

WASHINGTON'S ETIQUETTE.

It Didn't Do to Take Liberties With Our First President.

President Washington never went to congress on public business except in a stagecoach drawn by six cream colored horses. The coach was an object which would excite the admiration of the throngs even now in our streets. It was built in the shape of a hemisphere, and its panels were adorned with Cupids surrounded with flowers and fruits. The coachman and postillions were arrayed in gorgeous liveries of white and scarlet.

The Philadelphia Gazette, a government organ, regularly gave out court news for the edification of the citizens. From this journal the people were permitted to learn as much as it was deemed proper they should know about the president's movements, and a fair amount of space was also devoted to Mrs. Washington, who was, however, not referred to as Mrs. Washington, but as "the amiable consort of our beloved president." When the president made his appearance at a ball or a public reception a dais was erected for him, upon which he might stand apart from the throng, and the guests or visitors bowed to him in solemn silence.

"Republican simplicity" has only come in later times. Very few persons presumed to shake hands with General Washington. One of his friends, Gouverneur Morris, rashly undertook for a foolish wager to go up to him and slap him on the shoulder, saying, "My dear general, I am happy to see you so well." At least there is a tradition to that effect.

The moment fixed upon arrived, and Mr. Morris, already half repenting of his wager, went up to Washington, placed his hand upon his shoulder and uttered the prescribed words. Washington, as the story has it, stepped suddenly back, fixed his gaze upon Morris for several moments with an angry frown until the latter retreated abashed and sought refuge in the crowd. No one else ever tried a similar experiment. No royal liveries were more punctiliously arranged than those of our first president.—New York Press.

Too Good to Lose.

"Will you be my wife?" asked the star boarder.

"Let me see," mused the landlady. "You have boarded with me four years. You have never grumbled at the food. You have always paid promptly. No, I can't accept you. You are too good a boarder to be put on the free list."—London Telegraph.

Depressing.

"Were there laughter and cheers during your speech?"

"Well," answered the youthful statesman, "there weren't many cheers, but now and then people in the audience looked at one another and laughed."—Washington Star.

Also Sharp.

"Miss Polly's father is a man who is blunt."

"Yes; he wanted to know the other night if I were coming to the point."—Baltimore American.

Hard to Answer.

Clinton—I suppose your little ones ask you many embarrassing questions? Clibbigh—Yes; they are just like their mother.—Boston Transcript.

Instead of From the Middle.

"They say this is a great detective story."

"The book begins well, anyhow."

"As to how?"

"Why, in the very first chapter the detective flicks the ashes from the end of his cigar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FONDLING BABIES.

It Is Bad For Their Nerves and Injurious to Health.

"Too much love kills many babies" is the opinion of Mrs. Mary Hines, for years matron of the Sunnyside day nursery in Boston. "There is too much kissing, fondling and caressing," continued the matron. "Babies are not any happier when coddled by mothers or neighbors. In fact, it makes many of them miserable. I have known a number to pine away and die from too much physical affection. Take yourself for an example. When not feeling well would you rather lie by yourself on a couch or be close up against some one? Well, that is the baby's feeling exactly unless his constant handling has made him prefer it.

"Kissing is bad for children, because it might give them serious disease, and it certainly does no good. If mothers would consider that a baby has rights the same as a grown person there would be fewer sick babies and much of this harmful affection would be abandoned.

"The love of many mothers seems to be wholly to gratify the whims of the child, which is not a sane love. It is really true in my experience that where there is a large family of children the individual child is stronger and healthier."

"Is that because only the fittest survive?" was asked.

"Not at all," replied the matron. "It is simply because each child does not get so much attention and therefore is not weakened by an excess of affection. It learns to stand up for itself."—Exchange.

Monte Carlo's Pension List.

Monte Carlo, the famous gambling den of France, has probably the most remarkable pension list in the world. Men and women who absolutely ruin themselves at the casino are allowed small sums for the rest of their lives. The pensions vary from 5 francs to 40 francs a day, according to the amounts lost at the tables, states the National Magazine. A Scotchman who lost about \$1,000,000 at roulette is said to receive \$7 a day. This gentleman resides today in a tiny villa at Nice. Every year the casino company pays out some \$15,000 in pensions.

The Facetious Farmer.

"I am an actor out of work. Can you give me employment on your farm?"

"I can. But a day on a farm is no twenty minute sketch."

"I understand that."

"All right. Yonder is your room. When you hear a horn toot about 4 a. m. that's your cue."—Chicago News.

A Noble Sacrifice.

"I understand that her father died in the insane asylum."

"Yes, he did."

"That's too bad, too bad."

"Oh, I don't know. He accumulated a million dollars before he went in."—Detroit Free Press.

Got Her Rattled.

Manageress (to customer in tea room, about to light a cigar)—No smoking in here, sir, please. Customer—But you've got "Smoking Room" on the door there. Manageress—That is the door of the next room, sir. Customer—Then what's it doing in here?—London Punch.

Feminine Conversation.

Blobbs—Women talk about nothing but their dress. Slobbs—Oh, I don't know! It seems to me I've heard some of them talk about their hats.—Philadelphia Record.

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WEBSTER'S BLUE COATS.

His Liking For the Color Came From His Early Homespun Suits.

Daniel Webster went to Dartmouth college in a homespun suit of which probably every thread was carded, spun and woven by his mother's hand from the wool of their own sheep. It was a dyed in the wool suit, and the color was indigo blue.

In the south butternut was used; but, though the Yankee dames knew all about the uses of butternut bark and the subtle power for slate color that lay in the sumac berries and bark of white maple and were not unacquainted with the various dyes that root and flower, bark and leaf could be made to yield through the agency of vitriol and alum and coppers to "set" them fast, the universal standby in New England was the blue pot, par excellence the "dye pot," that stood in the chimney corner of every kitchen in that region.

So Webster was fitted out in indigo blue from collar to ankle. Before reaching Hanover there came on one of those drenching rains that wet a man to the skin. The suit held its own, but it parted with enough dye to tinge Daniel blue from head to foot.

Webster had a liberal stratum of sentiment in his mental makeup, and for some reason the color of his young manhood remained his favorite wear through life. He wore blue coats to his dying day. If any one ever saw him in one of a different color the fact has not been made of record.—Exchange.

Hopeful of Results.

"Your wife is taking a tremendous interest in abstruse economic questions."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "and I'm glad of it. Maybe it will result in her conversation's putting me to sleep instead of keeping me awake."—Washington Star.

Hard to Suit.

"The girls said they would rather dance than eat."

"Well?"

"Yet now they are kicking because we added two waltz numbers and cut down the supper to correspond."—Pittsburgh Post.

Mystifying Colloquy.

"Just then the train entered a long tunnel, and"

"Yes, and Jack"

"No, he didn't, the stupid!"—Exchange

Cloverdale Lodges.

I. O. O. F.

Nestucca Lodge No. 114 meets each Saturday at 7 p. m. John Pennock, N. G., John Lowrance, Sec. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us when you are in Cloverdale.



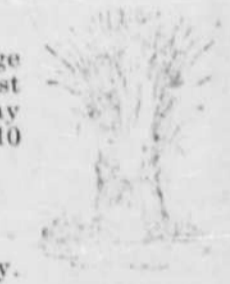
The Ocean Spray Rebecca Lodge No. 148 meets every other Wednesday in each month at 8:00 P. M. Mrs. Lellie Gist, N. G.; Mrs. James Mills, Secty.

Masonic Lodge No. 126 meets on Thursday, on or before full moon of each month. Chas. Ray, W. M., Chas. T. Roosa, Sec.



GRANGE

Cloverdale Grange meets on the First and Third Saturday in each month at 10 a. m. M. F. Dunstan, W. M. Mrs. Olive Bays, Secretary.



ORETOWN GRANGE 354

Meets Second and Fourth Saturdays of Each Month.

J. J. REDBERG, A. M. COMMONS, Secretary. Master

W. A. WILLIAMS
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Harness and Saddlery
Tillamook, Oregon.

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