

A MURDEROUS WEAPON.

The Explosive Harpoon, the Whats Hunter's Chief Reliance. The explosive harpoon, which is the modern whale hunter's chief reliance, is a truly murderous weapon, six feet in length and strong in proportion, made chiefly of malleable iron and admirably designed for the slaying of the immense creatures. Its most striking feature next to the bomb head, which is operated by a time fuse and explodes is operated by a time that is the anchor-in the vitals of the whale, is the anchorlike device that prevents the harpoon "drawing" out of the body again under the terrific strain of the wounded mouster's frantic efforts to free itself. This consists of four hinged barbs, which He along the shaft before it is fired, but which are forced apart and imbed themselves in the whale's body after he is hit, so that if the prize escapes, which sometimes occurs, it is only by breaking the rope.

When "fish" are numerous and there is a chance of killing more than one in a day a novel method is adopted with the first victim. When it is seen to be dead a hole is bored through its back into its stomach and air is pumped inte it by a pipe from the steamer's engines until it is inflated like a great balloon. The orifice is then closed with a wood en plug, and a man is left alongside in a small boat to establish ownership while the whaler steams off in quest of other prey. As many as five whales have been killed by a ship in one day. four is not an unusual "bag," and threes and twos are commonly got. A single ship killed twenty-two in a week, and the record year's work for one is 258, an amazing number when it is remembered that on stormy days it is impossible to cruise at all, as the sprays bury the gun, and that during the winter months fishing is abandoned. During that period the whales "strike off" the coast to escape the ice floes, to which the rorquals are not partial, being in this respect unlike their arctic congeners, whose habitat is now the remotest section of Hudson bay and the channels which strike north from its farthest bounds into the polar sea itself .- Technical World.

LINCOLN'S CARELESSNESS.

His Hat His Favorite Receptacle Por Letters and Papers.

When Lincoln was postmaster of New Salem he used to tuck the letters inside his hat and deliver them whenever he happened to meet the persons to whom they were addressed. As this is a fair example of his business system, it may readily be imagined that the office of Stuart & Lincoln was not was a place for everything and everything in its place. And it was not. Indeed, as a managing clerk the junior partner would have been a hopeless failure, and as an attorney, in the technical sense of the term, he would never have distinguished himself. He

THE MORNING ASTORIAN RETURN COLUMNS OUICK The supplying of any want that may arise in domestic or

conmercial life may be readily and quickly accomplished at a nominal cost by the publication of the want in the "Want Ad." columns of the Morning Astorian.

A necessity which may arise for buying or selling horses, carriages, furuiture, pianos, real estate, sewing machines, bicycles, safes, watches, jewelry, typewriters, or thousands of other articles, can be met at once by the insertion of a suitable advertisement in the morning Astorion.

To secure help of any sort, or situation of any kind, to find lost articles, to secure board or boarders, lodging or lodgers, borrow money, obtain any kind of security; any of these wants may be supplied by using the "Want" columns of The Morning Astorian.

Rates For Classified or "Want" Advertisements

ONE INSERTION ONE CENT A WORD

THREE LINES THREE DAYS, 30 CENTS 20 Cents a line a week.

Count Six Words to a Line. "SITUATION WANTED"

For the benefit of persons out of employment, ads under the head of "Situation Wanted " will be printed three days free of charge





drudgery of legal routine, hated draw ing the declarations and pleas, despised the artificialities and refinements which were even then beginning to creep into the pleadings and disregarded forms whenever it was possible to do 80.

There was nothing mechanical, precise or methodical about the man, and in all those housewifely virtues which characterized the careful, orderly, exact solicitor he was utterly deficient. He never knew where his papers were, and apparently the only attempt he ever made to better the disorder was to write on one of his bundles of papers which littered his desk, "When you can't find it anywhere else, look in this." But that was long after the firm of Stuart & Lincoln had dissolved, and correspondent that he had placed his letter inside an old hat and had thus neglected answering it, which shows he had not wholly outgrown the habit of his postoffice days. Indeed, his hat conpapers as long as he lived, and he conduced by never acquired any sense of order .--Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

Moon Cure For Bald Heads. The superstition in agricultural communitles that the phases of the moon affect the germination and growth of ment. seed has a parallel in a queer belief that the moon also influences the growth of hair on the head. Here is an old recipe. The baldheaded should take "two ounces of boar's grease, one dram of the ashes of burned bees, one dram of the ashes of southern wood, one dram of the juice of a white lily root, one dram of oil of sweet almonds and six drams of pure musk. Make an ointment of these and the day before the full moon shave the place and anoint it every day."-New York Tribune.

The Brute!

"This hat of mine," stormed the wife, "has been out of date for ten solid years."

"I should certainly have thought," responded her shameless husband, "that the styles would have swung back to It at least once in that length of time."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

A faving System.

"I saved a big pile of money today," sald Mr. Hardhead. "That is lovely! How?" said his

wife. "Instead of going to law with a man

for what he owed me I let him have It."-London Tit-Bits.

His Specialty.

Mrs. Knicker-Is your husband an after dinner speaker. Mrs. Bocker-No, but he does a powerful lot of grumbling Juring it .- Brooklyn Life.