

PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

Fearful Cruelty That Makes This Dainty a Possibility.

To the ordinary man and woman no conception of the torture to which the poor, unfortunate goose is put could possibly be formed.

The geese when about nine months old are taken from the pastures and placed in an underground cellar, where broad, slanting stone slabs stand in rows, and are bound fast to the tables. They are literally crucified.

Feet, wings and bodies are spread out and bound by bands, so that only the neck is left free. As may be imagined, the animal struggles with all its might against this stretching till, after days of vain endeavor to free itself from the hands and its position, its powers of resistance are overcome, and a dull resignation, broken only by its low cries, takes possession of it. Two months must pass away before death brings relief.

The animals are meanwhile crammed with dumplings made of dough of buckwheat, chestnuts and stewed maize. Every two hours, six times a day, they receive from three to five dumpling pills, which in time become so sweet to the tortured creatures that they stretch their necks to be crammed.

The most difficult task is to determine the right moment for death. Those who die of their own accord are lost to the liver factory; therefore a kind of study is needed to see when the cup of agony is brimming full and the liver is ripe for taking. The bodies of such ripe ones are like pumpkins. Where ordinarily fingers are buried in flesh and fat nothing but skin and bone are found. The livers have absorbed all the strength and juices.

WHY WE SLEEP.

Darkness and Our Eyes the Answer, Says a Scientist.

If it were always daylight we should never sleep. So says a scientist. There is no particular reason why we or any other animals should rest on an average eight or nine hours a day.

The period of rest has been determined by the fact that eight hours is the average time when there is a lack of sufficient light to enable us to move about in comfort.

This most fundamental distinction between day and night is wholly relative to the sense of sight. It only affects those types of life which have developed eyes.

Plants, being dependent for their growth upon the action of rays of sunlight which fall upon their leaves, have a wide distinction between day and night functions. They eat and digest in the light and grow during the hours of darkness.

The lowest forms of animal life—the sightless denizens of ocean depths—do not rest at regular intervals. They crawl around incessantly, seeking prey by the sense of touch alone. When they rest it is at irregular periods. In other words, they have no distinct periodicity of their own.

But as soon as eyes are developed, and in proportion of this development, animals begin to divide their time into two main portions—a waking and a sleeping time. While there is light they perform all motive functions. When darkness comes they retire to nest or lair to rest.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chinese Athletics.

The Chinese have always had athletic exercises of a sort in which they have rather prided themselves, though none ever seem to have taken such a hold on the nation as ours have on us during the last century or so. They have plenty of stories of strong men capable of wielding extraordinary weapons, of bending wondrous bows or of lifting heavy weights, etc.

Even within the last few years feats of archery were done before an officer could get his commission in the army, and in almost any village there is a bamboo with a pierced stone at either end to test the strength of the rising generation in lifting. But there was nothing of regular athletic training, except for a few wrestlers perhaps, before foreigners came.—Shanghai Mercury.

A Strong Hint.

They had met for the first time since their schooldays and were telling each other of their professional careers.

"And how did you come to leave the stage?" asked one.

"I had a hint that I was not suited for it."

"I see. The little birds told you, eh?"

"Well, no; not exactly. But they might have been birds had they been allowed to hatch."

A Lesson.

The Lady—Look here! You said that if I'd give you your dinner you'd mow the lawn for me. The Hobo—I'd like to do it, ma'am, but I gotta teach yer a lesson. Never trust th' word of a total stranger.—Cleveland Leader.

His Night Work.

Wife—What makes you stay at the office so late at night? Do you gain anything by it?

Hubby—No. But I have several times come—er—within an ace of gaining something.—Philadelphia Record.

The Explanation.

Him (in the surf)—The water is getting cold. I wonder why.

Her—That tall girl who just came in is from Boston.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.—Franklin.

"The Good Old Days."

How times have changed! When we were young, people had bad colds, soaked their feet in hot water and got well. Now they have grip, take quinine and feel sick all over. Then they had sore throat, wrapped a piece of fat pork in an old sock, tied it around the neck at night and went to work the next morning. Now they have tonsillitis, a surgical operation and two weeks in the house. Then they had stomach ache and took castor oil and recovered. Now they have appendicitis, a week in the hospital and six feet due east and west and six feet perpendicular. They worked then; they labor now. In those days they wore underclothes; now they wear lingerie. Then they went to a restaurant; now they go to a cafe. Then they broke a leg; now they fracture a limb. People went crazy then; they have a brain storm now. Politicians then paid good hard cash for support; now they send government garden seeds. Yes, times have changed, and we all change with the times. That's progression.—Ancl Hatten in Westphalia (Kan.) Times.

Power of Plants.

Farmers are well acquainted with the fact that the roots of trees will disrupt and sometimes overturn a stone wall, but the lifting power of tender vegetables is equally surprising.

The one result which has perhaps attracted the greatest attention is the discovery that a weight of two and a half tons can be lifted by the common pumpkin in the course of its development.

Dr. Carpenter relates the story of a paving stone weighing eighty-three pounds that was raised from its bed (when joined by others on all four sides) by such a soft piece of fungi as the common mushroom. And still another and more remarkable story is added to the above.

A man had a cask of sweet wine and placed it in an empty cellar to mature. When examined several years later it had risen from the floor of the cellar to the ceiling, having been borne upward upon the tender shoots of a vine fungus with which the cellar was filled.—London Home Notes.

Catching the "Tone."

He was a well meaning young man, but as curate in a small village he had never occasion to meet the class of people who frequented the fashionable parish to which he had just been appointed.

His new rector, wishing to help him on to success, had been liberal with advice and had duly impressed him with the importance of always taking the "tone" of the people with whom he mingled. Being invited to take dinner at the mansion of one of the members of the congregation and knowing that he would have to say grace, the young curate took his cue from the conversation overheard before dinner, and when his hostess nodded meaningly in his direction he delivered himself of the following, which he considered quite in keeping with the "tone" of the guests assembled:

"O Lord, thanks awfully, jolly good feed, wot?"—London Express.

The Miser's Carpet.

"Dr. Quain, the eminent physician, full of Hibernian wit, would sometimes tell unauthorized anecdotes of his professional experiences," says Sir Algernon West in "One City and Many Men." "Once he was attending a well known man of miserly habits in Mayfair, who when very ill asked him to honestly tell him if he would ever again rise from his bed of sickness. The doctor thought he never would. 'Please ring the bell,' said the patient, and when he had secured the attendance of his housekeeper he said: 'Have the strip of carpet by my bedside, which is a good one, wrapped up and put away. I shall not want it again, and if it is left here those undertaker's men will be sure to spoil it with their dirty boots!'"

A Man's Tact.

Nobody but Mr. Henley would have asked such a question in the first place.

"Miss Fairley," he said, "if you could make yourself over what kind of hair and eyes would you have?"

"If I could make myself over," said Miss Fairley, "I would look just exactly as I do now."

"You would?" exclaimed Henley in honest surprise, and to this day he can't understand why Miss Fairley thinks him a man of little taste and less tact.

A Real Dilemma.

"Say, Mike," queried Plodding Pete, who was looking at the piece of a Sunday school paper that had come with a handout, "wot does it mean 'bout bein' between de devil an' de deep sea?"

"It's de same as bein' told t' take yer choice between goin' t' work an' takin' a bath," explained Meandering Mike.—Chicago News.

A Friend in Need.

"Loan me a dollar, old man," said the actor. "I'm hungry."

"I'm broke myself," responded the stage manager, "but I'll put you on in the bill tonight. We have an eating scene."

"Man, I'll starve before night."

"In that case I'll call a rehearsal."—St. Louis Republic.

Music.

All music is more or less dramatic, and so the march of music is toward the theater. The times of mere enjoyment of tone combinations are past.—Herr Nikisch.

There is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action.—Goethe.

WOMEN WERE SCARCE.

A Feminine Face Caused a Furore in California's Early Days.

There were few women in the California mining camps in the old days, and the advent of an emigrant wagon with a woman in it caused a furore, as is proved by the following incident from the reminiscences of former Senator William M. Stewart: "Women were so scarce in California at that time that this was sufficient to arouse the whole camp. The 'boys,' as we were called, were scattered along the coyote diggings for a distance of about four miles, and when anything unusual happened the words, 'Oh, Joe!' would be passed along the whole line. When I saw the feminine raiment I raised the usual alarm, 'Oh, Joe!' and this called the attention of the miners on Buckeye hills, where I was, to the clothesline which had attracted my notice. They gathered around on the hill, nearly surrounding the covered wagon and its contents. The rush of the boys in the immediate vicinity to see the wonderful sight attracted those farther away, and in less than ten minutes two or three thousand young men were anxiously watching the wagon, clothesline and fascinating lingerie. In alarm the man that belonged to the woman inside stuck his head out of a small tent beside the wagon. I assured him that no harm was intended, but that we were very anxious to see the lady who was the owner of the clothes. This aroused her curiosity sufficiently to induce her to pull the curtain of the tent aside so that her face could be discovered, but not fully seen.

"I then proposed that we make a donation to the first lady that had honored our camp with a visit. I took from my camp a buckskin bag, used for the purpose of carrying gold, and invited the boys to contribute. They came forward with great eagerness and poured out of their sacks gold dust amounting to between \$2,000 and \$3,000. I then proposed to appoint a committee to wait on the lady and present it. The motion was unanimously carried, and one of the gentlemen appointed on the committee suggested myself as chairman. I took the sack of gold and went within about thirty feet of the tent and made as good a speech as I could to induce the lady to come out, assuring her that all the men about her were gentlemen, that they had seen no ladies for so many months and that the presence of one reminded them of their mothers and sweethearts at home. I told her that the bag of gold was hers on condition that she would come out and claim it. Her husband urged her to be brave, but when she finally ventured out about halfway the cheers were so vociferous that she was scared and ran back.

"She repeated this performance several times, and I kept moving slowly back far enough to get her away from the little tent so the boys could have a good view of her. I suppose half an hour was occupied with her running back and forth while the boys looked on in admiration, when I finally gave her the bag, with all the good wishes of the camp. She grabbed it and ran into the tent like a rabbit. The next morning the wagon, oxen, man and owner of the inspiring apparel were gone, and we never heard of them in after life."

Where the Funds Went.

As an instance of the happy go lucky character of the early dorky following extract from the Albany (N. Y.) city records may prove interesting:

"In 1826 the trustees of the African Baptist church applied to the common council for permission to circulate a public subscription paper in aid of the funds of the church. It was moved to lay the petition on the table, pending investigation, for the reason that the principal part of the funds secured by a previous subscription for the African church had been used by the trustees in 'treating themselves to hot suppers.'"

Presidential Succession.

During the first session of the Forty-ninth congress (1885-7) the presidential succession was fixed as follows:

In case of the death or removal of both president and vice president the secretary of state shall act as president until the disability of the president be removed or a president is elected. If there be no secretary of state, the secretary of the treasury shall act as president. And the succession passes in like manner to the secretary of war, the attorney general, the secretary of the navy and the secretary of the interior, in the order here given.

Cultivate Your Power.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Faded.

Tess—Yes, she said her husband married her for her beauty. What do you think of that? Jess—Well, I think her husband must feel like a widower now.—Philadelphia Press.

His Idea.

Tired Tatters—I wish I had money snuff t' patent a idee uv mine. Weary Walker—Wot's de idee? Tired Tatters—A noomatic tire fer perlice clubs.—Chicago News.

The millennium will be a time when people carry out their good intentions.—Puck.

The New Watch.

The young man drew forth a fine gold watch.

"Please regulate this," he said.

"A birthday present, eh?" said the watchmaker. "Now, listen, and I'll give you some pointers about how to keep this watch in fine condition.

"Wind it in the morning instead of at night.

"At least once a year have it oiled.

Remember that its balance swings 18,000 times a year, all on one little drop of oil. A wheelbarrow wouldn't stand such treatment. It would shriek for lubrication, but the small voice of the watch cannot be heard.

"After mending or cleaning examine your watch's screw heads and frames. If they are scratched the workman has been careless. He is a man to be avoided. Patronize him no more.

"Don't grumble if your mainspring breaks. This accident is due to some unknown condition of the weather. There are mainspring epidemics, like influenza ones. Just now such an epidemic is afoot. I have taken out sixty fractured mainsprings this week."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Got It.

He had the air of a man who was particularly well satisfied with himself.

"I tell you," he said, "there's nothing like having sickness in the family to convince a man that he can do a good many things that he never would have dared to attempt before. Now, today I am going to buy a gown for my little girl. Her mother can't get out, you know, and so I am going to do it myself."

On the day following he had the air of a man who was particularly dissatisfied with himself.

"What's the matter?" he was asked.

"Couldn't you get that gown?"

"Couldn't I get it?" he repeated.

"Couldn't I get it? Hang it all, the trouble is that I did get it!"

"Something wrong with it?"

"Something! If it was only 'something' I wouldn't mind. My taste is wrong, my judgment is wrong, the color is wrong, the size is wrong and the price is wrong."—Chicago Post.

Seeing Ourselves.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him with an unnatural expression sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude.

"The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance as to how he really looks, or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout. The solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most cadaverous.

On Again, Off Again.

A young New York artist who is almost as noted for his convivial tendencies as he is for his genius was recently asked by a friend:

"What does your wife think of these spells? I should think she would not submit to them."

"When I have a spree," confessed the intemperate one frankly, "she is just as good to me as any one possibly could be. She takes care of me and nurses me back to decency with a kindness that is superhuman—it is angelic and beyond belief.

"But once I am sober again she begins to nag me to promise her and swear to her that I never, never, never again will drink a drop, and she keeps at me so determinedly and so persistently that—by Jove—she makes me so desperate that I have to go and fill up again so I can forget it."

Her Name.

One needs patience to succeed as a teacher of the young, as this brief dialogue in one of our elementary schools may show:

Scholar—I've left home now, ma'am. I'm living with my auntie.

Teacher—What's her name?

"She's called after me—Fanny."

"Yes, but what's her other name?"

"She has no other."

"But what does the woman next door call her?"

"She doesn't speak to the woman next door."

A Hard Job.

"Didn't you say six months ago that if Miss Tipkins wouldn't marry you you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea? Now, Miss Tipkins married some one else three months ago and yet you haven't—"

"Oh, it's easy to talk, but let me tell you it is not such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea."

Substitutes.

Doctor—Have you given him the champagne and oysters, as I ordered? Patient's Wife—Well, no, sir, I couldn't afford that, so I got him some ginger beer and wheikins instead. Do it matter, sir?—London Telegraph.

Reminders.

Counsel (to witness)—Now, allow me to remind you of what happened to Balaam. Witness—Certainly. But allow me to remind you that it was this ass that warned him.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.—Lowell.

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