GOES TO LOS ANGELES.

W. A. Hubbard Sells out at a Big Profit His Little Tract in Ballard.

To the Editor: I have been visiting and sightseeing across the Sound, after having just sold our little place (2 acres) in Ballard, and Allie and I are bidding friends adieu preparatory to leaving for Los Angeles some time this week.

In one sense we regret to move very much, for we like Ballard and Seattle very much, and believe those towns have a great future, but the school board wanted our little place for a school house site, wanted it quick and paid me my price as it was central for that ward, and before we had time to get out had a new building erected right in the middle of the strawberry patch,

which has supplied us nearly all summer and fall with the choicest berries. The Everett car line is being built, streets graded, electric light, telephone and water main laid just as I predicted when I bought the place, and it netted me just 100 per cent per annum on the investment in three years. As Allie wants to be near her people, I am going to Los Angeles to look things over but do not expect to find the opportunities there that are here.

"Uncle Sam" put on three carriers in Ballard May 1st. I took the examination for clerk, served about two months as substitute, and liked the position and all connected very much; was of course in line for promotion. I do not like the carriers' work.

I think there are good opportunities for government positions here, but don't know how it will be at Los Angeles. We aim to see something of the fair and San Francisco en route, and if Redwood Falls were within reach you may guess we would stop there too, although I would have to see something much more promising than I have ever seen yet to induce me to live there.

Yesterday my cousin who lives at Coupeville, found a few hours to spare, turned the attention of his cider press over to a lieutenant, and drove us across the island to Fort Casey. This is a scenic as well as strategic spot, and should be visited to be appreciated. Leaving Coupeville behind a spanking span of bays, such as Minnesota grows, thrilled with a sense of rural freedom contrasting with the noise and rattle of Seattle street car riding, we were soon out in a fine open prairie farming district, some of whose wealthy owners braved the displeasure of Indians fifty years ago in block houses still standing. This rich black loam yielding this year 70 or 80 bushels of wheat per acre and vegetables and fruit in profusion needs no irrigation, and yet is porous enough to drain the heavy rains and make driving a pleasure.

The fine orchards and stock engaged our attention for an hour when we were suddenly told to "see the Straits of De Fuca," and rounding a higher elevation of meadow land we beheld this great highway of commerce, plowed by the giant steam and sailing vessels of the world, the glistening turreted cruisers of all nations, and the puffing steamers and launches of a busy and prosperous island traffic. As one sees no land obstruction looking down the broad watery waste, while opposite our shore lies Port Townsend, flanked by long rows of government buildings belonging to Fort Flagler on our side and a deep and sheltering, shimmering bay on the other. After breathing deep breaths of salt sea air filtering through the rays of an autumn sun, we follow the fine gravelly road winding through some small forests of apple and pear trees planted by the earliest settlers and bending with the loads of fruit which they are sometimes unable to carry. The trees reach far beyond the length of any ladder, and not being a sailor myself am still wondering how they will get the fruit. Onward we wandered along toward Fort Casey, passing the sumptuous officer quarters in front of which stood a dispatch auto in waiting. The parade grounds with its maneouvering soldiers and reviewing officers with the accompanying band and martial music engaged our attention for a few moments, especially the ladies of our party, who all at once became exceeding patriotic. Thence the winding road leads us by a battery of mortars hidden behind the brow of a hill the green sod terraced with precision, and no doubt connected by tunnels piercing the hill and giving access to ammunition and quarters. We crossed a well graded railroad used only in transporting the heavier guns to still higher ground. The battery of long rifles, seven or eight in number, near the water front, is protected from an enemy's fire by great walls of solid concrete banked by earth, each gun being raised by machinery to fire and lowered to a safe level to load.

On our return drive we passed near two tall poles each spliced to reach a great height and stayed by guy wires. One carries the wireless telegraph apparatus, the other the good old Stars and Stripes. Our drive home after traversing a tract of heavily wooded land, with long vistas of fern and shadow, emerging into another open farming section was equally surprising.

W. A. Hubbard.

Everett, Sept. 29.

Preferred Jail to Scales.

A burglar who entered a Harlem house recently suffered a unique form of punishment. It happened that the family he had come to rob were inconveniently early risers, and before he had half finished his work he heard a step on the stairs. Quickly gathering up his booty, he slipped behind the piano, intending to make good his escape as soon as opportunity offered.

But opportunity did not offer, for it appeared that the step he had heard was that of one of the daughters of the house, who had come down to the parlor for a couple of hours' piano practice before breakfast. When she had finished another daughter was standing ready to occupy the stool for another two hours. Next followed the music lesson of each of the young ladies in turn. After these lessons were over their brother's violin teacher appeared and, seating herself at the piano, began his accompaniment. But this was too much. The burglar rushed from his hiding place.

"For heaven's sake, have me arrested!" he implored. "At least there are no pianos in jail!"—New York Press.

Pill Counters.

When you buy pills do you stop to count them before you leave the drug store? Lots of people do. Indeed, one observing drug clerk claims that the person who does not is a rarity.

"What they all do it for I don't know," he said in an aggrieved tone. "Possibly they think they are getting cheated. Anyway, most drug store patrons have the capsule counting habit, and if by chance the number they receive does not tally with the prescription they raise no end of a fuss. If the directions say, 'Take one pill four times a day for five days,' and the customer finds that he has only eighteen pills to be taken, he swears that he has been 'done' out of two doses and demands satisfaction."—New York Post.

The Punster and the Chemist Have Some Fun

"I WANT some consecrated lye," he said as he slowly entered the chemist's store.

"You mean concentrated lye?" suggested the proprietor as he sweetly smiled upon the man.

"Well, maybe I do. It does nutmeg any difference, though. It's what I camphor, anyway. What does it sulphur?"

"Twenty-five cents a can."

"Then you can give me a can."

"I have seldom cinnamon who thought himself as witty as you," said the chemist in a gingerly manner, feeling called upon to do a little punning himself.

"Well, that's not bad, either," laughed the customer, with a siruptitious smile. "I ammonia novice at the business, though. I've soda good many puns that other punsters were credited with. However, I don't care a copperas far as I am concerned. We have had a pleasant time, and I shall carraway"—

But the chemist had gone to wait on another customer.—New York Press.

Frenzied Freshness.

"Pop!"

No answer.

"Oh, pop!"

"Huh!"

"Say, pop!"

"Well, what is it?"

"What are cowboys?"

"Men that herd wild cattle."

"Can they hear them far?"

"Hear what?"

"The wild cattle."

"They don't hear them."

"Then they just hear a noise like wild cattle?"

"No, no, no! They see them—see a herd of them."

"The cowboys do?"

"Yes."

"Why do they call them cowboys?"

"Because there are so many cows among them."

"Among the boys?"

"No, among the cattle."

Silence.

"Say, pop!"

"Well, what."

"Are there any boy cows?"

Thud!—Milwaukee Journal.

Playing on the Piano.

"Mamma, can we play on the piano?" a little south side boy asked the other day. "Yes, if you are careful," replied his mother. A few minutes later she heard a racket in the parlor and, looking in, saw her little son sitting on top of the piano with his feet on the keys, while his playmate was trying to climb into the instrument. "Here! What are you boys doing?" she asked. "Playin' on the piano," replied her son. "You said we could."—Kansas City Times.

Tommy Gets Informed.

Tommy Figgjam—Paw, what's this word m-e-s-a-l-l-i-a-n-c-e?

Paw Figgjam—That's the French for a bad marriage—that is, when a Frenchman makes a muddle of his matrimonial affairs, that's a mes-alliance.

Tommy Figgjam—But what do they call it in this country?

Paw Figgjam—They leave off the "alliance" part and add another "s" to the first syllable.—Baltimore American.

Wherein Coffee Is Peculiar.

Probably every one who has noticed the green and roasted coffee sitting together in sacks in the dealer's storehouse has observed the difference in size of the beans. It is a peculiarity of coffee that in roasting while it loses considerably in weight it gains in bulk. At the reddish brown stage the loss of weight has been about 15 per cent and the gain in bulk about 30; at the chestnut brown, 20 and 50 per cent respectively, and, if carried to a dark brown, 25 and 60. It is in the roasting that the volatile oil to which the delightful aroma is due is developed, as it is not present in the green berry. If the roasting is carried too far—beyond a light brown—this oil is injured and destroyed, and the disappointed housekeeper properly complains that the coffee has been roasted to death.

Genius Inimical to "Prizes."

There is not in existence a single great opera, oratorio, symphony or indeed any fine piece of musical art which is the result of the prize system. There is "Cavalleria," which is drivel, there are other works which are worse drivel, but no one can name to me a really fine work that has won a prize. The reason, though apparently ridiculously simple, is sufficient. In music the big men contemptuously refuse to compete for prizes. I know that in sculpture it is otherwise. Stevens' Wellington affair, which, they tell me, is kept in a cellar somewhere, is proof of that. But there is not a fine prize play, prize picture, prize poem, prize piece of music. Still, what has failed a thousand times may succeed the thousand and oneth.—London Saturday Review.