

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL

The Old Coat, the Tramp and the Hundred Dollar Bill.

"I am afraid you will have to wear it or go without, my boy," said the soft-voiced mother.

"Don't be too much of a dude, Harry. Remember we are only poor folks," chimed in the paternal bass, from the sofa upon which farmer Willis lay racked with rheumatism.

Now, Harry was not at all a dude in the ordinary sense of the word, but he had very neat inclinations and habits for a country boy that worked long and hard at not over-clean chores.

It certainly seemed too bad that he would have to wear his father's cast-off coat, of antique fashion, which his mother had just mended and cleaned as best she could. His own, and only, coat had been torn beyond redemption in a frolic with some other boys, and Harry well knew that his parents were too poor to buy him another. Had they not been scrimping for months to raise the hundred dollars due that day to old William Myers, the village capitalist? Farmer Willis had gone without his coffee, his wife had deprived herself of her beloved tea, and Harry, his mind hungry for education and his body for boyish sports, had followed the dull routine of the farm in order to save the hiring of a man.

They had managed to save the desired amount, and for two days Mr. Willis, with a hundred-dollar bill in his pocket had been waiting for his affliction to ease up enough for him to go and pay his creditor. He had grown worse, however, and so Harry would have to do it for him, on that the last day.

But to pass through the village in that coat to be seen by the boys and girls, by the great Mr. Myers himself—the very idea made Harry squirm. His mother had shortened the sleeves, but it was too broad in the back, too long in the waist, and oh, how far down the back those two terrible tails extended!

It had to be done, however, so after receiving instructions as to how to transact the business, he tucked away the hundred dollar bill in his coat pocket, and started out.

In a vacant lot, close to Mr. Meyer's house, a crowd of Harry's friends were just choosing sides for a game of ball. It was the boy's first outing for a long time, and naturally he felt very anxious to join them. It would have been safer for him to have delivered the money he carried before doing anything else. But the players were so anxious to start that they insisted on his stopping. And he was caught in such a hurly-burly of excitement over the proposed sport, so seldom enjoyed yet so dearly loved, that he resolved to put off his visit to Mr. Myers for an hour or so.

Of course his companions made all sorts of jokes over his outlandish coat and although the air was quite cool, he was glad that the game gave him an excuse for taking it off and putting it behind a stump out of sight of ridiculing eyes. Then the boys forgot all about the coat, and began their game.

Just then a very strange-looking man approached the players. He was dressed in old and rusty corduroy, with leggings and shoes much muddled. His face was covered with a week's beard, and an old slouch hat was pressed close down to his eyes. On his back was a dingy canvas knapsack, and he carried a staff, which had evidently been freshly cut in the woods.

This man, who appeared to be either a tramp or a peddler, sat down by the stump back of which Harry's coat had been thrown and seemed to watch the boy's game with a good deal of interest. Indeed, he even volunteered to keep score, and Harry, who happened to be standing near by, told him the names of the players.

"Do you mind if I sit on your coat?" asked the man. "This ground is pretty damp."

"Certainly not, go ahead," said Harry, thoughtlessly, but later, when he remembered that the respectable-looking tarantula was seated upon the hundred dollar bill, he repented of his carelessness.

When the game ended, the man rose to go.

"Boys," said he, "I've enjoyed your game more than any I ever saw in my life. And I have seen a good many."

Harry then put on his coat and hastened to Mr. Meyer's house and explained his errand.

"Certainly, certainly," chuckled the town capitalist, pleased to get his money. "Glad to see your father so punctual, young man; that's business, right to the day, regardless of anything else."

"Yes, sir," said Harry. "Now if you'll please give me a receipt I shall be much obliged, for it is getting late."

"Certainly, certainly," cried Mr. Myers, and he quickly made it out. "Now, where's the money, young man?"

Harry felt in his coat pocket for the hundred-dollar bill. It was not there. A shiver of horror went through him, and he breathlessly put his hand in the other pocket, when his fingers closed over the precious paper.

"Here it is, Mr. Myers," said Harry, turning it over to him. The rich man slowly uncrumpled it.

"Where's the rest, young man?" he asked.

Harry turned pale as he gazed at the note.

It was a ten-dollar bill!

A startled cry escaped him. That tramping stranger had surely robbed him.

He saw it all now. With characteristic slyness, the tramp had probably appropriated the ten for the hundred in order to

put off as long as possible the hour of discovery. It was with difficulty that he was able to explain matters to Mr. Myers.

The latter was a very strict man in his business affairs, but he knew that Farmer Willis was honest, and that, eventually, he would get his money.

"Young man," said he sternly, "go and tell your father that he can have time to raise another hundred dollars. But tell him, for his family's sake, not to send so much money by you. Good-day, wait a bit; here's your ten dollars."

Harry took it and rushed home as fast as he could.

The news of their loss was a sad blow to his parents, but not a harsh word was said by them, though the clearing of the debt had meant a good deal to the farmer and his wife—and now it was all to begin over again. A big lump rose in Harry's throat when he saw their sad faces, but he resolved not to weep, but to start in at once and act—and surely the first thing to do was to try to catch the robber.

So he rushed to the heart of the village, to the hotel where everyone that had nothing special to do was discussing the fate of nations, and spread the news of his loss. Telegrams were sent to the police of near-by towns, and Harry wrote out an advertisement for the local paper, in which he promised, in his father's name to pay a reward for the apprehension of the mysterious stranger.

To everyone he met he gave a description of the man, and soon there was not a soul in the village who did not know of the robbery or have a more or less garbled description of the thief.

But the strange tramp seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. No one had seen him leaving on any of the trains, and if he had taken his course along the highway he must have done so by night, since he had not been noticed at all.

After that Harry did almost two men's work with an ardor that his natural love of sport could not diminish. It was hard; it was slow. Ready money was scarce, and twelve months passed before the family treasury again possessed a hundred dollars. But the joyful day came at last, and Mr. Willis started off to pay Mr. Myers.

"May I have a drink?" came suddenly from their garden gate.

Harry's heart stopped beating for a moment. He knew the voice, although he had not heard it since that fatal game of ball. There was the strange man, dressed as before, but his face was fuller, and he was clean shaven. He was not such a bad-looking man, Harry thought, but he might be a desperate character, nevertheless.

Then the boy remembered the loaded shot gun in his father's room and shouting: "Wait a minute," he rushed in and got it.

The man in dingy corduroy seemed surprised at sight of the gun.

"I'm not after chickens and silver spoons."

"You thief!" cried Harry, "where is that hundred dollars?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember when you were here last spring?" demanded Harry. "Don't you remember the game of ball that we boys played while you scored? Don't you remember the coat you sat on? And don't you remember the hundred dollar bill that you took from that coat pocket? Oh, no, of course not. But I've got you now, and you may just march ahead of me to the town hall."

And Harry pointed his gun at the man's head.

"Wait a bit, young fellow," said the tramp, not in the least disconcerted. "I thought I remembered your face. You are the boy whose coat I sat upon, sure enough. Did you see that ten dollar bill I left in it?"

The cool impudence of this made Harry's blood boil.

"I've been accused of taking money in my time," continued the stranger, "but I never of picking boys' pockets. There's some mistake here. My name is Goodfellow, you've heard of me, the banker in Beaton, and president of the A. and B. railroad, which runs through here. Why I put the ten-dollar bill in your pocket because I enjoyed your game so much, and I thought it might help towards uniforms and so forth. I had been, as I am now, on my annual tramping trip, which I take every spring to wear off the effect of the winter's work. I didn't take your money, of course."

"It was in the very coat I have on," said Harry, hardly knowing whether to believe the man or not. "And it meant an awful lot to us."

"You must have dropped it somewhere," said Mr. Goodfellow. "Of course you searched the pockets. Any holes in them?"

"No, my mother had just mended the old thing."

"Let me look at it." And the banker carefully felt it over. Then he suddenly looked up.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars cash for it."

"Done," cried Harry much amazed.

Mr. Goodfellow counted out the hundred dollars in crisp new bills, and turned them over to Harry, who had given him his coat. Then he pulled out a knife, cut a slit near one of the pockets, and in a trice, pulled out the long lost note from its hiding place, where it had slipped before, through a hole that Mrs. Willis's sharp eyes had not detected.

"How now?" said Mr. Goodfellow, smiling. "Won't you please let me have a drink of water?"

AN IMPRESSION.

"Oh must confess," said Mr. Rafferty, "that it ain't clear to me what's meant by arithrathion."

"It's a great thing," replied Mr. Dolan. "O'll explain it till yer. 'Spose two people hev a quarrel—"

"Which is 't'ble to happen any day—"

"They call in three or four other people to take a hand and express an opinion, an' the result is absolute peace or a general free fight, ayther of which is to be desired."—Washington Star.

### FLAVEL AND FT. STEVENS.

Lieutenant Flavel and wife are at Stevens this week.

Mrs. E. M. Lally returned from Portland last Wednesday.

Miss Bays, of Portland, is visiting her parents at Flavel.

Mrs. H. F. Locke and party of friends made a trip to Seaside Wednesday.

Mr. D. B. Hensley was over from the Scarborough works on Thursday.

Mrs. M. Jane Smith of Astoria was a guest of Mrs. E. M. Lally Thursday.

The new bulkhead in front of the Life Saving station is about half completed.

Mrs. Turner and daughter Florence have returned to their home in Astoria.

Miss Amy Fisher, of Bear Creek, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. B. C. Kindred.

Mrs. Narcissa White Kinney and daughter Miss Hattie were at New Astoria Saturday.

Mr. Wm. Laycock returned to the works and reports his wife much improved.

Frank Rogers, of Astoria, was rusticated at New Astoria and Flavel on Monday.

Miss Katie May has returned from an extended vacation to South Bend and Gray's Harbor.

The Occident assembly of United Artisans will give another pleasant entertainment some evening this week.

Now that the fishing season is ended patrolling the ocean beach by the Point Adams crew is one of their every-day duties.

Several new houses are going up at New Astoria. Those who have been living in tents this summer are preparing for winter.

The Umattila Reef is on duty at the mouth of the river and her lights are more brilliant than those of the Columbia River.

The works were almost deserted on Labor Day, except for the vigilant watchmen. Labor Day following Sunday, almost all the boys took advantage of the two days lay off.

EYES, EARS AND NOSES.

Sight, Hearing and Smell in Ages Long Gone by and Now.

It is a very curious question, especially if the question include the first animals created as well as the first men, whether there be any difference between sight, hearing and smell in those early days and at the present time.

Smell was one of the most important senses then, for it aroused appetite, enabled the animals to seek and find their mate, and to track their prey, and it gave them warning of a friend or foe's approach or presence. With man now it is of only third or fourth rate importance.

The organs of smell, among some of the first creatures, was not near the end of the snout, or nose, but near the brain, and was well-padded or cushioned with fat, and protected by a tender skin, or by scales overlapping each other.

But it was not more keen or more delicate then than it is now, especially among hunting-dogs. Cats, too,—and these are among the later animals—have this sense in great precision. A cat has what is called the homing instinct, and if carried away from home in the dark, it can return by precisely the same road. It is said that this is because every field, ditch, village or house leaves its own odor in just the right order on the cat's brain, like a succession of pictures, and the animal smells its way back as we would see ours.

The organs of smell seems to communicate with the memory, for the scent of a flower will sometimes bring back to a grown man the scene associated with it in his childhood, and a thousand other scenes with the memory, for the scent of a rose literally carried back into the past life.

The first creatures knew nothing of fragrance. The sweet-smelling flowers were not then in existence; besides, their brains were too small to enjoy the delicate pleasures of sweet odors.

Hearing was comparatively poor with the first animals, for often an external ear was lacking. The outside ear not only protects the delicate nerves within, like a hood, but also gathers or collects sounds. A man of defective hearing instinctively puts his hand behind his ear for this purpose. Birds that have no external ear can easily be surprised by night and taken, while their acute vision shows them every movement by day.

The savage races had little idea of music. They liked noises as children like drums and horns. The savages on the Midway Plaisance had great delight in their native music which was discord to our ears. It required larger brains and finer training to have the full delight in melody and harmony that our musicians possess now.

The eye, also, in the gigantic creatures of the early periods, was sometimes rudimentary, though again it was of large size and protected by a ring of horny plates instead of the lovely silken eyelashes that protect the human eye now. In some of these lizard-like animals that burrowed in the mud there were three pairs of eye-lids, one of them transparent, so that the animal might see through it closed.

It is said that early writers, like Homer, speak of very few colors, chiefly red, or purple, as they called it then.

Enjoyment of beauty, of graceful curves and lines and proportion or of harmonious and varied colors and their delicate tints, belongs to a later state of civilization, a more developed brain, than most of the early races knew.

E. F. MORBY.

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