

NAMED THE BULLY

Dramatic Incident of Pioneer Days in Tennessee.

STAGECOACH ADVENTURE.

The Thrilling Scene When the Terribly Calm Stranger Cowed the Insulting Desperado, as It Was Described by Henry Clay, Who Witnessed It.

Upon a certain occasion in his early manhood Henry Clay was traveling in public stagecoach in Tennessee. His fellow passengers were a young lady and her husband—the latter evidently an invalid—and a man in the front corner so muffled up in a fur lined cloak that his features were concealed. He appeared to be rather under than over the medium size and was evidently enjoying a refreshing slumber.

Presently the lady, who seemed to be growing sick, whispered to her husband, and the husband, in the politest manner possible, asked the stranger if he would not throw away his cigar, as the smoke greatly discommoded his wife. With an impudent, swaggering stare the fellow replied, interlarding his speech with several oaths:

"I reckon I've paid for my place. I'll smoke as much as I please, and I'd like to see some one try to stop me." He looked dangerous as he glared around, and it was very evident that he was used to quarreling and strife, and, furthermore, a struggle with him might have been a deadly one. The young man who had spoken to him shrunk back and was silent. The lady lowered the sash by her side for a breath of fresh air.

Mr. Clay felt every gallant instinct of his soul aroused. He considered for a moment whether he should interfere and found himself reluctant to draw upon his own head the brutal violence of the gigantic ruffian. In that then lawless country he knew that his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He knew himself to be physically unequal to the contest, and he thought, after all, it was not his duty to risk his life in some quixotic manner.

Clay was settling back with pity for the insulted and disgust for the insulters when suddenly, but very quietly, the cloaked figure in the corner assumed an upright position, parting the buried mantle without a particle of excitement, thereby revealing the small, well knit, muscular frame of a man plainly dressed in a closely buttoned frock coat, with a face rather pale and a pair of bright eyes that gleamed like polished steel, and those strange eyes quickly attracted the attention of the ferocious Kentuckian.

With a terrible calmness this man passed his hand under his collar at the back of his neck and deliberately drew forth a long, glittering and ugly looking knife from a sheath in that singular place.

"Stranger," he said, "my name is Colonel James Bowie, well known in Texas and Arkansas. If you do not put that cigar out of the window in less than fifteen seconds I'll put this knife through your heart as sure as death!" Clay said he would never forget the expression of the colonel's eyes at that moment. They told, as unmistakably as signs can tell, that the threat would certainly be fulfilled, and this conviction evidently impressed itself upon the mind of the offender.

During a very few seconds his eyes met those of Bowie. With all his brute strength he was the weaker man, he thrashed his cigar away, upon which Bowie coolly returned the knife to its sheath and, without another look or word, refolded his cloak about him and lay back as before.

At the next stopping place the Kentuckian got out and took a seat with the driver.—New York Telegram.

The Proper Retort.
At a dinner a married man praised the beauty of the Atlantic City girls. Then, with a foolish chuckle, he added:
"I had an awful bunch of them after me when I was down there on my vacation."
The lady beside him looked at him coldly and retorted:
"Dear me! They must have been an awful bunch."—Exchange.

The Better Name.
"So you are thinking of calling your baby boy Peter. I wouldn't; I'd call him Paul."
"Why so?"
"He would have a better chance in life. It's Peter, you know, who is always robbed to pay Paul."—Boston Transcript.

Proof Positive.
Crawford—Do you think he's henpecked? Crabshaw—He never mentioned it, but I've noticed that the portraits over his mantelpiece are those of his wife's folks.—Judge.

COLOR ILLUSIONS.

Curious Effects From Red and Blue on a Black Background.

If on a screen of black velvet placed at a distance of ten feet from the spectator large letters are pasted, some blue, some red, they will not appear to be at an equal distance from the eyes. To some persons the red letters will seem nearer than blue letters, while to other persons the contrary effect will be manifested.

To produce this effect both eyes must be employed. When one eye is closed the letters are all seen at the same distance. On opening the other eye one set of letters immediately appears to take a position in advance of the others. The explanation offered for this effect is that a sort of stereoscopic illusion is produced in the eye itself, depending upon color. The image of a blue object is shifted by the eye toward one side and that of a red object toward the other side.

If on looking at blue and red letters on a black background placed ten or twelve feet away you see the red letters nearer than the blue, screen off one-half of the pupil of each eye on the outside and you will see the red letters retire behind the blue ones.

If you screen the pupils on the side toward the nose you will see the red letters advance apparently still farther ahead of the blue ones.

If, on the other hand, you naturally see the blue in advance screen the inner side of the pupils of your eyes and the red will come to the front.

Beautiful effects are produced with one eye alone when, instead of letters, red or blue rings are pasted on a background of the opposite color. Placing red rings on blue paper and using the right eye with the inner side of the pupil covered the appearance is that of circular red hillocks resting on a blue ground.

To produce this effect in its highest degree the paper must be held to the left and sloping in that direction. When the outer side of the pupil is screened the red rings will become circular trenches in the blue paper.—New York Sun.

A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM.

The Liberty Cap Dates Away Back to Early Greek Times.

From very early times one of the distinguishing marks of a slave, both in Greece and oriental countries generally, was the lack of any covering for the head. Accordingly the cap came to be considered the insignia of liberty, and when slaves were given their freedom they were presented with a cap as an emblem of it.

In Sparta the helots wore a cap of dogskin, and this was reckoned a badge of servitude, but upon gaining their freedom this was replaced by a cap of a different material, of another shape and ornamented with flowers. A similar custom was observed in Rome, where the presentation of the pilleus, or cap, was always a part of the ceremony of manumitting a slave; hence arose the proverb, "Servus ad pilleum vocatur."

Also on medals the cap is the symbol of liberty and is usually represented as being held in the right hand by the point. When a cap was exposed to the people's view on the top of a spear, as in the case of the conspiracy against Caesar, it was intended as a public invitation to them to embrace the liberty that was offered them.

The Goddess of Liberty on Mount Aventine was represented as holding a cap in her hand as a symbol of freedom. The Jacobins wore a red cap during the French revolution, and in England a blue cap with a white border is used as a symbol of liberty.

The custom which prevails among university students of wearing a cap is said to have had its origin in a wish to signify that the wearers had acquired full liberty and were no longer subject to the rod of their superiors.

The Bird of Death.

In New Guinea there is said to be a venomous bird called the bird of death. It is about the size of a pigeon, with a tall of extraordinary length ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet. It has a sharp, hooked beak and frequents marshes and stagnant pools. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under them, in the roof of the mouth, is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound.

Baby Seals.

Baby seals are at first snow white, which makes them invisible on the white ice on which they are born. Their eyes and noses are, however, black, and when the little ones are suddenly alarmed they close their eyes, bury their noses and lie quite still. It is only when they grow and begin to seek their own food that they become dark and sleek.

No Fatted Calf.

Bride (back after elopement)—Well, here we are, pa. Won't you give us your blessing? Her Dad—Yes, daughter, no trouble about the blessing, but board and lodgin' will be at regular rates.—Boston Transcript.

GHOSTS OF THE LIVING.

A Case That Throws Light on the Problem of Apparitions.

It is not at all necessary to resort to the supernatural as the only sufficient explanation of apparitions. In truth, there is one insurmountable obstacle to regarding them as supernatural manifestations, and that is the simple circumstance that the ghosts wear clothes. It is quite conceivable that there really may be ghosts of persons, but nobody who gave the matter a moment's thought would contend for a moment that there can be ghosts of clothes. Nevertheless apparitions are always clothed and sometimes in garments of such modern cut that they were unknown at the time the persons seen as a phantom lived on earth.

Aside from this, there is the interesting and by no means unimportant circumstance that houses are sometimes haunted by apparitions not of the dead, but of the living. I know of one case in which a gentleman entering a drawing room at 4 in the afternoon saw seated on the sofa a young lady with "reddish gold" hair, who appeared to be reading a book. There were two other persons in the room, one seated beside her on the sofa, and the visitor was surprised to find that they did not offer to introduce him to the young lady—did not, in fact, seem to see her. Later a guest at a week end party saw the same apparition in the same house, and it was seen a third time by one of the servants.

No light was thrown on the strange affair until, a year afterward, the wife of the son of the family arrived from Australia to pay a first visit to her husband's relatives and was immediately identified by the servant as the figure she had seen. The two visitors who also had seen the apparition subsequently made the same identification.

Since it is incredible to suppose that a person can be in two places at the same time—so that a lady can be both in Australia and in a house thousands of miles from Australia—it is a legitimate inference that phantasms, whether of the living or of the dead, are devoid of objective reality, are, that is to say, always and only hallucinations.—Metropolitan Magazine.

NERVE WON HIM LIBERTY.

Quick Wit and Daring Ruse of a Russian Revolutionist.

Nowhere outside of the pages of fiction would we expect such an incident as the following from the personal story of the Russian revolutionist Narodny: Narodny had just jumped from a window to escape the police. "When I scrambled to my feet I discovered myself in the yard and among half a dozen soldiers. I was without overcoat and hat—a very suspicious figure—and, having neither, I could not escape even could I get by the soldiers who surrounded me," he said.

"I jerked a card from my pocket—to this day I do not know what it was—and handed it to one of the soldiers. 'Here is my card,' I said rapidly. 'I am a member of the secret police. One of these revolutionists is trying to escape. I am after him. Quick! Give me your coat and hat!'"

"He automatically obeyed. I slipped on his coat and hat and to all appearances was a soldier of the czar. I walked past the guarded gate of the yard out into the street. Before me were thousands of soldiers. I saw my friends being brought down from the hall and put into the black vans, about which stood guards of Cossacks. I marched through my friends (all of that group are in prison today save myself and the friend who escaped with me) with the air of a soldier on a very important message and pressed on through the mass of other soldiers that filled the street."

The Change of a Word.

"Spanking" did not suggest chastisement originally. It was unknown to Johnson in this sense. To him a "spanker" meant "a person who takes long steps with agility." Rapid motion seems to be the root idea of the word "spank," which is not merely representative of the sound of the act, as "slap" and "smack" are. The low German "pakkern," or "spenken," to run and spring about quickly, is close to the original meaning; hence a "spanking pace," a "spanking breeze" and a "spanker." In the sense of an active and sturdy person.

No Immediate Danger.

The Parson (about to improve the golden hour)—When a man reaches your age, Mr. Dodd, he cannot, in the nature of things, expect to live very much longer, and I—
The Nonsensarian—I dunno, parson. I'm stronger on my legs than I were when I started!—London Opinion.

Mistaken Idea.

"It may be laid down as a broad proposition," said the professor of political economy, "that you cannot get something for nothing."
"I once got the measles for nothing, professor," interrupted the young man with the wicked eye.—Chicago Tribune.

Safer.

"Of course I don't want to criticize, but I don't think it was altogether right for David to say 'all men are liars.'"
"Well, at any rate, it was safer than to pick out one man and say it to him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Willing to Oblige.

Nervous Visitor—Will your dog bite me. Little boy? Eager Little Boy—If you want to see I can sick him on you.—Baltimore American.

ARABIAN JUSTICE.

Convicting a Thief by the Ordeal of the Red-hot Knife.

The ordeal of the red-hot knife is thus described by Abdullah Mansur (d. Wyman Bury) as he saw it in "The Land of Uz." The case was one of theft from a caravan. Two young men were implicated, one a palace slave, the other a young Arab, a native of the oasis. Each accused the other, with many oaths and much mutual vilification. Finally both invoked the ordeal of the knife.

In due course a venerable Arab appeared, bringing the instrument with him. His family for generations had possessed the hereditary right to administer the ordeal. The knife seemed a very ordinary piece of hoop iron, shaped roughly into a sort of blade about eighteen inches long. The name and attributes of Allah were engraved upon it, and it was fitted with a plain wooden haft.

An attendant brought a bowl of water and a brazier of live charcoal, in which the knife was inserted. The Arab youth received the ordeal first. He repeated his assertions of innocence and, rinsing out his mouth with water, put out his tongue, which was seized at the tip by the owner of the knife. The instrument, glowing dull red, was drawn from the brazier, and with it three light blows were struck upon the victim's tongue, which was then inspected. It merely showed slight white marks where the hot iron had fallen.

The slave's turn then came, and whether he flinched at the contact of the hot iron or had failed to keep his tongue sufficiently moist I cannot say, but the heat of the blade picked off a small patch of skin and showed a bleeding surface. According to the rules of the ordeal, that proved his guilt, and he was led away to durance vile.

LUNA'S MIGHTY PEAKS.

Peculiarity of the Ring Mountains of the Moon.

The moon is really and truly a great planet of mountains, its whole visible surface being dotted with elevations of curious shapes and of extraordinary height. We say "its whole visible surface" and hasten to explain that we make this statement simply because the eye of man has never seen but one side of the surface of the moon.

What we see convinces us that the little planet is extremely mountainous, for on the "end" exposed to our view there are no fewer than 30,000 peaks, varying in height from 2,000 feet to four miles. When we consider the fact that this lunar world is only one thirty-second part as large as the earth we can easily see why it deserves the title of the "planet of great mountains."

There is a peculiar thing about these 30,000 moon peaks. Each and every one of them has a ringlike form, the open end of the conical point being of greater or lesser diameter, according to the height of the mountain. In a low grade telescope these peaks resemble true volcanoes, but when viewed through a high grade glass it is seen that the depression in the center of the queer "ring mountain" is often so great as to be below the general level of the surrounding country.

The depth of these depressions is calculated in a curious manner, by figuring on the relative shadows they cast when the sun is shining full upon them. The diameter of these "ring mountains" varies greatly, some of the larger ones being 50, 100 or even 150 miles, while the smaller look like post holes when viewed through a good telescope.

Straw Hats.

The straw hat is a relative newcomer in the world of dress. It was not until 1784, according to Lea Nouvelles, that it first appeared, and its adoption was originally exclusive to women. Men did not make use of it until the Waterloo year, and the foundation of the great Alsatian industry was only in 1854, when the first big factories were erected. Our contemporary adds that it is not generally known that many so-called "straw" hats are made entirely of wood. But they are none the less efficient as protectors against the effects of glare and sunshine.

Home Treatment.

"Here," began a woman known to the writer in the Canadian Courier—"here's an article in the evening paper on 'Women's Work For the Feeble-Minded.'"
Her husband grunted, being in a reactionary mood. "I'd like to know," he said, "what women have ever done for the feeble-minded."
"They usually marry them, dear," replied his wife sweetly.

Practical Consideration.

"You have no magnificent robes such as we have in Europe."
"No," replied Mr. Cumros. "I thought of putting up a few, but I gave it up. They're mighty artistic looking, but they're too hard to keep in repair."—Washington Star.

Happy Days.

Fred—Mamma, our principal says his school days were the happiest days of his life. Do you believe that? Mamma—Certainly. He wouldn't say so if it were not true. Fred—Well, I suppose he played hooky and didn't get caught.

Very.

Friend—Then you had a satisfactory season?
Theatrical Manager—Very. Two of our most antagonistic critics died.—Judge.

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