schreiber and with a smile—a singular smile, Schreiber thought—bade him good morning and said that he would like to buy one of his music boxes. Schreiber, making an effort to throw off his trouble, showed the man all the boxes in the shop, making each one play a tune, but none of them was good enough for the would be purchaser. At last the latter asked about the box under process of construction, and this led to his getting the whole story from the maker.

The stranger examined the box carefully, then said:

"You have an excellent mechanism here and should succeed in making what you have attempted. I am quite sure that I can do what you have failed to accomplish."

"You! Are you a mechanic?"

"I am."

"Very well. Take the box and do with it what you see. I have seen enough of it."

"My dear fellow, do you suppose I would take something for nothing? That is a human business trait which is beneath me. But I'll tell you what I will do. I will complete your music box for you, and when it is finished it shall belong to you."

"That is very kind of you. Where will you do your work on it?"

"Right here, where the tools are handy."

"Will you work all day?"

"I shall work when the spirit moves me. A man cannot write poetry when he has a toothache nor compose his-

monies when he is asleep. I may work in the morning or the evening or at the dead of night. It does not concern you or any one else when I work. But one thing you must remember—when I am at work I don't wish to be disturbed. If any one does so I shall not take it kindly."

There was a malignant look in the stranger's eyes when he said this that frightened the old mechanic and made him feel like saying a paternoster. He promised that the man should not be disturbed. Then the stranger said he must go, and Schreiber, locking the door of his shop, gave him the key, and he went down the declivity as lightly as he had come up. Schreiber called to him, asking when he would come again, but the only reply was a faint echo, "Come again!"

"That's singular," remarked Schreiber to himself. "I've lived here many and boy sixty years, and that's the first echo I ever heard. There are no hills nearer than the other side of the lake to send it back."

A week passed and nothing was heard or seen of the stranger. There was only one key to the shop, and Schreiber could not get into it without breaking down the door. But he had no desire to go there; he had wearied of trying to produce human harmonies on a mechanical contrivance.

One night there came from the shop sounds of music, not of a violin or a flute or any instrument that requires a human touch, but a music box. Yet there was nothing mechanical about it. Indeed, it was full of feeling. It was low and sweet, a lullaby. At times it would rise in a plaintive crescendo, then gradually sink, softly, as it had risen.

Schreiber rose up in his bed and listened.

"Father," came a voice at his door, "do you hear the music? Isn't it delicious?"

Schreiber saw something white and knew it was Hilda in her nightgown. "Yes; the stranger must have been working on the music box, and is trying it. I wonder how he has done it."

"Let us go out to the shop and see."

"No, no, my child; he distinctly said that he must not be interrupted. Go to bed."

The music ceased and Hilda went back to her room. Then suddenly came a burst of melody entirely unlike what had gone before. It seemed as if it were intended to incite men to deeds of glory. There was a fierceness in it that the Schreibers had never heard before. It seemed as if an army were about to march to its death, dealing death in dying. Hilda ran into her father's room and to his bed, where she remained locked in his arms, the two trembling as if they were about to be slaughtered between opposing hosts.

The music ceased and all was still for some time, when it recommenced. This time it was a dirge, sad, regretful, the wail of a broken heart. The girl clung to her father till it ceased, when she broke into a hysterical sobbing such as she had given way to when her father had broken her violin. One more piece came in this nocturnal concert, a piece that made the old man wonder how it could be produced on so circumscribed an instrument. At first a faint, low muttering was heard, then a gradually increasing roar, then shrieks mingled with deafening thunder.

"It is the storm wind," said Schreiber, holding his daughter closely to him.

The sounds increased—musical sounds interpreting a tempest—until it seemed that all the devils in hell had been let loose. The commotion ended with one vivid flash of red lightning and a crash of actual thunder. Then all was again still as the grave.

"Something tells me that the climax has been reached," said Schreiber to Hilda. "Neither human nor divine power could go further. We shall hear no more. Go back to bed."

Hilda, trembling, went to her room, but in a few moments called:

"Father, the shop is afire. Come to my room. You can see it through the window."

The old man ran as hastily as his trembling legs would carry him and saw his shop shooting forth flames. There was a lurid glare in it that he had never seen in a fire before. Every tongue of flame hissed like that of a serpent, and a sulphurous odor came in through the open window.

For more than an hour the old man and his daughter watched the burning. As it died down there were still flashes, like temporary recoveries from some lying heat. At last all was still, and father and daughter went back to bed.

There are various explanations given of the matter by those living near Gustav Schreiber. Some say that the bolt that occasioned the loss of his shop was sent from heaven to punish him for trying to produce human feeling on an automatic instrument, others that he had worked long enough and he would never have stopped had not his shop been burned. There are also those who blame his neighbor for saying, "The devil take old Schreiber's music box," averring that Satan took her at her word.

Very Strange.

Mr. Fuss (furiously)—It is mighty strange you can't look after things a little better. Here I want to shave, and there isn't a drop of hot water here. Mrs. Fuss (calmly)—It is strange why that's the one thing I've never been out of since I married you!—Exchange.

Danger Not Imminent.

"Better go home, Jimmy. Your mother is looking for you."

"Has she got the hairbrush with her?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll play awhile longer."—Pittsburgh Post.

One Mind.

"Henry," called Mrs. B. over the partition in the voting booth, "how are you going to vote on amendment No. 17?"—How I am going to vote "yes." She—No, you're not; you're going to vote "no." I have changed my mind. —Life.

Human Experience. Who the stars lights of a ship; at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over.—Coleridge.



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