The Scrap Book

Improving on the Author.

In "Forty Years on the Stage" the author, John H. Barnes, has this to say of Lucy Raymond, "that wonderful 'old woman,'" with whom he often played:

"If it were possible for her to be funnier than when she was speaking her lines it was when she forgot them. Her perplexity was sidesplitting. On the first night of H. J. Byron's 'Our Soldiers' she had to say to Miss Kate Bishop: 'Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?" I say everything.' Under the influence of first night nervousness her mind wandered temporarily, and she said, haltingly and spasmodically: 'Somebody says: "Who is it? Is it Chaucer or Sir Benjamin Johnson or Shakespeare or some of those old gentlemen you see in Westminster abbey? What's in a name?"'

"Byron, who was standing by, shook with laughter and immediately said: 'Well, I can't write anything as funny as that. I'll put that in.' And it will be found incorporated in the printed book of the play as sold today."

Sierra Pan.

I am fire and dew and sunshine;
I am mist on the foamy wave;
I'm the rippling note of the field lark's throat;
I'm the jewel hid in the cave.

I'm the lightning flash on the mountain
And the cold rose red of the dawn;
I'm the odor of pine and the purple vine;
I'm the willowy leap of the fawn.

I'm the sigh of the south wind of autumn,
The scent of the earth at first rain,
The wild honker call of the earliest fall;
I'm the yellow of ripening grain.

I'm the music no singer has dreamed of;
I'm the picture from no painter's art;
I'm the rhythmic time of no poet's rime;
I'm joy in the human heart.

—Henry Meade Bland.

In Perfect Accord.

Some years ago there came to an American city a delightful German, Herr von Blitz, who intended to support himself by giving lessons in his native tongue. When he had been here several months and had secured a moderate number of pupils he went one day to the mother of one of them and, to her great surprise, asked for her daughter's hand in marriage.

"But, my dear sir," said she, "my daughter has no fortune."

The suitor smiled upon her in an expansive generosity.

"Me, too," said he reassuringly.

"And, although we are not rich, we have thus far been able to give her every comfort. She is indeed used to luxury."

"Me, too," was the smiling rejoinder.

"But, Herr von Blitz, she will never be able to manage affairs."

"Me, too," rejoined the lover.

"And I feel obliged to tell you that my daughter has a very high temper."

"Me, too—me, too."

That was enough. The mother retired from the contest, and the professor won his suit.

Took the Hint.

Once, when G. K. Chesterton was at a dinner party, the hostess did not give the usual signal for the ladies to retire at the end of the meal so that the men could enjoy their wine and cigars, as is the custom. "G. K. C's" brilliant conversation seemed to have glued the fair diners to their seats.

Presently one of the ladies pointed to one of the candles on the table and exclaimed: "Oh, look at that wretched candle! How it's smoking!"

Chesterton turned to her with a sigh.

"Lucky candle," he said enviously.

The hostess took the hint at once and smilingly rose and quitted the room with the other ladies, leaving the famous writer and the rest of the male guests free to enjoy "My Lady Nicotine" in peace.

Sticking to the Track.

As former Congressman Martin Littleton tells the tale, a railroad was built through an obscure corner of a state where no railroads ever had the hardihood to venture before. On the day the first train ran over the line the engineer, pulling out from a small way station, discovered that a country boy was riding a horse between the rails a short distance ahead.

The engineer sounded his whistle again and again, but the rider only lashed his horse into a gallop and made no effort to turn off into the farm lands which flanked the right of way. At the end of a mile long chase the locomotive was so close upon the laboring horse that the cowcatcher almost touched its hind hoof. The pestered engineer leaned out of his cab window.

"You blamed idiot!" he yelled. "Why don't you get off the track?"

Over his shoulder the frightened yokel flung back a desperate retort:

"Naw, sir! Ef ever you got me out yonder on that there plowed ground you could ketch me in a minute!"—Saturday Evening Post.

The Top Hat's Tyranny.

Speaking about the top hat, an amusing incident of its tyranny may be recalled. At an international exhibition held at Milan a few years ago the order was given out that the wearing of the chimney pot would be rigidly enforced at the inaugural ceremony. Many provincial deputies had never worn one in their lives and were a little uncertain as to the scope of the order. When they turned up it was found that some of them had not only bought top hats for themselves, but also for their wives.—London Chronicle.

Something Saved.

"What success did you have raising chickens?"

"Very little. Some escaped, thieves stole others and a large number died of a mysterious disease."

"That was tough luck."

"However, I beat the jinx to the last one."

"How was that?"

"Before anything could happen to it I had it killed and put in a pie."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Curiosity.

Gladys—Why are you going to all that trouble to open that letter so carefully, Maud? Maud—Oh, I had a quarrel with George and intended to send his letter back unopened, but I just thought I would see what he said before I returned it.

Never.

Mr. Willis—But why don't you take your bank book in to have it balanced?

Mrs. Willis—I don't want that snoopy looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there.—Pittsburgh Press.

FLEETEST OF ALL DOGS.

Greyhounds Can Run as Fast as Carrier Pigeons Can Fly.

Comparatively few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable. The wolf can run between fifty and sixty miles in one night, and the arctic fox can do quite as well, if not better. Nansen met one of these foxes on the ice at a point more than seventy miles northwest of the Sannikow territory, which is 480 miles from the Asiatic coast. Eskimo and Siberian dogs can travel forty-five miles on the ice in five hours, and there is one case on record in which a team of Eskimo dogs traveled six and one-half miles in twenty-eight minutes.

English setters and pointers hunt at the rate of eighteen to nineteen miles an hour, and they can maintain the speed for at least two hours. Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in six and one-half minutes. Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four footed creatures, and their speed may be regarded as equal to that of carrier pigeons. English greyhounds which are carefully selected and which are used for coursing are able to cover at full gallop a space between eighteen and twenty-three yards *every second*. It is said that a hare at its greatest speed never goes faster than at the rate of eighteen yards a second. These interesting statistics fully prove the right of the greyhounds to rank as the swiftest of the quadrupeds.—Springfield Republican.

VIOLENT DEATHS.

One Indication Is the Immediate Setting in of Rigor Mortis.

More than once the question of whether a person has died a natural or unnatural death turns upon something grasped in the hand. The object is held because the hand stiffens through what is known as rigor mortis (pronounced rye-gor mor-tis), a stiffening of the muscles of the body after death.

Now, if a person dies naturally this stiffening of the muscles does not take place, as a rule, until two hours or more after death, and then it comes on slowly. In cases of violent death, however, rigor mortis sets in immediately. It is through this that many a murderer has been caught and many a so called accidental death proved to be intentional.

One of the most remarkable effects of this sudden stiffening after death appears in the account of the charge of Balaclava. Captain Nolan while riding at the head of the noble six hundred had his chest torn open by a Russian shell.

The arm he was waving in the air at the moment remained high uplifted, and he retained his seat on his horse, which wheeled around and passed some distance through the ranks before the rider fell.

Portions of the hair and clothing of a murderer have often been found in the hands of the victim, while bodies recovered from the water have brought with them clutched in their fingers weeds and mud from the bottom, showing that death occurred in the water and not on land.—London Answers.

Natural Age of Man.

The question as to what is the natural age of man is by no means settled, of course, but many are of the opinion that the Frenchman Flourens was not far out of the way in his estimate of the time a man should live. Taking his observations from the group mammalia, of the class vertebrata, as having the closest resemblance to man and such species as are permitted to live the full term of their natural life under circumstances not admitting of error or doubt, Flourens found that their natural life extended to about five times the period of their lives from birth up to maturity. Applying the rule thus obtained to human life and taking the age at which the body is fully matured to be twenty years, he concluded the natural duration of the life of man to be 100 years.

Stonehenge.

No sooner had we set foot on the first swell of plain than I became aware of what looked like a herd of elephants, half a mile ahead. They did not move, and slowly it dawned upon me that this was Stonehenge. A few minutes later, seated within the circles of those enormous stones, I was asking myself the old questions that so many travelers have asked. For worship, at least, these rude masses were erected; that seems fairly certain. And to commemorate a battle, if one may judge from the barrows that crown the neighboring hillocks. Religion and war—the two powers that have charmed and ruled and tortured the world. So mysterious is the whole of life, alike moral and physical, that the haunting wonder of Stonehenge was neither increased nor lessened by what then I saw.—Scribner's.

Many Species of Banana.

The banana as a substitute for the potato would have one drawback. It has been found that those who live mainly upon this article of diet soon tend to become what is politely called "tubby." The banana with which we are all familiar is only one of many useful species. Cochin China produces a single fruit that is an ample meal for three men, and in East Africa an intoxicating drink is made from the native banana.—London Chronicle.

The Reason.

"The first year of married life is always the most troublesome. After a couple passes that safely the great danger of separation is over."

"Why do you say that?"

"It usually takes a man a year to learn the futility of arguing with his wife."—Detroit Free Press.

Tearing Sounds.

The ear can be trained to accustom itself to the sound of the tearing of various materials. The noise accompanying the tearing of cotton is unlike that of linen. The warp has its voice and the filling quite another, the former being shrill, while the latter is apt to be dull.

Those Dear Girls.

Alice (just engaged)—What do you think Jack said to me last night? That if he had to choose either me or $10,000 he wouldn't look at the money. Marie—Dear, loyal fellow! Wouldn't like to risk the temptation, I suppose.—Boston Transcript.

Too Timid.

Green—Has fortune never knocked at Brown's door? White—Oh, yes, but Brown didn't dare open it for fear 'twas a bill collector!—New York American.

The man that loses and laughs must sure do well.—Pope.

LOBSTER AND CHICKEN.

The Waiter Seemed to Think the Order Fitted In Admirably.

Obviously the young man who led a girl much younger to a table in an uptown restaurant a few evenings ago was a commuter. Both seemed just a little self conscious and apparently very much pleased with each other's society. He was more than ordinarily solicitous to see that she was comfortably located, too, and his attentions were, while gentlemanly in the extreme, marked enough to be noticeable.

Both scanned the menu carefully, and finally the young girl made her selection. The young man seemed, while the waiter stood at attention, to be trying to persuade her to change her order, but she appeared to insist that her choice should stand. He decided for himself very quickly and gave the order to the attentive waiter, who by this time had become rather restless, as though such a modest order did not hold out much hope for any considerable tip. Both apparently ordered salad, but of different kinds. To a middle aged observer seated at an

HE REPEATED THE ORDER.

adjoining table the waiter's eyes seemed to twinkle just a little bit as he repeated the order loud enough to be heard several tables away, with a glance first at the young man and then at the girl as he did so.

"One lobster," as he nodded to the man, "and one chicken," with a bolt bow to the girl.

Several other customers heard the waiter, and every one of them smiled in appreciation. The young folks looked at each other, the girl blushed, and then both broadened into a smile as each accepted the situation as one in which they had placed themselves.—New York Sun.

A Bit of Poetry.

Whatever your occupation may be and however crowded your hours with affairs, don't fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for the refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Charles Eliot Norton.

Impracticable Advice.

A Chicago physician tells this one: "I had looked at the patient's tongue, felt his pulse, taken his temperature and was about to leave the room, when I stopped and said to the sick man's wife:

"'Madam, in addition to the medicine I have prescribed, I wish you would see that every morning your husband has a shower bath.'

"The woman looked worried. 'But, doctor,' she said, 'what am I goin' to do the mornings we don't have any showers?'"—Lippincott's.

Had Heard It Before.

While engaged in a conversation two prominent police magistrates began telling stories of funny cases that had been brought before them.

"Probably the funniest I ever had," remarked one, "was an aged colored man bearing the earmarks of the south who applied to me for a warrant. The offender, it seems, had been blaspheming Hastus before, and he had then appealed to me for aid. Standing before my desk, he proceeded as follows:

"'Yo' honah, I wants a warrant for George Washington. He's dat colored man what you told to be good two weeks ago, but he's been worse'n evah, sah. I can stand him no longah.'

"'Humph!' I remarked casually. 'Seems to me I have heard that name somewhere before.'

"'Yes, sah,' he answered, with alacrity; 'two weeks ago, sah.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Testing a New Horse.

A Welsh tourist tells of an experience which befell him during a visit to a country house in Ireland. His friend, the host, sent a car to the railway station to bring him home. He had not gone far when the horse became restive and finally upset the car into a ditch. The visitor asked the driver how long the animal had been used in harness. "Half an hour, sur."

"I mean how long is it since he was first put in harness?"

"Shure, I've told you—half an hour, sur," answered the driver, "an' the mastther said if he carried ye safe he'd buy him."—Cardiff Western Mail.

Got Hurst Started.

Doc Powers, the Athletic catcher who died a few years back, always had a line of peculiar chatter to hand his pitcher. As he caught each ball he would say:

"That's a peach."

"That's a pippin."

"Just like picking cherries."

For six innings in one game when Powers was young Tim Hurst enjoyed this chatter. Finally Hurst called a batter out on a ball that was a trifle low, as he afterward admitted, which Powers declared was a peach.

"Letting the catcher umpire the game for you, eh! Losing your nerve, I guess!" were the words handed to Tim Hurst by the sore and disgusted batter. It had just the effect that the hitter desired, for Tim immediately got after Powers in impressive phraseology.

"Young man, you may be a grand judge of fruit, but you're not on a farm. This is a ball game. During the rest of the game I call the balls and strikes without any agricultural remarks from you. Otherwise I will be forced to request you to beat it."

Powers had no further comment.—New York Sun.

ENGLAND'S THRONE.

As One of the Heirs to It, the German Emperor Is Very Remote.

In answer to the question, "Was the emperor of Germany ever considered an heir to the English throne and did Queen Victoria have a law passed to exclude him from the succession?" the Philadelphia Press says:

"The possibility of the German emperor ever succeeding to the throne of England is so very remote as to cause little thought. There was more or less talk on the subject at the time of the marriage of the kaiser's mother to the heir to the German throne in 1858, but we are unable to find that any parliamentary action was taken even then.

"After King George come his five sons and one daughter and their children, if any; then King George's sister Louise, Duchess of Fife, her two daughters and the son of the elder; then Princess Victoria, then Queen Maud of Norway and her son, making thirteen at present living in the line of succession. After that the succession reverts to the descendants of the late King Edward's brother, Alfred, duke of Edinburgh; Arthur, duke of Connaught, and Leopold, duke of Albany. As these all married and had numerous children and grandchildren, there is a long line of heirs to the throne before the succession would come to the descendants of the oldest sister of King Edward, the late Empress Frederick of Germany, the first of which line is Emperor William."

PITCHING IN BASEBALL.

Lack of Control Will Render Useless All Other Ability.

"In my ten years' connection with the American league as umpire I have seen the fact proved again and again that control is absolutely necessary to win success," writes Billy Evans in St. Nicholas.

"The more one studies the different features of the art of pitching the more clearly does he see the value that control plays in the success of the pitcher.

"If the pitcher knows the weakness of the batter and intends giving him a fast ball on the inside and then deliberately pitches to the opposite side his knowledge of the batter is of no use to him. Lack of control has rendered his knowledge useless.

"If he knows the shortstop is to cover and then pitches a ball to the batter that makes it easy for him to hit through the position vacated by the shortstop he nullifies the strength of his infield. Lack of control is again the cause.

"If the catcher signals for a waste ball in order to be in a better position to throw out a runner trying to steal and instead he gets the ball right over the plate he is handicapping the catcher. Lack of control is again the cause.

"After all, most of the finer points of pitching are based on ability to control the ball."

HAMS OF WESTPHALIA.

Processes by Which They Are Cured and Flavored.

The famous Westphalian hams, which are eaten without cooking, are cured by an elaborate process that has been worked out patiently and skillfully by generations of expert workmen. A writer in the New York Sun thus describes the process:

After being rubbed thoroughly with a solution in which there are 100 grains of salt to one pound of saltpeter, the hams are placed on cement floors, or in vats, and thickly strewn with salt. They lie under salt for two weeks and then pass to a vat that contains a 22 per cent solution of brine. They remain in that solution for eighteen days. Every day they are shifted in the vat; the hams on the bottom are brought to the top, and vice versa.

At the end of the eighteen days the hams are packed, one upon another, in a cool, dry cellar, where they remain for four weeks, in order to ripen—that is, to take on color and become tender. Then the salt is washed off with a stiff brush dipped in lukewarm water, and the hams are put to soak for twelve hours in fresh water. After that they are ready for the smokehouse.

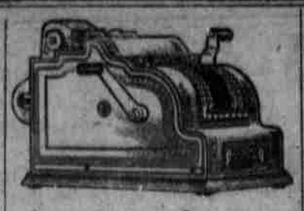
The smokehouses are two or three stories high, with holes bored in the flooring. The fires are kindled on the ground floor, and the meat is hung on the second and third floors. The fires are made entirely of beech wood, but the workmen constantly throw juniper berries and juniper twigs on the embers. The fire burns brightly. It is checked with beech wood sawdust whenever it burns too briskly.

The smoking continues for about eight days. Under the ancient curing methods, however, the hams were often kept in the smoke rooms for six weeks, and it is by this latter method that the best hams are still made by the country folk of Westphalia.

The Indispensable Boy.

Caller—How is your new office boy getting along these days? Lawyer—Oh, fine! He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him.—Boston Journal.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of the dead.—Hazlitt.



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Wednesday Mid-week Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m.

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County Attorney	Geo. S Mizmore

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Coroner	O. W. Cleveniger
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Commissioners	Thos. Bain W. H. Robins

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Receiver	Sam Mothershead

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Burns, Oregon, October 13, 1913.

Notice is hereby given that Peter F. Heinz, of Harriman, Oregon, who, on October 24, 1912, and March 30, 1914, made Homestead Entries No. 08378-07812, respectively for S½SW¼, SE¼NW¼, W½NW¼ Sec. 29, NE¼SE¼, S½NE¼, Section 30, Township 24 S., Range 34 E. Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Burns, Oregon on the 19th day of November, 1913.

Claimant names as witnesses:

Clarence A. Fesler, Robert C. Heinz, Carl Herzog, Ted Hayes, all of Harriman, Oregon.

WM. FARRE, Register.

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