

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## WOOL SEASON GOOD.

Yield is Large and Prices High and Growers Satisfied.

Portland—The Oregon wool season of 1909, which has now been brought to a close, has been one of the most successful in the history of the state. The yield was large and the price high, and the growers are entirely satisfied with the result. It has also been a profitable year, so far as it has gone, for the dealers.

The wool clip of Oregon this year netted the farmers of the state about \$4,000,000. They have also received very good prices for their mutton, sheep and lambs, and are altogether in as prosperous a condition as the farmers in other parts of the state who have devoted their energies to raising grain.

It has been an ideal year for the Oregon sheep men with the weather right at every season to produce the best results. As a consequence, the output was larger than it has been in recent years and the quality was better. At the same time there was a sharper demand from buyers and prices were higher.

The quality of the wool was excellent. It was of better staple than last year, though of heavier shrinkage, owing to the dry spring. The average weight of the fleeces was placed at 9 1/2 pounds, the heaviest average ever known in the state. The wool sheared fully one pound to the fleece more than it did last year.

The highest price paid during the season in Eastern Oregon was 23 cents, which was realized on a part of one clip at Shaniko. The larger part of the best grades sold between 20 and 22 cents. Some scouring wools went at 13 cents, and other coarse grades moved at prices up to 17 cents. For the clip, as a whole, the average price was about 19 1/4 cents.

## CLEARING UP LAND TITLES.

Special Agents Making Visit to Klamath County.

Klamath Falls—H. P. Jones, a special agent of the general land office, and Peter Ogden Applegate, state land agent, have arrived from Salem to inspect some lands about the lakes the titles of which are in question between the state and the United States.

The greater part of the lands in this section have long since been classified either as government or as belonging to the state under the swamp land grant of March 12, 1860, but there are some odds and ends still undetermined. The classification of these becomes very important, since the Klamath basin is now coming into its own and the rich alluvial lands about the lakes will soon be in great demand.

Messrs. Applegate and Jones went up the Klamath lake by launch to begin their examination of the low lands at the head of the lake and will probably spend several days in their investigations.

## Remove Government Dredge.

Marshfield—Captain Peters, who has had charge of the government dredge Oregon at work in Coos bay, has returned from Portland and announces that the dredge is to be removed in a week and taken to the Columbia river for repairs. The work started here is as yet uncompleted, but the efforts of the people to keep the dredge here were fruitless. It is quite likely now that the port commissioners will build a dredge of their own.

## Complaints of Late Trains.

Salem—A. F. Will, of Aurora, has complained to the railroad commission of poor train service maintained by the Southern Pacific at Aurora. The train due to arrive at 9:25 o'clock in the morning is from two to four hours late regularly, says Mr. Will, and that city had about as well not have any train as far as it is an accommodation to passengers and shippers.

## Government to Build Dredge.

Pendleton—The government has commenced advertising for bids for a \$10,000 bridge across the Umatilla river at Cayuse station. The appropriation for the structure was made last winter. The bridge will have a carrying capacity of 20 tons. The building of the bridge will form an important link in the construction of the proposed road to Wenaha springs.

## Governor Benson Invited.

Salem—There has been received at the governor's office a copy of the official call for the fourth annual session of the Dry Farming congress at Billings, Mont., October 26, 27 and 28. A feature of the congress will be governors' day, when the governor of a number of the Western states will be present.

## Apple Fair for Hood River.

Hood River—The apple growers of Hood river valley held a rousing meeting at the Commercial club rooms last week for the purpose of forming a permanent organization, and to lay plans for an annual apple fair. C. D. Thompson was elected chairman and W. H. Walton secretary.

## Coos Plans Own Dredge.

Marshfield—Now that positive announcement has been made that the government dredge Oregon is to be removed from this harbor, the port commission will probably at once begin construction of a larger and better dredge to be used permanently for improvements on Coos bay.

## CROPS IN GRANT HEAVY.

Wheat and Fruit Will Bring Farmers Good Prices.

Prairie City—For the first time in the history of the John Day valley the products of the soil will be thrown upon the market. With the coming of the railroad this fall the fruit and grain raisers will be able to send their supplies to Baker City and all railroad points.

According to reports received here there is a short fruit crop in many sections of Eastern Oregon. Grant county never had a better yield of all kinds of fruits and grains than this year. Heretofore apples have been fed to the hogs and fruit could be had for the picking. This summer contractors are buying the fruit in the orchards. It will be boxed and shipped to railroad points.

The flour mills of the John Day valley are paying \$1 a bushel for wheat. Although the yield is much in advance of previous years, there will not be enough wheat to supply local demands. The people of Grant county have immense tracts of land that have never been cultivated, and now that the land is contingent to the railroad the wheat yield should be very materially increased.

Wheat of Grant county compares favorably with wheat raised in the lower counties. In fact, the Blue mountain wheat is of superior quality, especially where it has been irrigated.

## Umatilla-Morrow Fair.

Pendleton—The annual Umatilla and Morrow counties' fair which will occur here this month is causing considerable interest and activity. Preparations are being made for agricultural exhibits which will eclipse anything ever seen in this section of the state. Special features are being arranged for the entertainment of the crowds, the latest being a "broncho busting" contest for which a local firm has put up a handsome saddle as a prize. It is expected that the best riders in this section will be here.

## Conserve Waste Water.

Arlington—The John Day Power company, composed of Oregon and Washington irrigation enthusiasts, is preparing to develop the immense water power of John Day river, about 14 miles west of Arlington. The energy of this water, which has been idling away its strength for ages, will be converted into electricity and distributed over three or four counties. The company hopes to be ready by next spring to furnish Arlington and neighboring towns with electricity for lights and power.

## Kozer Returns from East.

Salem—Insurance Commissioner S. A. Kozer has returned home from his trip of investigation in the East. While in San Francisco Mr. Kozer spent several days with Governor Benson, who, he reports, is in better health than for some time. While in the East Mr. Kozer attended the national convention of insurance commissioners and also looked into the methods employed by the insurance commissioners of the Middle Western states.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 95c; club, 87c; red Russian, 85 1/2c; valley, 90c; Fife, 87c; Turkey red, 87c; fortyfold, 89 1/2c. Barley—Feed, \$26.50 per ton; brewing, \$27.50.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$12@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$17@18; mixed, \$15.50@16.50; alfalfa, \$13.50; clover, \$11@13; cheat, \$13@14.50.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 34c per pound; fancy outside creamery, 29@33c; store, 21@22c. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 30c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 16 1/2c per pound; springs, 17c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, young, 14c; geese, young, 10c; turkeys, 20; squabs, \$1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 11@11 1/2c per pound.

Veal—Extra, 9 1/2@10c per pound.

Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.25 per box; pears, \$1.25@2; peaches, 50c@1.10 per crate; cantaloupes, \$1.50@2; plums, 35@40c per box; watermelons, 1@1 1/2c per pound; grapes, 50c@1.75 per crate; casabas, \$1.50@2 per dozen.

Potatoes—\$1 per sack; sweet potatoes, 8c per pound.

Onions—\$1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4@5c per pound; cabbage, 1@1 1/2c; cauliflower, 75c@1.25 per dozen; celery, 50c@1; corn, 15@20c; cucumbers, 10@25c; onions, 12 1/2@15c; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 5@10c; radishes, 15c per dozen; spinach, 5c per pound; squash, 5c; tomatoes, 50@75c per box.

Hops—1909 contracts, nominal; 1908 crop, 14@15c; 1907 crop, 11c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; valley, 23@25c; mohair, choice, 24@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top, 4.50@4.60; fair to good, \$4@4.25; common, \$3.75@4; cows, top, \$3.40@3.65; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls and stags, \$2.7@3.25; common, \$2@2.50.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, 1/2c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; spring lambs, \$5.25@5.60.

Hogs—Best, \$8.75; fair to good, \$8@8.50; stockers, \$6@7; China fats, \$7.50@8.

## SUGGESTIONS FROM FARMERS.

Census Director Durand Invites Their Practical Co-operation.

Washington, Sept. 6.—The farmers of the United States are naturally very much interested in the census of agriculture and farms that will be taken April 15, 1910, as one of the subjects to be covered by the thirteenth decennial census. Many are showing their interest by writing to the census bureau for the purpose of making comments upon census information regarding agriculture as presented in the past. The director of the census welcomes all such suggestions and gives them careful consideration, as he is anxious to have the results of the coming census correspond as nearly as may be to the desires of the people most interested.

In addition to studying carefully these suggestions, the director has on his own initiative requested certain professors of economics and agriculture of the more important universities of the country, and other persons who have specialized in agricultural matters, to come to Washington for a short time for the purpose of studying carefully and criticizing plans now under way. Especially is it desired to obtain their opinion relative to the questions to be asked and their form, as the results to be obtained will so largely depend upon the character of the schedule and the manner in which the questions are propounded. These suggestions, coming from outside experts, are proving to be of great value, and it is believed that in consequence of this preliminary study more valuable and accurate data will be obtained than could otherwise be secured.

After these special students and experts have made their preliminary studies, formal conferences are held in the office, in which the whole matter of the character of the schedules and the best methods of securing the information are thoroughly gone over. The department is also seeking to secure the advice and co-operation, as far as possible, of the officers and experts of the department of agriculture, of the state agricultural colleges, farmers' societies and like organizations.

## SANTA FE STIRS UP RIVALRY.

Officials Call Hasty Conferences on Schedules.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—The manager of the Santa Fe road has made a definite proposition to the Postoffice department to put on a new mail and express train between Kansas City and Los Angeles that will reduce the present running time by ten hours. This will require a trip of over 1,800 miles to be made in 50 hours, or at the rate of over 37 miles an hour, including stops.

When it became definitely known today that the Santa Fe had agreed to take ten hours off the latest schedule between Kansas City and Los Angeles, consternation reigned in the official ranks of the Western roads. Conferences were held on all sides, agents of competing lines were dispatched to Washington with instructions to learn at all cost the position the government is likely to take in the matter, and orders were hastily issued by the Rock Island and Southern Pacific for time-card meetings.

## NATURAL BRIDGE FOUND.

Rock Span 274 Feet Long Discovered in Utah.

Salt Lake, Utah, Sept. 6.—With a span of 274 feet and more than 300 feet high, a natural bridge, said to be the largest known, has been discovered by members of the Utah Archaeological society, who have returned from an expedition along the Colorado river, in Northern Arizona and Southern Utah.

The bridge is located four miles north of the Arizona line in the state of Utah, six miles east of the Colorado river. On its top were found imbedded several fossils of remarkable size, indicating the presence in earlier times of giant animal life.

The party brought back photographs as well as a collection of rare pottery and baskets used by the cliff dwellers centuries ago.

## Decisive Battle is Expected.

Pera, Sept. 6.—The culmination of the border affairs between Turkish troops and the Montenegrins occurred near Cusink, a city in Turkish territory, where a pitched battle was fought, according to advices received here today. There were heavy losses on both sides and a number of casualties reported. Among those injured were five Turkish women. The Montenegrins fired upon the Turks, according to the dispatches. Armed forces are now facing each other on the frontier, and a decisive battle is expected.

## Open Road to Promotion.

Omaha, Sept. 6.—D. C. Buell and G. W. Sievers, appointed at the instance of E. H. Harriman to conduct a technical school for instruction of Union Pacific railway employees, opened the institution today. More than 100 applicants were on hand, ranging from section hands to draughtsmen in the engineering department. The school is designed to fit employes of the road for better positions and is open to them without expense.

## Many Lost in Java Flood.

Batavia, Java, Sept. 6.—It is estimated that 600 natives have perished in the floods in Southeastern Java. The damage to property and crops has been enormous.

## The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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CHAPTER XI.

It was of the first importance that Monsieur Duponceau should keep himself well hid, and to this end he spent his days in the cabin of the Ship, coming out only when night had fallen, and then most circumspectly. There were not the same reasons for concealment in his case, however, so I boarded the Ship soon after I left Barbara that day and set up my easel as an excuse in case any chance observers should look across the beach and see me. This also gave me the chance to keep a careful lookout.

It was perhaps 4 o'clock when, as I sat on the gunwale of the Ship, sunning myself and leisurely smoking a pipe, I saw Charles approaching with a pitcher and glasses.

"The afternoon being so warm, I thought that you and the other gentleman might be wanting something cool to drink, sir," he explained, when he had come on board; "so I made a pitcher of claret cup."

"Much obliged to you, Charles. Take it down to the cabin, where it'll keep cool until we want it."

Charles disappeared with the clinking pitcher. When he returned I spoke again. "What is Monsieur Duponceau doing?"

"He is lying in one of the bunks, sir, with his eyes wide open, and when he sees me, he says, sort of pleasant-like, 'You're trying to make me think I'm back in Poree, but unfortunately the setting isn't the same!'"

"I don't expect to be much at home for some time, Charles. I'm going to help Monsieur Duponceau here. We may need you suddenly, so keep an eye on the broken mast, and if you see a lamp or a flag come over at once. Otherwise, keep mum."

"Yes, Mr. Felix. I've been pestered all day with some of them skulking fellows that wants to know my business. May I land 'em one if they interfere?"

"You man land 'em one whenever you feel like it; only land so hard that there won't be any come-back."

"Yes, I will, sir," and Charles made so bold as to grin. I could see that the spirit of fight was taking hold of him also.

I went back to my pipe and my drowsy survey of the sea. There was little wind, and the oily rollers swept calmly in with a curiously machine-like rhythm. Far out the funnel of a south-bound steamer sent a black ribbon across the sky; to the west of the Shifting Shoal a sloop was lying to, waiting for the evening breeze. I half dozed, thinking what a peaceful scene it was.

Half an hour later I heard Duponceau call my name from the cabin stairs.

"It's getting intolerably warm down here; might it not be possible for me to come on deck if I kept in the shadow of the gunwale?"

I looked the situation over, and decided that no one could possibly see a man who hid at the side of the ship, keeping low down by the rail. I advised Duponceau of this, and then told him the moment the beach being clear, he might dart from the hatchway, and scurry across to shelter. This he did, and with a sigh of thankfulness at having reached fresh outer air, he stretched himself in the shadow, and I sat opposite, facing him and watching the shore.

"I've been sleeping," Duponceau said, "so that I could stand watch to-night. What a beautiful world! But it's not like France; nothing is like France. And to think I may not see it again!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because—" He hesitated. "Because I have enemies who would shut me away from the sea and the sky and the sun, and so I have to come to some lonely corner of the New World, and seek refuge. Ah, this new world of yours! It is good for the young, but not for those who have grown gray in the Old. There is only one world for them and one land for me—I love it as I might love a woman."

Foreigners have the habit of sentiment; it did not seem strange to me to listen to the thoughts of an exile spoken in a voice that was musically clear. The frankness of the man cleared away all barriers.

Suddenly looking up, I caught sight of Barbara coming towards us by the path behind the cliff. She carried a package under her arm. As I watched her descend carefully, I saw the two men that I had met in the morning come out of the pines and approach her. As she saw them appear, Barbara involuntarily glanced over to the Ship, and the men instantly turned their eyes in the same direction, and so caught sight of me.

"Sit still and keep very low," I whispered to Duponceau, under cover of my pipe.

Barbara took a step forward.

"Not so fast. Where are you going?" demanded the surly faced chap.

"I am going—where I choose," she answered, and took another step.

"You're not going out to that Ship," he stated. "There's some one hiding here we mean to find."

I caught his words and jumped to my feet.

"What's the trouble? Miss Graham, won't you come on board?"

I was careful to lean directly over Duponceau, in order to shield him better.

"We'll all three come," announced the man.

I was put out; it would be impossible for Duponceau to crawl from the shelter of the gunwale to the cabin now without being seen. I temporized.

"Well," said I, "suppose—"

"Come on," said the leader to Barbara; "you were very anxious before." He stepped forward.

"Hold up!" I cried, pretending to get angry. "I didn't ask you to come over here. It happens that I'm painting, and don't wish to be disturbed."

The other man laughed. "We won't hurt your painting. I've never been over that boat, and she looks interesting."

Duponceau was still crouching low under me. It was time for me to be emphatic.

"The Ship is mine. I thought it when I bought my cottage. I don't want you on board, and if you try to come on I shall certainly keep you off."

"If all this contending is over me," she said, "I'll give up my visit to-day. Some other day will do as well, Mr. Seldon. Good-afternoon," and she started away.

"Not so fast!" The surly faced man was beside her, had his hand on her arm. "You will either go with us, miss, or he gives us a chance to search that boat."

I could scarcely keep Duponceau crouching longer; I could feel that his fingers were itching for one of his revolvers.

"Stop!" called a voice from the cliff, and I saw Rodney Islip standing there. He took in at a flash that Barbara was in trouble, and came leaping to her aid. "What the devil's this? Take your hand away!" and he raised his walking-stick in the man's face. The latter, startled at Islip's violence, dropped Barbara's arm and fell back.

"Now, what do you fellows want here?" demanded Islip. "I've a mind to thrash you both for touching a lady."

"We're going on board that boat," said the man; then he hesitated. "O'd we'll take the lady with us."

"Oh, you will!" said Islip.

"Yes," said the leader, his confidence returned; "and I don't think you'll stop us."

Rodney and he squared. The fight would be two to one; Barbara was trembling.

"Now," I cried, and looked along my leveled pistol, "if it's come to fighting, we'll all be in the fight. Islip, bring Miss Graham on the boat. There's a bullet waiting for the man who stops you."

The men fell back, hesitating, and seizing advantage of the moment, Rodney took Barbara's hand and led her over the causeway. They came up the ladder and on board.

"That's all!" I cried to the men on shore. "You can go!"

I had the drop on them, and their hands did not even seek their pockets as they turned and went into the woods. But I knew that they were as sure of Duponceau's presence as if they had seen him on board.

"Well," said Islip, as he saw the strange figure of the Frenchman hidden behind the bulwark, "there's a pretty kettle of fish! So there is a mystery, and we're carrying guns."

"My dear lady," said Duponceau, rising, "I shall never forgive myself for causing you such distress."

But Barbara was not distressed; instead, she looked very much pleased.

I motioned Duponceau to go below to the cabin, and the others followed him there. I sat at the top of the steps, where I could both join in the conversation and watch the shore.

Barbara placed her package on the table. "I thought I was only bringing you provisions," said she, "but instead I've brought you a recruit. Mr. Islip, this is Monsieur Duponceau," and she added lightly, "the pirate of Alastair."

Islip shook hands. "So you're in on this, too, are you, Selden?" he called up to me. "All arrayed against the bloodhounds, I take it? Well, whatever the game is, count me in on it. I'll feel more as though I were back in little old New York."

"Good!" cried Barbara. "Now you've four men to man the Ship, counting Charles, and a spy at the club to bring you news and food."

She caught sight of the pitcher of claret and poured out four glasses. Then she raised one to her lips.

"I pledge myself in the defense of Monsieur Duponceau, who came out of the sea and found the land inhospitable!" she cried. "Drink with me!"

We drained our glasses.

"That's the oath of fidelity," she said, looking at Islip and me, and I think she knew she could trust us both to the end of the adventure.

The sun was dropping low, and Barbara prepared to leave the Ship. Islip started to join her.

"No," she said; "I'd rather go alone. No one will stop me now. You must stay here and watch during the night."

He bowed, but insisted upon escorting her ashore and setting her on the path homeward. Then he came back to the Ship.

"It's curious," he remarked to me as we sat alone on deck, "but I don't feel as though I were living in the twentieth century any longer. It seems as if I'd gone back to about the sixteenth. I'm just thirsting for a revolver and a chance to get in a fight. I didn't know I was really so much of a savage."

"Same here," I answered. "I've always longed to have a fight on this Ship. There's something about this man I can't resist."

When it fell dark we supped on the food Barbara had brought, and then we divided up the watch for the night.

CHAPTER XII.

We were not yet sufficiently good sailors to drop to sleep in the stuffy bunks below when it was not our turn on watch. Rodney tried it, but soon came up on deck, announcing that he never had felt more wide awake in his life and believed he could last through the night without a wink. So we three busied ourselves making the Ship snug, and Rodney in

addition to vainly trying to interrupt Duponceau.

There was no doubt but that in the direction of the beach we were practically impregnable. Invaders would first have to climb the rocks and then splash through the water, or, if they came by the causeway, pass the narrow dell at the base of the cliff. In either case we would have ample chance to defend ourselves, and even if they succeeded in reaching the Ship's side we would have the advantage of being six feet above them. I pulled in the rope ladder that still hung over the side and stowed it away in a cupboard in the cabin. When we had done everything precaution could suggest, we three gathered on the forward deck, and sat with our backs to the sea, facing the shore.

The night was clear and cool; there was little sound beyond the regular thrumming of the waves on the beach and the occasional distant call of a bittern from the marshes up-river. As I listened to the talk of the other two, I realized that Rodney was slipping under that same indescribable fascination of Duponceau's as readily as I had done.

"But I say," put in Islip at last, "do you mean to tell me that you came all the way over here without any luggage, that you let those chaps land you just as you were, without anything else?"

"Without anything else save a little box of papers"—Duponceau smiled—"and each paper worth many thousand times its weight in gold."

"Why," said Islip, "what kind of securities were those?"

"See how I trust you," returned the other. "We hid the box in the ground back in the woods, between two roots of a hemlock, one pointing south by the compass, the other west. The hemlock is ten paces west of a scarred fir that was stripped of its sea branches by lightning."

"I know the tree," said I.

Rodney rubbed his hands joyfully. "By gods and little fishes, think of it! Ever since I was a boy I've wanted to have my hand in a buried treasure. We used to hide tin cans in the back yard, just to dig them up again. And now to think that I've come across a real treasure! What would those other boys say?"

"Here's one of them now," I put in. "I used to do the very same thing myself."

Duponceau was smiling again. "You can both take it lightly," he said, "because you do not know. Many men, many governments, would give almost anything for a chance at that box at there."

"Better and better. The higher the interest, the more sport for us," said Rodney. "I've always wanted to be mixed up in an international affray. I'm more than ever glad I decided to come to the Penguin, for more reasons than one," and he looked across slyly at me.

I could not help liking him, even if he was in love with Barbara; he was so open and frank about everything.

After a time Duponceau went below for a two hours' nap, and Islip and I sat on deck, smoking and chatting. About midnight the air grew colder, and we walked to warm ourselves.

"Do you think," said Rodney, finally, "that we might go on a hunt for that tree? My eyes are fairly itching to follow that trail, and we might recognize the enemy's position you know. We could make tracks back to the Ship if there was any need."

"Wait till Duponceau comes up, and we'll ask him," I suggested.

In time, at the end of his midnight nap, Duponceau came on deck, and gave us permission to take a survey of the shore.

"If I need you," he said, "I'll make the call of the osprey—listen!" and he set forth a long, quavering cry that was echoed back to us, from cliff and beach.

Armed with revolvers, Rodney and I slipped out of the Ship, forded the lake, and, keeping as close as we could to the rocks, for the night was bright with stars, headed towards the pines.

We said not a word, but tip-toe, I leading, he following, we skirted the wood until we came to the scarred fir. Then I turned to look back; the beach by a bright silver field sloping to the sea, which rippled like quicksilver beneath the stars. The beach was empty as the desert, and still, save for the lapping waves.

"Ten paces to the east," whispered Rodney, and, with infinite caution, we tiptoed through the pines. The trees were very thick there; we felt as if plunging into an unknown screen. We came to the hemlock, and crouched on the sea side of it, some instinct telling us that there was need of caution. On hands and knees I crawled a foot farther, and beheld a white tent, its guide-rope running to the hemlock's roots. Islip pulled himself up beside me.

(To be continued.)

Why He Rang Again.

Reporters are proverbially persistent. On a certain occasion a reporter went to a certain residence in New York to get the details of an accident which had happened to a member of the family. As a rule, such details are easy to get, and the news-gatherer was rudely surprised when the lady who came to the door with scarcely a word slammed it in his face. A writer in the New York Times tells the story. She retired into the house. Presently the door-bell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the door-bell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady would not stir.

"I have told him that I don't want to say anything about the matter," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent."

So she sat still while the door-bell rang again and again and again.

At last she could stand it no longer. So, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked, severely:

"Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man."

"I can't!" shouted the reporter. "You've shut my coat-tails in the door!"

Reaction.

"My! What a disposition that black-haired Miss Tartum has!"

"No wonder. You'd have a disposition just like hers if your misbegotten parents had named you Angelica Sweet."