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Meets first and third Saturday each month.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

I am my father's daughter, Though face of house or lands, His promise is a portion, Of a house not made with hands. Though often faint and weary And opposed with grief and pain, My woes I quickly conquer And courage I regain. For however poor and lowly I still can trust and sing, I am my father's daughter, The daughter of a King. —New York World.

AT SANTA CRUZ.

Not many summers ago a young man of small means and good parentage was looking for a paradise—a place where lovely scenes, tempered winds and the sweetness of prolonged summer would predominate. He had lamented lost paradises, invented ideal paradises and converted real paradises into veritable pandemoniums. Never yet had the real being of a woman figured in his existence, though he dreamed of the gentle slopes of Eden, and, as he rested, lapped in softness and ease, yielding to the gentleness of the skies and the modest wooings of the winds, a pale, refined and beautiful woman playfully touched his tired eyelids with her hand and caressed the willing dreamer. A woman is not in everything, but she is coexistent with our dreams. Gilbert Stockwell was a dreamer. The magical charms of an ideal existence captivated him.

Midway between Santa Cruz and the Big Trees, where the hills reach nearest heaven, where the trees in the gulch grow tall, as if ambitious to overtop the mountains, where the flowers glow beautifully—there, away up on the side of the mountain, two forms bend ungracefully over a little flower, hat touches hat, and if it were not for the Gainsborough style ear would touch ear. We will not describe the couple. Any intelligent reader knows the twain are botanizing and the scenery round about them is more beautiful than any hero or heroine of song or story. They pull the flower from the ground, and seating themselves on a barkless log examine its roots, hirsute stem, calyx, petals, seeds, and step by step trace its marks from family to branch, from general to particular, and in delight exclaim: "Right!" Another flower has been analyzed. He holds her hand in his to protect the delicate skin from the winged insect of the mountain.

Gilbert Stockwell was in paradise, and Nellie Alison was with him. He had not gone to Santa Cruz in vain. Six weeks ago he had met Nellie Alison, and the introduction was the beginning of an infatuation that ended only when the wrinkles of time elevated the infatuation to thoughtful reverence.

Nellie Alison's face was to mankind what poetry is to literature. The over attention of a fashionable mother had made her a frail, delicate girl, but the milliner supplied what nature wanted to, and instead of being an undeveloped lady she looked at least a well-developed woman. She had more intelligence than beauty, more sparkle in her wit than in her eyes. She had a heart, but it was modern, that is, rather perverse, and a mind, but it was filled with the mutation of fashions. We will not blame the daughter, but condemn the mother. Nellie Alison was two-and-twenty, the age when a nature will stand the test of analysis and prove its real worth. But we have left Gilbert holding Nellie's hand all this time. Circumstances, you know, must adjust themselves to human feelings.

They arose. The scene was a lovely one. Away beneath them a creek murmured a song. The tall trees of the gulch, the dangerous steepness of the slope, the stillness of the hills, the grandeur of the scenery, the stern hills separating, as if in anger, at the base, and proudly receding, until from top to top great spaces intervened; the delicate flower, too weak to bear up the pebbly drops of dew. Ah, the sublimity of the hills. Who can measure the dimensions of the beautiful as the eye wanders from stream to hilltop, from hilltop to stream, the eye ever meeting delicate touches of nature's finest, grandest and most beautiful objects? The ocean air seems to be caught in the branches of the trees, purified by mixing with the mountain breeze, and given as a delicacy to the strollers.

"Don't press my hand so hard," cried Nellie. "Excuse me, I thought I was holding my cane," replied Gilbert, while Nellie looked unutterable things. "Come let us return to the hotel," and not waiting for his consent she started off at a break-your-arm speed. "Wait," cried Gilbert. "I want to talk to you about the lady you said loved me. Tell me the lady's name, won't you?" "I am too modest, was her laughing reply.

He reached out his arm for her, but she was not there. He turned, and like a petulant boy showed her the dimensions of his back. "Gilbert, I will fasten a columbine in the hair of the young lady who loves you, and to-night at the hop your curiosity will be satisfied," said Nellie, as she plucked a bunch of columbines. "I hope I will see the combine in your own hair."

"Perhaps so; wait and see." Preparations had been made to make this the grandest hop of the season. The social gatherings at seaside resorts are rather insignificant affairs, unless the men are firms and the women coquettes. But inasmuch as the contingency is dropped and a declaratory proposition is true at a seaside resort, the hops are very entertaining.

The hall at the hotel was beautifully decorated with flowers, pretty women and handsome men. Gilbert Stockwell was there, anxious and waiting the coming of the one wearing the columbine. A dozen handsome ladies entered. He made his surprise when each one of them

soul with a cigarette. Gilbert was in love. He was a brilliant barrister, fully aware of advantages of poverty, for "Blessed be nothing," it has no taxes to pay." He had seen the false moon beneath the surface of the water and found a true moon in the sky. He had dreamed of a paradise and found a true one, but a fair maid was there and made Santa Cruz a pandemonium. Yet it was still a paradise to him. The glory of its attractions lapped to verdurous hills by ocean spray, and through the paradise wandered a veritable daughter of Eve.

Nellie Alison, the belle of Santa Cruz; a belle because a wealthy mother presented her to society the same as an animal or politician is entered for the race. Gilbert had hoped that Nellie would wear the flower for his sake. A smoke did not decide the matter. A man may relieve himself of a few cigars by smoking, but time alone cannot dispel disagreeable thoughts and customs. He returned to the ball room. Nellie was a star, surrounded by a cluster of young men, lesser lights. Gilbert rudely pushed his way to her presence, and taking her by the arm led her to a deserted corner of the room.

"I see you are fond of a joke." "With whom have I been joking?" "With me." "How?" "Did you not promise to place the columbine in the hair of the one who loved me? You led me to believe that you would wear it yourself."

"I do." "So do a dozen others." "They must all love you." "No, I am not wealthy, not an elegant dancer, not an Apollo in face or form, and modeling young ladies require something more than a commonplace, briefless barrister to win their love." "Oh, how I pity your most pitiful condition! I would help you if I could." "Then marry me." "Impossible!" "Why?"

Her merry laugh arrested the attention of the dancers as she quoted:

Across my face, sir, I'd have the grass, sir, Or mother wit, to pull a lover mask, And wait to find, sir, What was the wind, sir, Before I'd give my love to ask. Before I finished he was standing alone, and her laugh came back to him from another part of the room. He was provoked. The spirit of the place depressed him. Leaving the party at an early hour he said, "I will have a good night's sleep."

Nothing is easier to do than to promise one's self pleasant dreams. It is like ordering a good dinner, and on the first course have your appetite destroyed by a dead fly. Those unfortunate—the bulk of mankind—who cannot look forward to a public execution in the morning have nothing to do but place their heads on the pillow with serious doubts. He went to bed, tried to sleep, trying first one side and then another, anon again. At last he attempted Franklin's experiment. Benjamin, you know, recommends the sleepless to get up, make the bed, dress in their Sunday clothes, comb their hair, etc., and then retire. Gilbert tried the experiment. The town of Santa Cruz was wide awake, the sun was high above the eastern horizon, the bathers had already departed for the beach and the children were playing upon the streets before Gilbert awoke.

Nellie Alison danced until after midnight. She was angry at herself and at Gilbert. It was her determination to see him in the morning and apologize for her perverseness. Her thoughts were of pleasant dreams as she unfastened her hair, unbuttoned her dress, unbuttoned her shoes—turned off the gas. Night was gone. Morning has come, and to save the trouble of buckling the shoes, buttoning the dress and fastening the hair she will meet Nellie in the surf, where she enjoyed the luxury of a bath. Gilbert was also in the surf, and the ladies who wore the columbines, and the gentlemen, and merry, laughing children, who played at the water's edge and ran a race with incoming and outgoing waves. Gilbert approached near where Nellie was, but the moment he saw her his head was beneath the waves, and his presence made a maiden feel brave a hundred feet away. An hour afterward he met Nellie on the beach, not in a bathing suit. No, no; such a sight has broken many thousands of engagements and severed the strongest ties of love. She was in a plain but becoming morning dress, and wore a very sweet smile.

"Are you cross this morning?" "No, I have never been cross. I don't get that way, and I smiled blandly." "Will you do me a favor? I have lost my ring, and Oh, Mr. Stockwell, if you find it I will never provoke you again. I will do anything for you." "I will hunt it to the bitter end." "But it has no end." "Our acquaintanceship will have if you get off another such a point. Where did you lose your ring?" "Right here by the water's edge."

Together they walked toward the water and at the edge the ring lay as though it had carefully been placed in its position. Gilbert picked it up quickly, and handing it to Nellie, claimed as a reward her hand. He received it—to place the ring on her finger. "But it was not until they had wandered off by themselves that she apologized for being rude to him the night before, and then she quoted:

If you read, sir, The verse with heed, sir, You will see it runs as clearly as it may. That every man, sir, Should receive his answer Unless he be you or I.

"Then I implore you to tell me is it you or nay?" asked Gilbert. "Neither," she replied. "It is you." The summer was ended. The romance was over. Real life began. They were married. Paradise was removed. After all, the happiness that comes by a good breakfast, lunch and dinner and a beautiful companion is more desirable than ethereal dreams of a paradise far removed. True, the perverseness which made Nellie compel the other ladies to

WOMAN'S WORLD.

HOW PATTI MADE HER FIRST APPEARANCE, DOLL IN ARMS.

Women as Court Stenographers—Marriage Tableaux—Woman Lifted to a Higher Level—The Newest Fad—The Fashions in Hosiery.

Mme. Patti, like many of her sisters in art, is as brilliant in conversation as she is gifted in song, and is wont to entertain her guests at Craig-y-nos with many anecdotes of her early life. Long before she could speak, the diva declares, she was able to sing all the airs which she had heard her mother rehearsing with the director of the opera, and so correct was her ear that she could detect the slightest falsity of intonation, and showed her displeasure by shaking her head at the delinquent.

Nothing delighted her so much as to be allowed to go to the opera when her parents were performing in New York, and on returning home, after having been put to bed, she would creep out again when all in the house were fast asleep, and perform the whole opera to the best of her ability by the light of a flickering taper.

When Patti was about 7 years old she well remembers seeing her father in great distress on the point of parting with a diamond ornament he possessed, so that his children might not want for bread. Like lightning an idea flashed through her childish brain.

"Papa," she exclaimed, "you just give a concert, and I will sing!" Signora Patti laughed heartily at the idea, but so persistently did the little Adeline entreat that her wishes should be carried out that at length consent was given. Signora Patti platted the long hair of her tiny daughter and powdered her round brown cheeks. She had many misgivings when the hour arrived for her to be dressed for her first concert, but the miniature prima donna herself, clutching her favorite doll "Henriette" tightly in her arms, was entirely mistress of herself, and courtseyed with laughable dignity and importance on finding herself face to face with her audience. Her success, as everybody knows, was immediate.—London Tit Bits.

Women as Court Stenographers. A dispatch from Montreal says that several members of the Canadian bar have objected to the appointment of Miss Grace Eaton as official stenographer at the court house on the grounds that there is a great deal of evidence taken before the courts which is not fit for women's ears. Several of the Chicago judiciary were visited and their opinions asked as to whether this objection was well sustained. Judges Blodgett and Walter G. Gresham were found together, and said they could see no reason why a woman should not perform the duties of stenographer.

"There are too many cases, of course," said Judge Blodgett, "where the evidence is not even fit for men's ears, but if a woman enters the arena of labor she must take chances on having her sensibilities shocked. It is recorded that in some cases where the evidence was of a particularly bad character the court room has been cleared of all women, including any female officials there might be about, but these cases are rare." Continuing, Judge Blodgett, who also spoke for Judge Gresham, said: "The official stenographer of our court is a woman, and I do not remember that she has complained of the nature of the evidence which was obliged to take down, and it was not exactly fit for publication so no doubt realized that it was simply a matter of business, nothing more. I think on this matter our Canadian confreres are a little too sensitive."—Chicago Tribune.

Marriage Tableaux. The women of Boston gave a unique entertainment in the Hollis Street theatre. The evolution of the institution of marriage was represented through its various stages, from the marriage by capture to the imposing modern celebration of the rite. The first tableau was the seizure of the Sabine women by the early Romans. Next was the "Marriage Market of Babylon," with thirteen pretty girls on the blocks, the auctioneer singing their praises and the nobles examining them all critically. Following this was the Indian ceremony, represented by the marriage of Pocahontas and John Rolfe, and next came the Japanese wedding represented in gorgeous style.

Then there was the Russian marriage, copied after Makowski's famous picture of the wedding feast. The husband, in the act of saluting his timid bride, who shrieks from the jokes and laughter of the guests at the table.

Next came the Dutch marriage, copied from Tenier's celebrated painting entitled "A Peasant's Wedding." In the background the wedding guests are dancing, while in front stand the happy bride and bridegroom, the husband half embracing his wife, who accepts it bashfully and awkwardly. The tableaux ended with a scene in Gretchen Green—the lovers, who have arrived in time, and the irate parents, who have arrived too late.—Boston Letter.

Woman Lifted to a Higher Level. In an address before the conference of Baltimore charities, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore said: "The changes in the laws relating to women have been wonderful. In Massachusetts, in financial matters, the law places me on a better footing than it does my husband. The best thing about these changes, too, is that they have been wrought by men. Woman has been lifted to a higher level than I ever hoped to live to see her occupy, and it would be amazing if all these things did not bear fruit. It has borne fruit, and this conference today is one of them."

Women are everywhere using their advantages in helping their neighbors, woman's worst enemy. We do not hear it now, and if it ever was true it is not for today woman is woman's truest friend. Everywhere women are building homes in which they may carry on their work of helping those less fortunate than themselves. They will carry on the work to results we cannot see now, and of which we hardly dare dream.

The Newest Fad. The story goes that the newest fad of the fashionable women of Fifth avenue is the rivalry in obtaining the handsomest bedstead. One which has roused the envy of all the competitors is of brass, and presents a gorgeous appearance. On the top of the bedstead is a coronet supported by a canopy. On one side is enclosed in a massive brass rail, and upon this the owner's monogram is worked in brass and pearl. The whole, with the blankets, quilts and linen, cost more than the residences of hundreds of less fortunate people.

Another remarkably handsome brass bedstead seen in a swell Fifth avenue mansion had the most elaborate hammered work on the entire top and sides. Gods and goddesses, little cupids and all the birds of the air were represented in great numbers. This, too, bore a crest and monogram, and cost the indulgent papa of the owner a small fortune.

Then there are bedsteads formed of various and expensive woods, richly inlaid with pearl and brass. In fact, there is no end to the variety of styles, and furniture dealers are apparently giving most of their attention to this new demand on the part of Miss Manhattan.—New York Letter.

Fashions in Hosiery. Although black remains the leading style for ladies, men, misses and children, yet we have had several modifications of the cast iron rule of "black only" of late. Men are wearing gray, tan and mode shades in cotton and silk, the latter for evening being prettily cloaked in self colors. Children are usually dressed in black hose with all frocks, though some for best wear have stockings to match the dress. It has often been claimed that domestic hosiery is not as well shaped or made as the foreign, but there is at least one firm here selling beautiful examples of silk hose made in this country.

"It is a poor foot that won't shape its own stocking," but nothing will make a thick soamed stocking comfortable. Always dark black hose with fast black darning cotton, as the others soon turn green, as do, unfortunately, many so called fast black hose. Ladies are wearing tan, gray and tartan hose with dresses to match, and some very pretty black silk hose have colored tops, heels and toes. Black cotton hose are somewhat higher in price, but it pays to buy good stockings of reliable brands."—Dry Goods Economist.

Chrysanthemums Growing in Favor. Chrysanthemums are now very much in favor among swell women. They are brilliant in color and contribute a pleasing and decorative effect to a woman's costume. The yellow ones, which are very yellow indeed, are the most highly prized. Some of the large ones are priced as high as \$1.50 each. The florists say, however, that the largest chrysanthemums in this country are very small compared with the chrysanthemums in Japan, which oftentimes attain the size of an American sunflower. The chief objection to the use of chrysanthemums heretofore has been that the odor of them is not at all pleasant.

Yankee ingenuity, however, has been at work on the problem suggested by this objection and some flower dealers have able through the use of chemicals applied directly to the growing plant to achieve a flower which is odorless or almost so. It has been not unusual in the flower trade, it is said, to add perfume to flowers occasionally by dipping them in some fragrant essence, but the chrysanthemum case is the first case of flowers going through a process of deodorization.—Exchange.

Mrs. Weir's Cooking. Mrs. R. F. Weir, wife of the professor of chemical surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, tidings of whose death have just come from Milan, was more widely known and admired than most women in strictly private life. During the civil war she was a hospital nurse at Frederick City, Md., where not only the sick and wounded Federal soldiers, but the captive Confederates as well, were tenderly cared for. Mrs. Weir was then Miss Marie Washington McPherson, whose delicate cookery not less than her faithful nursing helped to complete the cures which the skill of Dr. Weir had begun, and whose unflinching kindness made her name a household word in hundreds of homes both north and south which she has never seen.—Harper's Bazar.

The Care of the Throat. This is the time of year when school children begin to die of the silks handkerchiefs about the throat. It is not well to do this, if one can possibly do without the muffling, for if once begun, it must be carried through the entire season, or colds will result. Then, too, covering the throat is apt to make it sensitive. The muscles of the throat can be strengthened by reasonable exposure. But singing and speaking should always cover the throat after singing or speaking, when going into a cool room, or into the open air. A light bit of lace, or any open work covering for the neck that will admit of ventilation, is the best protection.—New York Ledger.

No More Bracelets. The pupils in the Philadelphia School of Practice are rebelling against an alleged outrage perpetrated by Miss Hall, the principal. It seems that some days ago that lady issued an edict to the effect that no pupils in the school are allowed to wear bracelets.

Effects for an Autumn Dinner. If you intend to give a swell dinner this autumn you must devise original effects. For instance, you must issue invitations for a dinner d'Automne, and trim your dining room with autumn leaves of the brightest hues obtainable. Then in the center of your table you must place a huge epergne, which you must load down with fruit set off with leaves, and at each of the four corners of the table you must place a large silver or china chandelier, about the arms of which trail white, black and purple grapes.—Exchange.

National Mourning in Corea. The death of the queen dowager of Corea is a matter of supreme concern to the nation. All business will be at a standstill for months, and every Corean—man, woman and child—will have to go into mourning, which, it is calculated, means at the very least, and to the poorest, a month's wages, in a country where nine-tenths of the population at any given time are on the brink of starvation.—London Tit Bits.

The clothing of the child should not bind or too much confine the body, for it will have on the mind, on the soul of the child, the same effect it has on the body. The mother who keeps long dresses half a yard below the little limbs after they begin to tangle up commits a crime against the child. Let it be as light as the requirement of warmth will allow, and free the little limbs from long dresses as soon as possible. The tight fitting trousers that are put on little boys are an abomination.

Miss Grace H. Dodge, ex-school commissioner of New York, and Miss Clara de Graffenried, clerk to the United States commission of labor, who took half of Mrs. Amelia Rives Chandler's prize for the best essay on child labor, have been making a two months' journey together in Europe to investigate the conditions and hardships of the working girl, with a view to their amelioration.

A home for women teachers was opened last fall at Dresden, Germany, in a building of its own. Teachers of any nation can stay at the Lome temporarily for forty or fifty cents a day and enjoy the benefit of a local teachers' association. Retired German teachers can live here with one room for \$150 or two for \$175 a year.

Mrs. E. B. Custer, always a favorite in New York society, will presently return here for the winter. Mrs. Custer has spent the summer in Montana and the Dakotas, revisiting the scenes of her eventful and happy life with her gallant husband, to whose memory her new book, "Following the Guidon," is another tribute.

Mme. Patti-Nicolini's new theatre at Craig-y-nos castle seats 180 people and can easily be transformed into a ball room. Handsome easy chairs are provided for the auditorium, and nearly 800 electric lights make daylight of the interior. It will be formally opened next year.

Miss Edna Lyall has been recovering her health and enjoying convalescence from invalidism on the borders of Dartmoor for several weeks. She is so much improved in health that she hopes to resume her literary work during the winter.

For the instant destruction of roaches stir into a half-pint of hot paste a dime's worth of phosphorus, adding when cool a quarter the bulk of grease. This should be placed where they frequent, and they will die while eating it.

In London driving gloves of white chevreton suede kid, having the palm,

such an energetic storm of disapproval that their offspring are still permitted to dazzle their mates with a display of the ornaments.

It is claimed, however, that some of the others, while apparently complying with the new requirements, in reality wear the bracelets concealed beneath their sleeves. Being forbidden, they are naturally the most desirable things in the life of the school girls just now.

Being asked the reason for this edict, Miss Hall explained that she thinks bracelets are unnecessary on the wrists of school girls; that they are noisy and interfere with writing and other hand work. Jewelry distracts the attention of the pupils and causes envy among those who are not fortunate possessors. She also remarks that the reform may be carried still further.—Philadelphia Special.

A Handkerchief Bonnet. If you know "what's what" you have bought yourself or made yourself a handkerchief bonnet. At least that is what they are called, but they are so small that a handkerchief would blush to find itself so insignificant. These "handkerchiefs" are really tiny strips of fancy silk that permit themselves to be twisted around a wire frame. Strips of baby ribbon, by courtesy called strings, are then fastened thereto. Handkerchief bonnets are sometimes tiny touches of silk, tassel and tied and pulled and twisted until it takes on the captivating semblance of a bit of scarf carelessly pinned on my lady's tresses.—Exchange.

Plants for Winter. A pretty plant for winter decoration is a healthy young mimosa, which, when properly clipped and pruned, assumes a vigorous, treelike shape, and blooms freely all the winter. Another excellent choice for a flower lover whose space is limited is a handsome coral begonia. This plant, when allowed plenty of room, has a beautiful shape and blossoms the year through. Its foliage is almost perfect in color and form, and, if watered once a week with diluted ammonia water, the greens are unusually rich, and contrast finely with the dainty coral blossoms.—New York Ledger.

Hermit Likes a Hermit Life. A few miles from York, Pa., but in a very secluded mountain glen, lives and has lived for twenty-one years one Joel Strong.

He is sixty-two years old, healthy and remarkably active, and all the rocks and wooded trunks are his "Strong" Park. He bears curious evidence of his handiwork. The stones are piled in curious cairns, the rocks dressed in fanciful but picturesque masonry, and the trees are trimmed to a wild, romantic taste.

It is a hermit, but does not hate his kind. Indeed, he is rather pleased to have few who visit him, and is fond of showing his remarkable agility in climbing. In winter he occupies a rude hut, in summer he lives entirely out of doors. He sleeps on a bare board laid on top of a bench, which in turn is laid on others, till his couch is raised to a perilous distance from the ground. His only drink is water, his food is principally of the products of his garden. Once a week he takes a thorough bath in a mountain stream, and is far from being a disagreeable object, as are many hermits.

Many years ago he loved and married. His wife died, and he abandoned society to live alone in the woods. He bought fifteen acres of this wild land for a trifle, and in time became so weaned from social life that for twenty years he has not known of any occurrence in the great world, but of late visitors have begun to intrude on him and try to interest him in the rest of mankind.

Business Men's Writing Desks. Every man knows how dear to his heart is that pet abomination of women the desk litter. Every man protests if it is disturbed, and declares with emphasis that he can always find what he is looking for if his desk or table be let alone, while the sight of it to women creates an intense desire to clear it up. The desks of some men are curiosities in this regard, and there is probably none in town to compare with that of Francis B. Thurber.

The double desk used by H. K. Thurber and his brother dates back nearly fifty years. It stands on four turned legs, has a sloping writing board and two small cases of pigeon holes, one at each side. F. B. Thurber's share of it is piled with papers clear across the portion on which the owner is supposed to write.

As a result that owner writes on a pad placed on his knees, and it is excessively funny to see him rise slightly in his chair in order that he may reach over the barricade he has erected and dip his pen into the ink. Mr. Thurber must have a marvelous memory to be able to find anything in the pile before him.

To Prevent a Terrible Fate. An American inventor hopes to make a fortune out of the dread of being buried alive that affects many people. He has designed an apparatus to guard against the possibility. Extending from the coffin to the surface of the earth is a large tube containing a sliding door, ladder and rope, with bell attached. The end of the rope is placed in the hand of the corpse, who, should he resuscitate, can either ring the bell to summon help or crawl out of the grave by the ladder.

When the Wheelbarrow Was Invented. Now a writer in the French scientific journal La Nature calls attention to an old book printed in 1555, in which is a curious wood engraving that represents a single wheeled barrow pushed along by a laborer. Another plate of the same book shows a tramway car running upon rails. This puts the use of the wheelbarrow back more than a hundred years earlier than the time of Pascal.

A Soldier's Hardships. He—Yes, I have been in the army take a lump of common washing soda, fill the end in water, and rub the cot-

TO SUCCEED EDMUNDS.

Redfield Proctor to Go from the Cabinet to the Senate.



Redfield Proctor, who was born in Cavendish, Windsor county, Vt., June 1, 1831, the son of Hon. Jabez Proctor, who was a member of the state council from 1822 to 1827. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1851, and afterward from the law department of the University of Albany. Early in 1861 he enlisted in the Third regiment of Vermont volunteers, and on the 20th of June that year was appointed lieutenant and quartermaster. The next September he was made major of the Fifth Vermont, and a year later he became colonel of the Fifteenth Vermont, with which he was mustered out in August, 1863.

After practicing law a short time and residing on his farm he entered the marble business in 1869. He was appointed secretary of war in 1880. In the meantime he held many civil offices, serving in the senate and houses in 1878 was elected governor. He was chairman of the Vermont delegation in the Chicago convention by which General Sherman was nominated.

He Likes a Hermit Life. A few miles from York, Pa., but in a very secluded mountain glen, lives and has lived for twenty-one years one Joel Strong.



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The double desk used by H. K. Thurber and his brother dates back nearly fifty years. It stands on four turned legs, has a sloping writing board and two small cases of pigeon holes, one at each side. F. B. Thurber's share of it is piled with papers clear across the portion on which the owner is supposed to write.

As a result that owner writes on a pad placed on his knees, and it is excessively funny to see him rise slightly in his chair in order that he may reach over the barricade he has erected and dip his pen into the ink. Mr. Thurber must have a marvelous memory to be able to find anything in the pile before him.

To Prevent a Terrible Fate. An American inventor hopes to make a fortune out of the dread of being buried alive that affects many people. He has designed an apparatus to guard against the possibility. Extending from the coffin to the surface of the earth is a large tube containing a sliding door, ladder and rope, with bell attached. The end of the rope is placed in the hand of the corpse, who, should he resuscitate, can either ring the bell to summon help or crawl out of the grave by the ladder.

When the Wheelbarrow Was Invented. Now a writer in the French scientific journal La Nature calls attention to an old book printed in 1555, in which is a curious wood engraving that represents a single wheeled barrow pushed along by a laborer. Another plate of the same book shows a tramway car running upon rails. This puts the use of the wheelbarrow back more than a hundred years earlier than the time of Pascal.

A Soldier's Hardships. He—Yes, I have been in the army take a lump of common washing soda, fill the end in water, and rub the cot-

NO NEGROES THERE.

A Natural Barrier in the South to the Extension of Slavery.

Slavery, as is well known, depended for its extension on two important crops, both of which demanded a large amount of cheap labor and afforded articles which commerce greatly demands. The institution rested on the industries of tobacco and cotton growing. Only where one of these crops could be profitably established did the institution ever firmly establish itself. A glance at the map will show that the Appalachian system of mountains widens as we go southward from Pennsylvania until it occupies nearly one-fifth of the southern states, extending southward so as to include half of Virginia and North Carolina, a considerable part of western South Carolina, much of Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky and a part of Alabama.

In this section the character of the soil and form of the surface and the nature of the climate make the land unsuited for the extended culture of either tobacco or cotton. The result was slavery never firmly established itself as an economic institution in any part of this vast territory. Here and there in the more fertile valleys a few slaves were employed, but there are counties in this area where to this day, a negro is so great a curiosity that people will journey miles to behold him. The natural result of this distribution in the negro population was that the mountain districts of the south were separated in their political motives from the plain country.

When the rebellion occurred the Appalachian country was a region where disaffection toward the Confederacy prevailed; to a great extent the men cast in their lot with the north, or at least gave their sympathies to the Federal cause. The peoples of eastern Kentucky and Tennessee and western Virginia—and generally those of western North Carolina as well—recruited the ranks of the Federal army.—Professor N. S. Shaler in Scribner's.

Artificial. Donald is a little boy who finds great delight in the society of his pets. Kittens are his treasures, and even a furry and weather beaten donkey inspired in him such an affection that he cried for a whole day when his father refused to buy the little beast of burden. Like most people, however, Donald draws a line between what is worthy his admiration and the coin which is spurious.

One day an old lady from a neighboring town came to dinner, and made her self very agreeable to the little boy. A self he seemed to take a great fancy to her, but, as his mother noticed, treated the guest's invitation to visit her with some indifference.

"Don't you want to go over and spend a day with Aunt Rebecca?" asked mamma that night when Donald was in his cot.

"Don't know as I do," was the brusque reply. "But I heard her tell you she had a beautiful great cat, and that you might play with it."

"That's all very well," said Donald scornfully, "but I found out, when she kept on talking, that it wasn't a real cat after all!"

"No; a real cat?" "No; only a tortoise shell."—Youth's Companion.

Rapidly Attained Wealth. The recently removed president of the Argentine Republic was three years ago at the time of his election, a poor lawyer with no attainments as well as in purse. In fact, he was not worth, all told, \$2,000 when he was made president, and after getting the benefit for three years of \$50,000 salary he is now immensely wealthy.

This speaks well for the requisites of a good office, but it is true of every office in proportion to its importance. Anything or anybody in the republic can be bought, the only question being price. President Celman's full name was Well, it is Senator Don Miguel Juarez Celman. He now