

THE LION'S ROAR.

Very Different in the Jungle From What It Is in the Zoo.

Stewart Edward White, the famous American hunter and writer on outdoor subjects, recently returned from a year's hunt in Africa, where he was fortunate enough to see seventy-one lions and to kill several. In the American Magazine he reports his adventures.

One of the first observations Mr. White made in Africa was that lions and other wild animals are much larger than specimens seen in zoological gardens. He tells about rhinoceroses which were five feet nine inches tall and thirteen and a half feet long. He says that they loom up bigger than automobiles. The roar of lions he also reports to be infinitely louder and more menacing than that which we are accustomed to hearing at the zoo.

The first lion Mr. White and his party killed was injured outside of a thicket. It then crawled into the underbrush, and Mr. White and the native hunters who were with him followed it. Mr. White goes on:

"Right before us the lion growled, a deep rumbling like the end of a great thunder roll, fathoms and fathoms deep, with the inner subterranean vibrations of a heavy train of cars passing a man inside a sealed building. At the same moment over F's shoulder I saw a huge yellow head rise up, the round eyes flashing anger, the small black tipped ears laid back, the great fangs snarling. The beast was not over twelve feet distant. F. immediately fired. His shot, hitting an intervening twig, went wild. With the utmost coolness he immediately pulled the other trigger of his double barrel. The cartridge snapped.

"If you will kindly stoop down," said I in what I now remember to be rather an exaggeratedly polite tone. As F's head disappeared I placed the little gold bead of my 405 Winchester where I thought it would do the most good and pulled the trigger. She rolled over dead.

"The whole affair had begun and finished with unbelievable swiftness. From the growl to the fatal shot I don't suppose four seconds elapsed, for our various actions had followed one another with the speed of the instinctive. The lion had growled at our approach, had raised her head to charge and had received her deathblow before she had released her muscles in the spring. There had been no time to get frightened."

An Alibi.

"Pat has usually a very clear idea of the meaning of an alibi, although he may not be able to express himself in very lucid terms," says "Irish Life and Humor." "During a recent trial the judge interposed in the course of the examination and asked the witness if he knew what was meant by an alibi.

"Yes, to be sure I do, yer honor," promptly answered the witness.

"Tell me, then," said the judge, "what you understand by it."

"Sure," said Pat, "it's just like this—it's to be after proving that ye wasn't where ye was when ye committed a crime that, sure, ye never committed after all."

Siberia.

Great light has been thrown upon Siberia in recent years. A generation ago the vast region was understood to be practically barren, a sort of adjunct of the north pole, which would never be of any particular use to the human race apart from furnishing furs. Today it is known that Siberia is rich in everything that goes to make for civilization—healthful air, rich fields, mountains full of the precious metals—in a word, all that is required to make a great state. The future of Siberia is full of richest promise.—New York American.

Trucks For Their Tails.

The flat tailed breed of sheep has been known from very early times and still exists in Africa and Asia. In these sheep practically all the fat in the body collects in the tail, which may weigh as much as forty pounds. In such cases the tail is supported on a little truck, with which the sheep is furnished by the shepherds to avoid rubbing it raw against the ground. This practice was known to the ancient Greek writer Herodotus and is still carried on.

With Humboldt's Notes.

Auctioneer—This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains marginal notes in the handwriting of Alexander von Humboldt. A hundred marks are offered. Going—going—gone! It is yours, sir.

(The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows: "This book is not worth the paper it is printed on.")—London Telegraph.

FIGHTING A MUD RUSH.

A Perilous Rescue in the Diamond Mine Pits of Kimberley.

Miners in the diamond pits of Kimberley need not fear fire or falling rock, suffocation by choke damp or sudden death by explosion, but they have perils to face nevertheless, as is shown by this thrilling story of the rescue of a party of native miners by the Englishmen who were in charge of them.

One morning a band of natives hard at work in a corner of the mine were startled by a dull noise, as if a few tons of some soft substance had been hurled against the high door that separated the spot where they worked from the long tunnel that led to the shaft.

"The mud!" they cried and dropped their picks in an instant.

A mud rush means certain death to all in its track. It gives no warning. It comes silently, like an ugly, wriggling snake. It works its way swiftly, spares nothing, covers everything. The Englishmen at the opening of the tunnel roared out, "Climb to the top of the wall!" which the natives promptly did. There, for the time at least, they were safe.

"Stay where you are!" the Englishmen called. "If you jump down you will be sucked in and suffocated in two minutes!"

Soon the tunnel was a tunnel no longer, but a mass of quivering slime. The mud flowed for hours. Then it gradually slowed and ceased. The Englishmen outside sat round on a neighboring rock and looked down helplessly into the pit. All manner of suggestions were made, most of them worthless, but in the end it was decided to try to reach the men, not by removing the mud, but by passing over it.

One man laid a plank upon the mud and stretched himself on it. A little spade was handed to him, with which he began to cut into the mud and pull himself along as a man face downward in a canoe might pull himself forward with a paddle. He worked bravely on, half inch by half inch. Then another man put down a plank and followed him.

In half an hour six men were laid flat on six planks in the midst of the mud. There was sixty-five feet of mud, and between them and it were these thin planks that might heel over at any moment and send them to a suffocating death. And behind was the hidden spring of destruction that might let loose its slime again, flood the tunnel and capsize the planks like cockleshells on a turbulent sea. When the man on the first plank reached the wall on which the natives were huddled he called to them:

"You've seen the way I've come. Well, I'm going back, but I'm leaving the planks for you to follow on. Crawl along the planks as much like a snake as you can."

Slowly the men on the planks slid back, leaving the wooden line behind them. Slowly the natives followed. Nobody spoke. The black mass underneath looked as hard as a rock, but was as soft as porridge and trembled horribly.

As each man reached the end plank he was hauled in to safety and carried, half fainting, out of the tunnel. The rest dragged themselves wearily on. When the last native arrived his mates thought he was a stranger. His hair was perfectly white.

She Was a Boy.

Dorothy was the sister and Freddie was the brother, but the order should have been reversed to have satisfied the characters of the two children, for Dorothy was a scream, while Freddie was only a whisper.

"Gracious, Dorothy!" exclaimed a visitor after one of her audacious athletic stunts. "You ought to be a boy!"

"I am a boy," she replied proudly, "a regular tomboy! Mamma says so."

"But Freddie is the boy of the family."

"Well," she sniffed in scorn, "if he is he's only a pussy boy."—William J. Lampton in Judge.

A Sad Excuse.

They were twitting a friend who stuttered upon the fact that he had never been married.

"I kn-kn-know, boys, that I've never b-b-been married, but I was pre-pre-pretty near it once."

"How was that?" they inquired.

"Well, you see, I ask-ask-asked a girl to hav-hav-have me, and she said that she'd rather be ex-ex-excused, and I was such a fo-fo-fool I ex-ex-excused her."—Woman's Home Companion.

Two of a Kind.

"How did you ever come to marry, old man? Thought you'd determined to stay single?"

"I had, but I was introduced one day to a girl who had determined never to marry, and our thoughts seemed to harmonize so completely that—well, we married each other."

CHOPPING HIM DOWN.

A Practical Joke That Was a Boomerang to the Woodsman.

There is nothing that so cheers the heart of the lumberman as to play a practical joke on one whom he calls a "greenhorn," or, in other words, any one unused to the ways of a lumber camp. One of the harshest and most dangerous, although it is the most admired, writes Charles G. D. Roberts in "Around the Campfire," is that known as "chopping him down."

This means, in a word, that the stranger in camp is invited to climb a tall tree to take observations or enjoy a remarkable view. No sooner has he reached the top than two or three vigorous axmen attack the tree at its base. Long before he can reach the ground the tree begins to topple. As a general rule the heavy branches so break the fall of the tree that the victim finds himself uninjured. There are cases, however, where men have been crippled for life.

Mr. Roberts gives an experience of his own which did not come out exactly as the lumbermen expected. He had climbed into a magnificent pine tree one day. No sooner was he two-thirds up the tree than the lumbermen set to work to "chop him down."

"I thanked them for their attention," he writes, "and climbed a few feet farther up to secure a position which I saw would be a safe one for me when the tree should fall. As I did so I perceived, with a gasp and a tremor, that I was not alone in the tree.

"There, not ten feet above me, stretched at full length along a branch, was a huge panther. From the men below his form was quite concealed.

"I laughed to myself as I thought how my tormentors would be taken aback when that panther should come down among them. I decided that there would be no more danger to them than that to which they were exposing me in their reckless fooling.

"The great mass of foliage made the fall a comparatively slow one. Then came the final thunderous crash, and in an instant I found myself standing in my place, jarred, but unhurt.

"The next instant there was another roar, overwhelming the laughter of the woodsman, and out of the pine boughs shot the panther in a whirlwind of fury. He turned half round and greeted his enemies with one terrific snarl and then bounded off into the forest at a pace which made it idle to pursue him.

"The men seemed almost to think that I had conjured up the panther for the occasion. I thanked them most fervently for coming to my rescue with such whole hearted good will and promised them that if ever again I got into a tree with a panther I would send for them at once."

Irish Wit.

A smart man saw an Irishman whose bibulous appearance led him to remark:

"Pat, what makes your nose so red?"

"Shure," replied Pat, "it's the reflection of me soul."

"The reflection of your soul. What do you mean?" asked the now senator.

"Shure, it's the reflection of me soul," retorted Pat. "It's glowin' wid pleasure at me ability to 'tind to me own bizness."

How It Started.

It is a not unreasonable supposition that many, if not most, quarrels are like that described in the Washington Star.

"So you and your husband are always quarreling?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," answered the young woman.

"What do you quarrel about?"

"I forget the subject of the first quarrel, but we have been quarreling ever since over who was to blame for it."

They Pawn Graves.

In times of financial difficulties the Loochooans, residents of the southwestern islands of Japan, sometimes pawn the graves of their relatives. They are always redeemed, however, as failure to do so means family disgrace. The turtle back shaped tombs, usually located on a hillside facing the water, are elaborate affairs of stone and cement, and their cost and upkeep often bankrupt the family.

Knew What Was Coming.

Mrs. Wise—If you are going to the club tonight you had better take your overcoat.

Mr. Wise—Are you going to sit up and wait for me until I come home?

Mrs. Wise—Certainly.

Mr. Wise—Then I'll take my storm coat.

NOSEBLEED IN ADULTS.

Recurring Attacks May Mean Kidney, Heart or Liver Trouble.

In the young, epistaxis, or nose-bleed, is of slight consequence; in the mature it is more significant, and in the elderly or the aged it may be a serious symptom. When a middle aged person has attacks of nosebleed the underlying cause must be found, for it may be anything from some slight change in the mucous membrane of the nose to organic disease or a malignant growth.

The bleeding may be a symptom of disease in the heart, the kidneys or the liver. Although the blood comes from the nose, the nose itself is not always at fault. Sometimes the hemorrhage is so slight as hardly to cause remark on the part of the patient; sometimes it is so severe as to menace life itself; in still other cases the loss of blood is distinctly beneficial, for it relieves some overburdened organ. That is the case with middle aged persons whose nosebleed is the result of increased blood pressure due to troubles of the heart or kidneys.

Any disease that interferes with the return of the blood from the head into the body may cause a passive congestion of the mucous lining of the nose, sometimes seen in cases of valvular disease or in chronic bronchitis. Goiters or tumors of the neck act mechanically to produce the same result. In stout, full blooded adults an attack of nosebleed is often preceded by a severe headache or other symptom indicating too much blood in the head, in which cases the hemorrhage will relieve the headache. The same thing is often true in cases of tinnitus or noises in the head. If the hemorrhage is severe the same symptoms—headache and tinnitus—may follow as a result of the anaemia.

A person no longer young who has recurring attacks of nosebleed for which he can find no local or mechanical cause should have a physician make a thorough examination of him, to see that nothing ails his kidneys, heart, lungs or liver.—Youth's Companion.

Raising Water With Air.

As all schoolboys know, a suction pump can theoretically elevate water only about thirty-three and one-third feet, a column of water of that height balancing the atmospheric pressure. A means has, however, been found of causing a suction pump to raise water to a height of even sixty feet. The invention was made by a workman in the French marine. M. Eysserie, the chief engineer of the marine, remarked that one particular pump showed extraordinary qualities in drawing water from ships' holds. Inquiry developed the fact that a workman had thought of the plan of introducing air into the water at the point where the suction was applied, thus producing an emulsion of air and water, which, because of its diminished density, was capable of being elevated to considerably greater heights than pure water.—Harper's.

Our Valuable Frames.

If we were to reduce our bodies to elements, what would they be worth? It is estimated by a chemist that their market value would not exceed \$10 in any case. Our bodies contain a certain quantity of water, phosphorus, lime, albuminoids, iron, sugar, traces of magnesium, sodium, potash and sulphur. Each one of these components has a commercial value, but all united would bring very little in the market. A man of regular corpulence contains grease enough to make seven bars of soap, iron enough to make a key of medium size, sugar enough to fill a small sugar bowl, salt enough for a salt cellar, lime enough to bleach a small room, phosphorus enough to make 2,200 matches, magnesium enough for a strong dose of citrate of magnesium and albuminoids enough to make a good basket of eggs.—Harper's.

Fireless Cookers.

Among the countless inventions on which the modern world is accustomed to pride itself, the fireless cooker has had a modest but hitherto unquestioned place. If, however, there are new things under the sun, the fireless cooker is not one of them, for the device turns out to be at least as old as the Christian era and probably much older.

Friedlander, in his "Roman Life and Manners," says that every Jewish household had a basket filled with hay, in which food prepared on Friday was kept warm until the Sabbath—Saturday.

It is an interesting question whether the modern fireless cooker is an independent modern development of the same principle or the direct descendant of the Jewish hay baskets of the first century.—New York Mail.

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