

MISLEADING NAMES.

Terms in Science That Belie the Products to Which They Apply.

There are terms in certain departments of science that positively misname the products to which they are applied.

The word "oil" in its more comprehensive and indiscriminate uses is made to include hydrocarbons, like petroleum, and also many other substances that have an oily appearance, like "oil of vitriol," which is not oil at all, but sulphuric acid.

Strictly speaking, the mineral oils, including all petroleum products, are not oil, although we speak of "coal oil" and "kerosene oil."

The best classifications of oils do not include mineral hydrocarbons, like naphtha, paraffin and petroleum, but treat only the two well defined groups—fixed oils and fats and the essential or volatile oils.

"Copperas" is not copper, but sulphate of iron. "Salt of lemon" has nothing to do with the fruit of the lemon tree, but is potassium binoxalate or potash treated with oxalic acid.

"Carbolic acid" is not an acid, but a phenol. In structure it is allied to the alcohols and has only slight acid properties. "Soda water" has no trace of soda. "Sulphuric acid" contains no sulphur. "Sugar of lead" is innocent of sugar.

"Cream of tartar" has nothing to do with cream nor "milk of lime" with milk. "German silver" is a stranger to silver, and "black lead" is not lead at all, but graphite. "Mosaic gold" is a sulphide of tin.

These misleading names have come down from the vocabulary of an early and inexact chemistry. As popular science extends the old terms are yielding to the more scientific nomenclature.

JOKED HIMSELF IN.

How "Private" John Allen Got Himself Elected to Congress.

Here is Champ Clark's defense of humor, if it needs one:

"The dry-as-dusts solemnly asseverate that humor never did any good. Now, let's see. How did 'Private' John Allen of Mississippi get to congress? Joked himself in. One bit of humor sent him to Washington, a national lawmaker. Opposing him for the congressional nomination was the Confederate General Tucker. They met on the stump. General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows:

"Seventeen years ago tonight, my fellow citizens, after a hard fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember as I do the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

"That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the general at his own game. 'My fellow citizens,' he said, 'what General Tucker says to you about bivouacking under yonder clump of trees is true. It is also true, my fellow citizens, that I was a vedette picket and stood guard over him while he slept. Now, then, fellow citizens, all you who were generals and had privates to stand over you while you slept vote for General Tucker, and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept vote for Private John Allen.' The people caught on, took John at his word and sent him to congress, where he stayed until the world was filled with his renown."

Aid For the Explorer.
"Peary," said a geographer of Chicago, "never started on one of his exploring expeditions without receiving by mail and express all sorts of packages from cranks—cowhide underwear, tea tablets, medicated boots and what not."

"Peary once told me that George Ade a few days before the start of one trip wired him to expect an important package by express."

"The package came. It was labeled: 'To be opened at the farthest point north.'"

"Peary opened it at once, however. It was a small keg, inscribed: 'Axle grease for the pole.'"

Shouldn't Overfeed Hubby.
Hint for young wives who desire to have their husbands retain their boyish, slender figures: In an address at Vienna on the subject of food Professor Karl Van Noorden, one of the greatest medical experts in Europe, uttered an emphatic protest against wives who overfeed their husbands. He declared that the reason so many begin to get fat immediately after they have married is that their wives give them their favorite dishes on every possible occasion.

An Inducement.
"Is there anything I can do," cried an exasperated west side mother, "to induce you to go to bed?"

"Yep," responded the small boy promptly.
"Well, for goodness' sake, what is it?"

"Lemme stay up an hour longer."—Cleveland Leader.

His Mark.
Hewitt—Grout can't write his own name. Jewett—I know it. Whenever he sees a man showing another man how to make a cross on an Australian ballot he thinks he is forging his signature.—New York Press.

The Pampered Pets.
"Hortense, call up Mr. De Millyuns and ask for Fido."
"Yes, me lady."
"Carlo wishes to bark to him over the telephone."—Washington Herald.

If the brain does not sow corn, it plants thistles.—German Proverb.

BUYING A RING.

A Story They Tell in Japan to Illustrate Occidental Love.

"The Japanese marry out of esteem and trust to the coming of love afterward," said a Japanese lady. "With us when love comes it lasts. We have a song that we like to sing—I want to live to ninety-nine years, and you must live to be a hundred, so that we may be happy while our hair grows gray."

"That is better," she continued, "than the love that comes swiftly and as swiftly flies away again. They tell in Japan a story illustrative of this transitory love—the love of your west."

"A tourist, they say, was touring Brittany. He came to Quimper, and he found in the Place Publique beside the river an old woman selling trinkets.

"What is the price of this?" he asked, taking up an antique ring of silver and sapphires.
"Is it for your wife or for your sweetheart?" said the old woman.
"For my sweetheart."

"Fifty francs!"
"Fifty francs? Nonsense! And the tourist turned angrily away.
"Come back," said the old woman.
"Take it for ten. You've been lying to me, though. You have no sweetheart. Had the ring been for her you'd have bought it at once without regard to its price."

"I will take it," said the tourist, smiling. "Here are the 10 francs."
So the old woman wrapped the ring up.
"But you haven't a wife either," she grumbled. "If it had been for her you'd have beaten me down to 5 francs. Oh, you men!"

NATURE'S LITTLE SHIP.

A Curious Jellyfish Endowed With a Movable Sail.

While man makes the largest ocean vessels, nature makes the smallest. This is a species of jellyfish, found only in tropical seas, which has a sail.

The part of the fish under the water looks like a mass of tangled threads, while the sail is a tough membrane, shaped like a shell and measuring quite five inches and sometimes more across. The fish can raise or lower this sail at will.

Wise sailors let this curiosity of nature alone, for each of the threads composing its body has the power of stinging, the results of which are very painful and often dangerous. This power defends it from porpoises, albatrosses and other natural enemies.

It has no other means of locomotion than its sail, and when seen skimming bravely along the surface of the water it looks more like a child's toy boat than a living creature out in search of food.—London Saturday Review.

Treating Them All Alike.

There was only one thing in the world of which Eben Ransom thoroughly approved; that was hard, steady work. "I hope," said the philanthropic spinster who was spending a fortnight at the Ransom farm, "I do hope, Mr. Ransom, that you treat all your men alike; give them all equal advantages and wages. I find a varying standard, if I may use the expression, makes so much trouble and discontent among laborers in any field of work."

Mr. Ransom surveyed her gravely and nodded assent.
"You're right there, ma'am," he said dryly after a moment. "There is just one rule for the folks that work for me. 'Begin as early and keep it up as late as there's light to go by, and you'll get your one-fifty a day, unless the times are unusual hard, when I make it one-twenty-five.'"

"But I tell you, ma'am, you can't get as many fellers to work on an equal basis nowadays as you might think."

Her Modest Request.

When Andrew D. White was minister to Germany he received some queer letters from Americans. Perhaps the funniest of all was a mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the west, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the emperor, the empress and the crown prince and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

A Maori Name.

A seaside resort in the Hawke's bay district of New Zealand is called by the charming Maori name Tamataukangahangaouau. But this is only an abbreviation. The full name is Tamatauhakatangihangaouauotanenuitarangikitanatahu. The translation is, "The hill on which Tanenuiarangi (the husband of heaven) played his fute to his beloved."—Auckland Letter.

Marital Paraphrase.

"I must confess," remarked Mrs. Crabbe, "I don't believe there ever was a really perfect man."
"Well," replied Mr. Crabbe, "I suppose that's because Eve wasn't made first."

"How do you mean?"
"Well, if Eve had been made first she would have bossed the job of making Adam."—Philadelphia Press.

Wealth a Burden.

"Do you find great wealth a burden?"
"Sometimes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "There's never any telling when mother and the girls are going to invest in a touring car or a steam yacht or a foreign nobleman or some such form of worryment and responsibility."—Washington Star.

A SHORT SPEECH.

Made by an Indian Chief in Reply to a Government Agent.

Old Shab-bah-Skong, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The secretary of the interior and the governor and legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the government and never be removed.

A few years later a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and remove to a country north of Leech lake. The agent asked my help. I said:

"I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Don't attempt this folly. You will surely come to grief."

He called the Indians in council and said:
"My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the north, the south, the east and the west. When he saw me, he said, 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Shab-bah-Skong sprang to his feet and said:
"My friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it with gray, but they have not blown my brains away."

That council was ended.

THE NECK RUFF.

It Reached Its Full Glory in the Sixteenth Century.

One of the most peculiar and interesting evolutions in historic fashion is the growth and development of the ruff in England. This ruff began its career as a humble little something; like a tuck running along the top of the chemise from shoulder to shoulder. You can see it grow in the portraits of royal personages slowly, but surely, like a great linen flower opening its plaited petals from generation to generation. During the reign of Henry VII it was scarcely more than a budding excrescence, but with Henry VIII it had outgrown its tuck stage to the extent of reaching up to the ears and was beginning to sport a mild flare. Those were the days of such strict sumptuary laws that in order to wear black gamut you must be royal, to wear sable you must outrank your viscount neighbor, to wear nar ten or velvet trimmings you must be able to show an income of over 200 marks a year. The reign of Edward VI. and Queen Mary merely fostered the ruff without encouraging it to any greater development. But Queen Elizabeth, seeing in it possibilities for offsetting her red hair and clear skin, fanned it into vigorous life. In the sixteenth century the ruff burst into full bloom. Men and women, even tiny princesses, were overshadowed by the stiff rays of the ruff on all great occasions. Even over France, Germany and Italy it spread its white pinions and held unquestioned sway until it fell with the Roundheads.

The Burnt Cork Circle.

"Mistah Middleman, Ah has ah rid die."
"Mr. Bones, we shall be delighted to have you propound it."
"Yessah, but hit ain't nothin' lak dat. Ah jest desires to ax yo' what am de difference between ah storekeeper whose business is improv'n' an' a man who selects feathers fo' sofa pillows?"

"That's a pretty hard nut to crack, Mr. Bones. Now, what is the difference between a storekeeper whose business is improv'n' and a man who selects feathers for sofa pillows?"

"De storekeeper's business is pickin' up an' de other man's business is pickin' down."
"Mr. T. N. Orr will sing the pathetic ballad, 'He Married Himself to a Marcel Wave, an' Now He's All at Sea.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Swankers.

A number of our contemporaries appear to be somewhat exercised as to the precise meaning of the word "swank." Swank, though usually called by other names, is the leading characteristic of Englishmen. Frenchmen used to talk of "perfidious Albion." It was simply another way of calling us swankers. To swank is, broadly, to make the thing that is not seem as the thing that is.—London Globe.

Not.

"Shall we marry, darling, or shall we knot?" was the short and witty line an ardent lover dispatched to the idol of his heart.
But, where the strangeness of the matter comes in, the girl replied: "I shall not. You may do as you please."

Moral Lesson Lost.

"Good for Squillips! I hear that since he quit drinking he has got rich." "It's too bad to spoil that story, but it's the other way. Since he got rich he has quit drinking."—Chicago Tribune.

Much Easier.

Candidate of Ideals—Wouldn't you rather be right than president? Practical Friend—Certainly! It is so much easier to be right.—Baltimore American.

Honesty is the best policy, but it is the sort of policy that has no surrender value.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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The reason why we ask for a portion of your trade is—

- BECAUSE--**
First Class Goods at Honest Prices is our motto. We don't buy bankrupt stocks or shop worn goods at any price, but the best goods possible in every line.
- BECAUSE--**
We don't mark our goods up for the benefit of our sales.
- BECAUSE--**
We know your money will go farther here and give better satisfaction than elsewhere.
- BECAUSE--**
We are willing at all times to make good anything that goes wrong.



The Wise Shopper.

It takes some cleverness for the average buyer to determine values, and some experience to be able to pass by a bargain article. If you are not apt to be misled by prices you will find the bargain article at this store.

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NOTICE OF SPECIAL ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given,—That on the 7th day of December, 1908, at the City Hall, in Tillamook City, for Tillamook precinct, at the Court House in Tillamook City for Hoquarton precinct; at the Grange Hall in Fairview precinct for Fairview precinct, and at the South Prairie School House in South Prairie precinct, for South Prairie precinct, all in the County of Tillamook, Oregon, a special election will be held for the purpose of voting upon the question of including in, annexing to and making a part of the Port of Tillamook, a municipal corporation in Tillamook County, Oregon, the following described territory, to-wit: All of the territory included within the present voting precincts of Tillamook County, Oregon, known as Tillamook precinct, Hoquarton precinct, Fairview precinct and South Prairie precinct, outside of the portions thereof now included within the present territories of said Port of Tillamook. The said Port of Tillamook being now bounded as follows: All that part of Tillamook County, Oregon, included within the present corporate limits of the City of Tillamook, and fifty feet on each bank of Hoquarton Slough from the East boundary of the City of Tillamook Westerly to and including Dry Stocking Bar. Which election will be held at 8 o'clock in the morning and will continue until 7 o'clock in the afternoon of said day. Polls will be open at the following places within the Port of Tillamook and in the territory proposed to be annexed, as follows: For voters residing in Tillamook precinct at the City Hall in Tillamook City, Oregon; for the voters of Hoquarton precinct at the Court House in Tillamook City, Oregon; for the voters residing in Fairview precinct at the Grange Hall in said precinct; for the voters residing in South Prairie precinct at South Prairie School House in said precinct.

And at said election the voters in each precinct will vote for one Commissioner of the Port of Tillamook for said precinct, and also for one Commissioner at Large.

Done by Order of the Commissioners of the Port of Tillamook this 4th day of November, 1908.

Attest:

CLAUDE THAYER, Secretary.