

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Not a Pleasant Sensation, of Course, Yet Not Very Painful.

"I was shot in '98," says a well known army officer, "and I did not know it for awhile. It was not, of course, a pleasant sensation. It was just like the sting of a pin or a knife when the skin is broken. It was nothing to knock a man down. I knew of many cases during the war with Spain where a man did not know he was shot until somebody showed him the blood running down his shirt or trousers."

Similar testimony is afforded by an army surgeon who has served for many years. He treated many gunshot wounds during his time and was himself shot, a circumstance that qualifies him to give a doubly expert opinion.

"A minie ball passed through my left leg at Shiloh," says this surgeon, "and I did not experience any particular sensation except, perhaps, one similar to being jabbed with a sharply pointed knife. I felt the ball go through the skin, but it gave no sensation in passing through the muscles. That, of course, is on account of the greater number of nerves in the skin as compared with the muscles. The ball passed almost entirely through my leg and was removed a considerable time later, but I suffered almost no inconvenience."

"The wound, of course, swelled, as any wound of the kind will, but I should imagine that the bullet now in use would cause much less trouble and pain than the old round bullet, as the sharp point of the conical bullet enters the flesh very readily."

There is a great deal of misapprehension as to the intensity of the pain caused by the entrance into the human body of various objects. Many persons fancy that if a man is shot at all he must therefore suffer intensely. The reverse is true. A slight wound, a mere abrasion of the skin, is sometimes far more painful than a wound caused by the entrance of a bullet directly into the muscles or even into a bone. The skin is filled with nerves, and when any of them are torn by the ball the pain is extreme. If the bullet plunges directly through the skin into the body the only nerves disturbed are those in the comparatively small space the bullet strikes. Since there are few nerves in the muscles, the nerves of the skin convey the sensation of pain to the brain.

In the same way the greater portion of the pain experienced in the amputation of an arm or a leg is occasioned when the skin is cut, and the subsequent cutting of the muscles and the sawing of the bone, in which all the pain is popularly supposed to be centered, amount to little in comparison. — Harper's Weekly.

Why He Enjoyed It.

A noted comedian was walking down Broadway, New York, when a huge crowd attracted his attention. He joined the crowd to find that it was watching a handful of laborers who were digging a hole in the street.

"Odd, ain't it," said a manager, "how little it takes to gather a New York crowd? Here we are, a couple of hundred of us, breathlessly watching a few men shovel dirt. By the way," the manager added, "that cheery chap in the pink shirt seems to enjoy his job. Look at the showy way he flourishes his shovel."

"Why," said the comedian, "that's Phatt, an ex-actor. You see, he never played to such a large and appreciative audience before." — Exchange.

Unconcerned.

Recalling the horrors of war General Sickles once said in a Memorial day address:

"Those horrors were so ghastly and so numerous that we became in a certain sense hardened to them. Not really hardened, but so it seemed. Our mood seemed almost like the Chinaman's."

"A Chinaman was employed as a cook in Los Angeles at the time when the Yellow river flood carried off its thousands. The man's master hurried to tell him of the calamity, thinking it would overwhelm him, but the cook's only comment was the calm and practical one:

"Plenty Chinamen left." — New York Tribune.

Naming the Baby.

They were choosing a name for the new baby.

"I think Esmeralda is too sweet," said one of the infant's aunts.

"Alfreda is better and more uncommon," said another.

"How would Alvina do?" asked a third.

"Hardly," said the fond father. "You seem to be getting away from the idea that this is a baby and not a new kind of cigar." — London Graphic.

SILK OF THE SPIDER.

One Product, Size For Size, Is Tougher Than Bar Iron.

From time to time the ingenuity of the scientists has been exercised with a view to devising some substitute for the silkworm's product, to find some other insect that will produce something very similar at a lower cost.

It is an old idea that the spider might be employed in this way in substitution for the silkworm. The problem has ever been how to obtain a sufficient quantity of the spider thread and how to wind it without breaking or tangling.

A Frenchman named Cachot harnessed a spider to a machine of his invention. This machine contained tiny bobbins that revolved constantly. The thread was wound as the spider spun it, not after it had been made. The end of the web, which was attached to the body of the spider, was caught and fastened firmly to a bobbin. Then the machine was gently put in motion.

The spider, finding that its web reeled away, apparently of its own volition, naturally pulled in the opposite direction to get away. But, it is said, Cachot found to his great delight that the spider did not pull with sufficient force to break the thread, but actually seemed to enjoy the process, maintaining just sufficient tension to keep the web in continual motion.

Many spiders, it is said, were tried in this way, and at last a sufficient quantity of their product was obtained to be woven into a fabric. This, it is alleged, was superior to natural silk in tenacity, elasticity and tenacity.

It were superfluous to add that dresses of spider web are still beyond the reach of any save the very rich. A species of Madagascan spider is the only one that, supplies the right sort of thread. Size for size, this spider's thread is tougher than bar iron.

The Frenchman who conducted these interesting experiments states that another advantage of the spider as a producer of silk is that, having been emptied of its web, it can be fed and petted back to condition, when it will submit to another reeling without showing ill effects. — Harper's Weekly.

Unfairly Treated.

In rebellion times in the Canadas feeling ran high between the French-Canadians and the Loyalists, and the outcome of the suspicion and jealousy on both sides was a crop of amusing stories, one of which is here quoted from a book by Mesdames Lizars, entitled "Humors of '37."

A county member of parliament at the chateau one sultry evening, seeing the rest all busy at ice cream, asked for some. He took a huge spoonful, his first taste of such a delicacy. With a feeling of rage at what he thought an insult, or, at the very least, neglect, he instantly cried out to the waiter:

"You abominable rascal, had this been for an Englishman you would have taken the chill off!"

In the Twilight of Life.

Who has not observed aged persons studiously making friends with the young? Old women seek to win the love of children with sweet things and tales of witchcraft. Old men are seen craftily bartering counsel for the friendship of youths, giving gifts and bequeathing legacies to boot. We selfishly desire to be remembered after we are gone. We are not willing to drift away alone upon those strange waters where there is not so much sound as the friendly cry of a gull and where wind and tide tend ever outward into the misty twilight—and leave no tie of affection or kindly remembrance behind. — From "Monographs," by William Dillman.

Clerical Luxury.

Bloomfield, bishop of England, presided at a meeting of a debating society where the students were all deadly in earnest. One strong, indignant young gentleman inquired oratorically: "What, sir, would the Apostle Paul have said could he have seen the life of luxury led by our present race of prelates and church dignitaries, riding in their carriages and living in their palaces? What, sir, I repeat, would he have said?"

"I think," said the bishop in a meek, mild voice, "that he would have said, 'Things in the church must be looking up.' — St. James' Gazette.

Returned the Advice.

A Scotchman with his dog was passing a fish market when a lobster thrust its claw out of a basket and grabbed the dog's tail. The dog went yelping down the street, and the fishmonger cried to the Scotchman, "Whistle for your dog!" The Scotchman turned contemptuously and replied, "Whistle for your lobster."

A LIVELY TIME AT SEA.

When the Huge Ape Broke Loose and Tried to Run the Ship.

Among the thrilling experiences that have happened on shipboard the one that befell Captain H. L. McKay is not the least remarkable. Captain McKay recounts the story himself in the New York World:

We were trading from Singapore, Hongkong and San Francisco. At a small place in Borneo we had taken on a consignment of animals, among which was a huge orang outang that stood six feet on his hind legs. I thought the bars of his box were not very strong, but the man in charge of the animals laughed at my fears.

Like all big apes captured in maturity, this fellow was stubborn and would not eat. The hungrier he got the more he raved and tore at his bars. On the fourth day we ran into a terrific hurricane. It almost set the boat on its beam ends. The storm increased the orang outang's fury, and his yells became louder and louder.

About midnight I left the bridge in charge of Lowrie, the first mate, and went below to try to get a wink of sleep. I had hardly closed my eyes when one of the sailors on watch came rushing in with his face as white as chalk.

"The big ape's broken loose!" he cried.

I snatched up my gun and rushed on deck. The wind almost took me off my feet, and the seas were washing across the decks. Occasional flashes of lightning lit up the night. I looked down from the bridge, but could see no sign of the orang outang. Then I heard a terrible commotion and cries for help.

"He's breaking into the galley," said Lowrie, "trying to get the cook. The rest of the crew have locked themselves up in the fo'castle."

The man in charge of the animals had come on deck by this time, and gun in hand he started toward the ape. A moment later a shot rang out, then came a scream and another shot.

Then a flash of lightning lit up the deck, and I saw that the orang outang had the keeper round the waist and was dragging him aft. I told Lowrie to take his gun and follow me. The second mate had come up and we left the bridge in his charge. We clattered down the ladder to the deck and ran after the ape. I fired at the animal's broad back, but the shot made no impression. Then Lowrie fired, and I fired again. One of the shots hit the mark, for the orang outang dropped his burden and swung round on us.

Still firing, Lowrie and I began to retreat along the swaying deck. Lowrie ran up the bridge ladder ahead of me, and I had just grasped the hand rail when the orang outang got hold of me by the sleeve of my coat. I thought my end had come.

But just as the beast caught me a wave came over the side of the ship that fairly smothered me. I clung with all my strength to that hand rail. I could still feel that viselike grip clutching my coat. Then suddenly I felt the grip torn loose. I turned just in time to see the huge orang outang, thrashing his long arms furiously about, washed over the side of the ship.

The animal keeper was not seriously hurt, and I escaped with a bad shaking up, but I never want to carry another orang outang on any vessel of mine.

Clouded the Wedding.

He had attended his partner's wedding, and at the reception he stepped gallantly forward to pay his respects. "I hardly feel like a stranger," he said in his sweetest tones, addressing the bride. "In fact, I feel as though I ought to be well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has so often done me the honor to read me extracts from his dear Susie's letters." The faces of the husband and the speaker were studies as the bride drew herself up and said, emphatically and distinctly: "I beg your pardon, sir. My name is Helen."

A Life Saver For Some One.

It was their first quarrel. "What," demanded the young wife angrily, "have you ever done for humanity? I don't believe you ever did anything to save one of your fellow men from suffering, did you?"

"Yes," said the young husband. "I saved at least one man from a terrible fate."

"What did you do?"

"I married you." — Philadelphia Ledger.

Obedient.

Policeman (to street musician) — Have you a permit to play on the streets?

Musician — No, sir.

Policeman — Then accompany me. Musician — Certainly, sir. What do you wish to sing? — New York Times.

MEXICO'S FAMOUS CYPRESS.

This Monster Tree Has Lived Longer Than Anything on Earth.

The oldest living thing in the world stands in southern Mexico. It is a famous cypress tree in the churchyard of the village of Santa Maria del Tule. Four feet from the ground measurements have shown this tree has a girth of 126 feet. The tree is situated two and one-half miles east of Oaxaca and has been the object of study for several scientists.

The approximate age of this giant of the vegetable kingdom can only be estimated. According to Robert H. Moulton, it is 5,000 or 6,000 years old and is likely to endure for many thousand more years. His conclusions are drawn from the gigantic bole of the tree and his knowledge of the slow growth of the cypress.

These figures are staggering to the imagination. Taking the lowest computation, when the seed from which the tree sprang fell upon the earth King Menes was reigning in Egypt 3,000 years B. C.

The last scientific measurement of the Santa Maria del Tule cypress was made by Dr. Von Schrenk in 1903, a century after Humboldt discovered it, while on his famous tour of equatorial America.

Before the broad and towering bulk of this one life, which has persisted without interruption since the date of the dawning of history, Dr. Von Schrenk on his first visit halted in awe. Authorities on trees had declared the discovery of the approximate age of this cypress to be one of the most important problems in arboriculture. They had expressed a hope that the next scientist who should visit the ancient living monument would not fail to complete the evidence needed.

The mayor of Santa Maria del Tule, however, opposed a barrier of adamant. Measure the circumference of the tree? Surely. Photograph it? Indeed, yes. But to take an instrument and bore from the trunk a plug two feet deep and one-half an inch in diameter? Horrors, no!

So Dr. Von Schrenk was compelled to content himself with measuring the bole and with taking a photograph. He also observed a wood tablet which Humboldt 100 years before had nailed to the tree. — New York Press.

Hammers.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resemble the hammer now in use, save that there are no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hand. Claw hammers were invented some time during the middle ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic hammers of shipbuilding establishments, some of which weigh as much as fifty tons and have a falling force of from ninety to a hundred. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

Correcting His Ignorance.

Two highlanders being in Glasgow for the first time were taking a walk through the city. They encountered much to their astonishment a water cart wetting the street. Never having seen anything of the kind before, James, under a mistaken idea, ran after the cart and cried out to the driver:

"Hey, mon—hey, mon, yer losin' a yer water!"

His companion, much annoyed at James' want of knowledge, ran after him, caught him by the arm and said rather, testily:

"James, mon, dinna be showin' yer ignorance. D'yer no see it's to keep the laddies off the back o' the cart!" — Harper's Bazar.

Presence of Mind.

A captured Turkish officer on being led forth to execution asked for a glass of water before he died. On receiving it he looked uneasily around, as if afraid of assassination.

"Drink," said the commander. "No harm shall come to thee until thou hast drunk that water."

Instantly the commander's word was given the prisoner dashed the water on the sandy ground and thereby saved his life.

He Saw a Light.

"These opera glasses were given to me a year ago," she said sweetly. "Aren't they beautiful?" he replied.

"Yes," she answered, "but I discovered this afternoon that they're beginning to rust from lack of use." Whereupon he tumbled to himself and invited her out to the theater. — Detroit Free Press.

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