

LODGE HOME IS DEDICATED

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ATTEND CEREMONY.

Music, Ritualistic Ceremony and Banquet Make Up Evening's Fun.

With ceremonies ritualistic, musical and literary, local Odd Fellows dedicated their spacious quarters Saturday night. The building has been remodeled of late, but Saturday night it was dedicated. Among the 250 guests in attendance, many came from out of town. Union sent over the biggest delegation but North Powder, Wallowa county points and Union county cities in general sent several delegates to the dedication. Music centering around violin selections by Miss Young's violin students was interspersed throughout the evening. In the spacious dining room, delicious refreshments were served at the close of the lodge festivities.

E. Coolidge of this city, was toastmaster at the banquet, but on account of the large crowd, several tables had to be seated, and the program of speeches had to be cut down. Abe Eaton of Union, and Rev. Adams of

La Grande were the principal speakers.

Soul-Mate of the Flower.

In Paris dwells a man interested in rare and exotic plants, says the Christian Herald. A friend who had been in the Amazon brought him home a rare tree. In the winter he keeps it in the hothouse, but when summer comes he carries it into the garden. So beautiful is the bloom that he gave garden parties that men might behold the wonderful flower. One summer's day he noticed a very strange thing that set his pulses throbbing—a singular fruit had begun to set. Sending for an expert they took counsel together. They knew that that this was the only tree of its kind in Paris, and they could not understand from whence had come the pollen that had fertilized the plant. At length they published the story in papers, and that story brought the explanation. A merchant wrote that years before he had brought to Marseilles a young plant from the Amazon. The pollen of that tree nearly 400 miles away, had been carried on the wings of the wind over hill and vale and found out the blossom that awaited its coming.

Vice President Marshall must move for the third time since he has been in Washington. This is about the only thing that will keep the life of a vice president from becoming a bore.

GRIPPED BY A LION

Livingstone's Fearful Ordeal and His Narrow Escape.

A BATTLE WITH A MANEATER.

The Wounded and Maddened Monster, in a Paroxysm of Dying Rage, Caught the Explorer in His Jaws and Shook Him as a Terrier Would a Rat.

David Livingstone, the famous African explorer and missionary, once had a singular encounter with a wounded lion that almost put an end to the explorer's remarkable career before it had fairly begun. But the story must be unfamiliar to many persons who have never read Dr. Livingstone's books. The adventure occurred while he was living among the Bakatlas, not far from the present town of Mafeking. This account is from his own narrative:

The people of Mabotsa were troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle pens by night and destroyed their milk and draft animals. They even attacked the herds boldly by daylight, and although several expeditions against the wild beasts were planned the people had not the courage to carry them through successfully.

It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed the others leave that part of the country. I therefore went out with the people to help them destroy one of the marauders. We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle and gradually closed up. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock. Mabalwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock. The lion bit at the spot as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, and then, leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped. The Bakatlas ought to have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid.

When the circle was reformed we saw two other lions in it, but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and as it was evident the men could not face their foes we turned back toward the village.

In going round the end of the hill I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock, about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took good aim at him through the bush and fired both barrels.

The men called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "Let us go to him!"

I saw the lion's tail erect in anger and said, "Stop a little till I load again!" I was in the act of ramming down the bullets when I heard a

about, and, looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing at me. He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor like that felt by a mouse in the grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, although I was quite conscious of what was happening. This placidity probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, it is a marvellous provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death.

As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight and saw his eyes directed to Mabalwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. The gun missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, tried to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mabalwe, and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder.

At that moment the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him the Bakatlas on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be the largest ever seen.

Besides crunching the bone into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm. The bite of a lion resembles a gunshot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and ever afterward pains are felt periodically in the part. I had on a tartan jacket, which I believe wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in the affray have both suffered from the usual pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb.

Old China.

The beauty of old china is often destroyed by brown spots which appear on the surface. An effective way to remove these is to bury the dish in the earth, covering it completely. The darker spots require more time to remove them than the lighter ones. This method will not harm the most delicate china.—New York Telegram.

Universal.

"There is one thought which comes daily to every man."
"What's that?"
"That nothing is too good for him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Either I will find a way or I will make one.—Sir Philip Sidney.

WISDOM OF EPICETUS.

Never proclaim yourself a philosopher nor make much talk among the ignorant about your principles, but show them by actions. Thus, at an entertainment, do not discourse how people ought to eat, but eat as you ought. For, remember that thus Socrates also universally avoided all ostentation. At when persons came to him and desired to be introduced by him to philosophers, he took them and introduced them, so well did he bear being overlooked. So if ever there should be among the ignorant any discussion of principles, be for the most part silent. For there is great danger in hastily throwing out what is undigested. And if any one tells you that you know nothing and you are not nettled at it then you may be sure that you have really entered on your work, for sheep do not hastily throw up the grass to show shepherds how much they have eaten, but inwardly digesting their food, they produce it outwardly in wool and milk.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

My castle in Spain is a wondrous affair
Its turrets tower near to 'the sky,
And day after day how I long to be there,
Where the treasures of happiness lie!

By castle, of course, is a thing of my heart—
A wish, born of sorrow and woe;
A hope that some day I may yet have a part
In that freedom from want which some know.

My castle is only a fancy, a dream—
The goal of a futile desire
To be safe at last from the tide of life's stream,
The glare and the burn of life's fire.
—Lurana Sheldon.

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CHAPTER 179, SECTION 3.

"It shall be unlawful for any person, firm, association or corporation to sell, offer or expose for sale, any short weight butter within the State of Oregon. All butter sold or exposed or offered for sale in rolls, prints or squares within the State of Oregon, shall be plainly marked: 'Eight ounces, full weight,' sixteen ounces, full weight,' 'twenty-four ounces full weight,' or 'thirty-two ounces, full weight,' every roll, print or square sold, offered or exposed for sale shall contain the number of ounces marked thereon; and any person, firm, association or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine or not less than \$25.00 nor more than \$100.00, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than six months; or both such fine and imprisonment."

The Observer can furnish you with good parchment Butter Wrappers, printed according to law. We are printing for the best buttermakers in this valley, and would like to add your name to our list of satisfied customers.

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The Evening Observer

La Grande, Oregon