

A Lion Tamed

By R. W. KENAN

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A good many years ago, when the Union Pacific railroad was being built, one going across the continent was obliged to travel by stage a good part of the way.

The women, at first, when passing through one of these dangers, would hold on to what was nearest to them for dear life, but would finally cry out with terror.

The coach had made one of its break-neck descents and had reached level travelling, with a gradual ascent ahead, when the man in a checkered suit said to the driver in a low tone: "Been drinking?"

"Naw. Haven't taken a drink in a year."

"Reckon you're right. I could smell it if you had. Well, seem' you're not drunk, what you tryin' to spill us for?"

The driver turned and looked down on the little man contemptuously. "See here, young feller," he thundered, "do you know what passengers gets for interferin' with ribbon holders?"

"No. Do they get shot?" "Git shot! Do you suppose I'd waste good lead on your little carcass?"

"Well, what would you do if I were to interfere with your drivin'?" "I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd just bring my arm around and wipe you off into the road."

The outside passengers sitting behind the two were interested in their conversation. The little man asked the questions in a childlike fashion, as a small boy would ask them, the big man always responding with the growl of a lion. When the driver spoke the last words the horses had come to the beginning of the ascent and had dropped into a walk.

This was not all. The little man jumped after him and landed beside him. The big man got half way up on his feet when the little man planted a blow on his jaw and rolled him over again. The big man made another attempt to rise, and the little man hit him another crack, with the same result. Then, throwing off his checkered coat, the latter said: "Git up!"

This time the driver was permitted to rise and rushed for his tormentor like a bull. The tormentor was not in the line of rush, but as the driver passed he received a blow under the chin that leveled him again with the road. He was allowed to rise after this when knocked down and every time he arose was sent back where he came from. He was a strong man, but his adversary played with him as a cat would play with a mouse. Finally the driver's strength was all spent, and he lay in the road like a log.

One of the outside passengers had caught the reins and brought the horses to a stand, and the passengers had witnessed the fray.

As soon as it was evident that the lion could neither bite nor roar any more every passenger jumped from the coach and surrounded the little man. Every man grasped his hand and every woman kissed him. He looked very much disconcerted, as though he were getting credit for whipping a rebellious terrier.

For the Children

Rain Gauge Used by the Ancient Koreans.



The first use of the rain gauge has been credited to Benedetto Castelli, an Italian contemporary of Galilei, but recent research shows that rain gauges were used in the fifteenth century, nearly two centuries before, says Popular Mechanics.

"In the twenty-fourth year of the reign of King Sejo (1442) the king ordered constructed a bronze instrument to measure the rainfall. It is a vase resting on a stone base and was placed at the observatory. Each time it rained the attendants measured the height of water in the vase and reported to the king. Similar instruments were also placed in all the provinces."

The ancient rain gauge herewith illustrated may still be seen at Taijo, Korea.

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COUNTY COURT

(Continued from Tuesday.)

Table listing names and amounts for various districts (Dist. No. 36, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55).

Main table listing names and amounts for various districts (Dist. No. 40, 41, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55).

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