

NEW GUINEA PYGMIES.

The Spear and Bow and Poisoned Arrows Their Chief Weapons.

Our knowledge of the pygmies of New Guinea shows that in habit they are nomadic, nowhere tilling the ground, but depending for their living entirely on their skill in hunting and fishing. Their chief weapon is the bow, their arrows being generally poisoned either with the famous upas or some other similar vegetable poison. They also make use of the spear and an ingenious form of spring gun which is common to numerous other forest tribes. This is formed by setting a flattened bamboo spear attached to a bent sapling, which is fastened to a trigger in such a way that it is released by the passerby stumbling against an invisible string stretched across a game track. These spears are really set for game, and to the initiated they are obvious enough, as their presence is always indicated by certain well known signs, such as a broken off twig placed in a cleft stick. In war these signs are removed, the removal being equivalent to the moving of buoys in a mined channel. The wounds inflicted by these hardened bamboo spears are necessarily serious. The mental qualities of the Negritos are extremely undeveloped, none of them being able to express a higher numerical idea than three, but all observers who have met them unite in saying that they are a merry little people, with great ideas of hospitality when their confidence has been gained and provided they have not been previously ill treated. They are not cannibals and are generally monogamous. —London Times.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

Many Things Concerning Them That Science Cannot Fathom.

A young girl in charge of two children, sheltering under a tree on Chislehurst common, was struck by lightning and killed—one of those dreadful instances of the sort of personal touch with which lightning seems to select its victims, for, though one child is reported to have been thrown down, neither apparently was injured. There are many instances, of course, of this strange selection, due in most cases probably to some accident of clothing. There is a well remembered case which happened some years ago at Cambridge, when three young men were walking across an open space of ground, and the middle one of the three was struck dead, while the others were untouched. The inquest showed that the young man who was killed had nails in his boots, whereas the others were wearing boating shoes. The phenomena of thunderstorms have been the subject of much study in America. But if thunderstorms can be classified, they are still not thoroughly understood. We do not yet know what are the exact conditions which lead to a discharge of electricity in the form of a lightning flash from cloud to cloud or from cloud to earth. We cannot reproduce thunder and lightning in a laboratory. We do not know what is the origin of the electrification manifested in a storm. —London Spectator.

Tickling the Debtors.

John Barrett was only twenty-seven years old when President Cleveland appointed him minister to Spain. The first important task which confronted the youthful envoy was to press a claim against the Spanish government for \$1,000,000. Experienced ambassadors warned him against using threats in obtaining the money. "Be cunning; avoid arrogance," they said. "That is," responded Mr. Barrett, "you favor tickling with a straw to pricking with a bayonet." The statesman nodded assent. When the young minister had finally succeeded in collecting the claim the ambassadors asked in astonishment, "How did you accomplish it?" "By tickling," explained Barrett. "I had to tickle them almost to death, though, before they agreed to pay it."

Quaint Remedies.

Among the members of the Greek church in Macedonia the following recipes are regarded as highly useful: To pacify one's enemies write the psalm "Knows In Judea," dissolve it in water and give your enemy to drink thereof, and he will be pacified. For a startled and frightened man take three dry chestnuts and sow thistle and three glasses of old wine and let him drink thereof early and late. Write also "In the beginning was the word" and let him carry it.

Plump Birdie.

She (after the service)—You dreadful fellow! Why did you smile during the offertory? He—I couldn't help it. There was Miss Addie Pose singing "Had I the wings of a dove." The mental picture of a 200 pound trying to fly with a pair of four inch wings was too much for me.

In Bohemia.

"How did you enjoy her bohemian evening?" "It wasn't much. Both the epigrams and the sandwiches were stale." —Washington Herald.

Sure Sign.

"How do you know they're married?" "Can't you see? He's making her bait her own fishhooks." —Detroit Free Press.

The Added Part.

Church—Does your neighbor play that cornet without notes? Gotham—Yes, but not without comments. —Brooklyn Statesman.

THE ANDORRANS.

All the Inhabitants of the Little Republic Are Related.

The inhabitants of Andorra, the little republic which is wedged in between France and Spain and which has existed since the year 782, are very proud of their blue blood and ancient lineage. In their eyes a gavage (foreigner) of any description or nationality is merely an inferior being, a sort of mushroom upstart in comparison with themselves. During 1,200 years they have continually married and intermarried to such an extent that at present all the inhabitants are practically cousins, yet, strange to say, neither their physical, mental nor moral qualities seem to have suffered. Both sexes are strong limbed, broad shouldered, bright eyed, hardy and long lived, retaining their hair and their teeth to a green old age. They are also keen witted and intelligent, alert and happy hearted, sober, industrious, hospitable and devout. The feminine Andorran has not a vestige of coquetry about her. She is just the female pure and simple. She is a thrifty housewife, a helpmate to her husband in the most literal sense of the term—ready and able to trudge off across mountain and valley beside him with a pack of smuggled goods on her back in case of need. —Wide World Magazine.

PROMOTED THE COOK.

An Error Made Him a Professor of History in Russia.

Some years ago the minister of education in St. Petersburg was appealed to by telegram for a cook, to be hurried to Moscow. The operator got his dashes and dots mixed, but by next train a man arrived and was ceremoniously conducted to the university, where he was introduced to the assembled faculty and students as the new professor in history. The unhappy fellow protested that, while he might be a professor of pots and pans, he knew nothing about history. But in Russian official life it is harder far to correct an error than to make one, so for several years the cook has held his professorship, though no one attends his lectures. Another laughable story comes from the Suwalki school for boys. A doorkeeper there who could scarcely read or write had grown so untidy and slow that he was no longer useful, but as the headmaster did not want to set him adrift he promoted him to a teacher's post and had him transferred to a distant school. He, too, will be a professor some day. —Moscow Letter in New York World.

Didn't Want It Flattened.

This story is told of Jerome K. Jerome, the humorist. Returning from abroad one time, he fell into good company, with the exception of one man, who was what is known as "a walking encyclopedia." This man persisted in giving all sorts of information, much to the annoyance of Mr. Jerome and others. One morning, as the travelers leaned over the rail, admiring the rising sun, the man with the information turned to them and said almost solemnly: "Gentlemen, if the earth were flattened out the sea would be two miles deep over the whole world." Mr. Jerome turned around, seemingly stunned. Then he grew indignant, and, walking over to the other man, he said, shaking his finger menacingly: "Look here, man, if you catch any fellow trying to flatten out the earth shoot him on the spot. I can't swim." —Philadelphia Times.

London's Town Hall.

The guildhall is an important public building in London, which may be regarded as the town hall, and is the place of assembly of several courts, as the court of common council, the court of aldermen, the chamberlain's court and a police court presided over by one of the aldermen. The construction of the building was begun in 1411. It was partially destroyed in the great fire of 1696, but was soon restored, and in 1780 it was altered to its present form. The hall proper is 153 feet in length, 48 in breadth and 55 in height. It has been famous for centuries for the magnificence of its civic feasts. The first time it was used for this purpose was in 1500, when Sir John Shaw, goldsmith, who had been knighted on the field of Bosworth, first gave here the lord mayor's feast.

The Miserable Villain.

Low Comedian—After all these years Eggbert has at last succeeded in making a hit with the audience. Soubrette—So? How does he do it? Low Comedian—You know he has always played villain roles. Soubrette—Yes. Low Comedian—Well, in the last act of a new play the author allows him to repent and say, "I've been a miserable villain." That confession invariably brings down the house. —Boston Post.

A Safe Lead.

"I hear Lem Boggs Sundayed with ye, denon?" "Ya'as." "Goin' to lose yer darter, eh?" "I reckon, but not to Lem. Zeb Higgs Mondayed, Tuesdayed, Wednesdayed and Thursdayed with us. I judge Zeb is the lucky man." —Success Magazine.

No Danger of That.

Mrs. Stubbs—John, no true man will smoke up his wife's curtains. Mr. Stubbs—I should say not. Anybody that smokes curtains would be a freak. I prefer cigars. —Chicago News.

Those who can command themselves command others. —Hazlitt.

MEMORIES OF MARK TWAIN.

Two Letters the Humorist Wrote to Henry Watterson.

"Mark Twain—An Intimate Memory." is the title of Henry Watterson's article about his cousin as it appears in the American Magazine. Mr. Watterson recites the following incident as being typical of Mark Twain's whimsical point of view: "His mind turned ever to the droll. Once in London I was living with my family at 103 Mount street. Between 103 and 102 there was the parochial workhouse—quite a long and imposing building. One evening, upon coming in from an outing, I found a letter he had written on the sitting room table and left with his card. He spoke of the shock he had received upon finding that next to 102—presumably 103—was the workhouse. He had loved me, but had always feared that I would end by disgracing the family—being hanged, or something—but the 'workus,' that was beyond him; he had not thought it would come to that. And so on through pages of horseplay, his relief on ascertaining the truth and learning his mistake, his regret at not finding me at home, closing with a dinner invitation. Once at Geneva, in Switzerland, I received a long, overflowing letter, full of buoyant oddities, written from London. Two or three hours later came a telegram: 'Burn letter. Blot it from your memory. Susie is dead.'"

TURKISH WOMEN.

They Are Curiously Fastidious in Some of Their Ways.

The habits of the Turkish women of Constantinople are wonderfully fastidious. For instance, when they wash their hands at a tap from which water runs into a marble basin the fair ones will let the water run until a servant shuts it off, inasmuch as to do this themselves would render them "unclean." They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean. One of these fastidious women was not long ago talking to a small niece who had just received a present of a doll from Paris. By and by the child laid the doll in the lady's lap. She was horrified and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl would not move it and no servant was near and the lady would be defiled by touching a doll that had been brought from abroad, the only resource left her was to jump up and let the doll fall. It broke in pieces. Another Turkish woman would not open a letter coming by post, but required a servant to break the seal and hold the missive near her that it might be read; also should her handkerchief fall to the ground it was immediately destroyed or given away, so that she might not again use it. —Exchange.

Defoe and Savings Banks.

Though Duncan of Duthwell was the founder of our first savings bank, the first suggestion came from Daniel Defoe. When he found himself compelled to hide from the bailiffs in a small Bristol inn he turned his enforced leisure and financial failure to account by writing the "Essay on Projects." It deals with savings banks, friendly societies, insurance, academies and bankrupts. On all these subjects Defoe offers from his fertile brain suggestions that startle the reader by their modern ring. On bankrupts and savings banks Defoe naturally wrote with feeling. During his stay in Bristol he was known as "the Sunday gentleman," owing to his natural unwillingness to take the air except on that day of the week which deprived bailiffs of their sting. —London Chronicle.

A Cup of Sugar.

A large china cup with a handle was shoved across the counter and a child's voice said, "Ma wants a cupful of sugar."

The grocer filled the cup, weighed the sugar, poured it back into the cup and said, "Two cents." To a customer who expressed surprise at his willingness to sell groceries in such small quantities he said: "Have to in this neighborhood. Most of these people live from meal to meal, which means that they buy things by measure instead of weight. Reckoned by the cupful, the spoonful or the pailful, they know just how much of anything they need. In order to satisfy both customers and the inspector of weights and measures we measure first to suit the trade, then weigh afterward." —New York Sun.

His Trick.

A pearl belonging to her brooch had got fastened in the face of her collar. He offered to disentangle it. "That's a great trick of mine," he said as he wrestled with it. "Separating pearls from—" "People?" she interrupted in a fright. "No," said he; "from lace." —New York Press.

Knew What He Was Doing.

Booky (from whom old gent has just received 5 sovereigns at 4 to 1)—Now, then, Santa Claus, what are you biting 'em for? Do you think I'd give you 'em uns? Old Gent—Noss, laddy. It's so that: I'm just making sure that I haven't got that one back which I passed off on thee! —London Punch.

A Poultry Fable.

The hen returned to her nest and found it empty. "Very funny," said she; "I can never find things where I lay them." —Lippincott's.

For one who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity. —Carlyle.

Handel as a Child.

George Frederick Handel, the son of a Saxon barber and valet, was only five years old when his "fingers wooed d'vine melodies" from the spinet, which a good natured aunt had smuggled for him into an attic, so that no sound of it might reach the ears of his father. At eight his playing so astonished the elector of Saxony that his father was compelled to withdraw his opposition and allow the genius of the boy to have fair play. And before he had reached his twelfth birthday young Handel was known throughout Germany as a brilliant composer and virtuoso at the court of the emperor.

A Pleasant Outlook.

"I wonder why the bride is crying," remarked one of the guests at the wedding. "Can it be because she is leaving home?" "No, it ain't that," answered the bride's small brother. "She's in love with the fellow she married, and I think she's crying 'cause she feels sorry for him."

The Line.

"I have a long line of ancestors who were all of my trade," said the baker. "Oh, a sort of bread line," smiled the chump.—University of Minnesota Minnebacha.

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PORTLAND SEED CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 23d, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph W. White, of Lexington, Oregon, who, on July 12th, 1905, made homestead No. 14610, serial No. 08663, for NW quarter section 9, township 1 North, Range 26 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. C. Patterson, U. S. Commissioner at his office at Heppner, Oregon, on the 4th day of October, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: R. K. Wills, J. W. Sibley, C. A. Morey and H. O. McCormick, all of Lexington, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Sept 1 29

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Morrow, State of Oregon, dated, the 6th day of September, 1910, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein Kenneth A. J. Mackenzie, Plaintiff, recovered judgment against C. B. Sperry and Dona Sperry, his wife, Defendants, for the sum of two hundred seventy-seven and 50/100 (\$277.50) do lars, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent. per annum from the 20th day of September, 1906, and the further sum of five and no 100 (\$5.00) dollars Attorney's fee, and costs and disbursements taxed at eight and 00/100 (\$8.00) dollars, on the 20th day of September, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that I will on Saturday, the 8th day of October, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property, to wit: All of lots one (1) and two (2) and the East 20 feet of lot (3) in block seven (7) in Sperry's second addition to the town of Ione, Morrow County, Oregon.

Taken and levied upon as the property of the said C. B. Sperry and Dona Sperry, his wife, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Kenneth A. J. Mackenzie, and against said C. B. Sperry and Dona Sperry, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

E. M. SHUTT, Sheriff.

By GUS MALLORY, Deputy.

Dated at Heppner, Oregon, September 6, 1910.

Sept 8-Oct 6

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Notice For Publication.

Isolated Tract—Public Land Sale. 05906.

U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 17th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public—No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 4th day of October, 1910, next, at this office, the following tract of land, to wit:

SW 1/4 SW 1/4, sec. 24 and SE 1/4 SW 1/4 SW 1/4 sec. 14 T. 2 S. R. 24 E. W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Aug 25 Sept 29

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Notice for Publication—Isolated Tract.

Public Land Sale. No's 05836-05853.

United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, July 16th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public—No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9:45 o'clock a. m., on the 15th day of September, 1910, at this office, the following tract of land, to wit:

W 1/2 NW 1/4 Sec. 33 and W 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec. 28 T. 4 S. R. 26 E. W.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Isolated Tract—Public Land Sale.

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at LaGrange Oregon August 31, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, (34 Stat., 517) we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 20th day of October, 1910, at this office, the following described land: The S 1/4 NE 1/4 and S 1/2 NW 1/4 sec. 21, T. 3 S., R. 27 E. W. M. Serial No. 07446.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale. F. C. BRAMWELL, Register. COLON R. EBERHARD, Receiver.

Sept 8-Oct 13

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