

MAXIM'S MACHINE GUN.

A Terrible Engine of Death Which Works Automatically.

Early in life Hiram Maxim showed himself a marvelous genius as an inventor. An incident of his boyhood, in which the recoil of a rifle attracted his attention to an apparent loss of power, led him in 1881-2 to utilize the force of the recoil to good account in a gun which loads itself automatically and fires at the rate of 770 shots a minute by the power of the previously wasted force.

The Maxim machine gun is an engine of terrible destruction. This gun has only a single barrel, which, when the shot is fired, recoils the distance of three-quarters of an inch on the other parts of the gun. This recoil sets moving the machinery which automatically keeps up a continuous fire at the extraordinary rate of twelve rounds a second.

Each recoil of the barrel has therefore to perform the necessary functions of extracting and ejecting the empty cartridge, of bringing up the next full one and placing it in its proper position in the barrel, of cocking the hammer and pulling the trigger.

As long as the firing continues these functions are repeated round after round in rapid succession. The barrel is provided with a water jacket to prevent excessive heating.—Philadelphia Press.

GOING ROUND THE WORLD.

The Gain or Loss of One Whole Day in Making the Trip.

In sailing around the world eastward the days are each a little less than twenty-four hours, according to the speed of the ship, as the sun is met a little earlier every morning. These little differences added together will amount to twenty-four hours. This gives the sailors an extra day—not in imagination, but as an actual fact. They will have done an extra day's work, eaten an extra day's ration of food and enjoyed an extra night's sleep.

On the other hand, in sailing westward the sun is overtaken a little each day, and so each day is rather longer than twenty-four hours, and clocks and watches are found to be too fast. This also will amount in sailing around the world to the point of departure to one whole day by which the reckoning has fallen in arrears. The eastern bound ship, then, has gained a day, and the western bound ship has lost one.

This strange fact, clearly worked out, tends to the apparent paradox that the first named ship has a gain of two whole days over the latter, if we suppose them to have departed from port and returned together.—Westminster Gazette.

Official National Anthem.

Do you know the official national anthem, which is supposed to bring the patriot to his feet?

No doubt you think you do, even, as has been proved again and again, when more than two or three Americans are gathered together, that no one knows more than a phrase or two of the words, but do you rise for "Hail Columbia," "My Country," "The Star Spangled Banner" or the "Star Spangled Banner"?

Of course I hear the army and navy folk, familiar with regulations, say "Star Spangled Banner," but, judging from the actions of audiences at vaudeville and movie shows recently, with most it is a tossup between all three with the odds favoring evenly "Hail Columbia" and "My Country." Which one is it, do you really know?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Naming a Race Horse.

Some years ago at a sale of racing yearlings the Duke of Portland and another peer bid together for a fine animal, and the contest between them was very keen. At length over £500 was bid for the horse.

"If we go on at this rate," said the other peer, "we shall be paying far more than the creature is worth. Suppose we buy it between us?"

The Duke of Portland agreed, and later on they had a discussion as to what the horse should be called.

"Well," said his grace, "as we are going to share it, why not call it 'The Loaf'?"—London Mail.

A Chance at Mast.

He—Did your mother appear pleased when you broke the news of our engagement? She—Yes, indeed. She said she had always wanted to tell you what she thought of your habits of dress and speech and total lack of good manners and literary taste, and felt now she had the right to express herself.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Letter For Letter.

"Why does a poet begin so many of his sentences with 'O'?" queried the politician.

"There's no answer," replied Mr. Penwizler. "Why does a speechmaker begin so many of his sentences with 'I'?"—Washington Star.

Puzzled.

Every man who is not a monster, mathematician or mad philosopher is the slave of some woman or other.—George Elliot.

We are puzzling our brain to know which one of these fellows we are.—Ohio State Journal.

Outdone.

"He doted on Alice and would have married her but for her mother."

"Ah! Her mother?"

"Yes; her mother was still more attractive."

Revenge is sweet only in anticipation, never in accomplishment.—Youth's Companion.

SPEED OF PROJECTILES.

How the Velocity of Cannon Balls and Bullets is Measured.

How fast does a bullet travel? The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is 1,626 feet per second. This is equal to a mile in little more than three seconds, or nearly twenty miles a minute.

A rifle bullet does not travel so fast as a cannon ball, the average rate being 1,275 feet per second. This matter of speed is tested in a very interesting way.

A long wooden shed is used, in which a distance of exactly 100 feet has been carefully marked off. At each end of this space is a stand something like a target with a large circular opening where the bullet should be. Across each opening is stretched a small electric wire, connected with a delicate instrument in another room.

The rifle from which the firing is done is so aimed that the bullet which flies from it cuts both wires. Obviously the difference in time between the cutting of the two wires marks the speed of the bullet through that 100 feet.

When the first wire is cut an electric current is broken and a rod falls, moving a pointer on a slide in its descent. The breaking of the second wire acts in the same manner on another set of rods, slides and pointers.

The difference in the marks made by the pointers on the slides makes it possible to estimate the difference in their time of falling, and from these calculations accurate figures as to speed are obtained.—London Answers.

SEEKING HAPPINESS.

Little Things That Make Living a Joy Are Not Always Appreciated.

We are told that happiness comes by pieces and that it is these small bits linked together that make our lives worth while. Some of us are not content to take our happiness by degrees or at intervals. We want it all the time in big pieces, and if we cannot have it that way we think that we are deprived of our natural rights and look upon ourselves as injured beings.

It is a rather singular expression of human nature how happiness affects the individual. With some of us it makes us friendlier toward others and anxious that they should experience like joys; with others it makes us too satisfied with ourselves to think very much of our neighbors.

Perhaps those of us who know what the joy of living means have experienced both of these attitudes at different periods of our lives and are in a position, therefore, to appreciate a varying viewpoint, but even so it is only after we lose something of that joy of living and have found out for ourselves that there are shadows which no amount of sunlight can disperse that we can readily appreciate the blessing of whatever happiness may find its way into our lives.

The little things that count so much in our intercourse with each other are not always regarded as highly as they should be, and for this reason we pass by much that would give us joy if we only knew how and where to find it.—Charleston News and Courier.

Gardens in the Ice.

A glacier when it dislodges itself and sails away over the Arctic ocean never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of smaller companions. The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress of the wild duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the name. Strange as it may seem, plants grow and blossom upon these great ice mountains. When a glacier is at rest most attaches itself to it, protecting the ice beneath, just as seaweeds do. After a time the moss decays and forms a soil, in which the seeds of buttercups and dandelions, brought by the wind, take root and flourish.

Professional Pawnbrokers.

In many of the mean streets of London there are professional pawnbrokers—women, well known to the pawnbrokers, who for small payments take clothes and household goods to pawn for their neighbors. It is stated that the function of the professional pawnbroker is twofold. The woman who pawns through a recognized intermediary gets a larger loan than she would if she did the business herself. For the pawnbroker the professional pawnbroker guarantees the good faith of the owner and will be able to exercise pressure in case of default.—London Express.

It Was a Fine Cod.

The artist William M. Chase once hired a fish, painted a picture of it in two hours and afterward sold it to the Corcoran Art gallery at Washington for \$2,000. Mr. Chase afterward informed the fish dealer who had rented him the fish of the price he had received for the picture. "Well," commented the fishmonger, "it was a fine cod."—Philadelphia Record.

The Maid's Reply.

As William bent over her fair face he whispered: "Darling, if I should ask you if French is your language, what would you answer?"

She, calling up her scanty knowledge of the French language, exclaimed: "Billet doux!"—Exchange.

A Continued Story.

"What did your wife say when you stayed out so late last night?"

"I don't know. She hasn't finished telling it all to me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

The coward only threatens when he is safe.—Goethe.

KEEPING HOUSE IN FRANCE.

Economy Rules, and Food For One Day Only is Bought at a Time.

In the French markets you can buy any portion of food you may wish. Nothing is too small. No tradesman stares if you say, "M'sieu, I want one egg," or "I will take a minuart (which is an eighth of a pound) of butter." And if you ask for a half pound of meat he doesn't cut it to weigh three-quarters of a pound. You don't let him, and he knows it. The French housewife has been for generations educating the French shopkeeper to sell in the way that she would have him.

It is popularly supposed by some people that there is economy in buying in bulk. But the Frenchwoman says otherwise. She says that of a large quantity some of it is almost sure to spoil, and in the end you lose more than you have gained even by your wholesale price. So she buys her butter, as everything else, just enough for the day. And she has a marvelous intuition for guessing what that amount will be down to the very son. The test of her skill in housewifery, she considers, is an empty cupboard at sundown. Then she requires no ice to keep things over until the next day.

The cost of ice, which in many an American household amounts to \$1 a week, would be an unthinkable extravagance in France. There is no icebox among the fittings of the Paris kitchen. Instead, there is in every apartment the cold storage cupboard, set in the kitchen wall with shutters on the outside, through which there is always a circulation of air. A wire netting on the inside of the shutter protects the food from dust.

The cupboard is an entire success in keeping food for the length of time that the Parisian housewife requires, else, you may be sure, she would not use it, for she never throws anything away. Not to waste the smallest scrap or crumb is a fundamental dogma of her housekeeping creed. Even every stale crust of bread must be saved. It is grated to reduce it to crumbs. These are kept in the tin can that sets on the chimney shelf over the stove. There are five or six purposes for which you use breadcrumbs—for French toast, for bread soup or for pudding, for filling poultry or in frying croquettes or "breading" chops, or, very important indeed, is it to know that by mixing an equal part of them with chopped meat worth only 10 centimes and an egg and rolling all in a cabbage leaf to bake in the oven they serve the clever purpose of making the meat go at least twice as far again. Yes! it is some fussing to fix it. But it doesn't matter at all that this takes time. The Frenchwoman applies always but one test. "Is it cheaper?"—Pictorial Review.

Great Difference.

"Some say that marriage is a lottery with us."

"That's a step above the south sea islands, where they marry a girl to the man who can offer the most coconuts. There it's a raffle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Disparagement.

"I hope you never talk about your neighbors," said the exacting friend.

"I never do," replied the frivolous woman. "They're an awfully uninteresting lot."—Washington Star.

A Swimming Grindstone.

Some of the fishermen on the river Tyne, in England, are not only ignorant, but stupid. On one occasion two of these fishermen were caught by a heavy freshet and driven out of the river to sea. As the story goes, one of the men saw in the dusk a hoop floating by. The hoop was full of foam.

"We are saved!" exclaimed the man.

"Here's a grindstone swimming!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Reporter's Scoop.

Reporter—I've got a good piece of news here this morning. I've found a person who has been confined to one room his entire life. Editor—Good! send it up. Who is it? Reporter—Why, a three-day-old baby at our house.—Philadelphia Record.

Consolation.

First Criminal Lawyer—Facts are stubborn things. Second Criminal Lawyer (cheerfully)—Oh, yes! If they were not our fees would be smaller.—Pittsburgh Press.

Down and Up.

Hewang—He's a low down crook. Hildad—Who's a low down crook? Hewang—The man higher up.—Chicago Herald.

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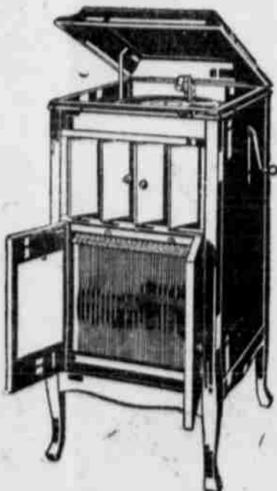


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