

SAVED BY RABBIT

Minor Tails of Miraculous Escape From Death.

As Instrument of Preserving Man From Dreadful End, Animal Was Honored by Community.

This true story of the almost miraculous rescue of a man imprisoned in the shaft of a lead mine was told to the writer, Cora Cole McCullough, by a member of her family. We quote it from Our Dumb Animals (Boston), says the Literary Digest.

Many years ago I was living in Montana. A snorter had been built and it created a demand for silver rock. I owned an interest in a lead mine that had been sunk over thirty feet. Thinking the time had come to make it available, I decided to go there and get some ore and have it tested. I did so, and reached the place just in time to take shelter in the mine from a terrible hail storm. I lighted my candle, went to the bottom, and went to work. I had not been there more than five minutes when I heard a noise that sounded like a cannon. The rock over my head shook, and in a moment the shaft caved in. You can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them, when I found myself buried alive.

I tremble even at this distant day, when I think of that moment. The roof of the shaft was made of rocks, and when they came down they did not pack so tightly, but that the air came through. There was nothing I could do to release myself. I knew that if relief did not come from the outside I must perish. No one knew that I had gone there. A road ran past the mouth of the shaft, but it was not traveled much, and I was not likely to attract attention by calling. Nevertheless, I shouted at intervals all day.

The following morning I commenced calling again, and all day, whenever I thought I heard a sound, I shouted. When night came again, all hopes of being released were abandoned. I will not dwell on the agonies I endured. The morning of the fourth day of my imprisonment I heard something crawl into my grave.

I lighted my candle and saw a rabbit. There was only one aperture large enough to admit him; I closed it to prevent his escape. I saw in him food to appease my hunger, and my hand was raised to kill him, when a thought occurred to me that prevented the blow from descending.

I had two fishing lines. Their united length would reach the road. I took off my shirt, tore it into strips, tied them together, and then to the fish line. I then tied the end made out of my shirt around the rabbit's neck and let him out. He soon reached the end of the line, and I knew by the way he was pulling that he was making a desperate effort to escape. Soon the tugging ceased, and as I knew that gnawing was one of a rabbit's accomplishments, I thought he had gnawed himself loose. About three hours afterward I felt the line pull, and some one called. I tried to answer, but the feeble noise I made died away in the cavern. I then pulled the line a little to show that I was still alive. All grew still again, and I knew the person had gone for assistance. Then came the sound of voices. I pulled in the line and it brought me food. It took all the men who worked in the shaft very long hours to reach me.

A very large pine tree that stood near had been the cause of my misfortune. It had been dead a number of years, and the storm had blown it over. The terrible blow it struck the ground had caused the caving in of the shaft. The rabbit had wound the line around a bush and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I had been inside. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all rabbit delicacies the market afforded. He, however, did not thrive, and the boys, believing he "pined in thought," voted to set him free. He was taken back to his old neighborhood, and liberated. He not only saved my life, but became the benefactor of all the rabbits near, the miners refraining from shooting any, for fear it might be my rabbit.

Lead Poisoning Among Workers.
The report of the United States Public Health service on this subject is now in press. The danger is chiefly to those handling the glaze; the lead is inhaled as dust, the lungs absorb lead from fumes, and there is some absorption through the skin. The use of leadless glazes, already established in European factories, would remedy the trouble, but this requires sweeping changes in our manufacturing and firing methods.—Scientific American.

A Freshman's Viewpoint.
At the close of the first week in an Indianapolis high school, a teacher asked members of a freshman class to write their impressions of their first day at the school.

"I came expecting to recite," wrote one youth, "but was deceived."
"My first impression reminded me of some cartoons, such as 'When a Feller Needs a Friend,' and 'Where Do We Go From Here,'" wrote another, who lacked the self-confidence that the first youth had displayed.

His Start.
Jasper—He started business on a shoestring.
Gasper—Very true. It got untied and he tripped; and he received \$2,000 from an accident insurance company.—Judge.

JOHN L. "HOCKED" HIS BELT

Diamond-Studded Heavyweight Pugilistic Championship Trophy Was Pledged for \$1,800.

We went into the pawnshop of the Forty-second street Simpsons to ask about John L. Sullivan's diamond championship belt, which he "hocked" there May 24, 1901. He put it in for \$1,800. "Has this heavyweight belt ever been taken out?" was asked of Christopher Richardson, manager for the aged Thomas Simpson.

"Now that you know about it," he replied, "I may as well tell you that it was redeemed April 29, 1904. We had it here, down in our safe, for three years."
Being a city of quick opportunities as well as a city of adversity, New York pawnshops are rare spots for the study of human character. A young woman came in and plunked a small diamond ring on the highly polished rosewood-topped counter and demanded \$35 in a hurry. "You must hurry," she pleaded, "for I have an appointment with my hairdresser and need the money to pay for a permanent wave."

The queerest case of sentiment was the pawning some years ago of three \$100 bills by an elderly woman in black. When told she could not get more than \$250, she was satisfied, seeming to know that the money given her had to be borrowed, and its share of the overhead added in.

"I would not spend the bills, because they were issued by the government to a bank in which my dead husband was president," she explained, and pointing at the name on one of the bills, added: "That was his name."

She did not redeem the bills at the end of the year, and they went into circulation to meet the \$54 interest due, the net loss on the pawnshop books being \$4.

A twenty-dollar gold piece pawns for \$15, and many are pawned, being kept-pieces with some sentimental value to their owners. The interest on \$15 for a year is \$4.50.

Recently a pearl necklace worth \$1,000,000 was offered through the New York loan offices and finally found a home.—Raymond G. Carroll, in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

World's Fairs in 1922.

The old-style "world's fair" was an extravagant, flimsy fairground that housed, for the most part, objects of art and education exhibits, and disappeared as if wrecked by an earthquake. More than 50 world's fairs are scheduled for Europe this year, but their main object will be the extension of commerce rather than the proud exhibition of local and national treasures. Europe now regards such exhibitions as valuable agents for promoting trade; in this attitude it returns in principle to the fairs of the Middle Ages, says the Scientific American. The sample fair held at Prague last year, though but a minor example, brought together 2,500 exhibitors. Exhibition trains are supplementing the advertising value of the fairs; witness the completely-equipped train brought from France last fall that made an extensive tour of Canada.

Bumble Bees on Spree.

Bumble bees, remarks the London Daily Express, swarm to a bed of French marigolds in a Herne Bay garden and become shockingly inebriated. These carousals occur so frequently that the owner of the garden, a woman, has turned the adjoining bed of hollyhocks into an inebriates' home, to which she carries the bees. They awake from an hour's glorious intoxication on a sweet-scented bed of flowers. The morning after has no terrors for the drunken bee.

Hive bees and butterflies are not affected. They sip decently and carry their liquor like gentlemen.
Other flowers, notably a variety of the sodium and the helonium, stupify all bees, wild and hive, by the narcotic nectar they yield. The insects remain intoxicated for the whole night, and are resigned to sobriety by the sun.

Lured "Skeeters" to Death.

During the recent hot season pedestrians in a Jersey suburban town were mystified each night about bedtime by an unusual performance in a residence. Every window in the house was darkened except one. A bright light of round proportions was seen upon the screen of this window; now at the top; now at the bottom; now in the center, moving rapidly as with a set purpose.

The solution, as discovered, reveals a new plan of warfare on mosquitoes. The man of the house hit upon the scheme of putting a flashlight on the screen to induce the mosquitoes to alight upon the wire. They were then finished with a swatter. Some nights later the flashlight device was seen at work in a dozen other houses on the thoroughfare.—New York Sun.

Plants of Healing.

William Cole who wrote the "Art of Stimping" in 1666, believed firmly in the healing virtues of plants, and based his theories upon certain external appearances of growth supposed to have been impressed on the plants by guardian angels. Thus the spotted leaves of lungwort were supposed to indicate its efficacy in curing diseases of the lungs, and the shape of the walnut to show that it was good for affections of the head. Plants were supposed to be under the peculiar influence of the sun, the moon, and the planets, and to possess virtue in accordance with their relative position at the time they were gathered, to the heavenly body which ruled them.

Simple Cousin Ambrose

By CLARA DELAFIELD

(©, 1922, by Western Newspaper Union.)

"A nasty joke on Cousin Ambrose?" said Cousin Amelia.

"I guess he thought he was going to get all Uncle Reuben's property," chuckled Cousin Hilary.

"A good joke on him," snorted Cousin Silas. "It didn't pay him, after all, snooping round here day after day and handling Uncle Reuben's affairs for him."

"Yes, and pretending to be so simple, too," said Cousin Amelia, indignantly.

His anger was not without solid foundation, for Uncle Reuben, who had been reputed a very rich man and had been an eccentric, had died without a will, and when his nephews and nieces came to divide his property they found that it totaled up to just about two hundred dollars apiece.

Each felt privately outraged, for each had thought himself or herself to be Uncle Reuben's special confidant. So had Cousin Ambrose, undoubtedly.

After Uncle Reuben went blind, Cousin Ambrose had acted as his secretary. Cousin Ambrose was forty, pale, fat, puffy, and carried on an auctioneer's business in the town, which left him a good deal of leisure. Where the others played golf, Cousin Ambrose devoted himself to the collection of coins and postage stamps, and he was believed to have been refused by every girl in the place.

"He's not a man," said Cousin Silas. "Ought to be dressed up in petticoats, the great big simpering ninnny."

Uncle Reuben had certainly been a queer character. His hobby had been seaweed—not a very inspiring one, but he was well-known to botanists and he had discovered one hundred and eleven new species. He had been in correspondence with correspondents all over the world for forty years—beginning before Cousin Ambrose was born.

However, he had presented all his new samples to museums, and his collection in glass cases had been valued by the expert who was summoned after his death at exactly nothing.

"Nobody wants seaweeds," he explained, "and as your uncle gave away the cream of his collection, why—there's only the cases. And they're not worth more than fifty cents apiece, if you could get that."

Decidedly Uncle Reuben had wasted forty years on the most singularly useless hobby imaginable.
And here were the relations, come to agree to an amicable division of what property there was, to avoid the necessity of a sale.

"I must have dear Uncle Reuben's desk, at which he sat when he was blind and helpless," said Cousin Ambrose, who had come sliding and puffing in.

"Wa'il, I dunno as I want it myself, exactly," said Cousin Silas, glancing in contempt at the ancient piece. "Didn't think it was valuable, did ye, Ambrose? We've had it valued, you know."

There was a chortle of laughter at the taking-down of Cousin Ambrose. Cousin Ambrose nursed his knee. "Oh, no. I don't want anything," he answered. "It's the dear, dear, never-to-be-forgotten memories of our dear uncle that it will bring back to me."

Cousins Silas and Hilary cast glances of measureless contempt at him.

"I'll take the parlor suite," said Cousin Hilary.

"I want the best bedroom," claimed Cousin Amelia.

They wrangled for two hours. They went all over the house, earmarking the pieces, which had all been ticketed with their valuation prices, and then there was another wrangle, because it was found that Cousin Silas's property was valued at two hundred and nine dollars, while each of the others had a valuation of a little less than two hundred, except Cousin Ambrose, who couldn't get up to the hundred point, even.

They hated Cousin Ambrose with burning hate, because he said he'd simply take what was left as keepsakes, and each of them had to disgorge something to make his share up even.

"Either he's a fool or a black-hearted schemer," growled Uncle Hilary. "That desk hasn't got a secret drawer with money in it, has it?"

They ransacked the desk, but it contained nothing but bundles of letters, dating back forty years, from all the corners of the earth. So, growling, they took their departure, after acceding to Cousin Ambrose's request for Uncle Reuben's correspondence and seaweed notes.

A week later Cousin Amelia met Cousin Silas on Main street. "Say, did you hear about Cousin Ambrose?" she gasped.

"Been away, hasn't he?"

"He's sold one of the stamps off Uncle Reuben's letters for four thousand dollars, and another for twelve hundred. They were the only specimens in existence except in collections. Oh, the black-hearted monster!"

But both were rendered speechless by the apparition of Cousin Ambrose in a motorcar that puffed almost as badly as he did. He was smoking a large cigar and, as he passed, he waved his hand.

Works the Other Way.

She (at her mirror)—Oh dear, who would think it? I'm approaching thirty.
Her friend—Patience, my dear; from now on you'll start getting farther away from it.—Paris Le Rire.

ADVERTISING WOULD GIVE WIDER CIRCULATION

In his biennial report, Secretary of State J. Grant Hinkle declares that a great percentage of the election pamphlets sent out by his office are thrown away without reading. As a substitute he proposes advertising in two or more newspapers in each county for a period of four weeks prior to the election all propositions to be voted upon.

"I do not believe this very often would reduce the expense," he says, "but it would undoubtedly give a wider circulation to those measures on which the people are asked to vote."

EVERGREEN THIRCE WEEKLY

Beginning January 11th The Evergreen will be published three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, instead of twice a week as at present. This is a result of the action taken by the Associated Students at its meeting recently in adopting the amendment to the constitution proposed by Clayton F. Bernhard at the meeting. The amendment was adopted on the belief that it is a step toward a greater State College of Washington, and will fill a long felt need.

In conjunction with the resolution which was adopted, the business manager and editor of The Evergreen are to receive ten and eight per cent, respectively, of the funds earned by The Evergreen, with an additional stipend of \$50 per semester for the editor.

MITCHELL LICENSED AS POULTRY JUDGE

R. V. Mitchell, head of the department of poultry husbandry at the State College, has just received a license to officiate as a poultry judge from the American Poultry association. All poultry judges must be licensed by the association before they can officially represent the organization.

SCOUTS HIKE

A large number of boy scouts, under the supervision of Lieutenant A. B. Pence and Lieutenant H. Twitchell, hiked to Moscow yesterday, returning on the train. The boys left Pullman shortly after nine o'clock, carrying a light lunch. Hot drinks were brewed on the way and the boys gained much valuable scouting experience on the trip.

NOTICE TO W. R. C.

There will be a basket dinner and installation in Masonic hall January 2, 1923. G. A. R. and wives and Relief Corps members and families are invited.

CARD OF THANKS

To Taxi 70, we extend our thanks for your kind Christmas remembrance. The Girls of Inland Tel. Co.

The wheat market continues to rise and fall, the latest quotations being 99 cents for red and \$1.02 for the white varieties.

MOURNS OVER "ULD TIMES"

Elderly North Carolina Woman Thinks Present-Day People Behind Those of Her Generation.

Bright and chipper, Mrs. Lou Thacker of Mount Airy, N. C., celebrated her one hundred and eleventh birthday here yesterday at the home of a granddaughter, Mrs. J. M. Edmundson, says a dispatch from Greensboro, N. C., to the New York World.

She "worries" Mr. Edmundson because she insists on helping him feed his hogs and work in his garden, and wants Mrs. Edmundson to let her wash the dishes and "red up" the house. The day before her birthday she rode uptown in an automobile.

The old lady was born near Stoneville, in Rockingham county, N. C., August 20, 1811. Four years ago she injured her hip in a fall and doctors told her she would never walk again. She laughed at them and today is walking with the aid of a stick.

The jazziness of the young today does not meet with her approval. "Folks ain't like they used to be," she said. "Seems like they haven't got as much religion."

He "Rang the Bell"

A number of well-known newspaper men returning the other night from one of the summer resorts had just managed to get to the city when their engine commenced to slow down, relates the Washington Star. A hurried examination disclosed the fact that the gas tank was nearly empty. Two of them elected to venture forth in search of an all-night garage while the other two remained in the car. The searchers, after traversing many streets, finally came across a station on which was a sign "Open all night." No signs of life, however, were visible. Finally one of the scribbles happened to notice a rope protruding through a window of the building in which were kept oils, greases, accessories, etc. Giving the rope a vigorous pull, he nearly yanked the custodian of the service station out of bed, the rope being attached to the caretender's foot—a rather new and novel way of ringing the door bell.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—String of pearls. Finder please communicate with Mrs. R. O. Austin, phone 3711. dec29

LOST—String of pearls. Finder please leave at College Market and receive reward. dec29

LOST—Watch and attached hand-lens. Finder kindly leave at Herald office; reward. dec22jan12

Different kinds of weather and the temperature at which you test your milk will cause a variation of the cream test.

A good credit for the farmer to show to his banker, is a carefully worked out inventory of all his equipment and stock.

Job work at the Herald office.

WANT ADS

Advertisements under this heading will be inserted at the rate of one cent a word for each insertion. No notices can be accepted over the telephone and the money must accompany the copy for the advertisements, as the amounts are too small to justify opening book accounts. Advertisements must be in the office not later than 5:00 o'clock Wednesday afternoon to insure insertion in the next issue.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—On easy terms five room plastered house, modern except heat, two blocks from P. O. on the flat; can be fixed for furnace at small expense. Inquire at 893 Spring St. dec29jan12

FOR SALE—Terms if desired, 6-room modern dwelling, lot 60x100. See John Squires, owner. aug11tf

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—U. S. government underwear—2,500,000 pieces. New government wool underwear purchased by us to sell to the public direct at 75c EACH. Actual retail value \$2.50 each. All sizes: shirts, 34 to 46; drawers, 30 to 44. Send correct sizes. Pay postman on delivery or send us money order. If underwear is not satisfactory, we will refund money promptly upon request. Dept. 24, The Pilgrim Woolen Co., 1476 Broadway, New York, N. Y. no24tf

FOR SALE—One registered Guernsey bull; one registered Guernsey cow; two grade Jersey cows; one grade Holstein cow. L. G. Thayer, Farmers 23. dec22-29

FOR SALE—Sewing machine, electric range (Hotpoint), bed springs. Call at 805 Spring St. near Baptist church. nov24tf

FOR SALE—At once, 60 leghorn pullets; 30 yearling hens; extra good stock; bargain. Call 1851, or see Orho West. dec29jan5

FOR SALE—Canned fruit and jams of all kinds. Phone 65 between 8:00 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. dec8tf

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred barred rock cockerels. Phone M10X6. dec29jan19

FOR SALE—Hot water heater. Phone 1944. nov24tf

FOR SALE—Fresh cow. Wm. M. Porter. dec29

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two suites of furnished rooms; cheap; 501 Jackson St. Phone 2674. oct6tf

FOR RENT—Light housekeeping rooms; reasonable prices; 1108 Kamiacken St. oct6tf

FOR RENT—Housekeeping and sleeping rooms. 203 West Main, phone 1754. dec22jan19

FOR RENT—Housekeeping rooms or room and board, 510 Maiden Lane. Phone 1871. dec22

GARAGE for rent—307 Montgomery. Phone 3304 in evening. H. M. Henton. dec29tf

FOR RENT—Strictly modern new house. Inquire D. F. Staley. sep15tf

FOR RENT—Furnished room, close in. 503 McKenzie St., phone 2652. dec22jan12

WANTED

WANTED—Teaming jobs. I have re-engaged in the teaming business and have an office with W. A. Yeo in the Flatiron building. Phone 51. R. C. Hedglen. dec8-29

WANTED—Sewing, children's clothes a specialty. Mrs. A. Linn Jinnett, 209 Harrison St. Phone 2424. apr12tf

WANTED—Work by experienced woman by day or hour. Phone 1944. nov24tf

MISCELLANEOUS

TO LOAN—Six per cent money. Under Bankers Reserve System 6% loans may be secured on city or farm property, to buy, build, improve, or pay indebtedness. Bankers Reserve Deposit Company, 1648 California St., Denver, Colo. nov24jan12

WEAVING—I weave rag rugs; 10 years experience; expect to put on blue and gold warp about Jan. 15. Glenn G. Vincent, phone 2431. dec15jan12

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—String of pearls. Finder please communicate with Mrs. R. O. Austin, phone 3711. dec29

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A good credit for the farmer to show to his banker, is a carefully worked out inventory of all his equipment and stock.

Job work at the Herald office.

HELP THE KIDNEYS

Pullman Readers Are Learning the Way

It's the little kidney ills—The lame, weak or aching back—The unnoticed urinary disorders—Bright's disease—When the kidneys are weak. Help them with Doan's Kidney Pills.

A remedy especially for weak kidneys. Doan's have been used in kidney troubles for 50 years. Endorsed by 50,000 people—endorsed at home. Proof in a Pullman citizen's statement.

U. G. Lawler, prop. of grain elevator, 400 Dexter St., Pullman, says: "My kidneys were out of whack and I felt all out of sorts. I had a dull ache in the small of my back and had to pass the kidney secretions frequently; they were highly colored and scanty in passage. I suffered from severe pains in my back and it hurt to turn my head one way or another. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and three boxes rid me of the pain in my back and head and put my kidneys in a healthy condition. I bought this remedy at Watt's Pharmacy."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lawler had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Every day the diet of the child should contain some milk; eggs, fish, fowl or meat; bread and cereals, vegetables; fruits; sweets and fats.

The dairy cow is a cash producer.

My Homes are built to specifications and my specifications are above standard.

LET ME SUBMIT PRICES

Howard Haskell
Builder and Contractor

601 High St. Telephone 1023

To Yield 7%

We offer the serial gold bonds of the Ruhr Land and Livestock Company, which are secured by a First Mortgage on 21,534 acres of ranch land, and are the direct obligation of a long established, successful company. Total net assets over \$1,000,000, or about eight times the loan.

Full details on request

Ferris & Hardgrove
INVESTMENT BONDS
SPOKANE, IDAHO SEATTLE, WASH.
PAULSEN BLDG. SPOKANE.



FROM OUR MENU
you can select almost any kind of fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, dessert, etc. Our table offers a great variety of dishes, cooked and served in a most appealing, appetizing way. Bring HER here if you want to treat her to something fine in eatables.

Robinson's Bakery
Phone 49

V. H. Johnson
and
N. W. Cairns

Auctioneers

Purebred and Farm Sales
Specializing in Hereford, Shorthorn, purebred horse and hog sales. Twelve years on the block selling purebreds.

2 men for 1 man's price
See us before billing your sales, at McClaskey's Insurance Agency, Pullman, Wn.

Phone 7 or 3011