

GLY LEOPARD

Battle Thief and Even a Man Being Thief.

HAN LION OR TIGER.

Prey by the Throat and With Its Claws Until It Spins of Its Victim or It.

...but even more ferocious, has a worse character than the lion. Living mainly in the mountains, this fierce beast is less often seen than the lion or tiger. It is widely distributed from the Cape of Good Hope to the Black Sea, and is sometimes met with in the mountains of the Himalayas.

...who has frequented the zoo must have noticed the size and color between some different parts of the leopard. In other clear netters are jet black.

...they live leopards are cat-sheep thieves, dog thieves, being thieves. Though not in appearance, they are lion-like, and it is not unusual to see a leopard kill a man.

...In Africa they have been set up in this line as delirious tigers. They have four legs at a birth. The cubs can come for some time and are very tame, but it is extremely dangerous to handle them about.

...An Englishman had a leopard. It was brought into the country by a coolie to be exhibited to the guests. Excited by the sight of the leopard, the coolie refused to let one of the women, who he had asked that it be killed, to hold it.

...The coolie took hold of its tail by the neck, bit it through, and the coolie was dying with blood on the dining table.

...These leopard ranges as far as the Siberian tiger and like the lion, seems to grow larger the further it is found. The color of the northern leopards is very pale, and the fur is very soft.

...The leopard is unapproachable, and is more dangerous than the lion or tiger. It is no fear of the lion, provided it is not hunting for it, for it will kill unless provoked, but a leopard is never to be trusted.

...A number of natives were seen to be killed by a leopard. One of the boys, being thirsty and hot, was immediately seized by a leopard. The boy's father, with an admirable aim, buried a spear in the leopard while the boy was in its jaws.

...The point separated the leopard's head, and the leopard was dead. But the boy's father, with an admirable aim, buried a spear in the leopard while the boy was in its jaws.

...The leopard's fangs were open, and he was exposed to the cavity of the ribs during the night.

...Leopards are essentially tree living animals. Sleeping in caves by day, they are seldom seen. They do an incredible amount of mischief among cattle, sheep and dogs, being especially fond of killing and eating the latter.

...They seize their prey by the throat, breaking the spine or in the neck. They have a feeding on putrid flesh. This is done by using their teeth as a lever to pry open the jaw.

...In the way of prey comes the leopard, from a cow in the pasture up at roost.

...The great mountain ranges of the Himalayas are the home of the beautiful snow leopard. It is a large creature, with a long tail like a lion's.

...The color is white, clouded with gray, like that of a cat. The edges of the clouded spots are marked with black. The eyes are very blue-gray or smoke colored.

...On the wild sheep, ibex and mountain animals. In captivity the leopard is the tamest and gentlest of the carnivora, not excepting the panther. It is a sleepy animal, like a domestic cat.

...West African leopard skin is handsomer than the Asiatic. He is very distinct and clear. He usually goes in companies of hunting cantonments and native towns, where they pick up and now and then a baby.

...I was camped in a native village and after I had retired the natives were sitting around a great fire asking my caravan a great number of questions. The African is the greatest gossip in the world. Suddenly a child's cry rang out, followed by a great clamor. Rushing to discover the cause of alarm, I found that a leopard had been seen in the darkness and quick as a flash had grabbed a four-year-old child and made off with it.

...The child was in the midst of the grown-up women. The latter could not find their loss. They knew it was a leopard. They knew it was a leopard. They knew it was a leopard.

CANNIBALISM.

It is the Religion of the Savages Who Practice It.

In the course of his thirteen years as a missionary in the Fiji Islands the Rev. Joseph Nettleton learned a good deal about cannibalism and even saw some of his colleagues killed and eaten.

"It is a common mistake to think that these men eat human beings because of hunger," he said. "Cannibalism is their religion. The ovens in the temple where they cook their human sacrifices are never used for any other purpose. I once witnessed the capture of a white victim. He was surrounded, bound hand and foot and dragged along to the temple, where he was dashed with terrible force against the altar. Then he was pushed inside the compound, while the chiefs arranged as to the division of the body and began a war dance. Their hideous war dance—the 'derana' they call it—makes one's flesh creep. An American sea captain who once visited the islands said he was not so much afraid of being eaten as he was of this dance. It took all the courage out of him."

Mr. Nettleton had to use extreme tact to avoid arousing suspicion among the savages. "My colleague, Mr. Baker, was murdered, cooked and eaten with seven others while exploring," he said. "The cannibals thought he was a spy. I never carried a revolver. Why? Because the cannibals say that once, 'He doesn't carry that to kill himself; therefore he means to kill us, and they act accordingly.'"

The Rev. J. Calvert, another of Mr. Nettleton's colleagues, had a narrow escape. He was surrounded by cannibals, and it was decided that he should be killed. By a miracle his life was spared. "My friend pleaded till he was hoarse," said Mr. Nettleton, "but it was of no avail. Suddenly one of the cannibals remembered that Mr. Calvert had doctored him when he was ill. That saved my friend's life."—Chicago News.

DEMONIAC PLEASantry.

Humorous Diversion of the Roman Emperor Commodus.

Professional barbers are said to have been introduced into Rome by Menas from Sicily, of which island he was praetor in the days of Cicero. Under the empire their shops in some instances became fashionable resorts at which every luxury of the toilet was enjoyed and the gossip and news of Rome and the empire were discussed. The menus, luxury and weaknesses of personal adornment therein carried to excess are amply immortalized in the pages of Terence, Plautus, Horace, Juvenal and Martial.

Other barber shops were more retired, as we learn from the annals of the Emperor Commodus, who, having wearied at times of the wholesale tragedies of the Coliseum, wherein armies engaged in murder at his savage behest, and being desirous of a little humorous diversion, used, like the caliph of Bagdad in the "Arabian Nights," to disguise himself and sally forth, accompanied by two or more of his favorites, and, having hired a barber shop suitable for his purpose, would place one of his men at the door to solicit custom.

Having secured a customer, the emperor barber would politely affix the towel and apply the lather, all the time keeping up a running fire of the latest jests and little pleasantries until the customer and himself were almost overcome with laughter. Then the keen-edged razor would slip, and among regrets and proffers of assistance the senseless victim would be assisted to the rear of the shop, where between threats and bribes he was kept from making a riot until one or two more victims were added to the number and Commodus, weary of his demagogic pleasantries, was ready to return to the palace or to the arena.—Charles Winslow Hall in National Magazine.

The Mails.

When does a crime become punishable? When is it committed by mail. The mail is the most sacred thing known to the United States government except itself. Nothing but treason surpasses in egregiousness the misuse of the mails. So far as the federal authorities are concerned, one may steal, gamble and murder so long as it is not done by correspondence. Do ye whatsoever ye will one unto another, but do not write it down and stick a stamp on the upper right hand corner, for if ye do then in truth will all the demons of justice be unloosed upon your trail.—Life.

Startled the Natives.

Herrera, the Spanish historian, says that Pizarro when he landed in South America owed his life and those of his companions to the fact that one of the party fell off his horse by accident. The natives had succeeded in cutting off the retreat of the Spaniards to their ships, when one of the riders was thrown. The Indians were so astonished at the dissolution of partnership that they took flight at once. They had supposed horse and man to be one animal.

An Inference.

Rose—Why don't you pop in and have a game of bridge sometimes? Violet—Oh, well, you see—I've become a bit of a recluse lately. Rose—How much do you owe?—Illustrated Bits.

Thriftless.

"Did she marry the man who rescued her?" "Yes, and now she's discovered that her life was the only thing he ever saved."—Detroit Free Press.

A CHINESE TITBIT.

Eggs That Have Been Preserved For a Century or More.

When Li Hung Chang made his tour of the world his commissariat carried with it a supply of Chinese preserved eggs for the venerable ambassador's special use. Some of these eggs were exhibited in New York while he was staying here, and a few experts had the temerity to sample them. "They were not so bad after all," was the verdict of one American connoisseur, "although by their look you would think they would come under the ban of the pure food law."

The eggs were incased in clay and when unpecked looked like pieces of pumice stone. They are preserved in this way by the Chinese for a century or more, and Li Hung Chang admitted that the hen which laid the eggs for his morning meal might have been decapitated anywhere from a quarter to half a century before he was born. The process of keeping is very primitive, but as effective as it is simple. The eggs are first boiled hard and then while they are hot they are wrapped in soft clay and packed away.

In this condition the Chinese claim they will keep forever and not lose their flavor or wholesomeness. Indeed they consider that age improves the flavor. Li Hung Chang's commissariat brought the eggs for his personal use in bags packed in rice husks, but as the clay was hard there was not much danger of breaking them. When opened the "white" was found to be almost black and the yolks green. The flavor, however, was preserved. The Chinese chop these preserved boiled eggs and decorate most of their viands with them. They also enter largely into all their sauces.

Duck eggs are also preserved by the Chinese in a somewhat similar fashion. There is a considerable trade in duck eggs, and many Chinese in this country import them from China in the preserved condition. The duck eggs are boiled and preserved in a paste of charcoal instead of clay. Harper's Weekly.

SEARCHLIGHTS.

A Special Pattern Must Be Used on the Suez Canal.

Every war vessel carries from one to twenty searchlights, and every vessel of any description whatever passing through the Suez canal has to carry one of a special pattern.

A searchlight consists essentially of an arc lamp of special form, a parabolic mirror and a case to hold the arc case being mounted so as to be capable of movement in two directions, viz. vertically and horizontally. The hood, as this case is called, is made of sheet steel about 3/32 inch thick. The turntable, trunnions, etc., are cast in gun metal. The arms which support the hood are of cast steel. The lamp box is formed as part of the hood. The mirror is carried on springs in the back cover, and at the front of the hood is a "front glass" mounted in a gun metal ring, and the dispersion lens when carried is hinged on in front of this. Training is carried out by means of a worm and worm wheel or by a rack and pinion. Steering is effected by means of a pinion which gears into a crown wheel on the underside of the turntable, or else it is done directly by hand.

The Suez canal regulations require that the projector shall be capable of giving the light required under two different conditions in the first case a broad, flat beam of light illuminating both banks and the canal unobstructedly, this being used when no other ship is approaching; in the other case they require a beam having the same angle of divergence and consequently the same width as the first, but divided into two portions, with a dark interval between, thus giving light at both sides, but not directly in front and so not interfering with the navigation of the approaching vessel.—J. M. Heslop in Cassier's Magazine.

A Fortune in Snuffboxes.

Count Nesselrode, the Russian statesman of the last century, was a famous collector of snuffboxes. He collected them as a diplomatist, receiving one or two for each treaty he signed, and when he had got \$100,000 worth of them turned them into cash and became a capitalist. His capital he invested so judiciously that his descendants are multimillionaires. The moral of Count Nesselrode's experience is that a snuffbox is not to be sneezed at.

Teaching the Teacher.

A village parish clerk who employed a grammarian to teach his daughter heard him with much surprise define the use of the articles "a," "an" and "the." "You cannot place 'a' the singular article, before plural nouns. No one can say, 'A houses, a horses, a'." "Hold there!" said the parish clerk. "I must contradict you in that. Don't I at church every Sunday say 'Amen'?"—London Mail.

To the Stranger Within Your Gates. In New England What do you know? In New York—How much you got? In the South—Who are you? In the West—What can you do?—Life.

Candid.

"What do you mean by being candid, pa?" "Spitting into others as you would not like them to speak to you."—Puck.

INDIANS' PRIDE.

Native Reserve and Conservatism Keep Them Apart From Whites.

Even among the Five Civilized Tribes there still remain many communities wholly full blood. These people drift together, following their own ideas of life, speaking their own language and retiring before the whites with the same strange reserve and pride that characterized them in their wild state.

Although claiming the name of several Christian denominations and following certain beliefs with devoutness, their ways of thinking, their dislike of innovation and their aversion to work have made them withdraw to the mountain districts. Whether this so called reserve comes from pride or a distrust of the white man or a mildity or merely a stubborn conservatism, it produces the same result, the backward and nonprogressive Indian.

There is, too, a certain mystic quality that holds the Indian aloof, says the Southern Workman a quality that we do not understand and with which there is little sympathy in our everyday life. He is so much of a philosopher that he looks upon our strenuous life with some contempt, dismissing our efforts for personal comfort and material advancement with the remark that "the white man is heap trouble to himself." While people call him lazy because he does not care to exert himself for those things which seem important to whites, yet to be religious ceremonial or some artistic expression his application is persistent, and the "patience of an Indian" has passed into a proverb.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

She Joined a Card Club in Order to Forget Her Work.

An Atchison woman who found the monotony of dishwashing, cooking and laundry work proving too much for sauntering was urged to join a card club. "It will take your mind off your work," she was told, and so she joined. In order to attend she had to get up that morning an hour earlier to get her work done; a neighbor girl was hired to stay with the baby, and when, flustered, nervous and tired, she left the house fifteen minutes late she was followed by the screams of her three children because they couldn't be taken along. But she had her mind taken off her work at the card party. Of that there is no doubt, for when she made a mislay her partner, a perfect lady, walked right over her, then picked her up and shook her, and then chewed on her for fifteen minutes. She became so frightened that the little wits she had under her hair fled, and she made another mislay with another partner, and this woman, also a perfect lady, talked to her in a way the woman should have been ashamed to talk to a dog. It was more than she could endure, and, weeping like a sprinkling cart, she got up and went home. "It did even more than I promised," she told her husband. "Nothing has ever happened to me in all my life that so effectively took my mind off my work. Why, there were times when I even forgot I had you and all the children."—Atchison Globe.

Athletics and the Unfit.

Those who are unfit should not indulge in athletic games is a warning by Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Outlook.

A boy, for instance, is a little weak after a mild attack of infectious fever, pneumonia, influenza or tonsillitis, and his heart is beating faster and more violently than it should on exertion. But the team wants him or he wants a record, or both, and away he goes into training.

"Suddenly one day the heart can no longer drive on its overload of blood, and down goes the runner or oarsman in an attack of heart failure," and athletics get all the discredited. The same danger lies when there is no training, the sport being purely informal. It lies also where the girl just convalescent persists in taking part in a long anticipated dance. Only that phase of common sense which is manifested in common prudence is necessary to avoid such perils.

His Other Name.

The candidate for the place of coachman had been weighed and was not wanting, according to his new mistress' lights. Then the question of his name, which was Patrick, came up. The mistress objected to it in her heart, so she explained that it was her custom always to call her coachman by his family name. Had he any objections?

"Not the slightest, ma'am." "What is your last name, Patrick?" "Pitzpatrick, ma'am."

Anchored.

A little chap four years of age met with the misfortune to have his hat blown into the river. When he reached home his father said to him: "It's a wonder you didn't blow overboard too?" "I couldn't," was the quick response. "I was fastened to my feet!"

Acute Sense of Hearing.

Camille Charvot isn't so diffident when he talks to you through the phone, is he? Estelle isn't he? Even through the phone I can hear his heart flutter.—Exchange.

Knew the Outcome.

Sympathetic Father Parted from Harry forever, have you? Well, perhaps it's just as well not to see each other for a day, or two. —Life.

A sunny temper glides the edges of life's blackest cloud. Gaudin.

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