NEW PORTLAND DOCK

O. R. & N. Prepares Plans for a Fine Structure

JOINS IN WITH THE S. P.

Will be 1500 Feet Long and From 250 to 300 Feet Deep, Two Stories High and the Biggest on the Coast.

PORTLAND, Aug. 19—Plans have been drawn up by officials of the O. R. & N. and Southern Pacific for a new dock, which will be larger than that being built by James J. Hill in the lower harbor. It will be 1500 feet long and from 250 to 300 feet deep, two stories high and of far greater capacity than any other dock on the Pacific Coast.

The new wharf will extend from the Alberts dock on the north to the plant of the Portland Gas Company on the south. The Ainsworth and Alaska docks are located on a part of the proposed site. It is the intention to utilize them as much as possible when construction work of the big wharf starts. They will be built out flush to the railroad track, running north and south.

Between the plant of the Portland Gas Company and the foot of David street the Harriman interests will construct a smaller wharf, which will be used for handling freight of the small coasters, such as the Breakwater, running to Coos Bay. In time the O. R. & N. will have steamers in service between Portland and Tillamook and other Oregon ports. For that reason the wharf between David and Everett streets will be needed.

None but deepwater ships and the coasters running to San Francisco will moor at the big dock, which will be more than a quarter of a mile long. Construction work on it will be started just as soon as steps are taken to replace the steel bridge with a new structure. This is expected to occur in the fall. The western approach to the bridge will be at Flanders street.

After that decision and other details had been reached concerning the new bridge, the Harriman people concluded to build a modern dock of immense capacity. This matter could not well be attended to until the exact location of the bridge had been determined.

With the Hill and Harriman docks completed they alone will have greater capacity than all of the docks in either Seattle or Tacoma combined. They will have ample space for storing half the quantity of wheat shipped from here in the course of an entire season. Both will be alongside of the terminal yards—an ocean channel on one side of them and transcontinental lines on the other side.

PANAMA DIRT FLIES.

Highly Favorable Report Brought By Col. Goethals.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—That the Panama canal can be completed within five years and at much less cost to the government than has been generally supposed is the information which Colonel Goethals, engineer in charge of the work, is expected to bring Secretary of War Wright from the Isthmus next month.

Colonel Goethals contemplates a trip to this country in September for the purpose of conferring with Secretary Wright on canal zone matters. One of the subjects for discussion will be the estimates for next year to be submitted to congress at the coming session.

While here Colonel Goethals will make a trip to Oyster Bay to discuss the situation with the President. He will return to Panama before the various congressional committes arrive there early in November to inspect the work. Colonel Goethals expects to make another trip to Washington during the winter while Congress is in session.

HIS DELIBERATE SUICIDE.

Iowa Banker Calmly Told Why He Did It.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 19.—Alfred T. Wimberly, state manager of the Bankers Life Association of Des Moines, Iowa, and a well known insurance man, was found dead in bed at his home this afternoon. Death was caused by a self inflicted wound, according to the coroner. A letter found on the table in the room read as follows:

"I am neither drunk nor insane. I have committed no crime. I am simply tired of life. I have always had despondent spells for which my Creator is responsible. I have no fears for the hereafter, if there is any. This is for the public if the public wants it.

SENATE OF LILLIPUT.

The Way Dr. Johnson Outwitted the House of Commons.

Parliamentary bodies were long a great stronghold of resistance to the press. Reporters were strictly barred from them, and reports of their proceedings were sternly punished. It was among the triumphs for the right and for common sense which Franklin achieved that he caused the chamber of the provincial assembly of Pennsylvania to be thrown open to publicity. Nevertheless no reports were allowed of either the Continental congress or the constitutional convention.

Dr. Johnson's violation of the cherished privacy of the British house of commons is a classic story. He reported its debates without entering its sacred precincts, and in order to escape the severe penalties of the law he reported them without mentioning the body or any of its members by name. Setting up an imaginary "senate of Lilliput" and giving fictitious names to the leading members of parliament, he edified for years the readers of the journal which then boasted the "largest circulation" in England.

Receiving a few scanty notes of what was going on at Westminster, he elaborated them into a brilliant spread. He was, indeed, the illustrious founder of the immortal craft of rewriters. His discerning readers came to know not only that the senate of Lilliput was the house of commons, but that "Blefscu" stood for France and "Mildendo" for London; that "sprugs" meant pounds, that "Nardac" was the Duke of Newcastle, and so on. What his notes lacked his imagination readily supplied.

Never was the eloquence of parliament more brilliant than in Johnson's reports of the debates, in which, he admitted, he took care that the Whig dogs got the worst of it, although Pitt himself must have felt mollified when he read the wonderful outburst attributed to him by Johnson on "the atrocious crime of being a young man." It is the best remembered of all Pitt's speeches, and it was written by Johnson "in a garret in Exeter street."—Boston Globe.

A SMART ENGLISHMAN.

The Story He Told of His Experience in "the States."

A tall, practical Englishman went over to "the States" the other day from London. He took lodgings at an inn in a small village, which shall be nameless. He had dinner, and among those who sat at the table with him was the waiting maid, whom he designated as "servant," but he received an indignant correction from the landlord.

"We call our servants, sir, 'helps.' They are not oppressed; they are not Russian serfs."

"All right," said the Britisher; "I shall remember."

And he did, for in the morning he awoke the whole house by calling out at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag:

"Help, help! Water, water!"

In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," he said, "but I don't want so much water, you know. I only want enough to shave with."

"Shave with!" said the landlord. "What did you mean by calling: 'Help! Water?' We thought the house was afire."

"You told me to call the servant 'help,' and I did. Did you think I would cry 'Water!' when I meant fire?"

The explanation, it would seem, was satisfactory, and he can call the servants "servants" as much as he likes at that place now.—London Answers.

Not Very Flattering.

When the artist had finished his scenic sketch of the stretch of woods skirting the suburban road, he looked up and beheld a serious faced Irishman whom he had previously noticed digging in a trench by the roadside gazing queerly at his canvas.

"Well," said the artist familiarly, "do you suppose you could make a picture like that?"

The Irishman mopped his forehead a moment and, with a deep sigh, answered, "Sure; a man c'n do annything if he's driv to ut!"—Argonaut.

Some Good Anagrams.

The following is a list of very remarkable anagrams:

Astronomers, no more stars; catalogues, got as a clew; elegant, neat leg; impatient, Tim is a pet; matrimony, into my arm; melodrama, made moral; midshipman, mind his map; old England, golden land; parishioners, I hire parsons; parliament, partial men; penitentiary, nay, I repent it; Presbyterian, best in prayer; revolution, to love ruin; sweetheart, there we sat; telegraphs, great helps.

A Neat Selection.

"That's a nice umbrella you have there."

"Ain't it? Reflects credit on my taste, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does. Where did you get it?"

CLIMBING A CHIMNEY

The Way the Steeplejack Does His Dangerous Work.

HIS APPARATUS IS SIMPLE.

A Couple of Bo's'n's Chairs, a Trio of L Shaped Iron Pegs, a Heavy Hammer and a Ball of Twine Will Take Him In Safety to the Summit.

In the climbing and repair of chimneys and steeples it is, as in so many of the upward steps of life, undoubtedly the first which counts, says the New York Times. Once set your man, with a ball of twine tucked in the pocket of his coat, safely astride the coping of the big brewery chimney which rears its bulk of brickwork perhaps 300 feet above surrounding roofs or on the apex of the steeple of a church, his arm around the weather vane's vibrating pole, and you have the means by which ropes, ladders, scaffolding and all the necessary structure for examination and repairs may be brought into place. To get the first man to the giddy summit—that is the question.

There was a day when this was not infrequently accomplished by what at first sight might appear the somewhat frivolous method of kiteflying. A kite having a goodly length of string attached to its tail was raised in the usual manner and gradually coaxed over the steeple or chimney under treatment, then drawn down until the tail string lay across the top. It was then merely a matter of time and patience to pass a rope over and haul up a man. But the method had obvious disadvantages. To draw the tail line successfully across a chimney top, still more across the pointed spire of a church, often took more than one or two attempts. Moreover, there must be a fair wind blowing at the time and a large open space available close by in which to raise the kite—this last condition one not often found about the chimney stacks or steeples of a town. Another system was that of ladders built upward from the steeple's base, exceedingly cumbrous and, in the opinion of many modern steeplejacks, highly dangerous.

The man who on this morning stands beside us at the foot of a great shaft of brickwork towering skyward from the very center of a famous northern town will fly no kite, nor does a wagon load of sectional ladders wait his orders in the yard. A small man, sinewy and lean faced, is he, and all the tackle that he needs to take him safely to the coping sixty yards above our heads has traveled to the scene of action in his pockets or his hands. On the ground before him are two bo's'n's chairs, or short planks, through holes at either end of which a rope is passed, forming a loop by which the chair may hang. Beside them lie three L shaped iron pegs or staples. The longer arm of each peg has a sharply pointed end and is nearly a foot in length; the short arm is but two or three inches long. The handle of a heavy hammer peeps from the pocket of our companion's coat, and that is all.

Taking a staple in his hand, he drives it into the chimney at a point breast high above the ground. On this he hangs a chair and, mounting, drives a second peg two or three feet above the first. On this the second chair is hung. The upright arm at a right angle to the peg precludes all danger of the rope slipping off. Nor do the chairs hang close against the shaft, for strips of wood projecting from each end insure a space in which the climber's legs are free to move. Now, stepping up into the second chair the steeplejack drives the last of his three pegs. Above him is a peg, below another one, on which hangs a chair. Leaning aside and down, he lifts this chair and hangs it above him on the topmost peg; leans down and with a twist of his fork headed hammer wrenches out the peg. This is less dangerous or difficult than might at first be supposed, for the pegs are never driven deeply in, having but the steeplejack's light weight to bear, and that only for a few minutes at a time, while should the hammer or a peg slip from his hand it is easily recovered by means of the ball of twine in his coat pocket and the watcher below.

Such is the system—the mere mechanical repetition of the movements just described—which has carried him safely to the top of many a giant stack. Arrived at the summit of the chimney he will find holdfasts built into the masonry—sometimes a massive bar or chain is stretched across the shaft—to which a rope and pulley blocks can be made fast. This done, he can descend and reascend at will, scaffolding can be slung and inspection and repairs be carried out.

At the Bargain Counter.

"That sharp tongued Miss Redpepp has been saying some mighty mean things about you and your wife."

"What, for instance?"

"Says you picked her up at a bargain counter."

"Great Scott, I did! She was the prettiest girl that ever stood behind one."—Chicago Tribune.

Generous.

Professional Faster—I should like to undertake a fast of four weeks in this show of yours. How much will you pay me, Showman—I can't give you any salary, but I will pay for your keep.—Fliegende Blatter.