

## THE MAN WHO WAS PEART

By M. QUAD

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The old possum hunter of the Tennessee mountains was sixty years old, but was so strong and hale and hearty that I knew he must have been a wonderfully tough man in his younger days. I tried several times to draw him out, and one evening as we sat smoking, with his good wife on the other side of the fireplace, he began:

"When I got married I thought I was jest the peartest thing on the face of the airth. I could outjump, outboller and outfight anything I cum across on these yere mountains. I had never been licked by b'ar or man, and if any critter was shoutin' when I hove in sight he shet up mighty sudden. Yes, I was the hull thing, and it kinder makes me lonesome to think back to them days."

"To the times when you was makin' a fule of yo'self!" said Mrs. White without raising her eyes from her knitting.

"Arter I had got married," continued Zeb, with a wink at me. "I thought to steady down, but folks wouldn't let me. If I didn't have a fuss with somebody about so often they talked that I was losin' my sand. Mind yo', I didn't go howlin' around like a ragin' lion lookin' fur trouble, but the critters who were achin' fur lekkin' cum to me. I had to tackle six different men right yere to home in one week."

"And you was glad to do it!" said Mrs. White.

"Waal, I was no man to run for the bresh when a man cum along and sed he was most dead for want of a whoopin'. I took it to be a kinder way to turn to and give him what he wanted. One night in the summer, as I had just got to sleep, a yellin' starts up about a half a mile away. It was a noise betwixt the roarin' of a lion and the growlin' of a bulldog, and as it drawed nigher the old woman sot up and asks:

"Zeb White, but what in the name of all creashin' is that?"

"It's a bullgine got off the railroad tracks and makin' its way across the kentry," says I.

"It's nuthin' of the kind," says she. "It's Gabriel sonndin' his trumpet for the judgment day!"

"We was both mistaken, however. The noise came nigher and nigher, and bimeby we made out that it was a man. He had come to lek me. He had come fifty miles. It was a moonlight night, and I got up and looked out the winder at him. The sight made my hair curl. He was nigh seven feet high and as broad as a barn. He was as big as a giant in a sideshow. When he saw my head at the winder he gives a roar that goes echoin' over the mountin' and says:

"Come down, Zeb White!"

"I hain't got no furse with you," says I.

"But come down and obleege me and make me feel that life is worth livin'!"

"I'll come down," says I, and notwithstanding the old woman hung on to me with tears and said I'd be killed I went down.

"Ar' this Zeb White? he asks in a purrin' voice.

"It ar'."

"Then I am the thankfulest man in all Tennessee! Zeb, I'm goin' to squash yo' all to squash!"

"I made up my mind that I was a dead coon," continued Zeb, "but would do the best I could. We squared off and went at it, and in about two minutes I was a surprised man."

"So was the stranger. He was nuthin' but a windbag. He was as flabby as a goose and as soft as wax, and I believe I could have licked him with one hand tied behind me. It was over in five minutes, and he was hollerin' for mercy. When I let him up he said:

"Zeb, it was squar' and fair, and I hain't no complaint to make. Did you ever see a circus?"

"I never did."

"Then go down to Bristol on Wednesday and see one. That's all sorts of animals, and one is called an elephant. He kin lek you in two minutes."

"Me'n the old woman had a deal of curiosity about that elephant, as we had never seen one, and so we got ready and went to town. The circus and the elephant was there, along with a heap of other things. We pays our money and goes in, and I says to the feller inside:

"What's that critter they calls the elephant, if you please?"

"He pints the way, and we go over and look at him. He was the biggest livin' thing I ever saw, but after lookin' in him over I says to the old woman:

"I reckon he's achin' to be walloped, and I reckon I'm the critter to do it."

"She begs and pleads with me not to try it on. She pints out the fact that he's bigger'n our new shed and that I don't stand no show, but I differed with her. The stranger had put me on my mettle."

"And how did it end?" I asked as Zeb made a long pause and Mrs. White giggled in her throat.

"What was I when I come to my senses again, ma?" he asked.

"Right yere to home."

"And how many days had passed?"

"Five."

"And how long did I haft to lay a-bed?"

"Six weeks, but you was poorly for three months."

"That's all, stranger," said Zeb as he turned to me and then refilled his pipe for another smoke.

## A TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE.

It is a Very Impressive and Most Wonderful Spectacle.

One of the most beautiful and interesting sights to be seen is an eclipse of the sun. It is quite a remarkable fact that the sun is 400 times as broad as the moon and at the same time is about 400 times as far away. So to us they appear to be the same size.

A total eclipse of the sun is a very impressive and wonderful sight, says Harold W. Clark in Farm and Home.

As the time of the total eclipse draws near the darkness increases. About ten minutes before totality the darkness can almost be felt. Men's faces show a copper color, which makes them look ghastly. Birds cease their songs and go to roost. Flowers close, and an awful stillness rests upon all the face of Nature. The temperature falls and dew appears. Then away to the west we see the shadow of the moon coming with almost terrifying swiftness. It comes at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour and pounces upon us so suddenly that we are startled.

Looking at the sun, we see it wholly covered by the moon, but surrounded by a brilliant light that flashes out all around it. This is the corona and is seen only during total eclipses. The eclipse lasts only for four or five minutes, and then the shadow of the moon passes us, and we can see the sun again.

If we should ever be so fortunate as to get a chance to see a total solar eclipse we should count ourselves lucky indeed. It would be worth going many miles to see.

## OLD ROMAN BATHS.

They Held Theaters, Temples, Feasting Halls and Libraries.

The ancient Romans were extravagantly fond of bathing. They got their notions about the bath as a luxury from the Greeks, and at one time there were nearly 900 public bathing establishments in Rome, some of which were the most beautiful and elaborate structures in the world.

The baths of the Emperor Diocletian covered more than half a square mile and contained, besides immense basins and thousands of marble recesses, theaters, temples, halls for feasting, promenades planted with trees, libraries, schools for youth and academies for the discussions of the learned. The bathers sat on marble benches below the surface of the water, around the edge of the basins, scraping themselves with the dull knives of metal and ivory and taking occasional plunges into the water.

Dissipated Romans would spend whole days in the bath, seeking relief from overindulgence in eating and drinking the night before. Everybody, even the emperor, used these baths, which were open to every one who chose to pay the price of admission.

It was not usual for the old Romans to have baths in their houses, though at a date 1,500 years before that, or 3,500 years ago, the noblemen of ancient Greece had their dwellings supplied with baths of terra cotta.

## He Hadn't Heard of Socrates.

A big policeman who walks a beat near the Greek settlement in the north side always gets angry when he hears this told at his expense, but there are those who will vouch for its truth:

About a month ago a young man, very much excited, rushed up to this policeman and exclaimed:

"Say, Jim, did you hear about a Greek by the name of Socrates taking poison?"

"I did not," Jim replied innocently. Then he added, thoughtfully stroking his chin: "Sure, that's the first time I ever heard of a Greek going up against anything stronger than what he sells in his own coffee houses. I guess I'd better look this up and bulletin all the details to the department. It's an unusual case."—Kansas City Journal.

## Paul Jones' Promise.

After the great fight in which John Paul Jones in the Bonhomme Richard made splinters and shreds of the British vessel Serapis the English government generously decided that, though vanquished beyond a question, the captain of the lost vessel had behaved with becoming bravery and deserved promotion to the rank of commodore. John Paul Jones heard of this promotion and its cause and said, "Well, by George! If I ever meet that chap again I'll make him an admiral."

## Mozart's Work.

Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of art.

## The Missing Word.

A prospective woman tenant through the typewriter's omission of one all important little word of two letters received the following startling statement: "Dear Madam—You can have the flat provided you repaint and re-decorate yourself!"

## The Return Courtesan.

Miss Oldwinn—I've refused many, many offers of marriage. Gayboy (absentmindedly)—Very thoughtful and considerate of you, I'm sure.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

That character is power is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power.—Smiles.

## The Cause Of the Spat

By RUTH GRAHAM

"I have made up my mind to leave you," said the wife to her husband.

"On what ground?"

"Incompatibility."

"Do you mean that I am incompatible with you or you with me?"

"I mean that you are incompatible with me."

"Will you make that a plea for divorce?"

"I shall not apply for a divorce. Do you suppose that I am going to permit you after ruining my life to walk off with some other woman?"

"What am I to do?"

"Do what you like, only you will not be free to supply the place which you asked me to occupy and which I accepted in good faith."

"Well, then, I shall go to housekeeping. This boarding is in a measure accountable for your irritation."

"My irritation! I like that! But isn't your going to housekeeping locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen?"

"I think it rather a case of runaway. You have taken the bit in your teeth and are kicking the dashboard to pieces."

"Do you consider that a proper simile to apply to your wife?"

"When are you going to leave?"

"When I get ready."

"I have the same right. I shall leave when I get ready, and I shall be ready as soon as I can find a house. Wait a minute."

He stepped to the telephone and asked a real estate agent if the house offered a week before was still unrented, the wife listening to one-half the dialogue.

"All right," he said, hanging up the receiver. "I shall be ready with my part of the separation tomorrow. I have taken that house we were offered last week."

"Who is to keep house for you?"

"A housekeeper."

"What housekeeper?"

"Why should that concern you since you have decided to leave me?"

"It concerns me very much. I don't propose people shall say that I have been turned out to make room for another."

"I shall not discuss that matter with you now. I'm going around to the house to have a look at it."

"I think I'll go with you."

"Very well; if you insist, come on."

They walked past the agent's, got the key and went to the house. Neither spoke a word on the way. The house was furnished. The wife did the talking as to the appointments.

"The sitting room is attractive," she said, "and the little parlor on the other side of the hall is plenty large enough for formal visits. The butler's pantry is nice too. What a roomy kitchen! And the last occupant has left it neat as a pin. Every pot shines. The upstairs, too, is light and roomy. I always did like these brass bedsteads. They're so bright and cheerful looking. What a lovely bathroom—tiled all through and not a bit of that elegant porcelain chipped! These bedrooms are all beautifully furnished, and the rugs are not a bit worn. And the hardwood floors—so easy to keep clean! The outlook from the front bedroom is delightful. I shall have it for my own."

"What's that?"

"I mean I would occupy it if I had not been forced—tremulously—by your ill treatment to leave you."

"This will be my housekeeper's room."

"Your housekeeper! Her room should be in the garret."

"It shall be right here."

"Are you going to have your housekeeper roomed better than your wife?"

"My wife makes her own bed, and I suppose she must lie in it."

"If I'm perhaps, now, you will tell me who is to be your housekeeper?"

"Don't bother about whom I select to take care of the premises. I shall have a woman older than myself so that persons will not talk about me."

"Whom, for instance?"

"Well, I think the Widow Scott would like the position."

"The Widow Scott! Well, I declare!"

"What's the matter with her?"

"I wish you to distinctly understand that I don't propose to turn you over to any such person."

"Suppose you name some one."

"To occupy this room?"

"Of course."

"No one occupies this room but me."

"But how can you occupy it if you are going to leave me?"

"Since you've taken this house and it looks so nice and cozy and comfortable, with such pretty furniture and soft rugs and hardwood floors and tiled bathroom—"

"Are you making an inventory?"

"Don't be silly—and lovely curtains, and since I like the outlook from that window so well and would love to exchange that dirty one at the boarding house for it, I have decided to stand your harshness awhile longer."

He put his arm about her. There was no fight left in her. It had vanished.

"I couldn't drive you away with a cat-o-nine-tails," he said.

"Oh, how happy we shall be here!" throwing her arm about his neck.

"Yes, and we'll do no more boarding. It will ruin any couple that ever lived if kept up long enough. We will dine under our own roofree in future if the house is no better than a chicken coop. This one is for sale as it stands, and I shall buy it."

## COPPERPLATE ENGRAVING.

The Art Was Discovered Through the Merest Accident.

Every one has noticed on his visiting card the extremely delicate lines of his name, and almost every one knows that they are produced by printing from an engraved copperplate. Like many other things of use and beauty, this art of copperplate engraving was discovered through the merest accident in the fifteenth century.

It is a historical fact, however, that one day an engraver on gold, wishing to take a proof of his work, made the usual sulphur cast and then filled up the lines with lampblack, thus enabling him to see exactly how his work looked. While occupied in doing this it occurred to him that possibly the same results could be obtained by filling up the original engraving with lampblack instead of making an impression of it and filling up that. Struck with the idea, he put it into practical use and, with a little damp paper, succeeded in getting a fair impression from the engraving.

The discovery was communicated to other workers in the art, and they hailed it with joy, as it saved all the arduous trouble of making sulphur casts, but they never saw the full value of the discovery, and consequently the art of plate engraving lay for almost a century before its true import was discovered and brought out in all its great and beautiful results.

Today collectors of plate engravings rave over the crude results of earlier times and search the world for examples of these early masters to add to their collections. Many of these collections have been presented to museums, where they may be seen and appreciated by the people.

## AIDED THE AERONAUT.

Washington Was the Godfather of Aviation in America.

Apparently George Washington was not only the Father of His Country, but also something like the godfather of aviation in America. At any rate, he wrote a letter for one M. Blanchard, who made the first balloon ascension in this country at Philadelphia in 1783. The letter reprinted in St. Nicholas reads:

"George Washington, president of the United States of America. To all whom these presents shall come.

"The bearer hereof, Mr. Blanchard, a citizen of France, proposing to ascend in a balloon from the city of Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock a. m. this day, to pass in such direction and to descend in such place as circumstances may render most convenient—

"These are, therefore, to recommend to all citizens of the United States, and others, that in his passage, descent, return or journeying elsewhere they oppose no hindrance or molestation to the said Mr. Blanchard, and that, on the contrary, they receive and aid him with that humanity and good will which may render honor to their country and justice to an individual so distinguished by his efforts to establish and advance an art, in order to make it useful to mankind in general.

"Given under my hand and seal, at the city of Philadelphia, this ninth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, and of the independence of America the seventeenth.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

## A Japanese Idea.

The late Mutsuhito, emperor of Japan, on an occasion shortly before his death took a railway journey in the northern part of Japan and arrived at his destination half an hour late on account of a slight accident on the road. Next day the manager of the road committed suicide, giving as the reason for his act the fact that his bad management had inconvenienced the emperor. The case attracted a great deal of attention, and some of the leading men of Japan, commenting on the dead man's act, criticized his point of view.

In the eyes of his fellow townsmen, however, his deed was commendable, for they erected a statue in his honor as an ideal exponent of the Japanese conception of loyalty.

## A Funny Siamese Custom.

They have a very funny fashion in Siam. When an inferior comes into the presence of a superior he throws himself upon the ground. Then the superior sends one of his attendants forward to see whether the prostrate man has been eating anything or has any offensive odor about him. If he be blameless in this respect the attendant raises him from the ground, but if he be guilty the attendant straightway kicks him out.

## A Useful Paragraph.

Singleton (reading)—It is said that the last word in an argument is often the most dangerous. Wedderly—Would you mind letting me have that paper? Singleton—What do you want it for? Wedderly—I want to show that paragraph to my wife.

## Pretty Long at Times.

"I believe honesty pays in the long run."

"So do I. But I often wish it were not such a mighty long run."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## He Didn't Count.

Mr. Timid (hearing a voice at 2 a. m.)—I think, dear, that there is a man in the house. Wife (secretly)—Not in this room.—London Sketch.

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