

PROVED A POET.

A Youthful Experience of John Greenleaf Whittier.

John Greenleaf Whittier used to declare that at a very early age he knew himself to be a real poet and would often relate, writes Mrs. Abby J. Woodman in her "Reminiscences of Whittier's Life at Oak Knoll," an amusing experience when he was a student at the Haverhill academy. Mrs. Woodman gives it in Mr. Whittier's own words:

There is but little doubt that at the age of twenty I felt myself to be a real poet, somewhat unknown to fame but sufficiently acknowledged as such by the committee directing the delivery of the new academy for them to invite me to read an original poem on that occasion.

Robert Dinwiddie, an old Scotch farmer in Windham and a writer of rhyme and doggerel verse, was also invited to do the same. The honor of leading the procession which marched through the streets of Haverhill to the new academy was given to the two poets.

I often laugh when I recall the scene to memory. The hale old Scotchman short and plump, his uncertain step and bearing slightly exhilarated by a generous draft of old Scotch whisky, before we started, was somewhat of a contrast to me, a rather tall and slender Quaker lad in Quaker hat and coat and half frightened out of my wits by the honor heaped upon me.

However, we delivered our poems a' right, and I am thinking that must have been the time when I was dubbed "the Quaker poet."

A STRANGE LAKE.

Sulphur Island's Acid Waters Will Eat Up Boats.

A strange lake exists in the center of Sulphur Island, off New Zealand. It is fifty acres in extent, about twelve feet in depth and fifteen feet above the level of the sea.

The most remarkable characteristic of this lake is that the water contains vast quantities of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids hissing and bubbling at a temperature of 110 degrees F.

The dark green colored water looks particularly uninviting. Dense clouds of sulphuric fumes constantly roll off this boiling caldron, and care has to be exercised in approaching this lake to avoid the risk of suffocation. On the opposite side of the lake may be seen the tremendous blowholes, which when in full blast present an awe inspiring sight.

The roar of the steam as it rushes forth into the air is deafening, and often huge bowlders and stones are hurled out to a height of several hundred feet by the various internal forces of nature.

A boat can be lunched on the lake, and if proper care be observed the very edges of the blowholes may be safely explored.

Some idea of the strength of the acid saturated water of this lake may be gathered from the fact that a boat at most dropped to pieces after all the passengers had been landed, as the rivets had corroded under the influence of the acids.

Strange Rice of Ancient Britons.

Among the races of humankind which away back of history's record passed like clouds over various parts of the earth one of the most puzzling to ethnologists is that of the early bronze age men who dwelt in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and are supposed to have constructed the special form of stone circles whose remains are now found there. These men differed significantly, says J. Gray, from all the prehistoric racial types previously determined in Britain. They were remarkably broad headed, and their average stature was only five feet three inches, as shown by skeletons. The British neolithic race was markedly long headed, and the bronze age race, which built the round tumuli, was also long headed and tall.

Man and Woman.

Father Vaughan of London, preaching on marriage, remarked that a woman said to him: "When you have seen one man you have seen them all in their moods and tempers. They are all alike." His reply was: "It may be so, but woman is like an irregular French verb, and unless a man studies her in all her peculiar moods and tempers he will misconstrue and misinterpret her, much to his disadvantage."

An Overdressed Drama.

It is only in the last fifty years that the true purpose of the theater, the decent interpretation of the drama, has been utterly obscured. Today carpenters, costumers and wigmakers throw the humble playwright into the shade.—National Review.

Painful Memories.

Mr. Jorkins—I wish he wouldn't sing that song about "Falling Dew." Mrs. Jorkins—Why not? Mr. Jorkins—It reminds me too much of the house rent.—Baltimore American.

Reprive.

"What, divorced already? Why, my dear fellow, I supposed you were up against it for life." "No; I got time allowance for bad behavior."—Puck.

Careless.

Mrs. Henspeck—You were talking in your sleep last night, Henry. Mr. Henspeck—I beg your pardon, my dear, for having interrupted you.—Stray Stories.

What is everybody's business is nobody's business.—Walton.

Belated Revenge.

"Once when I was a small lad on my father's farm in Ohio," said a judge, "a peddler got me to help him make some repairs to his wagon. I did so without any thought of pay, but when the vehicle was mended as he drove off he told me the next time he came by our house on his rounds he would bring me a gift in the shape of a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' a book I had long coveted. How I waited for him to come again and how my heart fell when he failed to bring me the volume! Again and again he promised, but never made good his word. Years passed, and I grew to manhood, but the memory of that cruel disappointment never vanished from my mind. I was made a school trustee of my district, and one day a man applied for a position as teacher. In him I recognized the peddler who had blasted my youthful hopes. There was another candidate for the job, and mine was the deciding vote. Nothing in life ever gave me more pleasure than in voting against the ex-peddler, who for his deception on a boy lost a good place. It was perhaps carrying the spirit of revenge too far, but there are not many who would have done otherwise."—Baltimore American.

A Skater's Daring.

Few feats of skating have ever excelled the exploit of one of Napoleon's officers performed shortly after the fight at Jena in 1806. The emperor dispatched an officer to Marshal Mortier requiring him to seize certain important towns without delay. When the officer arrived at the mouth of the Elbe, where the river is seven and one-half miles wide, he was threatened with serious loss of time. The river was just covered with ice; therefore to row over was out of the question. He could not cross by the nearest bridge without going twenty miles out of his way on roads heavy with snow, and he grudged the time that would thus be wasted. So he resolved to skate across the thin, freshly formed ice. Had he tried walking he would have sunk at once, but by skimming along on his skates at the top of his speed he got over the river both dry and unharmed. By this daring if dangerous deed he saved six hours, did what Napoleon bade him do and won great credit for his bold and clever exploit.

London Bakers in 1310.

In 1310 we find the following Bow bakers accused of selling halfpenny loaves deficient in weight: Sarra Foting, Christina Terrice, Godlyeva Foting, Matilda de Bollington, Christina Prchet, Isabella Sperling, Alice Pegges, Johanna de Countebrygge and Isabella Pouveste. One wonders why the husbands were not summoned. In a similar case in 1316, when Agnes Foting's bread was seized, it was adjudged that her bread should be forfeited and given to the prisoners in Neugate because her husband did not come to avow (own) the bread." Are we to assume that in the absence of the husbands the bread was merely forfeited without the infliction of a fine? An indication of the importance of the breadmaking business is also found in an enactment of the reign of Henry III. to the effect that "every cart of Bremble (Bromley-by-Bow) or Stevenheth (Stepney) that comes into the city with bread shall pay each day a halfpenny."—St. James' Gazette.

A Tardy Act of Justice.

Marriages between English actresses and men of a high social position began in the eighteenth century, if not earlier. There was Lavinia Fenton, the Polly Peachum of Gay's "Beggars' Opera," who became Duchess of Bolton; there was Miss Farren, who married Lord Derby; also Miss Brunton became Lady Craven not long before Lord Thurlow married Miss Bolton. Earliest of the list, though, comes the Earl of Peterborough, who married Anastasia Robinson, the singer, and kept the marriage secret until a few days before his death in St. James' palace, when he assembled his relatives and friends and publicly acknowledged the woman "to whom he owed the best and happiest hours of his life," a tardy act of justice that caused the lady to swoon away.

How Ledgers Got Their Name.

On the authority of the best lexicographers "ledger" is an adaptation of a once common word, "ligger," signifying any large book suited better for lying on a desk than for carrying about. Sometimes this was applied to a large account book, cartulary, or the like, frequently a great breviary for use in church, as distinct from a "portax," or small one, carried by a "book bosom priest." "Coucher" is another old synonym for "ligger," the foregoer of the now general "ledger."

Old Theory Confirmed.

Tommy, whose nose was out of joint, had been permitted to see the new baby in its bath.

Where's his other leg?

"Where's his other leg?" he asked, spying the infant with strong disfavor. "It's doubled up under him," explained the nurse.

Yes!

"Yes!" he snorted. "Jes' like de blamed stork what brung 'im!"—Puck.

Saved Her Life.

Riggs—Hear about Mrs. Titewadd? Told her husband she would kill herself if he didn't buy her a new hat. Jiggs—What did Titewadd do? Riggs—Got estimates on funerals, found he could save \$2 by buying the hat and saved her life.—Baltimore American.

Stage Paint.

Painting the face on the stage is a barbarous custom come down to us from the age of oil lamps and candles. With gas and electric light and opera glasses for the remote seats in the house it is not needed.—London Mask.

AN AMUSING CUSTOM.

Spaniards Trick Themselves Into Wanting a Glass of Water.

Writing of experiences with Spanish hospitality, Ellen Maury Slayden in the Century says: The cafes were always crowded to suffocation, and yet we lingered past the small hours, the men smoking dozens of cigarettes and the women dipping bits of wafer into chocolate as leisurely as if they had the night instead of the day before them. A favorite drink was a thin almond milk which looked like something for the complexion and which, after tasting, I would have much preferred applying externally. There was a refreshing absence of the highball and cocktail element, and no one ever seemed to take too much to drink.

It is always amusing to see these most temperate people tricking themselves into wanting a glass of water. They recommend certain dishes and enjoy their eternal chocolate chiefly because "it makes one so thirsty." Visiting a country house once, we were invited into the dining room and I hoped for tea. The table was elaborately spread. We were seated and each helped to a delicious conserved peach and tenderly urged to eat it to make us want some water. When we had eaten the peach and drunk the water the ceremony was complete.

SENIORITY IN CONGRESS.

Experience Carries Influence—Old Members Relied on For Work.

A man's standing in congress is gained by seniority. His influence there comes from length of service, provided, of course, that it is the right kind of service.

New men, no matter how ambitious and zealous, have very little influence. They do not and cannot begin their work where their predecessors left off. Speechmaking does not bring them influence. Work brings it—committee work.

Members rank in their committees by seniority. Besides, new members do not get and cannot get in the usual course of things appointments to the more important committees. These appointments go to the tried men, who by length of service coupled with ability are chosen in the house for the vacant places.

Some constituencies know this and act accordingly. Some constituencies ignore the fact and gain nothing by ignoring it. In fact, they lose weight in the councils of congress by frequently changing their representatives simply to gratify the ambitions of local politicians.—Boston Herald.

A Story About Rodin.

The Cri de Paris tells a most amusing story of true about Rodin and some unnamed rich American woman who had selected him to make a statue of herself, full length and so far as possible a portrait. She had posed ten times in antique costume when Rodin told her that he did not need her any more and that he would finish the work at his leisure. When the American came again she found to her amazement that the head of the statue bore no resemblance whatever to her. She complained bitterly that no one would even recognize her. "It is true," said the great sculptor dreamily. "Your head did not inspire me at all. At first I thought I would not put any head on the statue, as I have been accustomed to do of late, but after I had thought it over carefully in order not to offend you I put in place of your face that of Mme. de R. She had ordered hers of me, but never paid for it. At any rate, you will gain much by this change!"

The Earth's Visibility.

As we look up through the transparent atmosphere on a clear night and see the moon beaming brilliantly down upon us we may think, "What a wonderful sight the continents and oceans of the earth would present if we could view them from the moon!" But, according to the conclusions of the director of the astrophysical observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, a man on the moon would catch but fleeting glimpses of the outlines of our continents. "The true radiating surface of the earth as a planet," says the scientist, "is chiefly the water vapor at an elevation of 4,000 meters (13,000 feet) or more above the sea level." In consequence the man in the moon would see the features of the earth dimly outlined in the glare of light reflected from the atmosphere.—Youth's Companion.

Camels and Campbells.

An Irishman and a Scotchman were discussing the horrors of living in a prohibition state, when the Irishman remarked: "Sure, an' ye might get used to it after awhile. Ye know they say a camel can go eight days without drinkin'." "Hoot, mon!" retorted the other. "It's little ye know about the Campbells when ye say that. There is na one o' them could go eight hours w'out a drap o' somethin'!" Which ended the discussion.—New York Times.

Golftalmia.

Golftalmia is a poisonous and insidious bacterium which, in my dreams, under the powerful lens of my heated imagination, assumes the shape of something between a niblick, a golfer's oath and a caddie's smile—my caddie's. A strange, unsightly, grewsome, twisted, creeping, muttering thing.—Throne and Country.

The difference between a man's hand shake and the wag of a dog's tail is that the wag is always sincere.—Marlon (Ga.) Patriot.

Oppressive in Sight.
"Well," demanded the man who was having his fortune told, "what do you see?"

"You are married," said the lady who was examining his palm.

"Yes. But I knew that before I came here."

"You have always had to fight your way ahead—that is, you have progressed by hard work. You have never been favored much by luck."

"Very true. Still, that isn't exactly what I came here to find out. Can't you tell me something about the future?"

"Yes. You are going to live long. Your life line is very strong. And here I see something very important—something that will encourage you. Your salary is going to be increased."

"Good. That's the kind of news I want. You're sure about it, are you?"

"Yes. You will get it before long."

"And is there anything to indicate about how much it is to be increased?"

"It will be much larger than it is now. Let me see. Yes. It will be as large as your wife tries to make her friends think it is at present."

He could ask no more. With a feeling of courage in his breast he handed out \$2 and went away to the triumph that awaited him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Managing Small Sailboats.

It is quite a trick to lower a mainsail properly. In the first place, the hoops should be just large enough—not so large, however, that the sail does not set close to the mast. Lower the throat first and follow it with the peak. If the peak is dropped first, says a writer in Country Life in America, the sail will not come down. It goes without saying that the sail must be shaken when you want to lower it. To lower a centerboard when under way put the helm up and keep the boat off. A small boat can be stopped by putting the helm up and down across the boat quickly. This is useful in coming up to a dock or mooring. A boat can be got out of stays by dropping her peak and then hoisting it when she is under way. Another way is to put the helm down, slack the main sheet and let her drift back; then trim her quickly and she will sail away. Always go to the lee side of a dock. When a boat is towed make sure that it has a good painter, especially at night.

Candor.

The colonel had remonstrated vigorously with Uncle Eph about the old dorky's persistent excursions into the state of inebriation. Uncle Eph, though he promised faithfully to refrain from frequent dips into the flowing bowl, failed to live up to the colonel's expectations. On numerous occasions the colonel saw Eph under the influence of liquor, but the dorky when taken to task stoutly denied the accusation, affirming emphatically that he did not drink. One evening the colonel met Uncle Eph in a condition which made it plainly evident that the dorky was "caught with the goods on."

"Eph," began the colonel seriously. "I thought you told me that you had given up drinkin'."

"Ah sho' did, Massa Kern! Ah sho' did," replied Eph. "But lately Ah dun took up drinkin' an' gib up lyin'."—Harper's Weekly.

The Crab in the Oyster.

"The little crab found in the oyster," said a dealer, "is not, as supposed by two-thirds of the oyster eaters, the young of the blue crab, but is a distinct species. It is a messmate of and caterer to the wants of the oyster, being, therefore, a benefit instead of a detriment to the latter. In return for the oyster's kindness in protecting it against its enemies the little crab catches and crushes food which in its entire state could not be taken by the oyster. A singular thing in connection with them is that all found inside of the oyster are females. The male of the same variety has a hard shell."

A Story For Papa.

There is a moral in this little story of child life. "Mamma," asked little three-year-old Freddie, "are we going to heaven some day?" "Yes, dear; I hope so," was the reply. "I wish papa could go, too," continued the little fellow. "Well, and don't you think he will?" asked his mother. "Oh, no," replied Freddie; "he could not leave his business!"

Not of That Nationality.

A gentleman was much annoyed by having his head pinched during the operation of hair cutting. The barber apologized and explained that there was an unusual bump there. "Are you a phrenologist?" asked the patient. "No, sir," answered the barber. "I'm a Swede."—London Globe.

Nature.

Nature is just toward men. It recompenses them for their sufferings; it renders them laborious, because to the greatest toils it attaches the greatest rewards.—Montesquieu.

Charges.

"Your lawyer made some pretty severe charges against the other fellow, didn't he?" "Y-e-s, but you ought to see how he charged me!"

A Busy Time.

On a windy day it is quite trying for a woman to attempt to hold up her skirt, hold on her hat and hold her tongue all at once.—Philadelphia Record.

All's to be feared where all's to be gained.—Byron.

TODD & CO

Clothiers and Furnishers
The Store That
Makes Good.



THE ELEMENT IS OVER and has been elected by the people President. Now let us all join and boost for Tillamook. A community by working and together, not talking ing. Boost. Don't

Men's Clothing, Hats, Shoes
Furnishing Goods.
And at the Right Prices.

Todd & Co., Tillamook

PURITY
above everything distinguished
WEINHARD'S BEER
From the Common
Used on the family table it turns a dry lunch into an enjoyable sustaining meal, makes homes cheerful, keep the men at home and effective aid to real temperance.
Orders should be Sent to the
Columbia Bottling Co
Astoria, Oregon
Agents for the H. Weinhard Brewing Manufacturers
Tillamook Rock Brand Carbonated Beverages.

Now is the time to invest in Tillamook
Values will double in a few years.

W. E. Catterlin.
CATTERLIN & SHAW
Real Estate Agents.
Main Street, Tillamook City, op. Larsen Bldg.

Buy Your Feed
from the
RAY FEED COMPANY
Store in the Tyler Building

Splendid Quality of
Barley, Oats and Rolled Barley
Star Brand Barley.
WILLIAM CURTISS, Manager