

ANGER IS DANGEROUS.

It wrecks the whole system and tends to shorten life. It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outburst.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

THE BACK OF THE NECK.

Make It Proof Against Drafts and Colds in the Head.

"When I was a boy," said a doctor, "I didn't believe in drafts. I thought that they who imputed colds to drafts were cranks. But one November night at a concert I felt all the evening a strong draft on the back of my neck. It was so strong it resembled a suction pump."

"For a week," he said, "I was laid up with so vile a cold that I couldn't breathe save with my mouth open. And now I am satisfied that nine out of every ten colds are solely due to a draft on the back of the neck."

"I know how to prevent such colds. Hence I may practically say that I know how to prevent all colds. It is a fact that none of my patients, thanks to my method, know what a cold is. They learn from me to do this—to bathe the back of the neck every morning in cold water. Thus the spot becomes hardened. It becomes draft proof."

"And when a new patient, peculiarly sensitive to colds, visits me, my peculiar treatment is to blow on the back of his neck with a bellows for several days in succession. The bellows, in conjunction with the icy douche, frees him from all future susceptibility. Thenceforth his winters pass without that horrid winter pest, a bad cold."

Colored Preacher's Text.

A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., is a preacher on Sundays and a barber on week days. One of his customers makes it a rule to be first in the chair on Monday morning, when he is sure of being entertained by a resume of "Uncle Rastus'" Sunday dissertation. At night the family always looked for the latest from the colored brother. This was one of his recent effusions: "Yesterday I took for my text 'Cleanliness am next to godliness,' and I dun reach my climax wid dis argument: 'Now, what day follows Sunday? Why, Monday. Monday is wash day in all well regulated families. Monday comes nex' to Sunday; so, my breddren, that settles it that the words of my tex' am true. 'Cleanliness am nex' to godliness.'"

Too Much Quiet.

On one occasion the bustling and energetic archbishop of York, Dr. MacLagan, wrote to the vicar in an outlying village suggesting that he should lend his church for the purpose of giving the clergy of the district a "quiet day" for meditation and fraternal reunion. The witty vicar of this sleepy hamlet in the wolds promptly replied:

"My Dear Lord Archbishop—Your very kind letter to hand. But what the people in this village want most in their spiritual life is not a "quiet day," but an earthquake."

An Appeal For Mercy.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I suppose you're going to soak me." "You are a habitual offender," replied the judge; "were caught with the stolen goods, and the court will have to do its painful duty."

"I don't want to seem unreasonable," replied the prisoner. "I don't mind a long sentence. I'm used to it. But say, judge, cut out the lecture that usually goes with it, won't you?" Philadelphia Ledger.

The Brute.

"Yes, this room is dark, damp and positively uninhabitable. It is supplied for your wife's mother, if she has one."

"She has. I'll take the flat."—Boston Traveler.

An Old Timer.

"He's an old newspaper man." "About how old?" "Well, he can remember when they only issued extras when something happened."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Europe is less than one-fourth as large as Asia.

A Wheat Hospital.

"This wheat has been through the hospital," said a miller. "I can tell by the fine polish on the grains. Wheat that has been through the hospital for smut disease comes out better than well wheat."

The wheat grains, in truth, shone so that one could almost see one's face in them.

"You can see your face in them, can't you?" said the miller. "And no wonder. They've been through drastic treatment—drastic. Smut is a nasty disease, a kind of mold, that changes the starch and gluten in wheat to a black powder. When you see flour full of black specks it is a sign that some of the wheat was smutted. The cure is first to wash the wheat thoroughly. Then you dry it. Then you scour it. Then you dry it again. Finally you brush it. Wheat hospitals—they are found in most grain elevators nowadays—have big machines for washing, drying, scouring and brushing the grain, and wheat on its very last legs comes out of these infirmaries as spruce and blooming as a football girl."—Buffalo Express.

An Astrologer's Letter.

An astrologer's letter to President Van Buren forecasting the results of his election in 1840 is in the library of congress and perhaps gives a crude idea of some of the fallacies of our grandfathers. The following are some extracts: "In this horoscope the ascendant directed to the semisquare of Mars would be in operation about the middle of the fourth year, October, 1785, and might cause sickness, flux or hurt by wounds, etc. 'I have opened the horoscope for General Harrison, which accords with the chief events of his past life and which if right he will not fill the office of president during the next term even if elected. And the danger I apprehend to yourself is not from your public opponents, but from those on whom you repose confidence.' Those who are superstitious may be inclined to credit this star razer with some measure of wisdom, for Harrison, although elected, died a month after his inauguration."—New York Post.

Home Loving Montenegris.

Nowhere is love of country more intense than among the Montenegris, to whom exile is the greatest of punishments. When W. J. Stillman was there in the seventies all the free men were away fighting, and he observed that when a messenger was wanted the official took a man out of the prison and sent him off, with no fear that he would not return. One such messenger was sent to Cattaro, in Austrian territory, with a large sum of money for the bank, and he duly came back. Another asked a Russian at Cattaro to intercede with Prince Nicholas for his release from prison. "But you are not in prison," said the Russian. "Oh," said the man, "I have only come down for a load of skins for So-and-so, but I must go into prison again when I get back to Cetinje." One prison guard watched all the prisoners when they sunned themselves out of doors, and if he was called away a prisoner would take his rifle and act as sentry for the time.

Abroad.

Abroad is a locality entirely surrounded by seasickness. In another view it is a bourne more or less mysterious, bounded on its farther side by your income and on its hither side by custom houses where you have to declare everything you bring back with you except a foreign accent and one change of hosiery.

Abroad is where—

- 1. They put a. Labels all over your luggage and b. It all over you. 2. You are almost always going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and the good Samaritan invariably wants a tip.

Abroad is the stage of history, but that is only because history made the too common mistake of not seeing America first.—Puck.

Keeping Up the Limit.

In J. Comyns Carr's reminiscences is a characteristic anecdote of Burne-Jones, who had consulted his doctor about certain symptoms which seemed alarming.

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?" the doctor inquired of his patient, to which Burne-Jones had carelessly replied, "Oh, I think about six." "Well," replied his adviser, "for the present you had better limit yourself to three." And in detailing the incident to me afterward Burne-Jones added, with a chuckle, "You know, my dear Carr, I never did smoke more than three."

Nicotine.

"If excessive smoking alone could cause heart degeneration," writes a correspondent of the London Mail, "such cases would be common instead of extremely rare. The fact is that only an almost infinitesimal amount of nicotine is absorbed in smoking. An ordinary sized cigar or an ounce of smoking tobacco contains enough of this virulent poison to kill two men. The only reason all smokers are not killed at once is that the nicotine is destroyed in the combustion of the leaf."

Procrastination.

"Why is procrastination said to be the thief of time?" asked the teacher. "Cause it takes a fellow so long to say it," answered the bright boy at the foot of the class.—Chicago News.

Either Way.

Smith—I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. Jones—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—Cleveland Leader.

DIFFERENT STYLES.

How Meredith and Browning Might Describe the Same Incident.

If Browning and George Meredith were describing the same act they might both be obscure, but their obscurities would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing even so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assaulter or a stupefaction and stunned serenity in that of the object of the assault.

He might write: "Wainwood's 'men vary in veracity' brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst and Wainwood a swift rushing of himself through air, accompanied with a clarity as of the annihilated."

Meredith, in other words, would speak queerly because he was describing queer mental experiences. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run: What then? "You lie" and doormat below stairs. Takes bump from back. This is not subtlety, but merely a kind of insane swiftness.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

BEARDED LADIES.

A Parisian Showman Says They Are Quite Numerous.

An Englishwoman who confesses to a mild mania for attending the street fairs common in and around Paris says that she is always impressed by the extraordinary number of bearded ladies among the attractions.

"I was inclined to think that they were fakes," she says in the London Gentlewoman, "but when I discovered that they were quite genuine my surprise at this wonderful supply of phenomena grew stronger. And when a few days ago I saw at the fair in the Avenue d'Orleans a lady exhibited with a long flowing beard I could no longer withhold my curiosity."

"I applied for information to a gentleman well known in the showman world and who acts as a kind of agent to the people owning shows, supplying them with the necessary goods, human and otherwise. This gentleman appeared surprised at my question. 'Bearded ladies!' he exclaimed. 'I can find as many as I like. You have no idea how many women, if they liked, could rival men as regards whiskers and mustaches. But they are not anxious to enter into that kind of competition.'"

Winged Burglars.

Buchner in his "Psychic Life of Animals" speaks of thievish bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence. They recruit whole companies, which get more and more numerous, and finally they form regular colonies of brigand bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand bees can be produced artificially by giving working bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effect upon them as upon men. They become ill disposed and irritable and lose all desire for work, and finally, when they begin to feel hungry, they attack and plunder the well supplied hives.

One Reason.

There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conneray stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't. You can't stand it."—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Wait For It.

A couple of Scotch ministers were taking dinner together one summer day in a little manse in the highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said:

"Mon, don't ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?" "Ns, na," said the other. "I never feel tempted. I jist gang."

Plenty of Him.

"What sort of man is Jinks?" "The impression you get of Jinks depends on the circumstances under which you meet him. If you're there to collect money you won't like him. But if you're there to pay money he seems a lovely character."

His Way Out of It.

"He don't give nuthin' to the church now?" "No. Somebody told him the Bible says salvation is 'free,' an' he says for to be it from him to dispute the Scriptures!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.—Webster.

What Do They Cure?

The above question is often asked concerning Dr. Pierce's two leading medicines, "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription." The answer is that "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most potent alterative or blood-purifier, and tonic or invigorator and acts especially favorably in a curative way upon all the mucous lining surfaces, as of the nasal passages, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, bowels and bladder—curing a large per cent of catarrhal cases whether the disease affects the nasal passages, the throat, larynx, bronchia, stomach (as catarrhal dyspepsia), bowels (as mucous colitis), bladder, uterus or other pelvic organs. Even in the chronic or ulcerative stages of these affections it is often successful in affecting a cure.

The "Favorite Prescription" is advised for the cure of one class of diseases—those resulting from weakness, debility and irregularities incident to womanhood. It is a powerful yet gently acting invigorating tonic and nerve. For weak worn-out, over-worked women—no matter what has caused the break-down, "Favorite Prescription" will be found most effective in building up the strength, regulating the womanly functions, subduing pain and bringing about a healthy, vigorous condition of the whole system.

A book of particulars wraps each medicine giving the formulae of both medicines and quoting what scores of eminent medical authors, whose works are consulted by physicians of all the schools of practice as guides in prescribing, say of each ingredient entering into these medicines. The words of praise bestowed on the several ingredients entering into Doctor Pierce's medicines by such writers should have more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials, because such men are writing for the guidance of their medical brethren and know whereof they speak.

Both medicines are non-alcoholic, non-secret, and contain no harmful habit-forming drugs, being composed of glyceric extracts of the roots of native, American medicinal forest plants. They are both sold by dealers in medicine. You can't afford to accept as a substitute for one of these medicines of known composition, any secret nostrum.

Dr. Pierce's Peppets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

BOULDER CREEK.

W. N. Bays and wife, W. D. Gladwell, H. L. Jensen, and Jno. Borba were county seat visitors last week.

Henry Smith is disposing of his dairy heard, having decided to quit the business.

Robert Portman went out to Jess Earl's last Friday, after the rest of his household goods, he returned Saturday.

R. Y. Blalock, who has been away several months on an extended visit with relatives on the Atlantic coast, is expected home in a few days.

E. L. Kinnaman was in our neighborhood last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Mills attended church at Brown's, last Sunday, and afterwards spent the remainder of the day at the Bays' home.

Forrest Ayer and family returned Monday from a visit with relatives at Blaine.

Our teacher is certainly quite a "pedestrian" (is that English?) She walked all the way from her home at Beaver, to her boarding place at Mrs. Blalock's last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Bays is visiting in Tillamook City this week.

Ralph Waldo Emerson Welch was showing his smiling countenance in our neighborhood last Sunday.

Mining Stock, Real Estate, Timber

Write us about any mining stock you want to buy or sell. Don't buy or sell until you get our prices. We always have bargains.

Don't buy stocks of traveling solicitors. They will charge you two to five times our price. Write us for prices on their stocks.

We buy, sell and exchange mining and other stocks, real estate, timber and relinquishments. We want your bargains—nothing else.

Fletcher Investment Co., Box 707, Portland, Ore.

Wanted to Trade for Small Dairy Ranch.

24 Acres, all in crop, good house and barn, less than half mile of city limits of Salem. See Catterlin & Sharp.

The Jumping Off Place.

"Consumption had me in its grasp; and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was as well and happy as an angel," says George Moore, of Grimesland, N.C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lung and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c. and \$1.00 at C. I. Clough's druggist. Trial bottle free.

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Real Estate and Financial Agent. Insurance.

OFFICE: TILLAMOOK HOTEL.

First Bank & Trust Company,

BAY CITY, ORE. Paid up Capital, \$25,000.

Offers every facility for safe banking, and respectfully solicits your business. Acts as trustee for corporations, individuals and estates. Confidential trust relations carried out faithfully.

Interest at current rates on time deposits. Mail Business given prompt attention. Fire and burglar proof safety deposit boxes, just installed for convenience of customers at reasonable rental.

I have just opened up the most complete line of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

in Tillamook, all new and Fresh. The prices are no higher than others.

We most cordially invite you to come and look at what we have and get our prices, whether you buy or not.

W. M. MILLS,

Opposite the Post Office.

The Best Hotel.

THE ALLEN HOUSE,

J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor.

Headquarters for Travelling Men.

Special Attention paid to Tourists.

A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation.

PURITY

above everything distinguished WEINHARD'S BEER

From the Common

Used on the family table it turns a dry lunch into an enjoyable sustaining meal, makes home cheerful, keep the men at home and offers effective aid to real temperance.

Orders should be Sent to the Columbia Bottling Co., Astoria, Oregon.

Agents for the H. Weinhard Brewery, Manufacturers of the Tillamook Rock Brand Carbonated Beverages.

Agents for the Bartlett Spring Mineral Water.

The Oregon Cheese Co., Incorporated, is prepared to buy all the first class cheese that comes along. Spot cash and highest price. Factory men will do well to see R. Robinson, the manager, before selling. He will be in Tillamook a good part of the time during the season. Only the best stock wanted.

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