

HARNESSING A SHARK.

Cruel Revenge That Has the Sanction of Immemorial Custom.
The shark's jaws are pried open to the fullest extent. A stout eight foot spar of tough timber, 4 by 4 inches in cross measurement, is fixed transversely far back in the angle of the jaw, the ends projecting on either side. A strong rope leading from the ends of the spar is drawn close and tightened with a clove hitch round the fish's tail behind the wide tail flukes. It is thus the sailor harnesses his enemy.

The clamp of the cruel jaws drives the two-inch long teeth deep into the tough spar. The tight line holds it in place, and, struggle as he may, the shark fails to move the spar an inch from its position. As a finishing touch the sailor drew his knife blade across the shark's eyeballs and let him go.

Bitted and bridled, blinded, with jaws wide gaping, he swam through a limitless sea in never ending fatuous circles. The queer furnishings he bore scared away others of his kind. Lonely and silent, he passed like Cain among the fishes till starvation and sheer misery ended his existence.

Cruel? Of course it was. But surely, like the venomous snake, the shark has long put himself beyond the pale of human mercy. Soft hearted as he usually is, the sailor man has a long memory. The shark has followed for weeks in the shadow of his ship and has watched each man of the crew with greedy, malevolent eye. These is a heavy debt against all the shark tribe for many a lost mariner, and when the chance comes to settle old scores the sailor pays it to the full. Besides, the thing has the sanction of immemorial custom. It was some old Phoenician, trading out of Tyre to the far Cassioides, who probably first put the trick in practice.—Wide World Magazine.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

A Bloodless Naval Conflict of the Revolutionary War.

All wars have their humors and jokes, and the Revolutionary war was no exception. Jan. 5, 1777, figures in history as the date of the battle of the kegs, and, though bloodless, it has been celebrated in verse. Six months after the Declaration of Independence, while the British fleet was stationed at Philadelphia, the Americans undertook to destroy the ships by means of improvised torpedoes, which, set afloat in the river above the city, were to carry death and destruction among the enemy.

The alleged torpedoes were shaped like kegs, and when the British land forces discovered them floating down the river they were drawn up and ordered to fire on everything that came within range. The officers remembered the Trojan horse and feared every keg might contain an armed rebel. As the kegs came floating down there was great excitement and much firing, but no casualties. The only explosions were from the British guns, for the torpedoes were a failure.

The incident furnished much amusement to the patriots and was cleverly verified by Francis Hopkinson, a prominent lawyer of the day, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the first district judge of Pennsylvania by appointment of Washington. He was one of the most popular writers of the day, and "The Battle of the Kegs" had a great run among the patriots and distinct influence in the way of military inspiration. Francis Hopkinson was the father of Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail Columbia."—Indianapolis News.

The Boy.

A writer in the Biblical World, speaking of "The Minister and the Boy," says: "To behold in the boy a rough summary of the past and to be able to capitalize for good the successive instincts as they emerge is to accomplish a fine piece of missionary work without leaving home. * * * The fire worshiper, the fierce tribesman, the savage hunter, the religion making nomad, the daring pirate, the elemental fighter with nature and rival of every kind, the master of the world in making, comes before you in the unfolding life of the ordinary boy. * * * He is an abridged volume on ethnology."

Apple or Onion?

No one would for a moment imagine any one mistaking an onion for an apple. But don't be too sure. Some day when you have nothing else to do cut a small square of onion and a square of apple of the same size, close your eyes and hold your nose tightly and then get some one to hand you one of the squares without telling you which one it is. You would be well advised not to wager any money on being able to tell by chewing which it is. The explanation is that a large part of what we call taste is really smell.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Strange Part.

Mr. Dresser (with evening paper)—Here's strange news! A New York child hid for thirty hours in her mother's clothes closet!

Mrs. Dresser—I should say it is strange. Imagine a New York woman not changing her clothes in that time!—Judge.

Ordeals.

"It must be a terrible thing to go through the 'third degree.'"
"It must be, indeed," replied Mr. Bingdad. "I'll bet it's even worse than trying to answer all the questions a twelve-year-old boy can ask."—Washington Star.

That they are sinners few are willing to deny; that they are sinning few are ready to admit.

THE "EROICA" SYMPHONY.

Beethoven's Passion When Napoleon Became Emperor.

Even when political capital was not to be made of it, the favor of kings and courtiers was, prior to the middle of the nineteenth century, sought by the artists in various fields of activity, who were generally dependent for their position upon those high in political life, and even the most uncompromising among them found it expedient to play polite politics in the interest of their art by dedicating the choicest of their works to noble patrons.

The most notable example of a masterwork with a political origin is Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony. General Bernadotte during his residence in Vienna in 1798 as ambassador from the French nation suggested to Beethoven the composition of a symphony in honor of Napoleon. At that time Napoleon was looked upon as the champion of freedom, the savior of his country, the embodiment of republican ideals, with which Beethoven was in thorough sympathy, and he willingly accepted the proposal. Before the symphony was published Napoleon became emperor, and when the news reached Vienna Beethoven was violently angered. "After all, then, he is nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample all the rights of men under foot to indulge his ambition and become a greater tyrant than any one!"

With these words he seized the music, tore the title page in half and threw it on the ground. He never again referred to the connection between his work and Napoleon until news of the latter's death reached him. Then he said, "I have already composed the proper music for that catastrophe," meaning, of course, the funeral march. But the whole symphony, with its essentially revolutionary character, is a musical portrait of Napoleon as Beethoven idealized him.—Bookman.

IRON TONIC FOR TREES.

Plant Nails Among the Roots and a Vigorous Growth Results.

A dozen large nails planted among the roots of a tree assure the tree of health, because the vegetable saps cause the oxidation of the iron and the sap carries ferruginous salts through all the living cells and circulation vessels.

Not many years ago one of the sights of a certain French cemetery was a tree, half green, half rust colored, luxuriantly leaved upon both sides and in flourishing condition. When the tree died and preparations were made for an examination of its roots it was almost impossible to exhume it. When all the ground around it was loosened and the roots were exposed it was found that the tree when a sapling had clasped its young roots around the base of an iron balustrade encircling a tomb. The roots of the tree had run in and out between the iron bars of the fence. Exactly half of the tree had come in contact with the iron, and that half put forth a growth luxuriantly leaved in rusty brown. The half that had not touched the iron developed a growth of normal coloring. The tree as a whole was a fine specimen of healthy vegetable growth, but the side impregnated by iron far exceeded the green side in its output of vigorous leafage.

Sulphate of iron is of little value when sprinkled on the leaves of a sick tree, but powdered iron has a marvelous effect when introduced into the tissues by means of holes bored in the trunk. The holes must be filled with the powder and then corked with wooden plugs and well puttied over and around the plugs, so that none of the toxic can escape. To do its work the iron must be carried through the tree in the circulation of the sap.—Harper's.

The Crew of Columbus.

The list of the officers and sailors in the first voyage of Columbus was almost cosmopolitan in its character. Among them there was a Jew, Luis de Torres; an Irishman from Galway, Ireland, William Harris; an Englishman, Arthur Laws; Italians, Portuguese, Spaniards and several other nationalities, though, of course, the Spaniards were largely in the majority. It is maintained by some authorities, with considerable plausibility, too, that there was a Scotchman in the list and that after Columbus himself he was the first man to tread the soil of the new world.—Exchange.

Old Laws of Scotland.

On the statute book of Scotland is still an act passed in 1825 ordering that "no man play football," because it is "esteemed to be unprofitable sport for the common gude of the realm and defense thereof." There is also a statute against alien immigration, passed in 1426, and authorizing "all his majesty's subjects" to "take, apprehend, imprison and execute to death the said Egyptians (gypsies), either men or women."

His Experience.

"They say Cashit, who has become the social magnate of the town, was once an elevator boy."
"Ah, that accounts for it."
"Accounts for what?"
"His faculty for taking some people up and for taking others down."—Chicago News.

A Picture Hint.

Use two pieces of glass and two pictures when passepartouting. Fasten the hangers to the cardboard between the two pictures. When tired of one picture turn its face to the wall and enjoy the other.

"FIGHTING BOB" EVANS.

His Meeting With His Confederate Brother and the Result.

Tradition has it that after young Robley D. Evans went to Annapolis he wasn't long in showing his mettle. The story of his first assertion of his personality runs after this fashion: When he left for the Naval academy his mother gave him a framed copy of the Lord's Prayer and instructed him to hang it over his bed. He complied, notwithstanding the fact that the rules of the academy forbade the placing of decorations in the rooms. An inspector remonstrated with him and ordered him to remove the prayer. Evans swore that he would smash the face of the first man who touched it. The inspector referred the act of insubordination to the commandant, who took it up with the secretary of the navy. Evans wrote home about the episode. It got into the papers. An indignation meeting was held in his home town and a protest made to the president. In the end a special dispensation was granted, allowing the cadet to keep his "decoration."

Being a Virginian, young Evans was urged by his mother to throw in his lot with the south when the civil war came. This he declined to do, so it fell out that he and his brother fought on opposite sides during the civil war. On one occasion Robley Evans entered a restaurant in Washington and observed his brother eating.

"An exchange of glances between us was quite enough," said Evans afterward. "Not a word was spoken by either of us. He paid his bill and hastily left the place, knowing very well that I would report his presence in the city. I ordered more oysters than I wanted and took plenty of time to eat them. He had come across the Potomac in a skiff, I was sure, and had tied it to an old sycamore tree near the spot where we used to swim. I wanted to give him a brotherly chance to get back to Virginia soil. He gained his boat and escaped, though a soldier fired at him in the darkness. On leaving the restaurant I met an officer of the provost guard and informed him that there was a Confederate soldier in Washington."

"How do you know?" he asked.
"That," I replied, "is none of your business."
"I was arrested and taken to the provost marshal, who, on hearing my story, let me go."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Why 1881 Was Chosen.

In 1881 a so called prophecy of Mother Shipton's was in every one's mouth: The world then to an end shall come In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

A traveling tailor denied inspiration to this prognostic, nor, as now appears, was it remarkable for accuracy. But he went further. He demonstrated in the dust of the road why that exact date was chosen. Not only was it cabalistic, a multiple of nine, etc., but it was the only date available to Mother Shipton which in Arabic numerals was the same backward, forward and upside down. Eleven hundred and eleven was past, and not till 1881 would the coincidence recur. The next Mother Shipton will select 8008, which is not tomorrow or next day.—London Saturday Review.

Translation.

Schubert's well known "Lied des gefangenen Jagers" is a setting of Herder's German translation of Scott's lyric, "My hawk is tired of perch and hood," the second line of which—

My idle greyhound loathes his food— runs in the German as follows: Mein müssiger Windhorn sein Futter verschmäh.

In by far the largest collection of Schubert's songs published with English words this line appears with the following English text: My musical woodhorn its flutter hath stilled.

Which could only have been perpetrated by some one to whom English and German were equally unknown.—London National Review.

FORESAW HER DOOM.

Warnings of Her Tragic Fate That Came to Empress Elizabeth.

In "My Royal Clients" M. Paoli, the famous French detective, writing of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who was so foully murdered in Geneva in 1898, says that two strange incidents incline one to the belief that the empress received a presentiment of her tragic end.

"On the eve of her departure for Geneva she asked Mr. Barker to read her a few chapters of a book by Marlon Crawford, entitled 'Corleone,' in which the author describes the detestable customs of the Sicilian Mafia. While the empress was listening to the harrowing story a raven, attracted by the scent of some fruit which she was eating, came and circled round her. Greatly impressed, she tried to drive it off, but in vain, for it constantly returned, filling the echoes with its mournful croakings. Then she rapidly walked away, for she knew that ravens are harbingers of death when their ill omened wings persist in flapping round a living person."

"Again, a lady in waiting told me that on the morning of that day she went into the empress' room, as usual, to ask how she had slept and found her imperial mistress looking pale and sad."
"I have had a strange experience," said Elizabeth. "I was awakened in the middle of the night by the bright moonbeams which filled my room, for the servants had forgotten to draw the blinds. I could see the moon from my bed, and it seemed to have the face of a woman weeping. I don't know if it is a presentiment, but I have an idea I shall meet with misfortune."
And it was a few hours later that Lucchini killed her with a three cornered file clumsily fitted to a wooden handle.

Where the Cold Is Warm.

I have seen sunshine, oh, sunshine as splendid as yours, among my beloved mountains in Switzerland! You know what cold is and what warmth is, but do you know what warm cold is?

Did you ever live a whole winter through glowing because the frost was so warm? Do you know the wonders of blue ice, pink snow and 40 degrees of frost, while the men skate in panamas and the girls with open parasols? And the splendor of colors in the morning sky; everything in the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet; at each moment a new combination. And then the sun is up, and the intoxication of it all makes you wonder if you ever lived before.—Dr. Aked in Christian Herald.

Wouldn't Act a Lie.

Theater Manager—You say you object to having real food on the table in the banquet scene, Mr. Greespaynt? Why, the rest of the company are delighted at it!

Mr. Greespaynt—Yes, but my part requires me to rise from the table after a couple of mouthfuls and say: "I cannot eat tonight—a strange dread comes over me. I will seek the quiet of yonder apartment for a time."—McCall's Magazine.

Unfair.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Mr. Newrich, "but it doesn't seem fair."

"What doesn't seem fair?"
"For Matilda to scold because I want to eat dinner in my shirt sleeves. I don't make any fuss about her party dresses, an' they haven't any sleeves at all."

Both Exempt.

"Do your daughters help their mother with the housework?"

"We wouldn't think of expecting it. Muriel is temperamental, and Zaza is intense."—Pittsburgh Post.

Call and see the fine young dressed pork at the Commission House.

Little Business Setters

Do you have something to sell or rent, or do you want to buy? Try a Want Ad—Only 5 cents a line.

Room for rent—would consider boarder. Inquire at this office.

The finest fresh vegetables of all kinds constantly on hand at The Commission House.

The best hard wheat flour, High Flight can't be beat. Only \$1.40 per sack at Helliwell's.

Fine poultry—thoroughbreds for breeding purposes or the best table use.—at The Commission House

BARGAINS—The Bellingham Secondhand Store is the right place to buy or sell. In Golden Rule Grocery building.

How to cure a cold is a question in which many are interested just now. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has won its great reputation and immense sale by its remarkable cure of colds. It can always be depended upon. For sale by Benson's Pharmacy.

When in Cottage Grove stop at the Cottage Hotel—The Applegate House, Mrs. Holland, manager. Rooms kept clean and neat. All home cooking by white help only.

FOR SALE—A fine two story 7 room residence on Wall St. Strictly modern, cabinet kitchen, china closet, etc. Almost new. Basement, cement walk, size of lot 60x243. A bargain if sold soon only \$2,000.

Inquire of W. F. Hart

FOR SALE—at a bargain—in Saginaw, centrally located, 2 acreage properties, each with dwelling, barn, good outhouses and excellent garden ground, well fenced. Each ideal for a home, chicken ranch or berry culture. Price \$400, for the 2, absolutely net. Known as the Wiscarson and Concord places respectively. Inquire at this office.

..NOTICE..

I have decided to discontinue my Shoe and Men's Furnishing Department and beginning

Thursday, February 15th

Will offer the whole line absolutely at cost. Now is your opportunity to buy Men's, Women's and Children's Work and Dress Shoes, Gunmetals, Tans and Patents, all styles and sizes at wholesale prices. Also Men's Overalls and Work Shirts and Underwear, Gloves and Sox. Womens and Childrens Hose. All go, nothing reserved.

Dishes, Fancy Hand Painted and Plain Ware. Come early and get first choice. All sale goods for

CASH ONLY

E. HELLIWELL

Tailored Suits

Just received our new catalogue of Spring styles from the Victor Ladies Tailoring Co., formerly

The Chas. A. Stevens Co.

The Ladies are invited to call and inspect our line of beautiful samples for made to measure Coats, Suits and Dresses.

THE VOGUE MILLINERY

"SUCH GOOD BREAD THAT YOU COULD MAKE A WHOLE MEAL OF IT"



That's what people say when they taste the light, creamy and palatable loaves made with

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR

The best flour of the best bluestem wheat. Light, white, always right.

Order "Drifted Snow"

Made By

Sperry Flour Co.

TACOMA, WASH
Glafke-Dixon Co., Distributers

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK.

James H. Hawley, N. W. White, O. Veatch, H. Eakin, and T. C. Wheeler, Directors of the First National Bank, respectfully solicit your banking business.

For Safety and Service, None Better

First National Bank

Capital and Surplus
\$50,000.00
And Growing Larger