

A TRUE SHARK STORY

FATHETIC ACCOUNT OF AN OCEAN MONSTER'S DESTRUCTION.

The Fatal Feud of the Little Blue and Gold Pilot—The Lump of Fat Pork With the Concealed Hook—Death by Torture With the Inevitable Finale.

"How very hard it is to provide for a young, fast growing family nowadays!" said the mother shark, turning, for the hundredth time that morning, upon her broad side in order to get a better view of what might be stirring above. For nearly a week she had been fasting—in fact, ever since she came in hurriedly at the close of a great feast upon the stripped carcass of a recent whale. There, by dint of the energy of her massive shoulders, her 14 feet of length and fivefold rows of triangular teeth, she had managed to secure a respectable proportion of the spoil for the replenishing of her own huge maw as well as for the upkeep of the 14 sharklings that were now restlessly darting in and out of their cozy cave at the far end of her capacious throat.

Within the immediate range of her glance a vast black shadow obscured a wide, irregularly shaped area of the blazing sunshine. It was so calm that the shadow seemed stationary. In the direction of this cool penumbra her gaze lingered earnestly, for hereditary instinct as well as long experience gave her the knowledge that from the substance of such shadows came food dropping down, varied and toothsome, actually alive on rare occasions. Somewhat impatiently she wondered at the long time that her little blue and gold attendant had been gone.

He was so seldom absent from his place between her eyes for a whole minute that she got quite uneasy, but while she fidgeted fretfully, with many twitches of her flexible "gaff topsail," back came the pilot fish in a tearing hurry. "Now, then, partner, move along, do. There's a lump of fat pork almost as big as your head hanging over that ship's stern. I don't quite understand why it doesn't sink, but it is good. I nibbled just a crumb, and you can be sure this time that it is no bagful of cinders like that nasty mouthful that gave you the chestache so had this morning." The latter part of this energetic exordium was lost upon mother shark, being drowned in the wash set up by her great tail fin, which was going in grand style, starting her off at such a rate that two or three stragglers of the family had to skip like shrimps to get indoors before they were left behind and lost.

Straight as an arrow to the mark went the tiny guide, keeping just in front of his huge friend's snout. Together they swept into the shadow, where, sure enough, a mass of meat hung just below the sea surface, though gently lifted almost out of water every now and then. "Oh, do look, mamma! There's a big fish. Is he going to eat up that pretty little one, do you think?" "Oh, no, my little man," struck in the mate, "but you watch him now!" As he spoke, the great gray body took a curve laterally, a dazzling glare of white appeared, and there beneath the speaker was a crescentic gap in the smooth, livid underside fringed with innumerable points like chevaux de frise and as big as the gap of a coal sack. Around it the small pilot circled excitedly at top speed. Slowly the mate as gently slackened away, there was a gulp, and the big joint disappeared. There was a flash, a splash and an eddy. Then the rope attached to the shark hook concealed in the pork groaned over the rail as it felt the strain.

"Lay aft the watch," roared the mate, and amid the trampling of many feet, a babel of directions and a tremendous tumult alongside, through the writhings of the captive monster, she was transferred forward to the lee gangway, where, by the aid of a stout watch tackle, she was hoisted out of water. "Don't take him aboard," cried the captain. "Make such an infernal mess if you do. Just spritsail yard him and let him go again." So a piece of scantling was got from the carpenter, pointed at both ends, about four feet long. This they drove between her jaws from side to side. Another wedge shaped piece was planted diagonally down through her broad snout, the upper end pointing forward. Then they cut off the wide pectoral fins, letting the quivering carcass fall into the sea again by the simple expedient of chopping the hook out. "What abominable cruelty," muttered a gentle faced man among the crowding passengers, as he turned away sick at heart. But the bustling seaman looked pityingly at him, wondering doubtless at his lack of sporting instincts. Thus disabled, the miserable monster plunged blindly in uncertain directions, unable to steer herself, unheeding the frantic caresses of her faithful little satellite, who had almost exhausted himself by leaping up at her as she hung struggling against the vessel's side. Neither did she notice the puzzled, wavering movements of her wondering brood, so she disappeared from the view of the laughing, happy crowd on deck. But whichever way she rushed she always fetched up to the surface promptly, because of the vane in her head. Thus for a day and a night she fought aimlessly with all the forces of amazing vitality pent up in her huge body against these torturing disabilities, until mercifully she fell in with a couple of ravenous congeners. Scenting fresh blood, they made for her straightway. Like mad things, they fell upon her. Long and hard they strove, tearing their way through the tough framework until assistance came from all quarters, and a motley multitude of various hungry ones cleaned up every shred of the welcome banquet, leaving only the deserted pilot to seek another partner.—London Spectator.

Although Greeces has an abundance of sea-coast, most of the fish eaten are imported, the imports of fish averaging \$700,000 yearly.

MRS. HENRY GEORGE, JR.

Bride of the Eldest Son of the Great Single Tax Leader and Economist. Miss Marie Hitch, daughter of Captain Ebenezer V. Hitch, 255 Ontario street, Chicago, on Dec. 2 was married to Mr. Henry George, Jr., son of the great single tax leader, at the residence of her father. The age of the groom was given as 35 and that of the bride as 19. The wedding was a quiet affair, ending to the death of Mr. George's father.



MRS. HENRY GEORGE, JR.

Immediately after the wedding the couple left for New York. Mrs. George is as talented as she is charming. She is a musician of more than ordinary ability. Her musical education she received at the Chicago Musical college, where she was awarded a diamond medal for her proficiency. She also takes a great interest in politics and is much interested in the work of her husband. The bride is a typical southern girl, although brought to womanhood in the atmosphere of a northern climate. Her family came from New Orleans about five years ago and have resided on the north side ever since. The young lady first met Mr. George during the World's fair, and an attachment sprang up, with the usual tinge of romance and sentiment. The two families had been friends for many years. The young people corresponded, and when last year Mr. George came west to make speeches for the free silver cause he became a caller at the Hitch residence. The engagement was later announced.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Scope of the Woman's Club.

The woman's club is of comparatively recent origin. It is the outgrowth of the idea that through co-operative endeavor women may secure certain social and educational reforms that could never be accomplished by individual effort. In the field of charity alone the woman's clubs have completely revolutionized the old, wasteful and unsystematic methods of dispensing alms. In the domain of ethics and public morals the influence of these clubs is distinctly felt in many communities. They have secured ordinances for the protection of children, for the suppression of vicious and degrading literature and for the punishment of cigarette vendors who sell their wares to school children. It is in the field of general culture and popular education, however, that these clubs promise to be the most potent instrumentalities for the uplifting of society. Having been granted the right to vote at school elections, the women have it in their power to secure through these organizations many needed reforms in our public schools in the way of better sanitation, better school construction and better teachers. It is to the ministry of culture that these clubs should dedicate their talents, their energies and their zeal.—Chicago Times-Herald.

What Good Society Is.

"The very best society is not composed of gilt and glitter," writes Ruth Ashmore of "The Social Position of the Girl Who Works," in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.' "It is that circle of pleasant people who meet and visit because they are interested in each other. It asks of each member that she bring a pleasant personality if she wishes to be in and of it. The society recognized by the newspapers consists merely of a few people, who, having more money than the rest of the world, are able to make themselves more conspicuous, and so are kept constantly before the public. But all over this great country, in every city, town or little village, there is to be found good society, and it rests with the working girl herself whether she is in or out of it. If she has the bad taste to prefer noisy people, whose idea of enjoyment is roughness, whose conception of conversation is to talk scandal, and who really have no reason for existing, then this girl will not only injure herself by her contact with such society, but she will injure every other girl who works. People are prone to judge a great regiment by one member of it. Therefore it behooveth the girl who works to go into the best society or to find her pleasures in her own home."

Women at Princeton.

Miss Elizabeth D. McIlvaine, principal of Evelyn college, writes as follows to the Boston Transcript: "It is with great regret that I tell you that the opposition of Princeton university to any work for the higher education for women in connection with the university has so discouraged the friends of Evelyn college as to cause them to think it wise to close the institution for the present, at least until Princeton should come to a better mind. During the life of my father, the late president of Evelyn, Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D. D., this opposition was in a measure kept out of sight, though always a hindrance to the work, but since his death it has become open and outspoken—especially in view of a growing interest in the state of New Jersey in woman's work—and expresses itself in the form of a fear that Evelyn college may detract funds from Princeton. Princeton is thus left the only great university in the known world which refuses in any form to recognize the educational work of women."

Marriet Beecher Stowe's Beauty.

I remember once accompanying Mrs. Stowe to a reception at a well known house in Boston where before the evening was over the hostess drew me aside, saying, "Why did you never tell me that Mrs. Stowe was beautiful?" And indeed when I observed her, in the full ardor of conversation, with her heightened color, her eyes shining and awake, but filled with great softness, her abundant, curling hair rippling naturally about her head and falling a little at the sides (as in the portrait by Richmond), I quite agreed with my hostess. Nor was that the first time her beauty had been revealed to me, but she was seldom seen to be beautiful by the great world, and the pleasure of this recognition was very great to those who loved her. Photographs of her were universally unlike.

Mrs. Stowe wrote gayly at the moment of her first triumphal tour through England: "The general topic of remark on meeting me seems to be that I am not so bad looking as they were afraid I was, and I do assure you when I have seen the things that are put up in the shop windows here with my name under them I have been lost in wondering admiration at the boundless, loving kindness of my English and Scottish friends in keeping up such a warm heart for such a Gorgon. I should think that the sphinx in the London museum might have sat for most of them."—Mrs. Field's "Life of Mrs. Stowe."

Baltimore's Rainy Days.

The annual meeting of Baltimore's Rainy Day club was held on Dec. 3 in appropriate weather. It poured in torrents, but the women were happy. In short skirts, boots and leggings they braved mud and rain, and even those members who have carriages at their command walked to the meeting. It was voted that the Baltimore rainy day skirt should be five inches from the ground, and it was suggested that the club should extend its work to the discovery of a waterproof cloak and hat, so that the umbrella could be discarded. Committees were appointed to push the objects of the society among working women.

Miss McIlvaine, the president, spoke of the movement in other cities. The press generally, she said, had been kind toward this hygienic movement. The newspapers of Chicago and San Francisco had requested photographs and information of her past life, but she had not answered such letters. Of ridicule there had been none. On the contrary, the club had received the heartiest commendation from physicians, who urged them to advocate short dresses for all street wear as a safeguard against disease germs. Men generally, she said, had not criticized them in any way.

Lady Rose Molynce.

The latest outcry in English society against American habits is that young and pretty American girls do not hesitate to live by themselves, with necessary servants, whenever they feel inclined and can afford it. They give dinner parties and balls, supper and theater parties, as if they were married women. The worst of it, writes a correspondent of Vogue, is that English society acknowledges that there is a tendency to follow that lead, that some smart English girls have started establishments of their own, and that, strange to tell, they have not been frowned down upon by "certain aristocratic, old-fashioned and conservative families," as it was expected they would be. An instance is given in Lady Rose Molynce, who gave a house party at Abbeystead, including the usual shooting party. Lady Rose being her father's favorite daughter (the late Lord Sefton), at his death she inherited an estate in Lancashire with \$30,000 to keep it up, besides \$10,000 a year. Her house party turned out a perfect success, and her mother, Lady Sefton, was present as her daughter's guest and nothing more.

Waists and Basques.

The plaited round waist and the full Russian blouse waist contest for favor with the numberless little coat basques, very short, very smart and very much trimmed. Sometimes we see the basque portion cut in one with the waist and sometimes added on. In other instances, the coat or basque effect is confined to the back only, while the front is slightly pointed or quite round. The back is in one seamless piece, and is arranged in endless ways below the belt line. Short jacket fronts made by leading French coutmakers open on full vests of any soft material that gathers, plaits, tucks or can be arranged in effective surplice folds inside square or tiny rounded jackets of some heavy textile.—Exchange.

The Wearing of the Blouse.

The universal adoption of the blouse is proclaimed by women at every turn, and this baggy fancy is varied to suit the material and wearer, with each one prettier than the other. For house and street wear they are alike popular, and one scarcely knows where to draw the line of difference between one and the other, so alike are they in construction. Even the little bolero has a bloused vest, and, by the way, this dainty little jacket is quite as much favored this season as last, and appears on some of the latest cloth gowns, and is so designed as to show the underbodice, keeping the bloused front in plain view.—Woman's Home Companion.

Warming the Room.

"If the schoolroom does not seem sufficiently warm when the thermometer shows that the proper degree of heat has been reached," says a public school teacher, "I place a dish of water in the room, and I soon find that the room seems very comfortable, especially when there has not been sufficient humidity in the air before. The same thing will be found effective in a living room. Many people advocate keeping a dish of water standing always in every room in the house, but it must be kept fresh."—New York Times.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

MAKING NOAH'S ARKS.

How Little Wooden Animals Are Cut Out of Block Just as Cake is Sliced.

The manner in which the various animals which populate the toy Noah's arks children love are made is certainly novel and amusing. These arks mostly come from Saxony, where armies of children are engaged in this employment. The part of the work done on the lathe, however, is entrusted to older hands.

If one takes up a cow or elephant or horse from a Noah's ark, he will see the animal is more or less wedge shaped. This is because they are cut from a circular block very much like a cake baked in a mold, and each animal is merely a slice of the mold. Taking the elephant for an example, this is the manner of



WOODEN ELEPHANTS.

making: A cake or ring of pine wood some ten inches in diameter and a little over two inches thick is turned on the lathe. Then by means of gonges the curves of the animal are cut in the top of the soft wood, and at the inner edge a projection is made to form the animal's head. On the other side a deep groove is cut to represent the open space between the animal's fore and hind legs. An elephant disk will be cut up into three dozen wedges, and then the child workers round off its angles. A separate cake is made from which the trunk is cut and another for the tail. These are glued on. All the other animals are made in the same way.—Chicago News.

An Ingenious Boy.

An ingenious Augusta boy has found a new way of putting in electric wires that deserves to be patented. His mother had given him permission to have an electric light in his room if he would put in his own wiring. In order to do this it was necessary to carry the wires from one room to another. How to do this in a neat and workmanlike manner was a perplexing problem, but the young man was equal to it. He be thought himself of a pet cat which was greatly devoted to him and would answer readily to his call. A good stout string was attached to Kitty's tail and she was put under the flooring and called through from one room to the other. With the aid of this string the wires were soon in place and in a manner, too, that would have done credit to the best workman in the city.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

A Toy Washing Outfit.

Among the toys that caught the eye of an observer in a show window was a little washing set, which was novel to him if not new. There was a little table and on this a little brass bound cedar wash tub, in which there was a little washboard with a zinc top, corrugated like any washboard. There was a folding clothes rack and alongside of that a little wringer, and near that there was a little brass bound cedar pail. Standing on the table was a little barrel of tiny clothespins, and there was here also a small flatiron. All that was needed to complete the outfit was a clothesline, and a piece of twine would do for that, and it could be hung across the room, and then the outfit for dolls' washing would be complete.

A Good Puzzle.

Here is a puzzle which you may try to see what you can do with. Tie a string about a yard long to a door key and take the string in the right hand. Hold it so the key will clear the floor four or five inches. If you will hold the string steady enough, it will begin to swing back and forth in a straight line. Let another person take your left hand in his, and the motion of the key will change from the pendulum-like swing to a circular swing. If a third person will place his hand on the shoulder of the second person, the key will stop. After you have finished eating your supper just try the above and then solve the puzzle.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Shining Example.

"And now just a word to the children," the visiting clergyman said. "I'm sure you love parents and teachers!" "Of course!" nodded each little head. "That's right! And you study your lessons And kneel every evening to pray, And when you wake up in the morning You think 'I'll be good all today!'" "Well done! Only one question further—Although I might ask you a host—Of all the most shining examples, What man do you look up to most?" For nearly a minute the silence Hung deep as a twilight in June. Then rose a wee maid and said shyly, "I deem it's the man in the moon!"—James Buchanan in American Agriculturist.

A Lesson in Dead Leaves.

Next time you are out in the woods look closely at the dead leaves blowing about on the ground. You will find that most of them have their lower sides uppermost. Can you think of a reason for this? When a leaf is mature and almost ready to fall, it curls up just a little at the edges. When it falls, the first breeze catches these margins and turns the leaf lower side uppermost, and there it remains, because in this position the wind has less opportunity to disturb it.

His Idea of It.

Sammy—Mamma says I must always take your part, don't she, Nellie? Nellie—Yeth. Sammy—Then gimme your half of the apple, quick!—Cincinnati Commercial.

BALLADE OF A CITY BOWER.

If hokey dolls with brown and silver brooks Pipes numberless perennially shrill, For publication betimes in sightly books Songs breathing righteous praise of lough and rill, These are fair spots, but here God's gracious will. A stone's throw from the city's heart and din Gives us as fair—let me deserve it still—My upper window where the elm looks in.

They love dark things who celebrate the rooks That build in woolly places mirk and chill. My neighbor, too, misled, on sturdy hooks A painted cage hangs from his window sill And hears not in its captive's ev'ry trill Pleas for the liberty he may not win. These are free, lusty throats with tune that fill My upper windows where the elm looks in.

A glint'ring, turquoise bay it overlooks, My pleasant bower, and a gentle hill fill'd with wild mustard blossoms. There are nooks Beyond them doubtless which a little skill In ballad making most misrepres. To thrill The world with perfect lays let them begin Who can. This theme betide a humbler quill—My upper window where the elm looks in.

When day is over at the rumbling mill And slipped the gyves of office discipline, Here is an escotlet for ev'ry ill—My upper window where the elm looks in.—Edward W. Barnard in Lotus.

THEATRICAL RECEIPTS.

Charles Reade Wondered Why They Were So Large in America.

"Edwin Booth in London" is the title of an article in The Century by E. H. House. Mr. House tells of an interesting meeting between Booth and Charles Reade and reports the following conversation relating to the appearance of Booth and Irving together: "Is it true that the prices will be changed?"

"Doubled, I believe. Irving says they must be. That is one of the risks I speak of, but he is full of confidence. He does it more for my sake than anything else."

"Then I hope it will turn out well. What are the indications?"

"Very good, I hear. I cannot judge myself. The conditions are all different from what I am used to."

"I understand. We are too slow—and thrifty, I suspect—to run the swift American pace. Yet I can't see why there should be such an amazing difference in your theatrical business and ours. The stories we hear of New York profits sound fabulous. I should say they were fabulous if I had not seen the returns of Wallack's when one of my plays was produced there. A hundred pounds a night is nothing to you, it seems."

"Two or three hundred would not stagger us," said Booth, smiling, "nor four or five for a very great and special attraction. For several years the prosperous houses in New York considered \$1,000 a fair average the year round. 'Stars' traveling through the country, for whom the regular prices were raised, could sometimes draw much more."

"Were you at all prepared for the lower receipts here?"

"Not really prepared. I was told what to expect, but paid no attention. Clarke said I should get nothing at the Princess', but I did not take his 'nothing' literally. I thought I might count upon \$1,000 a month at the very worst. He was right, however."

"I can't make it out," said Reade. "Your theaters are not larger than ours, and the prices of tickets are about the same, yet I see the Adelphi or the St. James' packed, without about one-half the result that Wallack's shows. It beats my arithmetic. You can't get more people into a place than it will hold."

"We do that, too, sometimes," laughed Booth, "but, as I say, you must come and find out all about it for yourself, Mr. Reade. Your audiences will be larger than the halls can hold, so you can study the problem under the best conditions."

"No, no. You tempt me to my destruction." But the compliment greatly pleased the author, who liked to hear such things said, though he affected a lofty indifference to praise.

Scolding Under Difficulties.

At a church gathering some time ago a number of deaf mutes were present. Refreshments were served during the evening, and in handing a cup of coffee to one of the guests a deaf mute gentleman happened to spill a few drops on his wife's skirt. The wife is also a deaf mute, and it was evident that she took the mishap in a rather irritable way. She wrinkled up her forehead and at once made a series of remarkably swift movements with her nimble fingers. The husband, looking exceedingly apologetic, made a few motions in return. One of the guests who had noticed this little byplay slyly slipped out a bit of paper and penciling something on it handed it to a friend.

This is what the latter read: "No matter how badly afflicted, woman can still scold."

The friend scribbled this in return: "Yes, but in the present case the husband is luckier than the average. He doesn't have to look."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Married Women Teachers.

Of all the causes now tending to keep women out of matrimony one that is very effective is the discrimination against married women teachers in the public schools. Malden, Mass., is the latest to declare that the marriage of a public school teacher shall be regarded as a resignation of her office. Mark the pronoun "her." No such discrimination is made against man.—Woman's Tribune.

The region between the first and second cataracts of the Nile is the hottest on the globe. It never rains there, and the natives do not believe foreigners who tell them that water can descend from the sky.

The Roman houses and palaces were so imperfectly lighted that in many living rooms the inmates were forced to depend on lamps by day as well as by night.

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