

THE TORPEDO SPEAKS.

Tells Its Own Story of Its Doings in War and Peace.

Well, well, well! I am surprised! With all the notoriety that I have gained and the destruction that I have caused that nobody would tell you what I am made of and what I am capable of doing!

I am twenty-one feet in length and twenty-one inches in diameter, and ordinarily I am assembled in three parts known as the tail and afterbody, the flask and the head. My tail contains the machinery which turns the propellers that force me through the water; the flask carries my fuel in the form of compressed air that sends me on my mission of destruction—and when I start, woe unto them who may be in my path, for I am the most dreaded weapon that ever sailed the seven seas. I cost \$9,000 and can run for 10,000 yards before my energy is used up, traveling that distance at the rate of about fifty feet per second. I am a monster made of forged nickel steel and weigh 2,000 pounds and have turbine engines, which are capable of making 1,700 revolutions per minute. In my head I carry a high explosive called gun cotton, which explodes upon contact.

In times of peace, when I am practiced with, the gun cotton is taken out of my head and water is substituted to compensate for its weight. When I have been fired in practice and have made my run and expended all my energy I have lost sufficient weight to float to the surface until I am picked up, recharged and refilled.—A. Freed, Gunner's Mate, U. S. N., in Washington Star.

THEY FEAST ON SNAKES.

A Queer People With Queer Tastes Are the Philippine Pygmies.

High up on the slopes of Mount Mariweles, in the Philippine Islands, dwell the last remnants of an ancient and most mysterious race, the Negritos, or "little negroes." Scientists differ hopelessly as to their origin and history, but the traveler who is fortunate enough to penetrate into their carefully hidden villages finds the quaint little people extremely interesting.

Though disinclined to work, the Negro is indefatigable in the chase. He will hunt all day without eating anything but the mango or banana that he seizes as he rushes by. If dogs are scarce for any reason women are pressed into service, and these go loping through the brush, yelping in imitation of the canines.

Sometimes a beater will emerge from the brush carrying a pig he has encountered and "killed or, more important still, bringing news of the sighting of a python. In this case the whole hunt is called in and its energies directed to the capture of the big snake, which when killed is carried in triumphal procession to the village, where it furnishes a feast.—World Wide Magazine.

An Interesting Test of Wits.

A game that affords fun and an interesting test of wits is "your native town." At a party it will tide over any dull moments that threaten. Provide the players with paper and pencils and ask them all to write the places of their birth. Then give them a limited time in which to make a sentence consisting of words that begin with the letters in the name of the town and follow the same order.

For example, if the city is Baltimore, then the sentence might be, "Behold, a large town in Maryland, old, rich, enterprising." The more aptly descriptive of the town the better is the sentence. At the end of a specified time have the players read their sentences, and, if you wish, award a prize to the best one.—Youth's Companion.

Igorrote Dog Eaters.

During our trip through the Philippines we visited the dog market, where the Igorrotes bought and sold half starved canines with visions of a great feast of the protruding ribs. The Igorrotes are about as much like the cultured Americans or cultured Japanese. But the fact that the Igorrotes eat dogs has done as much to prejudice us against the Filipinos as has the story that the Chinese eat rats to turn us against the well bred Chinese, who not only do not eat rats, but even have a distaste for caviar and limburger.—Maynard Owen Williams in Christian Herald.

High Prices.

In San Francisco in 1849 clerks in stores and offices had magnificent salaries. Five dollars a day was the smallest stipend even in the custom house, and one preacher was paid \$10,000 a year. Laborers received \$1 an hour. A pick or a shovel was worth \$10 and a butcher's knife \$30. At one time the carpenters, who were getting \$12 a day, struck for \$16. But it should be noted that prices were exceedingly high also.

When Youth's Life Is Shaped.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world?" Nonsense. It only handles the material. The time of the shaping of life is from twelve to eighteen years old. That is the formative period. All great educators know that. Professor Earl Barnes.

Its Kind.

"I hear Bangs is getting on so well that he gave his wife a machine." "He's getting on so well because he gave her the machine. It is a washing machine."—Baltimore American.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

OUR MARINE CORPS.

It is a Fully Equipped All Around Efficient Little Army.

Do you know the definition of the word "corps"? If you do your advantage over the man in the street is considerable, for the word in itself signifies a large fighting force so completely equipped in all branches that it can act as an independent army. And that is what our marine corps is—a fully equipped little army, representing infantry, cavalry, artillery, signal service, engineers, machine gun men, aviators and hospital service.

The varied nature of the marine's duties is reflected in the dress uniform, his dearly prized "blues." The trousers are the color of the infantryman's, but the stripe is red, like that on the uniform of the artillery. His coat is a dark nautical blue, but if he wears chevrons on it they are yellow, like a cavalryman's. As an example of cosmopolitanism his cap device bears a relief map of half the globe. An eagle with outspread wings surmounts the globe, and a fouled anchor shows in the background. To "tell" a marine at a glance (whatever his uniform or his rank) look on the front of the hat or the cap for that globe. It is the distinguishing emblem of a marine the world over.

Great Britain is the only other power that has, in our case of the word, a real marine corps, and the cap device of the British marine also has a globe in the center of the design.—Charles Phelps Cushing in New York Independent.

A FAITHFUL HORSE.

Paul Revere's Sturdy Steed Fairly Equipped to Fame.

Paul Revere's name was made immortal when he rode from Boston to Lexington and Concord warning the patriots along the way of the British approach, and his fame has been securely enshrined in the hearts of all Americans.

Historians have honored themselves in honoring him. Poets have found inspiration in praising him. He is an idol of childhood, an example in the prime of manhood and a solacing memory of old age.

How few characters loom up like great peaks above the mountain ranges of time!

And Paul Revere was one of these. He was one of the precious few great enough to grasp an opportunity to do an incalculable good to mankind.

But while we give deserved glory to Paul Revere let us no longer forget that there was another hero in that wild midnight ride.

There was the horse. "Any other horse might have done as well," you think? Well, so might any other man have done as well perhaps. So might we flippantly disparage any hero.

But the fact remains that it was Paul Revere and Paul Revere's horse that did it. And the harder work fell on the horse. But for the true horse's faithfulness Paul Revere would have been a failure.—Christian Herald.

Learn History by Novels.

In the Woman's Home Companion Anne Bryan McCall says:

"One of the pleasantest ways I know of making varied travels into history is by reading historical novels. I remember that when I was twelve years old I read Harrison Ainsworth's 'Windward Castle,' and when I was fifteen I read Scott's 'Kenilworth.' When I was sixteen I read Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.' I was not thinking of history at all when I read them. I read them solely for the story. Yet from those three books I learned more of the times of Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth and of early American days, I do believe, than in the many historical chapters covering those times that I have read since. Those books made those times live for me, and it was as though I myself were living in them."

Van and Semiramis.

Van is a city of immemorial antiquity, which gave the name to the "Vannic empire" of Assyria, and was supposed to have been founded by the semi-mythical Queen Semiramis. Unless cruelly libeled by the legend she was no better than she ought to have been, which is not surprising if she really was a daughter of the mermaid who ruled the neighboring lake. Van is today famous for the cuneiform inscriptions, indelibly printed on rocks, by which forgotten Van dwellers at once preserved their historical records and provided against future "paper famine."—London Chronicle.

Too Much For Tommie.

"Mother wants you to come right over and see Tommie," said the little girl.

"What seems to be the matter with him?" asked the doctor.

"He can't swallow. His teacher gave him some big words to spell today, and we think some of 'em got stuck in his throat."—Youkers Statesman.

Not True to Life.

"How very few statues there are of real women?"

"Yes; it's hard to get them to look right."

"How so?"

"A woman remaining still and saying nothing doesn't seem true to life."

So He Does.

"Old man Soggs says his boy Bill stops at the best hotels in New York."

"He does. They're on the route of the laundry he drives a wagon for."—Browning's Magazine.

When you lose your temper you lose your judgment. There's no precaution in an angry decision.

SHAPE OF THE HAND.

The Reason Our Fingers Are Not All of the Same Length.

There is no known reason why our fingers should be of different lengths today. In fact it is thought by some people that the hand would be stronger if the fingers were all of the same length, says the Book of Wonders. Certainly, however, the hands would not then be so beautiful and might not be so useful.

The human hand today is perhaps the most versatile thing in the world. You can do more things with the hand than with any other thing in the world. The probability is that the shape of the hand today and the length of the fingers are the result of the different things the human being has called upon the hand to do during man's development up to the present time.

We must go back to the time, however, when man walked on fours, for that is probably the real explanation. Originally man's fingers were of different lengths because all four footed animals had the same peculiarities. The shape and length of the toes and their arrangement were the ideal arrangement for giving the proper balance and support to the body and in moving about and in climbing produced the best toe hold.

WHERE THE MULE FAILS.

He Doesn't Relish a Battle When the Artillery Gets Active.

More nearly impervious to heat than any of the other domestic animals, including his own ancestry, the mule has played a prominent part in the development of our southern states. On the sugar plantations and in the cotton fields he is without a peer.

His traditional endurance renders him almost invaluable to the quartermaster's department of armies in the field, but the experienced artillery officer uses horses instead for handling artillery in action.

A mule doesn't enjoy a battle. He doesn't relish its excitement and its terror, that metamorphosis that changes men alternately into potrooms and demigods.

Under a sustained artillery fire a horse becomes unusually docile. He turns instinctively to his master as to a creature of higher power, and his very terror renders him gentle.

But the mule displays no such faith in humankind. In the turmoil of battle he suddenly becomes arbiter of his own acts, and he either bolts or balks. A mule disapproves all that he does not understand, and it is traditional that he is not amenable to reason.—Los Angeles Times.

No Wonder He Wouldn't Sell.

Captain Amundsen told an amusing story of one of his arctic expeditions. Several of his dogs having died, Captain Amundsen asked one of the natives in his best Eskimo if he would sell him a few dogs. To his surprise the request was promptly refused. The explorer and the Eskimo had a long argument, the explorer pointing out that he must get dogs somehow and the Eskimo replying that they never sold them.

"Nonsense!" Captain Amundsen exclaimed. "I have often bought dogs." The Eskimos seemed immensely astonished, and at the end of another argument Captain Amundsen discovered that instead of using the Eskimo word for "dogs" he had been asking the man to sell him some "children."

Russia's Parquetry Floors.

Most flooring put down in Russia is parquetry, and it is generally oak. Even in the unpretentious houses and flat buildings this parquetry is to be found. In some cases, of course, the finish is not so fine as in others, and in ordinary buildings the designs are not so elaborate. One of the most noticeable features of a Russian house is that rugs and carpets are used for wall decorations instead of floor coverings. Floor polishing by professionals, who come regularly once every week or ten days, is considered a part of the regular routine of running a house.—Detroit Free Press.

Churchyard Yew Trees.

One reason given why very old yew trees are so often found in country churchyards is that originally these trees were planted to supply the peasants with wood for their bows, for in lawless times it was soon discovered that the only place where trees would be safe from nightly marauders was the churchyard, where the most hardened thief dared not venture between darkness and dawn.—London Mail.

Cure For Winking.

Pa—At last I've found a way to make that young scamp of ours stop winking his eyes.

Ma—Really?

Pa—Yes; I'll show him the articles in this science magazine where it says that every time we wink we give the eye a bath.—Buffalo Express.

Out of His Class.

"I hear your new son-in-law has brain fever," said the curious man.

"Brain fever, did you say?" chuckled the father-in-law. "The poor booby couldn't have any such sickness. Imagine a jellyfish having a headache."—Puck.

His Decision.

"I have been in your train a long time now."

"I can't marry you," said the girl.

"All right. Here's where I change cars then."—Kansas City Journal.

What Started the Jar.

Wife—I wonder how you can look me in the face. Husband—Oh, a man can get used to anything.—Exchange.

Gold Hill Notes

(By A. E. Kellogg.)

Joseph B. Pankey of Company F, 15th U. S. Infantry, a Gold Hill Boy, in writing to his father, H. T. Pankey, of this city, said: "Our regiment seems to be permanently located here in China. Company F and four other companies are garrisoned here at Teinsen and the balance of the regiment are garrisoned at Liochimog. I am just out of the hospital from a severe attack of dysentery, which is the principal thing we have to guard against in this climate." Joe sent his photograph, taken since he recovered at the hospital, and he looks quite thin. The photograph was taken by a Chinese artist and compares quite favorably with the American production. Among other things Joe wrote was: "Tell all the boys in Gold Hill who contemplate going into the service to join the regulars. They are the only thing." Joe joined the army early when the first call was made, and doesn't seem to know that there are not enough of the Gold Hill boys left to form a corporal's guard. Thirty-two of them have joined the colors since Joe's departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bulck of Myrtle Creek stopped over here Tuesday evening to visit with his old-time friend, Nort Eddings, the veteran stage driver of the early '80s over the Siskiyou. They were accompanied by their daughter, Miss Jennie Bulck, and are traveling by auto. The Bulcks have a large stock ranch near Silver Lake in Klamath county, where they are en route from.

Among the Gold Hill population employed with the Southern Pacific tie gang on the Siskiyou are John R. McReynolds, Frank Carter, Paul Thompson, Louis McReynolds, Lyle Olsen, Steve McReynolds, Antone Olsen, Jess M. Blackington, Tom West, Thomas Cook and John Long. The company is putting in 50,000 new ties on their Siskiyou mountain divisions.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wybark and Mrs. John H. McClendon arrived the first of the week by auto from Lovelock, Nev., for an extended visit with relatives in this city. Mrs. Wybark is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McClendon and was born on the old home place in Sams valley. Mrs. J. H. McClendon, nee Jessie Betts, is a former resident of this city and a daughter of Mrs. Ogden Snyder of this city.

Samuel H. Duffield, the old-time miner and farm operator of this district, left Wednesday evening for an extended trip north. He recently sold his interest in the Duffield & Burns placer mines on Galls creek, and he said: "I am now foot loose the first time in four decades and I am going on a protracted bum—no, just any old place, anywhere the notion strikes me. I am going to get off at Salem first and visit the hop yards in that district. I always had a hankering to know just how the principal industries up north were managed, and I am going to take them all in the next two months, when I will return here and finish up all my business and spend the winter in southern California. Yes, I am going to see Charley and his boy while north. They are up in Idaho. The boy has grown to be as tall as his father since he left here several years ago." Mr. Duffield lost his wife last year after a long, lingering illness. He is past 70 years of age and a very active man of that age. He is the father of Leslie L. Duffield, formerly of Gold Hill, and Charles Duffield, formerly of this city and Medford. The Duffields were formerly engaged in the shoe business at Medford.

J. T. Hagan, the well-known mine operator, formerly of Tolo and the Blackwell district, was in Gold Hill Wednesday, taking the train for the north in the evening. He has been here the past few days in this district looking after his mining interests. He has large interests here, among which are the Tolo quartz and placer mines and the Yellow Jacket group of quartz mines on the south slope of the Blackwell hills. He has been making his headquarters at Tacoma since he left this district ten years ago. He has been connected with Yakima, Wash., interests since quitting here.

Ike Coy, the well-known miner of this district and who has recently recovered from his late illness, left for Portersville, in Madera county, California, Wednesday morning. He has a position in a mine near that place, where Foreman Simmons, formerly of the cement plant at Gold Hill, has charge.

Some men want to make hay in February and cut ice in August. A tourist without money is a tramp with money is a tourist.



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Ashland 41 Years Ago

The following interesting story of the Fourth of July celebration appeared in the issue of July 8, 1876:

"The pioneers of our cherished valley can scarcely realize that any considerable part of their lives has passed since they came to the country; yet, more than two-thirds of an average lifetime has, flown by since the early settlers first broke the soil of Rogue River valley.

"In looking over the large gathering of people who attended the celebration at this place, we were forcibly reminded of the flight of time. A careful estimate brought us to the conclusion that at least two-thirds of all present were born in Jackson county. Miss Kate Thompson, the young lady who read the Declaration of Independence, in a style never excelled in this country, giving it a pathos and lustre of patriotism that enabled us to realize the earnest determination of our fathers in 'the days that tried men's souls,' was born on Wagner creek a few miles from this place. Most of the busy throng that enjoyed the occasion, as well as the controlling spirits who aided in preparing for it, had not seen the light in 1852, twenty-four years ago.

"But the representatives of other days were not wanting. With steady and dignified step Mr. James Laughlin moved through the crowd, enjoying his 87th Independence Day with all the ardor of the youth and beauty that surrounded him. Mr. Laughlin was born in Pennsylvania in March, 1787. He is a veteran of the war of 1812, and was wounded in the battle of Chippewa; and has been a resident of this valley for twenty-four years.

"Grandma Myer, mother of Cortes and Frank Myer, was also on the ground, tripping through the crowd and enjoying the day with as much fervor as she did eighty years ago, when she was but four years old. Mrs. Myer was born in Pennsylvania in 1792, and is surrounded by three grown-up generations of her family. "Mr. Giles Wells was also present.

Look well to their record. What they have done many times in years gone by is the best guarantee of future results. Anyone with a bad back, any reader suffering from urinary troubles, from kidney ill, should find comforting words in the following statement:

S. F. Long, 364 Helman street, Ashland, says: "I have used in all two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and can say they gave me good relief from backache and other kidney and bladder trouble. I recommend them with pleasure."

The above statement was given on March 11, 1913, and on March 15, 1916, Mr. Long said: "My former recommendation for Doan's Kidney Pills still holds good. I know they can't be equalled. When I have occasion to take a kidney remedy, Doan's never fail to give satisfaction."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Long has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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