

SELDOM TURN OUT HAPPILY.

Writer Condemns Secret Marriage and Engagements.

That "the course of true love never did run smooth" is a popular belief...

When two people become engaged or marry one another sub rosa the experiment usually turns out badly.

A clandestine courtship or secret marriage must be accomplished by deceit, subterfuge and untruth.

True love creates courage. And a man and woman who really care for one another would shrink from the living lie which each must assume when posing before the world as free or unfettered.

If a couple cannot come out into the open and declare their attachment it is far better to part and say "good by."

Chicago American.

SAILORS HAVE ODD BELIEFS.

Good and Bad Luck Thought to Be Brought by Birds.

Birds, as inhabitants of the air, were naturally chosen by the ancients as oracles and augurs of future happenings.

The custom of hanging the sea swallow so that the bill may point to the wind arose from the old-time custom of suspending the bird by the feet.

The albatross is believed by Jack Tar to sleep on the winds.

The kingfisher was at one time kept in chests to keep away moths.

The fishhawk was esteemed a bringer of good luck; it boded good or evil as its cry was to the right or left.

There was an old superstition that gulls were never seen bleeding.

GOT EVEN WITH CONSUL.

Stranded Irishman Induced Mob to Wreck Enemy's Home.

There is a rolling stone in New York who is short on moss but long on anecdote, having knocked about in half a dozen countries.

"Once," he tells, "I arrived dead broke at a city in Spain. I decided to call on the British consul.

"There was a strike on at the time against the local street railroad company.

"Do you know who is the chief stockholder of the street railway company?" I asked them.

"The British consul," I answered, striking an attitude.

"They let out a howl, rushed pell mell down the street, and obligingly wrecked the British consulate for me.

"I was avenged.

"But I discreetly left town that same day."

YOUNG MAN WAS WISE.

Statement of Scientific Facts Meant for the Ear of Her Father.

The young man suddenly moved farther from her, and remarked in a conversational tone:

"If a cannon ball were fired from the earth to Alpha Centauri, which is the nearest fixed star, the flash would be seen on that star four years after the gun was fired."

The girl looks at him in bewilderment, but he continues:

"The cannon ball would reach there in 2,000,000 years."

She begins to tremble, thinking his mind is wandering. He goes on:

"And the sound of the explosion would not be heard there for 2,000,000 years after the ball had struck. Isn't science wonderful?"

He moves closer to her, but she asks: "Have you been drinking, Alfred?"

"No, but a moment ago I thought I saw your father tiptoeing through the hall, and I wanted him to understand that I knew a few things about the velocity of sound, sight and projectiles."

The previous conversation is then resumed.—Judge.

Soft-Shell Eggs.

It is generally believed that the soft-shelled egg occasionally laid by the hen is due to deficiency of lime in the food.

At the experiment station in Kansas, however, seem to indicate that this is not the right explanation.

It rather appears to be a case of arrested development due to nervous shock, and to be analogous to abortion in mammals.

Soft-shelled eggs were laid at the experiment station by hens subjected to nervous excitement.

It was shown that on an ordinary diet a hen's normal system contains enough lime for the shells of five or six eggs.

If lime is withheld, then, after laying these five or six eggs the hen will cease laying.

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CABIN MADE OF ANCIENT BONES.

It is the World's Most Curious and Most Expensive Home.

"The queerest house in the world," said a zoologist, "is undoubtedly the famous bone cabin in Wyoming, near the Medicine Bow river.

"This hut was built by a Mexican sheep herder, who had happened by chance upon the grandest extinct animal bed in the world.

"The place was evidently once a river bar, and the dead bodies that floated down the stream were here arrested, to lie for hundreds of thousands of years, till a sheep herder came along, and rooting among bones as big as bowlders, set about the building of the world's queerest cabin."

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JUST SNIFFED THE WHISKY.

New Yorker Claims Act Gives Him Pleasant Memories.

A man entered a downtown restaurant the other day and ordered a whisky, says the New York Times.

The waiter brought a bottle of it. The man uncorked it, raised it to his nose, and took a long sniff.

Then he took another. Then he took a third—a long, contemplative sniff. Finally he wound up the performance with a fervent king-sniff, one that he seemed loth to end.

But he did end it at last, with a sigh. Then he replaced the bottle on the table, and called the waiter.

"Take it away," he said.

The waiter removed the bottle. "Well, upon my word," said some one at another table, "I certainly thought that old fellow liked that whisky from the way he sniffed at it, but there he is sending it back. I wonder what other kind the waiter will bring him instead."

But the waiter brought him no more whisky. The man ate his lunch in silence, smoked his cigar, paid his check, and went his way.

"He swore off long ago," explained the waiter to a curious somebody at another table. "But he always takes six sniffs of whisky at every meal. Giggles him pleasant memories, he says."

"Going to the Dogs."

The phrase, "going to the dogs," with which Father Bernard Vaughan has been making effective play in connection with pet-worship, has puzzled the explainers of metaphorical expressions rather needlessly.

It has even been suggested that it is a profane perversion of "going to the gods," and an allusion has been detected to "canis," the dog throw, the worst throw with the dice among the ancient Romans.

Shakespeare's "Throw physic to the dogs," and the Scriptural "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs," have been quoted in connection with the expression.

But it seems a fairly obvious reference to the fate of the worn-out horse, condemned to be slaughtered. The old Greek curse, "Go to the crows!" may be compared, referring as it did to the Greek's horror of having his body left unburied as food for carrion birds.—London Chronicle.

Cremation on the Increase.

Cremation is increasing in Great Britain, the number of bodies cremated being 742 in 1906, against 604 in 1905.

Consul Mahin of Nottingham writes: "There are crematories at Leicester, Hull, Leeds, Ilford, Bradford and Sheffield, owned by the respective municipalities, besides several conducted by companies in other cities.

The operation of cremation requires about an hour and a half; the ashes are perfectly white and weigh four pounds, and the cost is about \$25.

Cremation is now fully recognized by law in Great Britain, though strictly guarded.

Rival of Beeswax.

A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the rafia palm, a product of the island of Madagascar.

The wax is extracted by the simple process of beating the dried leaves on a mat to small bits. The particles are then gathered and boiled. The resultant wax is kneaded into small cakes.

Experiments are being made with the new substance to find out its commercial value—whether it may be used for bottling purposes, in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, etc.

Justifiable.

The cat had eaten the canary. "I haven't any compunctions about it, either," she said, picking her teeth with her claws. "I couldn't eat the piano on the first floor or the graphophone on the third, but I could make a meal of the musician on the second floor, and I've done it."

With a satisfied grin on her face she curled up on the floor behind the gas range and went to sleep.—Chicago Tribune.

Jumbo, 1422!



Jumbo is a large Percheron Stallion, foaled May 15, 1900, is 16 1/2 hands high, weighs about 1700 in ordinary flesh, is heavy boned and well formed, splendid style and good action and a No. 1 breeder.

Vincent

Vincent was foaled April 17, 1898, is black in color, 16 hands high and weighs 1200 pounds, has good bone and speed. Vincent was sired by Vince; he by Invincible, standard bred, record 2:19 owned by M. L. Wilcox, Concordia, Kas. Vincent's first dam was by Scott's Ham liton; second dam, Jenny Lind. Took three first prizes in show ring.

Lucky Charley

700 Vol. 11, A. C. B. S. B.

Lucky Charley is one of the best horses seen out. He is admired by everyone for his fine style, easy, graceful action and smooth build; he stands full 16 1/2 hands and weighs 1100 pounds. His color is the richest of deep bays, with clean first cords, black legs and good feet; his shoulders, back, head and neck are all of the most critical could desire. Call at barn for pedigree.

Black Hawk, Register No. 809

DESCRIPTION: Black Jack, light points, foaled s. ring of 1899, 16 hands high, weighs over 1000 pounds. He is very heavy bodied, good breast, very wide in rump, good head and ears, good style and action, heavy bone, very large feet, stands up well and has proved himself to be a good breeder.



Sunlight

I also have the young Jack, Sunlight, 2 years old, 15 hands high, who will be allowed to serve a limited number of mares.

TERMS: The above Horses and Jacks will make the season of 1907 at my barn, 5 1/2 miles east of Oregon on the State road, and 2 miles west of the iron bridge, and will serve mares at \$10 to insure living colt. When mare is parted with or removed from original locality, money for service becomes due at once. A lien on mare and foal will be held for insurance money. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. Both phones.

ALFRED BAHLER.

SETTLEMENT DOCKET

--OF--

Probate Court of Holt County, Missouri.

Regular May Term, A. D. 1907.

Table with columns: Name of Estate, Name of Administrator, Curator, Executor or Guardian, Administrator, Curator, Executor or Guardian, Settlement. Lists various estates and administrators for the first nine days of the docket.

I, Geo. W. Murphy, Judge of the Probate Court within and for Holt County, Missouri, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and complete copy of the Probate Settlement Docket for the May Term, A. D. 1907, of said court, as the same appears of record in my office.

GEO. W. MURPHY, Judge of Probate Court.

REAL ESTATE MIMEOGRAPH

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY W. H. RICHARDS, OREGON, MO. OFFICE UP STAIRS IN THE MOORE BLOCK.

Abstracter and Negotiator of Loans.

Table listing transfers for week ending April 27, 1907, with names like Edwin M. Miller to Fred W. Burnham, Sam'l H. Schulte to Mary F. Wilson, etc.

Oscar D Chadwick to David A Wallace, lot 8, blk 10 Forest City, 10

Bids For Sidewalk.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS: The undersigned will receive sealed bids for the construction of about 1,000 feet of sidewalk and crossings on the south side of Grand Avenue, in Forest City, Mo., on Friday, May 10th, 1907.

Plans and specifications of said work on file in the city clerk's office. All bids to be accompanied by certified checks of 2 per cent of the estimated cost, that the successful bidder will enter into contract with the city for the construction of said sidewalks and crossings.

F. E. BULLOCK, Acting City Engineer.

For Sale—Three home bred Percheron Stallions, 1,850, pound two-year old, coming three, 2,000 pound, four-year old. L. H. LUCKHARDT, Tarkio, Mo.

If you want the best farm paper published come in and we'll fix you up. What do you think of this—THE SPECTRUM and Colman's Rural World for only \$1.75.

BELLS OF OLD HOLLAND.

Ancient Chimes That Have Delighted the Dutch for Centuries.

From the earliest times the people of the Netherlands have so greatly loved their bells and chimes that the architecture of their bellfries and steeples shows marked traces of it.

Most of these are of open-work design, so that the bells might be heard in the widest circumference, writes The Hague correspondent of the Chicago Daily News.

Beautiful examples of this style can be seen in the cathedral towers of Utrecht and Delft. Several of the smaller towns possess even finer specimens, either in their church spires or in the bellfries of watch towers.

Like the well-known bellfry of Monnikendam, these towers generally stood in the principal squares. The bells were tolled in case of danger, to alarm the burghers, or to call them together for important communications.

Such a tower is that of Bruges, of which Longfellow sings: In the market place of Bruges Stands the bellfry, old and brown, Thrice destroyed and thrice rebuilt, Still it watches o'er the town.

In Holland there is scarcely a place of importance that does not have one or more towers with chimes. The tunes of these are changed once or twice a year, generally on New Year's day. This is so at The Hague and Utrecht. Some places, however, are not content with this and have the tunes changed oftener.

It is on record that in one town, which had a fine carillon cast by the famous Hemony in 1577, it was decreed that the tunes should be changed every fortnight or at least once a month, so fond were the burghers of their bells.

In a time when clocks were by no means general the church bells were the timekeepers for the burghers. The heavier bell struck the hours and the lighter bell the half hours.

If these were chimes they played a tune at noon and another at midnight, while before the stroke of the hour or division of the hour a part of the tune would be played.

The inscriptions on the bells are generally in rhyme and made to read as if the bell itself is telling its name and the history of its making. Holland still possesses many of these ancient bells, notably in the province of Friesland. The earliest authenticated bell is that of Krommenie, cast in 1396 by Rodolphus de Montigny.

Most bells now in existence were, however, cast in the fifteenth, sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. The reformation brought a change in the naming of bells. The Catholic saints were forsaken, and only Biblical or worldly names were allowed, while the inscription also breathed other views, as can be seen by comparing the bells cast in the seventeenth century with those of earlier date.

Those on the older bells have a purely religious significance, while the later ones refer to worldly subjects, as, for instance, the famous bell at Ham, which recounts in its inscription how it burst in 1666 "because it had too loudly pealed out its joy at the victory of the Dutch fleet over the English."

Beautiful Eastern Things. The Chinese know a lot. They know how to make the tea, and, above all, how to keep it hot without resorting to setting the pot on the stove and poisoning the drinker with tannin. And they have given the occidentals the tea caddy, that hoodlike cover the English particularly affect, and padded baskets into which the steaming tea-pot is dropped while undergoing removal from fire to table.

Some of the baskets for holding precious teacups are like boxes intended for jewels, and should the American with a pervergency peculiar to her so desire, these lovely woven willow antiques with brocaded linings might serve to hold her fancy work and the ever-present piece of summer embroidery. Both Chinese and Japanese understand the art of enhancing the rarity of porcelain by placing it in a "padded cell," as it were. Hence the beauty of these baskets.

Thought Little of Lawyer. "Many years ago," says Representative Hefflin of Alabama, "a son of Erin had the misfortune to be charged with stealing pork. Being without counsel the court appointed a young sprig of the law to represent him. It was a poor effort made to defend the prisoner, and the members of the jury without leaving their seats returned a verdict of guilty."

"The court asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced. His reply was: "Your honor, it is hard for a man to go to prison without a fair trial." "You have had a fair trial," said the judge. "The court appointed counsel to defend you."

"The Irishman cast a glance at the young lawyer and muttered: "Sure, sa' if I'd had two such this jury would have hung me for murder."

Brown Knew Those Cigars. Mrs. Brown awoke her husband in the dead of night with the startling information that she had just heard a burglar in the room below. "Now," she exclaimed, excitedly, "he's lighting one of those cigars I gave you for your birthday. I heard him pick up the box and put it down again." Then John sat up and listened. "By Jove, Mary, you're right!" he answered. "He is! He's actually smoking one of those—er—those cigars." Then he nestled once more comfortably beneath the blankets. "Go to sleep again, Mary," he said, complacently. "We'll find the poor wretch in the morning."