

WOLVES IN RUSSIA

Braving Brutes That Attack Travelers on the Steppes.

EXCITING BATTLE AT NIGHT.

Perilous Plight of a Sleigh Party That Was Surrounded and Set Upon by a Pack of the Ferocious and Famished Animals—A Timely Rescue.

There are still wolves on the steppes of Russia and pretty ferocious ones at that, as appears from this story sent to a Swedish paper by one of its correspondents, who was traveling a winter or two ago through the wastes of what was formerly known as Lithuania.

It was a bright, frosty winter day. The snow was excellent, and the mail sleigh glided forward at great speed. A troika with three Poles in it followed behind. Toward sunset we emerged from the dark pine woods upon the steppe, which stretched away in front of us as far as the eye could reach.

Soon the stars made their appearance, and the moon rose. It was bitterly cold, and the snow crackled beneath the runners. The horses' breath rose in the air like thick smoke. The songs and shouts of the Poles died away, and profound silence reigned.

Suddenly one of the horses whinnied, then another, and a third shrieked violently, uttering that terrible cry of which the horse is capable only when in extreme fear. I could see by the light of the moon the shadow of an animal about the size of a dog flitting over the frozen surface of a marsh pool which lay some twenty paces from us on one side of the road.

No animal can travel more silently than a wolf when in search of prey, and none can attack so suddenly and unexpectedly. I was slowly raising my gun when a second wolf rose immediately in front of the horses with erect and green, phosphorescent eyes. At the same time points of light appeared all over the mere, and the howling of the beasts rang out.

A shot was fired. Revolver in hand, Leszek, one of the Poles, stood on the driving seat of the troika. Then from the mail sleigh I discharged both barrels of my gun, and a savage howl announced that they had taken effect. Two of the most daring of our assailants lay rolling in the snow.

The three Poles kept firing furiously, although the attack of the wolves was directed more against our sleigh; probably because it was drawn by double the number of horses. Our driver had no other weapon than his loaded whip, but with it he dealt tremendous blows.

The horses struggled madly and tried with all their strength to break the harness. At each shot from my gun the wolves scattered, only to collect again immediately and renew their attack on the horses. Suddenly there arose a wild yell behind us.

The three Poles were rolling in the snow by the side of their overturned sleigh. Leszek's badly driven horses had torn themselves loose from the troika in their terror, and were careering wildly over the snow covered steppe, pursued by some of the wolves. They were soon pulled down, and in the stillness of the night their death screams were terrible. The Poles wallowed about in the snow shouting, weeping and lamenting by turns.

Their situation was, indeed, sufficiently serious, for only Leszek had had enough presence of mind to hide himself beneath the sleigh, and the mail driver and I, surrounded by wolves, could give them no help. I looked upon them as doomed and felt sure that we should quickly share their fate.

Suddenly our pursuers disappeared, and although bleeding badly, the horses became calmer. The gleaming eyes of the wolves were seen only here and there out on the steppe. A shot rang out, then a volley, succeeded by rills of pain. A dozen dead wolves lay on the ground, and two huge beasts actually expired beneath the hoofs of the horses as our rescuers came up in their tinkling sleighs.

It was a landed proprietor with his servants whose solitary farm lay only a couple of verstas away. None of us was dangerously wounded. The wolves had treated the Poles worst, for their clothes were nearly torn from their bodies. They were bitten, too, but not seriously.

The following morning our host, Herr Ganski, came across the skeletons of the three troika horses scarcely half a verst from the scene of our struggle. The poor creatures were still bound together with the harness. What their own fate would have been were it not for our timely rescue, is not hard to imagine. The thought of it makes me shudder to this day.

Fellowed Mamma's Advice.
"I'll kiss you when you accept me."
"No; I wouldn't permit him."
"Why not?"
"Well, mamma told me that we ought to act differently toward each other after the engagement."—St. Louis Post Dispatch

WHERE THE OCEAN BOILS.

Upheavals That May Be Caused by Submarine Earthquakes.

Mariners say that in the midst of the Atlantic, about where the twenty-fifth meridian west from Greenwich crosses the equator, there lies a region of mystery. It is on the line that ships take from Madeira to Brazil. Only within the past half century has it been sounded and its strange phenomena reported.

One investigator declared that he saw the sea about half a mile from his vessel suddenly disturbed. For about two minutes it boiled up violently as from a subterranean spring. Throughout the day there were observed great patches of discolored water which had exactly the appearance of extensive shoals.

These and similar phenomena are frequently observed in this part of the ocean. Often a ship reports that she has experienced a violent shock similar to that which is felt when a rock is struck. Sometimes a great rumbling is heard, like that of a heavy chain running through the hawse pipes, and the vessel quivers like a leaf in the wind. At another time, in smooth water, a vessel has been known to heel over suddenly, as if she had run on a sand bank.

Before this part of the ocean was as thoroughly sounded and surveyed as it is now these phenomena were attributed to the presence of unmarked sand banks and rocky shoals, and the old charts were marked accordingly. But it must have astonished the mariner somewhat to find that he got no soundings with his deep sea lead immediately after experiencing one of these shocks.

It is now generally believed that submarine earthquakes are the true cause of these convulsions.—Youth's Companion.

A FIRE HOUSE ROMANCE.

The Old Horse Did His Part, but the Old Chief Weakened.

Not long ago a fire horse was brought in from the farm, a horse thirty-six years old, that had not had a harness on his back for eleven years. This horse used to pull the chief's wagon. He had the faculty of getting under the shafts quicker than ever any horse did that stood on four feet. He never made a mistake, never a false move. By the time the driver was in the wagon the horse was ready to go, and when he went he went on the high speed. So behold the old horse brought in from the country witnessing again the frills and frivols of the city.

The horse was barefooted, his mane tall and fetlocks grown out long and shaggy. The fire ladders went to work cleaning him up with loving care. The old red wagon of the chief was brought out. The shafts were lifted in the air with the harness hanging. The horse was standing, loose, 200 feet away.

At a signal the gong was sounded and like a flash of light the old veteran leaped for the shafts. A fireman snapped the harness into place. The old fire chief watched the whole performance, intending to spring into the wagon, provided the horse had not forgotten his cue.

The horse knew how to do it; but alas, the venerable chief, now grown gray, merely stumbled and tumbled forward, threw his arms around the old horse's neck, burst into tears and cried like a baby.—Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

Not So Far Wrong, After All.
Maid Marion, approaching her fourth birthday, has an imaginary world of her own, in which the principal personage seems to be Mary, her oldest child. For some weeks she talked also of a "Mr. Mary," but a few days ago she announced that "Mr. Mary" had "died on the consumptions." A few evenings later when she was telling her father of some of Mary's exploits he asked her what had become of "Mr. Mary."

"Oh, he died," and her golden curls shook very sadly.
"Why did he die?"
"Well, you see, Mr. Mary was my husband, and one day I asked him for some money, and he died."

"I fancy her conception of matrimony is not so far wrong at that," remarked her mother, who was listening to the conversation.—Indianapolis News.

The Apple.
Scandinavian legends affirm that the apple was the favorite food of the gods. It was one of the first fruits grown by the Romans; it was early introduced into England and brought from there to America. It is easily cultivated, bears fruit farther north than almost any other, and by means of grafting almost 2,000 varieties have been produced. These facts show in part why the apple stands at the head of all fruits.—Women's Home Companion.

What They Stole.
To Walter Damrosch at the end of one of his concerts at Aeolian hall, in New York, an admirer showed a piece of music that had been palpably plagiarized from one of the numbers in "The Dove of Peace."

But Mr. Damrosch took the plagiarism with good humor.
"They've only stolen a march on me," he said.

Medical Note.
"Hello, Jones! I bear you were sick."
"Yes; I was threatened with a fever, but the doctor succeeded in arresting it."
"Ah, he arrested it for making threats, I suppose."—Boston Transcript

FOOLED THE OFFICIAL.

Clever Trick a Daring Deceit Played Upon an Englishman.

It was years ago in Burma. The English government was having trouble with a certain princely recalcitrant named Bob Tob, "the most daring and enterprising of the Dacoits." A heavy price had been set upon the rebel's head, but still Bob Tob was cunningly elusive.

At last, hard pressed, Bob Tob tried a new tack. He walked straight into the office of the commissioner.
"I am Bob Tob," he said simply. "I have come to surrender."

Exactly what he had counted on now happened. Fourteen years' experience with eastern subtlety and intrigue had taught the commissioner to be wary.
"Thank you," he said. "We will now proceed to discover who you really are and what you really want. Tell me, what do you expect to get out of this?"

"Ten thousand rupees," said the Bob quietly.
The commissioner, although a cool man, was a little staggered. "I don't quite follow," he murmured.
"Yet it's quite simple," whispered the Bob. "The government promises 10,000 rupees to the man who brings you the head of Bob Tob. I give it to you."

"Capital," was the wary answer. "But as you lose your head what good does the money do you?"
"My wife and children get the money."
"Pretty good, my man, but not quite good enough. Ten thousand rupees will be nothing to Bob Tob."

"If it were not I should not be here. I have been deserted and robbed. I am sure to be captured. My family might as well have the money while I can still command it."
"But why shouldn't I keep the money? I had your head over, you know."
"Because you are an English gentleman. I chose my man, you see."

The commissioner mused awhile. Then he broke silence. "Look here, I know you are not the Bob. That is quite clear. I don't care who you are. But tell me frankly what you want."
The Burman hesitated awhile. Then he said: "You are right. But my life is worth as little as the Bob's. I have betrayed him and robbed him. He has sworn revenge. Give me an escort as far as Mandalay. Here, take these notes for 1,000 rupees—he had laid them on the table—and keep them if in twelve days' time I do not tell you how and when you can capture the Bob. Keep them till the Bob is caught if you prefer."

The commissioner thought hard and in silence for quite two minutes.
"I agree," he said at length.
So the Bob was safely escorted to Mandalay. Later the commissioner received a letter from him.
"You may keep those rupees," it ran, "which I, Bob Tob, left with you twelve days ago. I told you the truth. You would not believe me. The English government likes truth, and it likes money, but they never want both. I think, at the same time."—Youth's Companion.

The Most Crowded Street.
The supreme sensation of New York's east side is the sensation of the astounding populousness. The most populous street in the world—Rivington street—is a sight not to be forgotten. Compared to this, an uptown thoroughfare of crowded middle class flats in the open country is an uninhabited desert! The architecture seemed to sweat humanity at every window and door. The roadways were often impassable. The thought of the hidden interiors was terrifying. Indeed, the hidden interiors would not bear thinking about. The fancy shunned them—a problem not to be settled by sudden municipal edicts, but only by the efflux of generations.—Harper's Magazine.

Heroism of an Indian.
A few years ago in northern Mexico a truck carrying a load of dynamite for use at a mine was suddenly discovered to be on fire at a village station. The risk was imminent, so the driver of a locomotive engine picked the truck up and ran it away into the country at all the speed he could put on. He bade the brakeman jump off and save himself, adding, "I go to my death." When he had got a mile away the dynamite exploded. Every window in the village was broken, and he was blown to atoms, but the inhabitants were saved. He was a pure blooded Indian.—"South America," by James Bryce.

What's Your Name?—"What."
A guild of godparents to save children from incongruous names is being suggested. The late Canon Hardsley, author of a book on English names, told the story of what was probably the most idiotic name ever bestowed upon an unfortunate infant. A woman had her son baptized What, for no other reason than to cause amusement in future years when, being asked his name, he should reply "What."—London Chronicle.

HARMAN AND WARNER AGREE

TWO MEN TO MEET NEXT SATURDAY EVENING.

Match to Settle a Side Bet of \$50 Now in Holders' Hands.

With a bet of \$50 posted and in the hands of a local business man, E. Harman, the stocky grappler who has been spending the past week or ten days in the city waiting to get into shape for his match with Joe Heidenrich of Baker, has come to agreement with Ed Warner of this city. The two meet next Saturday evening at the Steward opera house. Because of the lateness of store closing the match will not take up until 10 o'clock, preliminaries starting at 9:30. Warner admitted his surprise when he found that Harman tipped the beam at 176 yesterday. He is stockily built and has wrestled throughout the country. Heidenrich the big Baker mat artist, has sized him up and has agreed to take Harman on shortly. The date is fixed.

Notice of First Meeting of Creditors.
In the district court of the United States for the district of Oregon:
In the matter of Eugene E. Bonham, bankrupt, in bankruptcy.
To the creditors of Eugene E. Bonham, of Perry, in the county of Union, and district aforesaid, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that on the 20th day of January, 1913, the said Eugene E. Bonham was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and the first meeting of his creditors will be held in the office of the referee in bankruptcy in La Grande, Oregon, on the 5th day of February, 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bank-

E. HARMAN
Nebraskan who meets Warner Saturday night and invites fans to see him work out at the rink tonight.

A New Discovery.
One of the sensations of the twen-

rept, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

JNO. S. HODGIN,
Referee in Bankruptcy.
January 22, 1913.
(All claims must be verified according to bankruptcy forms before filing.)



E. HARMAN
Nebraskan who meets Warner Saturday night and invites fans to see him work out at the rink tonight.

A New Discovery.
One of the sensations of the twen-

th century is Meriol Rheumatism. The best known remedy for rheumatism in all its forms. Ask those who have tried it. Newlin Drug company.

Parasian Sage for Women

Best for the Hair.

Before you finish one bottle of delightful PARISIAN Sage hair tonic, falling hair will cease; scalp itch will be but a memory and all dandruff will vanish.

Besides this your hair will be free from dandruff germs, and PARISIAN Sage will so nourish the hair roots that the hair itself will become full of life and nature's own radiant color.

PARISIAN Sage is not a dye—it does not contain dangerous lead or any other poisonous ingredient. For your own protection ask of PARISIAN Sage and request your dealer not to give you any preparation containing Lead or Nitrate of Silver. Large bottle of PARISIAN Sage costs but 50 cents at dealers America over. The Newlin Drug company guarantees it.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache Rheumatism Kidneys and Bladder

Contain no Harmful Drugs

FOR SALE BY A. T. HILL, DRUG

NEWS FOR THE RURAL SECTIONS

Observer's Big Asset

AFTER diligent search and at the sacrifice of considerable expense money The Observer has establish paid correspondents in a majority of all the big towns, and a vast number of postoffice and rural districts throughout Union and Wallowa counties. Within the course of a month this chain of paid correspondents will be complete and long and The Observer can then boast of the biggest news-gathering force of any out-of-Portland paper in the state. Scarcely a hamlet in the two counties but what will have its day-to-day news recorded weekly in The Observer. With a network of telephone wires, and rural route mail service, the combination works "going and coming" — The Observer gets the news from the rural districts by both letter and telephone, and The Observer, in turn, promptly reaches the readers with not only the country correspondence in full, but its varied other news "to boot"

Daily TheObserver brings to the reader the latest news and gossip from the market world—wheat, hogs, vegetables, cattle, in fact, every commodity of trade is reviewed for the instruction and benefit of the reader who may have no other way of learning these important facts.

No matter how remote the reader is from well-beaten thoroughfares of commerce or from the larger cities, The Observer, through its expensive telegraph news system keeps that reader in close touch with the world's affairs. No corner so distant but what The Observer telegraph news system reaches there and quickly, surely and concisely puts it before the Observer readers today.