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Notice of Dissolution
Bandon, Ore. Aug. 11, 1910 Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing between the undersigned has been dissolved by mutual consent. - - Woodruff & Goff.

Sir William Wallace
Sir William Wallace, the national hero of Scotland, is still so vital an actual a personality today, more than six centuries after his execution, that it is a shock to realize that all the authenticated history we have of him covers only the deeds of less than two years. Before 1297, when he began to lead his countrymen against Edward of England, he was an obscure outlaw, whose very birth day can only be set at 1270 by vague guesswork, his wanderings and doings only vouched for by the famous minstrel, Blind Harry, who, coming 200 years after, had nothing but an fathered legend to depend on.

After the defeat of Wallace at Falkirk, July 22, 1298, he again vanishes into the great night of eclipsed heroes, and nothing of proved historical accuracy can be told of him until 1305. Aug 23rd of that year, is a black letter day in the Scottish calendar. Hauled exhausted into London in fetters the day before, the 23d saw him taken to Westminster Hall, impeached as a traitor by Sir William Mallorie, and executed immediately under circumstances of cruelty which were considered revolting even for that savage time.

Sir Wallace's defense against the charge of treason was simple and unanswerable as it was unavailing. "A traitor to King Edward of England I can never be," he said, "for I never was his subject, never swore fealty to him."
Wallace is supposed to have been the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Elderslie, in Renfrewshire. No one knows whether he received a good education. The essentials for that age of force he possessed by tradition, good stature, a strength almost fabulous and lionine courage. It is probable that tradition speaks truly, for, as has been said, "no man in those times could have achieved such ascendancy without them."

In "those times"—the distracted ones of the late thirteenth century, when Scotland ran blind in her efforts to escape the English yoke—a man who killed another, as Wallace at Dundee slew an English youth named Selby for insulting him, could escape punishment by taking to the wilderness and raising a following of rebels against the existing order of things. This Wallace did. His motives, however, were sincerely patriotic. From a forlorn band of what today would be called "tramps," his army swelled until it included the best born families in Scotland—the high steward Sir Andrew Moray, Sir John M. Graham, Douglas the Hardy, and even the bishop of Glasgow.

Wallace's men aroused Edward of England into action, particularly when they burnt the Bars of Ayr, where English soldiery were quartered.

When confronted at Irvine by a great array of Englishmen under Sir Henry Percy and Sir Robert Clifford, the Scottish nobles basely deserted Wallace and swore allegiance to Edward. Only Sir Andrew Moray remained steadfast. But Wallace depended on more stable stuff than the ever corruptible and insanely jealous nobles. From the north he gathered a great yeoman force and with incredible success in generalship had soon recaptured almost all the fortresses which the English had seized north of the Forth. One of the brilliant episodes of this campaign occurred September 11, 1297. The English army, led by Cressingham and Surrey, tried unsuccessfully to make terms with him in his camp on the Abbey Craig, in the neighborhood of Stirling. The bridge of the Forth separated the two armies. But Wallace was not one to make terms. Finding him unapproachable, the English began to cross the bridge a tack him. While they were still "one foot on sea and one on land," hampered by the disorder incident to the charge, he swept down in a sudden savage attack, pursuing his advantage so valiantly that nearly all the men on the bridge, including Cressingham, were wiped out—either killed or driven into the water, while those who had not yet crossed

first in fear, after setting fire to the bridge. His countrymen have raised a monument to the spot on Abbey Craig, where he stood and watched the approaching foe.

Soon he possessed Scotland, and, unconquered, invaded the north of England with such success that when he returned he was made guardian of the kingdom. So wisely and moderately did he rule that jealous nobles, robbed of the right to rob, gave him little support at the fatal battle of Falkirk, which resulted in the complete defeat of the Scots and the putting to flight of Wallace himself. "Wander years" of concealment, alternated with predatory warfare against the English, followed, until in the year 1305 he was taken prisoner at Roerovston, near Glasgow, to suffer a quick and ignominious execution as traitor and outlaw. —Portland Journal.

Origin of Confetti.
The history of confetti is rather curious. Several years ago a large printing works in Paris was turning out immense quantities of calendars, through which a small round hole had been punched to receive an eyelet for holding the sheets together. A heap of the little circular scraps of paper cut out by the punch accumulated on a table, and one of the machine men amused himself by scattering a handful of them over a working girl's hair. She immediately snatched up a handful and threw them in his face. Other girls followed her example, and the first confetti battle began. The head of the establishment came in when it was at its height, and, being what the Americans call a "smart man," he at once realized that there was "money in it." He ordered special machinery, placed large quantities of the new article on the market, made a fortune and created a new industry.

The Ways of Moles.
Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. An English naturalist, Mr. Lionel E. Adams, says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, although it may be yet warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

An Arab Legend.
"There is none so poor but there is one poorer."
A poor Arab spent his last bars on a handful of dates and went up on a high cliff to eat them and die. As he threw the stones over a lean hand shot out below and caught them.
"Ho!" said he. "Why do you catch my date stones?"
"Because, O brother," answered a weak voice, "I have not eaten these three days, and Allah has sent these stones to save my life."
"Praise be to Allah," answered the first man, "for he has saved me also, for here is one poorer than I."
And both men went into the city.

First Test of the Air Pump.
The first public test of the air pump was in 1654 by its inventor, Otto von Guericke, in the presence of Emperor Ferdinand of Germany. Guericke applied the carefully ground edges of metallic hemispheres, two feet in diameter, to each other. After exhausting the air by his apparatus he attached fifteen horses to each hemisphere. In vain did they attempt to separate them because of the enormous pressure of the atmosphere. The experiment was a great success.

Schoolboy Definitions.
Here are some definitions from the schoolroom: "A Jacobite is a man descended from Jacob." "Snoring is our breath meeting the air which is coming in our mouth." "Sneezing is a kind of 'coughing' in the throat." Another boy writes, "When you are cold the inside of your body rumbles and then it makes a noise which is called sneezing." "A telephone is a kind of long wire with a spout at each end." —Westminster Gazette.

A Good Opportunity.
"Your pa's coming down on Saturday. I wonder if that would be a good time to speak to him?"
"Yes. When ma tells him what she's spent down here he'll be glad to get rid of the lot of us!" —Comic Cuts.

Unfortunately Expressed.
Violinist (one of a trio of amateurs who have just obliged with a rather lengthy performance)—Well, we've left off at last!
Hostess—Thank you so much!

On the Line.
"The artist over the way was boasting to me that his work is being hung on the line."
"Humph! So is his wife's."

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds. —Socrates.

A DEADLY REPTILE
The Fer-de-lance the Most Venomous of All Serpents.

ITS STING A DEATH WARRANT

Little Chance For a Victim of the Fangs of This Terror of the Island of Martinique—The Cat and the Mongoose Its Most Formidable Enemies.

Every one is perfectly well aware that there exists a large number of venomous serpents—we have many of them right here in the United States; the rattler, for example—but probably no other spot in the known world has such a death dealing reptile as has the French island of Martinique, nestling in the limpid blue waters of the Caribbean sea. It is the fer-de-lance, scientifically known as *Trigonoccephalus lanceatus*, that can beyond the shadow of a doubt lay claim to being the most deadly serpent of the earth. Its sting means almost certain death.

There are eight distinct varieties, the most common being a dark gray and black speckled, which coloring enables it to conceal itself easily among roots and stumps of trees. Another variety is a clear, bright yellow, and when hidden in the freshly cut cane it can hardly be distinguished from the stalks. It may also be a dark yellow or coal black with a yellow belly.

It is not a large snake, rarely exceeding five feet in length and in circumference approximately the size of a child's arm. To repeat, the sting means almost certain death, and should not the service of a physician, or "panseur," as the natives call him, be obtained within a very short time the venom does its deadly work—the flesh grows cold, softens, becomes pulpy, changes in color, quickly begins to spot, and a great chilliness creeps through the blood. This lasts only a few minutes—possibly half an hour—then death.

If the victim is fortunate enough to get a physician upon the scene post-haste and no artery or vein has been pierced there is hope—just a faint hope—but even if life is saved the danger is not entirely removed, for in many cases necrosis of the tissues follows. The flesh corrupts and falls from the bones, and the body molder as does a tree.

There is, however, a heroic method of treatment often brought into use by the Martiniquans. It is the immediate amputation of the leg or arm if the sting happens to be in either. Even this has to be done at once and before the venom circulates through the system. There are to be seen today upon the island many natives with limbs missing, and in the majority of cases it is the result of having the machete, or cane knife, applied after an experience with a fer-de-lance.

The fer-de-lance is a fighter—and no mistake about it—aggressive and pugnacious, and domestic animals, with the cat as the one exception, stand a very poor show in a battle. Pussy, in about nine cases out of ten, will come out of the scrap with colors flying because of the fact that it is apparently quite as quick in movement and at the same time uses what may be termed ring generalship.

There is but one animal other than the cat that successfully wages war upon the fer-de-lance. It is the mongoose (*Chameumon*), imported from India a number of years ago for the sole purpose of getting rid of the snakes.

Of the weasel family and looking very much like it, this little animal is absolutely fearless so far as snakes are concerned and will just as readily tackle one five feet in length as one a foot long. From the mongoose the fer-de-lance will flee, but if cornered will put up a great fight, using every trick at its command—a useless sort of contest, however, for within a short time it will be stretched out lifeless.

A battle between these two natural enemies is well worth witnessing. It is never a "limited" fight, but to a finish always, and probably the snakes by this time have come to understand that when they enter such a combat it is with the odds greatly against them.

The mongoose is quite as clever a ring general as the cat and uses that gift to advantage. Strategy more than strength is its asset.

When they meet, and if the snake sees no avenue of escape, it prepares for battle, as does the mongoose, but in a more leisurely manner. It takes about one minute for them to get fully prepared. There is no shaking hands, so to speak, as by prizefighters.

The mongoose circles about the reptile, always at a safe distance and "drawing fire," inviting it by moving closer and closer to dart out its head and then quickly jumping out of harm's way. It torments in every possible manner, causing the snake to change position time and time again, tiring it by forcing a strike again and again without ever reaching the objective point. At last, seeing its opponent at some particular disadvantage, the mongoose springs forward quick as a bolt of lightning, catches it firmly with the teeth behind the triangular head—a shake, possibly two, no more—and in less time than it takes to tell it the fer-de-lance is dead, its vertebrae severed. —New York Times.

The gods have attached almost as many misfortunes to liberty as to servitude. —Montesquieu.

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