

MYSTERY NOISES.

Of Unknown Origin, They Sound Like Muffled Thunder.

COMMON IN THE OLD WORLD.

These Curious Boomings, That Puzzle Scientists, Heard at Times From Australia to Ireland, Are Akin to the "Moodus Noises" of Connecticut.

It is a hot and tranquil summer afternoon on the Belgian coast in the town of peace. Strolling along the shore you are startled by a muffled detonation that seems to come from somewhere far out at sea. Can it be thunder? There is not a cloud in the sky, and you remember that thunder is rarely audible at a greater distance than fifteen miles. A man in a target practice, perhaps, is in the offing. At this point your Belgian friend explains. It was the "mistpoeffer," he says, and a sign that the weather will continue fair.

But what is the mistpoeffer? If you can answer that question you can also explain the mysterious Barisal gun of India (Barisal is the name of a town in the Ganges delta), which has puzzled scientific men for half a century. You can explain also the strange rumblings that in certain parts of Italy seem to come from nowhere in particular and are known to the peasantry under forty or more local names. The desert sound of the Australian wildness, the water gun of Long Neagh in Ireland and the aerial detonations that occasionally startle Californians during the warm season.

For example, in September, 1896, to quote the Santa Rosa Republican, "a tremendous explosion, presumably in the air, occurred near Cazadero. It was heard by the dwellers of the mountain region over an area of 900 square miles."

All noises of this kind resembling thunder, but not traceable to that or any other known agency, are now generally called in scientific literature "brontidi," a name first used by Professor Tito Aliphi, who has made a special study of these phenomena in Italy.

The "moodus noises," familiar to old residents of Moodus and East Haddam, Conn., are probably kindred phenomena, although they seem to be somewhat more definitely associated with subterranean earth shocks than are typical brontidi, and the same may be said of the gentle "tidi," which, at least in some cases, is usually recognized as of subterranean origin.

Although systematic investigations of brontidi are of recent date, occurrences of the phenomena have been recorded from early times. Lord Bacon mentions "an extraordinary noise in the sky when there was no thunder" and similar sounds were known to Humboldt and Housman. Captain Sturt, a pioneer explorer of Australia, wrote in 1829:

"About 3 p. m. of Feb. 7 during the Australian summer Mr. Hume and I were occupied tracing the chart upon the ground. The day had been remarkably fine, and the weather was in the heavens nor a breath of air to be felt. On a sudden we heard what seemed to be the report of a gun fired at the distance of between five and six miles. It was not the hollow sound of an earthly explosion or the sharp crackling noise of falling timber, but in every way resembled the discharge of a military piece of ordnance.

"No one was certain whether the sound proceeded. Both Mr. Hume and myself thought it came from the north-west. I sent one of the men up a tree, but he could observe nothing unusual. The country round him appeared equally flat on all sides and thickly wooded. Whatever occasioned the report, it made a strong impression on all of us, and to this day such a sound in such a situation is a matter of mystery to me."

Science has not fully solved the mystery of brontidi, but it can hardly be doubted that the origin of these sounds is really subterranean. From a focus far underground the jar of settling rocks sends vibrations to the surface—not at one spot, but over a wide area. Then if the overlying air is calm and homogeneous it also is set in vibration, and if the vibrations are of the right period to be audible the result is a booming sound of altogether indefinite location. It is simply "in the air"—Youth's Companion.

French Officers Made Thrifty. The French army officer has to be a thrifty man to make ends meet on his salary of a very few francs a day, and borrowing or running into debt is an offense against military law. An officer convicted of debt is suspended by the war office for three years, and at the end of that time his reinstatement or dismissal from the service is decided by a kind of court martial, comprising five officers of his corps, one of them of his own rank.

Antiquity of Tin. We find that brass, and consequently tin, existed in Tyre, the great seaport town of the Phoenicians, on the coast of Syria, about 1000 B. C. They are frequently referred to in all works relating to tin or to Cornwall. The Phoenicians were merchants and carried on an important trade from the ports of Tyre and Sidon. These cities rivaled each other in magnitude, fame and antiquity.

What I want to try to do is to judge my fellow human being as kindly as I do my dog.—Gerald Stanley Lee.

FOOD, FINGERS AND FLIES.

Three of the Factors Most Active in Spreading Disease.

There are three principal ways in which disease germs are carried from person to person, and these ways may be easily remembered by three catch words—food, fingers and flies. The most important foods which carry disease are those which are eaten raw, since thorough cooking destroys disease germs and most cooked foods are only dangerous when they have been infected in the kitchen after cooking. Among raw foods, too, many, like oranges, are safe because they are peeled before eating.

Of all foods the most dangerous are water and milk, because they are often polluted by sewage in the case of water, by human contact in the case of milk, because they are drunk promptly without time for the disease germs to die out and because, usually in the case of water and often in the case of milk, they are not cooked.

The second way in which disease germs are commonly spread is by means of contact between people themselves. Fingers, in the catch phrase, which all who value their health should

PICTURES OF BATTLES.

Warfare Has Always Been a Popular Subject For Artists.

From the earliest days of history-war has given inspiration to the artist, and the work of his hands comes down to us on the walls of ancient Egypt, worn with the passing of thousands of years, from the ruined temples of ancient Greece, built centuries before the Christian era. The pictures written of primitive and savage peoples describe exploits of war; many archaic war pictures, brought to view after ages of burial under desert sands, bear much similarity to the illustrations of our own near time and land.

Once, years ago, away up on the Poplar river, in Montana, I bought a bartered for, I suppose I should say, as the purchase was made mainly by the medium of tea, tobacco and sugar—a "painted" robe right off the back of a young man of a band of Yanktonians. Some of his troops had "rounded up" and brought into the agency. The skin was a fine "black buck," tanned on the underside to the softness of the finest chamois leather and decorated with naive pictorial representations of the deeds of war. It killed them in the name of the soldiers translated the name given the chief from those episodes in his murderous career—which in color, in grace and firmness of line were curiously like pictures from the pencil of some artist of the Egyptian old.

The glory of war is the theme, the exaltation of the sovereign, the lion of the forest, the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came through his personal might and prowess. The warriors of the Greeks are shown as models of virile strength and courage; their attitude in the arena of combat took nothing of artistic beauty in the realism of the rendering. The influence of the Greek masters of their art is evident in battle pictures of a time two or three centuries later—Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum in Scribner's.

COWBOYS OF SPAIN.

Splendid Horsemen, but They Use Spurs Without Mercy.

The perfection of Spanish horsemanship is to be seen among the vaqueros, gauderos and garrochistas, by which various names the mounted herdsmen of the Andalusian plains are known. In brief, what we should call a cowboy. Every farm seems to maintain a large number of these, for each herd of stock or drove has its own herdsmen, as the case may be. The vaqueros are a fine looking lot of men. Tall, thin, light and loosely made, they look ideal horse men, as, in point of fact, they are, though their mounts are poor.

The vaquero rides very high on a huge saddle, with a long rein and straight leg. Using a single rein and beautiful hands that, although using this barbarous bit, he never cuts his horse's mouth about. It is different with the animal's sides, however, for he uses his spurs without mercy, and the white horses—of which there are a large number—all have vicious red stings on their heads.

All the herdsmen who look after cattle carry a long lance, called a garrocha, of thick and heavy wood, which, except when standing still, they always carry "in rest" and not "at the carry," presumably on account of its great length and possibly its weight.

With this weapon, in the use of which the vaquero is able to control the most unruly brutes in the herd, not excepting the savage fighting bull—Wide World Magazine.

Making a Record.

Sir George Trevelyan told a curious little anecdote regarding an interesting person of an amazing dexterity. The anecdote was engaged at the time in writing "The Virginians," and in the middle of the conversation he commenced to ask each of the young men in the company what was the greatest length they had ever jumped. The greatest jump claimed was twenty-two feet.

"Well," said Chackery, "then I will make Washington jump twenty-four." So reputations are made.—London Standard.

AERIAL TRAIL BREAKING.

Amazing Speed and Endurance of the Wild Swan in Flight.

It is impossible for one who has seen only the common mallard swans floating about in the artificial lakes of city parks to imagine the grandeur of a flock of the great whistlers in their wild state. In "Wild Life and the Camera" Mr. A. R. Dugmore says the sight is one of the most impressive in nature. As the huge birds rise into the air it seems as if an aerial regatta were being sailed overhead, the swans, each with a wing spread of six or seven feet, moving like yachts under full sail.

Once the swans are fairly under way their speed is amazing, nearly a hundred miles an hour, and that, too, with no apparent effort, for the slow wing motion is very deceiving. Their speed is as surprising as the swiftness for they are said to travel a thousand miles without alighting.

The flocks are usually led by an old and experienced swan, and it is said that as one becomes tired of leading, or it might be called aerial trail breaking, his place is taken by another whose strength is equal to the task, and so they continue until they reach their destination, the southern feeding grounds of the winter or the northern breeding places of the summer. Occasionally they stop to rest in the region of the great lakes. Not many years ago, while on their way north, a large number stopped above Niagara falls, and more than a hundred were by some extraordinary mischance carried over the falls and killed in the surging waters.

Whether the swans prepare in any special way for their southward journey is not known, but before starting north they indulge in the curious habit known as "ballasting"—that is to say, they eat great quantities of sand, for what purpose no one knows.

In the faraway Arctic ocean is their breeding place, and it is believed that they mate for life. As with so many of the water birds, the swans protect their eggs with a covering of down scratched from their own breasts, so that when the birds leave the nest the two to six large, yellowish eggs are hidden from the eyes of possible thieves and protected against any sudden changes of temperature.

It is many years before the swans are clothed in the feathers of immaculate whiteness that make them such conspicuous objects of beauty. Not, indeed, until the fifth year does all trace of gray disappear. Their first feathers are entirely gray. Gradually they lighten, becoming mottled with white, the neck and head remaining gray until after the body is completely white.

A Suggestion.

"He's his own worst enemy."

"Then he ought to apologize to himself and start all over again."—Detroit Free Press.

SHADOW PICTURES.

The Silhouettes as the Origin of All Pictorial Art.

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When Writing Paper Was Poor and Envelopes Were Unknown.

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BURNS OREGON

Perfect Happiness.

Grubb—What is your idea of perfect happiness? Stubbs—Well, if my wife would stop telling me what she thinks of me, and I had the privilege of telling my respected employer what I think of him it would seem about right.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

The Man and the Machine.

"How many votes did you get?" "Not nearly as many as the other fellow," said the man who is always pft-ooptical. "You see, I had to depend entirely on my own efforts for my votes. His were machine made."—Washington Star.

Consistent.

Brump—Why is your daughter going to talk against the permanence of a republic in that college debate? Smith—Because she thought the advocacy of a republic would not go well with her new empire gown.—Brooklyn Citizen.

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"I am afraid this company is doing business on an inflated capital." "Yes, but then it deals in automobile tires."—Baltimore American.

Pins.

It seemed as if it would take a whole paper of pins to mend the torn dress. The washer applied to her car neighbor. "Have you any pins?" she asked. The woman had none, but passed the query on, and in a little while every passenger was feeling along concealed edges and turning back lapels. In all, 4,500 pins were produced. Fourteen were contributed to the man as much as women, but somehow we carry them and the women don't," said one of the male passengers.—New York Post.

Curious Legend.

At Palmswick churchyard, a pretty spot between Stroud and Gloucester, England, there are ninety-nine gravestones. The hundredth always dies, though it has been planted many times. A local story says that "when the hundredth lives after it has been planted the world will end."

Give us an International Mind to Understand.

An international mind to understand, an international heart to feel.—William D. B. Alney.

One of New York's Tiny Streets.

New York has some queer streets, and Edgar street is one of them. It has been built up solidly on both sides from end to end for generations, but it has no numbers, and no one lives on it, and no one does business there. The street carrier never stops. It has only one door, and that is kept locked and never used. Fifteen long steps lead from the sidewalk to the door, and to the other. Queer little thoroughfare is Edgar street, lying between Broadway and the Hudson, below Rector street, in oldest old New York.—New York World.

The Question Box.

What kind of glue should I use to make a yardstick?—A. B. G. Please tell me how to tighten a bicycle nut.—P. M. F. Why is it I cannot get any music from a banjo?—Mrs. L. Q. Can you tell me why it is that a fire breaks out at the start and goes out at the finish?—Helen M. How can I sharpen a nutting grater?—Mrs. S. Wisconsin State Journal.

Terrorized.

Mrs. Binks: "What time is the breakfast?" Mrs. Binks: "Hush dear! The cook ate it." Mrs. Binks: "What time is it?" Mrs. Binks: "Yes dear. We mustn't say anything. I think cook is just the sort of woman who would go round and say we starved our help."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Crabbed Age and Youth."

"Now Thomas," said the teacher, "can you explain the adage, 'Old men for counsel and young men for way'?" "The old men do the quarreling and then the young men do the fighting."—London Fun.

A Pirate's Brutal Remark.

Captain Kidd buried his treasure. "If I were alive, I wish I would hide it in the top of that drawer," he asserted.—New York Sun.

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General obstetrical and surgical nursing

Write or phone Lawen, Oregon.

\$1500 Reward!

The Oregon, California and Nevada Live Stock Protection Act provides that any person who will give information to any of its members, in addition to the above, the undersigned offers the same amount \$500.00 for all horses branded horse-shod bar on both or either jaw, brand recorded in eight counties, Range Harvey, Lake and Crook counties, horses veiled when sold.

None but grown horses sold and apply to me for details.

W. W. BROWN, Burns, Oregon.

What Shall Fire Be Like.

I have read many attempts to describe what fire is like in a battle, but not one to equal the easy description of this young officer, who does not pretend to be a stylist. Listen:

"You hear a boom miles away, hardly audible in the distance. Then a faint sigh, gradually rising to a scream as the shell whizzes toward you. Then a flash, an immense crash and the air is filled with thousands of bullets and jagged lumps of iron, each making a different sort of shrieking noise. Then ph-ph-phit everywhere as they hit the ground.

A Regular Gadder.

"I'd bought some furniture at an auction sale in Glasgow the other day. On paying the porter she remarked: 'Had I known how dirty that furniture was I would not have bought it.' 'Well, ma'am,' replied the porter, 'it was the dirtiest house I ever saw. But, then, what did you expect the mirrors was only at home every Tuesday. Ah, but it for a fact, 'cause I read it on a card I got in that drawer there.'—Glasgow News.

The Sick Man of the East.

The phrase "the sick man of the east" originated in a speech of Cesar Nicholas to the British charge d'affaires at St. Petersburg at the time of the Crimean war. He said: "We have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man. It would be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made."—Argonaut.

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