

EATING TOO MUCH.

Overindulgence is Just as Harmful as Malnutrition.

It is an acknowledged fact that almost every soul of us eats too much. The digestive organs are constantly overtaxed and finally weakened. Then, when followed, the practice of eating can be most beneficial. An expert on the food question has said that we should rise from the table with the feeling of hunger, which is an experience known to very few of us. On the contrary, the majority of people leave the board with a sense of ravenousness which only an hour's siesta in the afternoon can alleviate. This is not so much a matter of fact as it is of the human life obtains now in the fashionable cuisine, but it is the quantity. There is a large community at the present moment which fasts from breakfast time till dinner at night. It is a question if it is wise to leave the stomach entirely without food during those hours, but there is no question that the lighter the lunch taken the better will be the health of the individual. By a "light lunch" in this instance is meant what most people could not call a lunch at all—that is, a few crackers with cheese, much maligned article of diet, a nut and a bit of fruit or a cup of cocoa with dry toast. Such a "fast" prevents the craving for food in no way taxes the digestive organs. Overindulgence is just as harmful as malnutrition and is far more frequently the cause of maladies. The judicious fasting the system reverts to its lost tone, and mental work would find that the brain worked with surprising lightness, for the brain of the chief sufferers from overindulgence.—New York American.

BRITISH PRINCES.

Very Different From the King in Exemption From Laws.

to privileged is the king of England his exemption from any and every law that one would naturally expect children might do pretty much as they like. But Englishmen have always been very jealous of royal prerogatives, and the fact is that princes enjoy very few privileges indeed. A prince of the royal blood may be fined, but not exceed the legal limit of speed. The Prince of Wales cannot be sued personally for debt. If the debt is not paid the creditor may take out a summons, but he must summon the treasurer, not the prince. If the case goes against the treasurer the money is paid to the prince's assets.

to child of the king who is under twenty-five can marry without the king's consent. Supposing, however, a prince over twenty-five desired to marry, the king refused his consent, then the prince could give notice of his intention to the privy council. After that would have to restrain his patience a whole year. If during that time the prince's house of lords or the commons disapproved of the marriage it could not take place. But if the house of parliament were satisfied the prince could marry the woman of his choice.

A prince has not even the right to educate his own children, for it was long laid down that the king has the right of education of his grandchildren, and they are minors.—London Telegraph.

The New York Idea.

Little boy.

Hubb!

Do you know where Broadway is?"

Say, you take me fer?"

Well, where is it?"

Aw, don't you believe I know?"

Yes, of course, but I don't know, I'll show you how to get there from here."

Aw, you know how?"

I do not. I am a stranger. I want the best idea where it is."

Quit yer kiddin'!"

Where is Broadway?"

O'wan!"

This way or that way?"

Yer stringin' me."

Will you tell me where Broadway is?"

"Hey, Jimmy, here's a guy wot sez 'don't know where Broadway is!'"—New York Times.

The Brakeman's Advice.

Down in Maine is a town called Brakham, situated on a small branch road that joins the main line at Brakham Junction. One day as the train approached the latter place the brakeman entered the car and in his usual stentorian tones went through regular rigmarole when a station d' junction are reached.

"Brakham Junction!" he shouted.

"Brakham Junction! Change cars for Brakham! Leave no articles in the car! Burn'am, Burn'am!"—Lippincott's.

The Other Course.

Believe me—and I am sure you will believe me—that this is the best way to adopt in the event of your daily letter failing to produce the effect we desire. Client—Yes, I see, I see. If I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the stick unceremoniously into your hands.

Hubb!

She advertised for a husband and got 3,000 replies."

Gracious! She must have advertised herself as very beautiful."

Yes, she didn't. She just said she was in the bank.—Kansas City Independent.

There is no substitute for thoroughness, diligent and sincere earnestness.

A Good Qualification.

The mystery of the negro mind is illustrated by a story which the Philadelphia Record prints. John, the colored applicant for the position of butler in a family living in one of the fashionable suburbs of Philadelphia, strove to impress his would be employer with his entire fitness for the place.

"Oh, yes, sub," he said, "I's sholy well educated, sub. I's passed a civil service examination."

"Indeed," responded the gentleman, "that is very fine, I'm sure, but I can't say that that will be of any particular value to me in a butler."

"No?" said the surprised applicant.

"It shore is strange how gemmen's tastes do differ. Now, Mr. Williams," naming his former employer, "he say, 'John, one thing I demand is civil service to mah guests, an' he done gave me a zamination an' there, sub, an' that's the truf'."

Then the gentleman saw a great light. He replied:

"Yes, you are quite right, John. Civil service is a very important and rather unusual virtue, so if you have passed that examination I think we'll consider you engaged."

A Mogul Hero.

Here is a little vignette of Babar, the first of the great moguls. At eleven he succeeded to his kingdom of Ferghana. His father was accidentally killed, and "I," says the boy, "immediately mounted in great haste and, taking such followers as were at hand, set out to secure my throne." He succeeded in holding it, nearly lost it by trusting a traitor who was "the best player at leapfrog he had ever seen" and actually lost it by grasping at the possession of Samarkand. Then came two years of wandering. Then he got Ferghana again and lost it a second time by trying to make his Mongol soldiers restore their loot to the peasantry. And all this before he was seventeen! Thirty-two years later he died, the last scene being the most striking of all. His darling son Humayun was desperately ill. Only some great sacrifice could save him, said the doctor. He entered the chamber, walked round the bed three times, saying, "On me be thy suffering," and a few days afterward died.—London Spectator.

The Dogskin Wouldn't Go Round.

Hungary swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate.

The son of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Budapest was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but either from lack of parts or the necessary application he was plucked in the qualifying examination.

Not daring to return to the paternal abode empty handed after all the money that had been spent on his education, he conceived and executed the plan of forging a legal diploma. The father was not, however, so ignorant as not to be aware that such diplomas are always written on parchment—kutya-ber (dogskin)—in Hungary.

"Why is your certificate not made out on kutya-ber?" asked the old man.

"The fact is, father," coolly replied the youth, "there are more barristers than dogs in Hungary, and so there is not enough kutya-ber to make diplomas for us all."—London Answers.

Gam's Dry Humor.

When the gallant Welsh captain David Gam was sent forward by Henry V. to reconnoiter the French army before the battle of Agincourt he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic:

"There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners and enough to run away."

This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman archer of the valiant company felt an inch taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. Poor Gam's dry humor was equalled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.—London Standard.

Distilled Water.

Distilled water after having been exposed to the air is one of the most salubrious of drinks. Its daily use in measured quantities is helpful in cases of dyspepsia and greatly assists the general functions of the body. Every large steamer carries a water distilling apparatus by which sea water is made fresh. In the days before steamers primitive distilling apparatus was used on warships and vessels carrying passengers.

A Postal Deficit.

"Pa, what is meant by the postal deficit?"

"The things your mother always forgets to put on a postal card."—Detroit Free Press.

Sleepless.

Blotbs—Why don't you consult a doctor about your insomnia? Slobbs—What! And run up more bills? Why, it's because of what I owe him now that I can't sleep.

Wanted Full Credit.

"Now, my little man, you are accused of striking another boy and knocking out one of his teeth."

"Scuse me, judge, two of his teeth."

—Life.

When He Enjoys Home.

"Does your husband enjoy his home?"

"Yes—whenever I want him to take me to the theater."—Cleveland Leader.

Venezuela received its name from the early Spanish residents, who saw in it a resemblance to Venice.

ERRATIC SCIENCE.

Some Wonderful Answers by School-room Small Boys.

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas," wrote a small boy in the science examination. Other examples of the "howler" are compiled by a writer in the Scientific American:

"Air is the most necessary of all the elements. If there were no such thing as air I would not be writing this essay now, also there would be no pneumatic tires, which would be a sad loss."

"Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches."

"Air usually has no weight, but found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch."

"The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine."

"The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot."

"Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees."

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else."

"A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself does not meet."

"The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

TIPS IN SCOTLAND.

An Example of How Some Servants Win Their Wages.

A gentleman was invited to a shoot in Scotland at two places close together. He arrived at the first place, and immediately after his arrival at the first house received a telegram calling him back to town. He, however, determined to have one day's shooting and to proceed to town by the night mail.

At the end of the day he gave the head keeper £1 and asked him to send his gun and cartridge bag over to the other place for which he had an invitation and where he proposed proceeding in three or four days' time.

On his arrival there after his visit to town he found his gun, etc., had not arrived, whereupon he wrote to the keeper, asking him to forward it at once, and he received a reply stating that when he (the keeper) had received the other £1 to which he was "entitled" the gun would be forwarded. It was detained till payment was made.

The gentleman wrote to the keeper's master and received a reply that "he (the master) never interfered between his guests and his servants in the matter of tips." The gentleman ascertained that the master in question paid the keeper no wages, but left him to get what he could out of the guests.—London Times.

Luck In Horseshoes.

The superstition about luck in horseshoes dates back too far for record, but it was not always confined to the horseshoe. Any piece of iron found in one's path was accounted a sign of good luck, and as horseshoes were more commonly picked up than any other article of that metal that particular object at last became the standard emblem of good fortune and the supposed defense against bad luck. In Aubrey's "Miscellanies," written 200 years ago, the author mentions having seen the horseshoe nailed up in church, and he also says that "most of the houses in the west end of London have the horseshoe on the threshold." The horseshoe to possess virtue must have been found, not purchased or looked up. Admiral Nelson had great faith in the luck of the horseshoe, and one was nailed to the mast of his ship, the Victory.—London Chronicle.

One Thing He Could Not Have.

Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."—Youth's Companion.

Bouncing Betsey.

There is an old fashioned flower called "Bouncing Betsey," which every one should love for one trait. We have noticed that it grows on all neglected graves, as if trying to cover up the fact that some one who once lived is forgotten. It may also be found in corners of old fashioned gardens, where it grows and blooms and protests against being pushed out entirely. There are some dear old fashioned people who suggest "Bouncing Betsey."—Atchison Globe.

Her Latest Luxury.

"Young man," said the heavy father, "do you understand the style in which my daughter has been accustomed to live? She has always had every luxury she wanted." "And now I'm the luxury she wants," murmured the suitor.—London Globe.

Time's Changes.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned solemnly, "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay anything down."—Harper's Bazar.

Hotel Grifters.

The proprietor of one of the largest hotels in New York, speaking of the uses made by nonpaying customers of his house, said to a rural guest a few days ago: "We have a large number of patrons from whom we never collect a cent, although we have no such thing as a free list. They come here in the morning, pick up a castoff paper, which they read, keeping an eye open for another, which they grab as soon as it is dropped. After reading a while they stand at the tickler, often giving long lectures to their fellows on financial conditions and stock possibilities. The overcoat becomes burdensome, and it is taken to the check room, where its owner knows it will be perfectly safe. Then, if they can tear themselves from the tickler, letters are written on our stationery. They do not use our telephones because we charge an extra 5 cents for the call, but they carry home matches, toothpicks, blank cards and blotters and use up the soap in our lavatories. They also take generous nibbles of the cheese and crackers in the cafe. The strangest part of all is this—that the majority of this class are well to do and highly respectable, and on that account we do not shut them out."—New York Tribune.

The Sleeping Sickness.

The terrible sleeping sickness of tropical Africa is discussed at length in an article in Popular Mechanics. The disease, which long baffled scientists, is spread by the tsetse fly, a bloodsucking, day flying insect. On the approach of either man or animal at a river crossing in the densest forest the victim is soon scented out by the fly. If there is one in the vicinity, and then, either silently or with a peevish buzz, it makes straight for the most accessible spot and gives its stab. The usual course of the disease is from four to eight months. At the outset there are headache, a feverish condition, lassitude and a corresponding disinclination to work. The facial aspect changes, and a previously happy and intelligent looking negro becomes instead dull, heavy and apathetic. Later, tremor in the tongue develops, speech is uncertain, and mumbling walk shuffling and progressive weakness, drowsiness and oblivion to his surroundings afflict the sufferer. The last stage is marked by extreme emaciation and a coma deepening into death.

Cause of Fatty Heart.

The great danger from obesity lies in the liability of the fat to invade the cellular elements of the body, especially the muscles. This produces fatty degeneration of the muscular tissues, which greatly weakens and impairs their functional activity. When the fat invades the tissues of the heart muscles the disease known as "fatty degeneration of the heart" results, and the patient is in serious danger. When ever a slight additional strain upon the circulation results from undue exercise, excitement or other cause the muscles interfere with the heart's action, and it is liable to cease beating. Anemia and hysteria often are accompaniments of obesity. Because of the increased weight and difficulty of moving about such patients are prevented from taking an ordinary amount of exercise. Often, too, there are a lassitude and a positive dislike for muscular exertion of any kind.—What to Eat.

From Medicine to the Drama.

The earlier part of Victorien Sardou's career was beset with many trials and difficulties. His parents wished him to take up a medical career, and he began his studies with some zeal. The love of the drama, however, was far greater than the love of the pill box, and in the interval of the other work Sardou was busy upon a play. Life was a struggle for him, for he had little money though he managed to get journalistic work to supplement his more slender income. His first play was a failure and Sardou rushed from the theatre, vowing never to enter one again. I fell seriously ill, was nursed back to health by Mlle. de Breconnet, an actress who lived on a floor below, and from that time his fortune was made.

A Friend in Need.

About half an hour had been expended by the bashful young man in a series of advances and retreats, and little Johnny's cramped position behind the sofa was becoming somewhat painful.

"I wish I dared"—the young man commenced on a new attack, when the couple were electrified by an impatient exclamation behind them: "Aw, make a break! She's dead easy!"—Brooklyn Life.

Literary Irrigation.

"Your latest novel seems very dry," said the reader of the publishing house to the young but rising author.

"I was pretty sure you would say that," rejoined the author. "Consequently if you will count them you will find the heroine weeps real tears on just 253 pages of my story."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inconsistent.

Howell—Rowell is an inconsistent fellow. Powell—that's right, he would tell you take all the time you wanted, and then have you arrested for stealing his watch.—New York Press.

Public Opinion.

The single snowflake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snowflakes—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

Wolfskin makes the best banjo parchment.

Teacher's Examinations.

Notice is hereby given that the County Supt. of Tillamook County will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers in the Court house at Tillamook City, as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday, February 10th, at 9 o'clock a.m., and continuing until Saturday 13th, at 4 p.m.

Wednesday—Penmanship, History, Spelling, Physical Geography, Reading, Physiology.

Thursday—Written Arithmetic, Theory of Teaching, Grammar, Bookkeeping, Physics, Civil Government.

Friday—Physiology, Geography, Composition, Algebra, English Literature, School law.

Saturday—Botany, Plane Geometry, General History.

FOR COUNTY PAPERS.

Commencing Wednesday, February 10th, at 9 o'clock a.m., and continuing until Friday, February 12th at 4 o'clock p.m.

Wednesday—Penmanship, History, Orthography, Reading, Physical Geography.

Thursday—Written Arithmetic, Theory of Teaching, Grammar, Physiology.

Friday—Geography, School Law, Civil Government, English Literature.

W. S. BUEL, Supt.

BOULDER CREEK.

W. N. Bays went to Tillamook Friday and returned Sunday.

A large slide came down on the Kinman grade last Sunday, so our teacher was unable to come up from Beaver until Monday p.m.

E. P. Mills rode shank's pony to Beaver Monday, and on the way repaired the Pacific telephone line, and assisted in doing the same for the Mutual. Hurrah for Mills! We owe him a vote of thanks.

Some of the dear Mutual people protest to believe that some one on the Pacific line is responsible for the recent glorious mix up we have been enjoying. Say we tied on to their line because we have no line of our own, worth anything! Have to hitch on to the Mutual to hear the news etc., etc. Too bad, isn't it? The patrons of the Pacific must be weak mentally, to endure such a state of affairs when the remedy is so handy, mild, effective, and easy to take. How is that? Why just take phones on the Mutual of course.

Report, that unreliable jade, says the old C. A. Smith ranch will shortly have a new tenant. If true, which we hope it is, we will soon have another empty house filled up.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Kinnaman and Rita, visited at H. L. Jensen's last Sunday.

Suffering and Dollars Saved.

E. S. Loper, of Marilla, N. Y., says: "I am a carpenter and have had many severe cuts healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It has saved me suffering and dollars. It is by far the best healing salve I have ever found." Heals burns, sores, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles. 25c. at C. I. Clough's druggists.

Keeping Open House.

Everybody is welcome when we feel good; and we feel that way only when our digestive organs are working properly. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the action of stomach, liver and bowels so perfectly one can't help feeling good when he uses these pills. 25c. at C. I. Clough's drug store.

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Howell—Rowell is an inconsistent fellow. Powell—that's right, he would tell you take all the time you wanted, and then have you arrested for stealing his watch.—New York Press.

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