

Dining Room of a Circus.

The discipline of an army reigns supreme in circus life, and it is always interesting to watch now the thousand or more people of such an organization are fed three meals a day without a hitch and as silently as in a big hotel. The grass serves as a carpet, and the forty or more waiters move quickly in and out. The kitchen tent is completely equipped with pastry ovens, warming tables, steam vats for stewing, steam urns for coffee and tea, boiling ovens and numberless other cooking utensils. The force of cooks numbers sixteen, including the three which tend the campfire, at which nothing but soup is prepared. The ranges fold up and are carried in wagons, and the tents are lighted with electricity at night. It is not unusual to serve as many as 5,000 pancakes for breakfast, and 600 loaves of bread are used each day, in addition to crackers and biscuits. The meat consumed each day is somewhere near 1,000 pounds. Such provisions as celery, young onions, strawberries, radishes, melons, etc., are bought in each town, often cleaning out the entire market. An advance agent of the commissary department keeps well in advance of the show, contracting for its supplies for man and beast.—Popular Mechanics.

A Craving For Sweets.

Advocating the use of sweet fruits, preserves, sugar and good candy by children, Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Success says that a craving for sweets is nature's call for the substance which is "a full blown member of the great trinity of nutrient materials, sugar (carbohydrate), meat (protein) and fat. Sugar is wood, coal, gasoline for the muscle engine. Every time the tiny engine gives one of its rhythmic explosions—that is to say, when a muscle contracts—a certain amount of sugar is burned up. It is fortunate for people whom a mistaken conscience deprives of sweets that the human body can manufacture sugar out of many foods, out of meat, milk, vegetables and grains; otherwise the body would go into the desperate business of manufacturing sugar out of its own tissues, which is precisely what diabetics did in the days when this disease was supposed to be due to too much sugar in the food and physicians tried to cure it by cutting sweets and sweetmakers out of the patient's diet.

Shakespeare on Baseball.
I will go root.—"Richard III."
Now you strike like the blind man.—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Out, I say!—"Macbeth."
I will be short.—"Hamlet."
Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it!—"Love's Labour's Lost."
He knows the game.—"Henry VI."
Oh, hateful error!—"Julius Caesar."
A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit!—"Hamlet."
He will steal, sir.—"All's Well That Ends Well."
Whom right and wrong have chosen as umpire.—"Love's Labour's Lost."
Let the world slide.—"The Taming of the Shrew."
He has killed a fly.—"Titus Andronicus."
The play as I remember pleased not the million.—"Hamlet."
What an arm he has!—"Coriolanus."
They cannot sit at ease on the old bench.—"Romeo and Juliet."
Upon such sacrifices the gods themselves throw incense.—"King Lear."
—Washington Post.

Old Cures.
The antiquary took down a little gray book. "Here is a 'family doctor,'" he said, "that was published as far back as 1561. Talk about your quaint prescriptions! The first prescription, a truly quaint one, ran: 'If a man be greved with the fallage sickness, let him take a be-wolves harte and make it to powder and use it; but if it be a woman, let her take a she-wolves harte.'" A 1561 jaundice cure was: "Take earthwormes and cut them small, and braye them with a little wyne so that ye may swallow it; drinke the same fasting." For toothache: "Seeth as many little frogges sitting upon trees as thou canst get, in water; take the fat slouyng from them, and when nede is, anoynt the teth therewith."

Buying the First Bond.
In the lives of most people there are a few moments that are not only big with importance, but remain long in the memory. One of these moments may be the first sight of the ocean; another, when great, snow clad mountains first come into view. Still another, though perhaps not quite so romantic, is that time when the average man or woman draws his or her savings out of a bank and buys the first bond.—Moody's Magazine.

Sensitive Salmon.
"Splendid color, isn't it?" asked a fishmonger as he cut a pound or two of salmon for a customer.
"Yes," replied the latter, "looks as if it were blushing at the price you ask for it!"—London Scraps.

A Good Ear.
Mrs. Dyer—Have you ever called on the people in the next apartment?
Mrs. Gossip—No; the walls are so thin that I know all about their affairs.—Brooklyn Life.

A Pessimist.
"A pessimist," said the philosopher of folly, "is one who, when he has the choice of two evils, chooses both and sticks around to wait for more."—Cleveland Leader.

Both Alike.
Mother (complainingly)—Will seems to have forgotten us at college, his letters are so short. Father (terse)—So is Will when he writes 'em.—Baltimore American.

The Modern Way.

One friend who has spent a long and useful life and looks good for another half century expects his reward in heaven and meantime is a philosopher. He can talk on any subject under the sun, from "the flower of poesy" to "the procession of the equinoxes." He apparently knows the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" by heart, so I knew that when he handed me a bit of verse it must be good.
"Here is a hymn on the solar system or some other lofty theme," thought I, placing the sheet in my letter case. When I arrived home I read: The lizard climbed a wall. He climbed it once. He climbed it twice—then crawled away. The bee sipped a flower. He sipped it once. He sipped it twice—then flew away. The man kissed a maid. He kissed her once. He kissed her twice—then walked away. The wall wasn't sunny; the flower had no honey; The maid had no money. Funny!
The problem now is whether the contribution is a joke or a gem.—National Magazine.

Pilkerton Won the Race.

At one of the regattas of the National Association of American Oarsmen during the early nineties James Pilkerton, for many years the champion sculler of America, was matched to row double against another team. He and his mate were the champions, and the general belief was that they would win without effort. But the night before the regatta public opinion suddenly and mysteriously changed. Mr. Pilkerton knew that this was not caused by any new development of strength in his opponent or any loss of skill on his own part. After making some quiet inquiries he discovered that there was talk of his rowing mate having been bought up by the other side and of an arrangement to throw the race.

He didn't say anything about his suspicions, but when the two men were seated in the shell and were well out into the deep water he leaned over to his mate and said:
"Look here, you blooming cutthroat! You've got to swim, drown or win this race! You know me!" He won.

Would Bequeath Her Ears.

Harriet Martineau displayed originality in the provisions she made at one time for the disposal of her remains. James Payn relates that, having consulted Toynbee, the distinguished aurist, with regard to her deafness, "she was so pleased with the interest he took in her case that she resolved to leave him by testamentary bequest her ears. She announced this intention in the presence of her medical man, Mr. Shepherd, who to my infinite amazement observed: 'But, my dear madam, you can't do that. It will make your other legacy worthless.' The fact was, in the interest of science, Miss Martineau had already left her head to the Phrenological society. I asked the doctor how he came to know that. 'Oh,' he said, 'she told me so herself. She has left £10 in her codicil to me for cutting it off.'" The doctor, however, died before his patient, and the Phrenological society never received the legacy of her head.—London Chronicle.

A Cheerful Letter.

The following was sent by a countryman to his son in college not many years ago:
My Dear Son—I write to send you two pair of old breeches, that you may have a new coat made of them; also some new socks, which your mother knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you \$5 without my knowledge, and for fear you will not spend it wisely I have kept back half and only send five. Your mother and I are well, except your sister Annie has got the measles, which we think would spread among other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you are well and will do honor to my teachings if you do not you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents.
—Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

A Nice Bird.

"Do you like a nice bird?" asked the host as they sat down to the table.
"Oh, yes!" responded the guest immediately and enthusiastically.
"You ought to call on my sister," explained the other. "She's got one of the finest canaries you ever saw. Well, what kind of a sandwich do you think you can eat?"—London Telegraph.

An Arbitrary Classification.

"So you think every patriot has a more or less clearly defined ambition to hold public office?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "As a rule, patriots may be divided into two classes—the appointed and the disappointed."—Washington Star.

Badly Expressed.

"For heaven's sake, be careful with that rifle, man!" exclaimed a musketry instructor. "You just missed me that time."
"Did I, sergeant? I'm awfully sorry!" responded the indifferent marksman.—London Fun.

It Quieted Mother.

The house was all paid for. Mother was exultant, jubilant, reiterative. "Say, mother," burst out six-year-old Paul eagerly, "print it on your cards, mother, print it on your cards!"—De-linicator.

The Usual Thing.

"What's the proper thing at a wedding?"
"Wish the pair happiness and tell everybody else there's no earthly chance for it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.—Colton.

An Ancient Sky Pilot.

From Garnett's "Anthology," volume 7, page 48, I copy the following, taken from the "Writings of Lucian," a Greek born about 100 A. D.:
"We were suddenly caught by a whirlwind, which turned our vessel several times around in a circle with tremendous velocity and lifted it above 3,000 stadia in the air, not settling it down again on the sea, but kept it suspended above the water at that height and carried us on, with swelled sails, above the clouds."
In these days of air conquest this quotation might be of utmost interest to aeronauts and also literary men. This ancient Gulliver long preceded Swift, and as for outdistancing Jules Verne another quotation is added:
"Having thus continued our course through the sky for a space of seven days and as many nights, on the eighth day we described a sort of earth in the air," etc. (which proved to be the moon).
The thoroughly familiar vernacular expression "going some" applies with original vigor to this early and perhaps first sky pilot.—New York Times.

An Obliging President.

During a short lived revolution, says Harper's Weekly, there came to be the head of the government in a little Central American republic a man who was above all things courteous and who was, moreover, very anxious to gain the good will of the foreign consuls. One of the latter, having heard that a certain countryman of his had died, addressed a note to the head of the new government, in which he stated that his own government would be grateful for a certificate of death of the individual in question. A few days later the consul received this communication:

Esteemed Senator—I blush to say that I cannot at present comply with your excellency's request for a death certificate of the man named. I sent my soldiers, but he got away, to my shame. I shall use every effort to catch him, however, and hope to send your excellency the desired certificate at an early date.
Needless to say, the consul lost no time in communicating to the obliging president the information that the certificate was undesired, in view of the fact that the individual was able to "get away."

A West Indian Wife Catcher.

As is customary with Indians the world over, the Caribs are expert basket weavers, and many strong and handsome baskets are to be bought in Roseau at reasonable prices if one finds the right shops, writes Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly. A peculiar instrument, made of basket straw and woven closely together so as to form a hollow tube ending in a thong of twisted ends and commonly dubbed a wife catcher, is also made and sold by the Caribs. By slipping the hollow end over a man's finger above the joint and pulling on the twisted end the catcher will tighten around the finger and the captive will be unable to release his hand. It is claimed that the Indians formerly employed this device as a handcuff for prisoners, using several for each hand and leading the captives by the fingers. Few tourists are permitted to leave Roseau without a wife catcher, for which sentence is willingly exchanged.

Babies' Bank Accounts.

In Schoenberg, a suburb of Berlin, every baby is born with a banking account. No Schoenberg baby can help this even if it wants to. The municipal regulations provide that whenever the birth of a child is recorded the officials of the municipal savings bank shall issue a bank book in the said baby's name. The city itself then deposits 1 mark (about 25 cents) and immediately allows interest. With this nest egg the authorities believe that the parents of the child will be encouraged in thrift and that the baby itself will have a fair start on the road to wealth. No withdrawals are allowed in less than two years, and the ordinance applies to all children, whether they are members of poor families or descended from millionaires.
Babies are popular in Schoenberg.

The Lost Donkey.

In Turkey they tell stories about Nasr-ed-Din and his donkey. Once upon a time when the donkey was lost Nasr-ed-Din went about seeking it, at the same time giving thanks as he went.
"Why do you give thanks?" asked his friend. "I see no cause for thankfulness."
"Cause enough!" was the prompt reply. "Why, man alive, if I had been along with that donkey I'd have been lost too!"—New York Tribune.

Use For the Anchor.

"Captain," remarked the nuisance on shipboard who always asks foolish questions, "what is the object in throwing the anchor overboard?"
"Young man," replied the old salt, "do you understand the theory of seismic disturbances? Well, we throw the anchor overboard to keep the ocean from slipping away in the fog."

Oh!

"How did you act when he proposed?"
"I sank gracefully on one knee."
"How ridiculous! What in the world did you sink on your knee for?"
"On his knee, not mine."—Houston Post.

Quite a Difference.

Customer—Can't you give anything off to a clergyman? Tradesman—Not in this instance, sir. You see, these goods is different from yours. These is guaranteed goods.—Life.

Love, like fortune, turns upon a wheel and is very much given to rising and falling.—Vanbrugh.

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