

THE UGLY RHINOCEROS

Flabby and Stumpy, Yet He is as Quick as a Flash.

NOTED FOR HIS KEEN SCENT.

The Stupid Looking Brute Has a Nose That Makes Up For His Almost Useless Little Eyes—He Can Wheel at Full Speed Like a Polo Pony.

At first sight the African rhinoceros appears to be heavily handicapped by nature as regards his anatomy. His dumpy, loutish body, short, stumpy legs, small, unblinking, piglike eyes and prehensile upper lip all combine to give him an air of stupid inactivity. Yet let him once scent danger, and how quickly is this idea dissipated. If lying down at the time, he is on his legs and facing the cause of disturbance in a dash. If satisfied that the danger is real, he turns in a second and is galloping up wind at a pace that compares favorably with that of a good horse.

To avoid obstructions he can turn and wheel at full speed like a polo pony and is capable of keeping up the pace for miles. In a straight race between a rhinoceros and a horse over two miles of the average country in which the former is met with, consisting, as it usually does, of black cotton soil and ordinary yield, the rhino would be fully able to hold his own.

Being very sure footed, obstacles, cracks in the ground and small holes which would cause a horse to stumble, if not come to grief altogether, have no effect on him whatever, and he will gallop down one side of a khor and up the other, leaving loose stones and debris rattling, but without one false step.

His great physical defect is his sight, his eyes being of very little use to him, and the hunter may walk straight up to him in open country till within 100 yards and, without exercising very much care, can by stalking, should the ground be fairly favorable, easily get within twenty yards before firing, always provided the approach is made from the leeward side. Any advantage he may lose owing to his bad eyesight is fully made up to him by his sense of smell.

The phrase "a nose like a fox terrier" is often applied to keenness of scent. This should rather be "a nose like a rhinoceros." There is very little chance of getting on terms with him if the approach is made from windward.

If lying down, he almost invariably does so with his nose pointed down wind, consequently the hunter approaching, as he naturally should, from the leeward side, has only the quarry's defective sight and hearing to contend with.

In the daytime the rhino bird, or osprey (Buphaga africana), acts as a protection to him, sleeping and waking. There is a superstition among the natives that these small birds perform the duties of sentry. To a certain extent this is true. They are always flitting about and hanging on to him, feeding on the ticks with which he swarms, and on the approach of danger flutter about with little hoarse cries, which have the effect of rousing him and, if continued, cause him to rise up and look around.

It is almost impossible to calculate correctly what the action of a rhino will be on becoming aware of danger. No two of them seem to behave in the same way in similar circumstances. On the whole, it is safe to say that if only disturbed he will retreat, but should he be actually annoyed and see his enemy he will retaliate and charge.

Serious loss and delay are often caused by a rhino charging a caravan. Yet this action is nearly always forced upon him and occurs through stupidity rather than premeditated malice. The head of a caravan, say, of 300 porters, extending over two or three miles of country, passes to windward of a rhino. He gets the scent and moves up wind and perhaps nears the center of the caravan, when, being thoroughly alarmed, he turns off a little, only to strike the tail end.

Being now puzzled and seeing at last, as he thinks, the original cause of his annoyance, he charges straight through, on his way hornning a load or two hastily cast aside by the porters on his approach. He then passes on to leeward of the caravan and, being at last delivered from the annoying scent, moves on into more peaceful territory. Yet a person who had not watched his progress from the start would think that he had come from a mile or more away with the deliberate intention of exterminating the caravan.

On the whole, it may be said that the disposition of the rhino is on a par with that of most animals and many human beings—they wish to be left alone, and unless worried they will not make trouble.—London Field.

Two Ways.
"De man dat waits to learn by experience," said Uncle Eben, "is liable to put in his precious time gettin' cussed of a mule kick while de man dat used common sense is gettin' his corns planted."—Washington Star.

Chip From the Old Block.
Larry Jackson—Look at beeh, mah son, wat would yo' do ef yo' had no muddah an' no faddah to support yo' Ephey Jackson—Why, ah'd git married, of course.—Judge.

Do one thing at a time and the big things first.—Lincoln.

A SOUTH SEA ROMANCE.

The Mutiny Long Ago on the Bounty, a British Man-of-war.
Who has not heard of the mutiny of the Bounty? The romance of it still lingers from one end of the Pacific to the other. The descendants of the mutineers of the British man-of-war and their dusky wives are living and bear English names made famous, or infamous, more than a century ago.

The British man-of-war had gone to Tahiti. The commander, Blythe, was harsh and cruel to his men. The women of Tahiti loved the fair skinned sailors and sought to hide them from Blythe, their oppressor, but they were captured, and the ship sailed away, but only to return. When it returned, in command was Fletcher Christian, midshipman, and a score of mutineers. The brute Blythe and his loyal companions had been set adrift in an open boat. Marvelous to relate, after traversing thousands of miles of open ocean they reached the Australian coast. Here they found a haven of refuge at a British outpost. For twenty years all trace of Fletcher Christian and his companions was lost, although searching expedition after expedition was sent to Tahiti by the British government.

Each of the mutineers save the remorseful Fletcher Christian took unto himself a wife. As it meant death to their husbands to live in Tahiti, they helped the men they loved to man the boat that bore them away to seek some desert island. After sailing for many days in the extreme southern tropical sea the rock of Pitcairn arose before them.

Twenty years later a British merchantman sighted by chance the lone rock in the southern Pacific and sent a boat ashore. To the astonishment of the crew, dusky men and women ran down to the beach to welcome them in their own tongue and claimed to be "English." Only one old man among them, Adams, of pure British blood still survived. He was found, Blithe in hand, teaching in the little Sunday school which he had built and where he had educated the children of the colony and taught them the tenets of the Christian faith.

When the news reached England a British man-of-war was sent for the last of the mutineers of the Bounty. Aboard was a king's pardon for Adams, so that, after all, he died a British subject, surrounded by his dusky children and grandchildren. The colony was then removed from the faraway southern isle to Tahiti, but homesickness overcame its members, and they returned to the verdant rock.—New Idea Magazine.

How Attraction Acts.
Attraction acts very curiously. Thus if there were a man in the moon and if he were like the men on the earth he would be able to leap over a three storied house with as much ease as an ordinary jumper springs over a three foot fence in consequence of the forces of attraction being much less at the moon's surface than at the earth's. An elephant there would be as light footed as the deer here. A boy throwing stones might easily land them in an adjoining county. On the other hand, the reverse of all this would happen in Jupiter or Saturn. They being so much greater than the earth, their attraction would so impede locomotion that a man would scarcely be able to crawl, and large animals would be crushed by their own weight.

In the Land of Windmills.
The Dutch when they invite you, and they are not a guest seeking race, are extremely hospitable and make you at once welcome. Sometimes, however, when it comes to dinner, their active hospitality demands an energetic recognition. The table is laid with piles of plates before each chair. On your first visit the spoons and forks are heavy silver, the knives of the finest steel and ivory. You never, however, eat with them again. When you have been shown that a family possesses them that ends it. You eat thereafter from everyday ware.
"What would the silver be like for our descendants if we used it often?" an old lady asked me. "What would we have if our ancestors had been careless?"—Eva Madden in Harper's Bazar.

A Curiosity in Boundaries.
About 600 yards from the station at Herseaux, at the crossroads from Oudenarde to Roubais, on the way from Tournai to Monseton, there is a directing post which from a topographical point of view is a curiosity. This post marks the separation between the two countries, France and Belgium; three provinces or departments, Le Nord, western Flanders and Hainault; three bishoprics, Cambrai, Burges and Tournai. Three races dwell around it, speaking three languages, French, Flemish and Wallon. It is also in three communes, Wattrelos, Herseaux and Estaimpuis.—London Globe.

The Only Way to Know.
Catherine had asked so many questions, and father was growing impatient. Finally he said, "Oh, Catherine, I can't answer half your questions." "I know you can't, father, but then I do not know which half you can't answer."—Delineator.

Neither Polite Nor Wise.
Mrs. Tellitt—It isn't polite to turn your back on people.
Tellitt—It isn't wise, either, unless you are sure that your dress is buttoned to the limit. Think that over!—Chicago News.

Sanitary instruction is more important than sanitary legislation.—Derby.

AN AUTHOR'S START.

When Marion Crawford Began His Career as an Author.

Marion Crawford I had known since he was a lad of fourteen years. I, too, was a youngster in those days. We were living in a New Jersey town and he came there to visit his aunt, Mrs. Adolphe Mallard, a sister of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Although he came from Italy he dressed as an English lad, with high hat, Eton jacket, wide collar and long trousers. You can imagine the sensation that he made in that quiet New Jersey town. We had had kings and princes as our neighbors, but a young boy in a high hat more of a novelty. From those days, which were filled with youthful escapades, I did not see Frank Crawford as he was then called, until he was a full grown man and had knocked about the world a bit. His uncle, the well known Sam Ward, brought him to the office of the Critic, then consisting of a single small room over Danell's dry goods store in Broadway, New York. "This lad wants to be a writer," said his Uncle Sam. "I wish that you would give him a chance to learn the business." We gave him the chance, not only for old times' sake, but because we liked his looks. "That fellow can do anything he cares to," I remarked after he left the office. So we let him write. He wrote book reviews, editorials and even poetry, and after that he wrote "Mr. Isaacs." You know the rest. From that on it was easy enough. He won out and we knew that, though we had given him the chance he wanted at the time that he wanted it, he would have found it quick enough anywhere else. But he never forgot what he chose to regard as a favor.—Jeanette L. Glaser in Putnam's.

POLENTA.

A Woman Tells of Her Introduction to the Italian Dish.

Did you ever eat polenta? Here's what one woman has to tell you before you say no.

"Just let me tell you about my introduction to this Italian dish. Last summer, after I had closed our camp in the mountains, I was invited to spend the night with an acquaintance who had the next camp.

"She is a charming woman, one who has lived abroad more than in this country. She is devoted to Italy and things Italian, and her cook from southern Italy has been with her several years.

"As I was about to retire my hostess said to me, 'I don't mind, but I didn't think to ask you what you preferred to have for breakfast.' Really, before I had opportunity to frame a reply, she continued, 'We always have polenta; Antonia makes delicious polenta, so I always have it.' I did not know polenta, I was quite sure, but it certainly sounded most attractive, and so I replied, 'I am sure I should like polenta, especially if Antonia makes it,' and I went to my room with my appetite already whetted for polenta made by Antonia.

"The next morning I awaited that meal with the greatest expectancy. The polenta was served, and I tasted it. Was it good?

"It certainly was, but I had eaten hundreds of times before, only we prosaic Americans call it cornmeal mush. 'Truly, that is polenta. A name makes lots of difference, doesn't it?' she concluded.—Houston Post.

Professional Orators.

When Lord Rosmead, then Sir Hercules Robinson, was governor of New South Wales, in the early seventies, he fell to his lot to admit the erstwhile cannibal kingdom of Fiji as an integral part of the British empire. During the incidental ceremonies he noticed that none of the great fighting chiefs spoke in person and that each of them had a professional orator on his staff. As an Irishman, with a strong sense of humor, Sir Hercules was naturally tickled by such a novel situation, and when he got back to Sydney he repeatedly eulogized the arrangement, pointing out that the man of action was very rarely a man of words and that civilization might very well learn a lesson from Pacific chiefs.—London Chronicle.

Well Trained.

A farmer, finding a motor horn in the road, took it home, determined to turn it to some use. So he taught his poultry to gather for meals at its foot, and all nature may be said to have smiled till one morning a motor car passing the farmyard blew a loud blast. The full strength of the poultry yard instantly ran out into the road and began to pursue the car with all the ardor of railway travelers charging into the refreshment room. At the end of the fifth mile fourteen pullets and three roosters succumbed through exhaustion. The rest are still running.—English Paper.

What's in a Name.

Epicure—Walter this steak is positively bad. It must be three weeks old. Walter—Ah, pardon, monsieur! I have made ze mistake and have brought you ze venison. Epicure—Venison? Oh, yes! Then you may leave it. (Tastes it.) Ah, to be sure, it is venison, and very nice, too—very nice, indeed!—Town Topics.

The Poor Poet.

"My husband never gets what he should for his poetry," said the poet's wife, with a tinge of sadness.
"Oh, don't be too hard on him," replied the girl absentmindedly.—Yonkers Statesman.

Who teaches often learns himself.—Italian proverb.

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