

TRICKY ELEPHANTS.

The Cunning They Displayed in Preserving a Stolen Meal.

Singular as it may seem, elephants which have associated with men entertain the notion that, under special circumstances, they are not responsible if they utilize another to commit an illegal act. The following is an instance of this elephantine morality.

A man in Rangoon bought three young elephants to send to England. They were tame and playful, but cunning. Knowing that it was wrong to steal paddy (unhusked rice)—the idea and doubtless been impressed upon them by punishment for stealing—they would not touch it themselves, but if a boy went to see them he would be seized by one, the little trunk would be coiled around his arm, and he would be led to where the paddy was kept in bags.

The elephant would make a cat's paw of the boy's hand to take up a handful of paddy. Then, letting go, he would turn up the end of his trunk, open it and coaxingly invite the boy to drop in the paddy.

Should the boy, however, put it back in the bag his arm would again be seized by the trunk, and his hand would be again inserted into the paddy bag.

The boy, anxious to be released, would usually drop the paddy into the trunk, and the elephant would blow the rice into his mouth. After repeating the operation several times the elephant would scamper off, feeling that he had got the paddy without stealing it.—Harper's.

GAMBLER IN SECRET.

The Romance of Mark Lemon's Most Successful Drama.

There is a singular story connected with the play "Hearts Are Trumps," which Mark Lemon, the famous Punch editor, wrote many years ago. When Mark Lemon was visiting a friend's house one day he found there an elderly gentleman with long white hair and a worn, sad face. He was very sedately clad, and there was something in his appearance which excited Lemon's curiosity. When the visitor had gone Mark inquired who he was.

"A rich man once," replied his friend, "lost everything at the gambling table. But the strangest part of the story is that no one, not even the members of his own family, suspected him of gambling until the crash came. He had kept it a secret from all who knew him. He is now little better than a beggar. He comes to me sometimes and I give him a good meal for the sake of auld lang syne."

The tale haunted Mark, says Thorneby in "The Spice of Life." He imagined a daughter waiting at home night after night for the gambling father, ignorant of his secret vice until

the day of ruin revealed the cause of all those mysterious absences. He worked the idea into a play which he called "Hearts Are Trumps," the most successful of all his seventy dramas. On the first night it was produced, glancing into the pit, he saw seated among the audience the very man whose career had suggested the plot.

A Contrast in Monarchs.

Emperor Napoleon has often been seen detaching his own cross of the Legion of Honor to place it himself on the breast of a hero. Louis XIV. would first have asked if the brave man was a noble. Napoleon asked if the noble was brave. A sergeant who in battle had performed prodigies of valor was brought before Louis XIV. "I grant you a pension of 1,200 livres," said the king.

"Sire, I should prefer the cross of St. Louis."

"I should think so, but you will not get it."

Napoleon would have embraced the sergeant. Louis XIV. turned his back on him. It is the decided distinction which separates the two epochs.—From "Recollections of an Officer of Napoleon's Army."

MEN OF WEIGHT.

Only Three of This Notable Eleven Were Under 200 Pounds.

On Aug. 10, 1778, General Washington and ten other officers of the Revolutionary army were weighed at West Point, N. Y., and the result is preserved in an item from the English magazine Notes and Queries. Only three of the eleven weighed less than 200 pounds. The heaviest was Colonel Swift, whose 319 pounds made him lead the next, General Knox, at 290, by thirty-nine pounds, but Knox was only twenty-eight years old.

Then follow Colonel Michael Jackson, 252; Colonel Henry Jackson, 238; General Lincoln, then forty-five years old, 224; Lieutenant Colonel Humphreys, 221; Lieutenant Colonel Huntington, 212.

General Washington, forty-six years old, weighed 209 pounds and was followed at quite an interval by Lieutenant Colonel Cobb and General Huntington, who weighed 182 pounds each.

It is amusing to note that the heaviest man's name was Swift and that of the lightest General Groaton, who is credited with 163 pounds, 163 less than Swift's record.

The total weight of the eleven, 2,483 pounds gives 226 pounds as the average, but Swift being omitted the other ten averaged only 217 pounds.

They were certainly men of weight and substance and a heavy team—if we may compare them with a modern football eleven—that might well challenge comparison also with our modern military men.

BULLETS IN BATTLE.

Death Wounds and Flesh Wounds and the Feeling When Struck.

In "Serving the Republic" General Nelson A. Miles says that, like every other soldier who has seen much active service, he is often asked how it feels to be wounded. He himself was wounded four times and twice almost fatally, so he is able to speak from experience. He says:

"One is often asked how it seems to be wounded in battle. The flight of a bullet is quicker than thought and has passed through a flesh wound before one realizes that he has been struck. I have seen bodies of men dead on the field of battle where the brain had been pierced and death had been instantaneous. They would remain in every position of the 'manual of arms,' with an anxious look, a frown or a smile on their cold and rigid faces.

"My wounds received at Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg and Petersburg were flesh wounds and disabled me but a short time. While riding down the line at Chancellorsville one of the enemy's bullets struck my metallic belt plate with great force. This caused a slight deviation as it entered the body. The result was an instant deathly sickening sensation. My sword dropped from my right hand; my scabbard and belt dropped to the left. I was completely paralyzed below the waist. My horse seemed to realize what had occurred. He stopped, turned and walked slowly back. I holding to the pommel of the saddle with my hands. We soon reached a group of soldiers, who took me off and, placing me in a blanket, carried me to the Chancellorsville House and pulled a dead man off a couch to make room for me."

TOOK HIS TIME.

Bill Gave the Old Man a Long Wait For the Backlog.

Skipper Norwood was born in a little Nova Scotia town. During the long winter evenings young Bill used to lie out in front of the big open fireplace, and just about the time he had got warm and comfortable, and a trifle drowsy Norwood senior would make up his mind the fire was getting low and send his son out into the snow to bring in a backlog from the wood pile. Eventually these nocturnal pilgrimages got on young Bill's nerves, and one night when his father sent him out after the backlog the son continued on past the wood pile and across country to the nearest seaport, where he shipped on a whaler.

Nine years later Bill came back. It was a bitter winter night, and the snow was falling. Bill sneaked up to the window and looked into the old sitting room. The fire was burning in the old fireplace, and Bill's father and mother were seated in front of it. He noticed that the fire was a trifle low. So he

went to the wood pile, selected a big backlog, carried it into the house and stood for a moment by the fire with the log on his shoulder.

"Father," said Bill, "I've brought in that backlog you sent me after."

The old man never budged an inch. Instead he spat into the fire and retorted testily:

"Set it on the fire. You've been a long while gittin' it!"—Saturday Evening Post.

The Drug Clerk's Call.

"A man came in yesterday and wanted something we didn't have. He had been looking into the window, and he must have thought this was a book store just because we were advertising some novels and stationery and dictionaries and a lot of that left over junk. Well, anyhow, he came to me and he says, says he, 'I want Lincoln's Gettysburg address.'"

"Look for it yourself, sir," says I politely, like we're taught to do. "There's a directory over there in the corner. But I don't think you'll find it. These directories only have the subscribers' city addresses."

"Well, say, that fellow was so mad he wouldn't wait. Called me ignorant and all kinds of things. But that just shows you what our drug clerks have got to put up with."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coal Bin Measurements.

A solid cubic foot of anthracite coal weighs ninety-three pounds. When broken for use it weighs about fifty-four pounds. Bituminous coal when broken up for use weighs about fifty pounds. The consequent rule for the approximate measurement of coal in a bin or box is to multiply the length in feet by the height in feet and again by the breadth in feet, and this result by fifty-four for anthracite coal or by fifty for bituminous coal. The result will equal the number of pounds, and to find the number of tons divide by 2,000.—Popular Mechanics.

The Obliging Friend.

"You know that Griggs and I both love you. Can't you make a choice today?"

"A choice, indeed! When I do make a choice you can rest assured that it will not interest you!"

"Thanks! I'll tell Griggs."—Exchange.

Good Little Boy.

Mrs. Scant—Will you have another slice of cake, Robbie? Robbie—No, thank you; mother said I must refuse a second piece, 'cause you mightn't have it to spare.—Judge.

Better Days.

Ethel (of her fiancé)—Poor Fred has seen better days. Kitty—Yes; he used to be engaged to me.—Boston Transcript.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

It Tells a Pretty Story of the Origin of the Chrysanthemum.

The Japanese have an interesting legend in connection with the origin of the chrysanthemum. In a garden bathed in the soft moonlight a young girl plucked a flower and commenced to strip the petals to see if her fiancé loved her truly. Of a sudden a little god appeared before her and assured her that her fiancé loved her passionately. "Your husband will live," he added, "as many years as the flower which I will let you choose has petals." With these words he disappeared. The young girl hastened to search the garden for a flower which should have an abundance of petals, but each one appeared to promise but a brief future for her beloved.

At length she picked a Persian carnation, and, with the aid of a gold pin taken from her hair, she separated each one of the petals of the flower so as to increase the number of folioles and of the number of years accorded by the god to her fiancé. Soon under her deft fingers 100, 200, 300 petals, thin, pliant and beautifully curved, had been evolved, and the young girl cried for joy to think of the happy future which her ruse had assured her fiancé. So, runs the legend, was the chrysanthemum created one moonlight night in a Japanese garden, where silvery brooks murmured softly as they ran beneath the little bamboo bridges.—London Globe.

CRY OF THE GIRAFFE.

It is a Peculiar Sound Something Like a Sheep's Bleat.

Those who read the accounts of the giraffe in the textbooks and the descriptions given by travelers may have noticed that no mention is made of its voice. Sportsmen, in fact, allude to its apparent voicelessness.

Nor so far as the records go has it ever been heard in captivity. Up to the present it appears that no one could say whether the cry of a giraffe was a groan, a bellow, a bleat or a neigh; hence the record of the recent experience of a naturalist in east Africa, who has actually heard its voice, is of special interest.

Blaney Percival, the naturalist in question, spent the day in concealment over a waterhole where the wild animals came to drink. He had at times seen giraffe and zebra drinking within thirty feet of him. While thus watching he had the good fortune to hear the giraffe.

It was making a bleating noise, but Mr. Percival says it is quite impossible to describe the sound in writing. "The nearest I can get to it," he says, "is 'war're' rather drawn out, not just a 'baa,' like a sheep, but more prolonged, and the softening at the end more noticeable."—London Field.

An Eccentric Viceroy.

One wonders what London thought of Robert Stephen Hawker, the vicar of Morwenstow, when he visited London (for the second time in his life) in 1804. Lord Exmouth, invited to lunch with him at the Great Western hotel, Paddington, found him dressed peculiarly as he used to dress in his Cornish village—fisherman's knitted jersey, long purple coat and wading boots, Lord Exmouth, bubbling with laughter, said, "I am not surprised the waiter should say there was no clergyman here." To which Hawker replied: "No doubt you would rather see me dressed like a waiter, with a black coat and white choker! I've felt obliged to say 'sir' to him twice already."—London Express.

Dyaks Fond of Monkey Meat.

The Dyaks of southwestern Borneo hunt nearly all the game in the vicinity of their settlements with spears except in the case of the orang outang, which is hunted with guns. It seems that these wild people are very fond of the meat of the orang outang and consequently those animals are very scarce in the neighborhood of Dyak camps.

Not Acquainted.

"Are you at all familiar with Plato?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No; that's one thing Josiah always blames me for. He says I never make real friends with anybody."

Welcomes.

"I s'pose I look like a tramp, Catherine Ann, but I'm your cousin, Cy Barker, back from the Klondike with \$40,000 in gold. Gee, don't another me!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Queer Monument.

A monument erected in the Stragliano cemetery has a very curious history. It is that of an old woman of Genoa, who made a living by selling strings of nuts in the streets. By frugality and industry she succeeded in amassing a small fortune in this way and then commissioned a well known sculptor of Genoa, Luigi Orongo, to make a life sized portrait of her in marble just as she appeared at her pitch in the streets. This statue she ordered to be placed in the famous Stragliano cemetery, probably the largest in the world.—Wide World Magazine.

Sweet and Hard.

The Royal band was playing for the king, Louis XIV., the "Miserere de Lully." The king was on his knees and so was the whole court. His majesty kept the awkward attitude until the end of the hymn. After rising, the king turned to the Count de Grammont and asked how he found the music. "Very sweet to the ear, sire, but very hard on the knees."

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