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Meets first and third Saturday each month.

A WILD ROSE.

The first wild rose in wayside hedge
This year I wandered see,
I plucked, and sent it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first met thy gaze
We were knee deep in June
The nights were first dreamy days
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple and apart;
And from that hour thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And ever since, when tendril grace
Young copse or withered holi
With rosebuds, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
Where, gazing down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear;
Didst thou come swift and soon,
Oh, would that I were always here!
It then were always June.

—Alfred Austin in Washington Post.

A-SUNG AND THE PIRATES

A-sung was a Chinese boy who lived in the farming village of Woo-kuh, near the Choo-Keang or Pearl river, about fifteen miles below Canton. His father belonged to that highly esteemed class of Nung or farmers.

A-sung was one of the brightest scholars in the village school. But A-sung's father was poor and had many children, so he felt compelled to take his son from school to save the expense, and also that he might have his help in the paddy field.

A-sung was in a somewhat melancholy mood one bright afternoon as he sat beneath a clump of mulberry trees near the river. From his little knoll he could gaze over wide expanses of rice fields, and before him spread the broad surface of the river at Blenheim Reach.

A beautiful American bark lying at anchor half a mile away was the object of his earnest attention.

Suddenly there was a great puff of white smoke from her deck, followed by a heavy report. A-sung seemed to have been watching for this. He directed his gaze to a black speck a mile down the river, and saw the splash as the shot struck near it and ricocheted on over the surface. The crew were practicing at the guns.

When the firing ceased a small boat left the bark, directed toward a point higher up the river, and he knew that some of the officers were coming ashore to take exercise on horseback, as was their custom. A-sung sprang up and started back to the village.

On his way he had to pass near a small fishing hamlet situated on an inlet of the river. He hurried along with some trepidation, for the inhabitants had a bad reputation. It was reported that they were addicted to smuggling and piracy in their swift boats, called "fast crabs." But he came to a sudden halt as loud, piteous screams came from one of the huts.

A huge, ugly Chinaman came out dragging a girl whom he was beating unmercifully with a thick piece of bamboo. He wore short, wide trousers, a dirty quilted blouse and a broad hat of bamboo strips. His feet were bare. He was a vicious looking ruffian. At last the girl broke away from him and ran swiftly toward A-sung, pursued by her tormentor.

The boy's first thought was to take to his heels, but he boldly waited till the fugitive reached him, when he grasped her waist and darted away behind an embankment into a patch of tall reeds, where they both lay panting until their pursuer gave up the search.

The girl was quite pretty, but ragged and covered with bruises. She was crying with pain and fright. A-sung's eyes filled with tears of sympathy.

"Was that your father?" he asked pityingly.

"No, venerable sir," sobbed the girl. "He bought me."

"Oh!" said A-sung, with contempt at the thought of helping a slave girl. But his better feelings prevailed. He felt in his pocket and drew out two pieces of cash and a ball.

"Take these," he said. "I'm sorry for you. Better wait till he goes to sleep before you go back." Then he rose and crept cautiously away as not to attract attention. In a little while he reached the village.

As he approached he saw two foreigners on horseback in the street surrounded by more than 200 children, who were dancing about and shouting, "Coo-chee coo-chee!" (Throw cash.) The grown people crowded the doorways enjoying the sport. The two men were laughing heartily, and scattering handfuls of copper cash to see the children scramble for it. When they had emptied their pockets they rode on, still laughing, and met A-sung. They were dressed in white linen, and one of them wore a Panama hat, the other a blue cap with a gold band. A-sung recognized them as officers of the bark.

"Say, Prescott," said the one with the hat, "there's a boy that would suit me. Speak to him."

They stopped, and Prescott addressed A-sung in Chinese.

"What is your name, boy?"

"A-sung, venerable sir," replied A-sung.

"What is your name, venerable sir?" he added politely.

"Never mind," replied Prescott. "The venerable Lord Captain Denville wants a boy to serve him. Lead us to your father, and oppose not."

A-sung's eyes sparkled joyfully. Hastily he led the way along the granite paved street, and stopped before a low, neat house. Inscriptions on red paper and an urn for jam sticks were at the entrance. His father came to the door—a grave, dignified farmer. A-sung put his hands together and saluted him with deep respect and said:

"Venerable father, here is the venerable lord captain and the venerable lord 'Never Mind,' who want a boy to serve."

\$10 a month. After due consideration the farmer consented, and it was arranged that A-sung should come aboard the next day in the boat of the comprador—the man who supplied the ship with fresh provisions.

"Is A-sung a good boy," asked Capt. Denville.

"Him good boy now, bimbeo no can tell," replied the farmer gravely.

The officers rode away, and his father said to A-sung: "Doubtless the gods thus show their favor. With the money thus gained from these barbarians you can resume your paddy studies, and my son shall yet be honor to my old age."

The next day A-sung went on board the Harlequin. His father went with him and formally presented him to the captain.

"Him good boy now, bimbeo no can tell," he repeated solemnly, as he took his departure with the comprador.

A-sung looked about with wonder. The deck was clean and white. Four cannons were mounted, black and threatening—two 9-pounder carronades on the quarter deck, a long 18-pounder pivot gun amidships and a 3-pounder pivot on the fore-castle. Swarthy, active sailors were at work on deck or in the rigging. They were all Manila men from the Philippine islands, who speak the Spanish language. The captain, his two mates and the clerk were the only white men on board.

A-sung was sent below to the Chinese steward to be instructed in his duties. When he came on deck again in the afternoon he beheld an animated scene. Two long, pull away boats were alongside the bark. They carried masts with matting sails, and besides pulled about twenty oars on each side. They were armed with gongs fixed in swivels on the gunwale; these were Chinese firearms, carrying a large ball.

A number of Chinese of mercantile appearance were on deck earnestly conversing with Capt. Denville. A great many small chests of mango wood, covered with rawhide, were piled near by. One of these was open, and A-sung saw that the upper half of the chest was divided into twenty compartments, in each of which was a dark brown ball of peculiar appearance and smell. Evidently there was the same number of balls in the lower part of the chest.

A-sung soon found out that this was crude opium, and that the merchants were buying it. He was on an opium ship.

The purchasers paid for the drug sometimes with Spanish or Mexican dollars and sometimes with silver ingots called sycee. The coins had all been stamped over and over again with Chinese stamps until they were completely defaced. These were called "chop dollars." The value of both coins and sycee was ascertained by weight.

As the merchant paid the silver it was passed over to the "shroff," a grave, spectacled Chinaman, who sat at his table under the awning on the quarter deck, and with his brass balance carefully ascertained the value of it. He had need of care, for he was under heavy bonds for the correct performance of his duty.

After A-sung had been on board the Harlequin a week he was much puzzled at the difference in the behavior of these people who came to buy opium.

Some boats came in broad daylight and took the drug away openly, while others came stealthily at night, in haste and fear, and sometimes the ship's boat cautiously took away a chest or two up some less frequented inlet, carefully avoiding the mandarin boats that patrolled the river.

A-sung asked the steward for an explanation of this difference, and learned that the exalted emperor at Peking objected to opium being imported into the land, and therefore it was sometimes smuggled.

As for the boats that came openly he supposed that they found means "to cover up men's ears and eyes," meaning, perhaps, that they bribed the mandarins. This was in 1843, and the steward's explanation was probably correct.

A-sung was much interested in the boarding nettings, which were tried up every night from the rail to the rigging. These were for protection against night attacks by Chinese pirates, who were many and dangerous in those waters. But what excited his greatest interest was the practice at the big guns.

At first the loud reports nearly made him jump out of his blue and gold slippers, but he soon became accustomed to the noise. The cannons were touched off with a joss stick, in primitive fashion, and at night some of them were always kept burning near the mainmast in readiness for a sudden attack.

"Venerable young brother," said the steward one day to A-sung, "how many dollars' worth of opium do you think are in this barbarian ship?"

"Venerable elder brother, I do not know," replied A-sung.

"There are four hundreds of thousands," said the steward. "Verily it would be a rich prize for the pirates."

Two weeks after A-sung joined the Harlequin he asked the captain's permission to go and pay his respects to his father. Capt. Denville granted his request, and he went ashore in the comprador's boat. With a light heart he trudged away toward the village, where he was received with great joy by his father and by his young friends and schoolmates.

He spent a very happy day. All the children of the village were eagerly preparing for their "Lantern Feast," which was to take place that night. This is the children's festival in the spring, when they are allowed to have their own way in everything and indulge in merry-making to their hearts' content.

A-sung wished to stay ashore that night in order to take part in the festivities, but as Capt. Denville would expect him to come on board he resolved to go out to the ship with the comprador in the evening and ask leave of absence till

as this person took another path and soon disappeared.

The other man came on and met him. He was a portly, well dressed Chinaman, and saluted A-sung politely, with an engaging smile. He stopped and proceeded to address many flowery and flattering remarks to the boy, in the course of which he alluded to his connection with the Harlequin, claiming to be himself an old friend of Capt. Denville's.

Although A-sung was in a hurry he listened with pleasure to one who had evidently formed such a high opinion of him at sight, and he replied unsuspiciously to some adroit questions regarding the armament and regulations of the ship.

At last the stranger took leave of him, courteously wishing him abundant felicity and the highest honors and promotion. Then, as if with a sudden thought, he took from the breast of his rich overgarment a small bundle tied up in a silk handkerchief.

"Venerable younger brother," he said, "here are some excellent cheroots with which to regale the sailors and officials of the barbarian ship. They are especially good for those who watch at night, as they will banish the god of drowsiness."

He gave the boy the bundle and again took polite leave. A-sung now hurried to the landing and got there just in time to go off with the comprador.

Capt. Denville kindly gave him permission to return to the "lantern feast" after he had performed a few duties, and by the time the comprador was ready to return the night watch was already on deck. Then A-sung happened to think of the cheroots. He ran below, untied the bundle and brought up a handful, which he distributed among the Manila sailors, with whom he was already a great favorite. Then he gave a couple to the second mate, who was the officer of the watch, and sprang into the boat.

When he reached the village the "lantern feast" was in full progress. The street was crowded with gayly dressed children carrying colored lanterns and forming in line for the procession.

In the midst of this joyful scene, when the merriment was at its height, a pale, ragged, muddy figure appeared at A-sung's side and touched his arm. He recognized the slave girl whom he had befriended. She was shivering with cold and fear.

"Come, venerable sir," she said, "I must tell you something."

They retired a few steps, while the throng of children looked on with wonder. "There is a fishing village fifteen le from here," continued the girl hurriedly, "and three big pirate boats go from there to attack the barbarian ship to-night. My master and the rest have gone to join them. I followed them. The pirates were beating the gongs and burning the joss papers to gain the favor of the gods. Do not use the cheroots the man gave you today; they are drugged with the smelling stuffs of thieves and robbers to make men sleep."

A-sung gave a cry of astonishment and despair. For a moment he was stupefied; then he threw down his lantern, and darted away toward the boat landing at his greatest speed.

In a little while he had aroused the comprador and acquainted him with his fears. They hurriedly entered a small boat and pulled away for the Harlequin. As they neared the ship they distinctly heard the dip of the sweeps as the pirate boats approached. They had almost reached their prey.

A-sung clambered up the side and reached the deck with difficulty between the boarding nettings. There was no challenge. All was still on board. Several dark figures were stretched out on the deck forward.

He darted aft. The second mate was in a profound slumber, breathing heavily. He shook the officer, but found it impossible to awake him. The drugged cigars had done their work effectually. He glanced fearfully around. One of the pirate boats was close at hand, looming up darkly, propelled by a great number of oars. With fright, A-sung rushed forward to the fore-castle screaming:

"Pirates! pirates! Ahoy, hi yi!"

The men on deck were all in a leaden slumber, but some of the watch had evidently smelt below on finding that the mate had gone to sleep.

At A-sung's cries three sailors rushed on deck. Though confused, they comprehended in a moment the imminent danger, and sprang forward to the pivot gun amidships. By that time the pirate boat was almost alongside, and suddenly there burst from her crowded deck the most frightful din of gongs and savage yells, together with a fierce discharge of musketry and gings.

Several large, flaming missiles were thrown over the boarding nettings upon the deck. Three fell close to the pivot gun, where they lay blazing and smoldering, emitting a most horrible and suffocating stench. Unable to endure it, the sailors were driven from the gun.

One of them ran aft to the cabin, shouting: "Senior Captain! Ladronest ladronest!" Another ran to the fore-castle to arouse his shipmates. The third stood as if paralyzed. Already the pirates were grappling the ship and preparing to pour on board.

At this perilous moment a desperate resolve inspired A-sung. Since he had caused this disaster he would at least do what he could to atone for it as his thought. He drew a deep breath, and as the captain and Prescott reached the deck they saw A-sung dash forward through the fumes of the burning "fire pots," seize a joss stick from the mainmast and touch off the long eighteen pounder. There was a stunning report. The pirate boat was wrapped in smoke, from which came fearful howls, screams, groans. The gun happened to be trained exactly upon the crowded deck of the pirate, and being double shot with canister, the effect of the discharge

got alongside, and the sailors gave them a volley of musketry. Prescott at the head of some of the most resolute men threw the blazing "fire pots" overboard, extinguished the flames, and then, reloading the eighteen pounder, poured another blast into the first boat, which was trying to get off, badly crippled.

Poor A-sung was picked up limp and senseless from the deck, where he had fallen suffocated after bravely firing the gun. That one shot began the disastrous repulse of the pirates. It was when he regained consciousness the battle was over.

When Capt. Denville heard the whole story, he highly praised A-sung for his prompt and courageous action, but also warned him against being deceived by shrewd rascals, no matter how fine their dress or how pleasing their manners.

The men who had been stupefied by the drugged cigars soon recovered, but the second mate never forgave the boy who had caused his discomfiture.

A-sung told the captain of the important service the slave girl had rendered, and expressed his fears for her fate if the pirates should suspect that she had betrayed them. So the next day Capt. Denville, A-sung and a party of armed sailors went to the fishing hamlet.

Denville reached the hotel first and burst in the door. They had evidently arrived just in time. The little slave girl was dodging about the small room, pursued by the big Chinese ruffian, who was slashing at her with a heavy scimitar.

The villain had been wounded in the attack on the ship. His jaw was bound up with a dirty bandage, and he could barely limp about. This had enabled the child to escape his deadly blows, but as Denville entered he had penned her in a corner.

The captain drew his pistol, and compelled the pirate to drop his sword. He then sternly announced his intention of taking the slave girl away, and that little as the ruffian deserved it he would pay a reasonable price for her.

The pirate, scowling furiously from the bench where he had sunk, did not object to this, but coolly mentioned a most exorbitant price. Denville, without wasting words, placed one-tenth of the amount on the bench, and told the girl that she now belonged to him.

He then addressed the pirate again, and threatened him with the severest punishment if he ever followed or persecuted the girl. After this the party left the village, taking with them the little slave, who exhibited a joy that was really pathetic.

The girl, whose name was Le Won, was given her freedom and placed in the family of A-sung's father, where she would be kindly treated—Capt. Denville engaging to pay for her maintenance until she was married.

A-sung remained on board the Harlequin a year, during which time he made a voyage to India. Then he returned to his native village and resumed his studies of the Confucian classics—that road to honor and fame in the Flowery Land.—Charles E. Brimblecom in Youth's Companion.

Too Many Infielders.

Burns, of the Kansas City, tells a good story. He says that while he was a member of the Oshkosh club, some years ago, it was owned by Senator Sawyer, the lumber king. Sawyer put \$20,000 in to boom the town, and, by the way, it won the pennant, and he paid no attention to it. One day, however, he concluded to take his wife out to see a game. Both were interested. The pitchers were being hit hard, there were many long flies caught and they enjoyed it. Finally, however, an idea occurred to Mrs. Sawyer.

"Senator," she said, "that is not fair; they put only three men away out in the field and let all the rest stand around the diamond. They make these three men work too hard. You must see the manager and tell him to scatter his men out." The senator thought her idea excellent, and the next day he hunted up the manager. "You seem to win all right," said he, "but I don't like the way you place your men. I want you after this to scatter them out more. Put more in the outfield, and don't have them all standing about the pitcher."

Sporting Life.

Stonewall Jackson's Death.

Historians always stop to describe the dying of Wolfe and Montcalm, the two opposing commanders in the battle of Quebec. But their deaths were simply heroic compared with the Christian death of Stonewall Jackson.

About 1:30 on the day of his death he was told that he had about two hours to live, and he answered feebly but firmly, "Very good; it is all right."

A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium: "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Maj. Hawks"—then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face and then he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed.—Philadelphia Press.

Electric Resistance of the Body.

In tests on a number of different persons an electrician has found the effective resistance of the human body to be less to the alternating than to the direct current in the same individual, with a great variation in the resistance to either current in different persons. In five subjects the resistance to a continuous current of fifty volts ranged from 3,320 to 10,000. The tests revealed incidentally a striking difference in the strength of current different individuals can endure.—Arizona Traveler.

Different Ways of Looking at It. Chatterton—Don't you think it is a

NATIONAL DIRECTORY.

THE WONDERFUL SCHEME OF A ST. LOUIS INVENTOR.

He Proposes to Keep Track of Every Person in the United States—Useful in Hunting Wrongdoers—A Machine for Measuring Heads.

While looking for a furnished room in a tenement and office building near the corner of Fourth and Market streets last night a reporter from the Globe-Democrat stumbled upon a genius who was burning the midnight oil in a back dingy room up two flights of stairs. To reach this obscure retreat the reporter had groped his way through devious halls and passages where darkness was as palpable as the rats which scampered over his feet. Knocking at a door through which shone a dim gleam of light, the intruder was invited to enter a scantily furnished room, where the marks of hard times and industry vainly tried to obliterate each other. The occupant of the room was a tall, slim, serious man, somewhat in need of a shave, and attired in garments little less rusty than the room itself.

There was no carpet on the floor of this apartment; on the whitewashed walls hung a saw; in one corner stood a table strewn with books and scraps of paper; the bed was covered with a red calico spread, and the appearance here and there of pieces of crockery among the odds and ends of old clothing gave evidence of the carelessly concealed culinary of a bachelor's hall. It matters not how the talk between the reporter and the serious man drifted into the discussion of the latter's affairs, but so it did, and soon the outline of a gigantic enterprise was being poured into an attentive ear.

D. B. Bradley is the name of the man who unfolded a scheme for a national directory.

THE SCHEME EXPLAINED.

No confidence is violated in publishing the details of the enterprise, as the plans have been copyrighted, and all that is required to place them in practical operation are the energy of capital and the establishment of a newspaper to acquaint the public with their advantages. "You see," said Mr. Bradley, "it is like this: I will have an agent in every town and county of the United States to get names and furnish them to the central office. It will cost them that they name in the directory fifty cents apiece for enrollment, and a stamp to identify themselves by. Every man will be registered in this way; say, for instance, 'G. A. Moore, No. 3, book M, vol. 2, Nineteenth century.' Now suppose Moore lives in St. Louis and goes to California. His friends don't know where he's gone, and want to write to him; what do they do? Why, they just write to this directory, and the directory forwards the letter."

"Free?"

"Oh, no; it will cost about ten cents." "How will the directory know he's gone to California?"

"Why, he'll tell 'em of course. You see it's only honest citizens that will be expected to send in their names, and by their record, thus making the directory a kind of detective business too."

"Suppose he don't tell the directory where he's gone?"

"Then that's his fault, and he don't get his letters. But we're liable to find out where he is, just the same. There's an identification goes along with the directory that practically prevents a man from losing himself."

Here the professor produced a nickel plated instrument of his own invention for taking head measurements. The production of this device caused Professor Bradley to branch off somewhat into phrenology. He explained that the human head was a globe like the earth, but not so large, of which the meridian line ran around the head through the ears and eyes.

PRIVATE NUMBERS.

"In addition to the public number above given," continued Professor Bradley, "every man will have a private number, which he can change at will. His public number and name is never changed, except by law. You know men sometimes have their names changed by statute. The advantage of being able to change the private number is easily shown. Say Moore's private number is 12, and he gives it away. Some other fellow attempts to personate him by using his name and number from some other town. As soon as the matter passes through the directory office two postal cards are sent—one to Moore at his regular address, and the other to his changed address. If there has been any monkeying it is detected right there, the number is changed and further fraud prevented."

"How long have you been working on this scheme?" asked the reporter.

"About eighteen years, but I've only been pushing it strong for the last four years. I went to Washington in 1887 and got eight congressmen, four senators and President Cleveland interested in it for a time, but they ain't doing nothin' to amount to anything. I reckon I'll have to start the thing with private capital. I think I can get some help to advertise it. It won't take much money; the thing will pay its way from the start."

Besides the headometer and the directory Professor Bradley has invented a buzzy wheel, an attachment for a piano to play any piece of written music mechanically; has written a book entitled "The Science of Mathematics," copyrighted two calendars and written the "Age of Reason" in several thousand stanzas of verse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How These Girls Love One Another. Winifred (insinuatingly)—Mr. Ran-

Sharp Diamond Smugglers.

We are informed that a jewelry firm not far from Madison square, on Broadway, succeeded in getting a number of diamonds past the customs officials in a peculiar way.

The diamonds numbered between eighty and ninety, and were worth in the vicinity of \$12,000, as they were all large stones.

On the invoice they were billed as imitation French jewels of the new kind. These diamonds are made of brilliant pieces of glass highly polished and deftly covered with a thin coating of genuine diamond shavings. These stones are so expertly made that it is almost impossible to detect the imitation even by the use of a strong microscope. The tell-tale feature of the imitation stone is a roughness around the circular edge at the widest part of the stone, where the two layers of the diamond coating join.

This is really the only way that the imitation can be detected. Emeralds, pearls and rubies are also made in this way. It is necessary to use a microscope to detect this roughness about the edge.

When the consignment of supposed imitation diamonds arrived the assistant appraiser assigned to gauge their value examined each stone carefully with a powerful microscope, and found that all of them had the tell tale roughness on the edges. He accordingly allowed them to be delivered to the consignees on payment of the duty based upon a valuation of \$500. This saved the firm some \$1,200 in duty.

As a matter of fact the jewelers knew the means taken by the customs house authorities to discover if the stones were imitation or not, and had filed the edges of the diamonds before shipment from the other side, so that they resembled the spurious articles.—Jewelers' Catalogue.

What "Burgoo" Is.

"Burgoo," explained Col. James Orr, of Covington, "is one of the oldest Kentucky dishes we have. No one knows who first made 'burgoo,' nor does any one know where or how it got its queer name. 'Burgoo' is an out of doors creation, and pots of 'burgoo' have simmered over a hot fire in the sun at every big political gathering in the state since Henry Clay was a boy, and years before that, too. It is not only an extremely palatable dish, if you can call it that, but it's very nourishing. 'Burgoo' is a cross between a stew and a soup. It is always made in the open air."

"How is it made? Well, I take a big cauldron, put some red pepper pods in the bottom, add some potatoes, tomatoes and corn; then put in half a dozen prairie chickens, as many more tender 'yellow legs' and a couple of dozen soft shell crabs. I add some young squirrels when they can be obtained. When everything is in readiness there is enough water put into the cauldron to just make the contents float."

"Then it is put on the fire. It must be allowed to simmer slowly for six hours, and must be stirred constantly with a hickory stick. A hickory stick is best and is always used, but another might do as well. When it is nearly done it may be flavored to suit the taste. It is 'done' when the meats are thoroughly shredded, not before. When it is done—um!" and Col. Orr's eyes sparkled at the prospect.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An Octogenarian Up a Spire.

A venerable athlete of Leywell, who is known throughout Lothringen and the Eckmann-Chatrian country as "Old Vetter Michel," made a wonderful exhibition of his undiminished prowess one day. Although he has passed his eightieth year, the lively old gentleman actually climbed to the top of the spire of the parish church of Saar-Alben, which is 132 feet high. There he stayed some minutes, turning the weathercock round and round, and performing a few other gymnastic feats. He then came down again as quietly and composedly as he had ascended, and the cheering of the crowd of admirers. The athletic world will surely acknowledge "Vetter Michel" to be the champion grand old man of the profession, although less sympathetic critics will probably say that there is no fool like an old fool.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Color of Natural Wool.

There are certain fallacies abroad concerning the proper color of natural wool, and of natural silk, too, for that matter, so that a furnisher is very often compelled to keep his "natural" wool under a decidedly gray color, and his "natural" silk dulle of a rich salmon pink, which he furthermore is expected to verify as being the natural color of the undyed thread. Now many a long hour's soak in the dye tub do both silk and wool undergo to acquire the "natural" color demanded by the public, and the customer is now so used to deception which his persistently false notion compels the manufacturer to practice that he would not believe the real undyed fabric to be genuine if he saw it.—Clothing and Furnisher.

A Big Bargain.

The new girl stood behind the counter in a South End bake shop. A young man walked briskly up and laid down two cents, with the words, "Two kisses." Doubtless he would have been satisfied with two of the white sugar and egg structures in the showcase, but the new clerk, who was brought up in Thompsonville, climbed upon a stool and pursed her red lips so temptingly that the customer got an extraordinary bargain—four kisses for two cents.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Ice Cold Tea Not Injurious.