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Tillamook City and County Board of Trade, or Tillamook Headlight. All about our Timber, Coal, Fisheries, Farming Lands and other resources. Deep rivers, magnificent harbors. Address

AFTER TWENTY YEARS. My wife's a winsome wee thing, Wed twenty years or more, And eye the bonnie growing, As baith mine eyes declare, The love that made her bonnie, And love that keeps her soe, In spite of time and fortune, On life's uncertain sea.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

Along in the early forties some of the best farms of today in western Ontario were still covered with virgin forest, and the few scattered settlements gave little promise of ever growing into the flourishing towns which now dot the country.

Among the first settlers of what is now called the garden of Canada were two cousins, named Tom Shepton and Hugh Mallet. Their farms adjoined and they were the best of friends.

Tom and Mary were married one fine July day and went to keeping house at once; but though the houses of the cousins stood not a hundred yards apart, and the nearest neighbors were miles away, Hugh would not look at his successful rival and wife.

Everything went well with the young couple until one evening when Mary was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill. It was in the latter part of January; snow drifts blocked the road to the settlement where the doctor lived; a blizzard had been blowing for some days, and it was intensely cold.

The farms of the cousins were about seven miles from the settlement, and the most of the way lay through the forest. It meant at least two, and perhaps three, hours of hard work for the best team to reach it, and Tom dared not leave his wife. Far from the necessities of ordinary civilized life, hardy pioneers who lead the van of progress in the wilds have to depend much on the good will of each other.

hand—the rope halter—and struck wildly at the big brute. By a lucky chance the noose slipped off his head, and as Hugh tried to strike again the halter tightened around its neck. A fearful struggle began. Gathering up the buffalo robes, Hugh sought to protect himself from the wildly clutching claws of the infuriated panther and to push off the cutter.

With a frightful roar it crouched over him, and its great paws tore at his breast. All seemed lost, when the runaway team turned a sharp corner. The cutter swung too short and was overturned. Out pitched Hugh, and the panther on top of him. But they did not remain to get a second, for while Hugh lay still exhausted, bruised and bleeding, the panther was whisked off his feet and jerked head over heels after the cutter.

Choked, battered and torn, it was rolled and dragged and jerked after the cutter until every bone in its body was broken. When within a hundred yards of the village the cutter collided with a tree and was dashed to pieces.

Tom's wife had in the meantime wholly recovered, and under her loving care Hugh's wounds were speedily healed—not only those of his body, but also those of his mind—and the three neighbors have remained the best of friends ever since.

Hugh has still the torn skin of the panther, and entertains a high regard for the trophy of that perilous sleigh ride.—Zu Befehl in Saturday Night.

At the time when Josephine Wessely, the great singer, excited so much enthusiasm at Leipzig, a student called on the famous Dr. Thiersch, complaining of a severe pain in his right arm. On examination Thiersch found that one of the sinews of the arm was displaced, and asked the student how it happened. The young man stated that he, with several companions, had taken the horses out of the carriage of the fair artiste and had dragged it from the theatre to her hotel.

His Last Concert. One of the most pathetic of nights was that seen in the Boston music hall at the last concert given by Mario, the once famous tenor. He was poor, and the hall was filled with persons who had been ardent admirers of his wonderful art, and now that he had lost his art were willing to put money in his purse.

The tenor tried out of his great songs, but his decayed voice refused to sing the notes. Again he tried, and again he failed. Then, with a sad smile, and a slow, mournful modulation of his head, he suffered the orchestra to play through the air, and retired from the stage amid the silence of the pitying audience.

Another pathetic story is told of Bottesini, a famous violinist, concerning his last concert at Parma. It was a rainy evening and the managers had forgotten to send a carriage for the veteran, who set out on foot, and had gone some distance before a passing friend perceived him and made him enter his carriage.

Arrived at the concert room, Bottesini tuned his instrument and began to rub his bow with rosin. The rosin crumbled in his hands, and, turning to his friend with a sad half smile, he said, "See, it is so that Bottesini, too, will break up."

Then he grasped his loved instrument and drew the bow across the strings, but instantly stopped with a wondering look, for he felt something strange in the tone; his touch was answered less readily and certainly than of old.

Once more he tried, and once more stopped. This time with a smile, saying only, "It answers no more." His audience perceived nothing unusual in the performance, which they applauded as warmly as ever, but Bottesini seemed to feel the shadow of death.

On the following day he was stricken with illness, and soon after the wonderful hand was stilled forever.—Youth's Companion.



SHE HOUSEKEEPS OUT OF TOWN.

Shopping in Drug Stores for Eggs, and Facing Other Odd Dilemmas. This is the season of restlessness and unreasoning desire for change. This is the time of year when you put your piano where your bookcase was, and the armoire changes places with the desk.

Dear little woman. Her house is out of town and she goes into town to market. She was met at the ferry for the last boat. She looked dreadfully ill.

"I did my marketing for to-morrow early this morning," she said, "and then Jennie and I went to the theater this evening, and at the theater I remembered I hadn't ordered any eggs. We had to have eggs, and we have been over thirty drug stores."

Flowers and Women at Mrs. Edison's. At the meeting of women's clubs on Wednesday 200 women were seated at a luncheon in Glenmont, the home of Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, in Llewellyn park, but so spacious is the mansion that the large company was accommodated without the least crowding.

As the gathering was composed of representatives from Maine to Louisiana and from Delaware to Utah inclusive, most of those present were naturally strangers to one another, and "it was funny," said an observant woman, "to see how we ogled one another, everybody suspicious of a distinguished presence in her next neighbor which she might be in contact with unawares."

After learning that the principal chief had refused to pardon her boys or commute the death sentence the old lady went to the chief in person and made a last appeal to him for their lives. The distance from Mrs. Sixkiller's home in Grand river is not less than ninety miles. Although an aged and feeble woman of seventy years she made this journey afoot and alone.

had on an old pair of shoes, but when she arrived in Tlahequah her feet were bare, torn and bleeding, and she was in an utterly exhausted condition, caused by her grief, hunger and fatigue. She had waded creeks and climbed mountains until her shoes were worn completely from her feet.—Fort Worth Gazette.

An Experience with a "Reform" Dress. Not long since I asked a pretty woman what she thought of the reform dress mania. "Pouff!" she said, contemptuously, tilting up her pretty nose: "those reform dress women had better save their breath."

All the best dressmakers say that the high, full sleeves are doomed. The swell gowns are to be made with long, tight fitting sleeves, just slightly raised at the shoulder. Those who know say that the lowering of our shoulders is due to the decrease of tennis playing among women.

Suddenly a well known modiste remembered that good "Queen Bess" of centuries ago had a similar failing, through no fault of her own, which she obviated by building up her shoulders to match. So this historically thinking dressmaker turned out one of our tennis playing young princesses with heightened shoulders, and the effect is as we have seen.

The rider must go the same way as the horse, with the regularity of clockwork and the movement of a rocking chair. The horse strike a faster gait, the rider must go with him. It is a sign of jerk horsemanship when the rider is jerked backward too suddenly. It is important to know how to control the animal's mouth.

The wrist must give and take the reins with the motion of the horse, keeping only an even pressure. Sit with a light hand (supple wrist), so that you may just feel the horse's mouth without pulling at it. It is important, of course, to sit erect, and, if one be not straight of form, it would be wise to acquire erectness by exercise.

Camphor in Place of Fly Screens. It amuses me to see the weary clerk or assistant carrying home window screens on warm evenings, or taking advantage of the new patent and securing sections of frames to adjust and put together at his leisure and at the expense of his fingers and thumbs.

Woman's Influence in Public Affairs. One of the most interesting recent aspects of public affairs in this community is the effective part in them taken by intelligent women. The state legislation providing for the removal of insane patients from county poorhouses was originated by women, and successfully concluded under their auspices.

Some women have been informed that there is a law which has been recently enacted to prevent the use of coins for bangles and other jewelry. A well known lawyer, however, says that there is no law which interferes with the use of genuine coin in the making of such jewelry, or with the sale of such articles after they are manufactured.

Housekeepers should be reminded that the sweet cherry is one of the best fruits we have for canning. Its flavor is insipid when preserved in sugar in the old fashioned way. The sour Morella cherry, however, makes a delicious preserve. The distinction between a canned and preserved fruit should always be observed.

Miss Schiller, a grandniece of the poet, has been chosen a commissioner to South America by the World's fair committee. Beginning her career as a school teacher in Pittsburg, she earned the money herself for a three years' sojourn abroad, where she fitted herself to teach languages. On her return to this country she obtained an opportunity to teach in Washington, and by her intercourse with the South American legations there acquired the knowledge of their language and literature.

The wife of President Eliot, of Harvard, has recently surprised her friends by returning to the amateur theatrical stage, where she once shone a star. Before her marriage she was, as Miss Hopkins, a member of the Cambridge Dramatic club, and was a favorite actress. For nearly fifteen years Mrs. Eliot has refused to act, but her recent success proved that her old time gift has not deserted her.

Octavia Grace Ritchie is the first woman of Quebec to take a medical degree. The experiment of admitting women to the clinics of the general hospital wards is a great innovation in Canada, but has been pronounced a success by the dean and faculty of Bishop's college, who claim that Miss Ritchie's presence in the large classes of men at the clinics had a most refining influence.

The study of law has been taken up by a daughter of Congressman Breckinridge, of Kentucky. She was graduated from Wellesley several years ago, and has since then taught algebra and geometry in a Washington school. She will study law in her father's office.

A Cockroach and Fly Fight. Did you ever see a cockroach and fly fight? No! Well, I saw one in which the roach came out victorious after a struggle. Whether it was because of the cockroach's rules or not I could not tell. The fight took place on the oiled counter of an up-town restaurant.

A Brave Chinaman. E. D. Cahota is a native born Chinaman. He has lived in this country nearly ten years, having left the land of his birth when but 6 years old. Long before the Chinese exclusion law was dreamed of he had proved his fitness for the duties of American citizenship by taking up arms in defense of his adopted country.

Facts about the Silk Industry. The silk industry of America has grown into considerable proportions. Before an experiment twenty-five years ago we now occupy 700 establishments, giving employment to 50,000 persons, and producing annually the value of \$60,000,000. Our silk production is confined almost exclusively to staple goods.

How the Ocean is Sounded. It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A shipman of the navy overcame this difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole in the end of the iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cap is put out and the inside coated with lacquer.

He Was No Idiot. Cheery John Maclean made his appearance in London at the Surrey theatre, where about 180 as Peter Pan, "The Idiot of the Mountain," and other characters. Maclean was a theatre man, and Maclean was a pointed out the newly engaged couple.

Delicious Indian Tea. As you read Darjeeling you find of the hard woods of one of the most famous tea regions in the world. The tea of the Himalayas is the best in the world and it is the American housekeeper to try this tea. There is a tea in Tibet which has the flavor of milk to such a degree that when used it has all the cream of the tea mixed with it.

What is that? The piece was a woman's name, and was put for use in her name. You see the logic? The name was a talk. So an absent one has been written into a proverb. —Kate Packer.