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

Patti'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..."

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.

Thumper's Egg-tan.

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."

The Paris Cab Drivers.

The cachers of Paris, who are so utterly spoilt by the exceptional demand for their services caused by the Paris exhibition, are not unaturally 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 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 pourboire, remember! And look here, cocher, I shall expect you to offer me a 'bock' on the way."—Chicago Times.

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.

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, etc.

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.

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 dour fellow, to give him a night's lodging.

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; Austria 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 roses of the Lancastrians, 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 women 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.

A Danish Functionary of State, desirous of improving the minds of his countrymen, proposed to Sturenson, the premier, to lay a tax on human intellect.

"The more intelligent the higher the tax, and less in proportion," said our economist, and continued, "You will see how eager the folks will be to pay the higher scale of taxes." "Quite right," said the minister, "and in acknowledgment of your ingenious suggestion, you shall be the only one exempted from the tax."—Das Buch for Alle.

The Jaw of an Otter.

You can find an example of nature's adaptation of the jaw to use in the case of certain carnivores, like the otter—a big weasel that has acquired aquatic habits. The jaws of such beasts are so fixed in the sockets that dislocation is impossible. In some instances, you cannot, even after the animal is dead, separate the jaw from the head. This arrangement is evidently designed to enable the beast to bite to the greatest advantage without danger that the chewing apparatus will come loose.—Exchange.

Critics and Actors.

Mr. Outskirts (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.

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GLEANERS OF FAME.

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

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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.

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 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.

Costly Food for a Goat.

In the field was Mr. Kalbach's pet goat. In the goat's stomach, when Kalbach returned, were the bank bills, most of the wallet and a large portion of the vest.

Goodbye, 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.

Great improvement has recently been made in the manufacture of glass for optical instruments by means of the addition to the ordinary materials of phosphorus and chlorine, which in some yet unexplained way cause the glass to be very much more transparent and enable it to receive a much higher degree of polish than any optical glass hitherto manufactured.

Louis Whitcomb, of Dayton, O., has for three years suffered from a painful but obscure stomach ailment. Dr. Weis gave him an emetic, which disclosed that a frog had been the cause of the trouble.

A German labor editor was fined recently for publishing the list of workmen killed in a mine disaster alongside of the amount distributed as dividends among the owners of the mines.

A New York fakir has been arrested for sticking tulip blossoms into perforated Mexican beans and selling them as "perforated housewives as Chinese delicacies."

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

PRISONERS.

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; 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 but move his hands a little to and fro."

Came the message again, "Sweep your cell and you shall be free." Despairingly, and with a bitter smile, the man took his broom, and as well as he could cleared the place at his feet. His strokes were feeble and uncertain, but as he swept, lo, the chains hung lighter on his arms! He moved them more freely. The long unused muscles began to work. Longer and longer grew his strokes, larger and larger the space he cleared, faintly and more faintly he felt the weight of his fetters. Filled with wonder and joy he rose slowly to his feet, and with an almost forgotten energy walked back and forth, sweeping now with a glad haste which soon brought him freedom.

Throughout the world are many such prisoners—prisoners none the less that the walls of their cells are invisible, and to the eyes of others the captives walk as free men up and down beneath the open sky. We are bound fast and sure, and by chains which encircle our bodies and souls more firmly than hands of iron. Sometimes the chains have been forged by love, and we would not break them if we could, for when we try they cut into our hearts as a knife, and liberty purchased with a bleeding heart is dearly bought; sometimes they are forged by circumstances whose chains are light and slender, but strong; sometimes by necessity, whose bondage is hard and stern, sometimes by fear of ridicule, often, how very often, by our own reluctance and procrastination.

These are the hardest of all to break. They may stretch, but afterward they tighten the more, and though prone to the earth, we mourn out, we break the chains which daily drag more and more heavily. Our virtue is gone, we cry. Why mock us with hopes we can never realize? Let us lie here until we die.

Grant that the power to sweep the whole cell is gone. What then? Cannot we move a little to and fro? Enough to clear the space at our feet. Enough to brush away a trifle of the dust which clouds our eyes, that more light may fall through. It is true we may never do the great deeds of which we once dreamed. Few are the blessed hands that reach up to sweep the broad path where the feet of others may walk securely, but the spot, though small and cramped, to which we are chained might be made purer and brighter because it is we who are chained there.

And as we strive—who can tell?—it may be a strange strength will stir in our long fettered limbs; a mystical grace may rest on the determined effort to break the bonds of a lifelong repression. It may be that the strokes will grow stronger and braver. That wider and wider may become the circle we can reach. It might even be that we are, perhaps near, perhaps far off, a prisoner as hopeless and desolate as ever we have felt will put fresh courage. For every prisoner who sits today grieving silently his wasted captivity, his forlorn helplessness, there is a message, "Sweep that way lies freedom!"—Harper's Bazar.

The Garden of Eden.

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.

The most ancient opinion, which is given by Josephus, is that it was in the country which lies between the Ganges and the Nile. This view imagines Eden as being a very widely extended territory, embracing all of the country from the Indus on the east to the Nile on the west.

Carried a Shoe in Her Hand.

A Portland lady was observed walking down Congress and Middle streets with a shoe in her hand. As the lady carried it 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 footwears. 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.

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Teapoy.

Teapoy is in England often supposed to have connection with tea, but it has no more than cream of tartar with Crim Tartary. It is a word of Anglo-Indian importation—viz., tital, an Urdu or Anglo-Indian corruption of the Persian sipai, tripos (perhaps to avoid confusion with serrated generally)—H. Yule.

Wanted Her Wedded.

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.

LI WOHO'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.

As soon as he arrived in Hong Kong he went to a first class tailor and had himself fitted out with the finest of blouses and the best of trousers. His clothes, with the Bowers diamonds which were prominently displayed where there would do the most good, where there would be a Chinese dude of him. When he made his appearance in the little near by town where his relations lived the people thought he was millionaire, and they would not have been surprised if he had said he was going to visit the emperor and put up \$100,000 or so to help out the new railroad scheme. Woh did not have occasion to spend much of his money, because admiring friends insisted upon entertaining him. They scattered Chinese red paint all over the town, and lived so rapidly that the New York merchant had to stop to get his breath. One night he left the crowd in the midst of their revels and went home to get a good rest. He had just fallen asleep, and was dreaming about the big booted, blond haired girls of America, when the door was burst open, and in rushed about thirty able bodied masked men.

It was a surprise party, and not a very pleasant one. Before Woh could speak a word a big wad of cotton was thrust into his mouth, his eyes were bandaged, and he was carried out into the cool midnight breezes. He tried to make a noise, but only produced a gurgling sound as he lay down in the bottom of his throat. His wife made a good deal of noise, but she could not follow the men on account of her small feet. The village was a small one, and the few neighbors who were brought to their door by the disturbance were afraid to come to the rescue, because they recognized the men, who were armed to the teeth, as members of the famous band of robbers of the Heon Son mountains nearby. For several hours he was carried along, the men taking turns, until at last they came to a small brick farm house near the foot of the mountains. When they were safely inside they untied the bandage and took the cotton out of Woh's mouth. It was then almost daylight.

As soon as the captive could see he recognized one of the men as Woon, a shiffler fellow who had borrowed money from him. He was probably the informer of the bandits. The door was locked, and the ring-leader told Li Woh he should be released as soon as he had given up a sum amounting in American money to \$2,000. This would have to be delivered within three days, or Mrs. Li would receive her husband's head on a platter on the fourth morning. It would have been useless to have told them that he did not have so much money, although it was a fact, for all he had was \$500, which was hidden in a corner of his room at home. So Li Woh thought that he would give about it the other day he said:

"I put on a cheerful face when they said that, although I felt bad enough. I said if they wanted only \$3,000 they could have it by asking for it. 'Why didn't you tell me that when you were at my house?' I asked. 'You would have saved me and yourself a lot of trouble. What do I care for \$3,000 or twice that much? I would rather have paid it than to have been disturbed from my sleep. Now you just let me finish my sleep right here. Guard me as you like, but let me have my sleep out, and when I awake we will go back and you shall have the money. No one but myself can find the stuff, for I have hidden it so I would not be robbed by my relatives.'"

"I talked in this way because I did not want to be taken up into the mountains where my friends could not find me. They seemed to like my proposition, and, after holding a meeting in another room, they said I was a good fellow, and treated me to a first class drink of shamshoo. A bed was made, and when I lay down half a dozen men guarded me. I knew that my relatives would use every possible means to find out where I had been taken, and that in a few hours they might be at the farm house. So I made my hours in bed as long as I could. It was about 2 o'clock next 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 of 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."

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.

Misleading Statements.

To place in a trust is to place in a trust. It is a word of Anglo-Indian importation—viz., tital, an Urdu or Anglo-Indian corruption of the Persian sipai, tripos (perhaps to avoid confusion with serrated generally)—H. Yule.

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AN OLD PILOT'S REMINISCENCES.

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

"He is then permitted to take a lot house and take the wheel, and senior lights his pipe, and he is usually tired seals himself in a batten bench in the rear and falls placently on. Presently, the manipulation of the verdant cover 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 in a twinkling the spokes of the inner circle wheel below, thereby illustrating the suits of centrifugal force by his hand outside of the pilot house."

"But after a few more experiments a similar kind he becomes more steady and with less exertion glides steadily along, and then begins to rest by learning the shallow may distinguish unerringly one from another in the darkest night which he is directed to observe following landmarks: 'Head of Foot of Bend, Cut Bank, High Head, Big Hollow, High Bank, Point, Dead Cottonwood, etc.'"

"By this time they are recognized by them they are welcomed on him in the darkness of the warning sentinal by which he breaks and reefs ahead. 'He is now prepared to start no longer dunned the cub, titled to promotion and recognition of 'star gazer.'"

"It was much harder work for one to learn than at present country above Prairie du Coteau inhabited, except by Indians and white traders, but now we are apart, with government lights everywhere difficult crossing on White on my first voyage on passing the head of the hold her on Wild Cat bluff, nestles beneath its shadows a village of Brownsville, pending ten miles farther up the east side of Prairie du Coteau then but two hours. One was occupied by a Mr. B. jointly as a residence and and 100 yards below started tenanted by a Mr. White, who sand banks intermediate with Winnepigogan."

"In place of one solitary landing here semi-monthly come and go by the dozen for four hours, for more of them in La Crosse than at any other town St. Louis and St. Paul companions in days of yore fledgling 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 bluff, while upon our right we are in the distance the valley of whose pine timber has since the After steaming eighteen miles this rock bound mountains served pine trees growing out of rocks, and on the etched the words 'George' viewing again this once by thought they then almost hood's happy hours, passed along shore for a lean traveler, an ever wading sages wigwag or pass. We cross over to the right and the valley is in front we behold the Missouri, the Mississippi river, and the Mountain 700 feet in called 'Mount Stromboli.' early French voyageurs 'le que trompe a l'yeux.'—Chicago Times.

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