

TOM CYPHER'S GHOST.

It Cut Some Terrifying Capers on His Old Engine No. 33.

Out along the Northern Pacific, in the far, far west, you can find very probably engineers and other railway men of years and experience who still can tell you the story of Tom Cypher's ghost and its terrifying runs on No. 33.

It was at the Eagle gorge, in the Cascades, way out in Washington, that Cypher died at his post. And this was in 1890.

As the story goes, engineer after engineer, approaching the point where Cypher died would be confronted by the sudden full stare of a locomotive headlight. As a usual thing the man thus seeming to face catastrophe would bring his train to a full stop. Then would the light retreat up the road as if the engine which bore it were being run with the lever reversed.

One who, on an occasion, rode with the driver of the Overland express, saw this ghostly headlight for himself.

"Stop the train, man!" he cried to his friend in the cab.

"Oh, it's nothing," said the engineer, one who had previously stopped for that very same appearance of peril. "The man who is running that engine ahead of us can run it faster backward than I can run this one forward."

And so it proved. So it ever proved, the men declared who kept up the legend. The light was on Tom Cypher's old engine, No. 33, and no express train ever traveled swiftly enough to catch it.

Daring repeaters of this tale of the road would declare that No. 33 had been known to come into Sprague unannounced, her coal exhausted and her boxes burned out. That is as may be. Perhaps it is true that no good ghost story was ever the worse for being somewhat expanded in detail.—Chicago Journal.

Eating Should Be Pleasure.

Feeding the machine called the human body is not any more difficult than feeding a locomotive, says a widely known food expert and medical man. The question of proper diet is, from a practical standpoint, neither a complex nor a difficult matter, in spite of the rampant theories of food specialists, dietetic experts and other faddists. Eat plain, simple food in moderate quantities twice or three times daily. Eat in such a manner that it is a pleasure—a pleasurable, natural act, not a surgical operation. Then the food will digest as it should and will be properly converted into heat, thought and motion—that is, into vitality—and fancy foods, while they may create energy for a time, weaken and destroy a sound digestion.—Health Culture.

Siberian Bees and Bee Masters.

One would never think of Siberia as a suitable home for bees or the practice of agriculture. Yet bees are maintained by the peasants of that region, and swarms of wild bees are to be found in the birch forests. Those who keep bees in Siberia bear the title of bee masters. Some of these have no more than four swarms, but many have fifty or a hundred, and certain "bee lords" own five or six hundred. The average annual income in Siberia from a swarm of bees is about a ruble and a half. In certain localities buckwheat is sown to serve as a "pasture," and occasionally the bees are fed with sugar sirup or tseale, but for the most part the swarms feed on wild flowers along the borders of the great forests.—Harper's.

The African Egg Eater.

A curious snake is the African egg eater which swallows eggs three times the diameter of its body. Its jaws are almost toothless, but a few small hooks far back enables it to grip its food. As the egg slips through the stretched jaws into the gullet its shell is cut by a row of knife-like points of bone (inferior processes of the neck vertebrae) which project into the throat. By this adaptation all wastage is avoided, and the crushed shell may be ejected later from the stomach or remain there and be dissolved. All snakes are fond of eggs and are among the most persistent robbers of nests in trees as well as on the ground. Our active blacksnake is especially capable at this villainy.

Ideals.

He kissed her hand. She withdrew it hastily and gazed reproachfully at him.

"I didn't think it of you!" she said, almost tearfully. "I had always considered you a young man with ideals, and—"

"I—I am sorry if I have offended," he stammered. "I—"

"Well," she said bitterly, "I certainly expected you to aim higher." So he took heart and made new resolutions and things.—Brooklyn Eagle.

FEATS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Cameras May Yet Succeed in Catching the Specter of the Broken.

Photographers, professional and amateur, have expended their skill and energy in obtaining all sorts of difficult pictures—running horses, jumping athletes, flying cannon balls, flashes of lightning, to say nothing of the shifting spectral lines of revolving double stars. But the great stumbling block to all photographers—so assert the scientists—is the airy soap bubble. One such has said that for a long time it has been his ambition to picture a soap bubble in the act of breaking. He has experienced much difficulty, however, in attempts of this kind, since the time occupied in the disappearance of a breaking bubble must be only a small fraction of a second.

Anybody who has watched a brilliant soap bubble burst knows how quickly it vanishes. The authority quoted thought it may take one-twentieth of a second, but by repeated experiments he has found that the time occupied in the disappearance of the iridescent film is not more than one three-hundredth of a second.

To catch and photograph one of these vanishing films between the instant of its breaking and that of its complete extinction proves a most difficult undertaking, but it has been accomplished.

From printing the image of the flying edge of a broken bubble in the three-hundredth part of a second to disclosing the existence of great nebulae in the heavens by the cumulative effect of several hours of continuous exposure the modern photographic plate is performing many wonders in behalf of science and proving itself one of the most powerful means at man's disposal to unlock the secrets of nature.

It has been suggested that it is entirely within the bounds of possibility that the famous specter of the Broken may yet have its photograph taken and so become familiar to thousands who have never seen the mysterious shade itself. It is known that the so-called specter is simply the shadow of a person standing upon the mountain, projected on the surrounding mist.

Some years ago, it is said, an official of the weather bureau at Washington, while making meteorological observations on the summit of Mount Washington, used to amuse himself by causing the specter of night visitors to the observatory to appear in the mist enveloping the peak. For this purpose it was necessary only to place a light as to cast the shadow of a person on the foggy cloud ahead of him. Sometimes a gigantic specter was produced with startling distinctness, though never equaling the phenomenon seen from the Broken, where the conditions seem to be peculiarly favorable.

An Englishman reported to the Royal Meteorological society the results of similar experiments made by him in the dense London fog. He succeeded in raising his own specter by placing a limelight at the back of his head. Then he photographed the specter.—Harper's Weekly.

World's Largest Index.

On Beacon hill, in Boston, under the golden dome of the statehouse, is one of the largest indexes in the world. In fact, the Russian public index is the only one known to be larger. More than 9,000,000 names, births, marriages and deaths in Massachusetts from 1843 make a complete record, showing not only where people were born and where they died, but also statistics which are vital in making up calculations. Before this time, says the National Magazine, the records were kept in the different towns, but now they are all concentrated in the statehouse in Boston. In a relatively small space all these records are preserved.

A Dumas Story.

Dumas the elder was rarely spiteful to or about his fellow men, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X. the Legion of Honor," he said. Then he added in a significant tone, "Now, can you imagine why they should have given it to him?"

"Yes," answered the great dramatist promptly. "They have given it to him because he was without it."

They Let It Go at That.

They were holding down the parlor sofa together.

"Women," he remarked to the dear girl by his side, "are not good listeners."

The dear girl said nothing. And the dear girl's mother, who was doing an eavesdropping stunt at the keyhole, was not in a position to contradict him.—Chicago News.

THE MINUTE ELECTRON.

It Is Billions of Times Smaller Than the Tiniest Atom.

We know that the big telescopes, aided by the photographic plate, reveal stars to the number of at least 100,000,000 lying utterly beyond the confines of unaided vision. Now it appears that a pinch of salt which one could hold on the point of a penknife is made up of atoms numbering not hundreds of millions merely, but billions of billions. The population of atoms in the smallest particle of matter visible under the microscope is greater by far than the total human population of the globe since the race developed. And a little instrument composed of two fragments of gold leaf makes it possible to perform the miracle of counting these denizens of the realm of infinite littleness.

Within the smallest atom there is something almost 2,000 times smaller than the atom itself—a something that is detachable from the atom and susceptible of being measured as to its mass and tested as to its electric charge with the aid of apparatus actually in use in the laboratory. This ultimate particle of matter is called the electric corpuscle or electron. We owe our knowledge of it chiefly to Sir Joseph Thomson. It is the smallest thing in the world, and it is probably the basal substance out of which all matter of whatever character is built.

As regards bulk, the electron is, according to the French physicist Jean Becquerel, billions of billions of times smaller than the atom. To make the comparison vivid Becquerel likens the electrons in an atom to a swarm of gnats gravitating about in the dome of a cathedral.

As we penetrate thus far and farther into the realm of the infinitely little, seeing in imagination the smallest visible particle of matter resolved into myriads of molecules, each molecule into sundry atoms and each atom into its teeming swarms of electrons, the question naturally arises, What lies beyond?—Dr. Henry Smith Williams in Harper's Magazine.

Cementing Antiques.

Old stone monuments, statues and building fronts that are crumbling from long exposure to the weather can now be patched up cheaply, the patches not being noticeable, by means of one of the latest adaptations of concrete. With proper selection of materials and coloring, most building stone, it has been discovered, can now be imitated. The crumbling stone is chipped away until sound stone is reached and the original shape is restored in concrete. By following the lines of the original stone blocks the effect is as good as if the entire blocks had been replaced at heavy construction cost. The crumbling pillars of a German city hall and some badly broken statues on another German public building have been effectively restored in this way.—Exchange.

Family Pride.

Luke, the butler, had an endearing affection for long words. Also he had a relative, Aunt Lindy, who was eighty-six years of age, and a great-aunt, Sally, who claimed more than ninety years. An octogenarian and a nonagenarian Luke had heard the folks "at de big house" call them. He was telling a visitor about his family.

"Yas'm, ma'am; Aunt Lindy's eighty-six years ol'."

"That is very old indeed, Luke," the visitor commented. "And Sally's—"

"Sally's mo'n dat, ma'am," Luke interrupted. "She's a nonentity, ma'am."—New York Post.

His Desperate Mission.

An American had arranged to spend six weeks in an English country house, and for five it rained steadily. On the first day of the sixth week he said to his man, "Get me my shooting clothes and my double barreled gun!"

"His hostess looked at him in surprise. There was no shooting to be had near. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going out—out into the rain," said the visitor, "to try to find the man who called this country 'Merrie England!'"

CHEHALEM CENTER

Mrs. Geo. Perry and children, of Jerome, Idaho; Mrs. Nellie Palmer and little Cecil, and Miss Ina Ridgway, of Southern Oregon, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Mary Ridgway.

Mrs. Maude McGuire, Miss Hazel Miller, Mr. S. W. Childers and Miss Edna Everest accompanied S. W. Atkinson to McMinnville overland in the auto

last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Stubbs, of Portland, visited Friday and over Sunday at the home of J. D. Crater.

Ed. Erickson and Miss Lottie Foos, of Portland, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Jacobson recently.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Strait were in attendance at the Chautauqua in McMinnville from Friday until Tuesday.

Mrs. F. L. Strait's mother arrived Tuesday evening from Portland. She had journeyed all the way from Germany, which is remarkable, considering she is seventy-two years old.

The play "Hiawatha" passed off very nicely on the morning of the Fourth. Everyone seemed to enjoy it. There were some three or four hundred people present. In the afternoon there were athletic sports and a game of ball. The play will be repeated in the near future as there are a large number demanding it be given again. Mrs. McGuire is highly complimented for her work in getting up the play.

WEST CHEHALEM.

Miss Hannah Amoth spent Sunday in the valley.

G. N. Hesgard made a business trip to Portland on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wharton and Miss Wharton, of Newberg, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Seely.

At a recent meeting in school district No. 10, E. B. Fendall was re-elected as director and G. N. Hesgard was elected clerk. The schoolhouse is to be painted inside and out and some new furniture purchased. Miss Macy will teach again next year and the ninth grade will be taught. Parents were so pleased with their children's reports last term and will be glad to welcome Miss Macy again.

A. A. Noble and family went to Willamina last week to visit Mr. Noble's brother-in-law, Mr. Yates.

B. F. Yergen and family went to town on Thursday to attend the wedding of Mrs. Yergen's brother, Robert Hopkins, to Miss Fairbanks.

Omar Fendall spent Sunday in the valley.

Nelse Nelson is building a large hop house and reports that he expects a fine crop of hops this year.

Finn Smith is moving his hop house from the hill and expects to make a barn of it.

School No. 61 looks fresh and clean with a new coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and family have returned from a visit to Salem.

Furnished Tents at Bar View Beach

We have furnished tents with all conveniences for housekeeping and a fine camp ground right on the ocean beach for those who have their own tents. We also have a first-class hotel at Bar View. Good, wholesome meals are served in a bright, clean dining-room. The hotel is surrounded by a wide veranda overlooking the ocean and amusement park. We have safe row boats and canoes for hire on both the lake and bay at Bar View. The large dance hall, pool hall and bowling alley will be appreciated and patronized by many. The drills of the life-saving crew, the clam bakes, the beach bonfires and deep-sea fishing excursions are only a few of the many good things Bar View has to offer you. Before planning your vacation see us or write for reservations for tents or rooms.

We have nice lots in Bar View for sale at \$10 down and \$10 per month. These lots will double in value in one year.

Ralph Ackley Land Co.
204 Failing Bldg.
3rd and Washington St.
Portland, Ore.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable

WANTED AND FOR SALE

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. By order W. M., R. H. C. Bennett, I. A. Hanning, Secretary.

Money to loan on improved farm security. Clarence Butt.

MONEY TO LOAN—See Atty. B. A. Kliks, McMinnville, Oregon.

Get your screen doors and windows at Harts Hardware store. tf.

Three houses and lots for sale. —J. O. Lyon, 10th and Pacific streets. 25tf

Wanted—Dried prunes and Loganberries at H. S. Gile & Co.'s packing house. 39tf

The tenting season is at hand and Hart, the hardware man, will supply the tent. tf.

For Sale—Fritz Groath gasoline traction hay baler. Inquire of Guy Graham at Dundee. 40

Would exchange 40 acres of land, partly improved, 2½ miles from Scholls on Chehalis mountain, for small place in or near Newberg.—W. W. Jaquith, phone on Scholls line, Laurel Ore. R. 2. 37-38

Excelsior Motorcycles—World beaters on every line. See them at Newberg Auto Garage.

See our big window display of "Plymouth Binder Twine."—Larkin-Prince Hdwe. Co.

Now is the time of year to spend your money for a Sharples separator. Larkin & Prince sell them.

For Sale—A binder in good repair, or will trade for stock.—A. M. Staples, Route 2, Box 69. Phone White 159. 39tf

Lost—Early Monday morning \$10 in gold pinned in small velvet sack. Finder leave at Graphic office and receive reward. Mrs. Elizabeth Cook. 1t pd.

Notice

To parties having accounts at the Palace Market, that all accounts must be settled by July 15 or credit stopped and hereafter if accounts are not settled by the 15th of each month credit will be stopped.

Yours truly,
38 39 John Wilhelmson, Prop.

Ladies and Gents

Come and look over my new line of Spring and Summer Samples, they have just arrived and are winners
MUELLER the TAILOR
Opposite Postoffice.

DO YOU REALIZE

That quality counts in feeding your stock as well as yourself? That BETTER RESULTS are obtained by feeding your poultry the best feed? You probably do, but if not, prove it to your satisfaction by buying your Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rolled Barley, Mill Feed, etc. of

FRANK ZUMWALT

Dealer in Flour, Feed, Seeds and Poultry Supplies. Cor. 1st and Main Phone Black 93 Remember that we "deliver the goods."

PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at Public Auction at the R. L. Evans farm 1-2 mile northwest of Yamhill, Oregon, commencing at 11 o'clock in the forenoon on

Tuesday, July 15

30 MILK COWS

All giving milk, being all of the dairy herd on said place; also One Holstein Bull, One DeLaval Cream Separator, Milk Cans, Etc.

Terms of Sale: Six months time on approved note at 8 per cent interest.

A FREE LUNCH AT NOON

R. L. Evans, Owner