

TEACHING MONKEYS.

Simple Acts That Are Too Difficult For Simians to Learn.

It would be a very simple matter for a fourteen months old child to learn to pull in, by means of a very light toy wooden rake, an object which it could not reach with its hands, and yet Jimmie, a very tame Rhesus monkey of mine, writes John B. Watson in *The World Today*, spent many days in trying to learn this simple act and had not learned to manipulate the rake when our patience ran out. Jimmie was kept moderately hungry at the time of the experiments; he was tethered just out of reach of some very tempting food (malaga grapes). A light top wooden rake was given him. Instinctively he grasped it, bit it, then dropped it and began straining at his tether and reaching out as far as possible with his foreleg, making vain efforts to scratch in his food. The rake was then put around one of the grapes, and the handle extended toward Jimmie. Instantly he grasped the handle as before and jerked it, and the grape rolled within reach of his paw. The rake was dropped and forgotten and the faithful paw utilized for the completion of the act.

Now what happens when the grape has been eaten? The rake is still within his reach, and the grapes are still outside the pale. Does he perceive the relationship existing between "food out of reach, rake will lengthen paw, ergo, use rake?" Not Jimmie. And he is the brightest of six. As long as you will kindly hook the blade of the rake around the grape and extend the handle toward him he will condescend to pull in the rake and consequently the grape, but he has never yet both pushed out and then pulled in the rake of his own initiative.

THE BLACK SEA.

Its Waters So Badly Poisoned That Life Is Practically Impossible.

Few persons, probably, other than those engaged in the pursuit of science, are aware that the Black sea presents an interest of its own to the zoologist and the geologist shared by no other part of the ocean at the present day.

Throughout the greater part of the ocean the bottom is the dwelling place of a number of creatures whose business it is to consume the bodies of the members of the surface fauna which after death sink to the bottom. In the Black sea, however, says the Field, owing to special geological events, such scavengers are totally wanting over the greater part of the bottom, so that the carcasses of the creatures which fall from above are left to decompose, which they speedily do at the comparatively high temperature of the water.

By their decomposition two soluble compounds, carbonate of ammonia and sulphurated hydrogen, are developed in enormous quantities, while no free lime, except such as is introduced from the Mediterranean, is left. The volume of sulphurated hydrogen is so great as to poison the water from the greatest depth (1,227 fathoms) to within about a hundred fathoms of the surface to such a degree that life, except for a few bacteria, is absolutely impossible.

The circumstance has a double interest—first, that it is absolutely unique at the present day, and, secondly, that it seems to offer an almost exact parallel to the state of affairs that existed at the inconceivably remote epoch when the oldest known sedimentary rocks were laid down as mud on the ancient sea bottom.

Pat Was Surprised.

Two Irishmen got the contract to clean a well. Pat tied a rope around his middle, and Mike lowered him into the well. When Pat was through cleaning, Mike began to hoist him up, but when he was halfway up he called to his companion in the well:

"Hould on a minnit, Pat, till I spit on me hands," and left go of the rope. Naturally Pat descended again a little too rapidly for comfort. When Mike realized his blunder, he ran to the well and called down:

"Pat, Pat, are ye dead?" And his partner replied:

"No, ye brainless spalpeen; O'm not dead, begorry, but O'm speechless wid surprise at ye."—*Judge's Library.*

Labor.

The doctrine of the farm is merely this, that every man ought to stand in primary relations with the work of the world; ought to do it himself and not to suffer the accident of his having a purse in his pocket, or his having been bred to some dishonorable or injurious craft, to sever him from those duties and for this reason, that labor is God's education; that he only is a sincere learner, he only can become master who learns the secret of labor and who by real cunning exerts from nature its receptor.—Emerson.

Accounting For It.

"Mamma," asked little Emersonia Osgoodson, "who translated the Bible?"

"The accepted version of it, my dear," answered her mother, "is the work of learned Englishmen."

"Englishmen! Then that is why there is no Epistle to the Bostonians!"—Exchange.

Putting Off.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do and the most beautiful things it can enjoy without thinking that every day may be the last one and that lost time is lost eternally.

There is no witness so terrible, no accuser so powerful, as conscience.—Polybius.

FAIRIES IN IRELAND.

A Boatman's Story of the Antics of the Little People.

Here is a modern fairy story from Ireland: "One day about twenty years ago," writes a correspondent, "I was fishing from a boat on Lough Derg. I inquired of my boatmen if they had ever seen fairies. At first, fearing to be laughed at, they scouted the idea, but one of them told the following:

"On a Sunday he was returning after mass and stood with a friend named Sullivan on the bridge of Killaloe. Looking toward a potato field on the slope of the rising ground to the east of the town, a field which he was able to point out from the boat, he saw issuing from the liss a troop of 'little people,' one being distinctly taller than the rest. At first they seemed rather blurred, then took distinct shapes and began to play the national game of hurley among the bare potato rigs. He called Sullivan's attention to them, but for some time his friend could not see them, then said he could, and they watched the game together for a time. Then the sun went in, and the fairies, moving toward the liss, as if returning to it, vanished. Lisses are rough places, sometimes hillocks, sometimes depressions, often bushy, but never cultivated. I have been told they are left as doorways for the fairies when visiting the earth's surface."—Chicago News.

HUNTING MAHOGANY.

It Takes an Experienced Woodsman to Locate the Trees.

Mahogany trees do not grow in clusters, but are scattered throughout the forest and hidden in a dense growth of underbrush, vines and creepers and require a skillful and experienced woodsman to find them. He seeks the highest ground in a forest, climbs to the top of the tallest tree and surveys the surrounding country. The mahogany has a peculiar foliage, and his practiced eye soon detects the trees within sight.

The axmen follow the hunter, and then come the sawyers and hewers, a large mahogany taking two men a full day to fell it. The tree has large spurs which project from the trunk at its base, and scaffolds must be erected so that the tree can be cut off above the spurs. This leaves a stump ten to fifteen feet high, which is sheer waste, as the stump really contains the best lumber.

The hunter has nothing to do with the work of cutting or removing the tree, his duty being simply to locate it. If he is clever and energetic, his remuneration may amount to \$500 or \$1,000 a month, but he may travel weeks at a time without detecting a tree, and as he is generally paid by results his earnings are rather precarious.—St. Louis Republic.

Not Aesop's Day.

West Point's aim is to teach men to meet any situation with the best there is in them. When General Custer was a cadet, he ventured into the French section room without having so much as looked at the day's lesson. The section had been engaged in the translation of Aesop's fables from French to English, but on this particular day the task consisted of a page of history written in French. Cadet Custer was given the book and very bravely dashed into the translation of this sentence: "Leopold, duc d'Autriche, se mettit sur les plaines de Silesie." But the Duke of Austria did not seem to appeal to him, for without hesitation he read:

"The leopard, the duck and the ostrich met upon the plains of Silesia."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Some Very Old Trees.

Brazilian cocconut palms live for 600 to 700 years, and the Arabs assert that the date palm frequently reaches the age of 200 to 300 years. Wallan's oak, near Paisley, Scotland, is known to be over 700 years old, and there are eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, which are known to have been flourishing in 1099. The yews at Fountain abbey, Yorkshire, were old trees when, in 1132, the abbey was built, and a redwood in Mariposa grove, California, is a manifold centenarian. Baobab trees of Africa have been computed to be over 5,000 years old, and the deciduous cypress at Chapultepec is considered to be of a still greater age.

The Fallen Mighty.

"It isn't necessary to go to the Waldorf to see the nobility," said the man about town. "Go down on Second avenue to the Hungarian restaurants there. The proprietor of one is an exiled baron, the pianist is a prince, the violinist is a duke, the waiter with the mustachios was a titled landowner in his own country, and each and every one of the patrons, myself excepted, is a scion of Russian, German or Hungarian nobility, banished for some reason or other to the wilds of New York."—New York Press.

A Striking Monument.

Nowhere in the world can be found a more striking monument than that erected on the shores of Lake Issy-Kul, in central Asia, in honor of the Russian General Prjevalski, a famous explorer of that region. The tomb is hollowed out in the summit of a jutting cliff on the eastern margin of the lake, and the monument consists of an enormous rough hewn block of gray granite, twenty-five feet high, over which is thrown a chart of central Asia.

Cruel.

Percy—Do you know, Miss Alice, I've always had a horror of premature burial—being buried too early, don'tcher know? Alice—Oh, what nonsense! That's impossible.

THE SCHOONER.

Where the Fore and Aft Beats the Square Rigger.

The ability of the schooner to meet the requirements of present day conditions, while the square riggers have been found wanting, can be readily understood when we take into consideration the numerous advantages possessed by the fore and aft rig that are essential to the ideal carrier.

Operating expense, that prime factor in all transportation problems, is here reduced to a minimum, for there is no motive power so cheap as the free winds of heaven and no other craft so well adapted to utilize and control this force. The sails are of handy form and can be readily handled from the deck by a handful of men or with steam power if desired. The schooner can sail several points nearer the eye of the wind than a square rigger is able to do.

Built on the old clipper model, they sail like witches and owing to their peculiar constructions can be readily loaded and discharged. They require but little ballast and having no heavy top hamper can, if necessary to the trade, take on immense deck loads. In the lumber traffic of the Pacific northwest we find these vessels leaving port with hundreds of deck loads towering ten to fifteen feet above the rail. Occasionally they get caught in a blow and have to sacrifice a portion of the deck load, but where one meets such a mishap dozens reach their destinations safely and land their cargoes intact.—James G. McCurdy in *Outing Magazine.*

A GAME OF POKER.

It Was an Object Lesson on Playing Cards With Strangers.

A card sharp well known to the stewards of the great ocean liners was a passenger on a recent trip across. He received a line at Queenstown, which had the effect of keeping him out of the large games in the smoking room. He contented himself with penuche and bridge at 25 cents a hundred points. On the evening before landing one of his bridge party, none of whom knew that he was a professional with a bad record, proposed changing the game to poker. "It's bad practice," said the card sharp, "to play poker with strangers. There's too much risk, but it's all right in this case." The others said there was no risk if a man had good sense and kept his eyes open. The deal fell to the professional, and when cards had been drawn by each man he said: "Now I'll show you how much you know. Mr. A, you have the winning hand. Mr. B, your three queens look good, but what show have they against Mr. C's four fives? And what good are they against A's four kings? Does it tally?"

It did, and A said, "Well, it's my pot."

"I was afraid that might happen, so I dealt myself a straight flush." He showed it, arose from his chair and said: "Give the steward what I put in. This was an object lesson—don't play poker with strangers."—New York Tribune.

The Barbecue.

The word "barbecue" is derived from the Spanish word "barbacoa" and is a native Haitian term for a wooden framework supporting meat or fish to be smoked or dried over a fire. In its popular sense it means a large social or political entertainment in the open air at which sheep or oxen are roasted whole and all the feasting is on a most liberal scale. Georgia is probably the native home of the barbecue and is called the Barbecue State. Who prepared the first barbecue is unknown. Deer, bear and other game constituted the meat roasted in the barbecues of fifty years ago.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Butcher's Smock.

The butcher's smock was blue. It looked much neater than the white smocks of his friends, all smeared with dried blood. "Every butcher," said the man, "ought to wear a blue smock. Why? Because dry blood won't show on it. Dry blood turns bluish, and on a smock of this color it is invisible. I am descended from a long line of butchers, and from father to son the word has been passed down always to wear, for neatness' sake, a smock of blue."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Croutons.

To cut bread into dice before frying, if it is to be used as croutons, is not the most approved method. When done in this way it becomes very hard and indigestible. The bread should rather be cut into thin slices and then stamped out in circles a little larger than a quarter or cut into squares of about the same size or in oblongs two inches long and over one-half inch thick. These tossed into hot lard and taken out almost instantly in the frying basket are the most palatable.

Queer Marriages.

In southern India marriage with inanimate objects is not altogether unknown. A man who has lost two wives and wishes to marry another will go through a formal marriage ceremony with a plantain tree, which is afterward cut down. This stands for the third marriage, which is considered inauspicious, and the man feels free to make a fourth marriage with a third woman.

The Modern Version.

"I want my boy to be able to earn his own living."
"To earn it, Mr. Merger?"
"Well, to get it."—Washington Herald.

Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy.—Dr. Johnson.

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