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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 futile guerrilla warfare with all who invade the inhospitable Sahara sands of their domain. They are the buccaneers 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 sea-coast 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 distance shroud everything in uncanny mystery. They are masters of an area half that of the United States in extent. Of this 1,500,000 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 or 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 Wargla, 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 caravans 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 Mo-ham-

medans, 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 cross-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."

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," this "sweetest Shakespeare," this "Swan of Aven," 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 Herald's college a shady coat of arms and the right to subscribe himself "gent." and, while apparently not actively aiding 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 Drayton. 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.

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

"An aide-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 Carrusel on horseback highly rouged, when a cry was raised, 'Voici 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 sublieutenant of the national guard rushed into the palace asking to see him. He was admitted and 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 Duchesse d'Orleans, her children and the Duc de Nemours."

JUST DIP 'EM.

How to Keep Your Garden Labels From Rotting and Fading.

Gardeners frequently have trouble with plant labels rotting. The labels when used in the garden are subject to wet and heat during the season, causing the portion that is in the ground to rot; the label falls over and is lost, and the gardener loses the name of the plants. A good way to preserve wooden garden labels is to soak them in a solution of sulphate of iron. Dry the labels and then soak them in a strong solution of limewater. This results in the formation of insoluble sulphate of lime in the wood and preserves the labels from rotting.

Value of Whey

(Continued from page 2)

he is lengthy and of loose conformation, and has not the usual stumpy, boundun conformation of the hog fed on dry meal. As to feeding corn-meal with whey I do not think it requires soaking. In fact I don't bother soaking ground barley, oats, corn, bran or middlings in the whey. My method is to place the meal in the trough dry, and then pour the whey over it and let the pigs go to it. The wetting of the meal prevents the pigs from nosing it out of the trough. The pigs will mix it sufficiently, though they are pretty sure to drink most of the whey first, so that enough whey is mixed with the meal to keep it from being wasted; and that is all that is necessary.

Sour Whey Not Injurious—I do not think that souring, unless gone to an extreme, injures the whey very much for feeding pigs. In fact if the pigs are being pushed heavily on meal, I believe that the sour whey will have a more beneficial effect on the hog's system than sweet whey. But when hogs are fed only moderately the wet whey has higher nutritive value. Whey, however, should always be pasteurized at the factory before being taken away by the patrons. This is easily done by inserting a jet of steam into the whey in the tank and heating to 160 Fah., which is sufficient to destroy all germs of putrefaction. In hot summer weather, pasteurizing is almost indispensable. The process of pasteurization takes up little time, besides there is the pleasure of having the whey-tank and cheese-factory premises clean and sweet.

A Well-Known Fad—The condition of some whey-tanks is scandalous. They are too often found to contain a reeking disagreeable smelling mass polluting the atmosphere within a half mile of the factory. Cheesemakers who permit their whey tanks to get in this condition take no pride in their work, and should not be re-engaged. Dairymen who support cheese factories make a big mistake when they fail to avail themselves of the hog to aid them in making money from the byproducts. The attitude of the dairy farmers toward the pig has, strangely, always been an unfriendly one, and to this prejudice they lose much. For every dairy cow kept on the farm there should be at least two pigs. A man who keeps 20 cows should, in his own interest, feed and fatten 40 pigs every summer, which means keeping of five sows. If he does so he will find, perhaps to his amazement that this branch of the business is bringing him in more money than are the cows.

J. A. Macdonald,
Prince Edward Island.

+++++
+
+ **HOW TO PROTECT YOUR** +
+ **PIANO**—Half the pia +
+ nos of this country catch cold +
+ exactly as we do. They get +
+ hoarse or have a cough or a stiff +
+ nose or some similar complaint, +
+ which cannot be cured by home +
+ remedies, but which requires te +
+ dious and expensive doctoring. +
+ In order to prevent these avoid +
+ able ailments a piano should be +
+ kept in a moderately warm room, +
+ where the temperature is even, +
+ say 60 or 70 degrees, the year +
+ round, not cold one day and hot +
+ the next. The instrument should +
+ not, however, be too near the +
+ source of heat. It should be +
+ kept closed and covered with a +
+ felt cloth when not in use, par +
+ ticularly in frosty weather. Al +
+ ways place the piano close to +
+ but not against an inside wall. +
+ +++++

Hard Luck.

Bacon—This paper says according to a French investigator the chance of mistake in identification by means of finger prints is about one in 17,000,000,000. Ebert—Well, I'll bet my wife's the person who would make that one.—Yonkers Statesman.

Great minds have purposes, others have wishes.

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