

THE OREGON SCOUT
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The Oregon Scout.

THE OREGON SCOUT
Has as large a circulation as any two papers in this section of the State combined, and is correspondingly valuable as an advertising medium.

Here Will the Press the People's Rights Maintain.

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All calls promptly attended to, day or night.

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LOBSTER AND COD CULTURE.

A New Departure in the Propagation of the Shellfish.

It is very probable that unless we have resort to artificial culture to replenish our lobster fisheries there will be a marked decline in Nova Scotia's output during the next few years. Already Newfoundland is ahead of us in this branch of fish culture, for under the management of Adolph Nielsen, a Norwegian expert, "the ancient colony" has taken a new departure in the propagation of cod and lobsters. In a recent article Rev. Moses Harvey writes that the fish hatchery on the shore of Trinity bay is the largest in the world for the propagation of codfish and lobsters, and capable of hatching 300,000,000 of cod and 200,000,000 lobsters in a single season.

A single mother lobster can stow away no less than 20,000 eggs, and she carries these about with her until they are ripened and hatched. The lobster trapper takes these mother fish and carries them to the factory, where they are thrown into boiling water, and of course the eggs are destroyed. The quantity of lobster ova that perish in this way is beyond all calculation, and is one great cause of depleted fisheries.

Mr. Harvey thus describes Mr. Nielsen's ingenious methods: He gets the female lobster at the factories before they are boiled, and with a sort of spoon constructed for the purpose he strips the eggs from the fibrils and returns the lobster uninjured. He takes the eggs, which are not nearly so delicate as those of the cod, and places them in the incubators, where the water is kept in constant motion.

After a time, longer or shorter according to the degree of ripeness they have reached before being removed from the mother, these ova are hatched. With some of them only two days are required; in the case of others less advanced a month or even two months may be needed to hatch them. Unlike the cod the young lobster must be fed, for it has no yolk sac to feed on when it breaks through the shell. Mussels chopped fine, with occasionally a few yolks of eggs, furnish food on which they grow rapidly, and in five or six days they have gone through their first moulting and are fit to be set free in the water to pick up their own living.

Mr. Nielsen has invented floating incubators to be placed in the water near the lobster factories which are scattered around the shores. In these incubators the eggs are placed and attended to by men properly instructed. He has 432 of these floating incubators distributed this year at thirteen different stations—thirty-six at each. They are reported to be working admirably. There would be no serious difficulty involved in making similar experiments upon our own coast, and we understand that the energetic minister of marine already has the project under consideration.—Halifax Herald.

Selling the Queen a Tombstone.

Mr. Andrews came pretty near selling the queen a sample of his marble—that would have been a great thing for him. He was telling me all about it the other day.

"O. R. Johnson, the vice consul," said he, "got me a card to the queen's drawing room in May, and I went to it at a shop in Bond street. There was an awful crush, but I contrived to get pretty near the head of the procession by tipping a sixpence to the lord chancellor of the privy chamber. I bowed and kissed the queen's hand in great shape; told her I had always admired and sympathized with her—that I particularly revered her for her devotion to the memory of the departed. My words seemed to touch her deeply. She answered that it was her determination to keep that memory forever green. 'In that case,' said I, 'let me give you a pointer—buy a fifty foot slab of my verd-antique marble!'

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"She didn't say anything," replied Mr. Andrews, "but a rude fat man in gilt lace and a cocked hat told me to keep moving on around to the left. I'd have sold a case if it hadn't been for him."—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

In the Cushing's Fire Room.

Very few of those who watched the torpedo boat Cushing as she took her spins around the harbor, or as she appeared in her cradle in the dry dock, realized how trying a service on board the little vessel, even in time of peace. When the Cushing is under way the temperature in the little engine room gets up to anywhere from 130 to 150 degs., and in the narrow quarters where in the twenty-three officers and men are stowed the thermometer for hours at a time will register 100. But such things must be when you put 1,700 horse power machinery into a boat of only ninety tons displacement and the safety valves are set to blow off at 350. The fire room of the Cushing when she's making her highest speed, 31.4 miles an hour, must give the unfortunate men in it a vivid idea of how salamanders feel.—Boston Transcript.

The rolling of cold steel wire is now accomplished with ease, and instead of the wire becoming weakened by the process practical tests have demonstrated that its tensile strength is nearly doubled. In other words, the tensile strength of hot drawn steel wire is 56,460 pounds to the square inch, while that of cold rolled steel wire is 105,800 pounds.

Houdin's Domestic Contrivances.

Houdin acquired a comfortable competence by the exercise of his art, and he built a handsome villa at St. Germain, near Blois. When he had retired from business he amused himself by introducing various curious inventions into his place and the grounds attached to it. The garden gate was situated some 400 yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face—making but a faint sound—when a large bell was set in motion in the villa.

At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate bearing the name "Robert Houdin" disappeared, and another took its place on which was engraved the word "Entrez." When the postman delivered the letters he had brought he was instructed to drop them through a slit in the gate into the receptacle provided for this purpose. The box, directly this was done, started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house by means of a miniature elevated railway.

Houdin invented, too, an ingenious contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stable fifty yards from the villa, for on touching a small button there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above. By another curious piece of mechanism a little bench that stood beside a ravine in a remote part of the grounds was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it the machine automatically traversed a narrow bridge that spanned the gorge, and having deposited the occupant on the other side the bench returned to its original position.—Chambers' Journal.

Sweet Vengeance.

A good joke is told upon two St. Cloud gentlemen, both of whom are well known young men. One of them is a married man. The other day two young ladies from, well, it might have been Minneapolis, arrived on a visit to his wife. Soon after their arrival the two gentlemen conceived a diabolical idea. A mouse was captured and tied between the bed clothes in the apartment occupied by the visitors shortly before they retired. The reporter's informant refrained from giving the tragic details of the finding of the imprisoned animal, and it must suffice to say that it was a w-f-u-ll! There was no peaceful slumber for the visitors that night, and until dawn was spent by the young ladies in deliberating upon how to avenge the above practical joke. They succeeded most admirably.

Last night the two gentlemen, who occupied the same room, retired as usual. Occasionally they would remember something about the mouse and then a roar of laughter would be heard. But suddenly everything grew still. Then there were some remarks that sounded like "cuss words," and suddenly a prolonged snuffing noise, and then the anxious listeners knew that all was over, or rather under the bed. It is explained that when the two young men proceeded to don what is commonly designated as a "night dress" no ingress or egress could be discovered. They were sealed—hermetically sealed. The crash was caused by the fragile form of a man falling to the floor through a sheet, which was mistakenly taken for a mattress. The gentleman slept upon the floor.—St. Cloud Times.

Wealth in the Watermelon.

Every season develops more and more fully the prevailing necessity for the discovery of some practical and profitable use to which the surplus melon crop may be put. Every melon left in the field at the end of the season, except for seed, represents a waste. A means by which this waste, which annually assumes enormous proportions, could be averted would no doubt be hailed with pleasure by every melon grower in the country; therefore the announcement from the Southland to the effect that such means has been discovered, if authenticated, is an important one.

The new discovery, which consists of converting the melon bulb into sirup, it is alleged, will establish in the south an industry scarcely of second importance to that of producing oil from cotton seed, and the product is vouched for as being the very best ever yet made. If the report proves true, and there seems to be little or no reason for discrediting it, Mississippi and Scott counties may, with a little energy, convert that which is now absolutely valueless into profits running into the thousands.—Charleston Democrat.

A cemetery of the Merovingian period has been discovered by workmen in a railway cutting near Argentueil, France. Two hundred and twenty tombs were brought to light. The primitive mode of confining the dead in plaster of paris was resorted to by the people who buried in this cemetery. The plaster envelopes have resisted well the action of time, it is reported, as all the skeletons were preserved.—Paris Letter.

In Chatham it will be noticed that there are on many barns and many out-buildings signs which, to the uninitiated, are, of themselves, meaningless. They have fantastic names carved upon them, such as "Flying Cloud," "Marguerite," etc. They are all that are left of once gallant ships that have been wrecked on the bars and shoals off Chatham. Many there are of these.—Provincetown Beacon.

MR. WILSON'S TWO COLUMNS.

A Frightful Railroad Accident, and a Shadows Form Brings the News.

"Mr. Wilson, how soon can you get ready to start for H—, Illinois?"

"In an hour, sir."

This conversation took place in the office of The New York Chronicle one morning as the men on the staff came to receive their assignments. If the city editor had asked Wilson how soon he could get ready to start for Alaska he would have received precisely the same reply.

Edward Wilson hurried off to his rooms, and hastily packing a few necessities in a valise reported back at the office in exactly an hour.

"He was a paragon of a reporter," you will say, "this Wilson." But he was merely an ordinary city staff reporter, who, like thousands of others on the big dailies of America, stand ready at an hour's notice to start for any part of the world.

"This Illinois story will bring two columns, even if I'm recalled immediately," he mused, as he rattled up to the Grand Central station in a hansom; "two columns will bring my bank account up to \$100, and \$100 will bring the wife and little one to New York." Wilson thought with delight how happy they would be in his comfortable little Lexington avenue flat. It was a pleasant little day dream.

In fifteen minutes the Buffalo express, bearing the newspaper man to his destination, rushed snorting out of the Harlem tunnel like another earth bound Thor rejecting at his freedom. Past the end of Manhattan Island, past Riverdale, Yonkers and all the lovely northern suburbs of the city, along the rolling Hudson, past the muddy Mohawk, then as night fell screaming past the little hamlets sleeping under the hills of central New York, and on, on, on, to the great lakes.

There was nothing in the car to interest Wilson, and as the sun sank behind the ripening wheat fields he dozed fitfully, and waking would sleep again, waking and sleeping by fitful starts and wondering what it was that kept him in a vague but all the more fearful terror. Finally he slept, and it was while he dreamed that a terrible accident happened. The trestle bridge over a swollen creek, weakened by the rush of waters, had given way under the advancing train and 900 people were hurled into the creek.

Three or four men hurriedly furnishing late "copy." A dozing office boy waking every few minutes to glance at the clock and long for 2 o'clock and freedom. The night desks littered with proof slips and "held over copy." No sound but the operator ticking "good night" to his far off brothers and an occasional shout of "Copy!" from the desk.

A tall figure in a caped overcoat and traveling cap enters the room, and silently walking up to the night desk lays some "copy" before the editor. The men in the office bending over their work do not see him pass; but the office boy, brushing his hat, yawns "Good morning, Mr. Wilson," but the form goes straight on.

"Can't use this, Mr. Wilson," says the editor, looking at the clock. "Why, it's 1:50. The paper's going to press. What is it anyway?"

"Yes, by George, we will run it," he continues excitedly. "Jim, stop the presses."

Then to the operator, "Have you an accident on the New York and Buffalo yet?"

"No, sir."

"How did you get it, Wilson?"

But the form had gone.

"My God! listen to this," says the sub-editor. "The accident must have occurred at 1:50 exactly. Among the dead was Edward Wilson, a reporter on The New York Morning Chronicle. What was it then that brought this 'copy' in?"

"I don't know," replied the editor in a hushed voice. "Send the story up just as it is. It runs exactly two columns."—New York Tribune.

The Futility of Uniform Divorce Laws.

The cry has been for several years for United States interference in divorce legislation by means of uniform marriage laws throughout the country, the assumption being that people troop back and forth from one state to another and get divorces for causes which would not be sufficient in their own states. But all this has been effectually disposed of by the recent masterly report of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor. He has shown that more than 80 per cent. of all divorces are procured in the states in which the couples were married. As regards the remaining 20 per cent. the parties, in very many instances, had immigrated to other states after marriage and become bona fide residents, with no thought of divorce. So that the number of those proved to have gone to other states for the purpose of securing divorces is probably much less than 10 per cent. of the whole. It is apparent then that uniform laws can no longer be looked upon as a panacea.—Rev. M. J. Savage in Forum.

The Study of Diamonds.

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, no two diamonds are exactly alike, but each has a virtue and a value peculiarly its own. It is just as rare to see two individuals exactly alike in face, form and feature as it is to see two diamonds. The idea, also, that a dealer in diamonds can tell by looking at a gem its exact value is all nonsense. A diamond has to be studied. While the aid of a glass will help to discover the slightest flaw or imperfection, it does not bring out its true value, by a long way. Men who handle money constantly can detect a light coin by simply handling and examining casually, but a fine diamond has got to be studied from all points before a safe estimate can be put upon its value. Shape, size, perfection of cutting and such matters cut an important figure in a diamond's value.—Diamond Dealer in Philadelphia Times.

It has been discovered that at least a portion of the "great American desert" is underlaid by a stratum of water which may be reached by boring from 100 to 200 feet. The wells flow so bountifully that one of them will water thoroughly five or six acres of land.—Frank Leslie's.

It was surprising how much easier it was to forgive a man who has done you a real injury than one who wrongs you unintentionally or one who has wronged yourself.—Carl Dunder.

PRIOR ON EUROPEAN SOLDIERS.

What the War Artist—Correspondent Has to Say on the Subject.

The best private soldier on the continent is the Herzegovinian, above all for strength, stamina and courage. A whole regiment will average men over six feet high. They are brown blonde men, mountaineers who fight with any sort of a gun they can get, and they act well in concert.

The German private ranks next. He is kept in tirade and taught only to obey. He uses his arms well, and is as steady as a rock in the face of fire. The best shots in a German company receive extra allowances of food and pay for their marksmanship. The poorer shots are required to dig out the bullets from the target or sand bank. The German private is the best marksman of all the European rank and file.

The Turk deserves honorable mention next. A hundred unofficered Turks will fight better than any other hundred privates. They average of good size and are dark. Better armed and led they would render a better account of themselves. They have any arms they can get now, chiefly the Remington and Peabody rifles. Mr. Prior says the Turk is "the one gentleman you meet on the face of the earth." He has the true nous of battle. He shows a fellow combatant or non-combatant the greatest kindness and consideration.

Says Mr. Prior: "The Turk of the ranks has often saved me almost from starvation. I offered him a gold piece for a single biscuit, he shook his head and wouldn't sell. Then he would break it in two and give me half of it. They fear nothing in a war which they esteem sacred, like their contest against the Bulgarians, they are capable of any atrocities in the name of religion.

"On the other hand, I have often had Turks drag me away from my lonely camp fire to their sing me their songs, press their food and cigarettes on me. I didn't speak their language, but I had my dragoon man with me all the time as interpreter. The Turks average old. I am a Turcopile."

The French private should be esteemed next, in Mr. Prior's judgment. He is a little man, very slovenly and bombastic and quite young in average years. But when it comes to a charge, or any matter of dash and pluck, the Frenchman is a gallant soldier. Yet he can't stand adversity, hardship or defeat. He must have his bouilli or he "isn't worth a cuss." At the same time, under proper conditions, he is hardy. The French have new repeating rifles, a better arm perhaps than that of any European soldier. Yet the Frenchman can't shoot as accurately as the German. The French army is well drilled now.

The Russian private is a forbearing and hard working animal. In the Russo-Turkish war he was entirely overweighted with arms and equipment, a fault that has been discovered and remedied. He has a new rifle now, a good one, too. Before he had the Croker and Berdan guns, as heavy again as the British Martini-Henry. "A good European war now would be worth \$50,000,000 to the United States in more ways than one," was Mr. Prior's closing remark.—New York World.

Those Foremothers of Ours.

Among my most vivid childish recollections is that of rival belles, one of whom, in my admiring sight, spanned her waist with her joined hands, while the other triumphantly crossed her arms behind her back and interlaced the fingers she brought around to the front of her girdle. Our girl may be a simpaton, but she has taken in, if only by absorption, a general idea of arterial circulation and lung action and attempts no such suicidal enormities as the above.

Our grandaunts had small feet. If they were not born with them they made them. Their fairy figures were balanced upon high heels no larger at the base than a silver dime, and set well toward the instep. While scant skirts were in vogue, few had the moral courage to make the innermost of these of flannel, and the merino tents were unknown. On the night of Elizabeth Patterson's nuptials with Jerome Bonaparte she wore but a single undergarment beneath her bridal robe. The hair was dragged painfully upward, tied fast, pomatumed, powdered and pinned into a helmet over cushions that made the head ache, the pores of the skin were choked with pulverized starch, rice and chalk, sometimes with a substratum of tallow to make the powder stick!

Ah! they were very much made up and made over, those foremothers of ours, who smile saintfully at us from gilded picture frames, stonily sweet, while we writhe and grimace at the drags of the full cup of life wrung out to us by the iron hand of heredity.—Marion Harland in Philadelphia Times.

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