

LIES ABOUT THE FEET.

A Shoe Clerk's Comments on His Customers' Peculiarities.

"I don't see why people always lie about their feet," said the shoe clerk as his customer departed after giving him a bad half hour. "I don't mean on the size of their foot, for it's only natural to wish to have, or, rather, to make other people think you have, small feet. But why a great, burly man with his feet nubby with bunions should insist that his shoes never trouble him and that he never has any trouble in getting a fit is beyond me. Why, if I put an ordinary shoe on such a man he would cuss with pain, and he knows it. He knows also that I have to hunt around until I find some freak shoe that will fit his misshapen old foot, but all the time he declares that he never has bunions or corns like most people. Women who seem to be sensible enough in all other ways come in here and declare that they do not know what a corn is, when they wince with pain every time I touch their little toe. When they are forced to declare that the shoe hurts in one spot or another they insist it is because their feet have a shape peculiarly their own. Sometimes they will admit they have a 'lit tie calloused place,' but a corn, oh, dear, no! Sometimes in a thin, lightweight shoe I can fairly see the corns bunching out under the leather, but I have to say diplomatically that the fit is 'not good,' or that the customer has a 'peculiarly sensitive foot,' or some other nonsense, if I want to keep their trade."—New York Press.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Praise For This Culinary Triumph and Gastronomic Delight.

American literature is replete with the praise of pie, and Harriet Beecher Stowe says, "The pie is an English institution, which, planted in American soil, forthwith ran rampant and burst forth into an untold variety of genera and species." The average American echoes, "Let it run." He has the same desire that possessed Simple Simon of Mother Goose fame when he met the pie man. But Mother Goose flourished before the pie reached the acme of its glory. The most famous pie of which she wrote was a meat pie, for she said: Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye; Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. When the pie was opened the birds began to sing. Waa'n't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

A pie containing live blackbirds sounds like a fairy tale, but it is not, as a Venetian publisher of a cookbook printed in 1569 gave a recipe for making pies "that the birds may be alive in them and fly out when it is cut up." The gay revelers who sat down before such a dish may have thought that the very pinnacle of culinary art had been obtained, but the pumpkin affords gastronomic delights to every American citizen beside which blackbird pies, ortolan pies, lombard pies or battalia pies are and of right ought to be back numbers.—Washington Star.

A Tart Retort.

A good story is told of a prominent society woman at Newport whose name cannot for obvious reasons be given here. It appears that an extremely wealthy matron who has not always enjoyed her present social pre-eminence was making certain supercilious references as to a young girl who had been presented by the lady first mentioned. "By the way," languidly asked the wealthy matron, "who is your friend Miss Blank?" "Miss Blank is a charming girl," was the smiling response, "well bred, as you see, accomplished, entertaining." "Oh, yes, of course," continued the other, "but, my dear Mrs. So-and-so, you know what I mean—who is she?" "My dear woman," retorted the first lady, "I can no more tell you who Miss Blank is than I could have informed those who asked me who you were when you first came to Newport."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Pompeii was buried in ashes and was easily disinterred, while Herculaneum received the full force of the crimson lava, which hardened rapidly to the consistency of marble and must be quarried in order to reach the city beneath. Owing to this difficulty only a small amount of excavating has been done in Herculaneum as compared with that which has taken place at Pompeii. In addition, another town sprang up on the lava above Herculaneum, which would have been endangered by the undermining necessary to exploration with pick and shovel.—New York American.

About Due.

A country woman residing near the town of Silgo, thinking her husband was rather late in coming home on Saturday with his pay, went to the police office to inquire if he was there. "Is Pat here?" she asked. "No," replied the constable, "but sit down. We're expecting him every minute."—London Opinion.

Hire an Expert.

"If you want a thing well done, don't do it yourself in spite of what the proverb says. If you really want it well done hire an expert. If you try to do it yourself you are pretty sure to botch it.—Somerville Journal.

Exquisite Harmony.

Piper—The varra pest musk I never heard whatever was doun at Jamie MacLauchlan's. There was fifteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlor, all playin' different tunes. I thoct I was floatin' in heev'n.—Punch.

Perils of Our Dwelling Mouses.

The scholars in one of the Fuchow Chinese schools were recently desired to write an essay in English on the subject of "Which Are the Healthier, Chinese or Foreign Dwelling Houses?" One young man "spook" about the matter with his "friends," and they said that the "Chinese building is much better than foreigners." This, he adds, was the "senses of their debate." "The foreign building is too heigh and coverless and always built on the top of the hill. In the summer time it receives the most heat from the sun. The people who living in it is the same as putting in the stove, but in winter it is fully filled by the sharp air which cut the faces of whom living in it. So that the foreigner is compelled to put themselves on fire. The fire would do our bodies harm. As we were prepared our dinner; we put the beef on the fire by and by the beef dry in that case the of course man would dry too."—London Telegraph.

Walt Whitman's Pride.

Whitman's grandmother was a Quaker, and the bard had been all his life used, Quaker fashion, to sitting in the house with his sombrero on if it suited him to do so. One day, with a friend, he entered the gloomy and half empty piousness of Trinity church, New York, and took a back seat in the obscurity and for a moment forgot to remove his hat or was probably just about to do so when an officious verger stepped up and requested him to take it off. Wait, a man of immense pride, not seeing fit to do so instantaneously or being very slow in his mental processes, was taking the matter into consideration for a second when the verger knocked the offending hat off his head. Wait picked up the huge felt and, doubling it together, smote the fellow vigorously twice or thrice with it on the head and slowly left the church, the red faced sexton following and threatening him with the law.

Mozart's Skull.

"If we were all constituted like Hamlet and could handle a skull as philosophically as he," writes a sentimentalist in a Hamburg paper, "we could visit the Mozart museum at Salzburg, enjoy the sights it offers and leave there without finding any fault. Unfortunately, however, we are not so cold, and therefore the protest which I make. Among the Mozart souvenirs which are pointed out to the visitor, in the same line with the old piano, letters, manuscript music, portraits, etc., is the skull of the great master. It matters little whether the skull is really that of the composer or one used for show purposes. The fact remains that in the Mozart town, in Salzburg, there seems to be no one who can make the city fathers believe that the exhibition demonstrates a lack of reverence which shocks many people."

Afloat on Hot Air.

Members of the house of representatives are fond of poking fun at the formal style of speech affected by a certain congressman, who invariably contributes much "hot air" to any debate in which he may participate.

On one occasion the politician in question ventured to air his views touching a financial act under consideration, when he drew the following ribald observation from an opponent:

"Our able and adventurous friend has undertaken to present his views upon this question. In this he reminds me of a beautiful swan breasting the sea with arched neck and wings outspread to catch the glint of the sun, moving along in serene and stately splendor, but blissfully unconscious of the unfathomable depths below."

He Explained.

At a school one day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy. "I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses. Fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went to the top of the class.

Fulton's Power of Thought.

Robert Fulton possessed to a remarkable degree the power of concentrated thought. He studied French, Italian and German and acquired a proficiency in the three languages. Higher mathematics, physics, chemistry and perspective also demanded his attention as he progressed in scientific research.—Century.

Not Led.

"So she was led to the altar at last?" remarked the girl in blue. "Led!" repeated the bride's dearest friend. "Led! I fancy you didn't see her. She didn't have to be led. When she started down the aisle you couldn't have driven her off with a regiment of cavalry!"—London Telegraph.

Small Change.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said the stranger as he finished his dinner. "City looks the same."

"I don't find much change," remarked the waiter as he took up the dime that was left from the dollar bill.—Puck.

The Midnight Sun.

The midnight sun is visible wholly above the horizon at the North Cape from May 13 to July 30, at Hammerfest from May 15 to July 27 and at Tromso from May 20 to July 22.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Why the Colored Cook Remained Beloved During the Blow.

A story is told of a well known amateur yachtsman who was one night anchored near a rocky and dangerous shore. Suddenly, just before dinner, a stiff inshore wind started up. The anchor began to drag. Another was rapidly thrown overboard, but in the increasing squall that, too, failed to hold. The schooner seemed in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks, but at last another anchor gripped, and the danger was past.

The yachtsman, nearly exhausted from his efforts, dropped on the deck to recover his breath and rest. In the quiet that followed there came to his ears the click-click-tack-click of a busily manipulated spoon against a bowl.

He listened for a moment and then went below. The cook was preparing salad dressing.

"Why, Sam," he exclaimed in astonishment, "didn't you know that we nearly went ashore?"

"Oh, yassir, yassir," came the undisturbed reply. "I thought she was going on de rocks, suah."

"Well, in a case like that don't you ever go up on deck? We had a mighty close call."

"Well, you see, it's like this: You can't leave marconaise a minute cause it'll turn right back."—Youth's Companion.

COMPOUND EYES.

Insects That Can See Thousands of Ways at Once.

We can see the single eyes of some insects without a lens, as in the locust in viewing the house fly we need a lens. The big, visible, bulging eyes we see are composed of thousands of tiny, cone shaped eyes bound into one compound eye, each of more or less spherical shape. Under a lens they look like glass eyed pavement bent to convexity. Their faceted cornea are variously set in square, hexagonal or prismatic frames. Each glistening facet is the cornea lens of a distinct self working eye. Their number in each compound eye is enormous.

There are fifty such eyelets in the ant, 1,400 are allowed the drone bee and 3,500 the "workers." Our pet kitchen fly has 8,000 chances of seeing food crumbs, the beetle over 6,000, while more than 13,000 aid the dragon fly in his eleemosynary pursuit of the mosquito, offset somewhat by several thousand awarded the latter for a "sporting chance." The hawk moth gets pictures compounded by 20,000 contributors. Over 25,000 window the brain of the mordella (beetle), and 60,000—so it is claimed—contribute to the happy lives of some butterflies.—Dr. Edward A. Ayres in Harper's Magazine.

Ready Courage.

The Duchesse de Berry, whose husband was the son of Charles X, of France, is described in the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Bologne" as one of the most courageous characters the writer ever knew.

One day when she was driving with her husband, the Duc de Berry, the horses took fright and ran away. The duchesse had continued the conversation without changing the tone of her voice, and at last her husband exclaimed:

"Why, Caroline, do you not see what has happened?"

"Yes, I see; but as I cannot stop the horses it is useless to trouble about them."

The carriage was upset, but no one was hurt.

Shop.

"Well, well, well! is this Bill Snoper?"

"Yes, and this is—let me see—can this be my old friend Tom Grigson?"

"That's who it is. I haven't seen you for—"

"Twenty-seven years."

"That's right. Twenty-seven years! Well, well! What are you doing now, Bill?"

"I'm a travelling evangelist. Are you a member of any church, Tom?"

"Not yet. I'm a life insurance solicitor. I represent the best company in the world. Carrying all the insurance you want, Bill?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheapest Sport.

Falcons is about the cheapest sport in existence, so there is no reason why the workingman should not enjoy it—that is, when there is common land. It is also the most humane blood sport. The pursued has always the advantage. Then, when the end does come, how often death is instantaneous. There is, too, no escaping with an ugly wound. If escape at all is effected the quarry gets away unharmed.—Fry's Magazine.

Recognizing His Limitations.

Cholly—Let me see—what's that quotation about a nod being as good as a wink and so forth? Freddy—Why—?—I can't think—Cholly—Oh, I know that. I'm asking you to try to remember.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Inquisitive.

Magistrate—Why did you strike the telegraph operator? Prisoner—It was like this, yer honor. I give him a message to send to me gal, an' the celler started to read it. Then I swiped him.—London Telegraph.

The Honest Man.

Nearly every man in the crowd looks as if he were trying not to blush with modesty when some one observes that an honest man is the noblest work of God.—Ohio State Journal.

Redemption which carries us away from our fellow men is not God's redemption.—Beecher.

The Eyes of the Camel.

One of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of firelight—rose complaining. Mustafa's Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest, but the beast would not down and must be beaten, the boy meanwhile mouthing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without peril to himself strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the khawaja," replied Mustafa, "a most curious and interesting thing about this."

Ahmed had mastered the camel and now came to his place.

"The khawaja has observed," Mustafa continued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provision whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying glasses and increase the stature of his master seven times, wherefore he is obedient to the gigantic appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard this superstition.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.

The Telltale Hand.

A writer in an English weekly declares that if we want to know what the other person is thinking we must look at his or her hands. Even unpracticed lips can lie, as every one knows. Long practice in self control will enable one to keep one's voice sweetly cordial when there is nothing but indifference or cold dislike behind it. The eyes can be made to shoot glances which are not at all a register for the emotions. But the hands, it is asserted, are utterly beyond the control of those to whom they belong. Even people who hardly gesticulate at all—and to keep the hands still is considered by the Anglo-Saxon a most essential part of good breeding—even these people are, it seems, constantly revealing themselves in little movements of the hands. The immortal Mulvaney has put it on record that a woman's truth or untruth can be discerned by the action of her hands. Of course it takes a practiced reader to interpret what the hands are saying. It is not a case of "he who runs may read."

Queer Furs.

"This is cat fur," said a furrier. "We use it for linings. An excellent lining cat fur makes too. Dogs, calves, coats, opossums, bats, rats—any animal that wears fur, in fact, is salable in the fur market. Bat hair is felted up with other stuff into an imitation skin. It is also used, I believe, in rope plaiting. The dog, the coon and the opossum yield a fur that, properly treated, makes a very handsome lining. Rat skins are employed in certain delicate repairs, and they also serve to form the thumbs of cheap gloves. A queer thing about the fur business is that the furs must be taken in the dead of winter. The trapper must work under the cruelest climatic conditions. Only thus is the fur at its best. The dresser, on the other hand, who could work best in cold weather, must do all his work in the heat of summer or otherwise he would not be able to keep up with the changing fashions."—Exchange.

The Magical Mirror.

An ordinary mirror of any size or shape, a piece of French chalk pointed so that it can be used to write and a silk handkerchief are the requisites. Draw upon the mirror with the chalk any design or words you choose. With the handkerchief wipe the glass lightly until it is perfectly clear and no writing or design is apparent. Having all this prepared beforehand, show to some one and request that he breathe gently on the face of the glass, when he will see a picture of his future wife, for the design drawn will show very distinctly. This can again be wiped off, and if breathed upon the design will be again visible.

An Odorless Disinfectant.

If one objects to the odor of carbolic acid, he may use for the plumbing an odorless disinfectant prepared as follows: Dissolve half a pound of permanganate of potash in four gallons of water and pour this carefully down the pipes. This solution, if allowed to stand in bowls or basins, will stain them purple. The stains may be removed with a weak solution of oxalic acid. The acid must be rinsed off immediately after it has been used.

A Hindrance.

Suburbanite—You are half an hour late this morning. Letter Carrier—Yes, ma'am. The sections of stovepipe I have to wear inside my trousers legs on account of the dogs you keep along this street hamper my movements, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Held on to It.

Mrs. Willful—My husband told me if I didn't like the brooch you'd exchange it for me. Jeweler—Certainly, madam. I'll be only too glad, as four different ladies of your set want it.

Rare Indeed.

How rarely do these three things meet—a man who wants something, is fitted for it and any great number of persons who think he ought to have it!—Exchange.

Crushed.

Stonebroke—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? Helless—I don't know. If he's anything like me he would.

Parents and turkeys are always treated well before Christmas.—Atchison Globe.

OUR EARLY STATESMEN.

Monroe's Expansion Views and Madison's Population Guess.

Some of our early statesmen were not expansionists. Washington was opposed to assuming the ownership of the Mississippi river, and James Monroe when a member of the Virginia convention in 1788 argued against the adoption of the federal constitution for geographical reasons. "Consider," he said, "the territory lying between the Atlantic ocean and the Mississippi. Its extent far exceeds that of the German empire. It is larger than any territory that ever was under any one free government. It is too extensive to be governed but by a despotic monarchy." And this from the man who thirty years later was elected president of the United States extended far beyond the Mississippi and who became the author of the "Monroe doctrine."

A year after the adoption of the constitution James Madison thought he was making a bold guess when he estimated that the population of the country might, "in some years," double in number and reach 6,000,000. He lived to see far beyond that. Yet it is true that for a number of years the population was largely confined to the original thirteen colonies. In 1789 when the constitution was adopted New York city had 33,000 inhabitants. In 1817 it had 115,000, Philadelphia 112,000, Baltimore 55,000, Boston 40,000, Providence 10,000, Hartford 8,000, Pittsburg 7,000, Cincinnati 7,000 and St. Louis 3,500. Chicago was but a fort, and Indianapolis was an unbroken wilderness. The country was not crowded yet.—Exchange.

CONSOLATION.

The Musician Reminded the Poet of the Case of Guarnerius.

The musician with a compassionate smile watched the poet trimming the fringe from his cuff.

"After all," he said, "your verse may live when Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill and Hall Calne himself are forgotten. Remember the case of Guarnerius."

"Who was he?" the poet asked. "A pauper and a violin maker Guarnerius in the seventeenth century made violins that everybody thought too thick; hence they brought only \$2 apiece. Musicians would buy them and have them pared down.

"Guarnerius insisted that they were not too thick. When he heard of one of his instruments being pared down he flew into a frightful rage. He had a grudge against the world because it wouldn't agree with him about violin making. He died a pauper because the world would have none of his violins.

"A Guarnerius is now and then to be picked up. Usually it is a pared instrument, and its value is not very high. But find an unpared Guarnerius and you can get anything you like for it. It is one of the world's few perfect violins.

"But Guarnerius died a pauper. The Hall Calnes and Winston Churchills of the violin world of his day refused with sneers to drink with him. He, too, trimmed his cuffs."—Los Angeles Times.

Fascination of an Old Bookstore.

There seems to be a fascination about an old bookstore that some persons find it difficult to overcome," observed the proprietor of one of those establishments. "While we have a large number of good patrons, there are some who delight to come in and just pore over old volumes. I have seen men stand in this store and practically read a book through in an afternoon. They seem to forget their surroundings for the time being, and when they emerge from their abstraction they are apt to observe that they 'have just been looking over the books' and ask for some volume that they are quite sure is out of print. Yes, sir, the old bookstore is a free library in a way, but it is an interesting business and fairly profitable."—Philadelphia Record.

Fake Remnants.

A country storekeeper, a pair of long, bright shears in hand, calmly cut a roll of silk into remnants.

"Women," he explained to his city cousin, "are remnant mad. There are women who never buy except at remnant sales. Such women will pass by goods in the piece at a quarter a yard and snap up the same goods in remnant lengths at 30 cents.

"So great is the demand for remnants that it is impossible to keep up the legitimate supply."

The country storekeeper winked. "Hence," he said, "my present occupation."—Los Angeles Times.

Silenced.

"Wasn't that young Mr. Tiff who left the house as I came in?" asked the judge of his eldest daughter.

"Yes, papa."

"Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here any more?"

"Yes, papa, but he appealed to a higher court, and mamma reversed your decision."

Run Down.

Tom—Of course the bride looks lovely, as brides always do. Nell—Yes, but the bridegroom doesn't look altogether fit; seems rather run down. Tom—Run down? Oh, yes, caught after a long chase!—Philadelphia Press.

Woes of the Amateur.

Wife—I wonder why the grass doesn't come up? Hubby—I'm sure I can't tell. You don't suppose you planted the seeds upside down, do you?—London Tit-Bits.

Pride went out on horseback and returned on foot.—Italian Proverb.

Foley's Kidney Remedy

Cures Backache, Kidney and Bladder Trouble. It corrects irregularities, strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood and tones up the whole system.

Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at once and avoid Bright's Disease or Diabetes. 50. and \$1.00 bottles.

J. S. Lamar, Tillamook. Hawk & Miller, Bay City.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER
The cleanest, lightest and most comfortable. At the same time cheapest in the end because it wears longest. \$3.50 Everywhere. Every garment guaranteed waterproof. Catalog free.

POLK'S GAZETTEER
A Business Directory of each City, Town and Village in Oregon and Washington, giving a Descriptive Sketch of each Place, Location, Shipping Facilities and a Classified Directory of each Business and Profession. R. L. POLK & CO., Inc. Seattle, Wash.

EVERYTHING FOR PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS

We specialize on prescription compounding and therefore carry a stock which represents everything that physicians hereabout are likely to prescribe. All new worthy pharmaceuticals are here as soon as out and our line of prescription drugs is complete at all times. Only goods of highest purity and quality are ever used. Physicians who are acquainted with our stock and methods invariably feel sure of best results from the medicines they have prescribed when they see our label on the bottle. Expert services day or night. Prices as low as anywhere. May we fill your prescriptions!

CHAS. I. CLOUGH, Reliable Druggist, Tillamook, Ore.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEWING MACHINE

LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME



If you want either a Vibrating Shuttle, Bobbin Shuttle or a Single Thread (Chain Stitch) Sewing Machine write to THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, Orange, Mass.

Many sewing machines are made to sell regardless of quality, but the New Home is made to work. Our guarantee never runs out. Sold by authorized dealers only. With Sale by E. T. HALTON, Agent.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals the lungs