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W. F. D. JONES.

Meets first and third Saturday each month.

Tillamook City and County.

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ALL THEY KNOW.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her women know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or over the stern railing, watch the tide
The foaming wake far sliding as we glide.

On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast,
Exults to hear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her women know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

MY FOOTSTOOL.

My brother gave his work a final polish,
And viewed the shining, valuable articles
Approvingly before placing them in their
padded case.

"Think they look well, little woman?" he asked.
"I think they do, indeed," I answered,
in unqualified admiration, for Ted was a capital
workman, and had made the pretty trinkets
very skillfully. I am sure Mr. Bailey will be
pleased. The owner himself would be puzzled
to detect where she damaged them."

Ted smiled; then as he did not intend to
take them back to the shop until the return
of his employer, which would not be till the
morning, he deposited both the jeweled bracelets
in his customary "non-burglar proof
safe," as he jokingly called a small, strong,
square box which he had fitted with lock and
key, padded inside and out, and covered with
cloth to match our sofa. He made use of this
as a footstool, saying that evil disposed
persons would be the less likely to examine it,
and many a jet he had about placing gems
under my feet, and about me being a small
person with a high mind, for I set my foot
upon gold, and the like nonsense. Dear old
Ted! He was so clever at his trade, and so
trustworthy, that he always had more work
than he could get through. He was very
fond of me—his poor little crippled sister—
would never allow me to sit too long at my
needle, and shared with me in every possible
way the little duties imposed by our humble
means; so he and I jogged along very
peaceably. We lodged in two rooms in a
quiet street on the outskirts of Bridgeport.

Our landlady was a kindly old body who had
known our parents long before either Ted or
I found ourselves on this world's stage.
Having put away the lace-trimmed apron,
my brother next picked up three or four watches
he had been busy setting to rights, and prepared
to go to the shop in Bridgeport which
usually employed him. I watched him putting
on his overcoat, for the day was very cold,
but he seemed slow in his movements, and
I thought he was reluctant to leave me
alone, for though I was generally active
enough, considering my infirmity, one of my
bad spells was now on me, when, as he knew,
I found moving about a pain and a difficulty
for some days. It happened, too, that Mrs.
Brown, our landlady, had gone out for the
day—a very rare occurrence.

"I don't half like your being left alone so
long, for I may not be back before 5," said
Ted, eyeing me dubiously. "Consign Milly
would come around if I lacked her."

Yes, and bring her baby, who would hinder
her work, and I don't like the baby, I'm
bushy. Go away, Ted, you dear old fellow!
Don't bother about me—I shall be all right."

"Well, by-by, little woman," he said, stooping
to kiss me, "I'll be home as soon as I
can. And, besides," he added, pausing in the
doorway, "be sure you don't let the wind
blow today. The ash-line snapped this morn-
ing. I must send a carpenter to see it. You
will remember?"

I promised that I would, and my brother
departed. I heard him go down stairs and
shut the street door. At the unusual
quiet of the house was rather depressing
to me, but I soon became too much engrossed
in sewing to pay attention to that, and stitched
away busily at some things I was completing
for a lady who was kind enough to praise my
needlework, preferring it, as many others
did, to machine-stitched articles.

Presently I thought I heard a slight
noise down stairs, like the opening of a win-
dow, but as all remained quiet afterward, I
put it down to my imagination, and went on
tranquilly with my work.

After some time I was startled to hear a
step, stealthy, but distinctly audible, on the
landing outside, while under the door ap-
peared the shadow of some one moving.

"Perhaps Mrs. Brown has returned," was
the thought in my mind as I sat gazing at
the door; but then I turned back with fear,
for the handle was turned softly, and a
strange man looked in—a young man, with
a pallid, gray, lowering face, ornamented by
a thinning twist of hair on each side,
while a limp cap of semi-military cut was
stuck rakishly on the side of his head.

I noticed these details mechanically as I
sat petrified with surprise and fright, and
also noticed that his long, dirty neck
without tie or collar, a shabby frock coat
buttoned up to his chin, and that his
dirtied hands sported more than one ring.

This individual, after darting a swift
glance round the room, slipped in and locked
the door, saying:

"Stick! Poppy-wopsy, don't be frightened!
I'm not going to hurt you—not a bit of it!
But, you see—Stop that!" he growled;
for, as he approached me, I recovered myself
a little and gave a good loud scream.

Quick as thought he had his hand over my
mouth, holding my chin and neck with such
a manner that I was nearly suffocated; then he
gave me a shake, saying:

"If you do that again I'll pay you out, you
little fool! There—she is going to be nice
and quiet now, ain't she? A picture of good
behavior, I call her!"

Talking thus, he gazed me dexterously
with some of my work, which, however, was
pleasanter to his hand—ugh, that griny
hand!—on my mouth, and then, producing
some cord from his pocket, in a minute or
two I was—poor little foolish thing!—bound
hand and foot in my chair.

He grinned at me as he remarked:

"Now, you know, ducky, I wouldn't have
served you so if you'd had the sense to keep
quiet. I never could abate to be rough to the
ladies—never! But time is short, and you
might have been hard to persuade; so, per-
haps, it's the last day after all."

While speaking thus the bipartite rap-
port kept running his eyes around our small little
room. I read disdain in his glance, and at
that moment a suspicion darted into my
mind that he had come with the object of
stealing some of Ted's work—perhaps the
jeweled trinkets which were now under my
feet. With this thought there came to me a
firm resolve to save my brother such a loss if
I possibly could; ay, even though I had to
endure torture, I would not speak. I set my
teeth hard and watched the man. I was
daring glances now revolted to me.

"Look here, ducky, if I lose this cloth a
bit and you take breath, will you speak to
me nicely? Only don't scream again. It makes
me quite nervous to hear you scream and
can't do you no good." How well I knew
that, in a back room in a quiet street, I was
being watched by a man who had no other
business than to steal my brother's work!

AT HOME IN A POCKET.

A Veritable Living Lilliputian Unravels a
New York Hat.

A prominent Eighth avenue hatter was
surprisingly made aware that a
very little thing at times causes a great
deal of commotion in this bustling
world. He was coiled seated in his
palatial hat repository and carefully
engaged in scrutinizing the contents
of The Evening Sun, when a gentle
man entered and asked to see some
hats. The latest thing in silk ties was
shown to him. He tried one on. It
did not exactly suit his fancy, how-
ever, and the proprietor placed several
others before him, and was about to
return the first one to its proper shelf
when a "still, small voice" from his
interior greatly startled him.

"Hold on, sir," said the voice; "I'm
not done yet." The astonishment de-
picted on the face of the hatter, as he
dropped the tie and peered into it,
was doubly increased by what he saw,
and he hastily jumped back and
clutched the counter for support.

His exclamations of surprise and ex-
cited manner brought several clerks
and assistants to his side, whose as-
tonishment became outrageous as they
saw his. And no wonder. The most di-
minutive mite of a man that ever ex-
isted outside of Mother Goose's Me-
lodies or Swift's Lilliputians was stand-
ing upright in the hat, which was, of
course, an ordinary one, and having
plenty of room to move about therein.

With the assistance of the customer
who had called for the hat, the
little fellow was helped out, and tak-
ing his stand on the rim of the hat, his
elbow resting on the crown, he bade
the writer a pleasant "good evening."

He had been but imperfectly seen
while in the hat; therefore, upon look-
ing at him out of it, the reporter could
scarcely believe his eyes, for there
stood a perfectly formed and, as he
subsequently proved, an intelligent
little gentleman, who was as "fine as
rain," and as "good as gold."

It was discovered that he came to
the store in the overcoat pocket of the
gentleman who had helped him out of the
hat, and whom the spectators now strongly
suspected of having previously helped him
into it.

The little fellow's name proved to be
Hop o' My Thumb, a euphonious
cognomen even to him because of its
diminutive size. He is 15 years of age,
16 inches in height, and weighs just 9
pounds. Soon after imparting this in-
formation he was conveyed to the
pocket of the gentleman who brought
him in, and then, while waggishly
wagging his small head, he informed
his interviewer that the owner of the
pocket, etc., was Mr. Thomas Foster,
his name, who was as "fine as rain."

"I'm somewhat under his size," said
Hop, "but nevertheless he treats me
in all things as his equal. We have
many a lark together." This last re-
mark was made while he rolled a tiny
cigarette, and he indeed looked amu-
singly as he leaned against the side of
his manager's pocket and contentedly
puffed away. No one present doubted
the statement made by Mr. Foster that
Hop o' My Thumb was a bona fide
known human being, and that his like
has probably never existed.

"He has gained the age of maturity," said Mr.
Foster, "and yet he weighs no more
than the average babe at birth."

At this saying he lifted the atom of
manhood from his position in the
pocket and actually held him out to
the reporter on the palm of his hand.
While the subject of his remarks bowed
to every one present with the air of a
Cherub. A bright smile then
illuminated his handsome little face as
quoting "A man's a man for a' that," the
kid of the pocket was buttoned
over him and the manager and mite
took their departure.—New York
Evening Sun.

Getting Around the Law.
The "secrecy of grand jury cham-
ber" is another fiction that is easily
penetrated. An instance is given
follows: A justice of sessions was cu-
rious to learn whether the grand jury
in a noted case had been unanimous
in their finding of the indictment.
He asked me whether I had learned
concerning it. I replied: "No, but I
can readily find out for you from
Mr. —, your townman," indicating
a grand juror standing on the op-
posite side of the street. "Oh, no," he
must not ask him," rejoined the au-
thoritative member of the court, "it would
be an indictable offense for you to ask
him, or for him to tell you." "I don't
propose to ask him, but to get him to
tell you," I replied. "I will pass him
and engage him in conversation, and
then you come up and call me aside
and repeat your question loud enough
for him to hear."

It took but a few minutes for me to
engage the rural grand juror in con-
versation regarding the crop prospects
of his neighborhood for an "Argus"
item, and then the magistrate beck-
oned me full of a few and repeated
his part of the play.

I replied that I had heard two ver-
sions: "One, that they were unani-
mous, and another that they stood
nineten to four."

"You're right, the first time," broke
in the bucolic grand juror, "we were
unanimous about it, 'no vote' you
forgot it." I have not.—Albany Ar-
gus.

Bleached Mustaches in Vogue.
A man wearing a head full of black
hair and a lip full of white bristles
attracted the attention of a dealer in
wigs yesterday. He said: "This is the
latest fad. The man has bleached his
mustache. The bleach is not applied
by hairdressers, but is sold in bottles
and applied at home. One application
of the bleach will turn a fierce red
mustache into a lovely blonde or old
gold tint. You can find as many
popular. Beards for the bleach is be-
coming popular. Beards are treated in
the same way, and men with dark
hair and light mustaches are increas-
ing every day. The bleach is injurious
to the hair, and the only way to re-
store the original color is to shave the
mustache off and let it grow out
again. It is hard to detect a bleached
mustache, but it is not a good idea to
try it."

Co-operative Criticism.
A "mutual admiration society" of a new
kind has been started in one city with good
success and with benefit to the privileged
members. A few girls invented it as a joke,
but have kept it up, finding it to be a good
thing. The girls are observed each other,
and taken as to who shall use them, and
with a view to it an artistic and stylish
costume a girl can bid defiance to high
priced gown makers by either having a good
mustache carry out the idea or, if she has
one, she can carry it out.

AN AFFLICTED CITIZEN.

His Plutiful Story Failed to Move This
Very Hard Hearted Woman.

"If you can spare me a few moments of
your time, madam," he said, taking off a
hat that had seen better days in the dim
and misty past, "I should like to explain
why I am compelled to appear before you
as an applicant for charity."

"Proceed," said the lady.
"You have no objections, I presume,
to my leaning against this pillar of the por-
to to rest myself?"

He leaned his robust frame against one
of the posts, coughed behind his hand, and
began:

"I have not always been reduced to this
necessity, madam. In happier days not far
distant I was at the head of a success-
ful business in a flourishing city. I had a
good bank account, I was in the enjoy-
ment of excellent health, my domestic re-
lations were pleasant, and I was the recip-
ient of many civic offices. My troubles be-
gan with the death of my grandfather, he
bequeathed to me a one red bandanna hand-
kerchief, wiped a corner of his eye and re-
sumed:

"He was a good man, and I was much at-
tached to him. His loss moved me deeply.
Then my only great-uncle died. To lose
one's only great-uncle, madam," he con-
fessed in a broken voice, "brings a pang
that I trust you may never know."

"What next?" inquired the lady.
"The next affliction that befell me was a
fire that destroyed the home of my wife's
aunt. She was a most estimable lady.
The loss was total, and there was no in-
surance. I sympathized deeply with her,
and she—she came to spend the winter
with me. She brought her whole family."

He paused as if to note the effect of this,
coughed behind his hand again, and wiped
his eyes with the bandanna reminiscence
as before.

"Well, madam, I bore up as well as I
could until my boy—the eldest—the center
of my fondest hopes—excuse this emotion,
madam."

"Certainly."
"I bore up until my boy began to chew
tobacco. Then my health failed."
"You don't look like a sickly man."
"I am aware of it, madam. My trouble is
one of—of nerves, madam—of nerves. The
doctors advise me to travel. I could
not follow their advice then, owing to busi-
ness complications. In the troubles that
came upon me our stock of goods had run
down to some extent. Then came the tariff
excitement, and—"

"What had that to do with it?"
"It was the final blow. We had expected,
of course, to lose our goods up and real-
ize handsomely, but—"

"Well."
"We—we had no goods to mark up."
"And then?"
"And then I took to the—that is, I be-
gan to travel. It was the doctor's advice."
"Then?"
"Yes, then you—"

"Why don't you go ahead?"
"Madam," said the traveler, straighten-
ing himself up, "I see it is useless. I have
not awakened your sympathies."
"Not a cent's worth."
"Not even to the extent of"—he suggest-
ed, with another laborious cough behind
his hand—"of a cold collation?"

"I might have known it," he exclaimed,
putting on his hat and turning away. "In
telling my story, madam, I am usually in-
terrupted at the great-uncle part of it by
the offer of substantial sympathy. To the
fact that you permitted me to proceed un-
til I became tangled up in my tale, I am
indebted. I have not fallen in my own
esteem, madam, but my faith in human
nature has received a terrible shock."

He thrust one hand in the breast of what
had been a black cloth coat, and what a
majestic farewell with the other, and was
gone.—Chicago Tribune.

Drift from the Wreck of Concord School.
Rising Essayist—Now that you have
read the manuscript can you not suggest
a few alterations—some things as felicitous
as "Proverbial Philosophy" or "Guesses at
Truth," you know?

Distinguished Critic—Why don't you
call it "Robinson's Universal Encyclopedia
of Platitude"—Judge.

The Eve of the Wedding.
She (suddenly bursting into tears)—
Harry, sup-pose it should rain to-
morrow.
He (tenderly)—Why, my dearest, you are
not superstitious?
She—No, but think how my hair would
look—Munsey's Weekly.

A Silver Lining.
Wife—Horror! Husband, I've just
heard there is a case of smallpox in the
flat above us.
Husband—Yes, I know about it. That's
all right. It's the young man who plays
the flute.—New York Weekly.

He Wished It Had More.
Tangle—I hear that your next door
neighbors have a very good organ. Do you
know how many stops it has?
Bronson—Only about three a day, and
those are not very long ones.—Light.

Mixing the Websters U.
Laker (member of the Chicago Literary
society)—Daniel Webster was noted for his
diction.
Livewyte (another member)—Yes, sir,
and also for his diction.—Judge.

A Hazy Joke.
She—What a peculiar haze there is about
the moon to-night!
He (Harvard U.)—Yes, it's a fresh moon,
you see.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Conscientious Youth.
Students—Tom, you are a lazy fellow.
Why don't you apply yourself to some-
thing?
Olson—That is just what I am doing.
You have often told me that a fellow ought
to devote himself to what he can do best,
and I am doing that.

LEGENDS OF THE WEST.

POETIC STORIES CONNECTED WITH
PLACES IN IOWA.

Legends That Speak Well for the Morals
of the Early Western Settlers—The Birth
of the "Lone Tree"—Two Incidents in
Which Providence Was Credited.

The legends of the west are as sturdy, as in-
dependent and as forcible as the men who
created them, and for this reason, if no other,
deserve more than passing mention.

What could, for instance, be more poetic
than the story of the "Lone Tree," which
was related to the writer not long ago by one
of the oldest settlers of Eastern Iowa. The
tale is so full of truth, and the legend is
based on an oak tree, for many years the
only one standing within a radius of eight or
nine miles. How did the tree come there?

The unsophisticated pioneers could not
explain, so they resorted to invention, and
gave currency to a story which will live
long after the facts have been forgotten. Early
in the year 1830, so the report goes, soon
after the so-called Blackhawk purchase had
been consummated, a young couple emigrated
from New York state to the west.

The man (Bill Brewster was his name) was
open hearted, hospitable and courageous,
and his wife was a representative American
woman of the middle class, industrious, kind
and faithful. After their arrival in Iowa
the two young people went out "prospect-
ing" looking for suitable land every day,
and finally reached a tract of flat prairie land
which promised to yield rich crops. Here
they decided to take up their abode; and the
woman, relieved of all anxiety and worry,
then and there gave birth to a son, and at
the same moment—to commemorate the event—
an oak sapling sprang up, which was
eventually called the "Lone Tree."

The sapling, in course of time, became a stout
oak tree, and stood for many years in its iso-
lated position, a mystery to the uninitiated,
an object of never ceasing curiosity to the
old settlers, and a monument of interest to
the student of American life and manners.

Until a vandal cut it down, four or five years
ago, to obtain a supply of fire wood, without
the necessity of hauling it nine or ten miles.

Scarcely less interesting is a bit of legend-
ary talk current in the region of the Wyom-
ing hills—a chain of mound like elevations
located on the western shore of the Missis-
sippi river, between the towns of Davenport
and Muscatine. In these hills were found
upon a time the meeting place of thousands
of Indians, and hundreds of their dead were
buried in gigantic mounds constructed on
the crests of the elevations. When the white
settlers first appeared they received a cold
welcome from the red men who wandered
through the country which was once their
own, but had been ceded to the United States
government by their chiefs.

The savages carried vengeance in their
hearts and murder in their eyes, and many
a bold agriculturist, who had braved the
handiwork of a more life to acquire some
land for his family, never returned from his
confined, and the wailing and lamentations
of widowed women and fatherless children
were echoed from one farm to the other al-
most every week. One of these went out
one Sunday morning to collect his cattle
from the crests of the hills, not no-
ticing the form of a Indian who was lying
concealed among the tall weeds growing on
the summit. The settler's foot never crossed
the threshold of his home again. He was
cruelly murdered by the hidden foe, and his
body thrown in the waters of the Mississippi.

His wife, growing anxious about his well-
fare, at noon sent out her boy to fetch his
father home. The child, hurried to
hasten her father's return. The child, hurried
to danger, undertook the task, but had not
proceeded far when she noticed a red man on
the hill, and, turning around, one behind
her. Escape seemed impossible, but just at
that moment a creeper large enough to con-
ceal her opened in the side of the hill. She
sought the refuge thus providentially offered,
and as soon as she had concealed herself, the
creeper closed, and to her startled sight was
revealed a cavern of large dimensions, of
which she was the only occupant.

Not until the following evening did she
crevice open again. The girl, almost dead
with this time, crept out of her hiding
place, and, seeing that all danger was past,
ran home, where she related her strange
story to a number of neighbors who had met
at the cabin to solve the mystery of her dis-
appearance. Subsequent search failed to re-
veal a cavern anywhere near where the girl
had been so miraculously saved, but it would
nevertheless be a dangerous thing to doubt
the veracity of this tale in the presence of
the few survivors of those stirring times,
and popular taste has applied to the hill,
which will never or later be made famous
by this story, the not very euphonious but
significant name of "Providence Hole."

Another and scarcely less interesting in-
stance of providential interference with the
affairs of men has many believers among the
folk inhabiting the bottom lands of the
river. In the early days of Iowa settlement
the territory was inhabited by a wild, im-
perate class of people, who lived on what
they could steal from more industrious
neighbors. Horse stealing was the favorite
pursuit of the male portion of this commu-
nity, and many enterprising men saw the
fruits of their depredations at the most inop-
portune times. Horse thieves in those days
expected no mercy when they had the mis-
fortune to fall into the hands of the settlers,
and when one bright June morning in the
year 1830 nine of them were caught by a de-
tachment of outraged farmers they prepared
themselves to meet death with but a faint
hope.

The gang was conducted to a huge oak tree
on the banks of the Cedar river, whose fine
branches invited the settlers to finish their
work of vengeance. One man after the
other was supplied with a hempen necktie,
and arrangements were made to send them
to kingdom come at the same instant. The
signal was given. A fierce stroke of light-
ning and a deafening roar of thunder fol-
lowed the command which was to end the
earthly existence of nine human beings.
Eight bodies dangled in the air. The ninth
was lying on the ground, saved by the light-
ning, which had ripped the branch on which
he was hanging from the trunk of the tree.
It was a miracle, for the man, after recover-
ing from his stupor, proved his innocence to
the satisfaction of the "vigilantes." The
eight thieves had met their fate, but provid-
ence interfered in a way that could not be
misunderstood to save the life of the guilt-
less.

The tree made famous by this incident is
still standing—at least it was two years ago,
and the strange tale here related has become
a legend among the old settlers of the
vicinity, which is no longer the hiding
place of desperadoes, but a veritable Eden
inhabited by intelligent and prosperous fam-
ilies.—C. W. Weippert in Journal of Ameri-
can Folk-Lore.

Doubles.
Philosopher—No, sir, I don't believe any
man has a double.
Mistake of a Doubt.

SOME GOOD EGYPTIAN STORIES.

Brought to Light by the Researches of
an American Physician.

Egypt was for ages the land of mystery.
It is now the open door which gives us a
good view of the life of a people who were
the "ancestors" to Herodotus and others
whom we call "ancients." People
who have not
made it a study
have scarcely any
conception of the
extraordinary pro-
gress made since
the key to the old
hieroglyphics was
discovered; but
the record is now
so complete and
the facts so clearly
proven that even the
school books begin the
"authentic history" of As-
syrria with the reign of Sargon 3,800 years
before Christ.

Even at that time there had been wars
between Assyria and Egypt which were
spoken of as ancient.
The records of Egypt
begin to date in a period 1,800 years
before Moses, but hundreds of private citi-
zens wrote out circumstantial accounts of
their lives, which were laid in their tombs
and are now read by scholars. Among
others, Dr. S. A. BIRN, of New York, has
given much time to a study of these per-
sonal sketches, and he has recently com-
piled the most interesting of them in a
work of rare interest. Some of them are
very amusing, especially that of the Prince
Ramesses. The original record looks to the
uneducated like a set of goose tracks in
yellow mud, but the English of it tells
this story:

When very young he fell in love and was
for awhile unhappy, but did not lose his
appetite. On the contrary he relieved his
mind by going to banquets where he met
several jolly fellows. After his good
spirits were restored his beard grew and he
began to study the duties of a man. He
learned that his corpse would have to lie
in a mummy state 4,000 years before the
reviving gods would take him before
Osiris. The mummy would need food
during these 4,000 years, and so surviving
friends painted his breakfast, dinner and
supper on the walls of the tomb, enabling
him to live clearly during the interval by
simply looking at them.

The "Ritual of the Dead" is a minute
account of the examination before Osiris.
One god examined the stomach, another
the lungs, a third the heart and so on, and
I will report that these organs had not
been abused. The subject was then put
through a catadictum as to the way he
treated his parents, his servants, his wife,
his children and even his mother-in-law.
There was a devil or demon to act as prose-
cutor, and sometimes a whole board of
them to get up evidence and frame in
dictments.

One very interesting fact found in these
personal histories is that frauds were com-
mon in embalming the dead, from which
it would seem that many priests and un-
der-takers did not have as strong a faith in
the judgment as the common people did.

For instance, it would cost about \$1,000 to
prepare a mummy, and the sacred an-
imals, and so these ancient frauds would
only embalm the head, and for the rest of
the body make an ingenious imitation out
of wool, reeds, corn husks, etc. Another
fact of interest is that the people were
monogamous and the social position of
women was higher than in the Egypt of
today. On the whole, the record proves
the Egyptians of 4,000 or 5,000 B. C. to have
been a splendid set of fellows and main-
ly sorry that they died.

A CRECULOUS OLD MAN.
How the Late King of Wurttemberg Squan-
dered His Substance.

The recent death of King Charles of
Wurttemberg has revived some very ugly
scandals, involving two or three
Americans. These men had obtained
such an extraordinary
influence over the old king
that he ennobled them, squandered
his revenue as they pleased, and finally
lived entirely with them,
secluded in his palace. Then
Queen Olga and the court officials
interfered, the parasites were driven away
and for the rest of his life the king was
virtually a prisoner in the royal apart-
ments.

Karl Friedrich Alexander was born
March 6, 1823, married Olga Nicolaevna,
daughter of Czar Nicholas of Russia, July
12, 1846, and succeeded his father as King
June 26, 1891. He co-operated with Prussia
in organizing the new Germany and was in
general a liberal ruler. He formed a strong
attachment to Richard M. Jackson, of
Ohio, vice consul at Stuttgart, made him
his reader, created him a baron and be-
stowed princely gifts on him.

Mr. Jackson, the Rev. Charles B. Wood-
cock, of New York, and Mr. Donald Hen-
ry, of St. John, N. B., were introduced
into the palace, and, according to the Wur-
tembergers, those men swindled the old
monarch shamefully. One of their meth-
ods was by spiritual manifestations, in
which the king was persuaded that he
could talk with his princely ancestors.
The king's purse was exhausted in enrich-
ing these men, and the people threatened
so loudly that they departed in a hurry.

In Don Pedro's Former Realm.
According to the recent census the city
of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has a population
of 800,000, of whom 235,705 can read and
write. The government of Brazil has de-
signed to send a large number of the
Empire Don Pedro twenty-one tin boxes
and documents of a private character which
were left in the government archives. It
was stated that the cocoa (cacao) harvest
along the Amazon river is greater this year
than for any year previous except in 1886.

Cuba's Sugar Shipments.
Recent Havana advices show that of this
year's crop of sugar 2,105,260 bags had been
shipped from Cuba to the United States up
to the 31st of