

HOLDING THE BABY.

Introducing a Nice Point in Baby Carriage Etiquette.

"That fellow doesn't know the first thing about the etiquette of the baby carriage," remarked one of a group of men at Thirty-first and Main streets. The comment was made to all in a general way. One of the group, the man with a frayed collar and a look of patient resignation, gazed anxiously at a couple about to board a car. The mother was sparring in a desperate sort of way with one of those baby carriages which shop salesmen can open and close in a minute and the users in from five to thirty minutes. "Don't see anything wrong with that," said the man with the frayed collar. "He's got to hold the baby even if she does have to wrestle with the carriage. You don't think he ought to hold the baby and take care of the carriage, too, do you?" "Well, there's one thing sure," rejoined the objector—"the man doesn't know a thing about baby carriage etiquette. What you want to do is this: If the baby weighs more than the carriage, it's the man's place to hold the baby. If the carriage weighs more, he should hand the baby to his wife."

POINTING THE BONE.

Queer Superstition of the Native Blacks of Australia.

The native blacks of Australia are steeped in superstition. A black fellow will on no account go near the spot where another black has been buried. He has a deep rooted aversion to one particular bird—the wagtail—because, he says, "him all day talk, talk along a white feller, tellum all about black feller," and no opportunity is lost of killing these little birds. Many tribes "bury" their dead by sticking them up into the forks of trees and there leaving them till the flesh has either dropped or been taken, leaving the bones clean. These bones are then taken down, the larger ones buried and the smallest handed round as keepsakes to those nearly related to the deceased. Should one black fellow wish the death of a rival or enemy he points the bone at him. This means that he takes one of his late relation's bones from his dilly bag and points it, in the presence of witnesses, at the man he wishes to get rid of, all the time pouring forth threats and curses.

Strange as it may seem, the one pointed at will often languish and eventually die, perhaps in a month, perhaps in a year, for no sooner is the bone pointed than he makes up his mind to die, and there is no saving him.—London Standard.

Tennyson's Cure For Shyness.

It is recorded in "Tennyson's Life" that he used to recommend to a younger brother the thought of the stellar spaces, swarming with constellations and traversed by planets at ineffable distances, as a cure for shyness, and a lady of my acquaintance used to endeavor as a girl to stay her faltering heart on the thought of eternity at such moments. It is all in vain. At the urgent moment one cares very little about the stellar motions or the dim vistas of futurity and very much indeed about the cut of one's coat and the glances of one's enemies, and the doctrines of the church and the prospects of ultimate salvation are things very light in the scales in comparison with the pressing necessities of the crisis and the desperate need to appear wholly unconcerned.—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and Reader.

A Terrific Tumble.

Most marvelous of all the stories of great falls is the account of Charles Woolcott's terrific tumble from a height of no less than 3,000 feet. It was in Venezuela, and he was making a parachute descent. The parachute refused to open till within 100 or 200 feet from the ground. Then it spread out suddenly and split. The unfortunate man crushed both ankles and both knees, broke his right thigh and hip, dislocated his spinal column and suffered other injuries. Yet after a year in a hospital he recovered sufficiently to write an account of what was probably the most fearful accident mortal man ever survived.

Spilled Mercury.

Mercury spilled on a table or floor is somewhat hard to collect unless special precautions are taken, owing to its tendency to divide into small globules, which roll away at the slightest touch. If a wet ring is made around the spilled mercury by the aid of a wash bottle or other similar means, it will be found that the globules of mercury cannot cross the ring. The mercury can then be collected in a small shovel made from a piece of thin card or even an ordinary envelope.

Race of Life.

There wouldn't be so very much fun in living if there were not a hurdle or two to jump over in this race of life. There always have been obstacles, and there always will be, and it is of no use to repine over them.—Manchester Union.

Our Neighbors.

Sunday School Teacher—Why did the Lord command us to love our neighbors? Little Lola—Oh, I guess it was another way of telling us to love our enemies.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No man is nobler born than another unless he is born with better abilities and more amiable disposition.—Seneca.

TIME AT THE POLES.

It is Practically Any Hour of the Day You Please.

Those who are conversant with the use of globes know that all the meridians of longitude starting from the equator converge toward and meet at the poles. They know, too, that longitude signifies time and that difference of longitude is difference in time. They know very well that when it is noon in London it is about 7 o'clock in the morning in Boston, and that when it is noon in San Francisco it is about a quarter past 3 in the afternoon in New York.

Now, as the meridian of London extends to the north pole, it necessarily ensues that when it is noon in the English capital it must also be noon at the north pole. In a similar manner when it is noon at Boston, or in San Francisco, or at Pekin, or any other place situated in the northern hemisphere, it follows that it must also be noon at the pole, because all the meridians of those places unite at the north pole. Therefore it is noon all day long at the pole.

Thus there is an entire absence of time at the pole. But it would be just as correct to say that it is a place where there is a preponderance of time, for it is practically any time of day during the whole twenty-four hours or, indeed, through the year. In fact, a resident at the north pole could make it any time of day he might choose to select, with the consciousness that it would be the right time.

A POET'S DIET.

Byron's Strenuous Efforts to Keep Himself From Getting Fat.

"You mention Browning's idea that starvation was the cure for all the ills of the flesh—his own, at any rate," says a correspondent. "Browning was not the only poet with peculiar views on the subject. One of Byron's chief fears was that of becoming fat, and to avoid it he often resorted to extraordinary systems of diet. At Athens he lived mainly on rice and vinegar and water. Later he confined himself to six biscuits a day and tea. In 1816 he had so restricted his diet that he was obliged to keep down hunger by chewing mastic and tobacco. 'Don Juan' was 'written on gin and water.'"

Byron, it has been pointed out, was one of those foredoomed by their constitutions to fatness in middle life, whether they eat much or little, and his victory over nature in this respect—for he succeeded in reducing himself to these violent methods—has been quoted as one of the most remarkable achievements of the human will, considering all the circumstances. It must have been bitter to him to see such a man as Beau Brummel, who ate and drank freely and took no exercise, retaining without an effort all the elegance of figure that was his greatest gift. No wonder Byron's was the poetry of gloom.—London News.

A Tailor's Advertisement, 1734.

This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen and others, That they may have good Druggets, Sagathie and Duroy Suits made well and fashionable, for the first size Men at £3 10s. a suit and the larger size at £4. Cloth Serge, commonly called by the Name of German Serge, suits for £4 and £4 10s. Livery suits for £4 and £4 10s. Colored and black Cloth suits for £5 and £5 10s. At the Two Golden Balls in Great Hartstreet, the upper end of Bow street, Covent-Garden. Also Horsemen's great Coats to be sold ready made at 20s. each. Morning Gowns, Collimanco, both sides, at 30s. a piece. Black Clock-back ready made at 16s. each. Blue Rockers ready made. Superfine blue Cloth at 15s. per Yard.—Fog's Journal, 1734.

Tea Table Etiquette.

A hundred years or more ago there was a quaint tea table etiquette. It was considered a lack of courtesy to take much cream or sugar in one's tea. Etiquette demanded that the tea should be tasted from the spoon and that the hostess should then inquire, "Is your tea agreeable?" Modern women would be shocked by a fashionable lady of those days who cooled her tea with her breath. Yet Young wrote of a certain bewildering Lady Betty: Her two red lips affected zephyrs blow To cool the Bohns and inflame the Beau. While one white finger and a thumb conspire To lift the cup and make the world admire.

A City and Its Press.

In some respects a modern city resembles a vast commercial house. In commerce advertisement is the secret of success, and the most successful coadjutors of the municipality in the development and putting of a capital are the newspapers. And here Berlin is lacking. Her press is on a hopelessly low level, impoverished, without enterprise, under the thumb of the authorities. In London, New York and Paris the press has a voice in the running of the city.—London Outlook.

A Roundabout Reply.

"Darling," said a young husband, "what would you do if I should die? Tell me!" "Please don't suggest such a thing," was the reply. "I can't bear the thought of a stepfather for our little boy!"

Unselfish.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday? He—No; I'm saving those for my friends. She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!

When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

THE NORMAN FARMER.

He Carries His Top Soil With Him When He Moves.

The modern farmer was applying electrical massage to a cart horse's sprained knee. During the intervals of rest he talked farm talk.

"There are tenants," he said, "who, when they move, carry their farms with them as the tortoise does his house. These people are the Norman French, the world's best farmers. Where you or I would require twenty or thirty acres of land to keep one family, the French farmer will keep his family on a quarter of an acre. If he chose to cultivate twenty or thirty acres he would become a millionaire. His secret lies in the perfection to which he brings his top soil. What with fertilizing and watering and clearing his top soil is the blackest, finest, richest soil on earth. His top soil is to the French farmer what her voice is to a prima donna. And when he rents he contracts that on the termination of his lease he may carry off eighteen inches of the top soil with him.

"When you see a French farmer moving one small cart carries his household goods, and in seven or eight enormous drays his top soil lumbars on behind."—New York Press.

THE MODERN HAT.

Its Serious Defects From the Hygienic Point of View.

The size, the style and incidentally the cost of women's hats, says a writer in the Berliner Umschau, have taken up so much of the time of the people who make hats a study that they have not had a moment to devote to the head covering of the sterner sex. Considered from the hygienic point of view, little fault can be found with the hats of our sisters, although some of them, when viewed through the glass of reason, are unthinkable. But men's hats are faulty from the physician's point of view, and a wider knowledge of the defects of the modern hat would add to the already large army of bare-headed men. In order to demonstrate which hats should be avoided a perfectly healthy man was placed where the rays of the sun could strike him directly. He wore while taking the sun bath various kinds of hats for a period of fifteen minutes each. Every hat contained in the crown a thermometer, and these recorded as follows: The one in the Panama hat 77 degrees, the straw sailor 81, the silk hat 89, the felt hat 95 and the black hat and yachting cap 95 and 100 degrees respectively.

A Bath a Month.

Apparently the people of Persia are not great believers in the old maxim "Cleanliness is next to godliness," for baths are only taken once a month by the people, when they go to the public baths and make amends, so to speak, for the infrequency of their ablutions by spending a whole day getting cleaned and trimmed. At the baths they are washed, shaved, dye their hair and nails, get shampooed and spend the rest of the day eating buns and drinking sherbet. There are fixed days for men and women, and on bath days a man goes about the streets shouting "Tiamum!" ("Bath day!"). After the bath the ladies have their hair plaited in a number of thin plaits, which are not opened and combed out until the next bath day comes round.

Thought Only of the Dynamite.

Some grim stories are told of Lord Kitchener, says the United States Gazette, and we have read one which, although we cannot vouch for the truth of it, has a decided Kitchener flavor about it. A young subaltern who was in charge of some works that were in course of construction in the Punjab had the misfortune to lose some native workmen through an accident with dynamite. Fearful of a reprimand from headquarters, he telegraphed to the commander in chief, "Regret to report killing of twelve laborers by dynamite accident." Back is said to have come the laconic message, "Do you want any more dynamite?"

Greedy.

Two Englishmen on a holiday in France were dining together at a Paris restaurant. Mr. Smith would order and ask for everything he wanted in doubtful French, while Mr. Cross would offer explanations that were in the nature of criticisms. At last Mr. Smith's temper rose to explosive point. "Will you," he said—in English this time—"be so good as not to interfere with me in the use of my French?" "Very well," retorted Mr. Cross. "I simply wanted to point out that you were asking for a staircase when all you wanted was a spoon!"—London Mail.

Suffering Humanity.

"Mrs. Sourmuzz, who thought she had a mission to look after suffering humanity, is married, isn't she?" "Yep." "I was surprised to learn that she had given up her mission in life." "She hasn't. Her husband is going to be suffering humanity hereafter!"—Houston Post.

The Pursuit of Pleasure.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits. But the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is overzealous and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Man's Dull Attire.

Britfilbers are constantly becoming duller and more morose in the matter of their clothes. Their carelessness in this respect seems sometimes to amount to affectation. —Chambers' Journal.

Letter from Falla City.

TO EDITOR OF TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.

TWIN FALLS, Aug. 8.—The magnificent Snake river is pouring its waters through hundreds of miles of ditches, over thousands of acres of land. Still there is scarcely a denotation of the flow of the river below the diversion dams, and a succession of grand cat-racts—notably Shoshone falls and Twin Falls—rival Niagara in beauty if not quite in volume.

Really the Snake is a grand, delightful stream flowing, though it does, between somber walls of rock with sober gray sage brush everywhere. There are surprises for the sighter (if he has not a knowledge of the stream) and spots of beauty and interest at nearly every turn of its tortuous way. Not only are there waterfall, and canyon walls that are curved and carved into castles and towers and ramparts, but delightful springs gushing from beneath the cliffs. Notable among these are the thousand springs near Buhl and Blue lakes near this place. The latter are two great writing fountains nestled in a niche in the side of the canyon. Each spring is a great oval pool 100 yards by 50 in extent, with a depth of 50 feet and the water gushes up from their bottoms, though so gently that not a ripple disturbs their placid surfaces. The peculiar light blue color (almost the color of vitriol) of the lake bottoms showing through the pure transparent waters gives its color to them and the lakes their name. The upper lakes feeds the lower and the outlet below, which after flowing a few yards is swallowed up by the coarse rubble from the cliff, is a brawling brook of limpid water which has no color of the lake.

Down by the rivers edge now and again as one wanders along he finds meager strips of rock strewn earth where—if there are springs to water the soil—beautiful orchards are growing.

So much of the Snake river canyon. It is above on the great plateau, at this place 600 feet or more above the river, that the great Twin Falls irrigation scheme is being worked out. Of this again. G.V.D.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the construction of a bridge across the Little Nestucca River, at the present site of what is known as the Murphy Bridge. Span 80 feet. Plans and specifications on file at the office of the County Clerk.

A certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid, as a guarantee that the bidder will execute a bond for the completion of the contract if awarded the same.

All bids must be filed in the office of the County Clerk, of Tillamook County, on or before 9 o'clock a.m. Wednesday, the 2nd day of September, 1908, the County Court reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the County Court, J. A. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for the construction of a bridge across the Big Nestucca River, at the Folland place. Bridge to be Howe Truss, span 130 feet. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the County Clerk; also, other information with regard to the same be had at the Clerk's office.

A certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid as a guarantee that the bidder will execute a bond for the completion of the contract, if awarded the same. The County Court will reserve the right to reject any or all bids were not severally affected with the County Clerk on or before 9 o'clock a.m. Wednesday, the 2nd day of September, 1908.

By order of the County Court, J. A. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

Why James Lee Got Well.

Everybody in Zanesville, O., knows Mrs. Mary Lee, of rural route 8. She writes: "My husband, James Lee, firmly believes he owes his life to the use of Dr. King's New Discovery. His lungs were so severely affected that consumption seemed inevitable, when a friend recommended New Discovery. We tried it, and its use has restored him to perfect health." Dr. King's New Discovery is the King of throat and lung remedies. For coughs and colds it has no equal. The first dose gives relief. Try it! Sold under guarantee at Chas. I. Clough's drug store, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Libby's Prison Diarrhoea Remedy.

Mr. Edward E. Henry, with the United States Express Co., Chicago, writes: "Our General Superintendent, Mr. Quick, handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy some time ago to check an attack of the old Libby's Prison diarrhoea. I have used it since that time and cured many of our trains who have been sick. I am an old soldier who served with Rutherford B. Hayes and William Mc. Kinley four years in the 23rd Ohio Regiment, and have no ailment except Libby's Prison diarrhoea, which this remedy stops at once." For sale by all Druggists.

Chronic Diarrhoea Cured.

"My father has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea, and tried every means possible to effect a cure, without avail," writes John H. Zirkle, of Philippi, W. Va. "He saw Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy advertised in the Philippine Republican and decided to try it. The result is one bottle cured him and he has not suffered with the disease for eighteen months. Before taking this remedy he was a constant sufferer. He is now sound and well, and although sixty years old, can do as much work as a young man." Sold by all Druggists.

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