Tillamook Headlight.

Vol. III, No. 37. TILLAMOOK, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1891. $1.50 Per Year.

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TO THE TOWN OF

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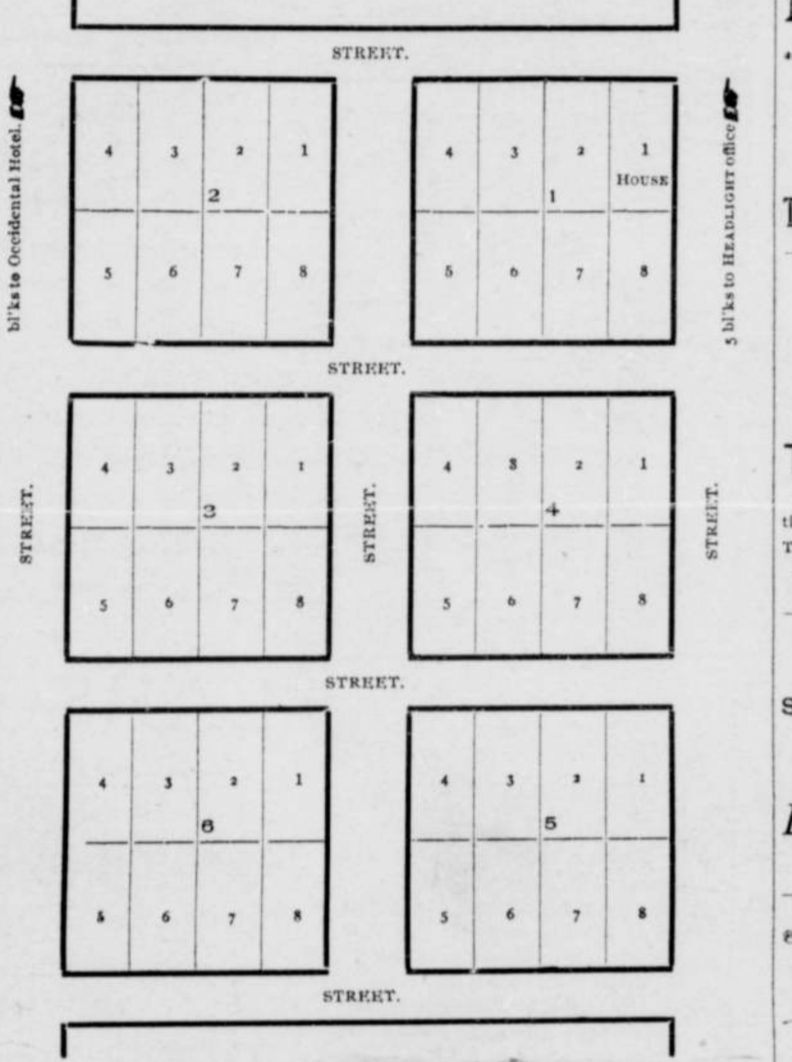

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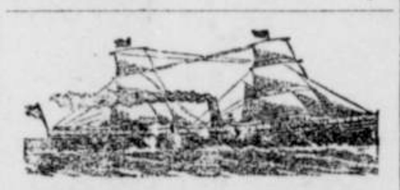

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A BIT OF WALL PAPER.

SENTIMENTAL REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

He Was from Troy, but He Started Life in the Metropolis—Remembrances of His Early Married Life—Struggling for a Memento—The Hard Hearted Boss.

A middle aged man who was gazing absently out of a window of an elevated car the other day started suddenly and craned his neck to look at a big hole in the wall of brick and brown stone front by which the train was passing. Two or three houses had been torn down to make room for improvements, and the hole was all that was left of them, save a litter of broken bricks in the cellar and an acre or so of wall paper in many designs upon the sides of the adjoining building. The middle aged man got out at the next station and walked back to the hole. He stood on the sidewalk a moment, looking first up into the air and then at the half dozen workmen who were removing the last traces of the wreck. Presently he appeared to pluck up resolution, for he gravely descended the rough plank gangway that led from the street to the bottom of the hole and approached the boss of the gang.

"Been tearing down these houses, I see," remarked the middle aged man by way of introduction.

The boss stared.

"We ain't been puttin' up any," he responded.

SEEKING A SOUVENIR.

"That's what I meant," said the middle aged man imperturbably. "Would you mind lending me a ladder for a minute or two?"

"What in thunder do you want to do with it?" exclaimed the boss.

"I want to climb up to that piece of paper," responded the middle aged man, pointing to a section of the wall that was covered with a greenery yallery design. "You see," he continued, "I used to live there."

There was a suspicion of moisture in the middle aged man's eyes and a faint smile on his lips as he said this, and he looked up at the soiled patch of paper as a traveler might view the receding lights of his native town. The boss was puzzled and suspicious, but after a moment of silence, while he pretended to be watching his men, he said:

"You can take that one in the corner if you'll move it yourself and put it back again."

The middle aged man bowed without a word, took off his overcoat and laid it gently upon a pile of bricks, laid down his cane, and proceeded, at the expense of no little exertion, to place the ladder. As he began to climb up the boss ran over and said threateningly:

"See here, now; no shenanigin! You'll only get a broken bone or two if you fall from that ladder."

The middle aged man laughed quietly.

"Do not fear," he answered; "I'm not going to commit suicide. I'll be down all right in a few minutes."

Nevertheless the boss detailed two of his men to stand under the ladder to break the fall of the stranger should he try to tempt death from the ladder top.

THE STORY.

The middle aged man climbed up, and when he was at the top he could just reach the lower edge of the greenery yallery wall paper. He looked at it earnestly, and then drew out a pocket knife and cut off a small section that contained the principal elements of the design. He put the scrap into his pocket, descended, lugged the ladder back to its proper position, put on his overcoat and stepped once more before the boss.

"I am much obliged to you," he said. "You see, when I was first married we went to housekeeping here. We had two unfurnished, unfinished rooms up two flights. We were desperately poor, wife and I; just enough to get on with, you know. The other people in the flat were also poor. They couldn't afford to paper their vacant rooms, and the landlord wouldn't spent a cent. So we papered them ourselves. We got the paper—best we could find of the cheap grades—and wife made a paste out of flour and water. We fixed up a brush out of a towel. Then with chairs and a table for a stepladder we papered our—our apartments. I saw the same old paper as I was riding by, and I thought a piece of it would be a nice souvenir."

The boss' heart was touched.

"And the wife," he said hesitatingly, "is—er"——

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the middle aged man, smiling cheerfully. "She's alive and hearty, thank you. We live in Troy now, and we've got three strapping children. Circumstances are better now, if you please. Whenever I come to town I make it a point to look at our first home, and today I saw that it was only empty air. The wall paper was there, though, and I thought I'd get a piece to take home to my wife as a remembrance of our first housekeeping. I am very much obliged to you."

The middle aged man walked up the gangplank with quiet dignity, and the boss, still disturbed by the episode, remarked:

"What a queer chap it is, by thunder!"—New York Sun.

A Man's Opinion.

It was a wise man who said on the subject of woman's dress: "I have found invariably that those women who really understand the art of dress, who know what to wear and when to wear it, have taste and intelligence of a more refined order than those who regard costumes in the light of mere clothes, and who not only reveal no appreciation of a woman's obligations to look her best at all times, but affect to treat dress altogether as a subject only for the attention of frivolous minds."

A Small Matter.

Mrs. Forundrid—Horrors! Half a dozen words in your note to Mrs. Society are mispelled.

Miss Forundrid—Oh, that don't matter. She can see by the cost of arms on our stationery that we're all right.—

His Idea of What a Proprietor Is.

They ushered him into the editor's sanctum. He was a tall negro, with an oily skin as black as your coat, flat nose, thick lips, and the shiniest of shiny eyes and teeth. "Is dis de editor?" he inquired as he twirled his hat in his hand. He was informed that it was.

"Well, boss, I wants to get a job," he said.

"What is your business?"

The old negro drew himself up to his full height and answered: "Ise been de proprietor ob de New 'leans Piccyune fo' twenty years."

"Oh, you have been proprietor of The New Orleans Picayune for twenty years, have you?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, I suppose you wrote the editorials then."

"Oh, no, sah; we had de editors for to do dat."

"Yes? Perhaps, then, you gathered the news?"

"No, sah, de reporters did dat."

"You read the proof, then, very likely."

"Oh, no, no, no, sah, we had de proofreaders for to do dat."

The editor became amused at the old darky, and determined to see in what position his boasted proprietorship would land him, so he questioned him in regard to the various positions right down the list, and still his function remained undiscovered.

"Well," he was finally asked, "what was your position?"

He hesitated a moment and then answered in the most impressive voice he could command:

"I'll tell you what, boss, if you wants to get some one to oil de joints ob you engine down sta'rs, I ken do it better dan any man in town."—New York Tribune.

George W. Childs on Vocations.

My rule has been to follow faithfully that line of business for which I felt the consciousness of being adapted. In this view I selected the newspaper, and to it I devote my time and talents. I follow out the one line of business pursuit rather than engage in many. A few days ago certain gentlemen came to me to ask me to engage with them in the line of banking. "I am not a banker," said I. "I am a newspaper man."

"But," they persisted, "we do not ask for your time, but only your name, and the use of your name to us will be worth $100,000 a year to you." I did not, however, accede to their request. I had no inclination to engage with them in the pursuit of banking, because it was outside of my line, and having more than enough money to meet my modest necessities, and without a child in the world, I did not feel like taking $100,000 each year for doing nothing to earn it.

The great trouble with mankind is to stick to that pursuit of which they have knowledge. Some men get strangely mixed up. I happen to know a banker in this town, with good general information, but with no aptitude for banking. Yet he plods along in his line, acquiring nothing, you may say, and at times the necessities of his business have compelled him to raise money on the family plate. Now, he is out of his line, and will fail, probably, until he finds that which is his real bent and gravitates to it.—Interview in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Books Made of Clay.

Far away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lies the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade and scraper, first of the French and then of the English, have cleared all the earth away and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the proud princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshiped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world.

The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of the city was contained in the palace of Kanyunjik. The clay books which composed its contents were sets of tablets covered with very small letters. The tablets are all oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing was done when the clay of the tablet was soft; it was then baked to harden it. Each tablet was numbered just as librarians of today number the books of which they have charge.—St. Louis Republic.

The Abuse of a Letter.

The way the letter "a" is being distorted and abused nowadays is shameful. Judging from the pronunciation affected by actors and anglomaniacs the poor little letter has only one sound, and that the mushy la de da Italian variety, designated in Webster's Dictionary by two little dots over the vowel. I went to a theatre the other night, and heard a girl sing a song in which she had something to say about a mash—she called it "mosh"—and a hat, which she pronounced as we do the adjective applied to the business end of a poker in active use. In the course of her ditty she had occasion to use the words man, grand, fashion, habit, and answer, dash and mantel, all of which she pronounced in the same manner. I would like to know where this thing is going to end.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Terrible Task.

Dolly—Have you spoken to papa about our—our—engagement?

Cholly—Yeth, and he tweated me with pawsitive bwutality.

Dolly—Poor, dear boy! What did he say?

Cholly—Said he'd have nothing to do with a fellah that couldn't thwink for himself. The idea! Thwinking is such beastly, common, hard work.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Water which contains impurities will turn milky white when nitrate of silver is dissolved in it. If "chemically pure"

AN ELEPHANT HUNT IN SIAM.

A Country Where Nearly 300 of the Big Animals Are Captured at a Time.

One scorching morning in April, 1870, a small party of Europeans left the city of Bangkok, the present capital of the kingdom of Siam, for Ayuthia, the old seat of government, sixty miles northward up the River Menam. A hunt had been appointed by the king, and the elephants were to be brought in through the country bordering the ancient ruins.

On the second day we arrived at Ayuthia, and set up our screens and hung our mosquito bars in a sala, or rest house, by the river side.

The following morning the elephants arrived. Just outside the city, and overlooking a plain extending to the horizon, was a high platform, mounted by stone steps and covered with a tiled roof supported by pillars. On this, screened from the sun, and with a broad outlook over the rice fields that had lately been shorn of their crop, sat a high official, his aids, a few native nobles and the foreign guests.

The other spectators perched in trees or found standing room wherever the view was most attractive. Immediately before the platform was the stockade, made by setting deep into the ground teak logs two yards in girth and twenty feet in length. These logs were so arranged as to leave interspaces of about one foot in width. They inclosed a half acre of level ground, and extended out, at the side opposite the platform, into a funnel shaped entrance only wide enough, where it joined the stockade, for the passing of a single elephant.

Gazing far across the stubbly plain we saw the troop of elephants, encompassed by the many hunters who had been sent months before into the wilderness to entice the wild animals toward a rendezvous. The families, scattered in the jungles, foraging among the luxuriant herbage, had been separately entered by tame decoy elephants, under the direction of wily hunters, and one had followed another into captivity. Two hundred and eighty elephants had thus been brought together. The sound of their roaring was like that of distant thunder, and as they approached the earth seemed to shake under their tread.

By a skillful combination of leading and driving they were slowly urged along toward the stockade. Foremost were the decoyers, trained to their work, which they do with complacent discretion. They were ridden by experts in elephant training, and followed by the wild herds in which were elephants of all ages. Hemming in the assemblage on the sides and in the rear, many other tamed elephants directed by their riders urged on the laggards with their long tusks and shouldered the stragglers into place.

Occasionally a huge fellow, becoming conscious of being directed by a will not his own, would rear, trumpet a protest, bolt through the cordon of sentinels and gallop toward the distant woods. But these fugitives were quickly chased by three or four trained beasts, and were soon brought back to the ranks. Only one, a majestic creature with enormous snowy tusks, distanced his pursuers and regained freedom in the bush.—St. Nicholas.

Sermons That Are Remembered.

I have listened to many eloquent, many striking, many admirable sermons. I have forgotten, I suppose, some five or six thousand sermons—forgotten all about them so completely that they have not left a trace in the memory, though at the time they may have had their infinitesimal influence for good on the life of every day. But of the remainder there were some which left deeper and indeed lifelong impressions. Of one of them, heard when I was a boy of 14, I remember nothing but the manner in which for all time it impressed the text itself upon my recollection.

The text was, "As the grass growing upon the housetops, which withereth afore it be plucked up, whereof the mower filleth not his hand, neither he that bindeth up the sheaves his bosom." Perhaps a sermon can produce no better effect than to burn into the brain the force or the imagery of a particular text. I remember how much I longed, after hearing that sermon, that my life might never be represented by such an image of utter uselessness—the rank, coarse grass upon the thatch, which the mower and reaper alike despise.—Canon Farrar in Forum.

Composition of an Average Man.

Huxley's table of the weights of the different parts of the average human body, often referred to as a most interesting compilation, has now been largely superseded by a table prepared by a French chemist, which gives the pounds, ounces and grains of the different elements in the human body of the average of 154 pounds. It is as follows:

	Lbs.	Oz.	Grs.
Oxygen	111	8	0
Hydrogen	14	6	0
Carbon	21	0	0
Nitrogen	3	10	0
Phosphorus	1	2	83
Calcium	2	0	0
Sulphur	0	0	219
Chlorine	0	2	47
Sodium (salt)	0	2	116
Iron	0	0	100
Potassium	0	0	290
Magnesium	0	[illegible]	12
Silica	0	0	2
Total	154	0	0

When the total fails to balance in pounds it is carried out in ounces and grains.

—St. Louis Republic.

A Peculiar Word.

The word "habit" is one of the most peculiar in our language. If you take off the first letter you still have "a bit." If you remove the second the word "bit" is still on hand. Decapitate that by removing the "b" and it is still a word. Take off the "i" and you find the old "habit" not "t" totally destroyed.—St. Louis Republic.

It is easy to correct vocal defects in a child, and if the training be persisted in for several years by those competent to give instruction in the art a habit of musical and ready speech may be acquired which will serve one upon any occasion, either private or public.