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THE EVENING HERALD

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KLAMATH FALLS, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1909.

FOUGHT UNDER WATER.

Last of the Spanish Fleet at the Battle of Manila Bay.

"What was it like, that battle of Manila Bay, do you ask?"

The thunder of heaven would have been lost in its din. It was nerve and steel, like the rolling of all the drums in the world or the bolts of heavy sailing ships torn into shreds by the wind.

What a picture it would make—that battle, the last of the Spanish fleet, the Don Antonio de Ulloa. She fought, sinking a foot a minute! Gun after gun went under, and when the last shot was made only her bow gun remained. The crew, waist deep in water, fought as though victory was crowning them. It was there to fire the last gun upon that eventful day, and we cheered them on they sank.

These are the things men will write about, but memory alone can paint a picture so terrible that the moon, that old night watch of the universe, hid behind friendly vapors that she might not see the smother of war as they glared through the portholes and splashed of half sunken ships, while ever and anon exploding magazines would tear the waters, and fumes of yellow and red steam above all that was left of Spanish wreckage.

Survivor Wellington was a Solomon when he wrote, "Nothing except a bullet can be half so melancholy as a battle's end."—St. Nicholas.

AN AFRICAN RESCUE.

Saved From a Great Army of Ravenous Drivers.

In her "West African Studies" Miss Kingsley tells this story about the famous "driver" ants: "I was in a little village, and out of a hut came the owner and his family and all the household parasites pell-mell, leaving the drivers in possession, but the mother and father of the family, when they recovered from this unwelcome burst of activity, showed such a lively concern and such unmistakable signs of anguish at having left something behind them in the hut that I thought it must be the baby. 'Is him far corner for fear?' shrieked the distracted parents, and into that hut I charged.

"The first thing I saw in the corner lay the poor little thing, a mere inch high, with a head of coral, and its drivers already swarming upon it. To save it and give it to the distracted mother was, as the reporter would say, 'the work of an instant.' She gave a cry of joy and dropped it instantly into a water barrel, where her husband held it down with a hoe, chuckling contentedly. Shiver not, my friend, at the callousness of the Ethiopian. That thing wasn't an infant. It was a hair!"

How Sandy Felted Sandy.

An old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge and in order to save fuel cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday. One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him on the table.

"Now, Sandy," said he, "if ye eat that porridge ye'll have that whisky, and if ye don't ye won't."

He stuck again at the last spoonful, but kept his eye steadily on the glass of whisky, he made a bold, brave effort and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle, with a broad grin, as he said to himself, "Sandy, my lad, I did ye that time, ye said fule!"—Dundee Advertiser.

One Hair Astring.

A guest at a certain fashionable hotel recently had a growth. He carried it to the proprietor.

"Look here," he said, "things around here are just about as rotten as they make them. When I went to lunch today I found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey and hair in the apple sauce. Now, what do you think of that? Is that a good hotel?"

"Well," replied the genial proprietor, "I can explain the hair in the ice cream. That likely came from the shaving of the ice. And I suppose that the hair in the honey came off the comb. But I don't understand about the hair in the apple sauce. I bought those apples myself, and they were every one Baldwins."—Columbus Dispatch.

Reverent, Though Drunk.

The large majority of Russians of the orthodox faith will not pass a church or shrine in the street without uncovering their heads and crossing themselves. Travelers have seen intoxicated men who were staggering along observe this ceremony, and in the case of those who were too helplessly fuddled to walk home the friend or relative who has accompanied a tipsy companion in a sledge or droshky has, while holding him in the vehicle with one hand, performed for him the sign of the cross with the other when passing a sacred place.—London Chronicle.

The Turning Point.

There is a time in every man's education that is so obscure, that limitation is so wide, that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no hemel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toll bestowed on that plot of ground given him to till.—Emerson

THE JUDGE AND THE VIRAGO

An Ancient Joke of Which There Are Many Modern Versions.

The following tale was translated from a very old Chinese book for Collier's Weekly:

A certain magistrate upon opening his court observed one of his litigants whose face was covered with wounds and asked him what was the matter. He replied the doctor. "Yesterday evening I was reclining and enjoying the fresh air under my grape arbor, which was suddenly upset by a gust of wind and fell on me and caused these injuries."

But the judge was skeptical and said: "That is too thin. It is easy to see that the marks on your face are from scratches from nails. It must be that you have had a row with your wife and got a clawing from her. Is this not so?"

The litigant crimsoned all over and replied, "Your honor has truly guessed it."

Then said the judge: "Why is your wife so fierce as this? Wait till I summon her and give her a beating for your revenge."

While he was yet speaking the judge's own wife suddenly came out from the house and fiercely said, "What is this you are going to do?"

The magistrate hastily announced to the litigant and the wife that this court stands adjourned. Dispersed instantly. It seems as though the court's grape arbor is also about to collapse!

THE QUEST OF BEAUTY.

"Making Up" Is a Very Ancient Feminine Art.

"Making up," as applied to the appearance, is by no means as modern an art as many people imagine.

In the days of Roman supremacy the women tinted their eyebrows with black in emulation of the eyed Venus. They painted their faces, sprinkled themselves with perfume and even wore false hair or tilted their own locks in accordance with the prevailing fashion.

The Greek ladies of the same period employed make-up who rubbed out their mistresses' wrinkles, "decorated" her face with red and white paint and darkened her eyebrows. It was then also the fashion to coat the face with white of egg and goose grease to protect it from the sun and wind. It is even said that they had a recipe for turning blue eyes to black.

These fashions all had their origin in Italy, where in later years the notorious Lucretia Borgia is said to have dyed her hair different colors, according to her fancy of the moment.

In England in the eighteenth century many women, among them Lady Corentine, died from the effects of rouge. So in all ages "beauty at all costs" was the motto of "smart" ladies.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Doubt.

Madam (to the nursemaid, who has just brought home her four children from a walk)—Dear me, Anna, how changed the children look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?—Fingende Blatter.

The Bride's Disaster.

He found her lying unconscious in the kitchen. But she opened her eyes feebly for a moment.

"The cake fell on me, George!" she gasped, and with that she swooned again.—Puck.

The beautiful is as useful as the sea—more so perhaps.—Victor Hugo



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