

WM. D. STILLWELL, VICE-PRESIDENT. GEO. L. SMITH, SECRETARY AND TREASURER. CLAUDE THAYER, W. H. COOPER, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. L. H. BROWN, W. M. D. STILLWELL, H. V. V. JOHNSON, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY. W. F. D. JONES, Meets first and third Saturday each month.

Tillamook City and County Board of Trade, or Tillamook Headlight

MY OLD UMBRELLA.

Old friend, neglected there you stand Behind my closet door, You've really grown too shabby now To carry any more...

Pat's High Notes.

A writer in The London World says of Mme. Patti's terms for singing in concert: "I have all my life had a weakness for ladies, and ladies have always had the weakness to know what is not their business, so I am going to betray a secret of the trade to the lady readers of this paper in order to let them get an insight into affairs discussed by everybody, although 'everybody' knows nothing about what is really the matter."

A Persevering Prisoner.

"Perseverance will accomplish everything," I had these words for a writing lesson once, and I shall never forget them. It is a great thing to have perseverance. There was once a man who was shut up in a dungeon with walls 200 feet thick, made of the hardest kind of stone. He had no tools except a pair of scissors his brother had sent him in a loaf of bread, but he remembered that a drop of water will wear away a stone if it falls on the stone long enough, and that a coral worm, which is so small that you can hardly see it, will eat up and destroy a coral reef if you will only give it time enough. So he said that he would persevere and dig a hole through the wall of the dungeon with the scissors and escape if he took him a hundred years.

Tupper's Egotism.

Sir G—D—, a personage not unknown to fame, once encountered the late Martin Farquhar Tupper on a Clyde steamer, and was accosted by him in these terms: "I perceive that I am not the only distinguished man on board." Mr. Tupper smiled and as he spoke, being quite in earnest and, indeed, wishing to pay Sir G— what he conceived to be a high compliment. This little incident occurred on deck. Presently Mr. Tupper went down into the cabin, but before doing so handed his umbrella to a young lady, a perfect stranger, to take care of it for him. "Young lady," he observed to the astonished recipient of the umbrella, "you will now be able to say in after life that you once held the umbrella of Martin Tupper." Same smileless expression as before. The story is told of Tupper that one evening he attended a dinner party after having lost his portmanteau in the afternoon, and at the table, when he had talked a great deal about his loss, a wit who was present interrupted him by saying: "If I had lost my portmanteau, Mr. Tupper, I, being an ordinary man, should have been justified in boring a dinner table with my grief. But you, Mr. Tupper—your philosophy is proverbial."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Usual Result.

Mrs. William Snyder, a Des Moines woman, got the hammer to drive a nail into the kitchen wall the other day, and after three minutes' work she fractured the baby's skull, broke the hired girl's nose and nearly put out one of her own eyes. A man might as well try to eat the head of a pin.

Says Gravitation Does It.

T. G. Farrer, watchmaker, has invented one of the most peculiar clocks of the Nineteenth century. It consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it that are visible are the two hands, the pivot upon which they swing, and the dial. It is marked "Gravitation Clock," and not one person in 1,000 who passes it has the faintest idea that it is the most ingenious device of the century. Many clocks with glass dials have the works of a watch as their motive power, but this clock has no motive power that is visible.

Deserved a Room in a Hotel.

While I was a student at Yale an incident occurred that furnished amusement to the police for weeks. Some of us were at the station house one winter's evening for the purpose of hauling out two of our comrades who had been arrested for skylarking. While we were waiting, a great hulking tramp walked in and asked the lieutenant in charge, a rather dourish fellow, to give him a night's lodging. Not satisfied with the refusal he received, he persisted. The lieutenant soon lost patience and said, "No one can sleep here unless he has committed some crime." "Is that so?" said the tramp; "that's pretty hard, but I suppose I can help it. How would you like to see me as good as shot out of here with my fist and my foot?" "As he spoke he shot out his fist and knocked the lieutenant from his stool into the spittoon near the stove. "I hope I didn't hurt you more than was necessary," he said, as his victim slowly picked himself up, his nose streaming blood; "give me an hour, and I'll show you what I'm tired and want to go to sleep." The unfortunate lieutenant did not hear the end of it for months.—Allen Wilson in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Royal Colors.

It is always interesting to know what colors are used or selected by royal families as being their very own. To England—the only royal family of modern times which has selected its—belongs scarlet, and it must be confessed that it is a most effective color. The royal households of Portugal, Prussia, Sweden and Russia of the German princess wear blue; most of the German princess wear blue; Russia chooses dark green; Austria delights in black and yellow. According to the usual belief, scarlet, as the royal household color of England, was chosen because of the red rose of Lancaster, but this is not true. It was taken from the field gules of the royal standard and from Henry's adoption of the scarlet dress of the yeomen of the guard.

Thank-Tai.

The king of Annam, a country of southeastern Asia, from the protectorate of France, is a boy 9 years old. Thank-Tai, by name, is but a nominal sovereign, with very little power, but the Annamites and the French masters of the country pay him royal honors. He is said to be a rather melancholy youth, much given to day dreams. This is not very strange, perhaps, since he lives almost alone. He studies not a little, however, and lately, when one of his tutors, in reading to him out of an oriental book of philosophy, faltered and stumbled in attempting to explain a passage, the child king said to him, seriously, but without severity: "Had you not better, before undertaking to explain those books, look them over and see whether you comprehend them yourself?"

Croatian Gypsies Indignant.

Several thousand gypsies of Croatia held an open air indignation meeting recently at Odra to protest against the vexatious measures of the Croatian authorities, who desire to put a stop to their roving habits, and who for that purpose threaten to set fire to the gypsy encampments. The meeting enthusiastically cheered the orators, who warmly defended the time honored privileges of the race, especially the free vagabond life inherited from their forefathers from time immemorial. The meeting was unanimous as to the necessity of appealing to some protector to intercede for them.

The Paris Cab Drivers.

The cabs of Paris, who are so utterly spoiled by the exceptional demand for their services caused by the Paris exhibition, are not unreasonably suffering from the very decided reaction which has set in. Now, instead of arbitrarily and insolently choosing his fares, the Paris cocher is represented as humbly approaching a possible customer, hat in hand, and politely desiring if it be his pleasure to take a cab, on the fare, according to the Charivari, the fare thus addressed replies with a stern hauteur: "Very well, you may drive me to Porte Maillot [a four-mile drive well north from any part of central Paris], and I'll pay you half a franc, and no portiere, remember! And look here, cocher, I shall expect you to offer me a 'bock' on the way."—Chicago Times.

GLEANERS OF FAME.

Heaven, not friend, for the resounding din That did the poet's verses once acclaim: We are but gleaners in the field of fame, Whence the main harvest hath been gathered in.

Brace Up, Boys!

What is the matter with our boys? Are the public schools too much for them? Not long ago one of our newly elected congressmen notified the lads of his district that they were all welcome to try for a cadetship at West Point and that the best man would get the place, irrespective of race, color or financial condition. A large list of applicants responded, but, strange to say, the utmost difficulty was experienced in finding youths that came up to the physical standard required for entrance to the military school. One doctor examined seven applicants and found only one to whom he could give a clean bill of health, and this was about the general average.

A Clergyman's Strange Disease.

The death of the Rev. Thomas Pitts, D. D., of Pittsburg, gives to medical science the strangest case ever known in pathology. An autopsy has disclosed that the late minister had a veritable thorn in his brain. Dr. Samuel Ayers, the specialist on diseases of the brain, conducted the post mortem. When the skull was opened a long plate was discovered. It was two inches in length, three-quarters of an inch in width, and had a very rough surface. It was found occupying a part of the membranous partition, between the two hemispheres of the brain. The minister died suffering from convulsions, which were doubtless caused by this bony growth.

Street Car Sprinklers.

In St. Paul, where not long ago a brand new cable plant valued at \$400,000 was consigned to the scrap heap in order that the street railway company might install electric cars on its lines, an ingenious method has been adopted for the laying of the dust which in summer time causes much annoyance to passengers. A line of water cars, very much after the fashion of the ordinary street sprinklers, are being built, and on each water car will be mounted a tank 6 by 6 and 12 feet long. Two or three cars will be connected by hose and attached to the locomotive, so that one train can sprinkle the whole track. The journey between St. Paul and Minneapolis will thus, in future, be as rapid and pleasant as it was formerly tedious and distressing, and the inhabitants of those cities are looking forward with much satisfaction to the prospect of cool and enjoyable travel.—New York Recorder.

Costly Food for a Goat.

Heated with his work in the field Farmer Kalkbach, of Reading, hung his vest upon a fence post. In one of the vest pockets he had a wallet were greenbacks to the amount of forty-one dollars. In the field was Mr. Kalkbach's pet goat. In the goat's stomach, when Kalkbach returned, were the bank bills, most of the wallet and a large portion of the vest.

Goodby, Yuma.

There is a strong probability that the romantic old town of Yuma will pass out of existence. For years the track of the Southern Pacific in the locality of the town has been entirely washed out, or so badly damaged that thousands of dollars had to be expended to put it back into condition. Last winter three-quarters of the town itself was destroyed by floods, and now the railroad contemplates changing the route so as to leave Yuma off the line by crossing the river several miles north of the old site.—Santa Ana (Cal.) Press.

Critics and Actors.

Mr. Outsirts (to wife, who is driving some chickens out of the yard)—Well, I don't see why a woman can't throw a stone. You haven't come within forty feet of one of these hens.

Vegetation in the Alps recedes from year to year.

Alpine roses were at one time found at an altitude of 7,000 feet; now they are seldom found higher than 6,500 feet, and are situated at that. Various species of small fruit which used to be gathered 7,500 feet above the level now are rarely found beyond two-thirds that height.

Vegetation in the Alps recedes from year to year.

Of a crew of 215 men on the United States cruiser Omaha only forty are Americans. The rest are principally English, Irish, French, German, Scandinavian, Dutch, Italian, Chinese.

AN OLD STORY OF A CAPTIVE TEACHES THAT WE MAY IMPROVE OUR CONDITION.

From somewhere comes an old story of a prisoner. This man was chained in a cell, bound hand and foot. Scant motion he had, and his days and nights he spent in lamenting his miserable fate. His captor sent him a broom with the message, "Sweep your cell and you shall be free." Free! The man laughed scornfully. "What power had he to sweep his cell? He could not move his hands a little to and fro."

LI WO'S CAPTURE BY BANDITS.

The Fine American Bluff Which Saved Both His Reputation and His Money. Until a year ago Li Woh was a successful Chinese merchant, who, by dint of hard work and economy, had saved up quite a respectable sum for a Chinaman. About eight months ago he thought he would take a trip across the briny and visit his beloved small footed wife. He has just returned, and is now engaged at 19 Mott street, taking life easy and recovering from his scare. In telling the story Li Woh said that when he went home he wanted to make a good impression, and he succeeded beyond his fondest hopes.

THE GARDEN OF ELEN.

The true site of the Garden of Eden has been the subject of almost endless conjecture. The three continents of the Old World have been gone over by theologians in a vain search for its most probable location. From China to the Canary islands, from the Mountains of the Moon to the coast of the Baltic, each country has been the subject of search, and no spot supposed to correspond in the slightest degree to the Scriptural description of the first abode of the human race has been left unexamined.

Carried a Shoe in Her Hand.

A Portland lady was observed walking Congress and Middle streets with a shoe in her hand. As the shoe was not wrapped up and as the lady carried it with much nonchalance, some little attention was attracted. As a matter of fact it was a case of absent mindedness. She went into a shoe store, laid down her wallet, rather long and large one, and looked at some foot wear. When she went out she took up a shoe instead of her wallet and carried it in a manner described above, being much astonished, when she made her next purchase, to find that her wallet had changed to a shoe.—Portland Advertiser.

The Married Honeymoon.

A newly married couple from the country created considerable merriment at Buena Vista a few days ago. They had married the day before at Cordele, and were on their way to Moore's mill, where the man works. They promenaded the town band in hand, and when the noon hour arrived they repaired to Clements & McCall's store. Both occupied the same chair—the man sitting down first—and dined on cheese and crackers, spiced with kisses.—Savannah News.

Teapoy.

Teapoy is in England often supposed to have connection with tea, but it has no more than cream of tartar has with Crim Tartary. It is a word of Anglo-Indian importation—viz, tipal, an Urdu or Anglo-Indian corruption of the Persian sipal, tripe (perhaps to avoid confusion with sea-trip) and meaning a three legged table, or tripod generally.—H. Yule.

Wanted Her Wedded.

Parson Longneck—Do you take this woman to your wedded wife? Backwoods Bridegroom—Sartinly, sartinly—don't want her without she is spliced to me.—New York Echo.

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

What Capt. J. W. Campbell has to say about the Upper Mississippi. Capt. J. W. Campbell, of St. Louis, Mo., a pioneer pilot of the Mississippi, writes thus about the river: "I emigrated from the brush in northeast Missouri to take a first peep at the wide world. Having been infatuated youth with the cat fish and drollness, it was but natural I should pursue nautical pursuit. Consequently on board an upper Mississippi boat and began to serve as a pilot along shore between St. Louis and Snelling. The first duty of a pilot is to designate the difference between the current of the river runs to the south."

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

"He is then permitted to wheel lot house and take the wheel, senior lights his pipe, and he is usually tired seals himself in a wooden bench in the rear and, placidly on. Presently, the population of the verdant country begins to spin from right to left—hard up and hard down, with his clumsy paws at the wheel with the awkwardness of a pedaled namesake and involuntarily pedaled extremities in the spokes of the inner circle wheel below, thereby illustrating suits of centrifugal force by him outside of the pilot house."

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

"But after a few more experiments a similar kind he becomes more steady and less, and then begins to rest by learning the slow, may distinguish unerringly from another in the darkest night, which he is directed to observe following landmarks: 'Head of Foot of Bend, Cut Bank, Head of Big Hollow, High Bank Point, Dead Cottonwood, Two Point,' with many more, all of which association become indelible upon the panorama of the river; when they are recognized by them they become welcomed company him in the darkness of the warning sentinel by which he breaks and reefs ahead."

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

"He is now prepared to state no longer dubbed the cub, entitled to promotion and recognition of 'star gazer.' "It was much harder work for one to learn than at present country above Prairie du Chien inhabited, except by Indians, white traders, but now he and cities from ten to twenty apart, with government light every difficult crossing on White on my first voyage on passing the head of Cotton hold her on Wild Cat bluff, nestles beneath its shadows a village of Brownsville, extending ten miles farther to the east side of Prairie du Chien, one was occupied by a Mr. B. jointly as a residence and and 100 yards below started tenanted by a Mr. White, who ran sand banks intermediate with Winnebago wigwags."

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

"Of the past we behold a social change. The name is to plain La Crosse. Instead of dents, we find here now a population of 30,000 people. We find of the buzzing saw of mills, hundred yards apart for one up and down the river, along the shore are millions of pine lumber and sawing to be towed down the river, the increasing demands of the southwest."

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

"In place of one solitary landing here semi-monthly, come and go by the dozen, for four hours, for more than in La Crosse than at any other town St. Louis and St. Paul companions in days of yore, fledglings of today, have a pilot association here with members, who question the propriety of government in appointing whom they deem inexperienced upon our left majestic banks, while upon our right we find in the distance the valley of whose pine timber has since been taken, and that in a few hours might be at the farm house. So I made my hours in bed as long as I could. It was about 2 o'clock at afternoon when I heard a great noise of horses' hoofs and barking dogs outside. I opened my eyes and looked around. There was nobody in the room, and I started to go out, when Woon came in and made a rush at me with a short sword. I threw a heavy mat at him and knocked him down. Then I rushed out of the door in time to see a dozen of the bandits running for the mountains for dear life, and a lot climbing out of the back windows, as if the house was on fire. At that moment my younger brother, at the head of ten neighbors, all armed with swords, rushed in. They found two of the bandits hiding behind a screen. These were bound hand and foot and taken back to the town. Later they were sent to Canton and tried before the Che Foo, who banished them for life."

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

When Li Woh got back home he was a changed man. He says he will never dress up like a dude again, but will always wear cheap second hand clothes, and will ask all his friends to trust him by saying he is "dead broke," so they will think he is a poor Chinaman. He has had all the experience of being a rich man that he wants, and has sold his diamonds.—Wong Chin Foo in New York Sun.

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

A flatterer is said to be a beast who bitheth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestation; for as a wolf resembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.

AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

Place implicit a trust in rates, says a London paper, frequently stated that some of the particular places of twelve per cent. of women's considerations are false; the rate of ten per cent. of men's is true; and the rate of five per cent. of children's is true; and the rate of one per cent. of the adult who does not know his own mind.