

Zomnort No. 01091

Son of Zombro 2:11

Zomnort is a bay stallion, strip in his face, weigh 1050 pounds. Sired by the great Zombro, 2:11, one of the greatest sires of track horses in the United States.

Zomnort was sired, as above stated by Zombro who has 108 colts in the list of 2:30 to 2:04. The dam of Zomnort was Norter by Del Nort 2:08; second dam Minnie K 2:18 made forty years ago. Her sire was Billie Cone, he by Flying Morgan, 3rd dam by Flying Morgan.

Zomnort has had but four colts which have been worked, viz Listerene 2:15, Doctor John R, two-year-old 2:30, Rena, 4 year-old 2:36 after 30 days training; Salem Boy, two-year-old 2:23 and at 3-year-old in 2:19. None of these dams were standard bred mares.

Zomnort will make the season at the Scio Fair Grounds.

Terms: \$25 with return privileges.

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IN THE BALKANS

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Long before the breaking out of the late war between the Balkan states and Turkey there was continued fighting between the Christians and the Turks. A party of Turks would swoop down on a hamlet or single house, kill what men they found there, loot the place and carry off the women.

The Christian inhabitants held secret meetings, which were the forerunners of rebellion. They would meet in cellars, in garrets—anywhere that they could deliberate in secret. These meetings gradually took the form of a revolutionary propaganda. They also became fighting bodies. A meeting would be held, and perhaps the next day a body of Turks who were oppressing the people would be attacked while they were asleep.

A young man named Alexander favor was prominent among the revolutionists, so prominent that he became known to the Turks and was obliged to remain in hiding—that is, he hid himself when he was not on some incursion against the Turks; then, backed by armed men and with a carbine in his hands, his tall figure was seen moving about encouraging the Christians, and fighting desperately himself.

Alexander loved and was loved by a young girl named Sonia Damotika. She was very proud of her lover, but was in constant dread lest she lose him by a Turkish bullet. But so dreadful was the situation, so cruel were their masters, that she could not conscientiously ask him to desist from his efforts.

At last Alexander was betrayed, and his enemies laid a plan to take him, which meant death after torture. They were informed that he was hiding in a certain village. There a small party of Turks repaired, dashing into the place just at dusk and searching every house. There was no force for defense, and they had their own way. But their leader, who was bent on capturing Alexander, gave orders that no loot should be taken, no women interfered with, till he had been found.

After an hour's hunt the Turkish leader while ransacking a house caught sight of a woman's foot under a bed. He ordered whoever was in hiding to come out, and Sonia, pale and trembling, obeyed. One of the Turkish soldiers recognized her as Alexander's betrothed and told the officer in command of the fact. Immediately in order to intimidate her he put a pistol to her head and ordered her to tell where her lover was hiding.

It was some time before the girl could gather enough strength to reply. When she found her voice she said that she could not tell where Alexander was hiding; she could only lead them to the spot. But this did not satisfy the officer. So eager was he to get the man he was after that he promised Sonia that if she would reveal to him his hiding place he would not molest her. If she refused he would carry her off with him. She knew well enough what it meant to be carried off by a Turk.

Sonia insisted that it would be impossible for her to direct them to Alexander's hiding place. To reach it they would have to go through many secret passages. Besides, she must get out into the open air or she would faint. Since she showed signs of swooning the officer consented to take her out of the house and a few drafts of

COMING

SUNDAY, MAY 16

AT SCIO OPERA HOUSE

"Love, Luck and Gasoline"

With hydroaeroplanes, motor boats, yachts, and aeroplanes, Cutey and Miss Tomboy make a clean getaway to Hymen's Altar. Bunny falls from an aeroplane and gives his blessings.

CAST

Lillian Lillian Walker
Cutey Wallie Van
Bunny John Bunny
Father's Choice Chas. Wellesley

Though a tomboy, Lillian is very pretty and mischievously winning. At least Cutey, a wealthy young yachtman, thinks so. Bunny, her father, is worried to death keeping up with his daughter. He pulls her down from trees, hauls her out of swings and stops her from playing baseball. He angrily confines her to the house when she competes in a swimming race clad only in clack tights. Cutey sends her a note saying the captain of her father's yacht is ill and daring her to sail the boat in the big race. Dressed in mens clothes, Lillian handles the yacht beautifully and wins the race. Bunny is prostrated with rage when he learns that he has been applauding his daughter.

Bunny introduces Lillian to Van Alstyne. She escapes from him and goes for a ride with Cutey on his new wireless equipped steam yacht, "The Paula." When Cutey asks Lillian to marry him she says she will. After they reach shore, Van Alstyne sees Lillian and proposes. She says she is engaged to Cutey. Bunny makes her return the engagement ring and commands her to marry Van Alstyne. Lillian elopes with Cutey on the yacht. They are pursued by Bunny and Van Alstyne in Bunny's fast steam yacht, "The Arrow." Seeing that they are being overtaken, Cutey wires to Magistrate Keating who comes in his fast motor boat and takes Cutey and Lillian from the "Paula" just as "The Arrow" is drawing up alongside. Bunny hastens to shore with Van Alstyne.

The irate father jumps into an aeroplane and starts after the elopers. Van Alstyne has not the courage to go with him. Cutey hastens to Oyster Bay where he and Lillian transfer from the boat to a hydroaeroplane and skim away over the water. As they are about to rise into the air Bunny comes near overhead in the aeroplane. He leans too far out and falls into the water. He is rescued by Cutey and taken ashore. Lillian artfully wins him over and he gives the happy young couple his hearty blessing as they fly away on their honeymoon. When Van Alstyne arrives he is greeted with uproarious laughter and unmercifully ridiculed as Bunny points enthusiastically towards the departing happy couple.

ADMISSION 10 AND 15 CENTS

fresh air seemed to revive her. As soon as she was able to proceed she started down the street which ran through the village.

By this time it was quite dark, and the place was but dimly illuminated, coming to a narrow side street, she turned into it, following it till she reached a still narrower one. Pursuing this for a short distance, she arrived at a pair of steps. Mounting the steps, she entered a deserted house.

"There," she said, weeping, "you will find him—that is, unless he has gone since you came."

Her tears convinced the Turks that she was telling the truth. Indeed, so horrible would be her fate in case she deceived them that they did not doubt she would prefer to lose her lover. Eager to pounce upon their prey, they broke down the door of the house, and all rushed in, leaving the girl behind them.

The place was hilly, and this part of the village was built on a declivity. The moment Sonia found herself alone she darted up the incline, soon reaching a low growth of timber. The terrible fate that threatened her gave her strength to climb, and though in darkness, she knew the ground. Not far from where she had taken to flight was a cliff that was reached by a path which was known only to the villagers. Reaching the summit of this cliff, she waited a few minutes to catch her breath. The Turks, finding that the building was empty, looked about for Sonia. Not finding her they ran out side, but by this time she had reached the cliff. Hearing them running about searching for her, she ran on.

Alexander and Sonia had been caught in the same hobse and hearing the Turks below took refuge under a bed in the room where they were. The Turks, intent on the capture of Sonia, did not think to look under the bed for her lover, not dreaming that he would be there. When Sonia led them away Alexander came out from his hiding place and made his escape. Sonia afteward joined him, and since it was not possible for them to return to their home they came to America.

Women Architects.

"I wonder why there are so few women architects?"
"Perhaps women are afraid they might be called designing creatures."

Becoming Faint.

Cook—The tea is quite exhausted, ma'am. Mistress—I noticed that it seemed very weak the last time.—Boston Globe.

He that always complains is never pitied.—German Proverb.

FIRING A TORPEDO.

How a Submarine Flings Forth the Deadly Projectile.

When a submarine sights a hostile vessel a group of sailors quickly cluster round the torpedo tube. This is loaded with its instrument of destruction, and behind it a powder charge is inserted in a receptacle and the trigger controlling the firing mechanism cocked ready. A gunner proceeds to estimate the speed of the target and its course through glasses. He then adjusts a device known as the "director," which by means of dials tells him when the tube is pointing in the right direction to launch the torpedo true to its mark. At a distance of about 3,000 yards the gunner presses a button, the powder charge explodes and a pressure of fifty pounds per square inch is put upon the rear end of the torpedo.

The well greased projectile is forced through the open end of the tube at a rate of thirty-five feet per second, and as it takes the water in a long flat dive the twin propellers in the rear set to work. They are driven by an air pressure of 2,250 pounds, which sets the driving machinery in motion as the torpedo leaps from its tube.

A gyroscope steering gear prevents the torpedo from deviating from a straight path, and unless it is carelessly fired or its target quickly maneuvers out of the way the 3500 projectile seldom misses its mark.—London Answers.

Soiled Furniture.

Covered furniture that is soiled can be made to look much fresher if rubbed over with a soft cloth dipped in gasoline. This will not harm the most delicate fabric, and the odor will pass away when exposed to the air. Do not run any risks, however, by using gasoline near fire.—Home Craft.

Consistent.

Brown—Why is your daughter going to talk against the permanence of a republic in that college debate?
Smith—Because she thought the advocacy of a republic would not go well with her new empire gown.—Brooklyn Citizen.

At the Cottage.

He—I didn't know it was so late. Are you sure that clock is going?
Feminine voice from above—It's going a whole lot faster than you are, young man.—Penn State Froth.

High birth is a poor dish on the table.—Irish Proverb.

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