The STAYTON MAIL

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What are you doing about swatting the flies? Every fly you swat now is going to save a lot of swatting in the warmer days. Get busy!

The American Bell Telephone company paid dividends on the past years business of nearly $38,000,000. And yet some people say that talk is cheap.

A newspaper heading states that a $10 gold piece is hard to keep in San Francisco. It is hard to understand why they should discriminate against the rest of the world.

Philadelphia refused to allow Dr. Friedmann to demonstrate his serum in its hospitals unless he took the state medical examination. But what else could you expect of Philadelphia.

President Wilson has appointed Franklin D. Roosevelt as assistance secretary of the navy. It seems impossible to keep the Roosevelt family from getting in through one party or the other.

Uncle "Joe" Cannon says he is still in politics. Let's see—didn't the people of Danville, Ill., and thereabouts, decide that "Joe" was due for the political scrap heap? We believe that the people have the final word as to these things nowadays.

MUMMY TRAINS OF BAGDAD.

Bearing the Dried and Salted Dead to Sacred Soil For Burial.

Finding myself not long ago at Bagdad (old home of Sindbad the Sailor), I decided to see for myself just what Eden looks like today, notes a writer in the Christian Herald, and to get acquainted with the people who now inhabit the old traditional homestead of Adam and Eve. I wanted to see Babylon, too, and the excavated palace of King Nebuchadnezzar—where the handwriting appeared on the wall—and I wanted to get a picture of the tower of Babel, which still lifts its battered head above the flat, empty plain of Mesopotamia.

So I crossed the odd pontoon bridge that spans the yellow Tigris at Bagdad, slipped through the massive west gate, passed the supposed tomb of Zobedia and mingled with the pilgrim horde on the great Shia caravan trail that stretches down from Turkestan and Persia, crosses Chaldea and enters the golden domed mosques at Kerbela and Nedjef. Millions have passed this way in the centuries, bringing with them the salted and dried bodies of their dead for burial in the sacred soil outside the walls of their holy Shia cities. Two hundred thousand mummified human bodies have passed through Bagdad in a single year, borne by these Shia devotees.

For miles along this strange highway our "arabanah," drawn by four galloping mules, passed these weird death caravans, silent and mysterious. The bodies of departed relatives were carried in oblong bundles, lashed to the backs of pack animals. Veiled women rode in queer, cagelike boxes, slung one on each side of a mule or a camel. The men, clad in the round, hard caps and padded clothes peculiar to Persians, marched behind, prodding any lagging donkey or camel.

VIGOR AT SEVENTY.

Great Works Performed by Men Even Beyond That Ripe Age.

Who talks of fifty years as the culminating point in man's career? Were all the great work performed by men even beyond seventy erased from history the human race would be bereft of some very proud achievements.

Jefferson founded a university by his own activity after he had passed threescore years and ten. John Quincy Adams, although he had been president of the United States and five times a foreign minister, wrought as a congressman by far his greatest deeds after he was sixty-five. His robust father sat in a constitutional convention when he was almost a nonagenarian. Franklin did valiant service in helping to frame the constitution of the United States after he had turned a serene and contented eighty.

Seventy saw Gladstone so vigorous that he was still good for the greatest battle of his political life and a premiership.

Germany's first emperor, the venerable William, saw Waterloo as a soldier, but fifty-five years later was directing armies at Sedan and welding an empire after the fall of Paris. John Bigelow at fourscore was mentally as virile as a boy, and his powers as an author were not dimmed.

Frederick Fraley was an active business man, president of a bank and the national board of trade since the Spanish-American war, and yet he was prominent enough in 1844 to serve on a committee that welcomed to Philadelphia Daniel Webster.

Science is making lives longer than they were in the days of our grandfathers and also far more comfortable. The same agency that prolongs bodily vigor will surely lengthen the age of man's most virile mental labor.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Heaviest American Brain.

Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, the brain specialist, credits the late Edward H. Knight with having the heaviest American brain on record. Mr. Knight was well known in Washington and was a patent attorney of note. At the time of his death his brain weighed 1,814 grams. General Benjamin F. Butler had a brain which weighed 1,758 grams, the next heaviest recorded, according to Dr. Spitzka. The heaviest brain on record anywhere in the world is given as that of the Russian poet and novelist, Turgenev, which tipped the scales at 2,012 grams.

Sand Cure For Fatigue.

One of the most efficacious cures for fatigue from overwork consists in walking barefoot in sand. The nerves of the sole and heel are slightly irritated by coming in contact with the grains and accelerate the circulation of the blood in all parts of the body. The effect produced is highly invigorating. Besides this, the monotony of an ample extent of yellow sand exercises a soporific effect on the brain which induces sleep.—Exchange.

The Sponsor.

"Say, you told me Balleigh was married and had a large family, and I find him to be a confirmed bachelor."

"He is, in a manner of speaking, but he is wedded to his art, and he has a large family of unpaid bills. Why, man, I stood for most of them."—New York Times.

Modern Cleverness.

"There goes one of our cleverest men."

"Why clever?"

"Well, he's done all his stealing legally."—Detroit Free Press.

Silk Producing Insects.

There are more than 200 species of silk producing insects, though very few of these are of any practical value to mankind.

ROSSMORE'S BANSHEE.

Its Terrifying Wail Heralded the Death of His Father.

In "Things I Can Tell" Lord Rossmore relates that he himself was born in Dublin in 1853. His father was the third Baron Rossmore, who married Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinrory, County Tipperary, and whose death was duly heralded by the banshee:

"Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing room Rossmore persuaded the Barringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time and slept soundly until 2 o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath.

"It was a moonlight night, and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Barrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of 'Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore!' was heard, and then all was still.

"The Barringtons looked at each other in dismay and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at 7 o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.

"'What's the matter—what's the matter?' asked Sir Jonah. 'Is any one dead?' 'Oh, sir,' answered the man, 'Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past 2 this morning his own man, hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead.'"

LOST IN THE LAST LAP.

He Queered Things Just as the Winning Post Was In Sight.

There lived in Detroit a man who was the champion letter writer to the newspapers and to the heads of all public enterprises. One of his fads was to write every day to President Ledyard of the Michigan Central railroad and tell Ledyard wherein he was failing in the conduct of his road.

There was a letter for Ledyard every morning. They annoyed him, and he sent for his general counsel one day and said: "Russell, I'm getting tired of these letters. I will give you $3,000 more a year if you will find that man and stop him for twelve months."

Three thousand dollars more a year appealed to Russell, and he went out to find the letter writer. He found him and made a business proposition. "Now, see here," he said, "I want you to stop writing letters to Mr. Ledyard. If you will quit for a year I will give you $1,500."

The letter writer consented gladly. Things went along swimmingly for eleven months. Ledyard was happy, and Russell was happy. Then there was a wreck on the road. The letter writer could not resist the opportunity, and he wrote to Ledyard and told him what he thought about the road and its president and its management.

Ledyard sent the letter to Russell with this indorsement: "This is where you lose $3,000." And it was.—Saturday Evening Post.

Two Reasons For Not Reporting.

General Nelson A. Miles, during active service, one day received a telegram from a subordinate who was on a furlough, but was expected back that day. The dispatch read:

"Sorry, but cannot report today, as expected, owing to unavoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message did not please the general, and he wired back:

"Report at once, or give reasons."

Back came the answer from a hospital:

"Train off, can't ride; legs off, can't walk."

Disraeli's Marriage Doctrine.

Disraeli's doctrine of marriage was admirably simple: "All my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."—Contemporary Review.

Squaring Himself.

She—Surely, Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He—When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me.

In Alcohol.

"How old is Bobby Van Lush?"

"Bobby's about thirty-five."

"Deuced well preserved, Bobby is. He doesn't look a day over fifty!"—Puck.

He who is feared by many fears many.—German Proverb.

THE ART OF POISONING.

Subtle Methods Used by the Natives of Central Africa.

The Central African native is a master in the art of poisoning and always on the watch for it. He will never take a drink of water or beer or eat of a dish, even when offered by a peaceful acquaintance, until the host has eaten or drunk some of it to pledge its harmlessness. He is always in fear of treachery, and with good reason, for an assassin is cheaply hired. Vegetable poisons may be made by almost any one, and the methods of administering them are cunning beyond description.

One of the cleverest ways, often resorted to when a man gets into his head an idea that a neighbor is injuring him by witchery, is to kill the unsuspecting victim by means of poisoned stakes and at the same time avoid suspicion, which would inevitably lead to a similar vengeance.

Procuring little sharpened sticks, the murderer hollows their points and inserts poison (usually made by boiling down the juice of certain shrubs or creepers) into the cavities. These he secretly plants upright, but leaning a little along the path which leads from the doomed negro's hut to his garden.

Sooner or later the intended victim slightly lacerates his bare foot by hitting one of these sharp stakes. He takes no notice of the scratch, for he is used to such trifling injuries, but in a few moments his foot and leg begin to swell, and an hour or so later he expires in agony.

The bark and roots of several trees and shrubs yield virulent poisons when properly brewed, one of which has the peculiar effect of at once paralyzing the organs of speech. The gall of the crocodile when dried in the sun and pulverized is also very deadly. The most fatal poison, however, is that prepared from an ugly, whitish tree called ujungu in German East Africa. It grows in only a few localities, and few natives will venture to cut it down, for a mere prick with a splinter will cause terrible and sometimes fatal inflammation. The negroes say that neither moths nor snakes will go near it and that birds never rest in its branches.

To make this poison the wood is burnt and its ashes are mixed with water and then boiled down to a thick paste. The natives will travel hundreds of miles to procure this paste, with which hunters anoint their arrows and spears and the bullets of their guns, dipping them after the smearing in hot beeswax to form a protective covering against loss of power as well as against accident.—Harper's Weekly.

Scattering Disease.

Dr. Leonard Hill of London holds that it is an "offense against society for any one with a cold to cough, sneeze or even talk without covering his mouth with his handkerchief. Colds kill tens of thousands every year," the doctor adds, "and yet we persist in taking no special precautions to escape them. We go to great trouble to prevent the spread of diphtheria or scarlet fever or smallpox, but the person with a cold, who is scattering deadly microbes everywhere, we treat as perfectly harmless. I thoroughly agree that during the sneezing, coughing stage the person with a cold should be isolated, so that the germs he is constantly scattering may not be breathed in by his neighbors."—New York Tribune.

A Pet Dog Cemetery.

Dead dogs fare better than many men in one town in England, where there is an exclusive cemetery for rich women's pets. Expensive dogs must have showy graves, and the owner of a toy spaniel, blue blooded Pomeranian or a French poodle doesn't think anything of paying $100 for a burial plot in the first stop on the way to the canine Valhalla. Pink headstones are stuck up over the last resting place of the aristocratic doggies, and the epitaphs are as appreciative as if they were on tombstones over the graves of the best French chefs.—New York Press.

Quaint English Surnames.

There are still the quaint surnames redolent of the soil or the early experiences in the hill country of the Cotswolds. A correspondent tells me that there are four men working on one farm on the Cotswold hills named respectively Pill, Fouracre, Pothecary and Greengrass—men clearly who have gained their surnames from some kind of idiosyncrasy or fact, men who may some day send the surname of Pill into fame.—London Telegraph.

Not Becoming.

"I didn't think Mrs. De Browne looked very attractive at the opera last night," said Dubbleigh.

"So? Why, usually she is radiant. What did she have on?" asked Winkletop.

"A large sized grouch," said Dubbleigh.—Harper's Weekly.

Unconventional.

"But, Maria, why should we make a trip abroad when we've seen so few of the places of interest in our own country? Let us visit those first."

"Oh, John, you do say such dreadfully crude and unconventional things!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Absentmindness.

Professor (after dinner, looking at his empty plate in a rage)—There, we've had spinach and egg again! You know perfectly well, Amelia, that I can't eat it!—Fliegende Blatter.

Toil, feel, think, hope. You will be sure to dream enough before you die without arranging for it.—J. Sterling.