

MARVELS OF THE EARTH

CURIOUS, ODD AND INTERESTING OBJECTS AND PLACES

WILD DEER KICKS A MAN

Carl Muller, a member of a party of politicians returning to San Mateo, Cal., from Halfmoon Bay, tried to capture a deer single handed near Aqua lake. The deer kicked Muller on the chin, rendering him unconscious, and made its escape. Five deer were in the road when the automobile party, of which District Attorney J. J. Bullock was a member, approached. No one in the party was armed, but Muller conceived the idea of capturing one of the animals alive. He jumped from the automobile and sneaked up to the herd. As he got within striking distance of a young buck the animal let fly its heels and caught Mr. Muller squarely on the chin. That ended the chase. It was five minutes before the deer chaser could be resuscitated and the trip resumed.

WHEN THE ALARM WENT OFF

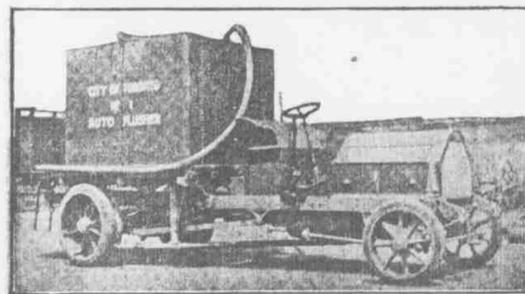
An odd thing happened in Paris the other week, where a woman named Charlotte Berdull was arrested outside a shop on the Place de la Bastille, and charged by one of the shop's private detectives with stealing some cheap jewelry. She denied the theft indignantly, and refused even more indignantly to allow herself to be searched. "I am the wife of a magistrate," she declared, "and will have you punished for the indignity to which I am being subjected." Unfortunately for her, an alarm clock which she had stolen went off at this moment. Mrs. Berdull was searched, and three alarm clocks, a small stove, two watches, and eight brooches of small value were found in a specially made pocket inside her skirt.

COMPLETELY WALLED CITY



One of the chief attractions for the tourist in southwest France is the medieval walled city of Carcassonne, which is perched upon a rock ridge above the Aude river most picturesquely. The modern town, itself several centuries old, lies across the river from the old city, which is preserved in all its medievalism by an intelligent municipality. The old city is completely enclosed by walls of great solidity, portions of which are supposed to date back to the time of the Visigoths. It contains a castle and an ancient cathedral.

Auto-Flusher for Toronto



The city authorities of Toronto, Canada, have been quick to realize the value of motor-traction. The illustration shows one of the two big auto-flushers that are now in service on Toronto streets. The water tank has a capacity of 1,200 gallons. While working the flusher will travel at a speed of eight miles an hour. It will do the work of three horse-drawn tanks.

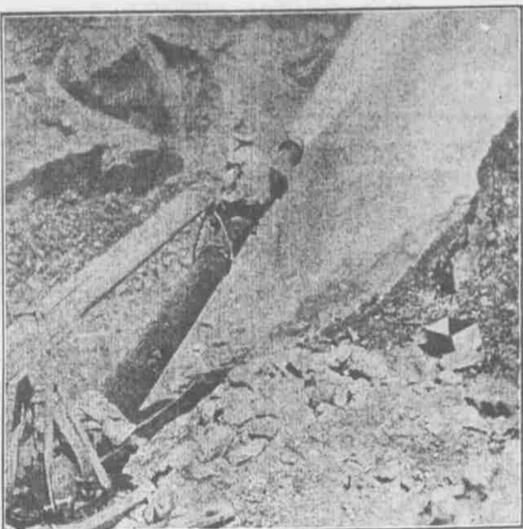
BIG FISH JUMPED IN BOAT

Frederick Burton, who lives in Kentucky, on the Stanford pike, and L. N. Whitaker of the Highlands, went fishing in the Hanging Fork below Dawson's dam. They went into the stream in a small boat and were about to cast their lines when a rumbling noise was heard at the side of the skiff. Before they could turn around a big jumper, almost two feet long, bounded into the boat. They let go their lines and pounced on the welcome visitor. They fished a good while, but got few bites. In an interview Mr. Whitaker stated that in his opinion the fish was swimming near the top of the water at a high speed and struck his head against the boat, rendering himself senseless.

BLACK SNAKE AND BOA MATE

A huge boa constrictor, which escaped from Ringling Brothers' circus at Monticello ten years ago, is believed to have mated with a black snake, creating a specimen of the

Giant Gold Mining Nozzle



The giant nozzle pictured here works at a mine in Trinity county, California. About 50,000 gallons, or 200 tons, of water pass through it in a minute. This great force undermines the gold-bearing gravel at the rate of about a thousand cubic yards an hour. The nozzle is nineteen feet long and ten inches in diameter at the mouth.

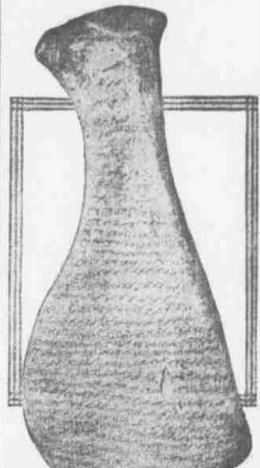
TROUT ALMOST KILLS A DOG

Wallace Short of New York state has a dog. Its name is Skip. It was long-haired, but it isn't any more. The other morning it went fishing. Short said no, but the dog said yes, and then it took a flying leap and with a belch of delight landed in the center of one of the pools of Frank Drumboller's trout hatchery on the Tranquillity turnpike. The dog was a bit hungry, and when it jumped it had its gaze fixed on a large trout that had been hasking in the stream, with one eye on Skip and the other on a bread crumb near by.

The dog had a long, shaggy coat when it entered the pool. It had seen but one, and had no means of knowing or even suspecting there were 3,000 other trout in the same pool, all full grown and hungry, for it was feeding time. Scarcely had Skip struck the water when it began to bark for help. Short and Drumboller ran to the edge of the pool, and what they saw made their eyes pop.

The thousands of trout had mased themselves about the dog, and swimming around and around had engulfed him in a perfect placatorial whirlpool. Occasionally one of the large fish would make a side leap and take a bite at the dog. Skip was in a bad way when the men arrived. The silent mass of fish gradually would have forced him under the water. He had gone in long haired, but came out like a hairless Mexican dog. The secret was that Skip suffered from a skin affection, and his master had rubbed him with olive oil, appetizing to the fish. So they almost skinned him.

SHOULDER BLADE AS A SLATE



The shoulder blade of a camel is used as a slate by the children of German East Africa. It is remarkable that the bone is always punched through, as it is believed that otherwise it can be used for purposes of black magic. Once the bone is broken it is supposed to lose its magical powers. The shoulder bones of all animals are supposed to possess powers that can be used maliciously by practitioners of black magic. This belief is common throughout the east, from Constantinople to Tokio.

PECULIAR MISHAP TO HAWK

More than 30 years ago a farmer living in Shasta county, California, set out a number of small steel traps to catch the gophers that were playing havoc with the crops. One day while looking after these traps the rancher chanced to see a very big yellow hawk swoop down on one of the traps. The bird was caught sure enough, and while it was struggling to free itself from the trap, the slender wire chain was torn from the fastening and away the hawk flew, carrying with it the trap and chain—both dangling to the left foot. Recently a farmer living in Sacramento county—more than 300 miles from the rancher, shot and killed a very large yellow hawk. Securely attached to this hawk's left leg was a No. 3 steel trap and more than a yard of small chain. Beyond all doubt this was the very bird that had carried off the other rancher's trap—over three years before and had flown with it several hundred miles.

DEAD MAN NOMINATED

A strange state of affairs obtained at Belton, Tex., the other week, where a man was nominated to office after he was dead. He was James Mitchell, a constable, who was killed the day before the primaries election, when trying to arrest a negro. The negro was caught and burned to death by the mob, and as the ashes of the negro were being blown through the streets the Democrats voted for the dead man.

Preference for Dogs and Cats.

A distinguished scholar used to pretend that men admired cats or dogs according as they were Platonists or Aristotelians. The visionary chooses a cat; the man of concrete plans, a dog. Hamlet must have kept a cat.

From Outside.

A correspondent suggests to the Philosopher of Folly that "some men are born crazy, some achieve insanity, and others fall in love with chorus girls."

No Mistake After All

By GERALD PRIME

Copyright, 1926, by Associated Literary Press

Three months after she had promised to marry Dick Hathaway, Molly Abernathy was convinced that she had made a mistake. In a little less than that time it was made clear to Dick Hathaway that it would be criminal on his part to marry Molly Abernathy.

And that was not at all because Molly had become less attractive or Dick less than the perfect upright fellow he always had been. After an almost uninterrupted companionship of considerably longer than the period of their engagement, each was as willing as ever to bear testimony to the superlatively good qualities of the other and would have been highly indignant over any suggestion to the contrary. Molly still regarded Dick as "the dearest fellow in the world," and Dick had no desire to recall his estimate of Molly as "the sweetest girl on the footstool." Nothing whatever had occurred to convict either of these thoroughly conscientious young persons of inconstancy, but—

The "but" in the case of Molly Abernathy was a young man of singularly unattractive personal equipment and a name that offered no recompense for his lack of good looks. As a life burden H. Earlington Hopper was serious enough, but it would have been crushed with the initial H expanded to its full, Hooker. Clearly there was no fault to be found with the victim of such a hapless combination because he had contracted into decent euphemisms.

In point of fact, there was no fault to be found with H. Earlington Hopper on any account. He was as right-minded a young man as ever hung out

it was necessary for H. Earlington Hopper, who had been made choir-master on account of his musical ability, to coach Molly privately whenever an alto solo was to be sung. Hopper believed that he had discovered great possibilities in Molly's voice, and after awhile, alto solos were frequent at St. Jarlath's.

About that time the organist succumbed to the infirmities of old age, and Miss Ware consented to substitute temporarily. She did not profess to be mistress of the noble instrument, but she agreed that if some one would come to her assistance—sit beside her on the bench at rehearsals, pull stops and turn music—she would do her very best. Every man in the choir volunteered in the same breath. It actually frightened Molly Abernathy to discover how little it disturbed her to have Dick named as the preferred one.

For more than two years Dick had walked home with Molly after choir practice, but the time came when neither of them felt aggrieved over the willingness of the other to abandon the habit. The interruption came about so naturally. Miss Ware was responsible for the deed. One evening after an unusual tug at a refractory anthem, which persisted in going wrong after every effort had been made to induce it to do otherwise, the organist requested the tenor to remain for a few minutes after rehearsal in order to perfect himself in his part.

Instead of waiting until Dick should prove himself either the victor or vanquished, Molly was possessed of a sudden whim to start off alone, only to be intercepted at the door of the parish house by the choir-master who had returned in search of a paper he had mislaid.

"If you will give me one minute, Miss Abernathy," he said, "I will walk home with you—provided, of course, you will permit me."

Without pausing to receive her consent, he disappeared into the building, reappearing in rather less than the specified time with the recovered paper.

"I notified Hathaway of my intention," he laughed as they moved off. "It wasn't at all necessary," she declared emphatically.

"He didn't hear me. I couldn't attract his attention." She knew he wasn't, but she wanted to hear the answer.

"He hadn't begun. He was seated on the bench, his back toward me, and Miss Ware was talking earnestly—giving instruction, probably."

"Probably," she said, with an air of indifference that seemed genuine to him, lawyer though he was.

After Dick had swung over the bafiling two measures or so at least a dozen times and had at last attained perfection Miss Ware dismissed him with a parting injunction not to forget that he was a tenor.

"And I hope I haven't offended Miss Abernathy by depriving her of your company—or you, either," she added, without looking at him.

"No need to worry on my account," Dick assured her. "As for Miss Abernathy—"

"I suppose Mr. Hopper availed himself of the opportunity to see her home safely. He seems to be greatly taken with—with her voice," she said.

"Wouldn't it be jolly if those two—" Dick began and then hesitated.

"No—it wouldn't!" she returned so promptly and so decidedly that he wondered at it. Before he could ask her why not she had hidden him a hasty good-night and passed within.

Next evening when Dick put in his customary appearance at the Abernathy house he was told by the maid who admitted him that Molly had gone over to the rectory. He was both ashamed and relieved—humiliated by his treachery toward the girl who had promised him what he asked and relieved to find that the dreaded confession might still be postponed.

It so happened that Dick was spared the pain of that confession. An affair that came to a culmination on the very next night—an episode that stirred the social fabric of Eureka to its foundation—brought Dick and Molly together again, this time secure in the belief that their only mistake had been to doubt, even for a single moment, the gentleness of their attachment.

This final state of affairs was made possible by the elopement and marriage of H. Earlington Hopper and Helen Ware. They had been lovers long before coming to Eureka, but the young woman's friends had not taken kindly to the man of her choice. She, however, knew her own mind and was convinced that she was making no mistake.



"I Will Walk Home With You—"

English Police Court Justice Unable to Deal Harshly With Unfortunate Offender.

Mr. Plowden succumbed to a dilemma which confronted him at Marylebone in dealing with the case of a married woman, Elizabeth Doolan, aged fifty, of Great Barlow street, Marylebone, who was charged with being inebriated in the street. Assistant Jailer Summers informed his worship that the woman was deaf and could not read.

Mr. Plowden—That almost puts her beyond the jurisdiction of this court.

The husband entered the witness box and corroborated what had been said about his wife's condition.

Mr. Plowden—Why don't you look after your wife? The Husband—I do, but she is beyond my control.

How long have you been married? Thirty-seven years.

Then you ought to have come control over her. Has she given way to drink very long? Many years.

SAVED BY HER INFIRMITIES

How do you communicate with her? I cannot. I may try five or six times to make her understand what I say to her and she only guesses at what I mean.

Then you don't get much pleasure out of her society? No, I don't. (A laugh.)

"Well, I shall have to discharge her," Mr. Plowden said. "But you must do something to influence and control her. Warn the publicans in the neighborhood not to serve her. (To the assistant jailer) It's no use my speaking to her; you make a sign to her that the door of the court is open for her to go out."

The officer, as directed, pointed to the open door and the accused woman departed.—London Daily Mail.

Welcome Line.

Gunner—"I have a rich uncle who owns half a dozen railroad lines."

Guy—"H'm! Why don't you get him to drop you a line occasionally?"



CAPTURE OF FORT JOHNSON

Sergeant Oronpeck Tells How Expedition Surrendered on Parapets at James Island.

I think congress would pass the prisoners' bill in a hurry if the legislators had a fair conception of the rebel prisons during the war. I enlisted September 19, 1861, and was discharged May 2, 1865, with one enlistment. They were around in the winter of 1863-64 re-enlisting men and paying \$400 bounty, but I thought if I stayed in the army three years and did my duty I would get my share, so I did not re-enlist, and on July 3, 1864, I was taken prisoner on the parapets of Fort Johnson at James Island, writes Sergt. Leander Oronpeck, Company F, Fifty-second Pennsylvania, in National Tribune.

An expedition started from Battery Chaffield, on the lower part of Morris Island, composed of 67 eight-oared boats, called surfboats, for the capture of the fort. We had to row against the tide, and were not able to land until daybreak. As soon as the rebels discovered what we were doing they opened up on us, and they made an awful racket. The expedition was composed of all of the men fit for duty of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania, the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New Jersey and a few from the Third Rhode Island heavy artillery. Seven boats went back and left us. We first took Brooks' battery, which was near to the shore on James Island, and then went for Fort Johnson, which was an earth fort. We had to go through a marsh between the forts of about an eighth mile.

The commander of the expedition was Col. Henry M. Hoyt of our regiment. We fought quite awhile, with the rebels on one side of the parapet and us on the other. We finally got on top of the parapet, but the colonel saw there was not enough of us to take the fort, and he raised his handkerchief upon his sword and we surrendered. I did not know until then that the rest of the expedition had gone back and left us, for I did not look back after we landed until then.

We were taken into Charleston, and found few rebel soldiers there. We were sure that if we had all landed we could have taken Charleston on July 4, 1864, as easy as not. We were taken to Andersonville in a few days, and were there three or four months. Ours was the ninety-ninth detachment.

I will not say anything about the rations we got while in Andersonville, for they were better and were nearly all cooked and more of them than received while in any other prison.

We were in Charleston about a month, and then we were taken to Florence. Our rations there were nearly all raw, and we had no wood to cook with. Cornmeal was our principal



Raised His Handkerchief Upon His Sword and We Surrendered.

ration. It was pretty flat stuff to have just warmed up and not a bit of salt in it. I don't think I had a teaspoonful of salt in the 236 days I was in prison. Sometimes we got rice or cowpeas. We that did finally live to get out had hardly enough rations to keep the breath of life in us. The rebels did not provide any kind of shelter for us, and we suffered greatly with the cold.

I had a good suit in my knapsack, and I had sent nearly all of the money home that I had received at last pay day. So my clothing were all rags, and it was winter and I had to lie on the ground. I suffered awfully, but probably not as much as some of the prisoners with nothing but a shirt on; the rebels had taken all but the shirt. Some of the prisoners took the clothing from the dead. From Florence we were taken to Libby prison, February 24, 1865. The rebels claimed they wanted to exchange, but they said our government would not. Our government seemed to look at it just as Sherman did when Hood wanted to exchange prisoners. He said: "I have to give full-fed and rugged prisoners that are able to meet me the next day in battle, and receive in exchange skeletons that will have to be recruited before they will be fit for duty."

When I was paroled at Libby prison I could not walk alone, and had to be helped from the prison to the boats on the James river. I had been at Camp Parole but five days, when I got a furiously and went home. My folks had not heard from me for a long time, and thought I was dead.

Perquisites Allowed Naval Officers. The perquisites allowed officers in the navy will aggregate nearly three-quarters of a million dollars in 1911.

THE GENTLE SHEEP AS A RAPID FIRE MONEYMAKER.

An enormous number of sheep are coming into the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, which are being sent there by Western graziers on account of the scarcity of feed in that section of the country, and which must be sold at buyers' prices.

The states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, are well provided with good feed and an opportunity of this kind, if offered by one of the great dry goods houses or department stores of Chicago, would deplete three-quarters of the homes of that city of its womankind inside of half an hour after the notice appeared. All they would want would be time enough to throw a few clothes over them; some wouldn't even stop to put "rats" in their hair, thousands would forget the "powder," none would stop to "paint," but every "father's daughter" of them would make a "B" line to hobbles' pants, and extract therefrom without leave, license or consent, all that therein was to be found in the shape of cash, and then tumble over each other to be first on the spot.

Lots of these women would buy much more than they required, and would quietly hold over their purchases until the close of the sale, and then let loose their surplus stock upon their less wide awake friends, and reap thereby a harvest of "shekels" which we may take for granted would be at once returned to the trouser pockets of their husbands while those gentlemen still slept. That is the woman of it.

Let us take a lesson from her thrifty and honest example. Extracting from the pockets of a stumbling spouse, under such circumstances is not robbery, it is only borrowing, and more than that, it is borrowing on account of that most beautiful of all female characteristics—thoughtful consideration—She did not wish to disturb the peaceful rest of her softly sleeping consort.

Sheep feeding at this particular time, and after the season of Western drought just experienced, will be most profitable to those who are fortunate enough to have the feed, and such as have, can in the course of sixty days turn over their money in such a satisfactory way as will add very largely to their bank accounts.

There is nothing in sight at the present moment, that offers a better and safer investment than the purchase of these sheep, in numbers that each buyer can accommodate, and nothing that offers so speedy and so certain a return.

FAIRLY WARNED.



The Sluggish—An' see here, you don't want to be soaked around braggart's dat it was me wot goalk you, see!

Points to Good Future. Seven poor children, four girls and three boys, all about ten years old, went to a nearby seashore resort, in charge of two women, for a day's outing. The funds for the picnic were provided by two boys who sell papers and who live in one of the two houses from which the excursion party was recruited. One of the women is charge of the children said that their boys had arranged the outing "of their own accord, and the remarkable thing is that they are not good boys by any means and one of them is probably the naughtiest boy in the neighborhood. But we think that when boys do little things like this they will come out all right."—New York Tribune.

Flirting With Fashion.

That innate tendency on the part of the fair consumer to flirt with fashion, playing fast and loose with various commodities, is responsible for the uncertainties that have prevailed during the month. There was such a lack of confidence as to the ultimate acceptance of the various lines prepared by distributors and consumers that buying was somewhat retarded. Prosperity or adversity has nothing to do with the millinery business. Fashion alone makes or breaks.—Millinery Trade Review.

"The Smack" of the "Snack"

Post Toasties

and Cream

A wholesome, ready-cooked food which youngsters, and older folks thoroughly enjoy.

Let them have all they want. It is rich in nourishment and has a winning flavour—

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.