

## BULLIED THE CLUB

London Duelist Who Forced His Way Into Brooks'.

### VETOED HIS OWN REJECTION.

After Having Been Balloted For and Unanimously Blackballed He Made Every Member Deny His Vote and Then Declared Himself Elected.

It was a witty bishop who once defined a club as a place "where women cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Another amusing definition was that given by George Augustus Sala. "A club," said he, "is a weapon used by savages to keep the white woman at a distance." Nowadays, however, as Ralph Nevill remarks in his book, "London Clubs," things are different. "Within the last twenty-five years or so the spirit of London club life has entirely changed. The old fashioned clubman, whose whole life was bound up with one or other of these institutions, is now practically extinct."

Perhaps the most striking story which Mr. Nevill tells regarding Brooks' club is that concerning the famous duelist, George Robert Fitzgerald, who was executed for murder in 1786. No first class London club would admit him. His name does not appear in the club list, though he must in a sort of way be regarded as having belonged to the club. He was, however, in it only once, though it was his boast that he had been unanimously chosen a member.

Owing to Fitzgerald's well known duelling propensities no first class London club would admit him. Nevertheless he got Admiral Keith Stewart, who knew that he must fight Fitzgerald or comply, to propose him for Brooks'.

Accordingly the duelist went with the admiral on the day of the election to the clubhouse and waited downstairs while the ballot was in progress. The result, a foregone conclusion, was unfavorable to the candidate, not even one white ball being among the black, the admiral having been among the first to deposit his. Mr. Brooks eventually went to tell Fitzgerald, who was waiting in the hall, that there was one black ball and that therefore his candidature had failed.

Thrusting aside Brooks, who protested that nonmembers might not enter the clubrooms, Fitzgerald flew upstairs and entered the room. Walking up to the fireplace, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart.

"So, my dear admiral, Mr. Brooks informs me that I have been elected three times."

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart.

"Well, then," replied the duelist, "did you blackball me?"

"My good sir," answered the admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing?"

"Oh, I supposed no such thing, my dear fellow. I only want to know who it was that dropped the black ball in by accident, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member and put the same question to all in turn. "Did you blackball me, sir?" until he made the record of the whole club, and in each case he received a reply similar to that of the admiral.

When he had finished his investigations he thus addressed the whole body: "You see, gentlemen, that as none of you have blackballed me I must be elected. It is Mr. Brooks who has made the mistake."

After this nothing more was said by the members, who determined to ignore the presence of their dangerous visitor, who drank three bottles of champagne in enforced silence, for no one would answer him when he spoke.

When he had done this was agreed "that half a dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to bear him off to the watch house if he attempted again to intrude, but Mr. Fitzgerald, aware probably of the reception he might get, never did."

As a matter of blackballing, Mr. Nevill mentions the greatest instance of blackballing probably ever known, which took place some years ago at a ladies' club, where one candidate received three more black balls than the number of members present—a case of excessive zeal indeed!

The practical joker is naturally not unknown in the most solemn of clubs, and "some irrepressible jokers have paid for their love of fun by having to resign their membership. One of them, whose escapades were notorious in London twenty years ago, sitting half asleep in a certain bohemian club, became annoyed at a very red headed waiter who kept buzzing about his chair. The sight of the fiery locks was eventually too much for this wild spirit, and, darting up and seizing the man, he emptied a bottle of black ink over his head before he could escape. The result, of course, was expulsion from the club, besides which very substantial compensation was rightly paid to the waiter."

**Sauce.**  
"The impudence of that young brother of mine!" exclaimed Mrs. Nagger. "He just told me I was no chicken when I married you."  
"Well," replied her unsympathetic husband, "that's true enough. You weren't a chicken, were you?"  
"No; I was a goose."—Philadelphia Press.

**True Love.**  
"She says she would let her husband go hungry before she would cook a meal for him."  
"That is what I call true love."—Houston Post.

**Examine what is said, not him who speaks.**—Arabian Proverb.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—Swift.

## ALCOHOL AND MEMORY.

Influence of Intoxicating Liquor Upon One's Mentality.

Every person who drinks alcohol to excess, says Dr. Alexander Lambert in Success Magazine, will not show every form of mental deterioration that may be produced by excessive indulgence, and the degree of deterioration in intelligence which goes to make up the sum total of mentality varies greatly in different individuals.

All who drink alcohol to excess, however, show some diminution in their judgment. Judgment means the power of recalling various memories of perceptions through the senses, which have come in from the outside world, memories of ideas, memories of emotions and all the complicated association of ideas that these bring up, and in the recalling of them weigh each one with the other and judge of the value between them. This also means reasoning and decision for action. This power of reasoning and judging is weakened in the alcoholic, and in any brain long poisoned by alcohol it is an impossibility to exercise it. Memory itself is also weakened. There is excessive forgetfulness of the recent past, and in some cases of advanced alcoholism there is absolute forgetfulness of wide gaps of years; a man may be unable to remember anything from the last five minutes back for twenty years and then remember back to childhood.

The memories of childhood are more easily stamped on the brain than are those of adult life, both because it takes less to impress a child and because there is not the complexity of ideas crowding into the brain, nor the complexity of association of ideas to be recorded. Therefore memories of childhood make a deeper impress and last longer, and so the complex memories of the adult are the first to be forgotten in the alcoholic, and those of childhood remain.

## EARLY DAY CORONERS.

Their Inquests Covered a Wide Variety of Subjects.

It has been supposed and legal historians have told us that the office of coroner was originally instituted by King Alfred with that of the sheriff, both being designed to aid in keeping the peace when the earls gave up the wardships of the county. The legal historians are wrong, according to Dr. F. J. Waldo of the British Medicolegal society, who has traced the history of the coroner and his ancient office as far back as the year 1194.

In early days the coroner had a wider and more general jurisdiction than he now enjoys. Coroners were wont to "hold their views" not only upon deaths where an investigation was considered necessary, but also upon various serious crimes which were treated as occasions for the raising of revenue for the crown. The mission of the coroner to the state was not alone to investigate crimes and bring felons to justice. He superintended the forfeiture of money and personal property by criminals to the crown, for the recording of which he was responsible. These forfeitures were not confined in cases of violence and death to the property of the person who could be held directly responsible, but included animals and instruments to which loss of human life under any circumstances might be traceable.—New York World.

### Jackal Broth.

There are parts of Morocco, we are told by a French visitor, where jackal broth is highly esteemed as a table delicacy. A friendly sheik dissented vehemently when it was intimated that as jackals fed on carrion the broth must have a horrible flavor. "It is only a question of knowing how to prepare it," he said. "You put the jackal, skin and all, for two hours into a vessel of boiling water, then transfer it to another vessel. This process is repeated three times. After ten hours' boiling in five different waters, the carrion flavor disappears and the broth is delicious."—London Chronicle.

### Burglariou Crabs.

Sand crabs in the West Indies during the summer live in holes on the seashore just above high tide mark, retiring into them during the day and coming out at night. They have a singular habit in their nocturnal excursions of entering houses, the doors of which in warm weather are usually left open, and taking possession of small articles of clothing, such as collars, neckties and stockings, which they effectually conceal in their holes on the beach.

### Why She Couldn't.

The elder Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A woman friend once remarked to him, "I like your acting very much, Mr. Booth, but to be perfectly frank with you I can't get over your nose."  
"No wonder, madam," replied Booth; "the bridge is gone."

### A Comparison.

"A horse is man's truest friend," said the lover of animals.  
"He's more like a relation than a friend," replied Farmer Cornstomel.  
"He makes me think of my boy Josh; sits ready to eat an' liable to kick if you put him to work."—Washington Star.

### True Love.

"She says she would let her husband go hungry before she would cook a meal for him."  
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## RIDING THE BELLS.

Spectacular Feats of the Daring Ringers of Seville.

The ringing of a bell is not, as a rule, a performance particularly trying to the nerves, but there is one set of bell ringers the members of which must know no fear, for a moment of tremor would in all probability be for them the moment of death. They are the bell ringers of the Giralda, in Seville.

When the city is to make merry on feast days the ringers climb to the belfry, and then by the aid of a rope and steps cut in the wall of the tower each mounts to the bell he is to ring and stands astride the shoulder of the brazen monster. Then he presses the bell with his feet, holding on the cross-piece on which the mass of metal is swung.

Gradually the great bell sways to the muscular movement of the man astride it until it acquires a momentum that swings the hammer, first gently and then with increasing force as the sweep of the bell widens until the air is trembling from the giant blows that strike the massive sides of the monster.

The mere vibration of the atmosphere as the huge bells ring out would be enough to make an unpracticed ringer turn dizzy and fall from his perch. But this is not all, for many bells are ringing in the belfry at the same time in obedience to the movements of their riders, and the din is deafening.

Notwithstanding all this, the riders bend and rise and fall with the action of the bells, now appearing to the observer from below to be in a horizontal position as the bell reaches the limit of its swing and again riding gracefully to an upright position as the monster sways backward with another thundering note.

The most extraordinary part of the daring performance is the sight of a bell ringer calmly swaying the bell while it hangs far out of the belfry over the city, for the outward swing sends the counterpoise with the ringer into space beyond the arch.—Success Magazine.

## HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

Their Relation to a Man's Chances For Long Life.

The ideal insurance risk, from the point of view of height, is said to be from five feet seven inches to five feet nine inches tall. According to the National Fraternal congress, longevity and build have a close relation; the greater the variation in height from the above figure the greater the risk.

Brockbank says that tall men are not so long lived as their brothers whose heads are nearer to the ground. Men who are both tall and stout are not as good risks as stout men of medium or below medium height, says a writer in American Medicine. They do not bear acute illness so well, and accidents to them are likely to be more severe.

Risks over the allotted limit of weight are especially liable to diabetes, heart affections, apoplexy, gout, diseases of the kidneys and arteriosclerosis; excessive eating and abuse of alcohol are common among this class. It is stated that stout men under forty are worse risks than those over forty and under sixty, and that men who were unduly fat while they were boys are considered poor risks, especially if the tendency is hereditary.

Stout men are better average risks than their very thin brothers who are liable to tuberculosis and disorders of the nervous system. But for even the featherweight there is much consolation. He bears acute illness better than the heavyweight, and most of the people living beyond the allotted threescore years and ten are of light build. A slim, wiry, small framed man is said to be a better risk than a thin but big boned one.

### Ore Deposits.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored deep in the earth, below the reach of miners, but experts aver that there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust. Such deposits, it is said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions, ore deposits become too lean to repay working below 2,000 feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first, and poorer yet in the third thousand.

### A Stationary Growler.

"Well, how are you making it now?"  
"Still in the low grounds."  
"Why don't you climb higher?"  
"High climbin' makes my head swim."  
"Well, then, get a move on you."  
"Oh, no! I never move until the rent is due!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Strenuous.

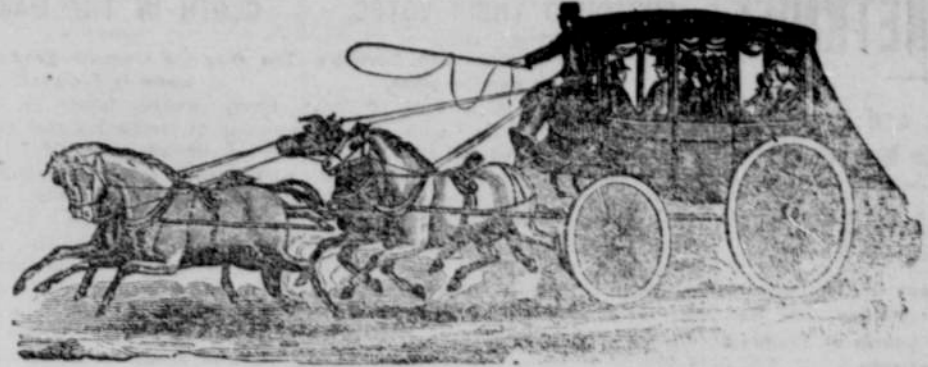
"Was the play exciting?"  
"Oh, very! The management had engaged two leading ladies, and there was a constant struggle for the center of the stage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Waiting For the Chance.

Marks—My old aunt had not been dead twenty-four hours when her parrot died too. Parks—The poor bird died of grief, I suppose. Marks—No; poison.—Boston Transcript.

### An Explanation.

"So you have been married! Did your husband die, or what?"  
"The latter."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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