

**THE WILD HOG.**

*It is a Desperate Creature and Hunters Give It a Wide Birth.*

"Talking about fierce things, the wild hog is about the toughest member I have ever tackled in the woods," said a man from Arkansas, "and if you have never met him in his wildest state you have no conception of his desperate nature. He is thoroughly desperate and thoroughly vicious. He has that kind of viciousness which invites trouble. I never shall forget an experience I had with a wild boar some years ago during high water. The whole St. Francis basin was overflowed. I had gone into the bottoms from the hills for the purpose of rescuing some stock. I had carried my dogs along, thinking I might hunt bear while in a section which was notably good for this kind of sport at that time.

"Just about sundown one day my dogs opened up in a wild, almost impenetrable part of the section I was in, and from the way they barked I thought they had a bear at bay. I got to them as soon as possible. The cane and undergrowth were so thick that I was within a few yards of the dogs before I could see them. I could see that they were a bit timid about the attack, a thing I had never observed before when they had a bear at bay, and this roused my suspicion a bit, though I was not quite prepared for the thing that happened a few seconds later. Before I could realize my peril a wild boar, one of the largest I had ever seen, dashed out of a clump of cane and made straight for me. Fortunately there was a low limbed, inclining tree a few feet from where I stood. I leaped up the tree just in time to save my hide. The hog missed me by a mere scratch. The dogs were quick to take advantage of the situation and made a fierce attack. They fastened on to the hog's ears almost in a jiffy. His fight to free himself was awful and bloody. It was a frightful mix up, and my dogs were suffering fearfully. For a time I could not help them. I could not shoot without shooting one of my dogs. They were being cut all to pieces by the boar's tusks. But once in the fight not one of them would quit. The loss of blood made them desperate. Directly, during a lull in the scramble, I got a chance to use my rifle and plugged the boar between the eyes. The fight was over then, but my dogs were in bad shape. The wild boar is about the most desperate thing I have ever encountered."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**THE USE OF APPLES.**

*Dietetic Value of This Common and Best of All Fruit.*

One medical writer says: "The more mellow apples one eats the better, provided they be taken at mealtime. It is best of all to eat fruit before meals, and freely as you like."

This will prevent loading the system with a heavy weight of less digestible foods. The no breakfast fad tells us that we must not only go without the morning meal, but that we must live much more largely upon fruit. Some of its disciples insist that the apple may be taken in the place of the ordinary breakfast. John Wesley once referred to apple dumplings as an illustration of the alarming advance of luxuries in England. Charles Lamb quotes a friend who says that "a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings," and Dr. Johnson speaks of a clergyman of his acquaintance who brought his family up almost altogether on this Anglo-Saxon combination. We have recollections of dumplings which might accord with the opinion of Lamb, and then we have recollections of other dumplings which might have been the origin of Calvinism. It must be borne in mind that the ideal apple is one that is fit to be eaten raw, yet the glorious old Spitzenburg is only fit for the cook, in whose hands it becomes the very perfection of pie apples. The nineteenth century went out with a marvelous evolution of new sorts of fruits of all kinds, but there was nothing in the list to exceed the delicious juices of the Northern Spy, the Macintosh Red, the Shannon or the Stuart's Golden.

There is nothing in the world to exceed the beauty of the apple blossom, while the air is laden with an exquisite perfume that has charmed a hundred generations, has added to the poesy, the love and the comfort of Greek, of Roman and of Briton.

But if there be anything more beautiful than the apple in blossom it is the same tree loaded down with crimson and golden fruit. Then it is that the apple touches human nature and wakens in the housekeeper the highest conceptions of the science and the fine art of dietetics.—Independent.

**Animals and Fire.**

Most animals are afraid of fire and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame, and they will walk into it even though tortured by the heat. A horse in a burning stable goes mad with fear, but a dog is as cool in a fire as at any time. He keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl pitifully. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are, as a rule, quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still. Even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth and often find their way out themselves.

**A Good Sized Squash.**

California waits until the smoke of battle has all blown away and the squash season is a thing of the past, then calmly jumps into the game and carries off the prize with the biggest lion on record, according to the Springfield Republican. It is of a Los Angeles farmer who raised a squash which was so large that he is using it as a stable for a pet calf. The inside of the squash was scooped out and an entrance cut for the calf; also a window in the other side for it to look out of.—Exchange.

**CHARLESTON'S PECAN GROVE**

Not only do we grow better pecans in South Carolina than any of the Texas variety that have ever been sold in this market, but we have in South Carolina the largest pecan grove in the world. It belongs to Captain John S. Horlbeck of Charleston and is situated in Christ Church parish, just across the Ashley river from this city. We wish that it were possible for South Carolina to enter the competition with Texas in pecan nuts, and with Texas and Louisiana and all the rest of the world in rice, and with New England in the manufacture of cotton goods, and with the world in the production of fine cotton. A small appropriation by the legislature and an active agent in the field would enable South Carolina to take all the gold medals offered for competition in field crops and orchard products and manufactured goods. It is a pity that the richest state in the south, in proportion to its area and population, should be the slowest state in the south to make its advantages known to the investing and home seeking world.—Charleston News and Courier.

**A Museum of Germs.**

The British Medical Journal tells a curious story at the expense of the French Academy of Medicine, which has recently moved to new quarters. On the place being cleaned, the room in which the council used to hold its meetings was found to be a kind of museum, containing specimens of Paris dirt, collected in the course of many years. As a first step in the process of purification the carpet, worn and heavy with the dust of ages, was taken up, when, to the wonderment of the beholders, another carpet, still more ragged and grimy, came into view. Under this was another, below that again a fourth, and so on till some ten layers of moldering carpets had been removed. Surely this will shake the public faith in the microbe bogey.

**Mme. Wong's Wonderful Gowns.**

Mme. Wong, the wife of the Japanese commissioner to the St. Louis exposition, now in London, is the envy of her western sisters, for she owns 100 magnificent costumes of silk and satin, embroidered with the cunning of Japanese fingers. One of the gorgeous gowns consists of a creation of lavender crepe, incrustated with humming birds. Threads of silver trickle down the front, and golden pheasants wing their way over a cloud of diaphanous aureole gauze. Her ebony hair is drawn high from the forehead, and jeweled daggers and miniature fans gleam among the intricacies of the coiffure.—London Woman.

**DESTINY OF HUMAN SOULS.**

*Theory That the Spirits of Depraved Men Pass into Beasts.*

Are the bodies of animals inhabited by the souls of human villains dead and gone? Don't sneer too hastily at the question, for if it should be answered finally in the negative science is at a loss to account for the utter depravity of the animal. It is apparent to the dullest observer that dumb beasts exercise a malign influence over man. Think of the tempers ruined by cows that have kicked over half filled pails of milk. Think of the reputations for truth that have been destroyed by trout. Think of the honesty that has been turned into deceit by the horse, so that they who trade in that animal are bywords among their less sorely tempted brethren. Think of the indefinite prolongation of this list that might be made and then consider if animals are or are not animated by the souls of human wretches that have passed away.

Some such theory must be accepted, and it is not open to doubt that reasonable people will accept this: The souls of the wicked are condemned to pass into animals and to stay there until they have discovered prospective tenants worse than themselves.

This theory explains everything. The liars inhabit fish, the tricksters horses and those given to butting in become goats. In the attempt to end their tenancy by finding suitable successors the evil spirits resort to temptations, with, alas, unfeigned success. The half pound trout dropping off the hook flaps his tail in ecstatic certainty that the angler will proclaim him a five pounder at least. And the look of human anticipation on the face of a goat about to knock some unsuspecting person into a barbed wire fence can only proceed from the knowledge that the resultant explosion will lower another soul into the mire as a stepping stone for himself. The theory is irrefutable, and its general acceptance would help the world to a higher plane.—Portland Oregonian.

**Couldn't Forget His Pet Theme.**

Down in Virginia there was an old darky preacher who had preached about infant baptism morning and night until his congregation couldn't stand it any longer. They told him to preach something else or they'd have to find some one who would. He promised and the next Sunday announced his text, "Adam, where art thou?" "Dis, bredern, can be divided into foah heads," began the dominie. "First, every man is somewhar; secondly, most men am where they ain't got no bus'ness to be; thirdly, you'd better look out or you'll be gittin' there yourself; fourthly, infant baptism. Now, bredern, I guess we might's well pass by the first three heads and come immediately to the fo' th, infant baptism."—New York Tribune.

**Wren Was Small.**

Sir Christopher Wren resembled the smallest of British birds not in name only. Staying with Charles II. at that monarch's Newmarket hunting lodge, Sir Christopher heard him complain that the rooms lacked height. "Pardon me, sire," he broke in; "to me they seem high enough." "Aye, and to me, too, now," replied the merry monarch, crumpling till he nearly touched the floor, for this king, who "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," would have made two Sir Christopher Wrens.

**A Few Words of Warning.**

Two big men, well known fighters, were quarreling, whereupon one of them said: "I expect we'll fight; I don't see any other way out of it. But I want to tell you one thing—I have false teeth, and if you hit me in the mouth and break them I will get a gun tomorrow and shoot you. You can hit me anywhere and kick me anywhere except in the mouth, but don't you dare break my false teeth."—Atchison Globe.

**Undesirable Job.**

A washerwoman applied for help to a gentleman, who gave her a note to the manager of a certain club. It read as follows: "Dear Mr. X.—This woman wants washing." Very shortly afterward the answer came back: "Dear Sir—I dare say she does, but I don't fancy the job."—London Tit-Bits.

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**On Good Terms.**

In a certain parish in one of the southern counties of Ireland the congregation at the Episcopal church numbered only six. One day the bishop of the diocese announced his intention of visiting the parish. Of course the parson was in serious concern lest his lordship should discover the smallness of his flock. Meeting the parish priest, he told his trouble. "Let that not grieve your soul," replied Father Begorra, as soon as mass is over I'll send the boys along to the church!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

**The Peanut.**

A rise in the price of peanuts will work universal misery. The peanut has become a staple article of food. Its popularity is immense, and the uses to which it can be put are manifold. Great industries, like the circus, for example, are nourished upon the peanut. The threatened scarcity must be averted by every possible means.—Providence Journal.

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Leaves Corvallis..... 11:30 A. M.  
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