HOOD RIVER GLACIER THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1907



HOW THE RAIN CAME.

A Terrifying Event to a Stranger In the Philippines.

For a real lively matinee perform ance the coming of the rainy season in the Philippings has no end of right to be considered

This is the experience of one wom an who supposedly arrived during the dry season:

Seated at her window she could hear a roaring tattoo in the grove of abaca palms to the south. 'The noise neared, rose, thundered.

Long, lithe cocoanuts began an inexplicable bending to and fro, their tops circling in trembling descent almost to the earth, then swinging back to the spring of the bow tense trunks in a movement exaggerated and violent, like that of some stage tempest.

Ont in the grove, beaten, trampled down, there advanced into the open a black wall of rain, perpendicular from earth to sky. Ahead of it dust, twigs, rubbish, suddenly ascended to heaven in rotary spirals. Trees were flayed of their leaves. Roofs flew up like gigantic bats.

Then her own house, strongly built, shook as with earthquake. The thatch of the roof sprang vertical, like that stiffens with fear, and between the interstices she saw the muddy sky stream by.

A powder of debris, of dry rot, snowed. Down upon the table, the books, the chairs, little lizards, unperched, struck the floor with a squeak like that of a mechanical doll, remained as dead for a long minute, then scampered across the room and up the walls again. Great black spiders, centipeds, scorpions, fell; sometimes a large rat.

Then the nipa clicked back to posltion as a box is shut. Breathless silence, a heavy immobility, petrified the world. There came three or four detached, resounding raps upon the roof, and suddenly a furious roaring beating as of stones coming down, great stones chuted in thousands, in millions, and the church, the plaza, the mountain, the whole land, disappeared in a yellow swirl of water.-McClure's Magazine

GOUDEAU'S SHEEP.

It Matched His Dog and Satisfied the Tax Collector.

Emile Goudeau, a celebrated character of Paris, was one of the most confirmed bohemians that ever lived.

There is a story of him and a certain black spaniel which followed him with the faithfulness with which the bistoric little lamb attached itself to the historic little Mary. Goudeau and the dog, in fact, were never separated. It dawned upon the tax gatherer of the neighborhood that Goudeau had

not paid his dues for the "inferior

He approached him, therefore, in as friendly a spirit as possible, being, indeed, an old acquaintance, and said, "M. Goudeau, I must ask you to pay your tax for the spaniel."

The bohemian was immensely surprised, or affected to be. "But don't you know, my dear sir," he said in a

tone of remonstrance, "this is a sheep dog, useful to me in my work and consequently exempt from the tax?" "But you are no shepherd," returned the tax gatherer; "you are a poet."

"No shepherd!" replied Goudeau "Every poet is a shepherd. Have you not heard of Virgil and Theocritus"-The poet would have recited twenty other names if the tax gatherer, alarmed at such a display of learning, had not stopped him. "But at least you have no sheep," he said.

"No; I admit that," said Goudeau. "It is because I am too poor. But I will rectify that."

And he did. Next day he was observed promenading the streets of Montmartre with the same old black spaniel, but with a newcomer in the shape of a real, live, woolly sheep .--London Sketch.

The Word "Cutler."

"Cutler," according to its present use, should mean a man who makes things that cut, but really it has no more to do with "cut" than "cutlass" and "cutlet" have, which is just nothing at all. "Cut" has some Teutonic origin, but "cutler" comes through French from the late Latin "cultellarius," which meant either a soldier armed with a knife or a knifemaker, and "cultellus," a little knife, was the diminutive of "culter," which, among other things, meant a plowshare or "coulter." "Cut lass" comes from the same source, and "cutlet" is "cotelette," a little rib.

One Thing Lacking.

"I hear," said HI Tragedy, "that while you were playing in one of the country towns a fire broke out in the theater.

"Yes," said Low Comedy, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"There weren't enough people in the audience to create one."-Moonshine.

The Regular Charge.

"I've come to pay my bill," said the patient; "\$120, I believe?" "Yes," replied Dr. Soakem, "making a total of \$122."

"Er-I don't quite understand." "That brings it up to date, including today. I charge \$2 for office visits, you know."-Philadelphia Ledger.

A Loophole.

"When in doubt," said the weather prophet, "always predict something disagreeable." "What for?"

"If you're wrong, people are so pleased they don't criticise you."-Washington Star.

The fate of all of us, men and women alike, is to be forever wanting what we have not .- Jerome K. Jerome.

Approvalt

"Do you think they approved of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression on his parishioners. "Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."

When Schumann was in love be wrote, "I wish I were a smile, that I might play about your cheeks."

its good things .-- Schopenhauer.

