

WALLOWA CHEFTAIN

—PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY—
Chieftain Publishing Company,
JOSEPH, OREGON.

Barrels Without Staves.

Barrels and casks are now successfully turned out direct from the tree—that is, without the wood having to be cut up into numerous staves. By this method, which is known as the Oncken system, the tree stem is first sawed into lengths to suit that of the cask to be made, and these lengths are boiled for about three hours in a closed vessel, which renders the wood soft, a current of electricity being also passed through the water during the boiling process. The log is taken from the boiler to the cutting machine, in which it is fixed as in a lathe and brought up against a long, broad cutting blade; the log is revolved, the knife automatically approaches it and the sheet of wood passes out to the rear of the machine through an opening in the frame just at the edge of the blade, as in a plane.

The sheet of wood is drawn from the machine on to a table, where it is cut into lengths suitable for the diameter of the barrel. The lengths are taken to a grooving machine and grooved near the edges for receiving the head and bottom of the cask. The wood is now put into another machine, which cuts long, narrow V pieces, or gussets, out of the edges at intervals, which give the necessary double taper to the cask. The sheets of wood are finally formed up into a cylinder and the first two hoops driven on by the machine, there being thus only one stave in the cask, and consequently only one joint. The sheets of wood can receive any degree of thickness.—New York Sun.

The Harvest Time of the Sunflower.

The harvest time of the sunflower scarcely be fixed, as it depends not only upon the climate, but also upon the nature of the soil and the exposure of the plantation. In the south and southwest of European Russia it ripens about the middle of September, further north at the end of September or beginning of October. On sandy soil it ripens about the middle of August, on black earth lands at the end of August and on lower grounds still later. From this it may be seen that the sunflower, wherever it grows, ripens later than any other corn plant, a very important fact in agriculture, as its harvesting does not interfere with the harvesting of other crops. When the sunflower is overripe its yellow flowers wither, the stalk and the seed crop from the top become gray, all the leaves of the flower covering the seeds fall off and the seeds get hard, shoot out from the seed cup and crack open. At this time the plant should be well guarded from the birds or the overripe seeds will soon be destroyed by them.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bright Lunatic.

A famous surgeon told me that he went once to see a lunatic in a private asylum, and that in passing through a corridor he was thus accosted by one of the patients, "Take off your hat, sir!" "Why should I?" asked my friend. "Because I am the son of the emperor of the French." "Oh, I beg your royal highness pardon," apologized my friend, taking his hat off. On revisiting the asylum a month or so later he was again accosted in the same corridor by the son of the emperor of the French, and in the same words, "Take off your hat, sir!" "Why?" again asked my friend. "Because I am the son of the emperor of Germany." "Of the emperor of Germany? Surely when last I had the honor to see your royal highness you were the son of the emperor of the French." "Ah, well—yes," he stammered. But recovering at once from his embarrassment, he added brightly, "That was by another mother."—Exchange.

Jerusalem.

The town does not accord with the visitors' idea of ancient Jerusalem—far from it—but it is nevertheless a genuine oriental city—and many of the streets are pleasingly picturesque. Most of all, they rejoice to find the city ringing with church bells, and the Moslems for once in the minority. Out of a population of some 100,000 there are now about 33,000 Jews, the remaining 67,000 being about equally divided between the Christians and the Mohammedans.

No, our friends are not disappointed, but yet, through all the three weeks of their stay, they are haunted by a curious feeling which refuses to be shaken off, a sensation like that which we experience in dreams when we seem to visit some familiar and well loved place and find everything strangely altered.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Queen May Have No Gifts.

The deprivations of the queen's life are pathetically illustrated by an incident which occurred not long ago. An American lady sent her majesty an immense collection of the flowers of this country, pressed and mounted. The queen was delighted with the collection and kept it for three months, turning over the leaves frequently with great delight. At the end of that time, which was as long as she was allowed by court etiquette to keep it, she had it sent back with a letter saying that, being queen of England, she was not allowed to have any gifts and that she parted from it with deep regret.—Helen Watterson in Philadelphia Inquirer.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

Don't, Says Burlette, Try to Stop Your Husband from Smoking.

A woman, whom she once met on the train, told Lydia Jackson Lamphere how she kept her husband from smoking. "On our wedding day," she said, "I made what I called a declaration of principles to my husband. I said to him that it was my purpose to make his conduct my guide in all respects, that in our family there would be no separate standards and whatever he would think right for himself should be right for me." You see what was coming. "One evening supper was over, the shades drawn and the lamp lighted, and we were seated for an evening of reading or sewing, when my husband took up his pipe for an evening smoke. Seeing this, I calmly drew from my pocket a pipe, which I began to fill with tobacco exactly as he was doing. As he proceeded, so did I. I coolly scratched a match, lighted the pipe and took a whiff."

Well, as the woman told Lydia the story—the husband of course gave up. Good story, as far as it goes, but I can't help thinking what, oh, suffering sisters, what would have happened if that kind hearted husband had not relented, but had kept on smoking, and permitted—invited—nay, urged his wife to join him? What kind of an evening would she have enjoyed? Oh, sisters, never, no matter what Lydia Lamphere's friend tells you, never try that cure on your husbands—your respective husbands, that is. It won't work, with all men. It would cure one of you of smoking; that I am sure of, but it wouldn't be him. You may safely try it, if you are fond of excitement of a rather limp and stringy kind; it won't kill you, even if you do take your first smoke with a brier pipe and nigger head tobacco. But you can produce the same effect upon yourself with a milder drug.

I tremble—especially about the shoulders—when I think what awful scenes may be precipitated in happy homes by the fallacious theories taught in this story. Why, sister, I have seen a boy, a great, strong, rough boy, 14 years old, so wrought upon by a mild five cent cigar, not more than half smoked, that he has stretched himself supinely upon the cold bosom of the inhospitable earth and waited with an unconcern that would chill your blood for death, his father or the doctor to come along, and he didn't care a cent which got the first whack at him. And when you think of a grown up woman, a married woman, mother of children, may be, starting in on a pipe—well, I don't want to think of it, that's all. I've got to go to bed some time to-night, and I can rest just as well without the nightmare as I can with it and not "holer," till I wake up the whole house. But I cannot close without a parting word of warning. Don't you listen to Lydia Lamphere on this question, for she's your friend, and I don't want you to try that cure.

You take the advice of a man who knows more about pipes than you do about husbands, and don't you go to smoking in order to break him off it. Even if you don't die, you might learn to like it as he does, and then where would you be, if he should want to quit? Don't you smoke pipes; you chew gum, if you must do something wicked. You can worry the immortal life out of him with that if you'll only keep at it, and talk and chew a great deal at the same time. That's very effective. You keep the quid and your jaws going and he'll give up drinking, chewing, smoking, betting, swearing, no, he'll grow worse about that, but he'll give up everything else. Unless, in a furious spasm of insanity, he breaks your jaws with a cricket bat and jumps off the bridge at the end of the third week.—Robert J. Burlette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Bond of Sympathy.

Both were chronically hard up, and, as they stood in a sunny spot, looking idly about, it would have been hard to decide in which mental workshop the proverbial devil had most room.

"My present condition," remarked the larger and lazier of the two, "is due to the failure of my first business enterprise." "What was that?" queried the other. "Canvassing for a book—'Gleanings from Past and Present,' or something like that." "Shake—shake, old fellow!" broke in his companion, his voice trembling with strong emotion and cloves. "What! Did you ever try to sell the book?" "No—no! I wrote it!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Slave to Etiquette.

A fashionable lady, meeting a beggar in the street and being touched by his tale of woe, handed him her card, saying: "That is where I live. If you will come to that address I will give you some clothes." The beggar, however, did not put in an appearance, but in a few days the lady met him again and inquired why he had not come. Taking the card out of his dirty pocket, and with a deprecating smile, he answered: "Because, madam, I note you have on your card 'Thursdays.'"—Paris Figaro.

Living Skeletons.

At a Washington boulevard boarding house. Grigley (looking up from his paper)—It pays to be a living skeleton, you bet. Here's one that gets \$50 a week. What do you suppose makes a man a living skeleton? Grumps (whose steak weighs at least half an ounce)—Why, I know. He lives a few weeks in a boarding house.—Chicago Herald.

Dental Accumen.

Customer—I see you are advertising full sets of teeth for \$8?
Dentist (cautiously)—Yes, sir. Do you live at home?
Customer—No, I board.
Dentist (with dignity)—You certainly cannot expect an \$8 set to be of any use in a boarding house, sir. My charge to you will be \$25.—Philadelphia Record.

Unshaved for Thirty Years.

For thirty years the beard and mustache of Mr. James Brown, of Bennington, Vt., has been untrimmed. With his arms extended he stretches fully six feet from tip to tip of his fingers, yet the ends of his mustache, when held horizontally, extend beyond his fingers. He braids his wonderful beard and mustache and tucks them under his vest.—Yankee Blade.

There is no country in the world in which the raven is not found to be native; it is also the only bird known to ornithologists which is of such cosmopolitan character.

ABOUT FIRE ETCHING

BEAUTIFUL BITS OF ART THAT ARE BURNED INTO WOOD.

A New Art—Mr. Fosdick's Rejuvenation of a Primitive Decorative Idea—Its Adaptability to Modern Homes and Churches—How It Is Done.

Seventy years ago an English boy and his sweetheart were making a tour of a country fair. While viewing the sights they encountered a mountebank burning pictures on wood with a hot iron. Many years later the boy, whose name was Ball Hughes, crossed the Atlantic and achieved great distinction in Boston as a sculptor and fire etcher, the remembrance of the mountebank's work having lived long in his memory.

It was reserved, however, for a young American named Fosdick, of Charlestown, Mass., to disclose the greatest possibilities of fire etching and to give it a permanent place in the beautiful works of its day.

When Edward D. Adams began to decorate his house in the Villard block, in Madison avenue, he conceived the idea of having a Renaissance border burned at the top of the Mexican mahogany panels under the leather frieze of his dining room. He found Mr. Fosdick in Normandy painting French peasants and laid before him his plans.

In the summer of 1884 Mr. Fosdick returned to the United States to do Mr. Adams' work. He fitted up a studio in an old school house on a farm in Westborough, Mass. The panels were sent to him from New York. The fine tools that the beauty and popularity of fire etching have since called into existence were then unknown. Mr. Fosdick was obliged to roast himself over a charcoal furnace. His irons were of the most primitive kind. They were pieces of metal fastened into copper tubes, with plaster of paris as a nonconductor of the heat.

THE OLD METHOD.

As long as fire etching had to be done under the disadvantages that Mr. Fosdick encountered, there was little danger that the art would fall into the trifling hands of amateurs. The heat of a furnace had no attractions for them; to them the burning of fingers was not a source of comfort; they would not find joy in the clouds of smoke that imperfect tools made inevitable. But since the invention of better appliances, since fire etching has been raised to the charm and dignity of an accomplishment, they have rushed into this field of art in great numbers and with rare impetuosity.

It is a curious thing that the instrument that called into existence the enthusiasm of these self denying devotees of varying fashion was not invented for their comfort; it was not invented either to render more agreeable and attractive the work of the professional fire etcher. This instrument was first made by a French surgeon, who used it to cauterize wounds.

The cauterizer, as it is called, consists of a nickel or glass receptacle for a sponge saturated with alcohol or naphtha or some other volatile and inflammable fluid. Attached to it are two long rubber tubes, one connecting with a small hand bellows and the other with the instrument proper. The latter consists of a handle of nonconducting material six inches long. Connected with one end is the rubber tube, and inserted in the other is a platinum point two or three inches long and somewhat flattened at the extremity. Inside of this point is a platinum coil fed with the gas from the rubber tube. When the point is held in the spirit lamp that is commonly used it becomes hot, the gas driven into it by the hand bellows taking fire. The temperature of the point can be regulated to any degree by the bellows; it can be made red hot so that it will burn wood like a blazing piece of iron from a furnace, or can be allowed to cool so that it will barely scorch the surface of the wood.

MR. FOSDICK'S SUCCESS.

Mr. Fosdick's completion of the panels justified Mr. Adams' faith in the fire etcher's art. When set in place they became objects of general admiration. To the eye of the prophet it was clear that an old art was about to assume new beauty. It was clear, too, that in the hands of the young American it had attained a character and was capable of a scope that Ball Hughes had never imagined. The English sculptor had raised it to a dignity infinitely above the clever trick of the mountebank.

Although Mr. Fosdick was convinced after he had finished Mr. Adams' work that fire etching was entitled to the highest rank as an art, he could not bring himself to believe that it was his duty to devote his time and strength to it exclusively. In 1888 he gave his first exhibition of fire etchings in Paris. Among those present were his teachers, Boulanger and Moillon, who were delighted with the work. They thought that it was something entirely new. Successful as Mr. Fosdick was as a painter, they advised him to drop the brush and give himself up to this art of etching with fire.

Somewhat reluctantly, but with no faltering after the step was taken, he acted upon their advice.

The admiration bestowed upon his work at exhibitions in this city and elsewhere, and the presence of that work in many of the first houses in the country, are a pleasing justification of his faith and devotion.

HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

As the finest brush and canvas cannot make a Diaz or a Rousseau, so the most improved cauterizer or the most desirable wood will not insure a beautiful product of the fire etcher's art. Nevertheless, there is a choice of medium, soft and dry woods being preferable to hard and sappy. Well seasoned poplar is the best. Then comes holly and bass. The surface is made perfectly smooth to receive the drawing. Then the etcher takes his cauterizer or branding irons and burns the design into the wood.

After Mr. Fosdick has been over a panel for the first time, say the panel of his "Fury," it looks like the charred surface of a half burned board. No picture is visible. Then with an emery cloth he goes over it again, smoothing the surface and removing the unsightly crudities of line that have been produced by the platinum point as it plowed through the open and close pores of the wood. He never removes all of

them, for they are the accidental qualities already mentioned that give picturesqueness to the work. If greater accentuation is required, the cauterizer is used again; if less, the surface is smoothed with the emery cloth. Their use alternates until the required effect is produced.

When the etching is done, several coats of varnish are applied, and a fine dull finish is finally obtained with pumice stone. Then appears in all its beauty the head of the Fury, fear and ferocity depicted in a face framed on every side by heavy waves of rich brown hair that fill the rest of the panel. Thus is created in lines alone of more or less strength a work that neither dust nor smoke, neither heat nor cold, neither rain nor sleet can fade or mar.—New York Times.

A Pertinent Query.

It may be pertinent to ask why, in the name of all that is reasonable, is it any more dangerous to society for a woman to neglect certain wifely duties once included within her sphere of action than for a man to shirk all home responsibilities except that of growling about the things the woman leaves undone? Now, in the humble homes which the man writer and lecturer extols so eloquently, where the ideal wife looks well to the ways of her household, the husband kindles the fires, sweeps the walks, splits the kindlings, brings up the coal, does the marketing and lends a hand on Mondays.

Who kindles the fires in the city households?

The maid servant.

Who scrubs the stoop and pavement? The man servant.

Who mends the broken lock or reduces the refractory hinges? The locksmith.

Who does the marketing and settles the bills and hears the growling because they are larger than they were last week? The wife.

What particular use is the city husband in the household anyway?

"Just to pay for things and find fault," one exasperated wife says.

And why is it so much more to be deplored that the wife doesn't do her own cooking if she can earn more money at something else than that the man should not make his own trousers and split the kindlings evenings instead of going to his club?—New York Sun.

How to Get Soup from the Turtle.

"I was surprised to learn the other day," said Charles Schweickardt, "that very few persons not engaged in the restaurant business know how a turtle is killed, and prepared for the soup. Please enlighten mankind by telling them that a turtle is killed by cutting its head off. You know that at the least sign of danger the turtle will draw his head into his shell, and then you have to resort to strategy or brutality to make him put out his head again. This object may be accomplished by hanging the turtle up by the tail. This will cause his head to drop down, and then a sharp knife will do the rest of the work."

"Some people have an idea that the turtle as soon as he is killed is thrown right into the pot and boiled into soup. When the turtle is dead the breastplate is sawed in two and an opening to insert the scouring knife is made. Then the expert deftly curves the knife in such a manner as to remove the back plate without taking a particle of meat with it. The entrails are secured and then the real body of the turtle is put in the pot and the vegetables and other accessories added, with hot water. Then let it boil and you will soon have good turtle soup."—St. Louis Republic.

Little Helps.

The merit of a salad is that it should be cool, crisp and fresh.

Fine emery paper and sweet oil are excellent for polishing steel graters.

Dredge a little flour over the top of cake to keep the icing from running.

Have a blanket, wrapper and soft slippers handy in case of night sickness.

Never wash macaroni. The cooking water dissolves everything undesirable.

Soups are so nutritious and palatable that it is a pity they are not more generally used.

The best of a potato is not just under the skin, as so many suppose; therefore pare thickly.

One absolutely essential factor in the preparation of a good beefsteak is that it must be served at once.

Use peanut oil in the small night lamp. It imparts no odor, though turned down below the point of combustion.

It is nonsense to think soda will freshen anything in cookery that is in any degree approaching decomposition.—Good Housekeeping.

Decorating a Boudoir.

Here is an idea for a small withdrawing room or boudoir: Tint the walls with soft china pink, and tone them down with lace hangings. Nottingham curtain stuff looks exceedingly well, and, as we all know, is not expensive. Choose a feathery, ferny pattern. You can find lovely designs sometimes in Nottingham. After tacking them on the wall finish the top with a flounce about fifteen or sixteen inches in length. By dividing a curtain you will get the finished edge for the bottom of your flounce. The pink tint covered becomes very delicate and forms a very beautiful background for water color drawings. The whole room should be kept as delicate as possible with softly tinted china as a decoration. Let the frames of the pictures and the furniture be white, the latter covered with a cretonne with a wild rose pattern, and the floor a light sunny yellow (raw sienna stain), with white wool fur rugs. With a white wood wainscoting about four feet in height your room is complete.—New York Tribune.

Artificial Voices Supplied.

A knowledge of the physiology of the human larynx has made it possible to supply artificial voices to persons who have been deprived of their own. Many instances are given where, by the insertion of suitable rubber membranes, they have been of great practical use in speech.—New York Times.

WITH ANGRY WOLVES

MR. PIPER'S ESCAPE FROM A PACK OF HUNGRY CREATURES.

Attacked by Half Starved Beasts on a Lonely Forest Road, an Old Man Finds a Cave with Two Openings, One of Which the Wolves Didn't Know Of.

Benjamin Piper, an old pioneer of Jefferson county, Wis., had a thrilling adventure with a pack of wolves. It was one evening while he was making his way from Watertown on foot. There was snow on the ground, and it had lasted long enough to make wolves unusually fierce and savage with hunger. Piper had been warned by friends in Watertown not to attempt the trip, but he told them that he had not the slightest fear. Numerous large timber wolves had been seen near these same forests through which Piper had to pass, but as they had not yet ventured to attack anyone, little attention had been paid to their presence. But now, in their desperate hunger and while lurking about for something to prey upon, some of them had discovered Piper, and at once set up a howl for its companions. But Piper was utterly indifferent to their howls and walked boldly along.

Suddenly, just as he turned a sharp corner of the roadway among the dense timber, a large gray wolf walked across the road slowly and deliberately about two rods ahead of him and then turned and leisurely recrossed to the side from where it came, swinging its tail aloft, and with the hair raised on its neck. It also howled in a dismal manner, as if to hurry up its companions, whose answers now began to come from many directions. Piper marched straight ahead as if nothing had happened, save that he picked up a good sized club, intending to throw it at the animal should it approach him again. A moment later the same wolf trotted out from the brush much nearer to him than before, and Piper hurled the club at the animal with tremendous force. But quickly stepping aside and dodging the weapon, the wolf planted itself in the middle of the road and was not disposed to move any farther, but showed its teeth savagely and uttered more howls for its companions.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

Piper now began to get frightened. He gathered sticks and stones and hurled them at the wolf until it was glad to get out of his way and let him proceed. But he knew from the sounds still coming behind him that a pack of the animals was on his trail and he would need to make haste or they would soon overtake him. He was a strong man and very fleet of foot, but he had had no expectation of winning against a lot of wolves in a foot race, should they determine to pursue him. So he concluded that he must at once bring all his wits into play, and, if possible, deceive them. The forest trees around him were rather small to climb and he did not relish the idea of being kept up in a tree all night in such cold weather.

The desperation of the situation called to his mind a singular cave containing two narrow openings, and he concluded that it might afford him protection and give him a chance to defend himself. So away he hurried for the cave. It was now long after dusk, but the moon shone brightly, yet owing to the shadows of the trees Piper experienced considerable difficulty in finding the entrance to the cavern. Before crawling into the narrow passageway he secured a large, heavy club to use should the wolves attempt to follow him into his retreat. He was scarcely half a dozen feet inside ere he heard their horrible howls near the entrance, and saw their eyes like balls of fire glaring on him from the outside.

At first they seemed disinclined to follow after him, apparently fearing a trap, but finally the boldest one started inside, and then all squeezed themselves into the opening until it was jammed tight.

A BAD HALF HOUR.

As the forward wolf came within his reach, Piper pounded it with his club until it was utterly disabled, but the great pressure of those from behind constantly brought the heads of others nearer and nearer. Piper never stopped fighting, but whacked and beat and gouged and disabled wolf after wolf as they came within reach. But at length the entrance became so perfectly filled with wolves that they could neither get forward nor backward, while their savage howls resounded in the narrow place with such deafening effect that it made Piper tremble, and his sole thought was to get out and away from them.

Groping around with his hands he found some good sized, loose stones, with which he hastily filled into the opening just in front of the wolves as tightly as he could pack it, and then, with club in hand, he crawled along and sought exit at the opposite entrance to the cavern. The dismal darkness prevented him from seeing anything, and it was some time before he found the way out. The wolves did not know, or else had forgotten, this entrance, and Piper left still howling with fury crowded into narrow mouth of the cave at least six yards away from where he had emerged. He now made his way to the road again, and two hours later had reached home.

A few days later he visited the cavern, but found nothing save a few bones, the dead and wounded wolves having been, as he supposed, eaten up by their ravenous companions.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.