

SPORT WITH KINKS IN IT.

Queer Things That Have Happened to Players of Golf and Cricket in the Field.

It is a gorgeous story that comes from the golf links of Cairo, and every good golfer will herafter carry a gun in his bag of clubs if he wishes to overlook no fine points, says the Illustrated Sporting News. After a splendid drive, a Cairo player watched the ball roll over the distant turf, when to his horrified amazement, a crow swooped down and carried it aloft. The golfer and the caddy put off in chase, the caddy cursing in fluent Arabic. Then, to the delight of the golfer, the crow dropped the ball on the green, and he holed out in two strokes, which put Col. Bogy out of commission. The opponent was threatened with apoplexy. As in the case of the Indian football trick of sticking the ball under his jersey, there was every kind of a rule in the book, except one to cover the unexpected, and the golfer's record, ably assisted by his crowship, had to stand. Many years ago in England, before a rule was made to fit a similar emergency in cricket, it is related that a batsman knocked a ball into a tall tree, where it lodged in the crotch of a limb. There was no climbing the tree, and the nearest ax was a half mile away. Before it could be obtained and the tree chopped down, the man with the bat made more than 700 runs, hurrying between the wickets like a human shuttlecock. He stopped scoring runs then, only because he ran himself out of strength and breath and fell on the turf still feebly trying to pile up another run, with one weary eye cocked on the tree and all the opposing side frantically trying to chop at once.

EAT WHILE THEY MOVE.

Peculiarity of Patrons of Dining Cars Told of by an Observing Chef.

The chef on one of the Pennsylvania dining cars was particularly talkative the other day. The train was waiting for its departure. He says, says the Philadelphia Record, Telegraph and every table in the dining car was set. The passengers were waiting for the train to start. There was no time to eat. The chef says that those whose appetites had not yet been appeased. The chef seemed to be eating in a most leisurely fashion, with no apparent concern for those who were less fortunate.

"It's always the way," said the dark complexioned cook, glancing through the car. "When the train is running along these people will eat about twice as fast as they do ordinarily. But when she comes to a stop they start to talk, and hardly touch a bite. It's the motion of the moving train that does it. Now, you just watch them, and see if I'm not right."

Just then the train pulled out, and the observer saw a slight smile which firmly convinced him that his informant had spoken truthfully. Plates, knives and forks began to rattle industriously. Everyone began to eat as if his life depended upon the next mouthful.

"Didn't I tell you so?" called out the grinning philosopher.

VACATION AMUSEMENT.

Haymaker's Picnic a New Form of Festivity for the Country Outing.

For the girls and boys spending their summer vacation in the "real country," there is no form of amusement more enjoyable than a haymaker's picnic. The big hay wagon is pressed into service, the girls making it very attractive with festoons of wild flowers and green leaves. Nothing but the seating portion of the vehicle is left undecorated. If the horses or oxen are sufficiently gentle they, too, can be decked out in floral finery. In this festive looking cart the girls and boys, arrayed in genuine country fashion, are conveyed to the hayfield. The girls go in for sunbonnets and gingham aprons, the boys wearing broad-brimmed straw headgear, similar to that adopted by the real farmers, and with overalls tucked into high boots, as the haymaker is always pictured.

Once in the field the frolic begins, with which is combined some real help to the farmer, as the heaped up hay wagon soon shows. The luncheon, which has come later in a less fantastic wagon than the haymaker's chariot, is eaten in some shady spot, the seats being fragrant mounds of hay. No table is spread, the sandwiches and fruit being eaten from the hands. A big can of cool milk or buttermilk is the only beverage, and this is served in a tin dipper by an obliging farm hand. When it comes time for home going all ride on top of the load, which is not as easy a feat as it looks, for the hay has a curious way of slipping from under, suggesting a trip on a camel's back more than the ease of a cushioned seat.

If at night a dance in the barn can follow the picnic, the day will be complete. For this lanterns furnish the lights, those which the farmers carry when they go to do the chores being preferred to the pretty Japanese ones,

when the inflammable nature of the surroundings is considered. The stalls of the horses should be decorated with flowers. The orchestra for the occasion, to be quite in keeping, need be only an accordion, a fiddle or a mouth organ, played by some young countryman who has done so before at dances of the real haymakers.

REGRETTED HIS JEALOUSY.

Husband's Hastiness Caused Him Something of a Loss in a Financial Way.

A rather short and, on the whole, somewhat insignificant-looking gentleman lately married a tall, handsome lady. He is, unfortunately for his peace of mind, of a jealous and hasty disposition, says London Tit-Bits.

The other evening he had left his wife outside a tobacconist's shop while he went in to purchase some cigars. Just as he was coming out he saw a young fellow step up to her and raise his hat. As he drew near he heard the young fellow commence in an affectionate tone of voice:

"Excuse me, madam—"

Before he could get any farther our latter-day Othello burst on him:

"Excuse me, sir, what is your business with this lady?"

"Eh?" returned the other, in a surprised and cool manner; "my business is with the lady, and no one else."

"Well, sir," said the husband, irritated by what he considered the effrontery of the reply, "this lady, I'd have you to know, is my wife."

"Dear me!" rejoined the young man, sarcastically, as he calmly inspected his assailant from top to toe; "really, now, do you know, I'm astonished to hear it!"

Enraged beyond measure the husband cried, fiercely:

"If you address another word to my wife I'll—"

"I don't intend to now," broke in the young fellow, quietly; "and you will probably regret it before the day is out. Good-day to you," and off he went.

Less than half an hour afterwards the lady missed a valuable bracelet which her husband had given her on her last birthday. And that gentleman reluctantly agrees with his wife that the young man must have picked it up, and that he was about to return it to its owner when he was so rudely treated.

The lady now possesses another bracelet, so that the incident is not referred to so frequently as it might otherwise have been.

ITALY AND THE VATICAN.

How the Bloodless and Unequal War Is Waged.

It is a sacred maxim, handed down from age to age by the successors of St. Peter, that whatever spiritual or temporal powers have once been placed within their hands shall be kept intact and unimpaired, says Macmillan's Magazine. They do not admit defeat. What they do not possess de facto they at least possess de jure. If they have lost the substance, they retain the shadow, and if their earthly kingdom has been filched that loss, they say, will only be continued for a season, until that brighter day returns when all shall be restored. The holy Catholic church, it is said, can afford to stand and wait. An all-seeing providence will give her the victory at last. In the belief of all true Catholics it is certain that she will eventually triumph as that the sun will rise again.

Meanwhile, though she never hastes she never rests and she presses on her claims with a persistency which, if often silent, never flags. They are pushed unceasingly from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year and if the outside world can forget them or deride them the government of King Humbert never can. It has to face an unsleeping foe whom no good will can ever conciliate or appease, whose claims are incapable of compromise. Both demand the right to rule in the city of the Caesars and the victory of one side means the inevitable and enduring humiliation of the other. So is waged the bloodless but unequal war. Yet, though the occupation of the quirin is securely based on force, the vatican has weapons in her arsenal of a less material kind with which she is well able to harass and annoy.

RELICS FOUND IN PARIS.

Fossil Remains Unearthed in Excavating for an Underground Railroad.

Geologists, naturalists and paleontologists have been supplied with new documents by the excavations and subterranean galleries made during the construction of the Paris Metropolitan underground railroad, which is rapidly converting the subsoil of the capital into a sort of gigantic rabbit warren. With commendable foresight M. Bienvenu, the engineer in charge of the work, has given instructions to all laborers under his orders to report at once any relics, bones, animal or vegetable remains, they may discover, says a Paris correspondent of the New York Times.

The underground operations of the Metropolitan system are as yet not half completed, but already seven or eight hundred interesting objects have been unearthed, and scientists are employed by the city to collect and classify them. Teeth of the squall have been dug up beneath the Place de l'Opera and in a

stratum of the dark bluish of Montmartre a gang of workmen found the skeleton and trunk of a mammoth. At Grenelle a couple of laborers discovered the skeleton of a mammoth mixed up with those of a rhinoceros, hippopotamus and an antediluvian bull. Sharks' teeth are found in profusion.

At Moulins the bones of a huge tapir and ossary fragments that seem to have formed part of the skeleton of a gigantic bird have been brought to light. Beneath the Place de la Bastille layers of barnacles and mussels have been discovered imbedded in silex. Vast deposits of gypsum have also been discovered, and the geological formation of the beds is such as to lead scientists to the conclusion that Paris was once perforated with thermal springs like the geysers of Iceland.

No vestiges of antediluvian man have yet been discovered, such as were found some years ago in the caves near Menton, but the French geologists are keenly alive to the opportunities afforded by the excavations of the Metropolitan railway, and hope to find human remains of the tertiary period. Special instructions have been given to the workmen to look out not only for bones and relics, but also for traces or imprints on rocks of any animals, for M. Berthelot, the eminent chemist, who eagerly follows the progress of the excavations from a scientific standpoint, declares that, owing to the radio-activity of certain bodies, it would by no means be improbable to discover in the subterranean strata of Paris images—a sort of natural cliches, as it were—of antediluvian life traced upon walls of rock.

TOO MUCH LATIN AND GREEK.

Talk of a Man Who Gave Sixty Per Cent. of His Study to Dead Languages.

"I tell you, professor, I would be better off all around if I had small Latin and less Greek," as was said of Shakespeare," remarked one man to another, as he took a seat in a Westport car, relates the New York Sun. "Do you know that I have figured that I have put in 60 per cent. of my study time and mental effort on Greek and Latin, and what I have acquired from them in knowledge and mental discipline has been of precious little use to me from any point of view."

"I really believe that I would be better fitted for my business, for citizenship, and every relation that I now enjoy, if I had cut that 60 per cent. down to ten, and given 50 to a closer study of the sciences and English literature, which should have included Blackstone and Kent, as well as Bacon, Macaulay, Carlyle and the rest of those chaps."

"If all of the men who are now helping to boost along this busy and progressive world had had to expend 60 per cent. of their young mental effort on Latin and Greek, we might have a civilization of mummies, who would present a fine appearance in their ancient ceremonies."

Oldest Family in the World.

"The oldest family in the world lives in Bell county, Ky.," said B. F. Creech, a prominent merchant of Four Mile. "I do not mean that they have the longest pedigree, but that they have been here a long time, and have a family history that is perhaps the most unique in the world. Lewis Green is 83 years old; his wife, Virginia Green, is 92 years old. They were married 73 years ago, and went to live on a farm at the mouth of Bingham's creek, in a bend of the Cumberland river. They are still living in the same house to which they went as bridegroom and bride three-quarters of a century ago. They have ten children, the youngest is now 43, and there has never been a death in the family. All of which makes me believe that Bell county is the healthiest place on the face of the globe. The Greens live about ten miles from Pineville."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MOUNTAIN PRIMA DONNA.

She Is Still Looking for an Engagement at \$1,000 a Night.

"I was traveling through North Georgia," said a drummer to a Washington Star reporter. "I stopped all night at a cabin, where a young girl kept me awake by singing. Her voice did not have a particle of music in it, and she had no idea whatever of time or tune, but she made the loudest noise I ever heard come from a human being."

"In the morning my host said: 'I seed in th' county paper that they paid primmer donners big wages.'

"Yes, some of them get \$1,000 a night."

"Waal, so I heerd. Now, I'll make it to yo' intrest to tell how yo' go 'bout gittin' a job at it. Yo' see, my darter hes mo' voice than any one I ever seed. She's got the biggest kin' o' crap o' voice. We visited Atlanta, whar my brother lives, an' we went to hear one o' them primmer donners, an' sense then Mag's practiced till she kin sing so she kin be heerd a plumb mile furder than thet yellar-haired gal at th' show. A thousan' dollars a night! Yo' jess git her a job an' we'll sho' be squar 'bout it."

"I am still looking for a job for her."

A recognized authority—The Weekly Oregonian.

Miss Roosevelt at Peking.

Peking, Sept. 14.—Miss Alice Roosevelt, Mrs. Rockhill, wife of the American Minister, Mrs. Newlands, wife of United States Senator Newlands, and other ladies of Miss Roosevelt's party, went to the Summer palace Wednesday and spent the night. Yesterday they were received in formal audience by the Dowager Empress.

Mrs. Rockhill, who was first presented to the Empress, introduced Miss Roosevelt first and afterward the other ladies of the party. The Empress moved among the visitors, chatting informally and presenting them with handsome gifts of bracelets and rings. This was followed by an inspection of the grounds of the Summer palace. The whole visit was remarkable on account of the absence of formality.

Returning to Peking in the evening, most of the party attended an "at home" at the German Minister's, where General and Mrs. Corbin and Senator and Mrs. Newlands are being entertained. The party spent today seeing the sights of Peking. Tomorrow all will go to Tientsin to attend a reception given by Viceroy Yuan Shai Kai.

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When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you can tell it by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At Slocum Drug Co.'s drug store, 25 cents.

Saves Money.

Salem, Or., Sept. 7.—The new law passed by the last legislature governing the transportation of patients from the several counties to the Insane Asylum has now been in operation for more than two months. From vouchers on file in the office of the Secretary of State the indications are that the saving to the state on the transportation of insane patients will be at least 50 per cent each year.

Are You Engaged?

Engaged people should remember that after marriage many quarrels can be avoided by keeping their digestions in good condition with Electric Bitters. S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "For years my wife suffered intensely from dyspepsia, complicated with a torpid liver, until she had her

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