

**ORIENTAL SERVANTS.**

**All Around Ability of the Indispensable "Boy" in India.**

In these days of loud wailing about the haughty domestic, exorbitant wages and small returns it is sooth-ing to recall the efficiency and submis-sive service of the oriental servant.

In India the indispensable "boy" does everything—"boy" being a gen-eric name regardless of age or native dignity—received in remuneration the equivalent of \$12 to \$14 a month at the most. He buys your railroad tick-ets, checks your luggage, settles the clamors of luggage coolies, gives your tips and shoos away the hordes of beggars, telegraphs to hotels for your rooms and takes care of them when you get there, makes the bed, brings the afternoon tea, stands behind your chair at table and serves you, brings your account when you leave and wrangles for you over its inevitable extortions.

At the dak bungalows he forages for your meals and, if necessary, cooks them. He produces washmen, sewing men and all sorts of dealers in everything on demand. He makes up your bed on sleeping cars and replenishes your supply of ice and soda. He runs your errands, cleans your boots and hats, darts your stockings and mends your clothes.

When you walk abroad, he attends you and directs you to the bazars where you will be robbed least, receiv-ing his commission later from an ap-preciative proprietor.

For every rupee entrusted to him for general expenditure he renders an account, and though he doubtless robs you gently he does not let others do it (and it is distinctly advantageous to be robbed by one person rather than a score).

He is silent and noiseless, salaams whenever you speak to him and never enters your presence with his shoes on or his turban off.

And finally, his multifarious day ended, he wraps himself in his shawl and sleeps across your threshold.—New York Tribune.

**SAW THE GHOST.**

**A Story That Stood the Test of a Court of Law.**

As a circumstantial ghost story and one that stood the cold scrutiny of a court of law Booty's case is without a parallel. The date given is 1688, when Mrs. Booty brought an action for slan-der against one Captain Barnaby for what he had said of her late husband. According to an extract from a journal produced in court, dated Friday, May 15, 1687, the captain on that day went ashore with a large party of friends to shoot rabbits upon Strombolli, the island off Italy, which, from its ever burning crater, is called "the lighthouse of the Mediterranean." At about 9:30 in the afternoon two men were seen running toward the volcano, which was emitting flames. Captain Barnaby then exclaimed, "Lord bless me, the foremost is old Booty, my next door neighbor." They then van-ished in the flames, a fact of which every one present took note.

Upon Captain Barnaby's return to England he learned that "old Booty" had died just about the time of the strange occurrence at Strombolli. He then made the remark which was the subject of the action, that he "had seen old Booty running into the flames of hell pursued by the devil." Mrs. Booty claimed £1,000 as damages, and the case came on in the king's bench before the chief justice, Sir Robert Wright. For the defense, in addition to the testimony of Captain Barnaby and his friends, old Booty's clothes were brought into court and identified by several witnesses as being similar to those worn by the foremost man who ran into the crater—even to the peculiar buttons on the coat. The judge was so impressed by this evi-dence that he said: "Lord have mercy upon me and grant that I may never see what you have seen. One, two or three may be mistaken, but not thirty." And so Booty's widow lost the day, and the case remains, perhaps, as the only judicially accepted ghost story on record.—London Chronicle.

**Sound in the Air.**

A writer in the Strand Magazine de-scribes the astonishment he experi-enced when riding over London in a balloon at a height of more than half a mile he heard the deafening roar of the great city beneath him as it could not be heard when on the ground. The noise, even at that height, was so harsh and intense as to be painful to the ear. How perfect a sound con-ductor the air is was shown when the balloon drifted far over the city to a wooded part of the country, where the murmur of the leaves moved by the wind, half a mile below, was distinct-ly heard.

**Careful for Others.**

"No," said the candid kleptomaniac; "when I'm arrested for pilfering I never give my real name. It would compromise too many people."  
"Indeed? And what is your name?"  
"John Smith."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Ship of the Old Block.**

Crimespeak—Owen Moore's son was in to see me today.  
"Yes—indeed! Doesn't he remind you of his father?"  
"Very much. He wanted to borrow \$5."—Western Statesman.

**Particular Points.**

"Should I touch up the wrinkles in your face?" asked the photographer.  
"By all means," answered the elder-ly bean. "And also those, if there be any, in my trousers."—Kansas City Journal.

**A Methodical Being.**

A man of method who attended to everything on schedule time, whether it was work or recreation, had the fortune to fall in love when he had passed the age of forty. The mistress of his heart put up with his oddities. He had regular nights for calling upon her, regular hours for coming and going, regular theater and club nights, etc. In fact, she looked upon his regu-larity as something admirable.

Things had been going on in this way for two years, and finally the great crisis came. They were to be married. The day was fixed, the wed-ding clothes were made, the guests in-ited, and the minister was engaged.

At the appointed time they were all assembled. The bride was dressed, the wedding presents were displayed, but the bridegroom came not. The bride wept and fainted, but it did no good. Finally some friends of the delinquent groom hurried away to see if he could be found. He could. He was at home in his room, reading as unconcernedly as if he had never contemplated get-ting married.

"What is the matter? Why don't you come to your wedding?" shouted his friends.

"The man of regular habits laid down his book.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but this is my regular day for staying at home and reading. I forgot it when I made the engagement. The wedding will have to be postponed."—London Tit-Bits.

**His Best.**

The late Sir John Stainer, one of England's most celebrated musicians and composers, was once staying in a small Swiss village, and the English clergyman was on the outlook for a musician to assist at the service. Stainer was in the office of the hotel when the clergyman found him and started the conversation with "Do you play the harmonium?"

"A little," was the reply of the for-mer organist of St. Paul's cathedral.

"Will you, then, be good enough to help us out of our difficulty on Sunday? We will read the Psalms, and the hymns shall be the simplest I can se-lect," added the delighted parson.

"I will do my best," said Stainer, with a smile.

The service proceeded satisfactorily, but the congregation at the close lis-tened to a brilliant recital. When the parson heard the name of his assist-ant he asked him to dinner. "Do you smoke?" he asked at the close.

"I will do my best," responded Stain-er, and the ensuing laughter was the prologue of an entertaining exchange of Oxford reminiscences.

**When Boston Shuddered.**

"The superior intelligence of Boston continues to excite the envy of her sis-ter cities," recently observed a promi-nent Bostonian, "and I propose to add fuel to the flame by citing the newest instance thereof. A little boy in the Back Bay district, at whose house oc-cur many meetings of a certain liter-ary club, was asked not long ago by a returned Bostonian what had become of a family named Deering."

"The Deerings?" said the boy. "Oh, they're not asked here any more. They're no longer on mother's list."

"No longer on the list? What's the matter?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Drusilla Deering sent a sonnet to the Atlantic that contained twenty lines!"—Lip-pincott's.

**Making a Bolt For It.**

The monotony of crime in the po-lice stations is relieved oftener than is generally supposed by an infusion of unexpected humor. This happy fac-ulty of tickling the magistrate's sense of humor won a prisoner in a police station his liberty the other day.

The prisoner had told the magistrate that he was a locksmith by trade, and the magistrate asked:

"Well, were you on business in this gambling house at 2 o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes, your honor," replied the pris-oner calmly. "I was making a bolt for the door."

**When Comets Terrified.**

To Evelyn a comet was a very ter-rifying phenomenon. He notes the ap-pearance of one on Jan. 12, 1680, which he describes in his diary as "a meteor of an obscure bright color, very much in shape like the blade of a sword." "What this may portend," he adds, "God only knows, but such another phenomenon I remember to have seen in 1640 about the trial of the greater earle of Strafford, preced-ing our bloody rebellion. I pray God avert his judgements."

**Marches and Marches.**

A schoolteacher in a small town saw some of George Eliot's works displa-ied in the window of the "general store" and went in to inquire if they had "Middlemarch."

"No, we haven't that," said the red checked girl who served as clerk, "but we have lots of others. Will one of Sousa's do?"

**Considerate.**

Mr. de Club—My dear, a great Ger-man physician says women require more sleep than men. Mrs. de C.—Does he? Mr. de C.—Yes. My dear—um—er—you'd better not wait up for me tonight.

**No Mystery This Time.**

Mr. Popp—By gosh, for once in my life I know where my cuff links are. Mrs. P.—Where are they now? Mr. P.—The baby's swallowed 'em!—Cleveland Leader.

It is all right to vote for the coun-try's prosperity, but you must work for your own.—Acheson Globe.

**Complicated With the Law.**

A certain well known Mobile lawyer, who was lame and had something of a reputation as a fighter, was at one time attorney in a suit that caused much ill feeling. He won the suit for his client, and the loser vowed venge-ance. "In pursuance of that same," in the language of Truthful James, he one day went into the lawyer's office and subjected him to a tirade of abuse that would have caused a salt water captain to die from pure envy, such was his talent in vituperation.

The lawyer answered him nothing, to the surprise of two or three men who were present, but, getting out of his chair, began to hobble backward. His enemy, thinking he was retreat-ing, followed him up, with more abuse and threatening gestures. The law-yer's foot finally struck against the wall, when he suddenly straightened up and, saying "Gentlemen, I call on you to witness that on account of this wall I have retreated as far as possi-ble" (the general law of homicide), drew out a Derringer and shot his op-ponent.

At the trial he was acquitted, his witnesses being the men present at the time of the killing, who testified to the lawyer's having retreated as far as possible.

**With Interest.**

"Yes, I know that certain passen-gers object to tipping on principle; but, speaking for myself, I believe in it," remarked a ruddy faced old man in the corner of a third class smoker. "It is only right to reward courtesy, and I always make it a point of giving the guard of this train sixpence when he comes to see if I'm all right, although I'm only a poor man."

The other passengers, not to be out-done, thereupon dived into their pocket, and when the guard popped his head inside the door a few minutes later he found himself overwhelmed with silver coins.

An hour passed, and the passengers got out one by one until the old man was left facing a spruce commercial traveler, who leaned toward him con-fidentially and asked him how he could afford to give the guard sixpence ev-ery time he took a journey.

"Oh, don't worry yourself about that," responded the old man. "I dare say I shall get it back with interest."

"How will you?"

"The guard is a son of mine!"—Lon-don Globe.

**Couldn't Fool Him.**

A Morris River oysterman attended a band contest one winter night in Morris River. The contestants blew into their great horns as if to burst their lungs. The drummers banged their drums with might and main. Cheeks were red and round like ap-ples. Eyes almost started from their sockets. The oysterman enjoyed it all. But his attention was distracted by a deaf old gentleman who in the pianissimo passages put a large silver ear trumpet to his ear. Whenever he did this the oysterman sneered. And at last his honest hatred of anything approaching sham overcame the man's reserve. He elbowed his way to the deaf old gentleman and said:

"Look here; that don't go here. Ev-erybody knows you can't play that with your ear. Put it away, mister. You can't fool us."—Los Angeles Times.

**Toys of Revolution Times.**

The toys of the French revolution period were characteristic of that ter-rible time. There are tops whose shadows cast the profile portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. These are turned in boxwood and are indeed interesting reminiscences of toys with the impress of history. The children of the revolution had their tiny Phrygian caps and danced the horrible carmagnoles in their play. Little models of the guillotine were made to "work," and the bodies of pigs with heads of Louis XVI. were decapitated. Models of the Bastille were popular. Playing cards with fig-ures of revolutionary heroes were made when kings, queens and aristo-cratic knaves were taboo.—From "Toys of Other Days," by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson.

**Dickens' Full Name.**

Charles Dickens was christened Charles John Huffam, or Huffham, as it is erroneously entered in the parish register. But when he became fa-mous he dropped the last two Chris-tian names, as he desired to be known as plain Charles Dickens, a wish re-spected on his tombstone in Westmin-ster abbey, by his biographer and friend John Ferster and by the scrup-ulously accurate Dictionary of Nation-al Biography.

**Opinion of an Actress.**

Miss Ellen Terry at a reception once talked about the innumerable women who ask her to help them get on the stage. "The fact is," she said, "every woman under thirty believes she is an actress. "And every actress," she ad-ded, "believes she is under thirty."

**Anxious.**

One day small Elmer observed five funerals pass the house. After the last one had passed he said, "Mamma, if we don't hurry up and die heaven will be so crowded we can't get in."—Exchange.

**Considerate.**

"The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her let-ters a week or so ahead to allow her husband time to post them."

**A Hazy Term Defined.**

Miss Fondart—Jack, what do they mean when they speak of a first water diamond? Jack—One that—um—er—one fresh from the mine—never been soaked, you know.



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