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LIONS TERRIFY SURVEYORS.

Swelling Night Experience in San Bernardino Mountains.

O. F. Haysdale, a Government Surveyor, who is extending the San Bernardino base line east of Mount San Bernardino, had a harrowing experience the other night. Haysdale was caught by darkness 7,000 feet above sea level on the side of the big mountain in a wild section of country rarely visited. He realized the hopelessness of trying to get to a camp, and so prepared to make his bed in the brush. He was awakened in the night by the crashing of thunder, and jumping to his feet he heard the wild cry of a mountain lion. In a few seconds the cry was answered from other directions, and Haysdale realized that he was surrounded by the ferocious beasts. The only weapon he had was a small hatchet. The fire which he had built before he went to bed was rapidly being extinguished by the rain, and to revive the flames he threw the boughs of his bed upon the fire.

Encouraged by the glare of the blaze he went to some near-by bushes for more wood, when he came face to face with the shilling eyes of a large mountain lion. He waved his weapon above his head and the lion beat a retreat with a frightful roar. As Haysdale made his way back to the camp fire he was followed by two other lions. All through the night he held the prowling beasts at bay, until the morning light brought members of his party to the spot, and the lions made off through the timber.

The second chapter in the incident is told by Theodore Irving, who is engaged with Haysdale in the surveying work. The next evening Irving and a young fellow named Waldron were guiding the pack train up a canon three miles from the mountain on which Haysdale was treading, and one of the burros got its halter rope entangled in the brush. The men were in a hurry to make camp, and so left the animal and pushed on with the other two. After making camp Irving started down the canon after the animal they had left, and was horrified to find it being attacked by an immense lion. Before reaching the spot he saw the fight between the two beasts. The first assault by the lion terminated in the little animal's wheeling about and landing two feet to the lion's side, knocking him some distance. The lion then sprang again, landing on top of the burro's back. Irving ran all the way back to camp, and with Waldron returned with the arms to where the lion and the burro were. The burro was about dead, and a great part of its back was torn away. At the first shot the lion disappeared unharmed. That night the surveyors were kept awake by the roaring of the wild animals as they fought over the carcass of the burro. In the morning hardly more than the hide remained.

"These lions are big fellows, and there are lots of them," said Irving. "They roar like the African lion. It was most blood-curdling. They seemed to be centred around Whitewater. We saw few evidences of their presence in the other localities. During the fight with the burro the latter kept up a terrified screaming. I am quite sure that he would have been able to keep free of the lion had he not been tied, but the more he struggled to get free the shorter grew his neck."—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

Golf Largely Psychological. Boston studies much and finds out some things. It has been studying how it happens that the visiting English golf players so easily beat United

Beauty of Oklahoma.

Oklahoma is beautiful with a beauty all its own. Here and there in the measure between the swale brooks run red like wounds of fear and glory. Above them cottonwoods bleed.

But for the most part save Harper's Haas, the land curves from bling to a treeless horizon. The plains are never still. They move as constantly as rippling water. In the unbroken country thin oak mingled with buffalo grass, shakes and rustles under the thousand banded urgency of the wind. Shine oaks are baby oak trees, as high as your shin, burned off every year by the prairie fires, and thus never attaining full growth. Their leaves dance gloriously all the time, playing with the sunshine or the shadows.

It is a hurrying sky, a restless sky, piling its clouds in strange masses, spitting out rainstorms thundering in the west, shot with lightning, hazed by dust storms, vast unbelievable vast! Every one watches it, as sailors watch at sea, for every now and then its endless changes pile up the dreaded cyclone funnel, and no one, on pain of his life, must miss that warning.

Shinny and grass are set thick with the most beautiful wild flowers. The sensitive rose, its stem guarded by blue little prickles to prevent handling, shrinks at a blow, but if left undisturbed, creeps along the ground and holds out lilac colored soft balls full of rosy fragrance. Like a permanent morning glory is the bloom of the sturdy man-in-the-ground, a small plant with a big root almost like a man's body. Some of the people call it deadman.

Dearest of all to the Oklahoma woman is the pink daisy snake root. Brown, frequent and friendly head thrown the hard days now passing many a family escaped starvation because of the presence of this valuable herb. Women and children dug it all through the long blinding days setting the roots for 50 cents a pound to wholesale pharmacies.

Snake root is said to contain a great deal of iron and other elements in that unlike most herbs, it is not a poison in itself. The soil is continually inefficient for iron, and as nobody is cultivating the plant the discrepancy is likely to grow greater.

Harvey's Discovery. Harvey's book on the circulation of the blood was published at Frankfurt in 1628, but he had lectured on the subject twelve years before. For all these years he conscientiously withheld the publication of his book while he waited for the facts which should completely prove its truthfulness.

Playing Cards. The origin of the playing card is uncertain. It is said to have been brought to Europe in 1379. Cards were illuminated for Charles VI. of France in 1392. Playing cards were probably invented by the Chinese, though the question is still an open one.

Make Over Old Firearms. A large business in making over old firearms is carried on in Belgium. At Liege 8,000 gunsmiths, working principally at home, turn out "antiquities." They transform modern rifles into flintlocks.

Race Suicide in Italy. The latest census of the population of Italy shows that the birth rate, which was 37 per 1,000 in 1889, had sunk to 32.47 per 1,000 in 1901.

Polite Thieves.

Robberies in Japan appear to be carried out very politely. A band of fourteen natives recently entered an iron foundry at Osaka and carried off a considerable sum of money, while before leaving they told the watchman, whom they had overpowered and securely tied up, that they were true patriots and were going to Tokyo on a great enterprise, but being short of funds, were compelled to borrow the money, which they would duly refund when their aim was accomplished.

The Centre of Population.

Henry Marr, a farmer who lives near Columbus, Bartlesville County, Indiana, is the center of the population of the whole United States. The census bureau has found the exact center of population in the census of 1900 was in latitude 39 degrees 9 minutes and 26 seconds north, longitude 85 degrees 48 minutes and 34 seconds west. If a person is desirous of visiting the spot a better idea of its location can be got by asking most any resident of Columbus. A question invariably the answer to such a question will be "Five miles southwest of Columbus in Hen Marr's barn lot." The center was recently marked by a monument.

New England Sinecures.

Of the forty-five ports of entry in the United States where every dollar turned over to the Treasury costs more than a hundred cents to collect, seventeen are in New England. Of course, they are small places. Some of them we never think of as ports at all. The most disproportionate of the seventeen is York, Me., where the receipts in the last year were \$5.19 for each dollar of which Uncle Samuel paid \$45.44.—Boston Transcript.

QUAIL BREEDING.

Missourian Uses Incubator to Hatch the Eggs.

A new industry with interesting possibilities has been inaugurated by Guy Gordon of Columbia, Mo. He calls it quail farming and is working on the theory that the birds can be raised on the same principle as poultry. His experiments have demonstrated that quails can be raised as easily and with as little expense as chickens, but the question of profit still remains to be determined.

The quail farms as at present conducting work on a limited scale. He has several acres of land. The farm is fenced with closely woven wire, which prevents the escape of the quails, whose wings are clipped when young. It is the intention of the owner, however, to remove to Atchafalpa, where he will secure a tract of land large enough to permit the raising of an extensive establishment. He hopes to have the birds on the market soon at good prices. His present design is to raise only brood quails, which now sell at \$4 a pair.

It is purely by accident that Mr. Gordon went into the quail business. While he was cleaning a chicken incubator one day, Speed Mitchell of Boone County, learned of the fact and smiled with the good study of an old-time farmer for a new fangled contrivance.

Why don't you raise quails in that thing, said Mitchell. An old bird has a dozen backs of my birds to work and didn't have half the trouble about it as you are going to with that business.

Bring me some eggs and I will, said Gordon and thought no more about it.

Mitchell came in with a dozen eggs, fresh from a quail, nest on his farm. Gordon put them into the incubator and within twenty-one days some of the eggs were hatched. Three of the young quails died, but six lived and are now full grown. The result was so satisfactory that Gordon abandoned the chicken business and now has a big covey of quails of all sizes. The youngest birds are kept in a wire wire-covered quail yard. The young birds must be handled with great caution and a careful regard for the incubator. They are kept in the incubator at a temperature of 94 degrees and while in the care of the mother get along very much in the daytime without artificial heat. At night however, it is necessary to keep a lamp burning in the brood house to insure a temperature of at least 80 degrees. Like all incubator products the birds are surprisingly tame and even the full grown quails can be picked up and fed out of the hand.

The quail breeder has one peculiar obstacle to contend with in the matter of reproduction. A pair of quails, once mated are united for life. Neither the male nor the female will desert its mate for another and the loss of one out of a pair is equivalent to the loss of both. Even after the death of one the other is not fit for reproductive purposes. If the hen quail is paired with any other bird than her original mate her eggs are barren and are never fertile. Gordon could not market the birds in Missouri at present, without violating the recently enacted game law which will for several years prohibit the killing, selling or buying of quails owing to the scarcity of the supply.

The business he is now conducting may in time prove a solution of the very problem as to the future supply of birds for sporting purposes. If they can be raised as easily as chickens sportsmen need have no fear for the future of their sport, as it would do away with all possibility of the birds becoming extinct. The average quail hen lays about sixteen eggs a month usually from April 1 to last week in June. Kansas City Star.

Last to See Leo.

The last Americans admitted to an audience by Pope Leo XIII. were three Atlanta young women, the Misses Mary Haverly, Zula Malone, and Sophie Thornberry, who were received by the pontiff on July 3, when his fatal illness had already begun.

Miss Haverly had a letter from Bishop Kelley of Savannah to Cardinal Martinelli, who arranged the audience, after the young women had been recommended as being worthy of the pope's notice. Writing to her parents, Miss Haverly said:

Today we had our audience with the holy father. A messenger from Pope Leo came and gave us the papal letters, and created quite a stir among the hotel people, who declared he was not less than a private secretary of the pope.

Of course, we had to wear black gowns and veils and in our carriage we drove in state to the Vatican.

I wish you could see the gorgeous Swiss guards in their red, yellow and black costumes, and noblemen in cardinal satin, and Count Montrelli, a German, who was master of ceremonies grandly decorated.

"Finally his holiness, the great, wonderful old man! He looks old and frail and thin, and his hands feel as if there was no blood in them—cold and almost transparent. But his voice is still steady though, of course, not with the vigor of a younger man. He was in white robes and was carried in a crimson or royal red chair."

Miss Thornberry, in a letter said: "The pope is just a breathing corpse, so feeble, so white, and emaciated that he seems already in the great beyond. His hands were cold as ice, but his eyes were wonderful blue eyes, like two stars, so shining and lustrous."—Atlanta Constitution.

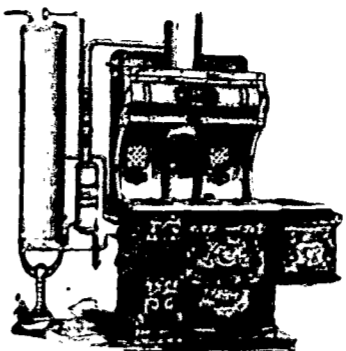
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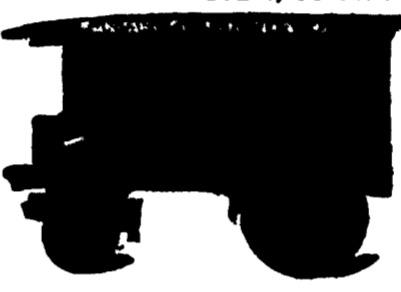
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