

VOL. IX.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Dec. 23, 1898.

NO.

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Pecculiarities of the Potato.

The opinion has prevailed among housekeepers that it is the good potato which breaks open when it is boiled. A scientist who has made potatoes a study insists that the good potato is the one that remains quietly in its coating of brown during all of the processes of cooking. Instead of the swelling and bursting of the skin being caused by the presence of starch it has been ascertained that albumen is the substance that causes this breaking open. An ordinary potato is made up of three-fourths of its weight in water, two-tenths in starch and one-fifth of nitrogenous matter. If it cracks and falls to pieces during the process of boiling, it is deficient in albumen, and therefore lacking in the most important constituent.—New York Ledger.

There is a flywheel in Germany made of steel wire. The wheel is 20 feet in diameter, and 250 miles of wire was used in its construction.

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Is the Chest? Then probably the lungs.

Is the Joints? Then probably rheumatism.

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LITTLE JIMMIE'S ESSAY.

The Subject "Heart," and He Did It More Than Justice.

Hearts is located in yer inside in the region of yure stomachicks. The fiziology says they works like pumps, which is the millman's best friend. The heart is a very important organ, but it don't make no musik.

My brother, which is a poick, says, "What harmny when two hearts beats like I." I wish pop wood take a lessing from 2 hearts. He beats like 60.

Pop tole me once his heart was back in the old town where he was born, but I am afrado he is a lyre, becos when Kate was married he said, "My heart is 2 fell 2 say much," and he didn't get no telefone from his birthplace. Bymebny he fell under the tabul and some wun sarcastically remarked that it was very tall.

King Richard had a lying heart but I have got a busted heart which is worse. Dere reader ain't a girl heartless to give me the shake becos my hare is red? Can I invert the dekos of the fates which has got a cinch on mortals?

I am a cynick now, which means every one is a fool butt me.

The heart is connected with the leg, becos when a feller gets his leg pulled he generally has a heartake. But a heart-ke can't hold a candle to a stummick ake for pain. This is a heartrending topic. I have not the heart to continue this essay.—Jimmie in San Francisco Examiner.

The Nightgale.

The nightgale does not sing everywhere, yet it is as great a mistake to consider the bird shy as to imagine its song is chiefly reserved for the night. He will sing continually from one of the oaks bordering the wayside while the village folks pass and repass. The village couples may rest upon the foot stile or linger to listen beneath the very tree on which the bird is stationed, still the full burden of melody goes unheeded, without pause or intermission. And what a glorious contrast it is! What a perfect cascade of trills and shakes and reminquers! Suddenly it is pierced by a single note that shivers in the ear with the sharpness of a fife. Immediately after comes the wondrous water bubble, to be followed by a delicious warble, long drawn out and soft as could be breathed from the richest flute. Another prolonged trill, and then a faroff sound that almost seems to come from another songster half a mile away serves to throw into relief the passionate tremolo issuing from the same tiny throat, and all the time the wings are quivering with excitement and the whole coppie seems to vibrate.

The song is, indeed, a whole orchestra of bird music. Expressive of every shade of ecstasy, we are at times startled by a succession of deep, plaintive tones that thrill like sobs. Nowonder the nightgale's singing season is brief—six weeks only of the entire year. Nay, it is doubtful whether any individual bird sings for so long a period. The redwing, another fine singer, is a similar instance of the limited period of song. Its voice in this country is confined to two notes and these by no means musical, yet the redwing is the nightingale of Norway, to which land he returns for breeding purposes each succeeding April. So with our nightgale. From the day the eggs are hatched he becomes gradually silent, until the marvelous voice that stirred a mile of woodland might be heard save a dismal croak, hardly to be distinguished from the hoarse cry of the bullfrog.—St. James Gazette.

MODERN SHRAPNEL.

DEADLY EFFECT OF THIS FEARFUL IMPLEMENT OF WAR.

What Happens When a Single Projectile Suddenly Bursts Into Two Hundred Separate Messengers of Death—Shells and Solid Shot.

The improvements in modern guns have embraced all calibers, from that of the small arm firing a projectile only one-third of an inch in diameter to the monster which sends a solid piece of steel 13 inches through and weighing over half a ton. Not only have the guns improved, but also all their accessories, especially powder and projectiles. The smokeless powder of the present has changed the conditions of war almost as much as modern armament.

Keeping step with these advances have been those made in the various classes of projectiles. Even the smallest of these, with its case hardened bullet, is far ahead of the old fashioned lead bullet used in the small arms of 30 years ago.

One of the most effective of modern projectiles is the shrapnel. It is one of the forms of case shot. The others were the old fashioned grape and canister. A case shot may be said to be a collection of missiles in a case, which breaks up either in the gun or at some point in flight, thus setting free its death dealing particles.

As soon as the case is broken each of these particles goes on a separate path, and it's a sorry day for the man struck by one of them. All of these falling upon a piece of level ground would mark out an irregular oval, whose area varies with differing conditions. It has been found that the best point to burst the shrapnel is about six yards above and 50 in front of the enemy.

Colonel Shrapnel of the British service first invented shrapnel in 1803. This early form consisted simply of a spherical shell filled with bullets and a bursting charge of powder in the spaces between. This was a crude invention, which scattered the fragments too much and was liable to go off when not expected and not so when desired. This form was improved upon during our civil war, and the modern shrapnel can be considered the most dangerous of all life destroying projectiles. It consists of three parts—the tube, the base and the head. The powder charge is in the base, which is firmly attached to the body either by electric welding or by screwing. Leading from the base through the center of the body is a tube which is also filled with powder, which is ignited by the fuse at the point of the shrapnel and carries the fire to the main charge. Between 200 and 300 bullets rest upon a diaphragm just over the powder charge. These are held in place by a matrix of resin which is melted and poured upon the bullets when in place. A shell—by case of cast iron containing receptacles for each bullet is sometimes used instead of the resin.

The head is put on in the same manner as the base, and when the fuse is inserted the projectile is ready for use. Some shrapnels have the bursting charge in the head instead of the base. The fuse used is rather complicated, but the United States has as good a one as there is. It is a time fuse and in actual test has shown its reliability.

It can readily be seen that one great objection to the shrapnel is its high cost. The fuse alone costs about \$2.50. The same gun is usually supplied with three styles of ammunition—the solid shot, the shell and the shrapnel. Some batteries are also supplied with canister for use at close quarters. The bullets in the canister have a wider dispersion, because the case breaks up in the gun. Canister was used to repel the famous charge led by the Confederate general Pickett at Gettysburg. A perfect hail of missiles swept the slope leading up to Cemetery Hill, against whose destructive effects human valor was of no avail.

The shell is used to destroy inanimate objects as well as animate ones. It consists of a hollow cast iron shell, with a fuse and bursting charge of powder. The famous shot fired during the cutting of the cables at Cienfuegos is a good example of its use. The Spaniards having taken refuge in and behind a lighthouse, a shell was fired by one of our ships, which, striking it fairly, burst and utterly destroyed the structure, killing many of the soldiers.

But against men in battle formation the shrapnel is the more effective. It sends a perfect shower of missiles which, falling in the midst of a company, would almost annihilate it. Many tests have been made to show this.

Shrapnel fired from a gun a mile away in one instance and a mile and two-thirds in the other were made to strike a board target one inch thick. The fuses were set off by the contact and burst the projectile into 200 or 300 parts, each of which was capable of dealing death to any living thing in its path. Screens were placed at indicated distances behind the target. These may be considered as representing a battalion of infantry in column of companies. From the number of hits upon all of them the efficiency of shrapnel fire against close order formation may be judged.

In one shot 152 hits were made by a single shrapnel. In another 315 hits are recorded, but these are not so well scattered. Imagine, then, the effect of a well placed shrapnel upon a group of men such as is here represented.

The reader can readily understand why wars are now waged at greater distances and why hand to hand conflicts are almost unheard of.—New York Herald.

His Mistake.

"That politician is 'has been, isn't he?" remarked the observer.

"No," replied the captious friend, "he isn't even that. He's merely a 'used to think he was.'"—Washington Star.

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MADEMOISELLE THERMOMETER.

I know of a restless young lass, Who lives in a house made of glass, And from her location Marks each vibration Of hot and cold waves as they pass.

When heat is announced, she will spring To quickly make note of the thing. 'Tis very surprising That simply by rising So true a report she can bring.

To self elevation inclined, She has such a volatile mind That in every season A suitable reason For frequent depression she'll find.

For temper mercurial thus, Creates every where such a fuss That in conversation Affairs of the nation Are alighted, this maid to discuss.

—Julia M. Colton in New York Christian Advocate.

A MORNING GLORY CULT.

This Flower Taking the Place of Chrysanthemum in Japan.

Miss Eliza Ruhannah Seidmore has an article on "The Wonderful Morning Glories of Japan" in The Century. Miss Seidmore says:

As a floral sensation the chrysanthemum may be said to have had its day, the carnation is going, going, and seekers after novelty among flower fanciers are signing for a new flower to conquer. It is hardly known, even to foreign residents in Japan, that that land, which has given us so much of art and beauty, has lately revived the culture of its most remarkable flower, the asagao, our morning glory. For size, beauty, range of color and illimitable variety were attained this sunrise flower precedes all others until its cultivation has become a craze, which is likely to spread to other countries, and—who knows—perhaps there introduce the current Japanese custom of 5 o'clock in the morning teas and garden parties.

Asagao, the morning flower, is more especially Japan's own blossom than the chrysanthemum, which, like it, came from China as a primitive sort of weed, afterward to be evolved by Japanese art or magic into a floral wonder of a hundred varying forms.

We who know and grow the morning glory as a humble back yard vine on a string—a vine with leaves like those of the sweet potato and tiny little pink or purple flowers—are as far in the floral darkness as the Chinese, who know it chiefly as a wild thing of fields and hedge rows, the vine of "the little trumpets" or the "dawn flower," that is entangled with briars and bushes for miles along the top of Peking's walls.

The old poetry and the old art do not seem to be permeated with it, as in Japan, where the forms of vases, bowls and cups, the designs and paintings of the greatest masters, repeat the graceful lines of vine and flower, and scores of famous poems celebrate the asagao in written characters as beautiful to the eye as is their sound to the ear.

The asagao was brought to Japan with the Buddhist religion, that particular cult of early rising. Scholars and priests who went over to study the new religion brought back the seeds of many Chinese plants. The tea plant came then, and Eisai brought the seeds of the sacred tree, and Tai Kwau, the Chinese priest at the Obaku temple in Uji, who may have introduced the flower to Japan, was one of the first to sing of the asagao in graceful outas, classic poems which scholarly brushes repeat today. "Asagao bloom and fade so quickly, only to prepare for the narrow's glory," is Tai Kwau's best known verse.

A Dutch Story.

Dumas the Dutch was rarely spiteful to or about his fellow men, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X. the Legion of Honor," he said. Then he added, in a significant tone, "Now, can you imagine why they should have given it to him?"

"Yes," answered the great dramatist promptly. "They have given it to him because he was without it."

"In Hoer" Defined.

Mr. de Amor (exhibiting his Knight Templar charm)—In h-o-c. Can you tell me, Ethel, what that means?

Ethel (his love's little sister)—Yeth, thir. Ith where your watch (th—)

Jewelers' Weekly.

THE ROSES OF SEATTLE.

O roses of Seattle, That bloom in June and May, You are perfect as the poet's dream. Fair as the golden day; You scatter waves of fragrance On us sleeping air of night; Your rainbow painted petals Are the glory of the light!

Fair is Nile's storied lotus And the rose of Galilee, And pleasant is the rose That fills the soul of Nile; Rare are the lights and colors In the jenny's purple; But the roses of Seattle Are the flowers of paradise.

O roses of Seattle, This bloom in May and June, Deep hearts of gold and crimson, That light the summer moon, The cottage of the lowly, You paint with God's own hand, In the mansion of the lordly, You shame the art of man.

O roses of Seattle, This bloom in May and June, Deep hearts of gold and crimson, That light the summer moon, The cottage of the lowly, You paint with God's own hand, In the mansion of the lordly, You shame the art of man.

—Eliza Arundel Bloom in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.