

### THE VICIOUS PECCARY

A Fierce Creature Is the South American Wild Boar.

HE IS SMALL, BUT FEARLESS

Will Attack Man or Any Animal in Existence on the Slightest Provocation and Will Fight to the Death—A Battle With a Jaguar.

During one of his journeys into Mexico Edward W. Walton, a mining expert, had a close call from being sliced to shreds by the fierce little South American pig known as peccaries. He told the story of his escape to a Denver Post reporter.

"I wished to secure some plumes from a number of the beautifully plumaged birds," said Mr. Walton. "I went into the jungle and came to a small opening in which there were dry leaves, probably a foot in depth, covering the ground, and hundreds of beautifully colored tropical birds in the air and in the trees. I fired at one of the birds in flight, when it seemed to me the whole area of these dead leaves arose in front of and all around me. Being a stranger, naturally I was much frightened, especially when I saw the animals which raised up the leaves apparently ready for an attack. The older animals opened and closed their mouths, showing their big, sharp tusks, formed much like a sickle knife, and some of them started toward me. Impulsively I commenced firing my gun in the air and turned around, which seemed to stop most of them momentarily, and as I had lots of cartridges I kept up the shooting, and they turned and ran away. I found afterward that I had saved my life by so doing and by not shooting any of the animals.

"These animals proved to be peccaries. They are most ferocious and will attack any animal in existence on the slightest provocation. When I got back to headquarters and told my companions my experience I was informed that had I shot one of the animals and made him squeal the whole bunch would have been on me and would have torn me to pieces quickly. They have been known to kill bears, jaguars, cattle, horses and any number of dogs. Although in the fight scores of their number might be killed, they seem to have no fear when once aroused.

"I was told the peccaries burrow under the dry leaves to protect themselves from mosquitoes and other winged pests of that hot country. My friends had many exciting experiences to tell in regard to these ferocious little animals. One of this party, while traveling with a companion in a wagon, stopped for lunch under some trees and turned their horses out to graze. While at lunch a large bunch of peccaries appeared and they thought it would be nice to shoot among them and get one or two for meat, so they fired into them, wounding several, which commenced to squeal. Then the whole bunch made an attack. The men climbed quickly into the wagon and kept on shooting so long as the ammunition which they had in their pockets lasted. As they were opening their bags to get out more ammunition the peccaries climbed on the tongue of the wagon and jumped into it, and the men saved themselves only by jumping on to the seat and then on to limbs of the trees, the peccaries taking possession of the wagon and tearing things to pieces. They remained in possession for hours, the men watching them from safety in the trees.

The peccary, of South American wild boar, is the smallest of his species, averaging about three feet long, but is the animal possessed of any unusual degree of strength. To make up for the natural individual deficiencies in combat with the more powerful animals of the jungle the peccaries always travel in large herds. When once attacked by a herd of peccaries the outcome is nearly always death to their enemy. The little pigs are armed with short sharp tusks, and no matter how great the slaughter of their own number during the melee the herd stay on the job until the work is finished.

Travelers in tropical and South American countries tell of fierce encounters between the peccaries and the jaguar, the monster cat which is lord of the forest. The jaguar has a wholesome respect for the power of a herd of wild pigs. When he wants to satisfy his cravings for a pork diet he drops from a limb of a tree on to the back of a straggler in the peccary herd. The jaguar slays his victim and then retreats hastily to his tree before the herd can get at him. When the herd grows tired of waiting for him to come down and moves along the jaguar descends and enjoys his meal in leisure. Frederick Selous in his romance of the animal world has an interesting account of a fight between a jaguar and a herd of peccaries. The peccaries had the jaguar treed on the limb of a tree from which he was only a few feet above them and by harassing and jumping at their enemy finally succeeded in bringing the cougar to the ground. After the fight was over there were eleven killed and wounded peccaries, but the jaguar was literally torn to pieces.

**Says Thing Now.**  
"You know woman was once the head of the family," she said.  
"No need to speak of that in the past tense," replied her husband meekly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The most sublime act is to set another before you.—William Blake.

### THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

No Authority For Saying It Was an Apple That Eve Ate.

"What a vast amount of trouble the human race might have avoided if Eve hadn't eaten that apple," remarked the group-by individual when something especially displeased him.

"How do you know it was an apple?" asked the accurate man.

"Why, the Bible says so, doesn't it?"  
"No. It has come to be a popular belief that the fruit which was eaten by our first parents in the garden 'eastward in Eden' was an apple, but there is no authority for this.

"It is called simply the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. 'And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise she took of the fruit thereof and did eat and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat.' What is there here about an apple?"

A great many popular quotations are attributed to the Bible when in fact they had other sources.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is not from the Scriptures, but from 'A Sentimental Journey to Italy,' by Sterne.

"In the midst of life we are in death," which is found in the burial service, can be traced to Luther.

"From St. Paul's utterance, 'The love of money is the root of all evil,' we have twisted the saying, 'Money is the root of evil.' 'Cleanliness is next to godliness' was uttered by John Wesley in a sermon on dress. 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast' is a popular rendering of the proverb, 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' 'The tongue is an unruly member' appears in the epistle of James as 'The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.'—Philadelphia North American.

### A BEAVER DAM.

The Feeling It Inspired in a University Professor.

I have yet to meet the man who can walk for the first time through a beaver works, as the range of a colony of beavers is called, and not feel something of the sentiment of human association.

It is a sensation very similar to what we feel when we come out unexpectedly into a woodland clearing after a long day spent in the unbroken solitude.

Once stood with a learned professor of Columbia college on the bank of a stream in eastern Canada and looked down on a freshly made beaver dam, one of the best in point of construction that I had ever seen. It was, indeed, a really stupendous affair for a beaver to have made. Built of alder poles and brush, weighted with mud and small stones, it was fifty feet long, six feet high and raised the level of the water by about sixty inches.

Seen from the upstream side, it presented the appearance of a more or less evenly disposed array of short sticks protruding from a long mound of mud just level with the surface of the restrained water. From below the brushwood supporting the dam proper was plainly visible and the ingenuity of its piling at once apparent.

There was of course none of that pile driving or basket weaving which at one time played so large a part in the picturesque descriptions by fanciful writers, but despite its roughness it was a really remarkable piece of animal engineering. My companion inspected it for several minutes in impressed silence.

"I should be afraid to kill a thing that knew so much," he said thoughtfully.—Bailey's Magazine.

### A Dog Story.

We brought from Scotland a collie about six months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining room. This rule was enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who ever broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table, and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation. But one morning she left the table abruptly. Rab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow, as if to say, "Now is our time." He seized the bone and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.—London Spectator.

### Illustrating a Definition.

In proving a match to the browbeating lawyer the woman witness is probably in the majority. At a recent case in court a woman witness was giving very damaging evidence against the prisoner, and the attorney for the defense, nettled at her manner, decided to embarrass her if he could.

"In giving your testimony, madam, I observe that you are constantly using the word 'irony.' May I ask if you comprehend its true meaning?"

"Well, I think I do. I will illustrate. If I were to call you a gentleman I should unquestionably be indulging in most decided irony."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### A Considerate Husband.

New Husband—Did you make those biscuits, my dear? His Wife—Yes, darling. Her Husband—Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart. His Wife—Why, not, love? Her Husband—Because, angel mine, you are too light for such heavy work.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If wisdom was to cease throughout the world no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

### THE HUDSON RIVER.

It Has Been Known by at Least Twenty Different Names.

In the course of the past 400 years the Hudson has been known by at least twenty different names, and even today—in New York, at any rate—it is indifferently referred to both as the Hudson and the North river.

While Henry Hudson is universally acclaimed as the discoverer of the noble river which bears his name, it is well known that nearly a century before Hudson's successful exploration John da Verrazano, a Florentine, entered the mouth of the Hudson and reported that he had passed up the river about a league in a boat, not venturing to sail his vessel, the Dauphine, up a river with which he was unfamiliar. A sudden squall impelled him to return to his ship. Verrazano called the Hudson "the river of steep hills." This was in 1524. Some years later Verrazano's brother made a map of the region, and he named the mouth of the Hudson "San Germano."

In 1525 a Spaniard named Gomez, who came to America on an exploring trip, made a chart upon which he designated the Hudson as "San Antonio." When some eighty years later Henry Hudson in his efforts to reach the East India possessions of the Dutch East India company by a northwestern route accidentally ran into the Hudson, he promptly dubbed it the "Manhattans," from the name of the Indians who dwelt at its mouth.

Hudson sailed slowly up the river as far as Albany, and his experiences with the Indians and his observations of the surrounding country were so gratifying that he returned home with glowing reports of the new found country.

The Dutch at once realized that great commercial advantage might be gained in the new territory, and various companies were organized to colonize and exploit it.

In 1614 a charter was granted to the New Netherlands company, and the river was there referred to as "De Riviere van der Vorst Maurilius" in honor of Prince Maurice of Orange.

In various other charters granted at this time and public documents in which the river was mentioned it was spoken of as the "Groot Riviere," the "Noordt rivier," the "River of the Manhattans" and the "Rio de Montague."

In addition to these names, the Indians had a number of others for it, among which may be mentioned "Santata," "Shawatawtwy," "Cabohattas" and "Cohongontas."

As late as 1754 the river was referred to by a French writer as the "River Orange."

When the English took possession of New Netherlands they persistently called the river "Hudson's river," and despite the many other names by which it was known that name finally "stuck," although many of the early colonists spoke of it as the North river in contradistinction to the Delaware river, which was commonly known as the South river.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Story of Stevenson.

After one of Dumas' plays which he saw presented in Paris and in which a man employs an unworthy stratagem against a woman Robert Louis Stevenson wrote:

"I came forth from that performance in a breathing heat of indignation. On the way down the Francis stairs I trod on an old gentleman's toes, whereupon, with that surety which so well becomes me, I turned about to apologize and on the instant, repenting me of that intention, stopped the apology midway and added something in French to this effect: 'No, you are one of the persons who have been applauding that piece. I retract my apology.'

"Said the old Frenchman, laying his hand on my arm and with a smile that was truly heavenly in temperance, irony, good nature and knowledge of the world, 'Ah, monsieur, vous etes bien jeune' (Ah, sir, you are very young)."

### Sickness and Superstition.

For the cure of epilepsy, or the falling sickness, numerous were the charms that were invoked long ago. A very common remedy among the poor people about London and particularly in Essex was to eat the tip of a black cat's tail in order to procure three drops of blood, which were to be taken in a spoonful of milk and repeated three days successively. If the patient was informed of the composition it lost its efficacy. The patients also were to creep head foremost down some three pairs of stairs three times a day for three successive days.—London Answers.

### The Cosmological Question.

The business of life allows no spare time any more. One cannot get rich nowadays in office hours, nor become great, nor keep telegraphically informed, nor do his share of talking and listening. Everybody but the plumber and paperhanger works overtime. How the earth keeps up a necessary amount of whirling in the old twenty-four hour limit is more than we can understand. But she can't keep up the pace much longer. She must have an extra hour. And how to snatch it from the tail end of eternity is the burning cosmological question.—Dallas Love Sharp in Atlantic.

### A Kindly Inquiry.

Fairlie-Jack, have you that ten pounds I lent you the other day? Flyntie—Not all of it, old chap, but what I have will do me a day or two longer. Jolly kind and thoughtful of you to inquire, though.—Illustrated Bits.

The bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature subsist without recreation.—Cervantes.

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