

MASKED TUAREGS

Ruthless Buccaneers of the Middle Sahara Desert.

AT WAR WITH ALL MANKIND.

These Nomads of the Trackless Sands of Northern Africa Levy Tribute Upon All Caravans They Meet and Live in Mystery and Exclusiveness.

"In northern Africa there lies a trackless country, inhabited by a people, the masked Tuaregs, fascinating for the mystery and exclusiveness with which they have surrounded their life. These people, natives and rulers of the middle desert, are the allies of no one, but wage a furtive guerrilla warfare with all who invade the inhospitable Sahara sands of their domain. They are the buccaners of the trackless sand, forever at war with all civilization and its restraints," says an article issued by the National Geographic society at Washington, which describes the people always willing to fight for the maintenance of their power to levy tribute upon the ancient transsaharan caravan routes.

"Masked Tuaregs are Berber nomads, a white desert people, whose country is probably the most inaccessible on earth. Even before Egyptian civilization began to leave coherent records of its history the Tuaregs, or Berbers, were long established along northern Africa. The great Arab invasion of the eleventh century displaced them from their possessions upon the seacoast and drove them into the savage area of the interior desert, where, with their hands raised against all who came into their pathless country, they have maintained themselves through the intervening centuries despite lack of water, sandstorms and lack of farming land, requisitioning by force of arms from the Arabs and Egyptians, to the north and east, and from the blacks of the Sudan, in the south, such necessities and luxuries as their cheerless portion of Mother Earth cannot supply them.

"There are five main tribes in the Tuareg confederation, and they inhabit the desert from Tuat to Timbuktu and from Fezzan to Zinder. Their homes are reared in the heart of arid wastes, where vast solitudes, unnatural heats and unmarked distances shroud everything in uncanny mystery. They are masters of an area half that of the United States in extent. Of this 1,600,000 square miles of territory scarcely 3,000 acres, or less than the area of New York city, is cultivated land. This scanty farm land is only maintained by an enduring struggle with the drifting sands. These fierce adventurers who have forced the great desolation to yield them a support number 300,000 or more, according to estimate, and they have made themselves feared by the natives from the Mediterranean to the jungles of central Africa.

"The Tuaregs wear the end of their turban cloth drawn around the face, allowing nothing but the eyes to be seen. It is worn for the purpose of protecting the throat and lungs from the cutting blasts of fine desert sand and also probably as an element enhancing the mystery of their life, for they seldom or never remove these masks, whether roving over the desert of visiting in the cities on the coast. Due to these cloths they are called masked Tuaregs, while the Arabs call them 'people of the veil.' The masks are dark blue and white, the former being worn by Tuareg nobles and the latter by the serfs and slaves.

"Some centers for trade, Tuareg towns, are situated in the middle desert. These are Wargia, Timbuktu, Ghat, Ghadames, Murzuk and Insalah. However, the Tuareg has little care for trade and industry. He is a fearless, enduring, hard fighting adventurer along the merchandise trails that cross the desert. Two important trails leave Tripoli, on the coast, and traverse 3,000 miles of sands and barren wastes to the Sudan, where rich cargoes of skins, gold, ivory and other interior African products are loaded upon camels and brought northward. Sometimes a single caravan consists of thousands of camels and merchandise to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars. When passing through the Tuareg country the leaders of such caravans have had to pay a tribute to the chieftains by the way for safe escort or run the risk of losing all their goods.

"From Morocco to Tripoli the relentless ferocity, the cunning and the daring of the Tuareg are mingled in all the traditions unpleasant to the more peaceful natives along the coast. The Tuaregs meanwhile openly spy upon the caravans in course of outfitting in the coast cities and thrive upon the tribute they are able to exact.

"The Tuaregs are of the purest Berber stock, the noble families unmingled with other blood, and in their own language they call themselves 'the noble people.' Nominally they are Mohammedans, and some of their number compose the most intolerant and warlike sect in Islam, the Senussite sect. Their hatred for the foreigner is greater even than that bred by their religion, and so they are more exclusive than ever were the Chinese or Japanese. Their social organization divides them into five classes—the nobles, the priests, the serfs, the noble breeds and the slaves. All of these classes have this that is democratic—they form together the Tuareg family, which holds itself superior to all the other peoples of the earth."

WHITE OF THE MOON.

What Causes Fair Luna, in Its Color, to Rival Pure Snow?

The moon has no light of its own and shines through being illuminated by the sun. What sort of surface must the moon have to reflect the light so whitely as it does? This question is put forcibly in a letter to Nature from J. Evershed of Srinagar, Kashmir, who describes the moon as far whiter and more brilliant than the snow clad summits of the Himalayas when these are still lighted by the sun. He writes:

"Why does the moon appear so white if it is composed of rocks similar in reflecting power to those on the earth? The rock surface of the moon should reflect far less light than the cloudy surfaces of Venus and Jupiter, and it would be of interest if those who know would explain the apparent whiteness of the moon as seen in daylight.

"A direct comparison of the moon with terrestrial rock surfaces illuminated by sunlight is possibly to some extent vitiated by the superimposed blue light scattered by the intervening air, which may affect the color of the moon. Yet it is very difficult to believe that this can convert the gray and brown of rock surfaces into an almost pure white.

"On several occasions in this valley I have compared the waning moon, setting behind the Pir Panjal mountains, and, of course, in full sunlight, with extensive snow fields. These snows are perhaps fifty miles distant, and there is a considerable amount of blue scattered light superposed on the snow, although less than on the moon. Also the light absorbed by the atmosphere is approximately and may be exactly the same for each if one considers the whole path of the light from sun to snow and thence to the observer. When the air is transparent enough to see the moon clearly it appears to me to be distinctly whiter than the snows, which seem dull and yellowish in comparison."

Mr. Evershed throws out the suggestion that the moon's surface may be covered with ice.

PICKING A LOBSTER.

Always Select One That Kicks and Struggles Vigorously.

When you go to pick out a lobster for cooking select one that kicks. Such is the advice Mrs. Mary C. Pickett gives in the National Food Magazine, the editor of which calls her the "lobster queen" and says she is the best known lobster broker in the United States.

Mrs. Pickett quotes the ancient Hebrew law against eating anything that has died of itself, and says that the moment a lobster is taken out of salt water it begins to die and its flesh to deteriorate. So the excellence of a lobster depends in large measure on the length of time that elapses between his being taken from the water and his being served at table. When a lobster moves his claws feebly he is nearly dead and, though not unfit to eat, his flesh will not be firm and tasty.

Keepers of first class restaurants have experts to select their lobsters. These pick them over as soon as received, sending some to be boiled at once and reserving others for broiling. The finest lobsters come from the colder waters, and Mrs. Pickett says those caught south of Cape Cod do not amount to much, their flesh being not nearly so firm as those from Maine waters.

The only way to tell if a lobster is in really good condition is by its liveliness. If it struggles vigorously, sops its tail and "makes wide open with its claws," it is all right; if it is lethargic, opens its claws wearily and shows no sign of fight, it is dying and should be let alone, for it is not cheap at any price.

"The lobster," writes Mrs. Pickett, "should be boiled in the morning for use at dinner and kept in a very cold place, but not in direct contact with the ice, and it is better not to remove the meat from the shell until just before preparing it in any desired way."

Mystifying Chemical Trick.

A plain blue handkerchief is shown to the audience. When the handkerchief is warmed it turns white and when cooled resumes its former color. Make a starch paste and add enough water to the paste to thin it. Then add sufficient tincture of iodine to color the liquid blue. A few drops will be enough. Dye a white handkerchief with this blue liquid, and when the handkerchief is dry it is ready for the trick.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Bargain.

"Look, dearie, at the lovely pair of shoes I bought today. Such a bargain, too—only \$3.95."

"But aren't they a trifle small for you?"

"Now that you mention it, I think they are, but what can one expect for such a ridiculous price?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Difference.

Man has fashioned the world. He has tunneled its peaks, bridged its chasms, drained its floods, laid cables across its oceans, cut its isthmuses, farmed its deserts and set up its civilizations. He fashions. Woman follows the fashions—that is the difference.—Life.

Housekeeper's Reason.

"What is your chief objection to moving pictures?"

"The dust that has accumulated behind them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

It is easier to ascend to the cloudy heaven without a ladder than to descend entirely on self.—Japanese.

SHAKESPEARE WAS SHREWD.

Poet Was an Excellent Business Man, but Fond of Litigation.

One reason may be given for Shakespeare not publishing his plays, and we have reason to think it was of a kind to appeal to him. There was no copyright, and to publish the plays was to lessen their financial value to his company. This "gentle Will," the "sweetest Shakespeare," this "Swan of Avon," was an admirable man of business. If we had only the records of the law courts, in fact, we might not be able to think so very well of him. He had a keenness for litigation which he seems to have inherited from his father. As a taxpayer he was slow, if not positively evasive. He was apparently negligent of a debt contracted by his wife. Like many men of property, he evaded the restrictions against brewing malt liquor for his private use, being in his way a moonshiner.

Liberal in giving aid and lending money to his friends in need, he was strict in collecting debts. At about the time he wrote the final version of "Hamlet" he sued the village apothecary at Stratford to recover a small loan, and while he was at work on the world tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra" he engaged in litigation that brought him in conflict with the village blacksmith, a state of affairs that Emerson relates with something akin to horror. He conspired with his father to secure from the conniving Harolds' college a shady coat of arms and the right to subscribe himself "gent." and, while apparently not actively adding an attempt to inclose Stratford common lands in defiance of the rights of the people, he at best remained strictly neutral toward the project.

Careless as he seems to have been as to his fame as a dramatist, he was in business by no means above current standards of conduct. One gathers that the chief interest of his later years was to live at ease as a gentleman and provide well for his family. It is related on pretty good authority that he died of "a fever" after "a merry meeting" at Stratford with his old friend Ben Jonson and the poet Dryden. But it is not unlikely that the true cause of his fever was not drink, but the insanitary condition of the street in which he lived.—John Corbin in New York Times.

LOST BY LACK OF NERVE.

Louis Philippe Was Wanting When the Crisis Came.

Baroness Bonda wrote in her diary the following account of the abdication of Louis Philippe of France on the day of that remarkable occurrence:

"An aid-de-camp of the minister of war who was in the king's cabinet, when he abdicated gave me a detailed account of this most signal piece of cowardice. He had reviewed the troops in the Carrousel on horseback, highly roused, when a cry was raised, 'Vive les faubourgs!' No one had any orders; no one gave any. The mob rushed forward, shouting, 'Vive la garde nationale—vivent les troupes!' and shook hands with the outposts.

"The king retreated precipitately with his sons, and a subaltern of the national guard rushed into the palace asking to see him. He was admitted in the greatest agitation said: 'Your majesty must abdicate.' 'Very well,' says the king. 'In favor of my grandson.' 'No, unconditionally,' says the young and self elected mouthpiece of public opinion.

"Would you believe it? Of all who were congregated around the royal person Piscatory alone said: 'Go down and head your troops. Fight for your crown and your dynasty.' He was overruled, and they all marched out of the palace except the Duchess, d'Orleans, her children and the Duc de Nemours."

"Being Musical."

What is called "being musical" cannot be passed on to some one else or to something else. You cannot be musical vicariously—through another person, through so many thousand dollars, through civic pride, through any other of the many means we employ. Being musical does not necessarily lie in performing music. It is rather a state of being which every individual who can hear is entitled by nature to attain to in a greater or less degree.—Atlantic.

Shell of the Snail.

The snail's horny shell serves to protect its soft body against numerous foes. Slugs are simply snails that live a retired life and consequently need no covering at all. The shell of the snail is built up from lime in the plants on which it feeds, and they are never found on soil which contains no lime.

A Tightwad.

"I understand that Mr. Pinchpenny has been operated on for appendicitis," remarked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes, it's the first time any one was known to get anything out of him."

"And even then they had to chloroform him to get that!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Once Is Enough.

"Jiggs says that if he ever marries again he's going to have 'obey' eliminated from the ceremony."

"What's the trouble?"

"No trouble, but he says that they can't fool him more than once."—Buffalo Express.

A Difference Between Differences. A man may disagree with his neighbor on religion and be merely a fool. If it be a political difference, then it is clear he is a scoundrel.—Houston Post.

JUST PLAIN COUNTRY.

Beauty to Be Found in Rural Scenes Round About Home.

Like many another person of the present day, I have from time to time traveled as far as my means would permit—and a little farther—exploring countries new and strange or new and strange to me, climbing high mountains, sailing broad seas and making the acquaintance of coasts as full of wonder and of mystery, swept by the wings of gulls, washed by green waves, as were the far shores of Odysseus' wide adventure to Ithaca. And I have had huge enjoyment in it all, standing to watch at distant corners of the earth the pageant of wind and wave and cloud, trudging up unknown hills in a fine mood of adventure, driving across mountain passes into countries as fresh and as enchanting as if they had been created overnight to meet this first fresh sense of quest.

Yet sometimes and oftentimes I realize that no strange shore or wonderful mountain range has brought a sense of pleasure quite so deep as that which comes at moments in mere country, the plain country of the land of home. I do not mean any of the show regions of America. The glories of the Canadian Rockies, the wonders of the Yosemite, are unknown to me. I mean the common country of old fashioned fences and winding roads, where tangles of alder and sumac cluster by the gray rails or gray stone—common country, where the hay grows long in June and the woods creep close to the hayfields and a little stream perhaps goes threading its way softly between the grasses.

Here is no sense of effort in your enjoyment. All is near and dear, familiar, perhaps for generations a part of your forefathers' lives. There is no need to try your eyes to take in the meaning of jagged rock outlines and heaped earth masses or stretches of desert sand. You have not purchased an expensive ticket whose worth to the uttermost penny must be extracted from the panorama before you, making you study it anxiously, eager to do your duty by every shade and outline. You do not have to strain to the sublime, as you do when confronted by scenery, capitalized scenery—capitalized in every sense of the word. You do but sit quietly upon some green bank, full of unforced pleasure that hardly names itself pleasure, so unconscious it is.—Scribner's.

Quarries of Carrara.

The wealth of the city and province of Carrara, Italy, which has a population of 220,000, is derived from the 500 quarries, which give employment in one way and another to over 8,000 workmen. The quarries are situated in the mountains above the town, and the stone is brought down to the plain to be sawed and worked, largely in shops connected with the homes of the workmen. Explosives are used to obtain the largest size blocks, although wire saws driven by electricity are used in a few instances to quarry the blocks to the desired dimensions.

Russian-American Calendars.

The Russian calendar is thirteen days behind the calendars of other Christian countries, and unless this fact is familiar to correspondents in the United States considerable confusion arises over the dates of letters, telegrams, etc. Usually in Russian business correspondence both dates are used, the Russian date having after it the letters O. S., meaning old style, and the date of foreign countries, N. S., meaning new style. For instance, the Russian Christmas occurs on Jan. 7 N. S. and the Russian New Year's day on Jan. 14 N. S.—Commerce Reports.

Pat's Retort.

An English tourist was being taken through the country by an Irish jockey. They were traveling along the road when an ass put its head over the fence and began to bray with all its power.

"Well, Pat," said the Englishman, "is that the 'Wearin' of the Green?'"

"Arrah, no, yer honor," said Pat; "that's 'Johnny, I hardly knew you.'"—Chicago Herald.

Glaciers Are Brittle.

An authority on the subject says that the substance of a glacier is brittle, though solid, and that its descent down a valley is caused by its constant fracture produced by gravitation and the sliding forward of the whole mass, the surfaces of the fractures speedily reuniting by regelation.

Ornamented.

Old Mrs. Blunderby was telling her caller about a play she had been to the evening before. One of the characters was an Englishman of the "silly awes" type. "He did look so awfully ridiculous with that monologue in his eye," chuckled the old lady.—Boston Transcript.

Safety First.

Mr. Newed—Will you have a piece of this angel cake, darling? Newed (cautiously)—Well, dear, you—er—know I don't care much for cake. Did you make it? Mrs. Newed—No; mamma sent it over. Newed—Give me two pieces, please.—Indianapolis Star.

A Reminder.

"The old fashioned boy used to mind every word his father said."

"Yes," replied the somewhat cynical youth, "but you must remember that the old fashioned boy had one of those thoughtful old fashioned fathers."—Washington Star.

Those are our friends who reprimand us, not those who flatter us.—Pythagoras.

Newberg Lodge No. 104 A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting Second and Fourth Saturday evenings of each month. Visiting brothers always welcome. By order George Larkin, W. M., L. W. Gatchell, Secretary.

SHILOH RELIEF CORPS NO. 20.—Meetings held the 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at 2:30 P. M. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Minnie B. Byers, Pres. Emma L. Snow, Sec.

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Field and garden seeds for sale at Chehalis Valley Mills. tf

Riverside Dairy for pure milk and cream. Call White 168. tf D. Barber.

For Sale—10 horse gas engine by Charles Crater. Telephone 9A25. 21-tf

Piano for rent. Phone Blue 117 or call at No. 201 Hancock street. 25-27 pd

Larkin-Prince Hardware Co. are headquarters for good lawn mowers.

3000 raspberry plants for sale, in lots to suit. Wm. Kincaid, Springbrook. 25-7 pd

For Exchange—A new piano for a used Ford machine by Kienle & Sons. 27-28 pd

\$10.00 takes full blood pointer pup, 6 mo. old, a beauty. 209 W. Hancock street.

Come and get our price on dynamite before you buy. Oregon Hdw. & Imp. Co. 2tf

For Sale or Trade—A 4-cylinder, 5-passenger Mitchell automobile. Phone White 164. 1pd

For sale at your own price—buggy almost new, and single harness. Blue 23 or Red 200. 1t

Money furnished promptly always on real estate at 7 and 8 per cent. Atty. B.A. Kliks, McMinnville.

For Sale—Jersey cow, good milk and 3 months Holstein heifer for \$50. Inquire at the Graphic office. tf

Wanted—About 50 head calves, 2 or 3 days old. Will pay \$3 per head delivered to Arima Bros., Dundee. tf

Lone Fir Dairy—For sweet and sour milk, buttermilk, skim milk and cream. Delivery made of mornings. tf

For 45c a gallon you can buy a first class wood preserver and vermin killer at Larkin-Prince Hardware Co. Try it.

For Sale—Incubator, good as new. Rubber tire buggy, set single harness. Justin L. Hawthorn, Springbrook. 1t pd

Watch for the demonstrator at "The Big Hardware Store" on April 29 and May 1. She will show you how to use Chi-Namel.

For Sale or Rent—Six room house and lot 100x110 feet at about half price. Small barn. J. M. Rittenhouse, Dayton, Avenue. tf

Farmers who appreciate good implements always make their way to Larkin-Prince Hardware Co., where John Deere goods are sold.

When you need crude carbolic acid, sheep dips, carbolineum cresote and other dope in this line, call on us. Oregon Hdw. & Imp. Co. 24 tf

For Sale Cheap—One and a quarter acres of ground and 6-room house in city limits. Price \$1400 part terms. Inquire of Newberg Land Co. tf

We give our usual 10 per cent discount on all makes of automobile tires, tubes and supplies. Oregon Hardware & Implement Company. 26tf

Myers' spray pumps and spray dope of all kinds now ready. See our line before you buy. Oregon Hardware & Implement Co. tf

For Sale—Make me an offer on your own terms on 100x100 feet on corner of Center and Hancock streets. Also new bungalow and two lots on corner of Sheridan and Meridian—paving all paid for. W. M. Crawford, 28 pd Dayton, Oregon.

Wool And Mohair Wanted. The Chehalis Valley Mills is in the market for wool and mohair. It will pay you to call and get prices. tf

Plants for the Flower Garden Dahlias, we have them in Newberg as good as the best. Pansies, Mastodon, grown in Oregon, from Oregon seed. Rose bushes, strong plants. 25tf John Gower, "The Home of Flowers," Newberg

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Old Reliable Coach Horse. J. W. Henry is here for the season with his well known coach horse, which he will be glad to show to interested parties if they will call at the Commercial barn. tf

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NEW PERCHERON HORSE. In addition to his Coach horses Frank Osborne has just received a Percheron stallion from Indiana, which may be seen at the Commercial barn during the season. 26-29pd

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